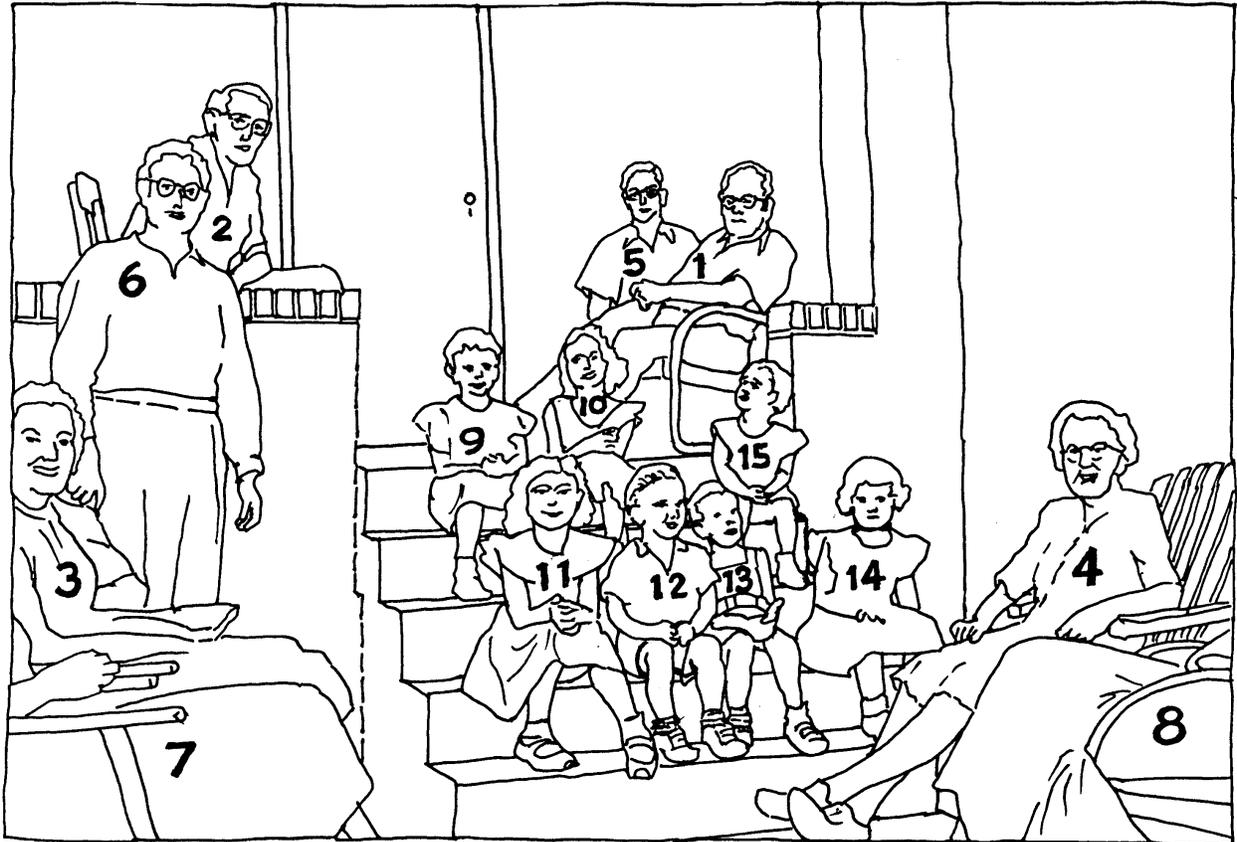


**The Descendants of**  
**William Augustus Adolph Burmeister Sr. &**  
**Elise Siemsen Burmeister**



**Compiled by Kristen Ball, Editor**  
**and Charles H. Burmeister, Family Photographer**  
**September 2003**



1. John F. William Burmeister, eldest son of William Burmeister Sr.
2. William Burmeister Jr., youngest of William Sr.'s three sons
3. Della Burmeister, second wife of John F.
4. Bertha Brandt Burmeister, wife of William Jr.
5. Alvin Burmeister, son of Charles M. and Dora
6. Wilbert Burmeister, son of William Jr. and Bertha
7. Livy Burmeister, wife of Charles H.
8. Dorothy Burmeister, daughter of Charles M. and Dora
9. Judy Burmeister Hanneman, eldest daughter of Charles H. and Livy
10. Janet Burmeister Groves, eldest daughter of Wilbert and Norma
11. Elaine Burmeister Pipes, daughter of Alvin and Ellen
12. Don Burmeister, eldest son of Charles H. and Livy
13. Richard Burmeister, son of Wilbert and Norma
14. Jane Burmeister Zyk, second daughter of Alvin and Ellen
15. Jan Burmeister, second daughter of Charles and Livy

**Front Cover:**

The last known gathering of the St. Louis Burmeisters. This picture was taken at William & Bertha Burmeister's home on San Francisco Avenue, in St. Louis (circa 1949), one block west of

Fairgrounds Park.

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## Dedication

*I would like to dedicate this book to the memory of those who have gone before us—those we were privileged to know, and those we will greet for the first time when we meet our Father in Heaven.*

*I would also like to dedicate this book to my precious nephew Merrik, a fifth-generation descendant of William A. and Elise Burmeister. May your life be filled with Blessings from above, and may you live to see many of your own future generations.*

*Kris Ball*



Merrik Lee Hanneman  
May 2003

# CHAPTER 1

## The Descendants of William Augustus Adolph Sr. & Elise Siemsen Burmeister

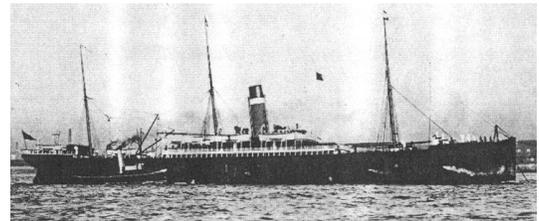
1. **William Augustus Adolph BURMEISTER, Sr.** was born July 17, 1855 in Germany. According to his son, John Burmeister, William came from Limburg an der Lahn (Limburg on the Lahn river). No city is listed on the ship passenger list, on his death certificate, or his Naturalization Record, and inquiries to officials at Limburg have not turned up any confirmation to this story. It is possible that William came from a small village around Limburg, and further research is being conducted to locate our ancestors' hometown.



William A.  
Burmeister  
Sr.



Limburg, Germany is a town of about 35,000 people located close to Frankfurt. It was founded more than 1000 years ago, and according to John Burmeister, it was the home of William and Elise Burmeister.



S.S. CALIFORNIAN, 1891 Allan Line

William and Elise arrived in the US on the SS Californian

William married **Elise S. SIEMSEN** in 1880. She was born May 26, 1856 in Germany. She was the daughter of **Christ SIEMSEN** and **Marie BOLDT**. William and Elise left Germany at the suggestion of a long-time friend named Ruckenstein and immigrated to the United States through Hamburg, Germany, on the ship Californian. They arrived in New York on June 15, 1885. The ship's manifest lists their destination as Davenport. William and Elise spent a short period of time in the Chicago area with relatives named Ruckenstein. The incentive to continue to St. Louis was primarily due to the St. Louis Car Company advertising for master carpenters to practice their trade on street and railroad car interiors, and German-born carpenters were particularly sought after following the great Civil War (1865) in the US. William made an application in the St. Louis Court of Criminal Correction for Citizenship and was granted to him on October 4, 1892.

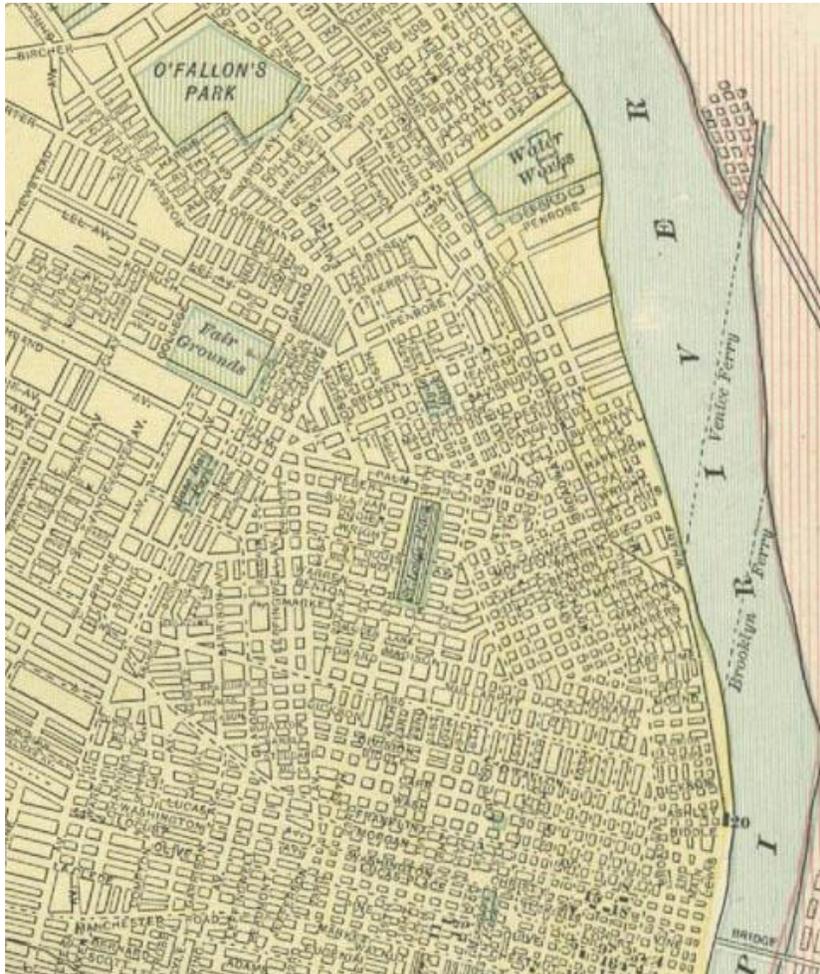


Marie Siemsen,  
Elise's mother

Christ and Marie Boldt Siemsen were not listed on the passenger list with their daughter & son-in-law, but they also came to St. Louis. Marie Siemsen was born on Nov. 4, 1833 and died on January 7, 1911. She is buried with **Caroline BRANDT** (possibly Marie's daughter) in Friedens Cemetery, St. Louis.

In late 1886 and early 1887, William, Elise and infant son John returned to Germany for a visit.

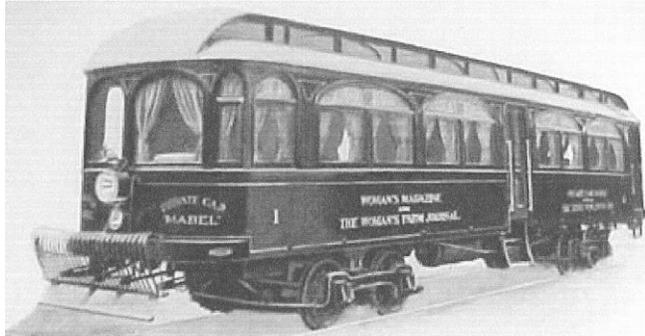
When they returned, they took up residence in a small brick North St. Louis bungalow at 1915 Newhouse Avenue, across the street from Friedens Evangelical/Reformed Church. Son Charles Martin was born in St. Louis in 1887, and the family moved less than three blocks east, but directly across the street from Hyde Park on Bremen Avenue, next to their family doctor, Carl Ottersbach. In 1892, a third son, William Jr. was born.



1890 map of North St. Louis sector of the City of St. Louis. William and Elise Burmeister lived and spent most of their lives here, both physically and spiritually, in the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries.

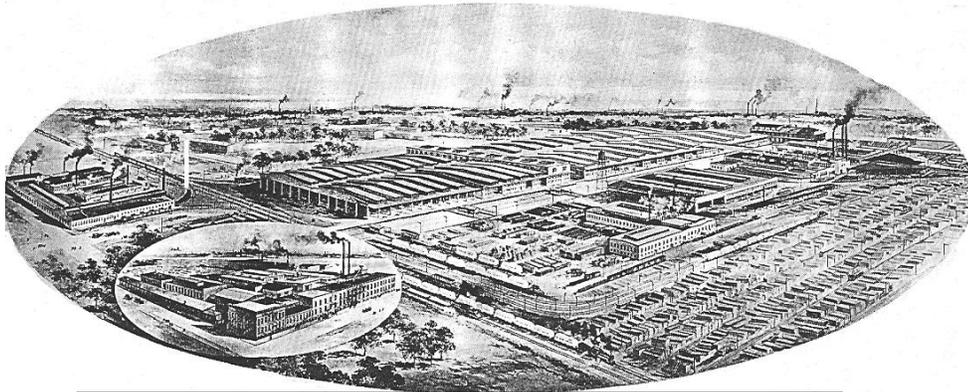
All three boys attended Bethlehem Lutheran School, first on Salisbury and 19<sup>th</sup>, and later a Salisbury and Florissant Avenue in

St. Louis, just a walk through Hyde Park from their home.



William was a carpenter by trade. He worked many years for the St. Louis Car Company, located on North Broadway near Baden, placing inlaid wood designs on cable cars and surface-street cars. He worked there until his retirement in January of 1928.

A St. Louis Car Company cable car, produced in 1904, while William Burmeister was employed worked for the company



The Baden plant in 1904, where William worked

William was listed as a cabinetmaker in St. Louis City Directories for 1889 through 1899, and on the 1910 and 1920 Federal Censuses.

William Burmeister's signature from the 1904 St. Louis Voting records



Bethlehem Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Salisbury and North Florissant Avenue, where the three Burmeister boys were baptized and given their elementary education and confirmed into the Lutheran Church/Missouri Synod.

William died from heart disease on January 19, 1943 in Lutheran Hospital, St. Louis, at the age of 87 years, 7 months and 2 days. He was buried next to his wife (and later his son Charles M. & daughter-in-law Dora) at New Bethlehem Cemetery in North St. Louis County. The notice announcing his passing in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch on January 20, 1943 read:

BURMEISTER, William A. Sr--4111 N. 21<sup>st</sup>, asleep in Jesus Tues., Jan. 10, 1943, 6:30 a.m., beloved husband of the late Elise Burmeister, dear father of John F., Charles M. and William Burmeister Jr., dear father-in-law, grandfather, great-grandfather and uncle, in his 88<sup>th</sup> year.

Body will lie in state at Beiderwieden Funeral Home, 1936 St. Louis, until Fri. noon, Jan. 22. Services same day, 2 p.m., at Markus Lutheran Church, 4040 N.22nd. Interment New Bethlehem Cemetery.

Elise was crippled with "dropsy" and "edema". She was part French, and a very elegant lady. She owned a dress shop in Germany, possibly Wittenburg or Magdeburg. Her granddaughter Dorothy "Dotz" Burmeister remembers that she would put out cookies for each of her grandchildren in a particular manner. She would elegantly place one cookie on a doily on a plate, and each grandchild would get ONLY ONE cookie! She was very particular about the cleanliness of the house. Since she was crippled, Grandpa William Burmeister Sr. would clean the house, and she directed him as he cleaned, and afterwards she ran a white-gloved finger around to ensure it was spotless. Elise died August 8, 1930 in St. Louis, Missouri, at the age of 74 years, 2 months and 12 days. She too was buried in New Bethlehem Cemetery on Bellefontaine Road in North St. Louis County.



William Sr., John, Charles M. & William Jr.  
(We know of no existing photographs of Elise Burmeister)

William and Elise had 3 children:

2. John Friedrich Wilhelm BURMEISTER, born November 3, 1885,  
died April 23, 1974.
20. Charles Martin BURMEISTER, born January 18, 1887,  
died January 25, 1946.
58. William BURMEISTER Jr., born February 17, 1889,  
died March 19, 1968.

# CHAPTER 2

## The descendants of John Friedrich Wilhelm BURMEISTER (3 November 1885 - 23 April 1974)



2. **John F. BURMEISTER** was born November 3, 1885 at 1442 Warren Street, St. Louis, Missouri. He was baptized on November 25, 1885 at Bethlehem Lutheran Church. The name on his baptismal certificate read: Johann Friedrich Wilhelm Burmeister. His baptismal verses were Mark 10:14 and Mark 10:16.

He was confirmed with his brother Charles at Bethlehem on May 14<sup>th</sup>, 1899, with a confirmation verse of 2 Timothy 2:8. He lived in the Hyde Park area of St. Louis. St. Louis Voting records from 1904 show his address as 1521 Bremen Avenue. John was listed on the 1920 census as a Credit Man working for a hat wholesaler.



Marie Burmeister holding granddaughter Joan Willman Hoernschemeyer (Gordon Willman in the background with toys)

John is also listed in the 1928-1932 Masonic Directories, and his first wife, Marie, is listed in the Eastern Star Directory from 1932-1933. John died April 23, 1974 in Webster Groves, Missouri (a suburb of St. Louis), at the age of 88. He married **Marie Emily BRANDT**, relative of **Bertha BRANDT**, William Jr.'s wife. They were divorced in 1948 and Marie lived with her daughter Cora in California. Marie was born January 4, 1890. Marie died in July 1973.

John and Marie had 1 child:

**Cora Wilhelmina BURMEISTER**, born Sept. 13, 1910.

Marie's great-granddaughter, Susan Hoernschemeyer Kelley, remembers her as a friendly, sweet, happy woman who liked to cook with her daughter Cora. "I was her first great-grandchild, and she called me "Sugar" says Susan. Susan tells us that Marie used to work at Macy's in St. Louis, Missouri, and that Susan still has Marie's wooden play hutch that was Marie's as a child.



Cora Burmeister Willman, Joan Willman Hoernschemeyer, Marie Burmeister

John later married **Adele KRUEGER**. Adele was born in 1896 and died 1972. John and Adele attended Concordia Lutheran Church in Maplewood, MO.



Cora Burmeister  
Willman

3. **Cora Wilhelmina BURMEISTER** was born September 13, 1910 in St. Louis, Missouri. She attended school in St. Louis, and art school at Washington University, also in St. Louis.

Cora married **Lester Harry August "Tex" WILLMAN** in 1926 in Waterloo, Illinois. Lester was born in Manitowac County, Wisconsin, son of **John WILLMAN** and **Christina QUALLMAN**. He moved to Texas and worked as a cowboy, hence the nickname "Tex." He was a self-employed commercial artist. His daughter Joan shares that Lester studied art in Munich, Germany.

Lester met Cora at Washington University in

St. Louis. He worked there during World War II as a commercial art professor, and afterwards worked as a commercial artist for many years in St. Louis. Lester retired, and he and Cora moved to Barstow, California, where he taught at a local community college.

Cora's first granddaughter, Susan Kelley, recalls that Cora loved cooking, gardening, bowling, playing solitaire and cats. Her grandpa Tex loved to fish, rock hunt in the desert, go to Las Vegas with Cora, and tell stories of his past (he was best friends with Buddy Ebsen as a teenager).

Lester died 1976 in San Bernardino, California. Cora died June 1, 1986 in St. Louis, Missouri at Bethesda-Dilworth Memorial Home. She is buried beside Lester at Mountain View Memorial Park in Barstow, California.

Gordon Willman, her son, remembers:

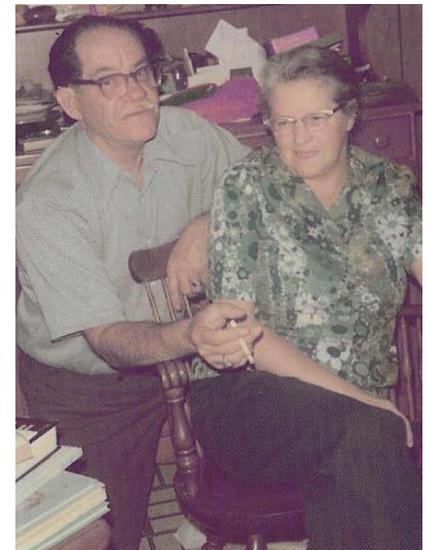
"Cora was a marvelous painter, probably a more accomplished fine artist than my father. She helped my father in his commercial art business until they moved to Barstow, California. She enjoyed bowling and fishing. She never drove an automobile. "I also remember my grandfather (John Burmeister) singing during the Christmas season in the lobby of the Southwestern Bell Building in downtown St. Louis."

Lester and Cora had 2 children:

- 4. Gordon B. WILLMAN, born November 19, 1933.
- 12. Joan Elise WILLMAN, born October 8, 1935.



Cora as a child



Tex and Cora Willman in  
Barstow, California

4. **Gordon B. WILLMAN** was born November 19, 1933 in St. Louis, Missouri. He married **Dianna Ruth WEIS** on September 13, 1963 at Webster Groves, Missouri. Dianna is the daughter of **Franklin WEIS** and **Aldine PETERSON**; she was born February 12, 1940.

Gordon and Dianna are both professional illustrators and live in Bokeelia, Florida.

Gordon and Diana have 3 children:

5. Jennifer WILLMAN, born May 28, 1969
6. Andrew WILLMAN, born August 21, 1970
7. Rachel WILLMAN, born May 21, 1974

5. **Jennifer WILLMAN** was born May 28, 1969 in St. Louis, Missouri. She married **Brooke DALY** on May 6, 1997 in Monterey, California. Jennifer is a homemaker and Brooke is a student.

Jennifer has one stepchild:

6. **Jim DALY**, born May 26, 1988 in Kirkwood, Missouri.

7. **Andrew WILLMAN** was born August 21, 1970 in Clayton, Missouri. He married **Susan Cromwell FIELD** in 1999 in Monterey, California. Andrew is stationed at McDill Air Force base in Tampa, Florida.

Andrew and Susan have 2 children:

8. **Jaxton Monterey WILLMAN**, born July 26, 2000 in San Angelo, Texas.
9. **Jayson Orion WILLMAN**, born April 23, 2002 in Palm Harbor, Florida.

10. **Rachel WILLMAN** was born May 21, 1974 in Clayton, Missouri. She married **Steve NAVARRETTE** on April 5, 1997 in Webster Groves, Missouri. Rachel is a social worker and Steve is an actor.

Rachel and Steve have one child:

11. **Scout Aldine NAVARRETTE**, born July 19, 2003.



Joan Willman Hoernschemeyer and her mother, Cora Burmeister Willman

12. **Joan Elise WILLMAN** was born October 8, 1935. She married **Donald HOERNSCHEMEYER**. They are divorced. While married, traveled around the country as Don obtained higher education levels. They moved from St. Louis around 1959 to Florida (where Don obtained his Ph.D.), Delaware, New York, California, Pittsburgh, and back to California for his education or for jobs.



Left: Joan Willman Hoernschemeyer and her father, Tex Willman



Joan and Susan Hoernschemeyer Kelley on Susan's college graduation day in 1981

After they divorced, Joan decided to move to Hawaii, where she currently resides. Joan retired from the State of Hawaii, having been a parole officer, probation officer and legal guardian—all interesting jobs! Presently, she keeps busy doing conventions. Joan adds: "I met Edwin Uyehara within the first few months of my arrival in Hawaii, over 20 years ago. He was the Field Services Branch Administrator for the Hawaii Paroling Authority, for all the islands. Upon retiring, he immediately began to "hit the surf" daily. We always look forward to having the children and grandchildren visit our home as often as possible. Of course, they also immediately "hit the waves" daily. Next time they visit, Edwin hopes to help them enhance their surfing skills. And as most of us know, getting together with family and enjoying each other is an aspect of life to cherish."

Joan and Donald had 2 children:

**13. Susan HOERNSCHEMEYER.**

**16. David HOERNSCHEMEYER.**

**13. Susan Leslie HOERNSCHEMEYER**

was born May 17, 1958 in St. Louis, Missouri. **Thomas Patrick KELLEY** was born December 29, 1957 in San Jose, California. Both Susan and Thomas graduated from the University of California at Santa Barbara with degrees in Sociology and Anthropology in June 1981. They got married on June 27, 1981. Susan attended California State University, Fullerton for her elementary teaching credential. They both attended Graduate School at California State University, San Bernardino, Tom for his elementary teaching credential and Susan for her severely handicapped specialist credential. Susan is a Special Education Teacher and currently teaches the Early Start Program, which is early intervention for children with special needs. Thomas currently teaches third grade. He is also a PGA member (Professional Golf Association) and still teaches golf part time. (He hopes to try out for the Senior Tour when he reaches the eligible age.) He has been in the PGA since he graduated from college.



Susan and Thomas Kelley on their wedding day in 1981



L to r-Susan Hoernschemeyer Kelley on swing, Cora (Burmeister) and Tex Willman, Susan's father Don Hoernschemeyer



Tom, Susan Nick, Lauren Kelley Christmas 2002

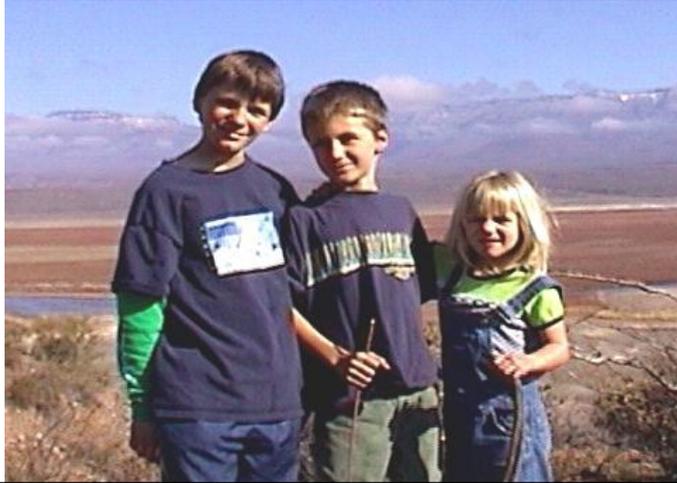
Susan and Tom have two children:

**14. Lauren Amber KELLEY**, born on April 2, 1987 in Long Beach, California.

**15. Nicholas Cameron Kelley**, born on October 7, 1990 in Riverside, California.

16. **David HOERNSCHEMEYER.** David has 3 children:

- 17. **Justin HOERNSCHEMEYER** age 12
- 18. **Caleb HOERNSCHEMEYER** age 10
- 19. **Jessi HOERNSCHEMEYER** age 6



Justin, Caleb, and Jessi HOERNSCHEMEYER  
camping at Roosevelt Lake

David tells about his children:

Justin is very musically inclined. He just joined a band at our church and is playing the drums in the youth group. Now he is taking up the guitar with Caleb. Justin is the impulsive type ... loves spontaneity. He is big on relationships and loves to excel. I suspect that he'll be the executive type one day. He is so relationship focused, well, in general, that most of the adults who know him (teachers, youth group leaders, church staff, coaches, etc.) really like him.

Justin is very academic, as he likes to perform and get the rewards. He has become very studious during school time. He makes me proud in this area as he has a lot of self-initiative to follow protocol. Justin can spot the subtle rules and follow them, usually.



Justin Hoernschemeyer

Caleb is our artistic one, especially in creating stuff from just about anything. Here he made his own *Matrix* figures, as Lego doesn't make them yet. Now get him to clean his room... might as well wait for the mafia to run a food bank.



Caleb Hoernschemeyer

Caleb has the engineering mind set from the Hoernschemeyer side; and a compulsive personality ... can't get

him to change gears, but boy can he come up with some interesting, outside the box ideas. Sometimes, he is dead on the mark and other times, well, he's still 10 years old.



Jessi Hoernschemeyer

Jessi is quite the mixture. She seems to be more like Justin in the relationship / EQ smarts. She is a little princess and also gets along very well with adults. She just knows what is going on and does not miss a thing. I am amazed sometimes how sharp she is. But then for that matter, all of the kids have shown themselves very bright. (Caleb has perhaps the most inquisitive brightness, but couldn't find his way out of a bag sometimes. He's the classic Calvin, whom is also Caleb's hero.)

Jessi is very strong and funny for her age, but then she has two brothers to follow and contend with. She is normally very interested in towing the line, but boy can she wage war when she wants to.

Look out world when she gets older, you won't want to mess with her!

David's sister, Susan Kelley, recalls special childhood times with her brother:

"I used to enjoy exploring interesting geological areas in the desert with Grandpa Tex and my family. We would find volcanic areas, gold mines, petroglyphs and all kinds of beautiful rocks and gems. On a particular trip, my brother and I helped Grandpa gather different rocks and carry them back to his house in Grandpa's Cadillac. It was weighted down to the ground! Then we built walls with the rocks around my Grandma Cora's garden and patio. Those walls are still standing today."

# CHAPTER 3

## The descendants of Charles Martin BURMEISTER (18 January 1887 - 25 January 1946)

20. **Charles Martin BURMEISTER** was born January 18, 1887 either in Hamburg, Germany or St. Louis, Missouri. Church records indicate he was born in Germany, but a birth certificate was issued for St. Louis. He was baptized at Bethlehem Lutheran Church, and later confirmed at Bethlehem with his brother John on May 14<sup>th</sup>, 1899. His Bible verse on his confirmation day was Romans 8:38-39.

After graduating from Bethlehem School at the turn of the century, Charles gained practical experience apprenticing in the employment of the then Times Republic Newspaper. By 1905, he had become a "printers devil" and shortly thereafter a compositor in the cold-type section of the typesetting department.



Charles M. Burmeister

During these teenage years, Charles and his brother John maintained a friendship with **Emil and Charles TWILLMAN** who attended school a few blocks from Bethlehem School. During one of the teenage gatherings following the 1904 Worlds Fair in St. Louis, Emil and Charles brought along their sister Dora to provide piano entertainment, accompanying them on their fiddles. Thus began the courtship of **Charles BURMEISTER** and **Dora TWILLMAN**.



Josephine "Dora"  
Twillman Burmeister



Dora, Dotz, Alvin, Charles M. Burmeister

After some three years of taking streetcars, and then walking a few miles to Bellefontaine Road, Charles' goal became to own one of those horseless carriages which people kept talking about. But first and foremost were a proposal, engagement and marriage to Dora Twillman, as soon as he could afford it. She accepted his offer of marriage, and on June 2, 1909, they were married at Columbia Bottoms in St. Peter's Lutheran Church (1120 Trampe Road).



Charles M. and  
Dora Burmeister

Charles and Dora's first home was at 1514 Ferry Street. They started their Christian home and marriage as members of the newly formed congregation of Markus Evangelical Lutheran Church, at 22<sup>nd</sup> and Angelica streets, about three or four blocks north of Bethlehem Church. After a few years, they were able to move to an upstairs flat at 4028a North 22<sup>nd</sup> Street, next to Markus Church. Their first son, Alvin was born in 1911, followed by daughter Dorothy in 1915, and son Charles in 1920.



Charles M. Burmeister "clowning it up" shortly after his wedding to Dora Twillmann in 1909

Early in life, Charles dedicated his talents and abilities to the service of the Lord. As a young man at Markus Church, he served as a member of the Board of Ushers. At the early age of 30, he was elected to the Board of Elders, an office he held from 1917 to 1922. He was elected to the vice-presidency of the congregation, and a year later the congregation bestowed upon him the office of president of the congregation. In the years that followed, he held such other important offices as a member of the Board of Trustees, secretary of the congregation, and assistant Sunday School superintendent. At the time of his death, he was serving as vice-president of the church for the second time. He also served as a member of the Board of Directors of the Lutheran Hospital in St. Louis for 11 years in the 30s & 40s. His home was remembered for its warm hospitality to Seminary students, who regularly visited Markus congregation for worship on Sundays.



With less than 15,000 stations in the entire USA in June, 1919, Charles M. Burmeister entered the north St. Louis market-place as the

first Texaco retail dealership within the St. Louis City Limits with every intent to expand if and when successful. He had purchased a 1/3-acre tract of ground approximately 120 feet square on the northwest corner of 21<sup>st</sup> & Angelica Street. He reserved about ½ the space for a 50-car auto repair and storage facility for neighboring residential owners without space or shelter adjacent to their homes, for their cars' maintenance and well-being. In 1924, the family moved to 4111 North 21<sup>st</sup> Street, adjacent to the rear of the filling station property.



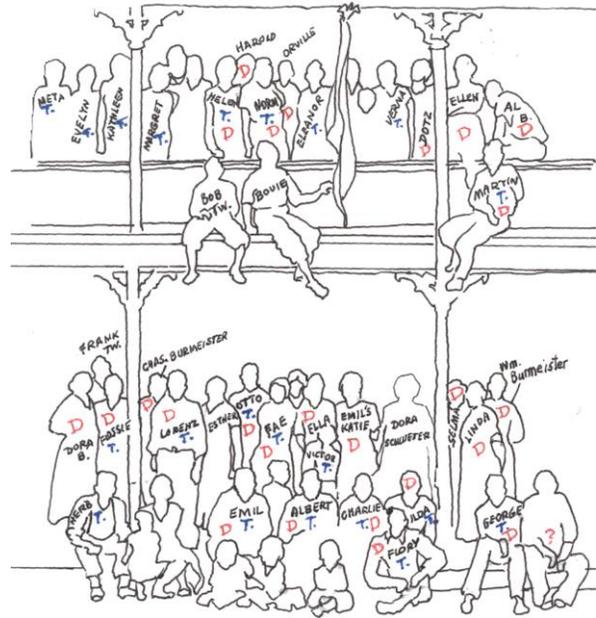
The garage (above) and Texaco Station at 21<sup>st</sup> Street and Angelica

During the latter "roaring twenties" growth days, Charles was invited to become a charter member and director of Roosevelt Federal Savings & Loan Company. He had also become a member of North St. Louis Business Men's Association and the Northside Optimists Club as PR civic exposure and his contribution to the marketplace community life in the area. He was also an avid member of the Northside Y.M.C.A for 20 years of more during the 20s and the 30s.



In 1926, Charles and William Burmeister bought a hotel in Moscow Mills, Missouri. The hotel was the site of many gatherings for the Twillmans and the Burmeisters.

Hotel in Moscow Mills that Charles M. and William Jr. purchased in 1926



Twillman gathering at Moscow Mills

With the aftermath of the 1929 stock-market crash portending toward national depression and the decimation of jobs, salaries and cash flow generally, the Oakland-Pontiac agency became generally short-lived and was liquidated at the end of 1931. William Burmeister took over the franchise of the Grand/Carter Texaco operation and Charles M. retrenched to the original 21<sup>st</sup> & Angelica combined operation.

Observing the metamorphosis in his church's philosophy concerning fraternal insurance underwriting, he chose to associate himself part-time with the Aid Association for Lutherans of Appleton, Wisconsin, in life insurance underwriting development.

During the mid-thirties, Charles M. was elected to the Board of Directors for the Lutheran Hospital of St. Louis. In 1936 Charles was offered a position at Bilgere Chevrolet on North Grand Avenue as a sales-manager. He maintained this ever-improving stride rather steadily until Pearl Harbor days and its imminent Declaration of War, which brought new car production throughout the nation to a screeching halt. World War II thus having brought his automotive career to an end, Charles went to work with McDonnell Aircraft Corporation as timekeeper for its mushrooming aircraft subcontracting.

Unfortunately, physical exertion took its toll with the then senior Charles' health and he succumbed one week after his 59<sup>th</sup> birthday on January 25, 1946, three years after his father William's death.

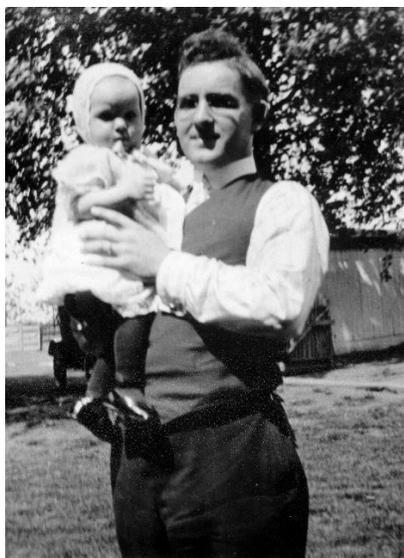
Charles M. left a letter to his children Alvin, Dorothy, and Charles, which illustrate his character and his beliefs. He would be proud to know that his children took his advice to heart, and passed it on to future generations.

**To My Children**

Stay close to God, do His will and Commandments. He is your guide and protector. Believe in Him; trust in His ways, not to your own confused understanding. Do not waste energy or time in fruitless pursuits; learn to do all from honest fundamental motives. Simplicity in life leads to the fullest living. Order your life. In order there is achievement, in aimlessness there is retrogression.

Fear nothing, be it sickness or failure. Always be upright; look the world in the eye. Keep your mind always clean. Allow no evil thoughts to destroy you. Your mind is your own, to think or use just as you do your arm. It was given to you by your Creator to use as you see fit; but to think wrong is to do wrong. Choose your task to be done, and do it to the best of your ability. Fear not for the future. Build on each day as though the future is a certainty. If you die tomorrow, that is too bad, but you will have done today's work. Turn failure into success.

Daddy



Charles M. Burmeister  
(holding daughter Dorothy)



Dora Twillman Burmeister

**Josephine "Dora" TWILLMANN** was born March 1, 1887 in St. Louis County, Missouri. She was the daughter of **Frederick Herman TWILLMANN** and **Franciska PRIGGE**. Dora died March 3, 1947 in St. Louis, Missouri, at the age of 60 of Hodgkin's disease, and was buried March 6, 1947 in St. Louis at Bethlehem Cemetery in north St. Louis County in the Burmeister family plot.

Charles M. and Dora had 3 children:

21. Alvin BURMEISTER, born June 15, 1911, died October 22, 1976.
31. Dorothy "Dotz" BURMEISTER, born Apr.18,1915, died Apr.25,2002.

32. Charles Herman William Otto



BURMEISTER, born April 24, 1920.



The Charles M. Burmeister family

Back: Charles H., Dorothy, Alvin  
Front: Charles M., Dora

Charles M., Dora and Alvin  
Burmeister



Ilda Twillman, Charles M. and Dora Burmeister,  
Alvin Burmeister (baby in front)



Emily Zyk in Burmeister  
Christening Dress (made by  
her great-great-  
grandmother, Dora  
Burmeister, in 1911)  
May 1997

**BURMEISTER CHRISTENING DRESS**

**MADE BY DORA TWILLMAN BURMEISTER IN 1911**

<b><u>WORN BY:</u></b>		<b><u>DATE OF BIRTH</u></b>
1. Alvin Burmeister	St. Louis	6-15-1911
2. Dorothy (Dotz) Burmeister	St. Louis	4-18-1915
3. Charles Burmeister	St. Louis	4-20-1920
4. Judy Burmeister (Hanneman)	St. Louis	7-29-1942
5. Elaine Burmeister (Pipes)	St. Louis	5-08-1943
6. Jane Burmeister (Zyk)	St. Louis	7-28-1945
7. Donald Burmeister	St. Louis	12-3-1945
8. Jan Burmeister	St. Louis	6-26-1947
9. Linda Burmeister	St. Louis	5-01-1949
10. Dean Burmeister	St. Louis	9-09-1950
11. Jill Burmeister (Johnson)	Chicago, IL	3-03-1956
12. Kristen Hanneman (Ball)	Ohio	1-24-1965

**THE DESCENDANTS OF CHARLES MARTIN BURMEISTER**

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13. John Hanneman	Ohio	8-18-1966
14. Jerry Pipes	St. Louis	7-10-1968
15. Eric Zyk (Did not use - emergency baptism, St. Louis at Christian Hospital)	St. Louis	7-16-1968
16. Paul Hanneman	Winfield, KS	8-23-1969
17. Erik Burmeister (Did not use)		1973
18. Jon Karl Burmeister	Oregon	11-21-1975
19. Laura Jane Zyk (Holloway)	St. Louis	9-13-1976
20. Jennifer Edgington (Linda Brameier)	St. Louis	8-21-1987
21. Keehn Davis Hanneman	Wichita, KS	9-12-1995
22. Emily Jeanne Zyk	St. Louis	2-04-1997
23. Abigail Elizabeth Zyk	St. Louis	7-04-1998
24. Audrey Ellen Zyk	St. Louis	4-03-2002

**21. Alvin BURMEISTER** was born June 15, 1911 in St. Louis, Missouri. He was baptized on July 9, 1911 in Markus Lutheran Church, St. Louis, and confirmed on April 13, 1924 at Markus. Alvin spent eight years in elementary school at Markus Church, graduating in June 1925. He chose, with his parents blessing, to go through high school years at Concordia College preparatory school for ministry in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His cousin, Wilbert Burmeister, attended Concordia College with Al.

Alvin spent five years at Concordia College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He decided to terminate his studies when his sight was increasingly impaired by his studies. Al returned to St. Louis to join his father's auto firm. The automobile retail business was a roaring success from 1924 through 1929, and the business grew to include new retail Oakland/Pontiac and a new additional Texaco service station facility on Grand Blvd. Then Alvin realized that he had been converted by



Alvin Burmeister - who was a member of the Concordia College Glee Club in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and later became a director of the Concordia College Glee Club in St. Louis.



not only performed for special services and public events at their own Markus Church, but also gave special concerts and wedding performances all over the St. Louis area.

World War II broke up their membership by military draft selection of half or slightly more of their total numbers.

He was the last family proprietor of the Texaco station at 4101 N. 21<sup>st</sup> Street, St. Louis, in 1948, following his father Charles M. (1919 through 1924), and his uncle Bill who managed it from 1928 to the mid-forties.



Jewish Hospital Nurses Choir, directed by Al Burmeister

Alvin worked as a purchasing agent for Concordia Seminary, Jewish Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital, both located near Concordia Seminary in Clayton, a suburb of St. Louis. In 1964, Al received a "member is Good Standing" award of the National Association of Hospital Purchasing Agents. He retired in 1976. He died October 22, 1976 in St. Louis, Missouri, at the age of 65, and was buried October 25, 1976 in St. Louis.

He had married **Ellen FEDDER** on May 22, 1937 in St. Louis at St. Paul's, Church. She was born January 21, 1913 in St. Louis, Missouri. She was the daughter of **Henry** and **Clara FEDDER**. Ellen died December 28, 1983 in St. Louis, Missouri, at the age of 70.

Al and Ellen had 3 children:

- 22. Elaine Clare BURMEISTER, born May 8, 1943.
- 24. Jane BURMEISTER, born July 28, 1945.
- 30. Linda BURMEISTER, born May 1, 1949.



Ellen, Linda, Jane, Elaine, Al Burmeister



back: Ilda Twillman  
middle: Ellen, Al, Dorothy Burmeister  
front: Elaine, Linda Burmeister

22. **Elaine Clare BURMEISTER** was born May 6, 1945. She was the first daughter born to Alvin and Ellen Burmeister. She married **Larry PIPES** on October 1, 1966.



Jane and Elaine Burmeister

Elaine recalls that, "My earliest memory was on the front porch of our home on Hebert Street with Dad. South on Grand Avenue a short distance was Sportsman's Park. Dad would yell "whoopi" when the Browns either scored or hit one out of the park and we could just make out the roar of the crowd. I guess I was four years old. We lived in Grandpa and Grandma Burmeister's house on 21<sup>st</sup> Street before I started kindergarten.

"We had a nice back yard on Hebert Street, and I played there with Grandma Fedder sometimes and I helped Dad when he cut the grass. Mom told me Dad converted the garage to some sort of rumpus room for their friends in the Markus Male Chorus.

"Pets we had were goldfish (dead most of the time), which we kept replacing; Mom's canaries; and two vicious love birds that didn't stay long. There was a puppy that strayed in to the yard. We named it "Sugar". Mom wouldn't let us feed it, so it didn't stay long, either.

"My nickname is "Cookie", but I don't know who gave it to me or why. I didn't like school or homework, but had no trouble learning. English, reading and art were my favorite subjects. My best friends in grade school were Patty Haffner, Norma Ossieck and Verna Ehlers. Patty lived a block away.

"Holidays were fun. The family gathered, usually at a different home each time. We had family picnics in Fairgrounds Park. Aunt Livy, Uncle Bouie (Charles H. Burmeister), Aunt Dotz and Itz lived about half a block away from Fairgrounds Park. I'll never forget back in 1947 when we piled in to cars, drove that short distance, and piled out of cars, and Uncle Bouie's first comment was, "Boy, oh boy, I'm glad that ride's over!" Dotz' homemade fishponds were legendary at those picnics.

"Christmas was "magic" living on 21<sup>st</sup> Street. I still believed in Santa. Something made it more exciting. Days before, Jane, Linda and I were taken, usually to Dotz and Itzy's for the afternoon. When we came back home again, the French doors to the living room were hung with sheets, closed and locked. Mom and Dad said that way Santa wouldn't be interrupted. So here we were, days before Christmas, and up until the big night with ears to the doors, waiting to hear Santa moving around in there. You can imagine the excitement.

"Some special gifts I loved were a crocheted horse, a necklace of blue beads, neither of which I have anymore. And Dotz gave me a music box clock for either confirmation or graduation. I still have that. Chores were keeping my room straightened and dusting the furniture in the house. I had almost every childhood disease, but was vaccinated against polio in school. I learned to ride a two-wheeler without training wheels. That was my favorite summertime activity, besides swimming.

"Mom and Dad both had musical talent. I'm artistic with oils on canvas. Historic events during my lifetime were the dropping of the first atomic bomb; the end of WW II; the birth of the "burbs" (Levittown); the Korean War; East and West Germany were separated by the Communists; Acceleration of the Viet Nam War by the UN; Assassinations of President Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr. and Presidential deaths of FDR, Harry Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon; so-called fall of the USSR; Reunion of East and West Germany; impeachment of a corrupt President; House of Representatives becoming majority Republican after nearly a half century of Democratic domination; and the rise of socialism in America.

"To earn spending money I worked at one of the first places to sell soft ice cream along with hamburgers and fries. This was in 1956 and 1957. Then I took a high school co-op job at Mercantile Trust in 1961. I worked at F.W. Woolworth sales from 1959-1961. Then I went to work full time as a secretary with Otis Elevator Company. My first date was with a boy I was in the eighth grade with, who was also a family friend. We took the bus and saw "Love in the Afternoon" at the Fox Theater.

"I was 25 when Jerry Allen Pipes was born on July 10, 1968. I couldn't help wondering what kind of boy and then man he would be. My husband Larry had chosen his name. Jerry was a loving child. He would always bring me roses from our hedge outside which for me was heartwarming. He was sensitive and the easy way for me to make him mind was to explain why he should. I seldom had to spank him, but when I threatened, I carried through. He enjoys music, just like his Grandpa Al Burmeister. He's artistic like his mom, and very computer savvy (not like mom). I'd say the difficult years were from infancy to age five. I worried he'd become very sick and maybe even die. I played a lot with him until he started school. We played with Play-Dough, puzzles and board games. We liked watching TV comedies together. Jerry has a good sense of humor, I think -- but not when he had to cut the grass. He also had to clean the pool, and his room (as well as a boy can). The Marine Corps instilled a strong sense of responsibility and squaring away so now his place is neater than mine! His passion is artistic expression. I'd like to relive his teens and Marine Corps years. Jerry's Boot Camp graduation was one of my most fulfilling moments.

"For 32 years we've lived in the center of where it all started for our family, in St. Louis County and I never had a sense of home. Now I live in a house almost 100 years old a short distance into Illinois, and I'm home. But I think childhood memories play a big role in our sense of home. And for us, this old house contains many of those features. A lot of my happiest memories are in Union, Missouri, with Aunt Cora and Uncle Al.

"One story I've not told happened during a 1971 trip Larry and I took to Hawaii (my favorite vacation). I had a hopeless crush on Jack Lord, star of "Hawaii Five-0", the TV cop show on from 1968-1978. My choice of hotels for our Honolulu stay was based on the fact that he lived in the condos next door to the hotel on Kahala Avenue. I was determined to meet him. I stayed up late into the night, uninterrupted, working on hit portrait for months. Well, long story short, I did give him his portrait (slid it under his door), and we spoke via the intercom system, because in the past he'd had unwanted encounters with female fans "au naturale." Disappointed, I learned the hard way that meeting celebrities is difficult.

"If I could change anything in my life, I would have all my grandparents live longer and learn the lessons they could have taught me. My philosophy is to take life one day at a time. Expect delays and

don't waste time on regrets.

**Larry A. PIPES**

**Samuel Allfree PIPES** on 8-15-1937 married **Ruby Grace CHEWNING** in a preacher's home in Kansas City, MO. They never had a honeymoon or a family vacation. Sam that year became the buyer of Ruby's Mother's (**Idella Pearl STINSON CHEWNING**) 160-acre silt-loam farm in Bates County, MO, 3 miles north and 4 miles west of Butler, MO, 65 miles due south of Kansas City. This fertile farm had been homesteaded by her Grandmother's (Stinson) side of this union. To this farm couple was born two girls and a boy, **Marilyn Norine PIPES** 5-20-38, **Marlene Jeannette PIPES** on 1-6-40, and the third child and only son, **Larry Allen Pipes**, was born Feb. 7, 1941, in the one and one-half story farm house that had been built by his great grandfather.

Grade school took him only 7 years, due to his two older Sisters teachings. All three went to Miami Center School, on the "west schoolhouse 40", just a quarter mile west of the farmhouse. Consistent with the writings of Thomas Jefferson, out of this quarter-section of a section of land had been designated this 5-acre township school district "Miami Center", well before 1860, then "Miami Center Reorganized School District 52", after World War II. He grew up on this 160-acre Grade A dairy farm, that also produced its own grains, hay and foods. His father Sam was born 4-28-1905, and died 8-23-1993. His mother was born 7-21-16 to a Baptist Minister, **Earnest William CHEWNING** and **Idella Pearl STINSON**. Ruby resides on the western side of Missouri on the family mini farm. His sister Marilyn lives in AZ, and his sister Marlene lives with his mother.

College started in Sep. 1958 and ceased in 1961 when a Curator's Scholarship ended with the sophomore year, then self-earned money ran out after the first semester of the third year. It would be 1975 through May 1979 from nights at a St. Louis Campus of Tarkio College before he earned a B.S.- Business Management degree then Dec. 1979 for completion of a B.S.- Public Administration degree.

A move to St. Louis in Oct. 1961 employed him part-time at the U.S. Post Office, and part-time building race cars and exhaust headers and competing weekly. A March 1964 meeting at the Riverview Circle Steak 'n Shake Drive-In Restaurant resulted in an Oct. 1, 1966 marriage to Elaine Clare Burmeister, first-born of Alvin and Ellen (Fedder) Burmeister, and the July 10, 1968 birth of their son, Jerry Allen Pipes.

A deceptive management pair at the Auto Club of Missouri resulted in a career change, from managing their Automotive Diagnostic Car Clinics 1967-1980, to another hitch at self-employment. The Larry Pipes Company, Incorporated, a Delaware corporation formed in 1975, was now the sole provider of their daily bread, and has been since October 6, 1980.

This company provides auto mechanics with training classes in their facility on their equipment in basic auto diagnostics, auto repair on problem vehicles, and consulting to insurance companies, law enforcement departments, law firms, businesses, and individuals on fraudulent repairs, mechanical, electrical, pneumatic problems and automotive fire loss causes; see [www.lapco.org](http://www.lapco.org).

Elaine and Jerry have 1 child:

**23. Jerry Allen PIPES**, born July 10, 1968.

Jerry tells us, "I was born July 10, 1968, in St. Louis, the only child of Larry Pipes and Elaine (Burmeister) Pipes. I attended Grace Chapel Lutheran School from Kindergarten through eighth grade. I then went to Hazelwood East High School and graduated in 1986.

"At this time, I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps as a computer programmer. I was stationed first in Quantico, Virginia (just south of Washington, DC), and then later on a small Navy base in Norfolk, Virginia. I served in a non-deployable training command during Operation Desert Storm and I was honorably discharged as a Sergeant in July 1992.

"I then returned home and attended the University of Missouri, in Columbia, for four years, where I double-majored in Computer Science and Mathematics with a minor in Art and I graduated in 1996. I spend three years there working as a Resident Assistant (RA) in Wolpers Hall.

"Following my graduation, I was offered a job at McDonnell Douglas in St. Louis, as a software engineer on the F/A-18 Hornet project. In August of 1997, McDonnell Douglas merged with Boeing and I am now a Senior Software engineer with Boeing. I am currently single with no children."

**24. Jane BURMEISTER** was born July 28, 1945 in St. Louis, Missouri. Jane was the second daughter born to Alvin and Ellen Burmeister. She married **Ronald ZYK** on May 14, 1966 in St. Louis, Missouri. He was born March 15, 1942 in St. Louis, Missouri. He was the son of **Julius** and **Martha ZYK**.



Jane's first birthday party

Jane recalls, "My earliest memory is

of my family living in the house on 4111 N. 21<sup>st</sup> Street and my father running the Texaco service station on the corner.

Al Burmeister and Ray Lewis

"I spent many hours in the station with him and Ray Lewis. I can still vividly remember when the "ice man" would come with the big blocks of ice to put in the old red coke machine. I would watch him chop up the ice and then dad would stick the small bottles of coke down into the chopped up blocks of ice. I don't even know if Dad charged for the sodas...

"Summers were usually spent doing a lot of bike riding, roller skating around the "lifts" in the service station with my sisters, and a favorite memory are the big family picnics the whole Burmeister clan had in Fairgrounds Park. And Aunt Dotz's famous fishpond! What a wonderful way for all of us cousins to play together and get to see one another. When us cousins were older, and my family lived on Harris Avenue (across the street from O'Fallon Park) my cousins Judy, Don and Jan would bicycle over to the house on Harris Avenue, from their house on Sacramento, and then Elaine and I would join them and we would ride bikes in O'Fallon Park, sometimes just "hiking around" the park for hours at a time. How wonderful that in those days (1955-60) you could do those things without any fear or worry.

"One of my first memories of the house on 21<sup>st</sup> street was when I was about 4 years old, and was watching my Dad shave one morning. I was sitting on the steps outside of the bathroom talking to him, rolling a nickel in my hand...and when my dad said "Jane, where is that nickel?" - well, I had decided to see what swallowing a nickel was like! I "returned" the nickel to mom and dad a few days later; guess I should say they "retrieved" the nickel several days later. Oh, the things moms and dads have to do... I still have that same nickel, and passed the story on to my children...

"Another story I remember mom telling me about was when I was born and she asked Aunt Ilda Twillman to be one of my godparents. My Aunt Ilda (Itzi) said, somewhat shocked, "but Ellen, I'm 50 years old already!" That didn't matter to mom and dad - and Aunt Itzi was one of my favorite godparents.

"I took many, many piano lessons when I was growing up, for which I am grateful now. I treasure the fact that I have my father's piano now and both I and my daughter Laura play it. I also grew up sharing my father's love of music and especially choral singing, and to this day I get great joy out of hearing a choir sing, especially a male chorus. I was a member of many of my fathers church choirs, including Markus church and St. Matthew Lutheran church. During my years growing up I had the privilege of hearing many of his other choirs, especially the Jewish Hospital Nurses choir, which he directed for many years, and was a total source of joy to him. All of the nurses referred to him as "Mr. B." I remember dad saying how amazing it was to him that after working all day and going to classes, these young ladies would have so much enthusiasm left at

the end of the day to come to practice for 2-3 hours of an evening, and sing their hearts out. Their yearly concerts were a pleasure for all to listen to.

"My best friend was Donna Hubman, with whom I went all through Markus grade school and Lutheran High School. Her mother and my mother were good friends, so I like to tell people we were "friends from birth on." To this day she still is my best friend, and we have raised our children together, and now share our grandchildren stories.

"My grade school years were all at Markus Lutheran School, with my high school days at Lutheran High School Central. I worked in 9<sup>th</sup> grade and through my teen years at Donna Hubman's fathers Dairy Queen, enabling me to help with my high school tuition, purchase my first set of contact lenses, and gain some independence.

"I was married in 1966 to Ronald Zyk, and have two wonderful children, Eric and Laura, now grown and married. Being a parent (and for a long time "single parent") to them is nothing but a blessing to me. I am very proud of both of them, of their Christian values and their caring and compassion for others.

"Since 1982 I have been back in the work force, first at Emerson Electric Company for 13 years, then Sverdrup Corp. and am presently employed at AmeriNet, Inc., a nationwide health care group purchasing organization. My position as Administrative Assistant at these jobs has been both fulfilling and very challenging, and I thank the Lord for each of my jobs and the ability to support myself and my children when the need arose."



Jane Zyk, Eric Zyk, Laura Zyk  
Holloway



Laura Zyk Holloway and Jane Zyk

Eric, Laura and I have had the opportunity to spend good, quality vacation time together, thanks to my sister Elaine and her husband Larry. Since their purchase of an RV, the kids and I, as well as their son Jerry, have all been able to travel to Florida, the New England area in the gorgeous fall season, Washington DC, Virginia and the Smoky Mountains, to name the ones I can remember. These will always be cherished memories for me and my family.

To try to think of the greatest accomplishment in my life to date, I must say that having and raising my two children is it! There are very few hard times that I can remember, but many, many wonderful days and years. I thank God always for my two greatest blessings.



ANGELICA STREET

Markus Lutheran Church, St. Louis 1913

**A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE...with Jane and Elaine, Tour Guides!**

On Sunday, March 18, 1990, Elaine and I (along with Jane's daughter Laura) decided to take a trip down memory land and revisit our old homesteads and in particular, to go back to the school and church that meant so much to us both - Markus.

I decided to write down some thoughts and feelings that Elaine and I both had and share them, along with an up-to-date description of our Markus church. Some of the things will mean nothing to some, but a lot

of the Markus info I hope might be interesting to the "old Markus" family.

I don't know how excited Laura was to take this tour, but she's a trooper and didn't let on if she was bored. We started out showing her the old water tower on Grand Avenue (pointed out the old boarded up Velvet Freeze store where Dad always got his ice cream) and then headed down towards old Windsor Park. Yes, it's still there, and we have memories of many Markus grade school softball games played there. The confectionary by the old Florissant bus stop is torn down, but the park is still there, and "Yes, Laura, your mom and your aunt DID at one time play some pretty good softball!"

Next stop, of course, next to it was our house on 21<sup>st</sup> and Angelica, and the old Texaco filling station. This part of the trip was almost *too sad*, as the house and station are in such bad shape. But somehow even though the outward appearance now is NOTHING like ever remembered by us all, it still swelled of memories of us all, and that helped for sure. There is now a cyclone fence in front of the house (with a big black dog behind the fence). Elaine: "Don't you remember the yard as being so much bigger than it is now?" Yes, I had the same feeling. We tried to show Laura which room was the living room, dining room, etc. I told Laura, "This is the house where I swallowed a nickel while watching Dad shave one morning, and this is where Aunt Elaine and I first learned to ride a two-wheeler bike, and also where I cut my finger on a Coke bottle in the station one day and Dad and Joe rushed me to the doctor. From then on, Joe's favorite statement was, 'Nippy ain't got but one hand'." She gave me a real questioning expression on that one! As we left 21<sup>st</sup> Street, Elaine and I both knew we would remember only the good times there and not the way it looked now.

Then we went on to Markus. Remember all the Fish Fries on Fridays on that playground? We pointed out the parsonage to Laura (first I had to explain to her what a "parsonage" was), and then stopped at the "Markus corner." The first thing Elaine said was, "Can't you just see all of us gathered there after each service on Sunday? And I could! Little groups chatting and conversing. I couldn't help but comment on the beautiful stained-glass windows that were STILL all intact. Guess I thought there would be damage done to them. Needless to say, the neighborhood has declined, and in a way we were a little hesitant to even be there, but we had come this far, and after all, this was OUR church. We drove past the school and noticed that there were some children sitting inside the double doors of the school, sitting on those wide stairs that go up to the classrooms. We also noticed someone was down in the kitchen. Elaine, being the bravest, said, "Well, let's go in," and since we were both so eager to see the church again, we did.

We parked in front of the school and trotted in like we belonged there. Some boys sitting on the steps told us we couldn't be there, but after explaining to them that this was our old church and school MANY years ago, one of them hesitantly went to get his mother. While he was gone, we walked up on the steps like we were heading for class.

Before we saw the school, we wanted to see the church. So we didn't wait for permission, we just walked past the old health room and the Principal's Office, and down those few steps to the church entrance. Remember the words above the door? *The Lord is in His Holy Temple*. They are still there. As we entered the church, Elaine and I couldn't help but realize how comfortable we felt being there. How long had it been? And yet it seemed like we never had left. The carpeting is still there—that deep red color. All the pews are still there. And again I noticed the windows, still there and still undamaged.

The very first thing I wanted to see was if the picture was still on the altar. And, yes...IT IS STILL THERE--the picture of Peter walking on the water and holding out his arms to Jesus to save him from drowning. I thought someone had told me that the picture was taken down many years ago, but it still hangs there as beautiful as I remembered it. There were a few women in the church, scattered among the pews, reading the Bible. Markus church building is now a Pentecostal Saints Tabernacle, as explained to us by these nice women. I think they were a little taken back as we walked down the aisle to the altar, but we quickly explained why we were there and how special the church and school were to us. They quickly assured us we were welcome to visit again. The altar looks just the same, with the exception of several more chairs up front for the pastors to sit in. And, of course, the beautiful picture showing no wear and tear at all. I guess that was the most special part to us, remembering how much that picture always meant to Alvin, our Dad ("*Jesus Savior, Pilot Me*", the unofficial theme-song for the Markus Male Chorus at concerts, etc.).

The choir loft is still there, also the organ...but the first row or two of choir loft chairs has been removed and is replaced by some band instruments. The women explained to us that they were getting ready to have a dinner that night (in the gymnasium) to try to raise money to air condition the church. She said, "It gets pretty hot in here in the summer." Yes, we could remember that, too. Elaine started telling the women how on Christmas Eve we would have the biggest tree right up by the altar and have such wonderful Christmas Eve services. They listened, and I think they were really interested in the past days of the church. The only really noticeable signs of real deterioration that I could see was big areas of plaster falling off some parts of the walls, and of course, it wasn't as clean as in "old Markus days"—but still in far better shape than I ever thought I would see it again.

After leaving the church, we strolled down the school hallway. The school building isn't used for anything currently. All the doors to the classrooms were locked and as we peeked in the windows of the rooms, it looked just like storage area for odds and ends. So many memories in those rooms, memories of teachers, friends never seen or heard from anymore, "antics" we wouldn't want to tell our kids about...but most of all, some of the best years and memories we can remember. As we looked out the window down to the small playground, I could not believe that the old merry-go-round is STILL there! In sad shape, for sure, but I know it is the original one we all got going as

fast as we could. Elaine and I sat down at the top of the "big school steps," and once again had such a comfortable feeling just being there. The green tile steps we remembered are still there. We just had to see the old gym, too. So down the steps we headed.

We could hear people in the gym and did sort of feel like intruders. But we wanted to show Laura the gym where we played so many volleyball games, and had mother-daughter banquets and SO MUCH MORE. So we went on it, and some very friendly ladies once again heard the story about this being "our old school and church." There were tables set up for the dinner they were having later that afternoon, and some people were busy cooking in the old school kitchen. As I looked at the kitchen, thoughts of Mrs. Griessman and Mrs. Barbaro cooking those wonderful lunches came back to me. I recalled those huge home baked peanut butter cookies and their macaroni that I loved so much. The stage is still in the gym and the same dark wine-colored curtain covers it. We explained to Laura that the steps lead up to the bowling alley. We don't know if it's still a bowling alley or what, but there are lots of memories up there, too. The door to the church basement was locked, so that was about the end of our tour of Markus.

As we left "our Markus" that day, we both felt such mixed feelings. We were so glad we hadn't chickened-out, and that we went inside. And we were thankful, too, that there are people still using the church for a church, and praying and singing and praising the Lord in it. I can still hear Dad's choirs singing there as though it was yesterday, and we have so many other memories that we *all* have to keep. I suppose it's somewhat unique that a church can be such a *home*, as well as a church, and give such a warm feeling still, after all these years, just like going home would give.

We left Markus and drove up by Fairgrounds Park. Elaine wanted to show Laura her old high school-Beaumont. We drove by Sacramento Avenue, but we couldn't remember which flat was Uncle Bouie and Aunt Livy's. We also told Laura about all of our family picnics and Dotz' fishponds she had for all of us. We ended our tour by going by our house on Harris Avenue.

We were so pleasantly surprised to see how well kept this whole street was, and our old house looks fantastic, painted and well cared for. Elaine and I both agreed we'd give almost anything to be invited in to see the inside of that house again. I think Elaine was about to get out and ring the doorbell, but we decided that might be pushing it a little!

We pointed out O'Fallon Park to Laura and told her how we use to ride our bikes over there and go "yam picking." Laura had a hard time understanding that part, and I think by this time we were about losing her interest anyway. So we headed back to reality, really happy with our afternoon and lots of thought swimming in our heads.

Jane and Ronald had 2 children:

25. Eric Ronald ZYK, born July 16, 1968.
29. Laura Jane ZYK, born September 13, 1976.

**25. Eric ZYK** was born July 16, 1968 in St. Louis, Missouri. He is the first child born to Ronald Zyk and Jane (Burmeister) Zyk. Eric attended Grace Chapel Lutheran grade school and graduated from Riverview Gardens High School in 1986. He attended NorthEast Missouri State College in Kirksville, MO, and graduated with a Bachelors Degree in Industrial Science in May of 1991. He has been employed in the printing industry since his graduation, and is presently working as an Account Executive for Kingery Printing Company.

Eric and his wife **Mary ARMISTEAD Zyk** were married on September 30, 1994. They have 3 daughters; Emily Jeanne, born February 4, 1997, Abigail Elizabeth (Abby), born July 4, 1998, and the newest addition is Audrey Ellen, who arrived on April 3, 2002.

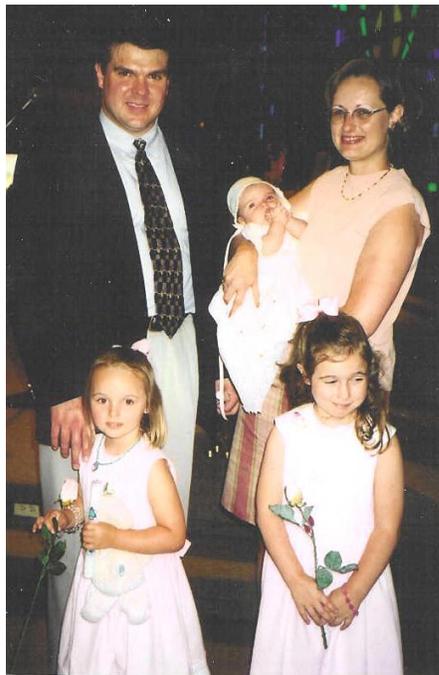
Eric, Mary and their three girls presently reside in their home in Florissant, Missouri.

Eric and Mary have 3 children:

**26.Emily Jeanne ZYK**, born February 4, 1997.

**27.Abigail Elizabeth ZYK**, born July 4, 1998.

**28.Audrey Ellen ZYK**, born April 3, 2002.



Eric Zyk, Mary Zyk (holding Audrey)  
Abby and Emily Zyk



Laura Zyk (right) with the Oscar Mayer weinermobile



Mike and Laura (Zyk) Holloway

**29. Laura Jane ZYK HOLLOWAY** was born September 13, 1976, in St. Louis, MO. She is the second child born to Ronald ZYK and Jane (BURMEISTER) ZYK.

Laura attended Grace Chapel Lutheran School for her grade school years, and graduated from Lutheran High School North in 1994. She attended Northeast Missouri State University in Kirksville, MO and graduated with a Communications/Journalism degree in 1999. During her senior year in college she did a working internship in Germany, living with a wonderful host family near Freiburg, Germany. After graduating from college in December, she began a nine-month position with Oscar Mayer Company, criss-crossing the country driving one of their weinermobiles, promoting Oscar Mayer.

Laura married **Michael HOLLOWAY** (whom she met in college) on October 4, 2002, and they make their home in Jefferson City, MO. Laura is a Website Editor for the Missouri Division of Tourism, and Mike is in Employee Development for the Missouri Department of Transportation.

**30. Linda BURMEISTER**, born May 1, 1949, was the third daughter born to Alvin and Ellen Burmeister. Linda lives in St. Louis, Missouri.



Linda Burmeister, Jane Burmeister Zyk, Elaine Pipes



Dotz as a baby



Al, Charles, Dorothy

31. **Dorothy "Dotz" BURMEISTER** was born April 18, 1915 in 4028a 22nd Street, St. Louis Missouri, the second child and first daughter of Charles and Dora Burmeister. Her birth certificate reads "Josephine", but she was christened Dorothy Ilda. She was baptized on May 2, 1915, and later confirmed in Markus Lutheran Church, St. Louis, Missouri. Her baptismal sponsors were her aunts **Ilda TWILLMAN** and **Aunt Bertha BURMEISTER** (William's wife), and **Christine MEINHOLTZ**, special dear friends, with her husband **Will MEINHOLTZ** of Bethlehem Church days. Dotz was born with one green eye and one brown eye. That's a tough one to match, isn't it?



Dotz and cousin Wilbert on her confirmation day, 1928



Dotz, Charles, Al, 1928

At age 7, Dorothy had a child's role in a play given by the young people at Markus Church. The night of the play, she related, "I coughed my way right through it, and haven't stopped coughing since."

She graduated from high school and Rubicam Business College. She worked during WW II as a Radiotelephone Operator and nursemaid for the

test pilots at Curtiss-Wright. Curtiss-Wright was an aircraft manufacturer of long standing with runway-access at Lambert Airport, diametrically across from US Naval Air Station where brother Bouie had U.S. Air Station quarters and offices train Naval Air Cadets for combat during World War II.

Dotz was a prolific writer and poet, writing at Markus, winning a national poetry contest, and submitting poetry to the company newspaper *The Curtiss-Wright-er*. She wrote many letters of encouragement to the test pilots, some who were killed while testing planes to be flown in WW II.

In 1959, she became a secretary for the City of St. Louis as personal secretary for doctors at the City of St. Louis Hospital, particularly surgeons of their medical staffs.



Al, Dorothy, Charles aka "Bouie"



Dotz was bridesmaid for her brother Bouie's wedding

Here are a few of her memories, written in the first person:

"I remember, I remember - and so many memories have to do with the kitchen at the home on North 21<sup>st</sup> street that Charley and Dora built in 1922, and where they both were to die.

I remember uncles, especially **Uncle Emil** and **Arvil TWILLMAN**, sitting in that kitchen on Water Tower market days, visiting with Mom before they went back home. I remember my father coming into the kitchen from the station, white as a sheet, and sitting down because his legs seemed not to want to hold him, and saying, "A call just come from the county. There's been a shooting, and **Martin TWILLMAN** is dead."

And I remember the family gathered round the kitchen table the night my father died, with Mom in the Big Chair, and none

of us knowing that we would have just one more year with her, or that less than 13 months later I would stand at the kitchen window trying not to hear her saying over and over to all the family members who had come to wish her a last Happy Birthday, "I'll see you in Heaven." She knew, and the next morning - in an ambulance on Grand and Lindell - she came out of a coma with such a look on her face, seeing something beautiful or hearing something beautiful that I did not see or hear, and she went to Heaven. Then Ilda (Twillman, Dora's sister), who had been living with us said, "Now we've got to stick together," and we did, moving five times, but staying together for 25 years.

I remember hayrides when the Walther Leaguers from Markus would go out to the old home place after Uncle Frank (Twillman) lived there. What a lark it was for them."



Dotz on the job at Curtiss-Wright



Dotz blowing a kiss to one of her many cherubs

Dotz went home to be with the Lord, after her last year of suffering, on April 25, 2002 in St. Louis.



Charles Herman Otto William Burmeister



4 Generations: Charles H. Charles M., Judy, William A. Burmeister

32. **Charles Herman William Otto BURMEISTER** was born April 24, 1920 at his parents' home at 4028a North 22nd Street, St. Louis, Missouri, less than a year after his father's new Texaco Filling Station opened.



Charles, Chief Pontiac, and Al Burmeister at the new Angelica Auto Sales salesroom at 4231 North Grand Ave. in the late nineteen twenties

The third offspring became the bouncing "Bouie" member of the Burmeister family. A wheels-oriented lad he was from infancy on 22<sup>nd</sup> Street and even more so in the new family bungalow adjacent to the filling station on 21<sup>st</sup> St.

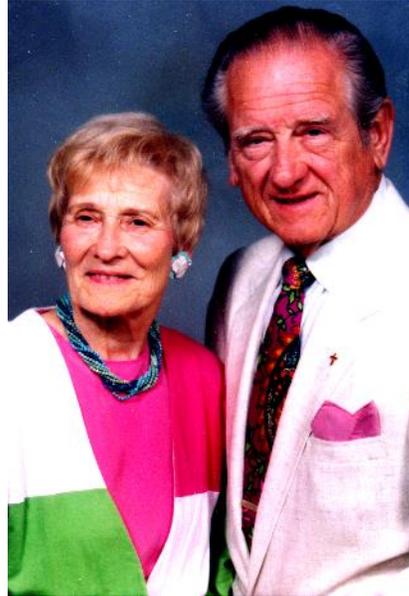
After eight years of parochial school at Markus Lutheran Church he was confirmed, graduated and wished on to teachers at Central High School from which he graduated as the treasurer of his class in June 1937.

THE DESCENDANTS OF CHARLES MARTIN BURMEISTER

"Bouie" got serious about and, on October 25, 1941, married **Olivia "Livy" Liode KUEHNERT** on 1941 at Ebenezer Lutheran Church in Baden, St. Louis, Missouri. She was born January 25, 1918 in Muskogee, Oklahoma, the daughter of **Arthur Martin KUEHNERT** and **Liode Margaretha KROENKE**.



Charles and Livy Burmeister  
Wedding Day, 1941



Livy and Charles Burmeister



Grandpa William A. Burmeister with  
congratulatory advice for the  
newly-weds, Charles & Olivia  
Burmeister, in 1941, two years  
before William's demise



Jill, Judy, Livy, Dean, Charles  
Jan, Don Burmeister at their home  
in Sunset Hills, Missouri

Six weeks after their marriage, the attack on Pearl Harbor and declaration of war with Japan brought about Bouie's reporting for duty on October 7, 1942 in the Naval Air Training Command, which he served for 3 years, 2 months, 7 days and 20 minutes during World War II. Their first daughter, Judy, had been born in 1942. When she was nineteen months old, Livy and she moved with Bouie to Mainside NAS, Pensacola, Florida, where he served most of his Navy experience.

Three weeks after his military discharge in November of Don Alan was born as the first grandson to Dora and Charles M. Burmeister, a proud, but suffering grandfather, who had resigned from his expediter position at McDonnell Aircraft in May of 1945. Equally proud grandmother Dora followed her husband's entry into Heavenly mansions just three months before No. 3 offspring for Bouie and Livy made her debut in the person of Janice Lee. Dean Charles Martin Burmeister, No. 2 son and No. 4 heir reported in for this life on September 9, 1950 and was the youngest of the family when they moved from their North St. Louis Sacramento Avenue home in the Fairground Park area to Glenview, a north shore suburb of Chicago in 1955. In March 1956, Jill Lynn swiped this title as youngest heir, the only Chicago birth statistic that made it a permanent full house of three girls and two boys.

Their return to St. Louis was brought about when Charles left the secular business world — where he had spent 18 years with the John S. Swift Co., Lithographers — to become director of the Lutheran Hour Domestic Operation for the Lutheran Layman's League. After three years he resigned and became a financier of churches and church-related institutions as manager of the bond department of a New York Stock Exchange firm in St. Louis know as Yates, Heitner & Woods. Three years later he became a founder and incorporator of The Heitner Corporation with Mr. Normal E. Heitner of St. Louis, a general securities firm to be aligned with the Midwest Stock Exchange. In 1967 he succeeded Mr. Heitner in an extra-curricular church endeavor by accepting the office of Treasurer of the International Lutheran Layman's League (Lutheran Hour Broadcast), which also included production of *This is the Life Television*, which he relinquished in 1971. In 1969 he was nominated from the floor of, and also elected by, the Denver Convention of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod to be a member of the Board of Regents of Concordia Seminary in St. Louis.

As a member and treasurer of that Board, Charles was later to be identified as one of the six members used by the Lord to change the course of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod in supporting the inerrancy of the Bible issues. In 1974 and 1975, the national media labeled the controversy and walkout by 45 faculty members and 500 students the top religious news story in the nation for both years since it was the first instance in centuries of any major church body majority returning to a conservative position from a trend towards liberalization and doctrinal leniency. While such an extraordinary course of action is never a joy to perform, such a serious responsibility and obligation to serve the Lord above all other obligations thus becomes a rare experience when effecting the

spiritual lives of so many contemporary persons as well as the yet unborn.

In 1972, with 10 years of experience as an investment banker, he incorporated his own business firm as a consultant-financier for hospitals, nursing homes, retirement centers and churches planning major building-expansion programs, under the name Communication Consultants, Inc. located on the 33<sup>rd</sup> floor of the Mercantile Center overlooking the St. Louis Arch and Riverfront.

Charles and Livy have lived in South County's Sunset Hills since returning to St. Louis from Chicagoland in 1959. He is still, and always will be, an avid automobile buff, and fills his retirement years with family and friends, Bible Study groups and singing, with his darling Livy close at hand.

Charles and Olivia have 5 children:

- 33. Judith Elaine BURMEISTER, born July 29, 1942.
- 44. Don Alan BURMEISTER, born December 3, 1945, died July 28, 1982.
- 51. Janice Lee BURMEISTER, born June 26, 1947.
- 52. Dean Charles Martin BURMEISTER, born September 9, 1950.
- 53. Jill Lynn BURMEISTER, born March 3, 1956.



back: Dean, Jill, Don Burmeister  
middle: Charles & Livy Burmeister, Harvey Hanneman, Jan Burmeister  
front: Kris, John, and Judy Hanneman



L to r: Charles &  
Livy Burmeister  
Judy (Burmeister) &  
Harvey Hanneman  
Mollie & John  
Hanneman

July 1963

33. **Judith Elaine BURMEISTER** was born July 29, 1942 at Lutheran Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri, from whose school of nursing she would graduate 21 years later. She was baptized that August by her maternal grandfather, "Pepaw" (Rev. Arthur Kuehnert). Her father, Charles H. Burmeister, was stationed in Pensacola in the Navy when she was about 2 years old. Some of her earliest memories are of white sandy beaches, getting bitten by a jellyfish and the soothing, monotonous droning of planes overhead.

In 1945, her family returned to St. Louis and lived in the Ebenezer parsonage on Church road with "Memaw" and "Pepaw" (Liode and Arthur Kuehnert). World War II was ending and she recalls hearing on the radio about "Japs" and guerilla warfare and her three-year-old-mind couldn't imagine what the "gorillas" were fighting about. Those were lovely carefree days, waiting for her pal, Sandy Hunning to come home from school and Memaw fixing "sugarbread" for them to eat under the big cherry tree in Memaw's yard. Other memories are of Memaw's peonies, violets and lilies of the valley a-bloom each spring, dinner nearly every Sunday in their dining room with "Sunday gravy" and warming "frozen" toes in winter under the kitchen radiator.

The family moved to 4119 Sacramento Avenue in North St. Louis into a two-family flat, with Aunt Dotz and great-aunt Itz living upstairs. The women worked hard beautifying the yard, tending the scalloped flower beds of roses and iris. Dotz always gave Judy money for getting the *Saturday Evening Post* from the drug store. In those days, 5 cents bought a lot of candy at Decker's store, the produce man came down their alley in his truck and they had an ash pit until her dad built a barbeque grill in the back yard. Her dad also built on a room for her brothers' bedroom and he all but rebuilt the garage, to enlarge it for the larger cars being manufactured after WW II.

Every Friday night, they did "hardwood"—her mom, Livy, headed up a team that folded the thick hardwood market report printed by the John S. Swift Company (lithographers and school yearbook publishers), where her dad was advertising and assistant sales manager. She was paid 25 cents for stuffing the envelopes while she watched "Life with Riley" (they got their first TV when she was eight). The amazing thing was the automatic Pitney-Bowes machine that sealed and stamped each piece of mail.

She attended Bethany Lutheran School (across Natural Bridge Blvd. From Fairgrounds Park) for kindergarten and first grade and was in the annual operettas. She transferred to Markus School for grades 2 through 8. She rode her new Schwinn Racer a lot: in Fairground Park, a block away (not far from the old Sportman's Park) and also with cousins Elaine & Jane up & down huge hills in O'Fallon Park. Her school was in a softball league and she admits she was never a very good softball player, but ONCE she hit a home run with bases loaded, and she can still recall the stunned look on the coach's face! She remembers getting bifocal glasses in the third grade. Piano lessons, which had begun at age five, would continue into her teens. While she was at Miss Pavlick's Studio for piano lessons each Saturday, her mom would buy "deep butter" coffeecake down the street at Fangman's Bakery for the family's Sunday breakfast.

Her dad's job took him to Chicagoland—Glenview, Illinois—in 1955 and she finished eighth grade and was confirmed at Immanuel Lutheran church on the same day her new baby sister, Jill, was baptized. She began high school at Lutheran North High School in north Chicao. She will never forget the first day of school at Lutheran North—from a class of 20+ to a school of 1000 with no one but strangers and strange hallways. But she learned to love it so much that she stayed behind and boarded with a family to finish her senior year when her dad's job took him back to St. Louis in 1959. Her favorite school memories include cheerleading; Girls Service Club; doing the "stroll" and jitterbugging to 50's hits; dances off-campus; the first "sock hop" on-campus; junior year choir tour to St. Olaf College; super teachers; and friends with whom she still corresponds.

She began nurses training in 1960 at Lutheran Hospital in south St. Louis. Harvey Hanneman had noticed her at the "capping" ceremony in 1961 and they had their first date Feb. 17. They married on July 13, 1963 in St. Louis. And she worked across the street from their first apartment at St. Mary's Hospital while Harv completed his last year at the Concordia Seminary. His first congregation was Faith Lutheran in Swanton, Ohio and Judy worked at Toledo Hospital where their first 2 children, Kristen Faith and John Charles Arthur were born. In 1967 the Hannemans moved back to Kansas to Arkansas City, about 40 miles south of Wichita, near the Oklahoma state line. Paul Gregory Dean was born in 1969 and within months they moved to Wichita, Kansas where Harv pastored Bethany until 1975. During those years they received the

great blessing of involvement in the Bethel Bible Series. Judy returned to nursing after the children went off to school, and was involved in numerous church activities, such as Bible studies, filling in at the organ, and singing in the church choir.

The Hannemans lived in Atwood, Kansas from 1975-80 where they had a little garden, fresh asparagus that came up under the pine trees, cats named Freckles and Pickles, and Judy learned to play piano-organ duets with Elfrieda Laufer. She enjoyed the Music Club annual production, playing the black king in "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer".

The Hannemans were called next by a church in Dodge City, Kansas in 1980 where the children spent their high school years, living in the parsonage next door to Holy Cross Lutheran where Harvey served. The kids all learned to drive, they grew strawberries and tomatoes and planned Kris' wedding to John Ball in 1986.

In 1992 Harvey and Judy received a call to pastor a church in Sierra Vista, Arizona, where they spent four delightful years with sunshine nearly every day. They learned a whole new world of flora and fauna, visited Mexico, and Judy worked in home health and for the American Red Cross Nursing organization. She also discovered bird watching and they returned to Kansas for their son Paul's marriage to Gina Davis in 1994.

In 1995, their first grandson, Keehn Davis Hanneman was born and they were happy to be near him, after Harv accepted a call to pastor a church in Hays, Kansas. The following year, Kris and Judy drove to meet Judy's new great-grandson, Zachary Malikiah in Hot Springs, Arkansas. They enjoyed living in Hays, and made lovely friends and Judy enjoyed singing in the community choir (especially in the Christmas Concert at the famous Victoria Cathedral of the Plains). They moved to Wichita in 1998 where Harv received chaplaincy training at Wesley Medical Center and Judy began working in Day Surgery at the Wichita Clinic. They are happy to now live in El Dorado, Kansas where Harv is pastor at Grace Lutheran, and where Judy spends every Friday night baby-sitting for Keehn and second grandson, Merrik Lee Hanneman.

Judy had always enjoyed traveling and has been privileged to visit the Holy Land twice, once with Mom Hanneman in 1975 where they wound up the tour in Rome and Florence, Italy. The second trip was in 1990 with her sister Jan Burmeister and 150 folks from the Church on the Way. The second time the trip concluded in Austria and Germany for the Oberammergau Passion Play.

Judy says, "In the past half-century I have been so fortunate to have been place in a loving community of family, biological and spiritual, and have received blessings unnumbered because of "Whose" I am. My

focus in the next years will be to try to give those blessings away..."

**Harvey Dean HANNEMAN** is the son of **John HANNEMAN** and **Amolia "Mollie" GRAUBERGER**. For 39 years, Harvey served congregations in Swanton, Ohio; Arkansas City, Kansas; Wichita, Kansas; Atwood/Ludell, Kansas; Dodge City, Kansas; Sierra Vista, Arizona; Hays and El Dorado, Kansas. He served as Editor of the Kansas Edition of the Lutheran Witness for 14 years, and as Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod/Kansas District Secretary for 9 years.

Judy and Harvey have 3 children:

- 34. Kristen Faith HANNEMAN, born January 24, 1965 in Toledo, Ohio.
- 40. John Charles Arthur HANNEMAN, born August 18, 1966 in Toledo, Ohio.
- 41. Paul Gregory Dean HANNEMAN, born August 23, 1969 in Winfield, Kansas.



Kris and John Ball

**34. Kristen Faith HANNEMAN** was born January 24, 1965 in Toledo, Ohio. She was baptized on February 9, 1965 with her Aunt Jan Burmeister and Jerry Eichman as sponsors. (Jerry Eichman was the best man at her parent's wedding and a close family friend.)

Kris attended Bethany Lutheran School in Wichita, Kansas, Atwood Elementary and High Schools in Atwood, Kansas, and graduated from Dodge City Senior High School in 1983. She received her AA degree from St. John's College, Winfield, Kansas and her Bachelor's degree from St. Mary of the Plains College in Dodge City.

She earned her Masters degree from Friends University, Wichita, Kansas in the fall of 1998. She married **John Kent BALL** on August 9, 1986 in Holy Cross Lutheran Church, Dodge City. He was born January 29, 1954 in Spokane, Washington. He is the son of **John Everd BALL** and **Mary Louise KENT**.



Chief John Ball

Kristen worked as a computer programmer for ST Computer Resources, and Gibsons Discount Centers, Inc., in Dodge City. In October 1994 she went to work for the City of Dodge City as Data Processing Administrator. She returned to work for Gibsons as the Information Technology Manager from 2000 until its closing in 2003. She is currently working at Dodge City Community College as a Student Tracking Specialist for the Title III grant. Kristen enjoys making jewelry with beads, genealogy, and traveling and was fortunate to have the chance to go to Russia in 1999 and see the villages of her great-grandparents, **Konrad and Anna HAHNEMANN** and **John and Mary GRAUBERGER**. John and Kris met while they were both working for the Dodge City Police Department. John started as a patrolman for in 1981, and rose from Corporal to Sergeant to Lieutenant, and is now the Chief of

Police for Dodge City. He is an avid hunter, and enjoys woodworking and remodeling their home.

Kristen has 2 stepdaughters:

**35. Jessica Lynn BALL**, born January 17, 1976 in Warrensburg, Missouri.

**36. Jacqueline Marie BALL**, born March 20, 1979 in Bethesda, Maryland.



Jessica Lynn Ball



Jackie Marie Ball Schauf

**35. Jessica Lynn BALL**, born January 17, 1976 in Warrensburg, Missouri.

Jessica graduated from Kansas University in May 1999 with a Journalism degree. She is the assistant to the Producer for the Fox TV show "Boston Public." She lives in Los Angeles.

**36. Jacqueline Marie BALL** was born March 20, 1979 in Bethesda Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Maryland. On May 26, 2001, she married **Timothy SCHAUF**.

Jackie and Tim have 3 children:

**37. Zachary Malikiah "Kiah" SCHAUF**, born September 30, 1997  
in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

**38. Leslye Faith SCHAUF**, born July 11, 1999 in  
Hot Springs, Arkansas.

**39. Alizabeth Presley SCHAUF**, born October 13, 2002  
in Hot Springs, Arkansas.



Zachary "Kiah" Schauf



Leslye Faith Schauf



Alizabeth Presley Schauf

40. **John Charles Arthur HANNEMAN** was born August 18, 1966 in Toledo Ohio. He was named after his 3 living grandparents: John HANNEMAN, Charles BURMEISTER, and Arthur KUEHNERT. John graduated from Dodge City Senior High school in 1984. He attended college at the University of Kansas. After serving 3 years in the Army, he made his home in Bellingham, Washington where he is



John Hanneman

currently self-employed. His hobbies include mountain-biking, scuba-diving, and hiking in the mountains around Bellingham.

41. **Paul Gregory Dean HANNEMAN** was born August 23, 1969 in Winfield, Kansas. He married **Regina Lynette DAVIS** on August 7, 1993 in Holy Cross Lutheran, Church, Dodge City, Kansas. She was born August 15, 1967 in Trinity Hospital, Dodge City, Kansas. She is the daughter of **Dennis Burton DAVIS** and **Mary Lou BAKER**.



Paul and Gina (Davis) Hanneman

Paul is an ASCE-certified lead mechanic at Pep Boys in Wichita. Gina, who is a CPA, recently took a break from working and is staying home to be a full-time wife and mom to their two boys. In 2002, the Hannemans moved to the Terradyne community in Andover, Kansas. They live behind hole #10 on the Terradyne golf course, where Paul enjoys teaching the

boys to golf.

Paul and Gina have 2 children:

42. **Keehn Davis HANNEMAN**, born September 12, 1995.

43. **Merrik Lee HANNEMAN**, born May 30, 2000.



Keehn Davis Hanneman



Merrik Lee Hanneman

**44. Don  
Alan  
BURMEISTER**

was born December 3, 1945 in St. Louis, Missouri. Don died in a twin-engine plane crash on July 28, 1982 in Lindale, Texas, at the age of 36. He married **Janet LIESKE** on August 9, 1969 in St. Louis, Missouri. She was born April 4, 1951.

Don and Janet had 2 children:

45. Erik Vinson BURMEISTER, born September 2, 1973 in Alameda, California.

46. Jon Karl BURMEISTER, born November 21, 1975 in Eugene, Oregon.

**Memories by Janet Lieske BURMEISTER STABLER**

I was born in Topeka, Kansas on April 4, 1951 as the fifth child of **Howard William (Bill)** and **Helen (KOENIG) Lieske**. Another brother was born six years after me, so I grew up in a family of 8. My father is a Missouri Synod Lutheran pastor and I am told that pastors in my family go all the way back to the time of Martin Luther! It seemed that we were very comfortable, although we lived very simply, and that my childhood was peaceful and uneventful. We moved to Salina, Kansas when I was about 4 and then to New Orleans, LA when I was about 8. At 13, we moved to the charming town of Pensacola, FL with its sandy white beaches, crystal blue waters, and the Pensacola Naval Air Station. It was there that a handsome, tanned, blue-eyed Burmeister came into my life-Don Burmeister, son of Charlie and Livy.

My meeting with Don was a bit unique. My Mom (formerly Helen Koenig) and Don's Mom (formerly Livy Kuehnert) both grew up in St. Louis, MO as daughters of Lutheran pastors. They knew each other well from Walther League where Christian kids of that day enjoyed fellowship.

In the fall of 1967, Don came to Pensacola after graduation from the University of Missouri. He was headed for naval flight training and his folks had driven him down. Since they knew my folks lived there, they arranged to have dinner with them. That evening, I went to a high school basketball game (I was only 16), and upon my return found the two couples plus Don visiting in our living room. I remember thinking Don was incredibly handsome, but I sure didn't have any hopes or dreams. He was over 5 years my senior, and I had several older, eligible sisters! However, since Don didn't have a car, I offered to pick him up and bring him to church each week, and then my mom would have him eat dinner with us.

After several weeks to a month, Don called my folks to ask if they would mind if he took me out and said he "wouldn't get serious." Well, we went out, and over the months it did get serious, and eventually led to our engagement on December 31, 1968. The summer of 1969 my sister, Judy, married a Lutheran pastor in June, my folks moved back to New Orleans in July, another sister married a naval helicopter pilot August 3rd, and then Don and I married the next week on August 9! Mom and Dad Burmeister graciously offered to take care of a lot of the preparations and have the wedding in St. Louis, as it was a bit much for my folks to handle it all! Since we had family and friends in St. Louis, as well, it was mutually beneficial.

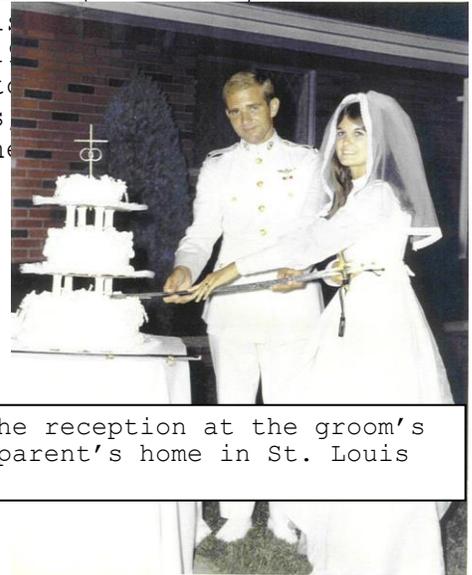


Don and Janet  
Burmeister

Our marriage had taken place after I had graduated from high school and Don had received his "wings" after successfully completing his flight training as a Marine. We then drove to his first duty station in Tustin, CA (between Los Angeles and San Diego). Apartment living with my romantic, handsome husband was like being on an all-year-long vacation for me. We barbecued on the apartment grills, swam in the apartment pool (often the only swimmers) and rode on Don's Triumph motorcycle to the beach on weekends. My total focus was on being Don's wife, and I loved it!

One day I was out shopping and was delighted to find him home early on my return. However, my joy turned to horror as he related that he had tried to pass a car on the left on his motorcycle. Since that car then chose to turn left, he laid the cycle on its side and rode it into the wheel, then the force caused him to go flying spread eagle over the hood, and then go rolling and tumbling down the road and into a ditch. Although witnesses thought he was dead, he was only bruised. His heavy naval uniform, flight jacket, and helmet had protected him. Our Lord had said, "Not yet."

We were happy and content, but the Viet Nam war was in progress and Don was an attack pilot in the Marine Corps. Too soon, he was given orders to go overseas to the Black Sheep Squadron that had been deployed to Japan awaiting orders to Viet Nam. It was decided that I would spend his year overseas living with my in-laws, since dependents are not allowed to live overseas when there is a state of war on. This made my husband feel at peace that his 19-year-old bride would be watched out for, and it would help me to get to know my husband better through getting to know his better as I lived with them. In January of 1968, I said a good-bye to my husband, and began adjusting to life at a lovely jewelry store for about 5 months. I had the privilege of going overseas to visit Don. The day visit. Exciting!!!



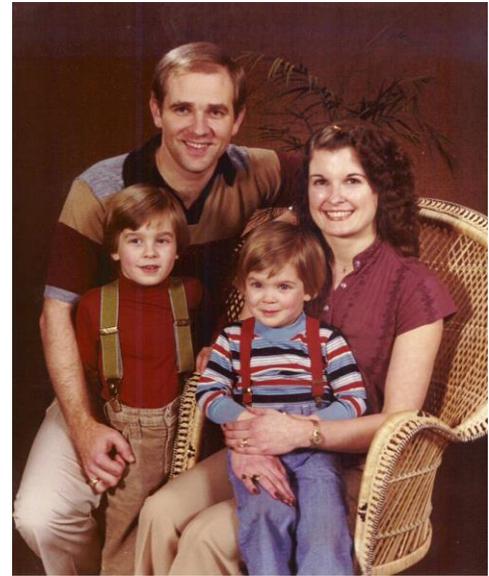
The reception at the groom's parent's home in St. Louis

Don met me in the big city of Tokyo, Japan. We toured that big city and then went to the beautiful city of Kyoto, with its shrines and temples and lovely parks. We also visited Hiroshima and saw the building left as a shrine in remembrance of what the atomic blast did to that city. After several weeks of living in Japan, his squadron was sent to Okinawa, an island near Japan. There we rented an apartment, and although he had to work everyday, enjoyed some wonderful, wonderful times in that charming place, which I call a "primitive Hawaii". The beaches were beautiful and the water crystal clear. There were several other wives visiting at the time so we enjoyed shopping together in the daytime, and we couples did things together on weekends. One memorable time, an Okinawan took us out on his fishing boat and we went snorkeling. At one point, he got excited, borrowed a harpoon and jumped into the water, soon returning with an octopus! That evening we had barbecued fish of all kinds, as well as octopus! All too soon, I had to return to the States. Shortly thereafter, Don's squadron went back to Japan and then his folks went over to see him, and to visit that charming country.

While waiting for Don to complete his tour of duty, I then took a medical assistant course of about six months. This enabled me to get a job in a doctor's office, when Don returned and we were stationed in Alameda, CA. We enjoyed being across the bay from San Francisco and had a wonderful year enjoying the lovely bay area. Don completed his military enlistment time in February of 1972. We then moved to Eugene, Oregon where he began a year of schooling for his masters in business administration at the University of Oregon. We rented a sweet little yellow house in a nice neighborhood, and it was in Eugene that I gave birth to our first born--Erik Vinson--on September 2, 1973. Using the method of Lamaze training to give birth without drugs or anesthesia was quite revolutionary in that day and age. Since Don had saved quite a bit while overseas and he was schooling on the GI Bill, he did not have to work. His schedule was

light enough that we were able to spend a lot of time together enjoying our new son that first year of his life.

Upon completing his MBA, Don got a job with a department store in Portland, OR, where we bought our first home, and also received our second child from the Lord, another son - Jon Karl - on November 21, 1975. It was shortly after that I began to feel a great restlessness in my faith, feeling a hunger to know more of God's Word but not really knowing how to study. It was then that God led me to Bible Study Fellowship, where its confrontive questions enabled me to see sin in my life, and to recognize my need to surrender to my Lord. It brought me beyond knowing about God, to knowing Him and desiring to live for Him. I then began praying for Don to also surrender his whole self to the Lord.



In 1978, Don got a new job with an innovative heating and cooling company in Issaquah, WA. We had a lovely redwood siding home with a wrap-around deck that could seat about one hundred...no kidding. We were very happy in our "American dream" world. I was a discussion leader with Bible Study Fellowship, and deeply involved in its activities. Don was beginning to grow in his faith through the challenge of materials and musical lyrics from the ministry of Keith Green. He started attending a vibrant Bible Study, and soon became discontent with working a job just to make money. He wanted to do something specifically related to kingdom work. Well, we began praying, and although his company had been doing well enough to plan a business trip to Switzerland for the employees and their wives, things changed suddenly and Don was told they could no longer employ him. This excited us and we began searching for what ministry we were to be a part of. We had a big garage sale and put our house up for sale preparing for where the Lord would send us.

Although we looked into other ministries, Don really felt drawn to the ministry of Last Days Ministries run by Keith Green in Lindale, TX. In August of 1981, we flew down for a trial visit and loved it there despite intense heat and difficult tasks. It was agreed that we would return to work there. Upon our trip home, we found a note from our realtor in our kitchen that our home had sold! I believe it only took us two weeks to have another yard sale, sell our second car, and pack up. In September we were driving to Texas!

Our time in Texas was soon a whirlwind of work, communal meals, Wednesday afternoon prayer meetings of several hours, Bible studies, planning meetings, and fellowshiping. Don was soon heading up the tract department. Then he became focused on building a runway (using his engineering know-how) for the two donated planes that the

ministry had. He was also using his piloting skills flying Keith Green to his concerts, and manning the sales tables at the concerts. Soon he was also involved in overseeing the building of four houses in a quadrangle formation to provide housing for the increased staff at Last Days.

At Last Days, while the boys (then 5 and 7) were at school, I was working in the mail department handling orders and constantly seeing people writing in asking for counsel. Since we had no counseling department, I began praying that the Lord would provide someone to begin it. At the time I had not heard the saying, "If you pray about something, be ready to be available to be the answer to that prayer" (or something like that). Within a few months, I was asked to begin a counseling department! It was a wonderful privilege to sit at a word processor, pour over the Word of God, and find answers for every worry, every hurt, and every need that a human can face. In sharing with others, I was tremendously encouraged and strengthened.

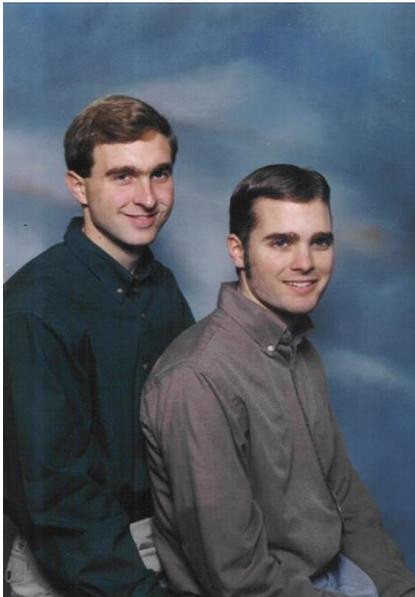
One day as I was walking near the runway, it occurred to me that Don could crash in the airplane that he flew so often, and he could die. I remember saying inwardly something like this, "Well, Lord, You would still be good, so I would still serve You. And I was called here, too, so I would stay here to do it." On July 28, 1982, I realized that this was preparation for what was to occur that day. It was our Wednesday prayer and fast day. Don rose at 4:00 a.m. to prepare to fly two visitors to the Dallas airport, about a 20-minute flight away. Then he returned and did work on the building sights, attended the prayer meeting, and then flew one of the planes to the airport to be refueled. A family with 6 small children was visiting Keith and Melody Green that day, and they had decided to meet Don upon his return with the plane to take a quick flight over the 200 acres or so of Last Days Ministries property.

I was waiting with his supper saved when I saw the plane land, but when he didn't arrive at the ranch house for his meal I was confused (not knowing that Keith and two of his children and this family were at the landing sight and climbing into the plane). After a while, I looked out and saw a huge pillar of smoke billowing into the air beyond the runway, and I knew that it was a crashed plane...and probably my Don. What I had no idea of, was the number of other people that were in it. I quickly ran to some friends whose baby I had been holding while they moved into new housing, and relayed what I'd seen. The husband offered to try to drive me to the site. It took a while to find a way there, and by then it seemed like a hundred people were running through the woods to reach the plane, too. I remember feeling very alone as people pressed by me. But I wasn't. God was so near, and so faithful. When I arrived at the crash site, a dear friend, Tracey Hanson, grabbed me and held me close and said not to look or go any farther. He said they were all dead. I was horrified to learn what "all" meant. But you know, although I can still see the blackened circle around the smoldering plane and the singed trees, I have no image in my mind of seeing the blackened bodies sitting within. The plane had exploded upon impact

and burned, but God spared me the gruesome sight. I believe He blinded me at that point in His mercy.

The hardest point for me was having to tell six year old Jon and 8 year old Erik that their daddy was now in heaven. Erik asked who would be his dad now, and I could say with fresh remembrance from the Scripture that I had read that day that God had promised He would be a father to the fatherless. Erik said that he wanted to go be with Don, but then said, "No, I need to stay and take care of you, Mom." Although seeing the boys without their dad was my greatest sorrow, I can also say that that next year was a very sweet time for me in my relationship with our loving heavenly Father. He was so good to me in so many ways, and taught me much.

Because Melody Green's husband and two small children had been killed, and she and her husband were very well known, letters soon poured in from women who had also lost husbands and children. They were asking for words of comfort and counsel from Melody. I continued my work in the counseling department and responded to hundreds of letters on Melody's behalf. (I need to explain that I soon developed a letter that I kept saved on the computer, and then adapted it to each person who wrote.) Writing to others brought increased comfort and strength to me, and was really a wonderful provision from God to keep my eyes on Him and on the needs of others.



Erik and Jon Burmeister

However, I did grieve for my boys in their lack of adult male companionship. God saw that need, too, and sent a young man, who was also working at Last Days, to our door many a time to take the boys biking or fishing or blackberry picking. What that man, Kurt Stabler, did not realize was that the fastest way to a man's heart may be his stomach, but the fastest way to a woman's heart is her children! Through counsel and prayer and more prayer and more counsel, we eventually became engaged and were married March 3, 1983. On March 1, 1986 we had a son Andrew Joseph, and on November 22, 1987 we had another son, Daniel Nehemiah. I was also homeschooling Erik and Jon by this time, and continued to do so through their high school years. On August 7, 1989 we had our first daughter, Abigail Hope. In 1990, we left LDM for New Albany, IN, with five children in tow, where Kurt got a printing job and we began living "in but not of" the world again. On July 8, 1993 Timothy William was born...baby #6.

After much prayer and planning, we bought 23 acres of land (along with eldest son, Erik) in Pennsylvania near Kurt's hometown and much of his family, and moved to the area in February of 1996. With Erik

and Kurt working a pace that brought "blood, sweat and tears" they were able to build our home themselves debt-free. We now live happily on our little homestead in Cogan House Township, PA enjoying the beauty and wholesomeness of country living. Looking back over the years I can most definitely see that I have had much joy, and yes, some sorrow. But God has been faithful to give me "beauty from ashes."

Janet married **Kurt STABLER** on March 3, 1984. He was born February 23, 1958. They live in Trout Run, Pennsylvania.

Janet and Kurt have four children:

47. **Andrew Joseph STABLER**, born March 1, 1986.
48. **Daniel Nehemiah STABLER**, born November 22, 1987.
49. **Abigail Hope STABLER**, born August 7, 1989.
50. **Timothy William STABLER**, born July 8, 1993.

From Janet's 1999 Christmas letter:

We hope that this finds you healthy and well, growing in your love for the Lord and walking in obedience to His Word. The word GROWING stands out to me as a word that appropriately sums up our year. The children have been growing in stature and in character and wisdom. They have done so as they've been growing flowers, vegetables, strawberries, and chickens! We continue to love country living, and are progressively growing more physically self-sufficient.

In regard to growing more self-sufficient, we were able to purchase a generator that is hooked up to our electrical system and can actually run our whole household if we should lose power. This ensures we can pump water up from our well and that we can keep our two deep freezers operational that are full of meat, vegetables, and fruit that we put up. This year we grew our own chicken for meat, as well as adding to our number of laying hens for an on-going supply of eggs. Our woods continue to provide us with an adequate supply of wood for heating our home.

**KURT** continues to work as the production manager at Reed Hann Litho. However, he prefers working on our property and often has the four younger children working right along with him. He is making sure that they learn the value of good hard work, and that they realize the benefits it brings. He also does a commendable job of teaching them principles from God's Word and helping them to focus on developing character qualities through the use of *Character Sketches*. Kurt's homesteading joy of the year was growing 38 broilers on pasture for the tastiest and healthiest chickens you'll ever have. It only took 10 weeks for them to reach 6-7 pounds. In the fall, Kurt went through a 12-hour hunter safety course with Daniel, and he also spent time preparing the boys for hunting season by getting the necessary clothing & supplies and taking them target shooting. This year he hunted with three sons, a brother, and his dad!

**JANET** - I continue to homeschool the four youngest children, a task that makes for a long and busy day. During the summer months, I am

involved in helping with the gardening and harvesting. I also helped Erik with setting up and selling at market. This year I backed off on basket making a bit (just did a big summer and winter show) and escalated on bread baking. I seem to have saturated the market in our area in regard to baskets, but homemade, whole wheat bread made with freshly ground flour is a consumable item that has quite a growing demand. I made approximately 50 loaves a week (in addition to bread for our own family) through the months that Erik was selling vegetables twice a week at Growers' Markets.

**ERIK** completed his second year of organic farming. He learned a lot and improved both his production and sales. With the end of the growing season, he has spent his days building a 35' X 50' (10' tall) pole barn for storing his equipment and for vegetable packing, as well as for our storage. In addition, he spent much time planning his seed order for his next season, and is glad to have seed in hand now. Erik did have a delightful break from his rigorous schedule during the growing season, when he went on a two-week trip to ALASKA! Kurt's brother Craig invited Erik, to accompany him as he hunted for dall sheep in Alaska. He captured the experience on slides and video and has shared this with many others. In order for Erik to maintain his customer base in his absence, he trained the rest of us to harvest and are the vegetables for market. He had an absolutely fantastic time, thoroughly delighting in the gorgeous landscape and being deep into the wilderness. (He flew in by a two-passenger plane and then hiked further in on foot). It was pretty exciting seeing his uncle successfully kill a nice ram with large curled horns, too! Erik also was pleased to bring down a large 8 pt. buck in PA hunting season.

**JON** is now a senior at Asbury College in Wilmore, KY. He has switched from an education major to a history major, minoring in philosophy (which includes apologetics). He still wants to teach at a Christian prep school or college, and he hopes to do some writing as well. Jon truly loves learning and is very appreciative of the Christian environment at Asbury, which enables him to be growing in knowledge and in wisdom. We were pleased to be able to visit him at Asbury last year, and enjoyed seeing the campus, as well as where he works. Jon has an excellent job as a waiter at a restaurant in a historic spot called Shaker Town. This is a restored Shaker village with people in costume engaged in demonstrating the excellent crafts and skills they have developed. It was fascinating to learn the history of this religious sect, and to see the sights there. On a volunteer basis, Jon works with Chinese graduate students one night a week, helping them with the English language and with American culture, and also answering any and all questions about Christianity to the best of his ability. During our visit, Jon took us to a potluck dinner with his Chinese students. Not only was the food unique, but also it was very interesting to talk with them and share some of our Christian convictions with them.

**From Jon:**

When I think of Grandpa and Grandma, there is one thing that comes most immediately to mind: stability. As far back as I can remember,

these two have exhibited a constancy that, in my mind at least, is as unwavering as the cycles of the sun. First, there are the tangible things. Every time I have visited them, their house and most of its furnishings appear to me to be exactly as I remember them as a little boy. In my limited conception of things, it does not seem unlikely that their house has been exactly the same since the beginning of time (especially the ever-present jars of licorice in the kitchen). As I walk through this house, my regular conception of myself fades away, and I am placed in a world where I have no age and where the constantly changing outside world momentarily disappears.

While I enjoy this material display of constancy, what is ultimately of real value to me is the stability of *character* possessed by Grandpa and Grandma. Grandma, while bustling about in preparation for whatever is to take place that day, is always serving others and always placing their interests above her own. If there is a need to be met, she is there to meet it with her sweet spirit and her ceaseless industry. And through it all, she constantly has a spring in her step, a smile on her face, a cheerful tone in her voice. Then there is Grandpa, who continually displays an even-keeled, easy-going demeanor that makes it relaxing just to be around him. This laid back manner does not, however, prevent him from always being upbeat and positive, both in his attitude and with his words. And speaking of words, it is only in the last few years that I have grown up enough to truly appreciate his wide vocabulary and excellent communication skills, along with his huge store of practical wisdom derived from experience.

Now, I realize that my view of Grandpa and Grandma may be slightly skewed as a result of the unavoidable fact that whenever I visit them I am not seeing them in their "everyday" living. But I have no doubt that all of their wonderful attributes are exhibited just as genuinely in their day-to-day lives, and I value them greatly not only as wonderful grandparents but as outstanding role models for living the Christian life.

Of the things I have experienced in my life, one of the best so far has been my time at Asbury College. At Asbury I have learned things and have changed in ways that I never could have imagined three years ago. One of the most valuable things that I have learned is summed up best by the ancient Greek philosopher Socrates: "I am wise only in that I know that I know nothing." Although this quote seems contradictory while standing on its own, in its context I believe it contains a great deal of wisdom. What Socrates was saying was that someone who is wise will realize how little he knows in comparison to all that there is to know. Those who are not wise are usually easily identified by the fact that they think they are very wise and that they have it all figured out. This is illustrated well by the fact that most fifth graders, who actually know very little, think that they know everything. The fact that they know very little leads them to believe that they know much, because they are ignorant of how much knowledge is actually out there, and of how complex the world really is. This demonstrates the general principle that, within the mind, ignorance often creates the illusion of great knowledge. But when

someone comes to a true understanding of his own limitations as well as of the intricacy and vastness of the world, he will be humbled as a result.

I think that this is one of the greatest benefits of a good college education: it bestows one with a sense of humility. It does this by showing a person how big the world is, how many great minds have come before him and paved the way, and how small he is in comparison. So we see that there is a great irony at work here. It is clear that, for some people, the knowledge that they gain through higher education makes them snobbish and arrogant. But this is true only because they are not allowing this knowledge to have its proper effect on them. What should actually happen to a person who receives an extensive education is that he should be humbled by it. When someone has the correct perspective on life, he will see how little he knows of all that is out there, and how indebted he is to others for what he *does* know. With this attitude, humility is practically inevitable.

This lesson is just one of the many that I have had the privilege to learn while at Asbury. I am confident that what I have gleaned from my college experience will dramatically and very beneficially affect my thinking, my view of the world, and the decisions that I make for the rest of my life. And for that I am extremely grateful.

**ANDREW** (13 years old) got both a buck and a doe in the same week last hunting season. His buck was a 5 pt. But surprisingly tall, thick, and wide for the number of points it had. Andrew surprised his mom by growing an inch taller than her this year. Because of his love of and ability to work with fine details, he enjoys building models of planes, castles, lighthouses, etc., and also draws well.

**DANIEL** (12 years old) had his first hunting season this year. Although he did not get a deer, he really enjoyed the camaraderie of the hunting cabin (20 or so extended-family members) and growing more experienced in hunting skills. He likes playing his harmonica, and he is my handy handyman around the house for simple repairs. Daniel and Andrew are best friends and share very similar interests. Both love to read (sometimes reading the same book silently side by side) and to play competitive games such as backgammon, chess, and Risk. They do a lot of their schoolwork from the same books, and they are both particularly interested in science and history. (One night they got up with Erik and me at 3:00 a.m. to watch meteor showers!) They are lifting weights to increase their strength, and also carry in lots of firewood during the winter months. They worked very hard together this past summer as they got their strawberry business off the ground.

Besides maintaining the 1,000 plants we had planted the year before, they also planted 4,000 more plants, with some help from the rest of the family. 5,000 healthy green strawberry plants growing is a beautiful sight. In addition to selling 170 quarts of strawberries at the Growers' Market, they sold 500 quarts from their U-Pick, which enabled us to get to know neighbors in the area. We ate and put up over 100 quarts ourselves! Weeding the strawberry plants, trimming

runners, and doing some watering continued through the summer. Fall required covering all the plants with straw to protect them over the winter. Another responsibility during the summer was to daily move the bottomless pens that held our meat chickens and eggs layers, as well as provide them with and food and water. They did get in some fun times swimming, hiking, and doing some camping, too.

**ABIGAIL** (10 years old) learned how to weave on a large loom and to crochet this year through 4H. She also took a ten-week horsemanship class from which she learned how to groom, saddle, and handle a horse through lots of hands-on work. Abigail, along with Andrew and Daniel, is in her second year of piano lessons using a detailed book & video course, and she really loves it. She is also taking an art course through our homeschool group. In preparation for selling cut flowers, Abigail began planting seeds in flats in the greenhouse in May. The flowers were potted up and later transplanted in to 4 & 1/2 130 ft. raised beds. Growing many successions enabled her to sell at Growers' markets from Erik's stand from July to October. Harvesting flowers and arranging bouquets was a very demanding responsibility, but she learned a lot and made a substantial amount of money. Abigail has been growing her hair to waist-length, and enjoys being feminine in every way. Her interests include reading, sketching, playing piano and singing, creative writing and crafts. She is a great help to me in the kitchen and a special female companion in this otherwise male household.

**TIMOTHY** (6 years old) is a first grader. In our homeschool this year. He is growing more proficient in reading and writing, but he loves arithmetic best. Timothy is a big Winnie the Pooh fan and also enjoys building with Duplos. He also plays backgammon and chess! It's rare that we can throw out a box of any shape or size without -Timothy rescuing it from the trash to make it into something else. He's made army tanks (Kleenex box and toilet paper tubes), a Wal-Mart (BIG box), a large barn, a boat...and then he likes to paint them with tempera paints for added detail. During the summer he shadows big brother, Erik, in the field a lot, and has actually learned quite a bit about planting and harvesting vegetables. He can identify many seedlings by their leaves. He's looking forward to his own home business next year growing large and miniature pumpkins to sell at market!

At year's end, my brother, Howard, upgraded to a new computer and passed his "old" one on to us. We have been delighting in the many wonderful features it offers to our family, and are growing more computer-literate. Most notably, we are so happy to now have email.

Well, as you can see, there has been a lot of growing going on around here. As the year 2000 begins, it is our prayer for all of us that we would first and foremost "Grow In the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." (2 Peter 3:18)



Jan Burmeister



President  
George  
Bush and  
Jan at  
the White  
House

**51. Janice Lee BURMEISTER**, born June 26, 1947 in St. Louis, Missouri.

My earliest memory was of the day in 1950 (I was three years old) when Mom came home from the hospital with my new baby brother, Dean. I suppose our childhood days had the milder kind of typical sibling rivalry. Yet, most all memories from those years are full of nightly family devotions at the dinner table, wonderful annual vacations,

and wearing our little homemade choir robes when we sang at the "old folks' homes" at Christmastime.

The main result from all that happy togetherness is that today, as grownups, we are as close as a family can be, sharing faith and memories. I consider my parents and each of my siblings my very best friends, and even more so since I am not married and have lived a somewhat itinerant life. So, my "teacher" is God and family.

We were all a pretty healthy bunch, even though we chewed on lead-painted crib bars and sucked on pennies or plastic "mills" (Missouri state-issued fractions of pennies) found in the street at one time or another. Dean and I both struggled in infancy with asthma, outgrown for the most part before our teens.

Living in the Chicago suburbs of Glenview from 1956 to 1959 was a new world away from our St. Louis days. The snow was deeper (made for great and huge snowmen), the new sounds of jet planes from the nearby Navy air base and night train whistles from the Milwaukee Road line less than a mile from our house soon became familiar. It was neat to have one of the very first McDonald Hamburger stands open just a few blocks away, and neat to live by the huge Avon plant.

It was a time of many firsts in my life:

- 1) First pajama party (at Third Grade pal Meta Werner's house). I last saw Meta, her husband and family in 1990 at her sister's home near Washington, D.C.
- 2) First boyfriend, Wesley Klipper (still have the doll his mother gave me from their family-owned toy store).
- 3) First bee sting (in the back yard while mowing the grass near an empty lot at the edge of our huge back yard).
- 4) First sunburn (at a Memorial Day church outing in Michigan City, Indiana).
- 5) First brush with tragedy (a fire that destroyed the foyer of our Glenview church). I wrote a poem about that which was published in our day school newspaper.
- 6) My first major purchase (a \$3.97 teddy bear which I named Tammy and still have today). I hid Tammy at the bottom of a toy barrel at Walgreens Drug Store until I saved up enough money from chores to ride my bike up and take delivery.

After we moved back to St. Louis, I grew up faster than most of my peers, always gravitating to the older kids in high school. That was because my older brother's friends (two years ahead) became my friends, too.

My first date when, I was a freshman, was with a very handsome

Varsity football player named Wayne Johnson. I borrowed sister Judy's dress and earrings for the Homecoming Weekend occasion. Though I don't know whatever became of Wayne, I do stay in touch with the guy who gave me my first kiss later that year. His name was George Oehlert, and he and his wife came to dinner only last week. A wonderful, Christian family with two beautiful girls.

Through high school I worked summers at Koenig Chevrolet (near our Sunset Hills home) filing greasy work orders in the service department or filing new car billings and answering switchboard in their office. Some weekends I sold cosmetics and stocked shelves at Katz Drug Store, saving some spending money to give college a try.

Having never been a serious student, I would have one year at Valparaiso University to "get serious" about a major or field of study. Back then, except for the particularly ambitious, specifically directed, or honor society students who were expected to over-achieve, the main choice for gals were secretarial, nursing or teaching. Although teaching was the most appealing of the three to me, the four years of college to qualify was not. I tried to "buy" another year of college (and more time to decide) by entering (as a freshman, no less) the Miss Valparaiso pageant, a preliminary to the Miss Indiana and Miss America contests. The winner would receive a one-year scholarship, but I only made second runner-up, so returned to St. Louis to find a job.

After three years of working at McDonnell Douglas Aircraft Corp. plant at Lambert-St. Louis airport as a lobby receptionist and military clearance clerk (both part of the Security Department), I went to Miss Hickey's School for Secretaries to get some marketable skills. A serious student for the first time, I graduated in 1970 with straight A's. Just had dinner with my shorthand teacher, Nancy Rush, from thirty-three years ago, and she told of the FBI visiting her last week as part of a background investigation for a new security clearance I'll need for a new job in 2003 with Homeland Security in Washington, DC.

After working for the school for awhile after graduating, I was placed as secretary to Mr. George Newton, Chairman of the Board of G. H. Walker & Co., an investment banking firm in downtown St. Louis. The company was owned by George Herbert Walker, uncle to the future President, George Herbert Walker Bush.

Mr. Newton, a kind, distinguished, civic-minded gentleman, took a chance hiring a green secretary to assist him in such abundant, important matters. But he soon knew I was anxious to exercise my newly acquired skills and show how dedicated I could be. I'm also quite glad that, in my several years with George Newton, I was able to gradually break through the strictly business, stodgy climate, and get him to enjoy some lighter things in life like jokes and surprises. He would never forget the business trip I sent him on with his favorite pickles and cheese sandwich in a brown bag, or the time I had the airline stewardesses sing happy birthday to him as he

traveled on his 60<sup>th</sup>. He's gone now, but his three grown and married children remain good friends.

In 1973 I decided there was more to life than taking dictation until 6:00 each evening, and had been rolling an idea around in my head about using the fascination of animated characters to teach young people about important issues like traffic safety and drug awareness. I wrote such a proposal, made an appointment with Disney in Los Angeles, quit my job, and headed west. It was then that I met with a friend of Dad's who took me in for my initial stay and became almost second family. Walter and Speedy Beran and their two grown and married sons continue to be part of my life. Though the proposal was "too small" for the Disney Company as a whole, and "too big" for their tiny Educational Materials Division, the appointment led to a job a few months later (following a stint with Art Linkletter's office) with "Disney on Parade" as a publicist. DOP was a live-stage arena show that toured the country, and an advance publicist went into a town three weeks before the show arrived to generate publicity.

Learning the job as I went along was great during my eighteen-month tour to a couple of dozen cities, and some creative gene in me exploded as I found new ways to get media attention besides just taking Mickey, Goofy and Alice in Wonderland to shopping malls and schools for the disabled. Even froze show tickets in blocks of ice that were dumped on street corners, and had homing pigeons deliver invitations to TV station news directors.

When the traveling Disney show shut down, I continued to do advance publicity for a variety of events, like celebrity golf tournaments, ice shows, horse shows, and a folkloric musical from Brazil (which required a number of weeks in Rio de Janeiro!).

The Brazilian musical opened in Detroit and, despite the incredibly long hours (which I was used to by this time), I was enjoying "ministering" to these Brazilian performers, many of whom spoke little or no English. Even taught a few of them how to drive a rent-a-car in a shopping center parking lot.

In the early Fall of 1976, the show tour came to an abrupt end in Washington, DC, when the money backers backed out, and we were left with 60 stranded performers. Some of them never returned to Brazil. As for us, we were suddenly out of jobs, having stored our things and sold our cars in anticipation of a two-year road tour.

But I decided, before going home to Mom and Dad, I'd at least stay a few days and see Washington, DC. During those few days, some mutual friends introduced me to people who were scouting for help for President Ford's team who were in the throes of a home-stretch election run. They needed volunteer advance people that were immediately available who didn't need a lot of training, so I embarked on the most exciting six weeks of my life to date, with Doug Blaser as my White House boss. Doug would hire me ten years

later for another short-term project. I was to find out later that I was the only the second woman ever to be a lead press advance person for a President. Worked with Jack LaCovey for the first time, whose family would become another of my surrogate families. After scraping and clawing for commercial venture media publicity for three years, it was a delight to have all the local media show up for a presidential visit briefing.

Even though President Ford lost the election, I decided I liked this Washington business, so I brought all my things out of storage from the West Coast and commenced my life in DC. The first job, just to pay the bills, was at the U.S. Postal Service headquarters where I met some lifelong friends in Katherine Brown and Rosemary Hamel. We worked in statistical analysis, designing charts and tables for labor negotiations, simplifying policy language, updating computer data, monitoring field studies, and developing airmail tax studies.

It wasn't long before I heard about a job through Joni Stevens from the White House Military Office. She and a friend of hers, Kathy McCann, a White House calligrapher, used to hang out together as single gals. Joni said General Brent Scowcroft and her former boss in the military office had founded an international consulting firm and were looking for an office manager, so I did that for a couple of years.

When that assignment wore thin, Joni suggested that I come on over and work at the White House for the experience of it all. It was the third year of the Jimmy Carter administration, the disenchanteds had gone home to Georgia, and they needed people with administrative skills to fill the gaps. Passing a typing test at 80 words per minute with no errors easily landed me in the White House typing pool, which was detailed out to various places in the White House as needed. I ended up in the chief of Staff's office and was delighted when, in 1980, "my" Reagan/Bush folks were elected.

I thought I was on easy street, with inside knowledge and a Republican history. Plus, when President Reagan brought George Herbert Walker Bush with him as Vice President, all those conversations from years gone by with George Newton about Herbie's nephew and how he would one day be a major player came flooding back. But, as politics go, anyone hired during the Carter administration was not allowed to stay, so they could make way for campaign workers and "their own" folks. Even General Scowcroft could not save my position, and my efforts to get on Vice President Bush's staff were in vain due to his relatively small staff and longtime faithfuls they had brought along with them. I was very disappointed.

Before the job officially ended, Pastor Jack Hayford of The church on the Way (the church I had attended in Los Angeles) came to town for the National religious Broadcasters convention. Between picking him up at the airport, then days later giving him a ride back, he learned I was probably losing my White House job and asked if I'd come to Los Angeles to help start his radio and television ministry.

Well, next to my Dad, my first boss George Newton, and my Los Angeles mentor Walter Beran, there was probably no one I admired more at that time than Jack Hayford for his integrity and his incredible gift for making the Word of God relevant. I also knew that a lot of things I had done with media, writing, public response, etc., would help, and I couldn't think of a better thing to do with a couple of years of my life.

So, even though it meant moving again, cutting my salary in half, and being far away from family, in August of 1981, I went, and Living Way Ministries got rolling from a tabletop, a typewriter and a telephone. Twenty years later it would have thirty employees, 800 numbers and be moving a couple of million dollars worth of teaching materials through a broad base of media outlets. During that time I worked with book publishers, produced a nationwide radio program, arranged foreign tape distribution, and did some television production and distribution planning. I became the first woman ever to serve on a regional board for National Religious Broadcasters.

One big aspect of the job was to answer the volumes of mail that came in as a result of a nationwide broadcast. That experience would become important later. Was this a new elective in God's private university?

By 1984, the ministry was well established, and the staff had grown to where I felt free to take on a short-term project with the 1984 Olympics—the Summer Games that were held in Los Angeles. So when Walter Beran asked if I could be Olympic Project Director for his company, Ernst & Whinny (one of the Big Eight firms), after checking with Jack Hayford, I said yes.

Once again, there were incredible working hours involved—120 hours a week in the end, but we only had six months to pull it all together. E&W as a major Olympic Sponsor staged some major events, brought clients in from 21 western regional offices, and hosted an international hospitality suite at the Olympic headquarters. The best part of this job was autonomy—they gave me \$350,000, told me what they wanted to accomplish, and turned me loose. It all came off so well and ended almost too soon.

At the end of August in 1984, Jack Hayford told me he knew how frustrated I was at Living Way because I wanted him to be doing so much more than he was ready to do, and that I should go—and either make a million dollars or go be a missionary.

After a short stint with a car dealer in Los Angeles, I got a call from my old cronies from Gerald Ford days who were now quickly putting together the 1985 Presidential Inaugural, so I returned to Washington, DC, from November through January of 1986. Doug Blaser was head of marketing, and it was great to be back with him again. A political reality—the same little guy who made me leave the white House in 1981 tried to get me fired from the Inaugural because I had

worked in the Carter White House, but Doug stood up and saved the day. A life reality--true friends matter!! I helped with commemorative gifts and licensing of products, then ended up being Photo Editor for the official commemorative book commemorating the Inaugural. But what next?

While in Washington, got a call from Ed Steele, Jack Hayford's first radio agent, who had a PR firm in Orange County, California. He asked if I would be available to help out with the Anaheim Billy Graham Crusade. They needed some advance work, and I'd be back in touch with a lot of the religious broadcasters I'd known during my stay at Jack Hayford's Living Way Ministries.

While finishing the Billy Graham Crusade project, I got a call from Walter Beran's son, Jim, who had become like a brother to me. He was signing on with the White House Conference on small Business, was embarking on a two-year project with them, and wanted to know if I'd be their National Director of Registration. They needed someone to go to all fifty states in two years and help make sure the conferences happened logistically.

When those conferences were over in 1986, I decided to quit bouncing around from coast to coast, and commit somewhere. By now I realized that if you are not a born leader yourself, the next best thing you can do is somehow shore up a leader you fully support, and felt a calling to try for George Herbert Walker's staff once more. By 1986, some of his staff had gone on to other responsibilities in government, and some back to their hometowns, so openings did occur from time to time.

What was more important? Getting a job that paid well or was higher, more challenging or more exciting? Or going to work doing anything for someone who I'd greatly admired over the years? Their beliefs and convictions were so aligned with my own, that I decided it would be more rewarding to try and be of some assistance, any assistance to them. But it took almost a year to finally get on their staff, and only then at a 60 percent pay cut and stooping to just answering telephones and writing letters in his small scheduling office.

Within six months, however, my responsibilities began to change, due to Patty Presock, his personal assistant, and a void that needed feeling because of staff family illnesses in the handling of some personal mail.

When G.H.W. Bush (or "Bush 41", as he's known today, his son being "Bush 43") won the Presidency, I inherited the 110,000 congratulatory letters and cablegrams. Trying to spin gold from straw, I saw the essentials of a profile database that would eventually enable staff to handle family, friends and "must answers" as he would.

When he lost a second term in 1992, being footloose, I offered to accompany them back to Houston and help set up post-presidency

offices which involved reconstructing the resources one enjoyed as president and was now losing (such as language files for the multitude of message requests, pre-printed responses to general public, worldwide phone numbers, etc.). This 10-month period included housesitting their worldly goods for five months while they were in Kennebunkport and their new home was being built. (If ever I write a book, it will be about housesitting and what can possibly go wrong when you are living in someone else's house!)

October 1993—after 20 years bouncing between the east coast and west coast, it's time to come "home" to Missouri. Be near family again. Let's see—what do I love—Hallmark Cards. Got some ideas for them. So let's move to Kansas City and pursue that.

Despite a personal reference by Barbara Bush and a now personal semi-friendship with Mrs. Adele Hall (her husband is Chairman of Hallmark Cards), Hallmark's a tough nut to crack. The Halls do not insist someone be hired or a position be created. Who would want that anyway? Yet, a checkered past (short-term-project-oriented) does not their mold or pigeonholes fit.

So, again to pay the bills, signed on with the University of Missouri at Kansas City (UMKC) doing what I did best and what they needed—lots of data base work and repair to both comply with new IRS Non-gift rules and establish policies on fundraising. In the three-year process that ensued, I wrote a 21-chapter training manual on "Data Entry Protocol" that taught mostly about consistency being the key to duplicate record prevention, and the importance of committing staff to maintaining data bases (that an electronic record was a PERSON, not just a direct mail screen).

In 1996 I was getting weary of waiting on a Hallmark job, then suddenly read one day in September about a speech Hallmark Chairman Donald Hall had given to the entire business community about the "forthcoming 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Kansas City." My heart jumped. Wow. This would be a culmination of everything I've ever done—building something from scratch, making it long-ranged and broad-based—incorporating everything from public relations to media relations, to organization, diplomacy, inclusion, aesthetics, legal matters like licensing, contracts, publishers, royalty rights, etc. and mass marketing. The "first things first" experience was key—book the major venues, request the national postal favors which take two years—establish the steering and action committees, get a logo, license it, etc. etc. etc.

I submitted a four-page, four-year plan in late fall, and was offered a position to head up planning for the Sesquicentennial. No figures or timetable or job description were discussed but, by May of 1997, I was on board as Program Director. The year 2000 yearlong, metro-wide celebration of 200 events and 300 legacy projects became known as KC150 and was a great experience. We concluded the year with the opening and sealing of 100-year time capsules. I'm in the video to be viewed in 2101 telling about KC150, and my card joined

five others placed on the top before the lid was welded shut.

In August of 2000, Jack Hayford surprised me by calling to ask if I wanted to come back to California to help with communications at the new King's College and Seminary he had founded. With no immediate large project emerging in Kansas City, I agreed to come for one year after we shut down KC150. It took until June 2001 to finish thank yous, reports, an audit, and archiving. I'd hoped to sublease my apartment, but no one would commit to a year there, so everything went into storage, and I reported for duty in California on August 1, 2001 (20 years to the day that I began work for Living Way Ministries). God provided a house for me to live in for that exact time frame.

Many former White House colleagues had returned to Washington to serve President Bush #2 (!) and had asked when I was coming back. I had no inclination or intention to do so—until just after September 11, 2001, when George Walker Bush announced the formation of a new agency called Homeland Security. Just like when I heard about Kansas City's forthcoming 150<sup>th</sup> celebration, my heart jumped as if I knew I was to be a part of it.

I wrote the leadership back in Kansas City asking if any of the projects we had anticipated were coming forth. All answers were no, not for a couple of years. On the other hand, I was getting some calls from DC again suggesting I might want to come back. Then my prayer partners started confirming I was to go, with some pretty dazzling specifics, and God confirmed it by providing once again a house in which I could live for up to three years in Alexandria, Virginia.

Though set to arrive and start some interim work the first week of January, 2003 (allowing some time with family and to get through boxes of projects and files), by some quirk of circumstances, I actually started work back at the White House on November 5, 2002, exactly 15 years to the day that I began work for this President Bush's father.

In June of 2003 Jan started her new job as Associate Executive Secretary for Internal Communications in the Department of Homeland Security in Washington, D.C.

**52. Dean Charles Martin BURMEISTER** was born September 9, 1950 in St. Louis, Missouri. Dean attended high school at Lutheran South High School in St. Louis, graduating in 1968. He graduated from Missouri University in Columbia, Missouri in 1973. Dean accepted an offer to teach at Benton High School in St. Joseph, Missouri. This is where he met his bride, **Barbara Ann BUTCHER**.



Barb was born January 10, 1953 in St. Joseph, Missouri, the daughter of **Paul Monroe BUTCHER** and **Velma Irene STANTURF BUTCHER**. Barb grew up in St. Joseph, graduating from Benton High School in 1971 and Missouri Western State College in 1975. He married **Barbara Ann BUTCHER** July 18, 1981 in St. Joseph, Missouri. They both taught high school at Benton for many years. Dean retired in the spring of 2002, and Barb plans to retire soon.

Dean and Barb  
Burmeister

Dean and Barb have raised five beagles: Alex, Susie, Pattie, Eddie and Katie. They donate their free time delivering Meals on Wheels, at the local humane society, and for other agencies.



Pattie, Alex, Susie



Eddie and Katie



Katie



Dave, Bethany, Gabe, Grant, Luke, Jill Johnson



Johnson family vacation (2002)  
Dave, Jill, Luke, Grant, Gabe, Bethany

**53. Jill Lynn BURMEISTER** was born March 3, 1956 in Chicago, Illinois. She married **David JOHNSON** on May 12, 1984 in Des Moines, Iowa. He was born July 27, 1952 in Des Moines, Iowa.

Jill graduated from the University of Missouri-Columbia in 1978 with a BS in Food & Nutrition. She worked for Durkee Foods in Cleveland, OH until 1981 when she got her dream job as a cook book food editor with Better Homes & Gardens in Des Moines, IA. In September of 1982,

she met Dave Johnson at a Bible study follow-up to the Keith Green Memorial Concert. When Dave's dad died in December of 1982, they shared their deep losses, Jill having lost her brother, Don, in the airplane crash with Keith Green just months before.

Dave began work for Northwestern Bell (which became U.S. West, which became Qwest) right out of high school and has been working there ever since.

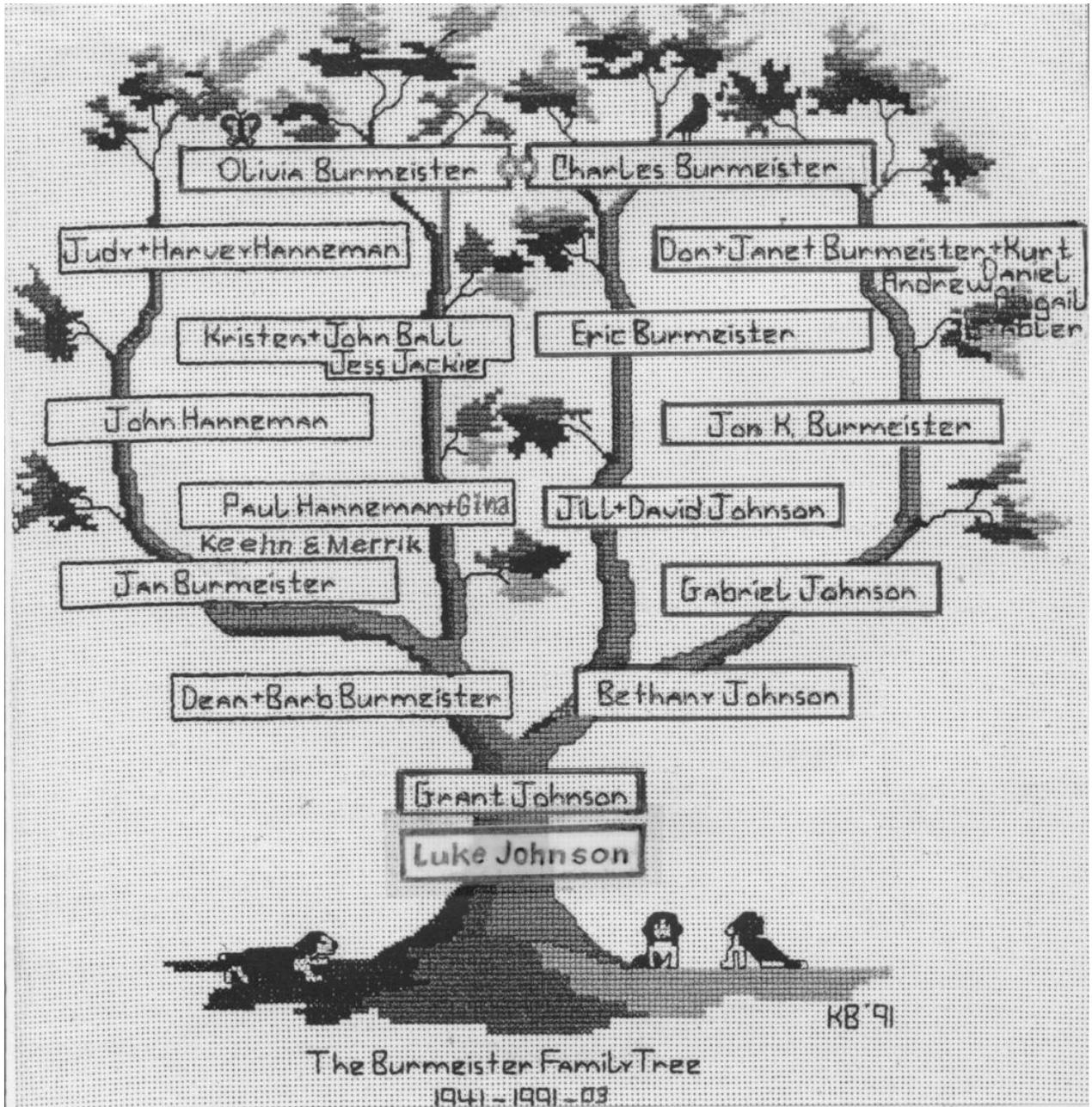
Jill and Dave have 4 children:

- 54. **Gabriel David JOHNSON**, born June 27, 1985.
- 55. **Bethany Joy JOHNSON**, born February 18, 1988.
- 56. **Grant Charles JOHNSON**, born July 1, 1990.
- 57. **Luke Stuart JOHNSON**, born September 30, 1993.

Together with their four precious children whom they homeschool, they live on 5+ acres 22 miles west of Des Moines in rural Dallas Center. Jill tends a vegetable garden each year from which she stocks their pantry with salsa, tomatoes, pickles, jams, and jellies. Brown eggs from their flock of chickens make a great country breakfast. Dave coaches Grant and Luke's baseball and basketball teams. Gabe's gift of music has given him opportunities to play piano, keyboard, and various whistles on worship teams at church. He has played French horn in band and was first chair in the Des Moines Youth Symphony. Bethany, at age 15, draws and paints with adult talent. She also plays the flute. Grant plays point guard in basketball and also plays the drums in band. Luke loves baseball, football, and basketball. He's the catcher (and sometimes pitcher or short stop) on his AAU team and drinks a lot of Gatorade.



h



Burmeister Family Tree - Cross-stitching was done by Kristen Ball (Charles and Olivia Burmeister's eldest granddaughter)

**The descendants of William Burmeister, Jr.**

17 February 1889 - 19 March 1968)



**58. William BURMEISTER, Jr.** was born February 17, 1889 in St. Louis, Missouri.

William was baptized February 1889 at Bethlehem Lutheran Church, St. Louis. He was confirmed at Bethlehem on April 5, 1903 with a confirmation verse of John 3:36. He married **Bertha BRANDT**, a relative of **John BURMEISTER's** wife **Marie BRANDT**. He died March 19, 1968 in St. Charles, Missouri at the Charlevoix Nursing Home.

After graduating from grammar school, he began his industrial career in 1903, as an apprentice in the machinist trade. One year later he accepted a position with the Robert-Johnson & Rand Shoe Company, which was a branch of the International Shoe Company. In this position 15 years, he resigned in 1922, and became associated with his brother, Charles M. Burmeister, in the automotive business. The firm of Angelica Auto Supplies, Inc. was formed in 1922, with a capital of \$15,000. Charles M. was the President and Treasurer, Mrs. Charles M. Burmeister was the Vice-President, and William was the Secretary. The firm was dissolved in 1931, after struggling to survive the Stock Market crash of 1929. Bill managed the second Texaco station from 1931 to 1948.

In addition to being a skilled mechanic, he acquired during his long connection with the shoe factory a varied knowledge of factory work, in both mechanical and management branches of

59.



**59. Wilbert BURMEISTER** was born September 1, 1911. He married **Norma Caroline Elise THIELKER**, on February 22, 1941 in St. Louis. Norma was born December 18, 1915, the first child born to **Henry THIELKER Jr.** and **Meta LAHRMANN**.

Wilbert attended prep school with his cousin, Alvin Burmeister at Concordia College, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He then attended College at St. John's College, Winfield, Kansas, graduating with a Ministerial degree in 1934. He graduated from Washington University in St. Louis, and Concordia Seminary in St. Louis in 1938, as a minister in the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. He was ordained on February 9, 1941 at Calvary Lutheran Church (now Christ the King Lutheran) at Grosse Point Woods, Michigan. He was their first resident pastor.

Alvin Burmeister, Wilbert's aunt, and Wilbert Burmeister at Concordia College

He served congregations in Detroit, Indianapolis, Midlothian, Chicago, Hoffman Estates and St. Paul Lutheran in Chatsworth, Illinois, where he served for 15 years before retiring in 1981. Following his retirement, he served as interim pastor for 35 different churches, assuming duties in congregations without resident pastors and substituting for vacationing pastors. During his years of active ministry, he served as part-time chaplain at Detroit Lutheran Service Center; the Evangelism Committee for the Illinois District; pastoral adviser for Greater Chicago Luther Leagues; and staff member of East Bay Bible Camp for 11 years and its director for eight years.

Wilbert died on May 16, 2001.

Norma was an executive secretary. She was the parish secretary for many years, taught Vacation Bible School, taught Sunday school for 50 years, completed the Bethel Bible Series, and sang in the choir.

She was secretary of the Greater Chicago Women's Missionary Federation, vice president of the North Chicago American Lutheran Church Women Conference, Secretary of Education of the Illinois District of the American Lutheran Church Women, Secretary of Education of the East Central Conference of the American Lutheran Church Women, and on the planning committee of the Northeast Conference of the Women of the ELCA.

She served as a counselor of the Illinois District Junior Camp, served as registrar of the Illinois District Senior Bible Camp at East Bay for eight years,

and vice president for Trinity Lutheran Church Women of the ALC.

Norma died on August 27, 2002 in Fairbury, Illinois.

Wilbert and Norma had 3 children:

- 60. Janet Mae BURMEISTER, born October 8, 1942.
- 61. Richard Armand BURMEISTER, born June 27, 1945.
- 62. Paul Wilbert BURMEISTER, born August 20, 1952.

- 60. Janet Mae BURMEISTER** married **David ROSEBRAUGH** on July 6, 1963. David was born on July 13, 1937. They are divorced. Janet worked for 11 years as an Administrative Assistant in a nursing home in Henderson, Kentucky. She did Accounts Payable and Payroll for 260 employees, and also insurance, workers compensation, and was responsible for all the employee files.

Janet and David had 2 children:

- 61. Mark ROSEBRAUGH** was born October 1, 1964. He married **Kimberly LITTLE** on September 7, 1991. Kimberly was born on July 16, 1969. They live in Yorkville, Illinois.

Mark and Kimberly have 2 children:

- 62. Bradley ROSEBRAUGH**, born August 23,

1993.

born February 26, 1980.

**63. Meghan ROSEBRAUGH**, born June 9, 1996.

**64. Becky Lyn ROSEBRAUGH** was born January 1, 1969. She married **Mark ANDRICKS** on April 27, 1996. Mark was born August 23, 1968. They live in a suburb of Minneapolis.

Janet Burmeister married **Michael GROVES** on November 23, 1984. Michael was born May 7, 1949.

Janet also has one stepdaughter:

**65. Cara GROVES** married **Brian CROFT**. They live in Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Cara and Brian have 2 children:

**66. Samuel CROFT.**  
**67. Abby CROFT.**

**68. Richard Armand BURMEISTER** was born June 27, 1945. He married Linnea Baker on August 9, 1969. Linnea was born December 27, 1947. They are divorced.

Richard and Linnea had 4 children:

**69. Aaron Richard BURMEISTER**, born October 14, 1975.

**70. Kirsten Marie BURMEISTER**, born October 31, 1977.

Kirsten has 2 children:

**71. Anna Maria BURMEISTER**, born October 4, 1995.

**72. Sonja Jenna HUKILL**, born March 3, 1999.

**73. Rachel Lee BURMEISTER**, born January 14, 1979.

**74. Noah Linnea BURMEISTER**,

**75. Paul Wilbert BURMEISTER** was born August 20, 1952. He married **Donna FRANZ** on July 14, 1973. Donna was born June 2, 1953.

Paul and Donna had 2 children:

**76. Eric Paul BURMEISTER**, born February 27, 1976, died July 30, 1995 in Fairbury, Illinois.

**77. Ryan William BURMEISTER**, born January 7, 1980.

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