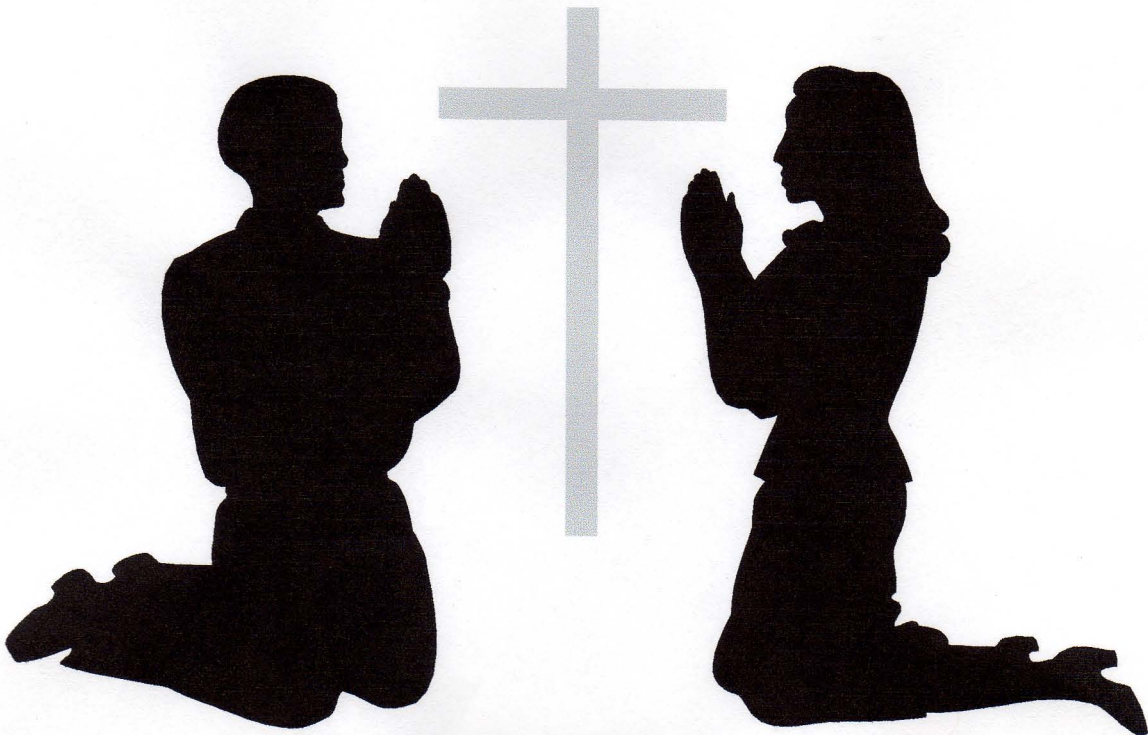


**YOUR CALLING!  
HAVE YOU FOUND IT?**



***BIOGRAPHIES OF THOSE  
WHO HAVE BEEN  
THERE***

*BY  
DONALD WILLIAM GROBE*

# YOUR CALLING! HAVE YOU FOUND IT?

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We give honor to those led by the Holy Spirit to fulfill their callings and who shared with us their experiences.

We give praise and glory to our Lord and Savior for his inspiration and guidance in the writing of this message.

## PREFACE

The heritage of the Church of the Nazarene has always been of interest to me as our family has been involved in the Church for four generations. My mother was one of the last living Nazarenes with direct knowledge of Dr. Phineas F. Bresee and the church founders on the west when I interviewed her in 1989. She was living in a retirement home in Visalia, California. While I was there she sent me to a closet to get several boxes. In these boxes were artifacts Mother had collected over the years: photos, newspaper articles and accounts of the beginning of the Church of the Nazarene including letters written to her father, W.C. Wilson by Dr. Bresee. There were materials from some of the early District and General assemblies, including identification ribbons worn by the delegates to these assemblies in the early 1900's. I took these boxes home with me and organized the material, filling three large albums. When I returned the albums to Mother, she sat by the hour reliving the almost ninety years of her life spent in a Nazarene parsonage, beginning with the time when her father, W. C. Wilson, a Methodist evangelist, traveled from Kentucky to Los Angeles, California in 1903 to meet Dr. Phineas F. Bresee, founder of the Church of the

Nazarene. Mother went through these albums daily for the remaining five years of her life. This material is now in the archives at Point Loma Nazarene University in San Diego, California. Mother enjoyed writing about her experiences of the early days in the Church of the Nazarene.

In 1989, I visited my mother and asked her to give me an account of her life in the early church. I was pleased with the results and preserved priceless information. I decided to go further with my project, so I searched for others who had lived during the pioneering days of the church. In 1989, I made many trips to Casa Robles, the retirement home for our Nazarene missionaries in Temple City, California. With permission of management at Casa Robles, I interviewed several of the retired missionaries including John Pattee, Orpha Speicher, Elizabeth Cole, Lydia Wilkie Howard, Evelyn Wittoff, Dorothy Cook, and Louise Chapman. In addition to these missionaries, I also interviewed Mary Scott when I attended the 1989 General Assembly in Indianapolis, Indiana.

I next visited the Point Loma Nazarene University Campus and searched for early Nazarenes. Dr. Jimmy Jackson Sr., Dr. Paul Culbertson and Dr. Cecil Miller were men brought up in the Church of the Nazarene and were

professors on the university campus for many years; Dr. Cecil Miller professor at Bethany and Pasadena Nazarene Colleges for forty- four years. The testimonies of the workings of the Holy Spirit in their lives, and how God led them into their call of service was very important to them. It is well worth our time to follow their lives through their early years, their conversions that led them into the experience of sanctification and how God led them into their different fields of service and into the Church of the Nazarene. On the following pages you will find short biographies of each one. Three of the missionaries were in Japanese prison camps during World War II and each one will share their version of his or her experiences. Today, as we make our journeys, we too are searching for God's divine guidance. The God that these saints served in the early generations is the same God we serve today and we can learn much from their dedicated lives. Journey with me as we see their struggles and their victories and find the fulfillment of their individual callings.

I dedicate these pages to my maternal grandfather W. C. Wilson, pastor, evangelist, district superintendent and general superintendent, to my mother Deborah, and to my father Arthur F. Grobe who pastored Nazarene churches for forty years.

## CHAPTER I

### WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

#### THE BIRTH OF THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT

From creation to the present, God has worked in the lives of mankind. He sent his son, Christ Jesus, to redeem the world through His teaching of the multitudes, the performing of miracles and of the choosing of His disciples. Today we are privileged to serve the same Christ and walk with Him daily.

The crucifixion and the resurrection of Jesus had taken place seven weeks before the meeting of the disciples in the upper room. Matthias replaced Judas, who had betrayed Jesus. The disciples were meeting in the upper room when suddenly the sound of a mighty wind filled the room. On this day of Pentecost they were filled with the Holy Spirit.

"In the year 323, the spirit of God moved through the Roman Empire. Christianity became the official religion in the form of the Ancient Catholic Church. The Ancient Catholic Church became the leading church. In the middle ages reform movements developed. During the 16<sup>th</sup> century. Martin Luther led a Reformation, bringing into existence the Protestant church in the west, as we know it today.



In the eighteenth century throughout England a great revival took place mainly through the efforts of John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield. These men preached the necessity of being filled with the Holy Spirit, an experience beyond that of Regeneration. The Methodist Church came into existence through this revival. The revival continued into the nineteenth century throughout England, not only through the Methodist church but all Protestant churches. These groups followed the teachings of Wesley. Through this experience the removal of inbred sin was necessary to enjoy the perfection of Holiness."<sup>1</sup>

Out of this revival came the formation of Holiness associations in the United States that were made up of many denominations. The new Holiness movement was not popular by any means and groups of opposition existed. The definition of terms and some fanatical ideas were some of the primary reasons for divisions among these groups.

During this period, my grandfather, W. C. Wilson was a Methodist evangelist and pastor or circuit rider in Kentucky. He was responsible for several circuits, and

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never owning a horse or any other form of transportation traveled on foot from one church to another.

Mallalieu Wilson, son of W. C. Wilson, was professor and registrar at Northwest Nazarene College for twenty-five years and also served as college pastor. Mallalieu, through his speech classes, played an important part in training and leading young men and women in fulfilling their calls to Christian service. Over the years Mallalieu was praised by his students for the contribution he made in preparing them for their calling. My uncle Mallalieu was born in Arlington, Kentucky on February 5, 1898 in a Methodist parsonage. Mallalieu graduated from Pasadena College, in the class of 1918. He completed his Masters of Education and Masters of History at the University of Southern California. As a young person, living in a parsonage, Mallalieu had seen Holiness associations being formed around them and he became very interested in the subject of fanaticism. Mallalieu said "Certainly enthusiasm about Christian perfection would not be enough to brand a person as fanatical, for what could justify total emphasis better than to love God with all one's heart, mind and strength. In fact the very concept of holiness includes a harmonious balance of personality, which might make fanaticism impossible for those 'Called unto Holiness.' The

truth is that the many sided natures of this grace or experience has often led to divisions. The wonder of some one phase of the experience has often so impressed a zealous soul that he has gone out to preach a brand of 'Real' holiness, ignoring those who have been impressed by the truth from a different angle. Some holiness people became fanatics because they emphasized things not essential to Holiness. They confused the experience they claimed to have, with the forms of acquiring and expressing the experience that they deemed essential, but which others did not. It was these different views that divided the early Holiness movement."

The churches in Kentucky and its surrounding states were impatient of traditional regularity. Within a few miles of the Wilson home, Alexander Campbell had performed his first immersion in the Green River. It was in this area that several individuals of the Presbyterian Church pulled out and organized the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination. A little north of the Ohio river, a group of holiness people known as the "Come Outers" were criticizing other holiness groups on certain issues including the use of pepper. They called themselves the Church of God. In Cincinnati, Ohio was an independent work centered in God's Bible School. One of their fanatical notions was

opposition to carrying any personal life insurance. In Nashville, Tennessee was the mission of C. O. McClurkan, whose ideas on the doctrine of holiness was not under any ecclesiastical control and was not always wholly acceptable to all holiness people. In Kentucky, were H. C. Morrison and the circle about him at Ashbury College in Wilmore. He was not classed as narrow minded or uneducated. His long fight to win the right to preach holiness in the Southern Methodist Church hardened him in his attitudes and ideas and naturally inclined him to lean toward the views and ideas of the holiness minority where they differed from the teaching of Methodism.

All of the above individuals and groups seemed to have differed from most of the holiness preachers and teachers in the northern states. One concern was that of the Second Coming. With the exception of the Church of God, all of the above "believed in pre-millennium." Most of the north, "believed in post-millennium." They tended to lean to the old days of simplicity in church worship and activity and opposition to the worldliness of the city churches. Some of this had been drawn off by the Free Methodist Church, which tried to restore the original Methodist standards with it specific prohibitions of instrumental music and wearing of gold. The rural attitudes of

opposition to worldliness were much more pronounced in the south. The south was much more rural, and its whole history tended to keep it conservative, politically and socially as well as religiously. <sup>2</sup>

#### THE NEW BEGINNING IN THE WEST

On the west coast in Los Angeles, California, Dr. Phineas F. Bresee, a Methodist minister insisted on preaching the complete gospel and was not willing to compromise with the world. Dr. Bresee felt he could win more souls by preaching among the poor and was willing to preach in a mission work and stay in the Methodist Church. Because of his views on holiness he choose to leave the Methodist church as he was compelled to be true to God and preach Holiness. Dr. Bresee rented a small building near Temple Street in Los Angles, California and formed a congregation with a small group of people. When the congregation began to grow, they moved to a mission on Main Street to worship. As they continued to grow it was necessary to move once again to a large tabernacle on Los Angeles Street.

In October of 1895 in Los Angeles, a number of people under the leadership of Dr. Bresee and Dr. J P. Widney formed what is known today as the First Church of the

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Nazarene, with one hundred thirty-five charter members. The old tabernacle on Los Angeles Street was able to accommodate several hundred people. Many people waited patiently to attend the services, but the lack of room would not permit. Their new place of worship included a choir loft. Palm branches extended from the support poles leading to the platform. In front of the church U.S. flags were draped as well as large banners that read: " VICTORY THROUGH THE BLOOD" and "THE BLOOD OF HIS SON CLEANETH FROM ALL SIN."

With the church continuing to grow, a new building at Sixth and Wall Street in Los Angeles was soon built. There were many memories of the blessings of the Lord that took place in the seven years of worshipping in the old tabernacle. Dr. Bresee conducted a farewell service of song and prayer in the old tabernacle, and after a short history of the church and singing several hymns and with Gods blessings, Dr. Bresee began waving his handkerchief and within moments others joined him until there was a sea of white, lasting for over a minute. That night at the close of the service in the old tabernacle, those in attendance were asked to form a line led by pastor C. W. Ruth and evangelist C. E. Cornell. Circling the building and passing through the doors for the last time, marched two blocks

down the sidewalk in the dark street to the new church. Others patiently waited outside the old tabernacle and joined Evangelist C. E. Cornell and pastor C. W. Ruth in this unusual march. As the marchers rounded the corner, the lights could be seen beaming from their new building.

The spirit of joy filled the air while the marchers shouted praises and sang hymns until they reached the doors of their new sanctuary. In 1902, the new Nazarene church opened its doors and the glory of God filled the building. Two thousand people joined together with shouts of "A-MEN, HALLELUIAH, PRAISE THE LORD, and GLORY TO HIS NAME." Others joined in singing hymns. The new building was filled to capacity with a mass of people outside unable to get through the doors. The first service lasted for three hours with singing of hymns and the preaching of God's word.

In his message, Dr. Bresee said: "I have given up the pastorates of rich churches as I felt I could save more souls among the poor. God has taken weak things to confound the mighty, and things that were nothing, to overthrow things that were. I am more anxious to see souls saved than anything else."

Evangelist C. E. Cornell, of Cleveland Ohio, conducted the first revival service in the new church. The dedication of the church took place on the following Sunday. The

spirit of revival continued and soon churches were being organized as far as Chicago, Illinois. Within a few years, a thousand members were part of the Nazarene Church and new churches were being organized throughout United States.<sup>3</sup>

The Christmas "Love Feast" was one of Dr. Bresee's favorite worship services. To Dr. Bresee these services were important because it was a way of showing believers, as well as those who did not know Christ, how the presence of the Holy Spirit could change their lives. Dr. Bresee held twenty-eight of these services during his lifetime and nothing hindered him from attending. My mother remembered and spoke often of Dr. Breese's "Love Feast" service. The first "Love feast" was held in the old tabernacle in Pasadena, California. For the next seven years they were held wherever he happened to pastor. Usually the service took place on Christmas morning. If Christmas fell on Sunday it was held on the following day. On December 25, 1913, his opening remarks were "Now brothers and sisters, this morning this 'Love Feast' would not amount to much unless the Divine Christ, the very God, whose name is now Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace comes to take His abode in our hearts. If the very God is here He will make this a marvelous time. Without His presence this would be

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nothing. There is nothing worth while in this universe with the Divine Christ absent, nothing worth while at all." Dr. Bresee really never had a program, but let the Holy Spirit take full control of his service.

## CHAPTER II

### THE NEW WEST COAST DENOMINATION

#### "THE PREACHER OF MARKED ABILITY"

Phineas F. Bresee, capable judge of men and preachers, spoke these words, "W. C. Wilson, a preacher of marked ability, possessing special gifts with excellent qualities of courage and endurance, drew men. But better still, he led them to Jesus!" The man he spoke of was one of the heroes in the history of the early Church of the Nazarene as a pastor, evangelist, college regent, and soul winner.<sup>1</sup> After his election as General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, the following appeared in the Herald of Holiness, the denomination magazine, "The church made no mistake in choosing this faithful servant in the new relation as General Superintendent, and the church will hear from his work constantly as time goes on. He has not learned to go at a 'jogging pace' but invest his whole time in the work of the Lord." After joining with Dr. Bresee in Los Angeles in 1903, W. C. Wilson served the Church of the Nazarene for twelve years and was elected the fifth General Superintendent. He had previously been District Superintendent of the Southern California district. After

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Wilson's election, he held three District Assemblies in Texas, in Dallas, Mineral Wells and San Antonio. While holding the assembly in Mineral Wells on November 15, 1915, Wilson received word of the passing of Dr. Phineas Bresee. Just two months after taking office as General Superintendent on December 19, 1915, a month after the death of Dr. Bresee, W. C. Wilson passed away.

At the time of Wilson's death, his wife Sarah Wilson received a letter from Dr. M. F. Reynolds, General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, which read, "I am unable to express to you in words how much we loved your husband and how much we miss him and his presence in all of our public gatherings. However, you have the sweet consolation that you, with him, had the glorious privilege of helping to start the great movement in the Church of the Nazarene, which we trust will continue to be a great blessing to the world in the salvation of many people and the sanctification of multitudes of believers."

William Columbus Wilson was born on December 22, 1866, in Hopkins County, Kentucky. As a young boy he spent time working on the farm, chasing rabbits and gathering nuts. School terms were short and educational advantages were poor. His good judgment, which characterized him in his later years, seemed to be recognized in his school days, as

a boy who was called upon to settled disputes and quell disturbances.

At an early age, being under conviction and realizing his need, he searched for a new religious experience. He fought conviction all through these younger years. Wilson went to church with his older brother, Ben. His parents led Ben into the way of salvation, and Ben became a Christian. Wilson would attend church and during the service felt such conviction and wanted to go to the altar but everyone ignored him as he was too young. Wilson's parents were Baptist, believing that baptism was only for adults, so he was not converted until he was sixteen years of age. In his own words he said, " When in my sixteenth year, I attended a meeting at the Providence Methodist Church near Hanson, Kentucky conducted by John Keen. To me brother Keen was a remarkable man, as he seemed to know about my life and spoke to the point with spiritual power. He spoke to me personally in such a way that it broke my heart. A few days later I was at the altar as a miserable poor boy. After days of constant seeking and repenting, I was very clearly saved. My peace was sweet and I was very happy."

On October 30, 1886, Wilson married Elizabeth Jones, a Baptist girl and a devoted Christian. He had never united

with any church, so he decided to join the church his wife belonged to. Four children were born into this union: Guy, Bertha, Hallie and Ruth.

On May 14, 1888, evangelist Charles Rauster came to Wilson's church to hold a revival. Through the influence of this evangelist, Wilson, and his wife, were sanctified. From that time on it was definitely settled that he would preach. He attended school for one year and then united with the Methodist Church with E.L. Shepherd as his presiding elder. Wilson then applied for his preacher's license in the Methodist Conference. He sold his farm and went into full time ministry. Wilson's first appointment was to supply the Greenville circuit on the Louisville district, which consisted of three small churches. The next year he was moved to the Vine Grove Circuit where there were eight preaching places. His ministry there was richly blessed.

The first sermon preached by Wilson was a holiness message from I Thessalonians 5:23. " And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Wilson was quoted as saying: "The Lord helped me in a gracious way—blessed me until it seemed my heart could not have been more at rest if I had been

inside the jasper walls. That night I slept as sweetly as a child and from that day until this, there has never been a doubt in reference to my divine call to the ministry."

During Wilson's ministry he felt it was always necessary to pray until he had prayed through, but didn't think there was a need to pray lengthy prayers. His sermon outlines were written in the columns of his Bible, so they were very brief and many times never used. It wasn't necessary for him to use a microphone as his voice carried for several blocks. His preaching became more conversational in his later years, possibly attributed to his failing health.

In 1893, two years into his ministry, Wilson's wife went to visit relatives at Hanson, Kentucky. During a visit at her father's home, she became ill with typhoid fever. As soon as Wilson received word he went to be with her. Her condition became worse and within a week she had left "for a better home." Left with the care of four small children, the youngest being four months old, Wilson certainly passed through some deep waters. The children were placed in homes of relatives and Wilson entered the evangelistic work. He preached in schoolhouses, tents, brush arbors and churches in the mountains of Kentucky, as well as southern Illinois. Wilson soon felt his health giving away under the strain

and at the end of the year was forced to give up his work. He went to his father's house for rest, recuperating from a complete nervous breakdown. He remained there for ten months in poor health and unable to care for himself.

Wilson faced many other trials during his lifetime. The chances of getting a good education in his day were very slim. The school he was attending closed before the end of the school year, but he was able to complete his education later. His father, a captain in the Union army and a Union sympathizer, lived in an area filled with Confederates. During the Civil War, his father constantly lived in danger with his life often at stake. With all the problems Wilson faced he was determined to preach Holiness, was always filled with the Holy Spirit and God continued to bless his ministry.

While holding a revival at a tent meeting in Paducah, Kentucky, Wilson was somewhat distracted from his preaching one night. Sarah Ragsdale, a schoolteacher in the Paducah public school system and a member of the Methodist Church, came through the back entrance of the tent. Wilson kept his eye on her and as she took her seat, said to himself, "There is my wife." He and Sarah fell in love. Sarah thought it wouldn't be so bad to marry a preacher. When she found out a few weeks later he had four children it was

quite a blow. However, Sarah and Wilson were too much in love. On June 17, 1896, three years after the death of his wife, Sarah accepted his proposal of marriage. W. C. Wilson and Sarah Ragsdale were married in Paducah, Kentucky. Four children were born into this union, Mallalieu, Willard, Deborah, and Janet. Wilson was appointed by the Methodist Conference to pastor the Hickory Grove circuit about twenty-five miles from Paducah. Sarah was a schoolteacher and played an important role throughout his ministry. Because of Wilson's limited education Sarah was a great help and gift to his ministry.

The comfort and satisfaction of home life and the blessings of God again being enjoyed did much in restoring Wilson to perfect health. His limited education and his weakness from his first breakdown in health, made it hard for him to accomplish what he desired to do as far as his call to God's work was concerned. While at Hickory Grove, he was compelled many times after preaching on Sunday to lie down most of the day on Monday. After their charge in Hickory Grove, he was sent to the Arlington circuit, where death entered their lives, taking baby Gerald. Through all his trials and tribulations Wilson always possessed the working of the Holy Spirit in his life.



Sarah hadn't had an easy life herself. Her mother died when she was ten years old. Sarah was one of twenty-two children. Most of the children had grown and left home. Two of the younger children were still at home. Because of her mother's death a lot of responsibility fell on Sarah's shoulders. Sarah was a bashful, retiring little lady and was a dedicated homemaker. She always said she would never marry a preacher or widower, but ended up doing both. She was such a sweet spirited lady. As she worked, she hummed the old hymns of her church that she dearly loved.

Maurice Ragsdale, Sarah's nephew, applied for a job with Readers Digest in New York City during the depression and was hired in 1932. In 1934, Maurice Ragsdale became the senior editor overseeing the publication of the book section of Readers Digest. Maurice held that position until he retired in 1970.

#### THE MOVE TO THE WEST

My mother, Deborah, was born in a Methodist parsonage in Beaver Dam, Kentucky in 1901. In 1903, mother's father, W. C. Wilson, (Lum) was an evangelist and a pastor in the Methodist Church. He held a revival in the local Baptist church and preached on holiness. Because of this, he was asked to leave his charge in the Methodist church. It was

at this time that Wilson heard of Dr. Bresee and his work in Los Angeles. Wilson contacted Dr. Bresee concerning the possibilities of going to California. Dr. Bresee told Wilson he could not promise anything but mentioned the possibility of setting up a tent for meetings. Wilson, with very little money, left his family in Kentucky, traveled to California, and set up a tent in Long Beach and began having meetings. The services were very successful with many seekers, some from the local Methodist Church. This was the beginning of the First Church of the Nazarene in Long Beach, California.

Wilson called his wife and told her to prepare for the move from Kentucky to California as he had decided to stay in California. Sarah sold all of the furniture and was ready to leave Kentucky. Wilson had second thoughts about staying in California and informed Sarah not to come. Sarah told Wilson it was too late that she had sold all their belongings. Wilson then sent tickets to Sarah. She and the eight children boarded the train with enough sandwiches to last them the whole trip. My mother said it was a wonder they were not all poisoned from eating sandwiches that were several days old. One of the greatest thrills of their trip was the crossing of the Mississippi River. The conductor promised the family he would wake

them up so they could see the great Mississippi River. The conductor kept his promise and they got to see the river they had heard so much about as children.

It was a happy reunion for the family when they arrived safe and sound in Long Beach. Wilson had rented a small house for his family. The members of the new congregation were a wonderful group of people. They watched over their new pastor so graciously, bringing in groceries and other much needed supplies. The church was now worshiping in a storefront building. They stayed in Long Beach for two years before moving to Upland, California.

Jackson Deets, a member of the Upland church, was a very good friend of his pastor, W.C. Wilson. Deets supported the early church in many ways, helping build the foundation for the new denomination. Jackson Deets was born in Pennsylvania in 1834. He moved to Illinois in his early years and then moved to California where he lived for twenty-two years before his death. He was a charter member of the Church of the Nazarene in Upland, California. Deets had given the lots, as well as the first three thousand dollars to start the building for the Upland church. Deet was greatly interested in education and gave largely to our educational institutions. He was interested in the Bible College. Deets sold Wilson a small house and three acres

of orange trees for one thousand dollars. That was a source of security for the Wilson family for many years. My mother and her seven siblings had many memories of the time they spent on this small ranch. Mother remembered the scent of the orange blossoms and racing through the orchard to meet and wave to the engineer as the train passed by. Years later, Wilson sold the orchard back to Deets.

The preacher's kids had very few toys, if any, and no dolls. Because of growing up in the parsonage they often played church. Their congregation was as large as they made it. The more dolls they cut out of the Sears catalog the larger the congregation would be. Mallalieu was the preacher and Deborah was the personal worker who took the dolls to the altar. As Mallalieu preached the sermon Deborah became under conviction and couldn't wait for him to finish preaching so she could go to the altar. Mallalieu beat her on the back, the old fashioned Nazarene way. Deborah never doubted that she was born again at age five. Deborah ran downstairs where her mother was holding the baby and said, " Mommy, Mommy, I just got saved"!

In the early years of Wilson's ministry he shifted from one church to another, going to the church where he was most needed. He began in Long Beach, California, then went to Upland for two years and then returned to Long

Beach. He went between these two churches several times before going to Pasadena First Church in 1908. The membership at Pasadena First Church was about one hundred, a large church in those days. Wilson was there for three years. In 1911, Wilson resigned from his church in Pasadena to go into evangelistic work once again.

Mallalieu Wilson, son of W. C. Wilson, said his father was not a fanatical preacher. He naturally looked at both sides of a question before passing judgment. In some ways, he was influenced by a number of fanatical holiness people. Wilson knew how to use his unique wit to make the truth stand out. When preaching, Wilson brought humor into his messages when making suggestions where people differed.

In a matter of dress and adornment Wilson followed the policy of setting the example in his own dress as well of that of his family, but he never tried to tell others how to do it. Wilson did wear a silver watch rather than gold. Mallalieu said, my father never condemned others for wearing gold. The Sabbath was observed. When they had a cow and sold milk, Mallalieu delivered two quarts of milk on Saturday but none on Sunday. Mallalieu said when his father married his mother, Sarah, he informed her; there would be no cooking on Sunday. Sarah changed all that. When Wilson bought an orchard he had to take his turn

irrigating and sometime had to irrigate on Sunday since the water had to flow seven days.

Mallalieu tells an amusing story of the rigid codes that happened in 1907 while his father was pastor of the Upland, California, Nazarene Church. An old Kentucky evangelist friend of his father was holding a meeting in the Upland Nazarene Church. The evangelist was staying in a home in Ontario two miles away. For five cents the evangelist could step on the electric car and in a few minutes be taken near the church. On Sunday morning the evangelist realized to get to church he would have to ride the electric car. Since the evangelist scruples would not let him do this on Sunday, he phoned the deaconess in Upland and asked her husband to hitch up his horse and come pick him up. But the deaconess had her own scruples and wouldn't answer the phone on Sunday. This resulted in the evangelist calling Mallalieu's father. Mallalieu had to run to town a mile away and deliver the message to the deaconess. Her husband had to hitch his horse to the buggy, drive two miles to pick up the evangelist and two miles to bring him back. This saved the evangelist from having to pay five cents to the conductor on the electric car, which was stopping and starting at both places anyway. It made Sunday work necessary for the telephone girl, his father in

answering the phone, Mallalieu in running a mile over and a mile back, the deaconess's husband in hitching the horse and last of all the poor horse.

Mallalieu's father was dropping fanatical traditions fast but still had some that caused Mallalieu and his siblings to miss out on some good things. Mallalieu could not attend the elementary school graduation because it was held in a skating rink, the only place large enough. Mallalieu could not hear Madam Schuman sing to the school children at a free concert because she sang opera.

They were allowed to watch the Tournament of Roses parade in Pasadena on January 10, 1910. They did this from Dr, Kirks dental office on the third floor of the Chamber of Commerce building. On the way home from the parade crowds were lined up at every food serving place and Mallalieu's father toyed with the idea of having the church open a sandwich stand the next year, but nothing became of that. The holiness people had ridiculed raising money by church suppers. Of course they were not allowed to watch the chariot racing which was the afternoon event. Probably the horses enjoyed the races more than the spectators, but the directors decided to drop the races and put football in its place.

## PRECIOUS MEMORIES

As soon as Pasadena College was established, Wilson bought an acre of land a block north of Pasadena College on Sierra Bonita Street in Pasadena, California. The wood shingled house, with its screened in porch, was built large enough to accommodate his family comfortably. Several huge eucalyptus trees towered over the house and there was a cactus, loaded with cactus apples, in the back yard. The children spent many happy times there. Dr. John Goodwin lived two doors from the Wilson home and the children of the two families became friends.

Guy was the oldest of the eight children in the Wilson family. He became a Methodist pastor and evangelist. Bertha married Haldor Lillenas. Ruth was married to Charles Orin. Hallie married George Franklin a missionary to India. Mallalieu was the Registrar, as well as professor, at Northwest Nazarene College for many years. Janette the youngest child married Worth Runquist, who was in the printing business. Willard was a professor at the University of Hawaii, and Dean and acting President of the University for some time. Willard was offered the Presidency of the University, but turned it down. Deborah, my mother, was the second to the youngest of the Wilson children. She married Arthur F. Grobe, a Canadian and a



minister in the Church of the Nazarene. They pastored churches in Canada, California, Indiana and Michigan.

Being near the college had a great influence in the lives of the Wilson children. Their father was District Superintendent of the Southern California district, and was very much involved with the College. My mother, Deborah, practically grew up on the Pasadena College campus. She said it was a great privilege to attend grammar school, go through high school and a short term in College on the Pasadena campus. The college campus was used for many of the district gatherings. As a child, mother's fondest memories were that of the camp meetings. The services were held in a large tent with sawdust floors and seating for several hundred people. The large tent was surrounded by many rows of campers. The large eucalyptus trees made it a perfect place for camping. Since Deborah's father was district superintendent, he supervised all the preparations for the camp meetings. Mother said it was so much fun to move into their tent on the campus two weeks before the camp started. It was such a joy on the first day of the camp meetings. They were usually awakened by the prayer meeting that took place in the large tent at six o'clock in the morning. The Wilson tent was usually across from Dr. Bresee's. Dr. Orpha Speicher's family was nearby. It was

a thrill when Dr. Bresee gathered the children around his tent and talked to them. Those were such wonderful days and the spirit of the Lord filled the campus with His blessings. The altars at the camp meeting were always lined with seekers."

My Mother was thrilled when Dr. Bresee would visit their home. The Bresees lived in Los Angeles and Dr. Bresee often spent time in Wilson's home, especially on Sunday afternoons, when he needed a rest before the evening service. Dr. Bresee and Wilson worked closely, promoting the church and traveling together.

The children thought of Dr. Bresee as being angelic. My mother said, "I remembered him as being an old man and somewhat feeble with white hair. As a child I thought of Dr. Bresee as being like Santa Claus as he was such a kind old man. He loved children and always took time for them." Mother remembered special times in her life spent with Dr. Bresee on a Sunday afternoon. Dr. Bresee would come home with Wilson to rest before the evening service. One Sunday afternoon he came to mother's room and took her by the hand. She didn't remember exactly what he said, but could remember him saying "child, child." Dr Bresee held her hand and took time to talk with a 9-year-old freckle face girl. His presence was one of Deborah's fondest memories. Mother

had always dreamed of going to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bresee. Deborah's father traveled the old red streetcar from Pasadena to Los Angeles to the Bresee home many times. In 1910 it was a major trip from Pasadena to Los Angeles, even if you had an automobile. Deborah had pestered her father for a long time to go with him when he went to visit Dr. and Mrs. Bresee in Los Angeles. She was finally allowed to go with her father and what a thrill it was as the old streetcar rumbled along. As they reached the Bresee home, her father held her hand as they walked up the steps to the beautiful mansion. Each step she took her heart beat faster. No doubt Deborah felt she was about to walk into heaven. Because of her age mother doesn't remember everything about that visit. She remembered the beautiful black leather chair that Mrs. Bresee sat in. She remembered Mrs. Bresee's, immaculate black dress and dainty white collar. She remembered how kind Dr. Bresee was to her as a little girl who begged to tag along with her father and how patient her father was to put up with his little freckle faced 9-year-old daughter.

Mother never regretted being raised in a parsonage and cherished the blessings she received in her church and from its leaders. She was thrilled when she had the chance to share her memories of the early Church of the Nazarene, and

especially the part that her father played in its beginnings.

The newly formed church was shocked in 1915 when two of the General Superintendents were taken by death from the Church of the Nazarene within a month of each other. The following information was taken from a memorial booklet published in 1916 by the Associated Student Body of Pasadena College. "On November 13, 1915, Dr. Phineas F. Bresee founder and Senior Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene and his co-laborer in Christ, General Superintendent W.C. Wilson, on December 19, 1915 passed from life to after life to receive the reward which awaited them. Phineas F. Bresee and W. C. Wilson made the most of the glorious right to live on earth where they exemplified the power of God to make men good. These two heroic souls acted well their part. These men were both rich in grace through Divine goodness, pure in heart, and crowned with nobility's diadem because of an unselfish devotion to the Master's Kingdom."

## CHAPTER III

### A GIFT IN SONG

On one of the one hundred islands off the coast of Norway, five miles north of Bergan, lived the family of O. P. Lillenas, common, God loving people. Haldor Lillenas was born in 1886 and would later inspire thousands to sing his hymns. Haldor's father operated a country store in Norway. Haldor's mother sang as she worked and cared for the home. Haldor's father sold his business in Norway and migrated to the United States when Haldor was very young. When Haldor was two years old with his mother, his brother and sister crossed the Atlantic. The ship was a combination passenger and cattle boat going from Liverpool, England to Quebec, Canada. The trip was one to be remembered as it took two weeks with the ship being tossed and turned through stormy weather.

When the Lillenas family was reunited they made their way to South Dakota where their house was completed. In the pioneer days there were fewer people and fewer homes. Because of this, Haldor lived close to nature and it was easy to commune with God. The seeds of poetry and song were planted within his soul. After two years in South Dakota

the family moved to another pioneering section in northwestern Oregon. A new home was built with strong and rugged hand-sawed cedar logs. Haldor began to sing in his native tongue the old hymns he had learned in the old country. He sang in a rich contralto voice inherited from his mother. The next twelve years were spent in a Christian home where there was always plenty of hard work and diligent studying. When Haldor was seventeen he studied chemistry and quickly found a position in a laboratory, yet he always had a song in his heart.

Following the death of his mother, Haldor, left home, making his way through life. On a beautiful evening in Astoria, Oregon he was attracted to a gospel song service held on a street corner. Haldor, for the first time, heard a song that reminded him of his childhood, the family altars, the country church and Sunday school. God spoke to Haldor and he was deeply convicted. Two weeks later he was gloriously converted. Shortly after Haldor's experience with the street corner gospel service, God spoke to him about preaching the gospel. Haldor resigned his job and began preparing himself for full time service fulfilling his call to Christian service. Haldor was living in North Dakota at 19 when he composed his first song. After Haldor's conversion and over the next several years, he

wrote mostly sacred numbers and received little encouragement from anyone. He finally sold ten of his songs for fifty cents each. In Haldor's lifetime he wrote over thirty five hundred songs.

When Haldor was attending Deets Bible College in Los Angeles, California, he met and fell in love with Bertha Mae Wilson, talented daughter of W. C. Wilson. It was a great event for Bertha's brothers and sisters, when Haldor Lillenas started courting Bertha Mae.

Haldor went to Bertha's father, W. C. Wilson for permission to marry Bertha. Bertha talked to her father concerning this marriage and tried to convince "Papa" Wilson that Haldor was going to be a great songwriter. After attending Deets Bible College, Haldor entered the ministry in California. At the close of the school year Haldor Lillenas and Bertha Mae Wilson were united in marriage and labored together for thirty-one years as pastors, evangelists, musicians and writers of sacred music. In 1941, after many years of service and contribution to music literature in the church, Haldor received a honorary degree of Doctor of Music from Olivet Nazarene College in Kankakee, Illinois.

When Haldor was pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Indianapolis, Indiana, he came to a fork in the road in

his career as a minister. He was divided between his ministry and music career; he decided to go the music route. Bertha Lillenas became pastor of Indianapolis First Church after Haldor resigned. The Lillenas Publishing House was organized in 1924 in Indianapolis, Indiana. In 1930, the Lillenas Publishing house was sold to the Nazarene Publishing House of Kansas City, Missouri. Dr. Lillenas became the manager of the music department.

Haldor's pastor, J. W. Ellis, pastor of Pasadena First Church, said, "Deep were his roots in local soil in the Church of the Nazarene's fame. Spread like a fruitful tree he grew in our garden. His gentle spirit will forever be remembered as will his testimony for God. His laughter, clean, vibrant and sincere, can still be heard. His songs have no end. Generation after generation will speak of Haldor Lillenas and for this his home church is richer."

Uncle Haldor always had a wonderful sense of humor. Haldor and Bertha enjoyed traveling with their travel trailer. While they were traveling, they came into an area where strawberries were at the peak of the season and they took time to pick the berries. The berries were beautiful and they couldn't pick enough. They canned as many as they could, every nook and cranny in the trailer was loaded with canned strawberry preserves. As they were traveling, a



swift wind whipped the trailer and flipped it over on its side. Haldor got out, surveyed the damage and started laughing at what had happened. There were strawberry preserves thrown everywhere. I am sure he must have received an inspiration at that point for a new song.

On another trip, while traveling alone, Haldor had his car radio on and heard a beautiful hymn being sung. He could hardly wait until he reached the radio station in the next city to find out who had written it. He found out it was a song he had written.

After Haldor passed away his daughter, Evangeline, sent the following note to my mother. Evangeline wrote, " Aunt Deborah, This is a classic example of the Haldor Lillenas we knew so well, never stuffy really, but practical and down to earth even in the serious business of saving souls and selling songs, right? This is a copy of a poem I found in his record books, hand written, a sample of his sense of humor as a composer exhausted with writing Christmas program verses for children and saying I've had it!! I've run dry of rhymes. I can hear him laughing as he wrote it! I'll bet you can too!" Love, Evangeline.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY

This bright and lovely Christmas day  
It's quite too cold to mow the hay

I'm too lazy to think or pray  
This lovely Christmas day?

This very pretty dreary day  
I have no strength to loudly bray  
Or like a horse to shrilly neigh,  
This lovely Christmas day?

This very cloudy Christmas day  
I have not much to say  
So what's the use? Well any way  
It's a cloudy Christmas day???

This rosy posy Christmas day  
Not like the famed one horse shay  
That fell apart and rolled away  
Oh well, there's nothing more to say?

On second thought this Christmas day  
My hair is turning slightly gray  
But otherwise I am okay  
This happy Christmas day???

## CHAPTER IV

### BY FAITH ALONE

The need of a Bible College became more apparent as the church continued to expand. It was a great challenge for the small denomination. Jackson Deets, a charter member of the Church of the Nazarene in Upland, California, was a strong supporter of the church, especially financially. Wilson, Deets pastor, persuaded Deets to invest thirty-five thousand dollars to purchase a campus in Los Angeles. Dr. Bresee was never over enthusiastic about establishing a college as he had been involved with the University of Southern California and knew the hardships involved. Seven of Bresee's layman and women missionaries eventually persuaded Bresee to become the college president. Six years later, seven acres of land was purchased in North Hollywood with the hopes of moving the college, but this never materialized.

Wilson did not have the privilege of receiving a proper education himself so he felt it was very important that the church establish a Bible College. He wanted his preacher boys to be properly educated before entering the field of evangelism. In his travels, Wilson had located a track of land in Pasadena consisting of one hundred and

thirty four acres known as the Hughes ranch. In the center of the property was the old ranch mansion. As Wilson stood on the old ranch property he had visions of taking a portion of that land and sub-dividing it, selling lots and using the remainder of the property for the college.

All were not in agreement with the purchasing of this land. Dr. John Goodwin, district superintendent at this time was not in agreement with the move, nor was Dr. Bresee. With much opposition, Wilson's convictions continued to be strong that a college should be established on this ground. Dr. Bresee said many times that, "Wilson had presumptuous faith to think that our small denomination could undertake such a large project."

In 1910, the Bible College, a very small and weak one, moved to Pasadena, California. The move to Pasadena was very difficult, especially with the financing. One of the great supporters of the college was Dr. John Goodwin who eventually became business manager. Even though Goodwin was not in agreement with the move from the Los Angeles campus to Pasadena, he agreed that they would make a down payment of twenty five thousand dollars on the Hughes Ranch; with a mortgage payment of twenty eight thousand five hundred dollars a year until the total of one hundred fifty five thousand dollars was paid.

In 1911 it was obvious that the school was in deep trouble. They had reserved 50 acres for the university campus and the remaining 84 acres were to be subdivided into building lots. Dr. Goodwin feared that they would not be able to make the annual payment of \$28,500 dollars. When Dr. Bresee realized he was in trouble, he looked to Dr. Goodwin as the one to save and pull them out of bankruptcy. Dr. Bresee talked Goodwin into resigning as district superintendent and joining the staff. They sold residential lots to get the college out of bankruptcy. Some of these lots were sold to Nazarene families wanting to live near the college. Bresee knew John was a wonderful spiritual man and a guarantee to the college for pulling them out of a very difficult situation. For the next twenty years the college was always on the brink of financial problems.

Dr. Bresee invited one of his "sons in the gospel", H. Orton Wiley, a home mission pastor in San Jose, California to become vice president of Pasadena College. Wiley developed a curriculum for a liberal arts college. The first class to graduate from the new liberal arts college took place in 1912. In 1913 Wiley became president of Pasadena College and in 1915 he left for Berkeley to continue his education. He then went to Northwest Nazarene College where he became President. In 1926 Pasadena College

was again in trouble financially and for the second time Dr. Wiley returned to Pasadena College. In 1933 for the third time Dr. Wiley returned to Pasadena College following Dr. Nease and remained here until he went to Kansas City, Missouri to become editor of the Herald of Holiness, the denomination magazine.

#### TIMES OF TESTING

During the time W. C. Wilson was superintendent of the Southern California District, some very serious problems affected the college, as well as the new denomination. As soon as the college was established in Pasadena, Wilson bought an acre of land on Sierra Bonita Street, a block from the college. He built a house near the college where his children could be influenced. Wilson was very active in the college, as well as the church at this time.

Financial problems were not the only problems that overshadowed the college. Dr. Seth Rees, pastor of the college church, decided to begin his own denomination and Bible school on Hill Street, a short distance from Pasadena College. He took members from the Nazarene church he pastored, and students from Pasadena College to begin his new organization. This was a threat to Pasadena College, as well as the new denomination.

Wilson was very careful to keep the problems of the church and the college from his family. Wilson's wife Sarah knew little of the problems that existed. Guy, the oldest of the Wilson children, knew more about the problems than Sarah, his mother. When his mother, Sarah Wilson, died in January 31 1955, Guy wrote a letter to his brother Mallalieu and sister Deborah. In this letter to Mallalieu and Deborah, my mother, Guy shared knowledge of the problems of the new church that he had never shared with anyone. Guy expressed the disappointment that the church denomination that his father served so acceptably did not make any inquiry into the financial or other needs of the Wilson family at the passing of his father or offered any assistance to Sarah. Guy stated that the church was not well organized in those days. Guy could not forget either that Dr. Bresee had made some rather harsh remarks about Papa Wilson when Wilson bought the humble ground where the college began. Guy knew the sacrificial life of his father, Wilson and the harsh remarks and comments made by those apposing Wilson's hard work and commitment in acquiring the ground for the college didn't set well with Guy. Sometime after the land was acquired for the Pasadena campus, Seth Rees had a vision that he was called to begin a new denomination and he left to form the Pilgrim Holiness

Church. Guy told Mallalieu and Deborah the one blessing of being young and innocent paid off for them, as they were not in the know of the turbulent days in the church beginnings. Guy wrote that he was not sure Sarah, his mother, knew too much about the inner workings of the assortment of personalities who had fallen into or "crashed" the door of the newly promoted Nazarene Church. Guy wrote that the Church of the Nazarene was in its formative period and thanked God it came through successfully. Dr. Guy Wilson was a Methodist minister in Bangor, Maine, when this letter was written.

My mother, Deborah spent most of her early life on the Pasadena College campus going to grammar school, through the academy and a few years in college. Mother sensed a problem on the campus, especially in the chapel services. One of the rules made clear in the chapel services was that "No one from the Pasadena college campus was to go near the Rees church yard." Mother found very soon how serious this problem was.

One of the first clues Deborah had was when she and her father were walking to the college campus from their home. Wilson saw Dr. Rees coming up the street on the other side. As they approached each other Wilson said, "Deborah I want you to witness this. See if Dr. Rees will speak to



me". As they approached Dr. Rees, Wilson shouted: "Hello Dr. Rees" There was no response. The second and third time he shouted, "Hello Dr. Rees" with no response. Rees continued walking in silence.

While Wilson was holding a meeting in another city, he contacted Sarah his wife, and told her that the children should not stay at the college church that was in turmoil, but that they should go back to Pasadena First Church where he had been pastor. This was difficult for the Wilson children because this had been their home church and they would be leaving their close friends, especially the Rees's children.

Dr. E. F. Walker President of the college could hardly drive by and look at the Rees' church. Rhoda Staples a close friend of my mother, Deborah, knew the Walkers well, as Rhoda's sister was married to Dr. Walker's son. Rhoda and Deborah had both been brought up in the church and their backgrounds were much the same. Paul Rees and my mother, Deborah had been close friends. Rhoda and Deborah decided they were going to the new Pilgrim Holiness church to hear Paul Rees preach his first sermon, even though it would be against the rules of the college. When they arrived, the church was full and they couldn't get through the doors. Rhoda and Deborah found a couple of apple boxes

to stand on so they could see Paul through the windows. They heard Paul Rees preach his first sermon.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker lived on the campus of the college where Rhoda and Deborah would drop by periodically. Mother said that it was always so much fun when Mrs. Walker would read them stories. After Deborah and Rhoda heard Paul Rees preach his first sermon they decided to go by the Walkers and have Mrs. Walker read them a story. They walked up the stairs and knocked on the front door. When Mrs. Walker came to the door she said: "Where have you girls been?" "We just went over to hear Paul Rees preach his first sermon". "You shouldn't have been there." She slammed the door. Mrs. Walker never read them another story. They then realized how serious the problem was. Deborah's mother, Sarah was on the faculty when the incident came up in the faculty meeting. Deborah's mother Sarah said, "If it hadn't been for me being in that faculty meeting, both you and Rhoda would have been expelled." It was about this time that a great number of students and faculty members left the school, some going to Northwest Nazarene College. In the end there were just about a hundred left on the Pasadena campus.

Deborah never forgot the time when Dr. Rees came to the back door of their home with an envelope in his hand to

be given to her father, Wilson. Mother Wilson recognized Rees's voice and told Deborah to stop Dr. Rees. Mother Wilson intercepted him at the front and asked Dr. Rees to please come in. This is when Sarah's husband, W. C. Wilson was at the point of death. Dr. Rees was very hesitant about coming in. Mother Wilson said, "I want you to see papa." Wilson was still conscious and Rees entered the room where Wilson was lying. When Wilson looked up he said, "Oh Brother Rees, please pray." Dr. Rees prayed a beautiful prayer. In those last few moments of Wilson's life, all of the misunderstandings of the past had disappeared and all had been forgiven. Shortly after, Wilson went to heaven. The Wilson family was happy that the last few minutes Dr. Rees and Wilson had together were pleasant, as they were Wilson's final moments on earth. Dr. Rees took part in Wilson's funeral service.

In the 1920's and 1930's there was a major crises involving the philosophy of education. The philosophy of a larger university was not the same as that of a Bible College, where the emphasis was strictly on "theology", disregarding all other alternatives theoretically. The need was to require and teach not only religion, but also to integrate Christian faith with a broader liberal arts study. Dr. H. Orton Wiley was able to accomplish this as he

had a seminary, as well as a liberal arts training. He felt that his philosophy of teaching psychology and integrating it into the Christian faith and Christian psychology in life was important. He knew there was a direct challenge and opportunity there. Dr. Wiley never instructed or told his professors in the college what to teach. He expected his professors to be good spiritual Christians. He felt that a person saved and sanctified and wanting the will of God, would find a way to do anything.

Much later at the end of World War II and this new day for the college, came the philosophy of modern secularism. It wasn't anything new in the universities in the United States. It originated in the 1890's in Britain and Germany, just treating the Bible as another book. From England came the doctrine of organic evolution with its materialistic, agnostic emphasis, which now became a major aspect of the American culture. It had been so subtle that Dr. Purkiser, the college president and others were probably aware of what was happening in the college but was not sure what to do about it. Some professors raised the question concerning the virgin birth of Christ. Many of these issues seemed to have developed as a result of the impact of the increasing secular nature of the American society, in thought and light, as well as in education. Through this experience the

college lost a number of scholarly men. Dr. Paul Culbertson said: We could get into a terrible conflict over meaning of words." Dr. Wiley had his favorite saying:, "If you get into a mental fall, pay attention to the definition of terms."

There were good things that came from changes and struggles over those turbulent years. Some of the greatest revivals broke out during these hard times and God showered his blessings on the old Pasadena campus. As we enter the Point Loma University campus each week to attend church, I think of the difficult times the college faced in the early 1900's.

## CHAPTER V

### A CALL TO CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

How blessed we are to have faculty members on our campuses in the Church of the Nazarene, who have answered God's call to serve in the field of Christian Education. Their calls didn't come without struggles; God led each one in their own respective way to reach their goals. I would like to share with you short biographies of three men who were faculty members for many years on the campus of Point Loma Nazarene University. These men all came in contact with the Church of the Nazarene in its very beginning.

Dr. Paul Culbertson dedicated his life to the church and the University that he served. Arriving on the Pasadena campus in 1941, Paul spent thirty-four years on the faculty of Point Loma Nazarene University, serving seventeen of those years as Dean of the University. He served the Church of the Nazarene for over eighty-five years.

Paul's grandparents were typical early pioneers. They survived the Civil War, and then traveled from Missouri to the West Coast. His parents were married in 1895, becoming pioneers in Southern Oregon. Dr. Paul Culbertson was born in Ashland, Oregon in 1905. That same year, P.F. Bresee, founder of the Church of the Nazarene on the West Coast,

established a Nazarene Church, in Ashland, Oregon. Paul's parents were wonderful Christians and devoted to God and their church. They had been members of the Methodist Church but when Bresee organized the Nazarene church in Ashland, they became members of the new church.

As a child, one of the things that stood out in Paul's mind was his pastor Rev. Langdon in the Ashland church. Paul remembered that Rev. Langdon had been a railroad engineer before becoming a minister and illustrated sermons and other events, by displaying many red and green lights in his church. Rev. Langdon left the Ashland church just after the great earthquake of 1906 and established the Church of the Nazarene in San Francisco, California.

Paul said: "The early church as he recalled it was marked by a conservative, typical juggle in finding reality in the Christian faith." Through this period, teenagers went through experiences that were largely emotional and not clearly understood. The church would have revivals at least twice a year with strong preaching and Paul would go to the altar quite often. The reason for this up and down experience was not only the way evangelists preached, but also the very strong evangelistic emphasis. The church, as Paul remembered it in his youth, was a small group and not at all popular. It required a real commitment to the church

and to its doctrine, which was that of Sanctification or Holiness.

As a boy, Paul remembered a typical Sunday morning service as strongly evangelistic, as well as doctrinal. A typical sermon was the two-fold nature of sin, an act of disobedience to God's law, and a condition of being, which resulted in the fall of man. This needed to be corrected and directed into the experience of entire Sanctification. The program in the church at that time was not designed adequately to provide stability for teenagers as they moved into their later teens and then adulthood. Paul thought of the changes in the program of today which has a much greater awareness of the fact that people in a transitional period need special programs and special understanding for the problems they face.

Paul's parents were poor farmers in a small town, where the standard of living was more middle class. After Paul graduated from high school, he was determined to make something of his life and go to college. He said: "I am going to rise above the situation." Paul's uncle, Lawrence Scott Wiley, had been the Sunday school superintendent in the Ashland Nazarene Church for thirty-five years and was on the board of Trustees at Pasadena College. Paul's uncle Lawrence was a wonderful Christian and had a great



influence in Paul's life. Paul was dependent upon his uncle's guidance through these difficult times.

Paul heard of people making three hundred dollars a month in other professions. This was an excellent salary at that time, so Paul went to the University of Oregon for one year where he planned to become an accountant. Paul started to think about other alternatives. Paul had always been interested in his science classes in high school and decided to switch to that field. Paul heard about the University of California in Berkeley so he decided to attend there for his science. He didn't have much luck at Berkeley as he was competing with engineers that had a much better background than he had. The next year Paul took a test in psychology getting through it without much effort. It was at this point that he decided he wanted to become a psychologist. Paul did very well and after five years he became the assistant in the Dept. of Psychology. Paul went on to get his Masters Degree and by the time he had completed his Masters his finances were completely exhausted.

While at Berkeley, majoring in psychology, the whole atmosphere was atheistic. Paul attended the Nazarene church in Berkeley, a good church with good people who were on fire for God. The atmosphere of the university was

confusing to Paul and he wasn't sure if he had ever been converted. Whatever experience he claimed to have was purely emotional. Paul really never had intellectual insight as to the meaning of conversion. He heard sermons every Sunday morning on Holiness. The sermons started out by a definition of the two-fold nature of sin. Before Paul knew it, all the hope he had in the church had evaporated and he became agnostic.

Paul was suffering from depression and had run out of resources. He was desperate for meaning and purpose in his life and was confused with what his parents and the church had taught him. Paul had a deepened conflict within his soul and knew he had a real spiritual need. The people in the Berkeley church were good spiritual people and knew Paul had a special need and they prayed earnestly for him. One evening, with just a simple sermon, Paul went forward. It made all the difference in the world to Paul and his family as well.

Paul once again returned to Oregon and went into the apple business with his brother. The fruit business was no bed of roses, so he got out of that business as soon as possible. Paul's father owned the ranch that they were able to sell and this gave Paul the means to get started again.

Paul went back to the University of Oregon. Things began to turn around for Paul, not only in studying, but also in his teaching of Western American history. This was a field that was very interesting to him because of his grandparents and their experiences in pioneering. Within four years Paul had earned his Masters in History. It was at this time that Paul met Jessie, a youth director in a nearby Nazarene Church. Jessie was very talented. She was gifted in poetry and art, and some of the music she wrote was published. Paul and Jessie were married two years later in 1938. Jessie was a devoted wife and Christian.

Dr. H. Ortin Wiley, President of Pasadena College kept in touch with Paul during his attendance at the University of Oregon. While Dr. Wiley was in Oregon to perform Paul's wedding ceremony, Dr. Wiley persuaded Paul to join the faculty at Pasadena College. It was not an easy decision for Paul to make, as he had many opportunities in the History Department at the University of Oregon.

In 1941, Paul left the University of Oregon to join the faculty of Pasadena College. He said; "I never regretted one moment teaching in a Christian College in the Church of the Nazarene. I was able to influence scores of my students, and today these students can do as much in a week as I did during my whole life time." Paul taught at

Point Loma Nazarene University thirty-four years and was Dean of the University for seventeen of those years. Many of those years were troublesome years. He retired in 1975. Paul stated, that he had a definite call to teach in a Christian school, but was never called to become a dean.

Dr. Cecil Miller dedicated his life to Christian Education. God blessed his 44 years of service on the faculty of Point Loma Nazarene University and Bethany College. His father was a native of Pennsylvania and his mother a native of Indiana. Cecil's father later traveled to Oklahoma where he pioneered. Cecil was born in 1915 in Oklahoma and was raised there. His parents were wonderful Christians and took Cecil to church for the first time when he was three weeks old. When his mother was attending church one Sunday morning, she was pushing his buggy down the stairs when the front of the buggy fell out and Cecil fell out on his head. Cecil claims, "This was the reason for the curious behavior that he has shown over the years."

Cecil's mother had been attending a church with different ideas about the doctrine of Holiness that she was unable to agree with, so she started attending the Church of the Nazarene. These were good years in Cecil's life, being raised in such a wonderful church. The membership of about two hundred fifty was considered a good size church

for that day. There were about fifty young people and the church had an orchestra. The membership was a mixture of city folks and farmers.

Cecil states that the Sunday school was responsible for his early Christian development. One of his early chums over the years was William, (Bill), Fisher. They were in the same Sunday school class and Bill's mother was their teacher. Reverend Bill Fisher served the Church of the Nazarene for many years as an evangelist. Cecil has always had a high respect for the Fisher family.

One significant influence that touched Cecil's life was the Wednesday night prayer service that usually started at 7:30 and continued until 9:30 or when ever people finished testifying. Cecil joined the church when he was 9 years of age and was always very active in his church and in his teens he became the church treasurer. He felt the church definitely contributed to his development as a Christian. Cecil felt God had a plan for his life and in 1932 he received a definite call to Christian service. After graduating from high school in 1933, Cecil was unable to continue his education. The years of the great depression had set in and things were very difficult financially. In 1936, Cecil was finally able to attend the Bethany Nazarene College in Bethany, Oklahoma. He received

his Bachelor of Theology in 1940 and his Bachelor of Arts in 1941. Cecil was class president in his senior year.

After Cecil graduated from college, Dr. O. J. Finch, District Superintendent, approached him about taking a position as pastor for a Home Mission church in Pratt, Kansas. When Cecil became pastor, the church was in a need of purchasing property. During World War II it was a struggle to buy property. They were successful in finding suitable property and were able to build a new church. God blessed Cecil's ministry and there was a good increase in attendance.

Cecil felt a definite calling to Christian Education. In 1945, he made his way to California. He had friends there and was interested in attending the University of California. After attending the University of California, Cecil contacted Dr. H. Orton Wiley, President of Pasadena College concerning the possibilities of teaching. He was hired in 1948. Cecil's pastor in Los Angeles was responsible for helping him get acquainted with Pasadena College. Cecil was one of the last professors hired by Dr. Wiley before Wiley retired.

Dr. Cecil Miller felt it a real privilege to sit under the ministry of Dr. Wiley, especially in the chapel services. Dr. Wiley was a warmhearted man with the

knowledge of scripture, and a joy to be around. Cecil remembered Dr. Wiley saying; " One of the best ways to die young, is to be around young people and try to keep up with them." Dr. Wiley loved being around young people.

When Cecil arrived on the Pasadena campus, he taught Old and New Testament, as well as Theology. When the registrar of the college passed away in 1952, Cecil became the new registrar. When Cecil was hired, he asked Dr. Culbertson what the qualifications were to fill the job. Culbertson said he had noticed that he could type, so that was one of the qualifications. Cecil enjoyed the registrar position, as his job included that of admissions that gave Cecil the opportunity to get acquainted with the students. He enjoyed helping the students through their academic years of school and helping them prepare for graduate school.

When Pasadena College moved to San Diego, Cecil gave up the registrar part of his job at the request of Dr. Shelburn Brown and worked only in admissions. Dr. Brown felt this was very important, especially with the College moving into a new area. The college wanted to interview everyone who made application in order that they might know the value of the college, and the qualities of the academic program. Cecil felt it was a great privilege to work in

this area and felt he was at the front door of the college sharing its value with people.

Cecil said: " I feel like Christopher Wren, a fine architect for many fine cathedrals in England. Upon being congratulated for the building of these cathedrals, his response was, ' I have not made the cathedrals but the cathedrals have made me, because they have given me the opportunity to respond to something that is beyond me'." Cecil felt the same way regarding his contribution to the University, and to the Church of the Nazarene. Cecil said, "It has given me the opportunity to respond and to grow through some of the crisis years and many of the good years. It has been a delight". Dr. Cecil Miller served Point Loma Nazarene University until he retired in 1984. He said, "I have a high respect for the Church of the Nazarene because it has given me the opportunity to develop and grow. It has been a joy to be in Christian fellowship." Cecil and his wife Irene were both devoted to the will of God.

Dr. James H. Jackson Sr. spent 44 years on the Pasadena and Point Loma Nazarene University campuses and was admired by his students and the faculty for his dedicated Christian life. Dr. James Jackson Sr. was born in South Dakota where his father built schoolhouses. His



mother had been associated with the Church of God out of Anderson Indiana. The Jackson family moved from place to place, wherever his father could find work. His family had been attending the Christian Church or the Methodist Church.

The Jackson's moved to Bellflower, California in 1933. Jim found a Presbyterian Church where he could attend Sunday school but wasn't happy there. Two blocks from the Jackson home, Jim found a little old wood tabernacle with a sign in front: "The Church of the Nazarene." One Sunday Jim gathered the other siblings and attended this little church. He found three or four other boys his age attending as well, so this was an attraction to him. He found the people very friendly. He always attended Sunday school, but never stayed for church. There was a large lady, Mrs. Beebee, who would always meet the children at the door as they were leaving Sunday school. Every Sunday Jim would have to pass Mrs. Beebee on the way out of the church and she would ask him if he was staying for church and how he was doing spiritually. After a while he found another way out of the church so he wouldn't have to pass Mrs. Beebee.

Shortly after Jim began attending the church, the pastor passed away. The new pastor was Rev. W. T. Purkiser. This was Purkiser second pastorate and he pastored this

church for about two years. Dr. Purkizer had a great influence in the life of Jimmy Jackson. Dr. Purkizer eventually became the president of Pasadena College.

In high school Jim became interested in a group called the Fisherman's Club, a Bible study group, associated with the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. With the Nazarene influence and the strong emphasis of this Bible study group that met once a week, Jim had a foundation to grow in his spiritual life. During this time, he felt a strong call to Christian service and searched for God's will as to whether he should preach or teach.

In 1937, James Jackson Sr. attended Pasadena College to prepare for and find God's will for his life. When Jim arrived, Pasadena College had already been there seventeen years. For the first year, Jimmy stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Purkizer. There were several individuals on the campus that especially influenced his life during this time. Jim remembered having a class with C. W. Ruth, Dr. Oliver Winchester, Dr. H. Orton Wiley, and Dr. John Goodwin who had been District Superintendent and later, General Superintendent. He remembered Dr. C.W. Widmeyer sitting in his chair and remarking, " I put a lot into this institution." Jim said that Dr. and Mrs. Widmeyer did

contribute to the college and Dr. Widmeyer was at one time the college president.

Jim and Alice were married in 1944 and he was ordained the same year. During World War II, Jim and Alice were associate pastors of the First Church of the Nazarene in Oakland, California where many military families attended. This, he said, was a blessing in itself. In 1945, Jimmy was asked by the Merced Nazarene Church to come to their church and preach a trial sermon. This was an experience Jim has never forgotten. Upon arrival Jim and Alice were put up in a hotel for the night. The next morning they made their way to the church. Jim went to the pulpit to deliver the message of the morning; looked down at his Bible for his prepared notes for the morning and evening services, to find no notes. He had nothing to go on. Jim said, "There was some hasty development of a sermon and the Lord helped me get through those services and they called me to become their new pastor."

James Jackson Sr. always attempted to follow the complete will of God in everything he did. In 1948, he realized that the Lord had spoken to him during the night and the message he received was that he should go into the field of education. Jim told his wife Alice about his feeling, how God had spoken to him about going into the

field of education. Alice said, " That would be something I could agree with." They decided they would not talk about it for a week, but only pray. At the end of the week the Jackson's talked about it again and Jim told Alice he felt his calling was still there in the field of education. This went on for about a month.

Dr. James Jackson Sr. believed the lives of young people were at a crucial stage and at this point and time they would need help in making critical decisions. He saw the need not only in teaching, but also in being a guide.

Following the leadership of the Holy Spirit, James Jackson Sr. contacted Dr. Purkizer, the acting president, and soon to become president of the college. Dr. Wiley was going to retire. Jim felt he had received a definite call into the field of education. Dr. Purkizer was the evangelist at the camp meeting of the Northern California District being held at the Beulah Park campground in Santa Cruz, California. Jim called Dr. Purkizer and asked to see him. He had some personal things he needed to talk to him about. Upon meeting with Dr. Purkizer and before Jim could say anything, Dr. Purkizer said, "You know, I think I know what you want to talk to me about. You are thinking you might want to come to the college." Jim inquired as to what his thoughts would be. Dr. Purkizer replied: " I think

we could use someone in the Speech Department." Jim said, "All right, that is where the Lord wants me."

Jim hadn't mentioned anything to the church yet, but he visited the college in Pasadena and saw Dr. Wiley. Wiley said, " You know I have wanted you at the college for a long time." Mrs. Wiley was standing close by and began clapping her hands and shouting, "Praise the Lord." This was reassuring to Jim. He then talked to Mrs. Huff who was a long time friend and the Registrar at the college. Mrs. Huff said, " Jim I want to tell you something. Several of us have talked about your coming to Pasadena College, but we agreed that we would say nothing to you but that we would only pray." When she said this, Jim and Alice were convinced that this was something God had been working on for their lives for a long time. So the Jackson's Sr. resigned their church in Merced and went to Pasadena College in the summer of 1949, just in time for summer school.

This was not an easy move for Jim and Alice, because it meant the salary would be much less than they were making in their church. The church in Merced had furnished them with a parsonage to live in. They really didn't know how they would make it, but they took one step of faith at a time, and God walked with them. Jim ended up doing

gardening on the side. Alice took in laundry, as well as cleaning houses, to make ends meet. The college told Jim that he should go to a university to continue his education. While he was teaching full time, he was also able to study and received his Masters and P. H. D. in Rhetoric and speech. It took him eight years to accomplish this goal.

In the 1950's there were some troubled times with disagreements among some of the faculty members. Dr. Purkizer left Pasadena College to teach at the Nazarene Seminary in Kansas City Missouri and Russell V. Delong became president. In 1960 when Dr. O. J. Finch became president, he asked Jimmy to become the Dean of Students. Jim had mixed feelings about this assignment as he enjoyed teaching. He wasn't sure that he wanted to give up teaching. After much thought and prayer he became the new dean. When he became dean, Jimmy discovered that he was still a minister dealing with the needs of the students and being involved in counseling. Jim saw himself as a servant of God helping and contributing to the lives of young people. The scripture that became a guiding principle as Dean of Students was a scripture found in James 3:17, "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy

and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Jim enjoyed this experience and also taught a few classes so he could stay alive and active in his professional field.

While Jim was Dean, Dr. and Mrs. Finch had a terrible accident and Mrs. Finch was killed. Of course Dr. Finch was in a state of shock, as well as the school. While Dr Finch was hospitalized, Jim was called to his bedside to help carry on the business of the college. Dr. Finch resigned in 1964 as president.

Dr. Shelburn Brown became the new president of Pasadena College. He was one of the long term and strong presidents in the history of the university. He had all the qualifications for his position. He had been a district superintendent as well as a pastor and had all the administrative qualifications needed to become the new president. Dr. Shelburn Brown had an influence of moving the college through a transition period in the 60's, a decade of turmoil and social unrest and eventually into the 70's enabling it to become a contemporary college and " a truly professional institution."

Dr. James Jackson Sr. never forgot when Dr. Shelburn Brown called the faculty together and announced that the Board of Trustees had voted to move Pasadena College to a

new campus in San Diego, California. Jackson asked himself "How does one move a college over a hundred miles to another city, leaving behind all the hard work that had been done, as well as many years of memories?" The college would take over the United States International campus in San Diego, California. The following day a group of faculty members drove down to the new campus. They toured the campus and met with the faculty and administrators.

The new campus, sitting on the coastal cliffs overlooking the Pacific Ocean, was a beautiful sight. They were all impressed. As they returned to the old campus, things began to move. They had the summer to relocate the college. The faculty members found that homes in San Diego were selling for fifteen thousands dollars or more than what they could sell their homes for in Pasadena. Dr. Jimmy Jackson and Alice spent weekends searching for a home in San Diego. The spouses of faculty members, who had teaching jobs in Pasadena, would be losing their jobs that were irreplaceable in San Diego. The Lord did guide the Jacksons and they were able to move into a beautiful home. Approximately six weeks after the fall semester began, Alice got a call for a teaching position at a school just a short distance from their home, something that people said



could not happen. She taught in the San Diego district for eight years.

A decision made by Dr. Shelburn Brown and the Board of Trustees to leave Pasadena after sixty-three years, was no small matter. The purchase price of nine million dollars would not be easy to come by. Many of the buildings on the new campus were in need of major repair. Repairs would take time and money to accomplish. The visionary Brown believed it was an act of faith worth taking. In a quiet but compelling way, Dr. Brown urged everyone to put his or her doubts aside and move to San Diego. God worked through him in a beautiful way. Dr. Cecil Miller said, "Things happen when the Lord opens the door." Dr. Miller quoted one as saying: "Shelburn Brown didn't wait for the Lord to open the door, but he kicked it in." Cecil said, " If we had written a script of what we wanted the Lord to do for us we would not have written it as beautiful as it turned out to be."

#### THE SPIRIT MOVES

Another transition came into existence when Pasadena College moved to San Diego. In 1907, Dr. John Goodwin, a pioneer General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, held a three-month revival meeting in San Diego.

He invited Dr. Bresee to organize the First Church of the Nazarene in San Diego and Dr. Goodwin became its first pastor. Dr. Goodwin later became the field representative for Pasadena College

During the seventy-one years that Pasadena College was in the Los Angeles, Pasadena area, the college was always blessed with the presence of many strong Nazarene churches. This was a matter of concern, when the college moved to San Diego with no local churches in the area surrounding Point Loma College. Within two years of the college moving to San Diego in 1973, several people on the campus, along with several members of San Diego First Church, organized the Point Loma Community Nazarene Church. For some time services were held in a public school, but later moved to the campus. Services were then held in Goodwin Chapel, already existing on the campus when the property was purchased.

In 1981, after much discussion, study, prayer and in-depth consultation with the leaders of Point Loma College, San Diego First Church of the Nazarene along with the Point Loma Community Nazarene Church agreed to merge. It was agreed that the college, along with San Diego First Church would construct an 1800 seat sanctuary. The building would be planned, financed and constructed as a multipurpose

structure on the campus of Point Loma College, to be used by the church and college. For several months, while the building was being constructed the congregation met in the college gymnasium. Dr. Mel Rich was dedicated to this construction task and did a magnificent job of moving his congregation from their location in the central section of San Diego to the Point Loma Campus. The dedication of this building took place on November 23, 1986. Almost 14 years to the day, under the leadership of Dr. Norman Shoemaker, San Diego First Church broke ground for a beautiful educational unit that was completed in 2002, having a commanding view of the skyline of downtown San Diego. God has blessed San Diego First Church.

## CHAPTER VI

### PIONEERING IN INDIA

In the early Christian church, disciples ministered to the physical needs of the people and this ministry has been carried down through the ages. In 1897 a Christian group sailed to India to spread the Gospel of Christ to a rural section of western central India and this group united with the Church of the Nazarene in 1907. India is considered the oldest missionary field entered by the Church of the Nazarene. Dr. Hiram F. Reynolds was a strong leader of this early mission and a man destined to become General Superintendent, as well as Missions Secretary in the new Church of the Nazarene. Dr. Reynolds was born in 1854 near Chicago, Illinois. He was converted at age 29. In 1907 at the Chicago General Assembly, Dr. Hiram F. Reynolds was elected as General Superintendent to serve with Dr. P. F. Bresee in the Church of the Nazarene.

Early Nazarene missionaries had not been trained in the medical field at the time. These early missionaries followed basic hygiene and used common medicines to treat diseases. Under these conditions and with the knowledge they possessed, the missionaries did the best they could.

"In 1913, after becoming General Superintendent, Dr. Reynolds took a nine-month world mission tour. Arriving in India by ship in 1914, he traveled through the villages where the Nazarene missionaries were living and working. He saw that the village people, especially the women and children, needed medical help. The facilities there were limited and Dr. Reynolds was deeply touched and concerned.

After Dr. Reynolds world tour, he returned to his home in New England. He shared his feelings with his wife and discovered she too, shared his compassion for the people of India. With the strain of this heavy burden, Mrs. Reynolds shared with other women in the Church of the Nazarene, especially on the New England district. As the women shared ideas with one another they decided to raise funds to build, equip, and maintain a small hospital in India. This seemed an impossible task. Mrs. Reynolds and the women on the district prayed earnestly that God would lead them into this new outreach.

Mrs. Reynolds had a beautiful Oriental carpet that she treasured and that complemented her home. She knew that if she were to sell the carpet, it would bring a good sum of money. She decided this would be the first contribution toward the funding of a new hospital in India. Others on

the district joined her in contributing funds and soon the enthusiasm spread to the New York district. <sup>1</sup>

Orpha Speicher was born August 5, 1907, on the western coast of California, the same year that Dr. Reynolds became General Superintendent. Orpha's grandfather became ill with tuberculosis and moved to California. Orpha's father followed his parents to Los Angeles, California two years later. When the Speicher's moved to California they were attending the Evangelical German Church and the congregation was still speaking German. The Speicher family looked for a church that spoke English and found a small church that was a satellite of Dr. Bresee's church. Orpha was taken to this church at three months old and attended there until she was eleven years old. Orpha prayed asking God to take the sin out of her heart and was converted at the age of five. The Lord touched Orpha's life in a special way. After Orpha's conversion she always tried to be a good Christian. When Orpha was seven years old, her parents took her to hear Dr. Bresee preach in Los Angeles, California. This stood out as a highlight in Orpha's life. She remembered sitting in the balcony of the old Los Angeles First Church where the children loved to sit, because they could get a better view of what was going on.

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Orpha joined the Bresee Avenue Church of the Nazarene in Pasadena, California in 1922, under the leadership of Dr. D. Shelby Corlett and became a charter member of that church. When Orpha was sixteen years old, a missionary from India spoke in their church and asked if there were young people who were willing to dedicate their lives completely to the Lord. In this service of dedication, Orpha received her call to be a missionary to India. When she graduated from high school she wanted to go on to a higher scholastic school. She always did well in school and decided to attend Pasadena College. She heard Dr. Wiley preach just before school started. He spoke of missionaries who had completed their education and were on the field: Esther Winans and others. At Pasadena, Orpha majored in liberal arts trying to find her best major for a missionary.

Orpha wrote to Dr. J. B. Morrison and she inquired as to what she should study. Morrison had joined the Church of the Nazarene in 1921 and now was the executive secretary of the Department of Foreign Missions. Dr. Morrison was elected General Superintendent in 1936. Orpha told Dr. Morrison she had been called to preach, but didn't know how to prepare. Dr. Morrison wrote back telling her that in India they needed hospitals for the children, and that she should study medicine. Orpha had not considered medicine,

so she went to Dr. Wiley, president of Pasadena College, and told him what Dr. Morrison had told her. Dr. Wiley expressed concern and told her that she shouldn't undertake the field of medicine, as her health would not permit her to handle the situation, referring to her past health history. After her conversation with Dr. Wiley, Orpha prayed earnestly, searching for the leadership of the Holy Spirit.

While Orpha was visiting one of her friends at the college, her friend asked if she would like to accompany her to Loma Linda to inquire about attending medical school. Orpha accepted her friends invitation, went to Loma Linda, taking all of her papers to visit the registrar of the school. The registrar received all of Orpha's papers, but ignored those of her friend. The registrar said to Orpha, "If you would go to our pre-medical school, get your science and then go back to your denomination, I think we could get you on your way." She attended Loma Linda in Southern California in 1933, receiving her Bachelors Degree in Medicine in 1935.

In January of 1936, the missionary board appointed Orpha to India. She wanted to receive her internship as a surgeon before going to India, but was told she was not eligible because she was leaving the country. Orpha went on



to India with the knowledge she had. She was glad it worked out this way because she had to pioneer first and that was good training itself. Orpha stopped in Great Britain on her way to India. There she took an examination, which enabled her to practice medicine in the British Empire. India was in the British Empire at that time. In December of 1936, Orpha arrived in India. She attended school for one and a half years in order to fulfill her requirements.

When Orpha arrived in India things were not all together good for starting a Christian hospital. This was not only Orpha's dream, but that of Dr. Reynolds as well. A threat of war was hanging over Europe, and in 1929 the stock market crash in New York. The next concern was finding the funds to build a hospital. God had called Orpha there and she left this problem in God's hands.

In 1938, after her completion of the language study, Dr. Speicher arrived in Washim, Maharashtra State, India. The property purchased for a mission station in 1934 had a few small buildings, so there was a place to start. When Orpha arrived at the mission station she had only one nurse to work with, but others soon followed. Orpha was given a building containing eight large draughty rooms, which had been used as a school. This building had not been well constructed, but Orpha saw it had a potential to be a

hospital though it would be a great challenge. From the beginning it was known as the Reynolds Hospital.

Orpha's arrival brought times of testing. The nurses were confused how Orpha would start her medical work. They really didn't know what kind of medical work she could do. The nurses voiced different opinions concerning her abilities.

The general church at that time had no idea about compassionate ministries. India was not included in the budgets of our church headquarters. Orpha had no finances and no equipment to work with. She tried to get help from the town's people. She rode her bicycle to the village where she became acquainted with the women and convinced them to come to the hospital.

Orpha knew major surgery could never be done in the existing building because of the tile roof, which enabled birds to fly in. The building also had holes in the walls enabling bats to fly through. The floor was rough and the plaster had been pulverized. Major surgery was never done in that building, but it was a good starting place for her medical work.

A secretary from the Christian Medical association of India was very helpful to Orpha making a list of hospitals that Orpha could visit and get ideas. Orpha visited these

hospitals and got many excellent ideas. She was surprised how the hospitals had been built with wide-open spaces between the buildings. Orpha wondered how this arrangement would affect the nurses, especially in the rainy season and at night. Knowing that they would not be able to build the hospital all at once, Orpha would have a master plan and build as the funds came in. She decided that a cement block building would be sturdier and would take less maintenance.

In 1942, the American government ordered the missionaries in India to leave the country. The Japanese were making their way from the east, trying to enter India. It was time for Orpha's furlough, but she was able to get an Indian doctor to come in and take over the work. One of the missionaries was able to stay and see the patients. Dr. Evelyn Wittoff was supposed to be in India at this time. Evelyn was on her way to India at the time of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. Evelyn was detained in Manila and was in a war prison camp in Manila for three years.

Dr. Speicher tried to return after her furlough, but was unable to travel because of World War II. She went into practice with a friend in California. Many of the male doctors had gone to war and there was a shortage of doctors in the United States. While Orpha was in California she

told the doctors she would like to learn surgery. She was called in during the surgeries to assist. This was very valuable to her. Orpha stayed in California for two years practicing until the way opened for her to return to India. Finally she boarded a Portuguese ship, went to North Africa, and on to Bombay. The War continued.

When the war ended, materials were in short supply and there were no funds to continue Orpha's project in India. These were very difficult times and Orpha prayed earnestly that God would intervene. Finally, India became part of the church budget. The Alabaster offering money had not yet come into existence. Sometimes they had money and other times they had none. By the time they were ready to use the men who had been assigned to construct the buildings, they had all scattered and disappeared.

Orpha decided to proceed with the construction of the buildings herself. She searched for and picked up a crew wherever she could find them. She drew up the plans for the buildings and supervised the crews. This turned out to be a good workable plan. The first building was completed in 1948 and their whole plan was finished in 1965. After all the new buildings were completed, the old mud buildings were torn down and a new front was built.

Since money was not being received from the general church budget, they solicited funds from the local people. They built small rooms that were rented out. They also built small family rooms with cookhouses where people could cook their meals, and more could be charged. With this plan they were seventy-five to eighty-five percent self-supporting.

The people of India were very poor, but all highly educated. Women of India nursed their babies until they were two years of age. Many of the children had malnutrition. Orpha would go into the villages, set up clinics and care for these children and educate the mothers.

The following quotation was taken from the Reynolds Memorial Hospital 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary souvenir booklet printed in 1988. "Orpha Speicher was the first Physician who gave the top most relief to the patients at large through her unique and charming type of medical service at the cost of minimum provisions, scanty material, inadequate buildings as well as staff." One said of her. "Orpha Speicher was an incarnation of virtue, one of the best Gynecologists, Physicians and surgeons. Her services were unique, unparalleled in the sphere of her medical services. She

dedicated her whole life for the cause of a worthy profession." <sup>2</sup>

Evelyn Wittoff was born in Chicago in 1912. Her parents belonged to the Salvation Army Church. In 1919, Evelyn and family became members of the Church of the Nazarene. Evelyn felt she had joined the church before she was really saved. In an evening service, during the spring of 1921, Evelyn was under much conviction and she had made up her mind before the service started that she was going to the altar. No one had to invite her because the Holy Spirit had been speaking to Evelyn. She always remembered the peace she felt in her heart when she went forward to pray on that spring evening. From early childhood Evelyn felt she wanted to be a missionary. When the teacher in her school asked each one in her class what they wanted to be when they grew up, Evelyn went to the blackboard and tried to write "missionary", but she couldn't spell it. She always felt the place where God wanted her was India.

Evelyn saw all the things her teenage friends were doing that she could not do, and decided she would quit school and look for a job. Evelyn had been out of school for two years and working at Marshal Fields in Chicago. She realized that no mission board would hire her without an

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education. During those two years the Lord constantly convicted her and wouldn't leave her alone. She was afraid to stay alone and went out every night for those two years. Her parents were disappointed she had wandered away from the Lord. At the end of the two years, Evelyn quit her job at Marshall Fields and went back to school. Evelyn realized she had made a mistake by quitting school and pleaded with God to forgive her. She returned to school and worked hard for the next two years and made up for the time she wasted.

Evelyn had not only been called to be a missionary to India, but God also called her to study medicine. The future did not look good for Evelyn because her parents were poor and in those days very few women studied medicine. Evelyn knew about Olivet Nazarene College, but Olivet was not equipped or accredited for medical training, so Evelyn ended up attending the University of Illinois. There was no way she could enter the university in the fall as she would have had to apply before this time to be accepted for the following year. She also had no money.

Evelyn went to summer school to take Organic chemistry. In August of 1935, Evelyn received a letter from the University of Illinois telling her that she had been accepted into medical school. Evelyn was thrilled. There were thousands who had applied and only one hundred sixty a

year were accepted. She was one of the one hundred and sixty.

Evelyn prayed, "Lord, how can I go to medical school, I don't have any money and I don't have a job?" She felt that the Lord had called her to this ministry and that He would surely open the doors. Evelyn was amazed how the Lord spoke to her and by following his leading and being obedient he had opened many doors for her. Evelyn said she could never see ahead, but she had faith and took one step at a time. Evelyn stated that the Lord never gave her any more than she needed for the moment. She remembered the time she needed a microscope for one of her classes and after shopping finally found one she could afford to buy. She paid thirty-five dollars down and was to pay thirteen dollars a month thereafter. One month, before the payment became due, Evelyn had only five dollars. She was very upset that morning, wondering how she was going to raise the rest of the money. When she arrived home that day there was a letter waiting for her. In that letter was \$8, just what Evelyn needed to make the payment and Evelyn thought this was unusual. She called the lady who sent the letter to thank her for the money and asked her why she sent the money. The lady told Evelyn she had been praying for her that evening and the Lord told her to send Evelyn



\$8. The ladies husband said, "Why send her eight dollars, why not ten dollars?" His wife said, "I feel I should send her eight dollars." The Lord knew Evelyn needed \$8, and that was the exact amount. She had received things of this nature time and time again.

Evelyn finished her internship, took her exams, and then left for Canada. She finished her requirements and received her license to practice medicine in India. India was part of the British Empire at that time. Because of the war Evelyn didn't go to Europe for this work, as did Orpha Speicher.

Evelyn Wittoff sailed for India in November of 1941 and was fully expecting to get there. They heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed and they knew that meant war. On December 4, 1941, they arrived in Manila, a port of call. That night they stayed on board the ship and the next morning were taken off the ship and found themselves marching down the streets of Manila into a little hotel run by a Chinese Christian man. He was a wonderful man and charged the missionaries two dollars a day, room and board.

During December there were air raids every day. At the end of December they knew that Manila would fall to the Japanese and would be declared an open city. The American forces lost control and left the city and this was a very

emotional time. The Americans had blown up all the bridges and oil tanks and when the Americans left Manila it was just one big sea of oil. All the destruction was done before the Japanese came in. It was a very grim situation.

On New Years day Manila declared a world day of prayer and everyone gathered at a small Baptist church for the service. When Evelyn arrived at the church the congregation was told that the Japanese had entered the city and they should all return to their homes as soon as possible. On January 3, 1942, the Japanese soldiers came to their hotel. Evelyn was in the process of doing her laundry. The Japanese soldiers could not speak English, and Evelyn couldn't speak Japanese. The Japanese soldier kept waving his hands and Evelyn didn't realize that it meant to go with him. She fell to the floor, the soldier was frustrated and Evelyn was as well. Of course Evelyn was frightened. Another soldier who could speak English came in and told Evelyn to go out and stand with the other missionaries lined up in the street. They were then searched and told to put together enough clothing and personal effects to last three days. Evelyn packed an overnight bag and was taken to the lecture hall on the college campus. By evening there were about 500 people of all ages in this hall. The people were tired. The seats were

fastened to the floor and were hard to rest on, let alone sleep. Everyone stretched out wherever they could to rest. The Japanese continuously took roll call. By Sunday morning, they were all very hungry because they hadn't had anything to eat. That evening the Swedish Elks Club of Manila, sent over beans and sausages. Evelyn remembered how good the food tasted even though they had to eat from the cans with their fingers.

After staying three days in the lecture hall they were transferred to Santa Demos, another college in Manila. There were about four thousand prisoners under Japanese rule in this camp. There were no dormitories because it was a city college. They were assigned to classrooms that were very dirty. The missionaries and others cleaned the classrooms as best they could. Seven of the missionaries, while on board ship on their way to India, had become pals and shipmates. They tried to room together. There were forty-seven women living in these very small rooms. It was over crowded with only the cement floors to sleep on. Evelyn said the mosquito's bothered them more than the cement floors. It was a terrible experience to wake up and look like you had the measles from all the bites.

Later they were able to obtain planks to make beds. This was much better than sleeping on the cement floors.

The accommodations began to improve as time passed. The missionaries felt they would be there for only a few months, but as the other cities began to fall they knew it would be longer. The missionaries felt they would be liberated after the second year. Evelyn was feeling they would never be liberated. Several months later, Evelyn and her friends received three mattresses to share between them. They placed the mattresses crosswise so they could put their legs on the floor. The missionaries lived this way for several months not really knowing how it would be to live outside the prison walls.

In the third year, the military took over and the missionaries had no connection with the outside world. They were between four walls and the Japanese took roll call twice a day. The thing that really bothered them the most was the limited food supply. It was never good. The food supply was less and less until they were on a starvation diet. Everything and anything that could be used for food, they used. Some even ate hibiscus flowers. A friend of Evelyn's had some type of salve they used to fry greens and weeds.

The Christmas of 1944 was a memorable time for Evelyn. The Japanese had been dropping bombs all day. To show the contrast, on Christmas morning Evelyn saw some large

bombers flying overhead in formation and thought for sure they were going to be bombed. Instead, as the planes flew over they dropped leaflets in the camp. She remembered what those leaflets said. " We, the Armed Force of United States wish to send all the people of the Philippines a wonderful Christmas and the hopes of the New Year will soon be realized." That meant Liberation. She experienced a meager Christmas when it came to material things, but from a spiritual standpoint, it was a rich Christmas. There was a great spirit of fellowship among her fellow prisoners and the leaflets dropped in the camp boosted the morale of the entire camp.

In January of 1945, times were very difficult. They experienced air raids all month and knew if the Americans didn't get to them soon, it would be too late. February 3, 1945, dawned like any other day. About five o'clock that afternoon some planes flew overhead. Evelyn could see the stars on the planes and knew they were Americans. The planes were not shiny like the Japanese planes. As the planes flew over the camp a note attached to a pair of goggles was dropped. The note said: "Merry Christmas! We will be with you tomorrow or Monday." The jingle of "Roll out the Barrel," was also written on the note (this was a popular wartime song.) They really didn't know what this

all meant, but it was GI language. They were all very excited about the messages dropped, but could still hear machine guns and artillery fire in the distance. At nine o'clock that night the United States military broke through the city walls. The people in the camp came pouring out of their rooms shouting and crying and hugging our boys. It made Evelyn think of what it will be like when the Lord comes back. Evelyn couldn't believe how the United States forces came in and took over in such a short time. There were a few people in the camp lost because of artillery firing. Things were really not over yet. There was a lot of fighting still going on with the securing of Manila.

When Evelyn left the prison camp in 1945 and returned to United States she weighed only eighty- two pounds. She was not physically able to go on to India. Evelyn returned home to find her mother ill with cancer. Evelyn cared for her mother until her mother's death. After a year and a half, Evelyn was now ready to go to India. She said: "The Lord was good, and the experience I had in the prison camp prepared me and made it much easier for me to work with the Indian people as they were very poor and lived difficult lives."

In. 1947, Evelyn was able and ready to go to India. The first year she worked in the hospital with Dr.

Speicher. She really felt the Lord wanted her to work with the village people. When Evelyn worked in the hospital, she realized that there were those who needed to come to the hospital for help, but couldn't get there for one reason or another. Evelyn felt she needed to go out to them. She knew the cost to cure one person in the hospital. Evelyn could take the same amount of money, go out into the villages and prevent thousands of people from ever getting these diseases. She wanted to do this after she came back from her first furlough.

One of the integral parts of the medical care service to the people in the Nazarene area has been delivered through the Affiliated Clinics started by Dr. Evelyn Wittoff in 1953. Dr. Wittoff and her team traveled throughout the Eastern Maharashtra District to remote areas in the clinic car or Mobile Clinic van to minister both preventative and curative care.

The first year Dr. Wittoff had a Jeep and a Jeep trailer packed with all of her equipment to take to the villages. She experimented the first year. Every village had a pastor. Evelyn would stay in these pastors' homes two or three days at a time working out of the jeep trailer in order to meet the needs of the people. One week Evelyn visited a primitive village with open wells and oxen. The

next week she would travel to a village where it was a little more civilized and then return to the primitive villages. She visited these villages week after week.

With the help of the mission board the missionaries were finally able to purchase a Mobil unit. Vacation Bible School money was used for this project as well as money from private individuals. The rear part of the Mobil unit, about eighteen feet long, was the dispensary. There was an examining table with a tank of water over the sink. This was very adequate. More than a hundred thousand patients were put through this van. They would usually park the van under a tree, set up the clinic and people would come from all the different villages for treatment. The people learned when the clinic would be there. At seven o'clock in the morning there would be from one hundred to two hundred people waiting for the clinic to open. The pastor gave out numbers early in the morning and service at the clinic was on a first come, first serve basis.

Evelyn had a staff of nurses. The Lord also gave her a pastor who had been an ambulance driver with some military medical training. He was a godsend and very valuable. He would first pull the records and then accept a small fee from the patients. Patient's pulses were taken and the paramedics would take their blood pressure. Patients would



then wait to be called for examination and would then pay for their medicine at cost.

The villages were very small. Houses were built mostly of mud and stone with tin roofs. Once in a while, you would see one or two brick buildings. Most of the homes had two bedrooms with a small courtyard where their animals were kept. There would be one or two open wells in the village where people would get their water.

The driver and the pastor would always have a service wherever the clinic was set up. The service wasn't long. They would sing songs, pray, read some scripture, and sell gospels. They would not give them away because they might not be read. If they sold them, they knew they would be read. Before the driver and the pastor left the service they would have some kind of a demonstration on public health. It was a long hard day; by the time they saw all the patients it would be well after midnight. The Lord blessed their efforts in an unusual way and they would ask themselves: "Was the treatment we gave them adequate?"

At one time there was a food shortage in the country that resulted in a famine. A small boy with tuberculosis came to them, sick and hungry. They treated him for about six months, but lost track of this young boy after time. So many patients were seen it was hard to remember each one.

About six years later this same young man appeared at Dr. Wittoff door. Dr. Wittoff said, 'Is there something I can do for you?' The young man replied, "I have come to become a Christian." It doesn't happen often that someone comes to your door and wants to become a Christian. Dr. Wittoff discovered this was the young boy that they had treated for so long. The young man remembered how the missionaries cared for him when he was treated in the clinic. He was comparing it with how he had been treated by those who had brought him up. He came to accept the Lord, because he wanted his life to be loving and caring like the missionaries. In India, young people were not allowed to change their religion until they became the age of twenty-one. So when the young man reached that age he was at the missionary's door. He remained in the area for a while and was protected by the missionaries because his people would have killed him for changing his religion. He had a real experience with Jesus Christ. He became discouraged and stated, "Now I am not a Hindu and I am not a Christian. In the eyes of my people I am nobody."

Dr. Wittoff had a radio program, called the 'Village Doctor.' Evelyn would have a drama or talk about things pertaining to health. Good results came from this program. The government offices were located across the

street from where Evelyn lived. Her driver had gone there trying to get a building permit. During his visit to the office, the clerk quickly put something in the drawer and the driver recognized that it was one of their gospels. The clerk didn't want to get caught reading the gospel. The driver asked the clerk about it and the man replied: "Oh, I received this months ago. Before I go to work I read the gospel every day."

Evelyn recalls one man with tuberculosis from a small village. His health was failing and she knew he wasn't going to last very long. When they closed the dispensary they took this man back to the clinic. They often did this when patients were too sick to get there on their own. The evening she went to his home to give him his injection she noticed his eyes were bright with fever and he was skin and bones, and she knew he didn't have long to live. She went back to ask him if he knew Jesus. He pulled out a ragged beat up gospel of John. He told Dr. Wittoff that he had bought the gospel at the clinic and had read it. "Yes, I met the Lord through the clinic and I am ready to meet Him" The Lord was good and many people were reached through the selling of the Gospels.

## CHAPTER VII

### OBSTACLES OF WAR IN CHINA

It was a quiet morning on a military base, on the Hawaiian Island of Oahu. At the radar station men were changing their posts. As one of the men was leaving his post for the day, he looked over to the west and saw puffs of smoke. He believed it to be a training exercise. He looked the second time and realized it was for real. From that day, December 7, 1941, lives the memories of Pearl Harbor and the beginning of World War II. Twenty four hundred lives were lost that day.

The entire world was shocked by what happened in that split second including Nazarene missionaries already on the field and others on their way to answer the call God had given them. Missionaries were held prisoners in Japanese prison camps during World War II. Their courage, as well as their faith in God, merits the time for us to listen to their experiences in those difficult times. With the Japanese in control they had no idea what the tomorrows might bring. As you read on you will see how God walked with the missionaries through these trials.

Mary Scott was a missionary with a vision and courage to face the battles of life, regardless of the cost. Mary

was a native Hoosier, born in Hammond, Indiana, on July 29, 1909. She spent the first thirty years of her life in Hammond, Indiana.

Mary's parents attended the Congregational Church in Hammond, Indiana. Her mother and father found a group of people in another church who preached Holiness and there they found the experience of Sanctification. Mary's mother had received an experience she had been searching for a long time. Because of the conflict over the doctrine of Holiness, the Scott's left the Congregational Church and went to the Church of the Nazarene, a place where they could testify to what God had done for them. The Scott's became charter members of the Hammond, Indiana church. Mr. Scott was a delegate from the Hammond, Indiana church and attended the First General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene held in Chicago, Illinois.

Mary's mother was German and expected and loved cleanliness. Cleanliness was next to Godliness. This was Mary's mother's motto through life and when she was seeking Holiness she repeatedly prayed, "O Lord if you could only scrub my heart." At springtime, her mother would literally turn the tables upside down and scrub them with her scrubbing brush. Every piece of wood in the house would

be scrubbed down with soap and water. You could smell the house was clean.

Mary was raised with seven brothers; she was the eighth child and the first girl in the family. Her brothers taught Mary how to do every thing they could do and she became very interested in all types of athletics. After school Mary's mother would give them homemade bread for a snack. As her mother was slicing and serving the bread a scripture came to her, " If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Mary's Mother was sanctified while serving bread to the boys. The Scott children were raised in this type of environment.

In 1917, at eight years old, Mary felt the Lord speaking to her about the mission field. However, that soon faded away. When Mary was ready to leave for college she was not a Christian. Mary's father took her to Chicago to look over the University of Chicago. When Mary and her father returned home Mary's father told her mother he wasn't happy with what they had seen and he didn't want Mary going to the University of Chicago. Her father decided she should go to Olivet Nazarene College in Kankakee, Illinois. In 1925 there were very few women attending

college. Mary ended up attending Olivet Nazarene College and during her years there found her way back to the Lord. After her graduation from Olivet, Mary attended the University of Michigan and received her Masters degree, majoring in English. In 1930 she returned to Olivet where she taught for three years.

When Mary's mother became ill, Mary left her teaching position to care for her. After the death of her mother Mary returned to Hammond and took a position teaching English. While she was teaching in the high school the Lord reminded her of her call to the mission field. Mary was beginning to realize that she was approaching the age when missionaries were no longer sent to the field. She had not shared with her parents or anyone, as to the direction the Lord was leading her. The high school where she was teaching won a tournament and school was dismissed early that day to celebrate. On her way home, Mary stopped by the parsonage to visit her pastor and share with him how she had been called and how the Lord was leading her to becoming a missionary. Mary said she never forgot the moment she knelt to pray in front of the couch at the parsonage with her pastor kneeling at her side. As they waited upon God, Mary rededicated her life to God and her

call to the mission field. Victory came as she spoke to the Lord, "I will go!"

Mary sent her application to the Mission Board of the Church of the Nazarene. She always thought she would like to become a missionary to India, but as she researched book after book on India she could never get interested. When the board asked her if she would go to China, Mary was pleased to accept the challenge. Mary attended the General Assembly in 1940, before leaving for China.

The situation in China at this time was very unstable. The Japanese had invaded North China in 1937 and had made their way down three hundred miles south of Beijing, the area where the mission station was located. Mary knew she would be traveling through Japanese territory to get to the field. Many of Mary's friends cautioned her not to go and told her she might never make it. She knew the situation was not good; but did not get discouraged. She was ready to fulfill God's call, was determined, and prepared to go.

In October of 1940, Mary Scott arrived in China and went directly to language school. The Chinese language was difficult, as it has no alphabet; you had to learn characters and Mary would say it was 99% perseverance. When Mary arrived in China, the situation was not good. Mary started teaching in the adult Bible School as all the



children had been evacuated the previous March. Because of her limited knowledge of the language, Mary taught Bible and English. On the weekends Mary spent her time meeting the people and becoming familiar with their customs and experiences in life. Mary could say with Paul, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation, and to every one who believes." Despite the short duration, Mary enjoyed teaching in the Bible School for those three short months.

On December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day, Mary heard a knock on the door of the single ladies room. She went to the door to find two fully armed Japanese soldiers. The soldiers wanted all five women missionaries at the front desk. Mary closed her book and proceeded to the front desk where five fully armed Japanese soldiers were waiting for them. The soldiers gathered the five missionary women and told them their countries were at war and that they were under arrest. They were given two hours to pack two suitcases and a bedroll. No suitcases had ever been packed any fuller than Mary's and there were a few things that made their way into her bedroll. The missionaries left their room in the compound, like Abraham of old, not knowing where the Japanese would take them. God commanded them to go and surely He would be with them. In the depth

of Mary's heart she felt the sweetest trust. Even while they were in the hands of the Japanese they were assured that they were in God's hands.

The missionaries were taken into a typical walled city to the single ladies quarters. The gates were opened at dawn and closed at sunset. They were under house arrest for nine months. They could not go out on the streets without the permission of the Japanese authorities. Mary said God was with them. They found ways to stay focused. Three of the Chinese ladies had been taken to a Japanese prison. The missionaries didn't know where these women were and whether they were mistreated. Mary and the other missionaries fasted and prayed for their safety. These three Chinese women came out of prison without a scratch, while others didn't make it. They thanked God for answered prayer.

The missionaries were not allowed to work with the Chinese people. Chinese men were not allowed to visit in the camp, but the women were. One Chinese lady named Shirlene came to visit the missionaries in the camp. She called Mary by her Chinese name, Solon, and expressed the desire to learn English. Shirlene was a beautiful Christian lady. Mary, of course, was interested in continuing her study of Chinese, so they made a deal. Shirlene came to the

camp every day and Mary gave her a lesson in English and Shirlene gave Mary her lesson in Chinese.

One day Shirlene came to the camp and was very sad. Mary asked her what was wrong. Shirlene said "Her sister was very sad because her kitten had died." Mary asked if there was anything she could do, not thinking there would be anything she could do for a dead pet kitten. Shirlene said, "Yes, sit down and write a note to my sister to console her." So Mary sat down and wrote Chiffon, Shirlene's sister a note. Through Mary's contact with Shirlene, she realized that the Communist party had already influenced Chiffon. Mary could tell that Chiffon hated foreigners and Christians. A few days later Shirlene came in with her sister Chiffon and Mary greeted her and was glad to see her. It wasn't long before Chiffon was coming every day. Mary wasn't able to go on the outside and work with the Chinese but God sent a well-educated Chinese lady to them. Ninety-five percent of the Chinese women at that time could neither read nor write, so it was quite an accomplishment. The missionaries took Chiffon as a project and fasted and prayed for her. They became very good friends and one day Mary said, "Chiffon, I know you don't like foreigners and you don't like Christians, and we are both, why did you come here?" Chiffon said, "I wanted to

come and see what kind of a person would send me a note about a dead kitten." The good news is that Shirlene and Chiffon came back a week before the missionaries were to leave. When they arrived Mary could tell that something had happened in the life of Chiffon. As Mary knelt by her bed that night she prayed that Chiffon would give her life to Christ. The last time Mary heard from Chiffon she was working with the Chinese in Shanghai bringing souls to Christ. Mary gave God the glory for what had taken place behind those prison walls in the life of Chiffon.

The Japanese officials told the missionaries to prepare to leave. They were told there was a chance for them to board their ship and continue their journey. As they were making their way toward the coast to board the ship, the Japanese officials stopped them and told them the negotiations had failed and they were all ordered back to Beijing.

The Asian missionaries in Beijing opened their homes and their hearts to Mary and the other missionaries. They had the liberties of the city and the beauty of the old imperial city was unbelievable. Toward the end of the six-month period, the officials notified the missionaries that the Japanese considered it a military necessity to congregate all of the enemy nationals in one place. In the

last part of March and the first part of April, they were taken one hundred miles to another area where the Japanese had taken over a Presbyterian compound and school. Here Mary joined other Nazarene missionaries who were being held prisoners. There was a hospital building and a small row of smaller buildings that had been used as dormitories. In the beginning, there were approximately two thousand prisoners here. As time went on, Mary found herself standing on the wall waving good byes to the last of her Nazarene friends. In the end there were about fourteen hundred left in the camp.

There were about four hundred missionaries and their children in the camp and there were others from North China. There was less than seven acres behind an eight-foot wall. They lived somewhat of a normal life. The missionaries elected their committees by popular vote. They elected a discipline committee who took care of the correspondence with the police force. Each one of these committees had a Japanese representative so the officials were aware of what was taking place. There was an educational committee who provided education for the young people, without textbooks or classrooms of any kind. Despite this, there were five young people who received their high school diplomas in the camp. There was also an

adult educational program, as they were blessed with professors from Yale, as well as from the Indiana University. One eighty-three year old lady was able to study German for the first time in her life.

There was an engineering committee in charge of public works and water works, as running water was in the kitchen and shower rooms. There was no sanitary system, but fortunately there were no serious epidemics. There was a labor committee who decided who was able to work and what kind of work they were able to do in the camp. Whatever labor they did was for their own maintenance and welfare. The missionaries had a variety of jobs, but were not required to work for the Japanese. Mary was assigned to the water pump. The water was pumped from a storage shed by hand. She sometimes served on the quarter's committee, people who listened to the other ladies in the quarters. Mary was on the kitchen crew, as well as a sanitary police, a dignified title for a regular latrine cleaner. Mary said, "I couldn't begin to describe the primitive facilities. In the summer the smell of urine was so strong that it literally burned our nostrils."

Mary remembered her father quoting the first question in the Presbyterian catechism, "What was the chief end of man?" The answer he gave his family around the family altar

was: "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." Mary agreed with her father that if the task was right you could do anything to glorify God. She discovered it could work in any task or any job. Mary's theory was that when she had a routine job that was hard and distasteful she could say to the Lord, "I want to glorify you."

They did have times of recreation and played various types of athletics. Mary was a softball coach for a group of twelve to sixteen year old boys, as well as a group of girls the same age. She played on the women's softball team and enjoyed it very much. Mary, being raised with a team of brothers, felt they were good enough to make the B team if there would have been one. There were cultural activities and programs every Friday night in the hall. They enjoyed the choir, as well as an orchestra, especially when they sang the Messiah. Mary held the first chair in the orchestra clarinet section. Mary said, " It wasn't because I was good, but I was the only one who played a clarinet. I enjoyed these activities while incarcerated in prison."

They enjoyed the religious liberties that were allowed. The Japanese put no restrictions on their religious beliefs. The officials only required to be informed of when and where the services were being held. The Catholics had the church for their early morning mass.

The Anglicans had the next service, as there were about a thousand British soldiers in the camp. While the Anglican service was in progress, the Holiness meeting was going on in another assembly hall. At four o'clock they all met for a union meeting where they would hear either a real gospel message or something more liberal. They realized there was a real evangelistic work to be done among their fellow countrymen. They formed an evangelistic band with prayer meetings through the week. During the two and a half years of imprisonment, there were ten people converted and they praised the Lord for that victory.

Mary said her story would not be complete without telling about their food. They had three or four sources of food. It sometimes came in from the canteen but it was very limited. What they received from the Japanese was either soup or stew. They were surprised when they received bread. The Japanese saved all of the rice for themselves. They did receive flour from the Japanese. The flour had peanut shells in it, not to mention the worms and weevils. The missionaries had a bakery where they could bake bread and sometimes it would be good. In the prison camp you wouldn't worry about what was in the food. It was just important that it was cooked well. White weevils were preferred to the white worms as they were easier to find and pick out.



Mary was thankful for their daily bread. There wasn't a day they didn't have some type of animal meat. It wasn't good in quality or quantity but it was food. The other source for food was the black market that was operated over the eight-foot wall, depending where the Japanese guards were. Over the wall came sugar, peanuts, and eggs in the process of being scrambled. There was a black market in money that was operated by a very few. The Chinese were happy to receive a promissory note for British sterling or U.S. Gold. The missionaries did receive money from the American Red Cross through the international Swiss Council. Mary drew about \$97 that they referred to as "comfort money." The missionaries started receiving forty five to fifty pounds of good American food from the American Red Cross in January of 1945.

Mary's father once had a beautiful stallion named Dan. Every time Mary ate horsemeat she would envision the eyes of old Dan staring her in the face. As she gulped it down it was like, "there goes old Dan." Mary knew how the service men felt about Spam, but she said it was a credit to horsemeat they had become accustomed to. They enjoyed Spam, but especially enjoyed receiving the powdered milk, something they hadn't had in months. Mary felt blessed knowing her American friends were responsible for getting

wonderful food to them. It wasn't the food value as much as the spirit they felt in receiving it.

The Japanese told the missionaries that their country was on the verge of collapse. The missionaries knew with the parcels they had been receiving, there was nothing to worry about. Before their liberation in 1945, Eric Liddel, one of the missionaries being held as a prisoner died with a brain tumor. Eric had a wonderful spirit and made a great contribution to the camp. One of the outstanding men in the camp spoke to the missionaries toward the end of the camp. He said, "When you first arrived at the camp, we looked upon the missionaries as being a peculiar lot." He went on to say, "I don't know what would have happened to the moral of the camp had it not been for you missionaries."

There had been rumors that the war was coming to an end. The American officials did confirm that the war was over. Prayer meetings sprung up throughout the camp for the many boys who had given their lives for their country and the sacrifices they made during this horrible war. The missionaries were careful to ration the food they received from the Red Cross, saving it for when they had no food. When celebrating the end of the war, they opened and dug

into the care packages. The Japanese guards were still present going about their regular duties.

One Wednesday morning about 9:00 o'clock, the missionaries heard the sound of a plane and thought it was probably an enemy plane. They looked up to see the stars on the plane and knew it was an American aircraft. Mary said there was no way to describe the feeling she experienced at that time. A Presbyterian missionary had been in the basement washing her hair. When she heard the plane, she grabbed the American flag and with her wet hair streaming down her back, took a kitchen towel and waved it to their American friends flying overhead. The first time the plane went over very high, the second time lower, and the third time even lower. Mary said it was wonderful to see the faces of those boys as they peered out the window of that C47. The plane leveled off and went back the way it came. To their surprise the plane appeared again and started dropping parcels that looked like supplies. She didn't know exactly what to think at the time. They kept their eyes glued on that spot and witnessed seven drops. They soon realized they were not supplies, but American boys. There were no words to describe what took place at that moment. Some of the men walked through the gates past the guards while others jumped over the eight-foot wall, topped

with electric barbed wire. As the American boys came through those iron gates onto the grounds of that prison camp, the men in the camp picked up the boys, putting them on their shoulders as the band began to play the Star Spangled Banner. It was a triumphant entry and the prisoners were thrilled this was the end of horrors of war. When all of the boys were on the grounds, there were endless hugs. These seven boys, represented the thousands of others who had given their lives for their country, had volunteered to jump and represented those in hospitals, who never would experience a normal life again.

The pilot of the plane and the boys were thrilled to see the missionaries, but the missionaries were even more thrilled to see the American boys. They were prepared to use artillery fire if it had been necessary.

As Mary was a member of the quarter's committee she had some responsibility in arranging the evacuation. Many children had been separated from their families, so the first move was to get the families together. Those who needed medical attention had first priority; next were those who wanted to go home. The communists had blown up all railroad bridges and as a result, there were no railroads operating and no air evacuation. Transportation

was at a stand still. Bicycles were about the only way to travel.

Mary Scott returned to the United States in 1946 after being told by Dr. Jones that she had better return home. Mary was willing to go any place in China open for missionary work, but all of the fields at that time were communist occupied. After about a year at home, she returned to China and taught in the Bible school. In May of 1949, Mary returned home for the second time and was told by the mission board that they didn't know where in China she could work that was not under communist control.

Mary was appointed General secretary for the Nazarene Women's Foreign Missionary Society at the end of that year and worked in this capacity for twenty- five years. She always wanted to go back to China. Mary retired in 1975 and in 1976 went to Japan to teach in the Japanese Junior College for two years. This was a very enjoyable time for Mary.

Mary's testimony was: "I can testify to the fact that the Lord is good. It has been a beautiful life walking with the Lord. The Lord said, "If you will obey me, I will be with you all the way."

John Pattee was born in Foster County, North Dakota, one of five children. John's father was a homesteader. John

attended a small country school with rigid rules and John was never sure what would happen at school. He was always fearful that if he didn't do things right he might be whipped. Nevertheless, John found it interesting going to a small country school.

When John was a high school student, his family visited a Methodist Church in a neighboring town. It had been announced that a J. G. Morrison was going to hold a revival in the Salvation Army Church in New Rockford. The next Sunday when John and his family attended the Salvation Army Church, John heard the beating of drums and the tooting of horns, and John was attracted to this. During the morning service John heard preaching like he had never heard before. There was a power in the service that gripped his heart. The minister told of an experience you could have in your heart if you knew Jesus Christ as your personal Savior. The minister preached that a person who was already a Christian could have an experience and be filled with the Holy Spirit. They could be made holy, pure and clean, so he could love God with all his heart. Reverend Morrison preached about perfect love from First Corinthians 13. He finished by asking the question, "Do you really want this experience? John's heart was telling him, " I do want this." Reverend Morrison said, " If you really

want this experience, come down and let us pray." As he made his way to the altar, the tears were streaming down his face, he could hardly see his way to the altar. Others joined him at the altar that morning. As John prayed it seemed his heart was overflowing with joy. God answered his prayer that morning and he was happy and satisfied. He prayed, "O Lord, I don't ever want to lose this." Something whispered to him, "My grace is sufficient for thee." John didn't realize it was in the Bible. As John made his way home, he felt as though he was walking on air. When he returned home he picked up a New Testament that was lying on the table, and wrote the date September 23, 1903 for when he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his savior. John was afraid to go to sleep that night. He was afraid this had been a dream and he didn't ever want to lose this experience. As he slept that night, it seemed that he could hear the angels singing. The next day the joy bells were ringing in his heart. On Wednesday evening John attended prayer meeting. They were having a ring meeting. They stood in a circle while each one prayed and John became frightened when it was his turn to pray. John was excited about this new experience and the Lord continued to walk with him and blessed him in a wonderful way.

John enjoyed school and was a good student with good grades. John lost two years of school because his father kept him home to harvest. John protested and after two years of harvesting and missing school, insisted on going back to school. John completed high school in three and a half years and graduated with the highest-grade average in his class.

John was looking for the guidance of the Holy Spirit because he had so many decisions to make. When he graduated from high school, all his friends had all gone to large universities. John was led to attend Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho. John knew he would have to work hard in school to make up for the time lost in his earlier years. He considered going to school one year and then taking the following year off to work. As John was sitting in class, listening to Dr. Wiley speak, he was amazed how much there was to learn. He knew he would have to attend school.

One day, in the library, John picked up a book on China. The book told about one man's conversion and how he had been led to China as a missionary. John read the book through completely. When John finished the book, God began to speak to him. He said, "John, I want you to go to China. I want you to work there for me to bring the Chinese



people to Christ." So this was John's calling. John Pattee was determined to preach the gospel in China, regardless of the cost.

In John's third year of college, he attended a watch night service. He spotted a girl on the other side of the chapel and asked a friend about her. The friend told John her name was Lillian. After the service, John tried to get close enough to get a better look at Lillian and John discovered she was very pretty. One day John ran into Lillian and in their conversation they discovered they had many things in common. A first date was arranged and John told Lillian of his call to be a missionary. Lillian told John she also felt a call to be a missionary, but was unsure where the Lord wanted her. Lillian was wide open as to where the Lord would lead. John and Lillian were engaged and were later married in the First Church of the Nazarene in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Reverend Roy Smee, the District Superintendent of the Canada West District, and pastor of the church in Calgary performed the ceremony and my mother Deborah Grobe sang for the wedding.

After John and Lillian were married, they moved to Montana. John taught in an Indian school there. The Indians lived in tents in this very cold part of the country. There were many diseases, among the Indian people

but they managed to live under such conditions. John visited in the homes of the Indians. He discovered they were in need of a teacher in the high school in Montana where he graduated, so John decided to teach in that school until it was time for him and Lillian to go to the mission field.

John had been ordained on the North Dakota District. Two years of pastoral ministry was required before John and Lillian could go to the mission field. The District Superintendent of the North Dakota-Minnesota district offered John a church. John was told the salary would be fifty dollars a month. John was buying an automobile and indebted for thirty-four dollars a month. The salary would leave very little to support his family. John sat down, wrote the District Superintendent telling him of his situation and expressing his appreciation of the offer and stated he would not be able to accept. John went to the post office and mailed the letter. When he returned home, Lillian said, "Do you think the mail has gone yet? Let's pray about it a little more." John returned to the post office and retrieved the letter. John and Lillian prayed and wrote another letter to the district superintendent saying, "Yes, we will take the impossible." They trusted God to undertake. John and Lillian moved into the

parsonage of a small home mission church in Huron, South Dakota. They had great revivals and saw growth in the church. They next moved to Sawyer, North Dakota and enjoyed a wonderful ministry there. The congregation there had a Quaker background and some had known John's grandparents in Iowa. They experienced the presence of God as they ministered in that church, but still felt very close to their call to China.

Lillian contacted Dr. J. G. Morrison, Director of Foreign Missions. Lillian expressed her concerns that if they didn't get to the field soon, they would be too old to learn the language. After spending much time in prayer and fasting, the Pattee's once again sent a letter to the mission's board and expressed their desire to go to China as missionaries and told them they had been waiting almost ten years to fulfill their calling. Once again they received a letter from Dr. Morrison saying no additional missionaries were being sent at this time. Another couple had previously been approved, but if they were unable to go, there would be an opening for John and Lillian. John didn't want to hinder anyone from going to the field and wrote Dr. Morrison stating the same. John and Lillian continued to pray and fast and finally received word that they had been approved to go to China. John announced to

the congregation after he received a unanimous recall vote, that he and Lillian had been appointed by the mission's board to go to China as missionaries.

The Pattee's, with limited money and personal belongings, were soon on their way to China. They sailed out of Seattle, Washington for China on September 12, 1936. Mrs. Marks, the district missionary president of the Northwest District of the Church of the Nazarene, was there to send them off. Pattee's found other missionaries on their ship. They were soon out of the Port of Seattle and into the open ocean. The gentle waves soon disappeared. John enjoyed traveling because it gave him the chance to visit with people on the ship. John and Lillian met some Southern Baptist missionaries who had lived in China before. These missionaries told the Pattee's about the great revivals they experienced while being in China. The Pattee's were looking for the same blessings when they arrived in China. On Sunday, while aboard the ship, John was asked to preach and he preached on Holiness.

Upon arrival in Japan they traveled to some of the Nazarene churches. On several occasions he was asked to preach. They enjoyed seeing some of the Japanese leaders whom they had met before.

After leaving Japan, on a moonlight night, they sailed through the beautiful China Inland Sea. The next morning the ship arrived at the port of Tangku, China. John was awakened very early and filled with excitement at the hopes of starting his work. There were crowds of coolies waiting to help them with their baggage. John really didn't know what to expect. In the distance Brother Wiese, their District Superintendent was waiting for their arrival. Brother Wiese and the Pattee's traveled about thirty miles in a railroad boxcar, which was a very rough at times, arriving at their destination, Tientsin, China about noon. Dinner was waiting for them when they arrived. While at the table some one suggested they sing the Doxology. John said: "My heart was so full that I shouted 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' We had waited ten years to get to China. Sometimes it seemed impossible. With the dream, the call and the vision, here we were in China. At last it had become a reality. We were finally in the land where we had been called. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below.'" This made the singing of the Doxology very appropriate.

Three days later John and Lillian arrived in Beijing, ready to attend language school. What a privilege it was for them to prepare for their call to service in China.

They realized it would be difficult, but they didn't expect God to make the language easy for them. Their call was difficult and put to the test. They were in large classes, only learning a few words at a time. The class was then divided into groups of ten. They were given words and told to use these words in speaking to each other. They were not allowed to use any words they had learned in earlier classes. Many times it was purely guess work. After three months, John and Lillian had their first test and scored well, however the principal called John in and said he thought John was capable of doing better. In order to boost their reputation the school constantly pushed their students to work even harder.

During Christmas John and Lillian took a trip to a mission school several miles away where they met several Nazarene missionaries. During the summer they took another trip to a coastal town and then went on to Korea to continue their study of the language.

With the war between China and Japan, there were many complications the Pattees were facing. As the war progressed the Pattees really didn't know what to expect. Other missionaries asked John and Lillian if they were going home or if they were planning to stay in China. The missionaries advised John he couldn't preach in wartime.

The Pattee's stayed, even though some of the other missionaries went home, because they had prepared themselves and learned the language and were not going home.. The Pattees decided to go to Kenze, where the National Holiness Association was located. There they rented a large building and the association loaned them some of their workers to help them get further in their studies. John had a private teacher from Beijing to assist and help him with the language.

Each evening John and Lillian attended a meeting called the Shuffling Door at The Holy Meeting Place. There they found many people who had fled for refuge from the Japanese. The Pattees learned a lot by listening to the speakers and attending their Sunday school classes. Since everything was in Chinese, the things they could not understand were written down and later their teacher explained and helped them understand. They were learning how to teach and preach to the Chinese, and how to deal with them spiritually.

Fourteen months passed since the Pattee's arrived in China and it was time for John to minister to the Chinese people. John prepared his messages carefully. Many times he felt it was almost an impossible task. He read every word and when he made a mistake his teacher was there to help

him. As time went on and with much practice, the language became easier. When altar calls were given people came forward to seek the Lord, receiving the experience of Holiness. John was determined not to use an interpreter in preaching the gospel to the Chinese people.

John and Lillian would hold services in the countryside even though it was risky at times. Sometimes services were interrupted by the presence of Japanese soldiers, and shots could be heard. The Japanese soldiers would leave after a while and services would continue. John and Lillian were pretty well settled by fall. Lillian was working in the hospital, helping out anyway she could. John was having problems with his throat and was ordered by his doctor not to preach for several days until his throat cleared up. John continued to have problems with his throat and he continued pestering the doctor to let him go back to work. Finally John got well and was able to continue his work. John's accordion player, a Chinese man, who was very important in John's ministry, had been waiting for him to get well so they could go to work on the field. His accordion player always accompanied John on the field.

John recalled one morning while having prayer meeting, a shot was fired and pieces of tile started falling from the ceiling. A canon had been fired above them. They found



a place of safety from the falling tile. As they prayed the Japanese soldiers left and the Chinese came around from the other side. The hand of God once again protected them. They continued the service and had a wonderful time seeking the Lord. God blessed as they carried on.

Eating was different and difficult for John while in the country because he was use to eating Chinese food two or three times a week and now they were eating it every day. At first John gagged, sticking his fingers down his throat to push the food down, especially when he saw bugs and flies in the jar. John kept at it and soon learned to love the food.

John and Lillian always enjoyed going to the market place where thousands would be shopping. It was a great opportunity to introduce the gospel. The market place did not have the most pleasant surroundings. It was very dusty and noisy, with much confusion. They were always excited about the challenge of reaching the lost. They would preach on a little hill above the crowd. John's accordion player would begin to sing and John would then preach and pass out the gospels. The gospels were sold for a copper penny so they wouldn't be destroyed or be used for cigarette paper. John would sing and preach for two or three hours until he was completely exhausted. He then turned the service over

to someone else. Many times they would stop and ask themselves how much the Chinese people really understood and how much they really knew about Jesus Christ.

As Christ walked upon this earth, He commanded his disciples to go into the entire world and preach the gospel to every creature. John and Lillian took this seriously as they preached the gospel in China. Once in a while John would ask the Chinese people, "What do you know about Jesus Christ? What do you know about the gospel? Do you know anything about Jesus?" Their answer was "no". John continued to question them. The Chinese people only knew that the foreigners had a holy man called Jesus. John never returned to this place along the Yellow River and was never sure whether any other Nazarene missionaries had been there.

The Pattee's continued to be busy with their preaching. They were invited to go to the Northwestern part of China to minister to the people there. They carried a tent usually traveling by bicycle where they held their services. The tent was moved from one area of the country to another, three to five times a week. Three to four hundred people attended each service. People came from all directions. The service was so crowded when John got ready to preach he had to watch his step to keep from stepping on

the children who were sitting around him in front. They had seekers every night. It was important to make sure that the seekers knew what they were seeking and those understood what it meant to repent of their sins.

The people of Ch'eng An, China begged John and Lillian to come to them as their missionaries. When Rev. Wiese approached them about this he was very surprised that they would even consider going. The Pattee's were very happy about this opportunity, especially Lillian, as this would give her the opportunity to use her nursing skills. Lillian had gotten her nurses training in Canada. In Ch'eng An, China Lillian's nursing started on the porch. She was able to help the ill that passed by as well as providing medicine. One of her first patients was an old man with a swollen leg. He had pasted layers of dirty paper over his sores. He was unable to work for several months so Lillian had the hopes of helping him. Lillian filled a large pail with hot water and soaked his leg, peeling off layer after layer of the old dirty brown paper. As she worked with him she told him about salvation and what Jesus could do for him. The next day the old man returned and continued coming. After approximately a week of treatment, Lillian got to the bottom layer and his leg began to heal. On Sunday they looked for him but he didn't show up. However,

that Sunday a strange lady showed up for the service and went to the altar. She told Lillian that she was the wife of the man with the sore leg. She said he was well now and had gone back to work. She said, "we want you to come to our village; we want to believe in Jesus Christ. We want to be saved from our sins." The next day the Pattees went to their village and sure enough the old man was there. His leg had been healed and he was working. Some of the village people were burning their idols. Others stood around in fear that some calamity would befall them and fire would fall from heaven to destroy them because they were turning away from their heathen religion. Another old man came to John and said, "Could an old man like me become a Christian?" And John said, " Yes you can become a Christian." Many villagers gave their hearts to Christ just because of Lillian nursing the old man's leg. Because of this one man, a self-supporting Church of the Nazarene was established there. In that same year ten other churches were established in the area.

One day two men approached John and asked him to come to their village and hold a revival meeting. John said that it would not be possible as he was booked for a whole year. The men said, "Put us down for next year." Pattee assured

them of a revival meeting and put them down for a year from that time. They were hungry for the gospel.

The work in China was becoming more difficult. The Japanese were becoming more troublesome. Something was definitely going to happen. With the situation as it was, the missionaries were wondering what they should do. Should they stay and carry on in spite of the difficulties? A council meeting was arranged to discuss the situation that was confronting them and the missionaries who were still on the field talked about what steps should be taken. The women and children were advised to leave the field. John felt this was good advice as some of the missionary furloughs were well overdue. Mrs. Pattee and the children left the field for home. The Wiese family had been missionaries there for ten years without a furlough. Dr. Moses, the business manager of the mission station left, as well as women doctors. The nurses carried on the best they could. There was one Chinese doctor who stayed. The Japanese had not been a problem before this time, but now the situation was worsening. The Pattees had been working in the area, but John decided he should move to the work in the Southeastern portion of the field.

John arrived on the new field in south China on Saturday afternoon and was ready to start on Sunday

morning. John went to bed that night thinking about the future and praying that God would lead him in what seemed to be a very grim situation. The next morning as John was finishing breakfast, Japanese officials walked in. On a morning in December, 1941 the Japanese officials told the missionaries that Japan and China were at war and that fighting had erupted at Pearl Harbor. The missionaries had heard nothing on the radio up to that time about the war and weren't sure whether they should believe what the Japanese officials were telling them. They were given a short time to pack a suitcase of belongings and were told that everything else would be left. The Japanese told them they would take care of the remainder of their belongings. Brother and Sister Osborn, Brother Moses, Mary Scott and John Pattee prepared for the move and followed the Japanese soldiers into the city. Brother Osborn and John Pattee were taken to an upstairs room where the military police waited for them. They were then escorted a short distance to a group of Mennonite homes. They were stationed here with some Mennonite ladies, Brother and Sister Brown and another missionary lady. They had servants and were allowed to go out and buy food, but were checked by the Japanese as they left and re-entered the gate. They were never permitted to go out by themselves.

They prayed earnestly that God would protect them in what seemed to be a very grim situation. While a prisoner for the next seven months, a Chinese evangelist friend said to John: "Brother Pattee, Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks." John said, "This was good advice for someone in such a situation not knowing what the future held." Friends of John had been burned and tortured under similar situations by the Japanese. The missionaries prayed without ceasing and continued in everything to give thanks. They continued to wait upon the Lord in these difficult days. The Japanese soldiers were still holding Brother Moses, John Pattee, and Brother Osborn. Brother Moses and Pattee were released back to the Military Police, but the Japanese soldiers continued to hold Brother Osborn. Brother Osborn was being accused of being friends with the communists and a trial was being arranged for him. Brother Osborn was able to manifest the truth and show the Japanese military that he had no activity with the communists. He convinced the Japanese that he was not guilty of these accusations. Brother Osborn was held for an additional thirty-five days then released to the military police.

Life went on as it had been. They were able to get their money from the bank and able to buy food. Their

biggest problem then was the shortage of coal. Coal was rationed and they were allowed only two or three hundred pounds a month. It was wintertime and the weather was very cold and freezing at nights. They had little fuel for heating and cooking and the Japanese was stealing what they had. They were fortunate to have two meals a day with the short supply of coal. When it warmed up they could have three meals a day. Once in a while, when they received a newspaper, the Japanese would speak about a possible prisoner exchange. John wondered if this would really be possible because they were so far out in the country and felt they would certainly be forgotten and passed by. Conversation between the Japanese officials was overheard sayings that the prisoners in the country would have first chance of being liberated. After five months of being in this prison camp the missionaries finally had a chance of being exchanged.

Mary Scott didn't feel she should be released and she almost insisted, if not demanded, to remain in China. She felt she had no right to ask for an exchange. Brother and Sister Osborn felt it was right for them to leave the field. Since Brother Pattee had sent his family home he felt he should return home at this time. Brother Moses was ready to go home but was ill and unable to travel, so he



was left with the Japanese until he was strong enough to travel.

When it was time for John to leave for home, he traveled about half way to Shanghai, the place of the exchange, where he would meet the boat. After a week stay in Shanghai, a ship came in and John was taken to Portuguese, East Africa. John had not shaved for about six weeks and had a beard six or seven inches long. When John received his assignment from the man in charge on the ship, he was told to sit at table seven with the other "father". The other "father" was an Episcopal priest and had a beard about twelve inches long.

When they sailed into the harbor of Shanghai they could see the American ships, Americans waving the American flag and the shouting, "Welcome Americans." They remained in the harbor for about a week before they boarded the American ship. They now knew they were on their way to America, their home. When finally entering the harbor of New York and passing the Statue of Liberty, a man standing close by on deck said, "If that old lady ever sees me again she will have to turn around." A band was playing to welcome them home as they entered the harbor.

John was finally a free man and could now receive mail. He had written many letters home but never received

answers. It was only through other contacts that Lillian, John's wife learned of his release. She had not been notified personally. Lillian and the children were in Oakland to welcome John home. It had been exactly six years since he left the United States for China. John was ready to face the future and whatever the Lord had in store for him.

On the day the Japanese surrendered, John Pattee was in Washington, D. C., to apply for his passport for his return to China to continue his missionary work. General McArthur favored the missionaries' return to the field, as they were very helpful. Communistic influences in the government were not in favor of the missionaries. The missionaries' passports were not processed in a timely matter as others and were some times delayed for months. As the Pattee's waited their return to China they continued preaching and holding meetings. While Jimmy and Alice Jackson were pastors of the Merced, California Church of the Nazarene, John Pattee held a service for them. Several months later he knocked on the door of the parsonage and shouted: "I'M GOING BACK TO CHINA" He was so excited as he went on his way to China.

In 1946, after many months of waiting, Brother Wiese and Pattee boarded a small ship out of San Francisco. The

small ship was tossed by the big waves, steamer trunks slid on the deck from side to side and Brother Wiese became seasick. John didn't suffer through the many storms at sea.

When they finally arrived in China they once again met their friends at the National Holiness Association. They inquired about the situation in China and found out there were still Japanese soldiers in the country. There were also nationalist soldiers in the city and the surrounding areas. This was favorable for carrying on with their work. The communist soldiers occupied the field in North China and they knew if the communist soldiers were in these areas, they could not work freely. Pattee went to the field and found it occupied and reported his findings to Brother Wiese. They would have to search for a new field.

The missionaries decided they should go to South China where the work prospered both in Kian and Kanhsien. At this point, Mrs. Wiese and Mrs. Pattee, with their families, once again joined their husbands in China. God helped them in starting their work in South China where the circumstances were more favorable than in North China. The missionaries were ready and determined to preach the gospel.

Since Lillian had no nursing responsibilities at this time and there was a lady doctor in the church who took care of the medical needs of the people, Lillian worked with the children of the church. There were approximately two hundred children in the services. The children were quiet and attentive when the missionaries had the services, but this was not true when the Chinese lady spoke. The children were asked why they were so attentive when listening to missionaries. The children responded that it was funny to them when the missionaries made a mistake in their language.

An old building was purchased to have a place to worship and some wonderful revivals were held here. The loudspeaker system could be heard a great distance away and attracted many. God blessed their efforts in these services and was attended by approximately two hundred people.

In 1949 the Communist were again heading for South China and missionaries were warned to be prepared. The Wieses and Pattee's were warned of the movement and with their families left China for the second time. Later other missionaries were forced to leave. When John left the mission station it was a sad experience for his pastor and accordion player, as they were left behind to face the communist.

In 1950, the Pattee's went to the Philippines as missionaries and helped start a Bible School, where they worked for twenty-two years and had a wonderful time working for the Lord.

In 1979, John had the opportunity of returning to China to see his old friends. John was unable to see many of them, but did make contact with one of the ladies through the church. John made arrangements to meet with her in a restaurant after the service and waited patiently for her arrival. After forty years, John was reunited with her and they talked about her husband and the work being done in China. Her husband had been in prison for over twenty-one years. He remained a war prisoner, and was allowed to preach in a small Nazarene Church. In that restaurant they prayed together that God would release her husband. A few months later their prayer was answered and her husband was released from prison and returned home.

After that, John made two additional trips to China, one with a group of Nazarenes, and one with Dr. Guy Nees. John was given permission on one of those trips to visit the part of China where he served during World War II. After many complications with the government, John was able to see his Christian friends. The communist had tortured and killed some of his friends and some remained in prison.

The church had been destroyed, many in the church had been persecuted and in spite of it all, the work was growing. John Pattee said it was estimated there were seventy million Christians in China when he made his last trips to China. The highlight of one of John's last trips was being able to see his accordion player.

In 1989, while I sat with John in his favorite Chinese restaurant in Pasadena, California, his burden for the Chinese people still burned within his heart. John was fully dedicated to the call that God had given him.

## CHAPTER VIII

### MIRACLES IN AFRICA

Louise Robinson was born on October 9, 1892 in a little log cabin in the state of Washington to parents who pioneered in Minnesota. Neighbors in Washington loaned the Robinson family the small log cabin where Louise was born and where the family lived until they could build their own home. Louise's parents settled in an area where there were no churches so Louise never had the opportunity of attending Sunday school. Louise's parents attended church at one time and respected the Lord.

The first opportunity Louise had to be around Christian people was when her father sold his farm and moved into a small community where she graduated from high school. Louise became acquainted with friends who told her of a small independent church. The pastor of this church was also a schoolteacher. People came from all directions, some walking for miles to attend this church.

Louise was invited by her friends to attend a service with them in this church. She attended a Friday night service and enjoyed the music, especially the tenor voices. Louise was so impressed with the service that she decided to attend the services the next Sunday. As she made her way

to church that morning she was wondering what would take place. The service began, the congregation started singing and people were blessed and praising the Lord. Louise saw the beautiful glow in the eyes of a lady that she had never witnessed before. Sitting next to Louise was a woman who had just lost her son. She was looking up with such a beautiful smile and Louise was wondering what this lady was smiling about. The Lord spoke to Louise in this service, and said, "You know if you had what these ladies had you could smile too." The Lord reminded Louise that she had some straightening up to do. Louise knew she would have to change her attitude if she became a Christian. Louise had this awful feeling of conviction that never left her. She was afraid to go to sleep at night for fear she would die before morning. She prayed and promised the Lord that if He would protect her until she could get to church, she would give her heart to Him.

The church, where they worshiped, was about ten miles from her father's farm. Louise was pleased when her brother offered to attend church with her. Louise couldn't remember much about that first service, except for the songs they sang. One song had the words "When you come, when you come there is mercy for you" and others she could never forget.



That night as she had promised, she made her way to the altar and gave her heart completely to the Lord.

Louise had planned to go away the next day, but felt the Lord was speaking to her, telling her not to leave home, so she obeyed. The next morning she was drawing water from the well, thinking about what had happened the night before. She looked up into the heavens and began to weep and shout, praising the Lord. She said, "It was a wonderful experience and what a change had taken place in my life. It was wonderful, wonderful, experiencing the work of the Holy Spirit." Louise made her restitutions. The Lord gave her plenty to do and she was able to win her family to the Lord.

That little church, with the independent group, soon became the Church of the Nazarene and we will see in the next few pages how Louise's dedicated life was such a blessing to the Church of the Nazarene. As Louise and I sat in her little cottage at Casa Robles, one of the homes of our retired missionaries in Temple City, California, Louise told me her story and I could sense the working of the Holy Spirit in her life.

## THE SPECIAL CALL

When Louise was young, she wanted to become a schoolteacher but she felt God had something special for her to do. God began talking to her and turning things around in her life and she was feeling such a responsibility for the lost. One day, Louise went out into the pasture where she prayed aloud. Here she had a vision of a lost world and God spoke to her that day in a very unusual way. The Lord promised Louise He would enfold Him around her so that she could reach the lost. God also promised her the Holy Spirit, but she really didn't understand what this meant.

A short time after Louise graduated from high school, God led her to Northwest Nazarene College. It was here that she searched for the Holy Spirit. With the guidance of several members of the faculty, God sanctified her. Louise knelt in her room and prayed, "Lord we have to settle this now and forever. I am not leaving this room until this thing is settled." The Lord spoke, "Will you preach?" Louise said "we have been talking about this for two years." She thought of the preachers who were near starving and being a woman preacher would make it even more difficult. When God said, "Preach in Africa" this was even worse for Louise. All Louise knew about Africa was what she

had heard about the cannibals eating the missionaries. Louise was totally ignorant of what a missionary really was and how she would ever get to Africa. She was grateful for the encouragement she received from the people at Nampa. Dr. Elwood Sanner, a young man and pastor of Nampa church as well as Dr. Mack and Dr. Wiley who were members of the faculty at Northwest Nazarene College, were all an inspiration to her.

Louise turned her life completely over to God. She said "I will go to Africa, if I can find any way to get there, but Lord if you ever think you don't want me, let me know. At this very point I consecrated my life to the Lord, He sanctified me and the blessings of the Lord filled my soul and from that time on I experienced a true revival in my heart."

#### THE MIRACLE

Louise received her assignment to go to Africa after her graduation in the late summer of 1920. The first thing Louise did was study the language. Louise went to Swaziland to attend the district assembly and while there she became involved in the girls' school. She came to know poverty. This was a place for girls in trouble who had no other place to go. They were all unsaved. When Louise arrived,

there were 32 girls, all living in one tiny room. There was just enough room for them to lie on the floor like matches in a box. When Louise saw this sight she said, "My father wouldn't keep 32 chickens in a place like this."

The school building was rectangular and very small. On the side of the building was a small tin shed and in the back part of the shed was a kitchen where they cooked porridge with very little equipment. Louise found a girl in this shed lying on the dirt floor who had just been brought into the school. She had been beaten and was bleeding from head to foot. When she saw this sight she thought to herself "Thank the Lord I don't have to live around this place, I just couldn't take this place and I am not the one to be here." Again she said, "I don't like this place and I can't take it." The man who was standing there beside her said, "Daughter, even if you don't like it, take it."

The station deep in the interior of Swaziland had no access to the outside world. There was no building material to be found and if it could be found, there would be no way to get it to this area. With no roads, building seemed like an impossible situation. As Louise leaned on God's promises and God began to speak to her, miracles began to happen and things took place that seemed impossible.

Louise went searching and was able to find enough clay and stone to start a foundation for a new building. After spending many months of hard labor, an old Irishman, also an old drunkard came over the hill out of nowhere. He was however, a first class bricklayer, but never did much of anything because of his drinking. He didn't work well with others but alone he could do a good job. The old man worked for little to nothing, making and laying brick. They were able to find and bring in tile by oxen. A mission station was built, deep in the interior of Swaziland, something people said was impossible. Louise said she learned the greatest lesson of her life through this experience. When everyone said it was impossible God caused a miracle?

Dr. Schmelzenbach held a great Revival in Swaziland. He preached repentance to the people of Swaziland. The natives were told they would have to give up their terrible practice of witchcraft. Louise began to counsel the natives about the working of the Holy Spirit and leading them into this experience. Dr. Schmelzenbach and the missionaries prayed and fasted until the Holy Spirit came upon them. They started holding services on the grounds and people came in from every direction. They conducted no night services because there were no lights and it was too

dangerous for the people to attend. The services continued for about ten days and the people on the station grounds and the surrounding area, continued to search for the Holy Spirit. Louise said, "I saw one of the greatest revivals of my life here."

In 1942, after 22 years in Africa, Louise married Dr. J. B. Chapman, General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene. Louise had never been married. I asked her how she felt about being married to a General Superintendent. Louise laughed, said: "I didn't think it would ever work, but it did!" Dr. Chapman and Louise traveled around the world for the next several years.

Louise Chapman described her husband as a great preacher and deliverer. She said "I remember the camp meetings, especially when he preached, and I enjoyed his wonderful spirit. He was so kind and he loved everyone. He was a man with a wonderful spirit at all times and in Louise's eyes could do nothing wrong. When Dr. Chapman preached on sanctification, he would sometimes say: "I got saved so I could get sanctified."

After Dr. Chapman's death in 1948, Louise Chapman was elected general Women Foreign Missionary Society president and continued in this position for 16 years. She was happy

in this responsibility and the Lord blessed her, but she never felt big enough to handle the job.

Louise was dedicated to her calling and carried a great burden for those who were lost. She had a good life serving her Master. When Louise became a missionary she had no luxuries like the contemporary field workers have today. She said in her interview, "It cost something to be a Christian in those days. I think we have seen this in the lives of our early leaders." In 1989 at the age of 96, Louise was excited to be able to attend the General Assembly in Indianapolis, Indiana. She received special recognition by both the assembly and the Press for her devotedness to the Church of the Nazarene.

#### A VISION FOR THE LEPERS

At an early age, God spoke to Elizabeth Cole in a special way as He prepared her for her calling as a missionary. God blessed her and the Church of the Nazarene as she carried her burden for the Lepers.

In the early 1920's, Elizabeth was raised on a ranch in Montana. It was her responsibility to care for the cattle. At a very early age Elizabeth learned to pray for even the simple things in life and to always put her trust in the Lord. When there was a problem with the cattle or

livestock or she was threatened with a storm, she would pray that God would help her to trust and not be afraid. Elizabeth prayed for a good horse, one that would run fast and one that could keep up with the cattle. She had only an old workhorse to ride. God answered her prayers and she ended up with one of the most beautiful horses in that part of Montana.

When Elizabeth was in high school she was struggling to know what to do with her life. She always wanted to live on the range, have herds of cattle and ride wild horses. She also wanted to become a broncobuster, however, deep in her heart she knew God wanted her to become a nurse. Elizabeth had six brothers and four sisters and couldn't think of leaving them and her horse. When out in the pasture, looking across hills and pine trees, Elizabeth looked into the heavens and dedicated her life to God. Being a cowgirl was much different than becoming a nurse, but God was leading her into nurses training. It was terrifying and a real struggle for Elizabeth when it was time to leave her family and train for her nursing career.

After Elizabeth finished her nurses training she worked in a hospital. Elizabeth did not see much happiness when she came face to face with human suffering. Elizabeth had seen animals suffer, but was unaware of and didn't know



about human suffering. It was at this point in Elizabeth's life that she had a vision of children with leprosy and she wondered if anyone ever took care of them.

After finishing her nurses training in Billings, Montana and working in the hospital, Elizabeth felt God wanted her to go on to Bible school. Elizabeth was working in the alfalfa fields with her brothers on a hot day. Mosquitoes were eating them up, swarms of flies were everywhere, but it was here that she had communion with God. Elizabeth looked into the heavens and cried unto the Lord, "I can't do this by myself, and I don't know how to get to Bible school. Lord, you opened the way for the children of Israel to cross the Red Sea. Lord, open the way for me to get to Bible School." She knew God was in that alfalfa field waiting for her to ask. Then a scripture came to her from heaven "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou wilt go, I will guide thee with mine eyes."

The next day she received a telephone call from a doctor in Billings, Montana asking her if she could come and care for his patients. The salary she received from her nursing position allowed her to attend Northwest Bible College in Seattle, Washington. It was through this

experience that Elizabeth learned to live every day by faith.

The time came when Elizabeth had to put everything on the altar, putting her life in the hands of God. Elizabeth prayed, "Yes, Lord I will go where you want me to go." Elizabeth felt there wasn't anything she'd rather do than to work with God's people, suffering from leprosy. Things weren't clear to Elizabeth as yet, but she prayed, "Lord I am not worthy in the least, but if I am, I will go."

During the Easter season Elizabeth was in her room praying. As she knelt beside her bed, it seemed as though all heaven came down to earth, and her heart was filled with the Lord's presence. She recalled: "It seemed like a beam on the wall and I knew that the Holy Spirit would lead me each step of the way. I definitely felt God was calling me to go to these people with leprosy." Elizabeth discovered what sanctification was. Before this time people tried to explain sanctification, but it was hard for Elizabeth to understand. In her bedroom that day Elizabeth consecrated her life to the Lord and enjoyed the presence of the Holy Spirit in her life. All she could say was, "Let me go to the leprosy people." Elizabeth could now say that it was real, that she had received a definite call.

In 1934 and 1935, Elizabeth wrote letters to Dr. J. G. Morrison, the head of the general church missionary department. She told him she felt a call to the leprosy work and was ready to go any time. Dr. Morrison wrote back and told her the church had no leprosy work. He told her because of finances the church was not assigning any missionaries at this time and they had no plans to begin any leprosy work. Elizabeth wrote a second letter and received a similar reply. In response to Elizabeth's third letter, Dr. Morrison told her there was a possibility she would be sent to the mission field.

In January of 1935, Elizabeth Cole was appointed to a hospital in Swaziland. This was not a leprosy hospital, but it was the first step for Elizabeth in getting to the mission field. Elizabeth was very excited for this step in fulfilling the work that God had called her to do. Elizabeth loved the people that God led her to work with, but never lost her burden for the lepers. Elizabeth said; "I helped them and they helped me. God was always there when I needed Him." Someone once said, "It is possible to look upon the ruins of a golden castle or gaze with admiration upon the ruins of an ancient temple, but the ruins of a human being for whom Christ died we may not see." Christ walked upon this earth centuries ago. He

touched those with leprosy, healing them and making them whole.

Leprosy, known as Hansen disease today, was a disease surrounded by many types of superstitions in the demons of witchcraft. It was the most feared and hated of any affliction. Its victims were branded as outcasts, as untouchables and were classed as animals. Most of the time lepers would be forgotten and passed by. Elizabeth had seen with her own eyes lepers who had been thrown away. Elizabeth had compassion for these people. They were individuals, who laughed, cried, prayed and loved. They could be hurt or wounded, or they could be made happy. She knew the despair that drove individuals to the very edge of insanity. Elizabeth knelt beside them and heard them pray through to victory. She saw them live with a beautiful peace.

As Elizabeth shared with me some incidents that took place during her ministry, her heart was still burdened for the people in Africa. She recalled a man named Willey who had been admitted to the hospital. The first time she saw Willy, he was crumpled on the floor of the ambulance looking like a bundle of rags. She touched Willey to see if he was still breathing. The driver of the ambulance handed her the orders from the doctor. At the top of the order was

the word "dying" Then he had written TLC, which meant to give loving care. Elizabeth felt the presence of God while thinking of Lazarus and was given the assurance that this man would be healed. God did touch him and even with an artificial foot and two stubby hands, Willey was able to get around. Willy walked with that foot and lifted those stubbed hands for Jesus and was known as one of God's special men on the mission field.

Another one of Elizabeth's patients, Robert, said he felt like Job, wishing he had never been born and wanted to die. His relatives would have nothing to do with him. Robert had been working for the government, carrying a gun, and before his conversion came close to shooting himself, Robert said; "Now I know where I was wrong. I am almost blind and most of my bones are gone, I look like a spook and I can say with Job, I know my Redeemer lives. I am having fellowship with the suffering that I never knew before, a fellowship that is precious with Jesus. This time I have left my life in the hands of God."

Arnold was another of Elizabeth's patients. He had suffered a long time and lived in the fear of witchcraft. When Arnold was admitted to the hospital his body was covered with red welts. He had a high fever and a weak pulse and his hope was gone. Arnold's condition was known

as leper reaction. While at the mission station Arnold gave his heart to Jesus and was a witness to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Arnold's wife was also a former leprosy patient and was missionary president, blessed of God and a living witness of what God can do.

When Elizabeth Cole arrived in Swaziland there were approximately fifteen million people in Africa suffering from leprosy. Only one fifth of the lepers ever received any type of treatment or spiritual help. Elizabeth would visit the grass huts where the lepers were living. The lepers would tell Elizabeth that they had been thrown away and no one cared about them. The little children were infected as well with red spots all over their bodies. The older people were ambulating with crutches made from limbs of trees. Often they were wearing no clothes, or were wearing grain sacks with two holes cut out for their arms.

When the patients were being treated, the doctors and the nurses would tell them how Jesus loved them, and how He went about healing the sick. Elizabeth spent thirty-eight years in Swaziland, fulfilling her call and was blessed of God. She said, " God worked in a wonderful way and granted me the greatest privilege that I could ever hope for, to work with the leprosy people." Elizabeth received special

honor from the government concerning her leprosy work in Swaziland.

The British government finally built a huge hospital that covered a thousand acres in another section of Swaziland. It was a beautiful hospital when it was completed. On the grounds were large herds of cattle. The landscaping was done by the use of horses and mules. Once completed there was no one to run this new hospital in Swaziland. Our own Nazarene Doctor David Hynd was contacted and asked for help. In 1948, all of the leprosy people in Swaziland were put into the hands of the Church of the Nazarene. GOD DID IT. IT JUST DIDN'T HAPPEN!

## CHAPTER IX

### GOD SENT SERVANTS

Through the leadership of the Holy Spirit, God blessed Lydia Wilkie and Dorothy Davis for their efforts as his servants to minister to the natives in Swaziland.

Dorothy Davis heard about the Church of the Nazarene when she was living in Colorado. Rev. Kenneth Wells was holding a revival in her church and Rev. and Mrs. Wells sang a song that night. "I know His blood can make the vilest sinner clean." At six years old, Dorothy felt she was a vile sinner. When Dorothy was ten years old her family moved to Whittier, California and it was there she accepted an invitation to go to the Church of the Nazarene. They previously had attended the Quaker Church. In an evening service Dorothy's parents were invited to the altar and Dorothy ran down the aisle behind them. Dorothy was saved that night and from that time on never turned her back on God. Two years later, Dorothy's family moved to Rosemead, California, near Pasadena College. Dorothy was sanctified and made a complete surrender and promise to God: "Lord no matter what; I am going through with you."

One day Dorothy went to her room to pray. The Lord met her there in a wonderful way. She remembered praying, "Lord is there anything you want me to do?" Her eyes fell upon



her open Bible and in the second Psalm she read: "Ask of me and I will give you the heathen." Dorothy knew God was speaking to her. She didn't tell anyone about this experience, but she wrote about it in the margin of her Bible and at age 16, Dorothy was called to become a missionary.

About a year later, in the Alhambra, California, Church of the Nazarene, they were having a consecration service. Dorothy was one of several young people who went forward publicly to consecrate her life to the Lord. She felt this service was meant for her. Before this time Dorothy had not shared with anyone about her call to the mission field. At the close of the service many people showed Dorothy encouragement about her call to become a missionary. This was the confirmation of what the Lord wanted Dorothy to do.

Dorothy attended Pasadena College and prepared to teach elementary school. She was advised to do this along with a minor in Religion, as the Lord had called her to preach as well as teach. After graduation, Dorothy felt she was ready to go to the mission field. She contacted the mission board and had her application in for six years. She was told that she was too young to be sent to the mission field. A year of frustration followed and her family was

having a difficult time financially. About this time Dorothy became very ill with a severe attack of the flu. Unable to go to church that evening, Dorothy was playing the piano when she came across the song; 'Follow Me.' One phrase touched her as she sang: 'Dismiss thy fears, and trust me with thy future years.' Dorothy felt a burden lift.

A few weeks later Dr. Morrison from the Nazarene Home Mission Dept. visited Dorothy's church. Dorothy inquired of Dr. Morrison what she should do to get to the mission field, and he replied, " girlie, you should take nurses training" and this was her introduction to this field. After many miracles and in 1935, Dorothy arrived in Nampa for her nurses training at the Samaritan Hospital. It was in this training that Dorothy felt God definitely wanted her in nursing. Dorothy didn't tell anyone about her feeling, because she didn't want to be mistaken about her calling.

The Director of Nursing called Dorothy into her office in the last year of her training. Dorothy was told that a letter had been received from the Department of Missions requesting a nurse to teach nursing and the Department of Missions felt Dorothy should be the one. Dorothy also took

graduate work during this time so that she could get her preacher's license.

Dorothy was appointed to the mission field in November of 1939. She started her journey as a missionary in April of 1940 with Lydia Howard, sailing from New York. Dorothy and Lydia set sail on a small ship called the Charles H. Craft. They arrived six weeks later in Swaziland. Dr. David Hynd was there to meet them. Driving along Dr. Hynd pulled the car over and gave thanks to the Lord for giving Dorothy and Lydia a safe trip. Dorothy said she would never forget how the glory of God came down in the car that day. The Swaziland experiences they had were never forgotten. She really cherished her association with the pioneer missionaries. Her first contact was with Brother Joe Penn who witnessed and signed her contract. Rev. Tracy met her in Cape Town upon her arrival and gave her some very valuable advice in becoming a missionary.

Dorothy thought she was going to teach when she arrived, but she was told she was going to the Schmelzenbach Memorial station. That year she had the rare privilege of working with Louise Robinson, and Fairy Chism. Dorothy said, "We couldn't have been in a better situation. The clinic was small and this was the place I needed to get my feet down, get acquainted with the Nationals and learn

the language so I could go on with the work that the Lord had called me to do."

Dorothy was later sent to Manzini. She was still not teaching, but was working in the wards. It was wonderful how the Lord prepared her step by step to do His work. One of the missionaries who had been in charge of the nursing school left on furlough and was headed back on ship, to Pearl Harbor. She was unable to return to the mission station. A staff meeting was held and without even asking, an announcement was made that Miss Davis would be heading the nursing school. Dorothy said it was a great privilege to work in a Nazarene school teaching and training young people. When Dorothy retired in 1972, all but sixteen nurses had attended her classes. In 1975, the Nazarene mission station was the only nurse's training school in Swaziland and trained nurses from all denominations. Dorothy said it was wonderful to see how God used these girls in responsible positions. These nurses went to work in government hospitals and other hospitals around the world.

Dorothy said it was always exciting to see God working in the lives of these nurses. She praised God for the privilege of counseling and praying them through to victory in great revivals. Some of the nurses made restitutions for

the money and food they had stolen. The missionaries saw a little church grow from a Sunday school under a tree, to a church, a clinic and a school, which in 1962 was the first school in the community.

Dorothy Davis interviewed nurses for the Examination Board of Swaziland. The examination board of Swaziland would present the nurse with the highest marks, a silver medal, called the Dorothy Fay Davis Medal. Dorothy presented this award to the first nurse qualified to receive it in 1974. She was disappointed that it was not a Nazarene Nurse.

While on furlough as a foreign student in England, Dorothy was presented to the Queen Mother of England. In 1966 in recognition of the work that the mission had done in teaching nurses, Dorothy received the Honorary Member of the British Empire Award. For the presentation of this award she was again presented to the Queen of England.

In August of 1975, after returning home from Africa, Dorothy married Ralph Cook. She was married to Ralph for seven years before he passed away. They did much traveling in those years, both speaking in churches around the world.

Lydia Wilkie, another chosen servant of God was born in Kearney, Nebraska on February 3, 1907. Approximately a half-mile from where she and her family lived was a schoolhouse. At the age of 4, Lydia begged her mother to

allow her go to that school. After much begging Lydia persuaded her mother, as well as the teacher, to let her attend school. She loved school and attended every chance she got.

Lydia's parents were Christians. Lydia's family lived on a farm and near the farm was a Evangelical church with a wonderful pastor and wife. Even at age eight, Lydia could tell what a change had taken place in her parents lives when they were converted. One night when Lydia went to bed she called her parents into her room to pray for her. She hopped out of bed, knelt beside the bed and the Lord saved her. Lydia always desired to do God's will from that time on.

Lydia lived with her grandparents during her high school years. Her grandparents were members of the Free Methodist Church.

In high school Lydia was diagnosed with a thyroid goiter. After taking x-rays the doctors discovered the goiter was affecting her heart. When Lydia walked across the room she would become so weak she could hardly make it to the other side. Periodically there would be an interdenominational meeting in a country church near where Lydia lived and Lydia would beg her parents to take her to

these meetings. They discouraged Lydia from going because of her health, but Lydia was determined she was going to attend, so her parents consented to take her with them in the old Ford automobile.

Lydia had no idea that there was going to be a healing services that evening. She wasn't sitting with her parents but with a friend. When the minister, Bona Flemming, said, " We are going to have a healing service," it seemed the Lord said to Lydia, if I heal you, will you give your whole life, your voice and will you do everything I want you to do? Lydia said, "Yes Lord I will." Lydia went forward for healing. It was a surprise to her parents. As prayers went up and oil touched her head Lydia never doubted that God touched her and she was completely healed.

Lydia knew at an early age that God had called her to be a servant, but she didn't know what it was she was to do. She was ready to do God's will. Lydia really wanted and desired to be a singer and she imagined seeing multitudes listening to her as a song evangelist. Lydia said. "There was a bit of pride."

Lydia went to Bible College in Colorado Springs for one year. At the end of the year in Colorado Springs Lydia developed pneumonia and yellow jaundice. She had a period of recovery and started teaching and was able get her

teachers certificate in the public school system in Kearney, Nebraska, her hometown. Lydia loved children and loved her job, but she knew God had something more in mind for her. She knew she should go to college.

She decided on Bethany Nazarene College. During the depression, there was little money and her parents were unable to help her financially. These were hard times for Lydia, but she never asked anyone for help. The Lord helped Lydia and she finished four years of college, the last year being the most difficult. Lydia went to the prayer room at Bethany and prayed, "O Lord I don't understand this, you have always taken care of me and now you haven't answered my prayers, what is it? All Lydia could see was a map of Africa and it was all black. She knew that she was supposed to go to Africa. The Lord said: "You are going to have to trust me."

At the end of the school year, a college friend of Lydia's from Canada came into the library where Lydia was working. Lydia's friend wanted to buy a car and take Lydia and Thelma home with her, as she needed to go back to Canada to settle her father's estate. She wanted the three of them to do Sunday school work and home mission work in Canada. Lydia's friend thought she and Thelma could do the preaching and Lydia could take care of the music. Lydia's



mother had sent her a hundred dollars to buy a ticket to come home at the end of the school year. Instead of buying a ticket, Lydia and Thelma purchased an old Ford for eighty-five dollars, leaving Lydia with fifteen dollars to go to Canada.

Lydia was owed fifteen dollars by another friend that she was to receive before leaving for Canada, but the money never arrived. God provided and took care of them on this trip and they had an enjoyable time. They traveled through Yellowstone National Park, and the snow was piled higher than the car. The roads had been plowed the day before and it was just wide enough for the car to get through. Lydia only had twenty-five cents left when the girls arrived in Yellowstone. She didn't know how much the other girls had but was sure it wasn't much. They headed for the Yellowstone post office, because Lydia's mother was to send her the fifteen dollars. The fifteen dollars was not there. They pooled their money to buy a gallon of gas. Lydia eventually received the fifteen dollars. During their wait at the Canadian border, a big, red-faced Irishman and his wife came over and gave them a huge salmon. They had a little cook stove and cooked the salmon that night along with little potatoes and beans they had carried all the way from school.

When the girls arrived at the Canadian border the officials asked them how much money they had. They had only the fifteen dollars that was sent by Lydia's parents. There was a depression in Canada as well as in United States. The Canadian customs searched the back seat of the car and saw some old hymnals. The girls were asked if they were Mormons? Lydia didn't know much about Mormons, but she soon learned. The customs man was a Mormon and was trying to persuade the girls to go to a dance that night. The Mormons had some big dances in Canada.

Lydia and her friends didn't have enough money to cross the border so they were turned around by customs until they could obtain seventy-five dollars. When they were finally able to get into Canada their first revival had been arranged by the District Superintendent in a country schoolhouse. Lydia said, "God came down that night." The people were hungry for the gospel and responded to the altar call. The people came from as far as twenty-five miles, some by automobile and others by lumber wagons.

Even though this was a German settlement there were no Lutheran Churches in the area. Sanctification was not preached yet. Near the end of the service a little boy came to the altar followed by his parents. The parents of the young boy said, they knew God saved them, but they felt

there was something else they needed. The girls then told them about Sanctification and Holiness. They had a wonderful time serving this settlement all summer.

Lydia packed her suitcase and prepared to go home. It seemed to Lydia that the Lord was speaking to her and she wasn't to go home at this time. There was still more for her to do.

Thelma and her friend went on. Lydia remained in the home of the district superintendent. The district superintendent wanted Lydia to help with the mission work among a group of Ukrainian people. During this time God was talking to Lydia about Africa. Lydia wasn't certain what the Lord was calling her to do. Lydia was assisting with the baby in the parsonage. She was giving the baby his bottle and listening to the radio. On the radio they were singing "The Ninety and Nine." Lydia burst out crying as she saw those little black faces in Africa. Lydia decided she needed to tell someone about her feelings, because she had never discussed her calling before. She didn't want to be influenced by anyone and wanted to be sure she had a call.

Dr. J. G. Morrison the General Missionary Secretary visited the district while Lydia was there. She expressed

to Dr, Morrison how she was feeling about a call and going to Africa. Dr. Morrison told her no one was being sent to the mission field. There were approximately four hundred people on the waiting list to be sent as missionaries and no place to send them. Dr. Morrison told Lydia to send letters to all her friends and have them write letters of recommendations saying that she should be sent as a missionary. Lydia did not desire to do this and expressed this to Dr. Morrison. Lydia felt if the Lord wanted her to be a missionary the Lord would open the door for her to go. So Dr. Morrison gave Lydia an application. Lydia sent her application in with her pastor's name and one other to the mission board.

Lydia wanted to teach, but through college felt the Lord wanted her to take up nursing. This was really strange to Lydia because as a child, if she cut herself and saw blood she would become faint. It seemed to Lydia the devil kept after her, telling her, "If you go to Africa you are going to kill your mother and father." Lydia knew her father didn't want her to leave home for Bethany to attend school. How was he going to feel when she told him she was going to Africa? Lydia wrote her parents and told them of her call to Africa and that she was taking up nurses training. Her parents wrote back to Lydia and told her she

was old enough to make up her own mind and if that's what she felt called to do, do it.

Lydia found out later that her parents laughed when they received her letter and said they gave her one-month to be a nurse. The Lord opened the way and Lydia received three years of nurses training and didn't faint once. Lydia loved nursing. Lydia returned home after she finished college work and received her appointment without going through the mission board. Lydia said, there are so many different ways the Lord calls us. When Lydia left for Africa she had both her nursing and teaching requirements. Lydia's father felt he had been called to preach after his conversion, but was told by a pastor that if he didn't have an education, he couldn't preach. Her father served the Lord in this very difficult time of his life. Lydia remembers when she left for Africa and said goodbye to him, he had tears in his eyes and said to Lydia: "When you go to Africa, I want you to do my work and yours too."

Lydia had been in Africa for about a year when Dr. Hynd asked if she would take the Orphanage. Lydia had been thinking about the little African babies. When Lydia arrived at the Orphanage some children had no beds and were lying on the floor. The baby's beds were just small wooden boxes. Lydia was delighted to be there as a mother to these

orphans. An African church made bricks and raised enough money to build a five-room brick house to be used as the home for orphans.

From 1940 to 1947, Lydia worked in both the hospital and the clinic. There were only four nurses in the hospital at the time and Dr. Hynd was the only male and doctor on the staff for most of that time. This was during World War II. Dorothy Davis, Elizabeth Cole and Lydia Wilkie, were single and had wonderful times working together in Africa. Some people thought of missionaries as old maids. Dr. Hynd referred to the nurses as his "unclaimed blessings." Since these ladies were single, they would work day and night, because they had no responsibilities at home. Lydia spent seven years at the hospital and clinic and was able to give all of her time to the mission work.

Lydia's vision was to have a ward for sick children. Dr. Hynd had done everything possible to obtain a ward for sick children. The working girls on the mission station were housed in a building on the grounds but they were moved to another area and this left a building empty. Lydia inquired as to why this building was empty and why it couldn't be used for a children's ward. This became a reality. One end of the building was living quarters for

Lydia, and the rest of the building housed the children's ward. Lydia loved this wonderful set up.

A few months before leaving on furlough Lydia was stung under her left eye by a bee. Lydia pulled out the stinger, looked in the mirror and after taking a few steps began to burn from head to toe. She fell to the floor unconscious. The nurse next door found her. Dorothy Davis was in the next building and was summoned to come. The nurse called out "The lady is dead," because they couldn't find Lydia's pulse. Lydia thought after each breath she would be gone. She remembered thinking she needed to go home. After the bee incident Lydia's health failed and she was unable to accomplish the things she needed to do so returned to the United States. Lydia continued in poor health after that, but did some deputation work on weekends. Lydia felt the Lord had spared her life because He had something more for her to do.

While home and in Kansas City, Lydia was writing a paper on "Medical Missions North of the Equator." Lydia could find little material on the subject and asked Dr. Jones, the mission secretary, if he had any books on the subject. Dr. Jones told Lydia that a mission work was starting in Portugal. Lydia said, "A flash came down from heaven and the Lord said, and that's for you!" It was

settled that Lydia would go to Cape Verde first. The work in Cape Verde was started by one of the early Holiness groups that later united with the Church of the Nazarene and is the second oldest work in the Church of the Nazarene.

Lydia said that in all her missionary work the relationship with the people of Cape Verde was the best. Lydia felt at home in Cape Verde and loved the people.

While in Cape Verde, Lydia took care of Garnet Howard, another missionary that was desperately ill. After retiring, the Howard's and Lydia left Cape Verde for Casa Robles, the retirement home for Nazarene missionaries. Lydia continued to care for Garnet. They were best of friends. A few months after Garnet passed away Mary Jo, Garnet's daughter, called Lydia and said to Lydia "You know our daddy is a lone wolf. He doesn't know how to cook and we want him to get married and we think it should be you. June would be a good time to get married." Lydia responded, "Mary Jo, what are you talking about? Your mother just passed away in February. What will people think?" Mary Jo said, "I don't care what they think. I'm thinking of my daddy." In August of 1979, Lydia became Lydia Howard. The Howard's, newly wed, traveled the world and had some wonderful times preaching and teaching in our



churches. Lydia's closing remarks to the young people of today: "If you want to have a happy life, obey the call of God, no matter what He wants you to do." Her prayer was: "Lord, help me to remember the day that nothing can happen to me, that you and I can't handle."

#### GLIMPSE OF THE MISSION STATION

In May of 1940, Lydia Wilkie and Dorothy Davis arrived in Cape Town South Africa to answer God's call and traveled together toward the Manzini mission station. They were elated to see the mountains in the background and the beautiful countryside covered with vegetation. Lydia and Dorothy arrived safely on the grounds of the Manzini Mission Station in South Africa. Their breath was taken away by the natural landscaping surrounding the buildings. The first building on the grounds, the old stone church built in 1912, was a living memorial to Dr. Schmelzenbach. The education building used for training, was an orphanage and dormitory. On the grounds were the nurses' home and the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital. Dr. Samuel Hynd was the founder of the medical work in Manzini. Dr. Harold Jones was the pioneer doctor.

Lydia dearly loved children and she was overjoyed when she inherited a group of orphans. The exercise program

routine was a very important activity in the lives of the orphans. The orphans also had workdays and made bricks to be used for the construction of buildings on the mission grounds. The orphans helped distribute straw on the roof of the school as it was being built. Fairy Chism, a pioneer missionary, was in charge of this project. Personal laundry and the laundry of the mission station were scrubbed on the large rocks along the river. The orphans had other responsibilities. Missionaries supervised the gardening with the help of the orphans. The orphans made a game out of their work crossing the fields side by side swinging their hoes, and singing as they worked. Up to eight oxen pulled the plow to till the soil.

Education was a very important part of the orphans' lives. Some of their classes were held in the open, usually on a grassy spot under a large tree, while others were held in a grass covered mud building. Sewing, woodcraft, and handcraft were taught. When Louise Robinson arrived she taught agriculture. The last day of school was an exciting day for the students because refreshments of tea, cool-aid and cookies were served. The students attended school on the last day in new clothes, sent to them by the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society in United States. The orphans were well educated and prepared to enter any occupation.

Many of them accepted government jobs while others went into the nurses training program. The nurses who received training through the hospital on the Manzini Mission Station were welcomed and received in hospitals all over South Africa, as well as other countries.

Dorothy Cook loved her responsibility of training nurses. Each year the senior class of nurses visited the Leprosy hospital, located in the capital of Swaziland. Early in the morning the nurses would climb in the back of an open bed truck and were transported to the hospital. When nurses would see the leper colony for the first time, it was a shocking experience. Some of the patients in the leper colony could not walk, and many were forced to crawl to their destination. Many patients used crutches cut from the limbs of trees. The nurses enjoyed wonderful experiences when visiting this hospital and led many of these people to the Lord.

Wherever Dorothy Cook happened to be, she was always prepared with nursing equipment at her side. It wasn't unusual to see Dorothy sitting under a tree extracting a tooth of a native. The nurses with open arms were always there to receive the sick. Dorothy's first convert was a young boy who had suffered burns over his entire body.

Dorothy and others nursed this boy to health and God touched him in a marvelous way.

The missionaries were often called to visit the kraals when someone was ill. Kraals are the grass huts where the natives sleep on the ground. Kraals were usually in the country. When traveling across country it was not unusual to see herd boys with their cattle. As they approached the kraals they could see the mountains in the background. The patient would be placed and treated on a straw mat on the ground, in the small courtyard where the animals were kept. In Swaziland, western style beds did not appear until World War II.

The nurses held Sunday services in the kraals. Dorothy said, it was good to meet with the natives on their level. The missionaries knew the native people would be drinking when they arrived. The nurses would give their testimony and the gospel and it was wonderful to see these people respond and give their hearts to the Lord under such circumstances. God blessed the missionary's efforts in so many different ways."

The nurses met for a prayer meeting on the mission station every morning after breakfast. They would walk as a group to the hospital where their duties for the day began.

After receiving a report of their patients they then went to their assigned wards.

Even with a limited amount of equipment, doctors were able to do safe and effective surgery in those early days. It was not unusual for doctors to remove large tumors. The medical field fit in well with the evangelistic efforts over the years. Natives who had been patients in the hospital started many outstations in South Africa. Many of the natives would have never found the Lord without a physical need and coming to the hospital for help.

Christmas was always a special time on the Manzini Mission Station. This was a time of a great feast. A cow was butchered. Corn meal mush or hominy and cow meat was prepared and cooked in large steel kettles over an open fire. The feast and the service were held out in the open, with people sitting on the ground listening to a beautiful message of Jesus Christ. This was always celebration that was used of God. Natives from all over Swaziland were reached, some being heathen attending this celebration. God blessed these times in a wonderful way in the spirit of revival.

## CHAPTER X

### BECOMING A PREACHERS WIFE

Peggy Baird Lawlor was born in England and moved with her parents to Scotland when she was very young. Peggy had many fond memories of Scotland and had always wished Scotland would have been the place of her birth. Peggy was taught to obey her parents. Because of this early training, when she became a Christian, it was easy for her to obey the Lord.

One day, out of the blue, Peggy's mother announced they were moving to Canada. Two weeks later Peggy and her mother boarded a ship headed for Canada leaving her father behind. Peggy's father worked as an engineer in a Scotland shipyard.

On the morning of their arrival in Quebec, Peggy awakened early and climbed to the top deck of the ship. She was excited about getting her first glimpse of Canada. In sight was a beautiful view of the great Saint Lawrence River, a gorgeous river laced with tiny white houses on both sides and Peggy was thrilled! Upon arrival in Quebec, and after departing the ship, Peggy's mother had already made the decision to go on to Winnipeg. They continued on to Winnipeg, Canada, found a room and Peggy's mother found work. Peggy's mother became discouraged after

a short time. Things were not as she had expected. Peggy's mother told her they would be returning home. Peggy insisted she was not going home. She liked Canada and had made friends in Winnipeg and planned to stay there. This was the first time in Peggy's life she remembered saying 'no' to her mother and she couldn't believe she had actually done such a thing.

After watching her mother board the ship, Peggy prayed, "O Lord what do I do now?" Peggy decided to go to the Labor Exchange to find work. After locating the Labor Exchange and speaking with those in charge, Peggy was offered a job at the Hudson Bay Company, a large department store in Winnipeg, Ontario. She took the job and this provided her with a roof over her head and \$20 in cash by the end of the month. After a few months Peggy had managed to save a little cash and moved to a boarding house operated by the Salvation Army. As a child Peggy had been raised in the Salvation Army, so it was easy for her to become involved with them once again. Peggy loved the Salvation Army, and their big band and she soon began singing in the choir.

Peggy learned many things about soldiers from her soldier brother. This gave her some knowledge and helped her become established in the Salvation Army. The Salvation

Army was presenting a concert, renting the largest concert hall available in Winnipeg. Peggy was given an assignment to command two troops to work this concert.

In this huge auditorium, and during the concert, Peggy noticed a tall man watching her, but had no idea why. After the concert a young man approached Peggy and said: "Captain Lawlor would like to meet you." Peggy replied, "Tell him I am very busy." A few days later in the church the same young man came over to her and said, "Captain Lawlor would like to meet you." Peggy had no idea who Captain Lawlor was but agreed to meet him. Captain Lawlor looked down at her and in his deep voice, said: "How are you Miss Baird?" "Very good," Peggy replied, "I must go now, as I am very busy."

Sometime later Peggy received a telephone call from Captain Lawlor. Captain Lawlor told Peggy he would be preaching Sunday afternoon and invited her to join him and sing at his church. Peggy was feeling lonely at that time and went to her room, knelt by her bed and prayed. "Lord I have made a mess of things. If you will forgive me I will sing." Peggy accepted the invitation to sing and Captain Lawlor picked her up for the service. After the service he invited her to dinner.



Edward Lawlor was born in Yorkshire, England in 1907 and immigrated to Canada and was converted at an early age from his family's Roman Catholic faith. Edward was kind, thoughtful, and fun to be with. Much to Peggy's surprise, one day out of the blue Edward said: "Peggy I love you and want to marry you. It will be three weeks or three years." Peggy responded, "Why would we wait for three years?" Edward said, "That would give you time to know me better." Peggy replied, "I think I know you pretty well; I'll take the three weeks." They were married in 1928, three weeks after they met.

After their marriage in 1928, they continued to attend the church they were married in. They had a happy time in that wonderful church and enjoyed worshipping with a group of friendly people. One day Edward met a very dear friend, Jack Loughton he had known in the Salvation Army. Loughton invited Edward to come to his church and speak to his young people on Friday night. Edward agreed. After the Friday night meeting Jack told Edward that his District Superintendent would be in his church Sunday. Jack didn't have a good sermon prepared and invited Edward to preach for him. Edward agreed and inquired of Loughton what he wanted him to preach. Loughton said "Holiness, the same thing you preach in your church." Lawlor was preaching

away in his usual style to cover up for his friend Jack. Dr. J B Chapman the district superintendent for that district, and later general superintendent in the Church of the Nazarene was in the service that morning. After the service Peggy invited Dr. Chapman over for dinner. Dr. Chapman was impressed with Edward's preaching and asked if he had ever considered being an evangelist"? Edward said he had never considered being an evangelist because he had a government job, but told Dr. Chapman he would give it a try. Edward joined the Church of the Nazarene in 1934 and was ordained at the age of 29.

Edward was sent to the Church of the Nazarene in the farming community of Shackleton, Saskatchewan, Canada in 1934 to hold a revival. Edward traveled by train and was met at the station by one of the members and from there they traveled by sleigh to the parishioners home. This was during the depression and things were not easy. Most of the churches in Canada were small. Edward held this revival while Mrs. Lawlor remained with their two girls, Margaret and Sheila in Winnipeg.

Edward returned home and informed Peggy he was going to accept the call to pastor the Church of the Nazarene in Shackleton, Saskatchewan, Canada. Peggy said, "That's all right. You mean you are going to be a minister

and I am going to be a minister's wife? Ooh, what will I do? I don't know anything about being a minister's wife. How do I walk? How will I think?" She gave him all kinds of excuses. Edward told Peggy "Just come and be yourself." That was a relief to Peggy. Peggy had many questions for Edward. Within the month the family was on their way to Shackleton. They traveled all night by train, making their beds in the seats while Edward slept upright in his chair. They managed to sleep through the night. When Sheila and Margaret woke up the next morning they passed station after station and every station they came to they would ask "Is this it Daddy?" "No not yet" was his reply. The further they went, the smaller the stations seemed. They went through the afternoon and the girls asked again, "Is this it Daddy?" Finally, they pulled into a station and were told they had arrived. Peggy asked, "Where is the town? I don't see anything but a couple of grain elevators." Edward pointed to the right saying, there is a slight incline and then a little valley.

A parishioner greeted the family at the station. He introduced himself and invited them to his place for dinner. Peggy said, "Thank the Lord we are getting dinner". This was a very comfortable home. The son was not a Christian but very much of a gentleman. His mother was a

good Christian lady, and a Nazarene who played the piano and organ. The gentleman said that he was the custodian of the church. Mrs. Lawlor suggested they have a look at the church and make sure it was clean for Sunday services, but was informed by the son the church had already been cleaned.

Down the street from the church was a grocery store, next to the grocery store was the Post Office, and across the street was a building that looked like a pool hall. The young man pointing at the building, said, "This is the church." Peggy thought it looked like a shack from the outside. Inside, the windows were clean, everything was tidy and the curtains were stiff white. The custodian left and said he would see them on Sunday morning.

On Sunday Edward and Peggy were up early, got the children ready and went to church. Peggy hardly remembered walking down the street to the church and was excited and thrilled that her husband was a minister and she was a ministers' wife. She said, "If you had given me the whole world it wouldn't have meant anymore to me." Peggy cautioned the children to be very quiet when they entered the church because this was Daddy's church and he was going to be preaching. There was a small platform and a tiny door that led to the atrium and it was time for the service

to begin. As the organist began to play, Rev. Edward Lawlor came out on the platform. There were many talented people in the church and the music in the service that morning was beautiful. Peggy was sitting there with the children afraid to move, wondering what people might be thinking, but she remembered what her husband had told her "JUST BE YOURSELF!" She relaxed and did exactly that. There was a good attendance in the service that morning and Edward preached a good sermon.

Edward told Peggy that she would be leading the singing in the next service. She slapped her head with her hand and said to herself "My goodness, what shall I do? I have never led singing." Edward told her to do just what a song leader does. Peggy was willing to give it a try. She remembered one song leader that held his book up as he stood on the platform and announced, "We will commence our service by singing hymn number 12." So Peggy stood up with her hymnal and announced we will commence our service by singing hymn number 67." The organist started playing; Peggy was having the time of her life leading the singing. She continued to lead the singing in the church after that.

Edward and Peggy prayed much about the church budgets because they felt the church budgets should be paid before anything else. The Lord had given Edward a call to preach

and the Lord always provided money for budgets as well as money needed for their electricity bill, or coal for the potbelly stove for either their church or home.

The people in the church, as well as the town's people, were wonderful people and taught the Lawlors many things. First of all, they taught Peggy how to be a good neighbor. There was a knock on the parsonage door and there were two ladies, both holding gifts, to welcome the Lawlors to Shackleton. These women had no connection to the church. It wasn't long before their congregation had grown, with many new people from the community attending.

The church in Shackleton was difficult. As Peggy had suspected the building had at one time had been a pool hall. One old man had an old skinny horse with a wagon and drove twenty miles each way to church every Sunday, even in the wintertime when the temperature was below zero. Those were hard days! The parishioners would bring a sack lunch; make their way home after the evening service at night.

On Sunday, when Edward had to be away, he told Peggy she would be preaching. Peggy said: "Me? How would I know how to preach? I have never preached. I guess I would need a Bible." Edward said, "Of course you will need a Bible." Edward asked Peggy if she knew any good stories from the Bible. "Well I know about Jonah and a couple of others."

Edward told Peggy to choose a scripture, read a verse, write down what she thought about that verse, then continue with the next verse and so on.

Peggy did just that, putting the scripture in story form and that was her first sermon. When it was time for her to preach, she put her notes in the Bible, the Bible on the pulpit and held on tight to the pulpit because she was nervously wobbling around. After her sermon, at the end of the service that morning, she remembered that Edward always went to the door to greet people and she proceeded to do the same. Peggy got through her first sermon and that service, and was shown much support from the congregation.

A Free Methodist minister took care of the evening service. This preacher and his wife couldn't support their family in the ministry so they returned to the farm. Every Sunday morning they came to church by horse and wagon and this wonderful lady would bring produce from their farm and place it on the Lawlor's kitchen table. The Lord protected this family and they never missed a Sunday. When Edward was away and Peggy handled the service, she asked the Free Methodist minister to pray the pastoral prayer and he would be thrilled when asked. These folks were certainly a blessing to the church.

After three years in Shackleton, the Lord led the Lawlor's to the Church of the Nazarene in Picture Butte, Alberta, Canada. They had a wonderful ministry in Shackleton and learned many valuable lessons from these wonderful people. This was their first church to pastor and they loved the people and it was hard for them to say goodbye. They were leaving Shackleton, a small country village with plenty of dust and dirt, and now on their way to their new church in Picture Butte. The Lawlor's left Shackleton with Margaret and Sheila, a dog and a bird. The dog and bird were gifts from their friends in Shackleton. The countryside was changing dramatically as they traveled to Picture Butte. Peggy saw the beautiful green grass and thought how wonderful it would be if they could cut the green grass and send it to Shackleton. Peggy was also surprised at how fat and healthy the livestock looked. You couldn't even see their ribs.

When the Lawlor's arrived in Picture Butte they went directly to the church and were greeted by a member of the congregation. The man was driving a new automobile so Edward asked him if he could ride with him to the new parsonage. Edward didn't want to drive his own car stuffed with four people, a dog, a bird, and all their belongings. The drive to the new parsonage was winding and dusty. The



parsonage was a perfectly square four-room house, each room being nine by nine including the kitchen, living room and the two bedrooms. They enjoyed the parsonage and had quite a time there. It was in Picture Butte that their daughter Sheila became very ill. On Sunday morning Edward had to call someone in to preach so they could take Sheila to the hospital, many miles away. Sheila was diagnosed with Polio. Peggy asked the doctor if Sheila could be cured. The doctor said it was uncertain. The Lawlor's returned home frustrated, unsure of what the outcome of Sheila's illness would be or how they would pay the expenses for her stay in the hospital. Arrangements were made to pay six dollars a week on the hospital bill.

Sheila was released from the hospital and instructed to have complete bed rest for a while. Peggy was walking through the house and began to pray, "O Lord I will never grumble again about that old stove, or if I have to scrub the church, or about money, if you will just heal Sheila. Lord, healing Sheila is just a little thing for you to do and Lord if it is your will, just come down and touch her." Sheila heard her mother in prayer and said "Mama, who are you talking to?" Peggy replied, "I'm talking to the Lord, I'm asking him to heal you and make you better."

Sheila's doctor was tall, clean, and handsome and attired in a starched white shirt, pressed black suit and white shoes and arrived to make his usual call. He approached Sheila's bed and told her to sit up. Sheila thought he said get up. She got up and went over to the doctor. Touching different areas of Sheila's body, he said, "Does this hurt? Does this hurt? Does this hurt?" Each time Sheila replied "no" or "a little." The doctor said, "I don't understand, I don't understand Mrs. Lawlor, It's amazing." The doctor told Mrs. Lawlor a special boot would be made for Sheila that would assist her in walking. Peggy couldn't keep quiet; she had to tell the doctor that the Lord had healed Sheila. This was Peggy's first experience in the power of healing. Peggy praised the Lord for answering her prayer.

The Lawlor's were visiting the Winnipeg church one Sunday morning. A young woman greeted Peggy with a "good morning Mrs. Lawlor." This young woman said, "you don't know me but you know my brother, "Dr, Aire." Peggy responded that Dr. Aire was a wonderful doctor, was her doctor and Sheila's doctor, when Sheila had Polio. The young women then told Mrs. Lawlor that her brother, Doctor Aire and another doctor from the university were going to Venice to study during the war. Just a few hours before

Dr. Aire was going to sail, something told him to cancel his reservations and that boat was one of the first boats that went down during World War II. The Lawlor's had been paying three dollars a month on Dr. Aire's bill and Dr. Aire canceled their debt and told them to send no more.

After their pastorate in Picture Butte the Lawlor's left for Calgary, Alberta, Canada to pastor the First Church of the Nazarene. There were approximately 40 in attendance on the first Sunday. After seven years of hard work the attendance grew to four hundred and they were soon broadcasting their Sunday morning service. Edward was determined to see a revival in this church. Mrs. Lawlor conducted a story time for the children every Sunday morning during the broadcast. Inquiries were made as to who was telling the stories on the broadcast. Peggy was given a fifteen-minute spot on the local radio station and told the good old Scottish stories of her youth.

In 1946 Edward Lawlor was elected District Superintendent of the Canada West District of the Church of the Nazarene. Peggy said Edward wanted to visit every church to know everything his pastors were doing. He attended every annual meeting in every church on the

district. Edward took an interest in the Bible College and was acting President at Red Deer for three months.

In 1960 Edward Lawlor was elected as Executive Secretary to the Department of Evangelism. Edward told Peggy they were moving to Kansas City and he would be working in the Generals Office. In 1968 Dr. Lawlor was chosen to serve on the board of General Superintendents by the members of the General Assembly. When they arrived in Kansas City in 1960, Peggy was wondering how she would get along with those important people. They arrived in Kansas City on a Friday. On Saturday Peggy dropped Edward off at the headquarters building. After dropping Edward off Peggy was free to do anything she wanted to do.

Peggy drove to Kansas City First Church the first Sunday morning. This was a large church with about six hundred in attendance. Peggy said when she walked into the church, no one looked at her, or spoke to her, either before or after the service, and the same thing happened when she attended the evening service. She went home and cried. The next Sunday she attended the same church again and no one looked at her, no one spoke to her and again she went home and cried.

Peggy had no memory of who was on the platform, or who the preacher was the following Sunday when she went to church, but remembered saying to herself, that's my preacher and that's my choir. This church is my church and if the Lord wants to bless me I will get blessed. If the rest of them don't get blessed I will be blessed by myself." The preacher said something that blessed Peggy and she blurted out a 'AMEN'. The lady in front of Peggy turned around and looked Peggy square in the eyes and said, "That was very rude." Peggy was blessed and continued her 'AMEN'S' when the preacher said something that blessed her. It wasn't long before others were blessed and joined in. She took her freedom as the Lord led her.

One Wednesday evening, Peggy attended prayer meeting. There were a number of Seminary students in the service. A man married to his wife for many years was telling the congregation about the bad week he had. The Lord whispered to Peggy to sing him a chorus. She wrestled with the idea, as she hadn't sung this chorus in years. The Lord said: "But this man needs it." Peggy said "But all of these students are here and all of these other people." Peggy finally said "all right Lord" Peggy stood up and with everyone looking at her, sang:

If all were easy,  
If all were bright,  
Where would the cross be?  
Where be the fight  
But in the heart, God gives to you.  
Chances of proving you are true.  
Keep on believing Jesus is near.  
Keep on believing,  
There is nothing to fear.  
Keep on believing, this is the way  
This is the night as well as the day.

As Peggy finished the chorus she looked over and gazed into the eyes of Lewis, Coulter and Stowe, three General Superintendents. Peggy was worried about what she had done and what her husband was going to say. Edward heard about it before he got home.

Many years after Peggy sang that chorus to this gentleman, he told Peggy what a blessing that song had been to him. Peggy said: "I obeyed God and this encouraged other people to do the same and not be ashamed of the gospel, or be ashamed to testify."

When in 1968 the members of the General Assembly chose Dr. Lawlor for the board of General Superintendents. Peggy had been

bothered by this fact as she had only a high school education and worried about her lack of education when mixing with the other wives throughout the general offices, as most, if not all of these women had college educations. She remembered what Edward had told her many years before, "JUST BE YOUR SELF" Peggy talked to the Lord, "Lord please don't let anyone ask me what college I went to. I don't want to tell a lie and I don't want to tell the truth." Peggy never had the opportunity to get a college education. She was never ashamed of this, only embarrassed at times. When Peggy sat with a group of ladies, she would let them do most of the talking. Education was never a hindrance as Peggy managed to live a marvelous life, traveling in thirty-one countries.

After retiring in 1976, Dr. and Mrs. Lawlor moved to San Diego, California to be near their daughter Sheila, and husband Keith Holly, and their grandchildren, all attended San Diego First Church. It was a blessing and privilege to have Dr. and Mrs. Lawlor in our services at San Diego First Church. When Peggy had a testimony or a chorus for the Lord, nothing stopped her. The service would stop until she finished her testimony or chorus and then the service continued.

Peggy promised the Lord when she was a little girl that if He did the planning, she would do the obeying. That is exactly

what Peggy did and God blessed her for her service to others over the many years she spent on earth.

Dr. Edward Lawlor went to meet his Lord on November 24<sup>th</sup> 1987 and Peggy followed him on April 18<sup>th</sup>, 1997.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE PREACHERS KIDS

How do kids feel about living in the parsonage? Discover in this chapter how my two brothers, Robert and Elwyn and my sister, Jane and I felt being preachers kids. We were fortunate to have the spiritual guidance of our parents. God took first place in our parents' lives and they were determined to see the same thing happen in the lives of their four children. The family altar, attending revivals and camp meetings was an important part of our lives. We entertained evangelist, general church leaders, and missionaries in our home. We looked forward to these special occasions because they brought priceless memories for our family.

My mother always said the parsonage family should set the example and be the model church family. Preacher's kids were supposed to behave better than the average child. When the preacher's kids' behavior did not exceed that of the average child they were sometimes accused of being much worse than they really were. Growing up in the parsonage, my mother would remind us that we needed to be good and set the examples for others. We were reminded that anything we were asked to do, or not to do, by our parents was because it was the right thing to do.

Mother was raised in a parsonage as well. She liked the old fashion way. When mother was a child and her father, W. C.

Wilson, was in the pulpit, he made sure that mother and her siblings were seated in the first or second row of the church, right under his nose, because he wanted to see his children. My father never required us to do that. There were times however, that mother left the service to round us up and ushered us back into the church, in spite of our protests.

My Grandfather Wilson, my mother's father, died at an early age. We did not have the privilege of knowing him personally. It would have been wonderful to hear his stories, his burdens, and his victories that he shared with the early Church of the Nazarene. Dr. J. W. Goodwin's, General Superintendent from 1916 to 1940 said: "W.C. Wilson was a blessed man; he was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and of faith. He was loyal to his ministry. A faithful preacher of full salvation."

We did have the privilege and joy of knowing our Grandmother Wilson, a real saint who possessed the presence of the Holy Spirit in her life, a sample of what the two of them possessed. When the college moved from the Los Angeles campus to Pasadena, grandmother Wilson was on the faculty and played an important role in the education of young men who came to Pasadena College to prepare for their calling to preach. Many of these men had little or no education and some could neither read nor write. Grandmother Wilson taught and prepared them for

entrance into the Bible College and taught in this capacity until 1929. My grandfather Wilson was thrilled to see these men receive a chance to prepare themselves for the call that they were so eager to fulfill.

In grandmother's later years she lived several months at a time in her children's homes. It was something our families always looked forward to and it was a privilege when the time came for our grandmother to stay in our home. Our home was truly blessed as she hummed the old familiar hymns. Puttering through the house she would sometimes sing in a voice loud enough for the neighbors to hear. When she came out of her room in the morning her beautiful, white, waist length hair, was braided and rolled into a neat bun. She had been a schoolteacher all her life, and was always ready to correct us with our speech and grammar. How I wish she were here at my side for advice as I write these pages.

My mother was one of eight children in the Wilson family. She spent her entire life in the parsonage, either as a preacher's kid, or a pastor's wife. Mother was born in a Methodist parsonage in Kentucky. She met my father, Arthur F. Grobe on the campus of Pasadena Nazarene College. My father was raised on his father's farm in Canada and was always a hard worker. He was converted when he was eighteen years old in Clareshome, Alberta Canada and joined the Nazarene Church. Rev.

E. E. Martin was his pastor. From the day of his conversion, he was completely devoted to the Lord and soon felt his call to preach. Bob Taylorson, from Calgary First Church of the Nazarene, said of my father: "Arthur Grobe was a humble man, filled with a burning compassion for the lost and a longing love to see people won for his master. His friendly smile, his deep devotion, his earnest witness as well as his generous support were so exemplary of a Christ-filled life that people realized they were in the presence of a man who daily walked and talked with the Master. Arthur Grobe was one of the church's early pioneers in Western Canada and his early association with Calgary First Church of the Nazarene dates to the early nineteen twenties. Arthur and his brother, Charlie Grobe, with a team of horses, excavated the basement for the building of Calgary First Church."

A few years after my father's conversion, he was able to attend Northwest Nazarene College. He later attended Pasadena College where he met my mother, Deborah. Dad was singing in a quartet on the Pasadena College campus, and mother a talented musician, was playing the piano for the quartet. They later married in Pasadena First Church.

After their marriage Dad continued his schooling. While attending Pasadena College, in 1924 the Southern California District Superintendent asked Dad to supply in the Nazarene

church in Escondido, California. It was not an easy assignment for my parents. My father did his schoolwork by correspondence. Dad traveled back and forth to Pasadena College, one hundred miles each way. My sister Jane was six months old when my parents took the church in Escondido. Living in a parsonage demanded many adjustments. My parents worked hard in the church and learned many lessons. Their salary ranged from three dollars a week or whatever came in the Sunday morning offering plate. The largest offering would be on the Sunday when the postman paid his tithe.

A close friend of the family, Fred Ross, was holding a meeting at another church in Escondido and my parents invited him for dinner on a Tuesday evening. It took all of their week's salary to buy food for the meal. Mother had finished preparing the meal for Tuesday evening when Fred called and told her that he couldn't make it until Friday. Mother had no idea what she was going to do, because they had no money, no fridge, and the food would spoil. This was my parents' first chance and experience as pastors to really trust the Lord to supply their needs. Of course, they prayed that God would provide. On Thursday they visited in the home of one of their members and after they prayed and my parents were ready to leave, the gentleman said, "Say, could you use some meat? We just butchered." My parents went home with a beautiful veal roast

and all kinds of vegetables from the garden of this parishioner. Needless to say, they had a much better dinner on Friday for Fred than they had planned for Tuesday.

God gave them a wonderful six months in Escondido and blessed them in their first assignment. The trouble, which had torn apart the church before their arrival was mended and the attendance tripled. They had rich experiences in the Escondido church that helped them all through their ministry. It was difficult for Dad to continue his schooling and the work of the church because of the commute between Pasadena and Escondido, so he returned to Pasadena College to complete his studies, graduating from Pasadena College in 1929.

After graduation and ordination Dad received a call to pastor the Church of the Nazarene in Stettler, Alberta, Canada in 1930. My parents were excited and happy for the opportunity of pastoring full time. The church provided a nice four-room parsonage. There was a furnace in the basement, a real luxury. There was a lone faucet in the kitchen, with no sink, only a bucket. A nice little path ran out to the back of the lot, to the outhouse, where the plumbing was never out of order.

The church was located seven blocks from the parsonage. The family walked to church most of the time even in the winter when temperatures were often forty below zero. My mother said their clothes were not the warmest. Dad inherited his father's

coonskin coat and a fur cap. Mother had a chamois lined coat with a fur collar. They enjoyed the time in this church and the Lord gave them wonderful victories. Mother said they were full of enthusiasm and had more faith than common sense.

During the depression, budgets in the church were tight and hard to meet. Their church had the opportunity to have a female Russian Prima-donna opera singer, Madam Karinski, who had recently been converted, and come to sing in a ten-day revival. Of course, they needed a preacher, so they asked Rev. Roy Smee, pastor of Calgary, Alberta First Church, and Bill Coulter, also from the Calgary church, a fine pianist to assist. When my father presented to the church board this proposition, they were reluctant because of the expense. The church auditorium seated from eighty to a hundred people and there was a room with folding doors that opened to make more room. Mother said, " My presumptuous husband asked the church board if he could use the church and take the responsibility for the expense." Of course, they had to say 'yes.' The church board looked on as my father, their pastor, brought in lumber, built benches and set them up in the Sunday school rooms.

Madam Karinski escaped Russia by hiding in a casket. She was converted while on a ship voyage where the speaker was the famous evangelist Rev. Goforth. Madam Karinski was trying to serve the Lord with the knowledge she received from the messages

of Rev. Goforth. God marvelously saved and delivered her and she used her talents as an opera singer in a wonderful way, all over America. However, Madam Karinski had never heard of the power of the Holy Spirit and was struggling with her inward nature, exhibiting a violent temper.

To the amazement of everyone, the first church service was filled and people were standing outside. Dr. Smee was a fiery preacher, firm and direct and left no stones unturned. The music with Bill Coulter and Madam Karinski was exceptional and unheard of in this little Canadian town of Stettler, Alberta.

God began to move in the Stettler church services and many found help at the altar. This was all new to Madam Karinski. She would sing, sit on the sidelines and look on. After the service, while having tea at the parsonage, Madam Karinski lost her temper and accused Dr. Smee of many things, simply because he hadn't extended an invitation to have her sing in his church in Calgary. Everyone sat rather stupefied at her outbursts expressing her disappointment. Brother Smee said, "Let's pray, and Madam Karinski, you lead us." Mother said it wasn't long until Madam Karinski was pouring out her heart and her sinful feeling and asking God to forgive her.

As the meeting progressed, Madam Karinski was beginning to realize there was help for her through the power of the Holy Spirit. The first Sunday morning, at the close of the service,



Madam Karinski rose from her chair and exclaimed, "I have never heard of this 'Sanctification,' but I must have it." It was a glorious time for all who wept and prayed Madam Karinski through to victory. Immediately following this service she received word of a tragedy in her family. Madam Karinski, in her last testimony before leaving the meeting was "It is wonderful, wonderful, I have such peace. The changing power of God is beyond comprehension."

The two years my parents spent in Stettler were happy and exciting. The salary was small and times were hard financially, but God never failed them. The older children, Bob and Jane were in school. On May 14, 1931, I, Donald William Grobe was born.

By the appointment of R. T. Williams, District Superintendent, my father was transferred to Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. My parents said the problems they faced when arriving in the Regina church were far beyond their ability to handle as young pastors, but God gave them wonderful victory and carried them through the difficult situations.

When my father went to the Regina church I was a month old and became very ill. I was taken to the hospital in Regina, coming close to death. The doctors sent my parents home telling them that everything humanly possible had been done and there was no hope. My parents felt utterly hopeless and were exhausted

from nights of caring for me. Mother fell on her knees that night and said: "O God, my baby is yours if you want him, but if you could let me keep him I will give him to you to be used." She went to bed and had a peaceful sleep. The next morning the doctor called and said, "Your baby hasn't had another convulsion. We can't understand what has happened." My mother could! She said "Praise God for His healing touch!"

Dr. Reynolds, General Superintendent, was visiting Canada and came to their church for a service. At the close of the service Dr. Reynolds conducted an altar call. The altar was lined with seekers and mother was one who went forward in that service. Dr. Reynolds came down and knelt behind mother and started praying: " Dear Lord here is sister Grobe. Lord you know all about her. Her baby has been ill, her husband has been sick and the church is a mess. If her old daddy, W. C. Wilson were here he would say 'go home and drink a glass of buttermilk'." Mother would never forget this unusual prayer. Dr. Reynolds was a guest of our family and on Sunday morning when he came down for breakfast he noticed all of the family's shoes lined up in the hall after having been polished the night before. Dr. Reynolds said, "This looked so familiar for a Nazarene parsonage on a Saturday night."

Because of many financial problems in the church, the circumstances surrounding my illness as a newborn, and the emergency surgery my father had, he was forced to leave the church in Regina and go to the family farm in Calgary for a rest. In Calgary with a few months of relaxation, some rugged work in the Alberta wheat fields and a few hunting trips for moose and elk in the Canadian Rockies, my father was again in tip top shape and able to resume his ministry.

After my father's rest and recovery he accepted a call to pastor the Nazarene church in Modesto, California. God gave my parents some wonderful revivals in Modesto and the Lord blessed their ministry there. This assignment was not an easy one but they were abundantly cared for. Mother often talked about dear Sister Coey, bringing our family milk in fruit jars, plenty of fresh fruit and other staples. Brother Coey, a shoe merchant in Modesto told my parents that he wore out a pair of shoes while praying during one of the best revivals in the church. While in Modesto our family was blessed and complete with the birth of my youngest brother, Elwyn Arthur Grobe. Elwyn has been pastor in Nazarene churches in the United States and Canada giving forty years of service to the church. He was district secretary on the Canadian Pacific District for many years.

Vacations were something we looked forward to as children. We traveled through almost every state in the Union and have many fond memories of these trips. The night before our travels would be a sleepless night because we would all be so excited. We would rise early in the morning and load into the car. Quite often our destination was Calgary, Alberta, Canada, where my father and his brother had a farm that their father had homesteaded many years before. Even though the old farmhouse had no electricity or plumbing we had great times on the twelve hundred acre farm. We usually arrived at harvest time when the wheat stood three times higher than we were.

Usually when visiting the old family farm in Calgary, the Calgary Stampede was on the agenda and was always a highlight and an exciting time. Our uncle Monroe would park the open bed truck on the parade route very early so we could all view the parade from the truck. The Indians came down out of the mountains to march in the parade; each Indian was rewarded with a new blanket for taking part in the parade.

On Sundays, we attended Calgary First Church of the Nazarene. My grandmother, Clara Grobe and my aunt Jo Grobe were members of the Calgary church most of their lives. My grandmother and aunt Jo were extremely fond of their pastor, Dr. Edward Lawlor. Our family enjoyed the privilege of attending Dr. Lawlor services on numerous occasions.

One trip to Canada will never be forgotten. The old Studebaker was loaded with luggage strapped to the top of the car and ready to go. With two adults and four children, every inch of room was occupied. Mother made enough sandwiches for several days of traveling. Traveling in those days was not easy as temperatures would sometimes be over a hundred degrees in the desert. The car was not equipped with air conditioning and the car windows were wide open, blowing hot air in our faces. The winding dirt roads through the mountains were treacherous and narrow. If we met a car coming from the other direction it would be necessary to back up and let the other car pass.

On this trip the old 1934 Commando Studebaker broke a piston in the desert. When the car started missing, we chugged into Valmeys, Nevada a place that was only a wide spot in the road. In Valmeys there was a little motel with six units, a small kitchen in each unit. There was nothing else in Valmeys and it was extremely hot! We spent several days in Valmeys while my father repaired the car. Having been raised on the farm and having some experience working on farm machinery, Dad had the skills of a mechanic and was usually able to repair his own cars. Working on the car, Dad realized that he would need parts to make the repairs. Where would he get parts in the middle of the desert? Dad hopped the freight train to the nearest town and back to Valmeys while the family remained in the little hot motel

in the desert. The parts were unavailable and Dad came back empty handed. Fortunately, we were able to chug into Reno, Nevada on seven cylinders. To this day, I still wonder how we ever made that trip.

After pastoring four years in Modesto, my father was called to the East Oakland Church of the Nazarene in Oakland, California. With four growing children and during the depression years my parents experienced some rough times: cupboards were most often empty and they hardly knew which way to turn. Mother would often remind us that God provides and always took care of our family. Several different moves were made while we lived in Oakland as the church was renting the parsonage. A house closer to the church was found across the bay from San Francisco where we were able to see history being made. I have memories of going to the 1939 Worlds Fair on Treasure Island on the San Francisco Bay. Commuting between Oakland and San Francisco was by ferryboat. The "Berkeley", is now on the San Diego Bay as a museum. As kids we always had fun when we could ride the ferry.

While we were living in Oakland the Golden Gate Bridge was being built. During the construction of that great bridge many lives were lost. We were one of the first families to cross that bridge.

For a fun day, my father often took us to the Oakland airport to watch the airplanes. We saw Amelia Earhart, the famous American aviator, and first woman to attempt to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean. Later Amelia made the first solo flight from Honolulu, Hawaii to the mainland of United States. In 1937, Amelia and her co-pilot attempted to become the first people to fly around the world. We watched Amelia Earhart as she took off on this historic flight. With her hopes high and with excitement she waved to the crowd from the cockpit of her plane and our family watched with excitement as she took off and disappeared into the sky. While in flight, contact with Amelia's plane was lost and the plane disappeared over the Pacific Ocean, never to be heard of again.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in the early spring in Oakland, and the parsonage was filled with the usual duties getting ready for Sunday. This was a special day for our family and the church, as the field representative and quartet from Pasadena College were coming to be part of the Sunday morning service. We would be entertaining them in the parsonage for dinner. The big problem and concern for my mother was what to feed the quartet when the grocery budget was gone. The grocery budget didn't amount to much in the first place.

Mother said "No one seemed to worry but me". On Saturday afternoon, before the representative and the quartet arrived,

Mother and Dad had gone to the grocery store to purchase a few things, a loaf of bread, a few carrots and other necessities, but certainly not enough to feed five hungry men, along with our family. On their way home my mother burst into tears and said to my father: "What shall we feed them?" Dad replied, "Don't worry, the Lord will provide." Mother responded, "Yes, but you don't have to plan the menu." This was mid afternoon on the Saturday before the quartet was to arrive. Mother said she felt ashamed when she thought of what she had said in utter despair.

My parents were home only a few minutes when the phone rang and a trembling voice of a dear old man said, "Brother Pastor, could you come down and pray with me?" He asked my father if he had enough gas to drive the seven miles where he lived. My father assured him that he did, but probably not enough to get back. Mother was upset and wondered what on earth the old man wanted or needed. He wasn't even a member of dad's church. Dad was thinking he might want to get married and he would get a few dollars for the wedding.

My parents traveled the seven miles across Oakland and found this poor old man living in a single room. Old Mr. Dixon had severe palsy, but was a ray of sunshine. Dad read some scripture and began praying with Mr. Dixon. Mother heard the rattle of paper. My mother said "Of course I had to peek before the "amen" was said." Mr. Dixon threw a handful of one-dollar



bills at my mother from across the room. A dollar was a lot of money at that time. Old Mr. Dixon spoke up and said to my mother, "Now, we are going grocery shopping." By the time they finished shopping, mother had several boxes of groceries with fresh vegetables and meat. Mr. Dixon also filled their car with gas. What a feast we had for the Pasadena College quartet! Old Mr. Dixon repeated this routine four or five times in the next few months. Each time a little more would be added. My parents were so grateful to the Lord for his goodness.

Mother remembered saying: "I was reprovved for not trusting God. How often in my later years I have thought of that time, how God supplied our needs before I even asked. I learned that he cared for us even when we were too busy and tired to voice our desire. He knew our heart. Thank God for people who live close enough to the Lord that they can hear His voice when there is a need."

Living in the parsonage, was challenging and difficult. My parents did the best they could to provide for their family. There were times when there was not enough money to buy needed clothing and replacing our shoes. Our shoes were worn through the bottom and sometimes cardboard was cut for insoles. My father raised rabbits in our backyard and rabbit was usually our Sunday meal. Rabbit was not my favorite, but we were hungry and learned to eat whatever was put on the table and were thankful.

It was rare when we ate in a restaurant, and when we did; it was in a cafeteria, where everything was a penny a dish.

The parsonage was close to the railroad. It was common to have the bums, as we called them, or the homeless, come to the back door of the parsonage for a handout of food. They always seemed to find their way to the parsonage. While Mother was in the kitchen, preparing something to feed them, Dad was on the back steps preaching. He stayed there until they had finished eating. Along with their handout meal, they always got a gospel message. They never slipped away without Dad praying with them.

The congregation of the church would often give poundings for the pastor. Sometimes it would be announced and we knew it was going to happen and other times the people would just show up at the front door of the parsonage and load the tables with groceries and meats. I am confident that these poundings were answers to my parent's prayers. Sometimes we were given a map to follow, from one home to another. We would pick up a turkey, or at another house a cut of meat or canned goods and produce.

Camp Meeting, as well as Boys and Girls camps, always stand out in my mind. As a child I have many memories of the Beula Park campground on the Northern California District in Santa Cruz, California, where most of the camps were held. It's heavily wooded grounds and the small stream making its way through the trees made it a great place. This was a perfect

spot, both for boys and girls' camps, as well as camp meetings, a place where we met the Lord. Wonderful times were spent on these grounds.

Paul and Monica Martin, with their unique children's ministry, was the highlight of the children's camp meeting. In the afternoon, Paul began to round up the children for the meeting. The first stop for the children was the dining hall where they picked up a supply of pots and pans and large spoons to use as drums. The children fell in line as they headed for the meeting place, marching through the grounds making all kinds of racket. Paul and Monica used unique ideas working with puppets and felt "O Grams" presenting the basic of salvation to the children. To this day, I can remember the altar on the campgrounds where kids prayed through to victory. I was one of those kids.

As preacher's kids we spent a big percentage of our time in church. We would be awake a portion of the service and sometimes fall off to sleep. One Sunday night when Dad pastored the East Oakland church, the service came to a close with an altar service. After the service and all had gone home, my parents locked up the church and headed home. About half way home mother took a head count and discovered I was not in the car. I had been left sleeping on the back pew of the church. My

parents headed back to the church to retrieve their forgotten son.

My father next pastored the church in Lindsay, California, located in the San Joaquin Valley. Citrus, olive groves and vineyards surrounded Lindsay. The parsonage and the church bordered the orange groves. We enjoyed the time of the year when the orange trees were in bloom and we were surrounded by the scent of orange blossoms. The Orange Blossom Festival was held each year and was the community's most exciting event.

Our congregation in Lindsay was made up mostly of citrus ranchers, so we enjoyed citrus and especially the grapes. The weather in the valley was extremely hot. The favorite past time in the summer, for the rancher, was making a large freezer of homemade ice cream and inviting many to share. This was such a welcome treat and it was so good!

On December 7, 1941, when the Japanese, bombed Pearl Harbor, we were living in Lindsay. There was a large numbers of Japanese living in the area, some having their own ranches or strawberries fields. Japanese services were being conducted in our church on Sunday afternoon. After Pearl Harbor, 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry living in the United States were imprisoned in internment camps, or deported, and some of these people lost everything they worked for. After the beginning of the war, our Japanese services continued as usual, but with the

United States officials present in every service making sure that everything was kept in order. My father had duty as a watchman at an internment camp. He would leave home with his Bible under one arm and his gun under the other, never expecting he would have to use the gun.

My father had a wonderful relationship with the Japanese in our congregation and they were wonderful people. When it was time for my father's new assignment in San Diego, the Japanese we knew and loved were saddened by our leaving and shed many tears. The Japanese parishioners had supplied our family with plenty of strawberries and other produce. When my parents left Lindsay, the Japanese gave them pieces of silk. Silk was a prize and a sacrifice to them. Mother and Dad had been drawn close to the Japanese congregation and my father had performed many Japanese wedding ceremonies.

Rev. and Mrs. John Pattee, missionaries to China, were holding a meeting in our church in Lindsay and staying in our home when my father received the call to pastor San Diego First Church. My parents and the Pattee's were good friends. Lillian Pattee and my mother were talking about my father's call to San Diego. My mother said, "I don't know if I want to go to San Diego because it is the center of activity for the war". Mrs. Pattee replied, "Deborah, When the Lord calls you to go some place you go and you don't consider the consequences. John and I

went to hospitals and had church services when bombs were falling all around us. You just trust the Lord." My mother said this made her feel like two cents.

San Diego was just what my mother had suspected, a city full of military activities. In 1907, Dr. Bresee organized the San Diego Church after a three-month tent revival with John W. Goodwin, as the evangelist. John Goodwin became the first pastor of the newly organized church and later became one of the pioneer General superintendents in the Church of the Nazarene. In 1909, after worshiping in a storefront building, the church moved to a new location where Alpin W. Bowes built a building large enough to seat several hundred people.

San Diego First church was located on Fourteenth Street in downtown San Diego. The city had a population of approximately one hundred sixty thousand at the time my father pastored. Buses and streetcars ran a half block from the church and San Diego First Church was in a good location for the many service men that attended weekly. The parsonage was nine blocks from the church sitting high on a hill overlooking the downtown skyline, with a view to the ocean. We were in the flight pattern of the military airport so B-24's flew over our house continuously. Evidence of war could be seen throughout the city. The military P-38's planes were often seen dog fighting above us. City parks were converted to military facilities with cannons, barrage

balloons, and army tent camps. An abundance of war ships sat in the harbor. There were many military bases around the city. Searchlights were stationed throughout the city to spot and identify planes flying over the city at night. All city streetlights were blackened on the ocean side to keep the enemy from identifying the city. Practice air raids were held so the city would be prepared in case of an enemy attack and bomb shelters were scattered throughout the city.

I have memories of standing on the cliffs of Point Loma looking over the San Diego Bay and watching the battle ships as they returned from war. The scar of war was evident on those ships. As the ships and servicemen entered through these channels, hundreds of white hats would be tossed in the air as they were happy and once again home and safe on American soil. This was always exciting to see, but at the same time thoughts of the many service men lost in battle that would never come home lingered in my mind.

We were blessed with a large number of service men attending our church services. The parsonage was always a busy place and many of the service men called the parsonage their home. Housing was a problem in San Diego during the war and many servicemen's wives stayed in the parsonage with our family. They were always welcomed. My parents were there to share in their joys and sorrows. The wives left behind needed support and some

one to share with when the news of casualties came. Many prayers went up for these wives and their servicemen husbands.

Mother kept a record of meals she served in the parsonage. In a month's time she averaged 12 people at her table for every meal. Some morning's military people would be waiting on the front porch for breakfast. During the war some foods were rationed and groceries were hard to come by. Government coupons were mandatory to buy sugar, meat, gasoline and many other things. My father worked as a butcher when attending college so he had knowledge of buying meat and would make trips to Mexico to buy meat and other things that could not be purchased in San Diego, so they could feed the military men and women. The service men always kept the preachers' kids supplied with bubble gum and supplied mother with nylons because they could only be purchased on the military bases.

The preachers' kids always had the opportunity of going visiting with their parents. I remember many times going with my father to the San Diego Naval Hospital and witnessing the hundreds of war casualties; loss of arms, legs, eye sight and other illnesses many at the point of death. Windows in homes would often display banners with gold stars representing the loss of a son or daughter in the family who had given their lives for their country. Often more than one gold star was displayed.



We had some great times of revival in San Diego and our altars were lined with seekers, many of them military people. On some occasions, at the close of the service, my father performed wedding ceremonies for military personnel who wanted to be married before going to war. This was a real ministry for my parents. From this ministry and many times while pastoring elsewhere they would meet people throughout the United States who had attended their church in San Diego or been a guest in their home during World War II.

In the parsonage and elsewhere the preachers' kids were expected to set the example and there were times when my parents were not so proud of their children. My older brother Bob was in High School in San Diego and I remember when he and several of his friends wanted to have some fun. There was a church family that drove an old Model T Ford to church every Sunday morning. The favorite parking spot for the Model T was right outside the door of the church. The lady was a large person that moved slowly and had a difficult time getting around. Brother Bob and his friends left the service on Sunday morning and planted a smoke bomb on the Model T Ford so that when the car was started the smoke billowed out from under the hood. I had never seen this poor lady move so fast. The teenagers enjoyed this experience.

My younger brother Elwyn and I were pretty well behaved and tried to stay out of trouble. One night, however, we were down the street playing with some of our friends in the neighborhood and decided to throw folded newspapers at cars. It was dark, the papers were ready, we hid behind the bushes and when a car came by we whizzed the papers. This went on for a while. During the process, and to our surprise, one of the cars hit ended up being a police car. We knew we were in real trouble when the police caught us and marched us to the parsonage, where our parents were conducting the monthly church board meeting. My mother answered the door where we stood with the police officers. Her face turned pale and I am sure the church board members were not impressed with the preachers' kids that particular evening. I cannot remember the consequences of that evening, but it wasn't a pleasant situation, I am sure.

One afternoon, on the San Diego Ferry, the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society was having their monthly missionary meeting. They had a potluck lunch and could ride the ferry all day for a nickel. The women were well into their meeting and were working on box work to send to the missionaries before having lunch. All of a sudden, in the middle of the bay, the whistle on the ferry started blowing. The ferry stopped and the crew was running around the boat dropping its lifeboats into the water. The women panicked and thought they could feel heat

coming through the deck. This turned out to be a fire drill, but because of this experience I believe that was the last women's missionary meeting to be held on the San Diego ferry.

After pastoring the San Diego Church for four years my father received a call to Kokomo, Indiana, First Church. This was to be a new experience for our family. We had always lived in sunny California where we saw little snow. We kids looked forward to living where it snowed. The church parsonage in Kokomo was next door to the church. It was a very old house and when the snows came, snow blew through the cracks of the windows and doors and was very cold and uncomfortable. A railroad ran down the center of the street in front of the church and the parsonage. We lived there less than a year and moved into a much nicer parsonage, two blocks from the church.

The Northwest Indiana District purchased a campground that was to become the district center. Workdays at the campground were organized for the ministers on the district. There was a tremendous amount of work to be done on the grounds before it could be used for district meetings or camps. The property was located on the banks of the Kankakee River. The property had been an old oil pumping station with oil on every inch of the grounds. There were two large buildings on the property, one to be used as the tabernacle and the other as the dining hall. The tabernacle was located a few yards from the railroad track.

A water tower was located near the tracks where the steam engines filled their water tanks and blew their steam. During the services trains passed by, sometime with a hundred or more freight cars, but services in the tabernacle would continue.

When I was a teenager I spent many workdays on the grounds with my father helping make the grounds at the campsite suitable and presentable for the camps and camp meetings to follow. A lot of hard work went into this venture. There were several two story gray houses that were used for dormitories. Each dormitory had about eight rooms. We had a great appreciation for this camp and some good times with many fond memories of our times spent here as a family.

I will long remember the year Dr. G. B. Williamson, our general superintendent for the district assembly, brought his family to the assembly with him. I became acquainted with his son, Joe. Joe and I met a couple of girls on the campground and decided we would take them for a drive to the lake, a few miles away. Three of us were preacher kids. My big-hearted father approved and gave me permission to use his automobile, a rather new Packard to make this trip. His one luxury in life was new cars, because he never wanted to inherit the problems with used cars. We had just left the campground and the girl I was with, asked if she could drive the car. I agreed and she got behind the wheel of the car and we left the campground on a dirt road

and came to a railroad crossing. There was a steep grade to get over the track. We made the grade, but as she approached the railroad track, she completely froze. We were left sitting in the middle of the tracks looking at a freight train blowing its whistle and coming at a high speed. Her foot was still resting on the accelerator; I slammed my foot on top of hers and the car lunged over the track only an instant before the train whizzed behind us. Everyone was numb when we finally went over the tracks and stopped. I can't remember what happened next, but I know prayers of thanksgiving were going up from that car, at that moment. I still get chills up and down my spine whenever I think of that event. God had a purpose in sparing our lives that day, in that situation, and I search for that purpose in my life every day. I experienced another true miracle in my life that day and learned many lessons.

While pastoring in Kokomo, my father was called to the Frankfort, Indiana First Church. I met Marian Donoho in the Frankfort, Indiana Church, and we were married in 1952. This was not the end of my parsonage experience. After attending Olivet Nazarene College, I pastored the Willmar, Minnesota, Church of the Nazarene . The congregation in the Willmar church was mostly farmers and supplied us with many food items that we were able to share with other struggling home mission pastors.

While pastoring in Willmar we lost our parsonage by fire in thirty degrees below zero weather, leaving us with no place to live and no family necessities. This was truly another miracle because our family was away at the time of the fire. The First Baptist Church minister in Willmar opened his parsonage to us until we could find a place to live. We made headlines in the local paper for several weeks. The Baptist parsonage was filled to capacity with food of all kinds brought in by the people of the community and articles of new clothing for our family. Everyone in Willmar and the surrounding areas, including the local churches, were giving and gracious. My office was in the parsonage and I was selling large family Bibles and they were sitting on my desk. When we entered the house after the fire everything was destroyed including my library but the fire burned completely around the Bibles that were untouched by the fire.

After our parsonage fire the district was uncertain to what the future of the Willmar church would be because it was a financial burden to the district. We rented housing after the fire and waited for several months continuing our ministry there. However, after many months when no decision had been made as to the direction of the church in Willmar, we accepted a call to Vancouver B. C. Canada where we pastored the Grandview Church. We were required by the Canadian government to pay duty

on new furniture we had purchased and taken into Canada after the fire. This was a real financial burden to us during our ministry in Vancouver, because we were required to pay one week's salary per month to the Canadian government for duty.

We had some great times in Vancouver and the Lord blessed us both in our church and the district work. The Canadian government informed us that I would lose my United States citizenship if I remained in Canada for more than five years. I was born in Canada and naturalized in the United States, so to retain my U. S. citizenship we returned to United States. We made the decision to move to San Diego California where I worked part time for several years on the staff at San Diego First Church.

As I look back on the years I spent in the parsonage as a preachers' kid and a minister I wouldn't want to change my life in any way. I count it a privilege to have had wonderful Christian parents, devoted fully to the work of the Lord and my own ministry for those many years. My parents were genuine Christians and soul winners and spent much time on their knees, both in times of private devotions, family devotions and around the altar-praying parishioners and others through to victory. My father was always bold in giving his testimony. Time or place was not important to him as long as he could tell someone about the saving grace of Jesus Christ. My father loved to work

around the altar and when San Diego First Church moved to Point Loma College campus and our new sanctuary was built, my wife Marian and I purchased and dedicated the altars in the sanctuary in his memory, because this was where one could always find Dad. Our needs were always supplied in one way or another and God's presence in our home made all the difference.



## CHAPTER XII

### SEARCHING FOR GODS WILL

In Isaiah, chapter 49, verses 1-7, God commissions us to be His servants, some as ministers, some as teachers or missionaries. God calls every layman to his place of service. Laymen fill an important role in God's kingdom. Verse 3: " He said to me, you are my servant, a prince of power, with God and you shall bring me glory. Verse 6: I will make you a light into the nations of the world to bring my salvation to them too."

Journey with me as we look into the lives of some who have served God's kingdom as faithful laymen. Roy Hablitzel was born in Nebraska in the mid 1920's and was raised in a Christian home. He had four brothers and four sisters. His parents attended a revival meeting held in a schoolhouse and were converted in this revival. On the way home from the revival meeting that night in their horse and buggy, with the moon shining, and the children asleep, Roy's mother said, "Never in my life did the moon shine brighter than it did the night I became a Christian." This was the start of a wonderful experience for the Hablitzel family.

Roy's parents were devoted to their church and Roy said his father would have been willing to give up his farm to keep the church going. Roy's family always gathered around the

family altar and each one in the family prayed, and the Lord blessed his family. There was a sentence in Roy's father's prayer that Roy remembers; "Lord help us always to live honestly in the sight of all men." His father practiced this when selling his seed corn, making sure it was never short of a full bushel.

The country church the family attended was the only Nazarene church in the state of Nebraska and the congregation was made up of mainly farmers. The pastors sent to this church were always strong Holiness preachers. Normally two revivals were held each year and were always a time of refreshing for the church. The results of God's blessings during those years are spilling over into the new generations.

Roy was converted at fourteen years of age in a revival held by three local pastors. He struggled with conviction, but he was too bashful to go forward during the altar call. Roy was invited to go to the altar and gave his heart to the Lord during one of the revival services. When Roy was sanctified, a friend asked him if he would be willing to pray when asked, in any place and at any time. Roy saw this was a key issue in his life and was something the Lord wanted him to settle then and there. God blessed and he was able to pray in so many different settings.

Roy learned early in life that God anoints and blesses us in different ways. As a layman, he never had a definite call

into any special field of service. Roy said God didn't speak to him as he did many people, but the Holy Spirit led him daily. When he attended Northwest Nazarene College, the college as well as the church, directed him into the way he would go. While attending church in Nampa, Idaho, God led Roy into many fields of service, which laid the foundation for his leadership for the future.

Roy was working on the railroad and was transferred to Roseville, California. The church in Roseville was newly organized and was a self-supporting church. The second or third Sunday Roy attended the church, he was asked to teach a young married Sunday school class. He ended up teaching this class for several years. Roy said this was a very fulfilling experience. Roy was later elected Sunday school superintendent and held this position in Roseville until moving to Bakersfield, California in 1965. During his lifetime Roy spent forty years working in the Sunday school. God led him into this endeavor and Roy felt called to do as much as he would have done if he had been called to preach. The work of the Sunday school was Roy's concern, and the burden of this work often took him to his knees. Roy witnessed the Sunday school attendance in the Roseville church going from thirty to approximately two hundred and had one of the greatest ministries of his life as a layman in this church. Roy loved working with teenagers and youth and he always carried

a burden for them. Roy was the president of the Nazarene Young Peoples Society in this church and for a number of years directed thirty to forty teenagers in meetings in different homes each week. Some very successful youth revivals were held with young preachers and musical groups from Pasadena College. Roy was praised for what the district church leaders witnessed in these youth revivals. Roy said the burden for his church, the Sunday school, and the youth work was greater than his devotion to his job. Roy found a definite place in the kingdom to serve the Lord as a layman and God blessed him in very special ways.

Another layperson and a charter member of the Frankfort, Indiana First Church of the Nazarene was my mother-in-law, Thera Fudge. Thera gave many years of service to her church in Frankfort, Indiana as a layman. In 1920, the Church of the Nazarene set up a tent in downtown Frankfort to hold revival services. Thera and her parents attended these meetings. When her mother had to leave town, Thera attended the tent meeting on Sunday morning alone. Feeling she was old enough to make her own decisions, she made the decision at that time to become a member of the church. A pastor was appointed and arrived in 1921 to begin the building of a church. Worship was held in the basement for three years before the sanctuary was completed.

Thera always wanted to be a missionary, but was told to become a missionary; you had to receive a calling. She didn't understand the meaning of a calling. Even though Thera never became the missionary she wanted to be, she was a willing and hard worker in her church and a blessing to others. She was an inspiration to the missionary society as their missionary president and worked hard on many projects for missions. Thera also taught a Sunday school class for many years. God's plan for Thera was to serve Him in her own church as a layperson where she could be used in many other ways and she was obedient to this calling.

Thera did have a taste of missionary work when she visited us in San Diego. She asked us if we would take her to Mexico. As we prepared for this one-day trip, she made sure she had a good supply of pennies and wrapped candy for the Mexican children. This was her day to be a missionary and she was filled with excitement.

Elsie Swanson, a layman and a wonderful Christian lady was faithful to her calling and a blessing in her church. She was also a blessing to me. I had the privilege of visiting with Elsie in her home many times over the years as Minister of Visitation at San Diego First Church. One could sense what she possessed by visiting with her or attending her Sunday school class. Elsie was born in Nebraska in 1895, in a little sod

house. Elsie's parents attended a Methodist church. The Methodist and Lutheran congregations worshiped in the same building. Elsie was converted at an early age and was dedicated to God and her church. Elsie married and she and her husband moved from Nebraska to Hollywood, California where her husband worked for the United States post office.

Elsie enjoyed teaching a Sunday school class and while in Hollywood attending a Presbyterian church, taught a class of girls. One of her Sunday school students was Debbie Reynolds who later became a Hollywood actress and movie star. Elsie became very good friends with Debbie's mother. Elsie knew Debbie from infancy and enjoyed having Debbie in her Sunday school class. We never know what influence we might have on someone sitting in the Sunday school classes we teach!

Elsie's first contact with the Church of the Nazarene was attending a camp meeting. Elsie's talent was singing. She became a song evangelist in the Church of the Nazarene, working in camp meetings for several years. She remembered one of the camp meetings when she was working with Dr. J. B. Chapman. Elsie said: "Dr. Chapman was a wonderful preacher and had all the preachers sitting on the edge of their seats in his service." She was thrilled when she had the privilege of working with him in a camp meeting.

As we have seen, there is a special way for each one of us to fulfill our mission. Our everyday life is filled with times of waiting in lines: the grocery store, the D.M.V., the doctor's office, gas pumps and so on. Do we take a few minutes out of each day on our knees, waiting on the Lord and praying that God will make us available to the needs of those around us? Our mission may be in the work place, in our homes, or on the streets. Every layman is commissioned to be God's servant and fulfill even the smallest tasks whether we feel these are important or not, such as the greeting of strangers in the foyers of our church, ushering or supporting our church with our prayers.

The Work and Witness teams we have in our churches today is one of the greatest ways of getting involved in Gods' work as laymen. We can't help but notice, through their testimonies, how Gods' blessings have filled the lives of those who have gone out on these Work and Witness trips. It is interesting to note that the same individuals go time and time again.

Some time ago I was sitting on a bench in the foyer of our church just before the morning service. As I was sitting there a woman approached me and said; "You know, just seeing you sitting on that bench reminds me of the time I started coming to this church. I sat on that same bench for many weeks and not one person spoke to me." I believe in our church today that this

wouldn't happen but you can't imagine what that experience did to me. I asked myself where our mission was as a church? This only shows us how important it is for us to become involved in the small responsibilities of God's service. It is the smallest task that brings the greatest results.

Whether we are ministers or layman we must keep our eyes upon the One who suffered and died for our sins so that we can minister to those around us and spread the word. By keeping our eyes upon Him, we are assured of His leadership in the future. One morning as I was greeting in the foyer, I talked with a lady who told me that she had attended churches all over the San Diego area searching for a church that believed in Holiness and would satisfy the longing of her heart. She said when she walked through the doors of this church she felt the working of the Holy Spirit, and a church that believed in Holiness, a church she had been searching for. It is up to each one of us to live holy so that each individual we come in contact with can sense the presence of God in our daily lives. Have we found God's will in our lives? Have we, through the workings of the Holy Spirit, been led into our place of service? YOUR CALLING! HAVE YOU FOUND IT?



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE NEW GENERATION

God works in miraculous ways in every generation. We have journeyed through three generations. The fourth or the new generation is full of unending challenges. We will see how God blesses his servants, faithful to their call. We serve the same God in every generation and are called into Christian service through the leadership of the Holy Spirit. From the following testimonies you will see how those serving God in this new generation are being led as they find their way into their special fields of service.

The business world followed the progress of the baby boomers, knowing they would be the market of tomorrow. This trend continues today with the boomers reaching adulthood. The business world is now watching their children and grandchildren. The church felt the need and importance of reaching out to this new generation and established programs in the church that would reach this generation for Christ. Many in the church were accustomed to the traditional service, with music of the organ and the singing of the old hymns. To reach the new generation, it was necessary to change the format of the program to a more lively type of music, with guitars, drums, video clips and other forms of worship that fit into their generation.

When this change was taking place, Dr. Paul Culbertson shared with me some of his thoughts regarding this transition period. Paul had been in the church all his life, and said, "The change I perceive is a good change, yet it is incomplete. We must evaluate the type of emphasis we have turned to and ask ourselves. 'Is it adequate for our people?' I believe pastors are responsible and they must guide their people and put a greater emphasis on Bible teaching."

My sister, Jane Sheldon, a lifetime member in the Nazarene church, along with many others in this age group had a difficult time accepting the change in the music program. Jane was very talented, possessed a beautiful singing voice, and was an accomplished organist and pianist. She loved singing the old hymns and used her talent of singing to express the joy of the Lord. Jane requested, before she passed away that old hymns be sung at her memorial service because she had been deprived of hearing them for so long. For the last several minutes of Jane's memorial service we sang what seemed to be every hymn in the old Nazarene hymnal, and knew Jane had walked through the gates of heaven.

Adjustments made in our church programs were more of a problem in churches forty to fifty years old. San Diego First Church fell into this category. Dr. Bresee organized the San Diego First Church of the Nazarene in 1907. When our church

united with Point Loma Church of the Nazarene in 1987 and moved from our location in central San Diego to Point Loma, we found ourselves with two generational differences. Even though there is a whole new culture in music, style of preaching and the way you communicate the truth, we never want to change the gospel. We have a unique church in San Diego First Church. With much prayer and planning, and with our facilities, we are able to conduct two consecutive services to satisfy the needs of the two generational kinds and God is blessing us. Many problems come from misunderstanding what the church is trying to accomplish; winning and keeping the youth of today active in the church.

If it takes worship teams, drums and guitars, to bring people to the Lord that is what we must do, but we must conduct our services in such a way that it is pleasing to the Lord. General Superintendent Jim Bond said: "We must never allow our sanctuaries to become a show place." With a balanced worship service we can include the hymns that have been part of the church for many generations. We must never shut out the wonderful experience that our founders possessed in the early days in the Church of the Nazarene.

Rev. Jim Manker, was the Minister of University Life at San Diego First Church during the time of this writing. Jim was born in 1966. In 1967, Jim was adopted by Jerry and Judy Manker, pastors of the Church of the Nazarene in Willows,

California. Jim inherited the life of a preacher's kid. Early on Jim began to assess his life and many questions came to his mind. "Why was I adopted into a Christian home? Why was I adopted into a home of parents who had given up their lives to Christian ministry, when I could have been adopted into any number of other homes? Because of this special happening in my life, I definitely felt that God had a special purpose in my life."

Jim's father, Rev. Jerry Manker grew up on the west coast, attended Point Loma College, and then went on to Seminary. After attending the Seminary Jerry started a church in Amarillo, Texas. After the organization of the church in Amarillo, Jim's father returned to the west coast where he pastored the Willows Church of the Nazarene. He then pastored in Lodi, followed by a pastorate in Redding, California. The family left California and moved to Oregon City, Oregon where Jim's father became the assistant to the superintendent of the Oregon Pacific district of the Church of the Nazarene. He was later elected district superintendent of that district. When Jerry retired he started working on the mission field in Romania, spending three months on the field and then three months in Salem Oregon. Jerry Manker was a short-term missionary serving three months on and three months off the field becoming the chief District Superintendent of the Romania District.

Between Jim Manker's sophomore and junior year in high school, Jim became involved in the Nazarene Youth Congress. Jim was attending a service where evangelist Stephen Manley preached a message on surrendering your whole life, your career and your future to Christ. It was in this service that Jim told the Lord for the first time, "Whatever you have for me, and whatever that means, I want to surrender my life and follow. This was a special moment of response in my life. The power of that message never let me forget this important time in my life."

The summer after Jim's senior year, he was working on a farm, carrying irrigation pipes through the muddy fields. It wasn't audible, but while working, Jim had a strong impression that he was definitely being called into the youth ministry. After that morning, Jim felt he needed a spiritual adviser. He went to the speaker of the camp, his youth pastor at home and his father. Jim shared with them how God had called him to the ministry. Jim asked what they thought about his calling and asked them to pray with him. Each of these men prayed about it and indicated they felt good about Jim's calling. Jim felt he definitely had been called into the ministry and was at peace. Jim, as the Minister of University Community at San Diego First Church, said, "My job involved working with youth, and the

university students, challenging them to think of ways of creating the passion for the gospel and teaching them with humor, laughter and joy, and helping the youth realize the importance of reaching out into the community."

We discussed the values of the youth in the new generation. Jim had the opportunity of helping the youth and university students in times of struggles and disappointments in their lives. At this important time in their lives, the students away from home needed continued support from their leaders. Jim says, "The fun part was being around students in their time of transparency. As adults we don't seem comfortable with our brokenness and our struggles and we are not as transparent and that is sad. That is why I enjoyed the work with students and teenagers. We need to continue to love them and call them into a relationship with us. Sometimes when I work with young people I try to model my own struggles and try to be honest with my own life, as well as my own relationship with God. I try to create an environment whereby people can share their own frustrations, doubts and weaknesses, as well as their struggles."

Jim experienced exciting times while working with teenagers and university students and actually witnessing them receiving their calls to Christian service. Jim led Rick Sales, a youth worker, into a life of Christian service. Rick had been working

for the government and was waiting for his wife to graduate from Point Loma Nazarene University.

Jim involved Rick in working with the youth team at San Diego First Church. Through attending youth camps and retreats, Rick was witnessing what God could do in and with the lives of young people. Rick received God's call, attended and graduated from seminary and became Youth Minister at the San Diego Mission Valley Church of the Nazarene.

Jim said his youth team was on a trip to the Navajo nation and he had been working with Kyle, a key leader for San Diego First Church for that year. Kyle was in charge of the devotions while they were on the field. Jim and Kyle had a significant conversation on this trip. Jim felt impressed to say to Kyle, "I understand that you are a pastor's son and I am supposed to tell you that God has a plan for you and your life." Immediately Kyle began to cry. He had received a call prior to this trip and didn't know what to do. Jim and Kyle had the opportunity of praying together at the altar in that little Navajo church. Kyle prayed, "Lord show me what your will is." Kyle is now on track and giving his life to the youth ministry. These are two examples of how God has used the youth ministry of the church to reach the lives of young people and assist them in making the right choices in preparing their lives for God's work.

Jim's testimony to the young people of today: "I think that the young people in today's culture need to hear that God loves them even when they make mistakes, and that God goes deep and is alive and with us through our imperfections and our brokenness. He still loves us and pursues us with His love. No matter how old we are this holds true. That's the good news of the gospel."

Marc Otto was born September 26, 1972, on a stormy night in Portland, Oregon. At birth, his heartbeat was lost and panic erupted in the hospital. Because of this incident his father called Marc the 'Miracle baby.' Marc recalls, at six years of age, going into his parent's bedroom and kneeling by their bed and asking his mother to pray with him. He wanted the Jesus he had heard about in Sunday school, in his life.

Unfortunately, Marc's parents divorced and his father left the ministry, thus coming from a broken home. Marc recalls his father picking him up early one morning to take him to school. When his father dropped Marc off at the school, his father told him that he was leaving on vacation and would be gone a long time. He was gone the next morning and would not be returning to his family. Marc's father had been a very religious man and it was hard for Marc to understand how someone in the church and so close to Jesus, could make such a moral mistake. As a sixth



grade boy, Marc began to think deeply upon the things of God and when he was twelve years old immersed himself into the self study of the scriptures.

Marc's Mother knew she would have to find a job out side the home. The family lived in very humble places, had few possessions and only basic comfort. Marc remembered his family praying for warm jackets to get them through the cold Seattle winters. Marc remembers his mother crying for joy when she had found a twenty-dollar bill, allowing her to buy jackets for him and his sister.

Marc's mother worked all day and went to school at night. Marc cared for his sister often cooking dinner while his mother was working. Marc remembers one day when the transmission in the car went out and it was going to cost over a thousand dollars for repairs. Marc and his mother were amazed when the Aurora Church of the Nazarene in Seattle, where they were attending gave them a thousand dollars that covered the entire amount of the transmission. When times were tough and they experienced difficult times this church took this little family under their wing and provided for them.

Marc lost faith during these difficult times and spent many years away from the Lord. Marc states, "It's a complete miracle that God called me into the ministry. It's even more of a miracle that I was open to his calling. I realized I needed to

bring the love of Jesus back into my life, regardless of my disappointment with God." Marc was confused about God and other problems, but he was drawn closer to the Lord by studying Theology, praying and reading his Bible. In his sophomore year in high school, Marc remembers a statement a speaker made concerning the returning of your life to God: "If you don't forgive the person that hurt you the most, you will become just like them." Marc said, he believed that to be true, that if we don't forgive the people that hurt us the most, there is something that eats away at us and transforms us into something evil and not of God. For Marc, forgiveness was the secret key that opened the door to follow Jesus.

Marc had a difficult time with his calling to the ministry. When Marc left college he went into social work, working with the abused. In 1996, after graduating from graduate school in business, Marc started looking for a job and found a six-figure job in Seattle, Washington. He was excited about making money and having a good income so he accepted the job. On a flight from Seattle, Washington to San Diego, God began speaking to Marc. He was not feeling right. When Marc arrived in San Diego he began talking to some of his friends. Measuring the quality of life by friendships and not by money, Marc said "no" to the job in Seattle, Washington.

Marc became more active in his church by helping lead in worship. Also in Graduate school at Chapman University, Marc attended Washington Valley Church of the Nazarene under the leadership of Dr. Dan Copp. A year later, as part of a music package, Marc attended the Nazarene Youth Convention being held at the Mission Valley Church of the Nazarene in San Diego. Marc spoke at this convention. When Marc spoke, he suggested that everyone had an invisible bucket. Marc spoke about relationships, drugs, alcohol, day-to-day activities and all types of things. These were the things, situations or problems that were placed in their invisible buckets that only God could take care of. Marc said, "It was amazing and exciting to see over 150 youth get up and spontaneously, one by one, leave their seat going to the altar."

At the time of this youth convention Marc was working as a consultant for a company and was singing in a church worship team. Marc said he knew his company would be upset with him and knew he was going to be in trouble for leaving his job to attend this convention. Ray Johnston, the pastor of the fastest growing church in America, was the main speaker. Ray got up, pointed directly at Marc and said, "You are going to be a pastor." Everyone cheered. Soon after that Marc met Jim Manker who was at that time, on staff at the San Diego First Church. Jim Maker said to Marc, "Have you given your life and career to God? I

don't think you have." and then walked off. Marc remembers thinking, who was that strange little man?

Marc always talked things over with his wife, Ann, before making any decisions. Marc says he is smart like that because God talks more clearly to my wife so I really need her. Ann felt a definite sense that Marc had received a call to the ministry and she encouraged him to talk to Dr. Dan Copp, senior pastor of the Mission Valley church. Dr. Copp said, " I think you have received a call to the ministry so let's see how God can use your gifts." Receiving this call, Marc quit his sixty seven thousand dollar a year job to take a position on the staff at the Mission Valley Church of the Nazarene in San Diego with a annual starting salary of eight thousand dollars.

Marc did not receive his calling as many others had. He felt a definite call to the ministry and would be in real trouble if he didn't fulfill this calling. Marc's calling was in recognizing that his particular gifts and passions would be best used in the church setting. He had a passion for studying and teaching scripture. Even with a tremendous cut in pay Marc has found a complete joy in serving the church. He has watched hundreds of teens and college age young people make their decisions to follow Jesus.

I asked Marc to leave us his testimony. Marc said, "I try to follow Jesus, even when life is hard. Life is full of curves

and bumps, but to live with Jesus is the best way. It's not always the easiest and it doesn't always get you the material things in life. The hardest decisions are often the right decisions and to pick up the cross is difficult but it is light, easy and offers rest for me when I am weary. I have had disappointments and roundabout journeys along the road, like Israel in the desert, but the journey with Jesus has been exciting and rewarding, the most wonderful way to live. I have no regrets. My hurts and bumps as Paul says, is how God reveals his glory and heals the wounds. I try to be open about my own failures, dreams and struggles, and I allow God to step in and He heals the broken vessels in my life. I believe the way of Jesus and the ground of Holiness begins with humility."

The testimonies of these two young men, Jim Manker and Marc Otto, show us how God is working in the lives of this new generation. God will shine His Glory in the generations to come only because of the dedication of these young men and others like them, who listen to their hearts call and follow their calling in to Christian service.

## CHAPTER XIV

### WHAT DO WE REALLY BELIEVE?

Paul the Apostle, filled with the Holy Spirit, was called of God to be a missionary and was determined to spread the gospel at any cost, traveling from city to city, preaching that Jesus was the Messiah. In the night Paul had a vision to go to Macedonia to preach the gospel so he went to Philippi, a city in Macedonia. While preaching in Philippi Paul and Silas were imprisoned for preaching the word. Their lives were at stake. While a prisoner in Philippi, God sent a great earthquake and broke the foundation of the prison and the doors were opened. Paul's chains were loosed and they were set free. God's protecting hand was over them continuously. In Corinth, the Lord spoke to Paul through a vision, "Don't be afraid, speak out and don't quit! For I am with you and no one will harm you." As God walked with Paul and Silas through their times of trials, we can be comforted in knowing that God's protecting hand is over us as we face life's trials today.

The church at Thessalonica was one of Paul's very successful churches. His evangelistic message produced a powerful effect upon the people in Thessalonica. The Holy Spirit gave these people an assurance that the message they were hearing from Paul was true, so through their faith they became

followers of Christ, in spite of the trials and sorrow it brought them. Through their faithfulness, the people of this church spread the good news to other parts of their country. Paul and Timothy heard good reports and testimonies from people who had been converted from idol worship. After sometime, Paul couldn't stand it any longer so he sent Timothy, his Christian brother to the Thessalonica church to help strengthen their faith and keep them from becoming fainthearted with all the problems they were going through. In his letter to the church Paul reminded the followers and converts that such troubles are God's plan for us as Christians. Paul reminded them that what he had told them before was true and that suffering would surely come.

We live in a changing world and with these changes come times of disappointments, frustrations, adventure and excitement. Our forefathers paved the way with their sweat and blood for the land we live in today. What progress has been made through the centuries! Today, we are living in an age of unending exploration and advancement. Much progress has been made and man receives the glory, but we must never forget that God, the creator of the universe, has made it all possible for us to enjoy. We give Him the Glory!

In earlier chapters we have had a glimpse of the trials the early Church of the Nazarene faced and the blessings the early church leaders received. Those who went before us had many struggles and labored long and hard to pave the way for the church that we enjoy today. Through the working of the Holy Spirit and the dedicated life of Dr. Bresee, the Church of the Nazarene came into existence. Dr. Bresee's purpose was nothing less than to spread the Doctrine of Holiness throughout the world. Today the Church of the Nazarene reaches around the world and has missionary work in one hundred forty-five countries.

Our journey would be lighter and easier to travel if we could sincerely believe that God walks with us through our daily struggles. As we followed the lives of those who went before us in the church, there are lessons we can learn from their experiences. We fail many times to keep our eyes focused on what we really believe in facing our daily trials. Have there been circumstances in our lifetime when we have focused our attention on ourselves, when our eyes should have been focused on God? God's purpose in taking us through trials is to make our lives stronger so that we can serve Him better.

Dr. Paul Culbertson, who we mentioned in an earlier chapter, devoted his life to God and served the Church of the Nazarene his entire life. He said, "One of the most difficult adjustments I had to make in life was when my wife passed away.



The greatest mistake I made was wasting so much time thinking about insoluble problems. This was a foolish thing to do. We each have our own problems and we have to think our way through, and pray our way through, and ask God to keep renewing what we really believe. When we are thinking about life's issues and destinies we must ask ourselves this question." Dr. Culbertson went on to say, "It seems to me that it is not a mark of weakness to come back to our roots and ask, what do I really believe? Are you willing to stake your life in destiny? I don't think this is a weakness, it is a wise thing to do."

We must never take our eyes off of why and how the Church of the Nazarene came into existence, through its "Call unto Holiness." "God hath not called his children unto uncleanness but unto Holiness." I find myself looking back to my childhood, to the times I spent in the old camp meetings, kneeling at the altar on sawdust covered ground, where the blessings of God filled my heart and life in a victorious way. The old time camp meetings hold memories for so many older Nazarenes.

Dr. James Jackson Sr. attended the early camp meetings that were held on the old Pasadena College campus. The large tent was set up on the campus and hundreds of Nazarenes came together with their families for a week, pitching tents beneath the grove of eucalyptus trees. Jim said, "As a young person I remember the early morning prayer meetings with Bible study and

then at night a great evangelistic service. It would be hard to duplicate the spirit in those services and the long altar calls with seekers lining the altars night after night."

There are many memories of the ministries of such great men as Dr. J. W. Goodwin, Dr. J. B. Chapman and Dr. H. Orton Wiley and many others of that generation. What a wonderful spirit was felt as these men and other servants of God filled our pulpits. That spirit of Holiness will be carried through generations to come because of the ministries of these men. We never want this spirit of revival to wander from our pulpits. As Dr. Paul Culbertson said: " I believe the pastors are responsible and they must guide their people and put a greater emphases on Bible teaching." With this guideline we will never loose the spirit of revival that those in past generations possessed.

We must remember and keep our eyes upon the one who suffered and died for our sins. By keeping our eyes on God we are assured of His leadership in the future. As Dr. Culbertson said "It is not wrong for us to look into the past once in a while and examine our roots in the early church." We must make sure we never lose the message of Holiness that our founder Dr. Bresee was so determined to preach. What really matters in the church is that we be totally under the leadership of the Holy Spirit so the world sees God's spirit shining through the

windows of our churches. The God that reigns today is the same God that reigned over every generation of the past.

## CHAPTER XV

### OUR MISSION

Where do we go from here as God's servants? Is God speaking to you through the workings of the Holy Spirit? Through generations we have seen the many different ways individuals received their call to special fields of service. In the eighteenth century being led by the Holy Spirit and through the efforts of John Wesley they saw great revivals. The founder of the Church of the Nazarene, Dr. Phineas F. Bresee was called to preach the message of Holiness.

The Church of the Nazarene and Pasadena College passed through some difficult times over the years. The Church of the Nazarene experienced miracles that only the power of God could have performed. In 1973, with a vision and the working of the Holy Spirit, Dr. Shelburn Brown, president of Pasadena College purchased a new campus and moved the college from Pasadena to San Diego California. It's exciting to see how God worked in such a miraculous way and gave the Church of the Nazarene, one of the most beautiful campuses in the world, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Just a few years after the college campus was purchased for nine million dollars, the value of the property grew to over two hundred fifty million dollars. The purchase and moving of our college from Pasadena to Point Loma in San Diego

is just one of the many ways that God works miracles in our lives when we seek to do His will.

When we look into the lives of those in the field of education, we are blessed to see how God called each one into their special field. Dr. James Jackson Sr. felt as a professor, "That young people in the university are at a crucial stage and need guidance in making critical decisions at that point in their lives." There is a ministry of witnessing to the young people in this generation through our educational institutions.

We are privileged today to have missionaries on the field, called of God and willing to give their lives completely to Him. The missionaries you have read about in this book, Orpha Speicher, Louise Robinson Chapman, the Pattee's, and others, were willing to serve by establishing mission stations and hospitals in the wilderness under the worst of circumstances and at a great sacrifice. As Louise Robinson Chapman said, "It cost something to be a Christian in those days." Missionaries who were in prison camps during World War II realized that God was preparing them for the future through their experiences. While serving God on the mission field, the Pattee's saw bombs falling around them while holding services, but this experience didn't keep them from their ministry in spreading the gospel.

Ordained elders, Dr. Phineas F. Bresee, W. C. Wilson, Dr. M. F. Reynolds and many others were led by God and had the privilege to minister and witness to the working of the Holy Spirit in the early beginning of the Church of the Nazarene.

Mrs. Edward Lawlor, (Peggy) a minister's wife, was a person bold enough to stand up in any service and praise the Lord in testimony and song. What a lesson we can learn from Peggy's Life. Her promise to the Lord as a child, was, " Lord if you do the planning, I will do the obeying." Peggy lived her life by following the complete will of God.

When Jim Manker was adopted into a minister's home, he asked himself, why am I here when I could have been adopted into any number of other families? Because of this, Jim felt God had a purpose for his life. My own life has been spared several times either from illness or possible tragedy and I ask myself each day, what is God's purpose for my life and I try to fulfill His will each day. Every one of us needs to take a moment to ask ourselves, why has God put us in this special place? Pray that God will use your talents and let Him lead you into a special place of service where you can glorify God and his kingdom. Ask; " Why am I here and how can I serve Him better?"

We have seen how God has used the talents of laymen. We don't have to be missionaries or ministers to serve the Lord. God has a place for each one of us to use our talents and to

serve. If you haven't found your place in the kingdom, ask God to show you His will in your life, and then follow the leading of the Holy Spirit.

Everyday there are doors that are to be opened. As we face each one we do it with fear. On the other side may be trials or temptations with decisions to be made. As we open each door we see Christ stretching forth his hand to meet us. With our faith and courage we take his hand and He leads us to these special places of service in our lives. This is the way each one in every generation has been led by the Holy Spirit. There are doors waiting to be opened by each one of us and waiting on the other side is the Master to guide us into the experience of Holiness.

As I was putting this book together an old hymn kept coming to my mind. One I can remember singing through my entire life. I remember when this hymn was sung under those old camp meeting tents, and how the blessings of the Lord came down and we could feel the whole meaning of "Called unto Holiness." In closing I leave with you the words of this old hymn written by Lelia Morris in 1900.

CALLED UNTO HOLINESS

"Called unto Holiness," church of our God  
Purchased of Jesus redeemed by His blood,  
Called from the world and its idols to flee,  
Called from the bondage of sin to be free

Called unto Holiness," children of light,  
Walking with Jesus in garments of white.  
Raiment unsullied nor tarnished with sin  
God's Holy Spirit abiding within;

"Called unto Holiness," praise his dear name!  
This blessed secret to faith now made plain  
Nor our own righteousness, but Christ within,  
Living and reigning, and saving from sin.

Called unto Holiness, bride of the lamb,  
Waiting the bridegroom returning again!  
Lift up your heads, the day draw-eth near  
When in his beauty the King shall appear.



Chorus:

"Holiness unto the Lord" is our watchword and song

"Holiness unto the Lord" as were marching along.

Sing it; Shout it' loud and long.

"Holiness unto the Lord," now and forever.

May our hearts and our lives be purged through the blood of Jesus Christ. We must continue to focus our eyes on Him as we journey through this life. One glorious day we will meet Him face to face.

## BIBLIOGRAHY AND SOURCES

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