Her Calling, Our Legacy

Pioneer Women of Cru

VOLUME 2

by Carolyn West & Judy Douglass

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Introduction

By Judy Douglass

YOU ARE A WORK OF ART ...

The artist worked slowly, meticulously, lovingly.

He knew this would be a masterpiece.

Every stroke was intentional, every curve purposeful, every color enhancing.

Then came the unveiling day! The final birth pangs were challenging, but so worth it.

As she appeared and his eyes beheld her, he almost fell back, breathless. She was lovely, astonishing, perfect.

Just exactly as he had envisioned.

A work of art!

Which is exactly how God sees us—you and me. I always love picturing this!

The psalmist gives us a glimpse of the amazing process of God designing each of us:

> *For You created my inmost being;*
> *You knit me together in my mother's womb.*
> *I praise You because I am fearfully and wonderfully made;*
> *Your works are wonderful,*
> *I know that full well.*
> *My frame was not hidden from You*
> *when I was made in the secret place,*
> *when I was woven together in the depths of the earth.*
> *Your eyes saw my unformed body;*
> *all the days ordained for me were written in Your book*
> *before one of them came to be"* (Psalm 139:13-16, NIV).

The apostle Paul reveals the outcome: "We are God's handiwork (workmanship, work of art, masterpiece)" (see Ephesians 2:10a). So when you were being formed inside your mother, God Himself was there, designing you, forming you according to His perfect plan. He created your shape, your personality, your features, your temperament. He instilled gifts and abilities in you, infused you with aptitudes and attitudes.

For as long as I have sought to walk with God (66 years), I have loved to hear the stories of how God has called His daughters to follow Him, to discover and live the plans He has for them. In my early years as a follower of Jesus, I read the stories of missionaries—so many women who said, "Here am I. Send me." Some went as partners with their husbands, and many went alone.

As I grew, in age, wisdom, and in following Jesus, I also said, "Here am I. Send me." I had no expectation of what that would mean, but I assure you, it has been better, wilder, harder, more demanding, and more wonderful than my greatest dreams.

I would wish and pray the same for each of you. In Volume 1, we told 15 stories of women who said, "Here am I. Send me." Even though each has served with Cru/Campus Crusade for Christ®, their lives have been so different, so surprising, so challenging, so fulfilling.

And now, we want to tell you more stories—18 more. In these stories you will meet 20 women from around the globe—servants, sent ones—who ministered next door or on the other side of the world. You will get to know wives partnering with their husbands, singles crossing oceans and cultures, and the joy and fulfillment of introducing others to our Savior. You will applaud as God's daughters see dreams fulfilled and discover gifts they didn't know they had.

As you begin to read each one, ask God to open your eyes, your heart, and your will to begin to discover the gifts He has given you, the opportunities He has awaiting you. Whether you are 20 or 50 or 80, God still wants to open doors for you to touch lives for eternity.

And our prayer is that you will hear the whisper of your Creator, who made you for His purposes, the One who designed you perfectly for the good works He has prepared for you. That you can with courage entrust your life and future to the God who loves you.

Disclaimer

WE ARE SO HAPPY TO bring you these stories of 20 women the Lord used to help change the world. However, there were many more that didn't make it into this volume.

As we sought to expand our chronicle of women in other regions of the world, we quickly realized there were issues beyond our control. Some women graciously declined, citing the risk to people and ministries in those high security areas. The ones who agreed to be featured in this volume did so cautiously, hoping to proclaim what the Lord was doing with care and sensitivity.

Some accounts will not include the full story of all the Lord has done. Precisely for these security reasons, some countries and specifics have been left out. In a few cases, names have been changed to protect staff members and ministries working in these dangerous locations. But be assured that we have not added to any of these accounts.

The common heartbeat of each hero you will read about is for God to be exalted, and not herself.

Marcy Klenck

By Carolyn West

"Flex and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Crusade
But to flex and obey."

WITH THE WINDOWS ROLLED DOWN, you could hear four young women singing the altered lyrics of the hymn "Trust and Obey"[1] as they drove home from Henrietta Mears' house at three in the morning. Ironically, they were happy. As Marcy recalls, "We had such fun."

What had these four ladies been up to?

Would it help to know they had been typing up a training manual for Campus Crusade for Christ®? That probably wouldn't explain their exuberance.

Perhaps we should rewind a bit.

One of those four young women was Marcy Sheehan. She grew up in a church-going home in Flint, Michigan, with her younger brother. Unfortunately, her father was an alcoholic, and her parents separated when Marcy was 11 years old. Her mother took the children and moved to Minneapolis to be with Marcy's grandmother and aunt, both of whom had recently become Christians.

They brought Marcy and her family to church with them one week when a guest speaker came to town. He shared his story of becoming

1 Trust and Obey Hymn, Towner, Daniel B. composer, Sammis, John H., lyricist; 1887.

a Christian and then gave the audience an opportunity to do the same. Marcy was the first one to the altar.

From then on, Marcy couldn't get enough. Together with her grandmother and aunt, she read the Scriptures every morning before school and attended church three times a week. She loved the Lord and was hungry for His Word.

After graduation from high school, Marcy attended North Park College, and then transferred to the University of Minnesota. During her first year there, she ran into a young man from her high school who asked her if she'd heard of Campus Crusade for Christ®. When Marcy answered in the negative, he mentioned that they had just started a group on campus, and encouraged her to come.

There were only three people at the first meeting Marcy attended. The couple who served with Campus Crusade invited her to their house for dinner later that week. While they had extended the invitation to more students, it was a snowy night, and only Marcy showed up. She didn't even notice the table set for 12. She had a marvelous time.

One of the staff women, Jo, began to disciple Marcy and helped her write out her testimony—how she came to know the Lord. She told Marcy, "I want you to go and share that at a fraternity meeting. Dr. Bright will be there as the main speaker." Marcy had no idea who he was, but she readily agreed.

After that meeting, Marcy and the Campus Crusade staff members, along with the ministry's co-founder Bill Bright, went back to the Crusade house, a former fraternity house on frat row, to evaluate how their time had gone. That evening Bill invited Marcy to join the staff of Campus Crusade.

Marcy was shocked! She replied, "I couldn't do that! I need to become more mature. I'll teach school, and then I'll think about coming on staff." Bill gently questioned, "How will you become more mature? By working with kindergarten children or by going on college campuses and leading women to Christ?"

Marcy conceded his point, but felt she needed to pray about it. Jo encouraged her: "You need something from the Lord that says He's

definitely calling you on staff." Marcy agreed, and not wasting any time, immediately went to the third floor with her Bible.

Once closeted away, she opened the Scriptures to where she had been reading in 2 Timothy 4, and was astonished to come across verse 2: "Preach the word; be ready in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with great patience and instruction" (NASB).

It was a direct calling from the Lord.

Marcy became a staff member in March of 1959. Since she wouldn't be getting an official assignment until the summer, during new staff training Bill suggested, "Why don't you come to California and work in our Westwood office?" She was adaptable, and readily agreed.

Marcy took the train from Minnesota to Los Angeles and, with three other women, rented an apartment next to a pool in Long Beach. They drove to the Westwood office in a car they named "The Beast" because they never knew what it would do. Coming from the snowy Midwest to the warm weather and beautiful palm trees, Marcy felt like she was on a perpetual vacation.

Her role in the office was that of secretary. To be honest, Marcy had no real office experience, but, like everyone else, she pitched in where she could. While Marcy was not a good typist, the other girls couldn't type at all. "Flexibility" was the name of the game.

The women continued working after hours at Henrietta Mears' Stone Canyon home. Dr. Mears, Director of Christian Education at First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, was a strong supporter of the young Campus Crusade ministry. Bill and Vonette Bright shared her home for a time.

Under Dr. Mears' direction, the women worked together, assembling a thick manual for staff members full of "how to's," such as: how to make an appointment, how to make a telephone call, and how to know God's plan for your life.

It was on one such occasion Marcy was typing up how to share the gospel, including scripture passages and diagrams to illustrate four points called the Four Spiritual Laws. At the time, the first point was, "Man is sinful and separated from God. Therefore he cannot know God's plan for his life."

Laboriously typing, Marcy had just finished the last sentence in Law Four at two in the morning. Bill was on his way upstairs to go to bed. Vonette was still downstairs, and Marcy and "the girls" were wearily getting ready to finally head home.

Standing by the foot of the stairs, she heard Bill call down, "Girls, the Lord has just made something very clear to me. The Holy Spirit has just spoken to me." Marcy perked up! She eagerly asked, "What did He tell you?"

Bill emphatically answered, "We need to change the Four Spiritual Laws. They need to begin with 'God loves you and has a wonderful plan for your life.' We don't start with the negative."

Marcy responded in consternation: "Oh NO, Bill!" While Bill thought her objections were spiritually based, they had more to do with the clock than anything else. Marcy would now be there all night, retyping. But she conceded the point. "That is the way it ought to be." She went back to the typewriter.

Bill's attention to the Holy Spirit and Marcy's flexibility and hard work paid off. The content of the Four Spiritual Laws was eventually made into a booklet, and is one of the most popular, widely used evangelistic tools around today.

That summer, in Mound, MN, at new staff training, Marcy was finally given her first campus assignment, USC. Perplexed, she asked Bill, "Where's USC?" When he informed her that it was the University of Southern California, Marcy was thrilled. "That's perfect!" Her eternal vacation continued.

But the ministry there was not easy. Marcy recalls, "It was a very difficult campus because the 'glamour girls' were there. The sororities were filled with well-to-do women who were darling and didn't need Jesus."

At one point her regional boss, John Flack, called to say he'd be coming to USC to see how the ministry was progressing. Marcy let him know, "John, this is a hard campus!" He reassured her, "Marcy, the Holy Spirit is the same on every campus." A week before he came to town, six girls put their trust in Christ as Lord and Savior.

By faith, Marcy called up a popular sorority woman, Faye, and asked if she'd be interested in answering some questions on a questionnaire she had. Faye agreed. They set a date and time to meet at The Commons.

Marcy prayed that Faye, this girl that Marcy had never met and never seen, would feel like she had known Marcy forever.

As they sat at the table talking during their appointment, Faye commented, "You know, Marcy, I feel like I've known you forever!" The Lord was paving the way. Marcy shared the Four Spiritual Laws with her and asked, "Would you want to receive Christ as your Savior?"

"Oh yes!" Faye immediately responded. "Marcy, I have to call my friend back in Pasadena. I know she'll be excited." They went together to the pay phone, and Faye made the call, crying as she shared her news. Her friend, on the other end, said through tears, "Faye, I've been praying for you for years. And I'm so thrilled!"

Marcy and Faye started a Bible study in Faye's sorority house, full of those darling, intimidating women. Marcy remembers climbing the stairs of the Theta house, reminding herself, "This is You, Jesus, climbing these stairs." She depended on the Holy Spirit for strength and perspective.

Years later, while at a tennis match, one of those women, who had also been president of the sorority, came up to Marcy and said, "Marcy, it's so good to see you again. You don't know this, but we girls would look at you as you were coming up the steps of our house, and we'd say, 'Here comes the prophet.'"

Marcy, recalling exactly how she felt at the time, could only respond, "I'm so glad I didn't know about that." But also recalling the Lord's faithfulness, she says, "The Lord has done things like that for me. I honor Him for giving me opportunities."

While at USC, Marcy met Gordon Klenck, a senior staff member there (in fact, he was the very first Campus Crusade staff member after Bill and Vonette Bright). Gordy had been instructed to welcome Marcy to the campus. As he was helping her get settled, he thought, *She's a really cute girl!* and considered asking her out for a date.

Marcy, on the other hand, was less impressed. She didn't join Campus Crusade to get married. Her grandmother, though, saw things differently. After meeting Gordy while visiting Marcy in California, she pulled Marcy aside and said, "You wait for him."

Gordy finally did ask Marcy out on a date—six months later. Marcy recalls, "I never knew if I was on a date or in a staff meeting." It must

have been a good "staff meeting." They continued to date for the next few years.

Eventually they would marry and travel around the U.S. and then Europe, pioneering new ministries across the globe. Interestingly, though, that union almost didn't happen.

Bill asked Gordy to move to Seattle to work on a special project. The World's Fair would be coming to town from April to October of 1962. Gordy's job was to recruit and train counselors to follow up with interested people who had attended the "Sermons on Science" movie hosted by Moody Bible Institute at the Fair.

Supportive of their relationship, Bill transferred Marcy to Seattle that spring to help with training the counselors and to help start the ministry at the nearby campus of University of Washington. But during their time together in Seattle, Gordy was having second thoughts about marriage, and broke up with Marcy that summer.

Bill met Marcy when she arrived in Mound, MN, for Campus Crusade's staff training. Expectantly he asked what happened. Marcy cried, "He *broke up* with me!" In the midst of a broken heart, Marcy still spoke on all that God was doing at the World's Fair.

She returned to USC that fall and tried to get back to life without Gordy. Meanwhile, Gordy, at the beginning of 1963, moved to New York to start work on the World's Fair, to be held there the next year.

But his heart was having a hard time moving on. He began to realize not only that he missed Marcy, but that ministry was better when they were together. He had the opportunity to go to California that fall, and he decided to propose to Marcy then.

When he met her in the hallway at Arrowhead Springs, the newly acquired headquarters of Campus Crusade, he failed to notice the two-carat diamond on Marcy's left hand. He asked if they could talk. At a restaurant over coffee, he told her that she was "the one."

She told him that she was getting married in December. She acknowledged, "Even if I'm engaged, and I'm not supposed to walk down the aisle with anyone but him or you, I should obey the Lord." Marcy was flexible, but her flexibility was rooted in the Lord's will. They prayed.

Later, when Gordy told Bill about their conversation, he looked Gordy in the eyes, smiled warmly, and told him, "Gordy, ultimately God decides."

This wasn't an easy decision for Marcy, but her heart attitude was, *Lord, Your will be done.* And as she states emphatically, "God's will was done. I married Gordy."

The wedding on June 20, 1964, was a grand affair on a shoestring budget. Vonette had asked Marcy to move from L.A. to Arrowhead Springs so she could help plan the wedding.

A seamstress made her some beautiful clothes. The rehearsal dinner was in the Candlelight Ballroom at Arrowhead Springs. They were given a Chevy Impala. The staff pitched in to send them on a honeymoon to Hawaii. Marcy smiles, remembering. "God's will was done, and sweetly."

When they returned from their honeymoon, they drove their newly acquired car to New York and rented an apartment in Flushing, near the fairgrounds. They continued to work on training counselors to follow up interested attendees at Moody Bible Institute's movie there.

Toward the end of the World's Fair, however, Bill asked them to head up a new venture: teaching evangelism across the nation. Subsequently, Gordy and Marcy started going to different cities across the nation, training people on how to lead others to Christ.

Curt and Lois Mackey took over their roles in New York, and the Klencks moved to Portland, Oregon, to start this new ministry. It eventually became the Lay Institute for Evangelism. They spoke at many, many, many churches and home gatherings.

Bill and Vonette thought that the trainings would be small, since it was just the two of them recruiting. But at least 3,600 people came for the first week of training. They had to have more materials printed and sent.

The Klencks expanded that ministry to Kansas and Texas. In 1966, Bill again asked them to change direction. They were to start the work in Western Europe, traveling the continent to find nationals who had completed university and had a heart for God. Howard Ball took over the Lay Institute in the United States, and Marcy and Gordon packed their bags for Europe.

When they arrived, they first went to visit Francis Schaeffer and his wife at *L' Abri*[2] in Switzerland. While there, Francis gave Gordy and Marcy a few pointers on how not to be "ugly Americans." From there, they went on to different countries. Marcy describes their task as "trying to find a needle in 10,000 haystacks. Without the Lord, we could never do that."

Originally, they lived in London, taking the hovercraft across the channel to Europe, searching for these hidden, up-and-coming national staff members. However, they soon realized it would be better to live on the continent, so they rented a 7th-floor apartment in Berlin.

One day Marcy came home with two huge jars of dill pickles. Gordy took one look at her and stated what, to him, was obvious. "We're expecting." Marcy was slower to realize the truth. "No, I've always liked pickles." Gordy smiled. "Not that many."

They had three children—Joel, Darli, and Dan—while continuing the search for people to join them. The Klencks lived in England, Germany, and Italy, raising up a new generation of European Campus Crusade leaders. This included the couple who would direct the Spanish ministry and the couple who would eventually take over for the Klencks as directors of Europe. After all, the goal was for the work to be in the hands of the nationals.

In 1977, they returned to California, where Gordy, who held a Ph.D. from Fuller Seminary, began teaching at Campus Crusade's International School of Theology. They bought a modest home in Laverne, and Marcy continued her ministry from there.

As she met her neighbors, she would let them know she had just moved back from overseas, mentioning, "I've heard in America there are a lot of Bible studies going on. Would you be interested in being in a Bible study?" Their whole cul-de-sac, except for one couple, said yes, and they started a Bible study that lasted for at least two years.

After many years, Gordon and Marcy, exerting their flexibility once again, decided in January of 2004 to move to Virginia, at the request

2 *L' Abri* is an international network of residential Christian study centers founded in 1955 by theologian Francis Schaeffer and his wife, Edith. Guests live in a community setting, sharing daily chores and meals while exploring honest doubts, meaning, and how Christianity intersects with modern life.

of their daughter. Being around their children has been invaluable to Marcy and Gordy in this stage of life. In fact, the whole family was gathered to Gordy's bedside in 2026, as Marcy said goodbye to her precious husband of more than 60 years. He passed into the presence of the Lord in peace, surrounded by loved ones.

In these later years, Marcy still shares her secret with any "girls" she has a chance to help lead to the Lord and follow up. "Growing in Christ is not about you becoming better and better. It's about you letting Jesus live through you more moments today than you did yesterday. It's in the day-to-day." And she reminds herself, "This is Jesus, not me," the same way she reminded herself walking up the stairs of the Theta house back at USC all those years ago.

While Marcy and the "girls" might have been singing their altered lyrics in jest to fit the occasion back in California, the original lyrics to that hymn shed light on Marcy's life, and God's design for all of us.

When we walk with the Lord in the light of His Word
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will, He abides with us still
And with all who will trust and obey
Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

To learn more about Marcy, scan the QR code to view additional video content.

Violet Faragalla

By Judy Clark

IN SOME WAYS, VIOLET FARAGALLA was an unlikely pioneer. She never stood behind a podium if she could help it. She didn't write the books, or record the broadcasts, or command the room. What she did was something quieter, and in many ways more enduring: she opened the door.

And once she opened it, she never quite closed it again.

Violet was born in 1938 in Alexandria, Egypt, a city of layered civilizations, salt air, and old-world elegance. She was bright and curious, drawn to history, English literature, and mathematics, a combination that would later make her an exacting thinker and an editor of unusual precision. She grew up singing alto in the choir of the Evangelical church, her father directing from the front. She would speak of him with a particular warmth that lit up her face; she revered and loved him.

It was in that same church she met Mounir Faragalla. He was 31. She was 21. He was a pastor's son, which meant he was already rooted in the kind of faith she had grown up breathing. They married, though not without sorrow at the threshold. Her father had died 20 days before the wedding date. They postponed. They grieved. And then, 20 days later, they began their life together, carrying that loss into everything that followed.

Mounir was a banker, with a master's degree in business. He was entrepreneurial and bold. Violet was a homemaker and, for 17 years,