

CHAPTER XIX

CARIBBEAN TOUR

1959

Since my return from the last tour, I was occupied with meetings in thirty churches and two camps for fourteen denominations. I had traveled several thousand miles through twelve states. While in Philadelphia, I decided to visit the headquarters of Father Divine and Bishop S.C. Johnson, both Negroes, and founders of false cults.

Divine owns two hotels in the "City of Brotherly Love," the Divine Tracey and Divine Lorraine. These are for the benefit of his followers, but non-followers are welcome provided they abide by the regulations. Smoking, drinking, card-playing, carousing and visiting are forbidden.

On Palm Sunday, 1959, while visiting my brother Ernest, I phoned the Lorraine Hotel and asked if I could see this Father Divine. The clerk said, "Yes, Father is serving the banqueting table right now at the headquarters, located at Broad and Catherine streets. If you go now, you will see both Father and Mother Divine." Reluctantly, my brother drove us to the address, but he refused to enter the premises. His wife accompanied me. We had to push our way through that huge mass of people to obtain a view of the false god and his beautiful, white wife, sitting beside him at the head of the table. We were told that she represents God's wife or the Virgin Mary. The two sections of the L-shaped dining room was packed to capacity with white and black followers. Besides those seated at the table, people were lined behind them until there was hardly any standing room. The meal was over, only large bowls of luscious fruit remained on the

tables. The people were giving testimonies to the honor of this false god. A girl was dancing with a "swing and sway" tune.

At the front in large neon letters was the sign, "God's Holy Communion Table," with a picture of the supposed god and his bride on the wall. Another sign read: "Father Divine is God." I asked a Negro woman standing beside me, "Do you really believe that Divine is God Almighty who created the universe?" With a smile, she promptly replied, "I don't only believe, I KNOW he is." After twenty minutes in the suffocating atmosphere of paganism we left, pondering the incredible things we saw and heard.

We returned Easter Sunday at 2 p.m., too late to be seated at the banqueting table, but were escorted to a seat close to where the alleged god and his wife would sit. I asked a man where they were and he said, "Father is god and will come when he is ready." The people remained in their seats with hundreds standing. They were singing, swaying and clapping hands until 3:50 p.m. when they suddenly appeared. Pandemonium broke loose with great cheering and yelling. Then Divine rang a large bell several times, a signal for dinner to be served. No prayer of thanks was offered. Everything from "soup to nuts" was served by neatly uniformed waiters. Those standing were waiting their turn to sit at the banquet table. Two hours was all I could take of the blasphemous ordeal and to secure the information I wanted. I took advantage of the opportunity to witness to those seated close to me. These deluded followers actually believe they are in heaven and are celebrating the marriage supper of the Lamb (Revelation 19:9).

On Easter Sunday morning I went to the headquarters church of the "Jesus Only" cult at 22nd and Montgomery streets. Bishop S. C. Johnson, the founder, claims Ephesians 4:5,6. as the basis of his beliefs. "Jesus is God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in one, not three

personalities. Jesus was never the son of God." He states that only he has been given these truths to proclaim, therefore, only he is qualified to preach them. He frankly and flagrantly calls every other preacher a false prophet. He uses his own network to give out the message to the world. To prove his claims, he has attached the following titles to his name: Founder, Pastor, Apostle, Prophet, General Overseer, World's foremost minister, Bible Analyst and Authority on the inspired Word of God. The congregation was made up of half white and half black. The women and girls were dressed modestly. The service was not unusual except for the ravings and rantings of Bishop Johnson who spoke that morning. Both of these deceivers have since died and their successors are carrying on the work of deception.

How true are the words of Christ in Matthew 24:11, "And many false prophets shall rise and deceive many." Thank God there are many churches who do preach the truths of the Bible. No one church or denomination has the monopoly on Bible truth. I am deeply grateful to God for leading me into the truth.

I left Miami, Florida in October to begin my fourth tour to the Caribbean area. I spent a week in Havana, Cuba, and was a guest at the El Hogar de Ninos. It was operated by the Holiness Church of God. I spoke to a fine congregation of Bible School students and orphans. It was a pleasure for me to speak for Donilo Gonzales, pastor of the International Gospel church. His life story is fantastic and thrilling. (See, *For God and Cuba*, by Basil Miller.) In Santa Cruz del Norte, I spoke at the Methodist Church and Day school.

Since my last visit in 1955, I noticed new highways, tunnels, modern hotels and enchanting homes. During my stay, an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Fidel Castro became headline news. On the evening of October 21st, a plane, identified by the Cubans as American, dropped bombs on Havana, killing two and wounding thirty innocent

victims. Castro spoke for hours on the radio, trying to keep the people encouraged. I was surprised to find some nationals and missionaries in favor of Castro and what he was trying to do for Cuba. Since then, the world has been convinced that he has been a tool of Russia all along.

On October 22nd, I reached the lovely island of Jamaica and made my headquarters with the Eldon Nelsons. I had fruitful services at the Constant Spring, Montego Bay, Port Antonio and Cascade Pilgrim churches. The precious saints had brought in an abundance of tropical fruit for my consumption. In one place, a hundred grapefruit were brought and it was a joy to share them with others. I held services for the Kingston Church of God, the Darliston Holiness Christian Church and the Wesleyan mission. It was a delight to meet those who had been saved on other tours, still shining for the Lord.

I made my first visit to Grand Cayman, a dependency of Jamaica. I saw no slum areas. The Caymanians are immaculate housekeepers and take real pride in keeping their homes and yards in spotless condition. The majority of the husbands and sons are seamen and are away a good portion of the year. Prices are exorbitant there since everything has to be flown in from the States.

I spent twelve fruitful days on this flat, sandy, coral reef island. I had campaigns in the West Bay and Northside Pilgrim churches. They are completely self-supporting. The Holy Spirit took control of the Sunday morning service at West Bay and there was no preaching. An excellent altar service prevailed until 2 p.m. Among the converts was a seventy-year-old mother.

There were thirty-four believers at the airport for my departure and we had a blessed singspiration. The mosquitoes were there in abundance and several got into my nose and throat while I was singing the gospel choruses.

In San Nicolas, Aruba, I had an effective campaign with an Independent church. A seventy-year-old brother

was the faithful leader of the early morning vigil where they prayed for local and world-wide needs.

At Curacao, the capital of the Netherland Antilles, I was the guest of Jack Duckworths of the Pilgrim church. At Jack's suggestion, the church presented me with a Rico 300, 35mm camera, which I used for mission work. After several years, I donated it to a national preacher in the Philippines. The number one industry of Aruba and Curacao is oil refineries. Thousands have been laid off and sent back to their various islands. The work of God, however, was still going on. En route to Trinidad, I spent a day in Caracas, Venezuela.

The Sunday morning service at the Pilgrim church in Port of Spain, Trinidad, continued until 2:30 p.m. The altar was lined with souls seeking God for pardon and purity.

On Christmas Eve, I flew to Georgetown, Guyana, where I spent Christmas day with three missionary families. On Boxing Day, the 26th, we all enjoyed a multi-course, delicious meal at Sister Bacchus' home, a faithful laywoman.

Due to heavy fog, the Pan American plane was unable to land at Paramaribo, Surinam. We were taken to Cayenne, French Guiana, and entertained at a high class hotel for a few hours. The plane flew on to Belem, Brazil, then returned to take us to our destinations. Pastor Vander Kuyp and family were my gracious hosts in Paramaribo. He did an excellent job of interpreting for me at the Pilgrim church.

The next morning, I flew to Moengo, an Alcoa mining town. The Pilgrim missionaries welcomed me. We made the six mile trip to Pelgrim Kondre by mission boat. They are doing a noble work among the naked bush Negroes. Of the nine villages under their jurisdiction, one is accessible by foot through the dense bush. The other eight villages are reached by boat. I held services in three of the villages and felt rewarded when several con-

fessed their sins and accepted Christ as Savior. I was impressed with the cleanliness of the one-room huts with the brightly painted doors.

On New Year's day, we reached Offilihollo village by canoe and witnessed a heathen ritual. A near naked man covered with white-wash led the ceremony with a gourd. He was endeavoring to talk to the great spirit, who resides in a village three days journey down the river. A cloth covered pole, representing a telephone was carried by two naked men. Their principle aim was to discover if the chief's half-dazed daughter, sitting on a chair in their midst, would get well. They then tore a hen apart and sacrificed it to their great chief. They expressed gratification to the gods of their chief by offering rice and other edibles. How very deep is their darkness and superstition. Praise God for the Gospel which can transform such as these into the children of light. I was happy to meet a number of these redeemed souls.

I returned to Paramaribo to board a plane for Georgetown, Guyana. From there I took a small plane to Kato, where I transferred to the mission plane for the Indian village of Paramakatoi. A few years ago, these people were naked and were steeped in superstition and ignorance. Today, they are clothed and the majority of them are truly converted. They "earn" their clothes by carrying freight for the missionaries, sixteen miles up and down the mountain trails from Kato to Paramakatoi. The missionary gives shirts and trousers to the men who carry loads up to a hundred pounds, and ladies earn dresses the same way. Those who carry lighter loads are also given pieces of clothing.

These Indians are similar in habit and manner to the Indians in the States. God gave us an outstanding week of services with many seekers and happy finders. One group had walked seven days through the dense jungle from northern Brazil to attend the meetings. The Bible School is a family affair, for the wives and children also attend

the sessions with their husbands and fathers. It was a joy to speak to them in English. Recently, some workers were sent to Brazil to labor among those who have not heard the Gospel.

On my return to Georgetown, the pilot flew low over the 888-foot Kaiteur Falls, for the benefit of the passengers. After a precious service in the Pilgrim church at Georgetown, I had some services in New Amsterdam where the Mason sisters are in charge. They are also responsible for thirteen Sunday Schools in the area, and oversee a promising jungle work with the aid of native workers.

It was my happy privilege to minister again to needy souls in Trinidad and Tobago. In Grenada, I had a marvelous week of soul-winning with the Fire Baptized church. I was the guest of Zola Mae Rich and Helen Leulf, the missionaries. In Barbados, I held a week of services for the Pilgrim and Christian Union missions, followed by two days in Castries, St. Lucia, resting and catching up with my correspondence.

Four wonderful days were spent in Antigua, speaking in the Pilgrim churches at St. John's and Sweets. From St. John's, I flew to St. Kitts in order to board the government launch, "Blue Peter," for the island of Saba. It was a delight to meet the converts from the 1955 campaign in Bottom, who were faithful witnesses. We were also thankful for the new converts. In addition to the services in Bottom, we held open-air services in the three other villages. At Zion's Hill, a wild man under the influence of liquor, interrupted my closing prayer by running after his son with a butcher knife. As the son disappeared, the father came to me with a ferocious look on his face and almost hit me with the knife. Suddenly, his wife appeared, screaming for the police. The man escaped by running into the bush but was found two days later, bruised and bleeding. How grateful I was to God for His protection.

On the Windward side, some Catholic young men took offense at the message of truth I was giving from God's Word. They were furious and tried to hinder my preaching by throwing stones, but the Lord intervened. They reported me to the Administrator, requesting him to either put me off the island, or forbid me to preach any further. I was amazed to learn that the Administrator stood his ground, based on the freedom of religion on the island. Upon learning this, I made a call to his office and witnessed to him for two hours. As a result, he and his amiable wife attended some of the services. To God be the glory!

Three weeks later, the "Blue Peter" landed at Saba and carried me to St. Maarten. I had a severe case of sea sickness en route. The services I had on both the Dutch and French side of this island were most encouraging.

At St. Kitts, I had a good ministry at the Bassaterre and Sandy Point Pilgrim churches. In the open-air witness, people responded to the invitation and stood unashamedly on the street to confess their sins and testified to having victory in their souls.

I sailed to Nevis by launch and was escorted by the Lynton family. The believers at Charlestown seemed delighted to see me, for it was there that I had collapsed in the pulpit in 1955.

The services at Charlestown, Gingerland and Brown Hill were mightily used of God. There were overflow crowds and the altars were lined with seeking souls in all three churches.

In St. Thomas, I spoke at the Pilgrim and Apostolic churches where there were a number of conversions.

In San Juan, Puerto Rico, I had services in four Nazarene churches. It was so encouraging to hear a Catholic lady in mourning and an elderly couple testify that they had come purposely to the meeting to be saved. I also spoke to the students at the Robinson School (Methodist).

From San Juan, I flew to the sub-tropical isle of Bermuda for my first visit. There are 300 islands in the chain, but only twenty are inhabited. After the sweltering tropics, it was a pleasant change to be where temperatures range from 60 to 70 degrees. A lady, whom I had met in Aruba, entertained me royally in her humble home. Through her influence, I spoke in six churches in Hamilton, the capital, and in Warwick and Prisswell Hall. I made a number of friends, one of whom still corresponds with me.

On this tour, I traveled 14,000 miles in five months, covering twenty islands and two countries—Guyana and Surinam, at a total cost of \$552.42. I held 183 services in seventy-two churches and six schools for nineteen denominations. My heart was full of gratitude and praise to God for His marvelous protection and care upon my life. I felt rewarded for having been instrumental in leading a number of souls to Christ.



C. Helen, Carl and Esther
Brockmueller
Flagstaff, Arizona
August, 1943.



Ottawa, Ontario
Pastor Fletcher Tink, Vernita
Tink, local girl dressed as a
Peruvian, Ruth Smith Bicker,
C. Helen.

CHAPTER XX

WORLD TOUR-NO. FOUR

After my Carribean tour, I spent five months in evangelistic work. On October 29, 1960, I boarded K.L.M.'s flight from New York to Glasgow, Scotland. The next day, I flew to Manchester, England, and held meetings in the Oldham and Rochdale Nazarene churches and also at the Emmanuel Bible College.

In Birmingham, several West Indians were faithful in attendance and proved to be a great blessing. Thousands of them have flocked to England to work. The Christians have sought out the spiritual churches to attend.

In Ilkeston, I had services with Pastor William Russell. He and I took a tour through the "Boots" (similar to our Walgreens) factory in Nottingham. Our guide made the tour most informative. Tea was served to all the visitors at the conclusion of the tour. The ladies received a pink plastic bag with a tin of Talcum powder and a bar of beauty soap while the men were given a blue plastic bag with hair oil, soap and toothpaste. In London, I had services with Pastor William Tranter at Speake Hall. A young girl suffering from leukemia was annointed with oil and she claimed to be healed. Both of her parents accepted Christ as their Savior. I had two encouraging services at the Watford Nazarene church and at the Woodside Sunday School, where forty children professed salvation.

In Wales, I spoke in Cardiff and Bargoed. I took a train to Cambridge University to visit a student enrolled

at Jesus College. I was amused to learn that Freshmen must bow to the president at the inauguration and pay \$14 for the privilege.

The fare for their modern, trolley cars in Amsterdam was twenty-seven cents for four tickets. One could make a round trip on the same line for one ticket if done within 45 minutes. As you enter the trolley, the date and time are stamped on the ticket by the conductor. Several times I accomplished my errands in the allotted time. In the Arnhem Philadelphia church, two Dutch servicemen and an Indonesian lady were among the converts.

While in Arnhem, Holland, I decided to go to Dusseldorf, Germany, by train. I had left my passport in Amsterdam and I was almost put off the train at the border. The Lord intervened and the official believed my story. I had a good day witnessing for Christ in this lovely city on the Rhine.

Brussels has an excellent train service connecting the airport with the city terminal, which is most convenient. I spent two days at the Gospel Mission which has sixty churches in Belgium, a Bible school and book store.

In France, I spoke seventeen times in ten churches in Paris, Lyon, Valence, Marseilles and Pont de Chery. The French franc had been devaluated since my last visit from 500 to 5 for one dollar, but the people were still talking in terms of thousands and millions. I found it easier to speak in terms of the new franc. One church gave me a 100 note, while another gave me a note for 10,000 francs. Both had the same value—\$20. Today it is worth \$18.

In Zurich, I was a guest at the modern "Marthahaus" for working girls and I witnessed to a number of them. I took a train trip to the tiny principality of Liechtenstein—population 16,000. The ruling prince and his family live in an elegant castle situated on the side of a mountain in Vaduz, the capital (3,000 inhabitants). The Swiss franc is the monetary unit and the language is German. There is one Protestant church in this Roman Catholic country.

From Zurich I flew to Milan, Italy, and enjoyed three days of snow, ice and freezing weather. The air terminals of Milan, Zurich and Geneva are conveniently located in their respective railway stations. In Piza, famous for its leaning tower, I found a room at a modest hotel for \$1.50. This elegant tower was begun in 1164 and completed in 1350. The arduous climb of 303 steps was well worth the breath-taking view from the top. I had services in Rome and Civitevecchia.

I attended the Baptist church in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, and gave my testimony with the pastor interpreting. He announced that according to government regulation, they should secure permission for an outsider to preach. Due to the lack of time, he said that he had just obtained the "go ahead" signal from heaven, so he asked me to speak for the evening service. It was a rare privilege to speak to that enthusiastic and heroic band of saints who knew the value of suffering for Christ (Philippians 3:10). I made a number of calls in the homes of the people with the pastor.

At the Bulgarian Consulate in Belgrade, I was granted a two day visa to visit Sofia. I received courteous treatment at the airport and was taken to the Balkan Hotel. The weather was extremely cold, so I was delighted to have a room at their best hotel with all the conveniences. I had paid the Intourist bureau in Belgrade \$6.50 for my room and three meals. The hotel clerk in Sofia returned \$5.50 of it to me in their currency (levas). This was to pay for my meals in their dining room with no restrictions. My three trips to the dining room cost \$1.35, for I was not used to their strange foods. I am still bewildered about this incident, but was thankful for the extra money. My visa was extended to four days and I secured the same room without meals very reasonably.

In a visit to the Orthodox church, I saw throngs of people standing before the Bishop, who brushed their foreheads with a tree branch as they kissed the image of

Christ on a silver cross. They then filed past several buckets of "blessed" water. Each one drank a cup of the water and filled a jar to take home. My heart was deeply stirred at such appalling ignorance. I believe that man-made religions are a curse to humanity and that the Gospel of Christ is the only panacea for the world's need.

I was delighted to meet a group of Armenian believers who worship in a small building behind a large Bulgarian church. It was a real pleasure to speak to this attentive congregation. Several denominations are still carrying on, but Sunday Schools and youth groups are strictly forbidden.

From Sofia, I flew to Athens, Greece. After a few services there, I flew to Rhodes (Acts 21:1), and spent a day on this island witnessing. From Athens, I flew to Tel Aviv, Israel, and went by bus to Beersheba (Genesis 21:33), a thriving metropolis. There has been a 600 per cent increase in population since 1948. I had speaking engagements in Haifa and Nazareth.

I arrived in Tiberias on a Friday afternoon, the beginning of their Sabbath and checked in at the Scottish Hostel. Since no busses were available, I began a fifteen mile walk the next day at 6 a.m. to visit Capernaum (Matthew 4:13). I then commenced the forty mile walk to Nazareth. Since three families stopped to give me a lift in their cars, I actually walked only ten miles that day.

From Jerusalem, I flew to the island of Cyprus, where I had services in Nicosia and visited Famagastu, Larnaca and Salamis (Acts 13:5). At the Amman, Jordan airport, I was taken for a Jewess. After some discussion with the officials, they became convinced that I was not of Hebrew origin. I had some blessed services in Amman, Zerka and Jerusalem. On our return trip to the Amman airport, the police asked to see our passports. The pastor accompanying me had left his at home, so raised his Bible before the police. It worked!

I flew to Cairo and Alexandria where I had services with the Armenians and the Arabs. Next, I flew to Damascus and spoke fourteen times in four days for several churches and schools. I took a side trip into Turkey and visited Samsun on the Black Sea, Amasya, Tokat, and Sivas. At Tokat, I spent the night at the home of a Turkish teacher and his family. After dinner, I gave a brief message and testimony with the teacher interpreting it to his family and neighbors who had gathered. In Sivas, I spoke to fifty ladies in a home about Jesus and His love. How hungry they were for the message of salvation!

After returning to Damascus, I flew to Teheran, Iran. Promptly, I went to the Russian Consulate to apply for a visa. I learned that there was no problem as long as I was willing to go Intourist. I remembered the difficulties I had encountered previously when I had applied in Teheran, Amsterdam, Helsinki and Washington, D.C., because I had wanted to go as a tourist on my own. The Vice consul manifested a great interest in my work and I was pleased to share some of my experiences with him. At my invitation, he came to hear me speak at the American mission and remained to see the slides on New Guinea. He had never attended a Gospel service before.

Following a fruitful two week campaign in Teheran, I left on a first class train on April 10. The next day I transferred to a Russian train at Julfa, Azerbaijan. I had a compartment with bedding, towels, soap, toilet tissue, hot and cold water and a shower. None of these was available on the Iranian train.

The trip from Teheran to Erevan, Armenia, took thirty-three hours. The Intourist guide welcomed me at the railway station at 11 p.m., and took me to the Hotel Armenia in Lenin Square. Among the tourists from many countries was a 105 piece band from the University of Michigan. They were on a concert tour of the Soviet Union, sponsored by the State Department.

On April 12, I was in the Intourist office of the hotel when a phone call from Moscow revealed the exciting news of their first man in space. This was top news with much boasting of their achievements, during my visit. A week later, Moscow Radio beamed the news that the United States was dropping bombs on innocent Cuba. A gigantic demonstration began with 10,000 people gathering in Lenin Square carrying red banners bearing anti-United States propaganda.

Since I was alone, I had my own guide and chauffeur. The mornings were reserved for visiting the places they wanted me to see, while the afternoons and the evenings were free. Erevan is a beautiful city with many points of interest to offer the tourist. The highlight of my week was at the Baptist church where I gave greetings and shared my testimony.

By overnight train, I arrived at Tbilisi, Georgia, where I had three guides in two days. I flew by Russian jet to Moscow and was taken to the Hotel Ukraine. I was shown the Mausoleum where Lenin and Stalin were entombed in plain view. Thousands stand in line daily, except on Friday, regardless of the weather, to view their athiestic leaders in elaborate glass coffins. My guide asked my reaction. I replied, "They look so real, so marvelously preserved, but its their bodies; their souls are in hell." She laughed and nothing more was said. A circle tour through the subway really surprised me. Each station was designed differently with marble, mosiacs and stained glass and they were kept immaculate. A statue of Lenin graced each station.

My guide refused to accompany me to the Baptist church, but sent me in a taxi. The church was packed, with hundreds standing in the aisles, for the two hour service. The official guide of the church, himself a preacher, took me to the balcony where three worshippers promptly relinquished their seats for us. What an inspiration it was to see and hear the modestly dressed choir

sing four hymns with ardent devotion! A simple double wedding ceremony took place at the close of the morning service. The congregation sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name" as the two couples walked onto the platform from the side rooms. The young brides wore ankle-length white dresses and carried bouquets of flowers. A Gospel message was preached by the officiating minister before the ritual. After being pronounced "man and wife," they knelt at the altar and prayed. I appreciated the simplicity of the ceremony.

I spent two days in beautiful Kiev, and one day in Kharkov, Ukraine. The flight from Kharkov to Bacu, Azerbaijan took eight hours. There was no steward on board and nothing was served to the passengers. We made four stops and at one airport I purchased five dollars worth of black bread, cheese, cookies and chocolates with my meal coupons. I was allowed \$7.15 worth of food daily but was unable to use half that amount, since there was nothing appealing to me. After takeoff, I acted as hostess and shared my food with the other passengers.

In Bacu, I bought plenty of chocolates (not as good as ours) with the balance of my meal coupons as I was not allowed any refund. I refused to accept the whiskey cognac and tobacco, which they offered. I paid seventy-five cents for one medium orange and \$1.10 for a pound of half-rotten apples. From Bacu to Pahlevy, Iran, I sailed on the Caspian Sea in a small Russian freighter. A family of four and I were the only passengers aboard. Neither they nor the waitress knew any English, so I had to resort to sign language. For milk, I went through the motions of milking a cow and it produced results. From Pahlevy to Teheran, I had an exhausting eighteen hour bus trip.

At Teheran, I had several speaking engagements for the Armenians and the Assyrians. Then I took a five day trip to the hot, sultry, desert country of Kuwait on the Arabian Gulf. This Arab Sheikdom was a forlorn spot on earth. They were living in mud brick houses in abject

poverty. Fresh water for drinking was brought in by ship 100 miles away. Then a huge fountain of oil burst out of the dusty desert. As a result, the government pays a pension to the 80,000 Arabs, who now live in fabulous homes. Many people from other countries go there to work. There is no sign of poverty, but the filth is ever present.

The Sheikh earns 200 million dollars annually. The King of Saudi Arabia had been the Sheikh's guest prior to my arrival and was presented with nine Cadillacs. The King's annual income is 320 million dollars and he could surely afford a thousand Cadillacs. This is staggering, beyond my comprehension! There was no Gospel witness there, so I held a few services in homes with encouraging results. On the flight back to Teheran, I stopped and had some fruitful services in Abadan.

From Teheran, I flew to Kabul, Afghanistan. Missionaries are prohibited in this Moslem nation. An American church, founded and pastored by J. Christy Wilson caters to the many foreigners who work for the various organizations. I met a few converts from the Moslem faith. I was invited to attend the annual picnic of the American school, which was held at the King's farm, twenty miles from Kabul. We toured the fabulous looking barn and viewed his prized animals. The King, in uniform, was sitting under a tree uncerimoniously eating lunch with his friends.

In India, I spent a few days in New Delhi and Lucknow. One day was all I could take in Benares, the holy city of the Hindu's. I felt such compassion for the myriads of beggars, lepers and dead bodies lying on the streets and along the river Ganges. It was a gruesome sight to watch the burning of the dead bodies.

Kathmandu, Nepal, is surrounded by the famous Himalayas, with Mt. Everest (29,028 feet) in the distance. There are thousands of temples and shrines here. The inhabitants claim that their Hindu King is the reincarna-

tion of the God Vishnu. The average income of the common man is seventy-five cents a week, while the average life span is thirty-five years. Religious freedom was at a premium in Nepal. Each one was allowed to have his own religion. No proselyting was allowed. An Indian evangelist baptized eight converts publicly, and all were imprisoned for six years, including the evangelist. They were released from prison by the King for two reasons (1) the Christians were witnessing to the prisoners and the warden wanted them out and (2) the King had visited the United States in 1968 and returned with a Gideon Bible. He began to read the Word of God and was convicted. "For the Word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword." (Hebrews 4:12.)

From Kathmandu, I flew to Calcutta, and stayed at the Lee Memorial Mission. They make no charge for the dormitory style room, and only \$1.75 a day for meals. I enjoyed the devotional period after the evening meal. Man-operated rickshaws were still available but are rapidly being replaced by the bicycle tri-shaws. It was a treat to ride in the trams and busses, for there was always a place to sit. There are "ladies only" seats and the men are only allowed to occupy them until a lady enters, then he promptly surrenders it. I wish all countries would adopt this custom.

Rangoon, Burma, is famous for its world-renowned "Shwe Dagon Pagoda" with its gold and diamond pinnacle. It is a fantastic showpiece with its many temples, one of which is made of wedgewood. I had a large room at the Baptist Mission Guest House. While I was sleeping, a rat was enjoying my Camay soap. I noticed that it had left the bar of local variety untouched. The next night I covered my soap in a plastic container. Unable to lift the lid, the clever rat chewed a hole on the plastic and enjoyed his soap meal nevertheless.

I checked in at the Y.W.C.A. in Bangkok, Thailand, and shared a room with a heart-broken Australian woman.

Her husband had been transferred to Bangkok and the following year he had disappeared with their six-year old child. He had a police guard day and night to watch over the child to prevent the mother from visiting her. She was left without support so was forced to secure a job and lived at the Y.W.C.A. Unfortunately, the Thai courts favor the father. She was despondent and I had the joy of telling her that only Christ could solve her problem if she would surrender her life to Him. We prayed together and attended church. She seemed greatly relieved and trusted God for the solution.

From Bangkok, I flew to Penang, Malaya, and checked in at the new modern Y.W.C.A. Penang is one place in Asia where you can drink pure water right from the faucet. I took a trip by funicular railway to the top of the 2,725 feet mountain and was intrigued by the breath-taking view. I then went to see the "Kek Lok Si" monastery. I wanted to climb the seven story "Million Buddha Pagoda," but was stopped by the Chinese guard. He held up two fingers and I assumed he meant two dollars, so I hastily made my exit. Later, I learned that he meant "two persons," since this was a favorite spot for suicides.

I held two services in the Chinese Peniel Mission. There I was captivated with their singing of the Scriptures rather than reading them. In Ipoh, I was the guest of a missionary couple. They told me of a Buddhist young man who went through a wedding ceremony with his dead sweetheart in a casket. She was killed on the eve of their wedding, but he decided to go through with the ceremony.

Malaya had instituted a new law, namely: "Any Christian convicted of witnessing to a Malayan Moslem would be fined \$1,700." I was unable to distinguish the Moslems from anyone else, so I witnessed to all I met.

The Federation of Malaysia, with its eleven million population, was born on September 16, 1963. It consists of Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo and Sarawak. Situ-

ated at the bottom of the South China Sea, it is a stronghold against Communist China in Southeast Asia. Different races, languages and religions are found here. There are stone-age aborigines, mystic fire-walkers with fish-hooks piercing their skin, former headhunters, stately Sultans and millionaire merchants. Literacy is growing and the Gospel is making an impact. Amen.

At Kutching, Sarawak, I witnessed to the chief constabulary who said that the citizens were law-abiding and that two murders a year was the average. Hollywood's films have a demoralizing influence on natives everywhere. I was shocked to see four and five year old girls using lipstick. Missionaries from the Catholic, Methodist and Anglican churches labor here. There is also a Salvation Army where I spoke four times. The officers of the Salvation Army took me to a leper colony where the Gospel was having its effect on those benighted and unloved people.

Phnom Penh, Cambodia, was my next stop. I spent the first night at the International Hotel. The next day, I learned of an American church through our embassy and attended the morning service. The pastor was Henry Holton. He and his wife were former missionaries to China with the Missionary Alliance Mission. They were laboring among the Chinese in Phnom Penh. I was asked to speak that evening in the youth meeting and also for the evangelistic service. I recall two marvelous victories the Lord gave us. I spent the next two nights in the Holton home enjoying American hospitality.

After a short flight, I landed in Saigon, Vietnam, which is known as the "Paris of the Orient" and the scene of current world news. I was a guest at the Alliance Guest home. The Alliance had 130 missionaries there who were doing a great work for God. The Communists had aimed to murder our ambassador a few days before my arrival, but the Lord spared his life. Only God knows the future of Vietnam.

Shortly after my arrival in Manila, I discovered that I had left my camera in the Pan American plane and promptly reported the loss. It was found in Honolulu and returned to me.

After some encouraging services in Manila, I went to Rosales and spoke to the students at the Pilgrim Bible College. It was a never-to-be-forgotten four hour service with marvelous victories. I also had some precious services at Baguio City, Paniqui, Binalonan and Cabanatuan. The morning services, held from 7 to 11 a.m., were times of great refreshing, blessing, inspiration and instruction. Confessions were made for wrong attitudes and spirit, and there were several conversions. At the prison service in Cabanatuan, nearly all the prisoners responded to the invitation to accept Christ as Savior and to follow in His way.

In addition to Luzon, I flew to Cebu to visit the Bible Baptist Mission. Then I flew to Mindanao and stayed at the Alliance Mission home in Zamboanga, before going on to Kabacan to visit the Pilgrim work. This indigenous work was started by Pilgrim nationals who moved to Mindanao from Luzon. They had forty churches, an excellent Bible school, a camp ground and a book store.

I reached Davao City, after a four-hour bus ride on rough roads and boarded a plane for Butuan City. I spoke in the "Light and Life Hour" Bible School where we had two outstanding chapel services. There was a touch of revival spirit with confessions and restitutions. I returned to Manila and then flew to Hong Kong. There I was a guest of Ava Allen of the Peniel Mission. We had services in the Kowloon, Shaukian and Aberdeen churches. The Peniel Mission has done a magnificent work among the Chinese for over half a century.

Before flying to Japan, I had some services in Okinawa for the Nazarene Mission. At Fukuoka and Kumamoto, I had a new experience as a guest in Japanese hotels called "Inns." In typical Japanese custom, slip-

pers, which must replace shoes at the entrance, are removed upon entering the bedroom. A refreshing Japanese bath is a must, prior to sleeping on a silk mattress on the straw-mat floor. At Kumamoto, I saw the church I had helped build in 1951. Lack of time prevented me from having a service there. Kyoto is a lovely city of temples and palaces. One famous temple has 1,001 identical gods, each with thirteen arms. The cleaning process takes ten years for this temple. Fantastic sums are spent on useless gods and idols that could otherwise be used to feed millions of hungry people, temporally and spiritually (Psalm 115:4-8).

Pearl Wiley Hanson is faithfully ministering to university students and professional people in Kyoto. I spoke to forty college students there. One student was so interested that he brought nine friends with him the next evening. It was a delight to answer their numerous questions following the service.

Nagoya is a large, modern, industrial city, the home of the Noritake China factory. I enjoyed watching the various processes in the making of this china. In Tokyo, I went with some missionaries to a special performance given by the male Imperial entertainers on the Palace grounds. The fabulously dressed orchestra sat on the floor and played Oriental music with unique instruments. The two dance numbers were graceful exercises reminding me of the dance by Miriam (Exodus 15:20, 21), and by David (I Samuel 6:14). These free concerts are given semi-annually for the public by the Imperial household. It was amusing to preach to an "All American" shoeless congregation of servicemen and their families. These men are doing an excellent work for God while in "Uncle Sam's" employ.

From Tokyo, I flew to Seoul, Korea, for my first visit. With the help of the free world, Korea was making a remarkable comeback, but there was still much poverty in evidence. Many of the orphan boys were forced into a

life of begging. A thirteen year old beggar was won to Christ by a missionary. Young Suh became burdened for the 12,000 urchins roaming the streets and dedicated his life to serve them. Scores of these beggar boys are taken off the streets and sent to the home built for them in Taegu. The boys sleep on three-decker board beds without mattresses and do all the household chores, including the cooking. It was marvelous to see the transformation of these boys! Young Suh, now twenty, was a powerful asset in training these boys to become useful citizens and Christian soldiers. I heard them quote multiplied scriptures from memory and pray like bishops.

I had four blessed services in four Nazarene churches and also in the Bible School. I was intrigued with the modest Korean dress and their eagerness for spiritual things. Four young girls were converted after I spoke to a Bible class on the Oriental Mission compound.

Korea is a Protestant country. It is thrilling to hear the church bells ring at 4 A.M., calling the people to prayer. These prayer meetings are a great source of blessing and encouragement to the Christians. The TEAM radio station in Inchon is beaming the Gospel all over Asia, with gratifying results.

I returned to Tokyo and flew to Anchorage, Alaska. Dr. Russell V. DeLong and Strattan Shufelt were engaged in a city-wide evangelistic campaign and I enjoyed the four services I attended. On Sunday morning I spoke at the Nazarene church where the altar was filled with seeking souls before the invitation was given. A teen-age murderer was present in the service. In childhood his parents did not give him the love and understanding he needed. In a fit of anger, at age thirteen, he shot and killed his mother, brother and sister. After four years in a detention home, Pastor Korody took him into his home to help him make the proper adjustments and to lead him to Christ.

After a brief stopover in Seattle, I arrived in Vancouver past midnight, so spent the rest of the night at the airport. Then I flew to Kelowna, British Columbia, and had two services in the People's Mission. In Calgary, Alberta, I spoke to a missionary group at the Nazarene church. In Winnipeg, Manitoba, I spoke in a chapel service at Canadian Nazarene College. In Toronto, Ontario, I renewed friendships with Christians I had met in Egypt several years previous.

On October 22, I spoke at the Sunday School and morning service at the Evangelical Church in Dorion, Quebec (suburb of Montreal) for Dr. Harold Martin. I had met him in Calcutta; then again our paths crossed in Rangoon and Bangkok. From Montreal, I flew back to Boston, thus concluding another missionary journey around the world. To God be all the glory for any good that was accomplished!



New Guinea, 1956
C. Helen, Barbara Hall and natives.

CHAPTER XXI

CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA

Fourteen months flew swiftly by, after returning from my last tour. During that time, I had 308 speaking engagements in 120 churches for twenty-four denominations, also speaking in eleven colleges and schools. I was missionary speaker for four camps, a holiness convention in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and a chapel service for the World Gospel Mission headquarters in Marion, Indiana. I was keenly conscious of the Holy Spirit's presence in all the services.

During a five-hour wait at the lonely Mansfield, Ohio railway station, a Negro boy ran off with my purse. Instantly, as I screamed, a railway employee phoned the police, while the ticket agent pursued the thief. He was unable to catch the boy, but he noticed the place where the purse and its contents had been thrown. The boy had left his jacket and trousers, which he had been carrying. With the aid of two policemen, we retrieved all but the \$15 cash. While searching the thief's clothing for fingerprints, the police found only one item—a dagger. They asked if I wished to press charges against the boy, if he were located. I informed them that I had already forgiven the boy and was praying for his soul.

Later, while I was serving as the youth worker for the Victory Grove campmeeting in New York, I fell and fractured my left ankle en route to the 6 a.m. prayer service. With the aid of crutches, I continued my work. Two weeks later, while visiting my brother and his wife in Philadelphia, my leg and ankle were placed in a cast for one month. This necessitated cancelling many meetings, with the exception of three within driving distance of

Philadelphia. This enforced rest was a time of blessing and the learning of many valuable lessons.

On September 7, 1962, I went from South Haven, Michigan to Kankakee, Illinois, via Greyhound bus. Upon arrival in Kankakee, I discovered the bag with my camera and all my slides from around the world was missing. Twelve days later, in a communique from a clearing house in Kansas City, I learned that it had been found. The bag, though unlocked, reached me a month later with everything intact, with the exception of some scotch tape.

On January 6, 1963, I left Boston's Logan Airport for my eleventh missionary tour. Bermuda was my first stop. It is said that Bermuda has no housing shortage, no income tax, no unemployment, no public debt, no extreme poverty, and yet they are spiritually bankrupt. I was a guest of the Church of God Mission and held several services for them and also for the Nazarene, Baptist and Methodist churches. In the Buelah Tabernacle in Somerset, we were left in total darkness as the lights were cut off due to a highway accident. We carried on the service in the usual manner in the dark. Many souls responded to the invitation to be saved.

I visited the Crystal Caves, the Lighthouse and other interesting sights. The most amusing was the Ducking Stool. A plaque at the spot read: "All females guilty of gossiping, talebearing and nagging their husbands were given a proper dousing in the Atlantic Ocean." This was used incessantly during the 17th century.

I spent four days in Nassau, Bahamas, as the guest of the Holiness Mission. I spoke several times in their church and day school. The 6 a.m. daily prayer meetings were most rewarding in spiritual results.

My next stop was at Grand Cayman, where I had a week of services at the West Bay and North Pilgrim churches. Grand Cayman is noted for its excellent fish, which is most reasonable and plentiful. I was served seven different varieties.

In Jamaica, I held services at the Constant Spring, Rose Hall and Knockpatrick Pilgrim churches. I also had a service for the children at Faith Orphanage in Stony Hill. At the Jamaica Bible School in Mandeville, I visited with Ruth Bicker Harold. I had not seen her since our first meeting in Ottawa, Ontario, in 1942. She introduced me to her husband and her sister, Mrs. DePew. They are sisters of the famous missionary statesman, Oswald J. Smith. I have two things in common with Dr. Smith: (1) we both love the cause of missions and (2) we are the oldest of ten children.

On my fourth visit to the island of Puerto Rico, I had services in two Spanish churches and one English Nazarene church in San Juan.

St. Thomas Island has only its capital, Charlotte Amalie, and several villages. I was a guest of Alfred Blyden, pastor of an indigenous church, where God blessed the services with many seeking souls.

St. Croix has two towns: Christiansted, the capital; and Fredericksted. I was the guest of Lyle Prescotts, and had ten speaking engagements in four days. At one meeting, there were six school teachers present and we had a profitable discussion on missionary work. Only four prisoners attended the jail service. Three of them had been previously converted and the fourth readily responded to the claims of Christ. I was impressed with the converted murderer who played his violin and gave a ringing testimony. He was respected by his fellow prisoners and the warden. Within a few months he was exonerated from his life's sentence.

Phillipsburg, St. Maarten, is situated on a mile long peninsula and has only two streets. I attended the Baptist church and shared my testimony. By government launch, I went to my beloved island of Saba. This was my third visit and I was introduced to the new Governor. Like his

predecessors, he was very friendly, and attended two services with his wife. On one occasion, he brought his projector and showed my slides as I narrated.

I had services in the Pilgrim church, and also made many home calls. One sick lady insisted that her church could get her through to heaven, despite our pleadings that Christ was the only way. Ten days later, we attended her funeral. How tragic it is to refuse God's offer of mercy! The devil has truly blinded the minds of many people on false hopes.

St. Eustatius is called "Statia" for short, and has but one town, Orangestad, with a population of 1200. The governor informed me that there were 600 Methodists, 300 Catholics, 300 Adventists and 450 donkeys on the island. By a canon at an historical site was a plaque which bore the inscription: "Commemorating the first salute to the United States flag by a foreign power fired on November 16, 1776, from Fort Oranje."

St. Kitts is eighteen miles from Statia and only a ten minute flight which is a delightful change from the slow boat service. I spoke to an overflowing congregation at the Salvation Army in Bassaterre.

Dominica is a ruggedly beautiful island unspoiled by neon glitter like that of the more pretentious resorts. It offers a restful haven to the weary traveler. Like an emerald set in a sea of stained glass, it boasts of towering mountains, tumbling rivers, virgin forests and has a unique boiling lake. I was a guest of the Bill Surbrooks, and had five excellent services at the Union Mission.

In Bridgetown, Barbadoes, I had a fruitful service at the Christian Mission.

Grenada is another one of my favorite islands with gorgeous scenery and rugged mountains. I had services in two Fire Baptized Missions and I also visited the Berean Bible church where the members were in an "all out crusade" to get Gospel literature in every home.

Trinidad, the most cosmopolitan of the Caribbean, has Hindu temples, Moslem Mosques and many evangelical churches. I had some blessed services at two Pilgrim churches and also at a women's prison. Due to political upheavals and unavoidable circumstances, I had to eliminate British and French Guiana and Surinam from my itinerary. Therefore, I flew directly from Port of Spain to Rio de Janeiro.

Brazil is the largest country in South America and has twenty-four states. Since the dollar was worth 700 cruceros, an air mail letter to the States cost three cents. Passage on busses and trams were from two to three cents. Train fares were equally reasonable and their coaches were equivalent to ours. I could not find any mail boxes, so I had to go to the general post office to buy stamps and to mail letters. Visitors do not ring door bells, nor knock on doors, for the custom is to clap your hands for attention.

A few years ago, Brazilia was all jungle. Today, an ultra-modern capitol is under completion in the form of an airplane. It is the most expensive city in Brazil, but is compensated by higher wages. The government has granted each mission a plot of land on which to build their churches. There were five satellite cities where the workers lived, but eventually these will be built into modern suburbs.

Sao Paulo, Brazil's largest city is a great industrial area and has several skyscrapers. I was a guest of friends whom I had met in Cairo, Egypt in 1950. They had established a church and several preaching places in the vast area of Sao Paulo. They were also supporting a number of native missionaries in the primitive Amazonas. I had twenty speaking engagements in various churches and homes with many seekers after salvation and holiness. By train, I went to Campinas and was a guest of the Ronald Denton's, whom I had met in Argentina in 1947. I had six services in the Nazarene Church and also

spoke to the students at a Catholic high school. I spent two days visiting three churches and doing personal work in the modern city of Curitiba, capital of the Parana state.

The gorgeous Iguasu Falls is located on the borders of Brazil, Argentina and Paraguay. It is 210 feet high and almost a mile wide. I had one day and night in the lovely hotel built on a jungle clearing on the Brazil side, and enjoyed witnessing to a wide variety of tourists.

Paraguay is the most primitive country in South America and has no coastline. There were some modern buildings, lovely parks and villas in the capital city of Asuncion. Many of the sidewalks were lined with orange trees. After one night I flew to Encarnacion, a frontier town, where most of the transportation was by horse and buggy. I was a guest of Elizabeth Reynolds of the Free Methodist Mission and had a service with the Japanese. Across the river is the larger town of Posados, Argentina, where I spent a day of witnessing and distributing tracts.

Uruguay is the smallest of the South American republics, yet it has the highest standard of living. One third of its three million inhabitants live in Montevideo, the capital. They have an excellent educational system. Tuition is free and the state also pays the lab fees. There is complete religious freedom, but unfortunately, the people seem unconcerned, indifferent and complacent regarding their spiritual needs. I was a guest of the Jack Armstrongs and had services for the Nazarene and Brotherhood churches.

Argentina is South America's second largest republic in area and population. It has the lowest illiteracy rate of eleven per cent. Buenos Aires, the capital, is the largest city on the continent. One fourth of its 21 million inhabitants live within its sprawling area of 71 square miles. I spent a month in this metropolis as the guest of Pastor Balikian of the Brotherhood church. The hospitality of his fine people was unsurpassed. They showered me with

many practical and monetary gifts. I also spent some time in Rosario and Cordoba. I had fifty-six speaking engagements with the Brotherhood, Baptist, Brethren, Nazarene and Missionary Alliance. There were many conversions, some were sanctified and others were reclaimed. At the International airport, eighty-eight people came to say "good-bye." We sang and prayed in three different languages and distributed many tracts.

I made my first visit to Santiago, Chile. I had been warned by many in Argentina to be on the lookout for slick and cunning pickpockets. They added that the Chilians were the world's worst thieves. After my ten-day stay, I did not believe the reports. Thieves abound all over the world, and the only time I had my purse snatched was in Mansfield, Ohio, as related in this chapter.

Santiago is a lovely modern capital, surrounded by snow-capped mountains. I was the guest of Pastor Mena and had some glorious services in his church. I spoke in four other churches and at the Assembly of God Bible School. In one large church, with over 1,000 present, a package wrapped in newspaper was handed to me after the service, with appreciative words by the pastor. My interpreter, David Scott, informed me that they would be offended if I refused to accept their love gift. I had succeeded in turning back the offerings from the other churches, but I had to accept this one. The next day, I counted 28,700 pesos, or nearly twenty-nine escudos. Since the rate was three escudos for one dollar, this was equivalent to nearly ten dollars. This was not much according to our affluent standards, but it represented the love and sacrifice of those who lack much of this world's goods. I then flew to the port city of Arica, close to the Peruvian border, and held a service at the Nazarene church. The "flu bug" began to molest me here, but by faith I flew on to La Paz, Bolivia. It was a turbulent, yet

delightful flight over the highest and largest range of mountains on the continent.

Bolivia, known as the "Switzerland" of South America is without access to the sea. As a victim of war with Chile, she lost her port of Antofagasta. A railway connects the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Eighty-five per cent of Bolivia's population are Indians. The major tribe is the Aymara and seventy percent of them are illiterate. The Aymara Indian women have the reputation of being the world's best bargainners. They operate the stalls in the markets and sell their wares on the streets as well. They are the bread winners and carry the family purse. They wear bright full skirts with blouses of contrasting colors, flat shoes, derby hats and fringed shawls which they use to carry their babies and all their produce.

In La Paz, I was the guest of the Harold Stanfields for a week, five days of which was spent in bed with the "flu," and a severe case of bronchitis. Evelyn Stanfield faithfully ministered to my needs with some help from Nurse Spaulding. I was unable to speak in the churches as planned. By faith I left my bed to speak to the students of the largest Nazarene day school. I also spoke to the missionaries and pastors at their monthly meeting. On both of these occasions, I sat on a chair to speak and felt divine strength from God.

I landed in Lima, Peru, in bleak, misty weather. Lima has a new jet airport, ultra-modern homes, shopping centers, wide avenues, flowered boulevards and one of the world's oldest universities. The next day, I flew to Cuzco, capital of the Inca empire, which the Spaniards destroyed and replaced with their own civilization over 500 years ago. I spent the first night in a modest hotel and had planned to go by rail the following day to see the recently discovered "lost city" of the Incas, "Machu Picchu." Due to my weakened physical condition, I returned to Lima, where I began to feel much improved. I

remained in the sun-less atmosphere for a few days as the guest of the Philip Torgrimsons. I was able to speak in both services on Sunday at the Nazarene church.

Chiclayo, Peru's second largest city, has grown from 40,000 to 100,000 in the past twenty years. Many new modern buildings and facilities can be seen. I was so surprised to see Greyhound busses marked "Chicago," "Los Angeles" and "Boston." I learned that the government had purchased these busses from the States and had not changed the names. I spoke in two chapel services at the new modern Nazarene Bible school. I also spoke at the Chiclayo Nazarene church and the Pilgrim Bible School.

I hardly recognized Tulara, for a modern city had sprung up, due to the discovery of oil, and replaced the old, dilapidated town I had known. From Tulara, I flew to the port city of Guayaquil in Ecuador. Here were also some beautiful buildings and hotels with neon lights in contrast with the poverty-stricken beggars. I spent three days witnessing in the city.

Quito, at an elevation of 9,500 feet, is nestled in a fertile valley with beautiful landscapes, mountains and volcanoes. The average temperature is 56 degrees with plenty of sunshine. Radio Station HCJB beams the Gospel in twenty-four languages, and has recently added television programs. They also have a hospital, a church and many homes, with a talented corps of 150 missionaries. Adjacent to the station is the Alliance Missionary Academy for missionaries children. Within walking distance is the Children's Home and Guest house of the Gospel Missionary Union, also the Wycliffe Bible Translator's Home.

At the airport in Quito, I met Rachel Saint, the noted missionary to the dreaded Auca Indians. With her was Dayuma, her husband and her baby. She was the first Auca convert, whose relatives speared the five young missionaries in January 1956. Rachel took me to HCJB

in the mission car. The next day, I had the pleasure of meeting Marjorie Saint and Barbara Yoderian. That afternoon the Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane brought in two missionaries to Latacunga from Shell Mera. I was told that I could take the return trip. Another MAF pilot drove me to Latacunga and I boarded the plane for the thirty minute flight to Shell Mera, sixty miles from Auca territory. I stayed at the home in which the jungle pilot, Nate Saint, had lived before his untimely death. Pilot Dan Durr and his family were occupying the house at the time I was there. These pilots do a fantastic job of shuttling the missionaries and their freight to the various jungle mission stations. They also fly the sick natives to the hospital in Shell Mera. The Gospel Missionary Bible Institute, several mission homes and the church are also located here.

I was told that in 1958, a young man from Montreal, Canada, went into the Auca territory to show the world how to contact savage Indians, as he felt the missionaries had made a mistake. A group of Quechcha Indians from Arajuno guided him to an unoccupied hut and fled home. Alone, and suddenly terrified by fear as he saw the Aucas coming his way, he shot several bullets into the air and the last one into his own temple. Several months later, at the invitation of the Aucas, Dayuma, Rachel Saint and Betty Elliot went to live and share the Gospel with them. The Aucas told them that they did not aim to harm the white man, but since he committed suicide, they burned the hut and gave his teeth to the children as a toy. The Lord has truly blessed the efforts of Rachel and Dayuma to win many converts. Some of them have gone to share the Gospel with other savage tribes of Indians.

On the return trip to Quito via TAO airline, Frank and Marie Drown, missionaries to the headhunting Jivaro Indians at Macuma, were among the passengers. It was Frank who led the rescue party into Aucaland, where he

conducted a brief funeral service for his five colleagues, who were buried in a common grave. The Drowns and I were guests of Barbara Yoderian.

From Quito, I flew to Bogata, Columbia, and checked in at the Granada Hotel. On Sunday, I attended the American church and met the Cavender family. I gratefully accepted their kind hospitality for the rest of my brief stay.

In Panama, the major attraction is the famous canal, constructed by an amazing feat of engineering, which was begun in 1904 and completed in 1914. It is forty miles in length and requires eight hours for a ship to pass through. An average of thirty-six ships pass through this canal daily. The elevation of man-made Gatun Lake is 85 feet. It is a thrill to watch the ships being lifted to three different levels by the bouyancy of the water.

I was a guest of the Elmer Nelsons and spoke in the Nazarene churches in Panama and Canal Zone. The Nelsons drove me to the Atlantic side for week-end services and I returned by the Panama railroad. From Colon, Canal Zone, on the Atlantic; to Ancon, Canal Zone on the Pacific is fifty miles. The run, including the eight stops is made in ninety minutes. The fare is \$2.00 for the round trip.

In Aruba, I spoke in two churches and a commercial school. In Curacao, I had several services in the Pilgrim church. Enroute from Curacao to San Jose, Costa Rica, we had a stopover in Panama. A black lady asked me if I would keep an eye on ten year old Sandra Watson, who was flying home to Limon, via San Jose. She sat by me in flight and quietly observed my actions and followed suit. This was her first plane trip, but she acted like a veteran traveler. Upon arrival we discovered that there was no plane to Limon until the next day. We checked in at the Pension Americana, which cost \$2.50 daily with meals. We went to the airline office and explained the situation to the manager. He was most understanding and

thanked me for taking the responsibility. He phoned Sandra's parents and set them at ease. I had devotions with her that evening and she accepted Christ as her Saviour. The next day, an airline official came to pay her hotel bill and took her to the airport. I shared my testimony in the Nazarene church on Sunday. On October 12, an earthquake rocked the city of San Jose, but I was completely unaware of it. This amazed me for I am a light sleeper.

After my arrival in Mangua, Nicaragua, I boarded a bus for San Jorge, as the guest of Neva Flood of the Nazarene Bible School which is located close to beautiful volcanic Lake Nicaragua. I spoke in the chapel service and also in the Rivas and San Jorge churches. I accompanied the missionaries to Managua to attend the funeral of a native pastor, and then to a small cafe where they ordered hamburgers and coffee. I ordered a cheese sandwich and hot water. I felt cheated, for all I got was cheese and bread while their hamburgers were fixed with relishes. They suggested that I pour some ketchup into my hot water and enjoy tomato soup to make up for my loss. I followed their advice and enjoyed it.

I had debated somewhat about the advisability of entering Tegucigalpa, Honduras, since the government had been overthrown and the military was in power. I went anyway, and found the city quiet and normal, since the curfew had just been lifted. Soldiers served as policemen. I spent the first night in Hotel Boston and the other two nights with the Bushongs of the World Gospel Mission. I attended both the American and Spanish churches and visited the Christian High School.

El Salvador is the smallest of the Central American republics, the second highest criminal country in the world and the fourth in population increase. I spent two days in the capital, San Salvador. A new Gospel radio station had just been erected there and several missions were doing a noble work there for God.

In Guatemala City, I stayed at the Central American Mission and then went to Jalapa to visit the Emmanuel Mission. They were in the midst of their Worker's convention and asked me to be their speaker. It was a joy to preach to those dedicated workers. I also spoke to a capacity crowd at the Monjas church.

I spent one night at Flores on Lake Peten. The next day, I flew to Tikal to see the ruins of the famous Mayan civilization. A thousand years before the Christian era, it was an important ceremonial center. It was occupied for 2,000 years before it was mysteriously abandoned. After sinking into oblivion, the growing jungle gradually crept over its courtyards, lofty pyramids, majestic palaces and its temples became the haunt of jaguars. In 1696, a Spanish priest discovered the site while trying to find his way through the jungles from Flores to Merida, Yucatan. The nationals made the first expedition in March, 1848. In 1955, the University of Pennsylvania signed a contract with the Guatemalen government and the excavation has been steadily progressing. A hotel was opened in 1958 and its owner, of Mayan ancestry, is the efficient guide. It's currently the major tourist attraction of Guatemala, known as the "Land of Eternal Spring."

From Guatemala City, I flew to Belize, and went by bus to spend a week as the guest of Joyce Blair in Benque Viejo. I spoke in the Bible school chapel and in three of the churches in the area. After returning to Belize, I spoke to the students of the Nazarene Day School. I enjoyed renewing my friendship with Pastor Donald Tucker and meeting several of the converts from my first visit in 1948.

In Mexico City, I checked in at the Guadeloupe Hotel. I contacted Barbara Early at the Language School for missionaries, and spent my last two days as her guest. Together, we visited several historical sights. We enjoyed handling tracts to people who accepted them with gratitude.

I recall that at 1:30 p.m. on November 22, 1963, I had just been to the American Embassy for my mail and was returning to the hotel in a shared taxi. The passenger who took my place in the taxi asked if I had heard news of my President's assassination. I had not heard and neither had the personnel of the hotel. Shortly thereafter, by means of the radio and newspapers, we got all the news of this world-shaking event.

I flew on to San Antonio, Texas, and spoke at the Nazarene Spanish Seminary there. I then flew back to Boston, concluding missionary tour number eleven. I spent some time praising God for all the good that might have been accomplished for his glory.



New Guinea, 1956
Native Christians, C. Helen and Bob Scott

CHAPTER XXII

WORLD TOUR-NO. FIVE

Following my last tour, I spent nine months traveling from coast to coast in twenty-five states and two Canadian provinces. I had 200 speaking engagements in 56 churches, several schools and colleges for twelve denominations.

I attended the Nazarene General Assembly which convened in Portland, Oregon, in June, 1964. I was impressed with the challenge given by the missionaries from around the world. Over 1,000 young people responded to the appeal to dedicate their lives for service on foreign soil.

On October 24, 1964, I flew to Honolulu, en route to French Polynesia, a chain of 110 islands, the most popular being Tahiti, Bora Bora and Moorea. They were discovered by the British in 1767, who sent their first missionaries there in 1787. King Pomere was converted in 1815 and was baptized four years later together with many of his subjects. He gave the territory to France in 1880. The Roman Catholics came in 1836, and now claim thirty per cent of the population. The French Protestants entered in 1863, and they now claim forty-five per cent of the inhabitants. The false cults have established themselves and there is a desperate need for genuine witness of the true Gospel. I visited Tahiti and did some witnessing. While bread was six cents a loaf, cheese was \$2.50 a pound and tuna fish from Ecuador was 22 cents a tin.

From Tahiti, I flew to Pago Pago, American Samoa, a

beautiful tropical island. The Navy Department was in control for fifty years, but since 1951, the Department of the Interior has been in charge of its affairs. The only hotel in Pago Pago was the Rainmaker which accommodated thirty guests. A hundred room, air-conditioned, tourist hotel was under construction.

I spent my first night at the hotel and the next day and night with the John Abneys of the Nazarene Church. I spoke to a group of attentive listeners and prayed with several seekers. They sent their first native worker to Western Samoa while I was there. The Abneys took me and some friends to a spot where the natives claim that the sharks come to the surface of the ocean, when the children sing. They demanded one dollar per person to watch this feat performed. Strangely enough, none of us felt impressed to pay the fee, so we visited the various villages. There is no privacy in the native homes, for all the sides are open. The family sleeps on bed rolls, which are piled high in a corner of the one room home during the day. The kitchen is in a shack close to the home.

Fiji is a British colony composed of Europeans, Melanesians and Indian farmers and merchants. While awaiting my flight at Suva, I met some people from the Missionary Fellowship Group. I had the joy of speaking to them at their midnight prayermeeting for revival.

New Caledonia, discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, has been a French possession since 1853. The population of 80,000 includes Europeans, Melanesians, Asians and Polynesians. It has a semi-tropical climate. Because of the production of its nickel mines, the standard of living is higher than in the neighboring islands. In Noumea, the capital, I was intrigued with the park in the city center with its flaming red trees, multi-colored flowers, green shrubbery and bright yellow benches.

The French Protestants, established in 1902, are now independent, with 20,000 members and they have 1,000

village schools. The Assembly of God was the only evangelical group there preaching the Word. I attended the Protestant church and heard the General Secretary of the South Pacific islands. He told of a Methodist church in Tonga that he had visited which specialized in the number seven. There are seven lamps in the church; the congregation sings seven songs, the choir sings seven numbers. They have seven testimonies, seven prayers and seven sermons. I presume the service would last seven hours.

New Zealand inhabitants claim that they live in "God's Country" and boast of their Mt. Cook and other famous resorts. I gave my testimony in Auckland, spoke in the Wellington and Christchurch Nazarene churches and also at the Salvation Army in Oxford.

In Sydney, Australia, I stayed at the People's Palace while I was occupied with obtaining visas, permits etc. I enjoyed fellowship with the E. E. Youngs of the Nazarene Bible School. Later, I was saddened to learn that Ken, their 19 year old son had been hurled out and killed while standing by an open door of an electric train. In Melbourne, I spoke at the Wesleyan Church, and stayed with a friend I had met in Iran. Weatherwise, the Melbourneans claim they can have four seasons in one day. I can truly verify that claim.

I made brief stops in Brisbane and Cairns before reaching New Guinea. Its many tribes of primitive people present a tremendous challenge to the 2,000 missionaries laboring with fifty mission groups. There are 750 languages in the territory, and the Wycliffe Bible Translators are doing a magnificent job in this field. I visited their base headquarters at Ukarumpa, where each missionary builds his own home. They spend three months there, writing the data they have obtained during the nine months that they live with the various tribes to learn the language. I spoke to the missionaries in the Sunday School hour and in the evening service.

I had stopovers in Port Moresby, Lae, Goroka, Madang and Kugark before reaching Tambul, one of the stations I had labored in 1957. Much progress was in evidence. Three permanent houses had replaced the bush ones and a generator was being used instead of the kerosene lamps. Bruce Blowers was doing a wonderful work translating portions of the Bible and teaching the natives to read and write their own language.

I was able to fly into Kauapena since the airstrip had been built. It was now a main station, with twelve outstations, each manned by a native pastor. Some of the pastors walked a fifty mile round trip, each weekend, to share the Gospel with their people. The boys had gone through grade six in English and the three outstanding ones act as interpreters. One of the boys is translating the Bible into his vernacular. I was thrilled at their command of the Scriptures and their ability to preach in the spirit. It was Christmas season and the students gave the story of Jesus birth in English.

The Hubert Bankston's came to Kauapena to meet me. They hired the mission plane to fly us in to Kagua. From there we walked six miles to the Lombo station. On December 25, we praised God for our dinner which consisted of canned cheese, potatoes, peas, and Kau Kau leaves (sweet potato vines) cooked with onions. The natives faithfully attended the two daily services to hear "God's talk," as they call it. The response was most encouraging. On the six-mile walk to the Kagua airstrip, we had a brief service wherever we saw a group of natives. As soon as we began to sing, the crowd would gather and sit on the ground to listen.

The mission plane flew me to Pangia from Kagua. A "sing sing" (native festival) was in progress on the airstrip. It was a horrible sight to behold men, women and children, their faces painted with several colors and their bodies covered with hog grease. Pastor Nakanol was there with the motor scooter to take me to the

Warrababa station. I rode the scooter part of the way, but my left leg was almost scorched from the exhaust. Walking was superior to riding on that scooter.

Warrababa is located in a remote, lush valley, three miles off the highway. I spent four days alone in a rat-infested bush house. I sang solos until three in the morning, to counteract the noise of the rats. We had two daily services here and Nakanol was able to translate for me. One day, a "wild" looking native came to the mission to put on a "sing sing" of his own. A feather on his head was covered with a Colgate toothpaste carton. His wrists and arms were decked with Campbell's soup cans with the ends cut off. The Holy Spirit was dealing with his heart as I witnessed to him. He asked us to pray for him, but was not willing to confess and forsake his sins. Later, we met him on the road to Pangia and dealt further with him. He listened intently, but went on his way. Within an hour, he reappeared and said he was ready to repent. We prayed for him and he went on his way, rejoicing in Christ.

At Pangia, I said "goodbye" to my companions from Warrababa and was met by the Christians from Mele who came to accompany me there. I walked fifteen miles in eight hours, most of it in pouring rain. We forded rivers, climbed mountains, ascended and descended steep grades and waded in deep mud. The boys carried me through the roughest spots.

The mission home at Mele had burned to the ground, and the Grover Lytles lost all their earthly possessions. They were at Madang to purchase much needed supplies. I stayed alone in the clinic and ate food the natives brought to me. There were 1500 present for the Sunday services and we had a time of refreshing and Salvation.

The Lytles arrived in Mele on the mission plane that took me to Mt. Hagen. In 1957, there was nothing there but a small airstrip, a post office and a trade store. Today, Mt. Hagen is a bustling, thriving town with modern

buildings and hotels. It is the shopping center for the missionaries. A jet airport was under construction seven miles from the City. During my month's stay in New Guinea, I walked only forty miles, in comparison to the 250 miles I had walked on my first trip.

I returned to Australia and flew to Singapore, where I obtained several visas. Then I boarded a night train to Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, and spoke at the Assembly of God church. Another overnight trip by train and ferry took me to Penang. There, I spoke in the Peniel Mission Bible School and the Assembly of God church.

Upon reaching Singapore, I flew to Manila with a brief stop in Saigon. Then I boarded a bus to Baguio City. After some fruitful services there, I toured the provinces of Tarlac and Pangasinan accompanied by some national preachers. The preachers would tour each village with a loud speaker to announce the time and place of the service. Practically all the village turned out at the appointed place under the stars. The village leaders were given an opportunity to greet the people. All of them admitted that the Gospel of Christ was the only solution for man's need. Together with their people, they came to accept Christ. One mayor offered to donate land on which to build a chapel for worship. My sister, Betty, furnished the funds for this chapel.

On Mindoro Island, the Philippine Airline flies only to Mamburao in the north and San Jose in the south. I flew to San Jose and spent the night in a mission home. The next day, I met Martin Racca, and we proceeded north to Sanblayan which took six hours by boat. The native Christians met us there with a long, narrow canoe with wide oars. The whole thing resembled a flying boat. After a three hour ride, we reached a spot from which we had to walk two miles to the remote village of Monomoc. The people were very friendly and hospitable in this primitive area. We slept on a split bamboo floor, a far cry from comfort, but we were grateful for having

a place to lay our heads. The Lord graciously blessed every service as many were saved, and others dedicated their lives. We were thrilled when a murderer confessed his sins and was converted. On the return journey we continued north by bus to Mamburao and then by plane to Manila.

From Manila, I flew to Hong Kong and thence by ferry to Cheung Chau as the guest of the Henry Holtons. There I spoke at the Alliance Bible Seminary and the Peniel Mission. I made a side trip to the Portuguese Colony of Macao, in a new Hydrofoil boat. Macao is a short distance from Red China and is known for its smuggling, gambling and vice. Nine evangelical denominations labor there.

From Hong Kong, I flew to Bangkok for a few days. A few hours before my departure for India, I fell on the sidewalk and sprained my right ankle. I hobbled on one foot the long block to the Overseas Missionary Home, where I was staying. The officials at the airport provided a wheel chair for me and everyone was helpful.

In Calcutta, I had an X-Ray taken of my ankle, which revealed a severe sprain. With the Lord's help, I was able to keep my appointments. In Madras, I caught the "flu" and went on a self-imposed diet of six tangerines daily for ten days. By faith on the fifth day, I boarded a train for Ongole. There I spoke seven times in four days. God gave me supernatural strength while on the diet. Several Hindu's turned to Christ. One Baptist lady gave up her jewels, saying she would sell them and give the proceeds to the needy. One well-educated young man, who had recently been saved, dedicated his life to the Lord. His family had disowned him and Pastor Krupadanem had taken him into his home which was already filled with widows and orphans.

I returned to Madras and flew to Bangalore, where I was a guest at the Church of South India Mission Hospital home. I was privileged to speak to the staff of

doctors and nurses. I visited the studio of the Far East Broadcasting which was a recent gift from the students of Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. I also visited the studio of Gospel Recordings. They have done an outstanding work in recording the Gospel in sermon and song in 3,700 languages of the world. At a Youth for Christ meeting, I was delighted with the testimonies of three brothers and three sisters. Their drunken, Hindu father had been converted after his marriage to an Anglo-Indian, Christian woman. Before his death, he called his six children to his bedside and admonished them all to give their lives to Christ, and to meet him in heaven. The oldest boy, Ronnie, only seventeen, was given his father's job at the bank. How wonderful it is to see families serving God!

After two days in New Delhi, I went by train to Mussoorie, a hill station where many missionaries go on vacation to escape the heat of the lowlands. I was the guest of an Indian couple, who were house parents to fifty boys at the Wynberg-Allen school. I enjoyed telling these children stories from other lands. The students walk in a group one mile to church. Four students; a Hindu, a Sikh, a Buddhist and a Christian were the ushers in the church. I spoke to the staff of the Landour Bible Institute. They have a correspondence school with an enrollment of 8,000, and are winning souls with different religious backgrounds. I also visited the Woodstock School and the Tibetan Refugee School.

I returned to New Delhi and went by train to Amritsar, Punjab. There I visited the Golden Sikh Temple. The next day, I flew to Srinagar, Kashmir. As the guest of Major Issac's family, I was allowed to see an interesting entertainment of Indian folklore, performed by the service men. On Easter Sunday, I had services for the World Wide Mission group. Due to unfavorable weather, all flights were cancelled, and I had to remain two extra days, then flew to Bombay. I spent a few days witnessing

in Poona and Bombay. En route to Teheran, we stopped at the Iranian frontier, Zahedan, for customs and immigration procedures. The Queen mother and her entourage of six companions, joined us amid red carpet festivities. At the bidding of the stewardess, I felt honored to relinquish my seat for the Queen mother.

Iran (Persia) is famous for its Kings; Darius and Cyrus (Daniel 6:28), prophets such as Zoroaster and the poet, Omar Khayyam. Persia was known as the first world empire, consisting of 127 provinces, with headquarters at Persipolis. In Teheran, I was kept busy speaking in various churches and homes and I also spoke to the "Send the Light" missionary personnel. The special bus I took to Hammedan was equipped with a rest room and a kitchenette. For a sixty-five cents surcharge, the steward served us cold drinks, gum, candy and cookies. In Hamadan, I visited the alleged tombs of Queen Esther and Mordecai. I had two encounters with the police. Upon arrival, I asked one policeman to direct me to the Assyrian pastor's home, whose address was written on paper in Persian. He left his post of duty and escorted me there. Then, while distributing tracts on the street, the impatient crowd mobbed me and promptly a police officer rushed to the scene. I explained that I was giving out God's Word. With a pleasant smile, he took the tracts and handed them out in decent order.

I visited the American Hospital in Hamadan, and then went to see the graves of two brothers, ages twenty and thirty, who were killed in a highway accident. They had established and were pastoring the Philadelphia church in Teheran. I had been their guest speaker several times. They were returning to Teheran, after some meetings in Hamadan, when the accident occurred.

The Presbyterians have labored in Iran more than seventy-five years. Prejudice is slowly breaking down against the Christians, and there are several missions involved in Gospel work now. There are some excellent

conversions among the Moslems. In Kermanshah, I met with missionaries from the International Mission and had one service in a home. I returned to Teheran, and flew to Bagdad, Iraq, to have services in the Brotherhood Church and several homes. Accompanied by two Christian families, we made a visit to view the ruins of ancient Babylon.

In Beirut, Aleppo and Damascus, I had many services in churches, homes and schools, then flew to Jordan. This cradle of Christian civilization is predominantly Moslem. Only ten per cent of its two million population is Christian. Two hundred Samaritans still live there. I spoke at the Armenian convent and the Nazarene church in Jerusalem.

My friend, Buelah Boyd from California, joined me in Beirut and together we traveled to Aleppo, Damascus, and Jerusalem, Jordan. Then we crossed "No man's land" and entered Jerusalem, Israel. Buelah returned home from there, while I continued with my itinerary. Missionary Wachtel took some friends and me on a guided tour of Israel. We visited the hill of Meggiddo, Valley of Esdralon and Armageddon, Bethsaida and Chorazin (Matthew 11:21). In Tiberias, we ate St. Peter's fish at a restaurant by the Sea of Galilee. We saw in Capernaum the place where it is claimed Jesus fed the multitudes with five loaves and two fishes (Luke 9:13). While standing on a shaky stone, taking a picture of the ruined synagogue, I fell on to another huge stone, bruising my left side from head to knee. The resulting shock lasted several hours and the bruises lasted for many days.

By coincidence, I met Joe and Pearl Pitts when I returned to Jerusalem. Together, we traveled to Istanbul, Turkey. After a few days of sight-seeing, the Pitts returned to the United States. I had a week of services in two churches with large crowds attending. I then took a trip to witness in Aintab, Malatya, Elazig, Harput, Diyarbakir and Urfa. In Iskenderun, I had a service for

the World Wide Mission group. On one bus, a young Turk had a portable tape recorder playing worldly songs so loudly, that I felt my ear drums would burst. I began singing Gospel songs in different languages, including Turkish. He recorded my voice and played it back for the passengers. They were truly amazed and it afforded me an opportunity to share my faith.

After a few services in Athens, Greece, I flew to Crete (Acts 27:7). The Minoan civilization claims to be Europe's oldest and has been the subject of many sieges. The Romans were in control when St. Paul visited there in 72 A.D. Titus established one of the first Christian churches there. In 1866, rather than surrender to the Turks, 500 men, women and children allowed themselves to be burned alive. In 1913, Crete united with Greece, and Iraklion became its capital.

I returned to Athens and flew to Belgrade, Yugoslavia. After two days of witnessing, I flew to Sofia, Bulgaria, where I spent five days at the Airport Hotel. I got a room with bath for \$3.40 a day. Frequent bus service to the city cost only twelve cents round trip. At the airport, the word SOFIA is grown in a gorgeous flower arrangement, both in English and Bulgarian. This clean, rejuvenated city boasts of 320 parks and gardens. A short distance from the city is Mt. Vitoshka, a great attraction for tourists and residents alike. Two modern hotels grace the Kopito and Mastova peaks. The Alexander Nevsky Memorial church, built in 1912 to honor the Russian liberators, has nine gilded domes and twelve bells. The architecture and interior paintings are most unique.

Bulgaria's best quality fruit is only for export, therefore, those of inferior quality can be purchased reasonably. I bought a pound of peaches for eleven cents. I spoke in the Armenian and Bulgarian Congregational churches there, and also flew to Plodiv to pray for a sick lady.

I visited Rumania, Hungary and Czechoslovakia for my first visit. Bucharest, Rumania, is located in the Danube Plain and lies in the center of Europe between the North Pole and the Equator. It is a fascinating, modern city with fabulous parks and luxurious vegetation. I was the guest of a family whose relatives I had met in Istanbul, Turkey. The 2,000 year old city of Budapest, Hungary, is situated on both banks of the Blue Danube River. Only a few bullet-ridden buildings remain from the 1956 revolution. I spent two days at the new Sabachug (Freedom) Hotel for \$3.00 a day.

Prague, Czechoslovakia, is advertised as a "fairytale in stone" that has developed over a period of 1,000 years. The old city dates back to the middle ages. They have historical treasures, scenic beauties and modern industries. It is especially famous for glass cutware. The only fruit available were oranges at fifty cents a pound, and blueberries at thirty cents a pound.

Each of these socialist countries have their own state controlled travel agencies, since there are no private ones. In Rumania, it is Carpati; in Hungary, it is Ibusz; in Czechoslovakia, it is Cedok; in Bulgaria, it is Balkan-turist; in Yugoslavia, it is Putnik. It was shocking to see vast numbers of women smoking on the job. Cigarettes were dangling from the mouths of clerks who served me in the stores. It is common to see women as construction workers, street cleaners, conductors on busses and street cars and ticket collectors.

From Prague, I flew to Frankfurt, Germany. Tremendous strides have been made since World War II, and Frankfurt ranks among the most important cities in Europe. A number of Missions are laboring there, but there is a real need for genuine revival.

Fifty canals divided the City of Amsterdam, Holland, into seventy islands linked by 500 bridges. Native costumes are still in vogue in the villages of Volendon and Marken. Aalsmeer is the home of the world's largest

flower auction. I visited Anne Frank's home, where she hid for three years, until her untimely death. I spoke at the Arnhem Filadelfia Church.

In Paris, I spoke in two churches and made preparations for my tour to Russia. On August 26, 1965, in company with 36 passengers, I boarded an Air France Caravelle for Moscow. We had a one hour stop at the Warsaw, Poland, airport. At the duty-free shop there, I purchased a 69 cent tube of Colgate toothpaste for 20 cents.

During our three day stay in Moscow, we had a tour of the City, the Exposition grounds, etc. Five people in our group attended the Baptist Church on Sunday, and found it jammed inside with many standing outside for the two-hour service. At the close of the service, a simple and impressive wedding ceremony was performed.

We left the invigorating climate of Moscow and flew to the extremely hot climate of Erevan, Armenia, where we spent two weeks. We stayed at the Hotel Armenia. The Intourist's sight-seeing tours included Garni, a first century heathen temple of worship, and Gerarth, a monastery and church that was carved out of a huge rock in 1283 A.D. We then went to Oshagan, where St. Mesrob's tomb is located in a church built in his honor. He lived in the fourth century, and was the originator of the Armenian alphabet. We also visited Ardashad, a co-operative farm, where we were served seedless grapes and watermelon—all we could eat.

I attended eight services at the Erevan Baptist Church and was given permission to preach in five of them. The church is tolerated for propaganda purposes only.

Upon our return to Paris, I had services in Valence and Marseilles, before going to Madrid, Spain for two days. There seems to be more religious freedom there now. In Lisbon, Portugal, there are a number of evangelical churches spreading the Gospel of Christ. Lisbon's

twelve station marble subway is second only to Moscow's in my opinion.

In Great Britain, I held services in London, Hove, Cardiff, Liverpool, Blackpool, Manchester and Birmingham. I also spoke at the Emmanuel College in Birkenhead, and at the Faith Bible College in Swansea, Wales.

From London, I flew to Reykjavik, Iceland, which is situated in the North Atlantic on the edge of the Artic Ocean. It is encircled by the warm Gulf Stream and its climate ranges from 30 degrees in January to 57 degrees in July. It is a modern smokeless city, warmed by natural hot springs. Norway and Denmark were in control until it became an independent republic in 1944. The state church is Lutheran, but a few missions are endeavoring to make a further impact with the Gospel of Christ. I saw a large rack of Gospel literature at the airport.

From Iceland, I flew to New York, and then on to Lawrence, Massachusetts. I spent two weeks there before leaving for Los Angeles where I began this tour. I had traveled in 110 cities in 40 countries. Praise God from Whom all blessings flow !



New Guinea, 1956
Native Christians, one heathen girl.

CHAPTER XXIII

WORLD TOUR-NO. SIX

During the eleven months I was in the States, I traveled coast to coast and spoke in eighty-two churches, six missionary conventions, five Bible colleges and one camp for twenty-four denominations. I praised God for every victory.

I commenced this tour from Boston on October 1, 1966. My first stop was in Hamilton, Bermuda, where I spoke in three churches and a ladies prayer meeting. This tourist mecca is full of churches, but needs a spiritual awakening. Next, was Nassau, Bahamas, where I held services in two missions. Among the converts was a backslidden preacher who was reclaimed.

In Jamaica, I had a glorious four-hour service at the Maryland Pilgrim Church. While I was at the Pan American office in Kingston, four men walked in with muddy hair dangling down to their cheeks. I assumed that they were the African version of the Beatles, but I was told that they were Rastifarians, who worship Haille Sellassie as their god. Two thousand of them nearly mobbed the emperor at the airport, on a visit there. He insisted that he was no god, but that did not silence them. They are a troublesome group, bent on their nefarious ways.

At the Spanish church in Lawrence, I had met Dr. Perez, who was visiting relatives there. When he learned of my intended visit to the Caribbean, he invited me to stop in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. Through his influence, I spoke at the Free Methodist Church, to the Christian staff members of the Tuberculosis Hospital,

and also gave my testimony and sang Spanish choruses to the waiting patients at the Christian Medical Center.

In San Juan, Puerto Rico, I was met by Donilo Gonzalez, who took me to Camerio in the mountains. I had three services in the Evangelical church which he pastored, and made a number of calls in the homes. Donilo was fortunate to escape to Miami from Cuba in 1961, leaving all his possessions behind. It was a great shock to him when his wife chose to remain in communist Cuba. I also had a good service at the Nazarene church in San Juan.

I arrived at the new Juliana Airport in St. Maarten, too late to board the mail boat to Saba, so was forced to check in at a Guest house in Phillipsburg, on the Dutch side. Since the plane that took passengers to Saba had recently crashed, there was no available conveyance for several days. I accepted Romans 8:28, but the "believers" at Saba made arrangements for me to speak over the Christian radio station PJD2. Thus, nearly all the inhabitants of Saba, whose radios are constantly tuned to PJD2, got to hear my message.

On the French side, I had a fruitful service at the Columbian Church of God. I was surprised to see Carlton Riley in the congregation at the Marigot Baptist Church on Sunday evening. He had come on the mail boat that day to see me. He was a bright convert from my 1955 visit to Saba. We all enjoyed his thrilling testimony.

Willemstad, Curacao, has a movable pontoon bridge across the wide river, dividing the city. Once I got caught walking across it as it began to move, but I hopped off just in time to board the government ferry. Collective taxis were twenty-five cents in this expensive capital. I had services at the Pilgrim Church.

In Panama, I spoke in the Ancon and Juan Diaz Nazarene churches. Telephone service from the Atlantic to the Pacific side of the Canal Zone is a local call.

In Quito, Ecuador, I stayed at the Gospel Missionary Union Guest Home. I visited the Russian department of HCJB and shared my experiences with the workers there.

In Lima, Peru, I stayed at the Instituto Linguistico, and enjoyed fellowship with the missionaries, who shared their jungle experiences. Collective taxis were ten cents. I forgot my umbrella in one of the taxis, and to retrieve such items in Latin America is a rarity. I feel that I have been very fortunate on all my tours. A friend of mine lost all her luggage in Buenos Aires, when a taxi driver made off with it.

I stayed with the Pastor Mena's family in Santiago, Chile, and we managed our conversation with the aid of an English-Spanish dictionary. I had encouraging services in three Pentecostal Churches. The offering in one church was 101.910 pesos, the equivalent of \$20.40. I was delighted to hear the saints singing Gospel songs, as they marched to church in groups. They stop long enough at the intersections to preach and testify to the passersby.

En route from Santiago to Cordoba, I had a four-hour stop in Mendoza. While in Cordoba, I had six services for the Maranatha group. I also had dinner and fellowship with the Philip Saint family. Philip is the brother of jungle pilot, Nate, who was one of the five young men speared by the savage Auca Indians. I was happy to note that Ecuador was honoring the five young martyrs (missionaries) on their commemorative stamp. I stopped off for two days in Rosario to visit some friends.

At the Buenos Aires airport, I was greeted by twenty-two friends, including a five year old girl who told her mother she was disappointed that I did not recognize her. She claimed to have been saved on my 1963 visit when she was only two years old. In 1963, there were five young women who dedicated their lives for sacrifice and service. Since then, they have faithfully visited hospitals and homes, distributing thousands of tracts

and Gospel portions. God has given them many souls for their indefatigable labors. I visited a hospital with them and met one of their converts. She was a laboratory technician who was being persecuted for her faith, but had remained steadfast. I had twenty-one speaking engagements in several churches in and around Buenos Aires. I enjoyed meeting a young pastor who had once walked from Ecuador to Argentina. It took him two years, but he was marvelously saved en route and thus witnessed for Christ along the way. Currently, he is laboring as an evangelist. Forty believers saw me off at the airport and we had a glorious song and praise fest.

During my stay in Montevideo, Uruguay, I had the honor of being the speaker for the evening services at the Nazarene Worker's retreat. It was a time of inspiration and blessing in a beautiful tranquil spot. I also held several services for the Brotherhood and Nazarene Churches.

In Sao Paulo, and Campinas, Brazil, I spoke in four churches and held some Bible studies in a country home. There were incessant rain storms during my four days in Rio de Janeiro, but I was able to visit a number of homes to witness for Christ. In Recife, I was occupied with securing shots and visas for my trip to Africa. At the Christian Literature bookshop, I met the McClellands and spent the last evening with them at a resort ten miles from town.

From Recife, I flew to Dakar, Senegal, arriving very early in the morning. The Central Hotel charged me for an entire day, for only a few hours rest. I'm not impressed to return there. Everywhere, I observed the Africans dressed in their native attire, busily engaged in cleaning their teeth with a long stick, which serves as a toothbrush.

Several missions had established work in Dakar, since my first visit in 1952. The Assembly of God have

a lovely temple, where all races and creeds worship in harmony. They were engaged in a revival campaign and I was asked to share my testimony in one service. Next door to the temple, the fanatical Moslems beat their drums vigorously during the services to distract; however, the church has received more favorable publicity as a result.

I spent two days in Freetown, Sierra Leone as the guest of Jack Berrys. It was a joy to speak in their fellowship meeting, where nine churches were represented, and also to speak in their newly-organized English Church. Both services were crowned with victory. My visit to the Christian Radio station ELWA, operated by the Sudan Interior Mission was the highlight of my stay in Monrovia, Liberia.

An official of the American Broadcasting Company befriended me on my first visit to the beautiful city of Abijan, Ivory Coast, known as the "Paris of Africa." Through the American Embassy, I located a room at the Methodist Mission for one dollar a day, and did some witnessing there.

My nine day stay in Ghana was a memorable one. I was welcomed at the Accra Airport by Prince Blackson, who has 200 churches and is supported by World Wide Missions. Through his kindness, I was entertained at the University of Ghana. I dined with the professors, five of whom were born-again Christians. I also met a number of Christian students at the Inter-varsity meeting. I had some marvelous services at the Bethany Church with Pastor Prince Blackson. Two thousand people gathered under a tin-roofed shed, with the four sides open half way. They had two choirs; one sang in the English and the other in dialect. The various groups, such as: The Ladies Fellowship, the Men's Fellowship, the "Cup of Cold Water" ministry, etc., dress alike and sit together. Besides the collection of tithes, they have four "Hallelujah" march offerings in each service.

During my message, with two interpreters, the choirs sang four numbers. I wondered about the response, with so many interruptions, but I was amazed when several hundred came forward to pray.

At the last meeting, called the "appreciation service," they set a long table in front of the Church. Each group came forward and placed their gifts on it for me. There were washtubs full of grapefruit, pineapples, bananas, oranges, papayas and tomatoes. There was a crate of eggs, some canned milk, four native outfits, books and a Bible in the native language. I had never before received so many gifts at one time. I thanked them most profusely and told them to share it with the needy.

Later on, we drove 165 miles to Kumasi, where we held a service at 9:30 A.M. There were 1600 present there by actual count. Some had come the night before and slept under the stars. We had an enthusiastic and victorious service, with some conversions. They also presented me with lamps, sandals, native outfits, a fan, a leather bag and a monetary gift of \$28. I accepted two outfits, the bag and fan, and returned the rest to them. Both the Accra and Kumasi groups are building new churches to replace their sheds.

I was surprised to see such signs displayed on store fronts: "Only God Knows"—licensed to sell beer and wine" and "Charity begins at Home." On the busses and trucks: "Heaven Knows," "God is Love," "Never Despair," "God will Provide," etc.

In Lome, Togo, I met with some difficulty at the airport. The airline had given me wrong information, claiming that a visa was not necessary for a stay of twenty-four hours. The immigration officer wanted to send me out on the next plane. Thank God, the American Vice Consul happened to be there to welcome the Ambassador who was on my flight. I appealed to him for help, and after some lengthy negotiations, he secured permission for me to leave the airport, and took me to a hotel.

The next day, he came to take me to the proper authorities to obtain my exit visa.

In Lagos, Nigeria, I stayed at the Sudan Interior Mission Home. Howard Jones and Ralph Bell of the Billy Graham team were guests there also. I met an Armenian business man who assisted me in obtaining visas and, I had dinner in the home of an Armenian doctor, formerly of Beirut, Lebanon. I then spent a week-end with missionaries in Port Harcourt. There I met Ken Anderson and his companion, who were making films for the various missions. I had read many of Ken's books and was happy to meet him personally. I heard an unusual report in a Baptist Church: "present in Sunday School—31, visitors—88, in morning worship—112, evening service—14." Sounded like some reports I had heard in the United States.

I contacted Pastor Alalibo of the Holiness Church and some of his members, but due to lack of time, I was unable to conduct services for them.

From Port Harcourt to Uyo is 85 miles, and the collective taxi cost \$1.15. A Christian ex-minister of the former government regime was also a passenger. He had left his car in Uyo, so offered to take me to Ikot Nya, seventeen miles away. I was a guest of Pastor Okure of the Holiness Mission. For two weeks, I lived in a humble bush house with no conveniences and prepared my own meals with native food. In addition to his family of ten, he was caring for several orphans. The natives brought me pineapples, bananas, papayas, avocados and 84 eggs which I gave to the orphans. All the water was carried from a spring two miles away where the natives did their washing and bathing. I rode on a bicycle for two evenings with a Christian native, but kept falling off intermittently, due to the sand-covered roads. Thereafter, I resorted to walking six to eight miles for each service. I spoke sixteen times in ten churches, and the last service was held in a market area

where hundreds gathered. We had three altar services, one for the ladies, one for the children and one for the men. All of them knelt on the ground and prayed with tears to be saved. I enjoyed my visit at Ikot Ekpene with my friends, Bea Arnie and Starr Royal. The last three days in Nigeria I spent in Calabar, a place I had long desired to visit. I was thrilled to visit the grave of Mary Slessor, a missionary from Scotland, who labored among the Cannibals there years ago. She is greatly revered by the natives. I had an excellent service at the Assembly of God Church before my departure.

Through the American Embassy in Douala, Cameroun, I got a room at the Protestant Mission home where I spent two days. The Paris Mission Church has a membership of 2,000 nominal Christians. A few missionaries were sharing the Gospel there.

In Libreville, Gabon, I stayed at the Protestant Mission home. There was no local bus service, but taxi fare was twenty cents. Because of some complication in my ticket arrangements, I was given a free round trip ticket to Lamberene, site of Dr. Schweitzer's world-famous hospital. From Libreville, I flew to Lamberene, and had to walk two miles to the river, where I hired a canoe to take me to the site. I enjoyed my brief stay in the staff dormitory. There was no running water in the rooms, but the servants furnished the daily needs. Electricity had been added since the doctor's death. Dr. Schweitzer used kerosene lamps throughout his entire career, from 1913 to 1965. For a man of his caliber, he certainly lived a very humble life. His grave is marked by a stone cross, next to that of his wife, who died in 1957. His daughter is nobly carrying on, while a Swiss doctor is in charge, with a fine staff of Europeans to assist him. Some modern improvements are gradually being made for the staff members. The President of Gabon has insisted that they keep the hospital as it is,

in the style of its founder. The Africans who knew the Doctor loved and appreciated him.

I flew to Libreville, in order to board Air Afrique's flight to the Congo, Brazzaville, and then to transfer to KLM's flight to Johannesburg. Due to the political flare-ups, I was unable to stop at the Congo, Southwest Africa nor at Angola.

At the Johannesburg airport, I had difficulty with the immigration officials because I had no visa. I had applied for one in Nigeria, but the visa had not arrived. After some deliberation, I was allowed the required permit, and within forty minutes, I boarded the flight to Capetown. I had a pleasant stay at the Overseas Missionary Fellowship Home. I had no contacts here, but spoke thirteen times in several churches. The highlight was the missionary convention at Bethany Church with Pastor Leslie Gay. I was asked to speak for three sessions. I had a day with the Don Scarlett's and spoke in two Nazarene Churches.

In Port Elizabeth, I stayed at the Y.W.C.A. and had a special service there. A local reporter interviewed me and wrote an article on my labors in New Guinea, for the daily newspaper. Easter week-end was spent with the Rex Emslie's in Durban, Natal. I had services in the two Indian Churches, which they pastor. It was here I fell and fractured my left wrist and had it in a sling for two months. Everywhere I went people were very helpful. I spent a few days in Johannesburg with the Joe Penns, visiting the churches and sharing my testimony.

From Johannesburg, I flew to Lourenco Marques, Mozambique. There were slum areas along with the modern structures and a beautiful water front, with lovely gardens, restaurants and monuments. I stayed at the Swiss Mission Home. The Lord's presence was keenly manifested in the Portuguese Nazarene Church,

where twenty-one seekers came to pray. I enjoyed fellowship and dinner with Pastor Diaz and family.

Salisbury, Rhodesia, is a fascinating, modern metropolis, where slums are abolished and nice modern homes have been built on the outskirts of the city for the black people. I have found that it always pays to learn the facts and not heed to rumor or propaganda. Several missionaries told me that they did not care if they ever returned to the States, they were happy laboring for souls there. I stayed at the TEAM guest home and spoke to the missionary children.

I made my first visit to Dar es Salam, Tanzania, formerly called Tanganyika, a city of ultra-modern mansions, in contrast with foul smelling market areas. I had an overnight stop at the Nazarene Bible School in Limbe, seven miles from Blantyre, the capital of Malawi, a rugged mountainous country.

There was a great change in Nairobi, Kenya, since my first visit in 1952. The streets and roads were lined with gorgeous flowers and shrubs, and many modern buildings graced the down town area. The British were given the credit for these improvements. I had a pleasant overnight train journey to Kisumu, the second largest city of Kenya. I shared a compartment with a Catholic lady and her daughter. They were most congenial, and happy to hear some of my experiences. I had dinner in their home prior to my return to Nairobi. They led me to an African nun's home, assuring me that I would be welcome. I left my bag there and meandered about the town. I located the Christian Fellowship Center and secured a room for seventy cents. I returned for my bag and thanked the nuns for their kindness, but felt I wanted to stay closer to the evangelical churches. On Sunday, I attended four services and took part in each one. Some converted Moslems gave glowing testimonies.

In Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, donkeys and carts roam the streets, amid ultra-modern buildings. I remained at the

Sudan Interior Mission Home, and had speaking engagements in a Baptist Church, a nurses' home and a Youth Center. A missionary took me to an Ethiopian restaurant. The meal consisted of a gigantic foam rubber-like pancake (bread), doubled over several times, with many kinds of meat sauces poured over it. No silverware was provided; instead, the waiter brought water, soap and a towel, both before and after eating. There is nothing to compare with my simple diet.

In Eritrea, a province of Ethiopia since 1952, the revolutionaries are laboring furiously for her independence. Police and soldiers are constantly on guard for the agitators. People and baggage are searched on all the highways. In Asmara, I spoke at the Faith Mission Church and to a Women's group at the United States Army base. In Decamere, I had twelve services in five days for the Faith Mission High School and Orphanage. The high school band of twenty members was on a concert tour of the country. I rated them second to none in that area. Leroy Adams, a versatile musician is their talented and capable leader.

In Agordat, the curfew was in effect at 6 P.M., so we had our services at 4 P.M. Zettie Finch was my chauffeur for the tour. We then drove to Decumbia, in a remote area. The Hobarts, stationed there are delighted when guests arrive, for they feel deprived of the fellowship of other missionaries. They were in revival with a national worker, and I was asked to share my testimony. We returned to Asmara, and I flew to Khartoum, Sudan, and stayed at the Sudan Interior Mission Home. Sudan, with its eleven million inhabitants, claims to be as large as Great Britain, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Spain and Portugal combined. Situated in the heart of Africa, it shares more borders than any country in the world. These borders include Egypt, Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda, Congo, Chad, Central African Republic, Libya and Saudi Arabia, across the Red Sea.

The Nile River is 3,500 miles long, making it the longest in the world, and it divides the country north and south. The climate there is extremely hot and humid. Gospel work is being hampered in the Sudan, due to the aggressive Moslems. Christians in the southern part of the country were persecuted and some were massacred. I visited a lady who was very hungry for the Word of God, prayer and fellowship, so I spent several hours with her.

I had speaking engagements in Cairo and Alexandria, and then I flew to Beirut, Lebanon on May 30, 1967. After speaking in four churches, I began an evangelistic campaign in the Brotherhood Church. On June 5, the Arab-Israeli conflict began, but we continued the services on the 5th and 6th and had several conversions. When Lebanon severed diplomatic relations with the United States on June 7, all Americans had to be evacuated. The Embassy had hired Pan American planes to take them to either Athens, Istanbul, Frankfurt or Rome. I wanted to go either to Athens or Istanbul, but our load of 160 passengers was destined for Rome. The American University of Beirut was going to have their centenary celebration along with the graduation but both had to be cancelled.

In Rome, we were taken to the Ritz Hotel, and I paid ten dollars for my single room without meals. Later, I learned that the majority of the passengers charged their bills to the American Embassy. The following day, at my request, Pan American flew me to Istanbul, Turkey, so I did not mind paying for my room.

In Istanbul, I was busy in services at two churches, several homes and the Bible House. I also visited Ankara, Kayseri, Talas, Malatya, Elazig and Harput. In Talas, I was surprised to find that the American College was still in operation. Due to the lack of American faculty personnel, they closed the school after graduation in 1967, and transferred the students to St. Paul's College

in Tarsus. I climbed 145 stone steps to visit this college, and felt that the gorgeous view was worth the climb.

In Elazig, I stayed with the only remaining saint from the brutal massacres of 1915. Since there is no Gospel work there, those interested go to her for the reading of God's Word and prayer. On the Sunday that I was in her home, people began to arrive at 6 A.M. At one time there were ten adults there, and we had a continuous time of singing, praying and sharing God's Word. At Kayseri, the 100 year-old Gregorian church still operates, with a young married priest in charge. The meetings are bilingual, Armenian and Turkish, with 100 in weekly attendance.

Politically speaking, conditions were rather quiet on the surface after the recent coup in Athens, Greece. I was the guest of James DePasquales, who were laboring for the Oriental Missionary Society at the time. I spoke at their church and also for the Danish Mission. Five Greek ladies and a nine-year-old Armenian boy were saved and gave good testimonies.

No hotel rooms were available in Sofia, Bulgaria, so Balkanturist placed some passengers in various homes. The lady in whose home I was assigned, spoke no English, making communication possible by sign language only. Without an address, the Lord helped me to find Pastor Paravazian's apartment, and I enjoyed their hospitality for the balance of my stay. I had the pleasure of speaking in their Church. This was the third time I had been allowed that privilege.

In Bucharest, Rumania, I spent three days with friends. I attended the Baptist Church where the service lasted four hours, including the prayer hour, Sunday School and Morning worship. There were several children in attendance, and a fine youth choir which rendered several numbers. On my trip to Ploesti to visit some friends I had to stand for two hours each way on a fast train.

From Bucharest, I flew to Stuttgart, Germany. The lady that I was to contact had died two months before my arrival. I had the pleasure of witnessing to her relatives and friends. I then took a streamlined train to Asperg and enjoyed an evening of fellowship with the Christian Stephan family.

From Stuttgart, I flew to Paris, France, for my sixth visit. I decided to visit the famous Eiffel Tower. This fantastic, mammoth iron structure is 985 feet tall, and the only remaining evidence of the 1893 Paris Exposition. I enjoyed this fascinating experience, and went clear to the top. There were many opportunities to witness for Christ.

After a few services in Paris, my friend, Naomi Maghakian from Valence, joined me and together we went by train to Geneva, Switzerland. We visited some friends at Montreax and Lausanne, and returned to Geneva by boat on Lake Geneva. We viewed the Reformation Monument, and the church where John Calvin and John Knox preached. Then we went to Valence to Naomi's home. I had several speaking engagements in Valence, Lyon, Marseilles, Vienne and LaCiotat. I also visited three children's camps, and spoke several times for them.

By this time, I was depleted physically and after a brief rest and prayer at the Gospel Mission, in Brussels, Belgium, new life began pulsating within me. With heartfelt gratitude and praise to God, I continued my itinerary for His glory. I flew to Amsterdam, Holland, just in time to watch the flower festival, which is similar to our Rose parade, only they use all varieties of flowers. I also had some profitable services at the Philadelphia Church in Arnhem, for the fifth time.

My brief stay in England was most pleasant, without any rain or fog. After a few days in London and Hove, I had a week-end of services in the Nazarene Church in Eccles near Manchester.

Since the Arab nations had severed diplomatic rela-

lations with the United States, I was unable to go to Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria. Therefore, I decided to go to Montreal and Toronto, where I spoke in four churches. I stopped in Windsor and Detroit before flying to Boston. On this tour, I had traveled 61,483 miles covering 120 cities in 49 countries. I had the satisfaction of having been faithful in giving out the Gospel and seeing some souls transformed by the power of God. To Him be all the glory!



Native Boys
New Guinea



Boy's Choir
New Guinea

CHAPTER XXIV

SOUTH AMERICA

Since returning from missionary tour number 14, I spent eight months traveling in 23 states and two Canadian provinces. I held services in 52 churches, seven schools and colleges for 22 denominations and groups. The highlight was the week-end meeting at the Pilgrim Church in Strattanville, Pennsylvania, which became a nineteen day campaign.

Strattanville was Lloyd Terpenning's first pastorate. He is a young, energetic, and indefatigable worker. Services were held daily, both mornings and evenings, and there were five prayer meetings, three held in the parsonage and two in the church. God gave us some wonderful victories after some severe battles.

In March, 1968, I went on a tour of the Holy Land with a group of Christians. My purpose was to remain there to finish the meeting I had begun in the Brotherhood Church in June 1967. The Arab-Israeli conflict erupted and I was evacuated from Lebanon. Unfortunately, the airline refused to allow me to remain in the area. It was a keen disappointment for me to have to return to the United States with the group, but I stood on Romans 8:28. We had some services in Jerusalem and in Athens. It was my first time to see the united Jerusalem.

On June, 1968, I embarked on a jet bound for Miami from Boston. There, we changed to a Braniff aircraft for La Paz, Bolivia, with intermediate stops at Panama and Lima, Peru. Braniff has a unique custom—if their flights are delayed, they hand out tokens which are redeemable for one dollar at any of their airline offices. I got two dollars on this trip.

The Paul Andrus family greeted me at the airport in La Paz and we drove to their home on the grounds of the Nazarene Bible School. This school is beautifully situated in a lush valley, between two colorful mountains. It was winter time and the mornings were cold, but the days were sunny. It was comfortable in the house, as numerous logs burned in the fireplace, day and night.

I spoke in two chapel services in the Bible school. Previously, no charge was made to the students for their schooling. Now, the school pays them for the work they do on the grounds, and thus they are able to pay for their own tuition and food. This system has attracted more students. I was pleased to speak at the opening service of the District Youth and Pastor's Convention.

The Andrus family took me to Tiquina on Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world (13,500 feet). The seventy mile jeep trip took three hours. We threw out Gospel tracts from the jeep and the natives picked them up eagerly. The Lord only knows how many responded to the truth as they read the messages. We are encouraged in the fact that "His Word never returns unto Him void." It was a joy to speak to those Aymara Indians as they listened with rapt attention. Several of them raised their hands asking for prayer. After the service, they held their annual business meeting. Parliamentary procedures are foreign to these humble villagers, but Paul Andrus presided, with great patience, while the Pastor interpreted.

I was glad the monetary unit had been changed from 12,000 Boliviano's to 12 for one dollar. This made it easier to keep a record of expenditures.

From La Paz, I flew to Santiago, Chile, for my third visit. Again, I was the guest of Pastor Mena, and had some glorious services in his church. There were several conversions, including a mother and son. Others dedicated their lives to God, while some were reclaimed. Students from the Foursquare Bible Institute furnished

the thrilling music, while one acted as my efficient interpreter.

In Argentina, the monetary unit was 350 pesos for one dollar. On my first visit in 1947, it was four pesos for one dollar. There are rumors of stabilizing the peso to 3.50 for a dollar. I made my headquarters with the Berberian family in the Florida section of Buenos Aires. The "flu" bug confined me to bed for a few days during my five week stay. I had thirty-five speaking engagements in twenty-three churches representing the Methodist, Baptist, Brotherhood, Alliance, Brethern, and Independent. I also spoke to the Ministerial Association and in an Orphanage. One brother made the following comment, after hearing a message on the "Incomparable Christ, "You gave us an excellent picture of Christ in technicolor." I managed to travel alone most of the time, by train, bus and subway, with my limited knowledge of the Spanish language. One place I went to involved six hours of travel by bus and subway. My sister Mildred was visiting a friend in Buenos Aires on her vacation and together we made a side trip to Mar del Plata.

In Montevideo, Uruguay, I had a week of meetings, with all the Nazarene Churches uniting. The Bible School choir rendered inspiring musical numbers nightly. I also spoke at the Baptist and Brotherhood Churches. I accepted my first invitation to speak in the sanctuary of the new large Gregorian (Orthodox) Church. I also spoke three times in their auditorium. A real hunger for truth was manifested, since people tire of ritualistic formalism. Recent letters from there indicate that much spiritual good was accomplished. To God be the glory!

During my three week stay in Brazil, I had eighteen speaking engagements. In Sao Paulo, I had several services in three churches. Among the converts was a 75 year old man. In Campinas, I was a guest of Earl Mostellers and spoke five times in two churches and also in the Bible School. From Rio de Janeiro, I went

to Nilopolis and had a precious service with Jim and Carol Kratz.

In Brazilia, I stayed at the Wycliffe Bible Translators Guest House, and spoke in the Nazarene Church. Fletcher Tink, Jr. was my interpreter, whom I have known all his life. He was working in a prison in Brazilia for the Peace Corps. Much progress had been made in this unusual capitol. There were new hotels, many new housing areas, new roads, etc.

After being in winter weather for a few months, I now had to shed my coat and sweater because of the tropical jungle heat of Manaus. Here, I was a guest of the Paul Philippes, and held three services in two Pilgrim Churches.

At Georgetown, Guyana, I stayed with the David Brownings whom I had not seen for twenty years. During my three day stay, I spoke in the Georgetown Nazarene Church and in two other villages. A talented young man with a good job and salary dedicated his life to God's service. He later entered Bible School for preparation.

After an overnight stay in Port of Spain, Trinidad, I flew to St. Vincent for two days. This is a beautiful island, currently unspoiled by tourists. By a coincidental meeting with a clerk in a store, who recognized me, arrangements were made to hold a service in the Pilgrim Church. I had met Pastor Griffeth and his wife years before in the Barbados Bible School.

On my fourth visit to the lovely island of Dominica, I flew into their new airport, which is located forty miles from Roseau, the capitol. It takes ninety minutes of travel time by taxi over the winding roads. I had speaking engagements in the Roseau and Newton Christian Union Churches.

In St. Maarten, I stayed with the Don Petersons, who live on the French side. I spoke in three services for the Bible Church. Several were converted and others prayed for a deeper walk with Christ. I was amused at

their quaint expressions, such as: "I love the humble Jesus in you," "Where it is?" "Someone belong to we?" "The post office is several chains from here," and "I have been drawn four inches closer to God."

From St. Maarten, I flew into Saba, my favorite island, and I was the guest of Pastor Spence and family. The Pilgrim Church has no competition there, for it is the only church that is active in soul-winning, preaching the Gospel of repentance and sanctification. The Catholic and Anglican Churches major in religion and tradition. I observed many improvements such as Electricity, which is available from 6 P.M. to 11 P.M.; widened roads which are twice their former size, new buildings, two guest houses and a fabulous hotel called "Captain's Quarter's," on the Windward side. Tourists are now beginning to visit this unmatched spot in the Caribbean.

Twenty years ago, one would arrive at Fort Bay Landing (front door of the island), in a sailboat from St. Maarten, and be transferred to a donkey to carry him the 1,000 feet ascend to Bottom. Once, due to inclement weather, the sailboat was unable to land at Fort Bay, so they were forced to go to Below the Gap (back door of the island). A missionary friend had to climb the 565 stone steps to Bottom. I have walked down these 565 steps and also made the exhausting walk back up. One trip was really sufficient.

On my first visit, in 1955, six jeeps had replaced the donkeys. Today there are eighty registered vehicles, and it is no longer necessary to travel by boat, which took over eight hours on rough seas. A specially built plane, carrying nineteen passengers, lands at the small airstrip, fifteen minutes after leaving St. Maarten. The strip is the only level piece of land by the sea, eight miles from Bottom. It was most comforting to see Carlton Riley, a convert of the 1955 campaign still shining for the Lord. He is the present harbour-master

and has recently been honored with a medal from Her Majesty, Queen Juliana of Holland.

In St. Croix, I had five services at the Nazarene and Pilgrim Churches in Christiansted and Fredericksted. One service in particular, was most outstanding in response. On my seventh visit to Puerto Rico, I had an encouraging service at the San Juan Nazarene Church.

My last stop was in Jamaica, which was my sixth visit to this tropical island. I spent five days speaking in the Pilgrim and Nazarene Churches in Kingston and Knockpatrick. I also visited the radio station and the Bible School in Mandeville.

On October 27, 1968, I arrived in Miami, Florida. I had covered 17,345 miles in eight South American countries and eight islands of the Caribbean. Praise the Lord for any good that was accomplished through the help of the Holy Spirit.

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My favorite shopping place is the "five and dime" store, therefore shopping was a delight in the various countries, because I found their equivalent. In Columbia, it was Tia; in Peru, it was Tia and Monoprix; in the Ivory Coast, it was Prisunic. In Havana, Johannesburg and Kingston, it was Woolworths; in Great Britain, it was Woolworth's, Littlewood's, British Home Stores and Marks and Spencer's; in Holland, it was Hema; in France, it was Prisunic, Uniprix and Monoprix; in Germany, it was Woolworth's and Kaufhalle; in Italy, it was Standa and Upim; in Switzerland, it was E.P.A. to mention a few.

Here are some interesting statistics I learned in my travels regarding the missionary giving of several denominations. In order to support one missionary, it would take 6,900 Southern Baptists, 6,200 Methodists, 785 Nazarenes, 486 Assembly of God people, 400 Pilgrim Holiness, 255 Seventh Day Adventists, 233 Free Meth-

odists, 220 Evangelical Free or 72 Christian Missionary Alliance members. In other words, the Missionary Alliance people are supporting more missionaries per capita than any other denomination. Three cheers for the Alliance people!

People have asked me what have I accomplished on all these tours. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have in a small way obeyed the Great Commission of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ who commanded His followers to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. (Mark 16:15). Thank God for the thousands of souls He has enabled me to reach with the message of Salvation, either individually or collectively. My heart aches for the millions of people I'll never be able to reach. Therefore, I pray faithfully for those individuals and organizations who are doing their best to reach every creature. Dear believer in Christ, have you considered doing your share as His witness?



A heathen girl, India

CHAPTER XXV

WORLD TOUR-NO. SEVEN

Upon my return from South America in October, 1968, I was busily engaged in meetings across the country. In April, 1969, I was in Pasadena, California, making preparation for this upcoming world tour, when word reached me that our family home in Lawrence, Massachusetts, had been sold. The house had to be vacated by June 21. Since I was to be gone for one year, I decided to fly home. Within a week, I had all of my personal effects packed in one trunk. I donated all my books to some preachers and Bible Schools. On May 1, I flew from Boston to Los Angeles for the first lap of this tour.

On May 3, I left for Hawaii and spent the week-end in Honolulu with the David Campbells who were pioneering a new work. It dawned on me the day I was to leave for Australia, that I did not have a visa. Since there was no Australian Consulate there, the British High Commission telephoned the Consulate in San Francisco for permission. The visa was granted, gratis, within two hours, but the phone call cost me \$8.25. With all of my travel experience, I should have known better, but it was one of those incidents which proves, beyond a doubt, that I am liable to mistakes.

In Sydney, I was busy with obtaining visa and permits, but also spoke to a group of people who had recently emigrated from the Middle East. Three ladies were saved and, from recent reports, are faithful to God. I spent a few days in Melbourne and Brisbane witnessing in homes, then flew to New Guinea.

During my months stay in New Guinea, I spoke fifty times at seven mission stations and was thrilled with the response of the natives. It was a joy to speak in English to the school children, and to answer their many questions regarding various places in the world, especially the Holy Land.

On this, my third trip, I walked only twenty-two miles since all the missionaries now have jeep trucks for the bumpy, rocky roads. Roads replacing the trails were a tremendous blessing, convenience and time-saving. Gradually, innovations are appearing in the jungles. I noticed young men wearing shoes and hose, riding bicycles and sporting wrist watches. I saw a naked man walking down the road with an umbrella. Banana leaves are still used by the natives for umbrellas.

The month passed by altogether too quickly, and then I flew to Brisbane. I took a bus from there for Maroochydore, to visit with the G. T. Bustins for a few days. I returned to Brisbane to make preparations to go to Indonesian Timor. The Indonesian Consul warned me that I would have to walk thirty miles. Then I noted that my airline ticket read "Baucau-Kupang, surface." The airline personnel tried to discourage me, but I went by faith, believing God to perform a miracle and He did.

On June 24, the Australian Airlines flew us from Darwin, Northern Territory, to Baucau in Portuguese Timor. Then we boarded a small aircraft to Dilly, the capital. There, I learned that Zamrud Airlines was to commence its initial flight, a 400 mile trip from Dilly to Kupang, on June 26. Had I arrived prior to this date, I would have flown from Dilly to Ocussie, then walked thirty miles to Atambua. There, I would have to wait for a truck to take passengers to Kupang. The trip would take two days, and there would have been standing room only. Needless to say I was thrilled with this marvelous answer to prayer.

In Dilly, I was the guest of missionaries from Portugal

who knew no English. Since there was no interpreter, I gave a brief testimony and sang some songs in Spanish for their prayer meeting. On June 26, Zamrud's plane arrived with eight "VIP's" aboard. They made a quick sight-seeing tour of Dilly, and then we took off for Kupang. The President of the Airlines was aboard, with his wife and brother. My seat was next to the brother, and the President and his wife sat in front of us. As I shared my Christian faith, I learned they were Moslems. They knew many Gospel songs and hymns that they had learned from the radio, so we sang a number of them.

Kupang, with its 70,000 inhabitants, is the primitive capital of Indonesian Timor. I spent two days at the best hotel, The Backterra, for a dollar a day with no modern conveniences. I was anxious to get to Soe, where the great awakening had taken place in 1965. I had sent a letter to Mel Tarri, the interpreter, from New Guinea but had received no reply. After prayer, I decided to go on to Bali. The day before my departure, June 27, Mel Tarri appeared at the hotel. He had received my letter that day, as it had taken twenty-five days to reach him. He, in company with Pastor Daniels and Peter Fallo, had come from Soe, standing in the open truck for twelve hours. They were going to attend a convention on another island, so at Zamrud Airlines they found there was no space available for the next day's flight. They noticed my name at the bottom of the manifest, thus learned my whereabouts. I asked Mel about walking on the water, and he said that Peter Fallo was one of the group that had done this. They were going to share the Gospel to a needy village across the river, but the bridge had washed out. Therefore, they prayed and trusted God to help them walk across by faith. I also asked about the water turning to grapejuice for their communion service, and was told that the Lord performs that miracle, by prayer and faith, each time. No grapes grow in that area. It had happened on the previous Sunday, and they had the unused portion

with them in a bottle. At my request, they allowed me to fill a small plastic bottle with the juice to carry with me. For these and other miracles, I heartily commend the book, "Dead, Yet They Live," by G. T. Bustin, who has visited Soe on two occasions. You may order this book from Box 552, Westfield, Indiana. 46074.

Denpasar, Bali, is a tourist's mecca, made famous by its dances. I secured a room with native style bath for \$1.65. Since I had dates, cookies and crackers with me, I only spent four cents for three bananas in three days. One man from England said he was living in a native home on fifty cents a day for a room and two meals. There was a luxury hotel at Bali Beach for those who could afford it. I got to share my testimony at a Pentecostal Church.

At Surabaya, Java, my original overnight stop developed into three nights and two days, due to delays and cancellations. I spent the first night at a small hotel. I became acquainted with the owner and he took me to a number of homes to witness for Christ. My last two nights were spent with the Stones, missionaries with the World Evangelization Crusade. At Djakarta, I was a guest of Tjoa Hans. I spoke three times in their lovely new church on that memorable Sunday.

In Singapore, I spoke at the Elim Church. In Hong Kong, I checked in at the new, seventeen-story Chinese Y.M.C.A. In Taipei, Taiwan, I spent a few days with the Michael Varros and spoke to the University students whom they serve. I also spoke for the Evangelical Wesleyan Mission, and was the guest of Elaine Gove and Marie Noyes. In Naha, Okinawa, I spoke at the Bible Missionary Church, visited a youth camp and a branch of the FEBC radio station.

Osaka was my first stop in Japan. I then went by train to Iwakuni, and spoke five times in three Bible Missionary Churches with pastor Timothy Himei, as my

interpreter. En route to one service, we passed the famous Kintai bridge, which resembles a roller coaster. I stayed with the Hesseltines, who took me to see the mission boat that had capsized on its maiden voyage to a small island to share the Gospel. With the Don Bowmans were two Japanese Christians, and two American G.I's. Seven of the ten passengers lost their lives, including all four of the Bowman children. The Bowman's are still carrying on, fully convinced that Romans 8:28 is a reality. A year later, God gave them another child.

In Tokyo, I spent three days at the TEAM headquarters. Tokyo (population 11,513,669) is the world's largest city, and one of the safest, crime-wise. In 1970, there were 213 murders, 474 robberies, and 500 cases of rape. For the same year, in New York City (population 7,895,000) there were 1,117 murders, 74,102 robberies, and 2,141 rapes. Though Tokyo is one of the most crowded cities in the world, it has no slums, no racial minorities, no narcotics problem, no unemployment no illiteracy. These factors, plus the absolute prohibition of hand-guns, are responsible for the city's low crime rate. I visited the Unified T.V. and Radio Tower, 1,093 feet. At the 400 foot level is a four story steel and concrete building which houses facilities for Broadcasting and display rooms showing the latest in Electronic equipment. There are restaurant and shops and 1,500 feet of observation platform where tourists can view the sprawling metropolis.

In Seoul, Korea, I did not note any extreme poverty on this trip. I was happy for the Gospel message that was reaching every home through the World Literature Crusade. In the Philippines, I was a guest of the Charles Tryons. I spoke in eight churches and three Bible Schools in Manila, Baguio City, Pinsao, Rosales, Binalonan, Villasis and Mabalacat.

On Saturday, August 30, I flew from Manila to Saigon, arriving at 4 P.M. Because the immigration officials

found a Rumanian stamp in my passport, I was not allowed to leave the airport. Saigon was not allowing any passengers who had been to a communist land. No amount of explaining changed the minds of those adamant officials. The American Embassy, and Mr. Dutton of the Missionary Alliance were working on the case. Finally, by 9:30 P.M., I was led upstairs to a room, already occupied by eight men who worked at the airport. I was given one corner of the filthy room, with only boxes and hanging shirts to serve as a curtain, for privacy. I laid some newspapers on the cot to serve as a sheet. There was no sleep for me because of the roar of the planes, the humidity and the mosquitoes. At 6 A.M. on Sunday, I was told to go to the airport restaurant for breakfast. At 9 A.M. I was reading my Bible, when an official informed me that the Embassy had secured my release. Mr. Dutton soon arrived and promptly reprimanded the official for keeping me overnight, as my release was obtained on Saturday at 7 P.M. The man apologized, but I was none the worse for the new experience.

The next morning, I flew to Phnom Penh, Cambodia. Diplomatic relations with the States was severed at the time. I enjoyed the fellowship and hospitality of the Jean Funés, and spoke in the Alliance Bible School, which they supervise.

Accompanied by a Chinese Christian, I went to Siam Reap to visit the famous ruins of Angkor Wat. I had never seen such fantastic temples. The round trip plane fare was \$49.00, but we went by shared taxi for five dollars a person.

En route to India, I spent a few days at the new Missionary Alliance Guest House. I had difficulty obtaining my visa for India, but the Lord undertook.

In Calcutta, through the influence of Sofia Marcar, I spoke at the Hastings Chapel, the Gregorian Sunday School, the Home for the Aged and a prayer group. In

Madras, I spoke at the Hindustani Bible Institute. I then went to see the miracle baby, Isaac John Joshua Monogoram, who blessed the home of his parents after their marriage of twenty-two years. Victor, the father, is director of India's Youth for Christ.

By train, I went north to Ongole, and was the guest of Pastor Krupadanam and family, who operate an Orphanage for 150 children. I spoke several times in their new church. On the closing night, I retired after midnight. At 3 A.M., I was awakened by Jayapradha, the young Indian mystic maiden who was saved at the age of six by a special appearance of Jesus Christ. She had received my letter the day before in Bangalore, postponed her meetings, and boarded the next train for Tenali. She was asleep in her third class compartment as the train approached Ongole. The Lord awakened her and told her that she would find me there. Stopovers are not allowed in India, but she explained to the ticket collector that she would be back in an hour to board the next train. Together, we took the 3:40 A.M. train to Tenali. We then rode a rickshaw to an area where we got on an ancient bus to Kollipara, her village. After a time of getting acquainted, and having a time of prayer with her parents, we headed for Vijawada. We spent the night at the Vijawada railway station retiring room, and proceeded the next morning for Rajamundry. We spent three days there at the Lutheran Hospital compound as the guests of Brother Elijah and his doctor wife. We spoke to the Christian Workers, the hospital chapel and in the home for children of leper parents. These adorable children thrilled me as they quoted numerous Scripture portions and sang Gospel songs.

In Bangalore, I spoke at the Sunday Chapel service of the church of South India Hospital and also at the Assembly of God Church. I had dinner with Miss India, 1964, who is now a Christian and was in Bible School to

train for Gospel work. I gave my testimony at a union evangelistic service in Quilon. In Trivandrum, Kerala, I spoke at the Mission Girl's High School and at the Zananas Girl's Hostel, where I was a guest. From here I took a bus to Nagercoil, then transferred to another bus for Cape Comorin, at the southern tip of India, where the Indian Ocean, Bay of Bengal and Arabian Sea meet. I visited a large tomb where the ashes of Mahatma Gandhi lie. It was October 2, his centenary, and thus a holiday. I distributed tracts to all I met.

In Tiruvalla, Kerala, I stayed with the K. V. Cherians, who reside on a beautiful convention site. I spoke to a large fellowship gathering, to a group of Christian Workers, and to a women's group at the Mar Toma Church. The Cherians took me to an Indian wedding, different from any other I had seen. To the tune of the Bridal Chorus, played by the organist, the choir boys and seven pastors all dressed in white robes, marched down the aisles, followed by the bride. The groom sat in the front row and met the bride at the altar. She was dressed in a white sari, and he wore a white dhoti and they both wore sandals. The choir sang five songs and all seven pastors had a share in the ceremony. The groom placed a ring on the bride's finger, put a chain around her neck and presented her with a white sari trimmed in gold figures. The bride paid 4,000 rupees to the groom's parents for him. Some Indians pay as high as 50,000 rupees, depending upon the groom's education and social standing.

The feast was held in the home of the groom's parents. The guests were seated at long, narrow, unset tables under a canopy. First of all, was the washing of hands, since fingers are used for eating. No silverware was provided. (I used a plastic fork I had in my purse). Next, banana leaves were distributed to serve as plates. Then the waiters served the following in this order: a pinch of

salt, two slices of white bread; some concoction containing chunks of potatoes; meat croquets; rice, dahl and shredded cabbage; two kinds of spicy fish; chunks of meat; more soupy concoctions, a sweet drink and a banana. Next, we washed our hands. Finally, we received a small lemon and a toothpick as souvenirs. This was a signal to leave so that other waiting guests could be served.

At the Church Mission Guest House in Bombay, some clever rat got into my package of cookies. I then placed the remaining ones in a plastic bag and hung them on the middle of the bedstead. To my amazement, he got into it also. I read in one Indian newspaper that there are six rats to every person in India and that six rats consume as much food as one human. If the rats were killed, there would be more food for the starving population. When I related this incident to some New Guinea natives, they wanted to go to India for a rat feast. My last stop in India was New Delhi where I obtained some visas.

After a month of hot and humid weather in India, it was marvelous to be in mile-high Kabul, Afghanistan. I was surprised to see the jet airport, built by the Russians. An Inter-Continental Hotel, plus other modern buildings, had been constructed since my first visit. The native dress was still in evidence.

Grapes were in season and some streets were simply loaded with them along with other seasonal fruits. I consumed two pounds of grapes daily at four cents a pound. I shared my testimony at the American Church. I met a number of young people from several countries, in secular jobs, witnessing to Moslems. Those interested in the Gospel were asking for New Testaments. I spoke in a home where a Moslem young man asked for prayer, for his soul's salvation.

In Teheran, Iran, I spoke in four churches, two homes, and a clinic. Several professed salvation. My brother John, our family doctor, Dr. Mike and his wife, in

company with a group from New York, were on an Asian adventure tour. I saw them three times at their hotel. Teheran was their last stop, so they gave me several practical items, some of which I am still using.

We had no Embassy in Bagdad, Iraq, but I was granted a six-day transit visa. The Belgium Consulate was responsible for the interests of the United States. I spoke in one church and in several homes. Our Embassy in Damascus was closed, but I was allowed a two-day visa. I had to pay \$2.50 extra in order to remain on Sunday to preach at the Brotherhood Church. Since the border between Syria and Lebanon was closed, I was forced to go by shared taxi to Amman, where I spent the night and then flew to Beirut the following day. During my two-week stay in Beirut, I had twenty-nine speaking engagements in four churches, four schools, an Orphanage and a hospital. The spiritual response was most gratifying. I was happy to meet the Harry Taylors of the Alliance Mission, whom I had met in Cambodia in 1961, and to have some services for them.

During my three days in Cairo, Egypt, I had services at the Brotherhood Church. Many of the believers had migrated to Canada, Australia and the United States. The few who remained were carrying on without a pastor.

On my eighth visit to Athens, Greece, I had services at the Brotherhood and Danish Missions and in two homes. It was thrilling to meet converts from past tours who are still faithful to Christ.

In Istanbul, Turkey, I did house to house visitation, in addition to speaking thirteen times in four churches and three homes in ten days. I also made a two-week tour through Anadoula. Ankara, the capital, was my first stop, where I attended a worship service at the American Air Force base. Due to wrong information that was given to me, I took three shared taxis, a bus, a private car and finally walked two miles, a portion of it in ankle deep mud. Fortunately, I was prepared with borrowed boots.

I met a lady who had been won by a personal contact and gave her much needed encouragement. I then flew to Malatya from Ankara and spoke in a home to interested neighbors who had gathered to see me.

The eighty mile trip from Malatya to Elazig was made by a twelve passenger mini-bus, but twenty were crowded into it. I spent two days witnessing in homes, thence by bus to Diyarbakir, where a fabulous hotel had been built. Since an American base was stationed there, I saw many G.I.'s on the streets. A portion of the city wall, built by King Tigranes II, before Christ, still remains. I visited the Gregorian priest, and shared my testimony. He has daily mass for the 300 families of Armenians and Assyrians in the 153 year-old church.

The flight to Van was cancelled, due to stormy weather, so I boarded an antiquated bus to Tadvan, situated on the west end of Lake Van via picturesque Bitlis. The trip took nine hours including a forty minute lunch stop, thirty minutes at a Mosque where several passengers entered to pray, a fifteen minute rest stop, plus several minutes for embarking and disembarking of passengers.

Because of severe snow storms, I was unable to go to Van and Erzerum, therefore took a train for Elazig via Muş. There, I stayed at one of the new hotels which cost \$1.50, with private bath and central heating. The flight to Ankara was also cancelled, so I was forced to take the train. Alone in my compartment, I enjoyed the twenty-nine hour trip by reading the Bible and having private devotions. I was also inspired to translate three choruses and a Gospel song into Armenian. Arriving late at night, I stayed in an Ankara hotel, and flew to Istanbul the next day to have a week-end meeting.

On December 30, I flew to Sofia, Bulgaria, and checked in at the Intourist Hotel in the center of the city. The Bulgarians celebrate the New Year by drinking, dancing and displaying fireworks. No breakfast was served in the

hotel on New Year's Day. I had dinner at the home of the pastor, whom I had met on previous visits and had held services in his church. I learned of the recent death of his wife, who had been a great help to her nearly blind husband. There was a sweet sense of perfect resignation to God's will.

I did not encounter snow and ice until I arrived in Bucarest, Rumania. I had two days with a Christian family and witnessed in a number of homes. I also attended the Baptist Church and thoroughly enjoyed the four-hour service though I did not understand the language.

In Belgrade, Yugoslavia, I called on the Baptist pastor and some "believers" I had met previously. During a six-hour delay at the Belgrade airport, I had a few opportunities to witness. In Vienna, Austria, I spent a couple of days resting and working on year-end reports. We also had a long delay at the Vienna airport. I was supposed to fly to East Berlin via Malev (Hungarian Airlines), but due to inclement weather, Malev flew over Vienna. Therefore, Pan American took us to West Berlin via Frankfurt. After two days in West Berlin, I flew to Copenhagen via East Berlin airport. I checked in at the Webber Hotel, the same one I had stayed in on my first visit in 1950. Prices had sky-rocketed here as well as elsewhere. When it was too late, I discovered some Missionhotellets, as they are called, with reasonable prices.

In Amsterdam, Holland, I made my headquarters with the Joseph family. I had a blessed week-end at an Independent Pentecostal Church in Arnhem. On Monday, the pastor was making his pastoral calls and offered to take me to Ermelo, to meet Brother Andrew, "God's Smuggler." I had read the book about Andrew, written by John and Elizabeth Sherrill, and was anxious to meet him personally. We discovered he had moved to Harderwyck, so drove four miles to make his acquaintance. Though he

was extremely busy, I was grateful for the brief time we had to share our experiences. I had dinner with his colleague's family, who had recently visited Albania, where Americans are forbidden to enter. He said that all tourists are looked upon with suspicion and he was unable to do hardly any tract distribution. He did not find any Christians in Albania, but it is possible that there are some. I am confident that God has His people everywhere, though few.

In the Hague, I visited the headquarters of Evangelist Johan Maasbach. He had purchased the large theater across from his headquarters and transformed it into Evangel Temple. Thank God for this lighthouse in the center of Holland's capital.

From Amsterdam, I flew to France with a stopover in Brussels. During my week in Paris, I had seven speaking engagements in three churches. I stayed in the guest room of the Alfortville Brotherhood Church. They had just installed central heating, (very few homes have such luxury) so I was quite comfortable.

In Lyon, I had a meeting in the Evangelical Church, and had dinner with a cousin of mine, who was greatly interested in Noah's Ark project. He showed me a piece of wood from the Ark, given to him by the French industrialist, Navarro, whom he knows personally. Mr. Navarro first climbed Mt. Ararat in 1952, and saw the Ark through the icy mass. He cut off a five-foot piece from a 150-foot-long beam, cut it into small pieces and brought it back in his luggage to France. I saw a much larger piece of the Ark on my visit in April, 1970, at the Search Foundation headquarters in Washington, D.C. Their project to send a team that summer to recover the Ark, was forbidden by the Turkish government, encouraged by the Russians.

In Valence, I spoke seven times in two churches and then spent a week with my cousins in Marseilles. Besides the meetings in four churches and two homes, I

made a number of calls in homes to pray for the sick and afflicted. How grateful they seemed to be! The ministry to the "shut-ins" presents a great challenge.

Since there was no direct flight from Marseilles to Barcelona, I had to spend one night in Nice. During my two days in Barcelona, I noted many changes since my first visit twenty years ago. I was especially pleased to know that there was more liberty for the Gospel. Spain is known to have the most reasonable prices in Europe. It was just three cents for a single trip on their subway.

Malaga, known as the "California of Spain", is a lovely city with a marvelous climate. The border between Spain and Gibraltar was closed, so Iberia Airlines gave me a ticket to fly to Gibraltar via Tanger. It was my first visit to this famous Rock, which rises 1400 feet above sea level. A cable car ride to the top of this "Pillar of Hercules" provides a magnificent view across the straits to North Africa. I saw St. Michael's cave, a huge stalactite-draped cavern, which has been transformed into a concert theatre. This tourist's paradise has a warm, year-round climate, a duty-free shopping center, modern hotels and luxury apartments. An air letter is just six cents, in contrast with France's 23 cents, Lebanon's 17 cents and our 15 cents. The majority of the 25,000 population have voted to stay with the British. There were a few churches and a Brethren Assembly. On the other side of Gibraltar's airport, is a city in Spain but no crossings are allowed.

In Morocco, my first stop was in Tanger, where I visited the North African Mission Hospital and had tea with the staff. They still operate a mission school and church on the compound. The United States Navy ship, "Little Rock", was in harbor at the time and sailors were seen everywhere. It was comforting to hear that three born again Christian sailors had been seeking fellowship with the missionaries. I had the pleasure of witnessing to some of them on the streets of Tanger and later in Lisbon, Portugal.

The missionary personnel in Morocco has been greatly depleted, due to the strong Moslem influence. Many missions have had their work curtailed as a result. I met two lady missionaries who were working as midwives.

In the modern metropolis of Casablanca, there is a small church for the Arab and French believers. There was some personal witnessing being done by those who were greatly concerned for the souls of the precious Moslems for whom Christ died. Small taxis painted red, take you anywhere within the city limits for one dirhan (twenty cents). I boarded a modern bus for a trip to the capital, Rabat. There, the small taxis were blue. I saw a Hilton Hotel on the outskirts of the city. Many ancient temples and walls are still in evidence. While walking around the city, I happened to come across the University campus and met a young teacher from France. Since the students were on strike, she offered to take me in her car to see the sights of interest, and then she left me at the railway station.

I boarded a fast, modern train to Marrakech, a genuine Moroccan City, which attracts thousands of tourists. All the buildings are painted a deep rose pink. In the market place, there are many "soapbox orators", snake charm-ers, dancers and magicians, all vieing for the tourist dollar. The ancient bazaars sell everything from all sorts of exotic foods to rugs. Black olives were only seventeen cents a pound (a real bargain) and large, delicious navel oranges were five cents a pound. A number of modern hotels do a flourishing business, including Holiday Inn and Ramada Inn.

En route to Britain, I had a three-day stopover in Lisbon, Portugal. A united evangelistic campaign was in progress at the Sports Auditorium, with Dr. John Haggai of Atlanta, Georgia. The services began at 9 P.M. and closed at 11 P.M. This is the custom there and some churches do not begin until 9:30 P.M. The singing, special music and preaching was excellent with times of great refreshing, encouragement, and many conversions.

In London, I had services in three churches and two homes. Then I visited friends in various areas within a hundred mile radius of London. Thank God for the numerous Gospel churches in Great Britain, but there is as dire a need of genuine revival as there is in the United States.

Europe is a tremendous mission field. Everywhere, I noticed signs such as Esso, Mobil, Shell, Texaco, Pepsi, Coco-Cola, Singer Sewing, etc. Lewd, pornographic literature, nudity and immodesty were in evidence. Beat-nicks, Hippies, and Yippies were running around rampant, but there was such a lack of a poignant witness for Christ. All this points to the imminent return of our wonderful Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. How wonderful it is to be prepared for any eventuality! Amen. Our Lord's admonition is to "Watch and Pray" until He comes.

By the help and grace of God, I traveled over 60,000 miles, covering 131 cities and towns in 43 countries. It has been most rewarding to see souls who have accepted Christ as their Lord and Master, remain steadfast against many odds. This is the true test for a child of God.

The one prominent question I am asked by all who know me is, "How do you do it?", "Where do you get the energy?" and "I marvel at the way you go constantly." The answer is simple. "God is our refuge and strength" (Psalm 46:1), "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" (Isaiah 30:15) and "His strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Corinthians 12:9). To HIM be ALL the GLORY!

CHAPTER XXVI

RUSSIA AND ARMENIA

After returning home from Missionary tour Number 15, the latter part of March, 1970, I took the month of April off for rest. From May 2 to September 20, I made four trips coast to coast traveling through twenty-three states, including Alaska. By God's grace and help, I had eighty-six speaking engagements in forty-six churches for fifteen denominations. I also spoke in two college chapel services and attended three camps. Then I had the unprecedented pleasure of attending my brother James wedding to Priscilla Westlund in Sacramento, California. It was the first family wedding I had witnessed due to my constant traveling.

On September 29, 1970, I embarked from New York's Kennedy airport with a group of eighty-one Armenians, for a three-week escorted tour to Russia and Armenia. This was my third such trip.

The first time I traveled on my own from Teheran, Iran, in April, 1961, on an eighteen-day tour. I visited five of the fifteen republics of the Soviet Union, including Erevan, Armenia; Tbilisi, Georgia; Kiev and Kharkov in the Ukraine; Moscow, Russia; and Bacu, Azerbaijan. At that time I attended the Moscow Baptist church which was jammed to overflowing. After the morning service, I viewed a simple double wedding ceremony. In Armenia, I attended the Erevan Baptist church and was allowed to give greetings from believers in the many countries I had visited. On this tour, the Lord gave me Psalm 86:10, "For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone." He truly performed many miracles for me then and still does.

The second time, I went with a group of forty-seven Armenians from Paris, France, in September, 1965, to Moscow and Erevan. Again, I attended the Moscow Baptist church and noted that many people were standing on the outside of the already packed building. I witnessed another simple wedding ceremony after the morning service. At the Erevan Baptist church, I was asked to to speak in five of the eight services I attended during my two-week stay. I took advantage of every opportunity to witness for Christ.

The 1970 three-week tour included Moscow and Erevan with stop-overs in Amsterdam, Holland; and Warsaw, Poland. Fortunately, we got through customs in Moscow without the usual searching of baggage. The three Bibles and two song books I carried with me were safely distributed to needy Christians. No items of a religious nature are allowed to go through the post office. The only possible way is for tourists to take them. Even then, religious matter is confiscated when they are discovered. But thank God that miracles do occur. A group of Europeans were enabled to take in fifty Bibles. Their leader told me that as they passed through customs, they prayed, "Oh God, thou who art able to open blinded eyes, please, for thy glory, close the eyes that are open."

In Moscow, we stayed in the twenty-nine story, Hotel Ukraine. The Intourist (Russia's travel bureau) had chosen this hotel for me in 1961. We had lost seven hours between New York and Moscow, so were delighted with a pleasant night of rest in a comfortable bed.

The weather was cold and rainy, as usual. The second day was spent in sightseeing in this metropolis of seven million inhabitants. The fabulous subway system is always shown to the tourists, with great pride, as being the world's finest, and I should add, "the cleanest."

The population of the Soviet Union, we were told, is 240 million, of whom seventy-seven million are students.

Education is free from kindergarten to university. Eighty per cent of those attending are on scholarships.

The University of Moscow is situated on four hundred acres of ground. It was founded in 1775. The modern buildings were constructed in 1953. There are fifteen separate faculties, which included 600 professors and 3,500 teachers. The enrollment for 1970 was 46,000. Each student is given thirty-five rubles a month, while those doing post-graduate work receive one hundred rubles monthly. The students are charged one and a half rubles a month (\$1.65) for a room in the old dormitories, but in the new dormitories the charge is double that amount. In the dining room, the students pay for the meat, soup and dessert, while the bread, vegetables, salads and drinks are free.

Among the many sights, we were shown two of Moscow's leading hotels: the 6,000 bed Hotel Russia and the Intourist Hotel. On our return trip to Moscow, we stayed at the Intourist Hotel.

We departed for Erevan on October 2nd, and enjoyed fifteen wonderful days of sunshine. At Hotel Armenia, one sees tourists from all over the world in their native garb. In the spacious dining room, groups are seated at long tables, with the flags of the various nations displayed in the center. Our table had the unsurpassed Stars and Stripes. Because of the presence of other groups from the United States, it was necessary to place the name of the travel agent on the wall by the table. This was a further means of identification.

It is from Erevan, the city which boasts of a 2,750 year history, that one sees a gorgeous view of Mt. Ararat. High on this mountain, Noah's Ark has been preserved, in deep freeze, by our Creator (Genesis 8:4).

Armenia's history dates back 6,000 years. In 1920, Armenia was incorporated into the Soviet Union. During 1970, they were celebrating fifty years under Soviet control. According to the encyclopedia Americana for

1971, the population of Armenia is 3,700,000. Three million live in present-day Armenia and the rest are scattered throughout the world.

The University of Erevan was founded in 1920. Currently, it has 12,700 students, of which 350 are from other Communist lands. It has eleven faculties and sixty colleges. The students from the foreign countries receive an allowance of \$110 a month while enrolled in the university and the local students receive \$38. One couple I met receive \$176 a month since both are students.

Food and clothing prices are exorbitant. The minimum price for coats is \$110 while shoes and sweaters sell for \$30 and up. All fruit is priced from 55 cents to \$1.10 a pound. The cheapest candy was \$1.65 a pound. No chewing gum is available, but the tourists carry plenty with them to distribute, especially to the children. Factory workers are paid \$110 per month, while doctors and engineers receive \$165. Beauty parlor services are free for the ladies in the factories when they are off duty. The salary for a hotel maid is \$2.20 a day.

There is no equality in the Soviet Union, in spite of all their blatant propaganda. Capitalism is denounced, yet diligently practised. There is no competition, for the state controls everything. When the people are questioned as to how they can live on such low wages and high prices, they invariably reply, "We earn five rubles and spend ten." A ruble is worth \$1.10. Cheating, in this regime, is part of their culture and all but the genuine Christians practice it, in order to "make ends meet."

Huge apartment buildings are constantly under construction. Those living in their own homes with no modern conveniences, are to be transferred to these apartments. It was comforting to know that at least rents and transportation are reasonable in the Soviet Union.

Only the five born-again Christians in our group attended one or two services in the church. The rest

were occupied with their relatives or were attending operas, ballets and theatres.

Four weekly services are allowed in the only evangelical church (Baptist) because of propoganda purposes. All the services are well attended, but on Sundays many have to stand outside the building, for lack of room. Permission had just been granted by the government to enlarge their small building.

I was delighted to meet a number of new converts. Though invitations to come forward publicly to pray for Salvation are forbidden, hungry hearts are saved in their homes or by a visit to their pastor, who is a true Shepherd. He is dearly loved and respected by his flock of three hundred members and adherents.

Children are now attending the church with their parents, though it is strictly forbidden. I was granted special permission to preach in seven of the eight services I attended. There were twenty-five guests from Europe in the other service, and four of the men spoke with the pastor interpreting, who speaks five languages fluently.

It was a genuine pleasure to witness to all those I met in the busses, taxis, trains and in the homes where people listened with rapt attention. In all these instances, those who mocked the idea of God, or the Bible as being the infallible Word of God, became meek as a Lamb before I concluded my witnessing to them.

On my two previous visits, I had wanted to visit Leninagan, the second largest city in Armenia. It is located one hundred miles north of Erevan. I decided to visit this city with a friend who had come to see me from there. It was a three-hour ride by bus. I learned that there were sixty believers who had been worshipping in homes. I had the pleasure of speaking to a devoted group in the pastor's home. They pleaded with me to remain, but it was not possible to do so at that time.

There is continued dissatisfaction among those who

migrated there twenty-five years ago. Unfortunately, they believed the false story that there was much freedom of religion in the Soviet Union. When they realized the hoax before setting foot on communist soil, it was too late to turn back.

In the days of the ironclad ruler, Stalin, many Christians were murdered, and others were sent to Siberia for ridiculous reasons. I met one man who had spent over seven years in a slave labor camp in Siberia, simply because the authorities discovered that his brother was employed by the United States Embassy in a free country. There is a bit more freedom now and Comrade Krushchev is given the credit for this. The economic conditions are gradually improving and generally speaking, the people seem pleased after so much suffering.

Some families have been released after their relatives in the free countries have pleaded from five to ten years for their freedom. Others are now in the process of being liberated. At the time of this writing, a family of six whom I know very well, have just migrated to California. Their relatives had been "bombarding" Moscow and Erevan for over three years. This was indeed a notable victory.

A new law claims \$550 from each person leaving the country. In spite of this exorbitant fee, however, some are so "fed up" they are willing to pay any price for their freedom.

May God speed the day when all peoples of the world will be equal and will have the freedom to choose where they wish to reside, without any interference from the state. Amen!

Upon my return from this tour, I continued to labor for the cause of lost souls throughout the United States and Canada. I was especially delighted to have the joy of being on a "talk show" over radio station WKIS in Orlando, Florida. It was thrilling to share my faith for two hours with the listening audience.

CHAPTER XXVII

TESTIMONIALS

"I have known C. Helen Mooshian for many years. She is one of the most committed, consecrated human beings I have ever met. Her urge to bring the Gospel to people of all lands has taken her to scores of countries. She has won thousands of people to Christ through her ministry and her exemplary life.

Miss Mooshian is a very exciting personality. She is novel, unique, dynamic and inspiring. The book she has written records innumerable experiences she has had throughout the United States and the world. It is very interesting reading which will bring joy, inspiration and probably tears.

I recommend the book without any reservations whatsoever as a volume which will make you more devoted and efficient in serving God."

Dr. Russell V. DeLong, President
Owosso College, Owosso, Michigan

(President - Pasadena and Nampa Colleges
Formerly (Dean - Nazarene Theological Seminary
(Speaker - SHOWERS OF BLESSING broadcast

"Celia, as she was always known to us in college, was a fresh, spontaneous spirit from the earliest days. Our friendship through the years has been genuine and warm. Although she operates differently than we do, there has been a basic committment to the Lord and to His service which we have shared.

My wife and I remember many such things as hurried notes from around the world; little packages containing

demitasse spoons from exotic places; Celia staying in our home while she recovered from surgery; her breath-taking stories to our daughters when they were young and open-mouthed about her humor; her thrilling experiences and unique vocabulary; her generous donation of a pulpit chair for the college church when we were building; the dramatic reactions of congregations where she spoke, both positive and negative; and the knowledge whenever we thought of her that she was someplace around the world living by faith, and getting somebody's attention talking about the Lord Jesus."

Dr. John Riley, President
Northwest Nazarene College
Nampa, Idaho.

"C. Helen Mooshian stands out in my memory as one of the most energetic women in the Church of the Nazarene. I first met her when I was pastoring the church at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1928. She was a 'live wire' among both young and old. She almost became a member of our family. When we returned west to establish a church in Reno, Nevada, she went with us as part of our team. Later, while I was superintendent in Canada, C. Helen became a home missionary pastor assisted by Gunnell Berglund, in the small mining town of Coleman, Alberta, and also in the far north at Dawson Creek, British Columbia.

After my superintendency in Arizona, C. Helen did a good work at Flagstaff and Williams in 1944. When I became superintendent of the Indian work, she was the Secretary and Deputation worker of the organization, also assistant editor and manager of the paper, *The North American Indian*. Here again, she gave life, energy and enthusiasm to the winning of souls and building the Kingdom. The Indians of many tribes loved her, and her messages reached their lives. Her sincerity, wit and zeal

brought many to Christ. The theme of her ministry was: (1) Repent and be saved, (2) Don't stop until you have received the Holy Spirit. The time came when she heard the call of God to world evangelism, and the world truly became her parish."

Dowie Swarth, retired minister
Pasadena, California.

"C. Helen Mooshian always reminds me of the color blue, for blue stands for honor, courage, truth and righteousness. Somehow, I think faith should be colored blue too. The two go together—C. Helen and faith. She is a living example of one who lives by faith. She has committed her way unto the Lord, and through the years has trusted with great courage."

Mrs. Boneita P. Marquart
Bourbonnais, Illinois

"My acquaintance with C. Helen Mooshian reaches back to 1926, when I attended a tentmeeting in Lawrence, Massachusetts. A few years later, she was a student in some of my classes at E.N.C. As a student, she was interested in Christian work and helped organize a chapter of the League of Evangelical Students. She became a national officer in the League. Part of the time she worked in our home to help with her expenses. Since leaving E.N.C., she has kept in close touch with us, often using our home as a stopping place in her travels. Our relations have always been close and congenial.

I have tried to think of the qualities that are characteristic of her life and personality. In my first meeting, I was impressed by her sincerity as a young Christian, and this has not diminished with the years. She is possessed of an intransigent faith which she applies to all of life's relationships. She is serious, yet I well remember

many humorous incidents in her life. She has been intrepid in her efforts to spread the Gospel, which to her has always been a personal experience.

Her work in home mission stations, and thousands of miles of travel are evidences of her devotion to a cause that has deep significance to her, and should to all of us. The solution to man's problem is in the hands of the God she represents and serves.

C. Helen has been faithful and unique in her way and at the same time effective. To say that I appreciate her, and to be considered a friend is indeed an honor."

Professor Linford Marquart
Olivet College
Bourbonnais, Illinois

"We have known C. Helen since college days in the 30's at E.N.C. Her ministry for these many years have been most unique. As president of the League she very successfully promoted evangelism in the New England area by supervising many groups, conducting services in many denominations as well as rescue missions. Her zeal and religious fervor has continued to this day. She has proven to be a devoted and diligent disciple of her Lord, faithfully witnessing to the experience of Salvation and Holiness around the world a number of times. She has brought encouragement to literally hundreds of missionaries and national workers of many denominations. Her life has been one of frugality and sacrifice, that she might be able to share her joy with more people of the earth. She is staunch in her faith and most sincere in fulfilling her calling to be a faithful servant of the Lord. We have been happy to have C. Helen in our home on a number of occasions. She is a most interesting guest, very industrious, constantly writing letters or sending some needed item to her dear friends around the globe."

Russell and Annabelle Kleppinger
Miami, Florida.

"I have just read C. Helen's manuscript. It is a record of 'Impossible experiences.' I believe every one of them. Ever since I shared a dormitory room with her over thirty years ago, I have known that living in the realm of the impossible is a way of life for her. In heaven, some of us will be content with a quiet place by a brook, while C. Helen will be marching down Hallelujah Avenue followed by a triumphant host she has brought with her from all the nations of the world."

Professor Ethel Dickerman
Bethany Nazarene College
Bethany, Oklahoma

"We have known C. Helen Mooshian for more than thirty years. During all this time she has given of herself unstintingly to the cause of home and world missions. She is a unique personality, a devoted servant of God, and a true example of what God's grace can do for an individual."

Dr. William Vaughters, President
Spanish Nazarene Seminary
San Antonio, Texas.

"C. Helen, an old time friend from college days is one in whom I have great confidence as a child of God, and as a missionary evangelist. I remember with pleasure the three-week campaign she held for us in Nome, Alaska, where we were missionaries. Her life is reflected in every chapter of this interesting book, which takes one around the world."

Muriel Hudgins
Sacramento, California

"Here is a book packed with experiences, experiences, experiences, written by one of God's faithful servants.

C. Helen Mooshian is only one of a kind, and has no twin on earth. She is truly one of God's freelances, a unique character, carries a burden for the lost, and can be rightly dubbed a world-missionary. She is the only lady preacher I know who can hold an audience for two hours. I predict a ready sale for this book. If I am in this country when it comes off the press, I want one hundred copies as a start."

G. T. Bustin, Missionary,
Mission Director, Author,
Westfield, Indiana

"I first met C. Helen at Eastern Nazarene College back in the "thin-pickin'" thirties. Her ardent, untiring zeal for the winning of lost souls to God impressed me deeply. One night in a large church in greater Boston I heard C. Helen preach, but it was not the sermon that impressed me. At the conclusion of her message, she went from one pew to another until she had combed every seat, both on the main floor and across the huge balcony. For perhaps thirty minutes, she sent a steady stream of hungry, needy souls to the altar of prayer. I had never seen such thoroughness in dealing with lost souls in my life.

We had lost track of each other for many years, but our recently-renewed fellowship has greatly enriched my ministry, and strengthened my faith."

L. S. Boardman, Evangelist
Nashville, Tennessee

"Operation Andrew" describes the writer of this book. Whoever traveled so far, so often, without knowing what be encountered and caring less, if only the mission might be accomplished with souls being brought into the Kingdom of God. My earliest recollections of C. Helen was

the spirit-filled testimony she gave in a chapel service at E.N.C. during the early thirties, when the student body responded with gales of laughter and a flood of tears.

After relinquishing my single status, it was a rare treat for Mrs. Davis and me to travel west with our wandering missionary friend for stopovers in adobe huts, home mission stations, Indian reservations, National Parks and other interesting places. Since that time, we have had the pleasure of entertaining C. Helen Mooshian many times. She was our last house guest in East Liverpool, Ohio; the first in Walla Walla, Washington; then later in Columbus, Ohio; and more recently in Melbourne, Florida. Truly, she is the most unforgettable character we have ever met, and this book is destined to be widely circulated and eagerly read."

Ray F. Davis
Melbourne, Florida

"It is a privilege for me to add a word of appreciation for C. Helen Mooshian. She served as Youth president of the Alberta district (now known as Canada West) while I was pastor in Edmonton. She inspired the young people with her spirit and contagious enthusiasm. At the same time, she was co-pastor of a home mission church in the southern section of the province. Those days of faith and service started a pattern of self-sacrifice and devotion that has lasted through the years. We have been on a number of districts since that time, but never have we seen the quality of self-sacrifice in home mission workers we did then."

A. G. Jeffries, Evangelist
Portland, Oregon

"I remember the great evangelical group, especially group Number one, and there has never been another like

it since in my opinion. As an innocent Freshman, you swept me into it, and made me play my trumpet far beyond the tour of duty. But our days were full of excitement. I also remember your ability to energize the group of which you were responsible. I believe this has been the work of the Holy Spirit in your life.

On your visit to India, the Indian people were amazed that you could become a part of them so quickly. I'll never forget your ride on the bus as you went scurrying into the crowd with your shouts of joy, making your way down to Pusad. I remember the message you preached in chapel: portraying the three types of Christians; the natural as the rowboat, the carnal as the sailboat and the spiritual as the steamboat. It was difficult to interpret this, for the Indian people had never seen any kind of a boat and knew very little about them. This made you entirely deflated which didn't hurt at all.

We count you as one of our great friends, and personally, Hazel and I are so thrilled that you are getting this book written. We want to be among the first to receive a copy."

Earl G. Lee, Pastor
First Church of the Nazarene
Pasadena, California.

"To know C. Helen is to never forget her. She is deeply spiritual, a vibrant personality, and totally unpredictable. I shall always remember when she was president of the Alberta Young People's Society, and I was pastor in Dawson Creek, British Columbia,—the end of the railroad. A severe scarlet fever epidemic had broken out among the population, and I wrote asking her to keep away. The next weekly train brought her in, full steam ahead.

We shared many wonderful times together in prayer

and in home mission work. Her personality and love for God has left an indellible impression on my life."

Ellen W. Kemery
Olympia, Washington

"Celie! the name to me that epitomizes spizerinktum, vital Christ-centeredness, perseverance, fearlessness, love of souls and an altruistic spirit. We first met at E.N.C. as Freshman. I was impressed with her unique and able handling of the college missionary program. Students flocked to join the League that year, thanks to Celie's inspiration and challenge. Her dining room announcements evoked many a laugh. One summer, she lived in our home while working in Bickford's restaurant in New York City. Frequently, we heard the "Great White Way," described quite aptly as a "Hellish, devilish place." She made frequent visits to our home in White-stone, New York, which she called her 'New York hotel.' Suffice it to say, the friendship which began in college has deepened through the years. She has endeared herself to our entire household."

Florence Smith Cornell
Whitestone, New York.
now—Albuquerque, New Mexico

"Across the twenty-five years of our missionary life in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, we had the privilege of entertaining C. Helen many times. Her victorious spirit was contagious, and she was always a blessing to us and to the people we served. We sincerely appreciated her concern for the lost of the world. We thoroughly enjoyed many seasons of prayed and fellowship. Our Frigidaire was always cleaned out at the time of her visits, for she had the knack of making soup out of anything. I vividly remember in Cuba, how she was

instrumental in securing a gas stove for us. What a treat this was after using charcoal and a smoky kerosene plate for six years.”

Grace Prescott, missionary
Pasadena, California

“C. Helen has been our personal friend and co-laborer in God’s Kingdom for over thirty years. When I entered the ministry in 1939 at Tupper Creek, British Columbia, and then at Dapp and Edmonton, Alberta, she came occasionally to visit us as the district youth leader and gave us much spiritual encouragement. Her radiant, unshakable faith in God’s ability to take *anyone, anywhere* through *anything* at *anytime* in spite of Satan or circumstances, has always boosted my faith.

I especially remember her ‘impressions’ which I sometimes doubted. On the occasion of a zone rally held at Wetaskewin, she announced at the close of the afternoon service that Brother Weiss would be the speaker for the evening service. All agreed on the basis of her impression. I was scared and felt sick because there were several illustrious preachers present. I prayed and fasted during the supper hour, and God quieted my heart. I was led to speak on our family’s deliverance from communist Poland.

Those present may not remember what I said, but they will never forget how God came and settled down upon us. People were praying all over the place. En route to Edmonton on a Greyhound bus that evening, we were all so inspired we sang and praised God, and witnessed to the bus driver. Upon our arrival at 11 P.M. we stood on the street corner and had a brief testimony meeting interspersed with singing. As ignorant as I am of ‘impressions’, I must acknowledge that this was one time when God used a ‘worm to thresh a mountain.’”

A. G. Weiss, Evangelist
Des Moines, Iowa.

"I have many rich memories of the incidents through these many years. I have always appreciated your wonderful consistent Christian life for Jesus, and the beautiful spirit of Christ manifested in the hours of test and trial.

At Williams, Arizona, you started with two in Sunday School, and within a few months had sixty in attendance. I cannot forget the courage you demonstrated by living in the old barn at Flagstaff, Arizona, which we remodded into a church. Neither can I erase from my memory your stay in our cabin in the Colorado mountains to regain your health. When we came to visit, we found you busy in the Master's service preaching to the elite neighbors, and having Sunday School classes."

Carl Brockmueller, Evangelist
Nampa, Idaho.

"It has been a great pleasure knowing C. Helen. We were Sophomores in Pasadena College in 1930-31. We then labored in a revival campaign in Denver, Colorado, where she and Lorraine Schultz were co-pastors. We asked God to give us fifty souls, and He granted us our hearts desire. We have entertained her in our homes in Colorado and Idaho many times. When my mother came to live with us at Fort Collins, Colorado, she refused to take her medicine saying, 'C. Helen says to trust Doctor Jesus,' and that is what she did. She enjoyed her more than any of my friends."

Esther Brockmueller
Nampa, Idaho.

"For several years I was closely associated with C. Helen; first as students together at E.N.C. in the mid-thirties, and later as co-pastor in a home mission church in Denver, Colorado. Her enthusiasm for winning

souls and building a new church was contagious. Her policy was to work hard to begin a new work, get it organized and ready to support a pastor, then move to another area and begin again. Many new people were won to God who are still faithful today.”

Lorraine Schultz-Missionary
Church of the Nazarene
Mozambique, Africa.

“C. Helen possesses a fearless quality in preaching the Word. This, coupled with willingness to go anywhere to minister and accept the humblest entertainment makes her message acceptable. Her sacrificial spirit is portrayed through every facet of her life, self, no exception. To have worked with her, sung for her, and lived with her is to know this to be true.”

Cora Walker MacMillan
Monticello, Iowa.
(former missionary)



Native water carriers.
My home in Tambul,
New Guinea

CHAPTER XXVIII

HUMOROUS AND UNUSUAL INCIDENTS

No preacher is without fault: all are liable to slips of the tongue, as is evident everywhere. Early in my ministry, I made several that I shall always remember.

The first two such slips were made at High Prairie, Alberta, Canada, where Michael Varro was the pastor. In the course of my message, they said, I kept repeating "Jesus shed His cross on the blood." At another time, I had Jesus suffering in the Garden of Eden instead of Gethsamane.

.....

Pastor Al Mountford of the Erie, Pennsylvania Church of the Nazarene introduced me thus: "Miss Mission the Mooshianary will now speak."

.....

Dr. John Riley, President of Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho, introduced me to the students in chapel as "God's bombshell from New England."

.....

Pastor Michael Varro was asking his congregation to sign up for the twenty-four-hour prayer chain, but kept saying "Chair prayne."

.....

As the youth leader in Alberta, I was touring in behalf of a special project. In a church at Edmonton, I was having difficulty speaking, for the atmosphere was quite tense. The pastor's adorable son, not quite two years old

was sitting on his father's lap beside his mother in the congregation. Suddenly, out of the blue, he shouted loudly, "Well, glorah, Hallelujah, Praize de Lord." This caused an immediate uproar and broke the tension. It was then easy to speak, and I have always been grateful to him. Today, he sings the Gospel professionally with his younger brother.

.....

During a campaign at the Nazarene Church in Ogden, Utah, I took suddenly ill, and was bedfast for two days. The pastor's three-year-old son came to visit me with his New Testament. Holding it upside down, he read a few verses of Scripture he had memorized and then prayed for my healing in his own way. I thanked him as he left the room. God answered his prayer and I was able to speak that evening.

.....

Lorraine Schultz and I were living at the Caretaker's cottage on the Nazarene camp grounds while pastoring the Edgemont church. It was during a revival campaign and we had ordered new song books, anticipating their arrival daily. An Evangelist staying on the grounds decided to play a joke on Lorraine and took me into his confidence. He prepared a box containing a burlap sack, a dust pan and a cinder block. He had it sealed and stamped which gave the appearance as coming from the Publishing House. Lorraine lugged the box into the house, beaming as she remarked, "Now we can use them in the meeting tonight." Upon noting the contents, she laughed heartily in spite of her keen disappointment.

.....

When Lorraine's \$50. car called "Speed" needed repair, this same evangelist sent her an exorbitant repair bill. She was greatly disturbed since her salary was just

six dollars a week. Later, she rejoiced when she realized it was all a joke. The evangelist and a couple of laymen from the church had done the job and the cost for parts was reasonable.

.....

Ethel Dickerman recalls, "On one of those bitter cold nights in New England in 1934, I had been baby-sitting off-campus and returned by midnight. In those depression days, the heat was turned off at the central plant at 10 p.m. Shivering, I noiselessly crept up to the second floor in Munro Hall into our icy room. My roommate C. Helen was peacefully sleeping in her bed opposite mine. She was extremely popular on campus and was the object of many practical pranks. Tired, cold, hungry and sleepy, I prepared for bed without turning on the light. I crawled into bed hoping for comfort and warmth when behold, my feet touched ice, a whole mess of it. The sheets were not only cold, but sopping wet. Those involved in the prank had chosen the wrong bed by mistake."

.....

Classmate Ray Davis reminisces: "In a biology-lab at E. N.C. it was my pleasure to join C. Helen in an effort to chloroform a frog-specimen. Awaiting demise, we probed the tongue of the prostrate figure and were about to dissect, when suddenly Mr. Frog flipped that oral-member in our direction and leaped to safety, provoking a laboratory-sized scream from the startled C. Helen. That incident has been good for thirty years of laughs."

Ray Davis also recalls: "It happened at the Nazarene church in East Liverpool, Ohio. Missionary Catherine Anderson was explaining the Guatemalan dress (loose fitting blouse and skirt held up by a string) modeled by C. Helen. Suddenly, the string broke and C. Helen was doing her best to hold it up. An outburst of snickers was heard from the congregation. Carl Hanks, son of the

pastor, unable to control the snicker, gave way to a hearty laugh followed by the entire congregation. Tensions were then eased and the listeners became engrossed in the story of the Gospels presented by Catherine."

.....

Russell Kleppinger and Earl Wolfe were invited to sing at a temperance rally in a Boston church. Their repertoire was quite meagre, but they had one song they sang well, so decided to use it. The last stanza contained the words "with wine, milk and honey flowing." Their faces turned scarlet when they realized what they had sung, but only the students present caught on.

.....

In March 1949, I made my first visit to the Indian school at Lindreth, New Mexico. A special meeting was arranged for me to speak to the students. During the service, eight-year-old Kathy Metzger wanted to go to the house, so her missionary mother accompanied her. They noticed smoke coming out of the front of the building we were in. Instantly, Sister Metzger returned to inform her husband and he followed her. Then the students and staff members rushed out leaving me alone blazing Gospel truth. Finally, a student came shouting, "Fire, fire", and out I ran. Everyone co-operated in throwing water from the tubs which Sister Metzger had reserved for her family wash and the fire was extinguished. The water was brought up from a well a mile away.

.....

During World War II, busses and trains were heavily crowded. En route to Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, from Chicago, a young service man was seated beside me. I was stunned as he endeavored to make advances. He was instantly reminded that he was dealing with the wrong party, but seemingly it had no effect. I wanted to change

my seat, but none was available. I then told him that I would report him to the driver. When that didn't work, I said as a last resort, "I will shout "Hallelujah" if you keep on annoying me." Suddenly, he left his seat and stood in the back of the bus for the rest of the trip.

.....

On one of my tours to Rome, Italy, an interpreter was not available, so Pastor Boccino Pio offered to act in that capacity. I seriously doubted the wisdom of his offer, due to the fact that he knew so little English. Nevertheless, we went on with the service. I was amazed at the fluent manner in which he interpreted my message. There was no hesitancy nor asking any questions. After the service, I heard the American children who were present enjoying a hearty laugh, telling their father that Brother Pio preached his own message.

.....

After the conclusion of my message given through an interpreter to an Arab congregation in Damascus, Syria, I gave the invitation for those who needed to be saved to come forward to pray. Two men promptly came and stood before the pulpit. I noticed the missionary in the front row trying to conceal his inward laughter. His young son standing by his side was emulating his example. I could not understand such irreverence in that solemn situation. I got the men to kneel and several of us gathered around to pray for them. I later learned that they were the ushers who had come forward to receive the offering.

.....

On my 1969 sojourn in the Philippines, I spent a week as the guest of the Charles Tryons, missionaries for the Bible Covenant Church at Mabalacat, close to Clark Field. One day I was doing some mending, and five-year-old

Stevie asked what I was doing. I told him that I was sewing. He also wanted to sew, so I gave him a needle, thread and a piece of cloth. He sat by me and commenced to follow my instructions. Several months later, he came from his room with needle, thread and cloth. His father asked him what he was going to do with them. He replied, "I am going to sew, the lady that says "Glory Hallelujah" taught me how."

.....

The following four incidents were sent by Ellen Kemery of Olympia, Washington.

"In a home mission campaign in Turner Valley, Alberta, C. Helen was talking to the children about modesty and mentioned that she saw a man walking on a street in Calgary, naked and with a long, flowing beard. A boy about ten raised his hand asking, 'Scuse me, Miss Mooshyum, what did you say he had on?' 'Nothing but a flowing beard, Sonny.' The lad sinking into his chair, grabbing his head, ejaculated, 'Whewee, thank the Lord, that shaded him a bit.'"

"The same boy was caught hiding behind a building, when he should have been in church. Later, in the Junior church service he prayed, 'And God, you can just blame old lady Eve, she started all this.'"

"An eight-year-old girl prayed: 'God bless Mrs. Mooshian and Mrs. Walker; God save the Queen; God help the president at the United States; God send the devil to hell and we'll all be O.K.'"

"A group of home missionaries were traveling by train from Dawson Creek to Edmonton for a convention. A newsboy came through the coach shouting, 'tea, coffee, beer?' 'No thanks; the missionaries replied, 'We only drink milk and water, we are Christians.' Next time the newsboy came through, he shouted, 'Coffee, tea, milk, all Christians drink milk.'"

.....

One summer, I was conducting Daily Vacation Bible School in the mornings and evangelistic services in the evenings in Ontario, Canada. On the second Friday evening, we had the program for the Bible School. One of the teachers was missing. Upon inquiring, I learned that her husband had come home intoxicated and beaten her. I was impressed to go visit her at the conclusion of the program to give her the bouquet that was presented to me. Four ladies from the church drove me to her home. They remained in the car, while I went in and found the dear lady in bed with black and blue spots on her body.

While I was praying for her, the husband, still under the influence of liquor came in. When he saw me, he began to curse and to push me from room to room until we reached the front door. Then he opened the screen door and pushed me out. I stood on the porch and he remained inside the door still muttering oaths. Suddenly, with a supernatural strength given to me from God, I opened the door, took him by the nose and brought him out on the porch. I escorted him to the swing and sat down beside him. For the next ten minutes I preached a sermon to him, reminding him of his marriage vows etc. He looked me over and responded with, "You have more gall than fifty women put together." Then he proceeded down the front steps reeling as he went, probably to the saloon for more liquor. The ladies wondered if my visit had accomplished any good. I said, "I believe that the Lord is going to undertake for him. It will take a miracle, so let us continue to pray for him."

Four years later, I was back to that church for a special service. At the close of the service, dear Mrs. L. came to ask me if I remembered her. Then she reminded me, adding that her husband was present and desired to see me. I was delighted and asked how long he had been saved. She replied, "Just a year ago." He humbly apologized for his behavior on that memorable night. I told him that I had forgiven him that evening for I realized

his sinful condition and felt confident that some day he would be saved. What a marvelous transformation I noted in him! To God be all the glory and honor!

.....

Cora Walker MacMillan recalls the following two incidents:

“The trip from High Prairie to Hart River in Alberta was made in a horse-drawn-wagon on a trail through virgin forest. Darkness befell us before we reached our destination. Emmanuel Mattie, our host pastor and driver sighted a huge, upright figure down the road. It loomed black and forboding and he intimated that it appeared like a black bear. C. Helen began to pray for our safe arrival. As we came directly in front of the figure, it was merely an uprooted, overturned tree.”

“On a street corner in Westlock, Alberta, three of us gathered to hold a meeting. C. Helen was the preacher, Bill Howick played his French Horn and I was the singer. We were the target of rotten tomatoes. In order to please the crowd, C. Helen asked which hymn they would like us to sing. One man almost overcome by his Saturday night imbibing, pointed at me and blurted out, ‘I don’t want a Hymn, I want her.’”

CHAPTER XXIX

EXCEPTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED

"If I were capable of expressing myself and conveying my feelings as adequately as you do, I would resign from this position and ask to become editor of the Herald of Holiness. May the Lord richly bless you. Please tell me what it is that you cannot do? You stirred our student body more than a William Jennings Bryan could have done, or even any sanctimonious evangelist with side burns and a rich life story to tell.

Please do understand that the little check you received was a meagre effort to express our appreciation of you. Do you know that you are wanted back at Olivet? My dear young lady, there are many evidences that God has His hand on you. Any man with an ounce of red blood would do his dead level best with someone saying words of appreciation of him as you have of me. Keep sending your letters everywhere."

Grover Van Duyn, President
Olivet Nazarene College
Kankakee, Illinois.
January 29, 1947

"We do miss your being here with your good Gospel and helpful praying. I have not had an evangelist in years that stirred the church and was so near my ideal of a New Testament worker as you. I am not trying to flatter you, but I do honor and love real Gospel and Bible preaching. Sometime, I can only hope to have you not for two weeks,

but for a month. Keep your letters and cards coming, for they do us so much good."

C. P. Lanpher, Pastor
Church of the Nazarene
Plattsburg, New York.
May 17, 1947

"Just a note to say how much we enjoyed your visit with us on Sunday. We appreciated your ministry on the radio program (Song Time) and also to the adult group. Be assured of our interest in you and our desire to help you at anytime."

John DeBrine, Pastor
Ruggles Street Baptist Church
Boston, Massachusetts.
January 27, 1964

"Greetings from the Taylors in the precious Name of Jesus our Lord and King! We have received your four letters and how we have appreciated them! It is thrilling and invigorating to receive mail on 'home and foreign missionary stationery.' Daring to be different with sincerity, and all the while equalling or even surpassing conventional methods in effectiveness is truly uplifting.

May God give us more folk who will know which beaten paths to stick to and which to leave. Isn't it possible to become so enslaved to convention that one is no longer free to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit or the dictates of his conscience? God has made your life of faith a great blessing to us. How we thank Him for permitting you to be in our home and to share such rich fellowship. Even our darling two-year-old benefitted from your stay.

He associates candy with Mooshian and repeats your shouts of praise."

Wingrove Taylor, Pastor
Pilgrim Holiness Church
Port of Spain, Trinidad.
July 19, 1955

"We think about you very much here and are always calling your name. We believe you are a true messenger of God, compared with the so-called missionaries of our day. Our students were very much impressed about your deep belief in God. You see we have many missionaries who speak to our classes occasionally but each student confessed that the way you spoke was a bit different. They also think in terms of the great sacrifices you are making in going from place to place to tell others of the Gospel of Christ."

A National Pastor
Jamaica, West Indies.

"In the two years that I have worked in this office, I have found you to be the most friendly and good-tempered passenger. I really do wish that I could meet more people like you. I cross my heart, it is the truth. Working life would then be most wonderful indeed.

"The letter that you wrote to our company has been treasured in the office file. A copy has been sent to our Singapore office. Thank you for putting in such nice words for me which made my boss very proud of me. You are very kind indeed."

Nancy Thong
Thai International office
Singapore

"God really opened the way for you to come to Bermuda, so we Christians could see and hear what He can do for those who earnestly dedicate themselves for His service and are desperate for Him. I thought that I was desperate for Jesus, but I have a long way to go. Never before in Bermuda have we heard a testimony like yours. Hundreds of missionaries and evangelists have come through here, but none like you. Please pray for us."

Nedida Joell
Devonshire, Bermuda
April 1960

"I was greatly delighted in meeting you and enjoyed your preaching very much. I must add that your preaching is full of eclat. Please accept the enclosed five dollars as a token of my profound admiration of you. My sincere wish is that your future ministry and travels will be as successful as in the past."

Garfield Powery
West Bay, Grand Cayman
February 1963

"You were a real blessing to our people and we wished with all of our people that you had remained longer with us. The people are rejoicing since they experienced a time of consecration and devotion to the Lord such as they had not felt for months. The Lord used you mightily in arousing our congregation to higher spiritual heights. May the Lord richly bless you always."

Lebron-Velasquez, Pastor
San Juan, Puerto Rico
March 19, 1952

"First, I must thank you for coming to our little island for you have been a great blessing to me. I did not give my heart to the Lord as I should have, but keep praying for me. I shall never as long as I live forget your sermons, they surely did bless my soul. I trust that one of these days you shall hear that I am saved, for my one desire is to live for Jesus. Please keep on working for the One who died for our sins, for I see that you were meant to be a preacher. Each word you speak stirs hearts. I am hoping that you will return here soon for I love you dearly."

Lera Parchment
West Bay, Grand Cayman
January 15, 1960

"Greetings from the members and friends of Hall's Road church. It was a real pleasure to have you here and everybody is talking about the wonderful meeting at the White Park Tabernacle. Please, please visit Barbados again and I am sure the Lord will make you a great blessing to saint and sinner alike. We are dying for old-fashioned Gospel preaching here. Everyone sends regards."

Austin Miller, Pastor
Church of the Nazarene
Bridgetown, Barbados
March 18, 1955

"I'm about to burst with pride. Your generous and hilarious words of congratulations and the high sounding titles that you heap upon me, make me swell up like a balloon frog. Now you'll have to deflate me. Perhaps you know only too well that the job will do that. Hence, no call is too great a burden for me. But sincerely, I do appreciate your kindness in promising to pray for me.

Thanks for your love for the elect lady and I know how to give it to her.”

E. E. Grosse, Superintendent
Church of the Nazarene
Washington-Philadelphia district
August 25, 1949



C. Helen in Alberta, 1940.

CHAPTER XXX

SOME NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS

MAGIC CARPET LANDS IN BETHANY WITH AN UNBELIEVABLE PERSON ABOARD

By C. Dale German - Bethany, Oklahoma Tribune.
December 10, 1970.

When we were kids, there were comic books about flying carpets. Like magic those carpets would take us to far-off lands where nothing could happen. I had thought the day of magic carpets was over, that is, until last week.

An unbelievable person landed her magic carpet in Bethany, then poof, off to world's unknown she went. Monday night, November 30th, C. Helen Mooshian slowed down long enough to address the Alice David and Frances Willard chapters of the W.C.T.U. at a combined meeting in Herrick Auditorium.

This woman is incredible and wonderful. She has absolutely no ties, no obligations, no debts and no family of her own. She spends her entire life traveling anywhere and everywhere in the world. Her upper middle years are blessed with experiences and insight.

Miss Mooshian is an evangelist. Her sole purpose in life is to spend herself in spreading the Gospel of Christ wherever she is and she is everywhere. She told of wonderful things she has seen and of miracles happening in remote corners of the world, just as in Bible times. Things such as: some young people walking across a river to share the message of salvation, water turning to wine and marvelous cases of healing.

It is her belief that we do not see these works of God in America, because we worship of god of doubt, sex and materialism. In uncivilized societies, the natives do not know of God. She opened the meeting for questions and many asked about the Soviet Union and its religious life. "Many people are sick of communism", she said. "They do not believe the propaganda against the United States." She described the people as "Starving for religious freedom, literature and Bibles."

One person asked if mission work throughout the world in general is having much success. Her answer was, "Generally yes." Another person asked, "With your insight through extensive world travel, do you see America as being pagan?" "Oh" she said, "America is the most pagan country in the world, due to so much light and Gospel preaching and teaching." She continued, "If America does not wake up and repent of her sins, other countries will be sending missionaries here to convert us." Hearing C. Helen Mooshian speak was a delight and privilege. It was also disturbing. She is expounding what so many spiritual leaders are trying to tell us. America is falling asleep in luxury, immorality, political, religious and social apathy.

At the same time, Russia is furiously multiplying armaments and cursing the United States. A third segment of the world lies in poverty beyond belief, unable to care for the starving millions.

Miss Mooshian and her magic carpet are gone from Bethany. But those who did hear her speak are left with the realization that hers is not a fantasy, comic-book flight. She sees a world in need—a godless world bent on self-destruction, a world which Christ came to seek and to save. She is trying to spread the story of Salvation."

From the EASTERN STANDARD—
Glasgow, Scotland. January 13, 1950.

CONVERTED AFTER EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN "BIG TOP"

"In 1925, out of curiosity, a young girl assistant with a few hours to spare from her hospital work in Lawrence, Massachusetts, attended an evangelistic meeting being held in a tent. Despite the fact that it meant the ordeal of kneeling down in the front of the tent which was about the size of our "Big Tops" and repenting of her sins. This girl was so impressed that there and then she became converted and took God to her heart.

This month, the young lady, now an ordained minister in the Church of the Nazarene is living in Parkhead as the guest of Fletcher Tink, pastor of the church. Evangelist Mooshian's appearance belies her 'fire and brimstone' sermons. She is, however, a firm believer in these methods and is at present conducting revival meetings in Glasgow and in the neighboring districts including Troon, Irvine and Blantyre. In compliance with the principles of her church, she does not attend cinemas or dances.

Although of youthful appearance, Miss Mooshian has been connected with the church since 1926. She enrolled at Eastern Nazarene College in Boston in 1929. Two years later, when her mother died, she returned home to help her grandmother look after the family.

In 1937, she started to preach the Gospel and since then she has been the pastor of twelve churches in America and Canada. Miss Mooshian has visited twenty-two countries, including Alaska. She was surprised to find the small wooden shacks in Nome on the Bering Sea, built so close to the water's edge that at times the banks are washed away and the buildings collapse.

This is Miss Mooshian's first trip to Europe and when

she leaves in April, she plans to spend some time on the Continent in several countries.

Since she arrived in "Hogmany" in a Stratocruiser, she has been thrilled by the green grass. "It is almost like California," she said, "Although at times the dampness is very penetrating." This is the first time in three years that Miss Mooshian has been in a cold climate and she described it in true American style—"Superpipious." Her time is not her own, however, she can be found nightly in the surrounding churches conducting revival services. "My home", she drawled at the same time, pointing toward the floor above, "is upstairs in my suitcases, and has been since I gave up ordinary life to preach the Word of God."

The Campus Camera—

E.N.C. Publication. February 18, 1948.

ALUMNI IN ACTION by Ken Sullivan.

"Action is really the word for C. Helen Mooshian, alumna of 1936, who has just completed a 20,000 mile tour of some of our missionary centers. Effervescent spirit, enthusiastic expression, simple faith in God, sincerity and constant Christian life characterize C. Helen who has been an inspiration to all who know her. Activity in the League at Eastern Nazarene College was valuable preparation for her future work.

Upon graduation, Celia went to Alberta, Canada, where she did pioneer work under Superintendent D. Swarth, her former pastor in Lawrence, Massachusetts. After five years, she engaged in home mission work in the American west with Lorraine Schultz, another alumna, currently a missionary in Africa. Later, she became secretary of the North American Indian work in the Southwest. Her active spirit would not allow her to settle down in one

place, but drove her on to preaching and raising money to build chapels for the needy Indian field. After this period of service, she entered the field of evangelism. She has crossed the continent twenty times and preached in every state and province.

In the fall of 1947, Celia left the United States on a 94 day visit to Latin America. She writes: "I had the time of my life, how hungry the souls were for God!" During this trip, she traveled over 20,000 miles visiting ten of our missions as well as making stops in Ecuador, Brazil and Guynana. She visited twenty-one countries and islands, spoke seventy-eight times in forty-five churches and saw 419 souls bow at the altar of prayer seeking Salvation. She spoke through twenty-four interpreters, and had to have two interpreters in some places. In one Bolivian church, she prayed in English at the close of her message and upon opening her eyes, she found the altar lined with seeking souls weeping as they prayed.

During the tour, she visited other alumni in action. Letters from missionaries express gratitude for the inspiration and encouragement she brought to them. She returned to Florida for a few weeks, then went on another trip to Cuba, British Honduras and Guatemala. She claims to be very happy in the service of God winning souls to Christ."

From the *Young People's Standard*. November 17, 1948.

YOUTH LEADERS TODAY

C. Helen Mooshian - Alberta

By Dr. Basil Miller

"From then on I have always been called a good sales-woman," said C. Helen Mooshian, President of the Alberta District Young People's Society. As she told me

her story, I felt inclined to believe it, for Helen has sold herself to about as many offices and positions as any young lady one can find. The first saleswoman success came while she was a high school student at Lawrence, Massachusetts, where she won the poppy-selling contest among hundreds of students. From then on, she has been selling herself to many positions.

She sold herself to the Lawrence General Hospital as assistant Purveyor. At the same time in her local church, she was elected as president of the Young People's Society, the foreign missionary society, Sunday School teacher, Church secretary and treasurer, member of the Board of Stewards, and to cap the climax, she became church reporter and historian.

She was just as busy in college and seemed to have her hand in all the college mud pies, She served as vice-president of the college Youth Society. She was also business and circulation manager of the college paper called the *Campus Camera* and for two terms, she was president of the League of Evangelical Students, which position sent her to the National League convention at Philadelphia in 1935. When she returned to the college, she had safely tucked away in her bag a position on the national executive council with the distinction to be the only woman to serve on that council that year.

Miss Mooshian went in for debate and landed in the Forensic Club, and her historical bent took her to the confines of the Historical Society. And to show that she was able to sell her personality to more than church and college societies, she had the ability to work her way through college. "I did all kinds of work," she says delineating her successes as super-saleswoman, "At E.N.C. I washed and ironed clothes, did baby-sitting, served dinners at parties, took an active part in the college kitchen with broom and mop as well as dishrag, and then I went upstairs in college parlance and got a position in the library. I also found time to clerk at Woolworth's."

With a twinkle in her brown eyes she said, "You see, to get an education on one's own, you have to be able to do everything." She also enjoyed working in the library at Pasadena College during her sophomore year.

Since her graduation from college, she has been engaged in home mission work in Alberta. "Last March I had the pleasure of organizing the church at Dawson Creek, British Columbia, Canada, at the conclusion of the revival campaign I held," she said.

"Last year I traveled over the district, boosting the Young People's Society and holding revival campaigns. I started a Youth Institute which has proved to be a blessing to the work and I am especially proud of the Book-a-month plan, also the Oratorical contest."

"Your favorite colors?" I asked in getting an intimate glimpse of this young leader.

"All the pastel shades," came the quick reply, "but I do not care for black, brown or purple." So you see she is young, for those colors are adored by older women.

"Favorite foods?"

"Certainly, I put fruit at the top of the list, and at the bottom comes chicken, and in between celery, lettuce and raw carrots."

"For my hobbies, I collect souvenirs, enjoy hiking, climbing mountains and traveling. My longest trip was from the east coast across the States to California. And Canada, thrills me for the challenge it presents for Gospel work. I love to read the Bible first of all, then books of biography, missions etc.

"Special friends?"

"Jesus is the best friend I have. I do not engage in worldly amusements, because I find real pleasure in serving Christ." Of course she added, "I read all your articles in our papers and all your books.

Busy? you ask. Almost too busy getting ready for a home mission campaign to finish our interview."

From the *Bethany, Oklahoma Tribune*.
November 28, 1970.

"Freelance Evangelist C. Helen Mooshian will appear in services Sunday and Monday, November 29 and 30, in the Bethany area. The slender, vivacious woman, an ordained Nazarene minister is on her seventy-first trip across the United States. Armenian-born, Boston-reared, Miss Mooshian has recently returned to this country after visiting the Soviet Union countries of Russia and Armenia.

She conferred with Christians and spoke publicly in seven services at the Erevan Baptist church. She has been called the most-traveled woman preacher in the world.

Miss Mooshian will speak Sunday morning at the Meridian Park Church of the Nazarene. Sunday evening, she will address the C. Warren Jones chapter at the Herrick Auditorium.

Monday morning, she will talk to two of Professor Garner's Government classes, and Professor Don Owens mission class.