



RESURRECTION CHRISTIAN MINISTRIES

1 Monarch Trace Ct. #106, Chesterfield, MO 63017-4618 - Ph: 636-778-9361 - rcmin2@charter.net

Paul and Gretel Haglin

EVANGELIZING THE HEART OF THE BELIEVER

Gretel Alexander Staver Haglin — She Is Free At Last

**“This woman was abounding with deeds of kindness and love,
which she continually did.” (Acts 9:36)**



January 27, 1932 – December 20, 2017

Gretel Haglin finally did it! She cast off the 12 years of Alzheimer’s imprisonment and joyfully accepted Jesus’ invitation to go with Him to His Heavenly City. We are sad that she no longer lives in our world, but excited for her because she is now enjoying His world. She has asked us to bury her remains next to her son, Chris, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

So many of Gretel’s friends are already in Heaven, or live out of state or overseas, or are one of the hundreds who have “befriended” her by being blessed by the Holy Spirit moving through her in prayer, or by reading their book *Contagious Godliness*. We would like to request all of you who knew and loved her to write down a memory or a blessing about Gretel for us to put into a Book of Memories for Paul and her children and grandchildren to cherish.

Instead of sending flowers, we request that you consider a donation to her beloved Resurrection Christian Ministries (rcmin.org). That is where her heart was for over 30 years as she and Paul ministered Life in Christ together at Eagles Nest Farm and all over the world.

Gretel has left behind a great legacy of love and joy! I treasure the memories of this strong, loving, awesome person that I, Alexis, was privileged to know in my life as Mom! We would love to read your stories of fun and faith and love for her. All mail may go to the address on the letterhead.

**I am truly blessed to call her "Mom."
by Alexis Haglin Richert**

Everyone who met Gretel discovered she was a strong personality—secure in who she was in spite of the storms and pains that she lived through. She was born second of two children to Byron and Doris Staver in Virginia, Minnesota. Her handsome, brilliant, athletic, and very popular older brother, John, overshadowed her, yet young Gretel refused to be jealous. In fact, she was his biggest cheerleader. Even so, her confidence in herself was shaken deeply causing her to believe most of her young adult life that she was an ugly duckling.

But our precious Lord Jesus stepped into her life and revealed to her that she had always been beautiful to Him and to her family and to her friends. God used her husband, my Dad, Paul Haglin, to heal her through his amazing unconditional love and patience. Gretel, in turn, used that gift of healing love and forgiveness in her interactions with others. It was impossible for Gretel to meet a stranger that she did not want to befriend and hug. No matter what time you called for prayer, day or night, she would answer the phone. She was never too busy to help somebody in need, until her comforting hugs became famous to those who knew and loved her. She had the gift of encouraging people and loving them through the gift of hospitality—often inviting people to stay on the farm, in perfectly set up little cottages, and serving them amazingly delicious meals along with penetrating healing prayers.

Gretel was fearless. She would be quick to pray if she saw somebody sick, or miserable, or sad. She continued this compassion for others into the first two years at the Alzheimer's home. Although her speech was gone, when she would see somebody sad, she was known to go over and minister a hug and a Holy Spirit smile that lit up her whole countenance.

I remember Mom pulling me aside when I was in high school and telling me, “There is no excuse for mood swings when you have Jesus! Be consistent in your joy, and you will be blessed and will bless others.” She would love to remind me to, “Keep your shoulders back, stand up straight, hold your head up, and smile!” She practiced what she preached for she was known for wanting to “shine!” She thought she should shine for Jesus and make people’s lives better wherever she went. Whether you were a cashier, gas station attendant, or lawn guy, no matter who you were, even a stranger on the street, she was determined that after you met her, your day would be better and you would have smiled.

Mom was the one who fearlessly encouraged my dad to risk everything, quit his great job at McDonnell Aircraft, and build his dream Spirit of St. Louis Airport. She told him, “I don’t want us to be 50 years old, sitting in front of our fireplace, and looking back on our lives and wishing we had done it. [HaHaHa, 50 was so old back then! And just think what they accomplished for Jesus after that!]

When her oldest son, my brother Chris, died at age 11, instead of being mad at God, Mom embraced Him. She audibly heard the voice of the Lord tell her that Chris was with Him in Heaven and she would see him again someday...and she believed it. In fact, when the Episcopalian priest had no words of consolation for her the next day, and awkwardly could only talk about coffin sizes, she began her ministry by counseling him about Heaven and the sure hope she had that she would see her son there someday!

Instead of being mad at God, she drew closer to Him and was very quick to pray for friends' kids when they were sick. So when she got the phone call that a friend's toddler had drowned in their swimming pool and was declared dead at the hospital, she refused to let the enemy take another child. She jumped into the car, raced to the hospital (she always said that God parted the traffic for her like He parted the Red Sea for Moses), burst into the ICU praying in the Holy Spirit, pushed the doctors and nurses aside, placed her hands on the boy, and proclaimed, "Father, as You breathed the breath of life into Adam, breathe life now into Tommy!" With a kick of his leg, little Tommy came back to life, and so did the patients on each side of his bed: one had died of a heart attack, and the other of a huge drug overdose! Mom had resurrection faith!

It was around that time that Mom and Dad changed the name of their ministry from Eagles Nest Fellowship to Resurrection Christian Ministries. She believed nobody was too far gone, nobody was too dead, nobody was too injured, nobody was too wounded, that our precious Father God couldn't heal and resurrect them to a better life in the powerful name of Jesus. Countless people have come and gone through their lives and been prayed for and loved up and sent out with a warm meal and a closer walk with their Lord Jesus. The amazing fruit of her life still stands these many years later.

Mom enjoyed life and it was obvious in her color selection of clothes. She loved "bright happy" colors. Do not give her anything in the color black because she will never wear it! Even her home reflected this: lots and lots of happy bright colors on the walls and furniture, including woodwork in the kitchen painted hot pink!

She was blessed with endless energy—maybe on the verge of hyperactivity. She accomplished a lot and was an amazing innovator. She could see useful gadgets before the rest of us could and would buy at least two of every new gadget she liked, so she had one to give away. She had flamboyant cursive handwriting that was very distinctive and a joy to receive in notes and letters.

Although Mom was raised by absentee parents who sent her away to boarding school so they could travel all over the world, she never resented it and was never angry with them about it. In fact she loved regaling us with stories of their adventures and narrow escapes, and all the famous people that they had met, name-dropping every chance she had.

Gretel chose to be a very hands-on Mom. She was always there for us—cheering us on, encouraging us, helping us with homework, making our favorite desserts and yummy food, and insisting on Sunday family-only days where we played lots of board games, tennis, and hiked in the woods. She made sure our family had a lot of fun together. Mom had a marvelous sense of humor and was always quick to laugh at every punny thing my dad would say. She loved him so much and loved to laugh together with him.

My Mom believed in the healing power of naps, hard work, and fresh air. She would joyfully labor to pack up our Volkswagen bus with four children, three cats, a dog, food for three days, and five suitcases every weekend so that we could enjoy being out in the country at The Farm. Even though she was extremely fearful of lightning and thunderstorms as a child, she was determined not to let us kids be afraid of them. Because of her storm training, both my daughter and I LOVE storms to this day! In fact we love them so much that we often open our doors, pull up a chair with a cup of hot chocolate, and watch the lightning and listen to the thunder roll in.

And when I lived 2,000 miles away, muddled in a miserable marriage, she would come out and love up on me and take me out for cotton candy and remind me that life with Jesus still can be joyful. Then, after my divorce and freedom from abuse, she rejoiced with me, encouraged me, and prayed with me saying that I would be happier now. Her nonjudgmental love enabled me to not be afraid to fall in love again to the greatest man God created for me, Mark.

Mom taught me how to not be afraid of growing older and watching my body change. Even when cellulite and wrinkles began to take over her legs and arms, she didn't care. She joyfully wore shorts and sleeveless shirts and gleefully enjoyed her life. She never ever complained about things she could no longer do because her body was older. Even though she now lived quite isolated out in the country, she insisted on getting up every morning, hand-curling her hair and dressing nicely for Dad—no blue jeans or sweat pants for her!

Mom loved her Father God, the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Spirit with all her heart, spirit, soul, and mind. She started each day reading her Bible and books on how to get closer to Him. She had an amazing knack for picking good books on Jesus and the Scriptures for all of us to read.

One of my fondest memories is of the time Mom, Dad, and I flew to a worship conference in Colorado. In the middle of one of the songs, the presence of God flooded the room and it was so tangible my Mom started bouncing up and down crying softly like a little kid, "He's here, He's here!" —totally overwhelmed with excitement and joy for the presence of her living God.

A few years later, when she realized that she was beginning to have serious dementia, Mom overcame her fear and leaned on the Lord. Three months before she came to live with Mark and me, and long after she had lost her ability to speak in sentences, she experienced an awesome adventure with the Lord. I remember it so clearly, because she greeted me at the door that day, with a glow on her face and speaking in complete sentences! She sat Dad and me down and proceeded to tell us what had happened to her that morning: Jesus had come into her bedroom, sat on the edge of the bed and lovingly said, "Gretel, it is time for you to go live near Lexie." She released her beloved farm/home and moved to where her Savior requested.

We thank you for your love and support and for joining us in celebrating the good news that she is out of pain and having a wonderful time with our Lord and Savior. We are so happy she is out of her wheelchair, and dancing, and running with Jesus.

Dr. Seuss once said: "Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened."

We smile because we got to enjoy knowing Gretel for 85 years of life and 64 years of marriage.

What an honor and a privilege we all have had to know this bright,
shining light and child of the Living God named **Gretel**.