



In Loving Memory of

Dr. Edwin Andrew Olson

May 21, 1925 – October 18, 1999

OCTOBER 21, 1999

Scottish Men's Choir - Tape
Organ - Linda Ball

Selected Scripture from Ed's Bible

Pastor Hotchkiss

*William E. Ware, Dr. Roger Mohrlang, Mrs. Carol Ann Erickson,
Dr. Howard Gage and Dr. Steve Meyer*

"Faithful Men" All His

Congregational Hymn #24 “O The Deep, Deep Love of Jesus”

Meditation Pastor Baxter

"And Can It Be That I Should Gain?" *All His*

I Thessalonians 4:16

Memorial gifts can be given to Wycliffe Bible Translators or Hospice of Spokane.

PERSONAL SKETCH

Ed was born in Gary, Indiana, May 21, 1925 to Carl Olson and Helen Henry Olson. When he was 7 years old, his family moved to Pittsburgh, PA where his father was a track coach at the University of Pittsburgh. He attended Shady Side Academy in Pittsburgh and graduated valedictorian in June 1943. Ed attended the University of Pittsburgh and graduated with highest honors in 1946 with a B.S. in Chemical Engineering and received his M.S. in Chemical Engineering one year later. He taught in the Mathematics Department during graduate course work.

Ed worked as a chemical engineer for the DuPont DeNemours Corp. in Wilmington, DE and in Gary, IN. He received numerous awards at DuPont for his work in process improvements.

Ed gave his life to Christ in 1950 through the ministry of two colleagues at DuPont. He left the engineering profession in 1953 to attend seminary and to teach chemistry and physics at Northwestern College in Minneapolis, MN. While a teacher there, Edwin met Marlene Bitting, a student at Northwestern. They were married in Minneapolis, June 8, 1954.

Ed and Marlene moved to New York in 1956 where their first child was born in August 1956 and their second child in May 1958. He began a doctoral program at Columbia University in geochemistry, with a specialization in radiocarbon dating. He received his Ph.D. in 1963.

Ed joined the faculty at Whitworth College in Spokane in 1960. He established the department of geology, won two National Science Foundation grants for research into theory and applications in radiocarbon dating and set up the radiocarbon lab at Whitworth. Their third child was born in April 1963.

Ed was the primary author of eleven publications including sole authorship of a major article in the Encyclopedia Britannica on radiometric dating. He participated in seven summer institutes between 1965 and 1980 supported by both NASA and the National Science Foundation. In 1968 at Northern Arizona University, he participated in a teachers institute on Lunar Geology, prior to the Apollo 11 moon landing.

Ed led 8 three-week student field trips to the southwestern United states, featuring river raft trips through the Grand Canyon. He also led 3 four-week geology field trips to the Hawaiian Islands. He led several archaeological study groups in the Middle East, Greece, and Italy and was visiting professor at the Institute of Holy Land Studies in Jerusalem in 1983. In recent years he was geology lecturer on nine Alaskan cruises.

Ed was a member of Trinity Baptist Church for nearly forty years. He served as adult Sunday School Teacher, Junior High Sunday School teacher, Junior High basketball coach and Deacon serving on several boards, including missions.

Ed Olson, 74, went to be with the Lord on October 18, 1999 at 12:29 AM from complications stemming from advanced liver cancer.

Ed is survived by his wife of 45 years, Marlene; his daughter Helen O. True of Spokane, sons Evan H. Olson of Dallas, TX and David D. Olson of Waxhaw, NC; and thirteen grandchildren.

Ed was a beloved husband, father, grandfather, teacher and friend. His family and friends miss him greatly, but also rejoice in his ultimate healing in the presence of his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

*"Let us come boldly to the throne of our gracious God. There we will receive his mercy, and we will find grace to help us when we need it."
Hebrews 4:16*

"... I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes
in me will live, even though he dies."

John 11:25

CASKET BEARERS

Thomas Black
Dr. Steven Meyer
Christopher True
Evan Olson
David Olson

PRIVATE INTERMENT

Greenwood Memorial Terrace

Hazen & Jaeger Funeral Home
Spokane, Washington

IN REMEMBRANCE

DR. EDWIN ANDREW OLSON
May 21, 1925 * October 18, 1999

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Thursday October 21, 1999 Three O'Clock
Trinity Baptist Church

OFFICIANT

Pastor Charles Baxter

PARTICIPANTS

Dr. Roger Mohrlang
Dr. Howard Gage
Dr. Stephen Meyer
William E. Ware

ORGANIST

Linda Ball

VOCALISTS

"All His"

Subj: Ed Olson Remembered
Date: 10/21/99 6:11:05 AM EST
From: Annaspack
To: CarolAnnEr

My memories of Ed Olson reach back before I was even born. My father, Glen Erickson, and Ed were both at Columbia University at the time working on their Ph.D.'s. I've heard stories of their adventures on geology field trips, including their discovery "Chonkite" a previously unidentified type of rock. Glen and Ed 'unearthed' the proper field identification procedure for "Chonkite": if you toss a rock into a lake and the sound it makes is "chonk," then that rock must have been "Chonkite." Our family discovered "Chonkite" almost anywhere we went that had both rocks and water in close proximity!

Eventually the Olson's and the Erickson's both left the East Coast and ended up in Spokane, and both 'daddies' taught at Whitworth in the Science Building. In fact, the first floor of the Eric Johnston Science Building was devoted the Geology and Physics Departments, which were staffed by Dr. Olson and Dr. Erickson, respectively. As a child, I remember that floor not so much for the rocks, lasers and electrical equipment but for the locked doors at the end of the hall, behind which mysterious machinery whirled and hummed, and the dark basement corners perfect for a frightening game of hide-and-seek. I remember the exaggerated terror of hiding at the sound of quick footsteps coming down the hall, the overwhelming relief at the appearance of familiar Dr. Olson, rather than the bogeyman of our imaginations, and Ed's always-friendly greeting at discovering Glens kids playing in the lab.

Our families shared many special times as we grew up in the same neighborhood. I remember overnights with Helen on the hide-a-bed in the Olson's living room (Helen-do you remember New Year's Eve, 1969 as well as I do)? I recall the time when our cat caused a nonfatal drop of blood to appear on the nose of their Basset Hound and we children were in need of some conflict resolution assistance over whose 'fault' it was (or was it a Beagle? Oops, we may be in need of some more conflict resolution if I got that wrong!). I remember trying to avoid being run over by David E. and Davy O. on their bikes, and walking home from the bus with Evan. Remember when the rope swing broke and Helen was launched into space? As I recall, she landed without too much bodily damage, but it was sure scary, and I know Dad felt terrible and he must have spent hours trying to figure out what went wrong and trying to redesign that swivel joint at the top of the rope.

I will never forget the tornado scare we had in 1979. As a college student, my first thought was to call my boyfriend. I didn't have enough data to accurately assess the danger, so when I discovered the phone lines were overloaded, I knew I had to risk life and limb to travel across campus to check on the well-being of my beloved. As I ran, heart pounding and adrenaline pumping, an unexpected and familiar sight met my eyes: Dr. Olson pedaling his trusty old bike down the campus road from the Science Building towards home, seemingly oblivious to the ominously threatening dark sky overhead and the gusting winds. I must admit that scenes from the beginning of the "Wizard of Oz" flashed across my mind's eye and the twin pictures of Ed and the "Wicked Witch" pedaling through the tornado brought laughter and calm in the midst of my predicament. After all, how dangerous could it be if the Geology professor was riding his bike home? Of course, in retrospect, it occurs to me that Dr. Olson may not have had the foggiest idea that there was a tornado warning out ... after all, we were deep behind the pine-cone curtain, and the first floor of the Science Building wasn't exactly Grand Central Station as far as the latest breaking news was concerned. However, reassured at the time, I walked the rest of the way to my future husbands dorm room, thanks to Dr. Olson on his bike.

Now I fast forward a few years to a scene in Ed's office. I had grown up with rocks all around me; rocks in the front yard, rocks in the garden, rocks on the bookcase, rocks as home decor. I had inherited my fathers tendency towards picking up rocks where ever I went, but I had never been able to fit geology classes into my biology-packed schedule. Now I had graduated and was beyond the pine cone curtain, out in the real world, and I wanted to know more about rocks. Since Dad was gone, who else could I ask about rocks? So it was back to the basement of the Science Building to knock on the door with the "REUNITE GONDAWANALAND" sticker. Ed welcomed me, and, after hearing of my predicament, reached up to his book-filled shelves without hesitation and pulled down three types of geology texts for me to study. And I did study them. All three. And I still pull them off the shelf as references.

And now my favorite memory of Ed, sitting at my Mom's kitchen table just a few years ago, surrounded by rocks. Some are rocks I've collected over the years and some were my father's, and Ed is helping me identify them so that when I visit classrooms as Nancy, the Nooksack Valley Naturalist, I can accurately share examples of igneous, sedimentary and metamorphic rocks. And our one hour visit stretches to four as he enthusiastically teaches me the difference between aphanitic, phaneritic and porphyritic igneous rocks, and shows me the micaceous layers in metamorphic rock. And as he picks up the dark rock with red crystals embedded in it, he laughs and tells me, "I remember when Glen got this one! It was 1958, the summer you and Evan were born. We were on a field trip to a garnet mine in northern New York and there were garnets as big as basketballs embedded in the walls..." But all too soon the stories and the explanations must end, because everyone's ready to sit down to dinner, and there are rocks all over the table, and Marlene's probably wondering what in the

world happened to Ed and his quick little visit. But there are more rocks to look at, and more stories to be told, so we'll have to do this again sometime...

And now, today is his memorial service. And I can't be there in person. But what could be a more appropriate excuse for missing this tribute to Ed Olson than to be teaching Earth Science to 8th graders as a Guest Teacher (a fancy name for a substitute!). I'll be passing around my samples of igneous rocks. I'll be explaining about the different types of volcanoes and their eruptions. I'll be telling stories of the May 18, 1980 eruption of Mt. St. Helens when I sat in black cap and gown and laughed as Dr. Olson announced that his geology majors were all graduating Magma Come Loudly, and then processed out of the gymnasium into a surreal world turned gray with silently falling ash.

I'll be thinking of Ed as I pass that vial of Mt. St. Helen's ash around and use that chunk of pumice to prove that rocks can float. What better way to remember Ed than surrounded by rocks and students-the way he spent such a huge part of his life-sharing his joy of God's creation with students through his love of rocks. Thanks, Ed, for sharing some of that joy and enthusiasm with me!

Nancy Erickson Scott
October 21, 1999