

Ev Moore

I was born in Seattle, WA third of 4 children. My father was in construction and we moved around quite a bit, following him wherever his jobs took him. Mother told me I was very spoiled because I always had my father's buddies making over me and giving me lots of attention. From the time I was very little and could just barely sit up, mom would dress me, putting little socks on me, but I would sit for hours and amuse myself working with them to get them just right. To this day, I have a feddish about socks and love brights, stripes, polka dots or whatever is different.

My only brother was the eldest of the four of us and he and I were very close. He would have me on his bicycle wherever he went and when it was time for me to be punished by my mother, my brother would hide me so Mom couldn't find me. He is gone now and I miss him very much. My father's work finally allowed us to stay in one place, and we settled in North Seattle in an area now called Shoreline. We grew up there during our school years. My parents were people that didn't go to church but my little sister and I would walk two to three miles to go to a Methodist Sunday School. We were about 6 and 8 at the time.

I was pretty much a "Tom Boy" and always outside playing "Kick the Can, Hide and Seek" and all those wonderful games before television.

I had a very difficult time in school and these days they would have a name for it, but in my day I was just slow and needed extra help. My mother was embarrassed to hold me back a year, which would have been the best thing for me. We had a dear friend that was a school teacher, and she would devote her summers helping me, so I went to school the year around pretty much. Of course, with all those problems I never liked school and couldn't wait to get out.

I was married very young and within my second year of marriage, I had my first child, a boy. As he became an adult he would tell people that he thought he had done a pretty good job raising me. He is now a school teacher and musician. I was eighteen when I had him and the next two years we had two girls. It was like having twins with the girls, but I loved my kids and had so much fun with them. I loved being a Mom.

Our life was pretty normal, we were a happy family. I had become a Lutheran with my husband. Our children went to the Lutheran Parochial School and we were kind of pillars of the church.

About 18 years into the marriage, my husband found greener pastures and left his family for them. My children and I were devastated and in complete shock. The children were older and a great support for me, but things were very tough for awhile. I had to leave the home and work outside the home. My son was in college and my two daughters were still in high school and lived with me in an apartment in Edmonds. We made the best of things and were very close, had fun and managed to make a good life for ourselves.

A work colleague of mine introduced me to her son's Little League Coach named Bob Moore. We started to date and on the second date he proposed to me. I told him I had promised myself I would wait a year after I had met a prospect before I would marry. His come back to me was "That's alright, it will take me that long to save for a honeymoon in Hawaii." A year later we honeymooned in Hawaii.

I continued to work outside the home, and at this time, we lived full time on Whidbey Island. My children were grown and on their own pretty much and Bob's children lived with their mother and with us on weekends. To this day, Bob's kids are like my own and I love them dearly.

We had been married ten to fifteen years when I was diagnosed having depression. It was a surprise to me. I seemed happy with my life, but I would have these very dark periods that would appear for no apparent reason. I couldn't understand what was wrong or how to deal with them. My husband didn't understand or know how to handle my moods, so that created problems. Rather than trying to understand, we lived separate lives under the same roof. I think he blamed himself for some of my problems, but he wouldn't seek help with me. We kind of just lived that way for several years while I tried finding the right medicines and counseling. I read every study I could get my hands on. I even felt God had forgotten me, and I couldn't find Him in my life anymore. My Pastors were great as I look back on it, but I was at a place where I didn't want to see anyone or go anywhere. It was a very lonely life. Eventually, I did get my illness under some control with the

right medications. Things weren't perfect, but my depression was less and less.

The Holy Spirit kept me in my faith. In February 2003, my husband was diagnosed with acute leukemia. He hadn't been feeling very well and went to the doctors for a blood test. He lived two weeks and two days after his diagnosis. My children and step-children were wonderful support for me. I became very active in my church work. Now I was able to spend as much time as I wanted to.

In August of 2004, this nice gentleman came a little late to church and just kind of sat down next to me. We smiled and exchanged "Good Morning." At the time of sharing of the peace, I asked him if he was new to the church. His answer to me was, "No, I have been coming about ten years off and on." We still laugh about that. He didn't know too many people, so I took him under my wing and introduced him to people. Our pastor has asked him to make a video of the church's (Trinity) 50th birthday. It was awesome and was a complete success.

Doug, the nice gentleman, and I started working on a video for a new ministry he and I started at Trinity. It was called "Caring for the Caring". It is a wonderful story about two families; one man suffering from Alzheimer's and the other man with Parkinson's disease. We tried to bring awareness of the help caregivers need. We showed it at several of our Lutheran churches and some other churches and organizations.

We became best friends and it is very special sharing our faith together. This was something we had both missed in our lives. Doug was a single father who raised two children. They are both in college and I love them like my own.

Doug and I moved to Bellingham in the spring of 2005. We are very happy here and glad to be a part of Christ The Servant Lutheran Church.

Nov-2007