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## Harold 'Haver' Haverkamp Eulogy, delivered on February 26, 2005

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About 250 steps separated the house where Haver lived and our backdoor. His mother was my father's oldest sister and she was the eldest of my grandparent's<sup>TEN</sup> children.

Haver was the first grandchild in the Lubbers family. He was the first cousin of many who followed and for me he was always first cousin in relationship as well as rank in age. We came into this geographic proximity his senior year at Central College in Pella, Iowa

When he graduated he taught in Monroe, thirteen miles away. Friend, Ruth Boot was still in college and his mother was recovering from a nervous breakdown so there were reasons for him to be around. His mother's difficulty resulted in Haver, his father and mother dining at our house each Sunday after church and on holidays.

This was extended family building at its best, and since his mother's condition continued to improve it was a happy time.

Nineteen years separated us in age. When he was 22 and 23 and even after he would walk the alley between our houses, tell me a story, and tuck me in bed when my parents were away. Sometimes I requested Haver, and if he was in Pella he would be there. He was more like an older brother than a cousin. He and Ruth were married in the new Central College Douwstra Chapel, the first wedding that I attended, and she joined him on the pedestal where I had placed him. They offered affection and invitations to me. In some ways I was the warm-up child for the six of their own that began to arrive as Haver went off to war.

He had taken up the study of human behavior as a profession. He never told me directly that his mother's nervous breakdowns stimulated his professional commitment, but it was an unspoken assumption. When well, which she was from the late 1930's until her death, she was a person of gentle spirit and good humor.

Haver's good disposition he came by honestly. His father, like all ministers, was expected to be honest and preach the truth. Anthony Haverkamp was guided by more than the expectation, his integrity was as essential to his life as the beat of his heart. It is no surprise that integrity seemed to come easy to Haver. He did not have to wrestle with himself mentally or emotionally to win it. He had integrity as a birthright, and that gave him a headstart in building good personal relationships because

he was instantly trustworthy. His understanding evolved<sup>4</sup> beyond the concept of truth of his boyhood and seeking truth was an interesting and important adventure for him not a wrenching task.

This PhD in psychology, this student of human behavior was throughout his life the model for natural, normal positive human behavior. In many ways he was a walking psychology textbook for life long learning.

Some of us who knew Haver a long time observed two, long successful marriages. By successful I do not mean relationships of mutual satisfactory accommodation. I mean relationships of deep mutual enrichment. That takes two people living together emotionally and spiritually who are capable of such depth. Melding

families as Marry and Haver did, spreading love in abundance, showing concern, and giving assistance was one of their human accomplishments that originated in the health and happiness of their own relationship.

There were members of our family, grand parents, parents, uncles and aunts who stand-out in my mind as nurturers. Haver, the first in his generation, inherited the gene. His long life in marriage, in raising children, being a father and step father to adult daughters and sons, guiding students, and leading faculty are unusual demonstrations of nurture.

This intelligent man of winning temperament, unassailable integrity and unceasing nature seasoned his

life with a sense of humor. I do not remember a time together in the last forty years when we failed to do some serious laughing. That as everything else about him comes naturally. Thinking about those times brings a smile as will my memories of him always elicit feelings of affection along with the smile.

A philosopher – theologian, I think it was Karl Barth, commented that he preferred Mozart’s music because it was so amiable. Haver’s life rested from the beginning to the end on a cushion of amiability. Amiability is truly open it is not puffed up, it implies interest in others and enjoyment too, it does not hold grudges. It reveals a life where loving is always present. I can say no more about my cousin, your husband, father, step father, in-law,

colleague or friend. When speaking of Haver you can eliminate trite from the statement often considered trite “he was truly a good man.”