

\$2.95

HIS ambassador

By C. Helen Mooshian



BV
2610
.M6

ADVENTURES OF A LADY
MISSIONARY TRAVELING AROUND
THE WORLD BY FAITH.

A Convention Bookstore Publication

HIS AMBASSADOR

C. Helen Mooshian

This book is a gift
to read and enjoyed
by all. given with the
hope that your heart
may become deeply
moved for world missions
C. W. Brockmüller

DEDICATION

To the thousands of born-again, spirit-filled Christians and God-called workers who have not bowed their knee to Baal; who have no thought of following the traditions of men . . . but who desire to continue to be consistent Bible Christians . . . in this modern, apostate and compromising generation.

PREFACE

“JOIN THE LEAGUE AND SEE THE WORLD”——This was the popular slogan of my colleagues at Eastern Nazarene College. It was my responsibility to send out groups to the various missions and churches in the Boston and New England area. On many occasions I would accompany the groups as President of the League of Evangelical Students to direct the meetings. I never dreamed that this would be so gloriously fulfilled in my post graduate years.

World travel was not so easily accessible during college days, therefore it seemed incredible that I should have the unprecedented pleasure of touring and preaching the glorious gospel as *His Ambassador* on every continent. God's ways are past finding out. How marvelous it is to be fully surrendered to Him. I have never regretted making a total commitment to His cause.

For many years, I have had hundreds of requests to write a book of my missionary experiences. Very reluctantly, I began to prepare a manuscript in January of 1959. I wrote fifteen chapters and then set it aside feeling my inability as an author and also felt that it would not be worthy of publication.

During the intervening years, I have had constant requests to write this book and some have already ordered copies. One pastor wanted fifty copies for his church but since has gone to his eternal reward. I finally felt led in February, 1971, to resume the gigantic task. I send it forth trusting and praying that it will become a real inspiration and challenge to those who read its pages.

C. Helen Mooshian

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My heartfelt thanks and gratitude to Mrs. Hazel Lee of Pasadena, California, for the title of this book.

To Evangelist L. S. Boardman of Nashville, Tennessee, and to James and Priscilla (Westlund) Mooshian of Sacramento, California, for reading the manuscript and making valuable corrections and suggestions. To James, also, for the cover design.

To Professor Linford A. Marquart of Olivet Nazarene College, and to Professor Ethel Dickerman of Bethany Nazarene College, for reading the manuscript and making suggestions.

To Mrs. Florence Smith Cornell of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Mrs. Katherine Amos of Davenport, Iowa, for reading part of the manuscript and making some corrections and suggestions.

To Evangelist H. E. Schmul of Salem, Ohio, for taking the responsibility of printing and partial distribution of the book.

C. Helen Mooshian

FOREWORD

C. Helen Mooshian

Love for people of all races

Beyond human love

Like the Apostle John.

Missionary journeys throughout the world,

Exhorting, preaching, evangelizing

Like Saint Paul.

The-Lord-is-my-Shepherd relationship with God,

At home, abroad, singing His Song,

Like the Shepherd-King David.

Professor Alice Spangenberg
Eastern Nazarene College
Wollaston, Massachusetts

COUNTRIES VISITED

NORTH AMERICA (4)

United States
Canada
Yukon, NW T.
Mexico

CENTRAL AMERICA (7)

Guatemala
Nicaragua
Honduras
El Salvador
Costa Rica
Panama
British Honduras

SOUTH AMERICA (13)

Venezuela
Columbia
Ecuador
Bolivia
Peru
Chile
Argentina
Uruguay
Paraguay
Brazil
French Guiana
Surinam
Guyana

SOUTH PACIFIC (14)

Hawaii
Fiji Island
American Samoa
New Caledonia
New Zealand
Australia
Tasmania
Tahiti
New Guinea

Papua

New Britain
New Ireland
Manus Island
Lou Island

CARIBBEAN (40)

Aruba
Curacao
Bonaire
Trinidad
Tobago
Grenadines
Grenada
Barbadoes
Martinique
Guadeloupe
Montserrat
Dominica
Carricaou
Anquilla
Antigua
Barbuda
Nevis
Saba
St. Estatious
St. Martin- French
St. Martin-Dutch
St. Vincent
St. Lucia
St. Kitts
St. Thomas
St. Croix
St. John
Josh Van Dyke
Virgin Gorda
Tortola
Puerto Rico
Dominican Republic

Grand Cayman

Jamaica
Haiti
Cuba
Bahamas-New. Prov.
Bahamas-Eleuthera
Bahamas-Andros
Bermuda

AFRICA (26)

Morocco
Senegal
Sierra Leone
Liberia
Nigeria
Dahomey
Ghana
Togo
Ivory Coast
Camerouns
Malawi
Gabon
Transvaal
Swaziland
Mozambique
Tanzania
Rhodesia
Zambia
Ethiopia
Eritrea
Egypt
Libya
Sudan
Kenya
Congo-Brazzaville
Congo-Kinshasa
EUROPE (37)
North Ireland
Eire

EUROPE Continued

Wales
Scotland
England
Isle of Man
Gibraltar
Malta
Sicily
Italy
Spain
France
Monaco
Portugal
Switzerland
Leichtenstein
Luxembourg
Holland
Belgium
Iceland
Denmark
Finland
Norway
Sweden
Germany-East
Germany-West
Czechoslovakia
Yugoslavia
Bulgaria
Rumania

Hungary
Austria
Russia
Poland
Greece
Rhodes
Crete
Cyprus

ASIA (38)
Indonesia-Java
Indonesia-Bali
Indonesia-Timor
Portuguese Timor
Cheung Chau
Hong Kong
Philippines
Macao
Okinawa
Taiwan
Japan
Korea
South Vietnam
Singapore
Cambodia
Sarawak
Thailand
Malaya
Penang

Ceylon
India
Burma
Nepal
Kashmir
Pakistan
Afghanistan
Kuwait
Iran
Iraq
Israel
Syria
Jordan
Lebanon
Turkey
Armenia-USSR
Azerbaijan-USSR
Georgia-USSR
Ukraine-USSR

North America	4
Central America	7
South America	13
South Pacific	14
Caribbean	40
Europe	38
Africa	26
Asia	38
	<hr/> 180

AIRLINES TRAVELED

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Northeast | 41. Caribair |
| 2. Southeast | 42. Cunard Eagle |
| 3. Northwest | 43. Windward |
| 4. Southwest | 44. L. I. A. T. |
| 5. Continental | 45. Panagra Grace |
| 6. Alleghany | 46. Maxicana |
| 7. Colonial | 47. Cubana |
| 8. National | 48. Avieteca |
| 9. Frontier | 49. Avianca |
| 10. Eastern | 50. Viasa |
| 11. Western | 51. Pan Air do Brazil |
| 12. Braniff | 52. L. A. B. (Bolivia) |
| 13. United | 53. Guatemalen |
| 14. Central | 54. Ecuadorian |
| 15. Mohawk | 55. Peruvian |
| 16. Ozark | 56. Fawcett |
| 17. Delta | 57. Argentina |
| 18. American | 58. Lan Chili |
| 19. West Coast | 59. Astral |
| 20. Air West | 60. Varig |
| 21. Bonanza | 61. Vasp |
| 22. Pacific | 62. Pluna |
| 23. North Central | 63. Causa |
| 24. Lake Central | 64. Lacs |
| 25. Texas Inter'l | 65. Guyana |
| 26. Trans World | 66. Taca |
| 27. Pan American | 67. Qantas |
| 28. A. O. A. | 68. Ansett |
| 29. P. S. A. | 69. A. N. A. |
| 30. Alaska | 70. T. A. M. |
| 31. Wein Consol'd | 71. T. E. A. L. (N. Z.) |
| 32. Kodiak Airways | 72. N. A. C. (N. Z.) |
| 33. Canadian Pacific | 73. Air France |
| 34. Trans Canada | 74. Air Inter |
| 35. Air Canada | 75. U. T. A. (French) |
| 36. B. O. A. C. | 76. K. L. M. (Dutch) |
| 37. B. W. I. A. | 77. Sabena (Belgium) |
| 38. B. E. A. | 78. Italiane |
| 39. Bahama Airways | 79. Swissair |
| 40. Air Bahama | 80. S. A. S. (Scand) |

81. Lufthansa (West Ger.)
82. Interflug (East Ger.)
83. Olympic (Greece)
84. T. A. P. (Portugal)
85. Iberia (Spain)
86. Austrian
87. Finnair
88. Royal Air Maroc
89. Air Gibralta
90. Malev (Hungarian)
91. Areoflot (Russian)
92. J. A. T. (Yugoslav)
93. T. H. Y. (Turkish)
94. L. O. T. (Poland)
95. C. S. A. (Czech)
96. El Al (Israel)
97. United Arab
98. Middle East
99. Icelandair
100. Bulgarian
101. Rumanian
102. Arab Airways
103. Misrair
104. Iranian
105. Syrian
106. Iraqi
107. Kuwait
108. Afghan
109. Indian
110. Air India
111. Air Malta
112. Air Jordan
113. Air Cyprus
114. Air Lingus
115. Air Vietnam
116. Air Rhodesia
117. Air Afrique
118. Air Zambia
119. Ethiopian
120. Nigerian
121. Cameroun
122. Ghana Airways
123. Central African
124. South African
125. Sudan Airways
126. Burma Airways
127. Thai Airways
128. Aden Airways
129. Thai International
130. Malayan Airways
131. China Air Lines
132. Cathay Pacific
133. J.A.L. (Japan)
134. P.A.L. (Phillipines)
135. Garuda (Indonesia)
136. Zamrud (Indonesia)
137. T.A.T. (Port.Timor)
138. T.A.L. (New Guinea)
139. T.A.O. (Ecuador)
140. T.C.A.

POEMS

TO A MISSIONARY

My life touched yours, I'll never be the same.

I had not dreamed that in an age like this,
A soul could be so dead to all that's vain,
So filled with holy joy and heaven's bliss.

The changing years—it seemed changed Christians too.

And though we love the Lord and testify
No one could know a passion such as you
Displayed tonight for all for whom Christ died.

His glory hovered over you—twas a shining thing,

I sensed a faith deep-rooted as a tree
That swayed, perhaps through winds of suffering,
But staunchly held, and brought you victory.

My life touched yours—How can I shun the cross?

And know there walks on earth one so possessed
With love like Paul's, that counts all things but loss,
Except the GLORY of the "Son of Righteousness."

By Frances B. Erickson

(Written after my message given at the Ocala, Florida,
Nazarene Church on March 18, 1962.)

To C. Helen Mooshian

Your spirit is dynamic
 You serve a wondrous Lord.
You tell a wondrous message
 Tis founded on His word.
To say that we've enjoyed you,
 Would surely put it mild.
We know that God in heaven,
 Has looked on you and smiled
In deep approval of your life.
 And this thing we would say,
In all the future up ahead
 God bless you every day.

By Loretta Marcks

To C. Helen

Of all that teach or travel far
 She's quite an institution,
Where she's to preach, revivals are;
 I cite C. Helen Mooshian.

Forever young and full of fun,
 At times intensely serious
Her clever tongue will often run,
 Until one is delirious.

Her super words and flights of praise
 Set friends upon a pinnacle;
Like soaring birds ascends each phrase,
 Until some folk are cynical.

Her diet's light, a crumb or two,
 She's strictly vegetarian
She's put to flight or made to stew,
 If meat's in goulash Hungarian.

Few live on less, or give away more
 Or help so many causes;
She seeks to bless each open door
 With hardly rest or pauses.

She single stays, no bachelor rates,
 From Paris to Jamaica,
Neither nights nor days, she ever dates,
 A free old maid, she make-a.

By Lyle Prescott in "Personalities I Have Met."

Missionary to the Virgin Islands, Cuba and
Puerto Rico . . . Church of the Nazarene.

INTRODUCTION

From the Evening News—Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Friday, May 8, 1970.

By Barker Howland. Evening News Staff Writer.

EVANGELIST SPREADS WORD IN 174 LANDS SO FAR.

Evangelist C. Helen Mooshian, in her mid-fifties may be the most traveled woman preacher in the world. In the midst of her travels she arrived in Harrisburg Wednesday, spoke in the First Nazarene church that night and will be preaching in western Pennsylvania churches this week.

In the last twenty-four years she has made sixteen missionary trips abroad, and is looking forward to her seventeenth, if the Lord does not return too soon, which He may.

Consider these statistics: She has preached and traveled in 174 of the 282 countries and Islands of the world; to every Central and South American country, to practically all the Caribbean islands, to every European country with the exception of Albania, to twenty-five nations in Africa, in most of the South Sea islands, as well as Australia and New Zealand. She has been in five of the fifteen republics of the Soviet Union including: Armenia, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Ukraine and Russia. This traveled Nazarene has been in every major Asiatic country except Red China. Even the most widely traveled salesman or diplomat can hardly claim to have been a passenger on as many airlines. Her total is 140.

She has had 385 different interpreters in her preaching missions, and has learned to sing choruses in

fifty-two languages, though she professes to be a poor linguist. As far as singing is concerned, she reveals that it is easier to learn to sing than to learn the language.

Although she is an ordained Nazarene minister, she has held services for fifty-five denominations. She has spoken in every state of the union, as well as every Canadian province. She has crossed the United States from coast to coast eighty times.

Evangelist Mooshian has strong feelings against being called a "reverend" for "God only is to be revered, not I, nor any other minister or priest," she said, "so please refer to me as evangelist."

She has had close escapes with death during her travels. She declares, "The Lord has been with me so many times, and my life has been spared over and over again."

One year that stands out in her memory is 1950, when disturbances were going on all over the Philippines. She says, "I arrived by plane in the Manilla airport, and my missionary friends met me. Although the curfew was in effect, we left the city by jeep for the mission station in Baguio City. Guerillas started shooting at us. One bullet went through the jeep and just missed us while several bounced off the hood."

Then there was a never-to-be-forgotten experience in South Africa. It was 1952 and she was preaching in a town near Johannesburg. Suddenly an angry crowd gathered around us threatening to burn the church and to kill the Americans. The missionary superintendent went to face them. He told them they were there to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This satisfied the mob, and they said they would protect the church and the car.

And there have been many amusing experiences, several of them in New Guinea. In one community she remembers, "I was the first white woman they had ever seen. They had never seen stockings on a woman. When they discovered that the stockings moved after touching them, they said, 'she has skin that moves.' "In the same

area," she added, "they had never seen glasses, and the word was spread that I had four eyes. When I took my glasses off, they were frightened, assuming I must be a witch who could remove two eyes."

She is a woman who lives by faith, and when she feels that God wants her to witness in a certain part of the world, she goes. One time this modern St. Paul (or Pauline) was in Bombay, India, and felt she must go to Iran. She tried to get a visa, but the Iranian officials said no missionaries or evangelists were allowed in that country.

"I told the officers that I was going as a tourist and not as an evangelist. I sat in the consulate for five and a half hours with determination that God would make a way," she recounted. "Finally, they granted me a seven-day transit visa."

"But the Lord performed a miracle in Iran and I remained seventy-seven days, preaching all over the land. Many new souls were saved for the first time. There were some genuine physical healings as well. Through the influence of my interpreter, I was allowed to travel with her via Iranian Airlines without charge."

The evangelist says she is able to do her traveling and speaking inasmuch as she has no home to spend money on, and no car to operate, and the rest of her expenses are cut to a minimum. She eats simply and wears only clothes given to her.

"I trust the Lord and He answers," she says.

CONTENTS

	Dedication	ii
	Preface	iii
	Acknowledgments	iv
	Forward	v
	Countries Visited	vi
	Airlines Traveled	vii
	Poems	x
	Introduction	xiii
I	Brief History of Armenia	1
II	Birth and Early Life	14
III . . .	Conversion and Call	21
IV . . .	Education	30
V	Home Missions in Canada, 1937 - 1942	42
VI . . .	Home Missions in the United States, 1942-44	55
VII . . .	North American Indians, 1944 - 1945	67
VIII . .	Latin America,	
	First Missionary Tour, 1947	76
IX . . .	British Honduras and Guatemala	
	Second Missionary Tour, 1948	94
X	Alaska, Third Missionary Tour, 1948	103
XI . . .	World Tour No. one (4th Missionary Tour)	
	Great Britain	110
XII . . .	World Tour No. one (4th Missionary Tour)	
	Europe	118
XIII . .	World Tour No. one (4th Missionary Tour)	
	Middle East	129
XIV . .	World Tour No. one (4th Missionary Tour)	
	The Orient	139
XV . . .	World Tour No. two (5th Missionary Tour)	
	1952 - 1953	147
XVI . .	Caribbean Tour (6th Missionary Tour) 1955.	161

XVII . .	New Guinea (7th Missionary Tour) 1956-57 .	175
XVIII .	World Tour No. three (8th Missionary Tour)	
	1957 - 1958	188
XIX . .	Caribbean Area (9th Missionary Tour)	
	1959 - 1960	201
XX . . .	World Tour No. four (10th Missionary Tour)	
	1960 - 1961	210
XXI . .	South America (11th Missionary Tour) 1963 .	225
XXII . .	World Tour No. five	
	(12th Missionary Tour) 1964 - 1965	239
XXIII. .	World Tour No. six	
	(13th Missionary Tour) 1966 - 1967	253
XXIV. .	South America	
	(14th Missionary Tour) 1968	268
XXV . .	World Tour No. seven	
	(15th Missionary Tour) 1969 - 1970	275
XXVI. .	Russia and Armenia	
	(16th Missionary Tour) 1970	291
XXVII .	Testimonials	297
XXVIII.	Humorous and Unusual Incidents	309
XXIX. .	Excerpts from letters	317
XXX . .	Some Newspaper Accounts	323

CHAPTER I

BRIEF HISTORY OF ARMENIA

Since I was born of Armenian parentage, a bit of Armenian history is in order. The ancient land of Armenia covered the vast territory between the Black and Caspian Seas. It is located east of the Mediterranean Sea, and boarded by Russia, Turkey and Persia. Tradition claims that because of its rivers, it was the original site of the Garden of Eden. In Genesis 2:10-14, we read, "A river went out of Eden to water the garden;—and became into four heads:—Pison,—Gihon,—Hiddekel (Tigris)—and Euphrates."

The traditional ancestor of the Armenians, Haig, was a great grandson of Gomer, a son of Japhath, a son of Noah (Genesis 10:1-3). In 2300 B.C., Haig, along with the rest of Noah's descendents, were seeking a new home in the land of Shinar. Fearing another flood, they carefully planned and built the Tower of Babel until God intervened. When idol worship prevailed among their brethren, Haig and his family returned to the land of Ararat. Belus, the idolatrous leader, pursued them with a corps of armed men. Haig then organized an army and set out to meet his enemy. He instructed his small group to attack the spot where Belus was in command, believing that victory would be certain. He added, "Should we fail, then let us never survive the disgrace of defeat, but rather perish with sword in hand, defending our liberty." After a severe conflict, Belus fell by an arrow thrown by Haig, and the enemy dispersed. This was the first battle fought for freedom of conscience. Haig was succeeded by his son Armenag for whom the country was named.

Surrounded by heathen nations, however, for twenty

centuries the Armenians have been the unfortunate victims of constant persecutions, inhuman cruelty and horrible barbarisms. Their fertile lands have been seized as spoil of ruthless warfare; their towns, cities and villages ravaged, burned and destroyed. Their peace-loving citizens were savagely massacred. Other invasions have come from the Sultans of Egypt, Khans of Tartery, Shahs of Persia, Ottoman Turks and Russian Communists. Through all of this turmoil and intense suffering, the Armenians have tenaciously kept the faith.

In the book *Illustrated Armenia and the Armenians* by Dr. O. Gaidzakian, we find this interesting letter: "ABGAR, King of Edessa, to Jesus the good Saviour, who has appeared in Jerusalem, Greeting: I have heard of thee and thy cures which have been performed by thee without drugs and medicines. Either thou art God having come down from Heaven, or thou art the Son of God. Therefore, I entreat thee to take the trouble to come and heal me of the disease which I have. I hear that the Jews are murmuring against thee and wish to do thee violence. I have a very small and noble city which will suffice for us both." The King was leprous, so Jesus sent His disciples, Thaddeus and Bartholemew, to him in 35 A.D. The King was healed and converted, thus becoming the first Armenian Christian.

During the next two centuries there were many conversions amidst persecutions. In the third century, Gregory was converted and began to preach the Gospel. Excellent results attended his ministry. The hostile King Tridates III imprisoned him for thirteen years. In the intervening years the King became leprous and the Queen was converted. At the Queen's suggestion, Gregory was released from prison and became instrumental in the King's healing. As a result, King Tridates was converted to the Christian faith. Armenia then became the first gentile nation to accept Christianity as its national religion in 301 A.D.

St. Gregory, known as the "Illuminator", continued his indefatigable labors as a flaming evangelist. Tradition says that he had a vision of the Lord Jesus Christ who instructed him to build His church in the center of Armenia. It was to be called "Etchmiazin", (to come down). The Armenian people, assisted by the King built it in 301 A.D. It is reputed to be the world's oldest church, located in its original site, fifteen miles from Erevan, capital of Soviet Armenia.

Armenia was an independent country enjoying freedom with its own Kings, but lost her independence in 451 A.D. As a subject of Persia, the King was anxious to convert all his subjects to fire worship. He sent letters to the leaders of Armenia extolling and advocating this worship in preference to the Christian religion.

A council of bishops and laymen convened to compose a reply to the King. They stated: "From this faith, no one can move us, neither angels, men, fire sword, or deadly punishment. If you allow us our faith, we will accept no other Lord in your place, but we will accept no other God in place of Jesus Christ, as there is none beside Him. If you ask anything more of us, lo, we are before you, and our lives are in your power. From you, torments; from us, submission; your sword, our necks. We are not better than those who went before us, who gave up their possessions and lives for this testimony."

This courageous reply enraged the King, and he promptly sent an army of 200,000 into Armenia. This battle was fought on the fields of Avarair, near the city of Van. On May 16, 451 A.D., Commander in Chief, St. Vartan, with 66,000 soldiers, partook of the Lord's supper and prayed all night for divine guidance. They fought valiantly until their heroic leader was killed in action. The total casualties were 3500 Persians and 1036 Armenians.

After the battle, 300 Persian priests were sent into Armenia to teach fire-worship, but they were promptly

killed. The obstinate resistance of all the Christians convinced the King that he could never coerce them to become fire worshippers. The high priest of Persia said, "These people have put on Christianity not like a garment, but like their own flesh and blood; they are men who do not fear fetters nor torments, who choose death rather than life. Who can stand against them?"

After many years, came the conquering sword of the heartless, bloodthirsty Turk. At first, their plan was to conquer their subjects for Allah and Mohammed by inter-marriage, but they were miserably defeated. The Turks then took the Armenian young men as soldiers and husbands for their Turkish girls. They discovered, to their dismay, that the Armenians remained steadfast to their faith regardless of their circumstances. Henceforth, persecution was revoked for a season, and tolerance was the alternative. The industrious and aggressive Armenians had no political influence, yet they exerted great leadership and commercial ability. They established schools wherever they settled, and their enterprising youth entered all the leading professions.

In 1876, as Abdul Hamid ascended the throne, the Armenians represented sixty per cent of the population of Turkey. Fearing their rise to power the King ordered their annihilation. He used the Kurds (nomads) to rape the women, and to loot the shops and homes of the men they killed. The Armenians resisted with a measure of success, but Hamid proclaimed a holy war of Moslems against Christians. Massacres then broke out all over the empire. The zealous autocrat felt that since the race had been depleted, they could not become a menace for another generation. The massacres continued in the outlying districts, where the news failed to reach the protesting world.

After thirty-two years of despotism, Hamid was de-throned in 1908 by the Young Turk Party in Istanbul. He was placed in prison for life in Salonica, Greece. The new

regime proclaimed a liberal program of reformation. Its watchword was, "Ottomanize Turkey for the Turks." This gained the sympathy of Europe. Its adherents instigated the deportation scheme to eliminate all Christians who could not be safely massacred under the watchful eye of Europe. These were deported into Syria and their homes and lands seized. This policy went into effect after Turkey entered World War I as an ally of Germany.

Much has been written of these horrible atrocities. It is estimated that nearly two million Armenians were martyred for their faith. A million of these perished from starvation, thirst, exposure and disease.

At Der es Zor, Syria, a fantastic and unprecedented communion service was held. Some of the evangelist brethren were preaching the message of hope and comfort to the suffering martyrs. The Turkish authorities arrested them and placed them in jail for questioning.

"What are you doing?" they asked.

"We are doing whatever we can to alleviate suffering," they replied. The Turks retorted, "We have driven this mass of humanity here to destroy them, and you are daring to prolong their lives?" Then they added, "Now it is our turn to place you before the firing squad."

Promptly, a company of soldiers was ordered to carry out the ghastly assignment. One of the brave brethren, Mavy by name, said to the soldiers, "It is written in your Koran, that you do not take the life of a person without giving him an opportunity to worship his God." The soldiers granted his request. Then Brother Mavy, opening his New Testament, gave the brethren a message of hope, calling their attention to Revelation 2:10, "Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer, be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." He assured them that they would soon be with their Saviour whom they loved more than life. Then with joy and victory they sang.

“On Jordan’s stormy bank I stand, and cast a
wishful eye,
To Canaan’s fair and happy land, where my possessions lie.
Filled with delight my raptured soul, would here no
longer stay.
Though Jordan’s waves around me roll, fearless I’d
launch away.
We will rest in that fair and happy home.
Just across the evergreen shore.
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and dwell
with Jesus forevermore.”

The communion service followed. In the absence of bread, Brother Mavy, reached down into the glowing sand and took a handful of it. In the presence of his enemies, he distributed the sand to his brethren saying, “Take and eat, this is my body which was given for you, this do in remembrance of me.” Each of the brethren put the sand into his mouth while heaven looked down upon this unique drama. Then Brother Mavy stood before his executioners and said, “We are now ready to be slain.” With a radiant smile and the strength of a spiritual giant, Brother Mavy remarked to his brethren, “This is not an hour of sorrow but of joy and victory.” In the face of such valiant and courageous behavior, the enemies of the Gospel stood trembling before them. They were reluctant to fire upon them, but for fear of their commanding officers, they obeyed. Upon being shot, each of them dipped his finger into his wound and tasted his life’s blood for the “cup of communion.” The martyrs fell before their enemies and were thrown into a large opening in the earth.

God’s ways are past finding out. He is the source of the supernatural. God wanted future generations to know of this unusual event, so He spared the life of one of the brethren. Badly wounded, he freed himself from his dead companions. By the aid of the stars, he made his way to

Aleppo where he related the incident to an assembly of Christians. Shortly, thereafter he joined his companions to be with His Saviour forever.

I feel it is imperative to include a portion from the book *Abraham Hoja of Aintab* by V. S. Belezikian. "Abraham Hoja Levonian was one of twelve children, though each of his parents was an only child. His father was a godly man who spent much time in prayer and fasting. He taught his children to love God and to deny self by precept and example. His mother was a saintly woman who prayed, fasted and wept for her family and others. She lived only for the next world as she could not conform to this one. Hoja stated, 'In all my travels, I have met many godly women, but I have never met one as modest, so faithful and dedicated as my mother. Seldom, if ever, did she serve meat for our meals. She cautioned us against festive habits and craving of highly seasoned foods. She never allowed a guest to smoke in her house, nor did she favor the serving of dainties, beverages or cake. She warned me against liquor, and added, 'Son, rather die than to allow liquor to touch your lips.'"

Hoja experienced a definite conversion at the age of twelve. He received an unequivocal call to preach the Gospel and commenced immediately. He committed to memory *The Sermon on the Mount*, (Matthew 5-7) His favorite text was Matthew 6:24, "You cannot serve two masters." He was afflicted with a serious ailment for two years, six months of which he lay a hopeless invalid. The Lord miraculously healed him, and from then on he was called "Lazarus" by his friends. His beloved mother died when he was eighteen, and he was led to withdraw to a cave where he made an unconditional surrender to Christ. With unswerving determination he wrote a solemn contract to depend wholly upon Him, and to obey Him until death. He witnessed to Moslems, Christians and Jews regardless of rank, race, creed or color. His burning

message was, "There is no salvation outside of Christ." They listened reverently and with great envy. The officials in Turkey admitted that they had never met a man with such a fearless witness to Christianity. In his preaching, his food and his raiment, he was much like John the Baptist.

Hoja was powerfully used of God as a human instrument to bring revival to many cities and towns. With him were twenty-six young men of like faith and passion. Defeat and discouragement was not in their vocabulary. In 1906, he wrote a letter to the brethren stating that "We are in a warfare more deadly than the Russo-Japanese war. Let us throw fiery darts at Satan, our enemy, as the Japs did on Russia." This letter was discovered in the possession of one of the brethren by the police, who promptly placed them all in prison for 99 years. The letter was translated and sent to Istanbul. The word "Turkey" was substituted for Satan, making it appear as though they were plotting to overthrow the government. Hoja sat in a corner of the filthy cell with a sheet over his head reading his Bible and praying. He was given scraps of food left by his fellow prisoners. After three months of confinement, a trial convened.

Hoja was asked by the judge, "What is your name?"

"My name, your honor, is Abraham Levonian."

"Where are you from?" the judge continued.

"I am a native of Aintab." Hoja replied.

"Where do you stay and how do you make your living?" the judge asked.

Hoja said, "I start in the morning and preach Christ from house to house until the evening. Wherever I am at nightfall, there I sleep; whatever is set before me, that I eat."

The judge asked, "Have you a license from a hierarchy to preach?"

With profound emotion he said, "My license and commission are from God. I preach repentance with no distinction to Islam and Christian alike."

The judge continued, "Who pays your salary?"

Hoja replied, "God clothes and feeds me."

The judge said, "It is wonderful, but here is a letter written by you stating that we are in a warfare more deadly than the Russo-Japanese war, what is the meaning of this?"

"Your honor," replied Hoja, "Our warfare is a spiritual one against Satan."

"Very well," retorted the judge, "You say in your letter to give regards to the young men in Zeitun. Who are these young men?"

Hoja replied, "Your honor, my handwriting is known to all men. Allow me to read my letter to see what I have written."

The judge stated, "Yours is not here, this is a copy. The original was sent to Istanbul."

With flashing eyes and the flaming zeal of a prophet he said, "There is no need to discuss this matter further." Then he added, "Your honor and men of the court, be it known unto you that we have no political connection, and we would not give *besb para* (five cents) for all the governments of the world. We are servants of the most high God." Then he thundered this warning, "Take care lest ye judge us unjustly, for God Almighty will condemn you."

There was silence in the court and his hearers were as clay in his hands as he prophesied the fate of these evil doers. The sincerity of his sterling character rebelled against injustice. With transcendent courage, power and authority, he demonstrated the words of Jesus, "And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them . . . take no thought how or what ye shall speak" (Matthew 10:18, 19).

The court adjourned to convene a week later. Soon the news broke out of Abdul Hamid's imprisoned and of the prevailing liberty in Turkey. Hoja's prediction that the liberty would be short-lived was fulfilled six months

later. Within one year they were released from the prison.

In 1915, when the Turkish authorities deported the Christian population of Aintab from their homes, they made an exception with Hoja. Considering him a true prophet of God, they allowed him to continue his preaching. Upon hearing this wonderful news, one of his co-laborers and fellow-prisoners, now living in Boston, Massachusetts, sent him a gift of \$25. He kept the letter but was restless all night. The next day, he wrote his friend thus: "Thanks for your love gift, but in twenty-five years my hands have not handled twenty-five cents. I have no need of money and have forgotten the existence of it in the world. Please give it to the poor." He returned the check. What an indictment against this modern ministry where a man is measured by the amount of salary he receives. The Almighty dollar seems to reign supreme in this day.

At Hassan-Bayley, Hoja consistently preached the Gospel of deliverance from sin during an evangelistic campaign, but the people refused to repent. His strength failed, but he protested against giving up. When confinement to his cot became necessary, he had the brethren move his cot to the platform of the church where he continued to thunder God's judgments upon the people. There were no visible results, so he prophesied fire upon them for their rebellion and left for Aintab. Three days later he heard that the Turks had burned every home, church and school and brutally slaughtered those who tried to escape.

At another time, he warned twenty-nine preachers who were en route to a conference in Adana, saying, "There is fire on your way, please do not go." Only one of them heeded his admonition and returned home. The Turks burned the church where the conference convened and not one of the preachers there lived to tell of this disaster.

Hoja preached the gospel for seventy-five years, and

was considered a modern-day prophet by all who knew him. His last days were spent in Aleppo, Syria. Realizing that the time of his departure from this life was near at hand, he penned his last will and testament. In part, he wrote: "There is nothing in me worthy of God. I am what I am by the grace of God; if I possess any goodness, it is solely the work of God. Up to this day He has cared for me. I want no honor, pomp or ceremony, not even the least of it. All the glory, praise and honor belong to my God. I do not want a coffin as it savors of pride. I have prepared underwear, shirt and tunic. Please bury me with these. Don't spend a nickel on my mortal remains. While I lived, I kept my body in subjection. Do not eulogize me at death."

On the eve of his death, he put on his specially prepared clothes that he had washed. He said to his friends, "Tonight the Lord will come for me." True to his prediction, the Lord did come that evening in 1948 just after he had passed his 88th birthday. No other funeral of his time attracted such a great multitude. They came from all walks of life to pay their last respects. At his coffin-less burial in the grave, a noble testimony was given by an obscure mourner. He declared: "The world has made a fool of millions of men, but here lies a man who made a fool of the world."

When peace was declared at the cessation of World War I, approximately 25,000 destitute Armenians struggled to return to the ruins of their former homes, while others sought refuge in neighboring towns.

Among those living martyrs was a deeply spiritual man named Abraham Seferian who had been driven to Mosul, Irak. For four years, he and his wife suffered untold hardships and privations. They were on the martyr list, but God intervened in their behalf. Hearing that the majority of the living had gone to Aleppo, Syria, Seferian felt led to go there to labor among his own people. God richly blessed his incessant labors and genuine revival

resulted. Hundreds of those who were converted under his ministry are still living for Christ in various parts of the world. A press was secured for the printing of religious literature. He founded a periodical known as Maranatha which continues to be a source of blessing to Christian Armenians the world over. It has been my joy to speak in Brotherhood churches which Seferian founded in many parts of the world.

It must be said that there were comparatively few who accepted the Moslem faith in order to escape the excruciating sufferings and persecutions. Thanks to the providence of God, our family left for the land of freedom before the outbreak of hostilities. A score of relatives who remained behind were brutally massacred.

May God grant that every Christian of this generation have the same martyr spirit which they had. There is a tremendous need for genuine revival of New Testament Christianity among the majority of present day Armenians. This could be said of all other nationalities as well.

From *Investigation of the Communist Takeover and Occupation of the Non-Russian Nations of the U.S.S.R.* published by the U.S. Government printing office. We read of the Armeno-Soviet treaty, which though signed under trying conditions, was far from an abject surrender. It stipulated: (1) Though accepting the Soviet form of government, Armenia was to remain independent of Moscow as a sovereign state. (2) The Russians would give temporary assistance to safeguard the territorial integrity of the Armenian republic. It was signed December 2, 1920. Hardly had the Communists taken over however, when they flagrantly violated both provisions of the treaty. This deception on the part of the Communists, who posed as liberators, drove the Armenian people to an unsuccessful revolt. Today, Armenia is one of the fifteen republics of the Soviet Union.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Banker, Marie S., *St. Vartan: Hero of Armenia*.
2. Belezikain, V. S., *Abraham Hoja of Aintab*.
3. Gaidzakian, Dr. O., *Armenia and the Armenians*.
4. Kurkjian, Vahan, *History of Armenia*.

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE

The derivation of the Armenian name is interesting and unique. The family name is made by adding "ian" to the father's first name. The "ian" in a surname means "the son of." Therefore, my surname means "Son of Moosh." Moosh (Muş) is also the name of a city in Turkey. I traveled through this city on the train in December 1969.

My ancestors, emigrated from the city of Muş and settled in Harput several generations ago. I first saw the light of day at the close of the first decade of the twentieth century in the village of Garmery, Harput, Turkey. Garmery is 250 miles northeast of Tarsus, birthplace of St. Paul, and approximately the same distance from Antioch (Acts 11:26).

Archie and Theresa (Polishian) Mooshian were my paternal grandparents. Eight children were born to this union: five sons and three daughters. My father, James, who was the longest survivor, came to the United States. His brother's and sister's died in Turkey. I was never privileged to meet any of these Aunts and Uncles.

Austin and Alma (Khazarosian) Astorian were my maternal grandparents. They had six children: three sons and three daughters. Agnes, Peter and my mother Mary migrated to the United States. My uncle Peter settled in Lowell, Massachusetts with his wife Grace, daughter, Lucy, and son, Austin. Peter died within a few years after his arrival. Aunt Agnes was blessed with three sons and three daughters. She with her husband settled in Maine. My mother married James H. Mooshian in Turkey. They had ten children: two were born in

Turkey, and eight in Lawrence, Massachusetts. On both sides of the family, we had grandparents who lived to be 120 years of age.

There were two preachers on mother's side of the family. One was an uncle who died in Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1957. Her first cousin pastored an evangelical church in Marseilles, France. It was a joy to preach in his church on my seven visits to France. He has since gone to his reward.

The Armenians were happy living among the Turkish Moslems. Each family had his own vineyard and they were industrious and prosperous farmers. As the years rolled on however, it became exceedingly difficult to live in peace under the severe regime of the Ottoman Empire. The ominous clouds of future massacres and persecutions were responsible for the great influx of families to America for a new start in life.

In 1909, my father in company with others settled in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Within three years he had saved enough money to bring his family to Lawrence. On April 8, 1912, we left our home in Turkey with mingled emotions. We left not only a home, but valuable lands and properties. Traveling in our group were my mother and I, my brother John (sixteen months my junior) and my paternal grandmother Theresa. Several friends and relatives accompanied us. We traveled in a covered wagon, 500 miles to Samsun, the nearest seaport. En route we made stops at Elazig, Malatya, Sivas, Tokat, and Amasya. At Samsun we boarded a small steamer bound for Istanbul. There we transferred to a larger steamer which carried us to Marseilles, France, via Athens, Greece. Then by old-fashioned steam train to Paris, and across the English Channel to London via train ferry. After some sight-seeing in London, we headed for Liverpool, England, to embark on the last lap of our journey to America.

A physical examination was required for every pas-

senger. All passed the examination but me. The physician discovered that I was afflicted with trachoma and I was detained. My grandmother remained with me in Liverpool while the rest of the party continued their journey. They reached Lawrence on July 10, 1912. After nine months in Liverpool, the physician pronounced me cured. How grandmother managed to take me to the specialist several times a week without any knowledge of the English language, I shall never understand. We arrived on the "White Star" Dominion Line, which anchored at Portland, Maine, on April 10, 1913. We finished the journey to Lawrence by train.

My mind seems completely blank regarding that first long journey as a child. Nevertheless, one incident seems to be indelibly impressed upon my mind. I had the misfortune of falling overboard from the steamer into the icy waters of the Atlantic, but was promptly rescued. I vividly remember the crew members pumping the water out of my lungs.

Grandmother was indeed a remarkable woman. She possessed unusual skill in the healing of maladies with simple home remedies. Friends, relatives and acquaintances came from a radius of 300 miles to have her treat their ailments. They returned to their homes completely relieved. She was blessed with a strong physical body and never knew the meaning of idleness. She was an exception to the old adage "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." She had no time for the existing pleasures. I do not remember her ever being confined to her bed. At the age of 75 she was hit by a motorcycle and taken to the hospital with a fractured skull. She was on the danger list for ten days, but God intervened and brought her through in excellent condition. Without any equivocation, she was a virtuous woman, as was my mother. The Bible says: "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies" (Proverbs 31:10). We considered her as our second mother, as she lived with us until her passing in 1957.

My mother was a congenial homemaker and never shirked her multitudinous responsibilities. She was an excellent manager and had the knack of making the pennies stretch a long way. Not a moment of her time was spent on the pleasures of this life. She lived and dressed modestly and never followed the fashions of this world. She never used any cosmetics or jewelry and set the right example for her children. Everything was kept in such fine condition that she was never embarrassed when guests dropped in unexpectedly.

My father was a strict disciplinarian. His word was law and we well knew the consequences if we dared to disobey. He also had no time for the things of the world, but was wrapped up in his family and the church.

I happened to be blessed with a sixth sense of humor. Somehow I always managed to act as the ringleader among my associates. Movies, dancing, etc., held little attraction for me. The live stage plays however, fascinated me. I am ashamed to admit that I lied to my mother about my whereabouts on certain afternoons when I went to see the plays. After my conversion I humbly apologized for this and other sins.

School seemed a "cinch" since John and I received special instruction in English during our off-school hours. Being his senior, I took him under my wings and fought all his battles verbally. In those days, the boys were gentlemen and would not engage in a childish battle against the opposite sex. After I fought with the boys, they would invariably say, "If you were only a boy, we would mop the ground with you, but since you are a girl, we can't touch you." They resented me for taking my brother's part, but acted like gentlemen. How times have changed!

John and I were pals until he entered college. Like most boys, he ran a newspaper route. I delighted in assisting him in delivering the papers to the various customers. It was a great day when I could share his

small pittance. In those days, children seemed satisfied and happy with little things. We were not fortunate enough to own a bicycle, so we had to walk. Things were rather difficult during the strenuous winter months in New England, but we enjoyed our work since the altruistic customers gave us tips. We were taught the art of saving our meager earnings, which we did cheerfully. The money helped to pay for our incidental needs. We did, however, enjoy our weekly ice cream cone which we felt we deserved. Invariably, John would take so long to finish his cone that I would always be first. I was unsuccessful in cajoling him to share his everlasting cone with me. To this day, he is slow and deliberate, while I tend to be hasty and demonstrative.

Together we graduated from the Alexander B. Bruce school in 1921, and from the Lawrence High School with the class of 1925. At the age of sixteen, John enrolled at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute which was fifty miles from home. I secured a job at A. B. Sutherland's—Lawrence's largest department store, demonstrating the then new Premier Duplex vacuum cleaner.

.

I had always desired to visit my birthplace I had heard so much about. On my second world tour in 1952 I entered Turkey via Aleppo, Syria, to visit Tarsus and Antioch. On making inquiry at Adana, I learned that a special permit from the Ministry of the Interior was necessary to visit central Turkey, which was then a restricted area. Due to the time element, I delayed this visit until my next tour in 1958. A month prior to my departure, I wrote to the Ministry of the Interior but received no reply. Upon entering Turkey, I deemed it wise to go to the authorities in Ankara, the capital.

I arrived in Ankara one evening and checked in at a modest hotel. The next day I found my way to the Ministry of the Interior. Upon speaking with several

leading men though an interpreter, I was advised that said permission could only be granted in six days. Not having that much time to spend, I demanded that there be no delay. After much persistence on my part, I was informed that the permit would be ready the following day.

With the coveted permit in hand, I departed the next morning by train for Elazig. Since the fares were so reasonable, I traveled "Wagon-lits" (pullman) and got to witness to those who knew English. The trip took twenty-six hours from Ankara to Elazig. Coincidentally, the train route was the same itinerary we had taken on our exodus from Turkey. At Elazig, I checked in at the Azeri Palas Hotel close to the railway depot. The cost was only twenty-five cents per day. It was definitely not first class, but was clean and comfortable. I walked the two miles up hill to visit Harput, and enjoyed the gorgeous view from the top. I was horrified however, to view the ruins of that once beautiful city with a population of 60,000. Today, only 600 Kurds and Turks reside there. This was the aftermath of the appalling massacres by the cruel Turks. There was no trace of Euphrates College (American Mission Board) that was built of stone.

The village of Garmery, my birthplace is only nine miles from Elazig, but I was unable to locate anyone who could direct me there. I was rather disappointed, but left with the avowed intention of visiting there on the next tour. In the providence of God, I succeeded in 1961. I found that our house was completely demolished, and in its place was a grim reminder of the massacres. I met a family who remembered me as a child.

There were only twelve Armenians living there among the Turks. Most of them had inter-married. I accepted the kind hospitality of an Armenian lady who remembered my family. Her Turkish husband had gone on a hunting trip so that I might take his place on the floor. Very few people sleep in beds in the villages of Turkey. The twelve Armenians gathered together in this home for fellowship

and reminiscing. I had the pleasure of sharing my testimony and the Word of God, then we had a blessed season of prayer. Praise the Lord.



Family Picture 1915
John, Grandmother, Charles, Father, C. Helen,
Mother and Ernest.

CHAPTER III

CONVERSION AND CALL

Though I was born and raised in a Christian home, I was ignorant of the plan of Salvation. Our home was considered religious. We had family prayer and Bible reading. Church and Sunday School attendance was a must, there was no alternative. We were not allowed to do as other children did. The worldly pleasures were taboo and curfew time was 9 P.M. We were often late, so we would wish that guests were at home occupying our parent's attention, for punishment was invariably deferred in such cases.

Our family church was the Congregational. At the age of twelve I was called into my pastor's office to discuss church membership. He made no effort to lead me to Christ, but accepted me at face value. This step made no change in my life. I was still a sinner.

A great city-wide evangelistic campaign was held in our city shortly after this experience. I attended most of the services with my father. One evening, my heart responded to the invitation for sinners to accept Christ as Saviour. In the inquiry room we were instructed to sign a card signifying our intentions. I promptly signed the card, but time proved no change in my life.

The campaign was over, and a nightmarish dream left an indelible impression upon my young heart. In my dream, I seemed to cross several rivers and streams in the blackness of midnight, until I reached a stately building. An angel opened the gate and ushered me to what seemed to be the throne of God. I walked the golden streets escorted by another angel who led me to the huge "Book of Life." He turned its snow-white pages and

searched in vain for my name. I was then placed in the care of a demon who cast me into the abyss of the damned where I heard agonizing, weeping and wailing. At this point, I awoke with a sudden start and found myself bathe in tears. I was indeed grateful to God that it had been only a dream. This disturbing experience left me distressed for months. I was in desperate need of spiritual help. God saw the hunger of my heart and sent deliverance (Matthew 5:6).

An old-fashioned tent meeting was in progress at the corner of Broadway and Cross Street in Lawrence under the auspices of the Church of the Nazarene in July of 1924. Those fiery, zealous "Noisy-renes", as they were called, acted like people from another world. The marks of worldliness were not in evidence. Their fiery evangelistic services were unlike anything I had ever witnessed. The loud ringing shouts of "Hallelujah", "Amen" and "Praise the Lord" made me wonder if these people had not been released from Danvers, the mental institution for Massachusetts. At the close of the first service, when the invitation was given for sinners to come forward, my friends beckoned for me to leave with them. As we made our exit, my friends said that had we remained, they would have succeeded in converting us.

The joyous singing and testimonies fascinated us enough to venture a second visit the following night. Again, at the opportune moment, my friends made the same suggestion and I yielded to their persuasion and made my exit. On the third evening however, as they left, I felt an insatiable desire to remain for the sole purpose of discovering for myself what they meant. True to their prediction, a dear saint of God with a passion for lost souls (Mary Butterworth) came directly to me. She questioned me concerning my personal relationship with God and asked me if I had ever been born again. I tried to justify myself by saying that my pastor always complimented me on being a good Christian. Neverthe-

less, it did not take her long to convince me that I was a sinner and in need of a Saviour. I realized that Christ had died for me personally.

She led me down the "sawdust trail" to the altar where she tenderly prayed for my soul. After a simple contrite confession of my sins to Christ, I believed the promise in I John 1:9, that "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us of our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I arose with courage and publicly confessed that Christ had saved me. All the old sinful desires and habits left me as I made this greatest decision of my life. The scripture in 2 Corinthians 5:17 was literally fulfilled in my life, "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Like Zacchaeus of old (Luke 19:18) I made restitutions with personal apologies and letters to all I had wronged. I forgave my enemies and made peace with them all. The condemnation for my sins was gone, then came a desire to obey the Scriptural admonitions of James 4:4 and I John 2:15 regarding separation from the world. I collected all my jewelry, compact and literature that was not conducive to Christian living and placed it all in a paper bag. On my way to prayermeeting the next evening, I threw it into a sewer on the corner of Haverhill and Warren streets. From that day to this, I have not desired the things of this world which so many professing Christians consider harmless. Praise the Lord!

My conversion took place in the days known as the "flapper age." Cosmetics, jewelry, bobbed hair and smoking were associated with the "women of the streets" and were not indulged in even by respectable sinners. The Bible Christians accepted the admonitions of Scripture. Jezebel was the only woman in the Bible who painted her face (2 Kings 9:30). We note that she, a murderess, was a vain and wicked woman. I personally feel that Jezebel should be the last woman in the world

for Christians to emulate. For me, it was a complete break with the world, so that by His grace I could live a life of separation. I have never regretted making this choice to live only for God.

After the close of the tent meetings I returned to my church. Before long, I discovered that I could never be satisfied with a social program where spirituality was not uppermost. I expressed my feelings to my pastor, but I knew that his advice to remain in that church would be detrimental to my spiritual welfare. Advocating salvation by culture and character, he scorned the "New Birth." His three-hour lecture against revivals and conversions gave me great concern. I realized that I had to make a decision. I announced my intentions of changing my affiliation to the church which had led me to Christ. Suddenly, he became prophetic and made three prophecies: (1) "If you insist on joining the illiterate and uneducated group called Nazarenes, you will make the greatest mistake of your life; (2) you will lose your mind within six months, and (3) you will live and die in New England and not amount to anything in this life." The years have proved his prophecies false. Twenty-four years later, it was my privilege to witness to his wife in their parsonage at New Haven, Connecticut. Unfortunately, the pastor was on vacation, but she seemed interested in God's marvelous leadership in my life. I was sorry to be informed that their liberal views had not changed. I had prayer with her before I departed. She expressed her gratitude for my visit and asked me to inform them the next time I had a speaking engagement there.

I was growing in grace daily and was thoroughly enjoying my new life in Christ. Though I had been baptized as an infant, I felt my need of baptism by immersion. With twenty-five other candidates I was baptized in the Mystic pond in Methuen, Massachusetts. Over 1,000 spectators were present for this momentous occasion.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost was taught as a definite work of grace, wrought in the heart of a believer, subsequent to the New Birth, through faith in Christ. After hearing a number of messages on this vital subject, I yielded my life with an unconditional surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ and was sanctified wholly (1 Thesalonians 5:23). I renounced popularity, fame and selfish ambition to become His love-slave forever. At conversion, through the efficacy of the Blood of Christ, I became a citizen of heaven and was delivered from the guilt of sin. When I dedicated my life to be a soldier of the cross, involving death if necessary, I was delivered from the power and pollution of sin. In Heaven, I shall be delivered from the presence of sin. Praise God!

In March, 1926, I became affiliated with the despised Nazarenes and accepted my responsibilities as a member. I abandoned myself recklessly to the work of the church by serving in various capacities—president of the Young People's Society, Junior Supervisor, Sunday School teacher, church secretary, treasurer, historian and reporter for the daily newspapers.

My pastor, Bryon Marshall, was an old-fashioned, self-taught preacher of the Gospel. His fiery zeal, powerful voice and compassion for lost souls appealed to saint and sinner alike. He was an evangelist of the first magnitude. Many sinners were converted under his dynamic ministry.

Our weekly schedule was filled to capacity. Monday evenings were reserved to attend special services in the Boston area. We had prayer meetings on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The Haverhill church, ten miles distant had prayer meetings on Wednesdays and Fridays, so we attended theirs as well. On Saturday nights we assembled on the corner of Broadway and Valley street, close to a cinema. Across the street were four other theaters in a row. Unlike present day street meetings there was then no difficulty in attracting people to listen. In the social

world, crowds instinctively run after the fire engine. Thus in the spiritual realm people are attracted by holy fire.

The impatient patrons at the theaters would often come to hear the Gospel rather than wait in line to enter the theater. Unashamed, the "down-and-outers" with the sinners and the self-righteous would kneel on the sidewalk and confess their sins to Christ. Under the power of the Spirit, they would surrender their tobacco and liquor to the pastor. He found great delight in pouring the booze into the gutter and burning the tobacco. After the street witness, we would march to our mission for a second service to instruct the converts. Then we would have an all night prayer meeting for the Sunday services. The Lord's day was kept for His glory. Prayer meeting was held at 9 A.M., Sunday School at 10 A.M. and worship at 11:00. The afternoons were spent in visiting prisons, reformatories, hospitals and convalescent homes. Here we shared the gospel, also comforted and cheered the inmates and patients. At 5 P.M. we were on the street corner for another service and then at 7 P.M. we had an evangelistic service.

For the first four years of my Christian life, I can humbly say that I was present at every service. These inspirational and victorious services have been deeply imbedded into my life. I recall times when the Holy Spirit would fall on the congregation with pungent conviction and power. Many sinners were converted, believers were sanctified wholly and backsliders were reclaimed. We had miracles of healing which convinced many that Christ was the same, "yesterday, today and forever" (Hebrews 13:8).

Sutherland's Department Store, where I worked remained open until 9 P.M. on Tuesday's and Thursday's. On these evenings my mind was on the meetings at our church. Promptly at nine, I was the first employee on the street, running the several blocks to the church. Fre-

quently the meetings would continue until midnight since time was not a factor in those days.

My job at the store was of short duration. One Saturday evening, the manger called me into his office to tell me that my services were no longer required. He stated that I was too religious. This, indeed, was a bitter shock to my pride. How to break the news to my family gave me no little concern. I firmly believed that I would receive encouragement in church.

The pastor in the course of his message deviated somewhat to relate a similar experience he had working on construction. He stated that God undertook for him and he secured a job with better pay. This answer to prayer strengthened my faith. At the close of the service, many offered kind words of encouragement and promised to pray for me.

This occurred during the economic depression of 1926, and to secure another job seemed incredible. I went to various agencies and left my name. Within ten days I had a call from the Lawrence General Hospital. I was interviewed for the position of assistant to the purveyor (buyer) and accepted. My working hours were more suitable, and I was able to attend all the evening services through the week.

Many were "Job's comforters" who warned me against witnessing for my Christ in the hospital. As a result of this serious concern on the part of my friends and relatives, I was cautious the first month. Then I began to witness with great fervency. The doctors allowed me the freedom to speak to dying patients. I recall a man dying with a severe case of asthma. After telling the simple story of Jesus and His love, this man confessed Christ as Saviour. Though he prayed with hesitance, yet I noticed a change in his countenance. Since I felt certain that he had made his peace with God, I left for my office. Five minutes later, Doctor Higgins informed me of the man's death and added, "There goes

another star in your crown." I fully expect to meet this man on "yonder shore", as well as others the Lord enabled me to win for His glory.

I was the object of much persecution and ridicule, because I dared to stand firm on my God-given convictions. Some of the nurses and other employees found great delight in calling me "Saint Cecelia." Whenever I had a phone call, I was notified that "Saint Paul" was on the line. Another day it was "Saint Peter", "Saint John" or some other Bible character. Because I dressed modestly, the workers derided me saying, "Here comes grandma in her nightgown."

I was assigned to the nurses dining room for my meals. I could hear the jocularity as I bowed my head to return thanks to God. I was the only born again Christian among the employees, and the Lord kept me steadfast in spite of all the opposition. Those responsible for the ridicule admired and respected my courage. It is always a joy to suffer for His sake.

Our missionary society was raising funds through the medium of the sunshine bags. A penny placed in the bag every day the sun shone was the novel idea. It occurred to me that the hospital staff would be happy if I shared the plan with them. Their immediate sanction delighted my heart. There were sunshiny days when I forgot the bag. A phone call from the main office stirred me into prompt action. Around the hospital I went and returned with the bag filled to its capacity, thanks to the generosity of the staff and the patients. I had collected the largest amount in our society.

Selling poppies for the Veteran of Foreign Wars was an annual event in Lawrence. One Saturday I was among the volunteers to sell poppies to the pedestrians. A prize of five dollars was given to the one who had collected the most money. I was surprised when the prize was handed to me with a note of appreciation. Five dollars was a gigantic sum in those days. I gave this money to a

missionary from India who spoke in our church shortly thereafter. Thus began a chain of philanthropic giving to the furtherance of the Gospel at home and abroad which has continued to today. In addition to giving monetary gifts, I have donated pulpit chairs, communion sets, song books, Bibles, wall clocks, chapels and altar rails.

In our church we had a small but excellent group of youth who had renounced all sinful pleasures to follow Christ. Among those in the Junior Society, was an adorable three year old curly headed blonde with sparkling blue eyes. Her name was Mildred Moore and she was gifted with rare talents, especially in music. She later became organist and choir director for the famed Tremont Temple in Boston, Massachusetts. I had her to lead in one of the junior services. God came upon this child in an unusual manner as she spoke. Among the seekers at this service was her father and grandfather.

With an aching heart, I endured the testing experience of a change in pastors. It did not dawn upon me that God had many chosen servants. In my mind, no one could fill Pastor Marshall's place. When Pastor Dowie Swarth, with his wife and only daughter, Edith, arrived from the Northwest, the adjustment was simple. I loved and appreciated them immensely and we became life-long friends and co-laborers in God's battlefield. It was my pleasure to have him as my superintendent in Alberta, Canada and in Arizona.

Then came the call for me to enter full-time service for God. The call was as definite as my conversion. Without any reluctance I resigned my position at the Lawrence General Hospital. It was a momentous occasion when I enrolled as a freshman in September, 1929, at Eastern Nazarene College in Wollaston, Massachusetts, just seven miles from historic Boston.

CHAPTER IV

EDUCATION

Our denomination has eleven colleges strategically located throughout the nation. My choice was Eastern Nazarene College because it was just forty miles from home. Then too, my friends were going there. One of them was Dorothy Butterworth, whose mother had led me to Christ. She was my first roommate. We had much in common since we came from the same church. Dorothy was very cordial, jovial and compatible. We enjoyed many experiences together and did not get in each other's way.

I had reserved enough money for only one semester's tuition. The Lord enabled me however, to pay all my expenses before the final examinations. Fortunately, I had inherited some of my mother's good qualities and was enabled to manage very carefully. I know the secret of making a dollar stretch. With each succeeding year I was able to pay all my expenses without any difficulty. I have no regrets that it was necessary for me to earn my entire way through college. I would certainly do it again if I had to. I did not consider it beneath my dignity to do all kinds of jobs.

My off-campus jobs included baby-sitting, maid service, washing, ironing, house-cleaning in 150 different homes and clerking at Woolworth's in Quincy. Thirty-five cents an hour was the minimum wage, and I was elated when some paid fifty cents an hour. The on-campus jobs included an active role in the kitchen with broom and mop, as well as dishrag. For one term I enjoyed assisting the cook. There I really learned the art of making palatable piecrust. Next came a promotion

in campus duties to a position in the college library. During my freshman year, I served as secretary to the class and vice-president of the Young People's Society.

I remember a most humiliating experience. For several days Dorothy and I had been unconsciously scratching our heads. One bright, sunny day, she asked me if I would scratch her head as she feared the dreaded lice. I was amazed to discover a few roaming around her hair, and promptly got rid of them. Like Job of old, the thing she dreaded came to pass. With a glance through my hair, she remarked, "Celia, you have an army in yours." My entire system went through a severe shock and we decided to take immediate action.

First, we confided our predicament to our dean of women. Fortunately, I had a baby-sitting job that evening. I purchased a gallon of creolin disinfectant and proceeded to the home; then Dorothy followed. We shampooed our hair in the creolin and literally scores of head lice were washed down the drain. Then we used generous amounts of regular shampoo. We returned to the college in darkness and no one was the wiser. Due to the objectionable odor we missed our classes the next day.

Succinctly speaking, one of the most powerful and lasting revivals took place in the spring of 1930. On this occasion Nellie Cummins, a senior student, "stood in the gap" as the human instrument in God's hands. She carried the greater burden alone until several of us joined her in prayer.

The revival broke out one morning in Professor Angells classroom. One of the students confessed and prayed for victory after being under conviction for many days. Chapel service followed with a tidal wave of victory and blessing. The Holy Spirit fell upon the student body in great power and the altar was filled with seeking souls. The president and faculty sensed the visitation of God and announced special services nightly.

The daily chapel services lasted until three o'clock in the afternoon and the evening services until the wee hours of the morning. There were numerous conversions. Many students consecrated their lives and were filled with the Holy Spirit. Backsliders were restored while others answered the call of God for full time service. Two characteristics of genuine revival, namely, the confession of sin and the making of restitution, were evident in all the meetings. Students left the altar of prayer to make apologies to their professors, fellow-students and their employers. One student humorously confessed that he had been busier than an old maid in leap year writing letters of restitution. Meals were eaten intermittantly for spiritual hunger was predominant. The local citizens felt the mighty impact and attended the services.

Though the evening services were discontinued after six weeks, the revival continued until Commencement. The power of God was so manifestly present at the Baccalaureate service that President Floyd Nease was unable to deliver his message. There were ringing testimonies and shouts of victory as souls rushed to the place of prayer, confessing their needs to Christ. The students went to their respective homes for the summer months with the joy of the Lord in their hearts. There were glowing reports of spiritual activities and conversions wherever they had witnessed for Christ.

At the invitation of my pastor, Dowie Swarth, I spent the summer months of 1930, in Paterson, New Jersey. Their daughter, Edith, two fellow-students and I drove to New York City in an old "model T" costing \$15. It was necessary to stop at every service station for gas and oil. We were constantly being reminded by the traffic officers to "get the old crate off the road." Others suggested that we drop a nickel into it with the hope that it would give us better service. It would often stall in front of the traffic lights and make things rather embarrassing for us. By a miraculous intervention of God

through faith and prayer, the faithful jalopy made the trip without serious mishap. We were met by Pastor Swarth in New York who drove us to Paterson, New Jersey.

This was my first visit to the then world's largest city, (Tokyo, Japan, has that honor today) and I was thrilled to have spent several hours in sight-seeing. I was captivated by the skyscrapers. At that time, the Empire State Building (the world's tallest) was in the process of construction. The Chrysler Building with its 88 stories was the tallest.

I secured a job as a maid in a home at Packanac Lake. Each week-end I was busy with the activities of the newly organized church in Paterson. The home in which I worked had a darling, "above the average" three year old. She was intensely interested in hearing stories at bedtime. I was really shocked one evening when, after telling her a story of Jesus, she innocently asked, "Who is this Jesus? Will he bite you?" Though she knew about all the animal and cartoon characters, she was completely ignorant of the Bible personalities. Her mother informed me that Jean had never been taught any religion nor had she been taken to Sunday School. Her puny excuse was that she and her husband had too much religion as a child, and they were sparing their children from the same fate. Jean was learning the Bible stories and reciting them to her parents.

Edith Swarth and I had fully intended to return to Eastern Nazarene College that fall, but the unexpected happened. Her father received a call to pastor the home mission church at Reno, Nevada. She was not at all enthusiastic about leaving her college, especially since she had experienced revival. After some consideration and prayer, however, she felt she must abide by her parents' decision and asked if I would accompany her. Without hesitation, her parents sanctioned the idea. I realized that this would give me an unsolicited opportunity for travel and for making new friends besides full-

filling a life-long desire. Though I was discouraged by many, including my own family, I felt led to accept their kind offer.

On August 18, 1930, we waved farewell to our dear friends, the John Lepters, who had graciously granted us hospitality in Paterson. The trip was made in a 1928 Essex which caused us no concern until we reached Denver, Colorado. There, seven bearings burned out. There was some time for sight-seeing in the mile-high city while the car was being repaired.

Twelve days later we reached Reno. It was my first long trip and I enjoyed it immensely. Upon entering Reno, we observed a huge banner on the main street which read, "THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD." We found the citizens friendly and cordial. They blamed the divorce and gambling situation on the great influx of people who came from the outside. I found two articles of my wearing apparel missing from the clothes line the morning after our arrival. There was no way of knowing if the guilty party was a native or a transient.

An evangelistic campaign was in progress with the Knight-Schultz party which consisted of a lady preacher and two singers who were sister and brother. After the campaign they were heading for Pasadena, California. Edith and I were to enroll at Pasadena College, and we felt that singer Earl should join us. The ladies decided to send some of their baggage by railway express in order to accommodate us in their car.

En route to Pasadena we stopped at a friend's home in Arvin, California, who owned a fruit orchard. I confess to have an abnormal appetite for fruit of all kinds. Now this appetite of mine could be tested. I picked many varieties of grapes, figs, pomegranates, apricots, peaches and citrus fruit. I filled my lap and sat on a chair under the bright skies. There I remained until every bit of it was consumed with relish. There were no ill effects

and I have been consuming quantities of fresh fruit ever since. It has been my principal diet on all my tours.

We arrived in Pasadena one evening ten days before school opened. We were unable to locate the dean of women so we waited on campus. A student appeared and understanding our predicament, took us to the home where he was staying. We accepted the kind hospitality with gratitude.

The next day, Edith was offered a job in the college kitchen and I got a job as part-time maid in a home. The salary seemed fabulous—\$40 plus board and room per month. The hours were from 3 to 7 P.M. Monday through Friday and all day on Saturday. I was free on Sunday after the breakfast dishes were done. After a few months the lady of the house became suddenly ill and needed a full-time maid, so I returned to the campus. I did not want to incur any debt so I managed well on my fresh fruit diet. Grapes were only five to ten cents per pound. Oranges were five to ten cents per dozen. Other fruit was equally as reasonable.

During this interim, I attended a meeting in the Alhambra Nazarene Church. The missionary told of the great need for Gospels in India. The prevailing good spirit made it conducive for hilarious and generous giving. I wanted to share in this needy project, but my entire resources amount to fifty cents. I was challenged with this excellent opportunity to prove God's promise in Luke 6:38; "Give, and it shall be given unto you." My fifty cents seemed so insignificant in comparison to the generous gifts of others, but I determined to obey God. Like the widow of old I placed my "all" in the collection plate, believing God would undertake.

The next day I chose to fast and attended my classes with unfaltering faith and assurance. The devil was insinuating that my God had failed. I received much encouragement through prayer and rebuked the sinister foe with "Get thee behind me, Satan" (Luke 4:8). On

my way to the last class, one of my professors casually handed me an envelope, which I placed in one of my books as I hurried to the classroom. In the flood of other duties I forgot the envelope. The dinner bell rang and the students headed for the dining room. In the privacy of my dormitory room I knelt to tell the Lord that I was happy I obeyed Him. I knew that He was mindful of His own. I was serving Him because I loved Him. The words of Psalm 37:25 came to my mind, "I have been young, and now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread."

While on my knees I remembered the envelope. As I opened it, I beheld a new five dollar bill with a note attached saying, "From your Heavenly father through . . ." There was the good measure of Luke 6:38. Satan was instantly reminded again that God never fails. The professor unaware of all the factors involved in the incident, was delighted to hear the full story. Such experiences have occurred many times since.

There were many opportunities to speak in the various churches of the southern California area. One of the rare privileges I had was that of giving my testimony at Waterman's Old Time mission. A man of means who happened to be in attendance at that service, offered to pay my expenses through college. I was impressed to refuse his altruistic offer and have never had any occasion to regret this decision. God has never failed to supply all of my needs. I was able to locate another job off campus and finally given a position in the college library.

During the summer of 1931 I tried salesmanship selling *Hurlburt's Story of the Bible*. I was making some progress, but the heat was so intense I could not continue. One extremely hot day I went to the employment agency seeking a job. The clerk in charge informed me that there was a lady waiting for an interview. I had chosen the opportune moment, thanks to the Lord's leadership.

The lady approached me saying, "I am in desperate need, I want a maid who neither smokes nor drinks." Her reason was to eliminate the possibility of having another maid like her former one. She stole their cigarettes and liquor to entertain her own friends. I assured my prospective employer that since I was a born again Christian I did not engage in either habit. As she was revelling in the fact of securing such a desirable maid, I stunned her by making some inquiries. "When is maid's day off," I asked. "Thursday" was her quick response. I told her that unless I could have Sundays off to attend the church of my choice, I could not work for her. Then I added, "Do you expect the maid to purchase tobacco and drinks for your family's use?" Her answer was in the affirmative. I informed her that I had conscientious scruples against buying and serving such things, therefore I must decline the job. My word was final, but to my utter surprise she accepted me, though reluctantly.

She took me to her exclusive home at Corona Del Mar; on the Pacific coast between Los Angeles and San Diego. After making some inquiries, I learned that the closest church was in Santa Ana, which was thirteen miles away. I had planned to arise at 6 A.M. on Sunday and walk to church, so was amazed when the family offered me one of their cars. At that time, I could not drive, so thanked them for their offer. Then the man of the house offered to drive me and I was able to witness to him. He said he would return for me, since I planned to remain all day. When he suggested 9 P.M., I told him that 11 P.M. would be more suitable. Services continued much longer in those days. All that summer, each of the six members of the family alternated in making taxi service available for me.

I returned to Pasadena in time to spend Labor Day week-end visiting a cousin in Fresno, California. Upon my return to college, a telegram awaited me which read, "Mother took suddenly ill and passed away, come as

soon as you can." The Lord wonderfully supplied the financial need and I boarded a Greyhound bus for the long journey across the United States. The trip took exactly seven days and six nights, employing three different busses and several drivers. Today, the same trip would take three to four days. God marvelously sustained me through the entire journey, though I had very little sleep or food. At home, I discovered that the funeral was over. Ten days had passed since the sending of the telegram.

Mother had succumbed three hours after giving birth to her tenth child at the Lawrence General Hospital. Left to mourn her loss were her husband, mother-in-law, and ten children: C. Helen, John L., Charles, Ernest J., Margaret, Elizabeth, Ruth Alma, Mildred Pauline, James Jr., and Martin Peter, the infant. Today, only the children remain. All are living in the east with the exception of Margaret and James, Jr., who reside in Sacramento, California. At the time of my return east, I remained home for two years to assist my aged grandmother who now had the sole responsibility of the household.

Then once again at the end of two years, the Lord enabled me to return to Eastern Nazarene College in 1933 to resume my education. The following year I was elected president of the League of Evangelical Students, an organization of many evangelical colleges and universities in the nation. Its purpose was (1) Christian fellowship; (2) practical experience services and (3) winning other students to Christ. I put myself whole-heartedly into its various activities. The 120 members in our college were organized into twelve groups of ten students. Each group had its own preacher and musicians and was assigned to conduct weekly services in missions and churches throughout the Boston area.

We had good fellowship with other leagues. I shall always cherish the visit to Gordon College. The league of nine members of Harvard University was greatly

encouraged and strengthened by fellowship with our large enthusiastic group. We were kept extremely occupied with our commitments.

I was delighted when my good friend Florence Smith, invited me to spend the summer of 1934 with her in Flushing, New York. We both worked as bus girls at Bickford's restaurant in New York, relieving the "regulars" during their vacations. I had some blessed experiences speaking at a number of churches and rescue missions, including the famous Jerry McCauley mission. At the Cremorne mission, nine "down and outers" confessed their sins and with tears accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

One day on my way to work I noticed a man following me in the subway. I tried unsuccessfully to convince him that I had no desire to date a stranger and held up my Bible. Finally as a last resort, I shouted "Hallelujah" and rushed to board my train. I looked back to note his reaction and saw him running the other way through the crowds. "Hallelujah" became my effective defense.

The term of 1934-35 was an extremely busy time. In addition to my other duties I was business and circulation manager of the college paper, *The Campus Camera*. I joined the Forensic Club and went in for debate. I remember one debate in particular. The subject—"Should Roosevelt be re-elected as President of the United States?" My two colleagues and I spent long hours in preparation for the negative side. We were thrilled when we won unanimous victory both by the judges and student acclaim. We won the debate but Roosevelt won the election.

In the spring of 1935 the National League of Evangelical Students convention met in Philadelphia. I was a delegate by virtue of my office, and Irene Anderson was elected to accompany me. The male Quartet of our League had been invited to sing on the program. To all six of us, this convention proved to be a highlight of our

college career. I had the distinction of being the only woman to be elected on the National Executive council. Until that time everyone knew me as Celia H. Mooshian. When I was approached for the printing of my name on the new stationery, instantly I wrote "C. Helen" and have been using this form ever since. Before returning to our campus we held services with great blessing in two churches in the Philadelphia area.

During the summer of 1935, I worked at Woolworth's in Bayshore, Long Island. The Bill Stark family of Islip afforded me their kind hospitality. I kept busy during week-ends in the various churches in that vicinity.

In my Senior year, the Young People's Department of the local college church was divided into four groups namely: Ephesians, Philippians, Corinthians, and Galatians. Each group was to conduct a service a month. It was an honor for me to be chosen pastor of the Ephesian church. I am not prejudiced when I say that I had the most active and talented students. We were constantly applauded for the excellent programs of music.

Through the summer of 1936, I remained on campus to work in the college library. Catherine Anderson was my roommate and we each managed to live on \$1.30 a week. I wish it were possible to duplicate that today. I still live on much less than the average person, however. To God be all the glory!

Physically, I had been doing well until my senior year when I was confined to my room for several weeks. The business manager was very kind and allowed me to recuperate in his home. I shall always be indebted to the E. G. Anderson family for this gesture. Due to the illness, I incurred a debt and also postponed taking my comprehensive examinations required for graduation. To liquidate my school debts, I went to work for Professor and Mrs. Linford Marquart during the term of 1936-1937. I completed my examinations in the spring and received my A. B. degree with the class of 1937. I like to be

remembered with the class of 1936, however, since I was with that class for three years.

In the summer of 1937, I accepted a call from my former pastor, Dowie Swarth of the Alberta, Canada, district, to do home mission work. It was a genuine joy to work—establishing churches under his leadership as superintendent. Here was a leader whose heart interest was in his workers and lost souls, not in financial rewards. He had a young lady to assist me in the work, and we were to live entirely by faith, trusting the Lord for all our needs. The Home Mission Board would pay only the rent for the building in which we were to worship.

I took my first real vacation before proceeding to Canada since I had remained on campus to work during all the previous vacation periods. I visited several of my college friends in Ohio and Pennsylvania. It was a time of relaxation and change.

Professor and Mrs. E. E. Angell had accepted a call to teach at the Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho, and were to drive there. They graciously offered me the pleasure of accompanying them as far as Chicago. After several weeks of visiting with relatives and friends, I boarded a train for Alberta, Canada, to begin my active ministry for the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V

HOME MISSIONS IN CANADA

1937-1942

The trip from Boston to Chicago and thence to Coleman, Alberta, Canada, was uneventful. A humorous incident however, occurred in Medicine Hat, Alberta, during a stopover for lunch. As I left the cafe, a man rushed in and almost knocked me down. Breathlessly he asked the waiter if he had found a dental plate on the table. It was exactly where he had left it. I laughed at the absent-minded victim, but years later, when I forgot my lower partial in a parsonage in Jonesboro, Louisiana, the laugh was on me.

At 1:30 A.M. on October 19, 1937, I reached Coleman and was welcomed by the Swarths and soloist, Elizabeth Nelson. They had been in a campaign there to enlist potential adherents. Before their departure the next day, they introduced me to Gunnell Berglund, my co-worker. She was a young, excellent musician and talented speaker. She played the piano in whatever key I sang, so referred me as the "six flat, seven sharp song leader."

COLEMAN—October 1937 to April 1939.

Coleman is beautifully situated at the foothills of the Canadian Rockies and is famous for its coke ovens and coal mines. The breath-taking Crows Nest Lake is located two miles from Coleman and part of this lake is said to be bottomless. Several cars, busses and pedestrians have accidentally fallen into this lake and have never been recovered.

The 16 by 24 foot mission hall was on the main highway which connects Alberta with the United States. We had to live in the hall because the two small rooms in the back were occupied by a couple. Several benches served as pews. An old organ costing five dollars was a great aid in the music. An ancient cookstove which served as a heater stood near a three-legged utility table. Our food supplies were hidden behind the organ, while our personal effects were safely tucked in suitcases under the front windows. Two benches served as our bed and we used a quilt until we secured a cot.

It was a happy day when the couple occupying the rooms moved to another place. Now we could really live in style. One room was used as our kitchen and dining area; the other served as our bedroom and living room. The cook stove in the mission hall was moved into the kitchen and replaced with an old heating stove. The small kitchen sink had only one faucet which ran cold water. When the temperature dropped to 50 degrees below zero, the tap would freeze and the kitchen door became a solid glass of ice. To hide the coal soot, we calcimined the walls of our kitchen a jade green and the bedroom in royal blue. We dyed the curtains, towels, sheets and pillow cases to match the walls.

Mr. Gamble, the railway ticket agent furnished us with a complete bed. He and his family had been recently saved. Judge Gresham of Blairmore, Alberta, made us a chest of drawers out of wooden beer cases. The missionary societies provided us with bedding and other necessities. All varieties of vegetables were sent to us in 100 pound sacks. A sheep rancher sent us 65 pounds of mutton which kept us supplied with meat for a long time. Butter, jam, honey and home-made bread were given to us as we visited homes. The first money we received came from a young convert in Pincher Creek who sent us a ten dollar bill. His letter read: "Enclosed you will find ten plunkers for you to divide in a Christian manner."

Some of the outstanding personalities we encountered while in Coleman, were: Greasy Mike, our landlord; Johnny the Track, his son-in-law and Popeye, the painter. Bill MacDonald, the single Baptist preacher from Blairmore, was a weekly visitor on Mondays. He chopped our wood and did the heavy chores in return for meals and fellowship.

One evening prior to the service, our three-legged heating stove toppled over. Just then Popeye, the painter, appeared to request prayer for his dying wife. I went with him to his home while Gunnell remained to clean the mess. God answered prayer for his wife and the service continued without delay.

Children's services were held with good results. One girl was called as a missionary and others were saved to live changed lives. Some came from filthy homes so we made them presentable for the service. One girl had a huge "ball-like" nest of matted hair and lice. We cut it off and washed her hair in Lysol, until her family hardly recognized her.

We had several campaigns with Evangelists Edward Lawlor, Walter Tink, Bill Clark, and Charles Thomson, President of Canadian Nazarene College, accompanied by the Male Quartet.

Christmas 1937, brought us many gifts of food. Among them was a wonderful parcel of edibles from my college pals in Boston. I felt that Gunnell should be with her family for the holidays since she was only 300 miles from home while I was 3,000 miles. She had served as janitor and I was the cook. The first morning after her departure I had an unforgettable experience. I could not get the cook stove to work even though I used a box of matches plus all the paper in the house. I was ignorantly using pieces of wood instead of kindling. I began to feel numb but had presence of mind to run to the neighbors. So nearly frozen was my body that it took my neighbor nearly two hours to thaw me out.

One day Mayor Pattinson asked me how we were faring, and I answered, "We will have a church here, or you will have two funerals on your hands." He laughingly replied, "I guess we will have the church."

Nine months after our arrival, Edward Lawlor held a successful campaign for the organization of the church. Gunnell and I each received \$28.65 for our first year of service.

The district assembly convened at Red Deer, Alberta in April, 1938. I gave my report of the work in Coleman. After mentioning the remuneration, the General Superintendent asked humorously, "Sister, whatever did you do with all that money?" I was pleasantly surprised when the delegates elected me as president of the District Young People's Society. It was a solemn occasion when I was ordained to the ministry. I have never doubted the call of God. Two years of full time service is normally required for ordination, but since I could not remain in Canada as a licensed minister, the leaders ordained me within six months.

The following is a letter of recommendation from Mayor Pattinson.

April 28, 1938

Mr. Smith, Immigration Officer
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear Mr. Smith:

This is to certify that I know C. Helen Mooshian, whom I understand has been ordained as a preacher by the Church of the Nazarene.

Miss Mooshian has been in Coleman, and I am certain that she and her church are doing a good work here. The town of Coleman appreciates the work that she and her co-worker are endeavoring to do, so that this may be a better town for us to live in.

Miss Mooshian will be a welcome citizen as long as she desires to remain here.

Respectfully yours,
George Pattinson, Mayor

After fifteen months of service, Gunnell left to take charge of the new work at High Prairie in the Peace River district. Myrtle McEwen assisted me for three months; then Dorothy Thomson arrived. Both were faithful and diligent co-workers.

I resigned as pastor of the church in Coleman in June of 1939 to enter the field of evangelism and to serve as the District Youth Leader. The church surprised me with a farewell party. Our landlord, Albert Knowles died of a heart attack while preparing to come to the gathering. I had a share in his funeral service prior to my departure.

DISTRICT YOUTH PRESIDENT—April 1939-1942.

During this period I was engaged in evangelistic campaigns and organized a number of Youth societies. I made regular visits to give spiritual encouragement and to conduct the business for the societies. It was a joy to organize the Summer Youth Institute with oratorical contests and Bible quizzes. I also edited the Home Mission and Youth pages for the monthly periodical. We had a highly successful tour of the churches with Evangelists Howard and Irene Lewis (my college friends) from Akron, Ohio.

With reluctance I relinquished this position when I returned to the States in 1942. The Society presented me with a beautiful gift which caused me to be overcome with emotion. The chairman said, "Friends, the eighth wonder of the world has just taken place—a speechless woman."

The following is a letter from the General Secretary:

July 29, 1942

Dear Miss Mooshian:

I wish to express to you my appreciation for your splendid cooperation on the Alberta district. We have had no district president in our entire connection who has been more faithful and cooperative in the general NYPS program. I am indeed sorry to have you leave the field of labor and shall always be interested in your future success.

The splendid increase that you have shown consistently since your leadership on the district is a token of the reward which shall come not only here, but in eternity for your faithful labors.

May God bless you abundantly as you carry on for God and the Church.

Yours in the Master's service
Sylvester T. Ludwig
General NYPS Secretary

It was my pleasure to serve as delegate from Alberta to the General Youth convention which convened at Oklahoma City in June of 1940.

HIGH RIVER, ALBERTA—April and May 1940.
Co-worker, Mae Larsen.

The Phillips sisters who were in charge of this work were called to California, so Mae and I were asked to "hold the fort" until the arrival of the new pastor. It was so refreshing to see the converts from the 1939 campaign still faithful to God. There was a Mr. M. who attended all the services of that campaign. He was having difficulty making his peace with God. When I asked him the reason, he stated that he could not forgive his wife and brother for running off together and taking all his

savings (\$6,000). We prayed and fasted for this need and God answered. Mr. M. was marvelously saved and wrote a letter of apology to his wife and brother for his unforgiving spirit. They responded saying they were happy to know he was converted, but not a word regarding their unlawful living nor the stolen money. Mr. M. determined to live for God and became instrumental in winning several souls to Christ.

I left for the States on June 2, 1940, to have a brief visit with my family, the first in three years. I also attended the commencement exercises of my alma mater in Wollaston, Massachusetts. The next day I accompanied the Oscar Burchfields to Oklahoma City to attend the general assembly.

DAWSON CREEK, BRITISH COLUMBIA—August 9 to September 15, 1940

At the conclusion of the campaign which I held in March of 1940, I was authorized to organize the church in the absence of Superintendent Swarth. Thirteen people comprised the charter membership and a youth group was organized with nineteen enthusiastic young folk. Then in August, a five-week tent campaign with excellent results followed. The Willis Rennicks were my co-workers. We needed a place of shelter so we asked the Lord to help us. A local merchant offered us his two-room house adjacent to our tent, rent-free, provided we would not ask him to attend the services. We prayed for him and he became a faithful friend and adherent. From time to time he also furnished us with groceries.

At the conclusion of the tent meeting, we needed a place of worship. Again, prayer prevailed and we rented a four-room house. We asked the landlord to remove the partition between the living and dining room to use as our place of worship, but he was unwilling. We realized it was a risk for him since our future plans included a

building of our own. We prayed for a miracle and while on our knees the answer came. The landlord came to inform us that he would tear down that partition the next day. How true are the words, "... before they call, I will answer." (Isaiah 65:24).

Our Youth group gathered every Saturday and Sunday evenings to conduct street meetings in front of Mr. Harper's general store. After several weeks, the police insisted that we hold our services across the street. For three weeks we obeyed this injunction, but the people did not come there. I was definitely led of God to return to Harper's Corner and to leave the results with Him. The words of Peter came to my mind repeatedly, "We ought to obey God rather than men" (Acts 5:29). We obeyed and returned to Harper's Corner.

Two years later while pastoring in Denver, Colorado, I heard the results of our obedience to God. The merchant (Mr. Harper) had heard the Gospel through the transom window of his store and had been converted. His life was transformed. He forsook his sins, refusing any longer to sell tobacco and liquor. His customers wondered what had happened until he told them. Some time later he was killed when dynamite exploded in the warehouse adjacent to his store. Many citizens lost their lives in this catastrophe. The church was spared except for a few shingles which were blown off the roof. The dynamite had been stored for use on the Alcan Highway.

WESTLOCK, ALBERTA—March to June 1941.

Westlock is located sixty-five miles north of Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. It is on the train route from Edmonton to Dawson Creek. A five-room house was rented for living quarters and the front room served as the mission. The local people furnished the furniture and other items. For lack of funds to buy shelving paper, daily newspapers served the purpose well.

There were three in attendance at the first service and forty-three in the last one. While giving the gospel witness on the street, I had rotten tomatoes thrown at me. A number of special services were held by visiting preachers and the Lord gave us some victories. Since I served here alone, I enjoyed the fellowship of Adolph and Marie Weiss who served at Dapp, fifteen miles north. A fair nucleus was interested in the work, and upon my departure, a young couple succeeded me.

YOUNGSTOWN, ALBERTA—July 20 to September 28, 1941. Co-worker, Cora Walker.

Cora and I began our ministry in Youngstown with a successful three-week, Holy Ghost revival. This was a "far-reaching" campaign since some folk came as far as 65 miles to attend the services. One young high school principal and six teachers were restored to fellowship with God. A pastor of the Brethren persuasion consecrated his life to God and was sanctified wholly. God performed miracles and scores of people from the town were saved as a result of pungent conviction of sin. Like Zacchaeus of Bible fame, many made restitutions of long standing; old debts were settled and old sores forgiven. They realized what it meant to be "crucified with Christ" when they surrendered their *All* to Him.

We were entertained in the home of a farmer who lived three miles from town. At the conclusion of the campaign, we needed to remain in the town to encourage the new converts. We scouted the town without success, so resorted to prayer. Within a week our hearts were thrilled as we saw a five-room house situated on the east side of our mission. Everyone in town knew that our mission was the only building on that block, so admitted that it was a miracle.

After making several inquiries, we learned that the building belonged to Mr. A. whose wife and family had

been converted in the meetings. He was an obstinate and profane man to deal with, but was meek as a lamb when I approached him about renting the building. He told me that he owned the land next to our mission, and suddenly decided to move the house to it. When he understood our desperate need, he offered us two rooms which he furnished, for five dollars a month. We prayed, and God sent the needed finances every month. The town folk provided our other necessities. We borrowed some small glasses and observed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Cora and I had a blessed time in daily visitation, ministering the Word and giving encouragement to the converts. The mission was in need of repair and we were happy when a young pastor and his wife were sent to succeed us. They did a magnificent job with the assistance of local help.

EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGNS

In addition to my responsibilities as president of the Youth organization, I engaged in revival campaigns in several churches. Cora Walker was my efficient co-worker. One of the outstanding campaigns was held at High Prairie whose population was ninety per cent Roman Catholic and ten per cent Indian. From the first service, there was an unusual spirit of freedom and conviction. The people responded without any urging or singing an invitation number. It was most encouraging to witness this move of God.

I recall the campaign at Tupper Creek, British Columbia. There were only twenty-five inhabitants here until hundreds of Czechoslovakians, who had been driven out of their country by Hitler during World War II, moved in. They arrived with only the clothes on their backs and had to begin anew. The Canadian government had given

them a large plot of land on which to build make-shift homes and to establish schools.

Pastor A. G. Weiss, being of German descent, found this a profitable mission field. There were some excellent conversions and physical healings. It was my pleasure to visit this settlement on several occasions.

Prior to my campaign in Tupper Creek, Mr. Wrolson had been converted and Pastor Weiss tells the story. "Mr. Wrolson was reputed to be a wicked man shunned by the people. I was advised to avoid this ungodly character. This challenged my heart and I made it a subject of prayer. One day an audible voice spoke to me to visit this desperado. I was startled and Mrs. Currie's advice rang in my ears: 'Brother Weiss, don't ever go near his place; he's very dangerous and may kill you!' With faith in God, I stood before the door and knocked. There was no answer. Then I heard the dog growling at the second knock. Footsteps followed, the door opened and a large boot landed on the dog about to attack me. The yelping animal ran under the bed. With a grave face, a husky, unshaven Swede stood before me.

'Who are you?' he demanded.

I backed up a bit, flashed a big smile and extended my hand. I am the pastor of the Nazarene church. Are you Mr. Wrolson?

'Yes, and what's it to you?' he replied.

I then related my concern for his soul. Mr. Wrolson's countenance changed, for the Lord had prepared the way.

He extended his hand saying, 'Come in son, you are welcome. I have lived here eighteen years and you are the first Christian to call on me.'

The shack was anything but home-like, with rubbish all over the floor. The dog was chewing on the bones of a deer leg. An uncovered jar of strawberry jam was on the table with hundreds of flies swarming in and out continuously. A large, jam-smeared butcher knife lay beside a loaf of bread. Suddenly, he said, 'Say, preacher

are you hungry? I can fix you a sandwich in a hurry.' Wiping the jam-smeared knife on his overalls and shooing the flies out of the can, he made the sandwich. Neither the circumstances nor the sandwich appeared palatable, but I thanked him and tried to eat it.

Mr. Wrolson told of his coming to Tupper Creek many years ago. He had been given religious training by his mother. On the fly-leaf of his Bible, she had written, 'To my son George who is leaving home. Wish he would be good and serve God.' Tears coursed his cheeks as he told of the church, schools and colleges he had attended and of the two degrees he had earned in the States. He continued, 'I have wasted my life. I am eighty-five years old with a severe heart ailment. Is there any hope for a man like me?' I assured him that there was hope for such as he and quoted John 3:16. Convinced that he was in the 'Whosoever,' he knelt with his head between his knees until he found peace and victory in his heart. The Lord forgave him and transformed his life.'

One year later while pastoring a church five hundred miles south of Tupper Creek, A. G. Weiss received a letter from Mrs. Currie which read in part, "You will remember Mr. Wrolson. I am very sorry that I ever told you not to go see him, because he became one of our best neighbors. He lived a consistent Christian life for a year until his death. His last words were, "Thank God for the young preacher who dared to come visit me."

Another significant campaign was held at Mantario, Saskatchewan, with Pastor John Therou. Pearl Armstrong was the song evangelist. Only forty people lived in town, but eighty to one hundred were in attendance nightly. Daily prayer and fasting meetings were held in the church and there were many seekers and happy finders.

In this church there was a certain Mr. S. who claimed that Mr. C. owed him a debt of \$100. When I informed

the said Mr. C. of the matter, he denied the charge and went to see Mr. S. for the details. After some deliberation, Mr. S. settled for \$50 which Mr. C. paid on the spot. Mrs. C. felt that this was an unjust deal, so we prayed for God to have His way in the matter. We asked the Lord to "burn a hole" in Mr. S's pocket if he had taken the money unlawfully and to direct him to place the money in the church offering on Sunday morning. On the contrary, if Mr. S. had taken it lawfully, we asked the Lord to give Mrs. C. grace and victory. The following Sunday morning the treasurer reported that there was an envelope containing \$50, and we praised God for this definite answer to prayer. Mr. S. was at the altar that evening seeking forgiveness, making restitutions and testifying to victory in his heart.

On July 10, 1942, I bid farewell to the Alberta district and toured the Dominion of Canada, representing the Young Womens' Missionary Society. After this profitable experience, I had a brief visit with my family in Lawrence, Massachusetts, then boarded a train for Denver, Colorado, to co-pastor a church with my college friend, Lorraine Schultz.



Our home—Lawrence, Mass.

CHAPTER VI

HOME MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

After five wonderful and fruitful years in Canada, I was led to the United States where I spent four years in home mission endeavor, establishing seven churches in Colorado, Arizona, Utah and Nevada.

DENVER, COLORADO—September 1942 to August 1943.

My co-worker, Lorraine Schultz, was very talented, versatile and congenial. She was a qualified musician, an excellent pianist and could play any stringed instrument. She taught me to play the Hawaiian guitar and she played the Spanish guitar for our duets. I directed the singing to her accompaniment and we alternated with the preaching.

We worshipped in a portable tabernacle at Edgemont, situated between Denver and Golden. The caretaker's cottage on the camp ground, two miles from the church was our temporary home. Later, a two-room parsonage was built behind the church. There were twenty-three people in Sunday School when we arrived. Within six months, our average attendance was one hundred. On Easter Sunday we broke our record with 136 in attendance. Our infant church was in third place with the seven churches of the city that day.

Lorraine purchased an old car for \$50 which she named "Speed." The car was on its "last legs" and gave us constant trouble. She drove and I pushed. At my request, she taught me to drive so that she also may have the pleasure of pushing occasionally. "Speed" was in the garage more than on the road, so Lorraine sold it

for \$40. Then she bought a 1936 "Chevy" for \$100 which she named "Victory." We derived better service from "Victory" and used it constantly for the work of God.

We conducted a revival campaign after which Superintendent Davis organized the church with seventeen charter members on November 11, 1942. Shortly thereafter, the Carl Brockmuellers were used of God in a successful campaign and several new members were added to the church. Other speakers included John Pattee from China, Lyle Prescott, Robert Jackson, and the Pasadena College team.

Our salaries were raised from six to ten dollars a week. Since I lived by faith in Canada, this was my first charge with a stipulated salary. God truly blessed our brief ministry there, and after eleven months we felt another pastor could take over the work. The members were saddened by our resignation and accepted with reluctance. Lorraine did evangelistic work until she flew to Africa in November and I headed for Arizona.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA—September and October, 1943.

My co-worker was Willadean Hopkins and we "lived by faith" which did please me. The district had purchased an old barn which had not been cleaned for many years. With the help of Superintendent Swarth and six pastors, it took several weeks to clean the debris, also make it presentable for worship. The interior was lined with celetex. After the volunteers completed their task, Willadean and I were occupied for a month with paint brush, mop and rag plus plenty of "elbow grease." Seventeen truck loads of rubbish and old furniture were hauled away from the attic which we made into Sunday School rooms. From the dump we rescued a rusty kitchen sink which I painted red. The bathroom fixtures also had coats of bright paint. With the then modern

trend in color schemes we were in vogue. We killed myriads of insects.

We were enjoying our ministry here when word came to inform us that we were to transfer sixty miles west to Williams, Arizona. Reluctantly, we bade farewell to the band of faithful Christians. The Walter Hemeters followed us there. After twenty-seven years absence, I had the pleasure of visiting the work in April 1970. I was happy to note the progress that had been made through the years.

WILLIAMS, ARIZONA—October 1943 to June 1944.

Williams, with a population of 2,000 is located on Highway 66. It is the gateway to the famous Grand Canyon, one of the natural wonders of the world. We made five trips escorting our guests to this fantastic handiwork of God. Willadean and I entered the contest to secure subscriptions for our church paper. Our efforts were rewarded when we were notified that we had won a scholarship to Pasadena College for one semester. Willadean took advantage of this offer and enrolled that fall. She was an excellent artist and had proved very beneficial to the church.

As far as the church was concerned, not many of the local people were interested. One family, however, drove seventeen miles each way for the Sunday services. I decided to center my attention on the youth so conducted a campaign for them. Their enthusiasm delighted me no end. Then I had a successful Vacation Bible School. There were a number of conversions among the children who manifested a genuine thirst for Bible knowledge.

Outstanding among my experiences in Williams, was the following. One day while making calls I met the Hall family, formerly of Chicago. Three of their four children were converted in the children's campaign. Dickie, the other child, was bedridden with rheumatic fever. Due

to failing health, the father, a former preacher, was now a salesman. The mother was a backslider, and the family carried a great burden for her. One sleepless night I prayed for a miracle in her behalf, and asked God for wisdom to deal with her. With great confidence and assurance I left the mission the next morning. On my way to their home I met the husband and shared my burden with him. With tears coursing his cheeks, he took a notebook from his coat pocket and said: "God promised me three years ago that she would be reclaimed today."

As Mr. Hall and I entered the house, I was very conscious of God's presence, yet felt insignificant and helpless. I was depending solely upon His wisdom and He did not fail me. As the Holy Spirit was dealing with her, the Lord gave me the words to say to her. She suddenly fell on her knees and began to confess her sins to Christ. With the joy of restored fellowship, she fell into her husband's arms, praising the Lord. She reached for her cigarettes and burned them before us. I asked about Dickie, and they led me to his room. It was not long until he, too, confessed his sins and was saved. We then prayed for his healing and God answered our petition. Dickie attended the service that evening, accompanied by his mother and both gave glowing testimonies.

While pastoring at Williams, it was a privilege to entertain Dr. C. W. Jones, the Foreign Missions Secretary of the Church, the Swarths, John Pattee from China and the Pasadena College team.

FALLON, NEVADA—July to September, 1945.

This mission had been operating for five years, but never had grown enough to be organized into a church. I began with an extensive visitation program to make contacts. I conducted a Vacation Bible School in the mornings and evangelistic services at night. God blessed my humble efforts with souls and after a few weeks,

the church was organized. There were eleven charter members, including Chief Whitefeather Evans and Celia Moreno, an ex-mormon. We also held services on the Indian reservation close to Fallon.

I wrote to Pastor Gretzinger of the Salt Lake City Nazarene church and asked him to send me two pounds of soy bean nuts to supplement my diet. I had seen them in Woolworth's for 15¢ a pound. Contrary to my expectations, I received a large box which I had difficulty in carrying from the post office. It contained five pounds of the nuts, a huge book entitled *From Maidenhood to Motherhood*, published in 1857, and many gadgets and souvenirs suitable for prizes for use in Vacation Bible School. Mr. Gretzinger was in the process of moving to another pastorate and felt that I could use the items more profitably. Twenty-five years later, I was invited by the church to conduct a week-end meeting in January of 1971. I was happy to meet three of the charter members and many new ones.

GARDNERVILLE, NEVADA—September and October, 1945.

This small town of Gardnerville was only two miles from Minden, where no church was allowed. Practically every home I visited in Minden slammed the door in my face, there was no interest in any church. I had somewhat better success in Gardnerville where the mission was a converted morgue. The altar rail and pulpit had been made from two wooden caskets found on the premises. There were times when no one came to the services. Nevertheless, I would turn on all the lights and carry on as though the hall was filled to capacity.

I invited everyone I met as well as those in the various homes I visited. One boy I spoke to on the street remarked, "Lady, this is the sixth time you have asked me today." By sheer persistence and faith I was able to

win his family of four to Christ. When the church was organized, his father became the first Sunday School superintendent.

It was at Gardnerville where I secured my D.D. degree—*Do or Die*. I was notified that I had six weeks before the arrival of a full-time pastor. Then I made a covenant with God to have results or to die in the attempt. At the time I had reserved \$600 at the Valley National Bank in Phoenix, Arizona. My goal was \$1,000 to build a chapel for the American Indians as a memorial to my mother. I wrote to the president of the bank stating, that in the possibility of my sudden death, I desired the savings to go to John Stockton, general treasurer—Church of the Nazarene. Then I wrote to Mr. Stockton of my plans. Finally, I wrote to my superintendent telling of the possibility of my absence at the Sunday School convention in Carson City. God intervened and gave us several conversions and victories. With a heart full of gratitude to God, I left for the convention. The church was organized under the ministry of the next pastor. I left Gardnerville with the positive assurance that NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH GOD.

MILFORD, UTAH—December 1945 to February 1946.

My co-workers were Carl and Helen Whitmore. Milford, population 3,000 is strictly a Mormon town. We secured the former Christian Science church and began to canvass the town to make contacts. Children's meetings were held Friday afternoons with overwhelming success. The son of the Mormon youth leader attended faithfully and refused to go to his own church. I overheard a derogatory remark concerning our services one day in the post office. The lady addressed replied, "Oh, but my son attends and would not miss a service for anything."

On one occasion I felt led to visit the Mormon church.

Their speaker did not arrive and I was asked to "pinch hit" for him. They asked me to give them some information about my church. I began at Pentecost and related the history of the church from John Wesley, down to the present-day holiness churches. Then they suggested a question period. One man asked me where I got my authority to preach. Instantly came my enthusiastic reply, "From God who had definitely called me." Many other questions were asked and the Lord enabled me to answer in such a way that there was no ill feeling. All felt that it was a profitable evening of mutual interest.

After the service I was invited to the home of one of the leading members. She listened with rapt attention as I shared some of my experiences. At my request she subscribed to two of our church periodicals.

The time came when we felt that our work was accomplished, so we left and a couple came to succeed us. Later reports reveal good progress.

ELKO, NEVADA—April to July, 1946.

After conducting several evangelistic campaigns on the district, I was asked to pioneer the work at Elko, a thriving town of 5,000 inhabitants. There were thirteen churches and the people did not want another one. Superintendent Cochran and Pastor DeCoe drove me to Elko where we had difficulty in securing lodging. Therefore, my first night was spent at a motel and the next day I found a reasonably priced room at the Commerical Hotel.

The first Sunday I attended a Baptist church for morning worship and the Assembly of God for the evening service. As the Assembly pastor stood to read the Scripture, he suddenly collapsed. The congregation rushed to the altar to pray for him, and within twenty minutes he regained consciousness. Realizing he was unable to preach, he asked if I would be his substitute.

God helped me to deliver a simple Gospel message and twelve people responded to the invitation.

Within ten days, the manager of the hotel informed me that I must vacate my room. A convention was scheduled in town and all the rooms had been reserved in advance. I searched the town in vain for a room. Someone suggested I try across the railroad tracks. This I did. While walking the streets, I came to a building that resembled an inn. There was a white globe with a red light in the front and I noticed that all the window shades were down. As I approached the door bell, the Spirit checked me. Just then a man passing by shouted, "Hello there." I did not recognize him, so asked who he was. He stated that he had heard me preach in his church the previous Sunday. When I questioned him about the house, he answered rather shyly, "Come home with me and my wife will explain." I was horrified to learn that it was a house of ill-fame. There were five others in the area.

Together with my newly acquired friends, we searched in vain for a room. My last day at the hotel gave me a dreadful feeling, for I did not have the remotest idea where I would stay that evening. While walking the streets, I met the pastor of the Assembly of God church. Learning of my precarious situation, he offered me the use of a divan in one of his Sunday School rooms. This was my home for ten days until I went to Salt Lake City to attend the district assembly.

After I gave my report, a young couple from Tucson, Arizona, offered me their house trailer, providing someone could go get it. The superintendent and Pastor DeCoe traveled the 1600 mile round trip for the trailer. Upon their return to Provo, they took advantage of a few hours sleep. I then accompanied them to Elko. We were unable to locate a place to park the trailer. As a last resort, we went to the home of the couple I had met feeling

confident they would be willing. I was correct in my assumption.

As soon as I was settled in the trailer, I visited each one of the "Houses of ill-fame" to distribute religious papers and tracts. Invariably, the one who answered my call would say, "These girls are not interested in religion." I assured them that they certainly should be, and left the tracts.

Within a few days I rented a hall to conduct Sunday services. The Lord blessed our small group and in a few weeks we were ahead of four other Sunday Schools in town. During my brief stay I witnessed some victories. I remained until a couple from Olivet College arrived to succeed me. Today, a permanent building has been constructed. They are preaching the gospel of full salvation in that town of licensed gambling and prostitution.

Following this last home mission venture, I entered the field of evangelism. This included laboring among 28 tribes of North American Indians in Montana, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, Ontario, Canada; across the border into old Mexico and on the Alcan Highway.

Then came calls from my missionary friends who were scattered far and near. They wrote: "You have exhausted America and Canada, why not come and give us a boost in these needy fields?" I made these requests a subject of earnest prayer and God opened the first door in 1947. In the meantime, I returned to Canada where I had labored for five years. It was a source of great joy for me to visit several of the churches in Alberta. While in Dawson Creek, British Columbia, I felt impressed to go on the Alcan Highway to witness for Christ.

The Alcan Highway

This military highway was built by the United States for the defense of western civilization. It links Alaska with Central and South America. The gigantic under-

taking was begun in March 1942, while I was in Dawson Creek, the entrance to the highway. It was dedicated on November 20, 1942.

Ten thousand soldiers and six thousand civilians labored on this masterpiece of roadway construction. Army barracks served as their temporary homes. These heroic men worked eight hours a day covering eight miles in severe cold weather. They nearly froze when the temperature dropped to 30 degrees below zero. A million dollar bridge was built over the Peace River between Dawson Creek and Fort St. John. Bridges were also built over 200 streams and rivers. It is a picturesque gravel highway with 24 feet between ditches. It climbs to an elevation of 4,200 feet beyond Fort Nelson. Every mile of the 1500 miles is marked on stone on both sides of the highway from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks, Alaska.

One can make this trip by car or use the British-Yukon Bus Company which operates thrice weekly. The bus travels 300 miles a day for five days to make the journey each way. By special permission, the bus company allowed me clergy rate which was one-third off the regular fare.

At 9 A.M. one morning, I boarded the bus to find an all male crew of working men. Civilization was sparse, bears were plentiful and the scenery most ideal. Within twelve hours we reached the 300 mile post. I had shelter at a converted army barracks for fifty cents. I felt like a soldier sleeping on a cot shoved against the door to prevent intruders, since no keys were available. The next morning I ventured out into the unknown, as the male crew boarded the bus toward Watson Lake, the second stop for destination Fairbanks.

I learned at the small cafe that the Indians resided in a village called Fort Nelson. It was ten miles on a side highway to the army air base, thence three miles through the jungle to the Fort Nelson River. This river mergers with the MacKenzie River and empties into

the Arctic Ocean. After walking 100 feet, a soldier in a jeep asked where I was going. Since he was going in the same direction, he offered me a lift. I shared my testimony with him for the ten miles to the base. I thanked him and then walked through the jungle praying for God's protection. There was only the dull roar of the planes overhead and no signs of life. I stopped to pick raspberries along the way and had several seasons of prayer.

Upon reaching the river's edge, I noticed the Indian village on the other side. There was no means of conveyance, so I prayed, "Dear Lord, do send something along, or I will try walking on the river." Suddenly, two young men emerged from the jungle and went toward a small boat located a short distance down the river. I had noticed that boat, but felt it would be impossible to maneuver it by myself. I asked the young men if they would take me across. They had me to sit on one end of the boat while they sat on the other. After placing a motor on their end of the boat, we proceeded. Half way across, the devil told me that these men were going to dump me into the river. I rebuked the sinister foe and trusted God. As we reached the other side, they asked, "When are you going to return?" adding that they would take me at 5 P.M. I told them I had no idea when I would be through witnessing, but the Lord would provide a way for me. I expressed my gratitude to them, and never saw them again.

I had a blessed time witnessing and distributing tracts to all I met in the village. I had a long visit with a Mr. Maloney, a fur trapper who recounted thrilling stories of trapping for minks during the winter months. I then shared my testimony and he insisted that I tell the catholic priest. We then went to the recreation center the priest was building to attract the Indians and trappers to church. He disagreed very sharply with me as I shared my faith with him. He claimed the people were not interested in the message I bore. Mr. Maloney

told him straight out that he wished they could hear Gospel messages rather than have social affairs.

Mr. Maloney took me across the river in his boat, then I spied two old men in a jeep who gave me a ride to the 300 mile-post. There, I witnessed to the men in the cafe. In the confines of my humble room I had a glorious time praising the Lord for His protection and guidance as His ambassador.

Years later, after speaking in the chapel service of Olivet Nazarene College, a student came to tell me that he had also visited that village after my sojourn and some Indians were converted. I was happy to know that I had a small part in sowing the seed of the Gospel. How wonderful that God expects our faithfulness which is in the realm of possibility (Rev. 2:10).

CHAPTER VII

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

I-ndians—immortal souls,
N-ative of our land,
D-o not know our Savior.
I-s guilt upon your hand?
A-sk God for these heathen
N-or stop at prayers, but act,
S-end the good news quickly.
We are our brother's keeper.

At the general assembly held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in June, 1944, the North American Indian District was organized with Dowie Swarth as the superintendent. I was appointed as the secretary-treasurer, and assigned deputation work.

Inasmuch as I was depleted physically, I went to Prescott, Arizona, for rest. A check-up revealed the following diagnosis: anemia, low blood pressure and blood count at sixty. The physician advised that I take six months of complete rest including two weekly liver shots. Ignoring his advice, I felt assured that God was going to heal me so that I could continue my labors of love for His cause. In that confidence, I attended the healing service at the camp meeting then in progress in Prescott, and was anointed with oil according to James 5:16, 17. Without any equivocation, it was a genuine healing. I left the next morning with the Willis Clark family to visit the Indian work before setting out on deputation tour. I preached to Indian congregations in Yuma and Somerton, Arizona; Winterhaven, California; and across the border into Mexico.

Memories are all too vivid regarding our initial trip to Mexico. The mission station wagon was filled to capacity with three missionaries, seven Indian believers plus all of our luggage. Arriving in San Luis, Sonoro, we wondered if we would be able to reach our destination. We were constantly being stuck in the drifting sand dunes. We just kept going for we were certain that the Indians would be waiting for a service regardless of the hour.

The eighteen mile trip took twelve hours. Arriving at midnight, we found the Indians had built a fire in an oil drum for warmth and light. These Cocopah Indians, living in primitive conditions, use the creek on their reservation as their "bathtub." They wash their clothes and bathe simultaneously. We ladies gathered at one part of the creek, while the men met at another point. I went into the water with my housecoat on, so I could wash my dress. The swift current caused my dress to float down the stream, but fortunately, one of the ladies rescued it for me. My hair was covered with white sand and I had to resort to using Clorox the next day in order to get it back to normal.

We stood around the oil drum resembling "drowned rats" and conducted a religious service until 2:30 A.M. Then everyone slept on the ground wrapped in blankets, Indian fashion, but I was unable to sleep. The next morning I noticed my legs were covered with large blotches. Evidently, something from the creek caused the eruptions. It was a month before I was rid of them. After sleeping on the ground in another mission, we awoke to see our bedding made soaking wet by the heavy dew. To top it all, I found a rattlesnake under my pillow and killed it instantly. The services were held under the heavens with all the livestock attending along with the Indians. While the service was in progress, I watched a hen laying eggs.

The Indians were fascinated with the Gospel message. At the invitation to accept Christ as Savior, forty-eight

of them responded. Coming out of their ignorance and superstition, they confessed their sins to God as we directed them. They climaxed their repentance with victorious testimonies.

After these experiences, I spent four months in deputation work. My itinerary took me to thirty-five states and three Canadian provinces. I spoke in seventy-five churches to raise funds for the Indian work.

Upon my return to the Indian headquarters in Phoenix, Arizona, I served as associate editor for the new periodical *The North American Indian*. I was also in charge of the central clothing depot, distributing clothing to the various missions. As time permitted, I held evangelistic services in the missions and churches throughout the Southwest.

It was with reluctance that I resigned my position and accepted the call to do home mission work on the Nevada-Utah district. Nevertheless, my heart interest and burden for the Indian remains.

Some Indian surnames I became acquainted with were: "Jealous of Him, Hopping Rabbit Woman, Nose all over the face, Bringing Good, Makes Cry, Crazy Bear, Crooked Eyes and Long Time between baths" to name a few.

AN INDIAN SPEAKS

"You know our practice. If a white man is traveling through our country and enters one of our cabin's, we warm him if he is cold and give him meat and drink to satisfy his hunger and thirst. We spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep and do not expect anything in return. But if we go to a white man's house and ask for food and drink, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog.' You see, they have not learned the good little things that our mothers taught us when we were young."

FACTS ABOUT INDIANS

According to the 1960 census, there are 273,000 Indians representing many tribes in the United States. The largest tribe is the Navajo. Sixty thousand of them dwell on sixteen million acres in Arizona and New Mexico. Traditions, centuries old, still prevail among them, since western civilization has made little impact upon them. Only twenty per cent of them have had primary education. In recent years, excellent progress has been made.

The Navajos lived by plundering the more peaceful tribes until the United States had them sign treaties. They now own great herds of sheep and goats which they seized from the Spaniards. Their chief source of income is from these flocks which they sell for meat and wool. They subsist chiefly on tortillas, goat and lamb meat, bread, potatoes and coffee. They are a hospitable, fun-loving and friendly people, though with the strangers they show a quiet reserve which is often mistaken for aloofness.

The present-day, industrious Navajos live in clans. Family ties are strong among them due to the rigid rules regarding marriage and the home life. They do not show their affections in public but one can see the mothers kissing their babies. It is considered a sin for a Navajo to lose his temper. Hence, fights and feuds are rare among them.

A hogan (hut) made of adobe with mud floors is home for the Navajo. The hogan's only door faces east, therefore one must enter and pass by the west side of the fire. An open fire serves as their stove. There are no tables, chairs or beds. They roll up in a blanket and sleep on the floor. They are not burdened down with the white man's house chores.

The women's dresses are most colorful. They wear tight fitting blouses with long sleeves made of bright colored velvet. They have no pockets or purses but tie

their small possessions to their belts. These belts are often worth from sixty to eighty dollars.

Men and women wear the same hair style and jewelry. They prefer white rocks to diamonds, even though valueless. The green-blue turquoise takes first place. This beautiful stone is part and parcel of their folklore, myths, traditions and ceremonial dances. The unique designs of the Navajo rugs are woven without following a pattern.

When a mother dies, her family has first claim on her children even though the father may want them. It is not unusual for motherless children to be given to friends and relatives. Babies are born without anyone attending the mother. At the birth of a child the grandmother washes it by squirting water over it from her mouth. The mouth is also the usual place for warming the child's bath water. Ashes are rubbed over the little body to remove anything undesirable. The little one is rolled in a coarse home-made blanket and tied to a cradle-board lined with cedar bark to soften it. Sand is used to clean the pad when it is wet or soiled. For twenty days after a child is born, the mother is not allowed to eat anything but "piki" (dry corn bread) and coffee. Salt is forbidden. Both mother and baby suffer as a result of this insufficient diet.

The mother grinds corn for the feast for those attending the baby-naming ceremony, which begins long before daylight on the twentieth day. The women and girls belonging to the family have their hair washed before attending this ritual. They use suds made of soap root which is applied with an ear of corn. Each one present has a right to wash the baby. At dawn, the mother names the baby. The child is named after the first object the mother notices. The feast now begins and the days of her semi-fasting are over. The mother carries the child in a papoose bag on her back. She hangs it on a nail or a limb of a tree as she goes about her work. The child is greatly loved and seldom whipped.

Navajo medicine men make their medicines from leaves, the bark of trees, grass and dung. If a relative of a medicine man dies, the medicine is placed on the tree in front of the hogan and never used again.

The Navajo dead are placed in the care of the medicine men, who douses the body with water and throws it in the creeks and gullies. They burn the hogan as soon as the corpse is removed. The Christians bury their dead in a box and only the missionary attends the funeral.

The Navajo language is difficult to master, but the barrier is lessened with the increasing knowledge of English among them.

BLACKFEET INDIANS OF BROWNING, MONTANA.

The Blackfeet tribe dress the body of their deceased warrior in fine clothing. They wrap the corpse in a large buffalo robe tied securely in the forks of a tree. They believe the ghost of the departed travels to the hills, a peaceful place where it is united with friends and relatives. The deceased man's widow mourns many days for him. She cuts off her hair below her ears and removes her ornaments and old clothes. In extreme grief, she will cut off her finger or gash her legs with a sharp stone.

AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT AMONG THE MOHAVES.

Mr. Johnson was a slave to the drink habit. His devoted Christian wife prayed daily for his salvation. Other Christians were also praying for him. On numerous occasions, he was taken before Chief Kearny Miller, Justice of the Peace, on a drunken charge. Chief Miller, a born-again Christian, pronounced a unique sentence, telling him, "You must go to church every Sunday for six weeks, or I will have to send you to jail." Mr. Johnson obeyed the Chief and attended faithfully. His wife and the Christians now prayed more earnestly for him.

One Monday morning, Mr. Johnson knocked at the missionary's door in Parker, Arizona. He seemed greatly troubled and stated that he wanted to be saved. They knelt together and prayed for his salvation and deliverance from the liquor habit. The Lord graciously answered prayer and soon he joined the church. Since he was the main singer of the tribe, he was supposed to sing all night at the death wakes, but he steadfastly refused to follow the tribal customs. He is now singing the praises of Christ who transformed his life.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE "MOOSHIAN MEMORIAL CHURCH" IN TWIN-BUTTE, NEW MEXICO.

It was an extremely dry summer in Navajo-land with no rain for months. The older Indians stated that it had never before been as dry. The grass had withered and the water holes were dry. Both men and beasts were threatened with disaster. They flocked to the mission to inform the missionaries of the sickness among them, stating that several children had died.

The medicine men had been doing everything within their mystic powers, but no rain was in sight. The following Sunday morning the mission was filled to overflowing. The message was preached from I Kings 18:41 and James 5:17, 18. The missionary stated emphatically, "that the God of Elijah still lives." Then added, "He can do the same for you. God answered the prophet's prayer, and rain came in abundance. Let us pray that the rain will come before another Sunday." The Indians went to their homes, believing the promises of God. On the following Saturday, there was a sudden downpour. Soon the ground around the mission was like a lake and the gullies were filling up. The rain was not general for there was no rain in Zuni-land, though the priests had been praying for weeks. Not a drop had fallen upon the sun-worshippers in the north. Once again, they had

witnessed the hand of Almighty God perform a miracle. The Indians came to the mission that day to thank and praise God.

A COCOPAH FUNERAL. THE YUMAS AND MOHAVES ALSO CREMATE THEIR DEAD.

The age and importance of the dead govern the elaborateness of the ceremonies. At the death of an individual the body is never touched by human hands. It is carried on its mattress or pallet and placed on six logs on the ground under a large arbor of arrowweeds and willow poles.

The members of the tribe, together with the family weep and wail for four days as the medicine men chant with their gourds. Then on the fifth day, the body is moved to the burial ground and placed on the pyre made over the open grave. Dry logs and arrowweeds are ingeniously piled up to form a hollow cradle for the body. More logs are placed over the body. The people have come prepared wearing several layers of clothing. The women take off their surplus dresses and shawls, while the men remove their extra shirts and sweaters. At the chant from the medicine men, the people throw their clothing, blankets and whatever gifts they have brought on top of the body and logs. Then they dance around the body several times, while one man, with a torch of weeds, sets fire to the wood. All is turned to ashes before the crowd disperses to the Colorado River. They do a ceremonial dance in the river for the purpose of chasing the ghost of the departed loved one away. A fire is then made on the bank of the river with arrowweeds. The men and boys dance through the fire while the women and girls dance around it. This is to bring certain deliverance from the ghost.

The Indians are now ready to return to the humble abode of the dead. Prior to the cremation ceremony

they had a four day fast, so now is the time for feasting for a similar period. At the conclusion of the feast, they burn the house of the dead with everything in it. All the people go after more poles and arrowweed leaves to help build a new home. The relatives and friends now proceed to their own homes.



C. Helen. College Graduate—1937.

CHAPTER VIII

LATIN AMERICA—FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR

My last six days in the States were spent at Ardmore, Oklahoma, with my friends, the Steve Bennetts. God blessed the services in their church.

On Labor Day, 1947, they drove me to the Dallas Union Station in their car. In my excitement, I got on the wrong train, but the conductor told me I could change stations in Houston, which I did. I rushed to the ticket counter after paying the taxi fare.

"One way Clergy to Brownsville, please," I said, puffing.

With deliberate calm and ease, the clerk asked, "Are you white or colored?" After he repeated the question, it dawned upon me what he meant.

"White," I retorted. As a Northerner, I had not faced this before.

He then said, "Madam, you are in the colored waiting room." There was no time to waste, so I hustled to the other side, purchased my ticket and boarded the train just in time. Upon arrival in Brownsville, I spent three days in preparation for my first missionary tour.

On September 5, at 7 A.M., I was among the eight passengers who embarked on the Pan American clipper bound for Mexico. Within three hours, we reached Mexico City—land of quaint charms, customs and exotic foods. As the plane came in for a landing, the tire on the left landing gear had a blow-out. There was no serious mishap.

Superintendent David Sol and interpreter, Albert Morales, welcomed me at the airport. I was taken to the home of Pastor Munoz. He and his family spoke no

English so I had to resort to sign language when the interpreter was not available. The cool climate was most refreshing after the heat wave in Texas.

The next day, we had a pleasant sight-seeing tour. We visited the Nazarene Bible School, saw the floating gardens of Xochimilco, the great Toltec-Aztec pyramids of the Sun and the Moon, the Metropolitan Cathedral and the old fortress, Chapultepec. At the Cathedral, I watched the Archbishop baptize 500 babies at a price I knew those destitute people could not afford. My heart was crushed, since I knew that baptism for infants was not essential for heaven. The atonement which the Lord Jesus Christ provided on Calvary was sufficient. Baptism for adults following repentance and conversion was the scriptural admonition (Acts 3:19). How tragic for people to be kept in such ignorance!

On Sunday, I spoke five times in four churches using three interpreters. The response was most heart-warming. I learned a number of choruses in Spanish so that I could sing with the congregation. I had never studied Spanish, but was able to read the hymns from the song book.

At the "Youth for Christ" meeting I met many American youth, including the brother-in-law of my friend from Nampa, Idaho. I had some business matters to care for, so was elated when this newly acquainted friend offered his assistance. He and his companion drove me down town. Both were students at the University and were well versed in the Spanish language. En route, we were hailed by an officer for having innocently violated some traffic regulation. Since I did not understand the conversation, I engaged in prayer. Quietly, I asked my friend if they had Gospel tracts with them." In the glove compartment," came the quick response. I promptly took one and handed it to the officer. He accepted it courteously and commenced to look at it. Instantly, his countenance changed to a smile. For a moment he forgot that he was

representing the law. With radiance that becomes a "child of God," he gave his testimony of his conversion to Christ. After the young men related their testimonies, we drove away with thankful hearts that the Gospel was reaching hearts in that land.

We found poverty amidst luxury. It was appalling to see the huge vultures devouring debris from the streets.

On September 10, after a pleasant five-hour flight, I landed in Guatemala City. Being the first passenger to reach the immigration office, I noticed a patch of horse manure in front of the entrance. Instinctively, I jumped to the other side. The waiting guards pushed me back and commanded that I walk through it. We were being fumigated against the "hoof and mouth" disease. Each passenger followed with hearty chuckles, laughs and groans. Our baggage went through the same ordeal, so we were allowed to take only overnight necessities with us.

Robert Ingram met me at the airport and asked me to make a choice. I could either leave within an hour by plane to Coban, or remain overnight to accompany him by jeep. Instantly, I decided on the latter suggestion, as I was desirous of seeing the people and the scenery.

That evening, I spoke at the Nazarene mission and my heart was thrilled at the response of the natives. The next morning, we traveled through beautiful mountains. Hundreds of Indians in their native garb, with huge packs on their heads, were trekking along the stony mountain trails. It was amusing to see them hurry off the roads at the honking of the horn on the jeep. We reached Salama after seven hours and had a delicious dinner with the Earl Hunters. I remained at the Ingrams for the night.

We proceeded to Coban the next day, where I was a guest of Mother Anderson, the pioneer missionary. Her husband had gone to his reward. I was delighted to find her daughter, Catherine Burchfield there with her child-

ren. They had come for a rest before returning to Peru for their second term. Her husband had gone directly to Peru.

It was a bit of pleasantry to watch Catherine bargaining at the native market for my souvenirs. Even though it was the proper thing to do, I cannot say that I enjoy the dickering. Sometimes voices are raised and quarrels result. As we walked around the villages, we noted the barefoot natives with heavy loads on their heads and backs. One man was carrying a large sewing machine on his back and another man was carrying a piano. I was amazed to see them climb the 350 stone steps leading to "Calvario" (Catholic church and cemetery). None of them left their packs at the bottom of the steps, for fear of being stolen. Very slowly we walked to the top of those stone steps.

I recall how Mother Anderson could make so many varieties of dishes with a vegetable called "cho cho." When I thought I was enjoying breaded veal cutlets, potato balls or croquets, I was informed with a hearty laugh "It is the same old 'cho cho' dressed up."

During my twenty-two days in Guatemala, I spoke nineteen times through six interpreters at Coban, Salama, Tactic, San Juan, Guatemala City, also at the Bible School and Day schools. At the Indian church in San Juan, 58 people rushed to the altar of prayer to be saved.

The annual council meetings for the missionaries convened at Coban. I spoke in some of the devotional services. Catherine and I spent long hours typing the various reports and also serving as reporters to the English and Spanish periodicals. On September 29, the council adjourned. As a token of appreciation, the missionaries presented me with a lovely Guatemalen luncheon set. It was a pleasure to note the work of these missionaries first hand.

The Wellmons of Nicaragua and the Vaughters from Livingston, southern Guatemala, accompanied me to the

city. My stay at the "Garden of Roses" mission cost two dollars daily with meals. I sent a wire to the Nicaraguan government asking for a permit to enter their country and it arrived in three days.

Cora Walker, my former co-worker from Alberta, welcomed me at the airport in Managua, Nicaragua. Together, we boarded a bus for the eighty mile trip to Rivas which cost eighty cents involving three hours. At Rivas, Cora hired the same bus to take us to San Jorge. The driver charged two dollars for the three-mile journey. The ragged urchins swarmed about us, wanting to carry our luggage. I nearly had nervous prostration with so much shouting, heckling and inveigling.

We finally reached the rat-infested mission home, the abode of Teacher Esther Crain and Nurse Cora. After a simple repast of chicken and cheese by the light of a kerosene lamp, we retired for the night but not to sleep. The rats seemed to be in some kind of convention of their own. During family worship, I literally did "watch and pray" because of the detestable creatures running around the place. A number of natives brought me fruit.

During my six days, I held seven services at San Jorge, Rivas, Buenos Aires and Managua. Many stood on the outside of the already crowded churches and manifested great interest in the Gospel message. At San Jorge, a woman standing outside was listening so intently that she failed to notice a dog carrying away her package of meat. When a friend called her attention to the episode, she merely waved her hand saying, "Adios carne" (Goodby, meat) and continued to listen with rapt attention. Thank God for the devoted adherents to the message of Salvation.

At 6 A.M. on October 7, Cora, Esther and I went by jeep to Rivas. We boarded a bus for Managua and made our headquarters at the modest Roosevelt Hotel. How thrilling it was to preach to a packed church in the capital

where several people were saved. Some of the children even came in their "birthday suits."

From Managua I flew to Panama City with stops in San Salvador and Costa Rica. I phoned several hotels and learned that there were no rooms available. Leaving my luggage at the airport, I took an overnight bag and headed toward the Tivoli Hotel. Here, I was fortunate to secure a double room for \$3.50, the price of a single and enjoyed my first hot water bath. Since leaving Texas, all others were showers with cold water.

It was a treat to purchase U.S. stamps, Hershey bars and Dentyne gum at the American prices. In contrast, it was a pitiful sight to see the naked children competing with one another to see who could rescue the food from the garbage cans on the streets.

Some new acquaintances gave me a trip to the Canal Zone. The beautiful residential areas reminded me of California and Florida. It was interesting to note the palm trees which face north and south, arranged like a fan.

I left the hotel for the airport on October 9, and found two lady missionaries among the passengers en route to Bolivia. We had a delightful visit since we had so much in common. At 4:30 P.M. we landed at Cali, Columbia, and the pilot announced that we must remain overnight, as it was too late to fly over the mountains.

The airline bus took us to the Hotel Columbus, known as the "Hotel of daylight robbery." They normally charged eight dollars per person, but at times would double their fee without any explanation. Torrents of complaints came from the tourists. After some bargaining, five of us occupied two rooms with connecting bath, for four dollars a person. We three missionaries, the mother of a Hollywood actress and a Peruvian doctor's wife shared these quarters.

We left early the next morning, crossing the equator and reached Quito, Ecuador at 10 A.M. Quito has the

distinction of having the first Christian missionary radio station, HCJB (Heralding Christ Jesus Blessings).

The Hollywood mother and I shared a taxi, stopped at the radio station to leave my luggage and then drove on to the Colonial Hotel, where she had a reservation. Neither of us had any local money, consequently, we had difficulty explaining our dilemma to the taxi driver. He wanted his money and did not comprehend our predicament. In desperation we searched for an interpreter and suddenly a fine young Brazilian came to our rescue. With his aid we exchanged our currency, paid the taxi man, and made arrangements for a tour of the Equatorial Monument.

I then made a trip back to the radio station by an antiquated bus and met my hosts: the Clarence W. Jones family, co-founders of the station. I rested briefly after a delicious dinner, and went back to town by bus to join the Hollywood mother and the Brazilian. Together, we took the tour to the Equatorial Monument. Each of us had a picture taken of one foot on the northern hemisphere and the other foot on the southern.

Upon my return to the station, I was escorted around the compound and asked to share my testimony over HCJB. It was a delight to fellowship with the missionaries that evening and to hear them relate their experiences. Painst George Poole told of his jungle experience. He and the missionary pilot had crashed in the jungle en route to an Indian village to give the Gospel. The pilot remained with the plane as his injuries were such that he was unable to walk. For six days George walked through the deserted jungle until he located an Indian hut. Aware of his hunger through sign language, they wrung a hen's neck and boiled it, feathers and all. George was so famished that he consumed all but the feathers. They gave him their favorite drink which he later discovered was made from the "Yucca" plant and human saliva. In company with the Indians, George

found his pilot companion three days later. They attributed this deliverance to the faithful praying of their co-laborers at HCJB. Some years later, I had the privilege of meeting George's mother in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and she came to hear me speak.

The Quechcha Indians of Ecuador have a quaint love-making custom. At harvest time, a young man will look at the girls working in their own fields. If he likes a certain one, he will throw a potato in her direction, trying to hit her. If he hits his target, she looks back to identify the thrower. If she likes him, she will respond to his attentions.

As a farewell remembrance, Dr. Jones presented me with a copy of his new book, *Radio, the New Missionary*. He and his son escorted me to the airport where I was surprised to see my friends. Catherine Burchfield, her children and her mother. Together, we flew to Tulara, Peru. A delegation of missionaries greeted us including Oscar Burchfield. During the customs inspection, I noticed that one of the locks on my suitcase had been tampered with but failed to pursue the matter. We arrived at the mission home in Piura 9 P.M.

What a contrast was this home compared to the squalid huts of the natives! Mother Anderson and I shared the guest room. While in the process of unpacking, I missed a number of personal effects, including a new travel iron and the alligator slippers—a gift from Cora in Nicaragua. I notified the airlines of my loss and they reimbursed me for the stolen articles.

Sunday, October 12, was a memorable day. The new church was dedicated by a visiting minister from Ohio. Oscar Burchfield performed the marriage of a couple who had lived together for twenty years. At the conclusion of the ceremony, they were baptized and received into the church. There was a period given to the dedication of infants. The Taylors and the Bible School Quartet from Monsefu presented musical numbers.

I accompanied this group to Monsefu in the station wagon. We stopped at a tiny cafe for lunch-consisting of rice, buns and soda pop costing seven cents. We reached our destination in the afternoon and had a blessed service that evening.

The next day, the Taylors and I left for Chota in the Andes mountains. We made a brief stopover in Chiclayo, and proceeded until dinner time. The "28th of July" restaurant was the only one available in this mountain village. It was located in someone's back yard where we saw rats and other miserable creatures running around. The same type of lunch here cost five cents.

Arriving at Cajamarca that evening, we spent the night in the Malcolm Rae's home at the Scotch Presbyterian Mission. The next morning after breakfast, we left in a pouring rain, hoping to reach Chota. We traveled to the edge of Hualaguoc and learned that the roads were impassable due to the excessive rains. The disappointment was keenly felt, but we remembered that "All things work together for good" (Romans 8:28). We returned to the Rae's home in Cajamarca in time to hear the "Word of Life" program, coming from Times Square in New York on HCJB.

On Sunday, we watched a heathen parade with their weird sounding music. A large statue of Christ was carried on the shoulders of strong young men. I followed the procession to the Cathedral and was sickened by the idolatry. I wished I had been conversant in their language, so that I could have introduced Christ to them.

We visited the stone throne of King Attahuatta of the Incas. He sat there centuries ago worshipping the sun and the moon. We saw what was left of his palace and were told that one of the rooms had been filled with gold. Two other rooms had been filled with silver. The Spaniards from Spain had come and taken away his kingdom which included Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Argentina, Brazil, Columbia and parts of Chili. They were respon-

sible for having killed forty thousand of those dear Indians who had toiled incessantly to erect the Cathedrals and civic buildings. These unfortunate victims had been pulled by ropes and pulleys in front of a Cathedral.

Nearby, excavation was in progress for a tourist hotel in the center of the town. Thousands of skeletons were discovered in the debris. I saw stacks of human skulls, arms, legs, trunks and heads, a gruesome sight to behold! I had the pleasure of sharing the message of Christ that evening at the Scottish mission where seventeen people professed Salvation.

On our return to Monsefu, we stopped at a native mill where crude methods of sugar-making were in progress. The sugar cane was run through a machine operated by a team of oxen. The juice ran into a large stone vat within an enclosure where it boiled until thick. It was then set in openings made of logs and left to harden. This crude sugar is more healthful than the refined product we civilized people use today.

We had no other choice but to dine at the uninviting so-called cafe, at Chelete. I ordered "solo arroz" (rice only) which cost three cents. We stopped to visit some believers at Pascamayo and Limon Carro, before reaching Monsefu.

One of the outstanding services was held at the village of Oyutun. The service commenced at 8 P.M. and concluded at midnight. The crowds stood inside and outside the building. Scores of souls responded to the message. It was a victorious climax of five services for that day. In spite of my laryngitis, God gave us fruitful services at Piura, Tulara and Sullana, also the Pilgrim Bible school in Chicago. At Tulara, I had a pleasant visit with a doctor's wife who earlier had shared a room with me in Cali, Columbia.

Customs in Peru are unique: At native cemeteries, the bodies are buried in cement vaults on top of each other. When the amount for burial is due, but unpaid,

the bodies are removed and burned to make room for others.

In Monsefu, a certain day is set aside during the annual Holy Week when everyone must remain home. Should anyone dare to venture out, he must suffer the consequences. It is customary to throw water, flour, and "what have you" on the offenders. One leading celebrity from the States, on tour, ventured out feeling confident that he would be respected. He was all "decked out" in tuxedo and tall silk hat. Nevertheless, he got a real dousing! To say the least, his reaction was resentful.

In most Latin American countries, the streets are named: 4th of July, 5th of August, 6th of February, etc. It seemed incredible to hear such surnames as Jesus, Saloon, Sacred Heart, etc. I passed by the "Holy Mountain Grocery," "Saint Cecelia's service station," "Sacred Heart truck of Jesus," and the "Butcher Shop of the Holy Spirit," etc. This seemed sacriligious to me. (Exodus 20:7).

At Lima, the capital of Peru, the newly arrived missionaries met me and took me to their hotel. My small dark, windowless room cost forty-two cents a night. A great fiesta was the current attraction. Tremendous mobs reminding me of New York's subways during rush hours, had gathered for the occasion. It was hectic trying to push our way through the multitudes that we lost each other many times. We then rode around the fabulous residential area and saw the palatial homes. We also called on pilot Dick Torrence, whom I had met on the flight from Panama to Quito, Ecuador. I was delighted to learn that Dick was to pilot the plane next morning bound for La Paz, Bolivia.

We took off at 6 A.M. as scheduled. Leaving the controls to the co-pilot, Dick came to the cabin to visit me. He is a friend to many missionaries and related some interesting incidents. He told of the five martyrs who were consumed by cannibals in the jungles of Bolivia.

Only the briefcase of one of the missionaries was found. During this flight, I was affected by the altitude and had to use oxygen for the first and only time.

We landed at the world's highest airport, elevation 13,500 feet, then descended 1,000 feet to La Paz, the capital. I was so thankful that I was not affected by the high altitude while in the city.

Bolivia covers seven million square miles, with vast unexplored regions untouched by the Gospel. Only a minority of its twelve million people have heard the story of Jesus. There are 300 languages and dialects for the 365 tribes of Indians who reside there. The natives wash their clothes in the streams along the mountain trails by pounding them on rocks. Their vehicle license system is unique: blue-black for busses, white for private cars, green for trucks, red for taxis and yellow for official cars.

November 1, is their big fiesta, equivalent to our Memorial Day. The women sell many varieties of pastries on the sidewalks. Thousands take flowers and food to the cemetery to their dead relatives. Innocent natives pay the priests to chant prayers for dead loved-ones. I watched one poverty-stricken man in shredded rags pay for nine chants. Such a practice should be outlawed, but this corrupt system seems to thrive. In the midst of such paganism, it was comforting to know the Gospel was reaching some lives.

Sunday, November 2, presented a glorious contrast. At the 9 A.M. service at the Victoria church, seekers responded before the invitation was given, weeping and confessing their sins to God. At 11 A.M. in the Sopacachi church, many souls turned to the Lord while twenty-five sought the Lord in the Villa Nuevo Patosi church. Each of the converts placed his hands on my shoulder and expressed his gratitude with tear-dimmed eyes.

Argentina was next. I boarded a plane from La Paz and had a most unpleasant flight to Oroco. Some of the

passengers disembarked here. Due to stormy weather, the next flight was even worse. Two Catholic priests seated in front of me were saying prayers with their beads. One time during the turbulence, their rosaries fell out of their hands and rolled down the aisle. They were unable to retrieve them, since their seat belts were securely fastened. How nervous and fidgety they were! I felt perfectly calm and contented, knowing that Christ the Great Pilot, was aboard. Most of the remaining passengers disembarked at Uyuni and I overheard them cursing the pilot, as though he were responsible for the inclement weather. How wonderful it is to be prepared for any eventuality!

Since we were unable to land at Salta, we flew on to Tucuman. We were taken to the Coventry Hotel where I had an elegant room with bath, for six dollars. This included a seven course dinner, half of which I could not consume. No English was spoken at the Hotel so the pilot acted as my interpreter.

We left early the next morning for Buenos Aires, a great metropolis of four million inhabitants. After the formalities at the airport, the missionaries took me to the John Cochran home for fellowship and dinner. Then we all rode to Lujan to see the Cathedral of the Virgin Mary. Pilgrimages are made to this shrine from all over South America. Covering our heads with handkerchiefs, we entered to view the eighteen inch doll representing the Virgin resting on a pedestal. Gifts of money, wearing apparel and other items are wrapped in cellophane bags and hung on the wall in gratitude to the Virgin for answering prayers.

Within a few blocks of such idolatry and ignorance there is a Gospel lighthouse, continually heralding the glorious news of Salvation. It was such a joy to share the message of Christ that evening and to see several souls liberated from the blights of sin and superstition.

We also held services with many responding at Flores,

Castelar, Merlo, San Antonio, Donato-Alvarez and the Bible School.

Dorothy Ahleman and I traveled by bus to San Antonio. Seventeen believers from a village church had arrived for supper. I watched them devour with great relish, twenty-five pounds of meat besides scores of rice patties. We had an encouraging service with good attendance and results. Since I was suffering with a severe cold, we cancelled the trip to Rosales and returned to Buenos Aires.

On November 14, I flew to the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro. Because of fog and rain, we circled the airport several times before landing on an island. Following customs inspection, we departed for the Rio airport by motor launch. The stewardess surprised me by handing a card which read, "Reservation made for you at Collegio Bennett."

Dr. Edgar Soren, director of the Baptist College and Seminary, introduced himself and escorted me to the Collegio Bennett (Methodist). The matron led me to a lovely guest room in the girl's dormitory. Room and meals cost a dollar a day. From my room, I had an excellent view of the famous statue of Christ. The night view was simply superb! It seemed as though Christ was in the clouds with outstretched arms beckoning for His redeemed ones. The next day, I boarded an electric train to see this statue at Corcovado. I also took advantage of the cable ride to Sugar Loaf Mountain. In Rio, it is simple to spot a taxi, because their license plates are red and those for private cars are orange. I did not have any speaking engagements here, so I did some personal work in a number of homes.

My next stop was Georgetown, British Guiana, (Guyana). This flight from Rio took fourteen hours since we made stops at Belim, Brazil; Cayenne, French Guiana; and Paramaribo, Surinam. Atkinson Field is located twenty-five miles from Georgetown, and the airline bus

accommodates the passengers to the city. Since it was 3 A.M., the bus took me directly to the Pilgrim mission home, where the Clifton Bergs were waiting for me.

After a few hours of rest, I accompanied Clifton who was to bury a pauper. At the appointed time, a chauffeur arrived and took us to the cemetery. While awaiting the hearse, we joined in conversation with the Mohammedan chauffeur who seemed interested to hear of Christ. An open wagon drawn by a team of horses arrived, bearing a large wooden casket and two smaller ones containing children. The deceased, an elderly pauper, was without relatives, so the city was responsible for his funeral. There was no undertaker, flowers or friends. The driver of the hearse, with the help of the shabbily-dressed grave-digger, brought the large casket and literally threw it into the mud-filled grave. Then the grave-digger took the smaller ones and threw them into the muddy graves, covering them with earth. Simultaneously, Clifton stood by the man's grave and read a scripture portion, then offered prayer. My heart was full and tears flowed freely. I wondered if the man had ever heard the Gospel even once. I knew the dear little children, though illegitimate, were safe in the arms of Jesus.

En route home, we observed two other funeral processions with much pomp and ceremony. I was deeply stirred as I pondered over this contrast. I can truly say that I would prefer the pauper's funeral, knowing that I was prepared to meet God, than to have a pompous one without Him. Later, we visited the city prison and talked with a convict who was to be hung for his crime. We found him patient and willing to listen to the message of Christ.

At the open air service in the La Penitence district, we found a ready response to the message of Salvation. Nearby, there lived a congenial and friendly Hindu priest who spoke English fluently. At one time, he had a keen interest in the Gospel and allowed services to be held

in his home. In due time, the outside influences became too strong. He could not accept the stigma of being ostracized from society. To become a Christian was too risky for him as a goldsmith.

At the Pilgrim church, I was introduced to the custom of wearing a hat to preach. For me, hats were conspicuous by their absence, but since then I have become an ardent convert of the hat-wearing tribe. My first experience was amusing. In the course of my enthusiastic preaching, the hat fell off. I placed it on my head, but it fell off again, so I continued without it. The roars of laughter made my embarrassment tolerable.

I recall the service at the Nazarene church where the Lelan Rogers' were in charge. I arrived late because I had another engagement. There was a huge crowd outside the church and I was unable to get through. They allowed me to get into the church when they realized that I was the speaker. The League of Nations was represented on the platform, there were Chinese, Hebrews, Negroes, Hindus, Americans, Canadians and Indians. The manifest power of God was on the entire service. Several people seated in the front were sent out in order to make room for the seekers to kneel at the altar.

On the day of my departure, the Roger's drove me to the airport at 10 P.M. The plane arrived at 11:00, but we did not leave until 1 A.M. By 3 A.M. we landed at Port of Spain, Trinidad and found Truman Sheltons waiting for me.

We had profitable services at the St. James, Arima and Tunapuna churches on Trinidad. A big day had been planned for Thanksgiving day, but Ruth Shelton became ill and was confined to her bed. An American family from Waller Field came and brought us a full course chicken dinner. We all enjoyed the dinner and the fellowship.

From Port of Spain, I flew to San Juan, Puerto Rico. The national pastor was on hand to greet me and took me

to the guest room of the First Nazarene church. I had several services in the San Juan area churches. Sinners and backsliders responded in every service. I appreciated the efficient workers who stood behind each seeking soul to pray and counsel with them. In the last service, the pastor handed me an envelope containing \$32. It was the first such offering on this tour.

On December 1, I left San Juan bound for Cuba. At Port au Prince, Haiti, we encountered engine trouble so the flight was postponed. I was assigned to the Olaffson Hotel and enjoyed my native-style room off the wide veranda. I shared experiences with some missionaries I met during dinner.

We left next morning for destination Havana. While completing customs and immigration formalities at Camaguey, Cuba, an unexpected delay was announced. After twelve hours, all the passengers, except another lady and I, were taken to Havana by other airlines. Pan American airlines arranged accommodations for us at the Plaza Hotel. We were flown to Havana the next day. Due to the unavoidable delay, there was no one to greet me. The relatives of the lady were on hand, so they took me to the Prescott home.

At the Villegas church, I was preaching against the prevailing evil of lottery tickets. Suddenly, a shabbily-dressed man put his head and hand through the iron-barred window, with a handful of the tickets, asking if we wished to purchase any. I shouted, "No! No! No!", and continued my message. He took the hint and hurried away. This vivid object lesson made an indelible impression upon the audience. Several souls were born again and others were sanctified wholly. I also spoke at three other churches.

On December 8, I concluded my ninety-four day tour in Miami, Florida. I remained in the states for three weeks and then proceeded to British Honduras and southern Guatemala.

After this tour, I consecrated my life with renewed zeal to be used anywhere the Lord led, no matter how difficult the circumstances.



Tokyo, Japan, December, 1950
 Ross Kida—Interpreter, C. Helen
 left—Dr. William Eckel, right—Pastor.



Mooshian Chapel—Kummamoto, Japan.
 Dedicated—April 8, 1952.

CHAPTER IX

BRITISH HONDURAS AND GUATEMALA

. . . 2nd TOUR

On December 29, 1947, the entry in my diary reads: "Busy all morning catching up with my correspondence and getting last minute details in order."

The Russell Kleppingers escorted me to the Miami International airport and I boarded the Pan American clipper at 3:30 P.M. We landed in Havana at 5 P.M. and I was welcomed by the John Hall family. Together, we drove to the Prescott home for dinner and thence to the San Miguel church for a blessed service. After my simple message, a number of souls prayed for Salvation.

The next day, I embarked on a Taca flight for British Honduras. Following arrival and completion of the necessary procedures, the airlines bus took me to the mission home in Belize. It was a delight to meet my hosts, David and Elizabeth Browning, for the first time. David's sister, Nina Ray, had been a classmate of mine in college, so I felt right at home.

Belize, the capital, had 60,000 English-speaking inhabitants. The majority are negro, but there are some Spanish, East and Carib Indians as well.

I was fascinated by the "houses on stilts." Due to excessive floods, the ground floor is an open patio and the first floor becomes what we term as the second floor. I reached my room on the third floor by climbing forty-two steps. A continual breeze made my room quite comfortable.

Since fish was plentiful and cost only 10¢ per pound, we enjoyed a daily fish dinner, much to my delight.

There were many grapefruit trees behind the home and I consumed dozens of them during my week's stay. David Browning was the only missionary who could match my consumption of grapefruit. Since they were a luscious variety, we ate them like oranges.

While walking around the town, I noticed a large number of bicycles. Practically everyone rides them since there is a scarcity of cars.

The annual watch-night service commenced at 9 P.M. and closed at 1 A.M. Due to the immense crowds, two services were held simultaneously. Donald Tucker, a consecrated national, spoke to the overflow group after speaking in the main building. I enjoyed speaking twice to that responsive group. A blessed communion service convened as the new year approached.

On January 1, we rode ninety miles in a jeep to Benque Viejo, the mission headquarters. All the missionaries had gathered at the Harold Hampton home for a delicious chicken dinner, and a time of fellowship. One of the rooms in the clinic was my abode for the duration of my stay. We had a precious service that evening for the Spanish speaking people.

The next day, Harold Hampton, Ruth Dech and I left by horseback to have a service at MacaBenque. It was a jungle trip which took four hours each way. This was my first experience on horseback and fortunately my horse seemed to be afflicted with anemia and low blood pressure, like its rider. Harold kept after my horse with his whip and I nearly fell off several times. I had a difficult time trying to keep my feet in the stirrups. We managed, however, to make the trip without incident. We were greatly rewarded for the many souls who found blessing and victory.

A number of services were held in the area with profitable results. At the Cajo church, I remember the five year old son of the pastor who could play any gospel

song on the organ. His was a God-given talent, for he had never taken a lesson.

At 9 A.M. on Wednesday, Gladys Hampton drove her husband, Earl Hunter and me to the primitive airport. We were headed for Peten, the "Alaska of Guatemala." There is no scheduled service in this jungle area and it was 2 P.M. when the plane arrived. The freight was first loaded into the plane, then the cattle and finally the passengers. We took off at 3 P.M. and sat on improvised seats—a side bench, a milk can, a crate of eggs, a box of tin goods etc. One can imagine the results when we hit air-pockets. This—my most dangerous flight will never be forgotten.

The local pastor met us at Flores, capital of Peten and escorted us to the island in his small boat. Mabel Hunter was suffering from malaria, but she had prepared supper for us. The main dish was black beans which resembled coal. Eating "coal soup" was a new experience for me.

Having guests was a problem for the Hunters, as they were living in a two-room native shack. Harold Hampton slept on the floor in one room, while the Hunter family of four occupied the other. A native man offered me his room in a men's boarding house. I readily accepted although the room was small, dark and dingy. The bed consisted of three large wooden planks on two horses, with filthy bedding on top of the grass mat. I did not mind the bed, since I had clean bedding to use. A tiny bit of a candle served as the light. Harold and Earl made a lock from two spikes and a piece of wire they found on the ground. This allowed me some privacy. The room was used only for sleeping, since my days were spent in visiting homes and the evenings at church. The rooming house was situated on the edge of Lake Peten. The natives used this lake as their kitchen, bathroom, and drinking fountain.

The family worship services were a source of great

blessing and inspiration to me. One morning, I prayed for ninety minutes and Harold jovially remarked, "You sure did pray by slow freight today!"

We toured some of the villages by jeep and rowboat. Once, in a remote area, we were very thirsty, but the only available water was from the muddy pond before us. After seeing the hogs and cattle wallowing around in it, I decided to wait until later for a drink. Earl Hunter must have been immune, for he borrowed the filthy pail that a native woman was using. He then used it as a drinking vessel for his boys and himself. In another village, we purchased grapefruit for a penny each, with which I quenched my thirst.

The churches at Flores and San Benito were filled to capacity with scores standing outside. The results were most gratifying. A fiesta was in full-swing at Flores and it excited the entire town, except for the believers who had been delivered from sin and worldliness by the power of God.

The trip to San Andreas was unforgettable. Myriads of flies and other insects were swarming about us as we walked around the town greeting the people. Earl Hunter was shooing them away with a bath towel. We were invited to a believer's home where we ate some queer concoctions. We felt honored when we learned that the silverware was borrowed from the mayor and the tablecloth came from a leading citizen of the town. The church was packed to over-flowing and the many seekers for God thrilled us.

After an eight hour wait in Peten's airport, we flew to Benque Viejo and found Gladys Hampton waiting for us. We proceeded to the mission for dinner and a time of fellowship with the Word.

The next morning we walked to Succouths for a service. Pastor Dona Camelia had had a remarkable conversion. Her unsaved husband had opposed her for twenty years. On many occasions she had to sleep with the

neighbors or out under the stars. One night, he allowed her in the house and pulled her by her long hair from room to room and finally stomped on her body. On another night as she returned from Church, he stripped her naked and rubbed a hot charcoal iron over her body, aiming to burn her to death. As a loving wife, Camelia remained steadfast throughout all the 20 years of her persecution. Her godly influence finally penetrated through his soul and he awakened her at 3 A.M. one morning to ask for forgiveness. He confessed his sins to Christ and was marvelously transformed by His power. He became a flaming evangelist for God in his neighborhood, winning many souls to Christ. He was called to his reward six months later. The last reports from there revealed that Camelia was still zealous and faithful to her Saviour. It is possible that she has now gone to her eternal home.

The Hamptons drove me to Belize for the Sunday afternoon and evening services. A number of people were saved and others were sanctified wholly.

Since I had missed Livingston, in southern Guatemala on my last tour, I decided this would be a good time to visit the work there. One morning, I boarded a small vessel called the "Herron." This was a combination passenger and freight boat operating twice weekly between Belize and Port au Barrios. The 200 mile trip takes twenty-four hours. There were only eight small cabins for passengers, with two narrow bunks in each. A wash basin, a pitcher of water and a towel were furnished, but there was no bedding, table, chairs or soap. I shared a tiny cabin with a very hefty woman who reached her destination at midnight.

The office was transformed three times daily into a dining room to accommodate eight passengers at one sitting. The menu was simple: Fish, (cooked just as caught), meat, cheese, bread and English tea (black as midnight). I shuddered as I observed the passengers

consuming the fish—eyes, tail and all. I somehow managed to get along on the cheese, bread and hot water, since I had also taken along a variety of fruit.

At each port, we tarried from one to four hours, loading and unloading cargo. The last port was Punta Gorda, the seat of customs, with 1200 inhabitants. I felt that the change from sea to land would be good for my morale, so I set out to view the town. Within an hour, I encompassed the entire area and prayed for an opportunity to witness for Christ. I came across a little church which I noticed was also used as a Day school. As I neared the church, the principal came to the door, smiling and greeting me as though I was his friend. He recognized me as the speaker he had heard in Belize on New Year's Eve. He entreated me to speak to the children, assuring me that the boat would be in port a long time. I thoroughly enjoyed speaking to those precious boys and girls. They listened most attentively and nearly all voiced their decision to live for Christ.

I returned to my humble cabin praising God for this thrilling and unprecedented experience. On the return trip, I saw some of the children at the docks and overheard them telling their friends: "There is the teacher who told us those nice stories about Jesus."

We reached Port au Barrios, Guatemala, at noon and learned a lesson in patience. The customs and immigration officials took their time and it was 4 P.M. when I got through. Bill Vaughters was at the dock to inform me that there was a small boat going to Livingston. We boarded the tiny craft and had a real rollicking ride. The waves dashed high and the rain came down in torrents. The strong wind blew the side door open and the passengers that were huddled together in a small compartment were drenched. We praised God for our safe arrival.

Livingston is beautifully situated on the bay, not easily accessible to tourists. One feels rather stranded there.

It is a cosmopolitan town with negroes, Spanish, Kekchi and East Indian. One easily detects a medley of odors emanating from the fish beds. I noted an abundance of banana and cocoanut trees.

The Vaughters had their family devotions in Spanish, so that their maid could join them. It enabled me to learn a few words for daily usage. It was a thrill to hear the Gospel programs coming in so clearly from Radio station HCJB in Quito, Ecuador.

God truly helped us in the evening services throughout the week and on Sunday. There was excellent response as Bill Vaughters interpreted the Gospel messages. We also had a blessed service in an Indian village across the river Rio Dulce (sweet river).

The night before my departure, the members and friends of the church brought me eggs and flowers as a token of their appreciation for my humble services.

I was to leave on January 21 to board the "Herron" at Port au Barrios, but the Lord worked other plans which proved more satisfactory and convenient. By special permission, I left Livingston at 6 A.M. the 22nd on the "Virginia," a banana boat from Tampa, Florida. I shared a bunk with the only other two women aboard. The meals were much more palatable on the "Virginia," than on the "Herron." Twenty-three hours later we reached Belize. It was necessary to anchor way out from shore, so a rowboat took us to land. The cook had given me a large stalk of bananas which I carried by taxi to the Brownings.

My reservation had been made for the afternoon flight to Havana, Cuba. Much to my surprise, however, there was a delegation from the church refusing to allow me to leave. They were determined that I should spend more time with them. After prayer, I decided to remain for the week-end, so I cabled the Prescotts in Havana regarding the new date of arrival. We had a wonderful service that evening with several conversions. The

Sunday services were filled with blessing and victory. I had a touch of laryngitis, but God graciously undertook in a remarkable way.

Prior to my departure on Monday, the precious people came to the mission home to show their appreciation with practical gifts, also flowers, bananas and eggs. A number of them came to the airport to say "goodbye." Just after take-off the plane developed engine trouble, so we returned to the airport. Within an hour the trouble was eliminated and we were off again. The dear people had suspected trouble, so had waited to wave a final farewell.

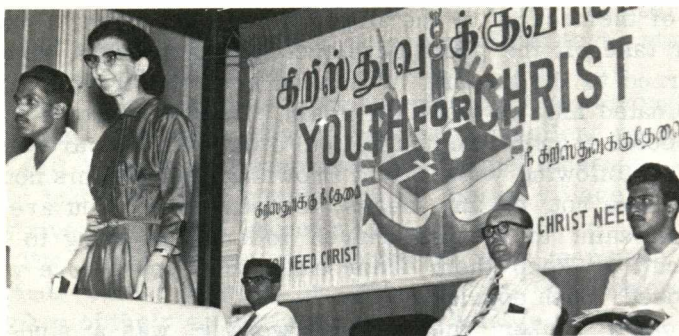
The following year, David Browning sent me this note: "We have not, by any means, forgotten you. You are a patron saint to all the church folk. It is going to be difficult to keep them from canonizing you before you are dead. Such popularity!"

Donald Tucker, the national worker, was a student at the Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho, when I was confined as a patient at Samaritan Hospital in the same city. He visited me and then wrote me thus: "Please accept my sincere gratitude for all you have done and are doing for my people and my country. I am eternally grateful to you, for through your ministry, the Lord graciously saved the souls of my sister and my friend (his wife-to-be). You will be happy to know that both are faithful to the Lord and are engaged in the quest for precious souls. May heaven's choicest blessings be yours now and always."

The Prescott family welcomed me in Havana at 9 A.M. and I remained with them overnight. The next day, I boarded the Miami-bound plane. The Kleppingers were at the airport in Miami to inform me that I was scheduled to speak at the Central Nazarene Church that evening. Since I had just returned from the missionary tour, it was a joy to pour out my heart to the congregation for ninety minutes.

I remained in Miami for two campaigns at the Em-

manuel and Uleta churches. Then I traveled north through many states, conducting missionary and evangelistic services. Then in September, 1948, the Lord opened the door for me to fly to Alaska for campaigns at Nome and Fairbanks.



Youth for Christ—Madras, India, November 30, 1957
 Franklin Stephen, C. Helen, Victor Monogarom,
 Captain Len. Yrjola and Frederic Gokavai.



Mooshian Chapel—Mflumeni, Swaziland, 1952
 Agnes Clark, Eileen Flitcroft.

CHAPTER X

ALASKAN TOUR

Lewis and Muriel Hudgins were pioneering the work at Nome, Alaska, and sent me an invitation to conduct an evangelistic campaign there. I arrived in Seattle on September 11, and held services in all three Nazarene churches.

Three hours before my departure on September 16, I was listening to a news commentator and he made this announcement: "Pan American Airways is offering a 25 per cent discount on round trips to Alaska in October." This news was worthy of consideration, since it revealed a saving of \$90. Some of my friends advised me to postpone the tour until October. I asked the Lord for divine guidance and was assured that I should go on. I knew the Hudgins had advertised the meetings in advance, and were anticipating my arrival.

The sleek Pan American D.C. 4, with only twenty passengers aboard took off from Boeing Field at 1 A.M. on September 17. I had three seats, so I stretched out to get some rest and have time for meditation.

Our trip was rather "rocky" over the Alaskan coast range and many of the passengers were ill. I was not affected. After the eight hour non-stop flight, we reached the Fairbanks airport. Another three hour non-stop trip landed us in Nome. The Hudgins family was on hand to greet me. It was such a joy to see Muriel after an absence of eighteen years. We had been classmates at Pasadena College in 1930-31.

En route to the mission home, we stopped at the post office for mail. Lewis introduced me to a dear Eskimo

lady, who promptly put her arms around me and gave me a real Alaskan welcome.

Nome, (population 1500) was a "junky" town situated on the Bering Sea, just sixty miles from the tip of Siberia. Five hundred service men were stationed at Mark's Field, nearby. I was amazed to find such immaculate interiors of the unpainted shacks, called home. Lewis Hudgins had built a modest church and parsonage including a "hot house."

The prices of food shocked me. For example: Butter was \$1.25 a pound, Eggs were \$1.25 a dozen, Pork Roast, \$1.30 a pound, Cucumbers and Tomatoes were 55¢ a pound, Cabbage was 47¢ a pound and half-rotten peaches were 35¢ a pound. Once, for a special treat, the Hudgins paid \$7. for a 20 pound watermelon. These are much higher now, but the high wages compensate for this.

The campaign began that evening with thirty-five in attendance—half Whites and half Eskimos. Chaplain Darling, from the base, served as song leader when he was off duty. He and his wife sang special musical numbers. The Christian servicemen were a great blessing and inspiration to the services. A number of them were marvelously saved by the power of God.

The first Sunday, forty-six were present at Sunday School, and more came in for the worship service. That afternoon, Muriel and I were guests at a "tea" given by some ladies from New Zealand. Several of them attended the meeting that evening.

The attendance increased nightly and many found victory in their souls. The prayer chest proved a great blessing. Many requests that were placed there were answered. One evening, as I spoke on the evils of divorce and re-marriage, the Editor and Publisher of the "Nome Nugget" took offense and left the service. He phoned the mission home stating that he would not return to the church. I was confident and encouraged the Hudgins to believe that he would come back. The next morning, I

went to the office and asked for my newspaper cut. Then I talked to him about the message. He seemed very disturbed, because it affected his marital situation. The Lord graciously undertook, however, and he did return two evenings later. The Holy Spirit dealt with his heart and he responded to the message of salvation, along with several others.

After his conversion, we prayed that God would perform a miracle in the life of his companion, who was in California, visiting her parents. She was not due in Nome for another month, but God intervened in answer to our prayers. Within a few days, we saw her seated beside her husband in church. That evening, she was a seeker after God. She "prayed through" and gave a glowing testimony. They asked the Lord for guidance regarding their marital status.

Another wonderful miracle happened in the life of Mrs. Grant, who was the chief cook at the prison in Nome. She was insulted and left the service one evening because I thanked her publicly for her kindness in sending food to the mission home by taxi. We deeply appreciated her altruistic gestures, since food costs were so high. I discovered that she was not the type to want public commendation, so I humbly apologized to her. She graciously accepted my apology and continued to attend the services. She also responded to the call of God for salvation and became a great blessing to the church. Even the prisoners noticed a great change in her and claimed that the food tasted better. When Lewis visited the prison one day, they asked him what had happened to Mrs. Grant. He was then able to tell the prisoners that only Christ Jesus can make such a radical change in a person's life.

On Saturday, October 2, there were ninety in attendance. Some had to return home, due to lack of space. On the closing Sunday, we reached our goal of 100 in Sunday School. As a special feature, I told the story of the "Ten lepers" and especially stressed the importance

of saying "Thank you." I reminded them that only one of the lepers returned to thank Jesus for his healing. I added that "ingratitude" was one of the sins of this age. We then had each one march down to the front to receive a gift. Those who said "Thank you" were kept on the platform while the others were sent to their seats. Those who had said "thank you" received another gift. It was quite an object lesson for everyone. I have given this special feature in a number of churches around the world and nowhere have I seen an entire group to say "Thank you." Even teachers, some church officials and pastors sometimes would forget. Needless to say it was a lesson well learned.

The church was filled to capacity on the last Sunday evening, with an excellent response to the invitation. Among the seekers was three year old Carolyn Hudgins who asked Jesus to come into her heart and she has remained faithful to this day. It was a pleasure to receive seven new members into the fellowship of the church. There were three generations from one family—a daughter, mother and grandmother. The campaign concluded with the congregation standing in a circle and with clasped hands, singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds, our hearts in Christian love."

I took a few days off for relaxation and to help the Hudgins with the mission book-keeping. By special permission I visited Mark's Field and was intrigued to see radar in operation. I also saw where the KING ISLANDERS made their homes, the gold dredgers and some Eskimo homes.

On October 6, I embarked on a Pan American plane and within four hours landed at Fairbanks. Pastor J. Melton Thomas and family welcomed me at the airport. During my six-day stay with them, their breakfast nook was my guest room. Fairbanks is much like any American city and I felt right at home. It was a treat for me to see the end of the Alcan Highway, since I had already

traveled on the first 300 miles of it from Dawson Creek, British Columbia. I also visited the University, the museum and Ladd Field which is larger than Mark's in Nome.

We had a precious time in the initial service. On the second night, a man brought in a drunkard to hear the Gospel. The Holy Spirit convicted this man of his need to repent and asked the Lord for forgiveness of his sinful life. Then he gave a glowing testimony. The pastor and people realized the man's weakness and allowed him to remain in one of the Sunday School rooms for the night. The church was locked, and I am confident that it was more pleasant than being in prison. The next day, he requested that he be given permission to witness to his drinking companions. With his request granted, he returned for the evening service, glorifying God for helping him keep away from the damnable liquor. As the months rolled by, his transformation was evident to all who knew him. In the final service, two Eskimo drunkards and several service men sought the Lord for Salvation.

On October 12, I departed from Fairbanks for Juneau, the capital. From the airport, an airline bus took the passengers to Hotel Baronoff, where I secured a room for \$5.50. I took a walk around town and noted that the prices were not as exorbitant as in Nome and Fairbanks. Since Juneau was closer to Stateside, I presumed that made the difference. I found apples and pears for only 25¢ a pound. I located a cafe where I got a bowl of soup for 15¢ and I had the joy of witnessing to the man sitting beside me.

When Russia owned this great territory of Alaska, the capital was at Sitka. When the United States purchased it from Russia in 1867, the capital was moved to Juneau. It was a territory until January 3, 1959 when it entered the union. I was not acquainted with anyone in this lovely city, nestled in the mountains, close to the awe-inspiring lakes and glaciers.

The next morning, I decided on a sight-seeing tour of

my own. I was in the museum which was located in the territorial building. While signing my name in the visitors register, I noticed the name of Dwight and Florence (Bangs) Nash. Mrs. Nash had been a classmate of mine at Pasadena College and I was anxious to contact her.

The following day I moved to the Gastinour Hotel where my room cost only \$2.25. In the providence of God, I met the Baker's, pastors of the Assembly of God church and the Zumalts, missionaries of the Seventh Day Advent mission. I enjoyed a delicious vegetarian dinner at the Zumalt home and learned that I knew some of their relatives in Alberta, Canada. That evening, in their mission, I witnessed for Christ and shared some of my experiences to a responsive group.

By a mere coincidence, I met Al Vaughn, who knew the Nash family. They were staying at Auck Lake, fifteen miles from the city of Juneau. Al escorted me in his car to the Lake, to visit the Nash family. Florence felt as though she was seeing some sort of apparition, since she did not have the faintest idea of my whereabouts. Following a time of fellowship, we all drove to the Vaughn home in Juneau for a delightful meal. After dinner, it was my pleasure to speak in two different churches: at 7:30 P.M. the Holiness Church of God and in the Assembly of God church at 8:40 P.M. Two souls found pardon at the conclusion of the latter service.

The following morning, Al drove me back to Auck Lake to enjoy a delicious fresh halibut dinner with the Nash family. Dwight had just caught a forty pound halibut. On congratulating him for this achievement, Florence chimed in to say that the previous summer she had caught a prize halibut weighing 125 pounds! I took some of that fresh halibut to Seattle for a number of friends.

During that afternoon we went to view the famous Mendenhall Glacier. Upon our return to Juneau, we learned that my plane was to be delayed overnight. I then

checked out of the hotel and Al drove me back to Auck Lake to spend the night. Early the next morning, Dwight took me to the airport and I embarked on Pan American's flight for Seattle, Washington.

A week later, I received a letter from the Hudgins informing me that ten days after my departure, Mrs. Grant had been murdered by a half-breed native and her house set on fire. Although I was sorry about the tragedy, I felt a source of inner satisfaction which comes from perfect obedience to God. How thankful I was that I did not postpone my trip.

After this first visit to Alaska, I returned again in March, 1969, visiting and speaking for one month in Anchorage, Fairbanks, Nome, Kotzebue, Juneau and Sitka. In July, 1970, I was in Anchorage for a series of meetings. Then again in September, 1971, I had fifteen services in three churches in Anchorage and two churches in Larsen Bay on Kodiak Island. Larsen Bay is a small fishing village with 400 inhabitants when the cannery is in full swing from April until August. Then only 100 remain for the winter months. Most of the villagers belonged to the Russian Orthodox church. They had no permanent building, but a priest would visit occasionally. The Bahi religion was endeavoring to make an impact and succeeded in deceiving a few people. Ruth Layton had been there since 1948 sharing the glorious Gospel. She had won a number to Christ. Recently the Assembly of God group have established a church there.

CHAPTER XI

WORLD TOUR NO. ONE

GREAT BRITAIN

The afternoon of December 19, 1949, was rainy and cold as the sleek American Overseas Airlines trundled up the runway of New York's LaGuardia Airport and started off on the short hop to Boston. There we transferred to a giant double-deck Stratocruiser for the non-stop transatlantic flight.

Nine hours after leaving Boston, we landed at Shannon, Ireland's airport. It was a pleasant surprise for me to meet Dr. Ralph Earle, my former Greek professor at Eastern Nazarene College, and his traveling companions. They were en route to the Holy Land. I also met Dr. Russell V. DeLong in Glasgow, Scotland, and Dr. and Mrs. C. Warren Jones in London. They were on the last lap of their world tour.

A short flight took me to Dublin where I learned my lesson of how some people will swindle the unsuspecting tourist. The taxi driver charged me nine shillings instead of the two shilling fare for the short trip to the depot from the city air terminal. I boarded an express train for Belfast, capital of northern Ireland.

An American, who travels about the British Isles, is constantly aware that he is in a uniquely different land. The language accents are most interesting and amusing to him. Double-decked busses and trams are common. I usually rode on the lower deck, since smoking was prohibited there, even though the view was better from above.

The train coaches are divided into sections, each holding from six to twelve people, depending upon the class.

On some trains, the compartments are entered directly from the station platform. On others, one enters from an aisle in the coach itself. I always rode third class because it was less expensive. Telephone booths are conveniently located on the streets. Mammoth red mailboxes stand four feet high. The large unit of weight on the scales is the "stone" (fourteen pounds). I had to say I weighed ten "stones."

A druggist is called a "chemist," a barber is a "hairdresser," a clothier is a "draper." They also have "hatters," "hosiers," etc. One listens to the "wireless," not the radio, and eats "sweets," not candy. You push the baby around in a "perambulator" instead of a carriage as the train is called a "carriage."

There are some unique features about the church services. The pastor makes "intimations," not announcements, and states that the service will begin at "half-six," not six-thirty. Congregations almost always stand to pray, except at the close of the service when they remain seated.

Sunday Schools, usually held in the afternoon, are exclusively for the children, ages six to fourteen. Some are now having their Sunday School before the morning worship and adults attend. Open air meetings are a regular feature of the church program. Ladies always wear hats; therefore I did some shopping and found a suitable one for five shillings (seventy cents). I preached with a hat on in Britain, in contrast, without my shoes in Japan. Very few homes have central heating; therefore, there are fireplaces in practically every room. They cannot afford to keep more than one or two fireplaces going, due to the shortage of coal and the cost of it. The average family income for a family in 1950, was five pounds (fourteen dollars). Today, it is from ten to twenty pounds.

Automobiles were scarce and very few pastors were fortunate to own one. Bicycles were common and walking is still an excellent and healthy means of transportation.

The islands are relatively small. The distance between London and Glasgow is 400 miles or about the same distance from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

The national health program is a boon to those who previously were unable to afford adequate medical care. Doctors, dentists, opticians and hospitals are paid by the government. This service was for visitors also. In Glasgow, I had a pivot tooth made, some cavities filled and my teeth cleaned. I tried to remunerate the dentist, but he refused payment.

Along with the sweet, however, was the bitter. After twelve years, rationing was still in force. The weekly allotment for one person was four ounces of candy, one ounce of butter, two eggs, etc. It was discontinued in 1957.

I was impressed with the aura of the past which hangs over the old country. Among the historical sights I visited were: Holyrood Palace, Princess Street, St. Giles, the Royal Miles and the home of John Knox in Edinburgh; The Robert Burns Memorial and home in Ayr; the five-hundred-year-old University of St. Andrew in Scotland; St. Peter's church and the prayer room of Robert McCheyne, the great Scottish pastor, in Dundee; St. John's Cathedral where John Knox preached his memorable sermon in Perth. The Livingstone Memorial at Blantyre left an indelible impression upon me. I had a blessed season of prayer, kneeling before a cross made of African wood.

In Chester, England, I saw the old city walls, the Cathedral and the site of the ancient Roman fortress built in 76 A.D. In Chesterfield, it was the church with the crooked spire; In Leeds, it was a thrill to stand in the pulpit of Samuel Chadwick's church; and Shakespeare's birthplace in Stratford-on-Avon.

I walked through eight of the twenty-six colleges of Oxford University. I was greatly inspired as I visited John Wesley's first chapel and home, which he built after

his Aldersgate experience, also Charles Wesley's home in Bristol. I stood in the room where Charles wrote many of his immortal hymns. I was asked to speak at the famous George Mueller Orphanage in Bristol but due to my train connections to Cardiff, Wales, I was unable to do so.

In the great metropolis of London, I visited the House of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, Albert Hall, The British Museum, Madame Tussard's, Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, Spurgeon's Tabernacle and an ancient church built in 675 A.D.

The highlight in London was John Wesley's home and chapel. I stood in the room he occupied daily for prayer at 4 A.M., and the room where he left this world to be with Christ whom he served so faithfully. I saw the graves of the spiritual "giants" of the past, such as John and Charles Wesley, their parents, John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Adam Clarke and John Fletcher.

On Sunday afternoons at Hyde Park, there is a beehive of open-air meetings of the soapbox variety. The Christians also take advantage of this opportunity to tell of Christ. It was a joy to stand on a chair and to tell the noisy throng about the "sweetest story ever told." Several shouted for me to come down, insisting that chairs were made to sit on, not to stand on. A number of hecklers tried to interrupt, but the Lord helped me to share my faith.

The spiritual needs of Britain are challenging. They have forgotten, all too soon, the holocausts of the past two world wars and have become smugly complacent. The "Pubs" (saloons) do an exorbitant business. A vast majority of the women engage in the evils of drinking and smoking. The spirit of the Laodicean church characterizes the religious life of the people, who are lukewarm and indifferent to vital experiential salvation.

I was impressed with the stability of the Christian youth. They are very active in open air work, in Gospel

teams and Saturday evening rallies which they call deputations. They are simultaneous exchange meetings in all the churches. All the denominations cooperate in this challenging venture. They charter busses to attend these rallies. In general, the youth seem to know more about pioneering for God than those in America.

My visit to Cliff College was indeed a memorable one. It is located in a scenic area twenty-one miles from Chesterfield. Cliff is a Methodist school for the training of evangelists. Samuel Chadwick, one of the presidents of this famous institution, said, "We need young men, full of the Holy Ghost, to preach Christ to the multitudes, unsought and unreached by the churches; a religion with the sleeves rolled up; a deliberate using of unorthodox and uneccelesiastical methods to reach the masses for Christ."

To carry out this idea, each summer ten groups of eight young men, dressed in bronze khaki outfits, are sent out. They pull a cart loaded with equipment and walk an average of 500 miles during the summer months. Like the friars of old, they depend solely upon God for everything and sleep anywhere. They take no collections, solicit no funds and beg no favors. They tramp from place to place, singing, preaching in the parks, streets, lanes, docks, market-places, abandoned schools and churches. They receive no salary but do as they are led of the Lord. Their life of faith is one of romance and divine providence. They are devout and full of compassion for the lost. They leave the school, each with a pound note for their initial expenses. God never fails as they trust Him implicitly to supply their needs (Philippians 4:19).

On one occasion, a group realized they were not seeing the results they should, so met for special prayer in the hopes of having the "Achan" (Joshua 7) revealed. One young man confessed that he had a pound note hidden in his shoe. He asked for forgiveness and sent the note back

to the college with an apology. Immediately, God blessed them with many victories. It was my pleasure to speak in several churches whose preachers were graduates of Cliff College and I was delighted with their spiritual enthusiasm and fervor for the cause of Christ. My hearts desire and prayer to God is that the youth of today will not lose the pioneer spirit.

Four wonderful months were spent in evangelism in the British Isles: seven weeks each in England and Scotland, two weeks in Northern Ireland and three days in Wales. One week campaigns, were held in Twechar, Troon, Govern, Ilkeston, Chesterfield and Birmingham churches. A week-end meeting in Perth and a Sunday at a Port Glasgow church. I had 112 services in fifteen Nazarene churches and several for ten other denominations.

One service each was held in each of the following churches: Gildersome, Leeds and Morley Nazarene churches, the Old Park Holiness Church in Belfast, the Pillar of Fire Church in London and the International Holiness Church in Bristol. The latter has since affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene. I also had four blessed services at Speake Hall in London.

My first campaign was held in Belfast, Ireland with Pastor William Tranter. God gave us some outstanding victories in that ten day meeting during the Christmas season. Many years later on another visit, I was elated to meet some of the converts who were still faithful to God.

Pastor Tranter and I visited a lady from the church who was ill in a hospital. We were led to speak to the lady in the bed next to hers. After witnessing for a few moments, she admitted her need of Christ. She then prayed for the forgiveness of her sins and gave a victorious testimony.

A Sunday School superintendent from a large downtown church attended a number of our services and asked

to interview us at the parsonage. He had professed to be a Christian for four years, but was confused on the doctrine of holiness. He came with his Bible and two anti-holiness books, asking us to set him right. The Holy Spirit enabled us to answer his questions from the Word of God. Then he suddenly dropped on his knees and made a full surrender to Christ. He stood to his feet, took the two books and threw them into the fireplace before us, stating that he no longer needed them. He gave an encouraging testimony to the work of the Holy Spirit.

I was surprised to learn that Scotland does not celebrate Christmas as do her neighbors. They put the emphasis on a New Year's celebration called "Hogmany" which involves drinking orgies. The churches take advantage of this and sponsor all day conventions. I was honored to be one of the special speakers at the convention which convened at the Parkhead Nazarene church in Glasgow. The following month I had a fruitful two week campaign in the same church. The attendance was excellent with several churches in the area cooperating.

One of the young converts, a nurse, along with several others, confessed Christ as Saviour the closing night. Her husband took offense at her rejection of the worldly pleasures. He insisted that she make her decision between him and God. The next evening he came to the parsonage with the intent of killing me, since I had been instrumental in her conversion. He demanded to know who gave me the authority to come to Scotland to preach. I informed him that my permission came from God and I was ready as His soldier to be a martyr for Him at any time. I threw up my hands in surrender and he was startled. Finally, I called him a coward and asked him to kneel so that I could pray for him. He came bold as a lion but left meek as a lamb.

The Chesterfield mission had no property, so I was entertained in the Church of Scotland manse. Pastor George Patterson and family were most gracious and

cordial. I had the pleasure of speaking to his fine congregation for one Sunday morning service. Shortly after the profitable campaign at Chesterfield, the superintendent organized the church with twenty-three charter members.

On a recent tour, I was happy to meet former converts from the various churches. I met a number of West Indians whom I had known from my Caribbean tours, attending some of these churches.

During my stay in Birmingham, I visited Cadbury's chocolate factory, reputed to be the world's largest. This visit was really worth while and I can recommend it to all tourists. Pastor Robert Deasley and I were the only ones in our party, so we were given our own guide. We learned that 1500 guests go through the factory Monday through Friday with 300 guides to accommodate them. First, we were shown an educational film on how the cocoa bean grows in Ghana, and how it is shipped in large steamers, thence by train to Bourneville. The guide took us through the entire plant to view the various departments in operation. Samples are given of each variety of chocolate and toffee made. Then comes high tea (supper) in the guest dining room with their compliments. The tour takes three hours including a trip through the famous village via their company-owned busses. As each visitor leaves, he is given a lovely tin box of their products.

I found the Britishers to be most friendly and hospitable. I was often invited to tea by complete strangers I would meet in my travels. I formed a number of friendships with whom I still correspond. Everywhere I was treated with utmost respect and courtesy. Some of the newspaper reporters interviewed me and I was both amused and amazed to read their tangled accounts in their respective papers.

I made final arrangements with the C. Warren Joneses to meet them at the Union Station in Amsterdam, Holland. They came by steamer train the day after I arrived by plane.

CHAPTER XII

JOURNIES IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE

On April 12, 1950, I left London via Royal Dutch Airlines for Amsterdam, Holland. The next day, I met the Joneses at the Union Station, across from the Victoria Hotel where I had reserved rooms for us.

We were impressed with the friendly and cordial Dutch people. We enjoyed a delicious meal in one restaurant for only twenty-five cents. Automobiles were in the minority, in comparison to thousands of bicycles. It seemed like everyone rode bicycles, from the youngest child to the oldest grandmother, from the most slender to the portly.

The sound of music is heard everywhere, as the organ-grinder-man goes up and down the main streets. His companion struts around with his tin cup hoping the passerby will drop in a coin. Street vendors are commonly seen displaying their wares. Flowers of every variety are abundant, especially the gorgeous tulips. Practically everyone takes home a bouquet of flowers. It is a common Dutch custom to have fresh flowers in the home.

On a boat trip through the canals of Amsterdam, the Joneses and I were mistaken by a Salvation Army officer for the Harry Truman family. This caused a great roar of laughter from those who heard the remark including us.

Our 800 mile train trip to Copenhagen, Denmark, through beautiful and picturesque country took twenty-one hours. In the quaint villages we saw the Dutch in their native dress. In the surrounding fields, the industrious farmers were laboring in their well-kept flower and

vegetable gardens. We went through a section of western Germany, including Hamburg and Flensburg. It appeared, however, that the people had soon forgotten the horrible ravages of war.

We reached Copenhagen's Union Station at 6 A.M. Since we were dubious about rooms being available at that early hour, I searched for a telephone. I noticed a sign which read "Fono" and felt confident that it was the Danish equivalent for phone. I followed the red arrow, and to my utter amazement and consternation, landed in the men's rest room. I hurried out and finally found the phone booth. The clerk at the Palace Hotel did not understand me, so I set out in search of an interpreter. The seventeenth person I accosted said, "Madam, I speak leetle bit Hinglish, vat may I do fur you?" Assuring him that he would be helpful, I led him to the phone booth. After a brief conversation with the hotel clerk, he smilingly said, "Take taxi-go hotel." Arriving at the hotel before 7 A.M., we were informed that our rooms would not be ready until noon. We cancelled our reservations and left Mrs. Jones in the lobby with our luggage. Mr. Jones and I set out in search of another hotel. After twelve hopeless attempts, we finally located two comfortable rooms at Hotel Webber. The rooms were ready and more reasonable than the Palace.

The Thomas Cook agency were helpful in arranging our side trips. I needed a transit visa to travel through Germany for my return trip. It was Saturday afternoon and the U.S. Embassy was closed. I knew that God would intervene, so by faith I hurried by taxi to the consular section. After two hours of patient waiting and trusting, I obtained the necessary visa. By taxi I reached the ferry in time to accompany the Joneses to Malmo, Sweden. We spent several hours in Malmo and then returned to Copenhagen.

Copehhagen is a modern city with up-to-date shopping facilities, imposing buildings and spacious boulevards.

Through the kindness of Brigadier Larsen of the Salvation Army, we had an extensive sight-seeing tour of the city. To show our appreciation, we went to hear him preach on Sunday evening.

I left for Amsterdam by train several hours before the Joneses, since I was to fly to Brussels, Belgium, and they were to continue by train. We met at the Palace Hotel in the Belgium capital. We have some pleasant memories of our sight-seeing tours via trolley cars. Not knowing the language, we managed to be understood with gestures. The next day, they were homeward bound, while I set out for Paris and all points eastward to the U.S.

The living costs in Paris were far beyond my means. I was dissatisfied with the three hotels I patronized. One charged me eighty francs for four pieces of stationery. At the restaurants, a charge was made for the use of the silverware and the tablecloth, in addition to the fifteen per cent service fee. Twenty francs was charged for every letter I received through Post Restante (General Delivery). I learned that this was to discourage love letters that were sent through this channel.

I was not acquainted with anyone here, but contacted the French Gospel Mission and was invited to speak for the Sunday evangelistic service. This was my first experience to use an interpreter on this tour, but not the last. One can see much of the sordid side of gay Paris, as well as the historic sights that all tourists see, such as: The Eiffel Tower, Arch of Triumph and Notre Dame Cathedral.

The Swiss airline took me to picturesque Geneva, with its abundance of flowers and sparkling streams, set against a background of gorgeous mountain scenery. I visited the famous Reformation Monument and St. Peter's Church, where John Calvin preached for thirty years.

From Geneva, I had an overnight train trip to Marseilles, France. I had been here as a child, but had no recollections whatsoever. I was able to locate a preacher

cousin and his family and was their welcome guest. Ten wonderful days were spent in three of the churches in the area. In one of the services, twenty-two people prayed to be sanctified wholly.

I decided to take a side trip to Barcelona, Spain. I arrived in the beautiful port city after an eighteen hour arduous train ride. I had purchased a second class ticket, but the coaches were filled to capacity, so I changed to first class. No bedding or pillow was furnished. First class is nothing more than six people facing each other in the compartment, rather than eight in second and twelve in third class. The upholstery is better.

The Union Station was filled with hotel bell hops shouting the names of their respective hotels. Their busses were waiting to accommodate the passengers. Rejecting all of them, I ventured out on my own. With my two airline bags, I walked in the direction of the down town area. I discovered one of the hucksters following me. After much persistence, he finally inveigled me into going to his hotel. One look at the building and its locality convinced me of its undesirability. Leaving him dejected, I walked to a busy intersection. As I approached the traffic officer standing midway, I asked in my very limited Spanish, "Donde esta el 'otel?" Promptly, he replied, "Un momento." He made one more signal, then left his stand to escort me to the Oriente Hotel, two blocks away. I was concerned over the traffic situation, so sat down on the curbstone, pretending to be tired, saying, "Me cansada." The altruistic officer smiled and returned to his post of duty.

I had a lovely room at the Oriente Hotel for five dollars a day including meals. The service was excellent and reasonable according to American standards. The following day, however, I saw Hotel Urbais on a main boulevard and inquired of their rates. The charge was only \$2.50 with meals, so I decided to move. The room and food were not quite as fancy, but it was "tops" for

me. I was unable to eat all the food that was placed before me. Dinner was served at 9 P.M., so I skipped the dinners. I have always preferred the 5-6 P.M. hour for the evening meal.

In my travels around the city, I contacted some Christian people. I felt honored to be asked to speak to the Methodist congregation, but my itinerary did not permit me to remain until Sunday. The severe persecution by the fanatical Catholics against the evangelicals had lessened greatly.

I returned to Marseilles by air which took one hour ... some contrast from the long train ride! I spent two more days with my relatives, then by train to Nice, where I flew to Rome.

Two full weeks were spent in Italy viewing the historic centers of sacred history: The Appian Way, the Catacombs, the Colliseum, the Vatican Museum, St. Peter's Basilica, St. John's and St. Paul's churches, the old city walls and the prison where St. Paul is said to have been imprisoned.

Since 1950 was a "Holy Year", there were thousands of tourists in Rome. I took advantage of the opportunity and distributed tracts to everyone I met, and placed some into the various collection boxes in the Cathedrals.

The city of Venice, with its floating gondolas in the canals and foot bridges was unique. I couldn't conceive of people living in houses built alongside the canals. From Venice, I took a train trip to Villach in southern Austria. The scenery en route intrigued me beyond description. My arrival happened during an extended holiday and all the shops were closed. I secured a spacious room in a small hotel for fifty cents a night. I also found a restaurant where I got rice soup for four cents.

I left Villach by train in the evening and arrived early the next morning in Florence, Italy. I had difficulty in locating the Del Rosso home, but some kind people aided

me. Alfredo Del Rosso did an excellent job of interpreting my messages in the Florence and Civitavecchia churches, also for two congregations in Rome. It was a thrill to stand on the very spot where in 1498, Savonarola, the Italian monk, was burned at the stake for preaching the Gospel of Christ. Memories of that blessed martyr and others like him cause me to prepare my life for any eventuality.

An unexpected privilege to visit Greece and Turkey was a highlight of this tour, since they were not included on my itinerary. I had chosen the southern route from Rome to Cairo via Naples, Catania, Malta and Libya, rather than go to Athens and on to Cairo, since the fare was the same. While I was in Marseilles, I met a man from Athens who was visiting my cousins. He insisted that I should go to Greece, for they needed the message of holiness. He added that his wife knew English and would be happy to entertain me while in Athens. I made this request a subject of prayer.

With faith and confidence in God, I inquired at the airlines office in Rome about the round trip fare from Rome to Athens and Istanbul. They quoted the fare as \$171.74. I told the airline personnel that I was praying about the matter and that if it was God's will, He would provide the funds. Within a few days I was the recipient of a letter from Pan American Airways, with a check enclosed for the exact amount (\$171.74), and the attached note read, "Refund from your world tour." This was an answer to prayer.

From Rome I flew to Athens, Greece. The precious lady in question gave me a royal welcome and introduced me to several Christian people. I spoke in two churches and witnessed some heavenly visitations. One man stated that he had not seen anything to equal the manifestation of the Holy Spirit in fifty years. Scores of souls were saved and others filled with His Spirit. It was a joy to stand on Mars Hill, where St. Paul preached his memorable

sermon, recorded in Acts 18. Religious services are forbidden on this spot.

On the sixty miles journey by bus to Corinth, my passport was examined several times by jittery officials. They were still disturbed by suspicions which had developed through ten years of almost constant revolution. Due to the opposition from the Orthodox Church, very few denominations are allowed entry permits for missionary work in Greece.

I was the guest of some newly acquired friends in modern Corinth. On two occasions I went to see the ruins of ancient Corinth, located at the foot of Mt. Acrocorinth, five miles from its modern counterpart. It was a thrill to stand on the spot where St. Paul was brought before Gallio (Acts 18:22). I heartily believe that St. Paul was the world's greatest missionary, next to our Lord Jesus Christ.

I returned to Athens and proceeded to Istanbul, Turkey by air. Istanbul with its two million inhabitants covers a vast area. As soon as I was settled in the Ozipek Palais Hotel, I was anxious to contact a Colporteur, whose name and address had been given to me. I felt confident that I could locate him in Gedig Pasha, so I asked the hotel clerk to write the directions on a slip of paper. He urged me to hire a taxi, since I knew no Turkish, but I refused to heed his admonition. At my request, he loaned me some local currency, as the banks were closed and I was unable to exchange my dollars.

I walked two blocks to the main thoroughfare and boarded the first overcrowded street car that came by. I handed the written directions to the conductor, whose smiling nod put me at ease.* I paid my fare (three cents) and stood with scores of others. All eyes were riveted on the foreigner in their midst. After riding for twenty minutes, I realized that I could not recall the name of the hotel. Unsuccessfully, I endeavored to learn the name of the street where I boarded the car. Then the sensation of

being lost in a strange city terrified me. A young man came to my rescue and together we alighted from the street car. He escorted me to the American school, but those who spoke English had gone home. I tried to phone the airline office, for they knew the name of my hotel, but I was unable to make the operator understand me. He then took me to three stores in an attempt to find someone who knew English. At the last store, the proprietor realized my predicament and beckoned for two of his clerks to go to the police station to solicit aid. I appreciated his kind interest, but motioned with my hands and said, "No, No, police no help, Allah help me." I left the store and followed the street car tracks, praying for guidance. All went well until I came across an intersection and then I was perplexed. I bowed my head and asked the Lord to help me at each of the four intersections. God undertook and within one hour I found the "Ozipek Palais Hotel."

Since that episode, the name "Ozipek Palais" has been deeply imbedded in my mind. I shall never forget the over-solicitous bell hops, dressed in long white robes, who constantly sought to serve me for the "backsheesh" (tips). Had I succumbed to all their pleas, I would have been a pauper.

Through the courtesy of the Bible Society, I met the Colporteur whom I had set out to find the day before. From then on I had a most efficient guide. Through his influence, I had services at the Bible House, Pangalti, Gedig Pasha and Uscudar—a twenty minute ferry ride from the center of the city. I was delighted with the spiritual hunger and ready response. The altars were lined over and over with seeking souls. They swarmed around me like bees, pleading for prayer and spiritual help. Some of them even came to my hotel for prayer and counsel. There is not much freedom in Turkey and missionaries are prohibited. I was elated over this initial

visit and have made seven other trips visiting many areas of Turkey.

I would like to say more about Colporteur Tatigian of Istanbul. He is one man I have met in my travels who actually lives the scriptural injunction, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season" (2 Timothy 4:2). He carries a brief case full of Bibles, Gospel portions, Testaments and tracts wherever he goes. I cite an example of his labors for one day. As he waited for me at the hotel, he sold some Gospels to the clerk and the manager. He sold Gospel booklets to the waiter and cashier at the restaurant, the humble street vendor selling apricots, the passengers on the ferry, the clerks at a candy shop, the train conductors, the subway clerks, to the policeman and to the people on the streets, busses and street cars. As we drove in a taxi to the home of a believer, the driver, with one hand on the wheel, used his other hand to examine the Bible he had just purchased. I sat in the back seat and prayed that God would prevent us from having an accident. No one refused him that day. His only aim and passion was to win the lost through the blessed Word of God. Thus he went daily sowing the good seed and sharing the wonderful Gospel. He did the same type of witnessing in ten other countries. God called this indefatigable worker from his "labors abundant" to his eternal reward while he was in Argentina.

The sights of interest in Istanbul included: the famous Mosque of St. Sophia, the National Palace and the Blue Mosque. I had never before seen so many four minaret mosques. I watched the devout moslems wash their feet outside the Mosques at the many faucets and reverently enter without their shoes. They pray five times daily. Each tourist has to put on large cloth slippers over their shoes before they are allowed to enter the mosque.

Back in Rome, I retraced the route which St. Paul took on his last missionary journey. I passed through Puteoli, Rhegium, Syracuse and Malta. In Naples, Italy, I visited

the Evangelical Bible Institute, where ex-priests are trained for the Gospel ministry. These converted priests give glowing testimonies of their conversion to Christ. They are the objects of much persecution from the Catholic church, but they consider it as a source of encouragement rather than defeat. They deem it a privilege to suffer for Christ.

From Naples, I flew to Catania, Sicily and spent three days there. The cafes looked anything but inviting and the odors from the various concoctions were even worse. I was impressed to do business with the street vendors. I purchased some freshly baked rolls, just as they came out of the large quaint oven. I also bought cheese, cucumbers, green peppers, onions, cherries, plums, apricots and oranges. The entire purchase cost fifty cents and I felt well fed for the three days.

I was unable to contact any Gospel witness in Catania. Since my departure, however, several missionary groups have entered this needy field.

The few days I spent in historic Malta left me heart-sick. The population of Malta was 99 per cent Roman Catholic. The three Protestant churches from Britain catered to the British naval station. I attended two of these churches and was keenly disappointed with their "social Gospel." There is a statue of St. Paul overlooking the bay, but the spirit of the martyr has long since been buried in the past. Legend has it that no venomous beast can live on Malta, since the experience St. Paul had there nearly 2,000 years ago (Acts 28:1-16). They claim that when the venomous beasts do show up, which is very seldom, they are absolutely harmless.

This is the Europe I saw. The scars of war were still in evidence, but how quickly the general populace had forgotten the ravages of the horrible, bloody conflict. Privation has in no way improved the spiritual life of the nations. There is a vast whitened harvest which presents

the Christian church with a great challenge which we must not neglect.

It is my firm conviction that the people will respond to the true message of the Gospel, for it offers hope and security for their troubled lives.



College Evangelistic Team
George Delong, Irene Ander-
son, Russell Kleppinger, Earl
Wolfe, C. Helen.



C. Helen—Lorraine Schultz
Denver, Colorado
November, 1942.

CHAPTER XIII

WORLD TOUR NO. ONE

THE MIDDLE EAST

I left Malta feeling greatly disappointed that there was no Gospel light shining there. My next objective was to visit the Bible lands. My plane hedgehopped along the Libyan coast of North Africa, stopping at Tripoli, Benghazi and Tobruk, places made familiar during World War II. I had my first contact with the Bedouins and was fascinated by their mode of dress and life. Even the high class Arab who wore the western type of men's suit, supplemented it with a skirt. I observed that skirts were the standard garb for men. The Turkish fez or Arab shawl were common as headgear.

I was in Cairo, Egypt, during Ramadan, a month long fast. One of the tenets of the Moslem faith is fasting. During this month no food is consumed throughout the day, but a blast sounds at seven o'clock each evening to signal the beginning of all night orgy of feasting. Such inconsistency! I mused. How unlike Christ, who fasted for forty days and nights without food or water.

Cairo is overcrowded with guides dressed in long robes, seeking the tourist business. Ignoring them all, I made my way around by street car and busses. Match-folders constitute legal tender for street car fares. I discovered this when I was handed one as change. In vain I told the conductor that I did not smoke.

I checked in at the Victoria Hotel and lived on fruit for four days. By coincidence, I met a Christian young man in the Lebanese Consulate, who escorted me to his church. There, I was asked to speak in five services at

the Brotherhood church. There were definite conversions, most of them still living for God. One kind family invited me to stay with them for the remainder of my time in Cairo. I heartily accepted this offer even though they lived in a fifth floor apartment. To save climbing the ninety-four steps, they did their shopping by putting a basket down, with a heavy rope, to the street vendor below. They would attach a note to the basket listing the items desired. The vendor placed the order in the basket and the customer pulled it up. This was a novel way to shop.

Like all tourists do, I took a trip to the famous pyramids and the sphinx. With the aid of an Arab guide and a Christian brother, I climbed the outside of the Great Pyramid and also half way up on the inside. The breathtaking view from the top was worth the arduous thirty-minute climb. The Nile River valley was resplendent in all its glory. As I looked over the countryside, my mind wandered back to the great exodus of the children of Israel from this land of oppression. Then I praised God for my "Red Sea" experience of deliverance from the bondage of sin. To top it all, I had a ride on a camel. I do not know whether it was the camel ride or the pyramid climb, but my muscles ached for several days.

My last forty-eight hours in Cairo were spent in bed with a throat infection and high fever. My friends insisted that I remain until I was completely well, but I arose the third day and flew to Beirut, Lebanon.

In Beirut, I stayed with relatives of the family from Cairo. They advised me to see Dr. P. Krikorian, head of the CMC (Christian Medical Center) Hospital. He gave me an effective treatment and suggested that I rest a few days in the mountains. Upon my return to Beirut, I was still unable to accept any speaking engagements. Then I flew to the island of Cyprus and spent my "umpteenth" birthday. (July 2) in Nicosia, the capital. I enjoyed

fellowship with a number of new friends and shared my testimony.

My next stop was Amman (Rabboth Ammon), the capital of Jordan. It was a thrill to look down on those treasured lands and recall the Bible incidents. The pilot pointed out such places as the Sea of Galilee, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan River. I noted the bleak, barren wilderness and recalled the Scripture, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose" (Isaiah 35:1). Today, the Jews are actually bringing that prophecy to pass.

In Amman, the Samuel Krikorians entertained me royally and became my efficient guides and interpreters. Some of my messages were translated into three languages: Armenian, Turkish and Arabic. I had a week in Zerka with the Bill Russells and their Arab congregation. At every service we prayed with seeking souls.

We made a trip to Mount Nebo, where Moses, centuries before, had viewed the Promised Land. We also saw the following mountains: Moriah, Hermon, Tabor, Zion, Olivet and Mount of Temptation.

En route to Jerusalem from Amman, we passed through Es Salt and crossed the Jordan River over the Allenby Bridge. We reached Jericho which has the distinction of having the world's lowest elevation, 1292 feet below sea level. In this hot belt we viewed sycamore trees, the ruins of old Jericho and Elisha's fountain (2 Kings 2:19-22). I put my hand into the waters of the Dead Sea and was amazed at the deposits of minerals and phosphate which remained upon it. Scientists claim that it is the wealthiest spot on earth, due to its mineral deposits. We passed the Good Samaritan Inn before reaching Bethany. There, we saw the ruins of the alleged homes of Mary and Martha and Simon the Leper. We purchased a candle from the Arab caretaker to light our way into the assumed Tomb of Lazarus and recounted the miracle of his arising from the dead (Luke 11).

In Jerusalem, I was the guest of Pastor Keshishian,

who acted as my efficient guide to the sacred places. We visited the alleged Tomb of the Kings, Absolam's pillar, Jeremiah's cave, Zachariah's tomb, Ornan's threshing floor, the Holy Sepulchre and the pool of Bethesda. We also saw the alleged homes of the Virgin Mary, Annas, Dives, the rich man and the villages of Siloam and Bethphage.

Next, we visited the places made famous by our Lord Jesus Christ. We were in the Garden of Gethsemane, where He prayed and agonized before His crucifixion and the place where they claim He taught His disciples to pray the Lord's prayer (Matthew 6:9-13). Today, there stands a chapel on that spot where this prayer is printed in colorful mosaics in many languages.

From the Mount of Olives we passed through St. Stephen's gate. We saw the dungeon, where it is claimed that Christ spent the night with Barrabas the thief and also the place of Christ's arrest, adjacent to Pilate's Judgment hall. Every Friday afternoon at three o'clock, the Roman Catholics begin a procession from this hall to Calvary along the Via Dolorosa (way of sorrows). I watched the white-robed priests kneel fifteen times on the dirty streets of the walled city of Jerusalem as they made their way to the Holy Sepulchre. Most evangelical Christians do not believe that this is the actual spot, but the Garden Tomb outside the Damascus Gate could possibly be the Biblical site. It is called Gordon's Tomb, because this English general uncovered the site in 1888.

In the Garden where the tomb is located, there is an abundance of shrubs, flowers, a winepress, three cisterns, palm and mustard trees. One can also see the so-called "Place of the Skull", known as Golgotha. The Garden with its sacred tomb was purchased by the gifts from many Christians around the world. A number of distinguished Christians control its use and have appointed a warden who lives in a home on the grounds. He also acts as guide for the tourists. Warden Mattar, whom

I knew personally, was killed by the Jews in the six-day war in June, 1967. On Easter Sunday, beginning at 5 A.M. many Christians attend the various services conducted at the Garden Tomb.

I toured the St. James convent (Armenian Orthodox) reputed to be the place where James, the Bishop of Jerusalem, was beheaded. From the roof top of one of their buildings, I had an excellent view of the million dollar Y.M.C.A. and the King David Hotel in Israel. I noted the marked contrast in the modern section of Jerusalem, compared with the old city inside the walls.

We had a successful ten day campaign for the Nazarene Mission in the old city, adjacent to the alleged pool of Hezekiah.

The taxi ride from Jerusalem to Samaria cost sixty cents. I was the only woman passenger among eight Moslem men. I took advantage of the situation and witnessed to them. We stopped to see Jacob's Well, as we entered Samaria. Supposedly, it was at this well where the Lord Jesus asked for a drink from a Samaritan woman (John 4).

Damascus, Syria is reputed to be the world's oldest city. I walked the full length of the street called "Straight" and visited the alleged house of Ananias (Acts 9:10, 11). Then I viewed the alleged wall where St. Paul was let down in a basket (Acts 9:25), the alleged home of Naaman the leper (2 Kings 5:9-16) and the River Pharper.

I had several services in Damascus and also at Bludan in the mountains. By taxi I drove with others to Aleppo, 365 miles north of Damascus. There I had a most profitable campaign at the Brotherhood church. I had six services on Sunday and prayed with scores of souls. The spiritual hunger was most heart-warming and refreshing. I had to return to Damascus in order to fly to Bagdad, capital of Iraq.

In Bagdad, I contacted some believers and had several

opportunities to witness for Christ. On an unbearably hot day in August, with two Christian companions, we traveled by taxi to the ancient city of Babylon, now in ruins. We saw a den, which some claim to be the one into which Daniel was thrown for praying to his God (Daniel 6). We were shown the place where they claim the three Hebrew children were placed for disobeying the King's command to bow before the image (Daniel 3). There is a model of the original Babylon, a great contrast to what we had seen, displayed in a museum.

We rested and ate by an ancient well and then went to see what was left of an ancient tower. They told us this was the Tower of Babel which was located on the plains of Shinar. At every village en route, we stopped for water to quench our thirst, but were repeatedly refused. The cherished water we were told was only available to those who were Arabs or Persians. Unbeknown to us at the time, our driver falsified the truth and we were then given some water, so essential in a desert area. That was my first experience in racial discrimination.

En route to India, I had brief stops at Basra, Iraq; and Karachi, Pakistan. Because of the great influx of tourists in Bombay, only the high-priced hotels were available. I finally spent that first night in a small hotel lounge which was made into a makeshift bedroom for me. The following day, by coincidence, I met some Christian people who suggested I try the Salvation Army Hostel which was close to the swank Taj Mahal Hotel. I was successful and the cost was only \$1.70 a day, including all meals.

The extreme poverty, hunger and filth in Bombay was simply tragic! Along the cluttered streets, multiplied thousands live in crude shelters made of rags, newspapers and cardboard. My heart ached for those who had no shelter at all, but used the sidewalks, streets and dirty alleys as their abode. It was monsoon season and one night during a torrential rain storm I lay awake praying

for those poor benighted souls in the streets. Looking about my humble, yet spacious room, I estimated that I could have accommodated seventy persons, sleeping side by side on the floor.

The next morning I was horrified to see the dead bodies on the streets just before they were carried to the "burning ghats." The Hindu custom is to cremate their dead and the cost is just ten rupees (\$2.20).

Anyone with a compassionate heart, certainly pities these poor, unfortunate, emaciated, tortured and near-naked bodies, in dire need of proper shelter and nourishment. Such a caste system which allows these destitute souls to suffer should be abolished! There is a profusion of beggars and lepers, with unkempt and mutilated bodies, that follow you until your heart bleeds and you give them a handout.

I had the unexpected pleasure of speaking at a Gospel mission in Bombay. Seven high caste Brahmins confessed their sins and accepted Christ.

Train service in India is anything but comfortable and there are four classes to choose from. Even the best passenger coaches are more like our freight cars. Following the suggestion of some friends, I traveled second class 300 miles to Malkapur, from Bombay. One must carry a bed roll regardless of the class he travels. If you desire any privacy, you must carry your own curtains. I had taken newspapers along to use as sheets, but one kind gentleman in my compartment loaned me part of his bed roll.

The glorious and fruitful month I spent preaching for the Nazarene missions in the central province, shall not be forgotten. It was a joy and delight to spend a week with my college friends, Earl and Hazel Lee, at Basim. We had blessed meetings in the Bible school directed by Earl. Among the converts was a former "holy man" who was converted. They asked me to dedicate their only child to the Lord. With the aid of the native pastor, who

read the ritual in the Marathi language, I performed this unusual dedication.

The Lord enabled us to have blessed services at Buldana, Mehkar and Pusad. The Bible school and elementary students in Chikhli gave me a royal welcome. I had a victorious week with them. How thrilling it was to hear the children pray and witness for Christ.

Dr. Evelyn Witthoff escorted me around the Reynolds Memorial Hospital where I saw some pitiful cases. The relatives of the patients stay in the hospital to comfort and care for their sick. They also supply the food for them. The native nurses also help by doing what the family cannot do. I spoke one morning to the nurses during their devotional period.

There was much poverty in evidence in the provinces as well. The Indian parents were offering their children for sale for the pittance of ten rupees (\$2.20). The missionaries decided to keep entire families on their station by feeding them in exchange for work.

The climax of my month's stay was an invitation written in English, to attend the wedding of Kamal Bhujabal, and Hancock Pregare of Buldana. I was amazed to note the contrast to our accustomed weddings.

There was no playing of a wedding march, for musical instruments are not appreciated by the natives. The guests sang a doleful tune in unison, as the couple marched down the middle aisle of the church. The bride was accompanied by her paternal grandmother and the groom by his mother. They had no bridesmaids, best man or flower girls. Kamal was dressed in a beautiful sari of flowered material and Hancock was resplendent in an aqua-blue suit. They sat down in front of the church and the service proceeded.

The Pastor of the Chikhli church read some appropriate Scripture and gave an exhortation on Christian marriage for the benefit of the Hindus who were present. He then gave a charge to the couple, emphasizing the

importance of establishing a Christian home. He further admonished them to read the Bible, have family devotions, to keep the Sabbath and not to forsake the services of the church (Hebrews 10:25). Next came the reading of the marriage ritual, followed by prayer. Someone appeared on the scene and placed a number of garlands around the pastor's neck. The couple was each given a bouquet of flowers and many garlands. Laying the bouquet on the altar, the groom placed a necklace on his bride. The couple knelt and held hands to receive the blessing and benediction of their officiating pastor. After another prayer, he pronounced them "husband and wife" and was the first to congratulate them. The congregation sang a song of blessing while the couple signed the official register. One man was squirting perfume on the guests while another was distributing rice and flowers.

The groom's uncle made a speech about the "Jawin" (feast). Only one member of each family could be accommodated because of the great crowd. As the couple marched out, the bride wore a sober countenance to signify her happiness. The guests followed, to offer congratulations and to shower them with rice and flowers. The guests sat down on the floor, forming a large circle in the mission home. In Indian fashion, we ate, with our fingers, a rice and curry dish, served on a banana leaf.

After the feast, the pastor opened the gifts and passed them to the bride. There was no lavish display of gifts, just practical items, such as bedding, pots and pans, dishes and glasses, a coffeepot, a baby rattle plus a few monetary gifts. It was suggested that I put a two-rupee note in an envelope as my gift. It was a simple wedding indeed, but God was honored in the ceremony. One more Christian home was being established, and we could rejoice that the Gospel was producing excellent results.

Missionary Beals accompanied me on my return trip to Bombay and together we saw the Towers of Silence (Parsee burying ground) etc. I flew to New Delhi and by

train to Agra, to see the famous Taj Mahal. I was able to view this modern wonder of glittering marble, both by daylight and moonlight.

It was 2 A.M. when I arrived in Calcutta's Dum Dum airport. The airlines bus took me to the Lee Memorial Mission, where I was to stay. I observed hundreds of near-naked heathen, sleeping on the sidewalks without any covering.

Calcutta is a great, complex city of incredible contrasts. The streets and public transportation are designed to accommodate half the population. Housing is a dire problem in the slum areas. The windowless houses are very cold in the winter, unbearably hot in summer and damp in the rainy season. They have no kitchen, except a charcoal fire in the corner of the tiny room and no place to bathe except at the public hydrants. From the veranda of the mission, I saw men, women and children bathing and washing their clothes in a water stall for animals.

I had my first experience of riding in a rickshaw, operated by a running Indian male. My heart ached to watch these thinly-clad men carry extra heavy burdens in the form of human beings. The ox-cart whose speed is two miles an hour is a common means of transportation. I preferred to walk as I was able to double the speed.

At the Jain Temple, I saw people sacrificing goats to atone for their sins—a repulsive sight! Fortune tellers, hair dyers and barbers do a flourishing business on the streets. The beauty specialists use long iron-tong instruments to do the job of nose and ear picking. It surprised me to watch the Indians endure this unpleasant and trying ordeal.

While in Calcutta, it was my pleasure to speak at the Thoburn Memorial Methodist church, the Full Gospel church and the American Mission.

I had met some of God's choicest saints among the brown-skinned peoples of India, and thanked God for the "lights" in the gross darkness.

CHAPTER XIV

WORLD TOUR NO. ONE

THE ORIENT

The flight from Calcutta, India, to Rangoon, Burma, took me into an entirely different world. There was no evidence of extreme poverty such as I saw in India. The Burmese are an industrious, friendly people and have no marked class distinctions. There are still thatched roof bamboo huts of the poorer classes, however, in contrast to the iron-roofed teakwood bungalows of the rich. Also, I saw very few beggars.

The state religion of Burma is Buddhism and ninety per cent of the people are Buddhists. I noticed a very large Chinese settlement in Rangoon, the capital, and learned that half the population was Chinese. Since the opening of the Burma road, the Chinese have increased greatly in number.

The Burmese language is spoken by twenty million of the twenty-five million inhabitants. It has an alphabet of thirty-two consonants and ten vowels. The remaining five million people speak 125 other dialects. One of the first expressions I learned was: "Praise the Lord", which sounds like "Bone daw go cheem won ja."

The characteristic dress for Burmese men and women is the "longi", a skirt made by wrapping five yards of cloth around the waist and tucking it in at the front. The men wear European-type shirts while the women wear tight-fitting blouses, adorned with fancy buttons. Variety in a wardrobe is attained by merely changing the buttons. An average woman has from thirty to one hundred sets of gorgeous buttons. She uses generous amounts of coconut

oil in her hair and she enjoys fancy hair-do's. The Burmese woman has equal status with the male and after her marriage at eighteen, she retains her maiden name.

The yellow-robed Buddhist monks, many in their teens, go about the villages with their begging bowls. They are cared for entirely by the sympathetic people. Food and water are placed along the roadways for them. They live according to a strict code which allows no food before noon, no luxuries or entertainments and no accumulation of wealth or material possessions.

In Rangoon, I visited the famous Golden Pagoda (Shwe Dagon), the colossal temple whose golden spire dominates the city. There is a constant throng of worshippers bringing gifts, flowers, candles, incense and fruit to the huge image of Buddha in the temple. The massive staircase of 125 steps was lined with hucksters, peddling goods suitable for offering to Buddha. We had to remove our shoes and stockings like the regular worshippers in order to enter the temple. It was sad to see the hundreds of pilgrims come away still carrying their burdens and cares. How heartening it was to hear that in the midst of such paganism, the light of the Gospel, which was first lit by the Adroniram Judson's over a century ago still burns brightly. The translation of the Bible into the Burmese language was the result of the Judson's dedication, sacrifice and indomitable labors. Today, the Baptists claim to have three times as many adherents as the Roman Catholics.

Bicycle-richshaws are a common means of conveyance, but I had as little confidence in them as I did the ancient native busses. Instead of numbers or names to designate the route of a bus, large pictures of a train, shrimp, crab, etc., are painted on them.

My five fascinating days passed altogether too quickly and I then flew to Bangkok, Thailand, formerly known as Siam. Thailand is considered one of the most advanced nations in Southeast Asia. Due to its material prosperity,

Christianity has had little influence in the past one hundred years of missionary endeavor. I visited the Baptist and Presbyterian churches, also the American Bible Society.

Bangkok is a modern metropolis of one million people. I saw the magnificent Emerald Buddha, the fabulous marble and porcelain temples, also the floating markets in the canals. Hundreds of people live in houseboats and can do their shopping conveniently without leaving home. There are palatial hotels and super-deluxe restaurants as well as ordinary ones. I found a cafe which catered to American trade with reasonable prices.

Hong Kong was my next stop. This British Crown colony, on the coast of China, consists of the island of Hong Kong, some lesser islands and a bit of the mainland where Kowloon is located. The harbor of Hong Kong, one of the finest in the world, is an extremely busy port. Ships of all nations shuttle in and out.

Beautiful homes give evidence of abundant wealth. In contrast there are sidewalk homes with refugees from Red China, crowded little shacks with roofs made from beer cans. Thousands live in houseboats and other thousands are herded together in huge apartment buildings. Prostitutes, criminals and dope addicts live in foul-smelling alleys. Though hemmed in by the Chinese Communists, the people did not seem unduly alarmed and went about their business as usual.

I remained at the Presbyterian mission for a couple of days until I located Bob Hammonds of the Peniel Mission, with whom I stayed for the balance of my stay. I held five services in the Peniel Mission, where God gave us many seekers. It was thrilling to hear the testimonies of many who had been victims of atrocities during World War II. Their hearts, nevertheless, were full of the love of God. They gathered by the hundreds in the nightly services, to tell of the wondrous grace of God in their lives.

By cable car I rode to the tallest peak in Hong Kong and was delighted with the view and relaxation it afforded. Accompanied by several missionaries, we took a trip around the Islands by ferry to visit various missions. We rode with Bob Hammond as close as possible to the Communist frontier until the soldiers and guards sent us back.

On the flight to Manilla, Philippines from Hong Kong, I met Dr. Enoch Dyrness, Registrar of Wheaton College in Illinois and also Secretary for T.E.A.M. (The Evangelical Alliance Mission). Among all the passengers, we were the only ones who refused the liquor offered us by the airlines.

Missionary Joseph and Pearl Pitts welcomed me at the Manilla airport. We were the guests that evening of the American Bible Society mission home. The following day, we set out on an extensive shopping tour, before going to the mission headquarters in Baguio City via jeep.

Because the countryside was infested with the Huks (Communist guerillas), a curfew was sounded at 7 P.M. We had to travel until 9 P.M. to reach our destination. We prayed and believed God for protection through the desolate mountain highways. It was not with fear and apprehension, but with genuine trust and implicit faith that God would guide us. We saw a jeep full of soldiers armed with guns and we wondered about them. The next day we learned just how dangerous our route had been. Some people had been killed and we felt most fortunate that God had protected us and that we were not molested in any way. Praise the Lord!

The Joseph Pitts and the John Pattes were living in a two story duplex. Our services were held in the Pattes living room. The Pitts accompanied me to a number of churches on Luzon, one of the main islands in the Philippines.

Due to guerilla activity, there were numerous check-points established to impede their progress. We had to

pay a toll at every bridge we crossed. To reach some of the churches, we had to wade through streams and rice paddies. There was always a vivacious group of nationals, however, to help carry our luggage. Our menu at each native home was rice and chicken three times daily. In one secluded area, our host had walked fifteen miles to secure bread to add to our meal. Such altruism cannot easily be forgotten.

We visited the Far East Broadcasting station in Manila, a Gospel outlet which blankets all the Orient. By a happy coincidence, we heard several of the familiar Gospel programs from the United States.

Travel through the Philippines is not deluxe. The most reasonable means of conveyance in the cities is the jeep. The United States donated 2,000 of these jeeps at the cessation of World War II. The remote areas can only be reached by canoe or by foot.

The World Literature Crusade is endeavoring to give the Gospel by paper missionaries through national distributors in this archipelago of 7,083 islands southeast of China. Thank God for the blessed results of souls being saved through this courageous effort in the Philippines.

After three wonderful weeks in Luzon, I set out for the "Land of the Rising Sun." Our first stop was at the Okinawa airport very early in the morning where I had a surprise visit with a college friend. En route to Japan, our plane was the first civilian plane to land in Seoul, Korea, following the recapture of the city. The pilot circled the airport three times while Air Force jet planes whizzed around us. The large terminal building was in shambles, so a number of Army tents were substituted in its place.

We stepped off our plane onto an old Army truck. Large planks were carefully placed as a ramp, so we could easily walk to the ground. Never before had I been so close to a war zone or seen such debris. I talked with

a number of service men who informed me that sporadic fighting was still going on inside the city of Seoul.

Many thousands of Christians had been martyred or imprisoned. Ten thousand others met death in one day when the Communists recaptured the city.

On November 10, our plane landed at Tokyo. I was elated to see the William Eckels, veteran missionaries in Japan. We had a brief visit with the Harrison Davises, who briefed me on the Japanese custom of removing shoes before entering a home or a church. We then drove 100 miles north to the Eckel home in Karuizawa. Winter was setting in and the weather was cold. Since I had come from the sweltering heat of the tropics, I truly appreciated the nightly steam baths and Utampo (hot water bottle). The rambling homes, with their sliding doors and movable partitions are convenient but at times confusing.

I did not relish the native foods; however, many delight in the famous Sukiyaki (a conglomeration of vegetables and bamboo sprouts garnished with raw eggs). I enjoyed eating many large delicious apples, Japanese pears and seedless tangerines, all of which grow in abundance.

Japan has a mixture of old and new customs. The equality of women with men has brought one of the greatest transformations. Wives no longer have to walk several paces behind their husbands, and it is common to see couples dining together. The fraternizing of American service men with the Japanese women is unrestrained. As a result, there are numerous mixed-marriages and also many illegitimate births.

The progress of the Nazarene mission has been phenomenal, despite the ravages of war and the scattering of the people. Only one church building survived the bombings while hundreds of people were killed. In Yokohama, three service men built a quonset hut church and I was privileged to preach in the opening service. During my six-week stay, I held many services in the

various churches in the Tokyo area and also in Hiroshima, Okayama, Kyoto and Osaka.

At the annual Nazarene preacher's convention, I had the unprecedented experience of being the main speaker for the occasion. It was a delight to minister to those heroic and courageous pastors through a gifted interpreter, Ross Kida. I was presented with a number of practical gifts and a dinner in a famous Japanese restaurant. I cannot say that I enjoyed the exotic foods on the menu, nor the special dishes the waiters brought just for me. I had the joy, however, of sharing my special dishes with the dear pastors who were highly pleased.

It was thrilling to speak in the Oriental Missionary Society Bible School in Tokyo, and in the large elementary school in Chiba (Nazarene). How heart-warming it was to observe the eagerness of the people for the Gospel message.

Before leaving the "Land of Fujiyama", I took a side tour to view the huge image of Buddha in Kammakura. My heart was strangely moved as I watched the worshippers bring their offerings and wait in vain for an answer to their prayers. How I prayed that somehow the message of Christ's saving power could reach them before it was too late.

All too soon the time arrived for me to set out across the Pacific for home. I was allotted an extension of twelve days on my ticket due to the fact that the United States government had hired the airline to bring home the wounded soldier boys from Korea.

We left the Tokyo airport on a Pan American strato-cruiser bound for Honolulu. Because of engine trouble developing, we had an overnight stop on tiny Wake Island. I had just settled in the comfortable foam rubber mattress and pillow berth, when the stewardess informed me that I must exchange it for an ordinary double-decker bed in a dormitory. We spent some hours in the same room where President Truman and General MacArthur had

been in conference a few weeks previous. The next day we proceeded to Honolulu. Ordinarily, the flight takes twenty-two hours from Tokyo to Honolulu.

It is a most interesting experience to cross the international dateline. Going west you lose one day and traveling east you gain a day. I have enjoyed both of these experiences several times.

I spent ten wonderful days in Hawaii, a tourist paradise of sunshine, roses and orchids. All races, creeds and colors can be found here. It seemed like I had reached home, for English is spoken and the dollar is used as legal tender. Here, I had several speaking engagements and appreciated the good response.

Early on the first day (Sunday) of 1951, just one year and twelve days after my departure from New York, I landed in San Francisco. Wilson Lanpher, pastor of the First Nazarene church welcomed me at the airport. I enjoyed speaking in both services in his church that day in the Golden Gate city.

I was deeply grateful for the pleasure of preaching the Gospel around the world. I had visited 151 cities in 39 countries and traveled a total of 51,840 miles. This new experience left me with a deeper understanding of the world's need of salvation. How true the words of our Saviour who said "the fields are white unto harvest, but the laborers are few." May the Lord enable His people to seriously accept the Great commission of sharing the Gospel with every creature. Amen.

CHAPTER XV

WORLD TOUR-NO. TWO

After the conclusion of my first world tour in January of 1951, I was occupied with traveling and preaching across the United States. On December 24, 1951, I left Miami, Florida, with the David Mackey family and drove to Key West. There we parked the car and flew to Havana, Cuba, as guests of Lyle and Grace Prescott. We visited a number of churches to the great encouragement of the nationals and several souls were born into the Kingdom of God.

I returned to Miami on January 12, 1952, to make final preparations for this missionary tour. I had several speaking engagements in various parts of Florida with profitable results.

On February 12, 1952, I embarked on a Pan American plane destined for the popular tropical isle of Jamaica. My first stop was at Montego Bay, where the Malcolm Beirnes family of the Wesleyan Mission welcomed me. We drove to the mission home in Torrington to prepare for the evening service at Sheffield. Hundreds of people had gathered inside and outside the tent, to hear God's Word and a number of them responded to the invitation to be saved. I also spoke in two services in Savana la Mar where several souls were saved.

We had a memorable Sunday at the Pilgrim church in Montego Bay. God came in great power and gave us an outstanding service. I then flew to Kingston, the capital and was the guest of Ray Chamberlains. I had blessed services at the Constant Spring and Content Pilgrim churches.

The Paul Orjelas welcomed me at the airport in Port au Prince, Haiti. We decided to make a trip north with their jeep. We stopped first at Port Margo, and spent the night with the Wesleyan missionaries. The second day was spent in Cap Haitien at the Bible Mission where Radio Station 4 VEH is located. Then we went to see the famous citadel (fortress) called Laferriere, founded by King Henry Christophe.

On our return trip to Port au Prince, we threw out tracts from the jeep. It delighted us to watch the natives run after them and stop to read them. I had a number of services in two Nazarene churches with good results.

The Bill Altons at Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, gave me a gracious welcome. Though we had never met, I felt right at home, and enjoyed speaking in three churches there. I had a week of special services at the Nazarene church in San Juan, Puerto Rico, also gave a message over radio station WIAS.

In St. John's, the capital of Antigua, I was the guest of the Dean Phillips family. We had four unusual services at the Pilgrim Church, where over 1,000 people were present for the closing night. The altar was lined with weeping seekers who gave glowing testimonies of victory. The Gray's Farm Pilgrim Church was so packed that we asked the people seated in the front to leave. This helped to make room for the seekers, who climbed over the benches to reach the altar. The services at the villages of Willikies and Winthrops were just as powerful and effective in spirit and results.

Barbados, known as Little England, is a most densely populated island in the Caribbean. Its 250,000 inhabitants reside on 166 square miles of territory. The island is twenty-one miles long and fourteen miles wide and has 608 miles of winding narrow roads. Barbados was established in 1625, separated from the Windward Islands and became a colony of England in 1885. Today, it belongs to the West Indies federation.

I was in eighteen churches and witnessed outstanding victories especially at the Hall's Road and Bank Hall Nazarene churches. I also spoke at the Pilgrim Bible School to a dedicated group of students. The service at White Park Tabernacle with 1200 present was like an old-fashioned campmeeting.

The cosmopolitan Island of Trinidad is the second largest in the Caribbean. Columbus landed here in 1498 and named the island. Four religions are represented in Port of Spain, its capital: Christian, Hindu, Moslem and Parsee. The Island's one million inhabitants include British, Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish, Syrian, Chinese, East Indian and African. The Lord gave us fruitful services at St. James, Arima, Tunapuna, and Levantil Nazarene churches.

Guyana has a tropical climate, dense forests, inaccessible jungles and towering mountains. One-fifth of its 650,000 population live in Georgetown, the capital. In 1796, Guyana became a crown colony of the British Empire. Today, it is independent. Among its many resources are bauxite, gold and diamonds.

God gave us a successful two-week campaign in the Georgetown Nazarene church. On the closing Sunday, we had a record-breaking Sunday School attendance of 300. Several races were represented in the meetings who eagerly accepted Christ as their Saviour.

I spent two days with the Pilgrim missionaries in Paramaribo, Surinam. We visited the site outside the city limits where the naked bush men and their families gather from the jungle areas. Gospel workers are reaching them.

From Surinam I flew across the South Atlantic by Royal Dutch Airlines and was the only passenger to disembark at Dakar, Senegal. The airline officials took me to a "swanky" hotel where I was given a \$20 suite. I felt unworthy of this honor, so I phoned the airline office and asked them to place me in a cheaper hotel.

They must have figured I was some kind of a "crackpot", but granted my request and transferred me to the Air Hotel, costing five dollars.

The next day, I located the Paris Mission headquarters and obtained a room for \$1.10 a day. Dakar, a modern city is 90% Moslem and in dire need of the Gospel message. The French mission was the only Protestant church and liberal. I was occupied with obtaining visas and personal witnessing.

The airport in Liberia is located sixty miles from Monrovia, the capital. Transportation into the city cost five dollars per person, so I remained at the airport. After several hours, I found a truck which charged one dollar.

During my stay at the Assembly of God mission home, I contracted the flu which kept me confined for two days. Due to my weakened condition, I was forced to hire a private plane to fly me to Robertsfield. I spent the night at the Pan American hotel and boarded the 6 A.M. plane the next day.

In Accra, Ghana, I had a lovely room with private bath at the Methodist Guest Home costing a dollar a day including meals. On Sunday, I attended a Methodist church for morning worship. For the evening service, I went to the Assembly of God church. I was a stranger to these people, but they asked if I would speak that night. It was a joy to grant their request since I had an excellent interpreter. The entire congregation, playing on unique instruments, provided the orchestra. After the testimonies from the new converts, they played and sang for me until 11 P.M. much to my delight.

At Leopoldville, Belgium Congo, I stayed at the Union Guest House for missionaries. I was asked to lead the devotions one evening. To visit the Swedish Mission, I had to take a boat to Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa, now called Congo, Brazzaville. Americans are not welcome here as I discovered on a recent trip, but this is not the case at Congo, Kinshasa.

On May 10, I arrived in Johannesburg, South Africa. During my ninety day stay, I made my headquarters with the Arthur Savage family in Discovery, Transvaal. While in South Africa, I had from one to ten services with excellent results in the following churches: Coronationville, Albertsville, Noogesig, Kliptown, Newclare, Protea, Crown Mines, White City, Witbank, and Roodeport. At Kliptown, the missionary advertised me thus: "Come, hear the lady evangelist who is Armenian by nationality and Arminian in theology."

I accompanied Superintendent and Mrs. William Esselstyn to Bremersdorp, Swaziland, to attend the wedding of Agnes Clark and James Graham, both from Great Britain. This was the first marriage of missionaries held on the field in forty years, so it was an outstanding event. I was happy to be present since Agnes and I had met in England and had done some traveling together.

After the wedding, the Esselstyns returned to Johannesburg. I went to the Mbiluzi Leper Colony with Elizabeth Cole, who has faithfully labored among the lepers for many years. We had two services daily for one week. I marveled at the cheerful testimonies of those who had been redeemed from sin. It was their trust in Christ that made life bearable in their pitiful condition.

Endingeni was the pioneer Nazarene mission station, founded by the veteran missionary, Harmon Schmelzenbach. I felt humbled as I stood before his grave. I had heard him speak in 1929 when he was on furlough. He was a genuine missionary of the rugged type, unselfish, sacrificial and indefatigable. How marvelous that his sons and grandsons have followed in his steps. I had some fine services here at the school and church. I returned later to be the special speaker for the night services of their annual convention.

At Acornhoek, I had a week of services at the church and also at the clinic. Then I returned to Johannesburg by train and met the Esselstyns. Together, we traveled to

Stegi for the annual camp meeting. There, I had a share in the services with the national pastors. Then on to Piggs Peak for some services.

Brother Esselstyn and I alternated in the preaching services at the Bremersdorp camp meeting. I was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Hynd whom I had met in London in 1950. At the Fitkin Memorial Hospital I saw a delivery of an infant, for the first time, with Dr. Hynd in charge. It was a most remarkable experience and I constantly reiterate HOW GREAT IS OUR GOD. In contrast, what a horrifying experience it was to watch the post-accident operation of Virginia Mapanga, performed by Samuel and his father, Dr. David Hynd. She had been in a head-on car collision and died without regaining consciousness. She had heard the Gospel and rejected it by procrastinating. This was an object lesson to her friends.

My greatest pleasure came when I spoke to the congregation of the Mooshian Chapel at Mflumeni, built by my friend Arthur Savage. In appreciation, they gave me baskets, hens, eggs and exquisite crochet handwork. Some time later I received the following letter:

“From the C. Helen Mooshian Chapel at Mflumeni, Swaziland. Thank you for the two parcels of clothing for the people. We sent it to them and I am enclosing their ‘Thank you’ letter.”

Mrs. Velma Mischke, Missionary.

“Our great friend, we greet you in the name of Christ. We are glad to hear that you are still going on for the Lord. We thank you very much for the clothing you sent to us. We marvel at you Mooshian. We need more tongues to thank you for all you have done for us, even after building us a church.

We thank Jesus for His Blood which has cleansed

your heart, until you love all races of people. If you were not a Christian, you would not have done this. Now you have taught black people a great lesson, that when we work for God, we cannot be a respecter of persons. We pray God to bless and keep you until we meet in heaven. Remain well."

On July 7, the Esselstyns, the Jenkins' and I drove to Lorenzo Marques, Mozambique. There we parked the car and traveled by an old-fashioned wood-burning train to Tavane. It was a pleasure to speak in the evening services of the annual convention for the Nazarene mission. We also made a trip to a leper colony on a nearby island. The precious lepers were wide-eyed with amazement when they learned that I had been to the Holy Land, so they named me "Mother Maria." They had never met anyone who had visited the sacred sites of the Bible. The service was held under the heavens with Brother Jekins interpreting. Many of the lepers rushed to the make-shift altar to pray even before I finished the message. We stopped to pray with the seekers after God.

We returned to Lorenzo Marques by train and spent the night at the Christian Center. I spoke that evening in the Nazarene church.

We arrived in Johannesburg on July 20 and the next day we had a blinding snow storm with hail. A few days later, we drove to Naboomspruit and were the guests of the James Grahams. God gave us two blessed services with souls.

Three wonderful soul-winning days were spent at Blauberg. As each seeker received forgiveness for his sins, he would arise and glorify God. One lady praised the Lord for Salvation, then asked that all her jewelry be taken off her body. Brother Esselstyn took the initiative and began removing the jewelry with his jackknife, until it became necessary to use pliers which speeded the process. He took 172 pieces of jewelry from the lady and

twenty-one pieces from her baby. It is a native custom for one to cover his neck, arms, wrists, legs, ankles, nose, ears and waist with jewelry. On Sunday, the others brought their jewelry and we had a burning ceremony after the worship hour (Acts 19:18, 19).

We visited a new area sixty miles away where the chief was anxious for the mission to be established, so that his people might learn about God. We then returned to Johannesburg once again and I went to the Concord Missionary Home in Durban, Natal, for a few days rest. Upon my return to Johannesburg, the Esselstyns, the Jenkins' and Martha Savage escorted me to the airport.

I flew to Livingstone, Zambia, and checked in at the modest Fairmont Hotel. The next day, I thoroughly enjoyed my day of sight-seeing and witnessing at Victoria Falls, which the noted missionary, David Livingstone, had discovered and named after his reigning Queen. These awe-inspiring falls are more than twice as high as our own Niagra Falls.

Salisbury, Rhodesia was next where I boarded a night train to Umtali. At the air terminal, I asked the stewardess how much I should pay the porter who was to carry my luggage two blocks to the railway station. She replied, "Sixpence (seven cents) is sufficient." I felt compassion for the chap who carried my luggage on his head, waited until I purchased my ticket and then put me in the right compartment on the train, that I gladly paid him two shillings (twenty-eight cents). He was delighted, but I could not help but wonder how many porters in the States would have been satisfied with that amount.

At Umtali, I was greeted by Ralph and Marion Haines and enjoyed being their guest. God had given Marion the gift of languages and it was marvelous how the Lord was using her. All the natives and foreigners loved and appreciated her. We had excellent services in the Apostolic and Full Gospel churches, in Umtali and Penalonga. In one European church, the Lord descended

upon the service in mighty power. The pastor with twelve of his members were at altar seeking a deeper walk with Christ. The following day I got this letter:

Full Gospel Church of God. Box 484. Umtali,
Rhodesia. August 11, 1952

"May the peace of God be yours. I enclose a very small offering from our assembly to convey their deep appreciation of your kindness in giving us the message that touched us so deeply.

Thank you, Sister, for raising the standard of God for me higher than I have seen it raised before. May God give me grace to hold His name high.

May God Almighty richly bless you, Sister, wherever you go."

Ever your friend in His service,
E. W. Leggett, Pastor.

I returned to Salisbury and flew to Lusaka, Zambia, the small and unusual capital. All the stores were located on one side of the street. I held a service in a home in Lusaka before boarding a train for Pemba. The Pilgrim missionaries met me and we drove to their mission at Jembo. Here we found hungry hearts who responded to the message of Salvation.

The beds in the mission hospital resembled flat tombstones made of cement. No wonder the patients took their blankets and laid on the ground during the day. The missionaries took me to Monz, where I boarded a train back to Lusaka. I arrived at 4 A.M. and sat in the hotel lobby for two hours before going to the airport.

In Nairobi, Kenya, I remained overnight at the African Inland Mission Guest House. The next morning, I took a third class train for Kijabi. I was already seated in the compartment, when the conductor came and asked me to ride in the caboose. I never learned the reason why this

happened. I had a four-hour enjoyable trip through gorgeous scenery. The Kijabi mission is beautifully located in the mountains. I was there to visit a missionary from my home town. I had not known Pauline Graichen before.

At the time, the Mau Mau tribes were in the throes of terrorism. What a challenge it was to note the heroism of the Christians at Kijabi who took their stand for God against the Mau's. There were several martyrs I learned.

I accompanied Pauline to Limuru to attend the Keswick convention. I appreciated the deeper life messages and became acquainted with many Christians. I returned alone to Nairobi and secured a room in the new Salvation Army hostel. Since I was troubled by bed bugs, I was given another room.

Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, has an elevation of 9,000 feet and is a city of contrasts. The Gospel first came through the Ethiopian eunuch whom Philip brought to Christ (Acts 8:26-39). This was followed by centuries of darkness until the arrival of missionaries in 1866. There has been much persecution and martyrdom, but is now open to the Gospel. The major religions are Coptic and Moslem. There are 1500 Greeks and 1000 Armenians who reside there. A number of missions are doing a good work. I stayed at the Sudan Interior Mission Home and spoke to a united missionary group.

Eritrea, was an Italian colony for sixty years until 1941, when the British took it over. It was annexed to Ethiopia in September 1952. John Peel and two other missionaries of Faith Mission met me at the airport in Asmara. We drove sixty miles south to Keren, the main station. We had some glorious services at the Bible School. I recall when my interpreter was "slain of the Lord" and how he fully surrendered to God. He became a faithful pastor.

In Cairo, Egypt, I had services for the Armenians, Jews, Egyptians and Copts with desirable results. In

Alexandria, I spoke for the Brethren, Presbyterian and the Faith Mission Orphanage and prayed with scores of souls.

At Beirut, Lebanon, I had speaking engagements in several churches and also in the School for the Blind Armenians, operated by the Danish Mission. In company with friends, I saw the ruins of Baalbeck.

In Aleppo, Syria, I spoke at the American Girl's College, several day schools and churches, also in villages nearby. I had a share in the revival campaign at the Brotherhood Church with hundreds attending nightly. Among the many converts were two Communist youths and three orphan sisters.

After securing my visa for Turkey, I proceeded by taxi to Antioch (Acts 11:26). I contacted a Christian lady who accompanied me to many homes to witness for Christ. We visited the ruins of the very first Christian church and the museum. I then went to Adana and spent one night at the American Hospital where the refugees were kept during the massacres of World War I. From there, I took a bus to Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul. There were 400 Moslem boys enrolled at the St. Paul's College and there was no definite witness for Christ.

I met a young girl from Istanbul who was visiting relatives in Tarsus, and she agreed to be my interpreter, so we had a service in a neighbor's yard. It was the first message of salvation they had heard and their response was most gratifying. I also went to the port city of Mersin and did some witnessing. I then returned to Aleppo and spent the evening. The next day I traveled to Damascus and had fruitful services in the Armenian and Arab churches.

There was no Jordan consulate in Damascus, so it was either to return to Beirut or to Turkey. I prayed about the matter and decided to go by faith to Jordan. Missionary Don DePasquale warned me of the possibility of being put off the train. Don wished me success and

waved farewell as the train left the station. I was alone in a compartment when the immigration official arrived, asking for my passport. He searched in vain for the Jordan visa and I explained that it was impossible for me to secure a visa when there was no Jordan consulate. He insisted that I should have gone to Beirut, then added that he would have to put me off at the next station. There was nothing there but a dingy shack in a desert area. With much pleading and with God intervening, he asked me to appear the next morning at the Amman station. I was able to secure an emergency visa for an additional cost of \$1.85. Praise God!

Back in the Holy Land again, I re-visited many of the sacred places and saw some new areas. For the trip to Hebron, Pastor Chamichian hired a car and we took a policeman along for protection, due to the animosity of the Moslems toward the Jews and Christians. In spite of this, sticks, stones and bottles were hurled at us. We saw the Cave of Machpelah, where Abraham and his family are buried, and the Oak trees on the plains of Mamre, also Solomon's Pools.

I secured a permit from the American Embassy to cross "no man's land" into Israel. No porters are allowed on that territory, so I had to carry my own luggage. Alexander Wachtel met me at the border and took me to the Nazarene Mission home, which is located close to the million dollar Y.M.C.A. and the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. This was my first trip into Israel so I made a tour to see Cana, Nain, Haifa, Nazareth, Tiberias, Joppa and Mount Carmel.

From the Lydda airport, I flew to Istanbul, Turkey where I spoke in several churches and homes. On Thanksgiving day, after a service at the Dutch Chapel, I flew by Turkish airlines to Izmir (Smyrna of Revelation 2:8). I spent the night at the Ankara-Palais Hotel and the next morning I boarded a bus to Efes (Ephesus of Revelation 2:1). At the Efes museum, I bought a guide

book and proceeded to walk two miles to the ruins of that once famous city where St. Paul witnessed a spiritual awakening with miracles (Acts 19). In my travels about the ruins, I met some people who took me back to Izmir.

The following day, I went by bus to Bergama (Pergamos of Revelation 2:12). It was interesting to recall the events which took place in these cities of the Bible. I returned to Istanbul and had two days of profitable ministry.

At Athens, Greece, I spoke in the Brotherhood and Presbyterian churches, the Danish Mission and the Oriental Missionary Society with good results.

In company with Paul Pappas, we flew to Salonica (Thessalonica, Acts 17:1). In this lovely sea coast city with towering mountains in the background, we visited the House of Jason (Acts 17:5) and the catacombs where the early Christians worshipped. We had a blessed service at Lungatha, with the Oriental Missionary group and spent the night there. The next day, we went to Berea (Acts 17:10), built on a hillside overlooking the wide plains. Berea has 78 Greek Orthodox churches and one evangelical church with fifty believers.

We returned to Salonica where Brother Pappas and I parted. I took a bus to Kavala (Neopolis Acts 16:11), where I checked in at the Angli Hotel. It was December and very cold. The room had no heat, nor any hot water and I almost froze that evening. The next morning, a small bus took me to Philippi (Acts 16:12), where I re-lived the thrilling experiences of St. Paul. On my return to Salonica, I passed by Amphipolis and Apollonia (Acts 17:1).

I flew back to Athens and thence to Rome. On that flight, there was so much turbulence, that all the passengers were sick except me. I had several meetings in Rome with good victories. By a happy coincidence, I met John Peel in the downtown area. Together with his family, we had a delightful ride on a fast train to Naples. We attended a service in the "Chapel by the Sea", whose

pastor was an ex-priest trained at the Evangelical Bible Institute. We saw the ruins of Pompeii, destroyed by the volcanic eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D., and also visited Puteoli (Acts 28:13). On our return to Rome, we had a profitable service at Ponte Milvo. I flew to Nice the next day and boarded an overnight train for Marseilles, France. I spent Christmas and New Year with my relatives and had several speaking engagements in the area.

From Marseilles, I went to Geneva and Lausanne, in beautiful Switzerland. Due to intense fog, the airlines in Geneva sent the passengers on a first class train to Paris. I made a trip to see historic Versailles and the interdenominational European Bible School.

There was considerable fog in Paris and also in London. While in London, England, I was the guest of Fletcher Tinks. I had speaking engagements in the following Nazarene churches: Speake Hall, Thomas Memorial, Walthamstow and Norwood, Bolton, Stalybridge, Moss Bank, St. Helen's, Ashton-on-Lyme and Birmingham. In Scotland, I had services in Glasgow, Paisley, Uddington, Blantyre Nazarene churches and also in the Scottish Free Church in a Glasgow suburb. I had a blessed chapel service at the Emmanuel Bible College in Birkenhead.

Up until 1952, all airline flights were first class, then Pan American Airlines instituted the first tourist class called the "rainbow service" across the Atlantic. I had my ticket changed and was granted a refund of \$90 for the trip over the Atlantic ocean. Each passenger paid \$2.50 for his meal. Later, meals were included with the tourist class fares.

We departed from London's International airport at midnight, February 12, and arrived at Boston's Logan airport two hours ahead of schedule because we by-passed the stop in Newfoundland. Another missionary tour became history, but I shall always remember the blessings and victories God gave me.

CHAPTER XVI

CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

1955

Malaria, Heart Failure, Victim of robbery in church, Six-week fruit diet and witness to V.I.P.'s. . . . These were the highlights of this tour. It also marked the inception of my newsletters. Up until this time, I was answering all my letters personally. At the suggestion of John Peel, I sent out my first mimeographed letter from his home in Jamaica, on March 15. This proved to be a tremendous time saver.

On January 29, a damp, dismal day, I flew to Nassau, Bahamas, from Miami, Florida, amid glorious sunshine. I checked in at the Princeton Hotel and enjoyed my brief stay. A Christian lady there catered to missionaries and charged \$16 a week. Meals in the cafes ranged from two to six dollars, so I consumed delicious sandwiches and fruit at low cost in my room.

On Sunday morning, I visited a Baptist church. When I entered, the negro pastor welcomed me and asked if I would speak for him. I was happy for the privilege and the Lord truly helped me. In appreciation, they gave me a generous offering which I returned to them for a special project they had mentioned. That evening, I began a campaign for the Bible Mission. We had several conversions, including one habitual drunkard.

On February 4, I went on a boat to Alice Town, Eleuthera. The voyage was rather rough, but I enjoyed doing personal work among the few passengers. Pastor Gibson, teacher and principal of the only school on the island, welcomed me, though he was expecting a male

missionary. God was honored in the three fruitful services there. I took a boat trip back to Nassau on Sunday afternoon and had my first experience with sea sickness. This convinced me that I am a better air traveler than a sailor. In spite of my physical condition, the Lord enabled me to speak at the Bible mission that night.

The following day, I took a seaplane to Fresh Creek, Andros, the largest island in the Bahamas. Two brethren from Stanyard Creek were awaiting my arrival. The fifteen mile trip to the mission was by motor boat. The mission home was situated near the Bay, nestled among the stately coconut palms. I was the guest of Jennie Smith, a modern "Mary Magdalene" who had been delivered from a life of sin and shame. She has been a faithful witness and those who know her have the greatest respect and confidence in her life. She is a living example of the grace of God.

The presence of the Lord was manifested in every service. The people prayed, wept and agonized over their sins. One evening, I fairly shook in bed, as I had a realistic vision of the Rapture of the Saints which is to take place at Christ's second coming. (I Thessalonians 4:16). I actually saw the saints being taken away from the church. I felt myself being raised three inches off the bed when the vision disappeared.

A week later, Jennie accompanied me in the motor boat, manned by Milton Neubold. The boat rocked and rolled continuously, and Jennie shook with fright. With quiet confidence, I was singing "Master the Tempest is Raging." It became too dangerous for us to continue, so Brother Neubold maneuvered us safely to some rocks near the shore. Jennie and I walked a mile while our courageous brother sailed on with my luggage. Jennie was anxious to walk the eight miles to Fresh Creek, but the Lord intervened. The storm subsided, so we returned to the boat and enjoyed the last lap of our journey. We

praised God for a safe arrival, but had to have a complete change of clothing.

The seaplane carried me safely to the Nassau airport, where I learned that there would be a six hour delay. During the long wait, I was hoping I could get into town to see some believers and to purchase some fruit. Imagine my delight when two sisters from the mission had walked over three miles to bring me fruit and bread. I rejoiced over God's provision (Philippians 4:19).

At 10:45 P.M. I was aboard the BOAC Constellation bound for Montego Bay, Jamaica. We arrived after a pleasant two hour flight, but there was no one to greet me. John Peel knew of my plans for he was expecting me for the Sunday morning service. There was no way to contact him, so I prayed for the Lord to guide me. By 2:30 A.M., a taxi driver suggested a hotel that would cost two dollars. Being physically exhausted, I accepted his offer. The hotel was not "deluxe," but I appreciated the few hours sleep in a clean bed.

I attended the Pilgrim church Sunday morning and learned that John Peel had been searching for me. I left the name of the hotel where I was staying, with the church people hoping he would return, which he did. How delighted I was when the Peel family arrived for me at 2 P.M. They had made two trips to the airport and were given wrong information, and on the third trip they were informed that the plane had arrived late. He then contacted all the tourist hotels and churches for me. Persistence always succeeds!

It was a pleasure to be with the Peels again, for I had first met them in Eritrea, East Africa in 1952. I had sixteen services in ten of their churches and spoke five times in a three-day Minister's conference. I truly enjoyed speaking to 500 children in the Anchovy elementary school.

As the guest of Edna Mae Carter of the Wesleyan

Mission in Torrington, I spoke eight times in six of their churches and in the Bible School chapel.

At Constant Spring, I was royally entertained by the Ray Chamberlains of the Pilgrim mission. I had the honor of speaking in twelve of their fourteen churches with excellent results. I recall with pleasure the pastor of the Port Antonio church who announced at his family worship, "We shall now turn to Psalm 119." The family, two visitors and I read all of the 176 verses and each of us prayed. That session lasted two hours and was simply marvelous not to have to rush through it as many do.

In the Pilgrim churches I was amused at the testimonies of some nationals. One lady sang all four verses of Rock of Ages, gave a lengthy testimony and closed by saying, "These are my few words in Jesus Name." It is so refreshing to hear the songs and shouts of victory from these enthusiastic saints of God.

The Holy Spirit was in complete control as I spoke to the Montego Bay Youth for Christ. The entire youth choir, with several from the congregation, responded promptly to the invitation. The response at the Youth for Christ service at Black River also was gratifying. The seekers knelt at the altar, weeping and praying. Some were saved while others dedicated their lives for Christian service.

It was my pleasure to conduct the first services for the tentmeeting at Black River. The first convert, a fine young man, is now teaching school in Kingston, and is still faithful to God. Behind the home where we were entertained, there was a private mineral spring leading out to the sea. I took advantage of the refreshing water by sitting in it, fully clothed, with my head above the water. A young salesman happened by who seemed surprised to see me. He had, on other occasions, stopped by to have a swim in these private springs. He did not get to on that day, for promptly I began to witness to him. I asked him if he had been born again. He claimed that he

had never been saved, but his mother was a good Christian and was faithfully praying for him. Then I asked him if he would allow me to pray for him and he nodded his assent. I commenced to pray and asked him to follow suit. He prayed the penitent's prayer and trusted the Lord for Salvation. I took his name and address and within six weeks I arrived in his home town of May Pen. I went to visit him, but his wife said that he was out of town on business. When I disclosed my identify, she smiled broadly and said that Samuel had completely changed. He no longer was a slave to tobacco and liquor but was faithfully witnessing for Christ. I had the joy of hearing his glowing testimony in a church service prior to my departure.

Eleven wonderful weeks were spent on this enchanting island of Jamaica. I traveled in all of the thirteen parishes and preached in eleven of them. I had seventy-seven speaking engagements in thirty-three churches. For their gratitude, the churches and individuals presented me with an abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables including: strawberries, raspberries, bananas, papayas, red pears, star apples, citrus fruits, coconuts, granadillas; cho cho, yams, beans, cabbage, eggs, turnips, tomatoes and gorgeous flowers.

On April 30th, I flew to Aruba, Netherland Antilles. There were only three passengers on the K.L.M. constellation plane and we were treated royally.

Pastor Connor of the Independent church, with some of his members took me to the mission home. I was graciously entertained by the widow of the founder of this church. God gave us a glorious week of fruitful services with capacity crowds. The faithful Christians were having daily prayer meetings at 5 A.M., and they were seeing results. The enthusiastic and joyous singing accompanied by several tambourines was a sheer delight. A Catholic school teacher, saved for the first time, had never been in a Gospel service.

In Orangestad, the capital of Aruba, I was witnessing to the patients and distributing tracts at the Catholic hospital. Presently, a white-robed nun reprimanded me and ordered me to leave the premises. I obeyed her command, but not until I informed her that the tracts represented Christ and not a religion or a church.

My next stop was at Curacao, capital of the Netherland Antilles where I had eleven services in the Pilgrim church and two at the Church of God. Then I proceeded to the fascinating island of Bonaire, famous for its flamingoes and salt mines. Evangelical work there was new and much persecution was endured by the pioneer missionaries. Today, a giant 50,000 watt radio station beams the Gospel which reaches many areas of the world.

Caracas, Venezuela is an ultra modern city with the "new look." The oil industry is creating a tremendous boon and the slum areas have been replaced with modern, sleek buildings. I was the guest of the Olsen family and had nineteen services in five of the Assembly of God churches.

In Port of Spain, Trinidad, I made my headquarters with the Wingrove Taylors, pastor of the largest Pilgrim church in the city. There were no barren services in the nine churches where I had the pleasure of sharing the Gospel message. I was given scores of gorgeous anthurium lilies in appreciation for my services. Practically every room in the Taylor home was filled with these flowers, which last nearly a month.

A week of soul-winning services was held on the island of Tobago, made famous by Robinson Crusoe in *Treasure Island*. It was here that I had the unprecedented experience of being robbed in church. The one-story building was filled to capacity with many standing on the outside. I carried my Bible, song book and small purse in a briefcase, which I placed in the open pulpit. At the conclusion of the service, while we were kneeling and praying for the seekers at the altar, some clever thief undoubtedly

snatched my purse out of the case. Just how it was maneuvered remains a mystery to this day. I discovered the loss the next day as I was preparing to leave for the airport by taxi. Promptly, I put in a call to the police and alerted the bank. The purse contained Venezuelan bolivars, Dutch guilders and West Indian dollars. I knew the thief would not dare to exchange the foreign currency at the bank, for fear of being detected. The pastor's son made a quick trip to the church and returned smiling, just before the taxi arrived. The purse was found on the platform close to the pulpit. Everything was intact except the eight British dollars equivalent to five American dollars.

Next, was the beautiful island of Grenada via Trinidad. There in St. Georges, Grenada, I saw one of the most gorgeous and brilliant sunsets I have ever seen. Through the contact with some missionaries, I visited five churches and shared my testimony. I was honored with an interview by a representative from the local radio station. A fifteen minute recording was made and it was aired a few nights later.

The trip to Kingstown, St. Vincent, was by seaplane. I was entertained by the Pilgrim missionaries and I held seven services in two of their missions. We had no problem of attracting the crowds, even though the weather was very hot and humid. In one small building, the people were jammed in like sardines. In another service, I spoke in a make-shift church with chicken wire walls, corrugated iron roof and a floor made of myriads of smooth stones. There were numerous conversions and victories. At this time, I went on a six-week fruit diet for health reasons. As a result, the scales tipped at 115 pounds instead of the usual 140. Not only did I lose unnecessary weight, but I was in much better condition physically.

In Barbados, I was the guest of James and Helen Jones, at the Washington House. It is called by that name because George Washington and his dear brother

Lawrence, spent some time there. I had some precious services in five Nazarene churches and in one Church of God congregation.

St. Lucia is another beautiful island, though not as well publicized as some of the others. I stayed at the St. Ann's Guest house and spoke to a capacity crowd at the Pentecostal church. There was a lovely modern shopping area. The original one had been destroyed by fire some years ago. The town of Soufriere also had a total loss of their downtown area a month before my arrival. I took a boat trip and viewed the ruins. Many little tents and shacks were set up for makeshift homes and stores. I enjoyed good fellowship with some national workers and shared my faith.

At Fort de France, Martinique, I located a missionary through the American Embassy. He led me to the humble home of one of his members. There were no modern conveniences whatever and I had to climb three flights of narrow stairs to reach my room. No sheet was provided for a covering, so I used my robe. I spoke to the French congregation that evening.

In Pointe a Pitre, Guadeloupe, I came across the West Indian mission and attended their service. The missionary, realizing that I was a stranger, asked me to give my testimony. It was a great thrill to be invited to spend my brief stay in their home.

I flew to the gorgeous island of Dominica in a flying boat, since there was no airport at the time. There was an abundance of flowers and fruits. I especially enjoyed eating the huge, luscious mangos. I held a number of campaigns in several churches for the Christian Union mission. Among the number of converts was a family of five and a policeman who gave victorious testimonies.

The Pilgrim Mission Home in Antigua was my headquarters while I was visiting the other islands in the vicinity. From St. John's, the capital, I took a boat to Montserrat. Most of the passengers, including myself,

were sea sick on this rough voyage. How delighted we were to land at Plymouth, the capital. I held a profitable week of meetings here and then proceeded to the village of Beulah. The tremendous crowds and their response were a great boost to me.

One evening, during the altar service, I was stricken with chills and fever and had to be helped to my room. All night long I suffered with raging fever, which finally ceased at daybreak but it left me in a weakened condition. The people were lamenting over the possibility of my not being able to preach that evening. The pastor from the Plymouth church drove to Beulah on his motorcycle to take my place. I insisted that if they would carry me to the church, God would perform a miracle and enable me to preach. This was an act of faith and God graciously undertook, to the marvel of all present.

Fortunately, the trip back to Antigua was not as rough and I was able to travel to the island of Barbuda in a sailboat. It took fifteen hours to make this thirty-six mile trip. The vessel docked quite a ways from the shore and we were transferred to rowboats. There were no cars on the island so the church had hired the government tractor to take me the three miles to the only town, Codrington.

The average tourist hardly realizes that this small, flat, coral island exists. This sportman's paradise has a sea level elevation and a dry climate. There was one clothing store, a general store and seven little shops, besides six rum shops, which were operating secretly. There was no recreation center or movie house: hence it was easier to get people out to church. We had an excellent week's campaign in the Pilgrim church with the four other churches co-operating. Some were saved at the daily prayer meetings held at 4:30 A.M. The return trip to Antigua took eighteen hours due to the calm sea and we had to be towed the last six miles.

St. Kitts, also known as St. Christopher, is famous for

its Brimstone Fort Hill and its sugar cane industry. It is possible to go clear around this island by car and I took advantage of this delightful tour. We had excellent services at Basseterre and St. Pauls. The five-day campaign at Sandy Point Pilgrim church (membership twenty-three) was exceptionally rewarding. Pastor Lena Oliver and her faithful band held daily prayer meetings at 5 A.M. God honored their faith and gave us huge crowds with marvelous response. In the closing service, there were 686 persons present by actual count. Sounds incredible, but it's true. Praise the Lord!

The government launch is the only means of conveyance from St. Kitts to Nevis, the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton.

I shall always remember a Sunday in October of 1955. It was at the Pilgrim church in Charlestown, Nevis, that I collapsed in the pulpit while delivering my message. I laid unconscious on the platform for forty minutes. Suddenly the Lord Jesus appeared and I wondered if I had already arrived at my final destination. But Jesus spoke five words saying, "This is not unto death," and vanished. Immediately I said "Praise the Lord." The praying believers voiced their praises to God. Then I was carried to Mother Taylor's home, where I was being entertained. I was put to bed, and tried several times without success to stand on my feet. When the time arrived for the evening service, I was determined to go with full assurance and faith that God would intervene. God honored my faith and I spoke for ninety minutes without feeling any fatigue. To Him be all the glory and honor!

There was an overflow crowd at the Gingerland church and we had to have three altar services to accommodate the number of seekers for Salvation and Holiness. Blessed meetings were also held at Brown Hill and Newcastle.

I returned to St. Kitts by launch and flew to St. Maarten. Since the sailing vessel for Saba was not

leaving until 10 P.M., I had time to rest in the lounge of the Sea View Guest House in Phillipsburg. We did not sail until midnight and soon after ran into a blinding rain storm. Black and white passengers dashed simultaneously into the rowboat on deck. An obnoxious canvass was thrown over us by a deck hand and we were huddled in there like sardines. This was more than I could take, so I chose to spend the remainder of the night in the cubby hole below deck, stretched out on rough boards. A medley of odors was emanating from that pit, but I survived the ordeal. By daybreak, I went up on deck to enjoy the glorious sunlight and fresh air. What a breathtaking view I got of this enchanting island, the grandest in all the world to me. Saba is a huge mountain, five miles square, with a population of twelve hundred, half white and half black people.

We arrived at Fort Bay Landing at 8 A.M. and were carried ashore in a rowboat. We were then transferred to a jeep and rode the thousand foot ascent to reach Bottom, the capital. All the passengers were residents of Saba, with the exception of a salesman from Trinidad and myself. In Bottom, we were hurried to the office of the Administrator (governor) who asked us the purpose of our visit. The reason for such procedure we learned later, was the anticipated arrival of Her Majesty, Queen Juliana of Holland for her initial visit. The officials were not happy with foreigners in their midst. Fortunately, we passed the test and were allowed to remain.

Due to illness, the pastor of the Pilgrim church had returned to his native Antigua, so I had the mission house to myself. There were plenty of rats and myriads of mosquitos that caused much exasperation to my flesh.

God gave us a glorious two-week campaign with many converts, some of whom are true to this day. I think especially of Carlton Riley who was marvelously converted from a life of sin and shame. He now is a flaming soldier of the Cross and a faithful member of the Pilgrim

church. The Administrator was extremely busy with final preparations for the coming of the Queen, but he managed to attend one service. I had the joy of witnessing to him in his office.

October 24, 1955, was the day of my departure and also the "big day" for Saba. Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard spent two hours riding around the island in an open jeep. Many citizens expressed their displeasure at spending an entire month of exhaustive preparation for just a two-hour visit. After the royal party sailed on the giant "Man of War," I boarded the "Antilles," together with a troupe of soldiers and policemen and headed for St. Estations. Here, both ships docked while the royal party enjoyed two hours of celebration. Passengers were not allowed to go ashore.

We reached Phillipsburg, St. Maarten (Dutch side), at 10 P.M. in a pouring rain. The royal entourage was entertained at the newly-built Little Bay Hotel. All the hotels were filled to capacity with guests for this august occasion. I asked some boys on their bicycles to try to locate a room for me in a home, but to no avail. It was after midnight when I sauntered in the club house where jute box music was blaring. As I entered the premises, I was informed that they were closing for the night. A white man under the influence of liquor, sensed my predicament and asked me to follow him. He stopped at two houses seeking a room for me without success. Then he proceeded to the home of his married daughter. She promptly rearranged the sleeping quarters for her seven children in order to provide me with a cot. I was deeply grateful for this kind gesture and left a generous tip for each of the children upon my departure in the morning.

While meandering about the town, I located a truck to take me to the French side of the island. At Marigot, the capital, I got into a sailboat going to the flat island of Anquilla. There I had the novel experience of being the only guest in a hotel which was located over a store. It

was a large, rambling wooden structure. The proprietor of the store also owned the hotel, so when he left for home, he locked me in. There was no possible escape, so I had to wait until he returned in the morning to let me out.

The next morning, I rode in the government jeep with four policemen to the docks to board a sailing vessel for Marigot. Upon reaching the shore, I hurried to the airport by taxi and flew to St. Kitts. From here I flew to St. Croix, one of the American Virgin islands. I had speaking engagements at the Pilgrim church in Christiansted and Fredericksted.

In St. Thomas, I was the guest of Pastor Lynton and family. We had excellent crowds and response during the week's campaign in the Pilgrim church. One good brother from another church used his truck and car to bring in the people who lived some distance from the church.

Pastor Lynton and I went out on daily soul-winning tours. With the help of the Holy Spirit, we led six souls to the Lord in the hospital. Through his influence, I had the rare privilege of witnessing to the Governor of the American Virgin Islands. Governor Gordon allowed me a thirty minute visit in his office at the Mansion. He appreciated my interest in his souls welfare and allowed me to pray for him before I left.

In St. John's island, I was blessed in leading a soul to Christ at the Baptist church. I then went to Tortola by launch, and had an open-air service. A young man under deep conviction refused to yield to Christ. He arose from his bed at 3 A.M. the next morning and found victory in Jesus. Later, he came to thank me for coming to his island.

In Virgin Gorda, we had some fine services at the Apostolic Faith mission. I went back to Tortola to speak for the Church of God (holiness) where several souls were transformed by the power of Christ. I also was able

to witness on the remote islands of Josh Van Dyke and Carricau.

My last stop was in Puerto Rico. The week's soul-winning campaign at the Santurce (suburb of San Juan) Nazarene church was most refreshing.

Pastor Espatta-Matta of the Nazarene church tried to get an appointment for me to witness to the Governor of Puerto Rico, but his schedule was full for the duration of my stay there. Not to be defeated, Brother Matta made arrangements for me to meet the Mayoress of San Juan. This lady Mayor is greatly respected and loved because she loves people and has a heart full of compassion for the needy. She is blessed with a remarkable personality and is very dynamic and humanitarian to the core. In the midst of beehive activity, she granted me several minutes to witness to her in her office.

Thus ended another fruitful tour as I flew to Miami, Florida. I had chalked up over 10,000 miles of travel via nine airlines and all types of busses, trains, jeeps, trucks, etc. I had covered thirty islands of the Caribbean including: nineteen, British; six, Dutch; three, American; two, French; and one country, Venezuela.

I had 310 speaking engagements for twenty-one denominations and prayed for 1,600 souls, thirty of them through a personal contact. It was comforting to know that hundreds of people realized that life has no meaning apart from Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER XVII

NEW GUINEA

New Guinea is one of the last remaining areas of the world that is unspoiled by commercial exploitation of its people, its culture and its way of life. It lies south of the Equator and is the second largest island in the world. The territory of Papua and New Guinea is administered by Australia and can only be reached from there. The third part of New Guinea is called West Irian and is ruled by the Indonesia, after a 300 year rule by the Netherlands.

Large mountain ranges, with peaks rising to 16,000 feet, divide the country. The dense, impregnable jungles, the beautiful wild flowers and the exotic birds of paradise make this a fascinating country. Swamps and torrential rivers make the transportation, communication and administration difficult. The coastal areas have been in contact with the Europeans for eighty years, but the tribes in the interior are as primitive as their stone-age ancestors who were cannibals. Cannibalism is still practised in the highlands; much of it as a sacred ritual of revenge. When a tribal member has been killed, the warriors of the dead man hunt the killer or one of his tribesman. Then he is slaughtered for the first victim's family.

The inhabitants include those of Polynesian extraction, light skinned with straight hair. Others are of negroid features with thick lips, kinky hair and skin color ranging from black to light brown. There are also some pygmies who are not more than four feet tall. I have seen some albinos among them. Thousands of isolated villages have never seen a white man.

New Guinea never had any appeal for me until 1952.

That year, I came across a book entitled, *Adventuring in the wilds of New Guinea*, by G. T. Bustin. Immediately after reading this book, I felt a heart interest which proved irresistible.

The Lord wonderfully opened the way for me to go in October, 1956. I was to accompany Barbara Hall, who was returning for her second term. For many weeks, Brother Bustin had tried in vain to secure reservations for us on the S.S. "Orcades," whose sailing date was October 28, from San Francisco.

On October 23rd, Brother Bustin telephoned me in Pasadena from Florida, advising me to proceed to San Francisco, believing that I would secure a cancellation. The following noon, I departed for Fresno, where I spoke in a missionary service at Faith Tabernacle.

Barbara had arrived in the Bay Area on the 24th, and had discovered that the sailing date was at noon on the 26th. She wired me to this effect, and I responded with a telephone message asking to be met at the railway station in Oakland at 5 P.M. Upon arrival, Pastor G. L. Roush informed me that Barbara had secured the only cancellation in Tourist class. The only other one was in Intermediate first class. The difference in the fare was \$220. Since the fare was exactly the same as the economy class by air, I deemed it wise to accept it, so that I could take several cartons of used clothing for the natives.

On the 26th, we arrived at pier 32 in San Francisco at 11 A.M. accompanied by Pastor and Mrs. G. L. Roush. Barbara purchased her ticket and was soon settled in her berth. I was in a quandary, since my \$1,000 check had not arrived from Florida and I was in need of an Australian visa. I felt perfectly resigned to the will of God, whether to depart or to remain. The Pastor rushed me to the Australian consulate, where I obtained the necessary visa, and reached the docks five minutes before departure time. I displayed my visa to the agent and stated that I had enough cash to pay for part of the fare. Then I

suggested that he pay Barbara and she would pay the balance. I was then allowed on deck and my luggage followed, but Barbara was absent. The agent then asked me to disembark. Suddenly, I remembered my luggage and asked to have it taken off the ship. Everyone on the ship and shore waited breathlessly, wondering what would be the final outcome. It is impossible for me to describe my mingled emotions during this embarrassing experience. The ship's whistle blew as the "All ashore" signal was given, and the gangplank was going up when the agent beckoned me to embark quickly. With hurried steps, amidst the cheering of the crowd, I made it on board with my luggage following, and found Barbara waiting with traveler's checks in hand. Without an opportunity to wave farewell to our friends, we were escorted to the purser's office. This harassing encounter afforded Barbara and me unsolicited publicity which helped us in witnessing for Him. She was given permission to come daily to my stateroom for fellowship and devotions. The next day, Barbara handed me the coveted envelope with my thousand dollar check enclosed. It had been misplaced in the "tourist" post office.

We found the steamer, with 1350 passengers and 650 crew members, a real mission field. Six-hundred were en route to the Olympic games held in Melbourne that year. The days and nights were spent in revelry and every form of worldly pleasure. On the Sabbath, they eased their conscience by attending a thirty-minute religious service conducted by the Captain. Everything was read and seemed like such an empty form of worship. There were a number of born-again Christians on board and we gathered together for prayer and Bible study. In addition to this, I secured sixty-five beer and whiskey bottles from the taverns and cleaned them in my stateroom. I filled them with Gospel tracts, included a personal letter with my name and address, put tight caps on them and threw them into the ocean. I have heard

from six people who made their peace with God through reading the contents of the bottles they found floating in various parts of the South Pacific.

Our first stop was in Honolulu, where every passenger received colorful leis. This was my second visit to this famous resort. Barbara and I enjoyed a shopping spree and also visited missionary friends. It was an impressive sight to watch the leis being thrown into the ocean as the steamer left the docks. We retired on Sunday November 4, and arose on Tuesday, the 6th, as we crossed the international date line.

Our second stop was at Suva, Fiji Islands. I was intrigued with the colorful outfits of the native band members who serenaded us at the harbor. They were dressed in bright red shirts and scalloped white skirts. Only a few of the 320 islands are inhabited with 320,000 people. The largest is Vietnu with 30,000 population. Suva is its capital and considered to be the metropolitan city of the South Pacific.

The Methodist church has been laboring in Fiji for more than a century and ninety-five per cent of the people are Methodists. We took a bus trip to Nausori, fifteen miles north, to visit their girl's school. I had the pleasure of speaking to the 400 students and singing to them in several languages. A delicious rice and curry dinner was served to us a la Indian fashion.

Our third stop was in Auckland, New Zealand, which reminded me of "Mother England." A number of the passengers, including myself were sea sick as we crossed the turbulent Tasman Sea. We had been warned of this rough trip, so it was not a surprise.

We arrived at the beautiful harbor of Sydney, Australia, on November 12 and were welcomed by Alfred Broughton, pastor of the Punchbowl Missionary church. During our ten-day stay in his home, we were occupied with preparations for the trip to New Guinea, and had a number of speaking engagements. I was thrilled to be one

of the speakers for the World Evangelization Crusade convention.

On November 21, we embarked on the MV Bulolo, with 151 passengers and a crew of 108. Most of the passengers were sea sick the first day and few ventured out for their meals. We were happy to dock at Brisbane, Queensland. We were welcomed by Pastor John White and Bill Bromley. We enjoyed a sight-seeing tour of this lovely city and had dinner at the Whites and tea with Mrs. Berg.

At Port Moresby, Papua, we had fellowship and tea with some missionaries and also made a tour of the native hospital. I was fascinated with the fabulous island of Samarai, fifty-eight acres of tropical beauty. In Lae, we visited missionaries and enjoyed a day of sight-seeing. En route to Madang, we saw grim reminders of war-sunken ships and torpedoes in the various harbors.

Our sailing days came to an abrupt end as we reached our destination, Madang, a small coastal city. We had spent thirty-three days on the sea and eleven days in nine ports since leaving San Francisco.

After two delightful days at the Lutheran Mission guest home, we chartered a mission plane to fly us to Pabarakbuk, two hundred miles inland in the western highlands. Pilot Bob Hutchens circled around the station to signal Bob Scott and the native boys to meet us. We watched them racing up and down the steep inclines toward our landing site. As we taxied on the runway, some boys were on hand, while others quickly followed. The boys carried our luggage, so we were free to enjoy our mile walk to the station where Nurse Evelyn Jones greeted us. What a thrill it was to set foot on this mission station which was to be my home for five months.

Pabarakbuk is 4,000 feet above sea level and has a most ideal climate. It is a valley of paradise, having many varieties of vegetables, several kinds of bananas, papayas, pineapples, peanuts, lemons, limes, mulberries, honey, flowers and shade trees. The missionaries ordered

canned goods, sugar, flour and salt which is flown in by a mission plane from Madang.

Prior to the opening of this mission, by Brother Bustin in 1948, this was a barren valley hedged in with awe-inspiring mountains and with no light of the Gospel. My eyes beheld three missionaries, three mission homes, a church, a dispensary, and eight native houses accommodating twenty boys and quarters for ten orphans.

Our home was a wooden structure with a kunai grass roof. It was built by a missionary who was to bring his bride from Australia, so we had the advantage of living in it until their arrival. It consisted of two bedrooms, one living room, a bathroom with no fixtures, also a front and back porch. The floors were rough boards with large cracks between them which made sweeping easy. The walls and ceilings were made of woven bamboo. Three bamboo huts graced our back yard; one was the laundry, another was the water heating system (consisting of large tins over an open fire) and the other was the sanitary department.

A weekly mail day was made possible by boys who walked twenty-five miles each way to Mt. Hagen. I was impressed with the faithfulness of these boys and ordered two bicycles for them from Madang. It was a great day when the bicycles arrived by plane, and most amusing to watch them learning to ride by the trial and error method.

The heathen are naked except for brief trappings. The men wear nets woven by their wives, in front and a twig of leaves behind. The ladies use a small apron made of leaves for the front and some strings which resembles a tail in the posterior. The Christians are ashamed of their nakedness and wear clothes.

They are a superstitious people. They practice polygamy and ancestral worship with horrible heathen practices. They are principally vegetarians, except for their occasional pig feasts called "sing sings." They knew

about pressure cookers long before western civilization made the amazing discovery. With great interest, I watched the entire procedure and noted that every part of the hog is used except the squeal. The whole hog is placed in a three-foot deep opening in the ground. They then place the "pit pit," green bananas and "kau kau" (sweet potato), in layers on top of the animal. Preheated red-hot stones which serves as the stove are then placed on top. Banana leaves with cold stones, to hold them down serves as the lid. On ordinary days they consume rats, bugs, worms, skunks, birds or anything else they find in the jungles.

Barbara taught a hundred of the younger children, while I had twenty-one of the boys who worked on the station. They were six dialects represented in my class, and only the Lord understood us when we prayed. I taught in English, but resorted to dramatics most of the time hoping they could understand. School was conducted in the bamboo church with a dirt floor. It was a delight when the bamboo floor replaced the dirt one.

There were no villages, but bamboo huts dotted the hillsides. It was amazing to see the natives come to the services from long distances. Hundreds filled the church for each service. On our weekly witnessing day, we set out with interpreters, phonograph and records made available by Gospel Recordings in Los Angeles. The natives were fascinated by the machine and could not comprehend how it could speak and sing in their dialects.

On one of these treks along a narrow path, I accidentally fell into a drain and broke my right ankle. This incapacitated me for further trekking, so I remained on the spot with two of my school boys. Barbara continued on to Papa Colya with the other boys and returned within four hours. It was still impossible for me to walk, so a group of the boys ran two miles to the mission to report the accident. Ten of my boys arrived with a chair tied on two poles with jungle rope and carried me in "queenly

fashion," to the mission. Nurse Jones bandaged my foot with elastoplast, Bob made me a pair of crutches and I made a canvass shoe to wear. Thus, I hobbled around for six weeks, carrying on with all my responsibilities. "Doctor Jesus" did a magnificent job of healing and after six weeks, I cast aside the home-made crutches. The natives named me "Angraree Tapagonda" (she has one foot).

When our nurse became sick, I carried on alone in the clinic with some help from Barbara for seven weeks. I learned a great deal from this experience, treating sores, aches, malaria, infected fingers, horrible ulcers, yaws and burns. One of the patients was an epileptic whose feet had been severely burned during one of his seizures. The natives are not sympathetic with epileptics or lepers and would prefer to see them die. The sick have many of their tribe weep over them, continually reminding them that they are going to die and many times they do die of fright. Mothers deliver their own children on the ground and promptly go to the gardens to work. The baby is never washed and is constantly carried on the mother's back in a "billum bag." (bag woven out of jungle rope). Leaves serve as diapers. It is a repulsive sight to behold a mother nursing her child and a baby pig simultaneously.

Polygamy is generally practised, and a man may have as many wives as he can afford to purchase with pigs, shells, bush-knives etc. Girls are married off at the tender age of nine and ten years. Each wife has her own hut. In one tribe, the bride is decked out with charcoal, pig grease, feathers, shells and paint. She appears alone at her wedding, as the husband goes to the bush until the ceremony is over and then he returns.

War was waged on rats and over three hundred were caught in traps. The missionary reimbursed the boys one shilling (11 cents) for every tail they produced. Some of them were setting traps out in their bush homes and

securing scores of them. Bob insisted that this project was for the mission premises only.

The native workers never had the advantage of schooling, thus did not know how to read or write. They are now being taught the rudiments of reading etc.

The barter system was in vogue for many years, until the government instituted the plan to teach natives the value of money. The mission boys were paid \$2.40 a month for their services and we were happy when they volunteered to tithe their meagre income.

I had the pleasure of preaching in every other service with Bob Scott. I had my turn to cook for the missionaries, giving them a Bible course, teaching school and doing the mending of the boys clothes.

After five glorious months in Pabarabuk, I walked to Togapa with Bob and nine of our boys. I spent the night with Doctor Yeatts and family who ministers to 600 lepers at the Government operated Leprosarium. The next morning, the government jeep transported me to Tona. Then with the assistance of five carriers, I walked the fifteen miles to Tambul in five hours, enjoying the rugged mountain scenery.

Tambul has an elevation of 7,000 feet and the temperature ranges from 45 to 75 degrees the year round. Unlike Pabarabuk, there were some girls living on the station who were learning to sew, cook and assist in the clinic. One girl taught me how to give shots with the use of a lemon and a hypodermic needle.

There were twelve hundred natives present in the large bamboo church on my first Sunday. After the message, several responded to the invitation including a chief and two government interpreters. The government station, a mile away was manned by a single official, with some native men to assist him. No fruit grew in this area, so the natives walked forty miles each way to Pabarabuk, periodically, to supply fruit for the missionaries.

We made a number of treks to visit the outstations in that area. In one place, I was the first white woman they had ever seen. To top it all off, they had never seen eye glasses. They shouted, "Here's someone with four eyes, and two of them can be removed."

Tragedy occurred one day when a naked boy was drowned in the river and was recovered within two hours. It amazed me how quickly a crowd had gathered at the scene. There are no radios, no phones or newspapers. The parents rushed to the scene and the father tried to jump into the river, but someone grabbed him just in time. Artificial respiration was used on the boy to no avail. After a brief stay in my hut, where all his relatives wept over him, the body was placed in a "billum bag" and carried to his home.

It was the custom for each member of this tribe to cut off a finger at the second joint for any relative who died. This is to show their extreme grief by self mutilation. This couple had had four children and the boy was their last surviving child. We noticed that both parents had three of their fingers chopped off. When we asked the parents if they would follow this custom for the child, they said they would refrain from doing it because they were hearing the Gospel. They gave their permission for the missionary to conduct a Christian burial. The next day, we walked several miles through mud to reach the hut. Scores of tribe members were seated on the ground in a circle around the body, weeping and wailing. The family was caressing every part of the boy's body. Their grief is so intense because they have no hope for the future. The Missionary brought a message of hope and comfort as they listened with rapt attention.

Custom forbids that the family watch the burial, so the chief and the two members of the tribe pulled some poles from their home-made fence and chopped them into pieces. A three-foot hole had been dug behind the windowless hut. Before the boy was carried to his grave, the

mother put a blade of grass around the little finger of the boy's left hand. Some months later, she was to dig into his grave, take the bone from that finger and wear it as a souvenir. The boy was lowered into the hole with the aid of a rope. A layer of the chopped wood was placed criss-cross over his body and was covered with earth. Thank God for the gospel light shining brightly in that area. Hundreds have forsaken their heathen ways to serve the living Christ. To them, life now has meaning.

The Bustins had arrived from the states for an inspection tour of the mission stations. Bob Scott, Nurse Jones and I accompanied them on the trek. Some of the mission boys came along with us, plus thirty-eight native carriers. Our first stop was at Moga, where we had a blessed service, with a number of heathen turning to God. Eleven of us spent the night in a small one-room bamboo shack. The next day, we walked to Piambil, which is beautifully situated at an elevation of 7,500 feet. Only the government post and the Bible Mission are there. We spent three days in the large, circular bamboo government rest house, sleeping on air mattresses. God's presence was graciously manifested in the services and many of the natives renounced their heathen ways to follow Christ.

The natives from Tauna walked six miles to Piambil in a drenching cold rain to see white folk for the first time, then walked back with us. Tauna is located off a main road and is very muddy, due to the excessive rainfall. This station had never seen a missionary, so they gave us a royal welcome. We were impressed with the cleanliness of the station, the enthusiastic and fruitful service and the native worker who was instrumental in the salvation of his own people.

We then proceeded to the Kauapena outstation manned by a native worker. The week-end was filled with spiritual activity and the care of physical needs. The

Bustins decided to remain, since they noted a great potential in making this a main station.

Bob Scott, Nurse Jones and I together with some of our boys, began a trek to the Ialibu station. Wagama was our first stop. Here we learned that the local boys were in "Kalabus" (prison), so we were allowed to remain in their dingy hut. We reached our destination the next day. Hundreds of natives were returning to their homes from a pig feast, so we stopped to give them the gospel message.

After three fruitful days at Ialibu, we walked the twenty-five miles back to Kauapena. Our party made the trip in nine hours, but due to blistered feet, it took me ten. At a number of places, the natives had not seen white women, so they went wild with enthusiasm. School children followed us for some miles. Bob and I entertained them by pulling out our upper partials. They screamed and ran, then returned for repeat performances.

The Bustins remained in Kauapena and established a main station. They built dormitories, a larger school and church, a clinic, a sugar cane mill and an air strip. I started the school with 170 naked boys and girls before leaving. Marvelous progress has been made through the years.

On July 29, I left Kauapena and trekked twenty-five miles across many ravines, rivers and mountains, to Pabarabuk. After a brief stay, I said farewell and made another twenty-five mile trek to Mt. Hagen, with four of my boys. During my nine month stay, I had covered a distance of 250 miles by foot, which took me seventy-one hours.

On August 7, I boarded a small plane for the coastal city of Lae. Before returning to Australia to have much needed dental work done, I visited a number of islands called the Bismarck Archipelago. The largest of this group is New Britain, with 85,000 inhabitants. Rabaul, its picturesque capital, comprises 7,000 Europeans, Chinese

and natives. The island is filled with copra plantations. We visited the factory where I watched with interest the processing of copra (dried coconut) used in making soaps, shampoos and margarine. I saw the caves in which the Japanese made their homes during World War II, to escape the allied bombings.

My next stop was Kavieng, New Ireland, with 14,000 inhabitants. The Catholics, Methodists, Adventists, the Salvation Army and the Jehovah Witnesses have established missions there.

I wired the District Commissioner asking for permission to visit Manus Island, and the reply was, "No accommodation for females." I boarded the plane by faith, trusting God to perform a miracle. The plane landed at Momete RAAF base and the passengers were taken to Lorengau by launch and jeep. Upon arrival at this remote place, I met George Smith of Lou Island which is sixty miles south. I accepted his kind offer to take me to Lou by mission boat. After the four-hour rocky, rolling voyage, it was a great relief to transfer to a comfortable room in the mission home.

The next day, we sailed around the island visiting the only three villages. I was impressed by the friendliness and cleanliness of the people and the villages. The 400 inhabitants are all Adventists. I saw scores of wild fowl lay huge eggs in deep caves. On one occasion, the natives gathered 500 eggs and enjoyed a feast. We also passed by a new volcanic island which had recently appeared. For the first time, I noticed a sanitary house built over the edge of the sea.

I enjoyed an early morning boat ride to Momete base, where I flew to Lae, via Wewak and Madang. Within a few hours, I boarded the Qantas jet for Sydney, Australia, via Port Moresby. I shall always be grateful to God for this exciting thrilling and challenging venture to New Guinea. Since this initial visit, I have been privileged to be in New Guinea on two other occasions.

CHAPTER XVIII

WORLD TOUR-NO. THREE

This tour was my longest one—from October 1956 to December 1958. I spent nine months in New Guinea, twelve months traveling around the world and three months each in Australia and Great Britain.

After my arrival in Australia from New Guinea, I spent a month in Sydney, with the Alfred Broughtons. I was occupied with multiple trips to the dentist and had speaking engagements in the following churches: Nazarene, Congregational, Baptist, United Pentecostal and the Sydney Rescue Mission. I was in Canberra, the capital, for two days and then I proceeded to Melbourne. There I was the guest of Robert Mattkes, president of the Wesleyan Bible College. I spoke in the college chapel, the Pasco Vale and Highett churches and also to the Christians Women's Bible group.

The scenic isle of Tasmania, one of the seven states of the Commonwealth of Australia, was my next stop. At Launceston, I spoke to the students of the Missionary Training School, and also heard Dr. J. Edwin Orr who was conducting a united campaign. At the time, he had traveled in 140 countries by faith and I was greatly interested in his remarkable experiences. In Hobart, I spoke to the People's Fellowship Group who cater to the men from the jail farm. Among the converts, were two men paroled from there. For information and education, I toured the Sanitarium Health Food factory.

I flew back to Melbourne and headed west for Adelaide via streamlined "Overland Express." I have since

regretted that I did not take a roomette which cost \$2.25 in contrast to \$12. and up in the states. At Adelaide, I spoke to an enthusiastic audience in the Nazarene church.

On October 12, I boarded a second class sleeper, with meals included and reached Perth on the west coast on the 14th. I appreciated the hot and cold shower in the train.

My nine day sojourn in this beautiful and friendly city of Perth, was spent at the "People's Palace" (Salvation Army hostel). Though I did not know anyone, God opened many doors of opportunity for me and I made a host of friends.

I had speaking engagements at the Gospel Lighthouse in Victoria Park and in Freemantle. I also spoke at a youth rally in the Assembly Hall, to the Jewish Evangelical Witness group, to the Christian Nurses at King Edward Hospital, to the People's Church and their radio program called "Problems of the People" conducted by Pastor Stan Drew.

On October 23, I flew to Djakarta, Java, Indonesia. Through a kind friend, I was directed to the home of a Chinese florist, a convert from Buddhism. Tjoa Han and family extended me their generous hospitality. I offered to reimburse them, but they claimed they were happy to entertain their first American evangelist. Mr. Han took a few days off work to take his wife and me to the cool climate of Tjipanis, in the mountains. En route, we passed the summer palace of the Indonesian president and the resort cities of Bandung and Bogor.

Djakarta, with its four million inhabitants has extreme contrasts: ranging from the swank residential district to the slums. The river which divides the city was being used for human excretion in broad daylight. My first impression was anything but satisfactory: hot, humid and dirty with myriads of beggars parading the streets. I held twelve services in seven churches. Each service was filled to capacity and the response was excellent.

Trouble was brewing against the Dutch, who had ruled the country for 300 years. Huge posters and banners, berating the Dutch, were hung conspicuously about the city and on the homes and cars of the Dutch. I had dinner with some newly acquired friends and noticed a sign on the front of their home which read, "We are Persians." They claimed that it was the only way they would be unmolested.

After twelve days, I flew to Singapore. My room with bath at a private Guest house cost a dollar a day. I lived on an exclusive diet of nuts, dates, raisins and fruit. I held a brief campaign at the Elim Tabernacle with encouraging results. It was a real pleasure to speak to the youth group of the Jewish Synagogue. Before the meeting began, I had the joy of witnessing to the rabbi, who stayed to hear me speak.

By second class train I went to Malaya. The lower berth which cost eighty-five cents, was clean and comfortable. I made a stop at Kuala Lumpur, the capital to visit some missionaries and then resumed my journey to the island of Penang. There I spoke to the Chinese Assembly of God church.

I returned to Singapore and flew to Colombo, Ceylon, and stayed at the Y.W.C.A. There I had an opportunity to speak to the youth group at the Assembly of God church. General Kitching of the Salvation Army was conducting special meetings and I went to hear him on two occasions.

Ceylon is principally a Buddhist country, but other religions are tolerated. Radio Ceylon boasts of a 100,000 watt station, where many gospel programs are beamed across Asia with great blessing. On one Lutheran program, a converted Buddhist gave his testimony of Salvation through Christ. This stirred the government officials with rage and they requested the Prime Minister to share his testimony from Christianity (nominal) to Buddhism. The Prime Minister refused and promptly all religious

programs were cancelled. I firmly believe that no true born-again child of God ever turns to false religions.

I purchased a second class railway ticket but traveled first class, a concession made to tourists only. I stopped for a few hours at Kandy, the seat of the University, and then I continued to Nuwara Eliya. This beautiful city is nestled among gorgeous mountains and lush valleys. I spent the night with a missionary friend who shared her experiences. I returned to Colombo and spent the night at the new Salvation Army hostel and left the next morning for Madras.

The Youth for Christ leaders welcomed me in Madras and took me to the American Baptist Mission Guest House. My private room with bath (Indian fashion) cost forty-four cents. On Thanksgiving day, I attended the early morning service at the Women's Christian college. After the service, all the Americans were invited to the home of the Consular General, Dr. Thomas Simon. He and his charming wife gave us a grand welcome and served a typical American breakfast of sausage, rolls, coffee, bananas, tangerines and coffee-cake. My appetite was satisfied with the cake and fruit. I had no dinner that day, but prayed and praised God for my fortunate lot. I pondered over the unfortunate, poverty-stricken Indians who starve to death for lack of an insufficient diet.

My speaking engagements included a "Youth for Christ" service, a tentmeeting they were sponsoring, a service at a large Independent church and at their day school and Orphanage. Victor Monogoram, president of India's "Youth for Christ" was my efficient interpreter.

The 15th annual World Vegetarian congress was in session in Madras. I attended two sessions and heard some outstanding speakers. I favor a vegetarian diet.

In Bombay, I was occupied with the securing of visas for some of the countries on my itinerary. At the Iranian Consulate, I was refused a visa on the grounds that I was an evangelist. Being a Moslem country, they did not want

any interference by foreign religions. This rule has been relaxed in recent years. I tried to convince the Consul that I was going as a tourist and not as an evangelist. I had only two contacts there. I insisted that I would remain in the office until I was granted a visa. I believe in persistence and refuse to be denied when I know it is God's will. After praying and patiently waiting for nearly six hours, I was given a seven-day transit visa. It was a day of rejoicing for me and that evening I had a soul-winning service at the Gospel Mission.

By train I went to Poona for two services, then I proceeded to Kedagon, seventeen miles south of Poona, to visit the world famous Mukti mission, founded by Pundita Ramabai. Converted from the Brahmin faith, this brilliant woman knew thirteen languages and translated the Bible into the Marathi language. She was the only woman in India to receive the honorable title of "Pundita" in her day. A widow herself, she founded this Faith home for homeless widows, orphans, elderly women and unwed mothers. Her life story is fantastic, miraculous and faith inspiring. It was a rewarding experience for me to see this work in action. There were 800 girls, orphans and widows being cared for by a qualified Christian staff of missionaries, nurses and a lady doctor. Two hundred men are employed on the 200 acre farm. It was a joy to speak to that attentive group.

I returned to Bombay and left for Teheran, Iran, on December 17. Upon arrival at the city terminal, I contacted the man at the Bible Society. He also knew my other contact, a lady whose parents I had met in Sydney, Australia. He left his work to escort me to the lady's house. Her parents had alerted her regarding my coming, so she cheerfully accepted me as her guest. She and her oldest girl were marvelously saved. A few months later, they migrated to New York.

A revival campaign was in progress at the Armenian Brethren Church with a lay evangelist from Beirut,

Lebanon, as their speaker. I attended a service and was asked to give my testimony. At the close of the service, the people said that I had come at an opportune time and insisted that I remain. I explained that I had only a seven-day transit visa, but that did not deter them. Through their influence and the miraculous intervention of God, my visa was extended seventy days. During the seventy-seven days, I had seventy-three speaking engagements in ten churches for eight denominations.

In Teheran, I spoke in several churches, and also to a Christian Jewish group, the American Mission for Girls, a school for the Blind and two day schools. In Tabriz, on the border of Russian territory, I spoke in two churches. My hostess, who had professed Christianity as a leading worker in her church for thirty-five years, humbled herself and was truly converted, along with some others. After nine days in Tabriz, I returned to Teheran for more services. The believers decided that I should go south with a lady interpreter. She was the widow of a pilot for the Shah of Persia. Her husband had been killed in an air crash and she was allowed to travel gratis on the Iranian airlines route. Through her influence, I was also granted complimentary tickets.

At Isfahan, the Church of England was filled to capacity nightly and many new souls were born-again. There were also many conversions during the week's campaign at Abadan. Then we spent several days witnessing at Shiraz, Ahwaz and Bandar Mashur. Many believers were sanctified wholly and some were reclaimed. We had several marvelous physical healings and among them was a ten-month old twin boy afflicted with polio. In some cities, leading citizens gave us a Cadillac with a chauffeur to view the historical sights. This was because they learned that my interpreter was the widow of a former pilot for their Shah. Several of the converted families have since migrated to the states and are serving God.

During my two weeks in Iraq, I held services in

Bagdad, the capital and in Mosul, situated across the river from Nineveh. I also visited the ruined capitals of ancient Assyria; Ashhur, Caleh and Nineveh.

On landing at the modern airport of Beirut, Lebanon, I was most impressed with the gorgeous blue waters of the Mediterranean and the mountains silhouetted in the background. There, I had thirty-two speaking engagements in six churches in nineteen days including; the Nazarene Bible School, the Near East School of Theology, Haigazian College, five elementary and high schools and Ebenezer Bible School.

A bus load of teachers from the Christian Day Schools made a tour to the famous Cedars and invited me to go along. This was a fascinating trip through beautiful scenery and also afforded opportunities for witnessing.

On April 8, accompanied by Alice Spangenberg of Eastern Nazarene College, I boarded a motor train for Aleppo. She was teaching at the Beirut Bible School on her annual leave. In the Nazarene church, I had the pleasure of interpreting her testimony from English to Armenian. The next morning, we departed by taxi for Antioch. We checked in at the modest Tourism Hotel and were allowed to remain for twenty-four hours. We visited the museum and saw the spot where the first Christian church had been built. A day was spent at the port city of Iskenderun, then to Tarsus where we stayed at St. Paul's College, and finally to Mersin. After five enjoyable days, Alice returned to Beirut by bus while I went to Ankara, the capital, by a modern motor train. My purpose was to obtain a permit to visit my birthplace, then a restricted area. (See Chapter II)

Next, I made a train journey to Malatya, a lovely city famous for its apricots. I bought huge, black bing cherries for twelve cents a pound. I made a number of contacts there and went by bus to Marash. Before the massacres, this city had a mission with a hospital and an Orphanage, doing a great work for God. Today, every

trace of Christianity has been wiped out. It was a sheer joy to meet one "light" in that darkness, a converted Moslem, now a saint of God. Eba Fazilat Ertun is a capable nurse, but the Moslems refuse to engage her services because she is a Christian. We had a blessed time of fellowship and prayer, which she deeply appreciated. Her husband and family admit that her life has been transformed.

From Marash, I arrived in Gazi-Aintab by an ancient bus and checked in at the Gul Palais Hotel, for fifty cents a day. In these two cities the Chief of police came to question me. After perusing my passport, he was convinced that I was a bonafide tourist and left. The churches were in ruins or were transformed into prisons and places of business. The American Hospital in Aintab had three missionary couples serving in the medical field since preaching was forbidden. I met an Armenian nurse who had miraculously escaped the massacres and manifested a genuine love for the Moslems, though all her loved ones had been ruthlessly killed by them. She is faithfully witnessing and praying for their salvation.

I returned to Aleppo and spent three weeks evangelizing in different areas. I applied for a permit to enter the restricted regions in the Syrian desert and within twelve days the permit arrived from Damascus. I first went to Der es Zor, where I slept on the floor in an Assyrian home, since the bed was loaded with many rugs, etc. This place was replete with the horrible atrocities of the massacres. There was no Gospel witness there, so I held a service in the patio of one interested family. The patio was filled with people who had not heard the Gospel before. In Kamishly, I spoke to the Armenian and Arab congregations and several souls found victory in Christ. At Hassake, I walked around the town inviting people to come to a certain street corner to hear the Gospel. After a brief meeting there, a family invited us all to their home. There was no room to sit, so we stood up packed

like sardines. I was thrilled with the interest and response of those precious people after spiritual realities.

During my nine days in Damascus, I spoke twenty times in three churches and schools. Among the converts was an elderly Catholic couple who were elated with their new found joy in the Lord.

In Jerusalem, Jordan, I held a week's campaign in the Nazarene church. The pastor had had a remarkable conversion from the Moslem faith. I spoke to a group at the St. James Convent (Armenian Orthodox). Normally, 2,000 people live within its walls, but during the Arab-Israeli conflict in 1948, 6,000 were housed there. At Zerka, I had the novel experience of having my feet washed prior to retiring for the night. Pastor Ammarai and his bride had instituted that custom which they found recorded in I Timothy 5:10.

In Egypt, I held several services in a number of churches in Cairo, Port Said and Alexandria. I then went to upper Egypt (actually it is south) and stopped at Assuit to visit the Faith Orphanage founded by Lillian Thrasher. She has mothered 6,000 orphans in forty-six years. I enjoyed speaking to the 1,000 orphans there at that time. In Luxor, gateway to the tombs of the Egyptian Kings, I had a service for an Independent Mission. In Girga, I held a week of services for the Faith Mission in their Bible School and churches.

I returned to Cairo and flew to Athens, Greece, where I had services for the Danish Mission, the Brotherhood and the Oriental Missionary Society. In Macedonia, I held services in churches and schools at Salonica and Katerina.

I went to Istanbul aboard the "S.S. Adana," since the trip was only twenty-four hours. There were ten classes to choose from, so I selected the class with a bed and no food. I had taken along my own food. I slept in a dormitory room with nineteen other women. On the return trip, via "S.S. Ankara," I was in a larger room with forty-nine

other women. Both were converted, clean and comfortable, United States Navy ships.

Istanbul is the only city in the world that is divided between two continents, Europe and Asia. I stayed with friends on the European side, but held services on both sides. I met a Christian lady from Sofia, Bulgaria, who was visiting relatives, and she asked me to include Sofia on my itinerary. I was surprised when the Bulgarian Consulate granted me a two-day visa.

From Athens, I flew to Belgrade, Yugoslavia, and was to depart by overnight train the next day for Sofia. I went to the American Embassy to have extra pages added to my already bulging passport and to get some information about Bulgaria. The Consul informed me that I could not enter Bulgaria because the United States did not have diplomatic relations with them at the time. (A year later, said relations were established). Had I defied the law, I would have been fined \$2,000 and made to serve a prison sentence. It was a keen disappointment, but I stood on Romans 8:28.

While in Belgrade, I had an informative visit with a Baptist pastor. At the airport, I boarded a Bulgarian plane for Vienna, Austria. Before takeoff, we were on the ground for over an hour. We were notified that they were waiting for permission to fly over Hungary. The radio engineer acted as host and distributed box lunches to the passengers and then returned to his task in the cockpit. Five days in Vienna cost me a total of \$13. made possible by substituting fruit and sandwiches for meals in the cafes. I visited the Baptist and Gregorian church and had the joy of speaking at the Salvation Army citadel.

At Zurich, I stayed at the Biberlin Guest House, a comfortable rest haven for Christian workers. My friend, Carl Brockmueller, was in Europe doing evangelistic work and we met in Zurich. We attended a missionary conference at Beatenberg in the Swiss Alps. Then we

visited Lucern, Interlocken, Bern, Thun and separated at Frankfurt.

Amsterdam was my headquarters while touring by train in Holland. I visited The Hague, Utrecht, Zeist, Hilversum, Zanvoort, Apeldoorn, Deventer, Arnhem and the Royal Palace at Soesdyk. In Rotterdam, I had a glimpse of Prince Bernhard and Princess Irene. Through the influence of a musical Dutch-Eurasian family I had met in Singapore, I had speaking engagements in the Philadelphia churches in Arnhem and Deventer. These were unusual services of blessing and salvation.

The Scandinavian countries of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland were my next stops. The Philadelphia church is thriving in Scandinavia. The mother church in Stockholm has 6,000 members, though the building only accommodates 4,000.

From Stockholm, I took a Swedish boat for an overnight trip to Turku, Finland and then a four-hour train journey to Helsinki. Both the Finnish and the Swedish languages are spoken here. The Philadelphia church in Helsinki has a Finnish congregation of 4,000 and a Swedish congregation of 2,000. In addition to these churches, I visited the Evangelical Free and Advent churches, also the Salvation Army. All the congregations were made up mostly of women as very few men attend. Cosmetics and jewelry were conspicuous by their absence.

I returned to Stockholm on a Finnish boat and departed on a midnight train for West Berlin. This included a four-hour train-ferry ride from Trelleborg, Sweden, to Sussnitz, Germany and then through East Germany to West Berlin.

West Berlin was rapidly building to become an ultra-modern city, with few signs remaining of the grim war. In contrast, East Berlin was in shambles except for one housing project patterned after Moscow. I noticed "H.O." (government owned) was written on every store, as there is no private enterprise. Twice I attended the Baptist

church on the east side with the pastor who lives in West Berlin. I also visited Munich, Frankfurt, Stuttgart and Hamburg. In Hanover, I was a guest at the Bible School, formerly the home of General Walden, a true Christian. I was amazed to see the new Germany with its modern buildings, super highways and shopping centers. But I sensed a great need for New Testament Christians.

At the World's Fair in Brussel's, I saw three celebrities: King Baduion of Belgium, Chancellor Adenhauer of Germany and Queen Saroya of Iran. From the Belgium capital, I made a trip to Luxembourg and visited the radio station which beams the gospel across Europe and reaches the middle eastern countries.

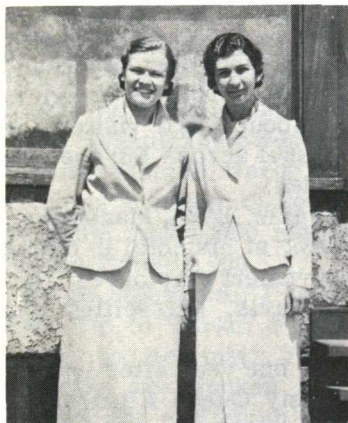
In France, I held services in Paris, Lyon, Marseilles, and Nice. I met my brother, John, at his hotel in Monte Carlo. He was on tour with government employees from New York. I also saw him in Paris, Marseilles and London.

I reached London on October 23, one year after leaving Perth, Australia. I saw her majesty Queen Elizabeth II and her husband en route to Parliament.

I had speaking engagements in three Nazarene churches in London before going to Ilkeston, Birmingham, Manchester, Rochdale, St. Helen's and Liverpool in England. I also had services at Hurlett Nazarene College in Stalybridge and Emmanuel College in Birkenhead. In Bonnie Scotland, I held services in the following Nazarene churches: Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee and Aberdeen. In North Ireland, I was in Belfast, Dunmurray, Lurgan, Lisburn and Dromore Nazarene churches. In Wales, the Bargoad and Swansea churches.

It was a unique pleasure to visit the Faith Bible College in Swansea. I had read the book, "Rees Howells, Intercessor," the story of the man who founded the school. They have had marvelous answers to prayer, such as turning the pendulum to the side of the allies during World War II. etc.

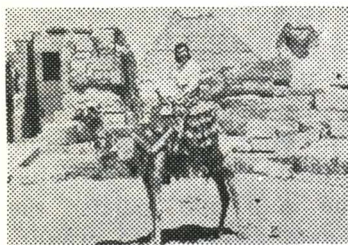
On November 29, I embarked on the "Queen Elizabeth" for New York. I spent ten days in the New York area, before going to Lawrence, Massachusetts. On this tour, I spoke 490 times in 108 churches for 83 denominations. I had traveled nearly 74,000 miles covering 171 cities in forty countries.



Gunnell Berglund, C. Helen
First Mission—
Coleman, Alberta, Canada 1937.



C. Helen, Bertha Knox
Fallon, Nevada, 1945.



C. Helen—Cairo, Egypt, 1950.



C. Helen—Nome, Alaska, 1948.