

**CHAPTER NINE**  
**JULIUS EWALD KARL**  
**JULIUS SEEKS and finds a WIFE**

*by Yvonne*

Julius didn't talk to me about any girlfriends back in Germany, although I heard that there was a redhead he found interesting. He immigrated to Toronto from Germany, then after about a year the family moved to Hamilton, Ontario, and I'm sure he was a magnet for the single girls, especially at the church. During those years, the German Church of God people who were scattered through Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin as well as all over Canada, came together once or twice a year for meetings. On one such of these occasions, Julius met a girl whom he greatly admired, began to court her, and after a while gave her an engagement ring as a token of his intentions. However, once he decided to go to the USA for college, he knew he wanted to get a degree that would take a few years and broke off the engagement.

Julius often shared stories about his encounter with American girls at Warner Pacific College (now University) and credited them with helping him with his homework and studying to pass his classes.

**Courtships at Anderson College and during Seminary Days**

In 1963, Julius transferred from WPC to Anderson College-Indiana, (now University). There he met a number of interesting young ladies. Over the years, I've met several gals who had a date with him back in college days. Since his education had been interrupted in Germany, he was about 10 years older than other students which usually came as a surprise to some of the interested young ladies.

Julius graduated in 1965 with a bachelor's degree in history and Bible, and immediately enrolled in the Anderson School of Theology. This was the year that began confusion in his courtships. He was dating three desirable young ladies and it appeared each would be an asset to him, an aspiring pastor. He also understood that two of the three were being pursued by other men. Years later he liked to chuckle about the time he had dates with two different girls on the same day. When he arrived at the second date, she had heard that he was with another girl earlier and met him at the door with a slap across the face.

He spent the summer of 1966 deliberating his predicament. He still had three prospective wives within his grasp—not to mention several other girls who were waiting in the wings hoping he would notice them. He cried out to God for help in making this decision. His 35<sup>th</sup> birthday had passed and he was still single—the most eligible bachelor on campus. He said he asked his mother what he should do, and she wisely answered: “Son, I cannot help you. I can only pray for you.” His prayer was about to be answered in an unexpected way.

When September 1966 arrived, Julius returned to campus for his second of three years in seminary. He had also accepted an assignment teaching German I and II at the college while Professor Peter Tjart was on sabbatical. Early in October, he saw a new faculty member walking

down the hall and surmised she was the new Spanish professor he had heard about. He caught up with me and introduced himself: “Miss Hively? I’m Julius Karl, the German teacher.” Before the conversation was over, he had invited me to dinner that evening at the MCL Cafeteria in the Mall—and asked if I would do him a favor and not wear the perfume that was disturbing his nostrils at the moment. He later admitted, even wrote in the wedding book, that he liked the way I looked from the back as I walked down the hall.

Thus it was that I became number four in his pool of potential wives.

## **Decisions, decisions**

On that first evening together, we talked and talked till our food got cold. The next week, he invited me to go to Indianapolis to see “The Sound of Music.” I accepted the invitation although I was somewhat reluctant as I had been dating a young man in Michigan for about a year. When Julius invited me the following week to go see the movie, “Dr. Zhivago,” I declined, realizing that this was becoming a “dating” situation and not just two staff members getting acquainted. Obviously it wasn’t love at first sight. Or was it? Our offices were across the hall from each other, and the next few weeks consisted of many hours of talking in my office in Old Main—just exchanging stories about background, faith, education, church, activities, and discussing current events. Eventually, I did go with him to see “Dr. Zhivago” in Indianapolis.

Julius had already distanced himself from two of the three girls, but one remained an attraction for him. According to him, he had several talks with her, but he did not have any dates with her or any other girl since the first day he met me. Meanwhile, I informed my male friend in Michigan that I was dating someone else and would not be seeing him again. He was not to be convinced and continued to call. One evening I invited Julius to my apartment for dinner and while dining, the phone rang. I had apprised Julius of the situation, so when he knew who was calling, he took the phone and assured him my Michigan friend that it was over. After that phone call, Julius helped me box up the gifts the former guy had given me. I mailed the package back to him and never heard from him again. I knew that was a good decision even though at the time I wasn’t sure how I viewed Julius in terms of the future.

By now, it was the end of October. Julius and I continued to meet at the office on a daily basis during the week, and on the weekends we spent time with friends—sometimes bowling, sometimes a movie, sometimes meeting at someone’s house to play games. He was a romantic—often bringing me flowers. As the Thanksgiving holiday approached, Julius hinted that he would like to go home with me to West Virginia to meet my parents. We would, of course, drive my 1961 Oldsmobile ’88. He had an earlier model red Ford Fairlane which he had come to dislike. The approximately six-hour road trip went by quickly for us. We never seemed to run out of things to talk about.

My parents welcomed Julius with open arms. They liked him immediately—it helped that he was from the Church of God and was a seminary student with intentions to return to pastoral ministry. It didn’t concern them that he was almost ten years older than their daughter. Julius got to meet my maternal grandparents as well as my younger brother and sister. During that weekend, after just two months of courtship he asked me to marry him. It was a little too fast for me, but I said “yes, I think so, but let’s give it some time.” It was likely also too fast for Julius, but he was so enthralled with his new love that he hadn’t resolved his other emotional issues. He

didn't realize this until later. On our way back to Anderson, there was no opportunity to discuss the dilemma further since a college student from my hometown was riding with us. However, there was much discussion and soul searching in the weeks that followed.

## The Engagement

Christmas vacation came and Julius returned with me to West Virginia the day before Christmas Eve. On Christmas Eve, barely three months after we met, Julius asked to speak to my parents alone, and they withdrew to the family room where he asked their permission to marry me. He always loved to tell the story about how my dad answered, "Why shore [sure]!" in his West Virginia accent. Unknown to me, Julius then discussed his plan with my Mother and Dad. He insisted on taking me to Holiday Inn for dinner. This upset me greatly because my Mother was making Christmas Eve dinner. They had friends from Texas there in addition to the family. Mother, knowing his plan, rescued the situation by suggesting we go alone and have desert then come back and join the family for dinner.

Julius drove me to Holiday Inn in Charleston where we ordered the only sweet roll left and talked. Finally, he asked me point blank if I would consent to be his wife. Half surprised, I said, "Yes." He produced the ring from his pocket and placed it on my finger. "Oh happy day!" Only then did I understand why he wanted to get away.

Back at the house, Julius called everyone to attention and said he had an announcement to make, at which point he pulled off my glove and displayed the lovely diamond ring on my finger! The Christmas Eve dinner was a celebration of our engagement.

The day after Christmas, we drove back to Anderson. As a Christmas gift, Julius gave me a 24k gold watch that his mother had brought back at his request from a recent trip to Germany. The next day we drove to his home in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada in a snowstorm to announce our engagement to his family whom I would meet for the first time. Somewhere around London, Ontario, Julius lost control of the car on the snow-slick road and veered off the highway into a snow pile. With him shoveling and pushing outside and me trying to accelerate and steer, we successfully got back on the road and arrived safely at his sister Frieda's house. No damage. No one hurt.

This was a major event for me as Julius' family was still speaking mostly German at home. His sisters understood and spoke English quite well, but not his Mother. Nevertheless, they received their only brother's fiancée with grace and love. Julius' cousin Erika and husband Rubin Bohl were visiting her dad, Uncle Adam, for New Year's Eve holidays and there was a family



*Engaged! Yvonne and Julius, December 24, 1966*

celebration for their three-year old daughter's birthday. There I was introduced not only to Julius' Mother, his sister Frieda, and his sister Erna and her family, but also to extended family. We attended New Year's Eve and New Year's Day services at the Gemeinde Gottes (Church of God) that Julius had started and pastored a few years earlier.

It's humorous now for me to tell about going to the bedroom to get ready for bed the first night I was there. Julius and his Mom and sister stayed in the kitchen with door closed, talking—in German. I couldn't understand what they were saying but it sounded like they were arguing about something. Was I the problem? I had never heard my own parents talking loudly to each other and since I didn't know German, I was left to my rambling thoughts and wondered if Julius would come to get me and say we were leaving. What was I getting myself into? He had informed me that I would be the first American to marry into the family.

To my surprise and amazement, the next morning everyone was all smiles and happy and it seemed nothing was amiss. I took the visit one day at a time and it was many years before I would tell Julius about my feelings that night. I had learned that not all families are alike and the fact that they discuss things rumbustiously doesn't mean they are at odds with each other. In the years to come, I learned to play that role with Julius. I could never imagine being married to anyone else. I loved being part of the Karl family.

*Pictures below; Julius and Yvonne announcing engagement to his family in Hamilton on New Year's Eve, 1966. With his sister, Frieda.*



Once back in Anderson, plans were made for a June 24, 1967 wedding at Park Place Church of God at the end of the Church of God Camp Meeting week (now called Church of God International Convention). Julius and I talked to Dr. Robert Reardon, President of Anderson College and he agreed to perform the ceremony—in fact, he was quite jubilant to do so. When our engagement and wedding plans were announced to the college faculty, they were all excited. It seems that in the history of the college, they had only one other faculty couple marry. Congratulations were offered and the staff ladies had a get-together to give Yvonne “advice for a happy marriage.” There was lots of laughter.

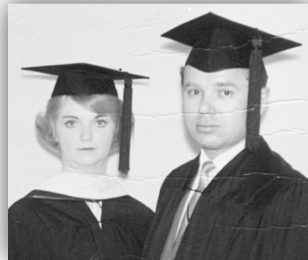
During that first month of our engagement, Julius encouraged me to bleach my red hair blonde. Why? He didn't give a good reason, but after much persuasion, I finally agreed. When we went to show Dr. Osborne (head of the Language Department) my new hair color, she didn't even notice until we asked what she thought. My parents said nothing to me, but they commented to others about how disappointed they were. I was content with my blonde hair and a happy fiancé. It took Julius a couple of decades to confess to others that he was the one who requested the change.

By spring Julius was having second thoughts about marrying. What if he had made a mistake? Little by little, he began to talk about things moving too fast. Finally, he suggested we postpone the wedding. I agreed that if he wasn't ready, then certainly we shouldn't get married. He refused to take back the engagement ring. He said he still wanted to get married, just not in June. It was a difficult time for both of us. He had one more talk in his office with one of the previous three girlfriends trying to sort out his feelings.

From the beginning of our courtship, we had prayed together and often did Bible Study together. That was to set the foundation for the practice of daily Bible Reading and prayer together throughout our marriage.

In the Spring of 1967, Julius took me to St. Joe, Michigan to the German Church of God Camp Meeting. We stayed with cousins Julian and Marta and I was introduced to extended family members and friends. Cousins Heidi and Wally Holz also stayed there with their baby Heidi Lynn. I shared a room with Julius' mother.

June 1967 came and since both of us were on the college faculty, we marched together in the faculty line for the Anderson College Commencement.



That summer Julius worked during the week in Indianapolis for The Samuels Furniture Company. After hours, his boss allowed him to use warehouse materials to make us a French-Provincial TV-Stereo Cabinet as a wedding gift. *(See picture below.)*





Meanwhile, I (Yvonne) worked the summer in migrant ministry in LaPorte, Indiana. Being absent from each other that summer convinced Julius he didn't want to live life without me. During that time, in addition to several phone calls (long distance was expensive in those days), he made the 200-mile trip on a weekend and surprised me with a visit. He also wrote several letters confessing his love for me.

When we returned to campus for Fall Semester, we both were again teaching in Old Main and our daily office visits, gifts of flowers, and special dates resumed. Julius was invited to speak in Sunday services at several churches, and I went along on the day trips. Finally, the first week of November, we looked at each other and said, "This is ridiculous! Either we marry or we break it off." That was it. The wedding date was set for November 24, 1967, and we both knew the right thing to do was to get married in my home church in Nitro, West Virginia. And so we did.

