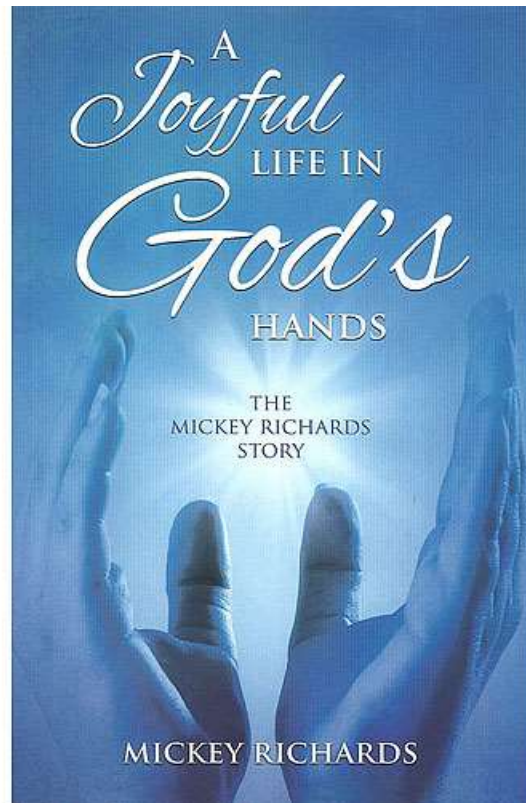


A Joyful Life in God's Hands



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Rose Fern (Mickey) Richards

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About

Born, raised and educated in Los Angeles, California, the author enjoyed camping with her family, vacation Bible schools at her church, and summers at Christian camps in the nearby mountains. There, she began to learn the value of Christian service.

Later, missionaries to the Belgian Congo (Democratic Republic of Congo) and the jungles of Brazil visited her childhood home, inspiring her even more. The result of all these events was a burning desire to become a missionary herself.

She prepared for this by attending Bible college and studying/training at the Lutheran hospital to be a nurse. In pursuit of her goal, she met and married a young minister who was preparing himself for missionary work. Meanwhile, they had a family, two girls and two boys, and they spent the next 22 years ministering to Christian churches in Washington, Idaho and mostly California.

During that time, her husband went back to school and got a doctorate in linguistics. Finally, in her late 40s, they went to the Philippines to begin what she had prepared

for her entire life: missionary work, Bible translation in the Philippines.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to Don DeWelt, professor at San Jose Bible College, who told me that if I became a missionary, I should write a book about it. He said, “After all, if missionaries don’t write about their lives on the field, how will others learn about it? Your book might be a challenge to those who will take the Word of God to the unreached.” It is also dedicated to you who helped us in the process of becoming missionaries. We needed all the suggestions you gave us. It is dedicated to you who loved, prayed for and supported us, making it possible for us to remain as missionaries and do the best job we could.

This book is also dedicated to you who are looking forward to becoming missionaries in the future. Hopefully, it will help make your life better than it might have been otherwise.

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Acknowledgments

It is to the Lord God Himself that I owe the highest praise and thanks for making my life, and this book, possible. He has been the One in control constantly from the very beginning to the present. He knew my entire life from the moment I was conceived, as it says in Psalm 139:13, 16b, “For You created my inmost being; You knit me together in my mother’s womb, All the days ordained for me were written in Your book before one of them came to be.” Thank You, Father, for leading me. Thank You for being in control.

Thanks also to you, my dear husband, Chuck. You have been my most faithful companion all through the years. You have been a blessing in so many ways, and when I talked to you about writing a book many years ago, before we ever became missionaries, you encouraged me. In whatever writing I did, you gave me the terminology or information I needed at the appropriate time. You always seemed to have the answer to whatever the question was. When I was ready to quit, you let me quit, but when I felt a desire to start again, you were all for it and helped in whatever way you could. You allowed me to be myself in all of this, and I appreciate all you did. Thank you for being such a wonderful partner throughout our lives as we have worked together and served the Lord in the best way we knew how. He has been the

One who has been in control throughout these years. Sometimes we “threw out the fleece” in order to know what He would have us do and He never failed us. Other times, He led in different ways, but always it was He who chose our path.

Thanks to you, my son, Leroy, the best editor I could possibly have had. You have helped me more than I thought you could. I fully appreciate you and all you did in giving me insights and helping me see what we could do to make the story clearer. You caused me to think in ways that I would not have otherwise. You seemed to understand me in whatever I said, and you seemed to know where I was coming from and where I wanted to go. If a spiritual matter was involved, you even seemed to feel that and know what I would do or say in that situation. You gave me the answer that was

the best fit in each situation. I truly believe that God gave you to me as a special angel or messenger from Him to help me in this autobiography. Thank you from the bottom of my heart!

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Chapter 1: My Forebears

My name is Rose Fern Fink Richards. Mickey is my nickname, but I'll wait and tell you about that at another time. From what I understand, my life has been affected by my forebears; therefore, I thought I should tell you a little about them.

My grandfather on my mother's side was Thomas Dawson. He was born in Coxsachie Green, New York on July 19, 1846. When

he was older, he made a living by working as a carpenter for one dollar a day. He moved to the west where he preached as an itinerant preacher. Every Sunday he preached in 2 or 3 churches because there were so few preachers there. He made his living at that time by his carpentry work, making two dollars a day.

He was a devoted son. So when he heard that his mother, who had moved to England, was sick, he went there to see if he could help. However, when he got there, he happily found that she had recovered from her illness. While he was in England, he met and fell in love with Mary Ann Grosvenor. They married on December 23rd, 1878, stayed there till after they had their first child, and then moved to the U.S. They had eleven children born to them, three boys and eight girls. In the order of their birth, their

children were: Lily, Rose, Ernest, Violet, Albert, who was nicknamed Bob, Daisy, Myrtle, Ivy, Pansy, Frank and Althea. Lily was born in Ernston, England; Rose, Ernest and Violet were born in San Antonio, Texas; Albert and Daisy were born in Antelope Valley, California; Myrtle, Ivy, Frank and Pansy were born in San Luis Obispo, California, and Althea was born in Los Angeles. His wife died a year after the eleventh child was born, leaving his children motherless. Now the older children took care of the younger ones in the family.

Thomas was very lonely without his wife, and he needed someone to be with him as well as to take care of the children, so eventually he remarried. However, his new wife had three children of her own, and she did not take the time to take care of his children but instead, only cared for her own.

This he could not tolerate, so he divorced her. Rose was the oldest one living at home, so she became the mother figure. My mother was born Myrtle Ellen Dawson on November 27th, 1889 in San Luis Obispo, California. In 1897, the family moved to Los Angeles where they lived in apartments at first, but finally found a house that was just right for their family.



Lily Inglehart, Daisy Dawson, and Myrtle Dawson

It was on Grand Avenue near the present Exposition Park and USC, a large house with a wide porch all around the outside. My mother told me that when she and her sisters were dating, there would be several couples on that wide porch saying goodnight at the same time to their boyfriends, so it was a real blessing to them. After graduating from the sixth grade around 1900, Myrtle went to work as a cashier at the Dawson Bookstore that her brother, Ernest, Lily Inglehart, Daisy Dawson and Myrtle Dawson owned in downtown Los Angeles. Not far from her brother's bookstore was the Church of the Open Door on 5th and Hope Streets where my mother went to church. There she met my father, John Henry Fink, who also went there with his family.

My father was born on March 10th, 1891 in Beardstown, Illinois. His father, Frederick William Fink, was born in Pleasant Grove, Iowa, and his mother, Katherine Margaret Spicker, was born in Beardstown, Illinois, though their parents both came from Germany. In 1904 the family, except for one son, Philip, moved to Los Angeles, California. They lived in the back of a store they owned. Frederick and Katherine had five children: They were Philip, who became a minister, Annie, John Henry, (my father), Bessie and Fred. They all married and were faithful to the Lord. His mother had passed away not quite a month before I was born, and I only remember seeing his father one time. He died when I was not quite four years old.

When my father was older and going to the Church of the Open Door, he sang tenor in a

men's quartet. My mother also sang in the choir and had a lovely voice. I guess that's where we siblings got our musical talent, because almost every one of us enjoyed singing, either as a song leader, soloist, being in trios or quartets, or singing in choirs during our lives. He listened to the radio and loved The Sons of the Pioneers as well as organists Loran Whitney and George Hahn. He worked for some time as a railroad man where his father worked. Then he got a job working at the Arcade Post Office in downtown Los Angeles, the largest post office in the city. He worked there for 44 years until he retired. He was never sick, and because he took no sick leave over those years, he got more than a year's pay in accumulated sick leave at retirement. After that, he did odd jobs, gardening and mowing lawns.

Myrtle and John married on June 17th, 1913, and had two boys and five girls, though one of the girls was stillborn. They were John Philip, Robert William, Mary Ellen, (the stillborn), Violet Jean, Rose Fern (me), Margaret Eleanor and Edith Mae.

They built a little house at 5862 Denver Avenue, Los Angeles, just two miles south of Exposition Park, one block west of Figueroa Boulevard and eight houses south of Slauson Avenue. The house was on the back of the lot, but later, when they needed more room, they built a larger house on the front of the lot.

They went to a little church called Trinity Congregational Church at 37th and Crawford in Los Angeles. The preachers that preached there were trained at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, which was called

BIOLA, on 5th and Hope, right next door to The Church of the Open Door. This was the church where they had met each other years before. At church, my mother was the superintendent of the Primary Department Sunday School on Sunday mornings and the Junior Christian Endeavor teacher on Sunday evenings. She sang in the choir and held offices in the Ladies' Missionary Society, and my father taught a Junior High Boys' class at Sunday school and was the church clerk.

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Chapter 2: My Early Life in Church

This part of my story is really the story of my father and mother before me. They were the ones the Lord gave me who made the

impressions on my life so it has come out as it has.



Myrtle Ellen Fink, Age 74

When I was just a baby, I was in church with my mother holding me and caring for me as soon as she got me home from the hospital. That hospital was Rice's Hospital—long since burned down, so I never actually got to see it myself.

It was interesting that my mother was never absent from church unless she was in the hospital having another baby. I don't remember her ever being sick. Every three years she had another baby to care for. Things were different in those days, so her stay at the hospital was at least two weeks. She thought of it as a vacation. The first place she went was home, but the very next place was to church. She prided herself on never missing a Sunday, and she had pins to show for her faithfulness in attending Sunday School every Sunday for years and years in a row. I told you she was the superintendent of our Sunday School Primary Department, and she was our Christian Endeavor teacher, too. It was she who got me to playing the organ at Sunday School which was one of those little pump organs that had an old-fashioned sound I'll

never forget. Where was my older sister Violet when I was playing that organ? She was the pianist in our family. She was in the big room, the main sanctuary of the church, where the older folks were in their own Sunday School, playing the piano for them.

When I was old enough, my mother made me a Sunday School teacher. I had a class of primary children, and sat under her tutelage for several years. When we were in the primary department, we had a certain routine we went through every Sunday. We sang our songs; we listened to a missionary story; we listened to a Bible story my mother told using a large picture hanging from a wooden rack, freeing her hands to make gestures while telling the story. Of course, we had an offering at which time we all got into a circle, and we went around to the front of the room and put in our pennies.

We went around three times, and each time, we dropped one of our three pennies into the basket. For the kids in our family those three pennies came out of the tithe box that my mother kept in her bedroom.

My father and mother tithed ten per cent of the money my father brought home. That was the first thing that came out of the money he brought on pay day. Then he gave my mother money for the household expenses she had charge of. If any of us needed to give to some special fund drive at school, it came from that tithe box, and when we started making money ourselves, we gave a part of our money, one-tenth, to the Lord. From the very beginning of our earning days, which was quite early because we got paid for just about everything we did around the house, we put our money in a

little metal bank so that we could save it and not have it get lost.

We learned to tithe, and we also learned to save. I realize now that they were building into our lives the thing that was to make us prosper, because God had worked it out that if we gave Him back a tenth of what He had given to us, He would prosper us. We find that in Malachi 3:10. Surely, everything we have comes from God, so onetenth of that is not much to ask in return.

After our offering time, we went to our classes and had our own Sunday School lesson presented by a teacher, who eventually was either me or one of my sisters. Later on in the morning, we got together again as a group, and we learned a memory verse. We had memory verses to learn that began with the letters of the

alphabet, so when we had memorized all 26 verses, we had earned a small New Testament of our very own. This was presented to us in a lovely program, and it was an honor to receive our New Testaments. We all worked hard to earn this New Testament, and then we got to use it as we studied our lessons each week. When Sunday School was almost over, we always sang a little song:

Our Sunday School is over
And we are going home.
Goodbye! Goodbye!
We're glad that you have come.

Then we went to the main sanctuary next door. The morning worship service was held there. We sat with our parents on long shiny slick wooden pews that extended across the middle of the room. On each side were

similar pews, only shorter. A staircase at one side of the room led to a balcony where the overflow crowd went.

When I was in high school, our high school Sunday School class met up in the balcony while the older folks used the main sanctuary. The boys' class, which my father taught, was held on the left side of the balcony while the girls' class was on the right. There was another fairly large room downstairs behind the main sanctuary that had doors that could open out to the larger room in case we had a special program and there were too many for the main sanctuary to hold. This room was the Sunday School room for the college age people, and on Wednesday nights, this was our prayer meeting and Bible study room, just the right size for the crowd that came that night.

I told you about the Sunday School classes in the mornings. In the evening, we got together in one of the small rooms to the rear of the main platform of the church. There was a small room on either side of the baptistery which was immediately behind the platform where the preaching was done. The baptistery was filled with water when someone was to be baptized, and it was large enough and deep enough for the minister to stand in and immerse a person and bring him right back up so that, in Bible words, he could “walk in newness of life.” You can find that in Romans 6:4. “Therefore we were buried with Him through baptism into death, that just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.” One of those little rooms was for the men who might be preparing to be baptized, and the other was for the women. But at

other times, we could use those rooms as classrooms. Each was just large enough to hold all the children that came, and my mother was the teacher.

She was so good. I'll never forget how she could hold the attention of us all while telling us the stories of the Bible. She was a born teacher. There was one boy, however, who just couldn't keep quiet, and one time she said to him, "Cliffy, if you can't keep quiet, I'm going to sit on you so you will keep quiet." She was not a 'fat' lady, but she was good and hefty, and I couldn't imagine her doing that, until one night, Cliffy began to act up, and sure enough, true to her word, she made him sit down, and she sat right down on him, and I can't remember him ever acting up like that again.

The staircase going up to the balcony was really a lot of fun. It was covered with a beautiful red carpet that was nice and soft, and we would start at the top and go bumping down the stairs to the bottom of it just for fun. The banister was fun, too, but that was a “no-no” to slide down! As we sat during the service, we could usually endure the song service and participate in that, but when it got down to the preaching, we got out our Sunday School papers and started circling words that impressed us. Or, we did other things to keep ourselves quiet during the service. Sometimes, when we were younger, I guess we even went to sleep. When we got a little older, we didn't have to sit with our parents, so we sat on the left side of the church. We brought the Sunday funny papers with us, and we read those. Then if it was really boring, we even got up and left the church altogether.

In those days, there were what we called “street cars” that ran on tracks over certain routes in the city. You could purchase a streetcar pass which was good for a week’s passage on the streetcar at any time. It was good to take you anywhere in one particular zone. On Sundays, it was good for one adult and two children to travel on for free. Of course, you had to pay for a pass every week, and my father did that because in the early days he didn’t take the car to work. He went back and forth to work on the streetcar. My brother, Bob, nine years older than I, usually was with us, so he would take me and one of my sisters home on the streetcar from church. He was the adult, and my sister and I were the children. My mother gave her okay for this, but she always had me put on the potatoes when we got home so they would be almost done by the time she and

the rest of the family got home. I sort of dreaded that because, more than once, I let the potatoes burn, and then I had to answer for that! My sister, Vi, said she never got to leave church like that.

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Chapter 3: My Early Life at Home

I've told you about how my folks were so taken up with their activities at church.

Well, that wasn't all. They had activities that carried over into the home, too. From the time we were young, my mother was our "story teller" out on the front porch. In the evenings when there must not have been much else to do, she would take us out there, and then she'd tell us stories. She told about Daniel in the Lions' Den, Shadrach,

Meshach and Abednego, David and Goliath, and many other stories that she made almost literally come alive for us. She also told other stories that had a good moral to them like Snow White and Rose Red. We and the neighborhood kids who wanted to, would sit out there and listen with our most rapt attention to all she would tell.

My father had his Boys' Bible School class, and he loved to have them over to our house for a party from time to time. When they came over, we played games, and Mother always went in the kitchen and baked chocolate chip cookies for us. They were always so nice and warm when she served them, and we kids loved that. Sometimes we'd play "Up Jack" where we'd put a nickel in one person's hand, and all of us put our hands under the table. Then someone would say, "Up Jack!" and we'd all put our

hands on the table. The person who was “it” would have to guess who had the nickel in his hand. We’d have to put our fists on the table, and then flatten our hands on it. If you had the nickel, you would have to put it down in such a way that you couldn’t hear it click when you made your hand flat. Otherwise, whoever was “it” would hear it and catch you with the nickel.

We played Up Jack sometimes when the neighborhood kids came over, too, and we invariably would play Monopoly, and the game would go on and on and on. We enjoyed playing Cootie, Perquacky and other games that we had that didn’t use playing cards, because that was one thing Mother and Dad did not allow in our house, playing cards! For them, these were things of the devil himself, and the symbols on the cards stood for evil things. Therefore, when

we wanted to play with cards, we would go across the street to the Markles' home, and we would play "War" there for hours and hours, sitting around on their cool cement front porch and enjoying ourselves tremendously.

Every month, the ladies of our church had a Ladies' Missionary Meeting, and often it was held at our house. We had special missionaries come at such times, and they told about all kinds of wonderful things that they had experienced on the foreign field. One couple, Andrew and Birdie Uhlinger, was very influential in my decision to work on the mission field. The Uhlings worked with the African Inland Mission in the Belgian Congo with people called pygmies, and they took pictures of themselves with the pygmies who were very small people. They themselves weren't so big, but beside

the pygmies, they looked quite tall. Not many people were able to work with the pygmies because they were very shy people and always ran away and hid when anyone not of their own tribe came near. But somehow, the Uhlings were able to make friends of them, and then they ultimately came around and let them teach them about the Lord Jesus Christ.

They would tell many stories about the pygmies, and I thought perhaps some day I would want to go out there to work with them. They brought home small items from the Congo which they gave to us children to remind us of Africa. One thing I remember was a little part of an elephant's tail which was curled around to make a bracelet. I had never seen anything like that before! Eadie, my youngest sister, even remembers them showing an elephant's foot that had been

hollowed out—I guess to be used as a trash container.

One time, a long time after that, when I was already grown and had gone to Bible college, married and had my own family, the Uhlings loaned me a lovely huge painting of their area. It was a picture of the Congo River. Alongside the river was a huge tree with branches growing out over the river, the center of a picturesque scene. It appeared peaceful, despite the unseen crocodiles. Even though I didn't end up being a missionary in Africa, it was the next best thing to have that picture hanging on our living room wall. When the couple finally retired and came home to the States, they lived in a little missionary center in Glendale, California. Then I took it back to grace their living room. What a joy it was to

have had it for all of those years in our home. Now it was back in their home.

Mrs. Uhlinger had a physical problem with her leg. It was called Elephantiasis, and her leg was very much swollen and looked like the skin of an elephant. She had gotten that when she lived in the Congo, and it was something that could not be treated to make it go away. I have a story about one of those missionary meetings. I was just a tiny tot, not yet in school, and Mother had her group of ladies over for a missionary meeting. She always served something delicious for refreshments, and that day I decided to be her little helper. I got out my own tea set and began serving the ladies cups of tea. Of course, they all enjoyed seeing Mother's little helper bringing them their tea in special tiny cups. It wasn't long until Mother saw me and noted what I was doing. She

called me to her in the kitchen and told me she was happy I wanted to help, but she also asked where I was getting the water. I took her into the bathroom and showed her the toilet. I couldn't reach the pull chain, but I was just big enough to reach the water in the bowl. I'm not sure how that all ended up, but she made sure I never helped her like that again.

When I was in first grade, maybe a little younger, my mother got a new piano for my older sister, Violet. Violet was her favorite child. She got a piano teacher to come and teach Vi how to play. I decided I wanted to play, too, so my mother let me take lessons, too. While Vi was three years older, naturally, she did much better than I did and she practiced regularly every day. I practiced, too, but I got bored or tired of it quickly, and when I was in the second grade

in the music book, I finally quit. My mother didn't fret about my quitting, but as I grew older, I saw Vi got really good at playing the piano, and she became our church pianist. Meanwhile, I played the old fashioned organ for our Sunday School song service. For the choruses we sang, I could play fairly well. To this day, Vi plays both the piano and a lovely organ at her church in Arizona. She uses her talent in playing for several Senior Citizen residences in the Sun City area where she lives. With her minister husband, they would go to the senior citizen residences, where she led singing and played the instrument, and her husband brought the message. Though he passed away recently, she still plays and sings at one of those places.

When we went to the mission field, Vi and my younger sister, Midge, bought me an

autoharp. I put it to good use by playing it in accompaniment for our Itawes song services for the many years we were there.

Violet and I used to fight a lot. She would pull my hair, and I would scratch her with my finger nails. When my mother found out about it, she would get angry with me, and she said if I did that again, she would cut off my finger nails. I can't remember her actually doing that, but I'm sure she would have done it. I'm not sure if I stopped doing it after that, but I'll never forget the fear I had of my mother's threat. I remember going to my closet to find a dress I wanted to wear one day, and though I looked through the closet thoroughly, I could not see it. So I called my mother to see if she could find it for me. She came in and right away she saw it and picked it out. It was right where I should have seen it, too, but

for some reason, I didn't. It was almost like she had performed a miracle for me by finding that for me! I don't know how old I was, but that happened more than once. I probably was going to school by then.

One night, my father and mother went somewhere and left my older brother, Bob, (nine years older than me) to take care of us girls. We had two beds in our bedroom where my younger sister, Margaret, and I slept in one double bed, and Violet slept in the single bed. There were three doors to our bedroom—the one to the living room, one to the bathroom, and the third one to the back porch.

My sisters and I were giggling and talking. My brother yelled at us to quiet down. We kept giggling and talking, so he yelled at us again (from the other room). Then all of a

sudden, the back porch door opened and my brother came in very quietly with a pan of cold water, and he caught us by surprise when he poured the water on our heads. We never did that again.

On other nights when we were in bed but my mother had gone to prayer meeting and our father was left home with us, we would act up, giggle and talk after we should have been quiet. Our dad would come in with a yard stick and tell us to be quiet or he would hit us with the stick. However, we just pulled up the sheets very tight up around our necks, and when he hit at us, it didn't hurt at all. One time I even slipped out of bed on the other side and got under the bed. We liked it when he was our baby sitter because he was a lot of fun.

At night, there were different sounds that I remember. One, of course, was the sound of a train going by down on Slauson, as I tell you in another chapter about our street.

However, often at night I heard the chiming of our clock in the dining room next to our bedroom, one chime for each hour of the night and one little ding at the half-hour so I could tell what time it was if I lay awake for a long time. The rain had its own sound as it came off the roof between the house next door and our house. I could hear the patter of the rain as it fell to the ground outside the two windows in our bedroom.

Our mother was a seamstress. She made all of us girls' clothes for school. Each year we would go downtown and choose the material we wanted for our dresses that year. We looked for the patterns, too. Then we would go home and she made them for us. Of

course, our school clothes were always home made, but we envied the girls who could come to school in clothes that were obviously bought from a store. I, for one, was in awe of girls who could afford to have such clothing. However, even though our mother didn't have a lot of money to work with, she always made some lovely school dresses for us, and we were usually very happy and satisfied with what she did.

At summer time, we went downtown when the sales were on, and we got yardage on sale—maybe remnants left over from the end of yardage bolts. These went on sale early, so we had to get there early in order to get the best ones. Being well advertised, everyone came. They came into the store ready to do battle, almost, in order to find the best pieces of yardage. We got pieces that were just the right size for making a pair

of shorts or a halter, a skirt or whatever it was that we needed that summer. Mother always knew what was right. Sometimes we daughters did not always agree with her, but we got home with some really good bargains most of the time, and we were happy most of the time. She was a good seamstress, and we had plenty of things to wear. On Easter, Mother made us lovely dresses. She could do wonders with a bit of material, ribbon, and whatever she wanted to put on the dresses. We also got new shoes then and new socks. On Children's Day, we all got new socks, panties, and shoes, too.

Besides that, we children got to go to the restaurant of our choice. We usually chose one of the Clifton's Cafeterias. There was one where they had redwood trees all over the restaurant, and there was a little room where you could go and see a scene of trees

in a forest. An organ music tape played the song, "Trees." Another thing they had there was a mine. When you went to the mine, you put your hand in the door of the mine, and out would come a plate with sherbet on it. It was the most delicious sherbet I had ever tasted. Of course, as its name implies, it was a cafeteria, so when we went there, we got to choose everything on our tray, and we chose whatever we wanted. This was always fun. The food was always delicious. As we were seated, from time to time, we heard the voices of singers in different parts of the cafeteria, a large open room in which there were three balconies with tables on each one in addition to those on the main floor. Their lovely voices were singing only the most beautiful music, because the singers were people that were hired from the Church of the Open Door or the Bible Institute of Los

Angeles. Clifton's was run by Christian people.

The other Clifton's was a cafeteria that was all decorated in a Hawaiian theme. It had lovely bamboo trees and other kinds of tropical flora all around the cafeteria.

However, downstairs there was a little room that was like a typical living room in Bible days, with oil lamps used for lighting and other things you would expect to see there.

Around the corner from that was a grotto where there was a figure of Jesus kneeling by a large rock with his hands clasped as in prayer. This was very awe-inspiring, and really got one to thinking about Jesus on that night in Gethsemane.

There was a bakery quite near to our house—just a couple of blocks away across Slauson and beyond the railroad tracks. You

could buy day old bakery goods there, and even two or three day old bakery goods. Some days Dad would bring home small loaves, something like French bread, which we cut in half, spread with butter, and then fried in the frying pan. Really good with salt on it! Dad was so good at making breakfast. He loved fried or scrambled eggs, bacon, fried potatoes and hot Ghirardelli's chocolate. So of course, that was one of my favorite breakfasts, too. At night, just before he went to bed, he would drink the juice of a lemon and say that that lemon was going to keep him well for many years to come. Oh, but I wish that that could have been true. But Dad did love his bakery goods, and he wore a size 44 belt, so when he died of his heart having turned into fibrous tissue when he was 65 years old, you could almost say you saw it coming. The only thing was, none of

us knew all that much about such things at that time.

The Fink family, my father's siblings, owned some old tenements on Trinity Street, of which my father was the caretaker. He went to collect the rents, and Midge would go with him. They could either go around the city dump or go the direct route. Midge always wanted to go the long way so she would have more time with him by herself. Later, after he died, she collected the rent herself for Mother once in a while besides seeing that other necessary things were done.

One thing we all remember about Dad was that when he sat in front of the radio in his rocking chair, he would kind of twiddle his fingers while listening to Amos and Andy and other programs he liked. I myself

remember that when he took me to an evangelistic meeting, which he loved to do, as we sat there during the service, he would twiddle his fingers. I would reach my hand over and hold his hand, and then it would stop. That was about the closest I ever really got to be to my Dad, and it was a very nice feeling.

At night when Dad got home from work at the post office, he would sit down at his desk. It was one that was built into the wall, and he pulled the front of it down to form the surface on which to write. Dad was the church clerk, so he brought home the money and counted it. He put pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters into piles and rolled them in wrappers that he got from the bank. If he wasn't doing that, he was working on his financial book. He kept track of everything in that book, so that when he

passed away, all Mother had to do was go to that book, and she saw that everything was taken care of just perfectly. She was able to figure out everything that she had to do to take care of whatever business there was.

He also studied his Sunday School lessons at that desk using his Scofield Reference Bible. Besides that, after Sunday services, he checked that book to see if the scriptures were really there that the preacher had mentioned during the sermon. He was like the people in Berea who studied the scriptures to see if what they heard was true. As our family grew, my father built an addition on the front porch that was large enough to hold a single bed and a set of drawers. Midge stayed in that room after my sister, Violet, and I went to college. That room was next to my parents' room in the front of the house. Midge remembers that on

Sunday mornings, Dad would always yell through his bedroom window to her, “Time to get up, Moggot, time for church!”

He loved to do things around the church, fixing this or that so the church wouldn't have to pay to have it fixed. Mother used to say that maybe she could get something fixed around our house if she told Dad it was for church. We all laughed about that. Kind of like the cobbler's kids who never had good shoes.

Since this part of the story has been my Mom's and Dad's, as well as my own, I've been trying to let you see what they were like and how things were at our house. The Lord saw to it that we had some excellent examples to follow in our lives. It is true that many times I find myself doing exactly the same things that they did. Hopefully, it is for

the glory and honor of the Lord. Our family and I were so blessed to have had them as our parents.

Probably, if I hadn't had parents like that, I would have had a completely different way of life.

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Chapter 4: Grammar School Days, Part 1

As you have seen, our home was sort of like a school in its own way. We had our own built-in education classes as Mother would get us into the teaching of the Bible School classes on Sunday mornings, and she was the master teacher who showed us how it was done as she worked it all out in her

Primary Department and got us to do this or that as time went along.

Eventually, though, we had to go to regular school. I remember when she found out she was pregnant with one of her last girls, she said, “Oh, no! Not another thirteen years of PTA.” (Parent Teacher Association) There had already been five of us in school, and with the sixth, that would make a total of thirteen years for the first one (because Kindergarten made it 13), and then approximately every third year after that, another child would start to Kindergarten, so it would be extended three more years for each new child started. That counts out to be $13 + 5 + 3 + 3 + 3 + 4 = 31$ years of P.T.A. for her. Between the first and second child, there was a still-born baby, so the second living child was five years behind the first one. John Philip was first, Mary Ellen was

the still-born, and Robert William was the third child. Violet Jean was born three years later. Then I came three years after her, Margaret Eleanor came three years later, and Edith Mae came four years after her.

In my opinion, kindergarten was the nicest class of all! We had such a beautiful lady for a teacher, and we did such fun things! She would tell the story about Billy Goat Gruff, and she put two chairs opposite each other with a board going across from one to the other. Then someone would pretend to be the troll and sit under the board. Others would pretend to be the other Billy Goats that had to cross the bridge. This was really a scary story. But we were enthralled every time we played it.

There were lots of other things to do, too. Of course, we had large wooden beads to thread

and made our own necklaces, and we learned how to paint. We had regular easels on which we clipped our paper to paint, with a tray below for the paint jars and brushes. We chose our paint brushes and always had to wear an apron so we wouldn't get ourselves all covered with paint. I really loved this. The books the teacher read at story time were just beautiful. They had huge big colorful pictures in them like very few books you have ever seen, and the stories were so exciting. Then, when we got too tired, we had a rest time, and we lay down on our own little rugs while she played music that lulled us to sleep.

One thing that I remember later on was lunch time. We took our lunch and sat outside under the trees to eat. There were many benches out there. Everyone was supposed to bring his own lunch in either a

lunch bucket or a paper bag. A new lunch bucket was always very special at the beginning of each school year. If someone didn't like the sandwiches he brought, he could put them in a tray that was passed around for such as that, and then he could choose other sandwiches that someone else had put there to take their place. Later on, this was frowned upon as not being very healthy, but it was a lot of fun at the time.

I can't remember my first grade at all for some reason. I guess it didn't make much of an impression after something as good as kindergarten had been. Second grade, though, was a different matter. I think it was because of my teacher—"Old Lady Bagley"! All I remember about that class was arithmetic. She was really a stickler for learning your multiplication tables or whatever we had to do there. We had second

grade on the first floor of a two-story building, but what came next was really a tragedy for me. Kindergarten, first grade and second grade were all on the first floor of a two-story building. I was looking forward to going to the third grade so I could be in an upstairs classroom. On March 10th that year, they had a huge earthquake that made it impossible for us to use that building anymore ever at all, ever, ever, ever, so we had to finish 2nd grade in a tent! I never did get to go upstairs to have a class on the second floor. That was the Long Beach Earthquake in 1933, and was the hardest earthquake to date that we had ever felt.

I will never forget the night of the earthquake as long as I live. It was about five o'clock in the evening, and we were getting ready to eat dinner. All of a sudden, the whole place began to shake. We knew it

had to be an earthquake, and we ran toward the front of the house. On looking out the front door, we could see the heavy-set old lady across the street coming out of her front door and falling down her stairs. At the same time, her chimney fell down, and it was just a miracle that she didn't get hit by some of the falling bricks. I remember the atmosphere was the strangest color—sort of darkened but yet sort of rosy, too. Then, in the aftermath of that, we heard about the places in Long Beach that had been hit very badly. When we went down there to visit later on, we could see where whole walls of large buildings had exploded out, so you could see the insides. It was really terrible.

The powers that be said that our school was built over an underground river, so that never again could there be a two-story building put there. “It would be too

dangerous for future generations,” they said. So my third grade was spent in a tent, actually a temporary wood and- canvas structure outside the old building, and meanwhile, they tore the old building down completely.

That grade I don't remember, either, but I do remember the fourth grade when I was actually in A-3 while half of the class were B- 4s. (In those days, in the LA City School District, there were too many children, so they set up a grade structure that was different from anywhere else. Kids could start in the fall or springtime. The first half of their “year” was the “B” half; then they went on to the “A” half. In this case, I was in the second half of the third grade, A-3, and in the same classroom with kids that were in the first half of the fourth grade, B-4). There were three of us in the A-3 part of

the class that would finish our work early, so the teacher gave us the B-4 work to do, and she did that the whole semester so that by the end of the semester, we went on with the B-4s to A-4. We skipped a half grade.

That teacher was one of the best teachers I ever had. She was so sweet and loving, and very helpful. She was very creative and gave us interesting things to do. She was an excellent art teacher, and I loved to draw animals from the wilds. The best art work I ever did in school was done while in that class. One thing we studied was American Indians, and we drew artwork for the stories that we wrote about them. Also, she was an excellent music teacher. She taught us how to read the notes and to sing many songs. We sang in harmony, and she taught us to stay on pitch. In handwriting, she had us sit by desk according to how good a penman

we were. We three top students were always the first three students in that section. You can see why we really liked that teacher, though I cannot remember her name. The other two students were Milton Share and Charlotte Thrift. All through elementary school we were together in our classes, and when one would be double promoted, the other two would be also. This happened again when we were in the A-5 and B-6 combination class.

Every year we had May Day which was a very special day at school, the first day of May. This May Day gathering outdid every other day. We rode our bicycles or tricycles to school all gaily decorated with crepe paper, and we wore special costumes for the occasion. Our class in particular did the May Pole Dance in which all the children went to the pole and got hold of a piece of crepe

paper which hung from the pole. Then we wended our way in and out the way the teacher had shown us previously in a dance, so that we didn't get all mixed up, but came out beautifully free from entanglements.

Different classes did other kinds of dances, we played games, and vendors put up little booths where we could spend money to buy special refreshments. An ice cream man was there ringing his bell, too, and a balloon man with many balloons trailing out over his head. At the end, there would be a big parade with all the children in a line so we could see all the lovely costumes that the children wore, and prizes given to the best ones. It wasn't too long after those days that they cut out having May Day due to the significance of the first of May to the Russian people, but I always thought what a shame it was that what they did in Russia

had to interfere with our good times in America.

There was another occasion one time in which different classes were putting on plays in the auditorium. This was a special PTA meeting. One of the plays was the story of a garden, and the children in the play were all dressed as flowers. My mother volunteered to make all the costumes because she was such a good seamstress, and she made gorgeous floral costumes out of crepe paper that were very creative. She really worked hard on that project.

It took a long time to rebuild our school, but after two years going to school in tents, we finally had lovely one story buildings that were a great blessing to all! When I graduated from the 6th grade, it was an awesome occasion, and I felt honored. I

remember as a sixth grader, we had a special yard to play in at recess. One day we were playing with balloons that we had put water in so we could throw them back and forth to each other. When the bell rang, I ended up with the balloon, so instead of letting the water out of the balloon, I chose to take it into the classroom and hide it in my desk. The first thing we did after recess was writing, and at that time, we were using pens which we had to insert into little ink wells that were set into the top of our desks. There was no such a thing as a ballpoint pen in those days. After the writing session was over, I stuck my pen into my desk—only to punch it into my balloon, which burst and the water spewed out all over my dress. To say the least, I was very chagrined at this, and had to excuse myself in order to get a mop and come and clean up around my desk. I'm not sure what the teacher thought.

I don't know if she knew that that water had come from a balloon hiding in my desk or if it may have been that I had failed to use the restroom at recess time as I should have.

Talking about the streetcar pass, we used to use it Sunday afternoons when there was nothing else to do. Again, my brother Bob was the adult, while two of the others of us were the children. A streetcar is like a trolley, and some had seats, two on each side while others had one single seat all the way down on each side of the streetcar with straps hanging down from the ceiling so people standing had something to hold on to. When it got to the end of the line, it didn't turn around, but instead, the driver just went to the other end of the car and it had the same equipment there as it had at the other end. A person got on the vehicle, dropped his fare into a little box, and went back to

get a seat. If it was a Sunday and there weren't many passengers, us kids would go to the back of the car and pretend like we were the driver, pull a chain to make a dinging sound, and then act like we were letting people on the streetcar.

To get off the car, a person had to pull a cord which rang a bell, and the driver would stop at the next stop so we could get off. We could go all over zone 1 which included most of Los Angeles. Downtown we went to Olvera Street, which is a small alley-like place where they had many shops selling everything Mexican. You could buy various kinds of Mexican candy, food, shoes (huaraches), shawls, piñatas, and Mexican knick knacks of all sorts. Near Olvera Street was China town where it was always fun to go. Not far from there was Angel's Flight, which was a trolley that started at the top of

a hill and came down a couple of blocks to the bottom. One time we went to Griffith Park. While there, we walked to Fern Dell, a beautiful stream that came down the mountain with a path and lovely ferns all along the sides of it. We went to the end of the line on many of these streetcars, and one went to LA City College, where I went to college for a year or two.

As I think of it, I wonder how my parents ever decided to let us do such things as this, but we had such a good time going around Los Angeles on these streetcars. It actually got us ready to go to places all over the world. We were never afraid to take off to some unknown place since we were used to doing that on these streetcars, and we enjoyed every minute of our trips here and there, as we do now in an unknown country of the world. The Lord gave us a wonderful

childhood where we found that He always had something new and different for us to see.

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Chapter 5: School Days, Part 2

(Junior High and High School Days)

My next school was John Muir Junior High School on Vermont Avenue in Southwest Los Angeles. It was a large two story building with a basement in it. There were several other buildings on the property, too, and it was beautifully landscaped. I was quite proud of it.

That year I had a new name to begin with. It came about this way: One day that summer, I was sitting at the sewing machine in our

dining room when my oldest brother, Phil, came home. He had a lady friend with him, and when she entered the front door, she saw me and immediately called out to me, “Oh, Mickey! You look just like a very good friend of mine called Mickey, and I’m going to call you that!” I don’t know if she ever did learn my real name, but I was very pleased to have a nickname at long last. My older sister, Violet, had taken on a nickname, and she was having everyone call her by that name. It was Vickey. Now this would be my nickname, and we would almost be twins by the sound of the names. This friend of my brother was actually not just a friend. She was his new wife, although I can’t remember now what her name was. I liked her immediately, and was happy that they had come home to visit us.

When I went to John Muir, I told everyone that my name was Mickey. Of course, I had to write my real name on all papers in order to be officially recognized, but to new people I met, I was known now as Mickey. I told them that if they were my friends, they would call me that—not Rose Fern, which was my given name. After that, I knew that anyone who called me Rose Fern was an old friend from way back or else he/she was a family member. Even some of them now call me Mickey. Having my new name didn't change me. I was still the same person inside.

I don't remember too much about junior high school except that was where I had a course in homemaking, and I learned how to cook and sew. In Physical Education, we learned how to do simple dance steps, which I enjoyed a lot. Also, in PE, we had a large

open locker room that didn't have separate dressing rooms for individuals, so I had to learn to overcome my feeling of being embarrassed when changing clothes when there were lots of other girls around me.

Mr. Toomey taught my favorite subject, social studies, and he was one of my favorite teachers in junior high. I remember some foolishness we did in that class. A note was passed around the room from desk to desk saying that at a given time, we would all drop our rulers. When that time came, we all dropped our rulers, and what a clatter that was. The teacher was quite disgusted with us for doing that. I remember that at another time, I guess I had been talking in class to a neighbor, because Mr. Toomey took me out into the hallway and bawled me out. Needless to say, I didn't do that anymore.

At that time, I had a crush on a boy named Leroy Lennert. He didn't even know me, but I thought he was handsome, and I even got a tiny picture of him from somewhere and put it into my heart locket which I wore around my neck. Of course, when we graduated, that was the end of that because I never saw him again, so I assumed he went to a different school from the high school to which I went.

John C. Fremont High School was the name of my high school, which was quite far from home. We lived just 8 houses from the district boundary at Slauson Avenue. We had to take an 'F' streetcar to the end of the line to the south, and then took a bus on Manchester going east. It took us to Central Avenue, on which Fremont was located, so we got off there and walked several blocks to school. Sometimes we would walk home

the three miles from school, and when we did that, we would stop at a library and check out some books. We did a lot of reading.

Throughout high school, I was younger than my classmates by a year, so I didn't fit in very well with them. Finally, in my senior year, I started to blossom socially. I got into different organizations in school such as the Young Women's Christian Association, (YWCA), and was elected as their chaplain. This made it so I was the one who had to pray at appropriate times. No one else wanted to do that, so they elected me to that position. I was almost petrified the first time I had to do this, but after that, it came a little easier. One thing that really made it hard was when I was asked to pray without having been told beforehand. To pray extemporaneously was not my forte, but

somehow I managed. The Lord must have been with me without my realizing it. Do you remember that scripture that says when you are called on, you will be given the words to say? Well, that was what happened to me at those times.

Another thing I got into was Girls' Court, which was interesting. We discussed cases concerning things that girls at school had done that were not right. I can't remember even one case, so I guess it wasn't all that important to me at the time, but at least I was involved in a special organization which I had not been involved in before.

Early on in high school I took a class in a cappella choir. That was really a wonderful class, and the teacher was Miss Bach, a descendent of the famous Johann Sebastian Bach whose piano pieces I used to play

when a little girl. This led to me becoming involved in a trio with one of my best friends in high school, Betty Fiske. She was in the a cappella choir, too, as was Ruth, the third girl in our trio. We used to go to different classes together, and on the way, we would practice our songs which were popular songs of the day. In fact, we got so good at it we were invited to sing at some of the dances we had at school at noon time. We sang “Don’t Sit Under the Apple Tree,” “Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh,” “Moonlight Cocktail,” “Tangerine” and others.

Sometimes I would walk home with Betty and we sang almost all the way. The time went so quickly while we were singing it was almost unbelievable. Sometimes we met at her house to practice. Her folks had been missionaries in Puerto Rico, and I felt right at home with them.

Years before that, two of my sisters and I had a trio, too, in our own home, and we used to sing at church. We sang mainly choruses, and it was a lot of fun. This was with Violet and Midge. Both had beautiful voices, so I was in good company when with them, and our voices blended very nicely as did ours at Fremont with Betty and Ruth. During my high school years, I was going to the Figueroa Boulevard Christian Church on 57th and Figueroa in Los Angeles and got into the Triumphant Chorus with Carl Fromhold, the director. He was a truly great man and directed the Christian Endeavor Convention song service at the large Long Beach Convention Center as well as the great choir that was made up of many Christian Endeavor singers from churches all over the city. This experience was a fantastic one; very thrilling to be singing the

great songs of the faith in a great choir like that to thousands of people. The young people's society of Christian Endeavor was a nondenominational evangelical society.

Later on, at Northwest Christian College, I was in two trios during my three years there. We used to go out on weekends with one of the professors who shared about the college at various churches. I took Voice under two excellent teachers there, and sang in the college choir and Ensemble. At San Jose Bible College, I was in a mixed quartet which also went to churches on weekends to help one of the school professors tell about the college. It became a real time of ministry for us. At this last school, the men in our mixed quartet took turns preaching, so it was a real blessing being in on that!

During the last two years at high school, I was also involved with the Fremont Drill Team. We had beautiful cardinal and gray uniforms, 144 of us being on the team. That was a class all its own, with practicing all semester long and marching for the football games and whatever games we had at that time. I loved that. It was just beautiful to see the formations we got into that were quite breath-taking and the activities with pompoms and/or the United States flag.

After school, I went out for girls' sports, playing softball, soccer and tennis, in which I didn't do well. However, volleyball was the sport I really loved and was good at, and was on the team chosen to play at the league tournament. For me, this was a real blessing that I had never dreamed of doing. Not only that, but our team won the tournament.

It was while I was in the twelfth grade that Japan went to war against the United States on December 7th, 1941. It wasn't long before both men and women students at our high school were learning how to knit, carrying around knitting needles and yarn wherever we went. We worked on making afghan squares to be used for soldiers on the battlefield. Before the next year was up, we had graduated, and most of the young men in my class were in one armed service or another. At night I would stand by my bedroom window looking out at the stars, praying for the different men I knew who were on fields all over the world. A few of them never came back alive, though most did, and that was a thought-provoking time for all of us that required much prayer on behalf of those we loved who were "over there" fighting for our country.

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Chapter 6: Denver Avenue Memories

It seems like you should also know what was going on in our neighborhood in those years. I lived on Denver Avenue, which actually was only two blocks in length at that point. It began at Slauson Avenue on the north, and went to 59th Street, and then on to a dead end after that. At the end, there was an alley that went east to Figueroa Street. I don't remember if it went to the west or not because I never went that way. Most days we went to school, we walked down that alley to go to Figueroa, the street where 61st Street School was located. Let me tell you about some of the people who lived on that street. Those I can remember

were those who had children, the ones that were most important to me in those days.

The Hamils lived in the house farthest south on our side of the street. They had at least four children in the family: Ida, Jimmy, David and Sherelda. I'm sure there were others besides. Jimmy had a physical and mental defect. It was probably what we now know as "Down's Syndrome." He sat on the curb watching while the rest of us kids were playing baseball or some other game in the street. He was a nice boy, but because of his disability, he slobbered a lot, though he was generally accepted by the kids and they talked to him kindly.

Next door to the Hamils on the north were Bruce and Margie Anthony, and they had a little sister. They had a large house, and inside their living room was a large bay

window that was built into the left side of the room. It had a window box on which you could sit, and inside of which they kept toys and books. Roland Wainwright and his family lived next to them, one house closer to 59th Street. Next to them was an empty lot at the corner of 59th Street where we used to play. When I was seven or so, we made “clocks” from a weed there that had little hooks on the ends. When stuck into your clothes, they twirled around clockwise of themselves. If they were still green, you could make a “scissor” out of them by getting another weed like them and sticking one through another and then moving the prongs back and forth like a scissor. We picked other weeds that tasted like licorice.

Across the street from the empty lot, behind the house at the northeast corner, lived the parents of a movie star named Jean Parker.

How exciting to realize that she visited her parents, but we didn't get to see her. I never actually saw her, but at least, her folks lived there. Next to them lived Johnny and Ellen Press. They either had a big sister or there was another girl who was older who lived there before them whose name was Gretha. Gretha was a tall girl and blonde. Johnny and Ellen were my age and Midge's age, and they were also blonde.

Richard Nicolay, an only child, lived next door to Johnny and Ellen. Between Richard and us lived Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland. The childless Sutherlands had a dog named Spot that saved my sister, Midge's life one day. Even though our street didn't really go anywhere, quite a few cars came down it. Midge was just a little girl, barely able to walk well, and she went out into the street. Spot saw her, knew she shouldn't be there,

so he went to her, circling round and round her till she got closer and closer to the curb. He was a marvelous dog, and we all loved him.

The Sutherlands had a fig tree in their backyard. Every year we went over there and picked all the figs we could. Mother made delicious fig jam from them. The job of getting figs wouldn't have been worthwhile had the jam been anything less than delicious, because the sap that came off that tree got on our legs and was almost impossible to get off.

Mrs. Sutherland belonged to the Eastern Star, which is a part of the Freemasons Lodge, and at Christmas time they invited us kids to go to their party with them. The party was held in the Masonic Lodge on Broadway. The hall was decorated

beautifully, and they had a lovely tall Christmas tree with colorful packages under it. We each got a nice Denver Avenue Memories Christmas gift. I don't remember what we got, but it was an exciting experience going to their party, seeing the lovely huge tree, and getting a gift from beneath it.

The Sutherlands were also thoughtful. I know this because when the kids on our street had a show once across the street on the Brands' front porch, they provided ice cream afterwards. I thought they were great folks, but Eadie says that in later years, they put up a fence around their yard, and if one of our baseballs was hit by accident into their yard, they would go out and get it and not give it back until the next Christmas. In fact, that's why Eadie thinks that our Mother

got their cat one time, and kept it for a few days.

We Finks lived next to the Sutherlands. This was my family. We had three trees in front of our house. One was right next to the driveway. There was another tree in the middle in front, and one evening Bob attached a string from that tree to another tree across the street, and hung some paper on it. Then when a car came along, it had to stop because the driver didn't want to drive into the string. It was fun to see their reactions, but we could have gotten into trouble with the police. Also, in that same tree, Bob put a buzzer, the wire being attached in his room in the back of the house. It seemed like every so often men worked on the street, so when they did, he would ring that buzzer, and the workmen would really be puzzled about where that

noise was coming from. Another time, he tied a rope on a branch, and tied a tire on it, so we could have a swing. We played there a lot. Another time, he made a tree house up there, but I was too little to get up into it.

The third tree was a palm tree on the other side of the property. Its branches fell off whenever we had a big wind storm. Once in a while, city workers came and removed branches, and as it kept growing, it became quite tall with only branches way up at the top. In fact, there are many palm trees in that part of the city even today. They are still growing along the street on Denver Avenue.

Once when my brother, Bob, was still home before going away to college, we dug a hole in the ground that became a tunnel that went

to the next door neighbor's yard going under the fence between the yards. It was really fun and exciting, but at one point, it caved in. We were fortunate that none of us were in it at the time or we might have been killed. We really got bawled out about that when our parents found out about it.

In high school, Bob took a course in floriculture, so when he came home, he made a lath house in the back of our garage where he grew all kinds of little plants and flowers. It was a place to shade the plants. He would put them into little pots when they were the right size and send us little sisters to sell them to the neighbors. We got a penny for each one we sold, and we sold them for ten cents.

Sometimes late at night, I would awaken to the sound of a train passing by on the tracks along Slauson. I could hear it long before it got to our street because of its loud whistle which was blown at every cross street along the way. Then I could hear the cars clacking along the tracks as each one passed. I could almost count the cars as they went past by the sounds they made, and sometimes there were many, many in the train. I could hear them very plainly even though we were eight houses down the street from them. The sound of the whistle blowing at each intersection could be heard for a long time into the night, rather a mournful sound as it ran further into the distance.

The train was an invitation for young men to hop aboard an empty car and leave home. My brother, Bob, went that way sometimes, and others we knew took the train to go far

distances across the country. In those days, it wasn't so dangerous, I guess, but it was never an invitation to me. These were always freight trains and they frequently went by empty. You had to have a certain kind of courage and almost be foolhardy to do it, but if a guy wanted to go away badly enough to a particular destination, he would hop a freight car and take his chances that he would make it all right.

Of course, we have many more memories of what happened at our own house, but we'll go on to the house next door. At least two different families lived in that house while I was growing up. The first one was a family that had two older girls. One was a beautiful girl named Marguerite. Their last name was Luce. Marguerite had a boyfriend, and when they came home at night from a date, they parked out in front of their house, and we

spied on them. We used to tease them, but they didn't pay any attention to us.

I remember visiting old Mrs. Luce early in the mornings, going up the stairs on their back porch and knocking at the screen door. She would always come and invite me in, and then she would serve me toast which she had browned in her oven and covered with a thick layer of peanut butter. I don't know what we talked about, but she knew how to keep me there for quite a while, and it was nice to be with her.

The other family who lived there were the McCarthys. They had two girls our ages, so we had a lot of fun with them. Theresa was about my age, and Gerry was Midge's age. They were Irish, and therefore, they were Catholics. (In those days, we thought that all Irishmen were Catholic.) They went to the

Catholic school a few blocks away. Theresa was good in math, so she helped me in my math sometimes, which I sorely needed. That was never my high point at school.

Theresa and Gerry were in the club we formed about that time. We called ourselves the “Sunshine Shiners,” and we made little pins out of milk bottle caps as our badges. Evelyn and Inez Blagbro, girls that lived across the street at the corner, were in our club, too, and of course, all the Fink girls except Eadie. She was probably too young at the time. We used to meet in different places. One place we met was under blankets or sheets that Mrs. McCarthy had hanging on their clothes lines so we could have a little clubhouse underneath. One time we had it between our two houses. There was about three or four feet of space there, just right for a good meeting. At least one

time we had it at night when we all went down to the Blagbros' and slept on their front porch. The guys had fun bothering us that night. Elmer, Orville and Bobby Shand were probably at least some of the guys involved. I'm not sure of the others.

Our mother showed us how to make May baskets out of cans and strawberry boxes by making flower petals from crepe paper and pasting them round and round the cans/boxes. We made them for May Day every year. One day we went to Aunt Althea's house, and she had many May baskets all over her living and dining rooms. She was making them to give away to people who lived in an old folks' home. She made them of small cans which had crepe paper decorations on the outside. She showed us several ways we could cut and make these decorations so the baskets would

look like roses or other kinds of flowers. The cans were nice because when she put flowers into them, she could also place a little water to keep the flowers nice for several days. We used to make May baskets to take around to the neighbors. We rang the doorbell, dashed to the back of the house and waited for someone to come out to get the basket.

The house my father built at the back of our property when he and mother first married was rented out to other folks after he built our house on the front of the lot. A young couple named Mr. and Mrs. Frakes used to live there. For a while, Mrs. Frakes helped us with the May baskets. The next couple that came, the guy was really a good looking guy, but the gal was letting herself go and complained to Mother how her husband didn't want to come home to her anymore.

So, Mother told her to spruce herself up, put on some makeup and look really nice for him so he'd have something to look forward to when he came home. She tried doing that, and it worked.

Nice folks lived next to the McCarthys, but I don't remember their names. There was a house behind their house, too, but I never knew the people who lived there. We knew the folks who had children, but not usually those who didn't.

Johnny Roach lived next door to them. He was a fantastic guy. His mom was fantastic, too. She used to make delicious rolls and sell them to our mother. Johnny was quite a go-getter. He was a bit older than the rest of us, and he had lots of vim, vigor and vitality, always coming up with good ideas. He made a cart out of wood, which he fixed up with

wheels. He would get in it and have us little kids push him down the street. Quite a guy! I think it was his idea to have a Halloween party, too, and we fixed up Theresa and Gerry's chicken yard, or maybe it was his own yard, so we could use the hen house as our venue. We were blindfolded, taken in and then fed worms to eat. I think it was really spaghetti, but they made us feel it first, so it did seem like real worms!

After the Roaches moved out, the Hargets moved in, but I think I was going to college at that point in time, so I didn't know them so well. Mrs. Harget used to make butter, and Midge went over there and helped stir her wooden paddle to get the butter to set. Mrs. Harget loved Aimee Semple MacPherson and listened to her all the time on the radio. Aimee was an exciting radio speaker/evangelist that had quite a following

in those days. Mrs. Harget even sent that group money.

Next door to the Roach's house, lived an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Vreeland. One time, when I went up to talk to the old man, who was sitting outdoors in front of his house, I stood right next to him. He gave me a big hug, but he also slid his arm around and touched my legs. Wow! I didn't go near him ever again after that. Then there were the Chittendens who lived next to them, a nice couple of older folks, but more the age of my own mom and dad.

Next to the Chittendens, a vacant lot used to go clear through to the candy store on Figueroa Street. On the right side of the vacant lot on the Figueroa side was an apartment house where one of the boys in Bob's Friendly Indians lived with his

mother. Another boy who also belonged to the Friendly Indians, a boys' group that my brother, Bob, used to have, was Jimmy Willerford. He lived in a two story house where his mother had roomers. It was quite near to a liquor store that was on the corner of 59th and Figueroa Streets. We sort of claimed him as one of our Denver Avenue gang because he came over to be with the kids there quite a bit. Apparently, he was quite good at telling ghost stories on the Finks' front porch. They were so realistic that Margaret and Edith would have to walk him home afterwards because he was scared to go home by himself.

Talking about that candy store, we spent at least ten cents of our hard-earned money almost every week to get lots of penny candy at that place. I liked the little dots of candies on a strip of white paper that you

picked off one by one. Also, I liked the cigarette candy with red on the tip so you could put it on like make-up to look like lipstick. Of course, I got suckers most every time, and once in a while, I'd get an all day lollipop which was more expensive, but really did last a long time. I loved the Abba Zabba bars, little bars that had a bit of peanut butter on the inside. Another good one was a caramel sucker, which was good for a lot of delicious sucking. There were also little candy barrels, jaw-breakers and licorice sticks. There were so many kinds of candies that I can't describe them all. Midge says she used to buy horehound candy there, and Vi remembers buying dill pickles with her money and sometimes getting cookies so we could share with kids who didn't have any money.

Well, after the vacant lot, there was another house on Denver Avenue, but I didn't know the people who lived there, and there was another vacant lot on the corner of Denver Avenue and Slauson. Around that corner was the F & S Market (Figueroa and Slauson) where we did most of our shopping for groceries, fruit and vegetables. The fruit and vegetables were in a stand out in front, and the parking lot was on the inside of that.

Every summer, they would have a special sale, and they would have some cowboys with their guitars on a raised stage with a lot of singing and stamping of feet. During those hoe-downs, they also had prize giveaways. It was fun to hold on to receipts we had saved for a long time ahead, because the emcee called out a receipt number, and if you had that receipt number, you won a bagful of groceries. We won several times.

Eventually, within a few years, they closed down the open fruit and vegetable part and enclosed it, according to new laws, I think.

When Midge was older, she went to work at the F & S Market, and in fact, met Gene Husting, who later became her husband. He also worked there! She said that one of her first jobs was counting ration stamps, so that must have been during the war, World War II. I remember being sent to the store from time to time, but getting the wrong thing and then having to take it back and get the right thing. Vi remembers that they had great dill pickles in a barrel there. She really loved dill pickles.

Mother used to get her hair done at a beauty shop across the vacant lot from the candy store. One time she took me in to get my very first permanent wave at that shop. I was

young, and they had hair rollers that were clamped on to my hair that were connected to electric wires. When they turned on the heat, it was too hot, so they had an electric fan to blow on the hot area. Well, they ended up burning part of my head and I did not like that kind of a permanent ever after. I was very happy when we got to have home permanents in later years where you could buy one in a box at the store and then go home and give it to yourself. Midge and Vi also got several of those perms at the shop, too.

During World War II, our mother was a Warden for our block, and I was a Fire Watcher. We had to go to the beauty shop building for meetings to find out what to do if there was an air-raid. One Sunday night, there was an air-raid. I was in church at 57th and Figueroa at an evening service, so I had

to put on my armband and go to my station atop the F & S Market just a couple of blocks away. Actually, it was a false alarm, but it was quite exciting at the time, and I'll probably never forget it. I was 15 years old at the time.

Now we should be coming back down Denver Avenue on the other side of the street, but first, let's go around to Vernon Foster's house on Slauson. We shouldn't forget him and his older brother, Walt. They were a little older than I was, more like Vi's age, I think. Vernon sat at our table at our 50th Fremont High School Reunion, and we found out that he is a judge now (retired).

Now we come back to the first house on the right side of Denver Avenue. A family by the name of Eck lived there who used to

grow huge snails in the green leaves of plants in their yard, the kind that people eat.

Next to them lived Earl and Mildred Brand. They had several children, all boys. Kenny and Ted were two sons, about the ages of Midge and Eadie, but there were other sons whose names I don't remember. My brother, Bob, used to work for Earl who had a lawn business. He worked for him in summers in the western parts of Los Angeles and took care of homes and yards. Mildred's father used to live in the small house in back of the Brands.

When Ted was in junior high school, my mother taught him how to read, because for some reason he had never learned. She made a scrapbook for him of sports events that he was involved in at school, and they spent quite a bit of time together.

I can't remember the people who lived next door to the Brands, nor those who lived for about three houses down. There were no children there, no doubt.

Tom Bosanko lived in the next house, though. They had a funeral there in which they brought the coffin into their home and had people come in to view it. The body in that casket was Tom Bosanko, a middle-aged man. That was the first time I had ever seen that done, though it was common practice in the Philippines when we were there. Next to Tom lived Ducky Daddles, a little boy who was prohibited by his parents to play outside his yard. He lived in the same house where we had given the May basket one year that had the bugs in it. That lady had moved.

Rodna lived next door to Ducky Daddles' house. She was older than most of us kids, and was an accomplished pianist—playing very difficult pieces very beautifully. Her father went deep sea fishing once in a while, and brought home fish which he smoked in a smokehouse in his backyard. He brought us some of it from time to time, and it was just delicious.

The Browns lived next door to Rodna. I told you about the big earthquake in 1933, the Long Beach Earthquake. Mrs. Brown was the lady who came running out of her house and fell down her stairs. It was a miracle that when the stones from their chimney fell down, they missed her completely. The day was March 10th, and our family was actually in the process of eating our Dad's birthday cake. When we felt the shaking, we looked out, saw how red the atmosphere

was, and then saw Mrs. Brown come tumbling down their steps.

You may remember that I was just about ready to go into the third grade. However, that happened, also, just as my sister, Vi, had to go to junior high school. We were in the district of John Muir Junior High School, but it was in such bad condition because of the earthquake that it couldn't be used until it was repaired. Therefore, she had to go to Bret Harte, another school at that time. She only had to go half day because the kids who rightfully should have been going there used it the other half day. By the time I graduated from 61st Street School, John Muir Junior High School was useable, so I got to attend there.

There was a house behind the Browns. The Achenbachs lived there. The children were

Marian, Bobby, Ruth and Billy. Their mom and dad were good folks. Ruth was the one I knew best. She was a good help to Miss Katie Vee Clarkson at the Figueroa Boulevard Christian Church on 57th and Figueroa. For three years, I went to Miss Clarkson's Tuesday school after my regular school was out at junior high, and all of us kids went to the Daily Vacation Bible School that she had year after year in the summer. Ruth became a contributor to our work when we became missionaries in the Philippines.

South of the Browns lived a nice family, who were the Brandenbergs. They had an older girl who may have been Vi's age. The Shands lived next door to these folks. There were two houses on that lot, and Bobby Shand lived in the front house. Dick Crosby lived in the back house. I remember that

Bobby's feet used to smell so bad. Maybe it was because he didn't wear socks with his tennis shoes. It was on the porch of the Shand's house where we had a show one time, and our main song and dance was to "Frankie and Johnny were Lovers." Johnny Roach was our director, and he taught us how to dance the routine quite well. We charged one safety pin admission, and the Sutherlands provided ice cream for refreshments afterward. What a red letter night that was. It seems strange to me that no one else remembers them giving the ice cream, but I remember that vividly.

The Markles family lived next door to Bobby Shand. They were a real bright spot on our street. Emory was their older brother. Orville and Elmer were Vi's and my ages. When we were little kids, we used to play cars under the fig trees in their back yard

after making roads all over the dirt there. We had more fun pushing them all over the roads we created. In later years, we used to go to their house to play “War” for hours on end on their cool cement front porch. Elmer was one of our gang, and when my mother gave me my one and only birthday party, Elmer gave me a beautiful cross pendant that looked like it had diamonds in it. That is the only gift I remember getting at that party to this day. We also went inside to play “Cootie,” using dice and having great fun. When Mrs. Markles was having her lady friends visit, Margaret, nicknamed Midge later on, was invited to come. She was put up on a table and sang all her songs from Sunday School that she knew. They loved her. She was really cute with her little chubby legs and sweet face.

Midge remembers Orville used to have a chemistry set in their garage, and he was always playing with that. She's sure that's what got him into his job later in life. I can't remember his title, but he was an important man where he worked. Orville was always an exceedingly bright young man.

The Blagbros lived next to the Markles. Mrs. Blagbro was P.T.A. president at 61st Street School where most of the kids on our street went. They had two daughters: Evelyn was Vi's age, and Inez was between the ages of Midge and me. Their mother made delicious blood pudding, but I never did eat any of it. They lived on the corner of Denver Avenue and 59th Street.

Across 59th Street from them was a house where our dad used to go to mow their lawn after he was retired. That was when Bob

went away to Northwest Christian College in Eugene, Oregon and came home in the summers. Before that, he used to play Baseball, Hide and Seek, Kick the Can and other games out in the street. Vi remembers the time she batted and hit Midge on the forehead. She also remembered playing Run, Sheep, Run and Annie, Annie Over, etc. There were several houses down the street from there, but I didn't know the people that lived there.

I do remember one night hearing some awful grinding noise on our street in front of our house. Upon going out to see what it was, we found that there was a two-story apartment building being moved down the street. What a sight. The next day, they moved it on down to the next block right next door to Doris Dascomb's house just across the street from the Hamil's.

Doris was Vi's age, and she lived with her parents. She may have lived at the end of the block. The alley went to the left at that point, and there was a mulberry bush at the end of the alley where it runs into Figueroa Street. Vi said she used to go to school every day with Doris, and they passed that mulberry bush.

There were a lot of changes in the neighborhood by the time I left to go to college. Many of the people I mentioned moved away and a lot of newer people came, but these were the ones that had a part in my life, so I mentioned them for the blessings or whatever that they were to me.

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Chapter 7: Memories of Dawson Family Events

Some of the best social events of our family were the times we got together with our mother's side of the family, the Dawsons. I never got to know my Grandmother Dawson because she died of cancer 25 years before I was born. However, my grandfather Dawson was hale and hearty. He lived to be 93 years old. He was a kind, loving man. He had eleven children, and he named his eight girls after flowers. We got together with the Dawson family on special days of the year, usually the 4th of July and Christmas. Sometimes our annual two week vacation coincided with the July 4th holiday, and when that happened, we would rent a cottage at the beach at Anaheim Landing, a beautiful bay near Seal Beach, California.

We spent July 4th with many cousins, aunts, and uncles, swimming, boating, and eating. We would jump into the water as it was entering the mouth of the bay and float along with the current, sometimes with an inner tube or other flotation device. The water went under the railroad tracks and highway on its way into the bay. We could only do this when the tide was coming in and the current was fairly strong. Under the bridge, there was a heavy rope that hung down to the water, and when we got to that, we grabbed on to it, stayed there a short while and then went on our way, floating on down the bay to a point where Uncle Frank and Aunt Mae lived on the right side. Sometimes we got out there and visited. (My cousins, the Baltzs, had a house on the left side of the bay, but it was not on our floating route.)

Our cottage was a little further down. When we got there, we got out of the water, and climbed up the steps to our front yard. At that point, wooden pilings lined the bay, holding the sand and dirt that had been piled behind it, where the cottages were built. The sand between the cottage and the pilings was about ten to twenty feet wide, and it made a great place to lie out on a canvas seat and read a book and get a good tan at the same time.

The night of July 4th, we would all get together to watch fireworks and then light firecrackers, fizzlers, cherry bombs, etc. (That was before firecrackers were outlawed in the State of California.) The other big get-together for the Dawson family was at Christmas. Before Christmas day, we Fink kids would walk to the Kress Store and Newberry's down on Vermont and Slauson

about a half mile from our house, to get Christmas gifts for other members of our family and special people. Since we only made 28 cents each Saturday from doing work around the house during the week, we had to save a long time to get the money to buy these gifts. When the day finally came to go shopping, we emptied our banks and were thrilled with the excitement of it all.

Every Christmas I bought the same thing for my parents: a round bar of shaving cream for Dad, since he shaved with a straight-edged razor and mug, and a box of chocolate covered cherries for Mother, her favorite. After purchasing everything I had on my list for the rest of the family, I bought what, to me, were very beautiful pieces of jewelry for June, Fern, and Hazel, older cousins I thought were quite special. I went to the counter where all of the beautiful rings,

bracelets, earrings, and necklaces were sold and looked for a long time until I finally decided which ones to get. They only cost a dime or so, because more than that would have run my savings down to nothing, but I always managed to choose the nicest ones there for these cousins. Then I took them home, looked at them off and on for a few days, and finally the night came to wrap them.

We got out all our gifts to be wrapped, making sure that no one could see the one we had gotten for that particular person. Mother got out Christmas wrappings, and we carefully wrapped each one. Everything we planned to give to our family, we put in our own secret places. Those we expected to take to Uncle Ernest's to give to others, we put in a bag and put in another place.

Usually we had our own family gift-openings on Christmas Eve, but on Christmas morning, we always went to Uncle Ernest's. Uncle Ernest and Aunt Sadie had a lovely Spanish style home. When we went into the front door, there was a set of chimes. It was made of three or four pieces of metal with a small soft-covered mallet, so that when you hit the chimes, beautiful music would come forth. Also on the right side, just inside the front door, there was a large door that opened up into a dining room. The kitchen was off of that to the right, and at the other end of the dining room was another, smaller room. We entered a very large living room that had a huge fireplace on the right side toward the back. At the rear of the room, there were huge windows looking out on a lovely backyard.

On the left side of the room, closer to the back bedroom door than the front, there was a Christmas tree that reached from the floor to the ceiling—a huge full wide tree chopped from their own yard, beautifully decorated, and it was full of gifts underneath the tree, and had many others tucked here and there in the branches. We had at least 50 cousins and aunts and uncles there and all had a gift from Grandpa Dawson. Every year my Grandfather got me a beautiful doll for Christmas. One year, my gift was a beautiful doll with curly blond hair, the sweetest smile on her face, and a beautiful green organdy dress. She was sitting on the mantle over a huge fireplace with my name written on the attached gift card. Of course, many other dolls were placed there, too, exactly the ones all the little girls had ordered. But I only had eyes for the one that had my name on it.

After investigating everything on the inside of the house, we went to the backyard and up the stairs to the roof. Being a Spanish style house, the roof was flat, and there was a parapet around the edges so no one would fall off. A fairly large tangerine tree overhung the house on the back side, about where the stairway came out onto the roof. That was the first place we headed, because it seemed that it always had an abundance of tangerines on it every Christmas. After eating our fill of tangerines, we investigated the chimney that came up from the fireplace below because we rarely got to see the top of a chimney.

Dinner was served at noon. There were tables in the living room for the adults and a big long table in the dining room for the children. I'm not exactly sure where all the

food came from, but I think each of my aunts must have brought their specialties because everything was absolutely delicious, and there was a great abundance of it all, too. It was especially nice to have the kids all in one room, as we could eat with the cousins that were our own ages, whom we hadn't seen probably since the 4th of July or the last time we were at Anaheim Landing on vacation.

I don't remember ever having to do dishes afterwards, nor do I remember even the clean-up period, but after dinner we kids got to go to a movie, usually at the Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. It seemed like most years we went there, there was a new Shirley Temple movie to be seen. One I particularly remember was "The Littlest Rebel," and another was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." If we didn't go to a movie,

we went roller skating at a huge rink in Hollywood. We always asked Uncle Frank when he was going to take us for an airplane ride, because he had promised us that for a long time. To my remembrance, however, we never got to do that. You must realize that this afternoon when we went to the movie was a very special day for us Fink kids because our folks never allowed us to go to the movies any other day of the year. However, Mother always let us go to this one movie, and we were really grateful for the excitement it was. Then we all went back to Uncle Ernest's house.

About 6 PM, we had a buffet. After that, we had a Christmas program. This was planned ahead of time by some of the aunts, and they called each other to decide on who would do what. We had to plan ahead of time what we were going to do, and I usually recited a

poem or verse. But I personally was in dread until my part was over as I was never good at memorizing things.

However, once my part on the program was over, I thoroughly enjoyed the rest of it. Of course, we always sang Christmas carols and had some kind of a skit. Some children said pieces they probably had learned for a church program or some other program at school or someplace else. Aunt Ivy usually sang “O Holy Night,” and her daughter, Ellen, would play a violin number. George Shochat played his mandolin and sang “I Wonder as I Wander,” and I think it was Aunt Lily and her daughter, Mildred, who sometimes sang duets. In later years, Jeannie Manthey, my cousin Vivian’s daughter, quoted the Christmas scripture, Luke 2:1-20. Every family had to participate in one way

or another, and it was neat how it all worked out.

Finally we got around to Santa Claus. He came in with a hearty laugh and had many willing helpers to pass out each gift under the tree and on the mantle. At long last, I finally got to have my doll all to myself.

The only thing I remember after that was going into the dining room where the table was now loaded with books of every description that came from Dawson's Book Store. These were free for the taking by any and all of us, so I was always there to get my share. Those books were real favorites at our house. My brother, Bob, always went out with a huge armload just for him, and I always had several, too. Our bookcase at home had some very delightful books that probably at one time came from that table,

and I was always quite proud of the selection I had in my own bookcase, too. At home later during the year, we read each other's books and enjoyed knowing that next Christmas, we'd be able to select others. Of course, we were avid readers at our house. We kids walked regularly to the library even though it was a mile away from our house to get books about every two weeks.

There's a story told about my Grandpa Dawson: I have told you that he was a circuit-riding preacher and he lived in the west. One day, Jesse James, the famous outlaw, and his men were going through the town where he was. They were yelling and having a good time shooting their guns this way and that. One of Jesse James' bullets went right through my grandpa's cowboy hat, and after that, he got teased a lot about it.



*My Aunts & Uncles – Top: Althea, Pansy,
Lily, Violet, Frank, Mae
Seated: Rose, Myrtle, Ivy – Missing: Daisy,
Ernest, Bob*

There are also stories about my aunts and uncles: My Aunt Sadie and Uncle Ernest we called our “rich” aunt and uncle because they lived in a nice area and also because they went to Russia and other faraway places to get old books. They had a bookstore in downtown Los Angeles where my mother used to work, and they

specialized in rare old books. My Uncle Ernest was also once the president of the Sierra Club, and the Dawsons were all good at climbing mountains. My own mother climbed to the top of Pike's Peak in Colorado and Half Dome in Yosemite.

Uncle Frank and Aunt May had a speed boat at Anaheim Landing, and they took us out to the sea in it one time. How exhilarating! They had a canoe, too, that we used to borrow. We would use it to go to the lagoon so we could dig for clams with which my mother made delicious clam chowder. Of course, we used to go out to the beach very early in the morning at low tides to gather 'bean' clams, and those made extremely delicious clam chowder.

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Chapter 8: Influential People in my Life

Probably the most influential people in my life have been my parents. I have told you how they brought us children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and how they taught us the way to serve Him. They always saw to it we were in church almost every time it opened, as they were also.

Others taught us to serve God as well. One was a very old man with the whitest of hair named Mr. Miller. I was just five years old when he influenced me the most. Brother Miller was an evangelist, and my oldest brother, Philip, was an assistant to him in his evangelistic work. They went around the town holding evangelistic meetings using a huge tent which they set up on an empty lot. There were a lot of empty lots in Los Angeles in those days. It was the year 1930.

One night my mother and father went to one of Mr. Miller's evangelistic meetings. He held meetings for two weeks at each location, and my parents must have gone to every one at this particular location, and they took me along with them. I don't remember how many other of my siblings went along, but I loved to go. Philip was the song leader, and he was a very handsome and enthusiastic one, just 17 years old. He had a wonderful voice, so he got everyone to singing lustily the great old songs of the faith. They used a little red song book for their meetings, and at the fold, it said "Don't Break My Back!" The song service got everyone inspired, and when the old man got up to preach, they were ready to listen intently to his message. He would preach an evangelistic message, for the service was geared to win people to the Lord Jesus

Christ. Then, after that, he would show some slides in beautiful color of Pilgrim's Progress. Each night built on the previous one, and none were ever the same. I was very much taken up with the story, and I realized eventually that I was in the place of Pilgrim. He was a regular guy, but he had a big load on his back and had such experiences that I figured that I could probably put myself into his shoes even though I was only five years old.

One night at the end of the service, Mr. Miller gave an invitation for people to come and accept Jesus as their Lord and Savior. They were singing an invitation song, and as they sang, I began to feel that I should respond and go forward. I also wanted to know Jesus as my Lord and my Savior. I already loved the Lord very much, but yet I had never made it known to anyone else,

and if going forward would help me to come to Jesus, then I wanted to go forward and do that. Since I was so young, I didn't know whether my mother would let me go or not, so I asked her first if it would be all right. She answered if I wanted to go forward, that would be fine. So I went forward. That very night, I gave my life to the Lord Jesus Christ to be His child. No matter what happened to me in the future, now I would be sure that He was with me, and He would help me to go through my life, no matter what. He had been such a help to Pilgrim, and I knew He would help me, too. I didn't want to get too old before I made this decision. Now was the best time so He could be with me throughout my whole life. So I went forward. I don't know how many others went forward that night, and I'm not sure just what all happened, but I know that Mr. Miller took me by the hand and asked me

the big question, “Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God?”

“Yes, I do,” I replied.

Then he asked, “Do you take Him as your Lord and Savior?”

Again I replied, “Yes, I do.”

I knew then that Jesus came into my heart, and He would never leave me. I knew that whatever He wanted me to do, I would do, and wherever He wanted me to go, I would go. That was a given for me because I had already been in church most every Sunday of my life, and I had heard the gospel message before. I pretty well knew what was expected, and I was willing to go that way.

When I was just a baby, my mother and father had me presented to the Lord in what is known as a christening. They took me before the preacher, and he went through a short ceremony in front of the church, and I was dedicated to the Lord. This, then, was my own affirmation of what had happened at that time. They had promised to bring me up in the fear and admonition of the Lord so that I would eventually make this decision on my own.

When I was twelve years old, my brother, Bob, came home from college on a vacation. He talked to my mother and father about his wanting to be baptized into Christ. They told him he didn't need to do that, but he insisted that it was necessary for him to have salvation, to have his sins washed away, and for him to be able to have the gift of the Holy Spirit. He showed them different

scriptures, among which I'm sure was Acts 2:36-39, the story of Peter on the Day of Pentecost. He was full of the Holy Spirit, and he preached the very first sermon that day. When he reached the end of the message, he told the people that they had caused the death of Jesus on the cross. They were cut to their hearts and they cried and said, "Brothers, what shall we do?" (Acts 2:36-37 New International Version). The people realized for the first time it was they who had sinned, and because of it, Jesus was crucified on the cross. They wanted to know what they should do to be saved — to have that sin washed away. So, in Acts 2:38 and 39, after they asked that question, Peter answered it this way, "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins. And you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. The promise is for you and your

children and for all who are far off—for all whom the Lord our God will call.”

Even though my mother did not actually believe being baptized would save her from her sins, she loved the Lord with all her heart, and she knew He wanted her to be baptized, so she wanted to be baptized. She talked to each of us in the family. I know she talked with me, and she said, “Jesus wants you to be baptized, and because He does, then it is only just and right we should be baptized.” Therefore, if He wanted it, I wanted it, too, and I also wanted to be baptized with the rest of the family when they went to be baptized the very next Sunday at the little Trinity Congregational Church.

Before that, however, all of us went to the Figueroa Boulevard Christian Church where

Bob wanted to be baptized that Friday night. I don't know if I had seen anyone be baptized before then. It was a beautiful service, and the minister said, "Don't you know that all of us who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into His death? We were therefore buried with Him through baptism into death in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, we too may live a new life. If we have been united with Him like this in His death, we will certainly also be united with Him in His resurrection. For we know that our old self was crucified with Him so that the body of sin might be done away with, that we should no longer be slaves to sin—because anyone who has died has been freed from sin. Now if we died with Christ, we believe that we will also live with Him. For we know that since Christ was raised from the dead, He cannot die

again; death no longer has mastery over Him. The death He died, He died to sin once for all; but the life He lives, He lives to God.” This was found in the book of Romans, chapter six, verses three to ten. Then he immersed Bob into what he said was the "watery grave," and when he came up, he had become a “new creature in Christ.”

Brother Lester Wendt was the minister at the little Trinity Congregational Church who baptized all in our family that next Sunday except for Bob and my youngest sister, Edith. She was only six years old, and so wasn't immersed. I'm not sure which of us went first, but we went in order of our age, and it was very beautiful. This was the fulfillment of that step I had taken at the age of five years when I accepted Christ as my Lord and Savior. He knew I should be

baptized, but I had to wait until I knew that it needed to be done myself. Just as in other things that came later in my life, I had to come “of age” in my own understanding before I could go ahead, and this is what I think was happening at this time in my salvation. The Lord had used my parents, old Mr. Miller and my oldest brother, and then He also used my brother, Bob, to help us understand our need to be baptized.

My brother, Bob, was also used in other ways to teach me other spiritual things. He was involved in the Figueroa Blvd. Christian Church, right near our house. It was the church where we children went during summer time when they had a three week long Daily Vacation Bible School. The main lady who influenced us in DVBS was Miss Katie Vee Clarkson, and she was instrumental in preparing all the lessons as

well as the handcraft that we did at DVBS. We were encouraged to invite all our friends in the neighborhood, so Bob and the rest of us went around inviting all the kids that were there. We had little badges to wear that let everyone know about the DVBS, and we had invitations that we handed out to each one.

When we got to the church, we had to sign up and get a little songbook which was ours for the duration of the DVBS. We signed up to attend a particular class, depending on our age and grade at school. At first every day, we all met together and sang songs and heard a simple story. Then we were sent to our own classes, and mainly we stayed with our own class after that during the day.

One of the big things was our handcraft time, and I remember getting a jar on which

I pasted pretty colors of paper, and then shellacked it so it could become a flower vase for my parents. There was a handyman who helped us make wooden things. He would teach us how to cut wood into the size of a plaque, paste a picture on it, sand it and maybe put putty around the edges and then paint it with gold paint in order to finish it. They had a special place just for doing this kind of thing. There were other things we could have done, too. All were exciting to us, as by this time it was the middle of summer, and we were ready to do something different. The next class was gymnasium. There was a huge gym, and we played different kinds of games. Finally, we went back to our classes, and then we reassembled with all the other kids for an adjournment prayer and snack.

Later on, when I was home from Bible College in the summers, I became one of the teachers for the junior high age kids, and it was a great experience. Miss Katie taught us well, and much of what I did on the mission field when it had to do with Bible School or VBS, came from either my own mother or Miss Katie Vee Clarkson.

When we had DVBS one summer, the youth minister, Dean, taught me how to play the guitar. I bought my own Martin guitar at Schirmer's Music Company in downtown Los Angeles, and years later, I gave it to Ron LeRoy, my son, when he needed one to play the guitar in the 1960s. I played it to accompany singing for the junior high students in DVBS, and Dean and I were the main leaders of that group.

As part of our DVBS program with Dean, we set up our own little town, and the students elected a town mayor and various members of the town council. I can't remember all the ins and outs of this town, but it was very unusual to have such a town at a VBS, and we all learned a whole lot about town management and getting involved in good activities. It was our students who patrolled the crossing of Figueroa Boulevard before and after DVBS to make sure the children were safe when they crossed the street. We had a post office to which the children could bring their letters to mail, and we had the town council meet every so often. We made our own laws and regulations, and even had a judge so if someone broke the law, they had to go to court.

Another influence in my life was the summer camps experience. When I was around 12 years old and was just going into my second year of junior high school, I went to Bill Graves' Girls' Camp in Malibu. It was held up in the mountains near the beach. I don't remember much about this camp, but one thing I do recall is the song they played over the loud speaker system every morning to wake us up. It was "Goodnight and Good Morning." The last line of the verse is "We'll say 'Good night' here but 'Good morning' up there." The chorus goes like this:

Good morning up there where Christ is the
Light,
Good morning up there where cometh no
night;
When we step from this earth to God's
heaven so fair,

We'll say "Good night" here, but "Good morning" up there.

—By Homer A. Rodeheaver

That made an impression on me that I have never forgotten, and it is a beautiful thought.

Tahquitz Pines Christian Endeavor Camp was another that I went to for several years. It was in the town of Idyllwild. The Figueroa Christian Church sponsored students at this camp, so quite a few young people from our church went. It was a week of real delight, and we loved to go. In the mornings, we had classes, and in the afternoons, we had a rest period and then play time. They had different sports activities lined up each afternoon, and afterwards, we could go swimming in the swimming pool. After supper, we had a meeting in the main hall. It was like a

regular church service because we sang Christian songs and had a sharing time plus a main speaker. Then later on, we had a Vesper Service held at an outside circle which centered around a huge fireplace. This was more of a devotional type service, and at the end, there was usually an invitation to come forward to accept Christ as Lord and Savior. We made other kinds of decisions, too, at that time.

When we got back from camp, on the following Sunday night, we each had to tell something about the camp that had made an impression on us. We worked out a little program on our own as to who would go first and what part of the program they would describe so the congregation would know what happened up at camp. Also, if anyone had made a decision, he would share that with the congregation at that time. The

church was paying for us to go to camp, at least part of the cost, so they had a right to know how things went up there.

I remember one time I went to camp on a Labor Day weekend. I had already been two years to college—one year to L.A. City College in L.A. and the second year to Phillips University in Enid, Oklahoma. I was engaged at the time to be married to a young man who was in the Air Force and belonged to our young people's group at Figueroa Christian Church. He was on an Air Force base in Texas at the time, and he had just found out that he was going to get to stay there at that base for the duration of the war. I did not know that, although I had been praying that he would want me to come and be married to him as soon as possible. He, however, had not wanted to tie me down, especially if he was going to be sent

overseas, because he thought he might be hit in battle and come back with only part of himself intact.

Well, it was at this camp that there was a missionary, Hubert Mitchell, who worked in Sumatra with the Kubu people, who came and told his story. It really got to me, and when we were given time to go out and have our own personal time with God alone under the pine trees, I made a decision to give my life to the Lord in full time service. I would go to Bible College and get ready to go wherever He wanted me to go. I was engaged to be married, but I knew this would be the end of that. Still, I knew that I wanted to give my life to Christ in this way, and I couldn't hold back from doing what I thought was the Lord's will in my life.

I really felt badly about having to give up my life with my fiancé because I had looked forward to marrying him for so long.

However, that was the way it would have to be. So the next day, when I got home and got a letter from him telling me I could go now to marry him because he would be staying at that base for the duration of the war, I really broke down and cried and cried. That was what I had wanted, but now, it was not to be. The Lord had allowed him to write that letter just exactly at the time after I had made this decision to be a full time Christian servant, and I felt it was a test for me as to whether I really meant it or not. Would I put Christ first, or would I put my own desires first? Well, you know the answer to that, because I never married that man, and I did end up in full time Christian service for Him.

It was at camp where I made this decision, but it was the people the Lord placed there who influenced me to make this decision in my life. I couldn't really point to one person in particular, although I often think of that missionary from Sumatra as the main one. But, the other people up there, even up to Brother Roy, the manager of the camp, were all people who influenced me little by little, so that every time I went to camp, I would get a bit closer to doing what the Lord wanted me to do. It had all started back at the Bill Graves' Girls' Camp several years before. The Lord knew what He had in mind all the time. During the three years I was at Northwest Christian College, where three of us girls from that camp had gone that year, we listened to our sponsors at the Figueroa Christian Church who were Gene and Ruth Westerland. Gene was an elder at the Figueroa Church. When we went home for

vacation, we always went to see them and got together to talk about things that were happening up there. They informed us about things that were going on in the brotherhood of the Christian Churches they felt we needed to know, because at that time, there was sort of a split among the Christian Churches, and we needed to know where we stood about that. Our church was known as an Independent Church, and the other group was known as the Disciples of Christ. We didn't want to make a choice, but I guess we had to do it. We were either going to stand on God's Word as we understood it, or we would go a more modern or liberal way. Of course, we would take the stand on God's Word literally, not in the liberal sense. This was an important influence on my life to have these dear Christian brethren sharing in such an in-depth way.

Again, the Lord had His people in just the right place at just the right time, and I praise God for them. It seemed like He had my brother, Bob, at just the right place to help us realize we needed to be baptized, and then later, He sent the man from Sumatra to get me into full time Christian service, and then He sent the Westerlands to help us know about these other things.

If anyone is wondering how to find the Lord's will for his life, just let Him have control, and He will lead you as He sees fit. You do have to be open to see it, though, and if you are, you'll know when He leads, and you'll be able to make the decision as to whether or not you want to follow.

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Chapter 9: College Days, Part 1

Before I graduated from high school, I was like most other students in not knowing what I would be doing later in my life. I was quite young, graduating from high school when only 16 years old. When the yearbook asked what I wanted to be when I grew up, I said, “A Success.” This looks meaningless now as I look back on it, but I didn’t feel I could put down I wanted to be an airline stewardess, even though that’s what I wanted. In those days, a stewardess had to have a nursing credential, and had to be taller than average. I didn’t think I could get a nursing credential in the first place, and couldn’t very well grow a couple of inches, either. I had considered putting down that I wanted to be a housewife, but that didn’t seem very inspiring. I could have said I’d like to be a missionary to Africa, but that

might draw laughter. It was important to me as the youngest in my class, to be accepted and not laughed at, so I wrote the least ridicule-provoking thing I could think of: When I grow up, I want to be “A Success.”

When I did go to college, I went to Los Angeles City College. I went there for one year, and it was 1942. My father was willing to pay the tuition fee and whatever it took to go there, so I had it made that way. A streetcar went to the end of the line right at LACC. The courses I took there were all in Pre-Nursing. That seemed to be the best because maybe I would have the opportunity to go into nurses’ training some day. I enjoyed the courses I took that year, and had some good friends who were also planning on going into nurses’ training.

During that time, I worked as a sales clerk in a gift and card shop in downtown Los Angeles. It was owned by a little Jewish lady named Mrs. Stein, and she had beautiful glassware and gifts I kept clean and shiny. I learned how to gift-wrap things and got some good experience there. It also gave me pocket money so I didn't have to depend quite so much on my father.

The next school I went to was Phillips University in Enid, Oklahoma in 1943. I stayed with my brother, Bob, and his wife and helped take care of their little girl, Bobbie Fern. We lived right across the street from the university. That summer, as soon as I turned 18, I earned my way to go there by being a riveter at North American Aviation in El Segundo, CA. I got up early in the morning to go to work. It was extremely exciting when I got there every

morning. It was like going to the Coliseum at Exposition Park when there was a big football game. So many people worked there. It was especially crowded because some people were getting off work and others of us were going to work all at the same time. Most of my short time there, I spent learning the job of riveting on P-38s. I had no sooner learned how to rivet than I quit in order to go to Phillips University. In that short time, I was literally Rosie (Fern) the Riveter. “We can do it!”

I took the train to Enid, Oklahoma, the first time for me to take a train. This was also my first time ever to live away from home, and I was half way across the country. My father gave me fifteen dollars to help me on my way. He really didn't want me to go to this University. My sister, Violet, had gone to Bible Institute of Los Angeles, and that's

where he really wanted me to go. However, I wanted to go where my brother Bob was living and going to school. It meant I would have to work my way through the whole year and work hard. Fortunately, I was able to get a scholarship for the College of the Bible at Phillips University. This made it affordable for me, and that was exactly the college I had wanted to attend.

On Saturdays, I worked at Sears Roebuck and Company as a shoe clerk. Weekday afternoons at school, I worked in the library at Phillips University. At noon and evenings, I worked in the cafeteria and got my meals there. The going wage was 35 cents an hour at each of these places, typical for those days. On Sunday, I went to church with my friends.

I had enough homework to keep me busy constantly, but I thoroughly enjoyed the school and getting the education. I especially liked the classes where I learned the scriptures better. My mother insisted I come home still believing that baptism was not necessary for salvation. However, the more scripture I read, the more I realized that it had to be true that it was really necessary. I felt like I was letting my mother down, but at the same time, I felt I needed to let her know the truth about it so she would be able to agree with me about it. I went home armed with all the scriptures they had shown me at school, but she remained unconvinced.

At that time, I was still engaged to Ralph Carter, the young man I told you about who was in the Air Force. He was going to the University of Missouri while I was in Enid,

so he came to see me once, and I got back to see him once during that year.

I remember at Christmas 1943, I was never so homesick in all of my life. It was worse than almost any illness I had ever had. I lay in bed crying my eyes out. I was truly sick at heart. Bob and Ruth tried to help me, but there was little they could do. Finally, I got up out of bed and went out into the snow, and that helped a little. It was a cold and windy day. The wind in Enid is the worst I have ever seen. Bob and Ruth said it is the windiest city they knew of, and I believed it.

I decided to walk to town, and along the way, I met a service man from Vance Air Force Base in Enid. He was about as homesick as I was, so I invited him to come home for Christmas dinner with me. I knew Bob and Ruth wouldn't mind, and it kept

both of our minds off of being homesick. We had a wonderful time the rest of that day. He went back to his base that afternoon a very happy young man, and I felt good having helped someone else. I'm sure Bob and Ruth were very happy not to have me moping around all day, too. After that, I never was homesick like that again. I never saw that soldier again, either.

I had some of the best professors there at the College of the Bible. I had Stephen J. England, Dean of the College of the Bible, and Dean Walker. Then there was another man whose name was Dr. Taylor. He had a long pointed nose and looked a bit fierce, but he wasn't at all. He really knew his Bible. Dean England taught my Greek class. It was Koine Greek, the Greek spoken at the time of Jesus and used in the New

Testament. Dr. Taylor taught the Bible Survey course, which was excellent.

At the end of that school year, I went home on the train. I had quit school and was planning to marry Ralph Carter, but he was waiting to get married until he knew whether he was going into combat because he didn't want me to marry a potential invalid. I spent that summer waiting tables, helping Miss Katie Vee Clarkson at VBS, and visiting with my friends.

Next thing I knew, it was time for that weekend camp where I made the decision to go into full time Christian service and to go to Bible College. At the end of that camp, in fact, there were six of us girls from our church who decided to go to Bible College. Three of us went to Northwest Christian College in Eugene, Oregon while three of us

went to San Jose Bible College in San Jose, California. The church paid part of our funds for attending Bible College, and the rest of it we had to pay ourselves by working part time.

Virginia Dana Grant, Alma Massey and I went to Northwest Christian College. We were such close friends we decided we would wear the same wedding dress when we got married. The first one to get married was to buy the dress, and the others were to use it when they got married. It turned out that Alma got married first. She quit after her first year to go back east, and there she married an officer in the U.S. Navy. It was 1945. She bought the wedding dress. In 1946 when Virginia got married to Julius Fleenor, she had Alma send it to her. She put a placket on each side to make it large enough. The Fleenors ultimately went to

serve the Lord in Japan and were there for over forty years. I was the last one to be married, in 1949, so I had the dress sent to me, and I wore it, too. It fit me perfectly. Although we weren't the same size, where Virginia was tall, I was shorter and more plump than she, so filled it out in ways she hadn't.

At Northwest Christian College, we lived in the dorm called Sigma Chi, a men's fraternity house NCC rented from the University of Oregon since many of their men had gone to war. The University of Oregon was just across the street from NCC. In fact, some of us took courses at the U of O which correlated with our courses at NCC. Since my major was "Missions," I had to take Koine Greek at U of O because it wasn't offered at our college. Students taking the ministerial major had to take

Greek, too. This was the first time U of O had offered Koine Greek. I had taken my first year of Koine Greek at Phillips University; this was my second year. The Greek program at Oregon was less aggressive than it was at Phillips, so I got a lot of repeat information and thereby was able to pass the course satisfactorily. We had to translate from the Greek New Testament. One of the students in the class was a fellow named George Alder who was a big man on campus at NCC, and later taught Greek at San Jose Bible College.

Also required was Preacher and His Task, which was a course in homiletics or learning how to preach a sermon. We took several Bible classes and classes in missions, teaching children and speech. Virginia insisted that I take a course in voice, too. I enjoyed singing, so got into the choir, the

ensemble, and two trios. The ensemble was made up of fewer people than the choir and sang more difficult music. I was singing soprano at that time.

On Sundays, we went to churches near NCC called “preaching points” to serve the Lord in some capacity. We went as a team to the same church for a whole semester as other teams went to other churches for that semester. My team consisted of two women and a student preacher. We went to a little church in Vaughn, Oregon, where I usually played the piano and we both taught children’s classes. Because we both took Preacher and His Task, we had an assignment to preach a sermon at least once during that semester. My companion preached on one Sunday, and I preached on another. For one year, Ralph Holcomb went with us, and later on, Julius Fleenor went.

One of the nice things about Vaughn was that we got to go to the home of Josie Rauch for lunch afterwards, and that meal was the best we had all week. Josie was a delightful lady and cook.

Virginia Grant and I went to another church a few times. We had charge of their Junior Church. I played the piano while Virginia led the singing, and we took turns telling the lessons. Roger Carstenson, one of the professors at NCC, preached there regularly. From time to time, our men students went to hold evangelistic meetings at various towns around Eugene. We lady students went along for moral support and to help with special music. This was a real honor, and once I got to go and sing a special number, "His Eye is on the Sparrow." Our trio got to sing several times at some of these meetings, too.

One of my favorite places to go during the day was down by the Willamette River. I went down there to find a quiet place, and although the river always made its noise flowing along, it was soothing, and I could read and memorize scriptures which we had to learn for given classes. I could have my devotions down there privately when the weather was beautiful and warm. Our junior class went down there once for a picnic.

One time, very early in the morning when it was still dark, our junior class went to a park near NCC to have a class get-together. We sang songs, praising the Lord, and were having a wonderful time. All of a sudden, the police came. They said we were making too much noise and had no right to be there that early. They took us to jail downtown in their police cars. We sang along the way,

thinking of Paul when he was put into jail, praising the Lord for His letting us be counted worthy to be suffering for His Name. The police warned us and let us go, telling us not to do that again.

Sigma Chi was called Rice Hall at NCC. We had 57 girls in the dorm, so they called it the Heinz 57 Variety. In my room lived three girls—Lorraine Filby, Louise McDaniel and me. Louise only stayed at the college one year, so the next year, I had different roommates. This time, there were four of us—Virginia Grant, Velma Webb, Virginia Clausen and me. We lived in one room but slept on a sleeping porch with the four girls who lived in the next room down the hall. We slept in bunks that were stacked three high rather than the usual two. I slept in a middle one.

We enjoyed our nights on the sleeping porch. In fact, Mother Rice thought we enjoyed them too much since we did a lot of giggling and talking when we couldn't get to sleep. There were rules about that, of course, so every once in a while, Mother Rice would come up, knock on our sleeping room door and warn us to be quiet. One night, some of the girls in the other room decided to put a bucket of water on top of their partly open door. If Mother Rice came up to tell us to be quiet, she would have to come through that door, the bucket would fall down, and they hoped that this would be a warning to us to be quiet. As it turned out, when we were giggling and talking about what the girls had done, somehow she had passed through the door that had the bucket of water on top of it without the bucket falling, and come to warn us to be quiet. We got scared that it might

have killed her accidentally, and we never tried that trick again.

Another night, something very weird happened. While most of us were asleep, some pranksters went around to the various dorm rooms, gathering different items, and taking them to different rooms and leaving them there. For instance, they got all the umbrellas and took them downstairs to one area in the reception room. They took boots to another part of that room, jackets to another room, notebooks to somewhere else, shoes to another room and pictures and plaques were taken somewhere else, etc. In the morning when we got up, we couldn't find our things, so we had to go around looking for our missing articles. We never did find out who did this, but I think it may have been the same girls who got the idea to

put the bucket of water over the dorm door next to our sleeping room!

In my second year there, very early in the morning when it was still dark, we had prayer meeting in the music hall at NCC. Anyone could come, but there were only a faithful few who did. Virginia Grant and I went regularly. We would go running down the sidewalk to school reciting a poem and doing gestures that went with it that we were learning for speech class—

“Press on!

Surmount the rocky steeps!

Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;

He fails alone who feebly creeps;

He wins who dares the hero's march!

Be thou a hero! Let thy might

Tramp on eternal snows its way

And through the ebon walls of night

Hew down a passage unto day!”

by Park Benjamin

Virginia and I had to work our way through school, even though part of our fees were paid by our home church. We got a job at The Anchorage Café in Eugene not far from the college, and it was right across the street from the University of Oregon. The restaurant overlooked a mill-race, a channel or current of water that drives a mill wheel. This particular mill-race came into Eugene from the Willamette River right near NCC. We worked there at noontime, certain hours in the afternoons and on Saturdays. We enjoyed the work, and making tips made it worth our while. Students from the University of Oregon frequently came in, and their tips would be pennies left under each of the dishes and glasses or cups on the table. Older patrons left more substantial

amounts. Once, at the end of the football season, the whole football team of University of Oregon came in for an awards banquet dinner. I remember they all had steaks, and I felt honored to be there serving.

During the summers of 1944 to 1947, we also worked as waitresses in Los Angeles at different places. The first job at which we worked in Los Angeles, Virginia got for us. It was at a restaurant. We had never worked in a regular restaurant like that before; it was a busy place and kept us on our toes constantly. The pressure to perform well was unbelievable. We learned to carry dishes of various and sundry kinds on our arms, all the way up to our chins. Fortunately, we didn't drop any of them. It was only through the grace of God we got through each evening. When we finally quit

that place to go back to school, I was so relieved to get out of there.

Later on, I worked as a waitress at a Thrifty's near MacArthur Park, then at a place on Figueroa Boulevard near Santa Barbara Avenue. Still another time, I worked downtown on Vermont, which was a good place for tips. By that time, waitressing had lost its appeal except for the part about making money.

During my first year as a senior at NCC in 1945, our class went on what we called a Senior Sneak. We went during winter time when there was snow in the mountains, and we took skiing equipment and toboggans. I had never skied or been on a toboggan before, so this was a real big deal for me. I'm not sure which one I tried first, and although I have cousins that are professional

skiers, I was lucky just to be able to stand up on skis. I got a little way down the hill on them, but it didn't last long. My toboggan ride was much more fun, and I loved the exhilaration of that ride. What a great way to go on our Senior Sneak.

Also, that year I was made the class treasurer and part of my job was to receive the class dues. I didn't realize I could have put them into the school safe for safe-keeping. Instead, I kept the money in a quart jar in my dorm room drawer. I never dreamed that anyone would come to steal it. After all, we lived in a Bible College dorm, didn't we? Well, one day I happened to look in that drawer and found the jar was empty.

Where could the money have gone? Was someone playing a joke on me? No. No one was playing a joke at all. The money was

really gone. We called the police and had them come in on the case to see if they could help. They took finger prints first, and then put powder on the jar and area around it. That way, if anyone came again to get money, their hands would have the powder on them, and the police could tell they had been there.

I'm not sure how long we had to wait, but eventually, they did find the culprit, and it was a girl who lived right across the hall from me. I don't remember how it was figured out, but apparently, she was a kleptomaniac! She had been going around to different rooms stealing things, taking them to her room and putting them into cartons which she would then send home to her parents. In one of these cartons, they found a single sock, items of clothing that had no relation to her size, one shoe, one mitten,

and other stolen items. Of course, when they found out what she had done, they kicked her out of school so that never happened again, but for me, I still felt I had to repay the senior class funds that were stolen from me, and it took quite a while. It was this incident that caused me never to take on a job as treasurer again.

Although women in the Philippines are usually the ones who handle money in their families, I never took on that job even in my own home. The first and second years, I lived at Sigma Chi or Rice Hall, which was on 13th Street south of NCC. However, I moved to Stephens Hall the third year, which was two blocks away from NCC to the west on 11th Street. In this dorm, I had six roommates in a very large room. We all slept on the sleeping porch on bunk beds, the usual two bunks to a stack.

During that year, I thought I fell in love with a young man who was very handsome and spiritually-minded. We even went so far as to have an announcement of our engagement at my dorm. To that end, we went to the bakery and bought hot bread, serving it with peanut butter! We shared this with my dorm mates who were all home, letting them know of our engagement. However, that didn't last very long. It may have been that very night as we were sitting in the waiting room in my dorm that he looked at my fingernails, and he told me they were too long. "No wife of mine will wear her fingernails that long!" he said. Well, that was it. I was not about to be told by anyone how long I should wear my fingernails, so I returned his ring that very night.

Virginia and I were best of friends. She married Julius Fleenor while we were still in school. After a year or so, she got pregnant and decided to quit school to devote time to her family. At that time, Julius was preaching at the Vaughn church every weekend. When Virginia was about ready to give birth, I stayed overnight with her that Saturday night. We were together when her water broke, and it was good that I could take care of her until Julius came home and was able to get her to the hospital, which was a few blocks from their house. Stephen was born that very morning.

The following year, I was a second year senior. At NCC, there were first year seniors, second year seniors and then there was Harold Haskell, an older student who seemed to have gone there for many years. (We secretly thought he was an eighth year

senior.) I graduated in June of 1947 with a Bachelor of Theology degree. World War II was now over, and I went home for the summer. NCC had been a good school, and I was going to miss my friends there.

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Chapter 10: College Days, Part 2

The fall of 1947 was to be a very important time in my life. I had thought it was going to be “just a stop along the way” to use up time while I waited for nurses’ training to start. That would be February of the next year at the Emmanuel Hospital in Portland, Oregon. Dorothy Uhlig, a good friend who had gone to school with my sister, Violet, at Bible Institute of Los Angeles, and who also attended the Figueroa Blvd. Christian

Church in Los Angeles, had talked to me about entering nurses' training at the same school where she planned to go. So I had some time to fill while waiting to go there, not realizing that time would change my whole life.

There was a guy named Don Cole that went to our church who was a friend of mine. He seemed to be kind of floundering in his life at that time, so I talked him into going to school at Northwest Christian College starting that fall. I wanted to go along with him and visit my old friends up there. He would start right away. So when he drove up, I went along with him. Meanwhile, we found out there was going to be an opening day rally at San Jose Bible College, which was on our way up to Eugene. We decided to stop there for the day. It was great. I loved the singing and the good fellowship we had

there, and it seemed like it was a great school.

The last speaker of the evening was Don DeWelt, one of the professors there, and he was the best of the whole day. It seemed like I should stay there and go to school just in the interim time I would be waiting to go to nurses' training, so I went to tell that to Don Cole. At the same time, he was hunting for me after that service, because he wanted to tell me he had decided not to go on to Eugene, after all. He, too, wanted to go to San Jose Bible College (SJBC) now. Well, that was great. When we saw the president of the school, William Jessup, we asked if we could join their school and find a dormitory for the night, too.

He got me into a dormitory not far from the school, (Herbert Dorm), and after that

service, I found it and got situated with a roommate and everything. I hadn't met anyone there as far as I knew, but went to bed that night feeling I had done the right thing. The next morning, as I was waking up, I heard some girls talking down the hall, and it seemed like their voices were familiar. I went out to see who it was, and sure enough, there were Bonnie Lou Green and Jean Thompson, girls I had known at NCC. Well, when I went into their room, it was just like old times again. We were so thrilled to see each other, we almost cried. To think that they were going to school here now, and so was I! That morning we went to school together, and the three of us sat in the back pew of the small meeting hall of the Bible College. They were singing such good songs and they were so full of life and the Spirit that all three of us just sat there, trying to sing, but crying because we were so happy

to be in such good surroundings. NCC was a good school, but it didn't have the Spirit this school had, and we were really thankful to be here.

Bonnie Lou Green was a tremendous piano player. She could play anything, and she was very much desired as a pianist for evangelistic meetings. One day she was practicing in a front room of San Jose Bible College, and I went in to sing with her. We were singing songs of the faith and enjoying it tremendously when all of a sudden two guys came in. They began choosing songs and singing along with us. Bonnie was an alto and I was soprano, Dean Boulton was tenor and Chuck Richards was a bass. We really sounded great together. Of course, we got the idea that we should get together and form a mixed quartet! Then we could go out with the professors when they went out to

represent the school at churches in the area. I'm not sure whose idea that was, but we all agreed it was a terrific idea, so that's what we did.

We had met the boys previously. In fact, it wasn't long before that, Brother Bill had asked the students to give blood for a man in the hospital who needed it. Some of the boys had won the man to the Lord when they were downtown holding street meetings. Now he needed blood. Brother Bill suggested that those who were able should go to the blood bank and give blood. He told us to hold up our hands if we were able to give blood, so I raised my hand. Chuck raised his hand, too, as we both had given blood in the past in our own home towns. He told us to look around at the others holding up their hands and to get together with someone so we could go together.

After the service was over, Chuck came to me and asked if I would step out the back door for a moment. I wondered what that was all about, but I did it. He asked me if I would like to go to the blood bank to give blood with him since he had a car, and he could take me. I agreed, and we had our first date to go to the blood bank. I had seen this young man sitting in a place we called the “pickle-shelf,” a place to the left side of the platform where there were about three or four rows of chairs set up. I had thought to myself he was a fairly good-looking young man, and I wouldn't mind meeting him. Now here was my chance. We were to go and give blood for the man in need.

We got together and went to the little house that was the blood bank. Chuck got out of the car and started up the walk to go into the

house. I just sat there waiting for him to open the door for me, thinking surely he would do that. He looked around, but I was still in the car, so he came back and opened the door for me. I thanked him and we went in to give our blood. He tells me now that he thought I was just waiting to see if he would do that, and if he did, then he would be the right man for me. Well, I'm not sure if that was what was on my mind or not, but that's what he said I told him later on that I was thinking. (Chuck here. My version: Mickey told me later she was thinking that she didn't know what this might develop into, but just in case, she wanted to train me right from the start.)

Several days later, Bonnie and I were singing in that little room and Chuck and Dean came in to sing with us. We had many more practices after that, and we got so that

we used a special hymnbook called Favorite Songs and Hymns which was compiled by Homer F. Morris, Virgil O. Stamps, J. R. Baxter, Jr. and W. W. Combs. It was put out by Stamps-Baxter Music and Printing Co., Inc., copyright 1939. We went out with some of the professors on Sundays or even Saturdays and Sundays to help in programs on behalf of San Jose Bible College, and since we were one of very few such groups, we often went along on those trips.

One day, we were in a church about half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, either at San Luis Obispo or Atascadero, and we had a wonderful set of services. After the morning service on Sunday, the ladies served a lovely potluck dinner. It was delightful, and to show his appreciation, Chuck volunteered to help with the dishes.

The ladies wouldn't hear of this, but he insisted, so they let him go ahead, and the rest of us helped him. He tells me that afterward I said that if this was a man who wasn't afraid to put his hands in dishwater, then he would be a man to get a hold of.

I found out from these trips to the churches that Chuck was an excellent preacher. I really enjoyed hearing him, and it seemed to me that he was the best of the men I had heard at that school or NCC. In fact, one of the things I had decided long since was that the man I married would have to be the best preacher and really know his Bible. He needed to have the same approximate background as I had, and I found out Chuck had come from Omaha, Nebraska, a large city, and his family was very active in their home church. His mother was a wonderful

teacher for the adults there, though she taught in Vacation Bible School, too, and she served the Lord every time she had an opportunity. She only had two children compared to my mom who had six. He had been a Christian since he was seven years old when he was first baptized.

Also, he had the same beliefs that I did as far as the way of salvation and his ideas about serving the Lord. He had a beautiful singing voice, and we had a lot in common in just about everything I could think of. Of course, I didn't know all these things then, but over time, I learned about them. I had the feeling that some day I was going to marry this man, although at the time, I didn't like the idea and was very incensed that this was what I was going to have to do. I remember punching my pillow on my bed in the dorm and saying out loud, "I won't

marry you! I won't marry you!" He hadn't even asked me, and he didn't have that same feeling for me at that time, anyhow, as far as I know.

While at San Jose, I needed to get a job, so I decided to sell Avon Products. I never was very good in doing this because I had never been one to know or really care about such things, and I was no saleswoman. If people did not have the money to pay me when it was time to get their products they had ordered, I couldn't be an ogre and not let them have what they had wanted to purchase. I'm not really sure how I got by, but the Lord must have been with me to give me just the right amount of money I needed at the right time. Bonnie did a good job of selling Avon that year, but that wasn't my forte. They put me in a district with mostly poor people, and that didn't help, but since I

was the last one to be hired, then naturally, I got the worst place to work. I did enjoy calling on ladies, though, and was able to share the gospel with many of them along the way. Also, I enjoyed using the samples later on, and years later, when my cousin gave me a lot of Avon samples of lipsticks and other things to bring to the mission field, I really appreciated it and knew the ladies in the Philippines would surely enjoy them, too.

Our time was going very fast at San Jose. I would not be able to finish the school semester because I had to get ready to go to nurses training in Portland. I went home for Christmas vacation and was enjoying my time there when on Christmas day, who should come to visit us but Chuck Richards. He was really tired, and he told me this story. He, Dean, one of the girls from San

Jose Bible College and her mother, had been driving around the night before, looking at Christmas decorations in San Jose. They stopped at one place and the car lights got dim. Chuck said, "We'll have to get out and drive a ways on a highway to charge the battery." As they were driving along, the girl and her mother said, "Why don't we drive down to L. A. for Christmas?" After thinking it over, Dean and Chuck decided that that was a good idea, so they took turns driving, and they drove all night to get there. Chuck took the ladies to their brother's/son's house and Dean to his uncle's home in Pasadena. Then he came to my house.

Fortunately, we were still at home because usually, we went to my aunt's home on Christmas for the big Dawson Family reunion. We decided that he should go with us. My mother was a member of the Thomas

Dawson Family, and was one of eleven children, so our family reunions were always huge, and we had a wonderful time. Each family brought their specialty food for the day, and then we had such a feast as we didn't have any other time of the year. At night, we had a program, and every family had to have a part in the program.

Chuck wasn't really a member of our family, but he was called upon to give his recitation of "The Cremation of Sam McGee," a very long poem. This was very appropriate because of the line that said, "On a Christmas day, we were mushing our way over the Dawson Trail." What a hit he made. I like the place where he says, "And I stuffed in Sam McGee." But the end of it is always the best conclusion possible when he opens the door where Sam McGee is roasting in the fire, and he says,

“And there sat Sam looking cool and calm in
the heart of the furnace roar,
And he wore a smile you could see a mile,
and he said,
‘Please close that door.
It’s nice in here and I greatly fear
You’ll let in the cold and storm.
Since I left Plumtree down in Tennessee,
This is the first time I’ve been warm!’ ”

He put all the emphasis and feeling into it
that was just right to make you almost
literally see Sam sitting up there saying that
to you. The whole recital was terrific, and
everyone appreciated it fully. Chuck had
made his place in the Dawson family that
night, that’s for sure. What an ending for a
perfect day. For Chuck it wasn’t the end,
since he had to drive all the way back to San
Jose that night, about 400 miles before I-5 or

four lanes on Hwy 101. He had to get back to work the next day. It was good that Dean and he could take turns driving so they could make it and not fall asleep, not having had any sleep the night before or that night.

Before they left to go back, however, we had to go down to Christmas Tree Lane at the Coliseum to see the lights. By the time they left to go back to San Jose, it was around midnight. But that was a night long to be remembered by us all, probably me most of all. That was my last time to see them for a long time. About a year and a half later, Chuck and Dean came up to see me when I was in nurses' training.

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Chapter 11: Nurses' Training

In February of 1948, I got started in Nurses' Training at Emmanuel Hospital in Portland, Oregon. We were all a bunch of "probies" (probationary students). You could tell when we got up "on the floor" of the hospital that we had had no experience. We were just in from the out-of-doors and were completely ignorant of what happened in a hospital. Neither of my parents had ever been in the hospital except when my mother was having a new baby, and I think that no one in our family had ever been hospitalized for anything.

We went through "the line" being weighed, having our heart beat registered, having our temperature taken, and getting our feet sized for shoes that would be the only kind to wear on those cement floors in the hospital. "The most important part of your uniform is your shoes," they said, and they were really

kind of ugly. But they did fit right and they were very comfortable. The shoes were white, and so were our stockings. Our uniforms were white, and later on, we would be wearing white caps. The dresses and caps all had to be laundered just right, so they went in to the laundry every time they needed to be cleaned, and when they came back, they were crisp and like new once again. Although we had to do a lot of things that were not pleasant, having nice uniforms made it so it wasn't quite so bad. We felt we were a part of something big, and were proud to be able to wear this uniform, no matter what kind of work it required.

You may know that when you go to the hospital, you have a record kept of everything that happens there. Every time a nurse comes in to check your temperature, they have to go out after that and record

your temperature in your chart. No matter what it is they do for you, it has to go down on your chart which is like a diary, only everything is very definite and put down in a particular way. When the nurse comes in to see the patient, she has to go back later to the chart and record what she did there and what she saw. There were words that were very descriptive of everything, and no matter what it was, she had to describe it all so when the doctor came in to check on his patient, all he had to do was go to that chart, and he would know exactly what had happened to that patient while he was gone from him. That way, he knew ahead of time, too, how things were, because he looked at it before going to see the patient. Therefore, a good nurse was one who knew all the words to describe everything, no matter what it had to do with the patient, so she could write

whatever was most appropriate concerning the patient.

Interestingly, the thing I remember about dinner time was that we became comfortable talking about gross things, such as bodily functions and dysfunctions, while we were eating. We had to memorize terminology new to us, and some of it wasn't the kind of thing we liked to talk about at a meal time. However, we got so we were tossing those words around like we had been using them all our lives, and they didn't bother us while we were eating.

We learned many things, and one thing we learned was how it felt to be a patient. We each had a partner that was our teammate, and we had to practice various things on each other. This was not done on the floor where the patients were. It was in a part of

the classrooms where we had our course work. There were beds set up just like they were in the patient's rooms, and they had the same type of equipment that was seen there, too. If I was going to be a patient for the session at hand in the classroom, I had to put on my patient's attire and wear just what she would wear. This was always a white gown that tied in the back in two or three places. That's all I would wear if I was the patient for the day. Depending on what we were learning to do, we divided the time, and I was the patient for part of it, and my partner was the patient for the other part. We all got our chance to practice whatever it was we had to learn. If we needed to learn how to give a bath in bed, then we had to fix the bed ahead of time for that, and have our towel and wash cloth at hand. We had to get our wash basin, too, and fill it with water that was just the right temperature. Then we had

to get the patient ready, after pulling the draperies around the bed so we had privacy from the others in the ward. It was fun being the patient, but sometimes we were not treated too smoothly and it wasn't so much fun then. There was a certain way to take hold of the patient's arm or leg to wash it, and if you were the least bit harsh in the way you took hold of her, she might get a bruise from it. My partner got a lot of bruises while we were going through this phase, because her skin was so sensitive, and I had to learn to be especially careful to hold her just right. It was fun putting her feet into the pan, maybe because it was such a challenge. It could be a catastrophe if not handled just right. Our patients got the full treatment because we had to learn it all from the beginning.

Even making the bed afterward was a real problem. You had to learn how to roll the patient just so far and not off the edge of the bed on to the floor. You had to learn how to put the sheets on and tuck them under her just right so that when she got rolled back to the other side, everything was in perfect shape and there were not a bunch of wrinkles on the sheet. The sheet had to be pulled just so in order to make it taut and without any wrinkle at all so the patient would be most comfortable after her bath. There was a trick to doing everything just right.

Well, we learned it was not all just fun and games. Our experiences in the classroom were only the foretaste of what life would be like on the floor when we were actually taking care of the patients, and it wasn't always just a bath we were giving them but

whatever else it was, it had to be done just right. No wonder that Emmanuel Hospital School of Nursing had such a good name. We surely had to hump to learn all that needed to be learned and in the right way every time. We learned to take notes in the very best way possible so we would know how to do whatever it was we were learning to do, memorizing these things and then practicing until it was done perfectly. I strove to be the best nurse I could be.

After six months, our probationary period was over. We were no longer probies going around without a cap. We had our capping ceremony, and finally we were student nurses in good standing. That was really nice. Even the caps had to be folded a certain way and worn with pride. We also got our capes at that time, and they were beautiful with red on the inside and blue on

the outside. We really didn't wear these often, but we had them for dress-up occasions or if it was really cold outside. There was a passageway that went from the Girls' Dorm to the hospital, though, that was an underground tunnel and you went downstairs to enter it from one side to go to the other side. Seldom did you have to go out into the snow or cold to get from your dorm to the hospital because it was much easier to get there through the tunnel, so we didn't wear our capes very often.

I had a good roommate in a lovely room. We used to give each other haircuts because we could not wear our hair long. There were girls who were in a religious group that could not have their hair cut, so they had to keep their hair in braids and wind it around their heads so it was not touching any part of their shoulders. We had a lot of fun in our

dorm, our class having its own separate part of the dorm, and we didn't mix much with the other classes. The hospital itself was Lutheran, so we had devotional services early every morning. These were directed by the hospital chaplain. On Sundays, we could go to the church of our choice. My roommate and I went to the Portland Central Christian Church where Ralph Holcomb was preaching at the time. He was the husband of Velma, one of my roommates while I was going to Northwest Christian College. My roommate came to know the Lord there and was baptized into Christ. Another girl used to go with us, and she eventually came to know the Lord, too, and was immersed into Christ. When it became known that I was sharing the gospel with my roommates and fellow students, the chaplain had a talk with me about it, but I had to tell him that this

was my place to share the gospel with those who didn't yet know Christ.

One time, when there was an evangelistic meeting at another church in town called The Church at Montavilla, Portland, I went to it. I took my roommate with me, and we both enjoyed it tremendously. The evangelist was a professor, Brother Roy Shaw, from San Jose Bible College, so I knew him from my time there, and he asked me why I didn't go there all the time. So after that, I decided it was a good church, and I would go there instead of the other one. Both places were sharing God's Word in a good way, and if I took a friend, I could depend on them hearing the truth in either place. At one point in my attending there, I was brought to consider whether or not my baptism in the little Congregational Church I went to when I was 12 years old was really

valid. I decided it would be fine if I would just be baptized again by the preacher at The Church at Montavilla, and then I would be absolutely sure I would be right in my faith, so one night I had the preacher there baptize me. His name was Leo Yoder. He was one of the regular ministers there. Brother Archie Word was the name of the other man who ministered there, though he was out holding evangelistic meetings from time to time in other churches, so he wasn't always there.

One day, there was a special holiday. It was Memorial Day, 1949, and The Church at Montavilla held a special picnic. It was held in a lovely park in Portland. It so happened that Chuck Richards had come up to Portland with Dean Boulton on his motorcycle, taking turns driving all the way from San Jose, and they came to the picnic

that day. Of course, I met him there and was happy to see him again. We had been corresponding with each other through the months of my time at the hospital, although it was spasmodic. He tells that we would be writing and enjoying our letters, and then all of a sudden I would say things were getting a little too close, so I would stop writing. He didn't like this, so he finally talked to Dean Boulton about it and wondered what he should do. Dean suggested that he himself would do the writing of his letters to me, so they began working as a team on their letters to me, although I did not realize it. It was not until much later that I found out about this. At any rate, Chuck was very sure that he wanted to marry me, but he didn't want to ask me if my answer would be "No!" So he asked me that day to take a little walk with him in the park.

While on the walk, he told me that this was not actually a proposal, but if he asked me to be his wife, and I said “Yes,” then he would actually ask me to be his wife. However, if I would not be his wife, then he would not ask me. In other words, he was giving me an ultimatum. “If you say ‘No,’ then please never write to me again or make any attempts to communicate. Just get out of my life so I can go on with my life and find somebody else.” So, although I hated ultimatums, I did accept, and we went on from there. I knew he was a terrific man and one whom I really appreciated very much for all he was. I could not abide thinking of anyone else marrying him because I felt he was all I wanted in a preacher and a man, and he passed the tests I had already set for such a one in the past.

Well, I do know that he borrowed a friend's car, and we went out that night somewhere for the evening. It was too late for me to go back to the dorm that night. The door would be locked, so we went to my sister's home who lived in Portland, and we parked in front of her house. We talked and talked and I guess we talked the whole night through. The next day was the famous Portland Rose Parade. We went there, and we took pictures of it and enjoyed it tremendously.

Eventually, though, I had to go back to the dorm and face the music. I had done something that was a real "No-No" at the school, and I wasn't going to get away with it. When I did go back to the dorm, I had to talk to the dorm mother, and ultimately to the head of the School of Nursing.

It was decided that I would just quit training at that point because we wanted to be

married the following July, which was only a month and a half away, and there was no way I could stay and do my “penance,” so to speak, and continue my nurses’ training. So I quit and returned to Los Angeles as soon as possible, and there I got ready for our wedding.

We made arrangements right away to put out an announcement of our engagement, with a picture of the two of us on it, and had it printed. We also have a picture of me standing by a tree in front of San Jose Bible College with my left hand held up near my face to show the diamond ring we had chosen together from Proctor’s Jewelry Store. It was summer and Chuck was working in a cannery, canning apricots; then there would be a lull and they would begin canning peaches. There was time for us to be married in that gap and have a short

honeymoon. Therefore, Chuck stayed in San Jose while I went home to Los Angeles to get ready for the wedding. I had many things to do, and one of them was to contact Alma Massey, the lady who had the wedding dress I would be wearing. It was the one she had worn first, and then Virginia Fleenor wore, and now it was my turn. What a lovely dress it was, too.

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Chapter 12: Wedding and Honeymoon

Our wedding was a fairly large one. It was held at the Figueroa Boulevard Christian Church at 57th and Figueroa in Los Angeles, California. At the front of the main sanctuary, there was a wide platform, and behind it was a large choir loft with room for 100 people. My friends and I put up a

little picket fence in front of the loft which we decorated with daisies and ferns. In the middle was a tall gate which was also decorated with ferns and white daisies. On each side was a large basket of flowers, and there were two candelabras which two ushers lit at the beginning of the service. The minister stood at the gate, and Chuck stood beside him along with his best man, Clair Powell, and Ralph Maier and one other man. The minister who officiated at our wedding was Brother Bill Jessup, President of San Jose Bible College where Chuck had graduated that June. It was now July 19th, 1949.

Since Marian Pennington was one of my best girlfriends at the Figueroa Christian Church, her little girl, Diane, was our flower girl. As we were getting ready to go into the main sanctuary before the wedding, all the

guests were already seated, and Marian and Diane were standing with me at the rear of the auditorium. My father was there, too. Marian knew that I was still a little hesitant to get married, and she jokingly said, “Mickey, there’s still time for you to go out and take a bus and get out of the area!” (There was a bus stop right in front of the church.) What she didn’t know was that I actually gave it some thought, but only fleetingly, because I was committed, and this was what I wanted to do. So, when the music started to play for our entry, I took my father’s arm and we went down the aisle together.

Chuck was standing up in the front looking at me with a very solemn look on his face! I thought he should have been smiling with joy, but he said he was impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. My youngest

sister, Edith Mae, was my maid of honor, and others in the bride's group were Dorothy Gustafson, one of my best friends, and my sister, Midge.

Virginia Fleenor sang "O Jesus, I Have Promised," and Midge sang "Love Shall Abide." As part of the ceremony, the two of us took communion, and Bob Pennington sang "The Lord's Prayer." He had a very deep bass voice which we all loved. One of his ministries was to sing at the L.A. County Hospital on Sundays on their loud speaker system which went to each room.



Our Wedding Picture, July 19, 1949

After the wedding, we stood at the rear of the auditorium greeting the guests as they filed out, and we met them again downstairs in the dining room for the reception. We opened all the gifts that were piled on the large table there, so it was late when we left the church, but we were both very happy. I felt sort of like I was going around in a

dream. That night we went to the home of Charles and Alene Sherwood.

They had loaned us their apartment for the first night of our honeymoon. Charles and Alene were members of the Montebello Christian Church where Chuck had gone during the summer of 1946 to serve as an intern in a program their minister, George Russell Barber, was starting that summer. Chuck was the first student from SJBC to participate in the program, and during that summer, he made good friends of the members. In fact, because Chuck was not able to have his family at our wedding, he invited the Montebello Church brethren to be his family at our wedding. His mother came, but no one else was able to be there from their home in Omaha, Nebraska. We appreciated their letting us have the use of their apartment, but that night I cried myself

to sleep after consummating our marriage vows. (Chuck here. As I express it, she cried herself to sleep because she had actually married me.) The next day we met Clair and Helen Powell at Knott's Berry Farm and spent the day with them going over the whole 'farm' and enjoying ourselves immensely.

Before the wedding, Chuck had started out from San Jose headed for Los Angeles in a 1932 Plymouth convertible. Clair and Helen Powell were right behind him in their car. Just before they got to King City, Chuck's car threw a rod right out the side of the block—about midnight Saturday night. They transferred Chuck's stuff to their car and towed his car to a junk yard where they left it with a note saying he would come back later and take care of it—which he did. When he told Russell Barber about his

plight, Russell interceded for him with a used car salesman friend of his who let Chuck have a car, no down payment, pay for it when he could. Great! We thought. It was a 1937 or '38 Buick Special.

Now we had a car for our honeymoon, which we planned to spend visiting some of the national parks in the western states.

After leaving Los Angeles, we were on our way up the hill east of Riverside when the car blew a gasket! We had to turn around and go back to Riverside and have that replaced. We left it at an auto shop and went to a park nearby to wait. The day was very hot, and it was dusty. However, we were young and full of vim, vigor and vitality. We found that there was a swimming pool at the park, so I suggested we go for a swim. That sounded good to me. However, Chuck said that he didn't believe in mixed bathing.

What a blow! Being from Omaha, Nebraska, he did not know how to swim, and in fact, once when he had gone swimming, he would have drowned had his mother not seen his terrible situation and come to rescue him at the very last minute. To me, a girl who had grown up just seven miles from the ocean and practically lived in the water most of her life, this was almost the worst scenario possible! It is still entirely possible that, if I had known this just a few days earlier, I would never have married this man. Later, Chuck was to say this was not so much of a “honey” moon as a “sorghum” (molasses) moon! With things that happened as we went on our way, his statement became more and more true.

As we went along, we realized the car was constantly overheating, and we had to stop at every place we could to get water. Later

we found out why. Some former owner had put ethylene glycol antifreeze in the cooling system, which turned to marble when the engine got hot and coated the system, thus greatly reducing its cooling ability, resulting in the overheating. We filled every container we had with water we had so it would last as long as possible.

I guess this is the time to share some points we learned about honeymoons, for those considering going on one. One thing is, don't take a vehicle with which you are unfamiliar. Get one you know will be in good working condition. Also, don't go to the desert in July. Of course, if you have a good car that is air-conditioned and have enough money to go to nice hotels or motels, then that might be all right. However, if you don't, and you are getting along on the least possible amount of

money, stay home. No matter how beautiful Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks are, the consequences are not worth it. Another point I'd like to make is to not do the following: in the spirit of honesty, we agreed to tell each other each day one thing about the other person we didn't like. Don't do this. Be positive.

We got to The Grand Canyon after dark and found a campground. We got out our tent that my parents had let us use, and put it up, but it was our first time to do this, and in the dark, it was almost impossible. Another tip is to test your equipment beforehand so you know how to handle it.

The next day we drove along the rim of the canyon so we could see what it was like. At one point, we decided to hike down into the canyon. Surely, we would enjoy this. As we

walked along, a mule train passed us. We learned that it was seven miles to the floor of the canyon, but by the time we had reached the two mile mark, our feet were already full of blisters. We had worn our tennis shoes thinking that since those were all we had ever worn on hikes before, they would be perfectly good for this. No, that was not right! Another tip is to purchase good hiking boots if you plan to do any good stiff hiking. That's the only way you will be able to come back with feet feeling as good coming back from your hike as you felt going out on your hike.

We stopped at some souvenir shops by the Grand Canyon hotel and saw some Indians dancing nearby in colorful costumes. We got some good pictures of them as well as other pictures along the trail earlier and the mule

train. We eventually got back to our campground.

The next day, at Bryce Canyon, Utah, we got some excellent pictures of rock formations along the trail there. Again, when we were at Zion National Park, we got some good pictures of rock formations, and went on a hike that took us back to a beautiful river with gorgeous greenery and rapids glistening in the sun. This part of the trip was truly worth the problems we had had earlier on, and I take back what I said before about the beauty of the national parks not being worth the car problems. It is wonderful how God takes away the memories of the painful times to leave the memories of the good times. In fact, from the time we got to the parks, I don't remember the car giving us any more problems, though it probably did, and I

don't even remember the long trip back to San Jose.

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Chapter 13: Our First Home

I think I told you we had to have our wedding at exactly the time we did for a certain reason. Since Chuck worked in the cannery, it had to be after apricot season but before the peach season. Therefore, when we got back to San Jose, we got back just in time for him to go to work with the peaches.

We moved into a duplex on Twelfth Street, right near Santa Clara in a nice section of town. This was a little place owned by a widow lady, and she was a lady who also had a good sense of humor. We had a

living/sleeping room, dining room, tiny kitchen and a small bathroom. Since there was no place to wash clothes, we took our washing to a laundrette every week.

Although I said the one room was a living/sleeping room, it was really only a living room, and it had a bed that was a wall bed (Murphy bed) that was pulled down at night. The dining room was not too large, but it held a nice size table, though it was quite narrow. It would fit two plates directly across from each other with no space between them, so Chuck had a hard time telling which glass and salad plate was his. If we had guests visiting, it was a pretty hard squeeze to get everything on the table, but we managed.

The kitchen was large enough to turn around in, but that was about all. At least it did have room for our dishes and groceries and things

we needed there. One time I remember using the oven to make biscuits. I made a little too much for one batch, but I had one left over to cook in a second batch. I promptly forgot about it, so it turned out to be a perfectly black piece of charcoal. In fact, it was black and shiny and looked like something one could eat. I decided to play a little joke on Chuck and I frosted the top of it. It looked like it was a tiny chocolate cake with the white frosting on it. I left the door open in the back of the kitchen so our landlady could look in when I served the dessert, and when I did, she got to see the look on Chuck's face when he tried to taste it. It was devastating, and she nearly died laughing.

It was while we were in that house that we were getting along on just \$7.50 a week for our food allowance. We went to the market once a week to get our food. Chuck wanted

to get something I didn't like at all, which was asparagus, and even though it was quite expensive, especially since he would be the only one to eat it, he insisted on buying it. You probably guessed what happened. I was soon eating asparagus even though I didn't like it because I couldn't see him eating it all by himself! In fact, I actually began to like it. The Crystal Creamery was one of the bright spots of our times in San Jose. Although we had only so much to spend on food, we saved up money for special events, and going to the Crystal Creamery for their fantastic ice cream was one of those. This was a hangout for some of the SJBC students.

Another time I decided to play a little joke on Chuck again. I had brought the wash in from the laundrette and decided to sew the pant leg of his pajamas together on one side.

That night, when he tried to put on his pajamas, he couldn't put his leg into the pant leg. Needless to say, he was surprised, and we had a big laugh about that. Another time, he gave me some pants that needed to be repaired. The knee on his pants needed a patch. So I patched it in a nice way, but then just for fun, I placed another piece of material over the top and sewed it on quite hit or miss. When he saw the pants were repaired, he didn't know quite what to say. He didn't want to hurt my feelings and tell me that that wasn't really the way to patch pants, but he didn't know what else to say. Again, the landlady was peeking in the back door, and she could hardly control herself as she saw him floundering and trying to decide what to say. We both burst out laughing, and he knew then that he had been taken. Then he lifted up the "patch" on the outside, and saw it had been nicely patched

underneath. He was very thankful I did know how to do it after all. One never did know what a new wife was going to do next, did one?

Chuck's job as a cannery worker paid fairly well. I didn't have a job, though, because Chuck said that "No wife of his was going to have to get a job." Well, we really did need more than the income he made, but it was all right with him if I baby sat from time to time, so that was my work at that time. He even came over and helped me from time to time, and we enjoyed telling the children stories at bedtime. So everyone was happy.

Later I got a job working at the San Jose Hospital as a nurses' aide. Since I had been in nurses' training for a year and a half, I knew how to do about everything a nurses' aide needed to know. It was a nice place to

work, and I enjoyed it. I remember that in time, as I had to turn patients over and do fairly heavy things, I hurt my back so was not able to do that part. However, I did other things, folding bandages, etc, and they eventually promoted me to work in the admissions office as the admitting lady.

Chuck and Dean Boulton started a small church with a group that had been meeting in homes in Palo Alto. They called it the Palo Alto Church of Christ. They met in a dancing school, not a church building, and Chuck took over the preaching every Sunday, while the elders took over the services at other times during the week, like the Wednesday night prayer meetings and Bible studies.

One day, we were having our service there when a good looking service man entered

the congregation. I broke into a huge smile and just couldn't stop smiling. When Chuck saw this, he was terribly jealous, and it was all he could do to get to the end of the service without saying something about it. Of course, at that time, I introduced him to my oldest brother, Phil, who was in the United States Army and happened to be in the San Francisco area at the time. He apparently just thought he would come over and surprise me that morning, and he was completely successful. I never knew he was in the vicinity, and never dreamed he would come to see his little sister and her husband in their first part time ministry.

One time, my parents came to visit us, too, and I can still remember my Dad getting the persimmons from the tree in the back yard. He loved them, and they were nice and soft and very sweet. This was the only time they

ever came to see us in San Jose because they seldom went to visit so far away from home.

San Jose Bible College was right near our home, and they had an annual outing at Alum Rock Park. We enjoyed fellowship from time to time with our old friends from the school and had some of them over to visit us, too. Chuck and I decided to go to the annual outing because it was a beautiful place, and we wanted to go hiking, too. There was a stream in the park which we hiked along, and it smelled like rotten eggs.

The park got its name from the alum that was in the water in that stream. The fellowship that day was fabulous, and we enjoyed it thoroughly. There was also a swimming pool at Alum Rock Park, and believe it or not, Chuck went swimming with me there one time.

Although he had finally decided to go against his old qualms about "mixed bathing," we actually seldom ever had occasion to go swimming after that because we never lived in places where we had access to a pool. It was not all that much of a big deal after all, as I came to realize. I'm very thankful I didn't let that make a difference in whether or not I married him. The main thing is that we have things in common spiritually. Our views about the scriptures and spiritual things are almost exactly the same, so we never have problems along that line at all. God knew what He was doing when He put the two of us together. We praise Him for that constantly.

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Chapter 14: Our First Full Time Ministry

Our first full time ministry was Zillah Church of Christ, which was in Central Washington. However, we didn't go there right away after we were married. We stayed in San Jose for some time, and were making inquiries to find a ministry to enter. We were already pregnant with our first child when we found out there was a church available in Zillah, a small town with a population of about one thousand, twenty miles from the bigger town of Yakima. We wondered if we should attempt to go that far away since I was pregnant, but the doctor told us that, even though I was pregnant, I was strong enough that I could have ridden a horse to Washington. Apparently, he was a frontier doctor.

Across the Yakima River from Zillah, was the town of Toppenish on the Yakima Indian Reservation. It was on the southwestern side of the river which ran along to the southwest of Zillah. The McKinley Indian Mission was on the Yakima Indian Reservation which our church and other churches of our brotherhood helped support. Mr. and Mrs. John Runyan were the missionaries there. Edna and Ella Hadley, sisters and single ladies, graduates of NCC, served the Yakima Indians as missionaries for many years, also. During the summer, various people would come from churches around the country to hold Vacation Bible Schools on the reservation.

In Zillah, the house in which we lived was right next to the church building and was called the church parsonage. It had no furniture, but the people said they would

loan us furniture they had. One piece I remember in particular was an old sofa, and when we delved down below the cushions, we found a huge wrench which came in handy when we needed it to do odd jobs around the house. We were able to purchase unpainted furniture that, in time, we fixed up with varnish or paint. This was mainly what we bought as our babies came along. On the main floor, there was a living room, dining room, bedroom, bathroom and kitchen. There was a small porch at the back. Upstairs were two bedrooms, and in the basement was a storage room for storing canned fruit and vegetables.

One of the things we really liked was that, although the people didn't have much money, they did have plenty of food. In a period of seven years they had had severe problems in one way or another. For six

years, freezes destroyed their crops, and one year, the crop was so big it forced the price down so low that it was cheaper to let fruit fall on the ground than pay to have it picked. They were able to keep us supplied with food which we canned or froze or did whatever we could do to preserve it.

Sometimes they even gave us meat, which we took to a frozen food locker in one of the markets downtown. We often bought large sections of meat, like a quarter or half a beef or half a hog. We had it cut into pieces to our order, and then used it as we pleased through the year. Some folks let us go into their orchards and pick asparagus which just grew wild. We dearly loved to do that, and we would freeze this for later use. We got some strawberry plants and planted them in our back yard and had them, too.

One family had cherry trees—pie cherry trees, in fact. We loved them and learned how to make cherry pies which were Chuck's favorite. It turned out that in the Philippines, there is another fruit that tastes almost exactly like pie cherries, called "malibadu" in Itawes, and we loved to put a quart of that and two quarts of mangoes together to make three cherry/mango pies for special holidays, and that was always our gift to take for such occasions.

There was one lady who supplied us with the best jersey milk. We bought it by the gallon, and about a pint of it was cream thick enough to whip. Needless to say, we didn't lose weight while we lived in Zillah. We ate quite "high on the hog," so to speak, and loved it. The people at Zillah really knew how to cook, and they were very hospitable and had us over to their homes

often on Sunday afternoons when they would also invite several other folks.

We lived in Zillah for three years, and during those three years, we had three children born to us at the Yakima Memorial Hospital in Yakima, Washington where Dr. Douglas Corpron was our doctor. He took care of us free of charge because he had been a missionary doctor to China for thirty years, and he knew we were monetarily challenged people serving the Lord. We really appreciated this, and we grew to love both him and his wife very much. Nancy Louise came first, and then there was Ronald Leroy, 15 1/2 months later, and then Kenneth Charles, 13 1/3 months after that. It wasn't until we moved back to San Jose that we realized why we were having babies coming so close together. Our doctor, Dr. Higuchi in San Jose, was the same one we

had when Nancy was conceived. He told us we were still using the same diaphragm at the end of these five years as we were using before we had our first child. Since the birth canal had become larger after each birth, the old diaphragm had done nothing to keep me from having any more children. The doctor in Yakima had not changed the size of it, and we hadn't realized the necessity of it. We just trusted the Lord that He was in control although we were not averse to using this equipment. After that, we did use the right size and were thankful to find it made a difference.

Before Nancy was born, I got sick one night and threw up/vomited in the toilet in our bathroom. I did not realize that my upper false teeth had been thrown out with it so I flushed it down before realizing it. Soon, I knew exactly what had happened, but

nothing we could do would get them back again. It was just before Thanksgiving, and we had been invited to go to Chuck's brother, Don's home in Seattle, Washington for Thanksgiving dinner. There was no way I could get a new set of false teeth before that, so I didn't want to go. But Chuck implored me to go anyhow. I went and just tried to keep my mouth closed as much as possible so no one would see. How embarrassing that was. I was very much pregnant, too, and that didn't help matters any. We did make it there and home, though, and everyone seemed to be very understanding. This was my first time to meet Chuck's brother and his family, and I had wanted to make a good impression.

It was winter when Nancy was born. On January 21st, a Sunday night, I was in the church service when my birth pains first

started to come. Chuck was in the midst of his preaching, and I didn't want to bother him. When they came closer together, I went home and got everything ready to take to the hospital, thinking that when church was over, we would be able to go right away. It had been snowing, so the ground was covered with snow.

Our car was parked in the garage which was behind our house, so I thought I would put my things into it and be ready to go. I even decided to try to back the car out, a dangerous proposition due to a blind curve and hill on the highway in front of our house. However, I forgot about a tree that had been recently removed, and there was a big hole next to the driveway. As I backed up the car, I backed into the hole. Now what was I going to do? I was forced to get out of the car and go to the church building to get

help. Fortunately, there were lots of men there at the service, and the service was just over, so I was able to get help right away. Chuck realized what was happening, and he got into the action. It wasn't long before the car was pulled out of the hole and he was backing it up and around to the front of the church building so we could be on our way.

That was one of the longest trips I have ever taken—to go on snowy roads to Yakima to the hospital, and I prayed the Lord would allow the baby to wait and not be born along the way. He answered my prayer the way I asked for it, and we made it in time. Nancy Louise Richards was born on January 22, 1951 at Yakima Valley Memorial Hospital in perfect condition. We really praised the Lord for that! God was so good.

Then Ronald LeRoy Richards came along on May 6th, 1952, without any fuss, although for two weeks before he was born, Chuck was gone to Jerome, Idaho to hold an evangelistic meeting. The church men had told Chuck he didn't need to go that late in my pregnancy to hold that meeting, but he said that since the men in the service of our country have to be gone at the time their wives give birth, he could do no less since he was in service for our Lord. The elders couldn't say "No" to that, so he went. We all prayed things would work out just right so the baby would be born ahead of that time, but he didn't come. So we prayed he would wait until after Chuck returned. We had not really known the exact date he was to be born because I had been nursing Nancy right along when I got pregnant with Ron, and we never did know when he was conceived. At any rate, Chuck went on the evangelistic trip

and returned, and Ron was still not born. The same night of his return, my pains began coming, and we went to Yakima right away. Ronald LeRoy was born soon after, taking full advantage of his father's being home from his meeting.

It was hard having the children so close together. How could we give them as much love as they needed? After Ron was born and before the third child came, I used to take him out on the front porch along with our old rocking chair and just hold him and rock back and forth and wish that time could stand still for a little longer so I could enjoy that baby as long as possible.

When Kenneth Charles was born, the very first I heard his voice down the hall, I knew that was my baby. He sounded just like the other two had sounded when they were tiny.

Very shortly after he came, I noticed he had a swelling on his head so I asked the nurse about it. She said I should just massage it every time I nursed him. When we had my first checkup with Dr. Corpron, I asked about the bulge, and he asked me what I meant. Apparently, it had not been there immediately because he didn't seem to know about it. When I told him what the nurse told me to do about massaging it when I nursed him, he was very upset, and the next day, the nurse who had told me that was no longer in the employ of that hospital. Fortunately, the swelling did eventually go down, and it never developed into anything bad, but from what the doctor thought, if I had massaged it too hard, it could have burst and taken the life of the child. We really praised God that He saw fit to heal it soon and that it was all right before long.

When Nancy was born, my mother came to be with me. It was wonderful to have her there, and we talked about things we had never discussed before. It was like I had finally become an adult, and now we could relate to one another as adults. What a good feeling. She told me things I never knew about her relationship with my father, and she told me things about us kids I hadn't known before, either. She told me things about bringing up our children, and how to listen to their little cries to see what they were trying to say. Some meant there was really something wrong, maybe a pin hurting them or maybe they needed to have a change of diapers, or whatever, but then, maybe there wasn't anything wrong at all, and all they needed was a little attention. She advocated not giving in too much to this last one, though, or we might spoil them. However, we realized that having four

children in five years, we needed to give them all the attention they could get because we only had so much time, and we needed to use it to the greatest advantage to let them know we truly loved them.

The second child came, but my mother was not able to come back again. However, she paid to have one of the ladies of the church come and take care of me. It was so lovely to have Mrs. Glenna Barnes come and take care of Ron. We were able to take care of Nancy by this time, but she gave Ron his baths and took care of whatever else he needed. I think she also came when Kenny was born, so I wasn't left with three little children all at once. What a blessing to have her help.

One night, when Nancy was quite small, she wouldn't go to sleep. She just lay there

crying and crying. We tried everything we could to see what was wrong with her, but it didn't seem like there was anything. I knew that sometimes, when we took her for a little ride, she went to sleep, so we decided to get up and take her for a little ride. It worked. We had been on the way only a short while when she went soundly to sleep. So we went home. As soon as we stopped the car, she woke up and started crying again. Therefore, we began driving the car again, and we did this for some time. At long last, we were just too tired to go on any more, so we went home, thinking to let her just cry it out after all. It wasn't long after that she finally went to sleep for the night. We decided we would just have to get used to her crying sometimes and have a bit more patience.

In the winter, it was cold. The wind whistled under the doors and around the windows, so

we got weather stripping and put that on. The floors had only linoleum on them, so they were very cold. The oil stove would heat only the upper part of the air in the room, rather than clear down to the floors. We bought little play pens to keep the children in so they could be kept off the floor. Even at that, they often caught colds and had to go to the doctor. At first, we slept downstairs, and we had Nancy staying in a baby bed down there with us, but later on, we slept upstairs where there was a vent that allowed the heat to come upstairs.

Although the winters were bitterly cold, we had good times during them. In the fall, when the winds first came, the leaves floated down and made great piles under the trees. We would dress the children in their warmest clothing even up to their little caps, and let them burrow their way into the

leaves and enjoy the fun of it. In winter, the snow was fun to play in for a while. In the summer, the grass grew quickly, so we were out mowing the lawn every so often. I can remember Nancy sitting in a box of grass cuttings having the time of her life.

One time the congregation decided to enlarge the kitchen facility in the basement of the church building. The existing kitchen was almost directly under Chuck's office. They dug a deep hole for the extension beside the existing kitchen alongside the church. This meant there were dump trucks coming and going along our driveway leading to the hole to get the dirt out and then remove it.

The main highway from Yakima came around the hill and down in front of our house. A person standing on our front yard

could not see vehicles coming around the hill until the vehicles were right there. If a person didn't watch carefully, he could walk out onto the road without realizing that a vehicle was there. We did not want our children running out onto the highway, so we put up a fence around our yard.

One day Nancy was on the inside of the fence watching the dump trucks going in and out of our driveway to get the dirt. One of the men from one of the trucks called out to her and asked her if she would like to go home with him. He didn't know what an outgoing little girl she was, because her answer was, "Oh, goody, I get to go home with the truck driver! I get to go home with the truck driver!" But her joy didn't last very long when she found out she didn't really get to go home with the truck driver.

Sometimes Nancy did get to go home with the folks from the church. They really enjoyed her ways, and one time she happened to be visiting a single couple when a newspaper reporter from the Yakima Herald came to take pictures of their prize peaches. He took Nancy's picture holding on to a huge peach from one of their trees. That picture was featured on the front page of the paper that week.

The folks at the church were really active in serving the Lord. They were good at teaching in the Bible School, singing in the choir, making quilts at special quilting bees, and having very special Vacation Bible Schools. They let me be the superintendent of the Bible School, and they all joined in to help in the operation of it, so we had wonderful large schools each year. We had good evangelistic meetings, too, and invited

the best evangelists to hold them. Many folks were baptized into Christ at these times. Brother G. Fred Hoy was one of these evangelists, and another was Brother Elston Knight.

On special occasions, they had potluck dinners that were almost out of this world. At first, the women were the ones who made the food and served it and cleaned up afterwards, but when we got there, Chuck became a regular part of the dishwashing crew, and when we left Zillah, the men were very obvious at the going-away party by their presence in the kitchen both during and after the meal.

When Ron was about five months old, I was back to my unpregnant self. The older class of folks at the Zillah Church of Christ was a funloving group who loved to have good

fellowship, and they decided to have a Halloween party. It was to be a costume affair, and everyone was to come incognito. No one was to talk when they entered the fellowship hall because if they spoke, others around them might recognize their voices and guess who they were. The idea was for everyone to come incognito. We wanted to see who could keep him/herself incognito the longest, and then that person would be deemed the winner.

It was all quite exciting. Chuck and I went to Yakima to a thrift shop to see what we could find, and sure enough, I found a lovely pair of black elbow-length lace gloves. Also, I found a beautiful black long-haired wig that fit perfectly. I already had a floor length gown at home which I hadn't worn for ages that was just right for the occasion, and I

found a beautiful-lady mask. No one would possibly be able to recognize me.

Chuck found red full body underwear which would be just perfect for his idea of going as Satan himself. He got a pitchfork and, of course, a Satan mask. We were set to go to the party.

The evening arrived for the party, and about thirty to forty folks came. Chuck and I decided that Chuck would go in first, and I would go in later. Everyone would know who we were if we were together. Of course, as you guessed, the folks all knew Chuck almost immediately. Who but the preacher would go as Satan himself? But no one recognized me—a beautiful lady that they had never met. They all knew me very well ordinarily, but this wasn't the regular Mickey they all knew. The Mickey they

knew was always pregnant, and she couldn't possibly be the beautiful woman. When we all unmasked, what a surprise they had. The beautiful lady was me, and I was deemed the winner.

We loved the folks very dearly, and we took part in their times of sorrow as well as their times of joy. I remember the death of one little girl in particular. It was a very difficult time for me, especially at the funeral where I was asked to sing, I broke down and cried while singing. Weddings were a real joy, though, and also it was wonderful to see and be there when people came to know the Lord. Their lives were changed so definitely, and it was a thrill to be part of that. Other times we celebrated holidays together.

When we finally left Zillah to go to another ministry, we were really sad. If it had not

been that we were going to Idaho to have Chuck be one of the professors at Boise Bible College, besides being the minister of the Meridian Church of Christ, we wouldn't have even considered leaving. However, we felt the Lord leading us, so we could only answer by going with Him.

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Chapter 15: Boise Bible College

Our second ministry, nearly full time, was at the Meridian Church of Christ in Meridian, Idaho, starting in the fall of 1953. At the same time, Chuck taught at Boise Bible College just twenty miles away. The school was small and had very little income, so it was imperative for the professors to have other work. Therefore, Chuck preached at

Meridian, and we lived in the parsonage. We enjoyed our ministry there, and we sponsored the young people, too. We had an excellent youth group there. Besides that, I taught Bible School on the age level of our own children. Our oldest was Nancy, three years old, Ron was two and Kenny was one year old. When we first moved there, Kenny was only six months old, and he was a very happy baby.

We enjoyed our children tremendously. When Kenny was only about six months old, though, he bit me as he was in the process of nursing. I noticed the little twinkle in his eyes as he did it. He thought it was funny when I said, "Ouch!" Although I tried to get him to stop that practice, he wouldn't, so even though I hated to do it, I stopped breast-feeding and put him on a bottle. We had a bottle during the day we could give

our babies, though Kenneth didn't like this arrangement.

However, because I couldn't take the pain his bites were giving me, he was forced to take the bottle from that time on. Whenever I would come near, he would want to have a feeding, but I couldn't give it to him, so I began to stay away from him as much as possible so he would be able to get over that desire as soon as possible. It took a long time to happen, though, and besides that, it was very painful. When he would cry, my breasts had a tendency to fill more than normally, so even though he wasn't drinking from me, it was painful. I had to express the milk from them in order not to have them be so tender, though that made it just take that much longer to go dry.

We had a little dog that was just a tiny puppy. We kept him in the house because it was too cold outside. One day we saw something on the floor near the potty chair that we kept by the oil heater in the living room. It looked like urine. We asked Nancy if she did that, but she said, “No, Ronnie did it!” When we asked Ronnie if he did it, he said, “Oh, no, Kenny did it!” But Kenny was just as quick to come back with the retort, “No! Doggy did it!”

At night we put the children to bed at a certain time. We said our prayers with each one of them, one by one by their bedsides. They would say after us, “Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take. God bless Daddy, God bless Mommy, God bless Nancy, God bless Ronnie, and God bless

Kenny y y y y y eeeeeeeeeee!” This last word ended up being in a very high screechy voice, and we ended up laughing and giggling and tickling the children. This was a very special time in our lives.

In the morning, when we had the time, the children got into bed with us. We had a set of books called The Book of Life. The first one of these was for little children and had good stories they loved to hear and then to read themselves as they grew older. This was another special time I remember we had with the children at Meridian.

When it was their birthdays, we took them to a park in Boise, even though it might be quite a cold day. There were small merry-gorounds there, slides and other things they loved to play on. Then we would have a picnic and enjoy playing games, laughing

and running, and pushing them on the swings and round and round on the merrygo-round. We ended up with opening their birthday gifts, which were not really all that much expense-wise, but they were fun-type things just for kids.

One Christmas when we were there, Ron got sick with a fairly high fever. We didn't really know what it was he had, but we put him in his little bed which we took out into the living room so he could be in on the fun with the rest of the family. His little face was all red from the fever, and he looked quite peaked as he tried to have fun but just wasn't up to it. At least, he was there and was "in on it," and that was what counted right then. They got some fine gifts given to them by people in the Meridian church. One was a nice little blue table and chair set, and another was a very sturdy wooden hobby-

horse that was made and painted by one of the men, Merritt Thomas. It would hold at least two children, and they loved that hobby-horse for many years to come.

Before Christmas, we had made green and red bright shiny, colorful pieces of paper into Christmas trees and decorations to put up on the walls; so with those, plus the little Christmas tree we put up, we had a very special day. The oil heater was at one end of the living room near the entrance to the kitchen, and we had a wooden clothes drying rack right beside it to get clothing dried that wouldn't dry outside, so it was a different type of a Christmas from what we had later on in years when we lived in Southern California. But it was our home, and we had a great time together. We had fun making popcorn strands to lace around

the tree, eating some of the popcorn along the way.

At Valentines' Day, Halloween and Thanksgiving, we made colorful creations to put up on the walls and in the windows. It was always fun to work on these with the children even though they could only do a certain amount. They liked making cookies, too, and pressing different cutters into the dough to make various forms of cookies. In fact, on days that weren't holidays, but they had to be inside because it was just too cold out-of-doors, the children played with pots and pans that we kept in a given drawer in the kitchen that was "their" drawer to play with. It didn't really take much to make them happy and keep them occupied in those days.

Chuck would preach in Meridian and then go back and forth to Boise to teach at the Bible College during the week, two classes at a time. The elders seemed to like him and the church was growing. Chuck was the choir director, too, as in Zillah, and did a good job of it. Then something happened. Right while we were having a very happy, growing period in the church, we had a young couple come to us who wanted to be married. I don't remember if it was the man or the woman, but one of them was not a Christian. So, as much as they wanted Chuck to marry them, he wouldn't do so because it would not be a marriage according to the scriptures, citing this Bible verse: "Do not be yoked together with unbelievers." (2 Corinthians 6:14) The families were both very upset about this, but it was something that was a part of Chuck's makeup to not go against the scriptures in

anything he did, so he could not marry this young couple. Because of that, the couple and their families made life hard on us as minister and his family, and little by little, the church began to dwindle in numbers, including the young people's group and every other group in the church. We were really sorry to see this happen. We tried to think of a way to fix the situation, but we couldn't. So we decided it would be best if we would just leave, rather than to allow things to go downhill even more.

At the same time that this was happening, we realized Chuck's situation at Boise Bible College was less than perfect. His bachelor's degree was from a non-accredited school, SJBC, so he didn't really add any prestige to the faculty at Boise. We wanted him to be a prestigious asset to any college where he might want to teach. Therefore, we began to

think about his returning to school to get an accredited degree. We also felt he should attend graduate school. However, when he investigated, he found that since his degree at San Jose Bible College was not accredited, he would have to start all over again at another school to get an accredited degree.

Why not start over again at a place where we already felt at home? After living in Meridian, Idaho for two years, we moved back to San Jose, where Chuck started back to school at San Jose State College.

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Chapter 16: Back to School in California

We moved back to San Jose, California because we knew that area very well. Chuck began his college work all over again. He went to school either at San Jose Junior College or San Jose State College, depending on where he could get the best slate of classes. Since these schools were both accredited by higher education associations, whatever courses he took there would be accepted by any other school he would want to enter later to do graduate work.

At the same time, Chuck got a job working as a grocery clerk full time at Dick's Market. We had three children by then and I was expecting our fourth child. Merilee Joyce was born on December 1, 1955, soon after we arrived in San Jose, so we now had four children born in less than five years. We bought a house for nothing down and a

minimum amount to pay each month, and stayed there for two years while Chuck went to school. We lived at 1136 Mackey in Willow Glen, a district in the southwest part of San Jose. Dick's Market was just a few blocks from our home.

While in San Jose, we went to church with a group of old friends we knew from San Jose Bible College who were meeting in a rented building in downtown San Jose. They asked Chuck to preach on Sundays while different ones of them would teach at the midweek Bible study. Eventually, the church moved to east San Jose in an area called Green Valley. At first we met in a Quonset hut, but later, we built a sanctuary and named ourselves the Green Valley Church of Christ.

Chuck continued preaching at Green Valley Church of Christ part time while the elders taught the Wednesday night Bible studies. While we were there, Nancy began going to kindergarten at Willow Glen Elementary School. I took a sewing class in night school, so I could make dresses for myself and clothing for the children. On Halloween, I made costumes for the children so they could go out trick-or-treating. That year, both boys had little green elf outfits with green pointed caps and shoes. Nancy was a clown with an orange and black costume, and we all went around together. Merilee was born by then, but she was in the baby buggy, so she got pushed around while the others went to the doors and knocked and yelled out their calls of "Trick-or-Treat!" Wherever we went, they held out their little bags, and people filled them with goodies, and for several days and weeks afterwards,

they would dump out their goodies and choose which ones they wanted to munch on.

Another time, I took a tailoring class and I made little coats for the boys. They turned out to be quite nice, and I was proud of them wearing their new coats at church. I also made beautiful little yellow and lavender organdy dresses with bouffant slips under them for Easter the next year. These were glittery with sequins that made them sparkle, and Merilee especially almost pranced, she was so excited and happy with her new dress. They had little handbags and hats to match. I often wonder how I ever had the time and energy to do all of that work on those things.

We continued going to the Green Valley Church of Christ, and really enjoyed the

fellowship there. Chuck was the preacher, and someone else was the choir director this time. We were involved with Bible School on Sunday mornings, morning church service and the evening church service. On one Sunday, Nancy came down with the measles.

Two weeks later, Kenny came down with it, and finally, two weeks later, we looked Ronnie over very carefully before going to church to make sure that he did not have it. When it looked like he was clear of it, we let him go to Bible School. However, when he got home that day, he was one sick little boy, and the next Sunday, he was still at home with the measles. The week after that, when he was finally well, he went back to Bible School, but everyone else who had been in his class two weeks before that was now out with the measles! He had been there

just long enough to infect the whole group. While each of the children had been out only two weeks, I had been out at least six weeks staying out to be with each one of the children.

Right about that time, my father died of a heart attack on May 2, 1956, while we were living in San Jose. He and my mother had driven back to Texas to visit Bob and Ruth, my brother and his wife, and on the way, they came upon a tall viewpoint or vista which they decided to climb. However, my father's heart was very weak, and he wasn't able to climb very far when he had problems. Within the week, he passed away, and when the coroner did a post mortem on his body, he found that his heart had turned from muscle to fiber. It refused to function as muscle anymore.

My mother wanted to have the burial in Los Angeles, so she rode with the casket on the train while Bob drove his car to the coast. The funeral was held in Los Angeles, but the burial was at Glendale Forest Lawn Cemetery. I was able to go to LA for the occasion, though Chuck was working in a cannery at the time, and he could not attend. Merilee was just a baby, and I was nursing her, so I took her with me.

I remember at that time, I was staying at home with my mother, and had to go out somewhere so I left Merilee with her for the afternoon. While I was gone, Merilee began to cry, and there wasn't anything my mother could do to assuage her. She felt such compassion for the baby that she herself began to cry, and this was a real blessing for her because she had not been able to cry before that following my father's death.

Since my mother now lived alone in Los Angeles, I wanted to move there to be near her, and be supportive to her. Moving would also be good for Chuck's schooling, so he was happy to go along with my wishes in this matter. He could go to George Pepperdine College in LA near where she lived. When we looked into the possibilities of that, we found that Pepperdine would accept all of his work at San Jose Junior and State Colleges besides 30 units from San Jose Bible College. (They ended up accepting 41 units from SJBC.) This worked out very nicely, so we moved to the Los Angeles area where he attended Pepperdine. He was able to graduate summa cum laude at Pepperdine in 1959 with a Bachelor of Arts.

At first, when we moved to Southern California, we lived in an apartment in

Compton. We went to church at Crenshaw Christian Church and served there in order to repay them for the years they had helped me to go to Northwest Christian College years before. (Figueroa Christian Church had sold its building on 57th and Figueroa to a Church of Christ, a non-instrumental church, and purchased property in Inglewood on Crenshaw Boulevard where they built a beautiful new building, which they called Crenshaw Christian Church.) Chuck was invited to teach the Young Married Couple's class there while I was invited to teach in the Junior High department. Both of us loved teaching these classes. Besides that, I also started the Missionary Workshop in which ladies at Crenshaw would get together weekly and do sewing. We made clothing items for missionaries that the Crenshaw Church sent out to the mission field. We were supporting

missionaries to Thailand at the time, so we made clothing for Harry and Lily Schaefer and their family. I remember making pajamas and nightgowns for them.

Chuck was working at a grocery store in South Gate named Pete's Penny Market. He did this full time during the school year of 1956-1957 in order to provide for our family financially. It was good he had that job because he became a member of the Retail Clerks Union, which provided medical and dental insurance. I got a lot of dental work done, which was excellent work and served me for many years to come. It was good to be able to have a doctor available for the children whenever they needed it, which seemed to be often at that time.

It was while we were working at this church that the minister, Dr, Joseph Merle

Applegate, suggested to the elders of the University Christian Church that he had a young preacher that would do a good job when they needed someone to fill in there. Chuck was the young man. Therefore, Eldred Illingworth, an elder from University, came to talk to Chuck about filling in for them for two weeks while their minister, Lawrence Sunkler, was away on vacation. Brother Sunkler went to Oregon, and while there, he applied to become the preacher of a church there and was accepted. When he came back from his vacation, he turned in his resignation to the elders of University, so they asked Chuck if he would fill in on a temporary basis. They made an arrangement: Chuck would preach for them on Sundays, and we would live in the church parsonage at 91st and Denker, near Manchester in Los Angeles, and no money would change hands.

That continued for about three months when the elders told Chuck they felt the church needed a full time preacher and asked him if he would quit his job at Pete's Penny Market and become their preacher. Of course, they would pay him a regular salary. He became the full time preacher on December 1, 1958, except, of course, he was allowed to continue his studies part time at Pepperdine. This happened when the church was located on the corner of Santa Barbara and Budlong. It had been called University Christian Church because it was relatively near to the University of Southern California. It turns out that Chuck preached there for the next five years while they relocated to their present site at 5831 W. Centinela in Los Angeles.

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Chapter 17: Our Life at University

At this point in our lives, my life changed completely. Chuck was preaching at University Christian Church and we lived at the church parsonage on Denker. I did not work outside the home because the family was still too much for me to take care of. However, it happened that Chuck began having problems with pain in his left arm. I tried to get him to go to a doctor to find out why, but he refused. Perhaps he thought he might be told something he didn't want to hear. At any rate, I had to agree to go back to school to prepare myself to get a job before he would go to the doctor to have a checkup. His idea was that if something bad were to happen to him, I could step in and provide for the family. It took a lot of

thought and prayer, but we finally decided I should go into teaching.

I could be gone from home the same hours as the children, and it would take little outside help to care for them. So, I agreed to go to Pepperdine College to get a teaching credential as a public school teacher. I could go to school while the children were in school and take classes when they were taking their classes. So that's what I did. Chuck went to the doctor to have his checkup. He learned that he had muscle strain from carrying the children. Merilee was probably about three or four years old by that time, and if he were carrying her, it is possible he could have been having muscle pains because of it.

What we feared might be symptomatic of a heart attack was not that at all. I would not

be left without a husband after all, or have to provide for myself and the children on my own. Well, I praised God for that. But for some reason, I went ahead with the plans we had made. I was no longer to be a stay-at-home mother and wife. Instead, I was to become a working mother of four.

Going back to school turned out to be quite a different thing from what I had expected. I enjoyed my schooling at Pepperdine, and it was like going to school all over again, only this time, it was quite interesting. I appreciated my courses thoroughly and got much more out of them than classes I had taken in previous years. I majored in Education and minored in social studies.

I took my teacher's training at Seventy-fourth Street School in Los Angeles, and my specialty was the fifth grade, which I loved.

The second grade was my second love. After graduating with a Bachelor of Arts in Education in 1963, I got a job teaching for LA City School District at 107th Street School in Watts. This was a new school, having students coming from two different schools. I didn't realize it at the time, but bringing those two schools together created its own set of problems.

At first, I really loved the experience, but then I found I had many more students in my class than I had when in student teaching, and it was not like that experience at all. My student teaching had been done at a school under ideal conditions unlike anything found in the real world. The children in my class at 107th Street were widely different in their abilities and backgrounds, and although I could group them and teach them according to their

levels, there were just too many. One girl in particular was too old for the class and just wouldn't stay in her seat. I learned later that I should never have accepted her in my class in the first place because she was too mature for the rest of the children, but I didn't know that at the time. Also, it may be that this was the Lord's way of helping me to learn to endure hardship which I never would have learned in any other way.

I discovered that some of the children in the class were beating up on others after school on the way home. The blacks were teaming up against the Mexican children. On talking to the principal about this, we decided it would be best to let the Mexican children leave earlier so they could get home before the others left school, and that took care of that. Overall, the pressures I was bearing in my class were too much for me to handle. I

ended up going home after school and just crying and crying. One of my fellow teachers told me that the experiences I was having in one semester here were more than I would have at any other school in three years.

The following year, I asked for a Special Education Class because I knew it would be easier for me to handle. I had third grade level children who had “special” abilities, and there were only 18 children in the classroom, instead of 40. I was able to provide new experiences for these children by bringing in special materials that I got at the children’s museum at Exposition Park. I enjoyed my class, and the children did well. I used video materials and other things they could see and touch. They were able to make and build other things for themselves. That was a very enjoyable year.

When we were still going to Crenshaw Christian Church, Chuck and the boys joined the Indian Guides, a father/son bonding organization. That was a very good program. Chuck was in it with them, although he never really was quite like the rest of the Dads somehow. They also got into Little League that year, although it might have been only Ken who played. He played his Little League games at a park where there was a swimming pool. Once, when Ken went swimming, his experience wasn't too good. He had difficulty with some bullies, and after he got dunked under the water several times, he didn't want to go there anymore.

All of the time I had been going to Pepperdine, and then teaching at 107th Street School, Chuck was preaching at

University Christian Church, so we had two incomes. I was extremely proud of the fact that I was able to add a substantial income to the family, and all my college education had finally paid off, giving me the highest paid starting salary as a teacher. At this point, it would be possible for Chuck to go back to school full time while I was the main breadwinner, and we could be better prepared for our future as missionaries.

At that time, we lived in the parsonage on Denker, and the children were going to school at 87th Street School. On Sunday nights, after church at the old location, we were often invited to go over to the home of Sterling and Marian Allen. There we enjoyed having good fellowship and hamburgers. Our kids enjoyed their kids, and to this day, we still pray for their

children, even though their parents have long since been gone.

One couple we will never forget was Erna and Dick Branson. They were having problems, and the church helped them out with their food supply. I got so that I went with Erna to help her purchase food supplies, and then one summer, when they were having particular problems, we even took three of their children into our home and took care of them until they could get back on their feet again. We took Douglas, Susie and Debbie to be with us. They went everywhere we went, and I remember taking them to the park where they went swimming in the wading pool. Our children and they played well together and had a lot of fun. They seemed just like siblings to our children, and they seemed like our own children, too.

When the church was at the corner of Santa Barbara and Budlong, the old location, I taught the Young People's Class, and really enjoyed that a lot. There were several in that class for whom we were looking for spouses that would be just right for them. We started praying for that, and it wasn't long before Donna Sunkler married Gordon Hahn and Betty Reeve married Sheldon Welch. I couldn't really take credit for getting them together, but at least I did pray about them for several years.

The church was in the process of selling the property to the Seventh Day Adventist Church, and we had an agreement with them that until we could move into our new location, we could meet in their facility on days and nights they were not using it. On one Wednesday night, our group was having

our Bible study and prayer meeting in one part of the building while the Seventh Day Adventists were having their boys group in another part. The youth were all dressed up in uniforms, and when Merilee, our youngest daughter, happened to go into the room where they were meeting, she saw them all and said, “What are all you cops doing here?” She didn’t realize who they were and that this was really their church building now, and they had every right to be there.

We had Junior Church downstairs while the adults had their service upstairs in the main sanctuary. Mildred Tucker was our choir director, and I would sing in the special number and then go downstairs to work with the Junior Church. Elders brought us the Lord’s Supper for those who had accepted Christ and were Christians already, so we

got in on that, too. The Junior Church service was wonderful. Later on, Esther DeBar took over that program and did a fantastic job. When we moved to the new location, Gail Ruhlen took over Bible school and Junior Church administration, a post she held for over forty years.

When the church finally got into its own building on Wooster Street, right off Centinela Avenue, we had a wonderful time of fellowship and praise to the Lord during our services. Gordy Little often led the singing and Vera Hulburt played the piano. Often after the Sunday evening services, we would go to someone's home to continue our praise and prayer together. We would have snacks and the kids would play together and watch TV. This was really rich fellowship. Going back to our children's school, I served as a room mother at 87th

Street School one year, and later was the chairman of the room mothers. We had a tremendous Easter celebration that year, and all the children had a wonderful Easter egg hunt. Because I was the chairman, I had to call a lot of women in the school for one reason or another, and some of the mothers brought their problems to me. I think I acted more as a counselor for mothers from school that year than I did in all my years as minister's wife.

When Kenny was in kindergarten, his teacher used to send notes home about his behavior. She sent a lot of them! I went to school to talk to her about this, and we decided that, to save paper and ink, she would send a note when he was good rather than when he wasn't. When he got five good notes, we would take all our children to play miniature golf. It wasn't long until Ken was

bringing good notes home almost every day, and almost every Sunday night after church, we would take the children miniature golfing. Peer pressure really worked to bring about behavioral change. As an added benefit, the entire family enjoyed the good experience of going miniature golfing.

The year Ken was in first grade, he used to tell us of all the funny things that a certain boy named George did in his class. We would laugh and laugh at some of the things he told about, and it got to be an interesting thing to learn what George would do next. After about two weeks had gone by of that first semester, I got a letter from Ken's teacher asking me to come in to see her. I did so, and when I got there, she began to tell me of some of the things that he had been doing in class. "Well," I said, "I don't think he could be anything like George is!"

Her answer was, “George? Who is George? There is no George in our class.” I realized that instead of George, it had been Ken himself who had been doing all those things he had told about at home. And I had been wondering what kind of a mother George must have. And all along, it was I.

We had many good years living at the house on Denker and many good memories. We had dinners in the backyard, and counted the planes and jets coming in to land at the Los Angeles Airport. The kids made friends of all sizes and colors, as did Chuck and I. But we were unknowingly getting prepared for our future.

We heard that Robert Morse and his wife, missionaries to China, Tibet, Burma and Thailand, were home on furlough and staying at Pacific Christian College campus

in Long Beach. We decided we wanted to talk to him about Chuck going back to school to get a doctoral degree. We were, in a sense, asking the Lord to work through Robert to know what we should do about our future.

On July 4th, 1962, we went down to the Long Beach campus, and talked to Robert. He had just completed a degree in Linguistics at Indiana University, and he was excited about what he had learned and how it could be applied. He shared this with us, and after talking to Robert Morse, Chuck decided he wanted to get graduate degrees in linguistics. And so it was that we started to plan our departure from University Christian Church. The church had moved from the location at Santa Barbara and Budlong and gone to 5831 W. Centinela Avenue, Los Angeles, CA, which was just across from

Culver City. They had the first of several buildings completed, the membership was growing, and they were in good spirits, and we praised God for that. We loved the folks there dearly. We knew Chuck needed to go to UCLA full time, but we also knew that UCC needed a full time minister, and he could not do both simultaneously. He had been accepted at the UCLA graduate school, and it was time to start. I myself was employed full time with Los Angeles City School District, so I could take care of the family finances. It was a difficult thing to do, but we eventually turned in our resignation at University. We moved from the parsonage to a house in Westchester, and Chuck began work on his Master's Degree in Linguistics at UCLA.

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Chapter 18: Life in the San Fernando Valley

When we left University, we moved to Isis Street in Westchester, right near Inglewood. The children were in their schools while I was still teaching at 107th Street School. Nancy and Ron were going to Airport Junior High School and Ken and Merilee were attending an elementary school right near where we lived, 98th Street School.



*Chuck, Ronald LeRoy, Nancy Louise,
Mickey, Merilee Joyce, Kenneth Charles*

While we were there, we were looking for a church home. We didn't think it would be proper for the former preacher and his family to continue to attend the church from which he had just resigned, so we couldn't go to University. We went to several churches that failed to meet our expectations. We then made a list of things

to look for at each church we attended. We were looking for a church which had a good Bible school, good teachers, friendly members and a good preacher who knew the Word. At the end of a morning service, we would discuss how things went, and at night, we would go back to the same church and check it again. We did this at several churches, but were never satisfied. For a while, Chuck filled in preaching at a church in Lennox near our house, and we all went there with him, but we also went to other churches during that period, never finding a church home in the year we lived there.

Meanwhile, we had determined to move out to the San Fernando Valley so that I could get a school out there the following year. I was exhausted from teaching at 107th Street, and wanted to go to a different school. But we were still in the LA City School District,

and until I had been there for three years, district policy said that I couldn't get into a different school in LA, so we decided to look elsewhere. I checked out the Newhall School District in Newhall, applied, and was accepted there. The salary wasn't quite as high, but the difference in the caliber of students and the suburban setting was so different from Watts that it was a different world. I loved it, and finally felt like I was back into teaching as it was meant to be. As Chuck told the principal, Les Tanner, of my Newhall Elementary School, "I thank you for giving me back my wife!"

We moved to the San Fernando Valley, finding a house at 16321 Lassen Street in Sepulveda, and we started looking for another new church home. The first place we looked was Hillcrest Christian Church, because our old friend, Murray Postles, was

preaching there. We had worked with him and his wife at Crenshaw Christian Church in years past. Eleanor Postles and I had worked together in the Junior High Department at Crenshaw, and we had a good relationship.

Murray had been the assistant minister at Crenshaw at that time, too, and our children knew their children quite well. It was after that first Sunday morning visit to Hillcrest that we went home and started talking about if we would go back that evening. The children all said, "Yes, we want to go back. This is our church!" There was no more discussion about it. That was that. Hillcrest Christian Church became our new church, and the children and I began to go there regularly. At that time, Hillcrest was meeting in a building right next to the fire department in Northridge. It was on the west

side of Balboa just south of Devonshire, across from the Sav-on shopping center.

I said, “The children and I began to go there regularly,” because Chuck was not going there with us. Instead, he had been called on to preach for different churches in other areas from time to time. He preached first at the Lennox Church of Christ in Lennox from 1964 to 1965, and then at West Lynwood Church of Christ from 1967 to 1972. Those churches were too far away for our kids to participate in their youth activities, so we elected to continue on at Hillcrest and let them get in on youth activities there.

The kids and I loved going to church at Hillcrest. They soon moved their church to an old building located at Rinaldi and Shoshone up in Granada Hills, about two

miles away. There were actually two older buildings on that property at first, and the youth met in them while the adults met in the auditorium of an elementary school across the street on Rinaldi. Later, a huge new sanctuary and administration facility with classrooms and offices was built on that corner.

Chuck's life consisted of commuting back and forth to his churches while also taking classes at UCLA in the field of Linguistics. He came home in the evenings as we all did. Meanwhile, I was teaching fifth grade in the Newhall School District. All was well with the world. We had gotten into a comfortably smooth routine, which, you might have guessed, would not last long. It was Chuck's work in the field of linguistics that propelled us to make a rather drastic change in our life's trajectory.

In the year of 1965-66, our family went to the Philippines on a Ford Foundation Grant. Chuck worked at the Philippine Normal College with another student from UCLA teaching Linguistics to Filipinos. While there, he received his Master's degree from UCLA in absentia. He worked on his doctorate degree in Linguistics and started gathering data for his doctoral dissertation on a Philippine language named Kapampangan. He would continue working on it with stateside Filipinos after he returned home.

The Ford Foundation paid for our trip to the Philippines, but it didn't pay for the schooling of our children while there. So, I got a job working for the United States Embassy in the IRS. I was paid enough to send the children to the American School

near the gated community where we lived in Makati, a district of Manila. Other activities the boys got into were Boy Scouts and Little League. Every day, all four kids would cram into one of the tiny little taxi cabs and ride to and from school, hopefully not causing the driver too much pain and suffering with their antics.

The Ford Foundation grant paid for one and a half stipends for our whole family, which was not enough, so eventually, they raised it to two and a half stipends. This, with my salary at the Embassy, helped make it possible for us to live there and for the children to go to school. San Lorenzo Village was a beautiful place to live and we had a full time house-girl, a cook, as well as a yard-boy. But we couldn't live there for more than the one year the grant allowed, and the year quickly came to an end.

The time came for the family, (excluding Chuck) to go back to the States. We had 30 days in which to make the trip. So, we set our travel plans to visit missionaries in the Far East on the way home. Our first stop was in Hong Kong where we spent 4-5 days visiting the Reeses and sightseeing. We stayed in a nice hotel downtown, on the 14th floor, where the boys dropped mothballs on the roofs of passing cars and buses. One day, while out on the town, we met a young navy man. He was out there on his own, so we invited him to have lunch with us. Then we spent the rest of the day seeing Hong Kong. It made him very happy to have a family experience in a foreign port, and we all enjoyed it, too.

Then we were on to Taipei, Taiwan for a visit to Isabel Dittmore, long time

missionary to South East Asia, for a couple of days, Next was Okinawa. I remember the concrete turtles on the hillsides. I couldn't figure out what they were for. It turned out they were burial markers for the indigenous people. The Boultons, Claire and Donna, were our hosts for several days of rain. They had five or six kids of their own, and we all had a blast playing board games, doing jigsaw puzzles, and just enjoying each others' company. And there were several days without rain. On those days, we traveled around visiting ancient ruins and discovering other exciting places on the island of Okinawa.

After Okinawa, we went to the main island of Japan, Honshu. We stayed in Tokyo for about a week with Julius and Virginia Fleenor, in their home. We saw the Ginza area downtown and marveled at the

Pachinko machines, a Japanese gambling device like a pinball machine. It seemed like there were Japanese people everywhere. One day, we were on top of the Tokyo Tower, the tallest structure in Japan at that time, taller than the Eiffel Tower. From the observation deck, we surveyed all of Tokyo, taking lots of pictures. On the train going home, I realized I had left my camera on the observation deck. I grabbed the kids and scurried back to the Tokyo Tower, praying that the camera was still there. I felt like I was in a crisis situation. I absolutely could not lose that camera. Low and behold, a Good Samaritan had turned the camera in to the lost and found. This was one of the high points of my time in Japan, and I came away from that experience believing the Japanese people are very honest.

The Fleenors kept telling us about a property which had been donated to their mission in a place called Karuizawa. They insisted we spend a few days there as it was so beautiful, so we took the Bullet Train (at that time the fastest commercial train in the world) up to the resort town. It was just as beautiful as they said, and at the house there, we all slept on tatami mats, mats made of Japanese rush grass. There was a very quaint old cemetery the kids just loved, and we also went to a public bath site where we took a very hot bath and then jumped into a pool of ice cold water. It was very Japanese. We were so glad we all went there. After that adventure, it was time for us to go home to California.

It was June 30, 1966, when we finally made it back to the States safe and sound. At Hillcrest Christian Church, I was soon made the missionary chairman. The missions

committee decided to have a Missionary Fair at Hillcrest, to which we would invite several missionaries to speak and to set up their displays. I cannot remember everything that happened at that fair, but I do remember we had much prayer about it ahead of time, and got all our affiliated churches in the Valley involved. We had regular meetings of the Missions Chairmen from each of these churches in order to get their input and to make plans for what we would do. They got their members to come and participate, and they helped in the special missionary dinner we had. Some folks set up displays for missionaries from their churches that weren't able to be present. It was one of the largest affairs that our brotherhood had ever held in the Valley. In fact, everyone was excited about it, and we praised the Lord for His blessings.

It started Friday night and ended Sunday morning. The first night turned out to be well attended, but the next morning, when there were only a few people in attendance, I was quite discouraged. Woodrow Phillips was the main speaker that morning and he said, “Don’t be discouraged! The Lord will bring those He wants to be here.” That thought had not occurred to me, but of course, it was true. He was in control, so no matter who came, I was encouraged, and the Lord blessed us. The rest of the fair was well attended and widely considered to be a success. Over the years, we had some good youth ministers at Hillcrest.

They were Larry Bailey, Larry Niemeyer, Don Olsby, Jon Arenson and maybe others I can’t remember. They kept the youth involved and happy by organizing clean and sober activities to keep them busy with each

other instead of with drugs and alcohol. There was also a good Boy Scout group that our sons got involved in, and they went on various scouting trips. Walt Bennett was the man who directed this. We had some excellent Vacation Bible Schools, too, and the whole church was involved in those. The fellowship times were delightful.

In February of 1971, a big earthquake hit the Valley damaging the Van Norman Dam and many roads and highways in the northern San Fernando Valley. It was feared the dam could break and cause flooding at any time, so a large area of the north valley was evacuated by the police. We had to leave our home, which was below the dam, taking the most important belongings with us in case we were unable to return. It was easy to decide what we needed to take with us at that time. Chuck's dissertation took

precedence. We couldn't take a chance it would be ruined in a flood, because he had been working on it for over five years. We evacuated to Hillcrest Christian Church, which was one of the emergency evacuation centers sponsored by the county. He continued working on his dissertation all the time we were there, which turned out to be five days.

One lady in particular kept things going in the kitchen for those who had to go to the church to live during those days. Her name was Mary Cronkwright. She was on the job to help supply food for those in need. She kept coffee on at all hours. Mary's main thinking was, "What shall we serve for the next meal?"

In the parking lot, the city put in some portable rest rooms that anyone could use.

By the end of five days, enough water had been drained from the dam that the flooding danger was past, and we were free to go home.

When we got back into our home again, the road over the mountains to Newhall wasn't ready for use yet, so it was a while before I could go back to teach in Newhall. In fact, it was many months before the freeways were open, but they were able to open secondary roads sooner, so I eventually got to go back to teach.

One Sunday morning, during the time that Jon Arenson was the youth minister at Hillcrest, his new wife, Dixie Schaefer Arenson, disappeared before the service. No one ever really knew where she went or what happened to her. Her parents, who were missionaries in Nairobi, Africa,

returned to make an investigation. This was indeed a terrible time for their family and the whole congregation. Many people tried to locate her, but no one ever came up with an answer as to what happened to her.

Over the years, we had several ministers: Murray Postles, T. Lloyd Cummings, Vernon Rodgers, Ted Hurlburt, Tom Moll, Ron Carter and then Dudley Rutherford. We went to church there up through the time of Vernon Rodgers, and on furloughs after that from time to time during the ministries of Ted Hurlburt, Tom Moll, Ron Carter and Dudley Rutherford.

In the early 1970s, the US Army was drafting 18 year old boys using a lottery system. A boy's number was picked according to his birth date. Ron's number was 41. So, he knew he was going to go the

next year. Instead, he chose to enlist for the draft in December, 1971, so he would spend only one Christmas away from home. It was a 2 year commitment. Besides three training stations in the States, Ron went to Korea for 13 months. He trained to work with dogs in Lackland AFB in Texas, coming in first in his class. He dearly loved this, but when he got to Korea, they let only the Koreans work with the dogs, and he didn't get one. He got out of the army on September 24, 1973, an anniversary he celebrates every year.

Our time as a normal happy nuclear, American family was coming to an end, as was our time in the San Fernando Valley. The kids had all moved out to various schools or other places, and Chuck and I were getting ready to go on our next adventure.

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Chapter 19: Our Plans for the Future

For years, Chuck and I had been following a plan for our lives, which we thought was a good plan that would succeed. But as they say, “If you want to hear God laugh, tell Him your plans.” Thus, it was while we were living in the Valley that we finally found out the real reason why Chuck had put so many years into going back to school to get his master’s and doctoral degrees in Linguistics.

It had been our plan that Chuck should get a doctoral degree so that he could go back to teaching in a Bible college and be able to help the college get better accreditation. Wherever we went, we spoke to people connected with our Bible colleges about the

possibility of him coming to teach there when he got his doctoral degree. He outlined his program to these people, usually the academic dean or the chairman of the missions department, and they would say, “That sounds great. Let us know when you finish.”

Well, Chuck finally graduated summa cum laude from UCLA with his doctorate in Linguistics on June 16, 1971. However, when he contacted the Bible colleges to whom he had previously spoken, each one said, “Although what you have sounds good, we just can’t afford it,” meaning, they could not take him on as a professor. We could understand why they said this because if a person has a doctorate, it is understood that he should be paid more. The fact that he would be teaching linguistics, not a very popular subject, would make his class sizes

too small for them to afford what they thought he would be asking in salary. If he had a large class load, then the school might be able to afford it, but with fewer in the classroom who would be taking his classes, they couldn't afford it. When the last school he had really wanted to go to turned him down, he was stunned. If he had been hit in the stomach with a baseball bat, it couldn't have hurt him any more than that. Now what should we do?

From somewhere we got the idea we should go and do it ourselves. We should go to a foreign field and do a Bible translation. So that year, when it neared Christmas, we put out our regular Christmas letter with the usual statement about each of our children and also that we now planned on going to the mission field to do a Bible translation.

We didn't ask for support because we wanted the Lord to lead us, and although we didn't feel it would be wrong to ask for support, we just didn't want to at that time. However, when people got our letters, they started to send us gifts of five or ten dollars, or sometimes more than that. One church, University Christian Church, had us come in to talk to their missions committee. They told us one of the missionaries they had been supporting was going to be returning to the States permanently, and they wanted to know if we would like to receive the amount they had been giving to her. Wow! We were thrilled. We felt the Lord was definitely leading us to go to the field. Of course, we took them up on it and were very pleased they deemed us worthy.

In 1972, I turned in my resignation to Newhall School District, and that summer I

went to school at Wycliffe Bible Translator's Summer Institute of Linguistics at University of North Dakota in Grand Forks, to take a beginning course in linguistics and Bible translation work. Up till then, I had no linguistics background at all, so this helped me to understand what I would be doing as Chuck's helper in Bible translation. We still were not sure where we would be going at that time, though the Philippines was in our minds. After all, Chuck had done his dissertation on one of their languages, and he understood how Philippine languages worked, so it seemed right that we should go there.

With the help of Brother Harold DeBar, a member of University Christian Church, we set up an organization called Scripture Translation for Every People, Inc. (STEP) which would be the organization that would

send us to the Philippines, and which we would work through while there. It was set up so the people who shared with us financially in the work of Bible translation would have their gifts to our mission be tax deductible. Harold DeBar was the first chairman of our board of directors, and the Articles of Incorporation provide for fifteen directors. We had a Vice Chairman, Chuck Manahl; and Betty Casebeer, Chuck's sister, became the first Secretary/Treasurer of the organization. She continued in that status until January 2012. We selected the directors from some of the churches that were supporting us and from our friends who were interested in the work we would be doing. Mainly they were people who came from University Christian Church, but eventually, there were others who came from Hillcrest Christian Church and other places.

From the very beginning, the two main churches behind us in this venture were University Christian Church and Hillcrest Christian Church. We have appreciated their backing ever since. When Hillcrest Christian Church merged with Shepherd of the Hills Church in Porter Ranch, they kept us on as their missionaries, even enlarging their contribution until it became the largest contributing congregation to our mission.

We didn't want to have anyone take care of our house while we were gone because that would be too much of a burden for somebody. None of our children would be able to take care of it for us, so we put it up for sale. So one thing we decided was we would need to sell our Rich Allen, John Baker, Lance Haliday, Paul Hunter, Dave English house on Lassen Street. We put this

up as a fleece before the Lord, in the tradition of Gideon (Judges 6:36-40), so we would know His will about our going to the mission field. If we could sell our house, then we would know His will, and it sold almost immediately. In future years, we often put out the fleece to determine the Lord's will for our lives.



Ray & Mary Cronkwright, Carol Inglehart, Betty Casebeer, Gail & John Ruhlen Mickey & Chuck Richards — Our STEP Board

We knew our children would be taken care of. Nancy was going to Cal State University

at Northridge (CSUN) majoring in Anthropology. Ron was in the Army serving in Korea, Ken was going to SJBC in San Jose, California, and Merilee went there, too. Nancy found an apartment in the Valley so she could commute to CSUN easily. She was also working in a clothing store called The Gap. She had a little car she was using. We gave her some of our furniture so she could get set up there. Ron was already in the Army, so he had his place wherever he went, and with Ken going to San Jose, we gave him some of our furniture to use where he was staying. He had his motorcycle to use as transportation. With Merilee going to San Jose Bible College, and living near the school, she didn't need any transportation immediately, but when we left for the Philippines in 1974, she went down with us to the ship in San Francisco and claimed our car, a blue Chevrolet 4-door sedan. This was

Ken and Merilee's second year at San Jose. One year, Nancy had also gone there, and she and Merilee had been roommates with others in a private residence near the college.

With the children all set, and the house sold, and our other affairs all in order, we were now ready for the next step in our plan.

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Chapter 20: Jungle Training Camp

Since we didn't know where we would end up going, I thought we should have some experience in getting along in a primitive area. While in North Dakota at the SIL Translators' School, I had heard a lot of people talking about a camp in Mexico that

provided the experience I thought we needed. So I wanted to go to Jungle Training Camp which Wycliffe Bible Translators maintained in Chiapas, Mexico for their missionaries- in-training. Reluctantly, Chuck agreed to this.

We decided we would check the Lord's will about going there by contacting Wycliffe Bible Translators to see if they would allow us in. They told us it was not their policy to allow non-Wycliffe people to go to their Jungle Training Camp (JTC). We would need a request from one of their field directors asking to let us go to the camp. In foreign countries, Wycliffe was known as Summer Institute of Linguistics (SIL). Since we had been in the Philippines in 1965-66, and had gotten acquainted with Morrie Cottle, the director of the Philippines SIL, we wrote to him for that request. It wasn't

long before we got a letter from Wycliffe acknowledging Morrie Cottle's letter and allowing us to go to their JTC. This was the answer we were hoping for.

We started preparing in earnest for the Camp, getting the necessary equipment together and ready to go. I got boots from Mary Cronkwright, since I'd learned on our honeymoon that tennis shoes were no good for the hiking we would be doing at jungle camp. Our wonderful children gave us a perfect set of pots and pans that fitted inside each other nicely, and we still have those pots and pans to this day. Everything we needed to take had to fit into our JTC duffel bags, as that was all we could take to Mexico with us. While all this was happening, we were between places to stay. We'd sold our house and were staying with Carrol and Lorraine Miller from University

Church in the interim. They said we could stay as long as we needed to.

We had been hoping to get in on an early session of the JTC. But in the school-year setup adhered to by the Camp, there were only 4 sessions a year and all but the last one were full, so the earliest available Camp wasn't until late February 1973. According to our schedule, this was too late, but we decided to wait upon the Lord for His perfect timing.

When it was coming down to the end of the second camp in Mexico, we got a call from the camp manager saying two people had dropped out of the third session which started in January of 1973. No one from the fourth session was able to make the switch to the third session, so they had two spaces available for that session. Would we want to

be included? “Of course, we would!” Chuck answered him, “We have been waiting for your call.”

We had planned on going to that session, and the Lord made everything work out that way, so we were all ready to go when the time came. On January first, 1973, we were at Dallas, Texas, at a brand new building which served as the orientation place and dormitory for new students going to Mexico to JTC. It was at Wycliffe’s facility at University of Texas in Arlington. It was a beautiful place to start out our training. For two weeks we stayed there getting orientation for the program. Then we took a bus to go down to Mexico City to the compound Wycliffe had for its members, though while there, we stayed in a hotel downtown with the other members of our jungle camp session, about forty people.

We stayed two weeks getting oriented to Mexico, taking trips to various places of interest in and around Mexico City. Then we took our two duffle bags and got into a bus that took us down to Chiapas, Mexico, our final destination. When we got there, we were taken to a small airport where we were flown to our camp by a small Courier plane. A Missionary Aviation Fellowship pilot was flying this plane to our destination, a place called Yachoquintala. (Yah-show-kin-ta-la) There were three different bases at jungle camp—the first was Main Base, the second was Advanced Base, and the third was Village Living. At Main Base, we lived in little mud huts with screens on the windows, and we went to classes in larger buildings made of native materials. We had a large building for the dining room and kitchen where we ate our meals and took turns doing

the cooking and cleaning up afterward. We had a list of different foods that we needed to learn how to prepare while we were there. On an adjacent list were tasks we needed to do in the kitchen so we could learn how to do everything we would need to know when working in a primitive area by ourselves. For example, we had to help kill a chicken. We also had to participate in killing a cow and removing the innards, removing the skin and cutting up the meat into different kinds of cuts.

We worked in teams of 6 or 8, doing things together as a team. We even prepared the menus for the meals as a team and cooked and served those meals as a team.

Every day we had classes, one of them being a class to teach us the Tzeltal language. Every day we also went on a hike to the

homes around us where Tzeltal Indians lived. Each day we would go a bit further so our muscles got stronger and we got around better. Eventually, we went on a two day hike, and later, a three day hike. Everywhere we went, we used the Tzeltal language to talk to people we met along the way. We wore backpacks that had several things in them, and packed up other things like our sleeping equipment and pots and pans for cooking, and put them on mules.

There were a couple of mules available to use for riding, and on the longer trips, different ones of us took turns riding them. However, this was quite a feat, too. Not being used to sitting on a mule, I soon got a very sore seat. I tried to stand up in the stirrups to take my weight off of my buttocks, but my feet became sore, too, and when I got off of the mule, I hurt all over

and could hardly walk. Towards the end of our trip, I had been riding on the mule for several hours. When I got down, it was all I could do to finish the walk back to main base, which was not very far at all.

We had jungle hammocks to use when we stayed overnight on these trips. These consisted of hammocks that had mosquito screens on them that had to be unzipped in order to get inside and zipped back up after we were in. We had to learn how to put them up, and pack them away afterward.

On an overnight trip one time, we stayed in the home of a family in a village we visited. We had dinner with the Tzeltals that lived there. We brought some of our own food to be added to our meal with them. With those ingredients, we made a cake using their pan over their fire, and it turned out well. After

singing songs and talking with the people, we were shown our sleeping quarters. Behind the house was a wooden building of ill-fitting boards, and it was there we slept.

Our bed was a set of wooden boards set up on saw horses. We wore our clothes to bed that night, the same clothes we had worn during the day. We had brought our own blankets to put over us, but nothing to put under us, and it was extremely uncomfortable trying to get to sleep. Also, we could hear their hogs outside the building making grunting noises most of the night. Fleas were rampant, and they got inside of our pants and made us miserable. We had mosquito repellent to ward off mosquitoes, but we didn't have anything for the fleas.

The next day, after visiting some of the other people in the village, we started our trek home. We had brought food along for the trip coming and going, among which was a large can of salmon which was just delicious. What a treat that was, to be able to sit down and have our lunch on the way home. It tasted so good.

This overnight trip completed the main base portion of the camp. It had been five weeks.

Advanced Base was on a fairly good-sized lake. Another lady, Iris Piepgrass, and I were sick that day, so the camp manager told us we could fly to Advanced Base with the ladies who had small children. (Did I forget to mention there were small children at the camp?) The others had to hike overnight to Advanced Base, and they arrived the next day. At Advanced Base,

each team had its own area in which to build a house to live. The house was called a “champa.” The materials were all there, and we were shown how to put them together to build the house and put a big plastic tarp over it to give us the privacy we needed. We built our own bed, chairs, tables, stove, and places to put our kitchen equipment, food, clothing, and whatever else we needed to store. We even built a toilet facility that was several feet from the house itself. It was just a hole in the ground with a seat made of branches of trees cut to just the right size. We put a piece of plastic around it for privacy. We had air mattresses to put on our bed so we didn’t have to get used to hard wood beds like the one we had stayed on overnight on our previous trip.

We had brought small cloth bags in which to put food and kitchen utensils, so we could

hang them from pegs or branches. These held them up and out of the way of critters that might otherwise get into them.

Occasionally, we were able to buy food from Tzeltals who brought food in to a small temporary market near the main meeting place. If we wanted a chicken, we could buy one there, and we were given a certain amount of meat out of the stores of the camp which we were to put into our pressure cooker to keep preserved for the time we were there, which would be about five weeks. We had already purchased certain other canned items that we wanted from Main Base before coming to this base.

At this Base, we had more classes. Perhaps most important were those that taught us safe and useful methods of survival in the jungle. One of the main things we were to learn was how to get along on a survival

hike. The timing of the survival hike was to be a surprise, thus replicating a possible emergency situation we might someday have to face in real life. Everywhere we went, we wore our backpacks because we never knew when we would have to go on the survival hike. The men ended up going first, and it was interesting to hear their stories about it afterward, like the guy who was eating slugs. Later we ladies had ours.

Actually, it was quite a lot of fun and a good experience. I didn't worry about not having much to eat because I had already learned how to fast for several days in a row when we were still ministering at University Christian Church. We took fish hooks and line, etc. with us, carrying it in our backpack, plus rope to tie around trees and branches that we would use in making our beds at night. We knew how to make our

fires, cutting down small trees to use for that and how to put them together to stay on fire all night by the side of our beds. When we got to the place where we were to stay overnight, we had to go off by ourselves to put up our own beds, each to make her own for her own use.

We were not to talk to anyone during this time, and if we wanted something to eat, we had to get it the best way we knew, eating things that were in the area that were edible and steering away from poisonous plants, etc. When I was lying in my bed after having prepared it and having my fire going nicely at my side, I began to sing songs. Of course, other girls around me could hear, and this was my way of letting them know they weren't really alone. The Lord was with us and would help us whatever happened that night. (I was the oldest one at

Jungle Training Camp, even the camp managers and workers were younger than I was.) Everyone seemed to look up to me, because they knew that if I could do it, they could do it, too, whatever it was we had to do. The third part of camp was called Village Living. In this part, which lasted five weeks, each family group went to a Tzeltal village and lived there with no other white Americans. We had to plan ahead on what we would eat, and buy and take our canned goods and staples from the Main Base camp. We purchased other food like eggs, corn and chickens or whatever else we could get at the village where we lived.

Chuck and I went to a village called Abeyanal, (Ah-bay-un-all), a fairly large community. They had a little Catholic church which was just across a basketball court from the teacher's house and the

community hall. Since we went there to be teachers for the children, teaching them how to read and write in their own language, the teacher's house was our house, and we used the community hall as our school. We also taught them arithmetic and other things.

We had a small house as our sleeping house and a place we had visitors. It was built of dried tree branches covered with mud, and after the mud dried hard, it was painted white. It had two small rooms, one as the bedroom, and the other as the visitor's room. Then right next door was another small house which was the kitchen. There was a small place for a stove plus a table, and I think there was a space for dishes and storage of pots and pans. There was a fireplace, too, and over the fireplace was a place to lay food one would want to dry. For instance, we got meat one day and cut it into

small pieces, then strung it up over that fireplace so it could dry out. The only problem was that instead of drying out, it got bugs in it and we had to throw it away. Like any other teaching job, we had school five days a week.

When our teaching was over for the day, we could go and visit people in the community. We also had projects to do while there. My project was to investigate what the children did for fun and what they did for work. This kept me busy in my spare time, and I took pictures of the children in their various activities so I could document my findings when I gave my report to the camp manager.

I was also getting information to take home and use in presenting to Vacation Bible Schools when telling about our time in JTC. We made reports on other things the people

did, like how they planted corn and how they prepared it. Also, they raised sugar cane, so we recorded how they processed it from cane to molasses to solid brown sugar. Everything we did was done so we could teach about it later and tell how the Tzeltals lived their lives. We also kept records of some of their religious beliefs, traditions, and ceremonies, most of which were displays of Catholicism mixed with indigenous rites and customs.

Every week we took a day off for a holiday. We hiked down to the river that was quite far away. A tributary stream emerged from a medium sized cave and flowed into the river. It had clean cold water that was drinkable and delicious. This was a good place to have prayer and Bible study. Since the village people did not come to this area, we had it all to ourselves. This was a very

special day for us. We went swimming at the mouth of the cave. The water came out quite cold from the cave, but it warmed up as it got into the larger part of the river. I wore a special dress that would dry out quickly. At jungle camp, we missionary ladies always wore pants. We wore dresses, too, but we always had to have long pants on under our dresses. When I went swimming, I removed my long pants and just wore my dress. I almost felt naked in that getup. If any of the natives had seen me go swimming, I'm sure they would have loved to see the white skin of my legs, and probably they would have talked about it for a long time to come.

We were taken to Abeyanal by the same small plane that took us into Main Base when we went there, and when it was time to go out again, the same plane returned to

pick us up. When we went in in the first place, the couple that was supposed to have been there before us for the previous session was to have been flown out because we were there to replace them. But for some reason, the wife of the couple had already been taken out, so we only got to meet the husband and talk to him for a short while before we went to our village. It happened that he was the one who told us about the cave and good swimming place, and he told us that the reason the people didn't go to that cave was because they thought there was a mountain lion or wild animal that lived in the cave, and it was bad luck to go there. Of course, all we ever saw there were bats, and they were afraid of us.

Later on, when we went to the Philippines, we were to have many workshops and fine days working with this same couple. Several

of the people who were in our jungle training camp, in fact, were geared to go to the Philippines, so we were able to have some wonderful experiences with them early on in our missionary days.

After we were out of Jungle Training Camp in June of 1973, we spent time visiting churches and telling about our experiences at jungle camp and what we planned to do in the Philippines when we went there as missionaries. We rented an apartment in Inglewood near Centinela Avenue. This was near to the Miller's house where we had stayed before going to jungle camp, and in the vicinity of University Christian Church. In fact, when Nancy was planning to get married to Tom Boutwell, we had her stay at our apartment, and Tom stayed with us, too. It was good to have three bedrooms so we could accommodate them. Also, it was nice

to be there when they got married so we could participate in that. They got married in University Christian Church and Chuck officiated at their wedding.

Time went so fast those last few months before we left for the Philippines that we do not remember much about it. We were still preparing, though, for our trip and trying to make sure we didn't forget anything important. People were just wonderful to us all along the way, and we loved it. How exciting to look forward to going to the mission field in a few short months. This was something I had looked forward to doing for such a long time, and now it was becoming a reality.

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Chapter 21: Preparations for our Trip to the Philippines

Down through the years, many missionaries who went overseas took ships instead of planes. When we learned that fact, we decided to go by ship. Here's why. When we had gone there in 1965-66, we had gone by plane because we had the children with us, and we each had our own baggage, which worked out well for the trip. However, this time we would be taking much more weight per person, and on the ship, that would be allowed, plus the price for the tickets was about the same. Thus, our decision to go by ship!

We decided to put everything into 55-gallon drums, because this would be the most secure way to go, and we could pack all we wanted into them. We even had enough

weight allowance to take a couple of these barrels for one of the missionaries who was already in the Philippines, Ann Tolliver, who lived in Aparri.

Missionaries would take their cargo to the Home of Peace in Oakland, a certain place across the bay from San Francisco, where it would be stored until all of their cargo was together. We investigated the Home of Peace, but didn't use it. We took our things in six drums along with two drums of Ann Tolliver's, to the port of Los Angeles in San Pedro, and they were loaded on the ship there. Later we boarded the same ship in San Francisco.

I don't remember much about the packing, but one thing I do remember was packing our Noritake China my mother had given to us for our wedding gift. It had been made in

Occupied Japan, and was something that was very special to us. We also decided to take our best glassware that Lynwood Church of Christ had given to us as a goingaway gift. Perhaps you wonder why we were taking our best China and glassware with us to the Philippines. Well, here's how that came about.

When we were still living in the house on Lassen Street, we had some very auspicious guests one night. They were Dennis and Lorrita McKinney who were missionaries to the Philippines. They had been on the mission field for one term, and they were able to give us some exceptional advice on what to take with us. One thing they said was that it got very tiresome eating on just run-of-the-mill dishes. It was almost like they were on a picnic all of the time, and this got very tiring. So Lorrita said we

should very definitely take over our very best China and anything else that would make our little house in the Philippines as nice as possible.

She said, "Take your best dishes as well as take your pictures for your walls that you really like. Have pictures of your family, and put them up just like you would in your house in the States. Take your best pots and pans and kitchen equipment. Take your nicest sheets and pillow cases, towels and things for the bedroom and bathroom. You are not going over there to have a picnic. This is going to be your home, and you should make it the nicest it can be so you will feel right at home there."

In fact, when it came to the kind of mattress we would use there, we had already learned from Harry and Lily Schaefer to buy the

very best mattress we could find in the Philippines, and have our bed be at least queen size because after we would have worked many hard hours in one day, we would need to be able to get the best sleep possible. There would be no point in skimping on that.

They also said, “Get the largest refrigerator you can find, and have whatever pieces of equipment you want to have—like a good waffle iron, pressure cooker and good stove for the kitchen.” Some of these things we wouldn't have to buy ahead of time to ship over; we could get them over there.

However, many things they might not have, and we should take with us. For instance, we would want to do canning of various fruits and vegetables, so we should take our canning equipment which meant the large pressure cooker (for seven quarts) and all of

the jars plus the jar lids that we would need. We put out a special plea to friends and churches to help us to find quart canning jars, and we were able to find many in strange places. People in the States hadn't been canning for many years, so we found some jars under houses where they were very dirty. We got them, however, and put them into a big tub to wash, and when we finally had them ready to pack, we put all kinds of things into them in order to use the space in the best way possible.

Almost no stores had canning lids, though. We were almost to the point where we were thinking we would have to go without any at all. However, when we got to a church in Central California and just happened to mention that we would need canning lids, the preacher's wife said there was a new store in town that might have some. Sure

enough, we went to the grocery store there, and here was a brand new supply of canning lids they hadn't begun to sell yet. It was not the season for canning, and although this was an area where people did a lot of canning, no one had bought them for the season, so we could get all we would hope to need. It was just like the Lord had that store built new just so we could get those canning lids.

We were really thankful to Lily Schaefer for helping us when we packed the barrels one day. She knew exactly how to do it so the maximum space was used, and everything was packed nice and tight so none of our fine Chinaware would be broken. We wrapped everything in newspaper and then packed it very closely to fit just exactly, and there was no space for breakage at all. No matter how the barrels would be moved

around, the contents inside would be in good condition when we got to our destination. To this day, we still have some of our barrels in which we keep things we don't want to use now but we want to be secure from creatures of any kind.

Lorrita McKinney had also told me to take along projects to do. "In the long hours of the evenings, when there isn't much else to do, you need to have projects that you can work on," she said. She and Dennis had several children, and some of them were still just babies when they went there. Since Dennis was frequently gone on trips to hold evangelistic meetings, and she was by herself with the children, after she had put them to bed, she had many hours and not much to do in them. Of course, our situation was quite different because we didn't have any small children with us, and we were

always busy with learning the language or doing other things that kept us busy at any hour of the day or night. Even though our situation was different, I took along projects.

I bought enough knitting and crochet thread to make an afghan for each one of our children plus one for Chuck. I bought all of the yarn for these plus a book from which each child could choose the afghan they wanted me to make for them plus the color of the yarn they wanted. Also, I got materials to do a bunch of embroidery projects for my kids. I bought pillow cases, enough so each could have a pair when they got married, plus a set of dish towels for each child. I got several sets of iron-on transfers for the pillow cases and for the dish towels, so I could have a good pattern to follow when embroidering the cute little pictures I thought they would appreciate. I

found pillows to make for each one, too, and a book to show how to do them and all the colors of the embroidery thread that would be needed. At this time, I still have one or two of those that I never had time to make.

It actually took about three years to make each afghan. I took 89 skeins of yarn for these projects. When the afghan got too big to carry on a trip, I would start another afghan or do one that had small parts to it so I could put it together when I got home at some other time. Therefore, I would be working on more than one at a time, but just at different times of my day.

We didn't have transportation of our own for many years after we got there, so we used public transportation. The public transportation was very unpredictable time-wise, so I always took something along with

me while waiting at bus depots or jeepney stops, etc. Many times it seemed that, as long as I sat there waiting and not doing anything, the vehicle never came, but as soon as I would get out one of my projects to work on, our ride would come.

We took books, too, because later on, we found that that was one of the easiest things to have handy to do while on the road, even if we were already on a vehicle that was moving. Many times we read our mail while waiting, and any magazines that would come. Even to this day I do that, and if I don't have any more books to read, I have a piece of flannel material that I can get out and start working on to make a blanket for some new baby. I crochet around it two times to make it the nicest I can get it.

You understand by now we were prepared to do many things when we got to the Philippines. Chuck was given jars of nails and screws of different sizes by Gordy Little, and he still uses things from these jars from time to time when he is working on different projects around the house. They came in handy at just the right times, and otherwise, he would have had a terrible time finding just the right screw or nail when he really needed it. He brought all of his tools, too, and used them on numerous occasions.

Well, getting back to my story, Chuck took these barrels to the Washington, States Line container ship that was docked at the Los Angeles Harbor at San Pedro before it went to San Francisco, where we got on the ship ourselves to go to the Philippines.

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Chapter 22: The Washington—States Line

Before we went to board the Washington at the port of San Francisco, I remember that we went to San Jose to see our son, Ken, and daughter, Merilee, who were going to SJBC. We went to the house where Ken was living near school, which also happened to be the home of one of the sons of Woodrow Phillips. We had left Ken some of our furniture from Lassen Street, so he had a few things to remember us by while he was living there. He had already brought our dining room table and set of chairs I always loved so much to that house. We were grateful that he could stay with the Phillips family because they were such good examples to the students. We really missed Ken, but he didn't really miss us all that much when we left the States to go to the

Philippines. He had already made the big leap of leaving home earlier in his life when he went away to Bible College, so he did not experience separation anxiety when we left the country.

We didn't get to be with Ken there because he was gone somewhere. We never did know where he was that day. But we did get to see Merilee, and she was only too happy to go with us to the ship to see us off. Also, she was the one who was going to take possession of our car, and it was vital that she come with us because until now, she didn't have any transportation.

It was also neat to have Woodrow and Marj Phillips meet us at the ship that afternoon! Besides being associated with SJBC, they had also been missionaries to Jamaica and were experienced in issues related to long

term isolation for couples. Thus, they had been able to help us when we needed them most, giving us new ideas about how to get along together in the Philippines. With our camera, we took a good picture of them, and we felt their love and prayers as they said goodbye to us.

Merilee went aboard ship with us so she could see our cabin and get an idea of what it would be like for us. We just talked a while in our stateroom and then the whistle blew and she had to disembark. That was a very hard thing for us. We had missed Ken and not gotten to see him at all in San Jose, and that was very hard for us, but now we were saying goodbye to our youngest daughter, Merilee, and we didn't know when we would be back to see her again.

It was on February 23rd, 1974 we left on the Washington, a States Line Steamship, from San Francisco Bay out through the Golden Gate. I don't know exactly when the ship started moving, but it wasn't long after Merilee left that we felt it moving. How exciting to realize we were finally on our way! We were both about in tears. Who knew what we were getting ourselves into? However, we knew we were doing the Lord's will in going to the Philippines, so we just trusted in Him. We were excited about the ship and we set about getting acquainted with our surroundings.

Thankfully, I had letters to write and had brought materials so I could do that. Being on the go so much at the end, we hadn't written to many folks, and since I am the one who writes in our family, it was my job to get a lot of letters written while we were

on the ship. We brought books and magazines to read, too, so were busy doing that eventually, but it wasn't right away because we did get seasick for a few days, and that wasn't a good feeling. It made us feel badly that we were missing all of the good food they said was served aboard such a ship. We kept up our routine of walking, though, when we felt better, by climbing up and down stairs and going around the decks. We didn't want to get out of condition while on ship.

This was a container ship, and the main things on board were the containers. There weren't too many passengers. The one thing I remember about the other passengers is they were interested in playing cards and gambling, but we had our time filled with letter-writing and reading, so that was okay with us. At the dinner table, we ate when the

captain ate, and the food was always absolutely delicious. We praised the Lord for giving us such a beautiful ship to be on and such a lovely ocean that was mostly calm and a real blessing to be on. We heard later that the trip before ours on the Washington suffered quite a storm, and so we were able to praise the Lord even more when we did not have to go through such difficulties.

On March 11, 1974, we finally got to the Philippines. We had to go through quarantine, immigration and customs, and did so in one and a half hours with no fees. It wasn't until three months later, though, that we finally were able to get our drums released to us, but at that time, they were released duty free with no storage fee and only a \$4.00 baggage fee. That was a real miracle.

We were met at the dock by Sid Boudreaux, and he had the van from the C&MA guest house (Christian and Missionary Alliance). We stayed there before heading up to Aparri. Aparri was the home of our sponsoring mission, the Philippine Mission Churches of Christ of Northern Luzon, and Sid and Marj Boudreaux were the only long time missionaries who were there at that time. Ann Tolliver was there, but her aunt and uncle, Charles and Roberta Selby, were home in the States on furlough. We had only our hand-carry luggage with us at that time.

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Chapter 23: Looking for Our New Home

Before we left Manila, we went to the home base of Summer Institute of Linguistics,

SIL, where we talked to the director who told us we probably should go up to the north to stay. We should try to find a language group to work with near our sponsoring mission, the Philippine Mission Churches of Christ of Northern Luzon, Incorporated, which was in Aparri.

We would want to keep in close touch with them. We went up with Sid Boudreaux to Aparri, and we stayed with Sid and Marj in their apartment near the Aparri Bible Seminary. They planned to go to the States on furlough in just one week, but they were available to help orient us to things in Aparri and to their apartment, which would be our home as long as we stayed there. The only other missionary there was Ann Tolliver, and she was a real blessing to us that first year especially. Our first week, we were busy getting acquainted with the lay of the

land in Aparri itself. We learned where to go to do our shopping for various things, fruits, vegetables, meat, groceries mainly, and to do whatever else they thought we would need to do. They had a man with whom they exchanged money from dollars into pesos, so we got acquainted with him early on, and it happened that it was in his grocery store that we shopped.

Our main job, of course, was to find a group of people who needed a Bible translated into their language. We had no idea how long this would take, or how difficult and trying certain parts of the adventure would be. We had been provided with a list of candidate languages. The plan was that we would visit an area in which each was spoken, armed with a list of Ilocano words, and compare the list to the equivalent words of the candidate language. If they were too close

linguistically, the language would be rejected as one not needing its own translation. If not too close, it would be considered as a possibility for translation.

The first geographical area for us to search was the Cagayan Valley because we were already right there. Aparri was located at the mouth of the Cagayan River, which flows north, draining much of northern Luzon's excess water into the Pacific Ocean. The Bible Seminary loaned us a jeep and driver, very helpful additions, and our driver was fluent in both Ibanag and Ilocano, two of the local languages. Thus, were we well equipped for our search.

The first group we visited was the Negritos, people who were small of stature and who had dark skin and very curly hair. They lived in several areas in and surrounding the

Cagayan Valley, and were very mobile. However, the nomadic lifestyle of the Negritos was a reason for not wanting to work with them as we were not physically or psychologically constituted to live as they do. They needed a younger and more adaptable team to do their translation. Besides that, they used Ilocano regularly.

We did a check of our wordlist at the home of one elderly man, who was the chief of his Negrito group in that area. While we were doing this, an old lady next to the chief kept trying to tell him not to tell Chuck his words which were their words for the Ilocano words he was giving him. We wondered what she was trying to tell him. Later, when we left there, our guide told us this lady thought if the old man told us his words, we would perform some incantation over them

so they would be removed from his mind and he would no longer have them.

Another group we visited was the Itawes. We were sent in that direction by some men we had met in Aparri, as that was their own language, and they wanted us to go work there. We had some interest in that area, but put it on the back burner due to other considerations. It is important to know that when I was a teacher working in Wiley Canyon School, a brand new school in Newhall School District, my room was set up so that if the temperature of the room fell below 68 degrees Fahrenheit, the heater would go on, and when the temperature rose above 72 degrees Fahrenheit, the air conditioner would go on. I was in that air-conditioned room constantly for all the six years I taught in that school, and my body was acclimated to it. We quickly found that

this was not the case in the northern Philippines. It was so hot in the Cagayan Valley, that we took a thermometer with us just to see what the temperature really was. We took the temperature about 1:00 PM every day, and it was always about 93 degrees. How could I ever live in that area? We visited several towns over a period of about two months, and everywhere we went, the weather was always hot. We thought we should attempt to go up to the mountains instead.

In the first two months, we had eliminated the Cagayan Valley as our new home. Besides, life in the lowlands is not particularly difficult, and we felt that we needed to go someplace where it was more primitive in order to justify the time and expense involved in going to Jungle Training Camp. Also, before we came, we

had told people in the US we were going to work with a mountain group. So we felt we should visit at least one or more such groups to see if that might be where we should live and work.

Travel to the mountain groups would be beyond the scope of our jeep and driver/translator. So from then on, we were on our own. We packed our bags and readied ourselves to go to the mountains of Abra, a province to the south and west of Cagayan. We had to go along the coast to go around a mountain range to get to the mountain people we were looking for. We were taken by some brethren from Aparri to a point where we crossed the Cagayan River and reached the bus terminal for bus lines going to Abra, our destination. We got on a bus and began our journey, yelling goodbye to those we left behind. Remember, we were

now on public transportation, so we were at the mercy of whatever vehicles were available in the area.

(One point needs clarification before we go any further. The designation of political entities in the Philippines can be confusing to Americans because the words they use mean something different to us. The Philippines is divided into cities and provinces, which are like states in the U.S. Strangely, cities are not considered as being in or part of the provinces that surround them. The provinces themselves are divided into municipalities or towns which are like counties. They in turn are divided into barrios, which are also called barangays, which are like towns in the US. In the provinces, the town name applies to the town as a whole and also to the place where the government building is, which is called

the town hall or the municipio, (like the county seat). The local group of houses is called the centro or the poblacion. There will likely be more than one barrio in a town. On a map, the centro is the location of the dot and the town name.)

Before long, we came to a bridge which looked like it was about ready to fall apart. We all got off the bus and walked to the other side, just in case it collapsed while the bus was crossing it. But that didn't happen, so when it got to the other side, we boarded it again. The area along the route was beautiful, the scenery was lovely, and the ocean to our right was absolutely gorgeous. The mountains to the left were scenic, too, and the weather was good, so we thought the Lord was smiling on us as we went. After going along the coast of the provinces of Ilocos Norte and Ilocos Sur, we headed east.

Eventually we got to Bangued, the capital of Abra which is an inland province of the Cordillera Mountains to the west of the Cagayan Valley. There was a hotel there which we made our home while we decided where to go next. The language spoken in Bangued was mainly Ilocano, the same spoken in the lowland area of Ilocos provinces. However, there were several other languages spoken further up in the mountains. We would have to go up there to go over the word list with them.

In June and July of 1974, we made several trips into rural areas of Abra, checking climate, living conditions, lifestyle, and getting word lists. There were several towns in the mountainous regions of Abra near Bangued, and we visited each one, noticing each town had its own language and/or dialect. After getting the word lists and

realizing the people in these areas were able to use Ilocano fairly easily, we decided they didn't need a translation of the Bible in their own languages. There was another town in Abra which was more remote, Tineg. We wanted to go there to see if they needed their own translation. To get to this town, we would have to take a bus and go a long distance into the mountains in addition to hiking at least two days in order to get there. However, we learned that there was a barrio of Tineg much closer to Bangued. Although there was no road going there, we could get there by hiking from Bangued. So, we hired a guide to go with us since we didn't know the way ourselves, and after taking a jeep to the beginning of the trail, we began our hike. (Remember, in 1974 this was a very remote area of the country, and may yet be so today.)

We were fit to do this because of our time in Jungle Camp in Mexico. After hiking most of the day, we reached a small barrio, which was across a river we had been walking beside most of the day. Our guide left us there, and it was time to cross the river. Since there was no bridge, we had to wade through the river. It was a little deep and there was a bit of a current. Also, Chuck doesn't know how to swim, but he was game to hold hands together and cross it anyhow. We got across, and were met by the folks in the barrio who were glad to see us. We told them who we were and why we had come to visit them. We asked if there was someone who would help us with our comparative word list. It took us into the evening to do that, and they were very hospitable, inviting us to stay all night. We were able to get the word list from them and to sing songs afterwards, and then we went

to bed. I can't remember what else happened that night, but the next day we were able to go back to Bangued. From what we had learned from the word list, it seemed obvious to us this group might need a Bible translation of its own.

We felt we needed to verify the word list to determine for sure whether the language would be a good candidate for its own translation. We decided we would have to make the three day journey to Tineg centro, Aagsimao, which we had previously heard about. It was at the municipal building in Bangued we learned how to get there, so we took a bus and started out. We had some baggage with us, which we put on top of the bus.

We got to Lagangilang, which was as far as the road was paved, and after that the road

was gravel or dirt. Our next stop was Bitwen, a small district along the road which was our point of departure from the road. At Bitwen there was a Reforestation Agency Station. We got off the bus and went into the station. After introducing ourselves to the men there, and telling them what we had in mind to do, we asked if we could leave our bags at their station, which was a secure place, and asked them for directions to Agsimao, the main barrio or Centro of Tineg. They gave us good directions, telling us we would go through the town of Lacub on the way, which was one mountain away from Bitwen. The next day we began our hike. Along the trail it began to rain, so we stopped at a house nearby. The people who lived there were very kind to let us come in and stay there that night. Although they didn't know English, and we didn't know their language, we were able to sign to them

and vice versa and answer questions they were trying to ask. We found out their names, and they found out ours and how many children we had, and many other things.

Then we told them, still by using signs, how we had gone to the other barrio and had to cross the river, etc. They laughed and laughed at Americanos who would attempt such a thing. After a simple meal, they sang some of their songs for us, and we sang some of our songs for them. Finally it was time to go to bed. Since the house was made of bamboo, and had a split bamboo floor, we slept on that on a mat, and they provided us with a blanket and pillow. We got along well.

There was no more rain in the morning, so we went our way. We needed no guide as

we had been told how to go, and we followed the trail. It led up a mountain and down into a valley. The trees were beautiful, and the trail wended its way in the shade, which was delightful. Eventually, we got to the town of Lacub, which they had told us we would have to go through to get to the town of Tineg. By that time, it was time to stop again, eat supper and stay overnight. Everywhere we went, people were very hospitable. We knew they fed us their best, and gave us good places to sleep. Of course, they had no beds like we have in the States, but they had clean places for us to stay, and they had a pillow for us and blankets. It got cold at night even though the afternoons were very hot.

The next day we continued our trip. About an hour out of the main part of Lacub, the trail went through a small barrio, also the

home of the Vice Mayor of Lacub. To get there, we needed a guide because the path led right along a very steep precipice above the river one could pass only by holding on to certain places and putting your feet in exactly the same spot the guide put his. That was a very scary place. After visiting with the Vice Mayor and his wife a little while, we went further along the trail to Tineg, two mountains farther up. We arrived at the Centro, Aagsimao, about 3 P.M. in the afternoon of Sunday, July 14, 1974. We went to the home of the mayor, Pedro Benwarem, the youngest mayor in all of the Philippines, they said. He was very hospitable. We made arrangements to go over our word list with them later that day.

While there, we were invited by the rural health lady to go to a bamboo hut where there was a sick child. On the front porch of

the hut there was a young deer that had been killed. We understood that when they opened up the deer's abdomen, what they found there would help them know what to do with the sick child. She took us inside where several people were sitting around on the floor. We were seated, and sat there while an elderly lady went through a lot of gyrations to call on the spirits. This included men playing on gongs while the lady got up and did a dance. The spirits were to tell her what to do to help the sick child get well. This was part of a ceremony, along with the killing of the deer and learning whatever they learned from that. We could not understand the language she used, but it sounded different from the one others of the family were speaking. I thought at that time this was an indication we surely should go there to do a Bible translation so they would realize they could call on the Lord instead of

the spirits of the enemy. We met the catechista, the Catholic priest's helper in that barrio, and she said these people needed to know Jesus Christ. They didn't know Him, and she was hoping we would come back to do the translation of the New Testament into their language.

We went over the word list that afternoon and came to the same conclusion we had come to when we went over the word list at the first barrio of Tineg. When Mayor Benwaren learned we might want to come to his town to translate the Bible into their language, he was very enthusiastic about the prospect. He helped us find a house we could rent (the home of Vice Mayor Rogelio Layugan), and he promised to have 100 men, if we needed that many, at the road at Bitwen to meet us to carry our cargo. With this assurance from the top man in the

municipality, we were confident the Lord was leading us and opening the door to this place. The conditions we saw there placed a real burden on our hearts for these people. We did not at that time have all of our goods with us. We had a few things, but no food items or other things we intended to go to Manila to purchase and take back with us. That night, we stayed overnight with the mayor of Tineg at Agsimao, and the next day we started back to Bitwen, where the Reforestation Agency was on the road. We stayed at the home of the Vice Mayor of Lacub on our way back because it was a two day trip to get back down.

In our minds, it was settled, Tineg was where we would go to do our translation.

Our choice was based on the following factors: Tineg was linguistically the most

distinct (i.e., least like Ilocano, so less likely the people would be able to use the Ilocano Bible unless they had learned Ilocano as a separate dialect); Tineg was geographically the most remote (i.e., less likely that in a few years the area would be filled with Ilocanos, with the result that the local dialect would be overwhelmed and there would be no more need for a separate translation); Tineg was culturally and religiously the most primitive (i.e., their mouths are red from chewing betel nut; they call on the spirits 'anitu' in time of sickness and other needs); and Tineg was economically the most deprived (i.e., clothing is ragged and inadequate, food variety is limited). The low population of the group, 2,000 by government census figures, which we have reason to suspect are quite low, was not a deterrent to our going there. Nor was the presence of the NPA, New

Peoples' Army, a Maoist, anti-government group, a deterrent.

We were so sure this was the place we were to go, we went from there to Manila, got our supplies for six months and got ready to return to Abra.

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Chapter 24: Our Second Trip to Abra, Part 1

When we returned to Manila, rejoicing in having found our tribe, we received word that our visa status had been upgraded from visitor to 9-G Pre-arranged Employment, exactly what we had been praying for. Quite a present for our July 19th 25th wedding anniversary! We celebrated by having dinner at a fancy restaurant which had a

floor show of Philippine folk dances. We appreciated all of those who had faithfully persevered in praying for this visa change as well as finding the tribe we would be working with.

A translation orientation workshop sponsored by SIL was next on the agenda. It was held at SIL's southern base at Nasuli, on Mindanao, the southern large island of the Philippines. There, experienced translators gave us and other new translators all kinds of helpful information to prepare us for going into a new tribe.

Following the workshop, with the information we had gained, we went back to Manila and bought groceries the first part of August. We expected to go to Tineg in a week or two. We considered the possibility that, because of the rains, we might not get

back out to civilization till February, so we bought enough groceries to last for six months, according to our estimation of needs. We shipped about 40 cartons to Marcopper Mining Company in Bangued, Abra where the American in charge had told us we could use their facilities. We went back up to Aparri to get things we needed to take with us to Abra. One thing we felt we needed to have in our home in Abra was a chest of drawers, so we had that made in Aparri. When that and all else was ready, it was Monday, August 26th, so we left Aparri with 26 pieces, including suitcases, footlocker, duffle bags, small hand bags, cartons, and the chest of drawers.

All went well until we came upon a terrible landslide at the northern tip of Luzon that made it impossible for the bus to get through. Was this something Satan had

caused to happen so we wouldn't be able to get to Abra? Or was it the Lord, trying to tell us not to go there? We decided to go ahead if there was a way. Eventually, we would learn the reason for this thing.

We got out of the bus to see what we should do about our cargo. Would it be possible to get it across the barrier? As we looked down the place where the landslide had gone, we could see the ocean quite a ways down below us. It would be scary to attempt to cross this area on foot, let alone to carry our luggage and all the stuff we had across it. However, although we had to pay an exorbitant price, P50/\$7.50, to have our cargo carried, we had it done. It was about onehalf mile, or maybe a little less, over the slide to a bus on the other side, a minibus, which also charged P50 to carry it the rest of the way to the town of Laoag in the province

of Ilocos Norte, the next main stop. The distance from Aparri to the landslide was about half the distance from Aparri to Laoag, and the first bus, a Philippine Rabbit, had charged about P10 to carry it the whole anticipated distance from Aparri to Laoag. Instead of P10, we ended up paying P110.

The road we went on to get to Laoag was the same we had taken before to go to Abra. It went around the perimeter of the northern edge of the island of Luzon. The ocean was on our right most of the time. I did not mention before that sometimes we would go inland and leave the ocean for a while and see beautiful mountains on every hand. The trees were lovely, and we marveled again at such lovely scenery.

When we reached the bus station in Laoag, Ilocos Norte, it was late in the evening, but

we decided to take another bus on to Bangued later that same night. Between waiting for that bus and the bus ride itself, the whole night was spent. The next day, we again had the ocean to our right most of the time, and finally came to the Abra River where there was a tall cliff on one side. The river was a deep blue-green color and very beautiful. The road went to the right as we crossed the tall bridge there, and a few miles later, we got to the road that went to Abra. Following that road finally brought us to the city of Bangued, the capital of Abra.

Bangued was not a very large town, but it was the largest town in Abra, and it was there the people went to get their groceries for carrying to their homes in the mountains. It was also there we would stay until we could meet with the mayor of Tineg and make arrangements to transport our stuff up

to the mountains. There was only one hotel we knew of, so we stayed there at first. It was on the main plaza of Bangued, the plaza being a park around which the main buildings and businesses of the town were set up. The Municipal building was at one end, as well as other government offices. A large Catholic church was at the other end of the park.

The hotel was not large, and the beds smelled quite musty. At night, music played loudly from a nearby disco, and it was hard to sleep unless we were really too tired to care. Somehow we became acquainted with the Marcopper Mining Company executives, and they invited us to come and stay at their office whenever there was room. The Marcopper complex was in a quieter area of Bangued and the bedding was nice and

fresh, so we took them up on it and appreciated their thoughtfulness.

We went to the municipal building to get a map of the province so we could know the lay of the land in Abra, and know where to go. We asked lots of questions regarding anything we wanted to do, and learned a wealth of information about the places we were to visit.

We had already been to Aagsimao, the poblacion of Tineg to investigate the place, and now we were coming back to actually live there, or at least make the attempt to get our cargo up there in order to live there. We had a house promised to us to live in when we got there, and planned that after living there during the rainy season, we would build our own home. We would even build an airstrip so we could have an SIL plane fly

us in and out so we wouldn't have to hike in and out every time.

The mayor of Tineg was in Bangued when we got there, so we met him and talked to him about going up to Aagsimao. We asked him how much it would cost per kilo to have our cargo carried from Bitwen to Aagsimao. Bitwen was the location of the Reforestation Agency station, where people get off the bus to hike to Tineg. The men there were especially kind and helpful, letting us use their warehouse to store our cargo and letting us use their beds to sleep in when we were there. The mayor said he did not know, but would go to Tineg, call a meeting of the men, discuss it with them, and arrive at a price that would be fair to all. Then each man could carry as much as he wanted to carry at that rate. The mayor himself had to

go to Manila on business, so the Vice Mayor carried the message to Tineg.

Chuck made a special trip to Manila to withdraw all the money we had in our bank accounts, mission and personal. We wanted to be sure we had the maximum amount of money available to finance the move. He left a few pesos in the accounts so they wouldn't be closed. A few days later when he returned, we bought a few more items in Bangued we thought we would need for housekeeping. That left about P1,000 when we started to move, which we felt would be enough.

On Monday, September 2, using the jeep of Mayor Benwaren and a trailer borrowed by his driver, we took most of our cargo to Bitwen, 44 kilometers east of Bangued. It was 19 kilometers of paved road to

Lagangilang, the last lowland town, then 25 kilometers into the mountains over a BAD road to Bitwen. A kilometer is 5/8 of a mile.

On this trip, in the mayor's jeep, the cover we had put over our cargo to keep it inside the trailer came loose, and seven cartons fell off. We didn't notice at the time. Probably they fell over the cliffs, because if they had fallen where there were no cliffs, we would have seen where they fell. The next day, the guys bringing the rest of our stuff found one of our missing cartons along side of the road. We never heard anything of the rest, and from time to time, we missed certain things, and we always thought these things must have been in the cartons that were lost at that time. When I said the road was BAD after Lagangilang, I mean it was VERY BAD. It was not paved but was a dirt road. On a later trip we made in the rainy season,

we rode in a military vehicle. The road was so muddy, the ruts so deep, even that truck got stuck. When that happened, we had to wait until a tractor came along and pulled us out.

On Monday morning before we left Bangued, we had an announcement put on the radio to the Vice Mayor saying we were going to Bitwen with our cargo. Because of the distances, inaccessibility, and lack of communications in most of Abra, the radio station made public service announcements for groups and individuals. In Bitwen we learned there is an established rate for carrying cargo from Bitwen to Lacub, the town about halfway to Tineg, of 30 centavos per kilo. A kilo is 2.2 lbs., so we figured that 50 centavos per kilo to Tineg would be fair, and 60 centavos per kilo would be generous. On Wednesday morning, two people

arrived, an old man and a boy. Through a translator we asked how much they wanted to carry.

The man, the spokesman, didn't know. We got out four cartons of different sizes. He selected one weighing 12 kilos (26 pounds) and offered to carry it for P20. We offered P6 (50 centavos per kilo), then P7. We told the translator to tell him his price was too high, and he knew it, and so did we. I don't know what he told him. The old man said no more but turned and left, and they went back to Tineg empty-handed. Chuck and I held a quick conference and concluded two things: 1) There had been a complete misunderstanding of the message the mayor sent to Aagsimao regarding the payment of cargo carriers. Our statement to the mayor, "They can carry as much as they want at the agreed rate," had gotten through to the

people as something like, “You can carry as much as you want and get as much as you want for it.” (Weeks later, another non-SIL translator, Chuck Alianza, suggested another explanation: That man never intended to carry cargo; he was only a contact man who had come to see what our best offer was.)

2) The old man would go back and tell everyone there was a misunderstanding that they couldn't get what they wanted, and no one else would come.

So we decided to return to Bangued and talk to Mayor Benwarem, who was due back from Manila that day. We got there, but he didn't. He arrived Friday morning. He had gotten sick in Manila, he thought with the flu, and was still not well. We decided to wait until he was stronger before talking with him.

Saturday afternoon a girl arrived from Bitwen and said fifteen men were waiting for us. We couldn't understand why they were there. (Chuck Alianza later told us it meant that they had accepted our offer and were willing to carry cargo at that rate.)

After we got back up to Bitwen, the translator between Chuck and the old man told Chuck that he had found out that the old man thought Chuck was offering P60 per carton. Chuck wondered who was responsible for that, seeing that he was the one who had translated for us.

Then we talked with the mayor, and he said that we must go to meet them. He would let us use his jeep and driver for the cost of the gas. It was then 5 P.M. and too late to go that day (almost nothing moves after dark). We went to the market and bought rice, vegetables, and fish to take to them, and

agreed to leave the following morning at 4:30. At 5:00 the jeep hadn't come for us, so Chuck went to see why. They were just returning from taking the mayor to the hospital. He had gotten worse during the night. He was diagnosed as having hepatitis. It was 5:30 A.M. when we got started, and 7:20 A.M. when we reached Bitwen. Only four cargadors were still there; the rest had already headed back. These four selected their loads and left, having agreed on a price of 60 centavos per kilo. We decided that I should stay at Bitwen and consign items to the men as they came. Chuck went on to Tineg, though he didn't attempt to stay with the cargadors.

While I was at Bitwen waiting for cargadors to come and carry our cargo, the men at the Reforestation Agency said I could use their bedroom. That was great. It had a bed in it

and a mirror, and a small table. The bed had a mosquito net on it, too, so that was good. The weather was quite cool, so I was very thankful for that.

However, there were little tiny insects that flew around. They were called “No-See-ums” and they used the mosquito net for flying practice to get through and land on my hands and face. I had covered the rest of my body with my pants, long-sleeved blouse, socks and heavy-duty boots, but my hands and face were still exposed to the air. These tiny insects were about the size of a pin point, so they were very difficult to see, and when they bit me, their bite was extremely itchy. I put on Caladryl Lotion to stop the itching, but it wasn't enough to do the job. I asked the men there what they did to stop these insects from biting, but they

just laughed and said they were used to them and they didn't bother them anymore.

Someone suggested I get some wood and burn it in the room and let the smoke come my way, and the insects would go away.

They let me use a large frying pan to put the wood in, and I started a fire at the foot of my bed. Well, that was a good idea, and it did the job, but eventually, the smoke was worse than the bites, so I gave up on that. I now had bites all over my hands and face, and when Chuck finally came to get me, he said he couldn't find a place to put the tip of his finger on my face without hitting at least one of those bites. And that's when I told him, "The Lord has shown me there are some things worse than heat."

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Chapter 25: Our Second Trip to Abra, Part 2

While I was at Bitwen fighting with the no-seeums, Chuck was out on the trail to Tineg searching for people to carry our cargo.

Chuck talked with some people, and they agreed to carry cargo from Bitwen to Bacag for 40 centavos per kilo. (Bacag is a barrio of Lacub, about halfway from Bitwen to Tineg.) That seemed to be a potential help since people from each place would only have to go one day from home. It also necessitated a price adjustment since we couldn't pay 40 centavos per kilo for the first half, and only 20 centavos per kilo for the second half. The first half included crossing a river, so warranted a somewhat higher rate. We raised the second half to 25 centavos per kilo, and the cargadors then carrying said that was fair, and they would

return to Bacag later and carry more cargo at that rate.

Chuck and some of the men went on to Agsimao the next day, and he paid the men at the new rate of 65 centavos per kilo, which was from Bitwen to Agsimao. The interpreter told him the cargadors were dissatisfied. Chuck told him they were already receiving 5 centavos more than they had agreed to carry for. He said, "Yes, but that was when they were standing there looking at the cartons. Carrying them on the trail is a different matter." Having just walked over that trail with them part of the time, Chuck knew he was right. Also, Chuck decided to operate always by this principle: We must live with these people for fifteen years. Whatever else we can or cannot afford, we certainly cannot afford their ill will or resentment. Chuck asked him what

they wanted. They wanted 5 centavos per kilo more plus 50 centavos for food allowance. He paid them that additional.

When we had gotten about a third of our cargo into Lacub, we decided that I should move and stay with the cargo there. We made the home of the Vice Mayor of Lacub, Juanito Molina, who lived there, our terminal, warehouse, and restaurant. They served meals to thirty-two cargadors at P1.50 each. We went to Lacub the same way as before. The trail went up one relatively low mountain, and part of the way there were rice paddies to cross. This meant balancing ourselves on the ridges of the paddies as we went, which was difficult for one who has never done it before. We did it, though, and then got to a long, steep part of the mountain. We stopped along the way to rest from time to time even though we were

in pretty good shape due to having been in Jungle Training Camp a few months before coming to the Philippines. However, after we got to the top, the trail went down along the side of the mountain, and it was very lovely there with lots of shade and little streams that entered into the valley along the way.

That afternoon we got to the Centro of Lacub which was fairly large. The Catholic Church there was a beautiful cement building. It was a major task to bring in all the cement that was used for this edifice, but they had lots of workers and apparently, enough money for the task. We talked to the priest, and he was very interested in what we planned on doing for the Addassen Tinguian people in translating the New Testament for them in their own language. We stayed for the second time at the home of the mayor of

Lacub over night, and we were well taken care of.

The next day, on the trail to Bacag, we had a guide take us along the trail because of the difficulty of crossing a particularly sheer cliff along the Binongan River, the same part that was difficult the first time we went that way. Without our guide, we would never have known where to put our hands and feet to cross that area. With the guide to help us, we made it all right. A little farther on, we crossed the river on a hanging bridge. The bridge was made of two lengths of cables which were about three feet apart. Ropes went down from the cables to boards that we actually stepped on as we walked across the bridge holding on to the cables as we walked. These boards weren't too stable, so it was quite a trick to cross it, but our

guide went across very quickly, so we knew it was doable.

When we got across the river, we had to climb up to a trail that was quite a bit higher than the river itself, and that was when I thought of Isaiah 40:31 which says, “But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.”

At long last, we reached the barrio of Bacag. This barrio was on the side of the mountain and was set up so the houses were on flat areas, one above the other, about four or five levels altogether. The one where we were to stay was on the third level, and we couldn't see the river from our house, but it was fairly close by. It wasn't far to go to the river to take a bath. To get there, I walked

down a fairly straight path that led along the side of the mountain, and bathed in a stream that was coming down the mountain at that point. What a blessing this was, though it was something I didn't get to enjoy often because when I did, I couldn't count on people staying out of the house and getting into our cargo.

Since I was at Bacag for four weeks while Chuck was out trying to find more people to carry our cargo, I found myself alone much of the time in the room where we kept our cargo. The house was built on stilts, and the floor was made of wood that was kept quite clean and shiny with a buffer made of a coconut husk. I could see through the cracks to the ground below. The family I stayed with fed me meals every mealtime, which was mainly rice and long green beans. They served salt with it, which helped immensely

to make it more tasty. One day when I went downstairs to go to the privy, I saw a huge grapefruit on the ground near the house, so I picked it up and ate it. It was delicious.

It had some ants coming out of one end, because it had been lying on the ground. But I wanted that grapefruit so badly, I didn't care about the ants. I got a terrible case of "the trots" and was sick with that for at least three days. However, it tasted so good I think if I had it to do over again, I'd do the same thing. The people around there knew I was having problems, I'm sure, and later on, they laughed with me about it, though it wasn't all that funny at the time.

What do you do when you are stuck in a room for four weeks? Well, I read a lot of scripture and I sang a lot of choruses and songs that I thought I had forgotten years

ago. The people heard me singing, and remembered that I like to sing. The words just seemed to come back to me. I wrote a lot of letters, too. Also, I did a lot of praying for Chuck to get people to carry our cargo on up to Tineg, but those prayers didn't get answered the way I thought they would. God knows best, though, so it all worked out in the best way.

Other things happened while I was staying there. One day I saw almost all the villagers in the barrio heading out towards Tineg. They were all in a line on the trail, one behind another. Later, when they came back, there were four men who were carrying two sheets with something in them. This is the way they carried someone to a hospital if he got sick; we had seen this before. However, this time, it turned out they were the bodies of two men who had been killed by the

NPA, (New People's Army, a Maoist group). One had lived in Bacag, and the other lived in a more lowland area. The group had gone to retrieve the bodies from the mountains of Tineg, and now they were bringing them back for burial. The reason they had all the people go was to keep the NPA from trying to kill them as they went.

This was cause for an occasion, for there are certain things the people do in having a funeral, and they were doing this now. The women made rice candy, the men made a kind of fermented drink, and when I went to the house where they were doing this, the men tried to get me to drink some of their drink. I refused, but they insisted that I take at least a little sip, which I finally did. It was a most bitter drink, and I spit it out immediately, which caused a big laugh all around. It had accomplished its intended

purpose. They were not angry with me, but thought it was hilarious that I couldn't take it.

That night, I was told I was to sing for the group at the home of the deceased. They had heard me singing while I was waiting for Chuck to come back to Bacag, and they insisted I come and sing for them. So I went to the occasion that night. We had a meal first, and then everyone sat or stood around talking. Then they began to play the gongs and sing. They sang stories of the man's life that was now deceased. Sometimes instead of singing, they would tell their stories, but most of the time, they sang them. Also, before a person would sing, he would do a dance with the lady who was sort of directing the affairs. I watched all of this with great interest.

Eventually, the lady came to me and threw her kerchief at me. She was telling me it was my turn to stand and join in the celebration. So, I stood up and danced with her as she showed me to do, and then they wanted me to sing a *story. Well, I didn't know the man at all, but I did know "The Lord's Prayer," so I sang that for them. Of course, I was very shy about it, not having ever done such a thing in such a group before, but they all seemed to appreciate that I had made an effort. They clapped for me, and then I took the kerchief and threw it at someone else who hadn't been involved yet. It was really an interesting occasion, but I was soon tired of being there, and when I could, I told the host that I was leaving.

At long last, on Tuesday, October 1, Chuck left Tineg and came to Bacag to discuss a problem with me. The problem was this: We

realized that we had never thrown out the fleece about going to Tineg. Instead, we had relied solely on the burden we felt for the people as evidence that we should go there. We prayed, and this was our fleece: We would raise the price to 50 centavos per kilo and set the deadline of Sunday, October 6. If enough men came to move all of our cargo to Tineg, we would go; if not, we would conclude that God did not want us there. We also prayed that either all of it would be carried or none of it. “Please don’t make it be most of the cargo and leave us hanging in uncertainty.”

On the day before that, as Chuck was trying to get from Agsimao to Bacag, he got lost, so it took him a long time to finally find his way and get to Bacag. Fortunately for him, the moon was full that night, so he was able to see almost as well as if it had been

daylight when he finally found the trail again. He wrote a story about this at the time which was quite exciting.

In order to notify people again that we would like them to carry our cargo to Aagsimao, Chuck went to the barrios within close walking distance and sent notes to those back in Aagsimao. Except for 65 kilos carried by the students who happen to go in the same direction, NOBODY came. The Philippine Constabulary (PC), halfway between a national guard and a regular army, sent a couple of hundred men into the area “to liquidate the NPA,” but their presence didn’t stop anyone. The men weren’t coming anyway; they were working in their vegetable gardens in areas that had been burned out of the forest.

On October 6th Chuck returned to Bangued and then went on to Manila to talk with an official in the Marcopper Mining Company about using their helicopter to fly our stuff out. The man indicated they would if they could, which was not a clear cut promise, but enough to lead Chuck to prepare for it. This included a round trip by plane to Manila at a cost of about P300 besides a week's hike back into the mountains to be sure the landing sites would be ready and the cargo there. When the helicopter came on October 30, another official was on it, and he said flatly, "No." We'd have been much better off if the first guy had told us that in the first place.

In our discussion with the official who declined to let us use the helicopter, and with a PC captain, we learned enough to understand why he didn't want his

helicopter flying in there. On other occasions they have used their helicopter to fly PC men into areas where an NPA member might take a shot at it. With the political unrest in the area, the provincial commander of the PC said that it would be dangerous for the Marcopper helicopter to fly in there, and the Marcopper official agreed.

When Chuck returned from Manila, having obtained the consent of Marcopper's vice president to use their helicopter, he went to the Philippine Bible Seminary in Vigan, Ilocos Norte, and got the consent of the president for one of their students to come with him to 'cargo-sit.' I was with the cargo in Bacag for four weeks. Twice I left it for a short while, and each time when I returned, I found the cartons had been opened and one or more items taken. One of these short trips

was to a stream for a bath. I fell and broke a toe. We felt we couldn't leave our cargo. We could not leave anyone from there to guard it because they would simply not be able to say "No" to any of their barrio mates who might come in and want to open our cartons and take something. It had to be an outsider who would not have to continue to live among them after we were gone.

We felt that Philip, the seminary student, who volunteered to be our guard, would also be in a better position to witness to them than we would, since he spoke both Binongan and Ilocano. Due to the time helping us, Philip missed two weeks of school, plus a week of vacation. We hoped we could get him out in time to get back to school the next week, and we did. He stayed with the cargo while Chuck and I went to the Cagayan Valley to see if we could and

should go to work with the Itawes after we got our stuff out of the mountains. We threw out a fleece on that, and the answer came back that we should.

In an operation of this sort, it is possible to identify a number of things which, if they had been different, the whole course of subsequent events would have been different. But suffice it to say, that God allowed these things to happen just this way in order to prevent us from going there where, for some reason, He did not want us to go. Plus, from our human point of view, our decision was based on them not accepting us, and so we didn't want to go there, either. We could have done this with a lowland group, where we could use public transportation for our personal and supply-moving needs. But in Tineg, we were completely dependent upon the people to

move our things, and we were simply physically unable to establish our residence there. We probably could have boarded with the Vice Mayor and eaten his food indefinitely. However, we felt we didn't want to do that. We each lost about 25 pounds in one month living that way as guests in their homes in Bacag and Tineg. Later, we could have depended on the SIL plane— if the people had built the airstrip. But if they refused to carry our cargo, they could have refused to do that, too. Chuck told them we had decided not to go because hiking there had shown us we were getting too old to live in the mountains. And that was true, as long as we could not depend on them to help us.

Since we had decided that Abra was not the place for us, Chuck went to a barrio near Bitwen where some other missionaries had

gone in the past, where a church had been established. He told them of our problems in getting our cargo out of Bacag, and they were willing to come and carry it out for us.

We had decided to sell as much of our groceries as we could for the going price of things. The people were glad to take advantage of that and bought everything we had gotten up to Aagsimao. We left the chest of drawers with Vice Mayor Molina as our payment for rent for our stay in Bacag and for what they had fed to the cargadors. It was only then we left to go back to Cagayan.

We appreciated the Marcopper Company for all they had done for us in letting us stay at their facility in Bangued from time to time and for storing some of our cargo there. We also appreciated Philip, the student from Philippine Bible Seminary, for the help he

gave us in staying with our cargo so I could go with Chuck to the Itawes region to investigate that area.

Everything seemed to turn out very nicely after that, and we praised the Lord for helping us to make this decision so we could get on with our lives, and I realized once again the once oppressive heat in the Cagayan Valley was not as bad as I had originally thought, and we all lived happily ever after.

So it appears our whole trip(s) to Abra was for naught. But actually, I am glad we went to Abra and went through that experience. It was an exciting time in my life, even though it was difficult in several different ways. I appreciate having had those experiences, especially those that I considered quite harrowing. They all helped me to appreciate

the Philippines and our lives there. I feel I am a better person because I was there and experienced it for myself. I appreciate the people there in a way I never did before, because I saw many things that make life difficult for them. Maybe they don't think of what they are going through as being difficult, no doubt it's just their normal way of life. When I met some of those same people a few years later at a convention in Manila where they came because they were now Christians, we were excited to see each other again. We laughed about some of the things that had happened when I was in their barrio, and I was happy they remembered me. I don't know if what I did or said to them at that time had any bearing on their being Christians now, but it was neat to get to see and talk with them again.

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Chapter 26: Transition to Piat

You may remember that when we first got to Aparri in 1974, some Itawes men came to us at different times to invite us to go to the Itawes people to do a Bible translation, as they needed it so much. One of those men, Felipe Catolos, went with us to visit some of the Itawes towns he said spoke the true Itawes. One of those was the town of Piat. As it turned out, Piat was the town whose dialect of Itawes varied most from that spoken in the other Itawes towns. However, because at the time we thought that it was the best form of Itawes to learn, we felt it would be the best place to go. It was still too hot to stay there to live, as far as I was concerned, so we chose to go to Abra.

When we could not work in Abra, we knew we should throw out a fleece to see if it was

right for us to go to the Itawes people. The fleece included the provision of finding a house in the town of Piat to live in within a certain period of time. Rains and consequent slowing down of buses resulted in our reaching our destination in Piat at 3 PM on the last day we had allowed to find a house—not much time, but God seems to delight in doing the impossible. At sundown, as a result of a ‘chance’ sharing of a ride on a trickey (a motorcycle with a side car for carrying passengers), we found a house that seemed just right for us. We figured it would serve as our home for the next few months during the initial stages of language learning and until we could find a suitable place for a permanent home and get a house built on it. Our fleece had turned out positive. We were finally on our way to the place where God wanted us to work. Therefore, the next morning we went up to Aparri to tell the

folks our plans. We had decided to go to the Itawes (ee TAH' wace) people in Cagayan Valley. They are a group of about one hundred thousand people who live in the southern part of Cagayan Province in a twenty-five mile radius which includes six main towns: Amulung, Enrile, Iguig, Piat, Penablanca and Tuao.

On January 4, 1975, we still had to go back to Abra to determine what to do to get our cargo out of the mountains and on its way to Piat. When we got to Bacag, we found that half of it had been carried out by high school students from a nearby town. They agreed to carry out more the following weekend.

While we were waiting for them, we went to Bangued. We knew we would need a good refrigerator, so hunted for that in the interim. The Lord led us to a good, used, eight cubic foot kerosene refrigerator, which served us

well for several years. When we got back to Bitwen, we found the boys hadn't carried any more cargo, so Chuck went to a town a few miles away on the opposite side of the main road from Bitwen where there was a church of our fellowship and got seven young men to go with him to Bacag for the rest of the stuff. He had hoped he wouldn't have to do that, but there was no other way. While he went with them, I stayed at the Reforestation Agency.

January 18 was a day of rejoicing—the day Chuck and the men arrived in Bitwen with the last of our cargo, never to have to return to Tineg again. Right away, I noticed how emaciated he looked, like he had just been released from an internment camp. And yet, his stamina and breath control were at their zenith of his lifetime due to his constant hiking over the mountain trails. We were

both in good shape to be going to the lowlands to take up our task of Bible translation for the Itawes people.

We took our things by bus and truck to Bangued where we repacked them. We divided them into two groups, taking with us by bus the things we felt were necessary for setting up housekeeping in Piat, and shipping the rest by truck to Aparri. We reached Aparri on January 23rd. only to find that our way to Piat was blocked by mud from heavy rains. We were thankful we had a place to stay for a week while the road dried out. It was a time of rest and relaxation as we enjoyed fellowship with other missionaries and our own type of food once again. Finally, on February 1st, we left Aparri on what turned out to be one of the first buses to get through. We made excellent connections and arrived in Piat at

1:30 P.M. I wondered what our life there would be like.

We were able to find a place to live, but after a week there, we had to leave again. Chuck had to be baccalaureate speaker at the Aparri Bible Seminary and the commencement speaker at the Philippine Bible Seminary in Vigan, Ilocos Norte. In between these two events, we spent four days in Manila attending to business, which included buying a typewriter, a filing cabinet, a mimeograph and numerous smaller items. We used that mimeograph machine for a long time, and it was great because it didn't require electricity. We just turned a handle to churn out the copies we needed. When back home in Piat, we had our work cut out for us.

God led us to an intelligent, conscientious young man who was a big help to us in starting to learn Itawes. He was Alejandro Catolos, the brother of Felipe who had taken us to Piat in the first place. He was self-employed, buying vegetables from the farmers, taking them to the market, and selling them to vendors. The typhoons had destroyed the vegetables, so he had no work until the newly planted ones began to ripen. We felt bad for those who had suffered loss, but we rejoiced in God, who is able to turn all things for good to us who love Him, as He promised He would in Romans 8:28. Now Alejandro could work with us. We got word lists from him, and he was our first real language helper among the Itawes.

Chapter 27: Life in Piat

It seems like I should tell you a bit about the Itawes people. After all, we lived and worked with them for 35 years in the Philippines. The Itawes are a lowland people whose lifestyle is like that of the Ilocanos around them. Piat had a population of about 1,500 in the town proper. The people were very friendly, and many of them were well educated. The teachers and others we talked to were very interested in our work, in helping us, and in things we could do to help them. The opportunities were great, and we thanked God for them, and for the guidance and strength He gave to meet them.

Our new home in Piat was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jose Purisima, the region's letter carrier, and his wife. This house was on the main road of Piat, about half way between

the Catholic Church and the elementary school in the Centro.

The Purisimas had three boys: Bernard, John and James, so they became our family in Piat. They were the ones who introduced us to all that was going on in the town and to the people, as well. When there was an occasion connected with their family, we were invited and we went as their guests. They helped us to know what was expected of us in each situation, and it was a real blessing to have such a wonderful family built in.

Their home was our house. They let us have the front part of it while they lived in the back. We worked in the living room or 'sala,' and a small room off that one became our bedroom. Another room at the front of the house became our office, and there was

good light in there. There was no electricity in the town at that time, so we used a gas lantern, something like a bright Coleman lantern. We later had the inside of the house painted white so it would reflect the light, because we needed as much as we could get to read at night.

The bathroom was at the back of the house, and it had a cemented-in area, or reservoir, which held about fifteen or twenty gallons of water. We would stand beside the reservoir, scoop the water with a pitcher, and pour the water over our bodies as we bathed ourselves. The water then ran out through a drain in the floor. The toilet was built into the floor and was only about an inch above it. In order to use it, one had to squat over it. Since our leg muscles were not geared to squat, Chuck made a little seat which he placed over it when we wanted to

use it, and this made it much simpler for us. This was only the first in a long line of repairs and improvements to be made before we felt comfortable and safe in our new home.

Our carpenter, Mr. Miguel, helped very much to take care of two problems. One was the mosquitoes, and he put screens on all the windows and doors which helped to minimize this. The other was the high temperatures, especially in the afternoon hours when the sun was beating down on our corrugated galvanized iron roof, causing the place to become quite an inferno. He put in a masonite ceiling to help insulate the rooms. We immediately noticed a difference of five to ten degrees, which made the difference between livability and suffocation. One more thing we felt we needed was more adequate lighting.

Since there was no electricity, we used pressure lanterns to the best advantage. We painted the walls and ceilings in the office and livingdining room to provide the best reflection of light. The only room that got direct sunlight during the day was the office, and that for only a couple of hours in the morning. There was a tiny spot in the kitchen that got it, too, for a few hours.

The screens were all in, the ceilings were also up and had a beautiful second coat of white paint, and the second coat for the walls was going on. The kitchen was lemon yellow, living room green, and office blue—all delicate ice cream colors which would allow for maximum reflection of light.

We set up our kitchen in the living room which had a separator, and we brought a

little three burner stove and had a small oven which fit on top of one burner so we could bake if we wanted to. We had cabinets in which we stored dishes and other things like pots and pans. We had the refrigerator, too, that we had purchased in Bangued.

We had a wooden bed made for us in Aparri so we could put our air mattresses on it instead of a regular mattress. We used two sleeping bags zipped together on the top of that, and it made a very comfortable bed. The bedroom was very small, so just barely held the bed. There was a small space for changing our clothes, and that was about all in that room. At the foot of our bed was a closet in the wall. Its floor was 2 1/2 feet above the floor of the room, and there was only a few inches between it and the foot of the bed, so we used it only for storage.

One day, Chuck went to get a carton out of the closet, and the carton was full of little worm-like creatures that had eaten the carton to shreds. He took it outside and got some matches to burn it. The Purisima's children gathered around to see what was happening, and when they saw the worms, they murmured the dreaded word, 'AH'nay' (termites).

One went and told his mother, and that keyed a flurry of activity. Within a few minutes, we had removed the bedding, mattress, and mosquito net, and were starting to carry out cartons of things that were falling apart as we went, and trying to drop as few termites as possible on the bed and on the floor. There were dozens of tiny holes in one of our sleeping bags, but nothing else of value was damaged, though

they were getting close. We thank the Lord for that!

Then the landlord's oldest son lifted out the badly eaten floor panel, and we saw something we had heard about but had never seen before—the termites had built up mud tunnels on the face of the concrete for a distance of about two feet up to the baseboard. The landlady called for a teakettle of boiling water and poured it on them. Within a short time, they were back, rebuilding their tunnels. After that, we had to sleep in another room (we had to walk across and stand on the bed to get to the closet), and several times each day, we poured boiling water, later adding soap, on the termites. The decreasing numbers, and increasing time intervals before their reappearance, lead us to think we may be winning. Every year, these creatures cause

millions of dollars worth of damage, and we can certainly see how.

One evening, we were suddenly startled by a bat flying around inside our house. We were not sure how he got in, but he looked like he was trying to find his way out, and we were just as anxious to have him find it. We tried holding the door open for him, but the ceiling was too high, and he never got low enough to find it. The open door served only as an invitation to the mosquitoes and flies, and we didn't want them to think the welcome mat was out for them. He landed once in some dark corner, but we couldn't see him and didn't know where he was. In a few minutes he was in flight again, and as he darted about, I emitted occasional frantic squeals. Finally, Chuck put a typewriter cover over my head so I would know it

wouldn't get in my hair. That helped quiet me down.

We hadn't had much experience with the problem of a bat in the house before, so Chuck decided to call in reinforcements. The next time he landed, it was in a place where we could see him, so I went and called the landlord's two teenage sons. They got a long stick, and within one minute had struck the fatal blow, and peace and tranquility once again settled over the Richards' household.

We got settled in little by little, and I was busy trying to get home and office ship shape. I was also teaching our Itawes housegirl, Fely, how we Americans like to have things done, and her help was indispensable to me during our time there. Of course, language study was our major

activity, and I didn't have time for all the household duties.

Upon our return to Piat after a short trip to Aparri, we were surprised to see our house being painted outside by the owners. It was done in sky blue on the lower cement section and yellow on the wood—very colorful. They did not want to be outdone by their renters. Ha! With the cement floors waxed and highly polished indoors, orange lacy curtains at the windows, and furniture, pictures, and books in appropriate places in the living room and office, we felt very comfortable and satisfied with a job well done.

Finally, Chuck installed part of a new heating system using heat from the refrigerator to give us hot water for our dish-washing needs. This was the last planned

major project pertaining to the house, and we were thankful for that.

Fely was our cook and did our housecleaning for us. She did our washing, ironing, and anything else we needed to have done. It was my task to teach her what to do around the house. If we had certain things we wanted her to cook for us, I had to show her how. At breakfast time, Chuck taught her how to cook various breakfast-type things, but I taught her how to do lunch-type things and supper-type things.

This was owing to the division of labor we had agreed upon right after Jungle Training Camp so we could get along together overseas. At any rate, she was my responsibility except for breakfast time. This made it possible for me to get as much time in as Chuck on the work we went there to

do. Since he had the Master's and Doctorate in Linguistics, he was able to understand what was going on with the new language much more quickly than I was, and he has a mind that can remember/memorize things I have an awful time with.

Also, his dissertation was on a Filipino language, and because he understood how that one language worked, and the rest of the languages in the Philippines follow the same pattern, it was much easier for him to find relationships and understand how the Itawes language worked. He knew what to look for before I knew what was going on. That was a real help to us.

Also, we decided I would be the one to write thank you letters and friendly letters to people who wrote to us. Chuck would write the letters having to do with business affairs,

and he also took care of financial things. He wrote to Betty Casebeer, our forwarding agent and his sister, and kept her up on things that we needed to have in the Philippines. She did everything on the US side, and Chuck took care of it all on this side. We kept track, and still do, of every centavo we got and spent, along with the dates. The book in which we keep these records is official.

Thursday was market day in Piat. We both went to market. Going to market was a wonderful day for us—one of learning new words and using old ones. People just couldn't get over how we could speak in their language, and they would laugh.

Other days, we went to Tuguegarao, the big city, to the market there, where many languages were known and spoken. We

were speaking our Piat form of Itawes, and that seemed to be hilarious to them. Imagine the Americanos speaking in "that" dialect of Itawes. We learned that the sub-dialect of Itawes as spoken in Piat was not the most widely accepted one to learn. In fact, it was considered to be the "hillbilly" form of the Itawes language. Only in Piat did they make short cuts in words that no one else made. We realized we should change our place of residence, because the Itawes people would not appreciate having a New Testament written in this form of their language. We couldn't take the chance of having our translation being turned down for that reason.

This is not said to minimize the significance of Piat by any means. In a religious sense, Piat is really a very special place because it is the home of what is called "Our Lady of

Piat.” This is an image (a life-sized statue) of Mary, the mother of Jesus, which resides at the front of the Catholic Church at Piat. At times, it has been said, the image has been known to cry over the sins of the people. When a person wants to dedicate a new jeepney, he goes to Piat to have it prayed for there. When children are going to take an important test in their school, the school rents a bus and takes the children to the church in Piat in order to dedicate their pencils to be able to get the right answers and thereby pass the test.

During the fiesta at Piat, thousands and thousands of people come to get in on the masses held there, and they stay all night in order to see the image brought out of the church to a special place at the Catholic High School in town. They sleep anywhere they can find space. It is considered a real

blessing by these folks to have such an opportunity.

In fact, Mrs. Purisima is the one who takes care of changing the dress of the image. It has extremely expensive gowns given by wealthy people who receive a real blessing for doing this. It is a great honor to be able to do this. It is Mrs. Purisima who goes with the image when it is transported to different towns of Cagayan Valley at special times of the year, and this is indeed a great privilege, too.

In July we spent one week in Manila again taking care of business. When we returned, the town fiesta was in progress, and the noise made study impossible, so we spent a week writing letters, a report to the STEP board, and a script to go with slides of our house.

We lived at the top of the hill on which Piat is found. The road that runs in front of the Purisima's home is the one that comes from the Catholic Church of Piat and goes to the center part of the town. It is along this road that vendors set up their wares to sell to the thousands of people who go back and forth along that road during the fiesta. The vendor who set up his wares in front of the Purisima home dealt in housewares of all kinds.

Others along the road sold various items—fabrics, clothing, shoes, nick-knacks, jewelry, dishware, farm utensils, Filipino art and crafts, and many others.

Early in the morning we heard the sound of the band coming from a distance, and as it got closer, it got louder, and then as it passed, it gradually softened in tones and was gone completely. This was about four

o'clock in the morning. About an hour later, one might not even have heard it at all because there were so many people already walking back and forth to see the wares that were on display. Prices were quite low, so it was always a good place to buy anything you wanted.

On the last night of the fiesta, we had a surprise visit from some of our fellow missionaries sponsored by the Aparri Bible Seminary. Dennis McKinney and his family and another couple came to see our "new" home. They came and stayed overnight. (Remember that Dennis and family had dinner with us in the States and made some excellent suggestions to us on how to make our missionary home life better.) They were soaked because of a heavy rainstorm they had encountered on their trip here, and with five families already using the water

facilities on this property, they just had to remain dirty and could only change their clothes. We were able to feed them, put them up for the night, and tell our stories and hear theirs about their trip from Manila to Piat. They enjoyed seeing our bathroom setup the most, I think, for it brought many laughs, giggles, and guffaws as we showed them how to use it correctly. For our first house in the Itawes area, they thought we had done very nicely, and this meant a lot to us because they were veteran missionaries.

The day after that, we were able to go with them to Aparri. The Philippine Mission Churches of Christ in Northern Luzon was our sponsoring mission in the Philippines, and they also sponsored the McKinneys. We were so blessed to be with Sid and Marge Boudreaux, Ann Tolliver, and Barbara Mangskau, missionaries who were on the

field at that time. Imagine ten people coming in all at once like that, but they had places for all of us to sleep, and we enjoyed every minute of the time. We also enjoyed getting in on their Tuesday night Bible study with the missionaries and professors of the Seminary.

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Chapter 28: Language Learning and Linguistic Analysis

Our first job was to learn the language. There were no books teaching the language, and there was very little actually written in the Itawes language. The only thing we found was a few charts at the first grade level which were used to help children learn the sound-to-symbol relationship of letters in the alphabet.

The Purisimas acted as our teachers in learning the language when we wanted their help. The first thing they did was to teach us simple questions so we could go out for a walk and ask people these questions. From their responses, we learned new words and phrases, which we would then mimic back to them to check if we had gotten pronunciation and meaning correct. We would get up early in the morning and go for a walk. We always took a pencil and paper on which to write new words, and we stopped along the way and asked questions in Itawes of the people who were doing various things. For instance, we would ask in Itawes, "What are you doing?" Then they would answer in Itawes whatever they were doing. We would repeat it back to them, and if we thought we had the right sounds, we would write it down in the correct

pronunciation pattern, and repeat it back to them again. We tried to make sure that we wrote it down right so we could pronounce it correctly even if we were coming to the word cold later on. This was a mentally exhausting process. We would do this for as long as we could, and then go home and rest. After that, we checked what we had learned with Mrs. Purisima, and she would help us however we needed it, bringing it to completion.

That activity gave us a vocabulary list of words we should know. We wrote each word on a 4 x 6 card, with the Itawes word on one side used in a sentence. That would help us get an idea of its meaning and how to use it. We wrote the English word on the other side, as well as the translation of the Itawes sentence. Later on, anything we learned about that word, we wrote on that

card. As we learned more words, our list grew longer, and we kept getting more and more cards. We put them into a shoebox at first, then later into sturdy little wooden boxes which didn't fall apart. (As of this time, we hadn't yet been to the market in Tuguegarao where we heard this was not the ideal dialect of Itawes for us to translate.)

By May, we had been there three months, and we were really getting down to the nitty-gritty of language learning—memorizing words, and trying to see how they fit together to make actual sentences. Of course, Chuck was best at this, and he came up with some real good ones, surprising the folks around us with what he knew. When they heard him say a good sentence, they assumed he knew Itawes better than he actually did, and they started talking to him like they would to another Itawes. When that

happened, he had to stop them and explain that he really didn't know very much after all. It didn't take them long to find out that he really didn't. It's one thing to use a few words you've memorized in a short sentence, and quite another thing to use the language fluently in conversation. But, you have to start someplace, and we were starting. A certain amount of time was set aside to do linguistic analysis.

Linguistic analysis is figuring out and analyzing the way a language works. This is a complicated process that involves investigation of the usage of words and their relationships with each other and with the user of the language, and other situational variables. For us, this involved making tape recordings of stories people told us in Itawes so we could listen, write them down, and see how the words related to each other.

We took our tape recorder to someone's home and asked him or her to describe some incident that had happened in his or her life recently. Then we took it home and listened to it and wrote down what we thought we heard, sound by sound. Next, we took it back to the person who recorded it and played it back to him, a phrase at a time, and had him tell us word by word, and sometimes by syllables or individual sounds, what he had said. We also asked him to give us the meaning in English of words we didn't know. We took that home, and from the word by word translation, attempted to make an idiomatic English translation, and check that with the person to be sure we had correctly understood what he was saying.

This meant, of course, that at this stage we were working with people who spoke

English pretty well. From this, we were learning the natural way of expressing things in Itawes. Then we listened to the tapes again, over and over, until we could follow them and understand them, and they began to sound natural. As one SIL person expressed it, “This involves listening to the point of pain.” Our answer to that was “Amen!” At first, we didn't know where one word ended and another began. We just listened and wrote it down the best we could. However, after we continued living and working there and hearing only Itawes around us, things began to make sense, words became meaningful, and we managed to make real sentences ourselves that made sense.

We wrote down what we did hour after hour, down to fifteenminute slots of time, to make sure we were doing what we were

supposed to be doing. That way, later on we would be able to verify what we had done, how long we did it, etc., to see how we were meeting our goals. If we were not meeting our goals, we could see better where we could improve. At times, it seemed like a lot of nonsense, but it did help us to get zeroed in on important aspects of language learning, linguistic analysis and cultural observations.

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Chapter 29: Cultural Observations

We also took notes of cultural observations on cards similar to those on which we had made our vocabulary list. These notes described how the Itawes did certain things, such as comments concerning their food and manner of preparation, how they dressed,

etc. These note cards were filled in after we got home from the occasion. When we were invited to a social affair, we went. The Purisimas took us everywhere at first, introduced us to people, and eventually we were invited separately and were able to be on our own. They clued us in as to what was appropriate to wear, what to take, if anything, and at what time to go. Seeing that "Filipino time" is very different from "American time," we learned the hard way not to get there too early.

We were caught up in the social whirl, but it was distinctly different from what we were used to in the US. In the first place, it was with the upper socio-economic level, the wealthy socialites, and we aren't in that category in the States. In the second place, most of the activities we attended seemed to be an 'occasion,' the celebration of one of a

certain number of events in the life cycle, for which they go all-out. In describing an occasion, they talk about what they had and how much they spent: the number of pigs, cows, and/or water buffaloes slaughtered, the quantities of rice, flour, vegetables, beverages (sometimes including liquor) purchased, the variety of dishes, and the number of guests served. They may eat skimpy meals for months in order to save up for the occasion. Relatives in the States may send several hundred dollars to help finance it. Only a handful of people may attend the ceremony in the church building, but dozens, scores, or even hundreds of people come to the buffet-style banquet in the home afterwards.

In addition to the major holidays, there appear to be three major life events that called for an occasion: death, marriage, and

christening—in that order of significance. Perhaps because of the high infant mortality rate, births did not seem to be celebrated—at least, we hadn't heard of any. If the child survived for a few months, he was christened, and that called for an occasion. But most of those we attended were associated with a death. On the day of the death, while the body was still in the house (we didn't have a funeral parlor in Piat), people came to the house. Actually, they kept coming as long as the body was still in the house. They stayed as long as possible with the family of the deceased to keep them company. The family took turns staying up around the clock day and night. They say it is that way because they are guarding the body. Different ones took time out to sleep as others in the family took over the watch. While the visitors were there, they either talked and visited with the family and

friends, or they might play cards or a game of mahjong. (Mahjong is a game of Chinese origin, usually played by four persons, with 136 or 144 pieces resembling dominoes, marked in suits, and called tiles: the object is to build combinations or sets by drawing, discarding, and exchanging tiles.) In these games of chance, small amounts of money were bet, and when the game was over, the winner paid a certain percent of his winnings to the family. This was called the tong. It helped to pay for the snacks that were given from time to time to those who came to visit.

Sometimes the body was in the home for several days depending on the return of various family members from distant places. Then they had a burial service at the church and all walked behind the casket of the deceased as it was carried to the cemetery.

Sometimes a funeral coach carried the casket and there were any number of people following behind it while it went slowly along the road. Some people rode in calesas or triceys or their own personal cars to go to the cemetery. Following the burial, everyone went back to the home of the deceased where much food was served. Again some might play mahjong or cards or just sit around talking until everyone had eaten. At about that time, they served a snack of special kinds of rice candy, a drink called 'sukalate,' (very rich chocolate drink), and rolls or other things. Finally, when it seemed the time was right, a person went to the family and let them know he was now leaving. Not to pay this courtesy to the family was considered very bad manners. One needed to say his goodbye.

Possibly because a death is often unexpected, the custom was to give a cash gift to the family to help cover the cost of the food. There was an occasion on the ninth day after the death, one on the fortieth day, at which light refreshments were served, and one on the first anniversary. We attended a second anniversary occasion, and one which was held on the tenth anniversary of the death of the one being remembered.

Usually there was a short service at some point, led by the parish priest or his representative, but the general atmosphere was one of socializing. We used these occasions to tell people why we were in Piat, and to practice our Itawes. We got better at it, but it took a long time to be good enough to carry on a conversation. Inevitably, we switched back to English,

which the people in that social level all knew quite well.

We attended our first wedding in a barrio quite a distance from Piat. Our “adopted” Filipino son had come to us, saying he needed “help” with his wedding. We said we’d be glad to help all we could, not knowing it was the groom who pays for the wedding in the Philippines. So it turned out that we had consented to see that they had an acceptable church wedding with feast immediately following. We took pictures of the gala event and had them in our next newsletter. A social faux pas on our part was avoided when the Lord led us to leave our wedding clothes behind that morning, so that we were dressed simply as were the rest of the brethren there that day.

Not all occasions are connected to deaths, marriages and christenings. We attended one social on Christmas night which involved an admission charge. A minimum of food was served, and everything beyond expenses was used to help the poor. That was something we wanted to do, but had no idea where to begin or end. We were happy to contribute to that, and leave the job of deciding to whom it should go to people far more qualified to make the decision.

In Piat, we learned the Catholic Church had quite a celebration at Christmas time. For ten days before Christmas, they held what is known as the Misa de Gallo, or Mass of the Rooster. About four o'clock in the morning, the church bells rang out loud and clear so the members of their church knew it was time to get up and go to mass. Then on the night before Christmas, instead of having

the Misa de Gallo, they celebrated a mass at midnight in the church, and this was a very special mass. We actually never attended one ourselves, but those who did said that it was a beautiful occasion.

This first Christmas time, though, we decided to spend the holidays in Piat instead of with the Americans in Aparri. We wanted to be as much a part of an Itawes Christmas as we could. Chuck was invited to be the speaker at the local elementary school Christmas program, the first time anyone other than a clergyman in the Roman Catholic Church had ever done it. He wrote out what he wanted to say in English, translated it into Itawes. He then checked his translation with our cook and Mrs. Purisima, who made numerous corrections, interspersed with gales of laughter at some of his sentences, puzzled looks over others,

and an occasional nod of approval at a correct one. On the program, he was the only one who spoke in Itawes. The children spoke and sang mostly in English and sang a few songs in Pilipino or Tagalog, the national language.

Christmas day, Mrs. Purisima invited us to have dinner with her. Her husband, sister, and oldest son went next door to eat at a 'family reunion' with her aunt and some cousins. She stayed home and fixed dinner for us, her mother, two younger sons, and two household helpers. When we expressed dismay at her missing the reunion to fix dinner for us, she said she would not have gone anyway, because she would not have left the house unattended. (Apparently nothing is ever regarded as secure). We had strictly Filipino foods which were delicious. Her family returned after their dinner, and

we stayed and visited a while, and they spoke mostly in Itawes, and we were encouraged at how much we were able to understand.

While we visited, the town band stopped and serenaded us on their tour around the town. This was a group of about seven or eight men, mostly older men, who own their own instruments. They are invited to play at various occasions, but at Christmas time, they go around to play for homes. Contributions are made to them to show the appreciation of the folks listening. We contributed a few pesos which Mrs. Purisima said would probably go toward buying another instrument for the band. They were good, and we enjoyed them very much. We recorded a song, but upon playing it back, we discovered that our recorder wasn't recording properly, and we could

hardly hear them. At some time during this season, carolers started coming by each house to sing good tidings of Christmas cheer. Here the favorite songs were, “Whispering Hope” and “O Holy Night.” The carolers were more like “Trick-or-Treat-ers” of Halloween in the States, for they came to sing for money or candy, and the incentive was the handout rather than the joy of singing.

At our home, the children came by in droves. Word got out that we were giving out lollipops instead of money, so the older folks were discouraged, but the youngsters came unashamedly, singing whatever they knew, the best they could even if they had just picked up a few of the sounds of a song whose tune they had learned very minimally. I tended to get impatient with the continuous groups of children, most seeming

to sing in the same voices, making the same mistakes, looking so much like the same children, but Chuck was full of the Spirit of Christ and went to the door, his pockets bulging with lollipops. Each time the little ones stood there waiting patiently, and then sang back, “Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mr. and Mrs.” Then I realized how it must have felt to be Scrooge, remembering that we are rich indeed, and felt admonished to respond more lovingly to these who are only following their own cultural ways, truly enjoying the excitement and entering into the joy of the season.

About seven in the morning on New Year’s Eve day, we heard firecrackers here and there, and we wondered what that would develop into. We remembered New Year’s Eve ten years earlier, when we were in Cebu, in the southern Philippines, with Ray

and Imogene Carlson, missionaries who lived and worked there. The firecrackers were going off all night long. This year, in the early evening, the kids came around caroling again, same kids, same songs, same mistakes, and we gave out the same lollipops. They stopped coming by eight o'clock.

By 9:00 P.M. things were almost as quiet as on any other night, which is usually total silence, except for an occasional dog barking or the crowing of a rooster who has gotten his time signals mixed up. There wasn't much reason to do otherwise, so we went to bed shortly after that at our usual time. We were awakened at midnight by a brief flurry of firecrackers, but were soon sound asleep again.

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Chapter 30: Activities Away from Piat

After our first week in Piat, we had to leave for a week on a speaking trip. This was in February of 1975. First, we went to Aparri where Chuck was the baccalaureate speaker at the Aparri Bible Seminary. Then we spent four days in Manila attending to business.

After that, Chuck was the commencement speaker at the Philippine Bible Seminary in Vigan, Ilocos Norte. We went there by way of the west side of the island, a north-south route we almost never took, because it was far to the west of our usual destination. We had gotten acquainted with the folks in Vigan when we were trying to go to Abra to find a place to work. This was the same school Chuck went to, to get the student named Phillip who came up to Bacag and

stayed with our cargo while we went to Cagayan for a few days, remember?

Every year, the Aparri Bible Seminary had a Senior Camp for high school and college age students at the seminary campus. That April, Chuck and I were asked to be instructors at Senior Camp. We had a wonderful time, but Chuck got sick for two days so couldn't speak at the chapel service or his class. There were six out of a total of 88 campers who accepted Christ, and those who accepted Christ the last day did it at the chapel time, and since they did not all understand English, it could be that Chuck's illness was allowed so these people could be reached for Christ in their own language. God really does desire for all to come to the knowledge of His Word, and these young people were reached for eternity, so we

praise God for them and that Chuck's illness was only for a few days.

Camp turned out to be a time of spiritual refreshing as we were able to spend time in the Scriptures planning our classes and studying the lives of Bible characters to bring out different pertinent factors and make applications to our own lives as well as to the kids' lives. It was a time of physical refreshing, too, as younger couples took over the job of sponsoring the campers in their various team activities, which kept them busy all day and evening when they weren't in classes. We were free to participate as much or as little as we liked, so we got some much needed rest, especially Chuck. Also, they didn't have to find a replacement for him as a sponsor when he got sick since he wasn't a sponsor.

Participating in Senior Camp was a special time for us. We were able to get acquainted with the leaders of the camp, and some missionaries who also took part. We also got a view into the lives of some of the students, mainly Ilocano young people, and the depth of their spiritual lives as well as their zest in living. We hoped that some day we would have Itawes young people who would come up to that standard and it gave us a definite uplift in our hopes for the future.

When we got back to Piat, we learned that our youngest daughter, Merilee Joyce, was planning on getting married to a young man named Michael Norman Parlier. We learned about this several months before it happened. The problem was, we had very little extra money at that time, so we thought only one of us should try to go to the wedding. But neither of us wanted the other

to be left out, so we finally decided we would both go, and the Lord made it possible. Finally, in early August, two and a half weeks before the wedding, we made it back to the States. The problem still was that we had very little extra money, and we felt badly about not being able to fulfill our sense of obligation to organize, facilitate and pay for the wedding. In the end, we felt blessed just to be able to be there.

The wedding was held on August 23, 1975, at Hillcrest Christian Church in Granada Hills, California, the church which our family attended from 1964 to 1972. In the Philippines, before going home for the wedding, I bought beautifully embroidered pale blue material to make myself a dress for the occasion. When we got back to the States, I made a lovely gown. We were only able to be there for three weeks, so the

groom's parents were involved in some of the preparations. We should have been there to take care of it. I know they saw to it that beautiful bouquets of flowers were on both sides of the stage.

The bride was beautiful, dressed in a lovely white gown and wore a tiara of white daisies at her forehead in front of her veil. She carried a bouquet of carnations, white daisies, yellow roses and baby's breath. Her maid of honor wore a yellow dress, while the bridesmaids were dressed in pastel shades of dotted swiss fabric with daisy accents, and wore broad-rimmed hats the color of their dresses. The groom was very handsome, dressed all in white, while his best man's tuxedo had a yellow jacket to match with the yellow gown of the bride's maid of honor, and the groomsmen had black lapels and pants with white jackets.

She had a darling flower girl and handsome ring bearer who were Mike's niece and nephew. Our son, Ken, sang a special number, and Chuck officiated at the ceremony. The wedding was beautiful. We were thankful that Mike was a fine Christian young man, and Merilee would now be happy to have a loving husband to take care of her whose 'looking after' she would appreciate. Mike's family were lovely people, and we were happy we had some time to get acquainted with them, too.

We were very thankful to be able to attend Merilee's wedding even though we were able to be there for only three weeks. After the wedding, we spent our time with our children, visited a few of our main supporting churches, and accepted a few personal invitations as time permitted.

Unfortunately, time ran out before the invitations did, and we were sorry about that.

The urgency in our returning was so we could attend an ethnology workshop sponsored by SIL. The workshop was to help us understand the Philippine culture better, so we would not offend the Filipino people, and would be able to produce a more understandable and more relevant translation. It was vital that we attend. It took place at Bagabag, about half way between Manila and Enrile, and at the close of it, the director announced that there would be a translation orientation workshop in January for new translators. In preparation for it, we were assigned about 150 verses which we were to translate before then. The people attending this workshop were people who went to their

tribes about the same time we were trying to go to the Tingguian people in Abra. As things turned out, we didn't get to live in that place. It was six months later that we got moved into our house in Piat. That put us at least that far behind the other teams in language learning. We wondered if the handicap would be too great.

We talked with the director about this, and he told us the next such workshop would be a full year later, for teams that had been assigned just a couple of months ago. Surely we would not want to wait that long before beginning actual translation work, so he suggested we do our best and attend this time.

The purpose of the assignment and the workshop was to give us an opportunity to do some actual translation work, and then

have it checked. With translation, as with most jobs, you learn by doing. Inevitably, when you first start to do a new job, you'll do a lot of things wrong. If someone who knows something about it examines your work, he can point out the mistakes, and you can correct them and correct the procedure so you don't go on making the same mistakes. This workshop was intended to bring out, and help us correct and eliminate, as many mistakes in procedure as possible.

Certain ground rules were laid down. We were permitted to ask our informants for words with specific meanings if we didn't already have them in our vocabulary, but we could not ask them to translate a portion for us, or have them check our work. Chuck and I 'cheated' on this rule on the first couple of passages just to help us get started, but after that, we attempted to stick by the rule.

When we went to the workshop, we were to take our informants with us, and they would correct our work under the guidance and according to the instructions of the teachers. We were told we should not expect the finished product to look anything like the first draft we brought to the workshop.

There was one more rule: All discussions between the translator and the informant at the workshop were to be in the informant's language. The director told us that, because we got a late start with our group, that rule would be suspended for us. We appreciated that. If that rule hadn't been suspended, we might have been scared away from the workshop. As it was, we moved ahead, and looked forward with great anticipation to it.

Seeing how impossible it seemed to me to do this, I asked for special prayer from the folks at home. After that, the Lord gave me a real thrill and excitement in doing this work. It was like a huge jigsaw puzzle attempting to get the English, Greek, and Itawes to all come out with the same concepts. We really appreciated all the prayers that went up on our behalf.

In the month following, we were praising the Lord and thanking people for their prayers. We both were able to complete our rough drafts of 137 verses for the January translation workshop. We were growing in our understanding of the language. We still needed to be able to use it instead of English in conversation and understand what the people were saying when they spoke so fast.

We received a letter, however, saying we would not be able to attend the January workshop because they did not have room for us. Because we were not members of Wycliffe Bible Translators, we were invited to attend their seminars on a space-available basis. When a seminar was overcrowded, we were the ones who get left out, and that was as it should be. Our initial reaction was one of disappointment, but we soon realized that God had allowed this to happen for our good because we did not yet know the dialect well enough to be able to converse with our informant in it—one of the rules of the workshop. So, we pressed ahead with language study, looking forward to attending the next year's workshop.

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Chapter 31: Early Itawes, Church of Christ Activity

When we first went to the Philippines and went to Aparri, in the first week, we met two Itawes ministers who wanted us to do a Bible translation for the Itawes people. Although they were relatives, Mr. Rosendo Montilla being Felipe Catolos' uncle, neither of them knew the other had come to see us in Aparri. The younger man, Felipe, was in college there at the seminary, taking 20 units. He took us to Piat, where he said the people spoke "pure" Itawes, and they needed a Bible translation. He wanted us to

come so badly that he said anything he could to get us to come to the Itawes region.

Rosendo Montilla agreed that pure Itawes was spoken there. Eventually, this played a part in our decision to return there, but at the time, all I could think of was the heat. So we looked toward Abra in our initial search for a language to translate.

After returning from Abra, and settling in Piat, we found only a few Itawes-speaking Churches of Christ, and they were small and weak. They depended on their ministers for the Word of God because they did not yet have the Bible in their own language. We saw this as a real need for the Scriptures. We asked the Lord for them to develop a desire for a closer walk with God and to know Him more personally. They truly did need to know the Lord, and how could they know Him if they didn't have His Word in their

heart language? Our two Itawes friends realized this.

The two ministers themselves were in need in several ways: financial, personal direction, and spiritual strength and knowledge. Before we came to the Philippines, our sponsoring mission in Aparri was giving them a small amount of financial help each month. The mission did not have the personnel or the time to give them personal direction. However, because we were now living in the Itawes area, and were specifically interested in the Itawes, we felt we could give more personal help, and provide more financial support, too, as it wouldn't be a great burden for our STEP mission to assume this responsibility.

We knew the amount of personal help they needed was considerable in order for them

to be able to guide their churches in real growth. For us to give them that kind of help would mean a diversion from and consequent delay in fulfilling our basic task of Bible translation. So, we asked our prayer partners to pray that God would give us wisdom in deciding whether or not the actual benefit to the Itawes churches justified the amount of our time it would take from our primary task. As we thought about it, these people needed the Word of God, but they also needed our example and teaching in order that they might grow and mature in their spiritual lives. The prayer partners did pray about it, and we decided to help the men in whatever way we could.

After that, because we realized we needed men who were trained, whenever we had an opportunity to send a young dedicated man to the seminary, we did. That way, he could

be trained in the Word of God and learn how to teach and minister to the people in a better way. We undertook the job of sending them there even when they had families, which meant we sent the families, too. We did this because they desperately needed that training, and we needed the trained leadership for the people. We could not do it ourselves.

Rosendo Montilla was in his late sixties, but was not well grounded in the Scriptures when we met him. He had been a pastor in another church that was quite ritualistic and used the Bible minimally. He had been converted to the Church of Christ by a preacher from the Ilocano area. He especially needed commitment to Christ in order for him to be a more acceptable personal witness and example to his churches. Over the following years, we saw

this come to pass, but it all took time. He became a good influence on the younger ministers and brethren in the churches.

One month, we got together with the two men to hear their reports on what they had been doing. Mr. Montilla had been preaching in a different location every Sunday of the month, so the believers in those places got little actual teaching. Felipe was in the same location each week, but the group there was still small and weak.

In April 1975, we decided to support them financially so they could have more freedom in their activities. By this time, Felipe had graduated from Aparri Bible Seminary and was going with Mr. Montilla to conduct evangelistic meetings in the Itawes barrios of Amulung, which also had Ilocano barrios. We had gotten a Gestetner 300 mimeograph

machine in March, and one of the first things we did was to mimeograph invitations to people who lived around the churches where the men preached so they could invite them to special services. This helped in the attendance at their evangelistic meetings.

The two men had already translated over 40 hymns and choruses which were printed in an Itawes song book before this time. Chuck felt it needed to be revised, so Felipe came to work with us on that project in Piat. I helped Felipe select the most useable songs, and we arranged them in columns. Twenty-three songs filled two sheets on both sides. Chuck proofread the stencils, and we mimeographed enough copies so each family in their churches could take one home as a continuing witness. Everyone was delighted to have songs he could sing in his own dialect, especially the children. This

was the forerunner of a hymnal we prepared and had printed after that, while we lived in Enrile.

Another use for the mimeograph machine was thought up by our two ministers. They felt we should start putting out a newsletter in Itawes, so we did this. They contributed articles to this paper which was then taken to the churches. It was called Ya Nawag, (in English, The Light.) From time to time, we went with one of the ministers to an evangelistic meeting or some other occasion to which he was going in the area of Amulung or Piat. One of these times, we went to a barrio of a small town near Piat named Faire where Felipe served as the minister. We went on the night before Christmas, and that night we stayed up in the home of one of the members while they read and sang a song or chant in a

neighboring language called Ibanag about the life of Jesus Christ. It went on and on for hours like a saga, telling of the history of Jesus' birth and much that accompanied it. Apparently, everyone understood what was being sung, as from time to time, they all took part. If they got sleepy, they just stopped singing and went to sleep for a while, right where they were, but the rest went on with the music. We ourselves got so sleepy we ended up sleeping while it was going on, too.

The next night the church had a program that was held on an outside stage. The members and neighbors all came to watch, and the children and others participated in telling the story of the birth of Christ. Chuck was given a part on the program to pray at the end of the service. It was a lovely

presentation, though very simple, and everyone appreciated it very much.

Although this was the church that Felipe ministered to, he couldn't go every Sunday or else he got there at different times due to public transportation, which was undependable. When he got there, he would go around to all the houses of the members to let them know he was there so they would come to the meeting. Remember they went according to Filipino time, so their church didn't have a regular starting time.

These were generally poor people, and most of the houses were made of nipa grass, and they were quite small, often times being built on stilts. Their animals sometimes lived under the house. They had no screens on the windows, so the mosquitoes were quite bad. People there had a lot of malaria

until the government came and sprayed all the water holes in town to kill the anopheles or malaria-carrying mosquitoes. They did this routinely. The very nature of the nipa hut meant there were other creatures, bugs and little lizards, which lived in the thatch of the roofs and walls. We were thankful we lived in the nearby Centro of Piat, where the houses were more like stateside homes. Those houses had lizards, too, but they were considered good to have around because they ate spiders and insects.

Faire was a town, and this barrio was typical of many of the barrios of the time, most people being farmers and depending on the weather for their crops to grow. They did have schools, though, and at least 85% of the Itawes were literate. This was important to the success of our Bible translation work. We were thankful that we didn't have to

teach the people how to read. The towns also had municipal buildings and various government services, which contributed to the ongoing of their lives. We were very thankful to be in an area where all of this was available.

Felipe lived in Palayag, Amulung. Palayag is a barrio across the Cagayan River from the main part of Amulung. Mr. Montilla lived in Estefania, Amulung, which was just a few barrios away from the Centro of Amulung on the same side of the Cagayan River as the Centro. To get to Palayag from Estefania, you have to take a jeep to the point at the river where you get off the jeep and get a canoe called 'banca,' which takes you across the river to the other side. You then walk to Palayag from there, taking a trail that goes alongside the river. It's quite a long way when you aren't used to it. One

day Rosendo was holding an evangelistic meeting there at a little church building built on the property of Felipe's family, and we went there with him and enjoyed the service he held that night.

Another day, we went there by public transportation from Piat to attend another evangelistic meeting. That required our going by bus to Tuguegarao first, an hour's trip, and then getting a jeepney that took us by bridge to the other side of the Cagayan River, directly to Palayag, which took another hour or more. That night at the meeting, there were three young men who played the guitar and sang in a trio. The one playing the guitar was the song leader for the evening service, and they used the new song books, so the song service was spectacular. These young men were really good at singing the songs with much vim

and vigor. The congregation joined, singing lustily, obviously enjoying the service greatly. These boys were brothers from another barrio of Amulung who obviously loved the Lord and loved to sing. All three of these boys, the Tallud Brothers, ended up going to Aparri Bible Seminary and ultimately becoming ministers of the gospel in the Itawes region.

For several years, the eldest, Domingo, became a missionary to southern Mindanao working with missionaries down there. He ultimately came back to work in a church he helped start earlier in Tuguegarao, which is the largest of the Churches of Christ there. The second, Eddie, currently preaches in three different churches, and works with Carl Stevens at his airplane hangar in Tuguegarao, besides being the minister who holds the Itawes VBS Clinic for our Itawes,

Ibanag, Malaweg and Agta churches of the area. Dominador, the third brother, is the minister at Enrile where we used to go when we lived in Enrile in the Philippines. Little did we realize that night how things would come to pass in the future for those young men. The youngest of them would even be the translator of a few of the historical books of the Old Testament as well as one of four translation assistants helping us in the revision of the whole Itawes Bible.

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Chapter 32: Dialect Variation Survey

When we first came to the Itawes area, we knew there were variations in the dialect, but we didn't know how great they were. There are six Itawes towns (eight, if two marginal ones are included) within a radius of fifteen

miles, and the differences among them are comparable to, or greater than, the differences in English as it is spoken in Los Angeles, Houston, Boston, and London, England. Since we came to live in Piat, we learned it was the smallest Itawes town, and with the exception of one of the marginal towns, linguistically the most different from the rest. So, we decided that we should relocate to one of the other towns and continue our work there.

We needed to learn the form of Itawes that would be appreciated by the most Itawes people in these six towns, and we needed to figure out where that form was spoken. Right about that time, in the course of us doing our official paperwork activities, we met a woman working at one of the government offices in Tuguegarao. We mentioned to her our endeavor to translate

the Itawes language, and that we were still undecided as to where to make that happen. She was delighted to tell us that her very own uncle was acknowledged to be the outstanding living authority on the Itawes language and its various dialects. This man, Monsignor Mallo (MALL-yo), was a native Itawes and a Catholic priest, and when we met him, he was able to tell us immediately where we should go to do our translation. Of course, we didn't know for sure if he really knew that, so we had to prove it for ourselves.

To do this, we conducted a survey, using a list of about 150 words we had discovered were different in different towns. Chuck made this list with the help of an anthropologist, an Itawes, who gave us two books called a Guide for Learning the Itawes Dialect and an Itawes-English

Dictionary. He had prepared these as a Peace Corps informant some years back. We found many differences between his dialect and the one we learned in Piat.

We surveyed each of the six Itawes towns, and found that our survey confirmed what Monsignor Mallo had told us originally. Enrile, (en-REE'-lay) would be the best place to learn Itawes and translate the New Testament in order that the finished product would have the widest acceptance and lead to the greatest understanding of the message. We now realized that he was in fact the Itawes expert, and we saw a possible opportunity to use his expertise to our advantage. We asked him to review our thus-far completed work and to help make it better. After that, we sent/took everything we did to him so we could get his comments on it. We had a wonderful working

relationship with him for tenfifteen years, right up until the time he passed away. We didn't think we would ever find another man with whom we would have such good rapport, and who also knew the language as well as he did.

What's more, we actually needed the approval of the local Archbishop for our translation to be accepted by the Catholic population, which is significant in the Philippines. Fortunately, Monsignor Mallo had been pre-approved by Archbishop Diosdado A. Talamayan (ta-la-my-ON), something we didn't know at the time we started working with him. After Monsignor Mallo died, we went to the Archbishop to seek his appointment of a new reviewer for our translation. It turned out there was a priest from Enrile, Henry Singayan (sing-EYE-on), who was named as our reviewer

for the Catholic Church after that, and he was a very good, loving, personable person. It was he who became the man to read and approve our translation. Archbishop Diosdado A. Talamayan was able to give his approval, too, because of his faith and trust in this man. His signature is called the imprimatur. Their signatures appear on the back side of the title page, which means that it is all right for any Catholic to read this book.

At any rate, we ultimately moved to Enrile when we found out this was the best Itawes dialect and most apt to be readily received by the rest of the Itawes people.

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Chapter 33: We Move to Enrile

After one year, one month, and one day in Piat, we moved to Enrile, where we would live for the next 35 years.

Surely God had a sense of humor. When we were in the Philippines the first time, we went to visit the missionaries in Aparri in May of 1966. We took the plane and had an hour layover at the Tuguegarao airport. It was hot, dry, and desolate. Furthermore, we were feeling a little uncomfortable from a rough flight. We agreed between ourselves at the time that, if there was any place in the world we had ever been that we didn't want to live, it was Tuguegarao. Now, exactly ten years later, we were living within ten miles in a direct line from the Tuguegarao airport, and loving it. We had learned, among other things, not to say, "I'd never want to do that," because that's probably just what He'd end up leading us to do.

The population of the town of Enrile, which is more like a county in the US, in 1976, was about 21,000. It had an area of about 70 square miles. The town proper, also called the Centro, which is like a county seat, had about 7,000 people and was about one-half square mile in area. There were three elementary schools and a parochial high school, besides a public vocational high school a couple of miles west of town on a hill. The main building was the municipal/town hall, where the government offices were located. Other offices in this or adjacent buildings included police, treasurer, post office, rural health unit, etc. An electric cooperative at the edge of Enrile started generating electricity about a week before Christmas in 1976, and Enrile began having electricity.

Although Enrile was much larger than Piat, it had much less business. Piat had eight restaurants; Enrile had one. Piat had a fair sized general store; Enrile did not. Piat had three tailor shops; Enrile had none. Piat had a general market day twice a week; Enrile had none. Both towns had a number of small stores, 5' to 10' on each side, where people could buy the 'essentials' like canned milk, canned fish, margarine, sugar, and cigarettes. The reason for the difference was that Piat is about 25 miles from Tuguegarao so must have its own separate services. Enrile is about 8 miles from Tuguegarao, and people would rather go there to shop. Most of the people were farmers, and most of the gainfully employed persons worked in Tuguegarao.

House hunting? Here is how it happened.
When we were looking for a place to live in

Enrile, we learned from our neighbor across the street in Piat that his aunt lived in Enrile. He thought there might be room in their house if we would like to live there. On our next trip to Enrile, we stopped by his aunt's house to meet her, and to check out the situation. Her name was Longhina Abbariao Luna, and her nephew, Felipe Abbariao, Jr, lived with her. Her husband, Tomas Luna, had died several years before. The house now belonged to Tomas' daughter, Mrs. Corazon Luna Hall, by a former marriage, who lived in the States in Northridge, California. We talked to Mrs. Luna about us staying there, and it was fine with her and Felipe as long as it was okay with Mrs. Hall. We wrote to Corazon Hall to determine if it was okay, and to set the details of rent if it was. We expected to be there for a short to medium time, anticipating we would soon be building our own house in which to live.

With a little help from our friends and some more help from above, we were soon accepted as tenants and immediately moved our stuff from Piat to our new home in Enrile.

We called Longhina ‘Tia,’ which is Itawes (and Spanish) for ‘Aunt.’ Tia was living downstairs while Felipe slept upstairs, but when we moved there, we took over the upstairs, so Felipe moved downstairs. There were two bedrooms downstairs, so that worked out nicely. The house had two stories, and while waiting for property to become available and a house to be built, we had it wired and painted inside.

To truly paint the picture of life there, I really need to tell you about the three buildings outside the house: the dirty kitchen, the wash room, and the comfort

room. Tia and Felipe had a kitchen outside their back door which was called a “dirty kitchen.” It was called that because they burned wood in their “native stove,” and the wood emitted smoke, turning the ceiling black. The floor of this kitchen was dirt and the building was a wooden structure about 8’ x 12.’ Inside was a long wooden table plus the native stove. The stove was baked clay, about 1 1/2 feet by 2 1/2 feet concave inside, and was placed on a separate wooden table so it was just the right height to do the cooking. One end of it had an elevated place where they could put a pan on top and cook whatever they wanted to cook. Under the elevated part, the wood was placed and burned to cook the food. When the wood had burned, it was shoved into the front part of the stove, and pots of already cooked food were set by it to keep them warm until the meal was ready. A window next to the

table had a shelf extended outside from it on which they stored pots, pans, dishes and things needed for cooking. It had a wooden grating around it to keep animals out.

In the backyard was also the washroom. It was an enclosure in which a person could take a bath, or he could do his washing there. It was about 4' x 4.' The floor was largely of small rocks so the water used could go down into the ground and not form a mud puddle in the place. The enclosure was very old, being made of wooden posts from which were suspended old pieces of sheet metal. No water was piped into this enclosure, so one had to fill a bucket with water from the nearby faucet on the town water system where water came each morning. In the morning, each family got what water they would need for the day, putting it into large containers so they would

have water for the whole day. If that water ran out, there was a pump well next door to which we could go to pump water for our needs.

If I wanted to take a bath, I went into this enclosure, shut the door, which was a piece of cloth that stretched across the opening. I made sure there was water there, ready for my bath. As an American, I disrobed completely, though this was very unpleasant to do since there were little holes in the walls of the enclosure, and we never knew when someone would walk by and peek in. Also, there was no roof to the enclosure, so if a plane or helicopter went by overhead, I had the feeling that their eyes were watching me! Of course, that didn't happen often. Anyway, once I got over my fear, I proceeded to use a pitcher to get water from

the bucket and pour it over myself, apply my soap, and then rinse it off afterwards.

Since we had a household helper who washed our clothes, she did the washing in this enclosure. She would get a large pan and pour what water she needed into it to do the washing of the clothes, and squat down beside it to wash. I don't know how many times she rinsed them, but eventually, she rinsed them clear of the soap and took them on her head or over her arms to the clothes line to hang them up.

The third enclosure was what we called 'the comfort room' or restroom. It was smaller than the place where we took our bath. It was about 3' x 4.' The enclosure was made of wood—termite ridden—and the walls were mostly worn away at the bottom and provided easy entrance to rats and other

small creatures. Every so often I saw an 8” lizard slither out of the toilet bowl, which was made of reddish brown cement! You never knew what might be hiding in the water there. The door was an old drum lid—and did not allow much privacy, so Chuck put on a piece of plywood instead. The comfort room had only a water seal toilet and a container for flushing the toilet. The toilet was made of clay that had a bowl that looked like the bowl of the toilets we have in the States. The bowl part went down into the ground and was actually over a hole in the ground that you couldn’t see. It had a wide ledge around it to place your feet, and when you used it, you squatted over it with your feet on the ledge, and urinated or whatever, into the bowl of the toilet underneath. This was flushed with water from the container for flushing, and all went into the hole underneath. In our thinking, it

was much better than the outhouses we knew in the States which were open to all kinds of bugs and critters and always smelled terrible. A water seal toilet has no smell attached.

The comfort room was very old, and the wood was partly eaten away by termites. At least one time, though, it had stinging red ants living in it. One day, after about a month, as I was in the comfort room, the red ants got to my feet and started biting ferociously. I had on my sandals, so there was no protection for my feet, but the biting ants wouldn't let up, so I hollered at the top of my lungs to get Chuck to come and help me. Instead of Chuck, the household helper came out with paper and matches. When I was okay to move out of the enclosure, I ran back into the house. Nora burned some of the ants with flaming newspaper, and finally

sprayed them with Raid, which finished the job. I was afraid she might also burn the comfort room, but she didn't, so I was glad for that. However, that was the last time I ever used that restroom. If I had to go to the comfort room, I used a chamber pot called an 'arinola,' and used it in the house so I was not bothered by the ants again. A few days later, I went down, not in such a hurry this time, and saw the swarming ants on three sides around the toilet.

Needless to say, I ran back quickly and got the Raid. After that, Chuck was under orders to have an inside toilet put in both downstairs for Tia and Felipe and one upstairs for us to use. He had a native style toilet put in downstairs and a more US type toilet put in upstairs. We also put in a shower and a small basin on the wall downstairs, and the shower upstairs in the

same room as the toilet. Though upstairs, we had it separated by walls in order to get more privacy, and we put in a larger size basin for washing our hands.

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Chapter 34: Our House in Enrile

In the last chapter, I told you a few things about our house in Enrile. However, you need to know what it was like inside, not just on the outside. When we first moved to Enrile, there were two bedrooms downstairs. This was the home of Tia Longhina Luna and Felipe Abbariao, each of whom had one of the bedrooms. The living room was also downstairs and was shared by all four of us.

Upstairs, there were two walls dividing the space into three distinct rooms, but there

were no furnishings. This was to be our apartment, so to speak, so we could fix it up any way we wanted. To reach the upstairs, it was three steps up to the landing, then left, then up eight more steps. This put us into a rather large room which we divided into two parts, a kitchen and dining room. We still had the kerosene refrigerator, because at that time, there was still no electricity in Enrile.

The kitchen was on the northwest corner of the house, with windows on both the west and the north sides, so we had plenty of light. We put a cabinet by the west window which had a three burner tabletop stove and room for pots and pans. If we wanted to bake anything, we had a little oven which fit over one burner. We still needed a cupboard to put our dishes in, plus another for our spices and other essentials. Our next door neighbor, Rufino, was a carpenter, so we

had him put cupboards on the walls so we would have adequate cupboard space in the kitchen. In the northwest corner, he put the cupboard for dishes we used every day, and on the south side of the kitchen, he put in a cupboard for spices, tea, cook books, groceries and other such things.

We needed to use water in our kitchen, so we put in a sink. At first, we had to have our water carried upstairs because we didn't have running water. Later on, we installed a water tower in the backyard. The tower provided the necessary water pressure for us to have running water piped to the sink. Pipes to the bathroom serviced a shower stall and toilet facility. There was a faucet right next to the toilet which allowed us to put water into a bucket beneath it which we used to flush the toilet, which was a water seal toilet. The waste water went through

pipes to the cesspool which we also built later. Meanwhile, we had no electricity at first, so we used lamps at night for light. We had one kerosene lantern, which we used mainly for reading.

We had a book case in the dining room with full-length glass doors so whatever was inside was protected from the dust. In it we put our good Noritake China dishes, Correll dishes, plus our beautiful longstemmed glassware the folks from the church in Lynwood had given to us for our going-away gift before we left the States. On the bottom shelf, we kept photo albums that needed to be protected, too. Remember that Lorrita McKinney had told us to bring our good China and photos so our home would be more like our home in the States. We now planned that this was to be our home for many years to come, so we made it as

homey as we could, given the room we had to work with.

Any furniture we brought, we had had made in Aparri, where we knew there was a master craftsman who had made similar furniture for the Selbys. Any new missionaries who came to be with the Bible seminary or mission went to the same place to get their furniture made. We had several pieces made when we lived in Piat, and had more made after we came to live in Enrile. They were made of narra wood, a good, hard, strong wood that was also very beautiful.

There were two other rooms we used as bedrooms. The larger one, off the dining room, became the master bedroom where Chuck and I slept. The second room was for our household helper, and we kept our

cleaning equipment in that one, too. We had cabinets made on two walls in that room, for linens, medicines, tools, and large items. In the master bedroom, was the aparador, a tall cabinet or closet that held our clothes and shoes. On one door it had a full-length mirror. The top of the aparador was a wonderful place to store things we seldom used. We had other cabinets built in along the west side of the room except where the aparador was. Then there was another built-in cabinet that went from the floor to the ceiling where we hung jackets and clothing, and we filed papers in a box on the floor.

This gave us plenty of room for a good queen-sized bed plus three chests of drawers and a rattan book case. We eventually put our typewriter on the outside wall. At first, we slept on two sleeping bags on two air mattresses, as our bed. This arrangement did

fairly well for us until we decided we would live there as our regular home. At that point, we went to Manila and purchased the nicest, best queen-size mattress we could. We felt it was an extravagance to have such luxury, but as Harry and Lily Schaefer, veteran missionaries to India and Africa, told us, if we wanted to spend our time serving the Lord as missionaries, we should get the best mattress we could so we would have the best rest possible.

While we were moving in, we were also in the process of looking for a permanent place, something we could buy through the Aparri Mission. The specific place we had in mind was just right for us, but the issues involved in getting permission to buy it were basically insurmountable. The fact that we loved the new apartment we were moving into made it easy for us to decide very

quickly that this was the place we wanted to stay while we were in Enrile.

Still, with all our new luxuries, it wasn't quite enough to make the house comfortable for us to do our translation work. We considered our options, and decided that the best way to make our present home adequate for our needs would be to build an addition onto the front of the house.

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Chapter 35: We Build an Addition to Our House

Our upstairs apartment had an inside dimension of 18' × 24', divided into three rooms. It simply wasn't big enough. We made an agreement with the owner, who lived in the States and was a US citizen, that

the cost of any improvements could be applied toward future rent. We had no plans, no architect and no contractor, so Chuck drew a sketch of the room size and arrangement, which the owner and I accepted. That was our blueprint for building.

For two months, May and June, 1977, virtually the only activity Chuck was engaged in was house-building. We ordered a block press, which makes building blocks out of cement and a particular kind of ordinary dirt. When it arrived, Chuck and our neighbors started to work. Our next door neighbor, Rufino Luna, was a carpenter, and the young man downstairs, Felipe Abbariao, was a mason.

Eduardo, Rufino's son, helped Felipe make the earthcrete blocks. And they worked well

together. In the Philippines, a work day is ten hours, 7 AM to 6 PM, with an hour for lunch. Chuck was usually up and out, lining out the day's work, by about 6:15. After the men started to work, he came in for breakfast, and then went right back out to work. After work in the evening, he spent up to an hour cleaning paint brushes or putting things in sheltered places so they wouldn't be soaked by the rains. It made for long days, but the job was completed more quickly that way.

Together they built the house. Chuck told them what he wanted, and they did it. Occasionally they would say it couldn't be done, so they had to figure out something else. Sometimes they had a discussion to work out the best way to accomplish the task.

Because it was done that way, Chuck couldn't be away from the job any more often or longer than necessary. He frequently checked to see that things were going as planned, but only rarely did he actually stop what he was doing and watch for a few minutes. Most of the time, he was busy doing some part of the work himself.

While Chuck was involved with all of that, I was able to spend my time on translation work. I was in the process of formulating and asking questions by which I checked the accuracy, clarity and naturalness of my translation. Neighbor ladies helped me with that. Another of my main jobs was to check the work of a typist whom we hired for one month to catch up on back typing.

For a while, it seemed like things were going slowly, then they picked up the pace.

They put up all the walls and the siding. Eduardo and his father, Rufino, put on galvanized iron for our roof. Chuck took electrical training when in high school and worked part time in an electrical business, so he did the wiring for the downstairs part. He was kept busy going to Tuguegarao, sometimes twice a day, to get materials the men needed. They put an overhang on the extension, which was much nicer than the one on the main house, so we would not have such a problem with the heat of the sun. It also made the house look larger from outside, but actually, it didn't make it that way inside. On the porch upstairs, Felipe laid the decorative block wall, which looked quite impressive.

Another of Rufino's sons, Domingo, helped do the painting with Eduardo. The trim was painted yellow, and the main wood part was

painted yellow-green. The block section of the house was painted brick red, which was a dark red, and these colors worked well together with the surrounding greenery.

Downstairs in our new addition, we had an office where we kept our mimeograph, desks, and metal filing cabinet beside a book case and a few chairs. We had a rattan bookcase, too, and a table for a general work space. The men painted the office a pale shade of yellow to make it bright so we could have plenty of light. I made pale green filmy curtains that made it cheery and bright, too. The men also put in a smaller room for our household helpers downstairs. Their room was painted the same color as the office, but I made darker, heavier curtains for the girls' bedroom so no one could see through them, especially at night. All windows on the house had louvers and

were screened. We had bars put around all the downstairs windows to discourage intruders. To make the household helpers' room more secure, we had a special lock put on the door, and in addition, we let the girls put a bar across the door to make sure no one could force the door open.

The furnishings in the girls' room consisted of a table and chair, a set of bunk beds and a cabinet that had shelves on one side and a closet on the other side. At first, we only had one helper, but she got too lonely and needed a companion, so we got another girl to join her so she would be content. The two worked well together most of the time, and we were happy to have a harmonious household.

It was about this time I had my experience with the fire ants, and Chuck had to make

the new plumbing and toilet arrangements. In the upstairs room was where we eventually put our Whirlpool washing machine, which made life a lot easier for the household helpers or for me if I was the one who had that job.

Upstairs, at the front of the house, we now had a large living room or “sala” with windows on three sides. We had one large bookcase at one end of the room, and on one side, as you entered from the dining room, there was a table for our typewriter. Later, when we got a computer, this is where we put the computer. On the same side of that wall, we had two large rattan chairs made particularly to our individual dimensions with 6 inch foam rubber cushions. We also had a 6 foot rattan sofa with foam rubber cushions, placed on the other side of the room. The back of the sofa could be let

down to become a bed. We made it longer than normal because we had guests who would use it who were very tall. In the center of the room, was a 6 foot long rattan table which could either be used as a table or a bed. If used for a bed, we would put a mattress on it so it would be comfortable, and at appropriate times, it came in handy in that capacity. In one of the corners, we had a small cabinet on which we put our record player. Chuck installed stereo speakers in both the sala and dining room so we could enjoy music wherever we were. I made curtains for the sala windows and draperies made of heavier material so we could block the light from outside if we wanted to do that.

After quite a few years in the Philippines, we got a TV, but after we got it, we found that they had removed the TV station on top

of the mountain from which the signal came, so if we wanted to use it, we would have to connect it to the local cable. We never did connect to cable, so we never got to watch TV programs. We did have a video player connected to it, though, so we could watch videos that we had. We put the TV on the outside porch which was part of the addition, and when we wanted to watch a video, we would take a card table out to the porch and set up our dinner on that, and watch the video as we ate. We also used the porch to hang our washed clothes when it rained, so we put up several ropes for the clothes lines out there.

At times, we used that porch to house people who needed a bedroom. For instance, when missionary friends Rodger and Dixie Shewmaker and their daughters, Andrea and Beth, came to Cagayan to work with us, they

used the sala and porch for their sleeping quarters. We put up two cots on the porch for the girls, and the parents used the sala rattan sofa and the rattan table for the other bed. They stayed with us for a few months until they were able to find a house to rent in Tuguegarao. Our house was too small for two families, but we were happy, making it work out quite well.

At the time of our New Testament dedication, we bedded down several more people than that and we had a ball, using the living room downstairs and the household girls' room, as well.

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Chapter 36: The Eight Steps of Our Bible Translation

Basically, there are eight steps in language translation, which we will now discuss and apply to our situation. There are also several more steps involved with the printing, but we will discuss those in the next chapter. First, though, it's important to describe our situation in Enrile and set the stage, and name some of the players who were so important to the success of our mission there.

We moved to Enrile when we found it to be the best Itawes dialect and most apt to be readily received by the rest of the Itawes people. When we moved to Enrile, we again became the family of the people in whose home we lived. The old lady downstairs became our Tia, or aunt, and the young man, Felipe, became our cousin. Tia's brothers, Vicente and Felipe, Sr., lived nearby. Their children became our cousins, too, and they

all took the responsibility of seeing that we were introduced to people in Enrile.

One of our cousins was a teacher, so she took us to all school occasions, and introduced us to everyone there. She introduced us to many other people besides, such as political people, family friends, and anyone else who was connected with their family. If there was a death and they would be going, we went, too, or if a wedding, we were involved, and if a baby-baptism, graduation, anniversary of someone's death, or whatever, we were invited, too.

When we were in Piat, I told you how we went about learning the language there. However, when we moved to Enrile, we had to, in effect, learn the language over again because it was different from the Itawes

spoken in Piat. It took the help of many people in Enrile to make this possible.

One qualification for our helper was that she had to be an Itawes person from Enrile. The other qualification was that she must know how to read in Itawes, but it was not required that she be a high school graduate. We called on our neighbors, members of our household, and others in the town of Enrile, to help us in our project.

In Enrile, in order for the people to take our work seriously, we needed to start our work with people of influence in the fields of language and education. Enrile is a town that produced many teachers and educators compared to other towns, so was well respected for that in Northern Luzon. Two of their finest decided to help us get started in our translation work, Conrado Parallag, a

retired teacher, and Division Superintendent, Sabino Acorda, who provided us with a word list and reviewed some of our first translation efforts. With this kind of auspicious beginning, it was easy to find other educated people to help us with our translation of the Bible.

Even within our own adopted extended family, we found much qualified help. Vicente's daughter, Belen Sibal, was an elementary teacher then, and she provided us with Itawes story-charts from school which she read into our tape recorder. We used this recording to play over and over so we could memorize the stories and get the idea of the way the language went, and the proper intonation. Her sister, Florencia (Ensing) Anog, helped us in learning new words and phrases, too. When they could no longer work with us, Felipe Abbariao, Jr.

began to help, and he continued helping us through the years. Now, let's get back to the eight steps of translation.

Step 1: Learn How to Speak in Itawes (for us, Relearn How to Speak in Itawes)

The nuts and bolts of translation was mostly about learning word equivalents, grammar, verb conjugations, etc., and documenting what we learned as we went along. As I did the documentation paperwork upstairs, Chuck was downstairs working with one of our language helpers. The conversation between them was much like a game of twenty questions. The object was for Chuck to discover words and concepts that were hidden in the mind of the other person. Of course, it involved more than a series of twenty questions, and the answers were far more complex than a simple yes or no.

Sometimes we would elicit desired information in a real situation; i.e. what was talked about was actually present. We asked questions such as, “What is this? Where is the book? Tell me about that object. Show me something that’s wet. What is he doing?” or ask, “What am I doing?” accompanied by an action such as jumping, scratching, etc. Other times we used an assumed situation.

In our game, we moved from the discovery of names of objects to names of events, conditions, and abstractions such as distance, health, and morality. We also had to get relational words like conjunctions and prepositions as well as prefixes and suffixes. These were the glue that held things together and transformed a string of words into a meaningful sentence. To get this kind of information we sometimes had to ask grammatical questions. Of course, we never

asked questions like, “What is the noun/verb/adjective form of that word?” Instead, we asked, “How do you say _____? Can you say _____? Use _____ in a sentence. What form of the word goes here _____? (and we gave an Itawes sentence with a blank).

Working with language helpers in such ways made it possible to learn words, meanings, and how they were used in sentences naturally. Because we worked this way hour after hour, and for other reasons, too, it was impossible to remember all the details. So we wrote the information down on vocabulary cards and spent much time in memorization in addition to the time spent with helpers. Chuck had eight years of linguistics education, so he was better in eliciting information than I was. Still. I sat in with him on many of these sessions, and

sometimes I thought of things to ask, that he didn't think of, that enabled us to get at some crucial aspect of the meaning of some word. Whenever that happened, I was very proud.

Almost all this work was done with the help of our family and friends, and it was not done in a vacuum. They all had lives and jobs in addition to being our helpers, and they got no money from us. Nor did they make us feel like we should be paying them. But, they spent much time with us, especially in the first year or so, helping us with our language learning. Uncle Felipe and Uncle Vicente helped us a lot, and then one of our cousins helped when an uncle was not available. If one of the lady cousins had to be in the field doing her farming, and no one else was available, we had Felipe Jr. help us. He was a high school graduate and

reasonably fluent in English as well as Itawes, being a full-fledged Itawes man, and he knew his language well. He was not generally held in good standing with his other cousins because he had trouble with drinking, and he smoked and liked to gamble at cards or the cock fights. He had a bad temper, too, when he was under the influence of liquor. At first when he tried to help us, his cousin came running and took over immediately. However, when she was too busy to do it, she finally decided it was all right if he helped us. We assured her he was qualified to do what we needed to have him do, so she needn't worry about it.

By this time, we were both working full time with Felipe Jr. every day, and we were writing words onto the cards, filling them in, asking questions concerning various forms of the verbs, etc. We did not have a

computer because computers were not in much use at that time. We had a typewriter, so we typed a lot, but we usually wrote the words down onto cards by hand. We were trying to speak in Itawes all the time, as we were supposed to be using Itawes by now to get the words we needed in Itawes.

Why? Because we were getting ourselves ready to attend the SIL workshop and we knew we needed as much familiarity with the language as possible to qualify to get in. Plus, we were already signed up to attend, so we had to step up our game, and be ready when the time came.

Step 2: The Rough Draft

Finally the time came for the workshop at Bagabag, SIL's northern base. This was to be a 3-4 week long workshop, and a very intense time of learning. We took Uncle

Vicente and Felipe Jr. with us, so each of us would have a language helper. We also took Nora, too, since we needed our cook and household helper. By that time we had another girl to help Nora, Imay, and she came with us, too, because we would have little time for doing daily chores while we were there.

The translation work started like this: for practice, we took a short Biblical story they gave us. We researched it to find the meaning, and then did the rough translating. We had commentary books written by Biblical scholars that helped us find the meanings. First we wrote one line of the original Greek text by hand on a sheet of lined paper, leaving six lines on which to do the translation. Of those six lines, one or two were used for English, and the rest for Itawes possibilities. We had both taken

Greek in Bible college, so knew how to do this. After doing it for a while, we improved.

Once we had a handle on the short stories, they let us start a whole book. We chose the book of Mark, which is usually the first one translators choose because it is about Jesus, it is the shortest and the simplest of the gospels, and it tells about demons closer to the beginning of the book than any of the others. When we began translating, Chuck took one chapter, and then I took the next. We alternated chapters, and when we had finished translating the book of Mark, Chuck had done exactly one more verse than I had. I kid you not. Now we had a rough draft of the book of Mark.

Step 3 The Language Helper Check

Once we had it translated, we had to check it with someone else. Since our language

helpers were already familiar with the work, we went over it with them first. Felipe was my language helper and Uncle Vicente was Chuck's helper, so they were the first ones who actually saw what we had translated. If they realized that it didn't make sense, they helped us to rewrite it to make more sense.

For instance, in one part, Chuck tells about how, in the story of the Triumphal Entry, the people put down branches in front of Jesus. Felipe was his translation helper then. When Felipe read that, he asked with a stunned look on his face, "Why didn't those people want Jesus to come to their town?" He told Chuck that in the Itawes region, if someone throws branches in front of someone, that is the strongest way of saying, "Turn around and go back. We don't want you!" This being the opposite of what happened in the

Bible, we had to figure out a way to explain what happened in Jerusalem that day.

Chuck asked what the Itawes people would do if they wanted to welcome someone. Felipe said they would sweep the streets and line them with rocks and whitewash the rocks. Then they would put up a welcome sign over the road saying, "Welcome, Governor Aguinaldo and Party!" How different from a Biblical welcome.

But we couldn't put that in our translation—that they swept the roads, whitewashed the rocks and put up a sign saying, "Welcome, Jesus and Disciples!" Why? That would be rewriting history. Furthermore, if someone knew how to read English and would read the English New Testament, they would read that the people put branches on the road in front of Jesus. Then, if they read in our

Itawes translation that they swept the roads, whitewashed the rocks, and put a sign up over the road, people would know one of these translations was wrong.

Whose would they know was wrong? Ours, of course! So we couldn't do that. We actually ended up telling the Biblical version, putting in a footnote saying this was the Jews' customary way of showing honor, in this case, to Jesus.

This story and circumstance is typical of the kind of corrections we were able to make in the “language-helper check” phase of the translation. Sometimes major errors were avoided and other times minor ones by doing this simple check.

Step 4: The Naïve Check

The purpose of the naive check is to see whether a "naive" person, one who is unfamiliar with the text and the ideas written therein, is able to clearly understand the meaning of that text by reading it just one time. A person must be a native speaker of Itawes, having been raised in the region, and never seen the text in Itawes or any other language. We always used two people as naive checkers.

I usually did the naive checks to see if the one being checked understood the verse the way we thought she should understand it. In doing this, I made out at least two questions in Itawes for each verse, and then asked the checker both questions to see if she understood. If she could not answer the questions, then I knew something was probably wrong with what we had translated. Somehow it did not communicate

correctly what we thought it should be communicating. Sometimes we could figure out right away what was wrong, correct it and go on; however, if we could not, then it had to go back to Chuck for him and Felipe to go over it, see what they thought was the problem and then deal with it.

In Enrile, I checked my work with women, working one on one. Sometimes it was with the daughters of Belen Sibal or Florencia Anog, her sister, or even one of our next door neighbors, the Lunas. Sometimes it was with older women with whom I felt comfortable. I had numerous people I worked with over the years in this way, and to me, it was an exciting task.

It was interesting how the different ones would see their job. Some felt this was a real task for them to do as a servant of the Lord.

They could see the Word of God coming alive in their own language. Some had someone else take care of their babies or small children so they could do this. It was only when something drastic happened to keep them from helping me that we had to stop. If their child had malaria, I brought medicine for them to take, and if they had other physical problems, we dealt with them, too, so they could be taken care of. God helped keep them well so we could work a long time together.

Sometimes I worked with widows. One of these ladies was Mrs. Natividad Acorda, the wife of the former division superintendent of schools in the Department of Education, Culture and Sports (DECS). In fact, the day before we moved to Enrile to live, he was given a tremendous retirement party at the local Enrile North Centro School, and we

were invited to go to that affair. Mrs. Acorda was a good helper when I needed her to do the second naïve check on several letters of Paul in the New Testament.

Another widow, Consorcia Doria, was also a very faithful long-serving barangay captain (a public servant), and she was an excellent helper, very good in her understanding of difficult passages. Another lady, quite elderly, was Juana Maddatu who really loved the Word of God. She didn't always understand what it was about because of her age and maybe forgetting things she once knew, but I loved to work with her so she could get more of the Word of God into her heart and mind. Her grandson, Joseph, who was just a boy at that time, used to come and listen in as we worked together. Later, he became a priest and a professor in the San Jacinto Seminary in Tuguegarao. He became

one of the two Itawes priests who checked our revised Itawes Bible on behalf of the Archbishop of Tuguegarao. One day when we went to the seminary to talk to them about the translation, he reminded me that he was that boy.

Sometimes I worked with young ladies who were single. Such a young lady was Melinda Parallag who had a problem with epilepsy, so she was unable to hold down a regular job. She loved reading God's Word in her own language, and eventually, she came to know the Lord as well as her father, Rufo, who was so excited about the Lord, he sang songs of praise for hours at a time. She later passed away due to an epileptic attack, but we were thankful she went to be with the Lord. There were many others who I haven't mentioned, and it was a joy and a blessing to work with them all, especially as they had

the Word of God unfold right before their eyes for the very first time.

Step 5: The Educated Speaker Check (Added later)

The next check is called The Educated Speaker Check. In this check we sent double spaced copies of what we had translated to people who knew English and Itawes well. They could be teachers, preachers, or anyone we felt was qualified along this line. These people read the text in English, any translation, and then they read the Itawes translation. They wrote in suggestions they may have had above the translation. If they thought it was all right, they just left it alone.

When these came back to Chuck and Felipe, they went over them verse by verse and made decisions as to whether they felt the

remarks or suggestions were appropriate or should be incorporated, or if they weren't right, they would be rejected. In translating our first book, Mark, this step had not yet been introduced. But we found we were allowing too much mistranslation without it. We realized we knew many educated Itawes people, and they were more than happy to help us get this right. So we started asking for their help, and thus, we added this step to our process.

Step 6: The Back Translation into English
At this point we thought the translation was done, but not necessarily correct. We were now ready to translate the Itawes back into English and send it to a consultant who would check it. The English translation had to reflect the Itawes way of saying it; the verbs had to be translated as verbs, and the noun phrases as noun phrases, etc. We

called it a Back Translation. The reason it has to be translated back into English is to allow an “uninterested third party” to assess the validity of the translation. This third party is called a Consultant.

Step 7: The Consultant Check

The Consultant Check was done by a person who had extensive experience as a translator in the Philippines and who excelled in his understanding of how Philippine languages work. However, the consultant did not know Itawes. In fact, when he was doing the check, we were not in direct contact with him. He may have been hundreds of miles away in Manila or elsewhere. After he checked it, we got together with our helper and went over his ideas.

With his experience, he was able to recognize possible flaws in a translation, and

if/when he saw something in the back translation that didn't go with what he thought was accurate, he asked a question about it. If he had an idea as to what might be a good solution, he would suggest it. Sometimes the passages he asked about could be fixed by the translator alone, or he may have asked a question which required the translator to consult with his language helper to find out if the text was communicating what it should. At any rate, this check was really important because it was trying to bring out every possibility of making the translation as good as we could possibly get it, working as a team. When the consultant was satisfied that everything was acceptable, he filled out and turned in a form saying it was approved for publication.

Step 8: The Last Reviewers' Check

After the consultant check and the rectifications made pursuant to it, we printed Mark and sent copies to the reviewers. They went over it and wrote in any suggestions they thought might make it better. Then all the reviewers got together one last time, and discussed what they had suggested and made decisions concerning the final version. (In our work on the Old Testament we combined this with the consultant check, submitting his comments to them and getting his approval on their suggested changes.) When this step was completed for all the books in the New Testament, we were finally ready to go to press.

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Chapter 37: The Printing Procedure

The standard text of the New Testament now had to be put into a certain format

called the pre-typesetting format. This used special markings to indicate each class of item: title, section head, paragraph, verse number, etc., so when the person in the SIL office put it into her computer, the computer would know what to do with each item.

In addition to the standard text, there were “extra features.” Before it was actually typeset, we picked out pictures to be placed in the text where they would help clarify things people might not understand without a picture. For instance, in the Itawes region, people thought of an angel being a little baby like a cherub, so we put a picture of what we thought an angel really looks like in the first place where it speaks about an angel, Matt. 1:20. Also, we chose maps we wanted to be put in pertinent places, and we chose colored pictures we wanted to have put in specific areas of the text. At the

beginning of each book, we had a short introduction to and outline of the book. At the back of the whole book, we also had a glossary. All of these had to be checked.

After all these decisions were made and the text was in proper format, the whole thing was turned in to SIL Publications Department in Manila. The first step was to run it through the computer that checked it for three things:

- 1) It made sure that all books, chapters and verses were accounted for.

- 2) It checked all quotations to be sure that, where there was an open quote, there was also a closing quote. It did this for quotes within quotes as well, down to the third or fourth level.

3) It made a list of every word in the New Testament, told how many times it was used, and listed the first five places where it occurred. This was very helpful since it sometimes happened that, over the years of working on the translation, we had spelled a given word in different ways. If we saw that a given word occurred only one to three times in the whole New Testament, there was a fair chance it was a variant spelling of another word, and we could change those few to conform to the more common spelling.

In the front of the Itawes Bible, *Ya Ergo y Afu Dios* on page III, we put the *Nihil Obstat*: with the signature of Msgr. Henry D. Singayan and Rev. Fr. Joseph R. Aggabao, two Itawes priests who were from the town of Enrile and professors at the San Jacinto Seminary in Tuguegarao. They were the

priests who were appointed by the Archbishop to check our entire translation. Below that on the same page, we put the Imprimatur with the signature of Archbishop Diosdado A. Talamayan, D.D., S.TD., PH.D., Archbishop of Tuguegarao. This was the means the Catholic Church had to show that this book was approved for the reading of its members.

By means of a computer program, the typesetter laid out the text page by page for printing, made sure all introductions and outlines to the books were in, and put the pictures, footnotes, titles, maps, page numbers and the glossary in the proper places.

After the book had been typeset, we had to go over it to make sure it had been done correctly, or that we didn't make some error

ourselves in the process of all this. We called this proofreading, and Chuck and I went over this together to be sure it was correct. After the proofreading, the finished Bible had to go to the Philippine Bible Society where the photographic negatives of the book were made.

Then it went to the printer who had been suggested by the Philippine Bible Society. The paper it was printed on was special Bible paper, and the government charged 100 percent duty on it, but PBS was allowed to bring that paper into the country duty free. Having them print it afforded a considerable savings.

Well, I think that takes the process of Bible translation to the end, although actually, there was another step after the Bibles had been printed. Every single book had to be

opened and checked to make sure every page was there. You might think this was ridiculous, but it was not. Sometimes there were books that were not put together correctly physically. We had printed about 3,000 copies and we ended up checking six of them out of each carton of 24.

Before taking the books to Cagayan, we took one or two cartons to the Philippine Bible Society in Manila, and also to one other Bible bookstore in the Cubao area for sale there. When we took the books up to Cagayan, we distributed them to various places. What was left, we took to the CARM (Christian Aviation and Radio Mission) hangar in Tuguegarao for storage in their warehouse. We took some of them to the Philippine Bible Book Store in Tuguegarao for sale to the public, and we took cartons of New Testaments to each Itawes town. In

Piat, we took a carton to the convent for the priest who was having Bible studies. He sold some to these people and put the rest for sale in the convent store. In Tuao, we took a carton to the pastor of the Church of Christ to sell to his congregation, and another we took to the convent at the Catholic Church where they sold them right from the convent to their members. In other towns, we gave the local preachers copies they asked for with the idea that when they wanted more, they could go to the CARM hangar to get more.

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Chapter 38: Dedication of the Itawes New Testament

Now that our New Testaments were printed and ready for the Itawes people, there was

another event which must take place. The purpose of this event was to dedicate the Itawes version of the New Testament to God. This event would also introduce the New Testament to the Itawes people and let them know it was there for them. “Make this dedication as big an occasion as you can. The bigger it is, the more copies you will sell.” This was the excellent advice from a friend of ours in SIL who had been involved in several New Testament dedications. The reason we went to write a New Testament translation was so people would purchase the book. But not just to buy it, they also needed to read it and follow it in their lives. We wanted them to come to know the Lord personally and be able to share their knowledge with others, so that as many Itawes people as possible could come to know Him.

During the four months the books were being printed, we spent a good portion of our time planning, and then doing everything we could think of, to make our dedication the best one possible. This was nearly overwhelming to think of doing by ourselves, Chuck and me, so we invited our language assistants who had been helping us through the years, to help plan the event. By this time, our language assistants numbered about ten men, most of whom were preachers. These men should be involved in the dedication of this book, as it was their book as much as it was ours. Knowing more about Filipino Event Protocol than we did, they helped us make many decisions, including the one to have the dedication be a two day affair rather than one evening alone. There were just too many things to do and not enough time in one day. We decided to have the dedication be a Friday

night/Saturday morning affair with a lunch served at the end.

One of the first things we needed to decide was the location of the event. We lived and worked in Enrile, but for several reasons, we decided to have it in Tuguegarao. First, it was the most accessible town to all the Itawes people, many of whom used public transportation, and all roads led to Tuguegarao. Secondly, Tuguegarao was the only place around that had venues that could support the large number of attendees we were planning to have. Plus, by custom, all major events were held in Tuguegarao. With this in mind, we made arrangements to have the dedication service for the Itawes New Testament held at St. Louis College Gymnasium in Tuguegarao on Friday night, May 22nd and Saturday morning, May 23rd., 1991. This building would hold at

least 1500 people. Also included in the agreement with the college were sound equipment and a screen so we could have a slide presentation and video of The Life of Christ. They also provided tables to be set up at the entrance so we could have our books on sale there.

Once we had chosen a venue, we could figure out how to house those people who came from far away, and would be staying overnight in Tuguegarao. Fortunately, it was customary for schools to provide room for overnights in such circumstances, and there was one nearby that volunteered to help us. The people who stayed there brought their own blankets or whatever else they needed for the night. They were served coffee and small bread rolls for breakfast in the morning. Volunteers from Itawes churches helped with this.

Our third logistical task was to organize the preparation of the large lunch we would serve after the dedication program. We decided to provide food for over one thousand people since that was our guess about the number of people who would attend. The menu consisted of chicken, rice, vegetables and a fruit salad for dessert. Each church represented by our preachers would be responsible for setting up a cooking station in the yard near the gym where the dedication service would be held. They needed to bring their own cooking utensils, firewood, pots and pans, and whatever else they needed to do the job. Each group cooked all the elements of the lunch menu except the salad. The churches supplied the rice to be cooked at their location, and STEP provided the chicken to be cooked. Chuck had investigated and found a company that

would deliver all the chicken we needed. We provided the funds for whatever else was on the menu. A small fruit cocktail, prepackaged and delivered by an outside vender, was also provided for dessert.

Women of the Amulung Churches of Christ were in charge of stage decorations. Across the stage front they placed pink and white arrangements of artificial flowers. In large red letters on a pale green background drapery across the back of the stage was “Ya Kededika Ya Bahu nga Testamento kan Itawes” which means “The Dedication of the Itawes New Testament.”

We sponsored a poster contest in the public schools of the Itawes towns to encourage interest. Cash prizes were awarded to the best posters, and we had 100 copies of the Number One Poster printed. They were

displayed in conspicuous places around the towns. The Number One Poster was also placed at the front of the pulpit where the Itawes New Testament would be Enthroned (an event I will describe shortly).

With most of the logistical support work finalized, we began to work more on the setup and scheduling of the actual program. There were certain specific people we had in mind to perform certain specific tasks. Some were invited to participate in ways such as giving an opening prayer, closing prayer, or giving one of the dedicatory prayers. Two special pastors were invited to be the masters of ceremonies. After receiving everyone's replies, follow-up letters were sent to let them know what we expected them to do on the program and at what time. We personally invited all our fellow missionaries, pastors and leaders of the

churches in the Itawes area, whether they were on the program or not. An important part of any Filipino gathering or event is the performance of special numbers, especially singing and dancing. With this in mind, over 25 different acts were scheduled from different towns and different religious groups.

The evening of Friday, May 22nd finally arrived, and I was very excited that the events we had planned for so long were finally under way. At 5:30 that evening, we had a dinner with our guests of honor at the Pension Lorita Restaurant in a hotel in Tuguegarao. Some of the guests were Archbishop Diosdado Talamayan, the man who signed the imprimatur for our Itawes New Testament, Henry Singayan, the Itawes priest who checked our book on behalf of the Archbishop, Monsignor Narciso Allag,

and Reverend Efran Rivera, all of them were to be speakers at the Saturday morning dedicatory service. The Archbishop mentioned to me that this was the first time he had ever been invited to such a dinner as this by an evangelical group, and he seemed to be appreciative.

Charles W. Selby was also there from Aparri. He was the director of the Philippine Mission Churches of Christ of Northern Luzon, our sponsoring mission in the Philippines. Mrs. Asuncion Trinidad, wife of Pedro Trinidad, Division Superintendent of Education in Region 2, who was hosting some of our guests in her home, was also there. From the States, we had John Baker, member of the STEP board who would bring a word on behalf of our mission, and Betty Casebeer, Chuck's sister, who was the

secretary/treasurer of the STEP board. My sister, Violet, was also there.

After dinner that evening, we went into the gymnasium and took our seats, joining the crowd who had gathered to help us dedicate our New Testament. We were all welcomed by a recording of a special song written and performed by the brother of SIL Translator, Larry Allen, and his wife, Jan. It was written especially for their New Testament dedication, which happened just prior to our own. The song, named “Celebration” was perfect for such an event, and they were very kind to allow us to use their CD.

Domingo Tallud, one of the first men we sponsored at Aparri Bible Seminary, opened the service with prayer, and Carol Calucag, the Assistant Mayor of Tuguegarao, gave the welcome message. She encouraged the

people to “Study God’s Word, glorify God, and to bear witness that Jesus is the risen Christ.” Then Violet Spainhour, my sister, of Sun City, Arizona, went to the piano and sang the theme song, “Holy Bible, Book Divine.” She sang and taught it to us, and we all sang it at different times during the dedication.

Following that, Chuck narrated a slide presentation. I had taken pictures of 57 of the 60 language assistants who had helped us in the translation task over the 17 years we worked on it. (Three had passed away.) There had been 25 men and 35 women who helped in this way, and presenting them in a slide show was our way of expressing gratitude for their service. Then the Enrile Teachers’ Dance Group performed native dances which were beautiful, all the members being in native dress. We enjoyed

watching the video “The Life of Christ,” which was dubbed in Itawes by some of the same people we had just shown in our slide presentation. Violet sang again, this time singing, “No One Ever Cared for Me Like Jesus.”

The keynote speaker was Charles W. Selby, veteran missionary with 45 years of service, founder and president of Aparri Bible Seminary. We had referred to our dedication as a launching. In his opening remarks, Charles likened it to the launching of the first rocket that carried men to the moon and said this launching was far more significant than that one because this book would touch the lives of thousands of people now and in the generations to come. In his closing remarks, Charles read the parable of the Pearl of Great Price in which the man sold everything he had to obtain that one pearl.

Holding a copy of the New Testament aloft in his hand he said, “You will never find anything more wonderful, more valuable, than this little book right here.”

Philip P. Pattaguan closed the evening with prayer. Then we took our rented jeepneys back to Enrile, taking folks back that we had brought to Tuguegarao that evening, and got back to Enrile about 11:30 PM. On Saturday morning, bright and early, we went back to the St. Louis Gymnasium for the festivities. An opening procession was led by the Maria Male Choir of the Catholic Church in Piat who were dressed in beautiful royal blue robes, followed by the morning speakers and Archbishop Diosdado Talamayan, who walked in holding up an open copy of the Itawes New Testament and carrying it to the platform. He placed it on the pulpit in an act that was called “The

Enthronement.” Rosendo Montilla, long time Itawes minister and assistant in the Itawes translation, was master of ceremonies for the morning. He gave opening remarks followed by Pacifico Catolos, his nephew, who played a trumpet solo. Brother Montilla prayed, and Jovie Ultu read Matthew 6:25-34 from his new Itawes New Testament. Verse 34 is a favorite, “Therefore, do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.”

Tirso Ibarra then read 2 Timothy 3:15-17 in Itawes, which says in English, “All scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting, and training in righteousness, so that the man of God may be thoroughly equipped for every good work.” Tirso also read John 8:32, “Then you will know the truth, and the truth will set

you free.” Archbishop Diosdado Talamayan brought a fine message in which he encouraged his people to buy a copy and read it. Particularly memorable were two quotations he gave. The first was from Pope John Paul II, “Anyone who does not know the scriptures knows neither the power of God nor His wisdom.” And the second was from the Biblical scholar, Jerome, “Ignorance of the scriptures is ignorance of Christ.”

Another speaker was Fr. Henry Singayan, the Itawes priest appointed to review the translation. It was his approval that made it possible for the Archbishop to give his imprimatur. The Catholic Church had approved our translation, and the Archbishop’s signature (the imprimatur) was on the back of the title page. The imprimatur

is the Catholic's way of saying it is okay for their people to read it.

In his message, which was spoken in Itawes, Henry told of an event that occurred at his graduation from seminary. He was asked to give a talk, but was told he could not speak in any Philippine language— only Latin, Spanish or English. At the close of his message in English, a little old lady came up to him and said, “My son, I am your grandmother. Your face is very handsome and your voice is beautiful and your speaking is wonderful, but I didn't understand a word you said.” It was then he realized the importance of bringing the Word of God to the people in a language they understand. That's why he was so happy the Word of God was now available to his people, the Itawes people, in their own language. He, too, encouraged the people to

buy a copy and read it, and then apply it in their lives.

The Maria Male Choir from Piat sang next, and they sang very well and looked very impressive in their blue robes. Bishop Cirilo R. Almario, director of the Biblical Apostolate of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, sent his representative, Fr. Efren Rivera, who gave the dedicatory message. He spoke in simple, friendly terms, and he supported the Itawes translation 100 per cent. Following this, we had a series of dedicatory prayers brought by four ministers plus a priest, most of them praying in Itawes, so those who did not understand, just prayed on their own. However, these prayers were very precious to those who understood.

After the prayers, the Aparri Kids' Choir sang. These were children who were 5 to 12

years old who sang well and moved to the music in unison. They also had very colorful costumes and were delightful to see and hear.

Celso S. Caranguian, minister from Enrile, Betty Casebeer, Chuck's sister, and Chuck presented certificates and plaques to those who assisted us in the task, as well as presenting complimentary copies of the Itawes New Testament to mayors of each Itawes town and ministers of the area as well as to others who had helped in the task. One of the highlights of the program was when Felipe Abbariao, Jr., who had been our main language helper throughout most of the project, gave his testimony. Near the end of the translation work, he was found to have cancer. He had three operations plus cobalt treatments.

There was a time when we thought he might not live long enough to see it through to completion. But God answered prayer and revived him, and he was able to finish it with us and have a part on the dedication program. He began by saying, “I am very glad that God allowed me to live long enough to see this day.” He went on to tell how God had changed his life and how the change had come about as he read the Word from day to day and let it work in his heart and life. It was a moving testimony, especially to those who knew Felipe before he started working on the translation. (He lived just three months after the dedication.)

Celso Caranguian also gave closing remarks and a prayer at the conclusion of the service, praying for the lunch that was being given to each one in his seat. The attendees were served by the church groups who had been

outside preparing the meals as we described earlier. In the Philippines, if you don't feed the people, you haven't had a celebration. WE HAD A CELEBRATION. God was glorified, His Word was lifted up and launched, and the people were blessed and encouraged to use it.

The Itawes New Testaments went on sale just before the beginning of the Friday evening service. The cost per copy on May 22nd and 23rd was P40.00, but after that, as it was in the hands of distributors who must make something from its sale, the price became P50.00. This was less than five dollars. People were urged ahead of time to save their money so they could purchase their own copy. We printed only 3,000 copies, and there are over 100,000 Itawes people.

For seventeen years I had looked forward to this day—the dedication of the Itawes New Testament. When the big occasion finally came, things went beautifully. From here on, it's up to Him. May His Spirit use this translation to accomplish His purpose in the lives of the Itawes people.

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Chapter 39: Clothing Distribution

Early on, when we moved to Enrile, we saw that some people were really low on funds. Their clothing was a main indication of this; not only were the children poorly dressed, but others in the families as well. We recognized a need for clothing for these people, and decided we should tell about this need in our newsletter to the States. We then asked for clothing to be collected for us on

behalf of these families. When on furlough in the States, we again shared the needs of these people with the churches we visited. They had set up committees for such purposes, and now called in their services. Wherever we went, clothing was waiting for us. We had all we could handle and learned how to pack each carton very precisely so the maximum number of items could be placed in each one. We marked all that was in each carton on the outside of the carton.

After we had been collecting and sending clothes for a while, we found out about a U.S. Navy program for sending such goods to the Philippines at no cost to the sender. Operation Handclasp was headquartered at San Diego Naval Base, where they would receive cartons of specific size and shape on a space available basis. Legally shipped, they arrived at the Subic Naval Base on

Luzon Island. From there, we used our mission funds to pay for shipping to Enrile.

I don't remember how long we were involved in this work. It was actually my job to sort out these things and prepare them for distribution. It was also my job to find the people who needed them and to give invitations to them. Chuck continued with his work in learning the Itawes language with his language helpers. I was involved in that, too, most of the time.

Now that we had a stack of cartons full of clothing, we needed to determine who most needed the clothes. We decided that if they had electricity in their homes, they were fairly well off, but if not, we would know they really needed help. I walked around town and soon realized I could easily tell who had electricity by the wires going to

their homes. In some areas, almost everyone had electricity. However, in other areas, almost no one had it. (Electricity had only recently been brought to Enrile. When we moved there, it was not available, so we used a refrigerator that was powered by kerosene. At night we had to use gas powered lanterns as we had used in Piat. However, it was not long before Enrile had electricity, and of course, we were one of the first to get it.) Anyhow, when there were no wires, I assumed it was because they could not afford power, so as I went on my rounds of the town, I stopped at these places and got the names, ages and sizes of those who were in the household. Then when we got clothing at a later date, I went back and gave each household a piece of paper inviting them to come to our home at a given time on a given date, and told them they could choose one set, a dress or one pair of pants

and blouse, or something similar, for each person in their family.

These people had not come to me asking for anything. I had gone to them and given them this invitation to come for clothing. When I had the time, I went out on these walks and gave out these slips, and then as the time and day came, each householder would come to claim his things, usually the woman of the house. She would know the sizes of each in her home and get whatever items she wanted for them. If we had shoes, she got shoes, too. I wrote all that each woman got in a booklet exclusively used for that purpose with the date and time noted, indicating each item she got for each person in her family along with his or her name and age.

Later on, when the mayor said he didn't like our doing this, I could explain to him that no

one had come asking for clothing. He said it made beggars of the people, but I showed him how we had worked it out and how we arrived at the conclusion that they were indeed in need. Also, I told him that they were a gift from Christians in the States that could be sent to the Philippines by Operation Handclasp, and I explained to him about that navy program.

The distribution of clothing also became a big thing to the pastors who were ministering to people in other towns where there was a Church of Christ meeting. I asked the ministers if they would want to have clothing to distribute. I suggested they give it to all in the community that were in need and not limit the clothing to members of their churches. I asked them to prepare a list of the names of people they would give it to. They listed each household as I had

done in Enrile with the name, age and sex of each person in the household plus the approximate size of the people involved. If they did that, I would be responsible to prepare a bag of clothing for each household with a plastic bag for each person in the household with his own individual clothing inside. They would be responsible for distributing these to the people whose names were on the packages.

In many cases, the people in these places really appreciated what they received, but in some cases, there were problems of people being envious because they didn't get what someone else got. Eventually, we discontinued the clothing distribution because of the envy, and we also had less time to do it because of our translation work. But at least we had tried to meet the needs of some of the people.

Along with the clothing, we received material that people could use to make quilts. I asked some ladies in our church in Enrile if they would be interested in learning how to make quilts. Several ladies came, and we all cut squares out together and learned what to do. As they learned, they were able to take them home to work on whenever they had the time. This worked out very nicely and some made beautiful quilts. I taught some of the preachers' wives how to crochet, and they were able to make caps, afghans and other crocheted things for their tables and chairs or to use as pillow slips. If they did much sewing, they could get other things that I had in my sewing equipment when they needed them. Gradually, these things were stopped, though, as I was involved more and more

with the translation work and checking of what we had translated.

There were some things that didn't stop, though, in the way of benevolence. One lady we learned of was a woman who had apparently had a stroke, since one side of her body was very limited in what she could do with it. She had a little boy named Michael, but her husband had gone to Manila and moved in with another lady when he found out his wife was partially disabled. She had no income, and no way of making money to provide for herself and her son. When we found out about her, we took her on as a project, so as her son went to school, we provided for his needs, their food and other needs as we found out about them. She had a very small bit of property on which she had a very small hut. We helped her to enlarge her home when she needed it.

At the present time, she has a cement house, and though small, it is quite adequate for her. Her son grew up, went to work in a bakery in Manila, got married eventually, and finally moved back to live with his mother in Enrile. He had several children by then.

There were others in our congregation who came for various needs. They were widows, generally, who had no real income that we know of. We helped them with medicines, purchasing it ourselves at a special store in Manila. If they needed gasul, which is the gas they use in their stoves, they came to us for help with that. If they needed other things, they asked for money for them, too. Chuck purchased large quantities of corn rice that we also gave to these people. Chuck was very good to give what they needed. If these people were widowers who

had no income that we knew of, we helped them, too. The scripture that came to us when we helped these folks is the one in which Jesus said, “As you have done it to the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me.” (Matthew 25:40) We could not turn them away. As we had been blessed by our brethren in the States who supported us, we felt we owed this to these people, too, who were in real need.

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Chapter 40: Eyeglass Distribution

It was after we had completed our distribution of clothing that we realized that many people also needed eyeglasses. It was something we had not even thought about, but it was brought to our attention after we had become acquainted with a young man

who later became central to our work in the Itawes region.

First, I will tell the story of how we met him. At least two or more preachers from churches in Amulung and Penablanca (two nearby towns) brought a young man to our home that they said was very good in witnessing for the Lord. He had married a girl who lived in the mountains of Penablanca, and one of the preachers who brought him was her father. This young man's name was Tirso Ibarra. We decided that if he was this important to these preachers, he must really be able to share the gospel in a good way. He had won several in his family to the Lord, and several of his friends who were farmers in Alibago, a barrio of Enrile. He was in the process of moving to Enrile where his own father and mother lived with the rest of their children.

The preachers wanted us to help Tirso with a Bible study he wanted to have in the home of the barrio captain at that time, so we decided to help him. Chuck and I had completed the books of Mark and Luke by this time, so we had a book the people could study in their own language. Chuck would be the teacher, and Tirso would be the one to bring in the people he knew needed to come. However, as we got into the study, we realized that the people were not able to read. They knew how to read, but their eyes were so bad they could not see well enough to read. This was how the need for eyeglasses was brought to our attention. Therefore, we decided to write to friends in the States and see if they would send us their old eyeglasses so these people could use them.

It wasn't long until we began receiving glasses from the States for these people. As the word got out to others in the States, and we wrote about the way the glasses were such a blessing to the folks in Enrile, we began to get more and more glasses. We were also able to give them to the people in the church in the Centro where we lived and attended on Sundays. As we received more, we let people in other churches come to get glasses, as they were reading these books, too. Gradually, over the years, the glasses were open for any Itawes who needed them, so if they had one of our books, they could read it in their own language.

A church was founded eventually in Alibago, a barrio in Enrile, where Tirso and his family lived, and the members there were using the glasses they had received from this program. Because of their study of

the Word of God in their own language, they were able to realize their need to accept Jesus Christ as their own Lord and Savior, so this program was truly vital for the growth of the church. In fact, due to Tirso's good witnessing to the people in Alibago, we decided to send him to Aparri Bible Seminary along with his wife, Rosie, and their small children. Tirso was the minister of the Alibago Church which eventually built a little chapel of their own, and he came home every Sunday to preach for them. He graduated from ABS, and it wasn't long before he was going out to preach in other areas, and he started several churches in Penablanca, a town nearby. Years later, he went together with another minister to start a radio program, *Napia nga Dumug Para kan Ikaw*, or Good News for You. Eventually, that program became what it is today, in which he preaches the good news

of the gospel over the radio in both Itawes and Ibanag. The first half hour, he preaches in Itawes, and the second half hour, he preaches the same message in Ibanag, a nearby dialect spoken by other people in the area. More churches are being established as the Word is spread out to far flung places in the mountains as well as the lowland, and it is a wonderful thing to see. People from those places came to get glasses at Christian education seminars we had every two months, and the preachers who went into the mountains to these new churches took glasses with them so the people there could get them, too.

(In later years, we shared these eyeglasses with the Malaweg people as we worked with them on their translation. This was a real blessing to them because glasses were so expensive that it was prohibitive for most

people to purchase their own, especially farmers and people living off the land or even working in the local municipal hall or government jobs.)

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Chapter 41: Christmas Times

One thing we found out early on when we moved to Enrile was that we had many relatives and neighbors. Of course, we were in the Abbariao family, and Tia and Junior lived in the same house we did. Vicente, her brother, lived three doors to the south with one daughter, Belen, and her husband, Tony, and six children. Belen and Tony were teachers in elementary and college levels respectively. Another of his daughters lived just north of them. This was Ensing whose husband was Abus Anog. Ensing and Abus

were farmers. They had five children. Another family lived right next door to the south of us. They were Rufino and Margarita (Itay) Luna, a relative of Tomas Luna, the man who built the house we lived in. Rufino and Itay had eight children. Two of them lived away from home, but the youngest six were still there and those were the ones we got to know well. Rufino was a carpenter, as were most of his relatives.

The family who lived directly north of us was Berting (Bert) and Lovina (Vila) Mabazza and their family of three boys. Bert was a soldier in the Philippine Constabulary and Vila was a high school teacher. Their neighbors to the west were Bert's parents, Santiago (Agu) and Lucretia (Lucring) Mabazza. The older Mabazzas had a large family, but only three of their children lived in Enrile.

To the west of Santiago lived their son, Junior, and his wife, Belinda, and eight children. Junior owned a jeepney and earned his living by traveling between Enrile and Tuguegarao as a jeepney driver. The original jeeps were surplus US Army jeeps at the end of WWII. They are now elongated. The entrance is at the back. There is a bench running the length of the jeep on each side. Each side holds 6-9 passengers. The seat on which the driver sits accommodates two more beside him.

There is an opening about two feet high above the back of the bench on each side. There is a rolled up canvas above the opening that is let down when it rains. There is a rack on top of the jeepney that holds luggage or cargo, and sometimes passengers

ride up there. It has a specific route, and people get on and off as they need to.

This large extended family of ours meant a lot to us at Christmas time, and so we took it upon ourselves to see that we gave every one of these a small gift at that time just to let them know we loved them. All the gifts we gave over the years came out of our own pockets, and those of our friends, not from the STEP mission money. When the children were small, we made animal pillows for them. Our two house girls and some of the older neighbor girls helped do the handwork on these, and they were really cute. Another time, we made doll dresses so we could dress dolls that I had purchased at garage sales in the States. I got the older girls and the mothers to help in this project. When we got the church established in Enrile, we had Christmas programs each

year. The church gave each child a gift, so we did our share in making bean bags for the children the first year. We made doughnut holes to add to the refreshments, that year, too.

Other years, we gave such things as sample bottles of body lotion, shampoo, curlers, cheek rouge, and nail polish for the girls, and soft balls for the boys. One of my cousins in the States gave us a large selection of Avon samples one year when we visited her on furlough in Turlock, California, so we gave these to many leading women of not only Enrile, but also Piat and even some of the vendors that we bought things from in Tuguegarao. We gave men's Avon to the men, too, and body cream, shampoo, and other things to various groups of people. We were busy getting familiar with many people in those days and needed

to show our appreciation to them for the many ways in which they had helped us through the year.

While we gave gifts to the children, we gave to the parents things such as calendars we had purchased from the Philippine Bible Society book store in Manila. One time, we gave knives to the men and scissors to the women. Another time, we gave hats to the men and handkerchiefs to the women.

Early on, when we were visiting the Selbys in Aparri, we learned that it was their practice to give simple gifts to the people in their community, including the folks who worked in the municipal hall and others who served the town in special ways. They said these folks had been a blessing to them all through the year with their services, and they felt they wanted to show their

appreciation. We decided we would do the same. So when we moved to Enrile, we also gave gifts to the employees at the municipal hall as well as people in the police department, the health department, post office, and others. These were simple gifts, but ones they appreciated. One time I remember making sugar cookies to go around to all of the neighbors plus the municipal hall people and the group there, as well as to the ladies who sold vegetables down at the little town market we had. Another time, it was popcorn balls, but once was enough for the popcorn balls, because that was a big sticky job.

Other times, we gave apples to everyone—great big Washington Delicious apples that were very juicy. Several times we got chocolate bars on half-price sale, so we got enough for everybody to get one. One time,

when we had just come back from furlough, we gave tennis shoes to our neighbors and church members. Another time, we brought back baseballs, volleyballs, bats and other kinds of sports equipment to give to the schools that were in great need of such things. We even brought back the hoops to go with the basketballs. Whenever we went home on furlough, we were always looking for something the people back there would appreciate receiving, and that we could afford to take to them.

One ladies' group in particular comes to my mind concerning the money we had to do these things. I had been invited to speak to these ladies down at Wilmington Christian Church. As I spoke, I was so excited about telling them what we did at Christmas time for our friends and neighbors that they got into the spirit of it, too. The next Christmas

season, they sent a check in the mail for an amount that almost paid for the whole batch of gifts we gave out that Christmas. They have done it every Christmas since then, too, even though their group was not so big for a while.

For the neighbor folks, we always put up our Christmas tree, a six foot artificial tree with tiny lights all over it and lots of ball ornaments, tinsel and decorations we have picked up over the years. This we put up in our living room, of course, and invited the neighbors in to see it. It was the only one like it, and they really appreciated it.

One time when on furlough, we happened to call on a couple from University Christian Church. They were just in the process of moving to Texas, so were not at home. They had left behind a whole box of old

decorations for the trash man to pick up. However, we got there first, and when we saw the treasure trove, we realized how grand those things would look on our Christmas tree in the Philippines. We quickly picked them up and put them into the trunk of our car, all excited at what we had found. Even to our last Christmas in the Philippines, we still thrilled at the decorations we got that afternoon. Bob and Coralea Kiefer never did really know how much we appreciated having gone to see them, but finding all of those things instead that day. No doubt, the Aparri Bible Seminary is still getting the joy from that tree and those decorations, since we gave them to the school when we left.

The first time we put up our tree, we invited Tia to come up and see it. It was night, and that's all the light we had on in our front

room. She came upstairs, and when we had her sit down, she just stared and stared at the tree. We believe she had never seen such a sight in her whole life. We had put on all of the decorations and lights, and then we had also added tinsel that moved and glowed and sparkled in the wind coming through the windows. It was like a fairy dream to see.

Starting then, and every year after that, we invited the neighbors up to see the tree, sing Christmas songs, have a little program with the children reciting whatever they had learned for their school Christmas program, and then to give them their simple gifts, and have refreshments. It was quite a jolly affair and everyone was happy. Oh, yes, later on, there were some kids who felt they were “too big” to come up, but when the other kids persuaded them, they came up very

bashfully, joined in on the festivities and had a lot of fun, too.

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Chapter 42: Fiesta in Enrile

Every town celebrates its own fiesta. Each area, whether a barrio or the centro, has its own saint to honor at its fiesta, so the date depends on the birthday of that saint. The patron saint of the Centro of Enrile was Our Lady of Snows. The fiesta in Enrile was on August 5th, but the “Despira,” or the night before the fiesta, was when they had the big celebration at Rizal Park, the park in front of the municipal building in Enrile Centro. It was to be our first fiesta in Enrile, and it seemed as though the whole town was celebrating my birthday, because the date was the fourth of August, and August 4th

ismy birthday. Friends from other barrios of Enrile as well as from other towns came to visit, and they went from house to house, visiting with their friends and enjoying feasting on all the goodies served. This was an occasion much like our Thanksgiving Day in the States when everyone who can, returns home to be with their family to celebrate it together. The people all join in preparing their best so that all who come will be served royally.

Everyone serves the meat of the pig at fiesta time, and they serve every part of it in one dish or another—even the blood. The day before, from time to time, we could hear the squealing of pigs from the houses around us. It was interesting to see how they prepared their pig prior to cooking. First, they had to butcher it. The first step in preparing to butcher a pig is to tie its legs together to

keep it from running away and to give an extra handle by which to lift it. The pig doesn't like that at all, and there's a little extra terror in his squeals. He seems to sense that it's the end of the trail for him—that he is destined to be 'front and center' when the food is served at the fiesta.

Butchering a pig (and/or cow or water buffalo, if the number of guests and family resources warrant it) is a family project, mostly for the men and older boys. The pig is laid on the table, and many hands hold it steady while a knife is plunged into its throat. The blood is caught in a pan and used in one of the favorite dishes, 'zinagan' (zee NAH gone). Boiling water is then poured over the pig, a section at a time, and bolos and pieces of old tin cans are used to scrape off the hair. When most of it is gone, old razor blades, tied to sticks of bamboo, are

used to shave the pig clean. When the skin is clean, the head is removed, the internal organs, and then the carcass is cut in half, preparatory to being cooked. It's obvious from the way the people work that they know what they are doing.

Butchering the pig is the men's job while preparing bibingka, a delicious kind of rice candy, is the women's job. It takes all day to prepare bibingka. It is an outside job done over an open fire using charcoal as the fuel. It is made of coconut milk and special sticky rice, as well as other ingredients that require several hours of work to get just right. When I wanted to have bibingka made for a celebration we had one time, I had Itay and Ensing, our two neighbors to the south, prepare it for us which they knew exactly how to do. For a fiesta, they also prepare such dishes as leche flan, a delicious custard

dish, and other rice candies. They serve these rice dishes with a very strong chocolate drink called sukalate, which is served in a tiny demitasse cup after everyone has finished their meal and is sitting around talking.

One of the features of this fiesta was a beauty contest to raise money to build a gymnasium. Before the fiesta, each contestant sold votes, and the one who sold the most was the winner and became king or queen. There were two divisions: young adult and primary. The winners were crowned at a program on the eve of the fiesta, and it was a night that was looked forward to by all Enrilenos.

We attended the coronation, which was held in Rizal Park. The floor of the park was concrete, and chairs filled most of the area.

At the front of the park was a large stage which was decorated beautifully and had large colorful letters on a backdrop drapery proclaiming the presence of the main speaker and greeting the royal kings and queens. The officials of the town were present and beautifully dressed in their fashionable clothing, and some were rushing around taking care of last minute details while others sat in their seats on the stage, waiting for the night's events to take place.

We had hoped we could observe from an obscure place in the background, but we had been there long enough to know better than to think that would happen. As soon as we arrived, we were immediately escorted to front row seats. Among other things, we were introduced to the guest of honor, Brig. General Ramon L. Cannu, commanding general of the 2nd Infantry Division of the

Philippine Army, who is from Enrile. He was invited to speak and to crown the queens. We just sat in our seats during the program and enjoyed the whole thing. First, they had the runner-ups for the primary coronation and then the primary king and queen, and then the adult runner-ups, and the adult king and queen came for their coronations. It was very colorful.

When the coronation of the kings and queens was over, the best was yet to come. Brig. General Cannu had brought his band for the occasion and it was time for them to play. The chairs were moved out of the center of the area and placed in a circle around it to make room for those who wished to dance. We had excellent seats so we could enjoy the music and watch the activities with friends. The band was quite good and we were reminded of Glen Miller

in the forties because they played a lot of Glen Miller's old songs, which were our favorites. Listening to the music we had not dreamed of ever hearing in this little town of Enrile, was lovely. I was really pleased at the charming party they were having for me. With the night so balmy, the moon so lovely, and the music so delightful, could it have been any nicer?

The next day was the actual fiesta, and everyone was busy taking care of the guests that came to their homes. Many folks went to mass first to honor their town saint. Then they went to visit the homes of their friends. We did not go to mass, but since we were relatively new in town, we joined the throngs as they went around. After visiting with one family for a while, we moved on to visit another, enjoying the brotherly love and affection that was manifested on every

hand as well as the good food that was so plentiful everywhere we went. When we were quite full of the good food, fellowship and blessings, we finally said our goodbyes and went home to bask in the good feelings we had experienced that day. This had been an extremely successful day no matter how you looked at it. We had strengthened our ties to our Itawes family, friends and their friends. We had been able to converse with folks in Itawes and make ourselves understood. We had participated in a custom that we could identify with very well. The Lord was with us.

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Chapter 43: Angels of the Lord

Psalm 34 (New American Standard Bible)

1 I will bless the Lord at all times.

His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make its boast in the Lord;
The humble shall hear it and rejoice.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt His name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and He answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked to Him and were radiant,
And their faces shall never be ashamed.

6 This poor man cried and the Lord heard
him,

And saved him out of all his troubles,

7 The angel of the Lord encamps around
those who fear Him,
And rescues them.

Angels – Hebrews 1:14 “Are they not all
ministering spirits, sent out to render service
for the sake of those who will inherit
salvation?”

One of my earliest recollections is of a picture we had in our room when I was a little girl. You may have seen it, too. It was a picture of a little girl on a bridge over a small stream that did not have any railing to protect her from falling in. As she was stopped there looking into the stream, there was a huge angel standing nearby just in case she would need his help if she fell in. My mother and father were godly people and loved the Lord. This was their message to me: I was never to be afraid, for the Lord was with me even as a child.

One time when we were on furlough, we went to a big gettogether of my aunts, uncles and cousins down at Huntington Beach, California, where my cousin lived. During the day it was our practice to go swimming in the ocean. We all went down, but for some reason, when my cousins ran into the

waves and out into the big swells beyond, I was too slow. It was too cold, and I hadn't been swimming for years. When I caught my breath from the cold, I ran out to try and catch up with them, but the current had carried them down the beach.

I didn't worry. I just sang and praised the Lord for the pure joy of being back home and able to be in the ocean once again. It was a perfect day, and I was completely enjoying myself as I drifted, floating on my back. When I came out of my reverie, I realized there were no other swimmers around me, so I started swimming for shore. The undertow was very strong, and the more I tried to swim, the further out I went. I steered kitty-corner thinking that would help, and I tried to stay on top and go in with the waves, but they weren't strong waves and kept flowing over me rather than lifting

me up and carrying me as I remembered they used to do.

Finally, I just got too tired. I realized I could go down and never come up—what would we do if something happened like that? How would we get our Bible translation finished? Oh, God, help! Immediately a young man appeared at my side, and I was able to reach out and put my hand on his shoulder as I had often done as a child when I got too tired and my mother was there to give me a chance to rest. He stayed with me until I was able to put my feet down on the ocean floor, but when I lifted my head to thank him, he was gone.

Again, there was no one in sight anywhere near me, and I knew internally that the Lord had sent His angel to help me. I still had a hard time getting out, but with the

knowledge of God's love and constant care, I got renewed strength and was able to make it to the shore. We know of another incident of the Lord sending His angel to help, but that time it was for Chuck, when once he was very discouraged. It was one night long ago in the Philippines at Bagabag at SIL's northern base. We were living in Rundell Marie's house at that time since he and his wife were out working in their allocation. Our language helper, Mr. Arsenio Luyun, was staying in the house of another family on the base and having his meals with us. After a night of translation work, he walked home and returned the next morning with a wonderful story, which we firmly believed to be a true story. The following is his statement: "Last (Saturday) night, March 18, 1978, we were having our workshop in one of the rooms in the center of Bagabag, which belongs to Summer Institute of

Linguistics. We dismissed about nine o'clock in the evening.

“On my way going to my sleeping room in the house where I am staying, a tall and big person was standing near a tree smiling before me. Upon approaching him, he came nearer to my side and accompanied me to the house where I was about to go to sleep.

“While on my way, I was talking to him and asking what his name was, and where he was going, but he was just smiling and smiling whenever I asked him a question.

While we were walking together side by side, we were just 10 meters away from the light, (a street light), and I did not notice his disappearance. I was just turning all around to see him, but I was surprised why I did not see him and just how he disappeared from me.

“When we were on our way to the house, I was never scared because what I supposed to be my companion was a real American in personality.

“Upon entering my bedroom, I removed my clothes and went to bed. While I was on my bed, all my hairs were standing up, and I was chilled and feeling cold. That was the only time I knew that the person who accompanied me was only a ghost or spirit who was watching our work concerning the Bible.”

Arsenio believed this to be an angel of God or a Spirit of the Lord watching us and approving of the work we were doing together on His Word. We had had an especially good evening finding the sweetest, most natural Itawes expressions

for the concepts that night, and we were praising Him for His help.

That night, Chuck and Mr. Arsenio Luyun were working in the center, and they had found a really good word for a concept we hadn't been able to find before. They finished for the evening and Mr. Luyun went his way, and Chuck went his.

When Chuck got home that evening, he was very discouraged. Even though they had found a word he hadn't known before, he was discouraged because the translation was going so slowly. He was almost in tears because of this feeling, and he felt so badly he thought of just giving up.

The next morning Mr. Luyun told us about his encounter with the "American." Upon hearing this, Chuck was encouraged by the

story that Mr. Luyun told us. I couldn't help but feel that this was the Lord's way of encouraging Chuck. In showing himself to Mr. Luyun, the angel could somehow get the message to Chuck, and Chuck would not give up on the translation after all. His work was really going well, though perhaps more slowly than Chuck liked, and he could rejoice, too, and continue to do his work with joy and confidence that the Lord was really with him.

The moral of these stories: our work in Bible translation was surely important, and even though sometimes it looked like we'd never make it, the Lord was with us, encouraging us and giving us strength, helping in times of need, and He surely was always there to rescue us, even sometimes sending His angels.

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Chapter 44: Running Water

In 1976, the mother of one of our fellow missionaries, Dennis McKinney, was visiting him and his family. After a trip to Aparri, her comment was, “Happiness is electricity and running water.” We were in full agreement. In Enrile, for awhile at first, we had neither electricity nor running water. But then for a short time, the electricity came on from 6 PM to midnight. A few months later, we were thankful when the supply became constant. Water was also irregularly supplied. Chuck wrote about our water situation to our supporters at that time: “Water is another story. In the front yard, about on the property line between us and the neighbors, is a faucet just above ground level which serves the families living in

these two houses. The water usually comes on for an hour or two in the morning. During that time we stand in line, taking turns filling our buckets and carrying the water to our containers where we store it for use throughout the day. For a period of two weeks recently, we rarely had water in the line so had to go to a neighbor who lived about a hundred feet away and use their hand pump. Because we live upstairs, all our water had to be carried up, and then the used water had to be carried down and thrown on plants to water them.

“Carrying water is a girl’s job in Enrile. Our neighbors had two strong teen-age sons, but a 12 year-old daughter struggled to carry many bucketfuls to supply the family’s needs. I was still too much of an American; I couldn’t ask Nora, our household helper (4’9” tall, 92 lbs), to carry our water. I didn’t

like to carry it either. So, I devised a system using a storage drum downstairs, which was filled through a hose when the water was on—with sufficient pressure, and a hand pump upstairs so that Nora could get the water for us. A copper tube in the exhaust pipe of the refrigerator heated water for washing dishes. A hose through a hole in the wall carried the waste water away. It was quite nice. (Bath and toilet were still outside, however.)

“We ended up purchasing a large water tank which we paid to have put up on a tall metal platform behind the house. We bought an electric water pump, and pumped water up into that tank. Then it was ready to be brought into the house any time we turned on the water faucet. We praised the Lord for that.”

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Chapter 45: The Pump Well for the School

At a PTA meeting of the North Centro Elementary School one year, we heard of a need the school had for a pump well.

Actually, they needed two pump wells. The PTA raised the money for one, and we thought it would be good if we could see about getting the school the second one.

I wrote to our friend, Earl Dougherty, principal of San Fernando Christian Day School in San Fernando, California where I had filled in to teach for one week while on furlough one year. At that time, they were collecting dimes for some project in the States, and they were able to raise a large amount of money. Because of their

excitement, I thought they might want to do it again, this time for the children of Enrile in the Philippines. I told Brother Dougherty that the children at the North Centro Elementary School in Enrile needed a pump well and asked him if the children in his school would like to save dimes to help with this project. In Enrile, the children are the ones who have to water the flowers, plants, and grass, or anything else that needs water on the entire school grounds. They do not have a hose to do this. Instead, they have to carry empty buckets to a pump well, fill them with water, and then water the plants. The school grounds were about as large as most city schools in Los Angeles, so you know this took a lot of children a long time to water the grounds. When Brother Dougherty learned about the need, he felt it was a good idea. He knew his children would be delighted to do it. When he told

them about it, they were excited to take on this new project. They gave willingly, bringing their own dimes for it, and they were thrilled when they were able to raise two hundred dollars.

In Enrile, on the day after Valentine's Day, we went to the Enrile North Centro Elementary School. They were having their annual Valentine's Day program. We decided that this would be the ideal time to present the principal with this gift. What a lovely occasion it was, with the children presenting many native dances and doing other special numbers dressed in very colorful costumes. Following one special number, the children came down and pinned small heart valentines on us, and after one of their dances, they came down to put lovely leis around our necks. Then towards the end, Chuck and I presented the gift of 4,007

pesos (At that time, it was the Philippine equivalent of \$200.00) to the principal for the children of her school from the children of the Christian Day School in San Fernando, California. The Enrile school could now have a new pump well dug for their school grounds.

The Enrile children were ecstatic. After all the speeches were over, the children responded by singing “Thank you, thank you, thank you Mister and Mrs., thank you” (to the tune of “Bring Back my Bonnie to Me”). They sang this over and over again until we were quite embarrassed, but they wanted to be sure we knew they really were thankful for what the children of San Fernando had done for them. They really appreciated getting another pump well that would make it easier for them to do their watering. When we told them what a

sacrifice the children at that Christian Day School had made to give this to them, they appreciated it all the more.

After the program, we were taken to the principal's office where we had a lovely merienda or snack of hot strong chocolate called 'sukalate' and some rice candy called 'patupat.' The patupat was wrapped in banana leaves in a cone shape, steamed and served hot. They then served a delicious fruit cocktail for dessert. The table was beautifully set with their finest glassware and tableware, and everything sparkled. This was another way they showed their appreciation for our having found these school children who had responded to fill their need in such a loving way.

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Chapter 46: An Enrile Wake

One night it happened that we were able to introduce Rodger Shewmaker, a new missionary to the Itawes people, to a local custom, a wake, which was at the home of a lady who had passed away that very afternoon. We had gone for a walk by the light of the full moon when we passed a house where there were several ladies playing mahjong under a canopy extended beyond the front porch of the house. Chuck noticed lights inside the house, and he knew that meant someone had recently passed away. Filipinos always have lights on both sides of the casket in the front room of the house, with baskets of flowers arrayed around it, too. We knew some of the people playing mahjong, so we went to introduce Rodger to them, and of course, we were invited to go in and pay our respects.

On entering, the center of attention was a lovely casket, which was opened and had a glass case over the upper part so we could look in and see the lovely lady below. She was dressed in a beautiful Filipino gown with butterfly sleeves, and even though they said she had died at age 83, she looked much younger, and had been a very beautiful woman. There was no lamenting, and instead her daughter was sitting with several ladies quietly talking. We sat down to talk with her, and she told us about what a serene way the lady had passed away, and she was very thankful for that.

Just a few feet away from the casket was a table surrounded by women who had come to be with the family at this time, and they were playing cards. Outside, at the rear of the house in the garage, men were playing

something and chatting among themselves. A few children, grandchildren of the deceased, were roaming here and there trying to find something to do. Most of these people would probably stay most of the night to keep the family of the deceased company, as someone always has to stay with the deceased until the time of burial, which might be several days hence. Before we left, we were brought tea and cookies, and as we said our goodbyes, they thanked us for having dropped in to be with them for a while.

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Chapter 47: Corn Harvest

I woke up this morning, February 25th, 1988. I heard strange noises coming from the front of the house. I asked myself all

kinds of questions. What time was it? It was about 4:45 AM. What was that I heard? As I looked out my window, I saw a cart—a wooden cart with two great wooden wheels with metal rims, one on each side, being pulled by a large carabao (water buffalo) past the front of our house. Our road was not paved. It was just hard dirt that was a bit rocky, and those metal rims on the wheels made a loud noise as they clattered along. I wondered what time this man had gotten up this morning in order to get here by such an early hour as this. When I asked him later on, he told me, “3:38 AM!”

“My! Why so early?” I exclaimed.

“Well, the first thing I do is start the wood fire, which takes a bit of time, then fix our breakfast, eat, clean up, and leave for the field. We get to the field at 5:00 AM.

Other carts come, too. In one, is a woman, the farmer's wife; in another, four people, probably the farmer's family or neighbors who will help him when they get to the field. In some carts, there are four or five children going along to help, and there are baskets for putting the corn when it is picked. I see one man sitting on a carabao going by and a woman walking quickly along behind. She looks like she is trying to catch up with him and the rest of her family that is in the cart. Small carabaos walk alongside the larger ones.

I look to see how the people are dressed to do the work of harvesting. They are dressed in their oldest clothes, oftentimes those which have been patched. Usually the ladies wear long pants, a dress over that, and a

long sleeve sweater or blouse. Usually they are barefoot.

They wear a kerchief or small or large straw hat. The men are barefoot, too, and wear either long or short pants and a jacket or long sleeved shirt with a hat or smaller denim cap pulled down hard on their heads. Sometimes a man will have his wife riding behind him on a carabao on his way to the field. Though her sweater may have been patched many times, it is sufficient to keep her protected from the coolness of the morning and later on from the insects in the fields.

I wonder where the carts are coming from. I realize they must be coming from farmers' homes in town where they had been standing all night in a little shed or yard with

shelter. I had seen carabaos and carts in the sheds of several farmers' yards.

I decide to follow one to see for myself where it is going. Hurriedly, I get dressed and go out. The cart I follow goes to the corn field where the farmer gets out and starts picking corn and putting it into a basket specially made for carrying corn. When that is full, he throws the corn into the cart until the cart is well filled. Then he covers the corn with a thin layer of corn stalks to keep it from falling out, and he takes it back to his home in town.

I ask him how many trips he makes each day. He tells me he makes up to six trips if the weather is cool and the sky a bit overcast. If it is very hot, it will be less than that.

When I ask him why it would be less if it is very hot, he said it is because the carabao could not be allowed to get overheated. He could only work when he is able to breathe well, and he could not breathe well if he is too hot. He is called a water buffalo because he needs water. Since he has no sweat glands, he can not perspire to keep himself cool. Therefore, his skin needs water to keep him cool, He has to be bathed at least four times a day by the farmer if he is working in the field all day. If he grazes in a field that has a pond nearby, he will probably immerse himself six times in one day or maybe just stay in the water.

Now at 8:30 AM, one family is almost finished filling their cart, so they are nearing time to go home. They have their corn baskets with them, which they fill, empty into their cart and go back to fill them again.

In the meantime, their carabao is eating weeds and stalks of old corn plants. They stop to eat some bananas they brought long for a snack time, and then they go home.

Fan and his wife, friends of ours, have several children. Some go to school, and one older girl stays home to clean the house, wash clothes, and cook for their noon meal.

In another field near Fan's, there is a group of twelve who are picking corn. They are neighbors and represent seven families. This field is not their land, but they are working for the owner. They will each get three baskets of corn for their labor for the morning. Their job is to pick all the corn in that field.

I ask them what time they had gotten up this morning, and they say they got up at 5 AM

and arrived at the field about 6 AM to start work. They brought a little six year old child with them to take care of the carabao and play while his parents worked. Already they have filled two carts and are now dumping their newly picked basketsful on the ground to wait for the owner who will return with an empty cart. He has taken one load home already and the other is sitting in the field waiting for him.

“How large is your field?” I ask the owner when he brings the first cart back.

“The field is about 3,000+ square meters,” he answers (about a third of a hectare or three-fourths of an acre).

“How many carts do you expect they will fill today?”

“Only three. Usually I get four carts from this field, but this year’s crop is not so good,” he says.

What do you think about their pay? Was it good or not? Well, since one cart holds about 30 baskets, and they got 36 between them all, those people will have gotten at least a third of the corn for their labor. This farmer is being very good to his workers. In other places the people only get two baskets of corn for a morning’s work.

Most of these farmers are corn farmers. They save what they need for planting the next crop and also for their family’s needs. What they have left over to sell must be processed. They cut off the kernels and put them into plastic bags like gunny sacks. Then they pour the corn kernels on the cement road to let them dry out completely.

If we drive down the street, we just go around the corn, or if it covers the width of the street, we drive right over it. The carabaos also walk over it, as does anything else that comes along, and the corn gets pretty dirty. It has to be put through a machine to clean it and grind it up. We buy this kind of corn to give to the poor people who need to eat. It is cheaper than rice. They call this 'corn rice' or baggat mait. Actually, it is probably more nutritious than rice, and they eat what we give them if they want it.

Going back to the field, in the distance we can see two ladies and four children coming down a path carrying bags that are part way full. Who are those people? They are gleaners. They go through the fields after they have already been harvested and get corn which has been left behind. They are allowed to get one bag full per person. As

they come nearer, we can see that they are also dressed in very old clothing. The work is dirty and the fields are muddy. They are a mother and her five children.

Let's find out about her family. She has three children in school: one in the sixth grade, one in fourth grade and one in the second grade. Today is a holiday, Liberation Day, so the children could come with her to the fields to glean. Her older daughter wants to go to high school but because of sickness in the home and other needs that have to be met, she cannot go. Yes, life is sometimes hard here, but they can have their basic needs met as far as their food is concerned, and that is very important.

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Chapter 48: VBS in the Itawes Region

In March 1979, Chuck and I went to Aparri to the closing week activities of the school year at Aparri Bible Seminary. Chuck had been invited to speak on the topic of prayer at one meeting, and to bring the commencement address, too. We took Rose Abarra, our live-in household helper and fellow Christian, so she could become acquainted with our friends up there. She was interested in helping our mission in any way she could. While there, they announced that the school would have a VBS workshop the first week of April. Since VBS had been such a big event in my own life, I remembered back to those days and wondered if it could be that much of a blessing for children in the Philippines. In Los Angeles, we had Miss Katie Vee Clarkson, who must have been the first of

our brotherhood to have a full three week VBS every summer. She wrote all the lessons and worked out all the activities, including games we played during game time. She provided materials for a variety of crafts from which we could choose to work on at project time, and she chose choruses that fit in just right with the lessons we would have for each day. When she decided the dates of our VBS, she gave us invitations to pass out to children in our neighborhoods, including pins that said, 'VBS' on them. Could our VBS here be as meaningful for Itawes students as those were for me? Since Rose was especially excited about going to that workshop, we sent her. Each day she attended the workshop, they went over two lessons.

The ten lessons learned were plenty for the five day VBS schedule. They worked on

worksheets that went with each lesson, and they learned songs and stories. They also learned how to do crafts, and were taught games to have the children play at game time. Those who directed the workshop knew this would be too much for one person to do, so when Rose went home, they sent another girl with her to help with the teaching. This girl was Miriam Vilorio, an Ilocana who lived in a neighborhood of Itawes people, so she knew Itawes, too. Miriam stayed with Rose and us while she was helping with VBS. All of the materials were in either English or Ilocano since the churches surrounding Aparri were mostly Ilocano and knew that language. Since our children were Itawes and probably didn't know Ilocano at all, we had to translate everything into Itawes. The girls translated the stories, and we translated the songs and memory verses. This took us a few days to

do. We got copies of everything ready for the girls. We mimeographed pictures to be colored and little booklets with the memory verses and a few songs in them.

The first VBS they held met in our house. About 20 younger children came, 5-8 years old, and they met upstairs with one teacher and a helper; about 15 older ones came, 9-12 years old, and met downstairs with the other teacher. Attendance was consistent. It lasted five days. On the next day, Saturday, we had a closing program to which we invited parents, neighbors and friends. The children sang their songs, recited the verses they had learned, and received awards for special achievements. Each one received a diploma for completing the course. (This is something they would keep for posterity on their wall at home.) We had refreshments for about 80 people in all, and the parents and

children alike expressed their enjoyment and their wish that it could continue for several weeks.

A second VBS was held the following week a few blocks away and had similar results. The next week, the girls held a third VBS on the other side of town in the home of a family to whom we had channeled funds when their house burned down. At that time, we had helped them to put on a new roof with funds from an organization called International Disaster Emergency Service (IDES), from the States. The response there was overwhelming: about 70 in the younger group, 35 in the older, with about 35 adults listening in—almost too much for two teenage girls to handle, but they did a great job, and everyone appreciated it. It was the first time anything like that had ever been done in Enrile. The interest was definitely there,

and the door was open. My remembrance of VBS from my childhood had paid off with wonderful results, and consequently, the following year, we sent not just one girl to the VBS Workshop in Aparri, but four girls. For the next several years, we sent teams to the workshops, and VBS continued to do well in Enrile.

In 1984, we sent eleven Itawes young people to the VBS Workshop in Aparri so they could learn how to conduct one-week vacation Bible Schools in the churches. We had four teams that year. On the last day of the workshop, I went up to Aparri, found out what materials they would need, and bought what I could get with the money I had with me. We separated the materials and let the leaders of each group take them home with them the next day. A few days later, we determined how many copies of each page

we needed to have printed. Chuck ran off 60 reams of ground wood newsprint, counting pages for coloring by the children, their craft materials, and song sheets with memory verses included. The leaders translated the stories into Itawes and Chuck translated the songs and memory verses. More materials needed to be purchased, and later these were put into boxes and taken to people who could get them to the leaders of the four groups.

This took a week, but now our part was finished. The following Monday, four VBSs started that day in the Itawes region, and we prayed that the outreach would be great. Over the next five to six weeks, they went to 18 places in the Itawes region, holding 21 VBSs and reached 1200 children, so we praised the Lord for this opportunity for them to be trained adequately.

It was in June 1984 that a new chapel was built in Alibago, a barrio of Enrile, so a VBS was held in the new chapel. When they had their closing service, it was part of the first service ever held at the new chapel, with Tirso Ibarra delivering the Sunday sermon. The following week, Tirso and Celso, another Itawes preacher, went with a VBS team who went to Lahum, Penablanca, a remote mountainous region about 45 kilometers northeast of Enrile. The preachers did house to house evangelistic work while the others were holding the VBS classes. This was an extension of the VBS and was well received by those they visited.

In 1985, we went to the VBS Workshop in Aparri. Our teachers translated materials into Itawes, and we had two teams, one with four people and the other with five people

teaching. Each team went to 6 places, and there were 900 children altogether in attendance. The last week, the local team had to go seven kilometers from Enrile. There was no way a calesa could go there because of a couple of steep places along the road, so Chuck had to take them and their supplies in two loads on his 350cc motorcycle. Yes, he had newly gotten the motorcycle up to Enrile, and was using it now. The teachers for VBSs were faithful in their work, but they were glad that this one was their final week.

In 1986, two teams of Itawes ladies went out to hold VBSs with 4 in each team. Then in 1987, we had two VBS teams: one went to 2 places, and the other went to 8 places. The total enrollment was from 500 to 600 children. It was also in March 1987 that Rodger and Dixie Shewmaker and family

came to work with the Itawes people, so they got involved, too.

In June of 1989, we decided to have an Itawes Vacation Bible school Clinic for Itawes churches. This was a big decision to make, but it had been more and more difficult to get leaders to attend the workshops in Aparri due to its being too far away, and everything was taught in Ilocano, which some Itawes did not understand. The churches wanted a workshop of their own that was in Itawes, and that they could come to and then go home to their own churches to hold their own VBSs. From that time on, this is the way we handled the VBSs. Each church that wanted to have a VBS sent leaders to the Itawes VBS Clinic, which was held in a conference center in Tuguegarao. That year, 46 people registered from 16 churches, and they conducted 36 VBSs.

Over 2,000 children attended. We felt this was the best way to go after that.

As a result of our decision to have the Itawes VBS Clinic, Rodger Shewmaker held a VBS Translator's Conference in June 1990. He had given the lessons to VBS teachers to translate several months before the clinic was held. These translated lessons were checked several times for accuracy before they were ready for individual church delegates who would be attending the clinic.

In June 1991, the Itawes VBS Clinic was a joint effort between Rodger and Dixie Shewmaker and Chuck and me. Neil Kuns, minister of University Christian Church in Los Angeles, one of our two main supporting churches, came and spoke at the graduation night. Over 1,000 children were

reached that year as a result of the VBSs held after the clinic.

The next year, we purchased a Sing-Along (Karaoke) machine to be used at the VBS singing assemblies. In 1993, six churches were represented at the VBS Clinic. This was the year that men from Moweaqua Christian Church in Illinois, home church of Rodger Shewmaker, came to the Philippines to build a building for the Church of Christ at Anquiray, Amulung. Thus, the VBS Clinic after this was always held at the Anquiray Church where Eddie and Helen Tallud ministered. We had a staff of people to help with the clinic, including Eddie's parents, who cooked for us and lived there, too. Eddie and Helen have been the directors ever since. Anquiray is about 40 kilometers from Enrile, an hour's drive.

We learned that Manila Bible Seminary had an annual VBS Clinic which would be an excellent place for the Talluds to go in order to get all the information needed for putting on a VBS clinic in Cagayan. Standard Publishing Company puts out an excellent VBS program, which they sent to Jeannie Hoffman, President of MBS, and Jeannie uses this in her clinic in Manila. When we realized how this clinic could help the Talluds, we sent them there to get the training and information. They took another girl with them to learn the songs and the moves they wanted to have for the karaoke. Afterwards, they came back to Cagayan and put on their own Itawes VBS clinic. The scriptures no longer had to be translated since we were already using the Itawes New Testament with Psalms. All that had to be translated were Old Testament stories, and

we were already in the process of translating most of those that were used in VBS.

Now Anquiray is the place the Itawes churches go in Cagayan to learn how to put on an excellent VBS program in their churches. It isn't only the Itawes churches who attend, but also a few Malaweg and Agta churches who attend this clinic. The leaders that come are all people who understand Itawes and all but one use the Itawes Bible in their churches. The church in Rizal uses the Malaweg Bible. Malaweg and Agta Churches of Christ from all over the lower half of Cagayan Valley are now VBS churches, and they have young men and women who are very good at doing what they do for the Lord and His kingdom. Many children are won to Christ and living for Jesus because of these efforts. I'm so thankful that Vacation Bible Schools are as

wonderful a blessing to the Filipino children as they were to me and my friends when we were growing up. Miss Katie Vee Clarkson would be as thankful, too, and I'm sure there are VBSs held in other countries because of her life, as several of her students became missionaries in different parts of the world.

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Chapter 49: Our Trip to Portugal, Part 1

I'd like to tell you about our trip to Portugal to see our daughter, Nancy, and her husband, Terry, and to be with them at the birth of their first child. There would be plenty of things for us to do there—like cooking meals, grocery shopping, washing and drying dishes, washing Brandon's (their

new baby) clothing and diapers, cleaning the house, and anything else that needed doing. I felt like our trip would be worthwhile and we could enjoy ourselves and be of service, too.

We had one whole suitcase that was full of things for Nancy and the baby plus two other suitcases of things we felt we would need on the way. Among the things we took to Nancy were three dozen gauze diapers, several different sizes of children's dresses and baby boy things, tiny baby clothes, two receiving blankets, a baby quilt, a large quilt for Nancy and Terry, a pair of low-heel comfortable shoes, a dress, a flannel nightgown, bed jacket, short sleeve duster, etc.

We had also bought two large hand carry bags made of Manila hemp so the bags

themselves would not weigh much and we could take as much as we wanted in them. We got our suitcases filled with the limit of weight, 40 kilos for the two of us together, and we put the rest of the stuff we wanted to take in the hand carry bags. I think the hand-carry bags themselves, when full, weighed 12 kilos each, but that didn't count on our total allowance. It did count when we had to carry all that later on, though, and we felt the weight on our own arms. We had in the bags: several kilos of peanuts for Terry, ten packages of Choca-Lot, three cameras, our vitamins, toiletries, translation materials, tapes and tape player with ear phones, writing materials, etc. We had our heavy jackets in them, too, so they would be handy in case we needed them along the way.

We left Enrile on Sunday, October 27th, 1985, after the regular church service and

got a bus to Bagabag, where Chuck went to the SIL Publications Department to leave our books of Genesis 1-11, John, and I Corinthians for printing while I waited for him at the local bus stop. One hour later he was back, and we got a Pantranco air-conditioned bus to Manila, where we went immediately to the SIL Guest House.

Monday and Tuesday we took care of last minute business, which entailed more purchases for Nancy and Terry, buying Christmas gifts for the rest of our kids and mailing them, and other things we needed to do.

It was Wednesday, the 30th of October. We got to the airport and got checked in at the baggage counter and were so thrilled to be on our way at last to Portugal. We turned in three suitcases weighing 36 kilos – 4 kilos under the limit. Chuck also had the man

weigh-in our hand-carry bags, and they weighed 24 kilos but since that didn't count against our weight limit, we were on our way to the immigration desk.

The immigration officer asked if we had our clearance paper and reentry permit, or SRC (Special Return Certificate). No, we did not have them. He showed us two papers we needed. If we did not have them, because we were there on a 9(g) visa as permanent residents, we would not be able to reenter on our return. We were absolutely stunned. I could hardly believe my ears and neither could Chuck. It seemed utterly impossible that we would not be able to leave on this plane. Not be able to leave the country! We would not be in Portugal to meet Terry and Nancy at the train depot. I was devastated and could hardly keep from crying right then and there. We would have to go back, get

our baggage, find a place to stay that night, and figure out what to do.

Slowly we turned around and retraced our steps to the check-in officer, slowly, slowly, wondering what had happened and realizing now that THIS was why we needed pictures, ID photos one inch square. OF COURSE, why hadn't we realized it before? We had ALWAYS had to have clearances and a reentry permit, including ID photos, when we left the country. Why hadn't we thought of it this time? Then we remembered back to a day or two before when I had told Chuck to ask the lady at Singapore Airlines, our carrier, if we needed to have pictures. She told him she couldn't think of any reason he would need them. Always before, our Jet Travel travel agent had taken care of these things for us, but on this trip we had gotten our tickets through SIAMA, a Netherlands

travel agent who gives special rates to missionaries and their families, and though we had gotten a very reduced air fare, they had not reminded us of the necessity to get our clearances, etc. We should have remembered this, so we had no one to blame but ourselves. What a blow to our egos.

So with big lumps in our throats, we turned around, got our luggage that had already been processed, and after calling the Christian and Missionary Alliance guest house, because it was the nearest missionary guest house to the airport, we proceeded to it. We left our luggage there, and went to have our ID photos taken. Then we went to Jet Travel, our travel agent who usually takes care of whatever papers are required for any given excursions, and gave them our ID photos. We were very relieved when they said they would have all of our paperwork

ready by 4:30 PM the next day. What had happened was this.

Chuck had not told the lady at Singapore Airlines that we were leaving the country, so when he went in to get some other papers, she had not reminded him we would need our clearances and reentry papers. That is why we didn't have our releases and couldn't leave there for two days until we got said papers, paid 1,240 pesos, and all was ready. The next day, while I took our ACRs (Alien Certificate of Registration cards) down to Jet Travel and then went to Divisoria to go shopping, Chuck went to Singapore Airlines, to get new reservations. He told them the situation and since they remembered having told him he didn't need any photos for anything, or any other papers, we did not have to pay any penalty for missing our plane the day before. He also

sent a telegram to Nancy and Terry telling them we would be delayed for two days.

Divisoria is an area in Manila where there are many shops all very close together in several huge buildings along a main street. In one section, the vendors sell things wholesale, mostly materials of different kinds, while in another section they sell clothing, material, and many other things at the retail price, but their retail price is generally much lower than in the other areas in town. This is the place where most retail shops in the provinces of the Philippines go to buy their wares. I had bought our Abaca carry-on bags here and several gifts for Christmas, but I wanted to get some other things now. I got Merilee a birthday gift—a lavender gown like I had gotten for Nancy, and a half slip and hankie. Later, I went to Pistang Pilipino to get a shirt for Mike.

I surely hoped they would fit and they would like them as it is so hard to find things for kids and grandkids, because I didn't know their likes too well or their sizes, and it was quite frustrating, but I got things anyhow and just hoped they were right. Chuck liked Mike's shirt so much that we went down the next day and got one for him and Terry, too. November 1st was a holiday in the Philippines, All Saint's Day. The Catholics believe that on All Saints' Day, departed souls can be communicated with because the veil between the worlds is thinnest on that day. They celebrate this by going to cemeteries and spending the day at the graves of their family members who have passed on. They adorn the gravesides with offerings of flowers and food. They dress very nicely, and that day is colorful and

festive with all the flowers and food and other decorations.

Since we did not need to be at the airport until afternoon, we decided to go to Pistang's first to get Chuck's shirt and then on a little trip on the Light Rail Transit, an elevated train that goes down the middle of one of the main north/south streets of Manila. From it, we could see the cemeteries that lie parallel to the track, sometimes right next to it, and other times a couple of blocks away, and each one continued for several blocks. First we passed the Chinese cemetery, and then the larger Catholic cemetery. There were thousands of people on the trains that day going to the cemeteries to place flowers, food, or whatever else they wanted to put there. It was a very colorful and joyous occasion for us, too, but for a different reason. We felt free because we

had our papers in hand. We got back to the guest house in time for a delicious lunch and took off immediately afterwards for the airport.

It was all sort of unreal the second time going to the airport again and going through everything. When we got to the ticket counter and turned in our luggage, there was the same lady we had talked to two days before. Chuck read the surname on her name tag, which he hadn't done the first time. He was surprised to notice it was the same as a friend of ours from Enrile. When he asked her about it, he told her he knew someone in Enrile by that name, and the lady asked him if our friend's name was Conching.

“Yes, that's it,” he replied. “Do you know her?”

“Why yes,” she said. “She’s my mother-in-law.”

So then we had a short chat with her about how we knew her mother-in-law and her extended family. How nice to meet someone who knew someone from Enrile. Her name was Mari Caballero. She was a beautiful person, and we were blessed to get acquainted with her.

From there we went to Immigration, and everything went through like clockwork. The in-transit lounge had many people waiting for various planes. We sat across from three or four men from Saudi Arabia who were with a lady from Thailand, and I enjoyed talking a little with them. They were on their way to Thailand. She was a beautiful lady and she wore a very beautiful red dress. It ended up that she got one of the

men to take a picture of the two of us sitting together, and then they were called to their flight. We also saw many Europeans who were waiting, and though they looked to me like Americans, their mannerisms were quite different.

We were still watching people when our names were called over the PA system.

"Now what's wrong?" said Chuck.

We went up to the desk and were notified that our tickets had been upgraded from Economy class to Business. We didn't understand how this could be. Then we realized Mari Caballero, our lady friend at the desk who was also the main supervisor for Singapore Airlines in Manila, must have known there were empty seats in the business section, and she wanted to show

her respect by letting us occupy those seats. We asked, and it was true. How lovely!

When we got on the plane and into our seats, we noticed we had much wider seats, much more leg room, and as it turned out, the service was even nicer than in Economy class. The food was about the same, but it was served on lovely China, and in courses rather than all on one tray. Of course, if we had wanted to imbibe in the various drinks they served, we could have done that, too, but we chose pure orange juice, as much as we wanted, and it was really nice. It was delightful to see how business people travel.

We arrived in Singapore just three and a quarter hours later, 6:45 P.M. and we found out what gate we would be leaving from at 10:45 P.M. We visited a small theatre in the airport and watched a video about the

history of, and life in, Singapore. What a lovely place to come and visit later.

We saw people from so many different parts of the world there. It seemed to be the crossroads to almost anywhere in the world but the U.S. So many people, and we couldn't communicate with them at all. All were people in transit to some other part of the world. This was exciting to see, but frustrating to be unable to talk with them. They looked so like us but were so different, at least in their languages and in their customs and clothing, though most wore clothes that seemed Western in style.

In Manila, it was interesting to see the highly fashionable women in their long dresses to mid-calf with sort of loose-fitting overblouses and high heels. I thought maybe that was the style all over the Western world

now, but that thought was merely a part of my naiveté. These were mostly Filipino ladies dressed in this manner, and it was a way that only Filipinas dressed. The Europeans in Manila were not dressed like that at all. Some were stockingless with open-toed shoes and summer clothing. They looked like they might be returning from a holiday.

In Singapore, though, people who had just arrived from northern countries were wearing suits, very warm jackets, heavy shoes, and winter wear. I felt a bit out of place in my comfortable sandals with no hose and my ski jacket. Stockings make me very uncomfortable on the plane, so I can't bear to wear them.

Our plane was bound for Paris via, Dubai and Athens, but as we were awaiting the

flight, we were told there would be an hour delay. We noted the ladies at the door taking the boarding passes, two Indian women, one with a red dot in the middle of her forehead, and the other without. We discovered this dot meant she was married. At Dubai, our second stop on the way to Paris, we came in for a landing and noticed the land was very flat. Two huge fires were burning in the distance, which indicated to me that this must be an oil land, with natural gas escaping which they were burning, as happens in Southern California oil fields.

When we got off the plane to see what it would be like there, we noticed men in long robes and big turbans around their heads with automatic rifles at their sides. They looked rather fierce. We no sooner got into the rest rooms when there was a call for us to go to security and prepare to go back on

the plane. However, before that, I noticed the toilets in the restroom were floor toilets, no stool. It reminded me a bit of the Philippines, but these were all beautifully tiled.

Also, the few women we saw there wore long robes with scarves over their heads, and they had dots on their foreheads, and several had little children with them dressed in Western style clothing. They were darling little children. Maybe these women were from India, I didn't know. We guessed Dubai was one of the United Arab Emirates. This was true.

When we went through the security check, I must have made the bell ring because I was taken into a side room and a lady frisked me to see if I had any weapons. My ski jacket had metal on the belt, so I think that made

the bell ring. I was not scared, but remembered hearing of Filipino women who had to be frisked in just such a room as this, only they had to disrobe. I was very thankful I did not have to go through that.

When we went outside to get back on the plane, there were several uniformed men on the tarmac to see that we got back on the plane. They carried rifles, too. There were also men in the long robes and turbans who looked quite forbidding, so we avoided talking to them. Soon, we were in the air and on our way to Athens.

In Athens, we had to stay on the plane. We looked for Mars Hill but could not see it. From our seats on the plane, the terrain looked quite a bit like Southern California with dry brown hills. Somehow I felt a bit disappointed because I was expecting

Athens to be something fabulous; I thought I might have a feeling of awe, but I didn't. It was just another ordinary-looking city. A couple of weeks later, they had a hijacking right there in that airport, and we were thankful we weren't there for that.

On the way from Athens to Paris, the clouds were below us, and it looked like the ocean, only all white. All of a sudden, I saw jagged snow-covered mountains piercing the clouds, and it looked like an island of very jagged sharp mountains in the ocean of white clouds. The ski instructor who sat behind me told me these were the Alps. Later we saw another group of mountains, the tallest of which was Mount Blanc. Chuck got a picture of the latter set of mountains. Then they were gone. I thought of the story a Bible translator friend of ours told us. He had walked over these same

snow-covered mountains like this one time led by the footsteps of an angel. I saw even more clearly how he would never have been able to make it without such help! Here I found the awe I was expecting to feel at Athens.

Upon reaching Paris, we were met with rainy weather. It was 5 degrees Celsius, 41 degrees Fahrenheit, which is cold when you are coming in from the Philippines. Chuck sent me to get our money changed while he went to get the baggage, and I was disappointed not to get more francs for our U.S. dollars than we did. \$1.00 U.S. to 7.3 francs. If we had had travelers' checks, we could have gotten more francs for our dollars than we got from the real money. Chuck went back to ask about that, but that was the way it was listed on their board, so that was the way it had to be. Later we

found out from Nancy they would rather have the travelers' checks because they can wait until the exchange rates are better to exchange them, and that makes sense.

With luggage in hand, we needed to figure out how to get to Lisbon, Portugal by train, which Nancy had told us, was the best way to get there from Paris. It was difficult to transact business with so little ability to communicate with the locals. (For some reason everybody there was speaking French.) Few people we spoke to at the airport could speak English, but we eventually got the information we needed.

We had to get on a bus to get us to a train that would take us to the Austerlitz train depot in downtown Paris. From there, we could catch a train to Lisbon the following morning. When we got on the bus, it had

handy racks for luggage in the center part across from the doors. We placed our luggage on the racks and were on our way. Fortunately, there was a passenger on that bus who knew English, and was going where we were going. Being helpful, he guided us to the train we wanted.

When we got there, he showed us where we should put our tickets into a machine to be dated so we could get on the train to downtown. Thankfully, there was nothing special about the ride downtown that afternoon. Austerlitz was at the end of the line. We got there and started looking for a ticket booth, but didn't know where to look. Chuck went downstairs in the direction most of the people who had left our train had gone, and asked a man he saw behind a window where to get tickets to Lisbon. The man did not understand much, but he got the

message through to Chuck that the main station was upstairs, and he pointed "up" in a direction where Chuck couldn't see any stairs at all.

This was just the beginning of a long and frustrating search for a way out of the train station and a way to get tickets to Lisbon. Chuck left me with the luggage (about a hundred pounds) while he went off in search of what we wanted. I spent a long time peoplewatching and observing Parisian fashion. I met and tried to chat with a delightful lady who reminded me of one of my mother's best friends, and so was able to pass the time amiably until Chuck returned. When he finally did, he had train tickets to Lisbon and reservations for a room that night at the Hotel Esperanca. Our train would leave for Spain from this very station.

We took our heavy baggage through the turnstiles, went through a tunnel, up some stairs on the other side, and a young man showed us storage lockers where we could leave our two excess suitcases overnight. Then we were on our way to the hotel. It was a rainy day ride on the bus, and we soon found the Hotel Esperanca.

It was not a very large hotel. It wasn't very fancy. It had no elevator, but it was clean. The man at the desk was a short stout man, and when Chuck showed him the receipt from the Department of Tourism, he understood that we had a reservation and gave us our key. We climbed up six flights of stairs to the third floor and Room 22. A landing was positioned half way between each floor, thus the six flights.

Strangely, on each landing was a small room containing the toilets, so people had to go up one flight or down one flight to the toilet. Our room was small, with a clothes closet, small table, larger table, chair, and one double bed. It also had a small shower stall and wash basin in a little room set in one corner, and it had hot water. A steam heater was under the window, which looked out on another hotel or apartment house. It cost only \$21.00 U.S. for the overnight stay, with breakfast the next morning included.

It was afternoon, and we hadn't eaten, so we took out food we had been putting into our bags from meals on the plane, and ate it for lunch. There was plenty. Since we were so tired, we opened up our suitcase, changed clothes, and went to bed, sleeping for three hours. The bed was just right, and had plenty of nice warm blankets. It was great. We

awoke in early evening, dressed as warmly as possible and went out to find an inexpensive restaurant. It was cold out for us Filipinos, so we walked quickly along the street. The first place we saw was an open fruit stand, which was full of the largest and most delicious looking fruit we had seen for many a month. It had oranges, apples, pears, grapes, and I don't remember what all else. They were a sight for sore eyes, but the stand was closing up and the fruit was too expensive, so we continued down the street.

We found menus tacked on the outside of each restaurant so we could see if we wanted what they had or could afford it. We finally settled on a pizza restaurant and went inside. Apparently it was a family business, as it seemed like the two waiters might be the sons of the lady behind the counter. It was a nice cheery place with clean white

tablecloths and sparkling tableware. The younger man greeted us cheerily and gave us a menu. He spoke a little English. We ordered the cheapest pizza on the menu and the next cheapest. I had a tomato and onion pizza while Chuck had anchovies and olives and something else on his. Neither one tasted good, they were NOT like pizzas in pizza parlors in the Philippines or States, that's for sure. But the service was delightful, our water was special bottled water and very tasty, and it was a nice warm place. Still, we decided not to get the cheapest dish on the menu anymore.

It was drizzling when we went outside. Walking back towards our hotel, we stopped at a red light, waiting to cross the street. Next to us, we noticed a young lady who was dressed up in a beautiful fur jacket, very high heel black pumps, fancy lace black

stockings, and lovely skirt with a beautiful hair-do and all made up fit to kill. When the light changed, she got on her bicycle and rode away. We were astonished! She acted like this was normal run of the mill activity of Parisian ladies and never batted an eye.

It was colder now than before, so we hurriedly walked to the hotel and were happy to be back in a warm place again. After devotions and changing into our warm night clothes, we were off to dreamland. We slept like logs the whole night. Getting up early the next morning, we had a delightful French bread and hot chocolate breakfast. That was the beginning of our love affair with the bread over there. Absolutely delicious! We both loved the breakfast, and there was plenty to eat, too. Now we know what a continental breakfast is.

After that delightful breakfast, we were ready to go. This was now early Sunday morning, and the buses were infrequent. We walked down a long block to the bus stop, ultimately running breathlessly as we realized it was going to leave without us. It took us to the train station where we anxiously searched for our train. It appeared we would have to pay a "supplement" of an outrageous amount which we did not have, so we didn't know what to do. Just then, along came a woman who asked if she could be of help. We told her our situation. She told us there were actually three trains leaving for the border within a half hour of each other, and all would arrive in time to catch the train to Lisbon. The other two trains would get there a little later than this one we had chosen, but we would not have to pay the supplement to board them. So we

went to the first train with no supplement tax, boarded it, and were soon on our way.

The compartment we went into had only one occupant, a 63 year old lady, and no one else came in the whole day long, so it was almost as good as first class. Along the way, she taught us some French; she understanding absolutely no English, and we understanding only the words in French we happened to get from her, a real "linguist's delight." Her son was a police inspector, we found out, and she lived in Bayonne, in the south of France. Before we reached Bayonne station, she even showed us the tract of homes where she lived which was just lovely. She was a delightful companion to us. She reminded us a little of a dear friend of ours who we think is of French background.

The weather was sunny most of the time. We had prayed for good weather so we could see the scenery, and our prayers were granted. It was beautiful country with fields newly harvested and hay mounds here and there, old corn stalks still standing, and corn in bins with tile roofs or corrugated iron roofs over them. The houses in France were generally stuccoed or had bricks or stone on the outside with shutters over the windows to keep out the cold. Most had two to four or five chimneys on top plus at least one TV antenna. Everything seemed to be very clean. In the countryside, almost everywhere we looked, we saw men and boys with their guns and dogs out in the fields, and it seemed to me Sunday was the day for hunting. I had thought they were hunting for rabbits, but we were told later they would shoot at anything that moved.

At first the land was level, but then it became quite rolling, all just beautiful. There were ferns in the northern part under the pines, brown from having gone through a recent freeze, while those in the south were still green. Later on, we began to see groves of evergreen trees in various stages of growth. We supposed they would sell off the wood for lumber when the tallest reached the right size. We did not go through the Pyrenees at all—or even to Madrid, as we were at the western part of France, and once in Spain, we headed straight for Lisbon. When we changed trains on the plain of Spain, it went more inland, but by then it was evening and soon became dark so we couldn't see much of Spain.

We changed trains at Irun, Spain. At that depot, a porter came along and took charge of us. He had a big dolly and put our

luggage on it, telling us to go ahead through customs and he would meet us there with our things. At customs he caught up with us. We were only required to open one suitcase, which was done fairly quickly, and we were through customs. We got on the train to Lisbon, a Portuguese train waiting on a nearby track. He showed us the proper car to get on, told us to go ahead, find a compartment, and he would push the luggage in through the window. He was in a hurry, as there were many people vying for compartments here. Remember, there were three trains that left that morning from Paris for Irun, but here at Irun all passengers for Lisbon had to get on this one train.

There was already a man in the compartment where we wanted to go, and he sort of stood in front of the door as though he did not want us to enter, but we crowded

in around him and put down our things. Then Chuck got the luggage from our porter outside, and he put it in the racks provided above the seats. While I stayed there and saved our seats for us, Chuck went out and paid the man who had been so good to help us. He charged 40 francs, which would be about \$6.30 U.S. (Later Nancy and Terry were dumbfounded that he would charge us so much.) But we were on the train, and we had good seats in our new compartments. The man who had been standing at the door had been trying to save the compartment for him and his three companions, but with eight places in it, there was plenty of room for him and for us and even for two more besides. Although this train wasn't as nice as the French train, the food couldn't have been more delicious. The roast beef was out of this world, and again the bread was good.

We were going second class, so we had to share our compartment with six other people, but fortunately, they were lovely people in their 30s. They spoke English fairly well, so by way of conversation, we explained why we were going to Lisbon, and they explained some things about themselves. Later in the evening, it was difficult to sleep sitting up, but by very early in the morning, all but one man had gotten off the train, so we were able to stretch out and sleep some then. Later, more people got on that were really friendly folks, too. These spoke English, not as well, so we learned some Portuguese in our conversations with them.

We arrived in Lisbon at 10:30 A.M., and while I waited for Chuck to go look for Nancy and Terry, Nancy came running to me and gave me a big hug and kiss. How

good it was to see her! We found Terry and they took us to their apartment in Alges, a suburb of Lisbon, and we went up the elevator to their place on the sixth floor of a large apartment building.

That afternoon, Nancy had a doctor's appointment, and she found out the doctor wanted her to go into the hospital the next day for tests in the afternoon, and if the tests were all right, then she might go into labor then. She told them that she might have to take the baby by Caesarean section. That was quite a blow to them, as they had planned on a normal delivery and had gone to Lamaze classes. They wanted to know what we thought about this. Should they actually do as the doctor suggested? We told them we felt that whatever the doctor said, they should probably feel confidence in her since she had done so much for them

already, and how could they change at this time? They would have to realize that the Lord was using her to help them at this time. That gave them peace about it, so the next afternoon we all went in to the hospital.

For Nancy's test, they put her on an operating table and put cathodes on her abdomen to check her contractions while also checking the heartbeat of the baby inside. Then they gave her an injection to induce labor. She was in labor for three hours with hard labor she said, though she didn't feel any pain, or very little. When the doctor came in, she checked the position of the baby and the printout from the cathode machine and saw the heart of the baby was strong and in good condition. But it had not dropped yet, and couldn't drop as it was trying to go out through her pelvis bone rather than down the birth canal. She tried to

move it manually, but it would not move, so she decided to take it by Caesarean. That night, the baby was born at 8:15 P.M. We were very happy that it was a beautiful baby boy. He weighed in at 4.07 kilos, which is eight pounds, fifteen and a half ounces. Also, he was 52.4 centimeters long, which is twenty and a half inches.

Here's how it came about. When the doctor decided it was time, she prepared herself for the operation. Nancy was readied, and Terry was ready, too, dressed in a green hospital robe with his mask on so he could go into surgery with them. He pushed Nancy's gurney into the operating room but they would not let him actually go into the room. He got as far as the swinging doors, and that was as far as he was allowed to go.

This was a complete shock! This could not be! But it was. Hadn't he gone through the Lamaze classes, and wasn't he supposed to be allowed to be with Nancy when she delivered? Sadly, this birth method was different from what the Lamaze classes had prepared him for. She was having a Caesarean section operation, and only surgical personnel were allowed in the room. Unfortunately, the doctor hadn't filled him in beforehand on what would happen in this eventuality.

He came back to the room where we were waiting, and was pacing like a caged animal, fuming within himself. He had felt he was in control up to the point of those swinging doors, but after that he felt that he just wasn't having anything to do with it, and that was really frustrating. We really felt sorry for him, and as we look back on it, it

was just too bad the doctor hadn't told him ahead of time what to expect in case of a Caesarean section. But that was the way it was. Thank goodness it didn't take long for the doctor to bring out that beautiful little boy. That made up for any frustration Terry or Nancy or any of the rest of us had felt that evening.

They brought Nancy back into her room, and we were surprised she was already awake, almost as in a dream, but at least she knew something of what was happening. She could hardly get over the fact she had had a little boy, because at first the doctor had said, "It's a girl!" When the baby had been all cleaned up, they brought him in and put him to her breast. Although this was the first time for him to be there, it didn't take him long to find there was food there for the

sucking, and he was so nice and warm, and happy, too, that he was soon fast asleep.

Terry was allowed to stay with Nancy in the room all the time, though he took his meals elsewhere, sometimes down at the hospital cafeteria, which had excellent food, or else outside the hospital. We also were allowed to go in and out any time we wanted, as we were the proud grandparents. This was so new to us that it took a while for us to get into a routine. But when we did, each day we would take our lunches and clean clothing for the baby and go to the hospital on a bus.

Nancy and Terry had shown us where to get on the buses, where to make the transfer, and where to get off to get to the hospital. Terry gave us a map with the numbers of different buses that went throughout the city

of Lisbon plus another map of the city so we could get around wherever we wanted to go on our own, though he really would rather have taken us where we needed to go as he was dubious we could do it alone. However, with their good directions and our penchant for wanting to try it without help, we were able to get around almost like veterans within a short time—at least to the hospital and back to Alges. When we were at the hospital, before we started making our lunches and taking them regularly, Terry took us to the hospital cafeteria to have a nice dinner there. Later, we went back again on our own and enjoyed it again. We also went out of the hospital, down a block, and over several blocks on the main street near there, and had dinner a couple of times at a snack bar where they served delicious beef steaks with a fried egg and French fried potatoes on top.

The first night we were there, before Nancy was in the hospital, Nancy and Terry showed us around town and took us out to dinner. We went downstairs and walked to the various points of interest near where they lived. We learned where there was the grocery store, the best fruits and vegetables, and the various places to get special foreign foods we might want. They also showed us some other interesting things about Alges that we should know, especially since we would soon be on our own at the apartment, and it would be nicer if we had some guidelines to help us. We appreciated their foresight and thoughtfulness in doing this, as it came in very handy. Eventually, we ended up in a nice restaurant, which at first I thought was a liquor store, as there was so much wine and liquor for sale in the front section. (We were soon to find that, no

matter where we went, there would be that same type of set-up with all the liquor and wine on display because so many Portuguese love that.)

For supper, Chuck ordered roast beef, Nancy had filet of sole, and Terry and I had liver. My liver had a very distinctive, unfamiliar flavor, but I ate most of it anyway. The liver dish was served with boiled potatoes and nothing else. No vegetables other than the potatoes, though Nancy and Chuck both had vegetables served with their meals plus a small dinner salad. We all had delicious fruit for dessert.

Those days were fast and furious, but our mornings began to take on a certain pattern. Every day we would get up early, as we were still geared to time in the Philippines. We would get the wash done by hand and

hang it up. We started our breakfast with Pensal, a sort of wheat-coffee, popular in Portugal and Brazil. We also had bread or 'pao,' pronounced 'pow,' with margarine and any of a number of delicious jams they have there. We liked the sour cherry jam so much we bought a dozen jars to bring back to the Philippines with us. We also had a bowl or two of corn flakes or another kind of cereal we bought. Of course, we also had a piece of fruit, i.e., apple, orange, banana, tangerine, or pear.

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Chapter 50: Portugal Trip, Part 2

While in Lisbon, we decided to get a few gifts for some of our friends. One was for a dear friend from Enrile who had made the

quilt for Nancy and Terry we brought in our luggage. She also had specially prepared some peanuts for them that were delicious. One day while we were out breakfasting in one of the pasterllerias and croissanterias, I noticed the tiny cups and saucers in which they served espresso and cappuccino drinks. I suddenly realized that for our quilting friend these would be the perfect gift. In the Itawes area they use those same kinds of cups for serving their sukalate. We didn't get any for us, but found the perfect one for her. After we got back to the Philippines, we decided to send some money to Nancy and Terry to have them buy a whole set with coffee server, sugar bowl and creamer pitcher, and twelve tiny cups and saucers with tiny spoons for us, too. We decided that these tiny cups, demitasse cups, would be just the right gift for some other friends in

the States, too, so we bought some and sent them to them also.

One place in Alges, Lisbon, where Nancy lived, had a lot of baby sweaters, pants and caps. They were on a table in front of a little shop near where we had previously gotten some lovely pop-up Christmas cards from a street vendor. The baby clothing items were beautifully knitted and were at a good price, so we got a set for Brandon, Nancy's baby, and another for our other new grandson, Taylor, born September 10th to Ken and Cathryn in California. Later that day, we went back with a lot more money and got more outfits to give to babies in Enrile.

What nice buys. We got about 20 sweaters, 20 pairs of pants and caps, and some little dresses, too, all knits. Probably all were seconds and that was why they were so reasonably priced, but that wouldn't keep

them from being nice and warm for some child, so we got them. In our baggage these took the place of the things we had taken to Nancy from the Philippines, so we ended up with heavy bags again on the trip home.

Later on in Paris, we got little tiny replicas of the Eiffel Tower to send to our children and give to Mari, the lady who had been so good to us at the Manila Singapore Airlines office. Other than that, we got postcards in Paris and Singapore.

While Nancy was in the hospital, she had many visitors. Most of them were missionaries who lived and worked in Lisbon. Some were from the mission that she and Terry would be working with when they got to Angola. One lady was wonderful, coming just about every day, and bringing things she knew Nancy or the baby

would need. She and another lady wanted to give Nancy a baby shower.

Since they knew I would be there for only a few weeks, they decided to have it while I could be there. A few days before we left, they had the shower. In fact, the lady called me the day before the shower and invited me to give the devotions of the afternoon, and tell a little something about Nancy when she was a baby. I had no idea what I would say but prayed the Lord would help me and agreed to do it.

The baby shower was very nice. First of all, Nancy's friend who hosted the shower, kept her apartment nice and warm, relatively speaking. Most of the homes there weren't warmed, and Nancy and Terry didn't warm theirs. Instead, they all wear warm clothing, so they are able to go without artificial

heating. However, when you are from the Philippines and used to warmer weather, it is NICE to be in a warm room. There were about twelve women at the shower, and Terry, who stayed in the back room with a computer, working.

Throughout the whole shower, Brandon was sound asleep in a nice baby carrier Nancy had for him which was often useful when they traveled outside the apartment. That made for an easy baby shower, because he didn't interrupt the proceedings with lots of crying. When everyone was there that was supposed to be, they called on me to speak. I told about the night before Nancy was born, and the misadventures I caused that evening, (see chapter 14). Because it was such a crazy story, they all seemed to enjoy it immensely.

I also told the story of Brandon's birth which was very frustrating, as Nancy's was for us. You remember how badly we felt for Terry because he was so frustrated. He was all set to participate in the whole event from beginning to end, having taken the Lamaze classes with Nancy, but that was not to be. He had lost control of the situation so he became frustrated.

The main thought of my devotions I have sort of forgotten, but what I see now is, no matter what, God is in control, and we can praise Him for that. Nancy, Terry and Brandon would be having many experiences in Angola, many of them very frustrating, I'm sure. But if they continued to depend on the Lord, they couldn't go wrong. The Lord would be with them, and He is always with us. He is here, and He is in ultimate control.

Nancy got many very nice things that day. The main thing was a stroller that had the feature that it could be folded up, and like an umbrella, it took as little space as possible when not in use. It was very versatile and could be used in conjunction with his other carrier to form many configurations, even into a baby buggy. Very nice! Chuck and I gave her a Bathinette, only we gave it to her before the shower as she needed to use it every day after she came home from the hospital.

It was almost exactly like the one I used with our kids, and I loved mine. It had a shelf underneath to hold clothing, diapers or anything else one might want to put there, and it had little pockets along the front of it for smaller things. Nancy was thrilled about the Bathinette, the stroller and all the other thoughtful gifts she got that day.

We spent almost three weeks with Nancy and Terry. Nancy had recovered from her Caesarean operation and was in good physical condition, and she and Terry seemed able to handle anything that came up. So Chuck decided we would leave on November 24th, a Sunday afternoon. After going to church that morning where they attended, we went out for dinner.

Immediately thereafter, we went to the train depot and got our tickets. This time we got first class accommodations because we did not want to share our stateroom with anyone else. We had all of ten minutes left to get on the train, quite a rush, as per usual with us. Nancy gave us some delicious pastries as our going away gift, and what a marvelous reminder that we had really been there as we settled down later to eat them.

We had a delightful trip on the trains from Lisbon to Paris. We had prepared food for our dinner and for lunch the next day, and got breakfast in the dining car. We had to go separately because we were afraid someone would come into our compartment and take something. We met a young American man who warned us not to leave our stuff alone as he had had his camera stolen two weeks previously in Spain when he was on a train. He left his stuff with us in our compartment when he went to another car to party. Much later in the evening we heard him outside in the walkway area, and he was with some guys who had had too much to drink. One of them opened our door and tried to get into our compartment, but we wouldn't let him stay there. Then the Americano told them to quit bothering us and go somewhere else.

We had paid for first class tickets, so we thought we should be able to have just two of us in there. We didn't know there were supposed to be six people to a compartment. We were lying across the three seats on both sides of the compartment trying to sleep. Every time the train stopped in Spain, more people would get on, and they would try to come into our compartment. Finally Chuck got upset enough about it he put a rope that went from around the back of the seat to the handle of the door so that no one could get in. When the conductor came along and saw it there, he waved his finger at us saying we couldn't do that. He came in when Chuck took it down, and we told him people kept trying to come in to our compartment. Then he told us there were six seats, and that meant six people were allowed to be in there. Wow, were we ever humbled by that. Here we had buffaloed all those people into

not coming into OUR compartment as we had paid for these seats ourselves. He asked if we wanted to pay for the other seats, but we quickly said no, and he left us alone. It was late enough by that time that the people who had tried to get in had already found other places, and no one else bothered us after that.

When it was morning, I looked out the windows and saw snow on the mountains to the right of us, and there was even snow right near the tracks. I thought we must be in the foothills of the Pyrenees. It was nice and warm inside, so we didn't have to worry about being cold. Later when we were in Paris we saw snow again, though it didn't snow where we were.

At the French border we changed trains. Before going to the French train, we walked

around town a few blocks from the station and got some stuff to eat. Finally we got on, and had a nice compartment. Eventually several others got on and our compartment was full.

One of our compartment mates was an interesting Frenchman who spoke English very well, so we were able to talk with him about a multitude of things. We found out the political picture of France according to him. He was a former French Air Force man and had been trained in the States at various air force bases, so he knew a lot about Americans and America. He was very definitely pro-Reagan and against Ford and Carter. Chuck said later he thought if they had a John Birch Society in France, he would probably have been a member of it.

He was a well informed man. He told us by all means that I should buy some clothing in Paris because they were having big sales at that time. However, what he didn't realize was that for one day only we would be in cold weather but after that, no more for several years, and it wouldn't make sense to buy something under those circumstances. He insisted that it did make sense, just to say we had gotten something there, but we passed. He also said we should go to see a certain movie because he thought it was the answer to all the problems of the world, or almost. And we didn't do that either, although we would have liked to, but it just didn't work out that way. He gave us two tickets for the subway so we could get right to our hotel and then go to the movie.

At 7:15 PM exactly we arrived at Paris. The man had said you could set your watch by

the trains in Paris. Everyone got off, and we labored long and hard to carry our heavy luggage to the place where we could put the extra pieces in a storage locker and Chuck could call a hotel and make reservations. We had met a young American lady on the train who had a book of places to stay at different cities in different countries throughout Europe. She had given us the name of several hotels which were fairly cheap and yet listed by this book to be clean and good. So Chuck called one of those. By the time we had gone around Lisbon, we got to feel like pros, so we figured we could manage Paris, too. He had gotten instructions on how to get to the hotel. He asked what direction to go when we got out of the subway. The man at the hotel said, "You will turn north and walk about three blocks or so. You'll see the Sorbonne University and it's right near there." We found the

subway, got to the right station, and found where we were to turn north.

First thing off the bat we saw a Burger King, so we stopped before going any further to have our dinner. We had a Double Whopper, which was absolutely delicious. (They had seven Burger Kings in Paris, and right across the street and around the corner from that one, they were putting up a McDonald's, too.)

We proceeded on our way, walking over the Seine River. We saw only huge tall buildings that looked quite official in that direction, and no hotels of the type we sought. Thinking we were lost, we got courage to ask three men who were coming our direction if they spoke English. We had heard that Frenchmen don't like it when Americans cannot speak their language.

However, these were very gracious men, and when Chuck asked if they knew where this certain street was, they really didn't know. However, one of the men just happened to have a street map book of Paris. Talk about the Lord's perfect timing. We found we should have turned south when exiting the subway rather than north. But then we wouldn't have found the Burger King nor seen the Notre Dame Cathedral which was where we talked to the three men.

It happened that whenever we needed help, the Lord always had someone who could speak English right handy wherever we were—in Lisbon or Paris. Chuck would ask, "Is there anyone here who can speak English?" and sure enough, someone would pipe up that he knew a little English. Then we would be directed to where we wanted to go or find out what we wanted to know. The

French people weren't at all persnickety about our not being able to speak French.

We finally got to our destination with Chuck's carrying our two heavy bags which weighed increasingly more with every step. Our hotel was in the St. Michele district of town near the Sorbonne University. As we were signing up at the front desk, Chuck asked the clerk if he were the man who had given him the instructions as to how to get to the hotel. At first he said no, but when Chuck told him about the misdirection business, he admitted it was he who had told him that. Then he said, "If you had told me you had a compass, I would have told you to go south, but you didn't tell me that." He then acted out what he had pictured the directions to be, and when he said to turn north, he turned south. Chuck was so frustrated. We found out this guy wasn't

French at all. He was Polish. Now when Chuck tells the story, he says everything he has ever heard about Polish people in jokes, he can certainly believe now.

When we went up to the room, we found it to be almost uninhabitable. It had a very dirty rug, the paper on the walls was peeling in various places, the beds were single beds and very soft, and the window wouldn't close. There was dirty linen in the closet which had only one hanger. When Chuck pulled the sheet back to get into bed, he found the sheet didn't reach the bottom, so I took the bed apart and redid it. It had a doubled sheet on it which didn't tuck in at the bottom, so I made it single and fixed it up right. The one blanket was wool. Then I looked at my bed, and found it was the same way, with a couple of bloody spots on the sheet. So I took off that sheet, opened up the

other bed, as there were three beds in the room, and took the sheet off that one. It looked like it had already been used once, but I used it anyhow, and removed the wool blanket. I am allergic to wool. I got the bedspreads from both of the beds and used them, and put my robe over as extra warmth. The curtains at the window were filthy. Fortunately, the clean bathroom was a redeeming feature. Also, we were so tired, we read our Bible, and had prayer for our kids, and fell fast asleep. Those soft beds didn't bother us at all. The Lord was with us.

In the morning, we had breakfast in our room: figs, milk, and some bread, Then we went to see the Notre Dame Cathedral. It was just as fabulous as we had always heard it was. As we approached it, we saw it dimly through a drizzle or a low fog. We arrived and went inside, investigating both the

inside, and later, the outside, thoroughly. We tried to take some pictures, but the lighting was sometimes uncooperative. Those flying buttresses were all that people said they would be, and it was an extremely beautiful edifice.

We had to get our baggage out of the hotel by noon, so we went back and took it to the train depot, storing it in one of the rental lockers there. Then we went to the Eiffel Tower, and it was absolutely amazing. We went to the observation deck in an elevator, and it was all enclosed up there so it wasn't scary, Although Chuck is usually afraid of heights, he got along fine up there. We saw such a tremendous view of the whole city of Paris, but of course, in the fog, we could only see about a mile or so around the tower. They had panoramic pictures under the windows that showed exactly the scene you

were looking at from that window. On the pictures were numbers over certain buildings, and at the side of these pictures was a list of the numbers and names of the buildings, so you could know exactly what you were seeing. Then, on the wall above the windows were listed points with names of faraway places on them and the distance that place was from the Eiffel Tower (like Venice, Italy: 525 miles or 846 kilometers). We thought that was quite interesting, too.

Soon it was time to go back and get our stuff and proceed to the airport, as our flight was leaving that day. We got to Orly International Airport all right, but we got out at the wrong terminal, the domestic flight terminal. We had wanted to go to the international terminal, but couldn't read the sign. So after much frustration there (and we were just about to be late for our flight, as

usual), we found out there would be another bus in five minutes to take us to the other terminal. Praise the Lord.

We were the last ones to get checked in. We hurried to the waiting lounge by the gate, and got in panting from our hurrying. **ONLY TO HAVE TO WAIT FOUR HOURS!** Our plane was held up first by something in the plane that wasn't right, and later, because of fog that had set in and taken more than an hour to lift. In any case, we got there in time, and had sandwiches and something to drink in the waiting lounge. Later, on the plane, they served a lovely dinner.

Our first stop was Rome, but no one could get off the plane because they wanted to have a quick turn-around and get out as soon as possible. We took off more than an hour late, because the air space over Athens, our

next stop, was too busy at that time of night so we would have to wait for that to clear up.

We stopped at Dubai and Colombo again, but couldn't get off the plane at either place in order to save more time. We finally reached Singapore at 11:25 P.M.

Wednesday night, five and a half hours late. That meant it was too late for us to call the missionary guest house in which we had planned to stay that night, so we just slept as well as we could stretching out on the seats in the waiting lounge.

In the morning we had a nice breakfast in the airport and went around looking at stuff in the stores they had in there, buying some post cards, chocolate candy, etc. and finally got our flight to Manila. It took off on time, served a nice lunch, and we got to Manila in

perfect time. The transportation from the Manila airport is probably different from anything you have ever experienced anywhere else. This is what I mean! The first taxi we got into wouldn't put his meter down, so we had to change taxis. If they put their meter down, you would get the fair fare to wherever you're going. But some taxis don't want to be paid the fair fare, they want to charge you about twice as much as it should be. Therefore, they do not like to put down their meter. However, the next one we got into was really nice, and he put his meter down right away.

So we got to our bank in good time, and then went on to the place where we planned to stay that night, the New Tribes Guest House, which we had wanted to try out because we had heard from other missionaries that it was so great. Well, it

was nice, but we like SIL better, and besides, SIL is closer to Magnolia's ice cream parlor. That night we got a good sleep and really appreciated that. The bed was nice and hard, but not too hard. Everything was lovely.

We had heard that the missionaries in Aparri were having their traditional Thanksgiving dinner on Saturday at 1 PM, so we decided to go there. We flew to Tuguegarao Saturday at 6 AM, went immediately to Enrile, picked up our stuff for helping with the dinner, went to Tuguegarao again, waited for the Pantranco bus, and waited, and waited, and waited. We waited for that bus for 3 1/2 hours. Of course, we missed the dinner, and we missed their prayer time afterwards, and whatever else they had had. At four o'clock just as they were saying their last prayer, we knocked at the door. They

had a microwave oven, so they warmed up some leftovers for us, so we feasted on a Butterball turkey and all the fixin's. It was delicious.

We stayed overnight there, went to church with them in the morning, ate lunch, stopped at Lallo Christian Children's Home for about five minutes on our way home, then got a bus to Tuguegarao. We arrived there just in time to get the last jeepney going to Enrile. It was surely good to be on that jeep, surely good to get home, and surely good to get into our own bed that night. It was quite an adventure for us, and we were glad to have been there for Nancy and Terry. But we were also glad we didn't have any more travel plans in the near future.

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Chapter 51: Philippine Sight Seeing with Our Sisters

In 1991, our two sisters, Betty Casebeer, Chuck's sister, and Violet DePrenger, my sister, came to visit. Betty was the secretary/treasurer of our STEP mission board and also our forwarding agent. Both of these ladies had been with us in our lives from the very first since they were our older sisters. When we decided to come to the Philippines as missionaries, they supported us in prayer and every other way they could. They were coming here in order to get a better idea of what the country was like, the culture, the climate, and the things that we did here day to day. But from Chuck's and my point of view, whenever we had visitors come to the Philippines, we took them to see the special sights that were there. What follows in this chapter is the itinerary from

that 1991 visit, as taken from a round-robin letter written by Violet to our siblings, telling them of our trip.

At the time they came, we were in Manila taking care of business. It was around midnight when their plane arrived, and we met them at the Manila International Airport. That was on February 6, 1991. We had reserved rooms for all of us in the SIL (Summer Institute of Linguistics) Guest House in Manila. We had nice rooms there, delicious meals, and besides that, the girls there did our laundry each day, so that was nice.

The first night we took them to see the Los Angeles Ballet at the Cultural Center downtown in Manila, which was named after Imelda Marcos. Ironically, they flew half way around the world to see the ballet

group from their own home town. The cultural center was a beautiful building with a big fountain in front and colored lights on it. Inside, the building was beautiful, too, and had huge chandeliers and a large winding staircase that led to the upper balconies. We sat in the 4th floor balcony ourselves and saw it very well. It cost us \$1.35 each. Due to jet lag, the ladies were prone to dozing off for part of it, but it was a beautiful performance in every way.

The next day, we went shopping and found darling clothes for children. They couldn't resist, and bought something for each grandchild. We also went to the Manila Cathedral where the pope was to appear a few days later. Workmen were erecting scaffolds for the TV cameras, polishing up light fixtures, etc.

We also took them to Fort Santiago, which was across the street from the cathedral. During World War II, the Japanese used part of this fort as a prison for many Filipinos, and we were able to see that. There is quite a history to consider at this location, and a small museum of memoirs and belongings of Jose Rizal, the hero of the Philippines. The Spanish held Dr. Rizal as a prisoner in this facility, (which is over 400 years old), during the Spanish-American War, bringing him to trial, and finding him guilty of sedition and stirring up people to revolt. They shot him at a place called the Luneta, where they now have a large statue of him with guards around the clock.

That night we took them to The Sulu Restaurant where we had a delicious smorgasbord dinner along with a show with young Filipinos in native costumes dancing

the dances of the people in various provinces. This was an excellent performance, and we have been there at other times for special occasions, too.

The next day being Sunday, we took them to Cruzada Church of Christ in Quiapo, where we attended the Ilocano service. We sang songs in Ilocano using song sheets that were given to us, and it was a treat to let them read that language which they had never seen or heard before.

Later that day, we took them to Rizal Park at the Luneta. There was a beautiful Japanese garden with bridges and ponds and flowers. Also, in another area, there was a large pond with a relief map of the Philippine Islands, and you could go up on a platform and look down to see the islands and how they are laid out. It is about 100' x 50' in size. The

country consists of three main parts: the large island to the north is Luzon, the central part is called the Visayan Islands, which is made up of many islands, and finally, the southern island of Mindanao.

There are about 7,100 islands total in the country, and about 175 different languages. There was also a children's park that had statues of prehistoric and other animals created from cement—used for sliding and climbing. There were also water fountains for playing in and keeping cool on hot days.

A lovely trip to round out this day was to take a ride on a double deck bus which had a good view of Manila Bay, although much of the land that was bay before had been filled in, and huge new buildings obscured some of the view.

The next day, we visited the American Cemetery at Fort Bonifacio and saw all the crosses which mark the graves of American servicemen who died in the Philippines in battle in WWII. We noted the beautiful setting of that place. Memorial plaques were on a huge wall display, and on these walls were maps of the various stages of progression of WWII in and around the Philippines.

Another day, we went to visit Manila Bible Seminary in Novaliches, founded by missionaries of the Philippine Mission Churches of Christ of Central Luzon. This school has been the training institution for men and women who have gone out from there to teach and preach at the many Churches of Christ now in existence throughout that part of Luzon, and no doubt

to other places in the Philippines and the world.

One day, we took Betty and Vi to the jail where Betty and Chuck's father had fought during the Spanish-American War in 1898. Their father had taken down the Spanish flag during that battle. He cut out the coat of arms, and it was framed and hung on the wall in the living room of their home when they were growing up in Omaha, Nebraska. Their parents later gave it to the museum in Lincoln, Nebraska. (It was later returned by the museum and now sits atop Betty's Hammond Organ in her living room.) Back in the prison, the warden took us through the buildings and we saw some of the same buildings still being used for prisoners who haven't had their trials yet. They were separated by gangs—one gang in each area so they don't get into fights.

We also went to Divisoria, the huge shopping area with hundreds of different shopkeepers all selling everything imaginable for home, family and personal use. One sells wedding materials and laces and tiaras, and anything for a bride. Another sells drapery materials, another sells dress fabrics, another corduroys or denims, another children's clothes and women's blouses, shirts, etc., on and on, hundreds of them. Each has a space of 12' x 12', piled and stacked to the ceiling with goods.

Tourist buses don't go there because they would never find their way back together to the same place to find their bus. We kept our eyes on each other so we wouldn't get lost. I bought some lovely blue material for draperies for upstairs and downstairs in our living rooms. Betty and Vi found a place to get a pedicure and manicure, and they

decided to indulge. It cost about two dollars for such a luxury.

One of the really beautiful places we visited was Pagsanjan Falls, a visit which required quite a journey. The night before, we got a couple of rooms at a hotel along the river so we could get an early start. Near the hotel there was a restaurant where we had our breakfast that day, and while we ate, there were gekkos, small lizards, overhead or on the walls, and cats and dogs roamed about, too. Since this was one of the big attractions in the Philippines, there were many Japanese there as well as folks from other countries.

The falls are at the far end of Pagsanjan River Canyon. They are reached by banca (canoe), and each banca has two guides rowing, and up to two passengers, who may help with the rowing. In the process of going

there, you have to go up some rapids, where men have set up special contrivances so they can take bancas up the river, no matter how high or low the water is. When the river is relatively low, they could not row through certain parts of the river, so they have put in special logs or bamboo poles at those places so that two men can pull the bancas up.

About half way to the falls is a small store where you stop for a cool drink, and then you are ready to go the rest of the way. At the end of the canyon is a large pool into which the falls flow from about 15 or 20 meters above. You can stop at some large boulders and watch the waterfall. If you want, you can go across the pool on a raft to a cave under the falls, where there is a floating dock. You can dive off the end of this platform into the water on the inside of the cave, and have a wonderful time

swimming around under and behind the falls. Then it is time to return to the restaurant/hotel. On our way, we noticed that the cliffs were very high on each side of the rapids, and smaller waterfalls trailed down from both sides as smaller streams entered the river. Beautiful birds flew around in the coolness of the greenery here, and it was breathtaking to see and be a part of it all. If one is lucky, one may see monkeys along the river or water snakes swimming along in the water itself. The scenery of the river and coconut groves, ferns and rocks, etc., is so enjoyable that this is always a fantastic place to go. In fact, some scenes from the movie, *Apocalypse Now*, were filmed in the canyon.

That same day, we went by Hovercraft to the island of Corregidor at the entrance of Manila Bay. (A Hovercraft is a vehicle that

travels across land or water just above a cushion of air provided by a downward jet from its engines and propellers.) Corregidor was bombed a few hours after Pearl Harbor in WWII. Bataan Peninsula and Corregidor were where the last battle occurred when the Japanese took over the Philippines in 1942. We went through a tunnel that had lateral tunnels on both sides, in which a hospital was set up during the bombings at the beginning of the Pacific War. Over 1,000 people were housed in this hospital. General MacArthur spent a few days in one of these tunnels before he left for Australia. Also, Philippine President Manuel L. Quezon and his family lived there for a while. We went through a war memorial museum that cost \$1,400,000.00. The island was not being used except for tours at the time we were there.

That night, we went to a revolving restaurant at the top of a tall building in Manila and got two fish dinners for the four of us. They gave us each a bowl of delicious soup and some rice and rolls, and we divided the fish since none of us was very hungry—and we were running short of cash. We stayed that night at SIL, and the next day we left for Baguio.

In Baguio, a city that is a mile high and a few hours north of Manila, we stayed in the Baptist guest house for a very reasonable fee—less than four dollars a day each. We bought papaya, pineapple, bananas and cinnamon rolls and fixed our own meals there. We went to an American air base, Camp John Hay. It was a lovely place, with a golf course, several nice restaurants, a bowling alley, and other R & R facilities for military personnel. We also went to a

weaving school and saw people making cloth and bookmarks—very interesting. Also we went to the silver school and saw the intricate work they do. It was fascinating to see the tiny little scrolls they make for rings, etc. We bought earrings, pendants and rings—all solid silver. We also went to a basket place and bought various kinds of baskets.

The next day we went on to Banaue, still up in the mountains, and spent a night at a hostel, about four dollars and a half each. We went to a nearby hotel for dinner and a show put on by local dance artists—very good! Our room overlooked the famous rice terraces. The next day, we took a jeep trip to the viewpoint, and it was breathtaking.

At first, there was a mist over the terraces, but when it cleared, it was beautiful. The

local people wore their native dress and were there so one could get pictures of them. (At that time, they were getting only a peso for each person in the picture, but the price has gone way up now.) The Ifugao people are very small people with snaggle-teeth from chewing betel nut. Some of the people carve water buffalos and other things, and we bought some nice carved things. The children were sanding and the wives were tending the shops, and putting liquid shoe polish and then furniture polish on the carvings.

Next, we went to Bagabag (buh GAH bahg), a couple of hours north, where SIL has its northern base for their missionaries who work in allocations in the northern part of Luzon. It is like a little USA there with the housing being quite a bit like we see in the States, and with the green grass and flowers

around the homes, the little roads that run through it, and everything being very clean. At this base, SIL has their plane and a helicopter that takes translators to their allocations (stations) when they live too far away to go by local transportation.

They also have their center for translators so they can have workshops and come there to live in their own homes or the guest house to do work on their translation projects when they need to get away from their allocations. There is a library well stocked with translation- type materials, Bible helps of all kinds, and Christian novels, children's books, etc. At one end of the center is an elementary school, and in the middle, right by the business offices, is a pre-school for the little ones. They also have a swimming pool and tennis court right there. Since their main thing is to work on Bible translations,

they also have a printing building and computer building combination so they can do their own printing jobs. They leave printing of finished New Testaments, though, for printers in Manila who have access to Bible paper and do more professional work. Since some of the translators have to teach reading, they prepare and produce reading materials for their particular language groups at Bagabag.

By now, it was time to go to Enrile to show them our own home and town. We stayed overnight there, and the very next day we were off again to go to Aparri. Since this was the home of the mission that sponsored us into the country, we felt it was important for them to see it and get acquainted with some of the missionaries we were in contact with from time to time. We took them to Aparri Bible Seminary and the home of

Charles and Roberta Selby, the missionaries who started this mission, Philippine Mission Churches of Christ of Northern Luzon, Inc. We took them to the beach, just a few blocks from the school and mission base. We were just in time to get in on a banquet that night. Since we hadn't known about this ahead of time, the missionaries loaned us nice clothes and shoes for the occasion. Violet and I even got to sing a duet at the banquet.

The next day, we went to Cagayan Valley Christian Children's Home, about ten miles south of Aparri. There were almost a hundred children—one only four pounds, a month old—a tiny Negrito named Angel. We had lunch there. The scenery there was beautiful, as it was on a hill which overlooked the Cagayan River, and there were lots of trees on the hills around it.

Then we met a missionary to the Negritos, Roy Mayfield, who took us to visit his allocation. He took us by jeep to his home, which was a thatched house that was up high on stilts. His wife, Georgiale, met us at their home. She had just made some cookies. They had built a cute thatched one room place for their son and his wife to sleep in, and they all ate together. They were teaching the Negrito people there, and translating the New Testament for them. Their area could be a dangerous place to live because of the New People's Army (NPA) that was against the government and was trying to bring in Communism. They sometimes killed people who wouldn't cooperate.

After we had the cookies, he took us back to the bus line and we went to an open market in Tuguegarao. We bought meat and put it

into two glass jars we had brought. We put 19 eggs into two tins, and rice; also in a tin, vegetables and fruit. From there, we went home to Enrile. The next day we went to church in Alibago (ah lee BAH go), one of the barrios to the south of the Centro of Enrile. We took Tia, Felipe and some children along with us in the jeepney. The church was held in a thatched home. Chuck gave a talk in Itawes and we had communion for the believers.

Then we went to a home and saw how they made the bamboo walls and floors. The kitchen there was separate because they burned wood in their cooking stove that smoked up the kitchen, making everything black. Many of the big cooking utensils were tucked into where the bamboo poles were tied together with vines. This was how the walls were made. The house was quite

bare, with benches and a chair. The mats to sleep on were stacked neatly with the quilts in a corner. Their clothes were piled in a basket. They said the mother and the girls sleep in one room, and the father and boys in another.

When we got back to Enrile, we took a ride around the town in a calesa, a two-wheeled cart pulled by a horse. We went to see the cemetery, schools and the town hall. The mayor, principal and teachers came out to greet us.

One day we went to Piat. We stayed overnight with the Purisima family, Jose and Leona. This was the couple that we had stayed with for over a year when we first went to the Itawes people. Leona put on a huge meal for us with cake and custard for dessert. She had rice, duck, meat loaf and

lots of other things—all very good. We went all around Piat the next day. We went down by the river first, and then back up the hill to the school, to the market, and I don't remember where all else.

We also took them to help distribute rice to folks who had been in a huge flood and lost their rice crop recently. In Amulung, we took a banca across the Cagayan River and went into a village nearby. We were met by children who took our hand and put it to their forehead. They did that as a way of getting a special blessing. The women there served a big dinner to us, and Chuck measured out rice for each member of each family. We saw the homes that had been flooded, and some destroyed.

Back in Enrile that evening, Betty, Violet and I put on our long dresses that we had

bought in Manila. We created quite a sensation as we walked down the street to visit people. The children followed us right into the first house. The back door was open and little chicks came in. The next home was Mrs. Acorda's, the former Mayora. She lived in a lovely, big home, beautifully furnished with a modern kitchen—what I called a Manila home. Then we went to the home of Mrs. Afed for dinner. Mrs. Afed was one of our best friends in Enrile. She served a wonderful meal with tiny noodles and pork with egg and vegetables in it, as well as chicken, rice, cabbage and pork, potato salad, and custard for dessert.

The next morning, we had to go back to Manila because it would soon be time for Betty and Violet to get their plane. We stayed at SIL again, and they were on their way the next day to go to Taipei, the next

leg of their trip overseas. The weather cooperated nicely, and they left the Philippines on February 27th.

If Vi had had time in writing the round robin letter, she might have told about our traveling on public transportation all over—jeepneys, triceys, buses—and it might have been fun to tell you about the pig in the jeepney, and the babies we held, and the piling in with the first person sitting on the seat nearest to the entrance, and how everyone else had to go around them, each one sitting as close as he could to the entrance and the others just piling in over all of them to get to the furthest back part of the seat. But our three weeks together were so packed with activities that she just couldn't tell everything that happened.



Philippine Sight Seeing with Our Sisters Vi, Mickey and Betty in a Jeep

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Chapter 52: Thanksgiving for Our Permanent Residence Visas

In December, 1990, sixteen years after moving to the Philippines, our Permanent Residence Visas were granted, (though we didn't hear about it for several months). These gave us the freedom to be in the Philippines permanently. It is like

immigrants to the United States having green cards. Each year less than a hundred people were granted this status in the Philippines, so it was a great honor to get ours. We wanted to celebrate this achievement in the biggest way possible, to share our good fortunes with our friends and the leaders of Enrile, but we weren't sure about how to go about doing that.

We also wanted to share this and much more with Neil Kuns, the minister of one of our main supporting churches, UCC. He was already going to be in the Philippines to speak at the annual get-together of the missionaries of the Churches of Christ and Christian Churches, so he graciously accepted our invitation to come to our celebration. It was April 1991. When I say "much more," I mean we wanted to show him the Lord's work being done in the

Itawes region, and to make our celebration an event he would never forget, an event that would give him the best possible picture of the Itawes people in the two days he would be there. We thought we wouldn't have time to take him to far-off barrios where he would have to wade across rivers and hike along the rice terraces to get where we had to go, though that would have been exciting. And we didn't want to just take him for a ride around Enrile in a horse-drawn calesa. Although he could get an idea about how the people lived, he wouldn't be able to meet them and to know what charming people they really are.



Chuck on his new Honda on the way to Felipe's work

Therefore, since he only had two days to spend with us, we decided to have a big 'blowout,' the word Filipinos use for a special celebration when they have reached a certain point in their lives—like a graduation or special advancement in their jobs, or whatever. Prior to this, Chuck and I had never had a big occasion at our Enrile home. We had gone to many blowouts at the

homes of others in the community, but having one ourselves would be completely different.

At the time we made our decision to have the blowout, we happened to be spending most of our time south of Manila working with Felipe, our main translator-helper, who was living there with his sister at the time.

We started gathering as much information as we could to figure out how to arrange a party like the one we wanted. Just then, one of our Itawes preachers came to Manila on business of his own. By Chuck on His New Honda on the way to Felipe's to Work myself, I made a special trip up to Manila on public transportation to talk to him about how such an occasion should be planned. He explained the various steps they go through

to prepare for a blowout, and I realized that we had a lot of work to do.

Then we talked to some ladies who live in our apartment setup, and they told how it would be done in their area in the southern part of the Philippines. After talking to Felipe, too, to get more ideas that were more specific for Enrile, he recommended that I go to Enrile to make the plans there with the people that would actually be doing the work. So, I went up the week before Easter.

The first thing I did was to go next door to our neighbors, the Lunas, and it happened that she and the lady next door again to her were having a little celebration of their own for having completed their harvest of corn. They were having coffee and a sticky rice candy delicacy. All the workers who had helped in the project were there, and they

really got excited when I opened up my plan bit by bit and told them what we had in mind.

When one has an occasion like this, the food is very important, and someone must be in charge of the cooking. Usually this is a man who is famous in the town for his cooking. The only man we knew of who could have done a superb job was also one of the men who had helped us in our translation work, and frequently put on such occasions for political people in Tuguegarao because of his good recipes, etc. He had passed away about a year and a half before. Since that time, a twoman team had successfully taken his place, and they had had charge of the cooking for the occasions when our Itawes Aunt Longhina Luna, Uncle Felipe Abbariao, and Uncle Henti Abbariao had passed away. No other names were

mentioned in regards to cooking, no matter who I talked to, before or after that, because these two men were the best for the job.

I asked my neighbors how this would work, and they said I would need to ask the cooks to do the job. If they agreed, I would have to tell them how many people we intended to have as guests, and then we would go over the items on the menu together so they would know what they would be doing. Of course, they would have to give me an approximate idea of how much money they needed to purchase all of the ingredients. They would take care of getting people there to help with the various things that would need to be done. They would be in Thanksgiving for Our Permanent Residence Visas charge of getting the pots and pans, large cauldrons, etc., too, and whatever else they needed for doing their job.

Rodger Shewmaker had been in Manila when we were down there, and we had mentioned to him what we wanted to do. Even before I could get back to Enrile, he had gone up there and told the Itawes preachers what we had in mind, and the preacher in Enrile had a meeting with the local congregation the Sunday before I arrived. They were all very excited to be a part of helping us out. At the meeting, they decided what task each person wanted to do. Some would go to the forest and get all the wood needed to cook the food. Some would put up the tarpaulin so there would be a shady place for guests to sit and eat. The women would make the bibingka and inatata, the rice delicacies I had told Rodger I wanted to have for the merienda. They would bring the pans in which to make these things, too. They would also help in serving

and washing the dishes, and they would bring dishes, forks and spoons. The dishes they brought were the very best they had as were the silverware utensils. No throw-away plates and plastic ware for this blow-out.

With all of this decided beforehand, it didn't take a lot of work on my part to get things lined up when I got there. The only thing I changed in their plans was for the two neighbor ladies who live to the south of us to make the chocolate and bibingka for the merienda, because I knew they specialized in this. When the ladies of the church heard what I wanted, they said they would be glad to help them. Of course, they knew much better than I did how much work it takes. Many hands make light work.

The question of how to handle the invitations to such an event arose. The way

it works in Enrile is that there is one specific lady in town who is noted for being the person to do the inviting of the guests. She knows everyone in town, and knows intimately the protocol for inviting each person or group. So I called upon her to see if she would do that for us. She consented, and asked for my guest list. Then she told me to whom I would send personal written invitations, and she would visit all the others herself in person.

We had approximately 200 people on that list. I included all the people from the municipal hall, and as many teachers and other important people as I could think of. Fortunately, this lady knew approximately how many we were talking about as I named off the groups of people we wanted to come, and she knew most of the people themselves. The only thing she didn't know

was how many to expect from the two Churches of Christ we have in Enrile.

She would not only invite the people, but she would also have charge of the tables, the ones who brought the dishes and silverware, the servers, the way it was all set up and served, and even the cleanup afterward. She would be the one to invite the people to the buffet tables, a very important job, because even though all are considered as equal, there is a definite order of eating that is observed by the people, and to do it any other way would be a disgrace to all concerned. Overall, this lady was a great addition to our team.

It still remained for us to get our house in the proper condition for a blowout. When I had gone to Enrile before Easter, I noticed that our house was not clean, nor was it very

orderly. So I made arrangements for four girls to go and clean everything well—wash down walls, ceilings, windows, the office, and to wash the dirty sheets, the curtains, etc., and to put up our special draperies in the living room which I usually put up at Christmas time. I sent them money to get food for themselves while they were there, and also indicated who would be in charge and second in charge among them. They did all I had asked, and the place looked very nice and clean. When first I entered the house, I looked at how everything had been done, and the place was literally shining. Then I went up to the living room. I had only worked with one of the girls once on putting up the draperies, so they didn't have them up exactly right. But they were up, and I never said anything to them about it. I was very pleased with their performance, and the prearrangements for the party had all been

made. The time for the blowout was fast approaching.

We were ready for Neil Kuns to arrive in the Philippines. We met him at the airport in Manila so we could escort him through the jungle that Manila is to the newcomer.

Unbeknownst to us, Esther DeBar, chairman of our “fan club” at University, had sent us some beautiful roses via Neil. He was very careful to see they got to me in excellent condition. The first thing he did when he saw us at the airport was to give me the roses. I could smell them by peeping into the plastic sack, without even opening the inside plastic containing the roses. They were well packaged, and absolutely beautiful. We had never seen such roses over there. They were huge and very fragrant, and it was amazing that they lasted so long.

The next morning, we took Neil by plane to Tuguegarao. We finally got to Enrile that afternoon, and I put the roses into the refrigerator to keep them nice for the big affair on the following day. People were already busy preparing for the big occasion. The ladies of the church and our neighbors were outside making the bibingka, the delicious rice candy, and were in the process of cooking the bibingka which had been mixed previously. They poured the mixture into the kabibingkan (pan for cooking the bibingka), and then put a lid on top which was full of burning coals. Coals were underneath as well. They had at least three or four bibingkas cooking at the same time. When they were poured, it looked sort of like milk in color, but when it was cooked, it turned a beautiful gold color. Then they put grated cheese and raisins on the top a few moments before taking them off the fire.

They had already made the inatata, a steamed rice delicacy.

Neil and I went out to watch them and talk to them. Since they could speak English pretty well, Neil was able to talk to them and asked pertinent questions. He seemed to be enjoying everything. I took him around and introduced him to everyone, and they were pleased to meet him.

The men of the church had their own job: to cook the meat. They were under the supervision of the two-man team, and would be up all day and all night cooking pigs, etc. They stretched a tarp between our house and the house next door as a way to provide shade. It was really ragged, but it would do to keep the sun off anyone sitting under it. However, that was not to be. It started to rain in the evening, and all that night it kept

on raining. It was a good downpour most of the night, and even though the men were doing the cooking outside, they managed to remain dry if they stayed under the bodega (storehouse built on cement posts to keep the contents dry during the frequent floods) or in the “dirty kitchen” at the back of our house. The kitchen was a dry place, so they kept food stored there and may have done some work there. They strung up lights around the downstairs area, and when the electricity went off at one point, they got a generator and had lights that way, though we used candles inside the house.

You might have thought that the rain would have dampened their spirits, but they were happy to have it because their crops desperately needed it. Even though it was making it muddy for them as they worked, they didn't seem to mind. The ‘tarp’ didn't

do much good at that point as the ground under it was just as wet as if it hadn't been there at all. Fortunately, the families to the south of us were all part of our Itawes 'family,' and they used their dry places for working, and since they were all involved in the work, that was fine.

We never did ask Neil what he thought of what was going on, however, he seemed to be enjoying everything, and we were, too. We didn't go downstairs much, except once to see what they were doing in the rain at first and then we went right back upstairs. We had a light supper of soup and sandwiches, just the three of us. We gave Neil our bedroom so he could sleep well, though that was the side of the house where the men were cooking downstairs. In the morning, he said that he slept well, and the

noise was no problem to him. We were all worn out anyhow, so we all slept well.

The next day was really busy all morning with many people downstairs preparing the food. I don't know how many pigs they killed for the occasion, but I heard it was about half a dozen. There were two smaller ones that they roasted over a fire two doors down the line, so we went over to watch that for a while. There were about six guys helping with that, taking turns turning the pig (lechon) over and over. The men seemed to be enjoying themselves, too. By now it wasn't raining, so that was good.

I never did get all the names of the different things they were cooking. At one point, they were making meat balls, called bola bola, which went in with a pasta dish. They had big metal cauldrons full of the skin and fat

of the pigs which had been cut up a certain way and boiled in oil—nice and crisp. They called that ‘lechon karshay,’ and then they had some more lechon called ‘lechon paksiw,’ which was part of the animal around the hoofs maybe, and the legs, and that had meat on it beside skin and fat. We got a big piece of that after the whole thing was over to bring back with us to Muntinlupa, and we enjoyed eating it for several days. We divided it up and put it into little plastic containers that held enough for two people for one meal. I did something that maybe no Itawes would do, though, and removed the skin and fat after slicing it. Then I cut up the skin and fat and doled it out to the stray cats little by little, putting it out for them in the morning and evening. They made a meat loaf of carabao meat and ground pork, and some other food which was diced up and mixed in with it. Having

had this before, I knew I enjoyed it very much, so I had asked for it in particular. It was served with red banana catsup. Next door, they were preparing the chop suey. It had some liver, some chicken, and they were frying these in tiny pieces in their dirty kitchen. They already had the vegetables cut up in several piles ready to be put together with the meats in the final cooking.

The lady who was in charge of setting the tables asked where to put them because it was so muddy downstairs. We decided at first to put them in a screened-in room upstairs which has a cement floor. Someone wondered if it would be strong enough to hold all the people who would be going to get their food around the tables. So we sent to ask the man next door, who was the man who built that part of the house, and he

suggested that we have the tables be put in our dining room, which would be safer.

That meant moving around some of the furniture, including the cupboards, so there would be room for all the tables. Oops! It had been a long time since we had cleaned behind those cupboards, and the wall had to be scrubbed down at the last minute to look half-way presentable. The lady next door had some lovely new plastic table cloths that we used, and so it looked quite festive.

We felt like we were ready, and soon the guests started arriving. Suddenly, we were scrambling around trying to decide where to put them. They couldn't sit outside under the tarp because it was too muddy down there. They came into the downstairs front room, but it wasn't large enough to hold all of them. In Itawes culture, the 'big' people had

to come first. So to make room and to keep with tradition, we brought the mayor upstairs, the barrio captain and his wife, the former District Supervisor of Elementary Education, the present District Supervisor, former teachers and a former mayor, more retired teachers, and a Major of the Philippine Army from World War II who lived just kitty-corner across the street from us. We joined in eating with them, too, because even though it might not be good for the host and hostess to eat with the guests in the Itawes area, it is our American custom that we need to eat with our guests. They seemed to enjoy that.

There were others, too—the folks from the municipal building, which included the mayor's office, the treasury, post office, clinic, agrarian reform office, social welfare office, etc. There were also the people who

came from the church at Alibago where Tirso Ibarra was the minister. There were about 15 of them. Then, after the first round of guests had eaten, designated server ladies picked up the dishes, and gave them to other helpers who took them downstairs to be washed. It was interesting to note that the lady had invited our most illustrious neighbors to serve, because it is an honor to serve at such an occasion. Others can do the carrying of dishes back and forth, wash the dishes, and whatever else.

Of course, our neighbors were almost all in the work crew in one way or another, with some of the ladies serving food, giving out the plates and silver, etc. Then there was a whole crew of ladies from our church who were outside washing the dishes and making sure there were enough to go around each time a new group of guests came to the

table. They had their big wash tubs on the ground, and they were all squatting as they did their particular jobs, passing the dishes on to the next one for rinsing or whatever came next. I made sure they used soap because we had been to occasions where they didn't have soap, and one could pick up an illness by eating from a plate that has the germs of that illness. I got a terrible strep throat one time that way. Clean dishes were delivered upstairs to the buffet table, and the next group of people were given their napkins and invited to come upstairs to eat. The first group just stayed upstairs and sat around talking to each other. This process was repeated until everyone had a chance to eat.

When the lunch was almost over, we had the thanksgiving service for the permanent residence visas. I got the feeling that if we

didn't have the service soon, many of the guests might leave, so even before the ladies downstairs were finished with their dishes, I told them I thought we would go ahead and have it. We would try to have two services so they could get in on one, though it turned out we decided not to do that after all. The people outside who had been working, therefore, were still eating when we started the program upstairs. Chuck led us in some songs that were xeroxed for the folks, and they were songs of praise to the Lord. They were:

Praise Him! Praise Him!
How Great Thou Art
Holy, Holy, Holy!
God Will Take Care of You
I Just Keep Trusting My Lord

They were all in Itawes. I played the autoharp, our only accompaniment for the singing, and that turned out to be just right because I could set the songs so they were better for public singing. (I set them so they were two notes lower than on the page in the song books.)

None of the teachers, or anybody else for that matter, had ever seen an autoharp before, and they really liked it.

Chuck told the story of how we got the Permanent Residence Visas, and he thanked the various ones in the group that had written letters for us to the Commission of Immigration and Deportation (CID). Then he gave the mayor and several others an opportunity to speak to the group. Finally, we had Neil give his greeting from University Christian Church. It was very

special to have him be with us, and it was an honor for me to introduce him to our guests. He was a very dignified, gracious person, and we were thankful he could be there. I also had a time to put in my two cents worth. I told what our plans were for the future, about going to the Malaweg people to do a New Testament translation for them. Chuck ended the service with a prayer. At that point, many of the folks went home.

I'm not sure if I announced that we would be having a merienda (snack), but I expected they would understand we would because I had mentioned it in the letters I sent out. At any rate, several said they had to be going now. I confess I was disappointed because they missed out on our merienda. However, the people from the municipal hall come back for the merienda at 3 PM, and we were able to persuade several others to stay. ?

And wouldn't you know it!!!! I FORGOT TO PUT THE ROSES ON THE TABLES!! There they sat in the refrigerator!! It was only after many of the people went home that I remembered them. We brought them downstairs (accompanied by ooohs and aaahs from the crowd), placing them as a centerpiece on the table where we served our merienda—the 'sukalati,' 'bibingka,' and the 'inatata.' The ladies all wanted one to take home. Well, I knew that Mrs. DeBar always freely gave her roses every Sunday she brought some to church, so when it was the right time, I gave a rose to my two next door neighbors who had been in charge of all the snack-type things and a lot more, and also to one of the ladies who helped in serving who had had us at her home for several birthday parties, and one to Celso's wife. Celso preaches at Enrile Centro Church and had the members all hyped up

for this occasion. He was working as hard, if not harder, than anyone else to help make the event memorable.

That was about it. Then the cleanup started. Everyone knew what they had to do, and they did it quickly and efficiently. At the end, after almost everything had been cleaned up, Celso was the one who divided the leftover food with the workers who had helped us. He did it with all of their approval—no griping by anyone that someone else got more. He even asked me to come and get our share. We brought home to Muntinlupa one of the meat loaves and one large shank of the lechon paksiw, which I talked about before. Then the lady next door, who had been in charge of making the bibingka and sukalati, came and brought four whole bibingkas to us the size of large dinner plates, plus five huge balls of

the mixture of chocolate that goes into making the sukalati. I gave one bibingka to our main household helper to take home to her family, and we saved some for a missionary get-together we were going to attend in a few days. The rest Chuck divided into smaller pieces and we had it for a snack several times a day, and we had sukalati at breakfast several times a week in Muntinlupa.

By 5 PM, everything was back in place, and we were on our way to the VBS Seminar graduation in Tuguegarao at which Neil was scheduled to speak. We had reserved a large jeepney to take a group of us to the event. Our group included the girls who had helped clean and prepare everything in the house, Celso and his wife, and some other folks from his neighborhood. Neil sat up in front with Chuck and the driver. That's the place

for the special guest and the one who rented the jeepney. I could hear them laughing from time to time. From the very beginning, when we picked up Neil in Manila, I knew it was going to be one of those experiences that would be very special, and we never had a let-down from that. We were just laughing most of the time he was there. He was a very delightful person, and we were sorry he couldn't have brought his wife along, too.

I might add here that usually, at Itawes functions such as this, there are a lot of gambling games going on. This keeps the guests busy so they don't mind waiting for all the others to be served, etc. Some people never enter into these games, but many do, and they always give a certain amount of their winnings to the 'house,' which would be the ones putting on the occasion, and that

would help pay for the expenses of the occasion at the same time. These games are usually played outside the house, but with everything being muddy, they would have used the bedroom or gone next door to use their space. At any rate, none of this was going on at our blowout pursuant to our request that no gambling take place.

Since we did not have any gambling going on or anything for those who had finished eating to do, people were inclined to get tired of waiting. I would have, had I been one of the guests. If we had had something to take the place of the gambling games, I think no one would have wanted to leave directly after the thanksgiving service except those who needed to go back to work.

There was another way in which our blowout was different from most. Instead of

serving alcohol, we served soft drinks: Coke, Sprite and Royal Orange. Also, we served no food that was mixed with blood. The Itawes have a special dish which is made of the intestines and blood of the animal that is being eaten. We wanted to follow the Lord in His prohibition of eating blood. (Acts 15:20) This was a point which I brought up at the very first with the men who would be preparing the food so that they would know from the beginning what we expected along that line. It turned out that when the pigs were killed, it was the non-Christians whom the men in charge had brought in to help them, who were given the blood. Since they did not cook the intestines, the same people probably were given the intestines so they could cook them later in their own homes.

A few weeks after the party, the Itawes preachers and their wives came down to the Philippine National Church of Christ Convention, held in the Manila area. We had one of the couples, Tirso Ibarra and Rosie, stay with us, and Tirso told me then that our party was really a success. I asked why, and he said that because of the rain, not as many people came as we had planned on, so there was a lot of food left over. This was given to those who had gotten very tired and each one had plenty to take home afterwards, so they were all very happy.

One thing more, he said, was the fact that we did not serve blood. This raised a lot of questions by those who had never realized that eating blood was not acceptable in the Old and New Testaments. The preachers were able to teach them on this point. Also, he said, at this occasion there was no alcohol

served, and the mayor was probably surprised by that because at all Itawes celebrations, alcohol is always served to the top people, even though it may not be served to the lower ones. To think it could be done this way was something most people had never considered.

Despite some of the unusual elements of the blowout, it was considered by all to be a total success. From the mayor down to the servers, everybody left happy and full. We had given Neil Kuns a rare intimate look into the Itawes culture through this special event, in which he was able to take part himself. Coincidentally, we were also able to celebrate the fact of receiving our permanent residence certificates, and we praised God for making all these things possible.

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Chapter 53: Our Golden Wedding Anniversary

In May of 1999, we went home to the States for a special furlough for our golden wedding anniversary. Much preparation had gone into that ahead of time in the Philippines. I bought material for making my own wedding dress in the States, and had a special Filipino dress shirt called a barong Tagalong made for Chuck. We also ordered other barong Tagalog shirts for the men in our wedding party, and bought special Filipino blouses called kimonos for the ladies. There are various traditions that Filipinos carry out in their weddings that we decided to include in our service, so the accoutrements for those were part of our

purchases as well as small heart baskets which were used for candies at each place at the tables.

In the States, we purchased decorations for the church and the fellowship hall, where a buffet luncheon and program would be held afterward. We spent a lot of time finding settings for the tables which befitted our golden anniversary. Gifts for special awards had to be chosen. Wedding invitations were ordered and prepared. My own wedding dress, Imelda Marcos style with butterfly sleeves, was made for me. The day before the ceremony, Corazon Hall, the Itawes owner of our house in Enrile, who lived in Northridge in San Fernando Valley, took care of the flowers. We went with her to Farmers' Market in downtown LA to get them. We got four corsages, which the bride and her ladies carried, plus the boutonnieres

for the men and flowers for the church and fellowship hall.

Instead of one day, our celebration actually extended to several days beginning on July 21st. Our oldest son, Ron LeRoy, had purchased 30 tickets for the Dodger baseball game to which we invited our children and their old friends from the youth group of Hillcrest Christian Church. Other guests also included people our own age, our siblings and their spouses and friends. This was, in fact, a reunion of several different groups in our family. How much we saw of the game was questionable, but we had a glorious time between chatting and catching up on a lot of the “good old days!” Good thing, because the Dodgers lost to the Colorado Rockies 5-4. Taylor, Ken’s son, was happy because their family was from Colorado Springs.



Chuck and Mickey at Their 50th Wedding Anniversary Celebration

That evening our family spent at the Comfort Inn at Buena Park, and the next day, 17 of us went to Knott's Berry Farm for a very full day of activity. We wore red tee shirts that said "God is Good" on the front and "All the Time" on the back. It was a wonderful way to be able to keep track of everyone in case someone got separated

from the rest. That night and up to the 24th, we stayed at another hotel closer to University Christian Church where our occasion was held.

July 19, 1949 was actually the date of our original wedding, but this time we celebrated on Saturday, the 24th of July. Out of all the days of our celebration, this was the really big day for Chuck and me. The ceremony was held at University Christian Church for the renewal of our wedding vows. I decided to have as many as possible of the original people in our wedding 50 years before to stand with us at this occasion. My Matron of Honor, Dorothy Gustafson Knapp, was able to be there, as well as the rest of my bridesmaids. Paul Hunter was Chuck's Best Man. He took the place of the original best man who had since passed away. Others of the groom's men

were not available, either. Neil Kuns, minister at University, officiated. He explained each of the Filipino customs as they took place, so everyone could know what was happening. Cleda Fleischacker sang I Love You Truly, followed by I'll Be Loving You Always, and Ken, our son, sang The Wedding Song. We were thrilled that three hundred of our dearest friends and family came.

After the service in the main sanctuary, everyone went to the fellowship hall for the program and later, the buffet. Gordie Little led us in a rousing song service, and my sister, Violet DePrenger, played the piano. After prayer and a welcome message, the guests were recognized. We had them stand up group by group. These were our children, their families; our siblings, their families; our cousins on the Dawson side and cousins

on the Fink side; neighbors and friends from childhood; my friends from high school days; church friends from former days; Enrilenos who came from Enrile; and other Filipino friends. They truly honored us by being there, as they could never have done in any other way. We presented awards to the folks who came the farthest as well as to the couple who had been married the longest.

Then began the rest of the program, with memories given by people very special to us over the years. These were interspersed with a variety of special entertainment acts.

The special numbers included: a lovely trio of young women, Yvonne Rowerdink and Linda & Nancy Jensen, who were part of our youth group at Hillcrest Christian Church; my sister, Violet, and her husband,

Leo DePrenger, who did a hilarious skit; our son, Ken, who sang a song he had composed, This Road is Patrolled by Aircraft; Paul Hunter, who gave a reading in his droll and very funny fashion; Chuck and I sang two songs, My Happiness and Peace in the Valley; Carol Hansen, a very special marimba player from San Jose where Chuck preached years before, who played a medley of Christian music; Corazon Hall and Marvelito M. Unite, from Enrile, Cagayan, who danced an Itawes wedding dance called the “Mescota” (and also invited us to participate in dancing since it was we who were being married again); and finally, a concert by True Faith, a quartet of young Filipino men from Long Beach who had very close harmony. They were sons of friends we knew from Cruzada Church of Christ in Quiapo, Philippines.

Memories were given by Glen Dawson, my cousin; Ralph Carter, my friend from high school days; Esther DeBar, our very devoted fan from University Church; and Chuck Manahl, chairman of our STEP Board of Directors.

Near the end of the program was the scheduled time to eat, so we had a prayer for the food, and the folks proceeded to the small dining room where a buffet was waiting. Then all returned to their tables for eating and to enjoy the rest of the program. Chuck and I went tablehopping to greet the guests and take pictures, and later went to the very lovely wedding cake which even had a waterfall with it. We cut the cake and went through the ceremony connected with that, having the cake distributed to each guest, and then came the toast which was the last thing on the program.

At this time, Neil Kuns stood up and said that University Christian Church wanted to give us a special gift—a cruise trip to Alaska—for our anniversary. Not to be outdone, Chuck Manahl, chairman of our STEP Board, got up and said that since the mission didn't want us to be stranded up there in Alaska, they would pay for the trip home so that we could return to the Philippines in due time. Wow! We had never thought of such a thing for us. It was almost too good to be true, but we graciously accepted their gifts, and we did make arrangements to go to Alaska for that trip.

It seemed like that should have been the end of our golden wedding anniversary celebration, right? But we still had more planned. It had been a long time since our

nuclear family had all been together so we decided to go up to Mrs. Bradley's cabin at Lake Gregory in the San Bernardino National Forest. Mrs. Bradley was a member of University Christian Church, and had been a good friend and neighbor of ours when we first started as minister and family at that church at the old location near University of Southern California (USC). When the kids were younger, we used to go to Mrs. Bradley's cabin for a week almost every summer. As a fond reminiscence, we made arrangements to go up to the cabin one last time on Sunday, the day after the anniversary party.

Chuck and I, and Nancy and her family went to church at University that morning.

Afterwards, Chuck and I went home to San Fernando to get clothes and food we had ready to take to the mountains. Some of the

family were already there when we arrived at 6:30 PM—Ron, Nancy, Ken and their families. We served sandwiches and salad for supper. We had gotten cots for the trip to the cabin for the kids from some other church members before that. That night, we watched two sets of slides, pictures from when the kids were little. It was quite interesting and hilarious to see how much everyone had changed.

On Monday morning, we fixed a lunch and went to the swimming area at Lake Gregory, about five miles away. I went into the water with Brandy, Ron's wife, and the water was COLD! We didn't stay long, getting out to dry off and then going back later when it warmed up. Then it was just fabulous. Around the other side of the lake, there was a water slide, so the kids went there. Peter stayed in the water the whole time we were

there. He just loved it. They had aquacycles that we could rent and ride around on, taking turns, so we rented one. Nancy and Terry went on it for an hour, and the others of us took turns. Merilee was the only one of our children not there. Ron didn't want to ruin his knee by going swimming, so he chose to lay down and read while the rest of us did what we wanted to do. Cathryn was there with Taylor, her son. Taylor and Calli were hitting it off well and enjoying their time together. Calli was Brandy's daughter, and Brandy was Ron's wife. Ken and Cathryn strolled around to the water slides and watched the kids on the slides. Everyone was happy, and we had a great day.

That night after supper, we viewed four more sets of slides of our family when they were young, and we got lots of laughs. We all had great memories, and went to bed late

that night. The next day in the morning, we did miscellaneous things, as we wanted to do. There was a jigsaw puzzle some were working on, and there were squirrels and blue jays that needed peanuts fed to them. We had lunch at home, and went to Lake Arrowhead that afternoon, about ten miles away. We took the motor boat trip around the lake, our first time to ever do that. When we went around the lake, we noticed that some of the old places we used to go were no longer there—for instance, there used to be some very neat totem poles at the end of the lake where we could hike to see them not far from a place where we used to set up a tent and make it our home for several days when I was a kid. When we got back to Lake Arrowhead Village, we went to the Children's Museum and all had a lot of fun there. It was totally different from when the kids were young, no miniature golf or penny

arcade. Afterwards, we got suckers, and others of our party got other things to eat at the Village. Ken, Cathryn and Taylor had to leave that morning, so we missed them in the fun. Back at the cabin, the kids played games while some finished the jigsaw puzzle that Ron and Brandy had brought, which was really beautiful. We also saw four more sets of slides, finishing off all we had.

The next day was our last day at Mrs. Bradley's cabin. Ron, Brandy and Calli left at 8 AM, Nan and her family left about 10 AM. We cleaned up the house and did the wash and left at 12:00 noon. What a wonderful time we had with our family those few days! In fact, it was for the occasion of Merilee's wedding to Mike Parlier, which was our first return to the States from the Philippines. Our first actual

furlough (a one year leave) we took when Micki Louise Parlier was born.

We had just barely gotten the first book (Luke), printed and out to be sold in the Itawes region when we took off for the States. Merilee was “expecting” her daughter, and we got there just in time for the event on May 16, 1978. I got to be in Merilee and Mike’s home immediately after Micki Louise was born. I wanted to help Merilee in any way I could, but I knew very little about how to do such things as a grandmother. Merilee was very good at taking charge and I was able to help in quite a few ways, and feel useful. I was so thankful that they allowed me to be with them at that time of their lives.

Five years later, at the time our next furlough, Merilee was again with child. This

time she delivered a boy, Timothy Patrick, not long after we arrived. Both of Merilee's births were by Caesarean Section. This time I was able to help her take care of Micki, who was now five years old, as well as having time with Timothy and handling meals while Merilee recovered.

Then, when Nancy and Terry and their family went to the mission field, they were gone when we were home, or vice versa. I told you about going to Portugal when Brandon was born so that we could help Nancy and Terry at that time in their lives. We were also at home when Peter was born in California, so got to be with Nancy and Terry again at that time, which was wonderful.

We got to be home when Ken and Cathryn were married, with their wedding being held

at Griffith Park, and Melissa, Cathryn's daughter, was ten years old. That was a neat time, right around the time of the Olympics held at Exposition Park. What an exciting time was that! Later we came home when Ron was married at Morro Bay. It was Easter time, so we had all of our family plus almost all of my siblings and some of their families come to stay with us at a motel by the ocean. We hid Easter eggs and baskets for the children in the high grass growing nearby. I think that was the very day of the wedding, in fact. The weather was just perfect, and everything went well. We took advantage of getting together whenever we could, and it had been ages—years and years—since we last hunted for Easter eggs like that with my siblings! We did all of that the very day of the wedding.

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Chapter 54: Our Trip to Alaska

In August 1999, we took our trip to Alaska. Many people in University Christian Church had a part in sending us there for a great time. We took our own vehicle and visited friends along the way going and coming. We started from Southern California on the 3rd of August and went to Vancouver, British Columbia, to catch a plane to Anchorage on the 9th. On the way, we visited folks in Gridley, CA, Medford, OR, Zillah and Yakima, WA and Anacortes, WA. At Anchorage, we saw some of the beauty of Alaska on a wide-screen movie, and we took in a video of the earthquake of March of 1964 besides seeing their museum about it.

The next day, we took the Alaskan Rail Road trip to Denali, known to white settlers as Mt. McKinley, where we stayed overnight and went on a Wildlife Tour the next day, 62 miles closer to Mt. McKinley. We were able to see the mountain in all of its beauty as it came out of the clouds for the first time in almost a week. We saw several bears, caribou and Dall sheep, plus some ptarmigans along the roadside. That same afternoon, we went on to Fairbanks by train, having our supper on board as we traveled.

In Fairbanks, we took the El Dorado Gold Mine Tour, taking a bus to the mine and then a narrow gauge train around inside. They showed us the way it was done in the gold rush days both inside the mine and out, panning for gold along a stream. Then we got to do the panning ourselves. We got a little bag of soil which we put into a pan and

then placed into some water and wiggled it around in order to get rid of the larger pieces of rocks, etc. All that was left was the gold that was too heavy to go out with the rest. I got \$5.20 worth and Chuck got \$7.00 worth. Of course, they made it nice and handy for us to have that put into some ear rings, and we bought a little pendant just like it to go with the set. Now I have the perfect reminder of our trip to Fairbanks. No, they didn't lose any money on us.

After a ride on the riverboat, Discovery II, a copy of those used on the Mississippi in years gone by, we were taken to a theme park where we had a delightful dinner of barbecued salmon and halibut, the best halibut we had ever tasted. During this time, it drizzled off and on, but that didn't dampen anyone's spirits. All had a great time. At near midnight, we took a plane flight back to

Anchorage, and slept in the same Comfort Inn we had slept in when we got there on the 9th. The next day, we took a bus to Seward, about a hundred miles from Anchorage, where we boarded the Mercury, a Celebrity Cruise ship.

At Seward, we had to line up to find out what cabin we had and when we were to go to meals in the main dining room. While in line, we met some folks from the Church of Christ non-instrumental group who were just ahead of us. As we talked, we found out we were truly brothers, so they invited us to go to church with them when we got to Juneau on Sunday. They knew some folks there who planned to pick them up and take them to their church. We were really pleased to have this opportunity.

When we finally got on ship, it was already almost time to go to dinner. We were scheduled to go to the first sitting at the main restaurant, and we were to sit at table 511. However, that first night, we could sit anywhere we wanted. Everything was so fancy. At every place setting there were several pieces of silverware, linen napkins, and the water glasses were lovely goblets. I don't remember what we had to eat, but we got one of each course listed on the menu. The waiters were dressed in black suits and really looked handsome. The surroundings were beautiful with lovely bouquets of flowers on some tables and a vase with orchids at ours. The rest of the nights, we sat at our own table where we had six companions who sat with us each night. We got to know them fairly well and enjoyed them a lot. At breakfast and lunch, we took

our meals at a buffet where we could choose what we wanted from a wide selection.

The first day out, we went to Glacier Bay where we were supposed to see the Hubbard Glacier. We saw it from a distance, but there was a fog between us and it, so they only went to within about a mile and a half of it, so we didn't get to see it up close. We saw a few very small icebergs, and that was about it.

Sunday we went to a Church of Christ in Juneau with the aforementioned couple. It was a good service, and we appreciated their love and friendliness and their great singing. At Bible study time, they seemed to really know their Bibles. After lunch at the ship, we went on a bus tour to a salmon hatchery and the Mendenhall Glacier. We were taken to the visitors' center at the glacier, which

was a half mile from it where we saw a video about glaciers and this one in particular, besides seeing the museum there. Then we went out and got some good pictures. We saw salmon that had already spawned and a few that were still swimming around in the pond. There were a couple of beaver dams, too, which were quite interesting.

The next day, we went to Skagway where we went on the White Pass Railroad to the top of the pass over the summit to Canada. We passed the obelisk that showed the line and saw the flags on both sides: Alaska, United States, British Columbia, Canada. This was the route that thousands of sourdoughs, or gold miners, rushed to go to the Yukon to pan for gold. At one point, Dead Horse Gulch, three thousand horses had lost their lives in the struggle to get all

their possessions up and over the pass. They said that the miners had to tramp over the dead carcasses of these horses in some areas, and the stench went clear back to Skagway, several miles down the pass. That happened in 1897-1898, so that wasn't really all that long ago.

Later on, when we went on a little historical trip in the town of Skagway, we learned about the other pass that other miners went over to get there, Chilkoot Pass, having to carry a ton of food, equipment and whatever else was needed to get to the Yukon so they would have enough to last them for many months while in the Yukon.

At Sitka, the Russian capital of Alaska, we took the historical tour of the city, actually an island. We viewed the Russian cathedral which had all but one of the original icons

after it was burned down many years ago. They built it back to exactly the same replica of the original upon finding records with that information. We also saw some Russian dances at one point along the way, and at another, went on a nature tour and to a museum showing the creations of the Indians at that time. We went up to the point on one mount where Seward had purchased Alaska from the Russians, paying seven million two hundred thousand dollars, which was a fantastic deal, but in those days, many Americans thought that we had been gypped. It was referred to then as “Seward’s folly.”

Ketchikan was our last stop before Vancouver, and we went by bus to a lake about 15 miles away, where we went on a canoe trip. There was room for 24 people in each canoe, and those on the outsides got to

paddle. We had a great time, putting on rain gear and life jackets to make us more bulky. We enjoyed a delicious lunch of smoked salmon, clam chowder, French bread and frozen strawberry jam plus hot chocolate. To top off the trip, our tour guide took us to a small island on the lake where he showed us a tiny plant that was the only carnivorous plant in Alaska. It produced a kind of resin that tiny insects stuck to when they got in, and then its tendrils would close over it. The guide tenderly replaced the plant where he had removed it so it would be safe for the next group.

The last day, we went down the Inside Passage where we cruised between the mainland and the islands on the ocean side. That day was warm and sunny, so this was our day to go up and enjoy the Jacuzzi. It was delightful.

Wednesday evening, we had a formal wear night. We wore our Filipino clothing we had worn for our 50th wedding anniversary celebration, and we felt beautiful. That night at midnight, we were allowed to go take pictures of the midnight buffet at which they had ice sculptures on view that were absolutely beautiful. They had sculptures in various kinds of vegetables and fruits, too, and even made things out of baked goods. It's hard to describe how lovely it was. They let people take pictures of it the first half hour after which it was opened for service. Talk about living in the lap of luxury, this was it.

When we got home, it was time to look at anniversary cards and begin writing thank you cards for the gifts and cards we received. This took almost the whole month

of September. There were probably about 250 cards altogether, and they are now in two 4-inch thick notebooks which we left in our trailer. We also made two albums of pictures for our anniversary pictures and Alaskan tour besides another 4-inch thick notebook with things we purchased or picked up while there. These were all finished about November 1st.

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Chapter 55: Some Typical Days Doing Translation in Rizal

After we dedicated the Itawes Bible, we felt God placed a burden on our hearts to go to the Malaweg people and translate the Bible into their language. This meant that we needed to have a place to stay in the

Malaweg town of Rizal. As it happened, one of the town councilmen had a house which was, at the time, unoccupied. Graciously, he allowed us to live there rent-free while we were doing our translation work. And part of what we were doing also required us to be in Enrile some of the time, so we went back and forth between the two almost every week for about five years, about fifty miles—two hours one way.

At the beginning of that time, I had tuberculosis. Actually, TB is very prevalent in the Philippines, and I had no idea how I came to get it. I was taking medication every day for six months, since that was the treatment at that time. Later, when we realized that one of the ladies we were working with had a bad case of tuberculosis, we decided I had probably caught the TB from her. She had sat next to me, and I

didn't know she had it. We ultimately saw to it that she was diagnosed and got the medication also, and she was cured, as I had been. During that time of Malaweg translation, we had several kinds of typical days each week, some in Enrile, some in Rizal, and another that took us to Tuguegarao.

In Enrile, a typical day was like this one. On March 3rd, 2002:

5 AM: I got up at our home in Enrile, and took TB medication 1 hour before breakfast.

6 AM: We both took BarleyGreen powder, a supplement we were advised to take three times a day, one-half hour before meals.

6:30 AM: We ate breakfast of fruit and then hot oatmeal with sliced fruit, toast and a hot drink, postum.

7:00 AM – noon: I worked on interlinearizing all morning, and Chuck worked on making questions on his book. This requires some explanation. SIL had a computer program that had the ability to take one language, and with the proper input, that language could be made to come out in a different language, providing the second language was a close relative to the first language, and providing you had a native speaker of the second language to help with the words. Since Itawes and Malaweg were sister languages, we could use this program nicely to help us translate the Itawes language into Malaweg. When Chuck and I were in the States in 1999, we learned how to use it. It was called the

Shoebox Program. I worked on the SIL Shoebox Program which had the ability to interlinearize a text. That means that we had the same text in different languages printed on alternate lines. We took one of our New Testament books that had been translated into Itawes, and in the process, the Itawes was changed into the Malaweg language. Following the interlinearizing of the text into Malaweg, I exported the text from the Shoebox program to a Word document on my computer. In Word, we double-spaced the text, allowing room for any suggestions/corrections, and then we took it to our Malaweg reviewers. They needed to check it to see if it said what it should say in Malaweg.

While I was doing that, Chuck worked on another computer. His work was related to text I had previously interlinearized and that

had already been checked by our Malaweg reviewers in Rizal on a previous visit. The next step was to have a naive check, as we had done with Itawes. Chuck spent his morning devising questions for a Malaweg person who had never seen the text before and did not know what the scripture was supposed to say. (When he/she read a verse, Chuck asked the questions to see if he/she understood and could give the answers that were right there in the verse.)

12 noon: We stopped to have our lunch. At that time, we had our BarleyGreen again and drank our juice of vegetables that we would ordinarily have in a salad. After drinking our juice, we had a sandwich and a graham cracker with peanut butter on it. (This supposes that we had a household helper who was able to prepare our meal for us so I didn't have to stop my work in order to

prepare it myself. If I had had to do that, it would have taken at least two hours of my morning to prepare what we had for our noon and evening meals.)

After lunch, we lay down on our bed and prayed for our prayer partners and family members. Then we took a nap. When we got up and began working again on our computers, we did similar work to that we had done in the morning.

At about 4 PM, we had another tablespoon of BarleyGreen and a glass of carrot and apple juice. We drank this at the computers while continuing on with our work.

At about 5:30 PM, we drank some more of our vegetable juice and a half hour later, had our sandwiches and steamed potatoes, sweet potatoes, squash or soup. While eating our

meals, we either listened to a tape recording our home church had sent to us, or to an Itawes radio program done by one of our Itawes preachers, or we read.

After supper, we went back to our computers and continued working as before. About 8:30 PM, or whenever we reached a good stopping place in our work, we stopped and prayed for people that we pray for regarding different things, and read our Bible together. Usually after this, I went to bed, but Chuck stayed up and prayed for another group of people, and then got something to eat before coming to bed. I had already prayed for my special prayer people after I took my TB medication in the morning because I had to wait an hour before breakfast after taking that.

This ended a typical day in Enrile during that time. Another typical day was when we went up to Rizal, the Malaweg town, to do our checking work with Malaweg people. Our early morning schedule was basically the same as when we were in Enrile.

At around 8 AM, we started a checking session with our reviewers. We had eight reviewers: Three men who were leaders in the Catholic Church in the Centro; a lady who led the church choir, translated songs into Malaweg, and went to teach in other barrios; a lady who was from another religious group who also knew her Bible well; and three women from the barrio of Dungan where we had a Church of Christ. These were women who knew their Bible well, too. They already had a double-spaced copy of text that had been through the interlinear process from Itawes to Malaweg

on our Shoebox program, which we had given them the previous week. It had been worked on so that it was the best Chuck and I knew it could be at that point.

However, these reviewers were well informed on the Bible and its meaning, and they had read the text and gone through it to see if they thought it should be changed in some way. They marked questionable places, and on the day of the review, after our opening prayer, Chuck began by calling on one person to tell what he had marked on page one. That person brought up whatever he had found which began a discussion on what the group thought should be done about it. They could either accept, reject or revise, whatever seemed most appropriate. After that person had given all of his findings on that page, the next one told what he had found on that page. We went around

the circle to make sure that all the things they found on the first page had been checked, and there had been a consensus as to how it should be dealt with. We did this page by page.

At about 10 AM, we stopped for a snack, usually bought from the town bakery that morning, along with Cokes.

At 10:20 AM, we resumed the translation checking.

At 11:50 AM, we took a break to have our lunch at a small restaurant up the hill from our house that had good Filipino food. It was good exercise to get up, walk up the cement road to the restaurant, eat our lunch and then to walk back down again afterwards.

After our lunch break, we went back to our checking work and worked until about 4 PM. We had prayer and dismissed for the day. Chuck took the ladies back home that he had gone to pick up that morning. They lived about a half hour away from our home by van. Usually, we went through this daily routine 2 – 4 days a week during the Malaweg translation time.

At 5:00 PM, we ate our BarleyGreen and began preparation of our evening meal, which we had at about 6:00 PM.

Another type of typical day in Rizal was when we did our naïve checking, which we did after finishing a book with the regular checkers. We each had our own naïve checker. Chuck had made an arrangement to go to a certain lady's home, his naïve checker. Chuck's naïve checker lived

nearby, but mine lived quite a ways away. I dropped him off at the home of his lady checker, and then took the van to the home of my naïve checker. We agreed to meet at lunch time when I would return to pick him up.

Chuck spent his time with the naïve checker, testing to see if she could understand what the text said by answering the questions that he had previously prepared very carefully. He knew by her answers if she understood or not. If she did understand, that was good, but if not, then the two of them tried to change it so that she could understand it.

When I got to my destination, I took a text that Chuck had already gone over once with his naïve checker, along with its changes, to see if the man I was checking with would understand it. Usually there were not many

changes that needed to be made at this time, but once in a while, there were.

About 11:45 AM of that day, we stopped what we were doing, I went back to get Chuck, and we went to our home in Rizal for lunch. We had already prepared our food in advance the day before, so we had our vegetable juice and other things as told before. Then, about 1:30 in the afternoon, we went back to work, working until around 5 PM.

The evenings in Rizal were ones in which we were quite tired, and we were glad to get to bed early in order to be in good condition the next morning. Although we loved doing this checking work, in giving it constant attention to make sure it was done the best we could, by the end of the day, we were

mentally exhausted, and we needed that extra time for rest.

When we returned to Enrile each week at the end of our few days in Rizal, Chuck and I went over the places where there had been questions, and we decided what should be done to make them more understandable. Remember that this would all be checked again, twice more actually, before going into print.

Another typical day, usually on Monday every week, we did our shopping and took care of business in Tuguegarao, the big city. Typically, we went to the open market first, a huge barn-sized structure having one huge room filled with various kinds of fruits and vegetables, and another huge room filled with meat, fish, and other kinds of foods.

We headed for the fruits and vegetables room since we were mainly vegetarians. Many vendors had rented stalls on which they lined up their wares. Different ones specialized in different fruits or vegetables. Some specialized in fruits and veggies that came from Baguio, the milehigh city on the island of Luzon where certain vegetables can be grown because of the cooler climate up there, like celery, asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower, carrots, tomatoes, strawberries and other kinds of berries. Some had various kinds of squash, potatoes and/or any other kind of vegetables or fruits that are grown in the Philippines. Green beans could be purchased, but they were very long-stemmed and not like our green beans in the States. The tomatoes raised in northern Luzon were usually small in comparison to tomatoes grown here, but Baguio tomatoes are the same size as ours. Ordinarily, the small ones

are just as juicy and tasty as the others. Chuck was born and raised in Nebraska, the corn-husker state, so he disdained the corn grown in the Philippines because it didn't come up to his stringent standards. We did have a wide variety of fruits and veggies to choose from, so we were happy with our purchases.

After going to the market, we went to the grocery store down the street. This was a large supermarket, similar to markets in the States, though maybe not quite so large. We got canned goods, rice, soap, bread, packaged soup, butter, eggs, bottled water, vinegar, Extra Virgin Olive Oil, breakfast cereals, salad dressings, bathroom tissue and toiletries, brown sugar, flour, cookies and crackers, frozen foods, condiments, pharmaceuticals, rubbing alcohol, candy bars, seasonings, herbs, and just about

anything we would be able to buy in a Stateside grocery store. We had to go to a special business where bakeries buy their flour in order to get whole wheat flour with which I made our bread in the earlier years. This was necessary because not many people there used whole wheat flour. In fact, they don't usually eat bread at all. They eat rice. The main bread used was sweet bread, which we didn't use ourselves, but this was a must for Filipinos to use in making sandwiches to serve at large occasions for snacks. It was the perfect food to go along with special Filipino dishes that were served on such occasions.

Downtown Tuguegarao boasted a large building, a shopping center with hundreds of stalls. In them were sold almost anything imaginable, services included. For instance, we went to a particular man to have him fix

our watches, to a lady who carried lovely material for making baby blankets, to another lady who carried all kinds of kitchenware items, to another lady who carried all kinds of sewing needs, and still another who had plastic bags of various sizes and all kinds of wrapping paper. One place took newly roasted peanuts and ground them into peanut butter. Having lived there for over 30 years, we got acquainted with many different vendors, and we learned who was really good at doing their “thing” so we repeatedly returned to those vendors. Our doctor was located in Tuguegarao, so if we had to visit her, we went to her clinic before going someplace else, including the market. She was quite popular and we frequently had to wait several hours for our turn. We didn't want to have food sitting in a hot car all that time.

We always took something to read or to do while waiting. If we were sent to get an x-ray, blood tests or some other kind of test, we went to the Divine Mercy Wellness Center where that was done. When we took the results back to her, she prescribed whatever we needed to take care of the problem. Pharmacies were located in many areas of the city.

If we had a problem with our van, we took it to Carl Stevens whenever possible. He was a fellow missionary, and he was good at knowing what was wrong with our vehicles, whether motorcycle or van. Sometimes he suggested that we go to an auto repair establishment that could take care of the problem, so we got well acquainted with the owner of that place, too. Both these men were in Tuguegarao. Whenever we needed to get a renewed driver's license, we had to

go to the Department of Transportation. We also had to renew the registration of our vehicles every year. We had a good bank there, which had an ATM, so we could get pesos without having to go inside to the teller.

But our typical Monday was not yet finished. When we got home from our trip to Tuguegarao, we prepared the food for the week. In preparation of our food, we first took care of the fruits and vegetables. We placed four large pans on the sink filled with clean water. In the first pan of water, we put a small amount of KMnO_4 , potassium permanganate, a dark purple crystalline compound, into the water so the water was dark purple also. This killed any microbes or living creatures that were on the fruits and vegetables. If we had just used bleach, that would have killed everything but the

amoeba. But we wanted especially to kill the amoeba, since they produced amoebic dysentery, which can be lethal. This solution was so strong that the veggies had to be thoroughly cleansed of the disinfectant so it wouldn't kill us, too. (I don't recommend this for other missionaries because we have found since retiring that we have some potassium permanganate in our systems, and that isn't good.) We rinsed them in the other three pans of clean water. We put dish racks on the surface nearby and placed the cleansed fruits and vegetables on the racks to drain. After they had drained adequately, we put them into refrigerator containers set up for this purpose, to be stored until we were ready to eat them.

It was wonderful when we had a household helper who had learned how to do all these things, because it took a long time, and we

were tired from our long day at Tuguegarao. We went by the helper's home and picked her up when we got back to Enrile so she could come home with us and start on her job. Our typical Monday was done.

On Sundays, we served in our local congregation at Enrile. Two of my sisters, Vi and Midge, had given me an autoharp which I played to accompany the singing, both for Sunday school and regular services. I was also the superintendent of the Bible School which we had for the children only. The children were divided into two groups according to their ages, and we had teachers for both groups. At the church service, we had a regular minister who led us. He led the singing, preached, and directed anything else that was done. We had a chairman and board to take care of church business from time to time. We started out with three

elders, but one passed away, and one moved to Manila, so most of our time there, we had only one elder. He wasn't really a qualified person for the position, but he was able to pray. We had very few men in the congregation, so he was the one the church chose for the job. Wednesday afternoons at the church, Chuck led in a Bible study and prayer meeting.

Although this accounting of our days seems ritualized and almost unnaturally rigid, they were the type of days that got us through the translation of the Malaweg Bible in pretty quick time. Naturally, there were days that did not fit into these typical types of days, but as far as our working on the translation, this was our life for most of 5 years.

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Chapter 56: Malaweg Bible Dedication

The launching of *Ya Ergo ni Dios Ama* (The Word of God the Father) occurred on February 19, 2005, at Rizal, Cagayan. The launching or dedication of the Malaweg Bible turned out to be a beautiful occasion indeed, and we all had a wonderful time. Chuck's sister, Betty Casebeer, the secretary/treasurer of STEP, and our son, Ronald LeRoy, came to be with us for this occasion.

The program started out with a procession consisting of people who were important to the success of the launching. It was led by the Archbishop of Tuguegarao, Diosdado Talamayan, who held the Bible up in front of him as he entered, followed by other priests of the Catholic Church. Then Chuck and I, Betty and the mayor's wife followed

along with the pastors of the Non-Catholic Malaweg churches.

Guests, named below, followed after them. At the end of the procession were supposed to be students of the St. Francis Academy, the high school in the center of town, but they actually came in after the procession was over from the sides of the platform in order to sing and dance their invocation to the ceremony. They had a very delightful part on the program with their singing and dancing. With dark tights as costumes and white gloves on their hands, they choreographed their song, and it was very gracefully done.

The guests were mainly missionaries from our churches who worked in various parts of the Philippines and had come for the occasion: Conley and Sandy Stephenson,

Kay Davidson, Carl and Ronalyn Stevens and children, Chip and Michelle Hardy and children, and of course, LeRoy Richards, our son. Conley and Sandy worked in Mindoro teaching the churches there, Kay was the director of the children's home in Solano, Nueva Vizcaya, in Northern Luzon, and Carl and Chip were pilots and mechanics who worked with Christian Aviation and Radio Ministries (CARM) in Tuguegarao, Cagayan. These folks, minus their children, were with us also the day before when we went to the Roma Hotel for lunch. For all of us, it was a special occasion because it was very rare to go out to a nice restaurant for lunch, especially with a group of other missionaries.

There were other special guests, too, at the dedication. They consisted mainly of our Itawes preachers and their wives, and it was

good to have them show their interest in this launching. We also had one bus and two jeepneys, about 100 people, who came to the launching from another town nearby which is almost 68% Malaweg. It was very important that the Malaweg speakers be a part of this launching, but how were we to assess the extent of their involvement in it? By a head count of those in attendance, altogether, there were about 1900 people who were fed at this occasion, so that was a good showing of interest by the Malaweg people.

Following the invocation, we were led in the singing of the national anthem, and after that, although the mayor was unable to be there to give his welcome message, he sent his wife who had arrived that very morning to take his place. I was very proud of her. Chuck led in the theme song, a children's

song about the Bible —“The B-I-B-L-E,” after which we sang the Rizal Hymn, led by a Malaweg song leader. (That’s the town of Rizal, not the National Hero, Jose Rizal.) Chuck spoke about the history of the Malaweg Bible, followed by Betty who gave a report from STEP.

The second part of the ceremony included prayers, special speakers and musical numbers by different churches, schools, and individuals. These were interspersed throughout the program. The first one was a duet by Conley and Sandy Stephenson, “It’s Still the Cross.” This set the tone in a very nice way for the rest of the special numbers, and almost every one was exceptional.

The first speaker was the Malaweg priest who reviewed our Malaweg Bible (parts of the Old Testament and all of the New

Testament for the Archbishop of Tuguegarao, Rev. Fr. Rotilio Mamauag, founder and director of the Lyceum of Alcala, a high school. Alcala is an Ilokano town to the north of Tuguegarao, and he founded this school there in 1995. The next special speaker was the Archbishop who had spoken for our Itawes launching in 1992. We knew that both of their messages would be very special, and they pointed out the importance of not only reading the Bible, but also of following its words in their lives every day. The third speaker was the spokesman for the United Christians of Rizal, Vicman Duque, who also had an excellent message, interspersed with several scriptures from the Malaweg Bible which he read for the people.

It was at this point that we had the dedicatory prayer, which was to be the

climax of the program. This prayer was quite elaborate with half a dozen different men involved in the public prayer aspect. When the formalities were completed, the third part of the festivities began. This consisted of the distribution of complimentary copies of the Malaweg Bible to reviewers, main naïve checkers, priests and pastors and special people of the town. We also presented the cash prizes to the grand prize winners of the poster contest that we had. The mayor's son, Christian de la Cruz, coordinated the making of posters by children in each of the 16 elementary schools of the town plus the three high schools along with Out of School Youth, a group of kids who don't do well in school but are able to contribute elsewhere. Three prizes were given to each school, and the number one winners of those brought their

posters in for the judging to see which ones would receive the grand prizes.

We felt that this was a big part of the success of the launching because it reached into the homes of people who would probably never have been interested in it without this, but now even the elementary schools and their families became a vital part of it. We gave certificates of appreciation to all who had participated in the program, although to groups that brought special numbers, only one certificate for the group. Afterwards, Christian suggested that he have them laminated so they would last much longer. This was something they would remember years from now, as this was definitely an historic event, and they would not soon forget that they had been a part of it. The Bibles were distributed, contest winners accepted their prizes, and

the certificates of appreciation were handed out, all up on the stage in a public display. Meanwhile, lunch was being served to the rest of the people. They had already received a snack around 10 AM, and at noon, they got their lunch, mainly rice, meat of various kinds, and fruit cocktail for dessert. Drinks were either packaged soft drinks or mineral water that came directly from their own spring.

Also, even while some of the speakers were speaking, people began buying the books, 200 pesos each, and if they wanted to get eyeglasses, too, they could turn in their receipt that showed they had bought the book, and they could choose the glasses that fit them best. During the entire sequence of events that day, Carl Stevens and his son, Nathan, documented the affair with still photographs and video tape. We were so

very grateful for all the prayers on our behalf and monetary support from our brothers and sisters in the US that made all this work of ours possible. About 140 books were sold on the day of the launching, but when others got money, they would buy their copies later, we were sure of that.

Altogether, it cost about 90,000 pesos (about \$1650, U.S. equivalent) to put on the main part of the program which included all of the food and the decorations and many other things involved. God blessed every part of it in every way.

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Chapter 57: Our Change of Plans

Before the Malaweg Bible was dedicated, Chuck and I had decided that we would

probably retire following that dedication. We were in our late 70s by then, and thought it would be time to go home and get reacquainted with our family after being away from them for most of 31 years. We wrote to the owner of our house in Enrile to tell her of that decision. We were giving our notice of intention to vacate the premises.

When we got back to Enrile after the dedication of the Malaweg Bible, two men, pastors of churches in Enrile, came to see us. They told us that a lady from Enrile who had moved to the States wanted to have them purchase Itawes Bibles and give one to each household in five Enrile barangays (barrios). She would send them the money for this project. We were overjoyed at the prospect of this, but at the same time, we realized there would be no Bibles left for future generations. We also realized we could not

leave the country with that being the case. We needed to reprint so there would be Bibles for future generations, too. If we were going to do that, it would be better to revise our previous translation and to include more books of the Old Testament. The New Testament was there in its entirety, but only certain books and parts of books had been included in the Itawes Old Testament.

When we decided we would be staying in the Philippines longer than we had anticipated, we told the Lunas, our neighbors who lived next door, about our plans. “Oh, no!” they said. “When you told Corazon (the owner) that you planned to retire after the Malaweg dedication, she made arrangements for us to buy her home and land. Now, one of our daughters plans to tear down our house and rebuild it

completely, and we need to live in your house while our new one is under construction. You can rent the house across the street that was built by Dr. Paraggua. He is not planning to live in it, and he will rent it to you for a good price. Our daughter needs to have you vacate the house by a certain time because they plan to start the demolition then.” So we had to come up with some new plans.

Our new plan was to move out of our old house and into the larger house across the street by the time specified, a plan which was executed cleanly, despite some minor roadblocks. It was November 28th when Chuck started carrying cartons across the street. I was fearful he would try to take loads that were too heavy, so we weighed the first few and got the feeling of how much was too much. He figured that 40

pounds was around the maximum weight for each carton. We could remove something if we had to, or add something if the carton was light.

After that day, Chuck spent much time carrying cartons while I was at the old house packing and writing on each carton the contents within. This activity was contributing to a physical problem I was having at that time with a prolapsed rectum. I would have to stop and lie down to rest from time to time, and to me, it was frustrating to stop and rest. However, I learned the hard way that I needed to do what I could and then stop for a while, or I would be in much more serious pain and suffering.

On the 29th alone, Chuck took 49 cartons and two book cases to the other house. The book cases were not hardwood but wicker,

so that's why he could take them by himself. Another day, three men came and carried the large heavy items so that now we could actually start our living in the new home.

Later on in January, at St. Paul's Hospital in Tuguegarao, my doctor successfully performed surgery on my rectum. It took a few days before it was all working as it should, but eventually, I got to go home. The surgery went well, and over time, the rectum learned to do all it was supposed to do. It was nice to be in our new home, and it was particularly nice to have a bathroom next to the bedroom. What a blessing to be able to get back to work again without any more problems.

The house we moved into was larger than our old one, and we had no trouble finding places to store everything. The upstairs held

three main rooms, an office, our bedroom and a spare bedroom. In the office, where we met with our checking committee regularly, we kept all our computer and printer stuff along with other papers stored in our filing cabinet. Our bedroom had its own bathroom, which was a real treat for me especially, because it had a real bath tub. Plus, the bedroom was the only room in the house that was air-conditioned. The third room was the spare bedroom, but was used mostly for storage as we rarely had guests overnight. In fact, most of the upstairs was used for the storage we required.



Our new home in Enrile

On the main level, at the front of the house was a porch the owners had planned to use as a clinic, since they were both doctors. The front and side of the porch had large sliding, accordion-like metal doors which could be chained closed for security purposes. At the top and bottom of the metal doors, though, there was an open space through which could come rats, bats and all kinds of tiny critters. After finding several bats flying around upstairs, and not telling what else came in, we had a screen door put in the

doorway between the main house and the porch. We had to screen in the rest of the doors and windows, too, because it turns out that few people in rural areas of the Philippines use screens on windows and doors. We used the porch almost solely for distribution of eyeglasses, setting up tables and chairs for about 12 to 15 people to try on glasses at one time. We had shelves made in that room where we stored books we had printed over the years as we completed portions of the scriptures. Behind and two steps below the porch level, was a large basement which we used mainly for storage.

The main level of the house was made according to Filipino custom, having high ceilings and large rooms. The main room was a living/dining room, separated by a long what-not cabinet from a small kitchen area. There was a doorway into the large

kitchen where the refrigerator, stove and other things were. Beside these were a maid's quarters at the basement level, which we used only for storage as our helper was only part-time. There was much storage, shelving and cupboard space in that house, which was perfect for us because we had so much documentation and other paperwork to store. On the main level was also a bathroom which housed our washing machine in addition to the other facilities. Our front door was a sliding glass door which led out to the carport. The carport was bordered by a 2 1/2 foot cement wall edging which ran the length of the driveway out to the street.

Our water supply was there when we moved in. In the backyard was a pump well that had an electric pump. It automatically came on when the water tank on the roof of the house

got below a certain level, filling it up again. So we had full water access at all times throughout the house.

Our backyard was surrounded by a concrete wall about eight feet tall. Inside the yard were quite a few fruit trees behind the house and to the left side of it: papaya, guava, mango, mabolo, santol, avocado, coconut, addulu, malibadu and one other that was a mandarin, something like a tangerine. The mabolo was a different fruit from anything we had ever seen or tasted. It was bright red with skin that looked like velvet. However, if you tried to hold some in your arms, they made your arms very itchy. The malibadu were very sour to eat, sort of like a pie cherry, but they made delicious pies, especially if half the filling was made up of mangoes. The addulu was another strange looking fruit to us. It was bright green and

shiny, about the size of your thumb, and grew on the main trunk of the tree. It was very sour, and one of our reviewers said his wife cooked it with fish. We never did try it.

Needless to say, when we had so much fruit, we couldn't help but give it away. So every time we went to market, we were loaded down with bags of food both going into the market as well as going out, going in with what we wanted to give away, and going out with what we had purchased that day.

We didn't have many plants in the yard, but did get some poinsettias or Christmas plants growing fairly well. Also, we planted sweet potato plants, which produced green leaves our helper picked every day to put into our salad.

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Chapter 58: The Rats

One night while I was in the kitchen, a big fat rat (6 inches not counting his tail) came out from under the cabinet where we kept our grocery items. He ran back quickly when he heard my scream! That's when we knew who had been eating different things in our kitchen and house. He had to be the one. He had eaten some of our hand soap on the kitchen sink. I put a lid on that container so he couldn't get in there again. Then we found that he had been eating the potatoes and sweet potatoes we had in a rack on top of the refrigerator. I kept onions on one level and different kinds of potatoes on the other two levels. Even in our bathroom upstairs, we found that someone had taken our hand

soap. We thought it was our household helper who had gotten it, as she had been working in there that day. However, when I talked to her about it, she said she thought it was the rat that had gotten it. How could he ever get up there? We couldn't figure it out. At least, at first, we couldn't figure it out.

Then I looked around the room and saw a couple of short boards leaning against the wall next to the sink. I realized that he had apparently climbed up on one of those boards to the next higher one, and from there, he went to the sink itself. It seemed it was made just for him. He got not only that piece of soap, but he also got the next soap I put there. That was before we realized what was happening and moved the boards.

We decided to put out a trap for him. However, he was too fat to get caught in the

trap. We put several peanuts in it and nothing happened, so we finally bought some Racumin, a poisonous blue powder that one is supposed to put into places where the rat might go to hide. I put it around the back of the refrigerator, the oven/stove, and the cabinet where we kept our grocery items stored. I put it around the place where Chuck was setting up his trap, too. However, the rat didn't eat the Racumin; maybe it wasn't appetizing enough for him.

We decided to mix regular food with the poisonous blue powder. We put a little cupful of our concoction in one of his hiding places. The first food we mixed in was some rice candy that someone had sent to us as a birthday gift from a party they had at their house. He didn't eat it at all. Apparently, he didn't eat sweet stuff. So next, Chuck mixed potatoes with the poison, and that seemed to

do the trick. The Rat ended up eating almost all the food that was in the little cup. Then one night as I came in after our meeting to get supper ready, I smelled something like a dead rat in the room. It smelled terrible, and yet, it was a “good” smell, if you can understand why I say that. I began to move boxes around looking for him. I looked under the sink, where he had hidden or gone to die; there he was! He wasn’t nearly as big as when I saw him alive a few days before. Maybe because we were trying to keep food/soap out of his reach as much as possible.

At any rate, I waited to show Chuck, and then we put it into a dust pan and I took it outside to the trash pile in the backyard. What an experience! It really took a long time to outfox that rat. That very night, something else happened that was the

counterpoint to us outfoxing our rat. A lady came over to tell us about something, and right while she was talking to us, she saw a rat crossing the floor in our living room. Wow, I could hardly believe it. Chuck ran for the big bolo knife, and I was wondering what to get myself so we could head him off, when all of a sudden the rat ran over toward that lady. Wow! Guess what she did! She stomped on it with her feet, her little black flats made a quick kill, the counterpoint to our outfoxing strategy. Oh, my goodness. I wouldn't ever have done such a thing in all my life. She killed it right then and there, and we got the dust pan again, swept it into that and dumped it outside in the back yard. What a courageous thing that was. I could hardly believe it, and still wonder how she could ever do such a thing. Yet, it was probably what she routinely did, living in a rural area.

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Chapter 59: The Revision of the Itawes Bible

When the Malaweg Scriptures were off the press and we had completed the dedication of the books to the Lord in February, 2005, both Chuck and I were tired. We had been on the go constantly and were ready to rest. But we had decided to reprint our Itawes scriptures and to revise them in preparation for that, and that was going to take quite a few years. So, we went home on furlough in March, 2005 to take our rest, had a great time while we were there, and left the States again in July to go back to the Philippines.

We had made a number of changes when we translated the Itawes Bible into Malaweg, and considered them to be improvements. A rather complicated method was followed in revising the Itawes: I read the Itawes text, and Chuck followed along in the Malaweg text. Whenever there was a difference that Chuck thought might be an improvement in Itawes, I wrote it down. I wrote only what Chuck told me to write—not what I thought, because I didn't know it that well, but I could read it fairly well, and I could write down what he said. His writing was shaky and often he couldn't read what he had written. I wrote down everything he said so that later on, when we began meeting with our reviewers, he could bring up things that we felt were improvements.

As it happens, some of this work was done in times we were in Manila, though most of

it was accomplished while we were in Enrile. We started this on July 9th of 2005. This was work that Chuck and I did by ourselves, this back-checking with the Malaweg translation. And we did it with all of the previously translated Old Testament portions as well as the gospel books in the New Testament by August 9th. By September 8th, we had finished the rest of the New Testament. On August 10th, we had our first meeting with the reviewers to go over this newly revised material. Four preachers assisted us in doing the job starting with Genesis and the parts of the Old Testament we had completed. Two of them were preachers of our churches and two were preachers of evangelical churches in our town—all very good friends.

Because they were preachers, they had obligations in their churches and we could

meet only two days a week—Tuesday and Thursday. (Of course, there were times when we could not meet even on those days.) Before each meeting, we made copies of the text we planned to work on so that each member could preview it and mark spots he thought could be improved, similar to the way we had done with the checking of the Malaweg scripture. At the meetings, we took turns submitting our suggestions. Sometimes they were accepted almost immediately, sometimes they were rejected almost immediately. And sometimes they initiated a discussion that might go on for 10, 20 or 30 minutes. We wanted to do whatever was necessary to find the most accurate and most natural way to express the message of the text.

There was an average of eight verses per page, and we usually did ten to thirteen

pages per day. There are almost a thousand pages in our New Testament. At that rate, it took more than a year to finish the New Testament. On top of that, we had the book of Psalms to do, which had 245 pages plus Genesis, Ruth, Jonah and portions of about 24 other books. We could see we were in for the long haul, and it actually ended up taking over five years for the whole process, including printing. When we worked with our reviewers, Chuck had the computer on with the appropriate text showing so he could type in the changes as they were decided upon. Of course, not being a native Itawes speaker, Chuck didn't really know what should be changed, so the reviewers had the final say. Well, it was almost the final say, because only Chuck understood the English and Greek text and whether or not the translation really followed them. If the reviewers did not get the correct

understanding, then Chuck had to correct their understanding and bring them to the correct translation, too. After eventually completing the revision of the New Testament books, we started revising the books of the Old Testament that had been previously translated. When we were done, we had them approved again by the Catholic priests.

The first day we had our reviewers' meeting, we did 40 pages, the second day, only 30, the third day, 25, and the next, 28 pages. We had five men the first day, 4 of whom were the preachers we had chosen. The fifth man was on the Enrile town council, and he used our books in his Bible studies in town.

However, he only came that first day and did not return after that. He later became the Vice Mayor, and we appreciated the fact that he knew what we were doing in Enrile and

why we were there. He bought more Bibles than any other person.

They were for his Couples for Christ class. The other men had been on our reviewers' committee when we originally did work on the Itawes Bible, so they understood what we were doing, and why, and they did a good job of giving their opinions on various things that came up. Three of them were graduates of Aparri Bible Seminary, and the other man graduated from a seminary in Manila. They had a good background in the Word of God, and we were thankful to have these men working with us on this project.

At our third meeting, on August 19th, 2005, the preachers told us the people were complaining because they only had part of the Old Testament. And this was a fact. Another fact was that we had originally not

intended to translate any of the Old Testament, and the books we ended up translating were specifically chosen to support reference passages from the New Testament. Most translations are of the New Testament only. Now it seemed the people were asking for the entirety of the Old Testament to be translated into Itawes. What we had already translated was less than half of the Bible, and we were in our late 70s, so we felt it was too late for us to finish translation of the Old Testament. Still, we wanted to keep them moving in the right direction. So, we told them that if they could find qualified people who would do the translation, we would work with them. Two of the preachers said they would like to do it, and there was another man in the Enrile church who said he also would like to work on it. We knew they would need training, and when we investigated the possibilities,

we found there was an organization called Luzon Mother Tongue Translators. They were planning on having a three week training seminar starting the next week in Bagabag at the SIL facility. We sent our three men to that, and they came back enthusiastic, so we immediately wanted to get them started with an office of their own.

At this point, there is a split in the story. On one hand, we were working with the reviewing committee on the previously translated New Testament and parts of the Old Testament. This work continued from August 10th, 2004, through February 2007. On the other hand, we had two native translators working on "new" books of the Old Testament. Here is part of their story.

Carl Stevens, the director of Christian Aviation and Radio Mission, (CARM),

invited us to set up our office in the building they have for the radio studio in Tuguegarao. We accepted Carl's offer of that space, and praised the Lord for it. Going through the SIL computer guy in Manila, we purchased computers for their use. At that time, he installed the programs they would need for the translation work, with which they had become familiar at the seminar. We also gave them whatever else they needed for the job, desks, chairs, filing equipment and such like. The room was air-conditioned and had a library they could use for help. Although they were inexperienced translators, we felt we could end up with a good translation with the help of our checking committee, who were all trained in Bible seminaries in the Philippines.

Our hope in this endeavor was that all the remaining books of the Old Testament

would be translated by our new team. With everything in place for the translators, we were able to take a short vacation to the States, and we enjoyed that time thoroughly. We couldn't wait to see the progress of our new translators when we returned. It seems that, while we were away, they had split the remaining chapters of Exodus between themselves and translated them into Itawes. Over the five years we worked on this project with them, they ended up translating nine more historical books of the Old Testament.

For the newly translated texts, we did not do the naïve checks, since we assumed the translators did this before turning in their completed translations. However, we gave these texts much closer study as we went through them with our committee. We had only two men translating those nine books

since one of the original three said he was an evangelist rather than a translator, and he could not give himself to that task wholeheartedly. Instead, he remained a member of our reviewing committee and did an excellent job of that.

In February 2007, the split story got reunited, and the reviewing committee began work on what our new translators had done. The first book to be ready was II Samuel. The first day, we got only 4 pages completed. It was rough. The second day, we got only up to Chapter 3, another four rough pages, but eventually we finished that book. It basically took the entire month of February. In March 2007, we only got through the first five pages of Nehemiah, but there was a good reason for that.

At exactly that same time, we were getting ready for Vacation Bible School. The VBS material for this year was unusual in that there were eight stories in the lessons that were taken from the Old Testament.

Normally, this would have been a problem for the VBS teachers, since much of the Old Testament was as yet untranslated.

However, as the Lord worked it out, our translators just happened to be available to work on the passages that were needed by the VBS teachers for their lessons. They postponed their work on Nehemiah, and instead went to work on II Kings, Ruth, parts of Esther and I and II Samuel with a certain deadline in mind. The reviewers were also right on top of their part, too, with Chuck keying in most of the changes into the computer as the translation proceeded. The other two stories they needed for their lessons were in the New Testament that had

already been translated. And VBS went very smoothly that year.



*Tirso Ibarra, Celso Caranguian, Us, Lito Binasoy, Dominador Tallud
Working on Revision of Itawes Bible*

When that was all done, we continued with the rest of the Old Testament the Itawes men had translated. When we got to the second round of checking their work, we were able to do as many as 32 pages on I Kings, which was more than we had ever done before. We never did that many after that, but it did go better than on the first round, and the next day we worked, we got 23 pages done, and

finally finished the book. We just praise the Lord that these men spent the time to do this work, because now we have more added to our Itawes Bible, and the text is full of excellent material for teaching the Word of God to children as well as to adults.

When we finished checking and revising a book of the Itawes Bible, it went to two Itawes priests who had been chosen by the Archbishop of Tuguegarao to check our book. By September 21st, 2007, we took Matthew, Mark, Luke and John directly to the priests at the seminary where they taught. However, that was quite a distance, so in November, 2007, we took the rest of the New Testament books to the Church headquarters in Tuguegarao and they relayed them to the priests. When we went to take our first completed Old Testament book, we took it to them at their seminary.

We asked what books they had received from us, and Monsignor Singayan personally handed us a box full of scripture we had sent to him.

He said, “I have your John to return to you.” He couldn’t remember what else they had reviewed, but he did know that John was at the top of the pile. We accepted the finished scriptures with much appreciation.

When we got home and looked in the box to see what was there, we saw the titles we had written on the first page of each book: I Cor, Gal, Efeso, Hebreo and 2 Juan. As we flipped through the papers, there were all the other books of the New Testament, also.

Wow! It was a real blessing from the Lord that they had been able to check all those books even though they were very busy teaching the seminary students. We could

hardly get over it because we knew that Msgr. Henry Singayan was getting old and he had had a stroke the previous year with a long period of recuperation, and was keeping up with his teaching duties besides.

All the scriptures went to the Catholic priests for their checking and were accepted with thanks. They made no comments on any of it, as it was totally acceptable to them. When we had finally gotten everything back from them, we thought it was ready to be type-set and printed, a process which would take many months.

On September 9th, 2008, we got our computer to SIL in Manila for the typesetting. The typesetter copied the Itawes text from our computer and put it onto his own computer so he could work on it there. He went through a lot of checks that needed

to be done—like the verse numbers, beginning and end quotes and a multitude of other things. When he was satisfied that these preliminary checks were complete, he started the actual typesetting of the text. That's when he found that certain things were missing, like chapter 1 of II Timothy, the Glossary, and more, so he couldn't proceed. We realized that we had failed to copy the entire text from our desktop computer onto our laptop, so, we put the typesetting on hold and went back to Enrile to fill in the missing parts.

While we were in Enrile, Chuck took the opportunity to recheck everything. He felt that because it was God's Word we were working on, we had to do our best. By January 2009, the reviewers had checked the glossary of the Old and New Testaments and were going through the New Testament

itself once more. In Chuck's personal time on the computer, he went over the books to find areas where he had questions to ask the men. Sometimes he even changed some of the passages to be more like they should be, but he always checked those places with the men to make sure they were correct. Our very last reviewers' meeting was held on February 26th, 2009.

On March 3rd, we were back in Manila at the SIL Center to finish typesetting the Itawes Bible revision. We were down there for approximately two months, living in an apartment above the offices on the center. We both read everything, and we read it on our own, so errors one of us missed, the other might find.

On May 7th, our typesetting was finished. The typesetter had us meet with him and the

whole SIL office staff to have a ceremony of thanksgiving, which we had at 3 PM. Chuck gave a little history of our coming to the Philippines and doing this job so that those who didn't know us would understand who we were and what we did. Appropriately, the typesetter gave the prayer. We took a picture of the finished typeset print-out. It was about a foot tall, but when it was in book form, it was 2155 pages long on thin Bible paper with a hard black cover. It was 5 1/2 inches wide, 8 1/2 inches tall and 2 inches thick. The Itawes Bible had been revised and typeset, but it would be several months before it would be printed.

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Chapter 60: Preparation for the Launching of the Revised Itawes Bible

When we finished the typesetting of the Revised Itawes Bible, we left it at SIL, and they took it from there to have it printed. Several months later, the printer sent the finished books back to the SIL compound. During that time, we decided to go to the States for a mini-vacation, leaving on May 21st, 2009. On October 9th, the printed books were delivered to SIL. It was now our turn to tend to them. We checked to see if all the pages were there and that they were in good order. We did not check every one, but we did a certain number from each carton. We had not yet made arrangements for the date of the launching, at which time the books would be dedicated to the Lord. In fact, we had made no preparations at all, and this was the most important launching of all.

We were concerned because it was getting close to Christmas, and people would be busy with other things and not have time for the launching. We needed to get together with the preachers and others who would help make plans. November 3rd was the first day we could get together with these folks. It would be almost impossible to come up with a dedication program that would do justice to the occasion.

Our meeting was held at the CARM studio in Tuguegarao. Several big decisions were made that day. The venue of the launching would be Cagayan Colleges of Tuguegarao (CCT) in Tuguegarao on a Saturday morning. Domingo Tallud would be our main speaker. We would contact Monsignor Singayan and Archbishop Diosdado Talamayan to speak on behalf of the Catholic Church. We would contact groups

from different places to bring the special music. The question came up about snacks to be served. We would serve snacks about midway in the program and lunch when the program was over. The matter of how much would be charged for the Bibles came up. We decided to have a promo and charge one hundred pesos the day of the dedication and one hundred fifty pesos afterwards. (The cost of the printing was six times that much.)

The planning committee wanted the Tuguegarao Church to use their combo group at the dedication and their power point for the song service. That way, we could put the songs on a screen for congregational singing. We would hold the meeting in the gymnasium, using CCT's loud speaker system, and have 1,500 chairs set up for use. From the CARM studio,

Chuck and I went to CCT to the gym. It was quite large and would be a good place for our launching. At the school office we found the cost for the gym would be P7,000, the speaker system would be P8,000, the seating would be P7,500, making a total of P22,500. Tentatively, we set the date for the dedication on Saturday, November 28th. Aparri Bible Seminary was providing most of the special numbers, so we called them to see if that date would be all right. On November 5th, we heard that date was good with Grace Alvarez, the director of music there, so we started sending people invitations to the dedication on November 28th, 2009.

About that time, our computer stopped working, so we took it to SIL in Manila. While in Manila, we sent more invitations to the dedication. The computer was ready on

November 11th, so we went home.

November 12th, we had another meeting with the Itawes preachers and worked with them on planning a tentative program. We talked about them inviting preachers of all churches to the dedication. Each one was to invite the churches around their areas. Then we went to CCT and paid for the venue and turned in the papers we had prepared for them regarding arrangements for their facilities. We also went to the Golden Press, the printer, to order invitations (150), to be delivered as soon as possible.

We had hoped to have Archbishop Talamayan be one of our speakers, but he was ill and unable to come. We were sorry to hear that, but were thankful to have Bishop Ricardo L. Baccay able to come. Preparation for the Launching of the Revised Itawes Bible instead. We went to

the seminary to talk to Henry Singayan to see if he would be one of our speakers. He said he would come and bring Bishop Baccay and the other priest, Joseph P. Aggabao. Joseph was the young boy who used to come to listen to me and his grandmother when she was helping me do naïve checks on these same scriptures many years before. He was now a professor at San Jacinto Seminary, teaching young men who wanted to enter the priesthood.

Because of the late date and previous commitments, it was not possible for us to have the Enrile High School choral group or the Teachers' Choral Group, both of which we would like to have had on our program. Even Joseph Aggabao was not able to come, but we were very happy that both Henry Singayan and Bishop Ricardo Baccay were able to be there and speak. It was time to

enter the program for the launching into a document for later printing.

Domingo and Neneng Tallud said they knew a good family who would do a good job of preparing our lunch for us, so we turned that responsibility over to them, giving them the funds to pay for it. The Talluds would also be responsible for other things on the program. Neneng would be responsible for decorating the stage and placing the title of the book on the backdrop. They said we needed to have a streamer made to place at the front of CCT to announce the launching, so we had that made and taken there. To announce the launching, we got posters made which would be placed on the pulpits at the front of the platform of each church.

Ten days before the launching, we had more invitations made that several preachers gave

out. We personally took invitations to churches in several towns. We went to Piat, gave them invitations and invited them to bring their choir to the dedication. We also asked the priest there if he wanted a carton of Bibles to sell in their church book store. Our good friends, the Jose Purisimas lived in Piat, so we visited them and invited them personally to the dedication.

Next we went to Tuao to see Teddy Flojo, preacher of the Church of Christ, and left an invitation for him with his office mates and at his home. We also went to visit the priest in Tuao. He needed invitations to pass out to his members. We left some Bibles with him to sell, too, because he was very interested in them.

When we got to Rizal, we went to Jonas Ruma's home where we had Bibles stored.

We had lived there when we stayed in Rizal when we were working on the Malaweg Bible translation. We were really sorry to learn that anay (termites) had gotten to some of them, so we went to Nording Lumelay's to ask him to help us put plastic bags around the Malaweg Bibles to keep the anay from getting to them. (Later we returned and put the books into solid plastic storage containers, sealed with tight-fitting lids.) We also went to see the priest at the simban (church), but he wasn't there. He was at the convent instead. There we talked with him about the dedication of the Revised Itawes Bibles to be held on November the 28th. We also discussed the price of the Malaweg Bibles, since the preachers in Rizal had suggested very strongly that we lower the price. People were not able to afford the books at the original price. At last, we went to see Christian De la Cruz, but he wasn't

home, so we talked to his sister, Raquel, and gave her several invitations to give out.

The next day, we took about twenty Enrile church members to the CARM hangar where we had stored the new Itawes Bibles. It took all of us working together with the men at the hangar to put them into plastic bags to keep them clean and new. We had our usual merienda at 10:30 AM, and after we completed the bagging, we had a great time at MacDonald's, having spaghetti and coke floats (Chuck and me) and rice, chicken and coke floats (all the rest). After taking everybody back to the jeepney stop for their trip home, we went around to take care of other things. Before going home, we stopped at the Tallud's to go over the many things involved, but especially we wanted to talk about the plaques and certificates that were to be given out at the dedication.

Just a few days before the program, we E-mailed dedication programs to Jeannie Hoffman, the Hukabas, Esmelito Acson, Felipe Catolos and his brother, Alejandro. We went to the Tallud's, looked at the program and list for plaques and certificates, and added the Agta choir to the program. We agreed to pay a certain amount for a video to be made of the dedication. We ordered 1,000 copies of the program at the Golden Press, and they made the changes that needed to be made. It was a good idea for Chuck to go to the bank, too, to get P100 bills for change when selling books at the dedication service. We put people we trusted implicitly in charge of the book selling.

We decided to have a lady in Enrile make cupcakes for the snack time. Lita had just bought some equipment for making large

cupcakes, so we thought we would give her the job. On the 25th, she came for the money to purchase everything she needed to do the job. In the end, it turned out she had to make a lot of small cupcakes since the large ones were too large for her oven and she couldn't make enough.

The day before the dedication was a busy day. We went to the hangar and got two loads of books. We took these to the CCT gym and stored them in the computer room. We made arrangements with Junior Mabazza, the owner of the jeepneys, to take members of the Enrile Church who wanted to go to the dedication on the 28th. That evening, we met guests at the bus station in Tuguegarao and took them to MacDonald's for supper. Several people came from Manila Bible Seminary as well as the Huckabas from Philippine College of

Ministry in Baguio City. We all enjoyed Big Macs and coke floats. Afterwards, Carl took the Huckabas to his house for the night, and we took the folks from Manila Bible Seminary home with us to Enrile.

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Chapter 61: The Launching of YA ERGO Y AFU DIOS (Revised Itawes Bible)

As a person entered the gymnasium of Cagayan College of Tuguegarao (CCT) the morning of November 28th, 2009, he was greeted with a view of the stage where the dedication program would be taking place. Neneng Tallud and her sisters and perhaps others had made it a beautiful place for the program. They had hung a dark blue curtain backdrop which had large yellow letters

spelling out “Ya Kededika YA ERGO Y AFU DIOS.” (“The Dedication of THE WORD OF LORD GOD”) In front of that on the stage were three large tables covered with red cloth that were spaced about a yard from each other in the middle of the stage. Above the middle table was a large white clothcovered hoop with white posts on each side, which were also covered with white cloth and had several balloons floating from them. There were four posts on each side of the red tables, spaced a little ways apart, and all had white cloth flowing from them with a few balloons floating from the top of each one.

At the rear of the gymnasium were tables where Itawes books were to be sold, and ladies from Enrile would be stationed to take care of the sales. Cartons of Bibles were placed nearby, out of the way, for

replenishing what was sold. Other books we had translated through the years were there also.

There were more than enough chairs to seat those who came. A large screen was set up, upon which would be projected the words to the songs we would sing during the song service. The visitors filed in and found their seats. Finally, the audience was all in place with guests of honor in the first row: Carl Stevens, missionary director of Christian Aviation and Radio Ministry; Jim Huckaba, professor of Philippine College of Ministry, in Baguio; Jeannie Hoffman, president of Manila Bible Seminary, and her friends from MBS. All was ready for the processional to take place.

The launching of *Ya Ergo y Afu Dios* in Itawes, the Word of Lord God, had come.

Bishop Dionisio Baccay led the procession with the Word of God held high in front of him. Bishop Baccay was chosen to be on the program by Archbishop Talamayan who could not come due to ill health. Next in the procession was Monsignour Henry Singayan, one of the Itawes priests chosen by the Archbishop to review the book, the one we chose to bring a message to the Itawes people that day. He walked, accompanied by Domingo Tallud, Itawes pastor and the main speaker of the day. Celso Caranguian and Dominador Tallud came next, two Itawes pastors who were part of our reviewer team. They were followed by Chuck and me, translators of the book. Then came Esmelito Acson, president of Aparri Bible Seminary, Lito Binasoy, Itawes pastor and reviewer, Eddie Tallud, Itawes pastor and song leader for the day, and two others, Danny and Marcial Andal, brothers

who would join Eddie on the worship team. The Aparri Bible Seminary Choir brought up the last of the procession. These all marched in to the tune of “Onward Christian Soldiers” played on the loud speaker system.

Bishop Baccay carried the Word of God up to the pulpit where he enthroned it in its place of honor at the center of the stage. As the speakers and people on the program came in with the procession, they took their places in front of their chairs on the stage. The ABS choir stood along the front of the stage as the entire audience stood. They all sang the National Anthem.

After the National Anthem, Dominador Tallud opened the service by reading a selection from the Scripture. Then Celso Caranguian read more Scripture and gave the opening prayer. He read Isaiah 40:8:

“Maggangu ya kaddat, en mallelay ya lappaw na, ngam ya ergo ya Dios tera, mannanayun kan awan na nga panda.” (“The grass withers and the flowers fall, but the word of our God stands forever.”) He continued his part by closing in prayer. He thanked God for sending His Word to each one of the Itawes people. He said, “We know that You love us, and we love Your Word, which lasts forever. We thank You because You always help us. Bless our meeting now and all that we do in our program. We ask this in the most blessed Name of Jesus.”

Tirso Ibarra was the Master of Ceremonies. He introduced Chuck, who spoke next. Chuck told the story of our coming to the Philippines both in Itawes and English. He said “My wife and I came to this place in March of 1974. We wanted to translate the

New Testament and went to Abra, but that did not work out. You people asked us to come to the Itawes area. In May 1992, we dedicated the New Testament, and in 1999, we dedicated one-fourth of the Old Testament in Itawes. Then in February of 2005, we dedicated the same scriptures in Malaweg.

“We had planned on retiring after the dedication of the Malaweg Bible, but we learned that Pastors Lito Binasoy and Celso Caranguian had heard from an Enrilenos lady living in the States who wanted to see that people in her home town had the Word of God in their own language. Using her money, they bought all the remaining Itawes Bibles and gave them to people in their barrios. Since we now had no books for the next generation to buy, we realized we could not retire but needed to stay, revise the New

and Old Testaments, and translate nine more books of the Old Testament. Three Itawes men agreed to work on these translations. After a short while, Pastor Tirso Ibarra realized that he was not cut out to be a translator, so he dropped off the team to devote himself to become an evangelist. Pastor Dominador Tallud and Junior Dolorfino continued on, translating the books of I & II Samuel, I & II Kings, I & II Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther, which we and our reviewers checked and brought to completion. Our reviewers were Tirso Ibarra, Dominador Tallud, Celso Caranguian, and Lito Binasoy, all being pastors in the area.” This completed Chuck’s story.

Tirso next introduced me to speak. I brought greetings from the board members of STEP in California. Betty Casebeer,

Treasurer/Secretary, had expected to come, but was not able to do so. Nor was Violet Spainhour, my sister, who couldn't find her passport when she tried to do so. She had a minor heart attack right then, so we believe the Lord was in control by letting her lose her passport just at that time. I told that we had come here to do translation work. Two Itawes men came to us, Mr. Rosendo Montilla and Felipe Catolos, and we went to Piat because they told us it was the town that had the best Itawes. We found that wasn't exactly the case, so God led us to Enrile instead where we made our home and did our work for decades afterwards."

Tirso then announced that Eddie Tallud would lead the singing, and four men were on the praise team: Eddie, his brother, Dominador, and Danny and Marcial Andal. We sang "Send the Light" in Itawes as well

as “Draw Me Nearer” and “I Need Thee Every Hour.” Eddie led in prayer after that. Next an Agta group came and sang two special songs, “Love Lifted Me” and “Raise Me, Jesus.”

There was a special number by the ABS Choir of ten women and ten men. Their song was beautiful and was mainly “Hallelujah, Amen.” We were very honored to have them at the dedication. Their director, Grace Alvarez, was well-known all over Cagayan because of her expertise in directing choirs before going to ABS to be their music professor.

Tirso then introduced Monsignor Singayan who said, “The Bishop will speak in English, but I will speak in Itawes.” He told about being invited to speak at a graduation ceremony one time, but was told he could

not speak in his native dialect. He could only speak in English. So he spoke in English. Afterwards, a very dear little old woman in her 90s came up to him and said, “You are very handsome and I appreciate that. Your voice was clear and I could hear you well, but I could not understand a word you said!” “Since then,” he said, “I never speak in English when my audience speaks my own dialect.” He told them that this Bible is now in their own dialect, and they can understand it. They should not only read it, but also they should follow it completely, and they would be blessed for eternity.

At this point, Tirso Ibarra announced that Archbishop Diosdado Talamayan could not be there. He had been the speaker for the New Testament Dedication in 1992, and was also there when we dedicated the Malaweg Bible in February of 2005. However, he was

not able to be there that day, but he sent Bishop Domingo Baccay to be with us. Then the ABS Choir sang another special number, which was a fast paced song, very nice for the occasion. Tirso announced Bishop Baccay, who expressed his appreciation for the beautiful singing of the ABS choir, though he was not surprised because Grace Alvarez was their director, and he knew her for her expertise in music. He was happy to be with us and with Monsignor Singayan. He praised the Lord that he “was able to read the Word of God in this language, the language of the people of Cagayan, the Itawes speaking people.” He said that Bishops all over the world are concerned to hear the Word of God in their own language. This is true of the Biblical Apostolate in the Philippines. He said, “You translated the Word using the language they know. Thank you to Dr. & Mrs. Charles Richards who

spent most of their lives translating the Bible into your language. God's love is shown through people like this, who love the Scriptures so they would come here to do this translation. This is my first time to hear your songs translated into Itawes, and I loved it. Thanks to all of you, especially to Dr. & Mrs. Richards, for bringing this and having me be here to participate in it.”

Tirso next introduced Domingo Tallud, the main speaker of the day. But first, three students from the ABS Choir sang a special number. Then Domingo started his message with a prayer. After that, he greeted the speakers and recognized Jeannie Hoffman and her companions from Manila Bible Seminary and other visitors from Solana and ABS plus people from churches in Tuguegarao. Domingo's message was spoken in Itawes. He said, (roughly

translated into English), “Because of the work of this couple, we now have a book that is something like a mirror. You want to look into it and see how you are. We all like to see that. We go to the Word. It will grow in our hearts, and when it grows in our hearts, it becomes big. We praise the Lord. It shines. At the same time, it is sharper than a two-edged sword.” Domingo was very thankful because of this book, and he said he became more able to respond to it because it was in his own heart language.

Following Domingo, the wife of the man who was to greet the audience today spoke. Her husband had to go to Bulacan on business (near Manila). After greeting the audience, she thanked us for translating the Bible which they can now give to their children. It will be beautiful in the future at weddings because now they can give a

beautiful Itawes Bible instead of an English or Tagalog Bible.

The main highlight of the program was the dedication of the Bible. Esmelito Acson was the first who spoke in Ilocano. Domingo Tallud came next. Jeannie Hoffman spoke her prayer of dedication in English and said, “Thank You. Bless the Richards for this great achievement, for their love of Your people in the Itawes region. This is a light they can work with, through hardship, sorrow, sacrifice, and the wonderful life they chose to come here and do this.”

Jim Huckaba prayed, “Thank You for Your grace to the whole world, for the coming of Your Son and what He did for all of us. We are thankful for the Word. They did this translation under the influence of the Itawes culture, the message, and the theology of

Your Word. Thank You for being with the Richards as they served You. We pray that the Church will be faithful to Your Son and the Church will be faithful in every way.”

Lito Binasoy prayed in Itawes and so did Dominador Tallud, two of the reviewers, as they continued the dedication of the Word of God, holding their hands on it as they prayed. It was a very touching ceremony.

Then the certificates of appreciation and special plaques were presented to those who had earned them. Chuck gave special thanks to the wife of Domingo Tallud, Neneng, for work she did on decorating the platform and many other things that both Domingo and Neneng did during the preparation for this dedication service. They had had the food prepared for the lunches, but we had so many more prepared than people present

that we decided to tell each church group to get 50 more lunches and take them with them when they left.

The closing prayer was given by Carl Stevens, followed by the singing of the ABS Choir and the closing song. The people ate their lunches, which were served to them at their seats. The feeding of the people constitutes the completion of any Filipino program.

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Chapter 62: What We Did When We Retired

When we retired in 2010, we returned to the United States just in time to go to the wedding of our grandson, Timothy Patrick

Parlier, Merilee's son. He married Allison Elaine Cargo, a beautiful Christian girl whose parents had attended the same Shepherd of the Hills Church we attended in Porter Ranch, San Fernando Valley, California. We had never met her parents, but it was wonderful to know that Tim had found such a lovely girl to be his bride. She had gone to Hillcrest Christian School, which is connected with Shepherd, so she was considered one of Shepherd's own girls. Before leaving Enrile, I had broken my right arm, so it was in a cast when we got back to the States. That Friday morning I had time to go to the hospital to have the cast removed. With that done, by noon we were on our way to Fallbrook near San Diego where the wedding was to be held at Grand Tradition Estates.

First we went to check in at Hillside Inn to change into our wedding clothes. It was near the Grand Traditions Arbor Terrace where the wedding was to be held. The terrace was a very popular place for weddings to be held. It was nestled amongst lush tropical foliage and featured a backdrop of three majestic waterfalls. There were nine lovely maids who were beautifully dressed in milk chocolate sleeveless dresses above knee length and ten handsome groomsmen, classmates of Tim and Allison's from San Diego State and friends from their growing up years. Allison had two maids of honor. After the processional, the minister brought an excellent message, which was even more impressive because of the backdrop of the waterfalls in the background. It was all very lovely indeed. There was lots of picture-taking, and then they had a reception at which time they served a buffet and had a

delightful program, with dancing after that. By that time, the stars had come out and with dramatic exotic garden lighting effects, it was transformed into a sparkling jewel. What a lovely venue!

Everyone was dressed in their finest evening clothes, the first such finery we had seen in many years. It was a real blessing for us to be included in such a lovely wedding, and we were so thankful to be able to be there for the occasion. What an introduction to life in the United States after a long time away from home!

Since we had been gone for 36 years, and had sold our home in the Valley before going to the Philippines, we had no home to go to of our own. Since Chuck's sister, Betty Casebeer, was a widow and living by herself in her home in San Fernando, she invited us

to come live with her. She was our forwarding agent while we were in the Philippines. She was also the secretary-treasurer of the STEP Mission. It was close enough to our main supporting church, Shepherd of the Hills, in Porter Ranch, that we could go there to church and feel at home very quickly.

Before we went to the mission field, I had been the missions chairman at Hillcrest Christian Church in Granada Hills, so when I handed in my resignation from that job, they said they would support us in our work of Bible Translation in the Philippines. They did that until we retired, which was 36 years later. Dudley Rutherford, minister of Shepherd of the Hills Church, had been the minister of the Hillcrest Christian Church who supported us. When we came home on furlough in 1995, Hillcrest merged with

Shepherd of the Hills, taking their name, and they continued supporting us. Their support never went lacking and the Lord worked through them to be a real blessing to us. Now we went to church there, and on Wednesday nights, we went to one of their Bible studies, called a Life Group, We had known the leader and several others who came from Hillcrest who attended that night, so we felt right at home.

When we were invited to join the Amen Choir which held their practices on Wednesday nights, we decided to go there instead. We considered it would be a real ministry since the Amen Choir did not sing for the congregation, but sang at convalescent homes and other places on Saturday mornings.

On Thursday nights, we went to another Life Group which met in the home of Marilyn Tuttle whom we knew from the San Fernando First Church of Christ where Betty attended. Several others from that church were also in that group, so we felt at home there, too. Shepherd of the Hills was a mega-church that had two services on Saturday nights as well as three on Sunday mornings. If we wanted to visit another church on Sunday, we went to the 5 PM service on Saturday night so we wouldn't have to miss out on our own church service. Then we went wherever we wanted to go for church the next morning. After all the years in the Philippines, we were hungry for fellowship with many folks, and we loved praising the Lord wherever we went so this was a real treat to us. The third Sunday of each month, we went to University Christian Church in Los Angeles. We attended the

Searchers' Class at 8:45 AM, the 10:00 AM church service, and the Nurturers' Class after that, with fellowship between classes and services in their Missions Cafe where you could choose from several juices, latte, hot chocolate, or coffee and finger food and enjoy talking with whoever was there at the same time. After the Nurturers' Class, we usually went to lunch with UCC friends, so the joy was extended just that much longer.

About once a month we attended the early service at Shepherd and then went to Moorpark where we met Merilee, our daughter. We went to her church with her, had lunch afterwards, and ended up going to a yogurt place after that for dessert. Other special occasions we spent with Merilee and her family, which were always a real blessing! Because our other children lived too far away, we seldom saw them, but we

kept track of Nancy and her husband, who are missionaries with Wycliffe Bible Translators in Benin, West Africa, via e-mail and Facebook. We kept in contact with Ken and Ron via cell phone, and in fact, I usually worked with Ron four nights a week on my autobiography, with Ron being an excellent editor.

After first coming home, we started thinking about and planning a trip to the northern states to visit churches and contributors who had supported us with their prayers and gifts through the years of our service in the Philippines. With us both having gone to Bible college in different states in our early years, and having been together in ministries in California, Washington and Idaho before going to the Philippines, we had kept in touch with many folks. Having had a newsletter mailing list of at least 1600

names at one time, we had many stops to make on our trip. In fact, twice when we had come home on furloughs, we participated in a School of Missions in the northwestern states that lasted about a month each time. For each week of the month, we spoke at different churches each night in a particular area. We had a sign-up sheet on our display table so that if people wanted to receive our newsletters, they would be able to do so after that. This was a delightful time to get reacquainted with the folks, and we loved it. And so, we had many stops to make on our trip.



Our Grandsons, Peter & Brandon

On that trip, we went up the coast of California, stopping everywhere we had made arrangements to go as far as to Crescent City, and then went into Oregon to visit churches and friends who lived along the central part of Oregon. We kept on that main road as far as Anacortes, Washington, still stopping at various places along the road. Then we went over to Eastern Washington, visiting people in Yakima, Washington and going south to the Tri-Cities area of Richland, Kennewick and

Pasco, where we visited our grandsons, Brandon and Peter Sullivan, sons of our daughter, Nancy and her husband, Terry, who were missionaries with Wycliffe Bible Translators in Benin, West Africa. The church at Westside in Richland was their main supporting church, so they left their sons there to work and go to school. After just a couple of days with them, we went on to Spokane and Deer Park, still further east and north. We then headed south to Idaho to visit Boise Bible College where Chuck had taught a couple of years in our early ministry. We stayed with the Ken Beckmans, president of the school in those years, after whom we had named our second son. From there, we went back to California through the eastern road in Oregon which eventually got to Mt Hood, and then down in California to Orland, where we stopped to speak on a Sunday. From there on, we kept

going south visiting churches and friends until we finally got back to San Fernando.

We planned a trip to the east later on, and we got as far as Las Cruces, New Mexico, when we got a phone call from our daughter, Merilee, telling us that our grandson, Peter Sullivan, who lives in Washington State with his brother, was missing. He had left a note for Brandon, indicating the thought of taking his life. We wanted to go up to Washington where the two boys lived so we could be with Brandon. We knew that he would need us to be with him at this time of difficulty and not knowing where Peter was. We called Brandon, but he wasn't home. We tried to get in touch with him by e-mail, but couldn't get our computer to work, so we went back to our friends' home and decided to leave early the next morning to go to Pasco, WA, where Brandon lived.

The next morning was our sixty-first wedding anniversary, July 19th. We got up early, and were on our way. In the car we called my sister, Violet, who we had visited before going to Las Cruces. She had already heard from Nancy and Terry about Peter's situation, so realized we would not be continuing on our trip to the east.

While we were in the car, Brandon called us. He wasn't sure if Peter was living or dead, but people there expected he was living. The police and many others were looking for him. He asked when we would be there, and we told him we would get there as soon as possible, probably by Wednesday, since it was Monday then.

From Las Cruces, New Mexico, we went north past the Grand Canyon on the east

side, but we didn't stop to see it. We had gone there on our honeymoon sixty-one years earlier. We went past Lake Powell, but only saw it in the distance, taking pictures of it and beautiful orange-red mountains in Arizona along the highway. That night we traveled till 9 PM and stayed in a motel at Hatch, Utah.

The next day we traveled to Boise, Idaho, where we stayed at the home of Ken and Martha Beckman, and then went to Pasco, WA on Wednesday. About 3:30 PM, we arrived at Brandon's apartment. It was good to see Brandon again. Ashley, his girl friend, was with him, and Brandon told us the story of what had been happening in Pasco between him and Peter. He told us that when we visited them before, he thought Peter would graduate from Junior College the next week. However, he found out that Peter

hadn't even enrolled in school the last semester. He had been going to school to make it seem as though he was in classes, but he had not enrolled at all. Apparently, he was a very troubled young man, but no one knew this.

The afternoon we got to Brandon's, three men from his church came to talk to him. They wanted to know as much as he could tell them about Peter. While he talked with two of them in his room, Ashley, Chuck and I and the other man talked in the living room. We came to know that the people in the Westside Church who supported Nancy and Terry on the mission field, were not only wonderful supporters of their work on the field, but they did all they could to find Peter and do whatever else they could for the family at this time. That night, we went to dinner at the home of Diane and Bob

MacDuff, where Nancy, Terry and Peter had stayed when they were in Richland at the beginning of their last furlough. We met several of their family members and enjoyed fellowship around their table. Afterwards, we stayed at Brandon's apartment, staying there for several weeks after that so he would not be alone.

Nancy and Terry were due to come to the Pasco Airport three days later, and we were excited about that. In the meantime, we got acquainted with Ashley and Brandon as well as different people from their church who invited us to their homes for dinner. We went to a missionary meeting one evening, going first to the home of the man we first met when we got to Brandon's, for a delightful dinner. Another night, we were invited to go to a Bible study, which turned out to be a group that Nancy and Terry were

in when they were in town. The people at Westside Church in Richland were extremely hospitable, loving and gracious to us. They were helping us through this time of grief over the loss of Peter, while we were trying to do what we could to be of comfort to Brandon. Ashley was a real blessing, too.

When Nancy and Terry arrived, they made their home with the MacDuffs. They made contact with the newspaper and police regarding Peter and the ongoing hunt for him. The church had people looking for Peter in many different places in the Tri-City area. They took fliers about Peter, which they handed out in stores and anywhere else they thought Peter may have gone. Since he worked at Walmart and was very much loved by the folks there, Walmart put on a prayer vigil for him one evening, which was exceptionally fine. Everywhere

we went, we saw these fliers with Peter's picture.

At the church, Wednesday nights were set aside for prayer for Peter. People around the world were praying for Peter to be found. They were praying for many things regarding his welfare and whatever else was on their hearts.

On August 23rd, we started home from Washington. At that time, we still didn't know where Peter was. But the next day, a body was found along the banks of the Columbia River, which was later determined by dental records which Nancy and Terry supplied, to be Peter's body. They let us know by e-mail about this.

On October 2nd, a memorial service was held at Westside Church in Richland for

Peter. We were able to go, and Merilee and Ken, two of our other children, were there, too. We missed Ron, our other child, but he had been to visit Nancy and Terry just the week before, so didn't return for that occasion. In fact, we drove up to Washington on September 27th and met Ron for lunch at the Black Bear Restaurant in Bend, Oregon, as he was returning home from Richland.

Terry's family also came to the service, which was lovely, and the church was full of people. Terry, Nancy and Brandon all spoke. The Spirit was there, and the messages were excellent, emotional and everyone on the program during the whole service was outstanding. Afterward, they served a meal and showed a video of Peter's life while everyone was eating in the Westside south building.

That night, we went to the MacDuff's for the evening meal. Terry and his family were there, and he had pictures of them when they were growing up. There was lots of laughing and talking as we got better acquainted. We had dinner and then went into Nancy and Terry's living room to see videos of their family and life on the mission field. Chuck and I, Ken and Merilee went to the home of the Marshes for the night. The Marshes had gone on a trip and made their home available to us. We hadn't seen Ken for several years, so it was good to be together with him and Merilee again. The next day, we decided we'd like to go together to see the place on the bank of the Columbia where Peter's body had been found. Ken brought a special prayer with him, and two candles which we held while he read the prayer. Afterwards, we returned to the MacDuff's,

where we showed our old slides of our family. All were there: Chuck and I, Nancy, Terry, Brandon, Ken, Merilee, Diane and Bob. We had a lot of laughs and fun over those. We had also brought along the kids' yearbooks from the American School in the Philippines for '65-'66.

The next morning at 4 AM, we took Merilee to the Tri-Cities Airport since she was due to leave at 6 AM. After that, we went back to bed, but got up to talk to Ken and eat breakfast. Terry and Nancy came and got him to take him for a ride, and that noon, we had lunch at a Panda Restaurant and then we took Ken to the airport. Such a short time to get to be with our kids, but we packed it full and enjoyed it tremendously. That's the way life goes, isn't it? God is so good to bless us with such a wonderful family and such lovely friends, too.

That night, we went to visit the Ray Webbs and talked until so late, they invited us to stay for supper. A delicious dinner ended with pumpkin pie and whipped cream, and we stayed until 10 PM. The next morning, we went to visit Jim Sinclair, a San Jose Bible College friend, who lived and preached in Pasco. Then that afternoon, we met Nancy and Terry at Westside and went with them to the cemetery to see where Peter's remains would be buried later. It was a lovely spot, and a place where others from Westside Church had family members buried.

Our last hours with Nancy and Terry were spent watching "Where the Wild Things Are" at Brandon's apartment. Nancy and Terry would be staying in Richland for some time, but we felt we needed to get home. We

had not dreamed when we were with Brandon and Peter on our trip to the north the first of the year that this would be the ultimate outcome, but now Peter was with the Lord, and the rest of us were left to serve the Lord and live the way He would have us to.

When we visited Peter and Brandon then, we noticed he had a nice guitar. We don't know how good he was on it, but as we see a friend of ours, who looks a lot like Peter, playing his guitar at our church every Saturday and Sunday on the praise team, we think we can see Peter in heaven playing his guitar well, loving it, and being completely fulfilled to know he is praising the Lord he loves with all his heart.

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Chapter 63: Our Trip to the East

After Peter's memorial service, we went back to California and began thinking about resuming a trip to the east. That year, Dudley Rutherford, minister of Shepherd of the Hills Church in Porter Ranch, was the president of the North American Christian Convention (NACC), so we decided to go to it. The NACC is a convention of Christian Churches and Churches of Christ held once a year. It was to be held July 4 to 7, 2011, and we decided to coordinate our trip with it. We planned our itinerary carefully and contacted folks on our list to let them know we planned to come to their home to visit on a certain date if possible. It would be wonderful to see them again and enjoy being with them.

The day before we left, we wrote a newsletter and some thank you letters to contributors and sent them out in the mail. I picked up new glasses at the doctor's office, and we had our luggage and whatever else we needed in the car ready to start early the next morning. We were ready to go. It was June 10th, 2011.

At 4:58 AM the next morning, we were called on the phone, and told that the first person we planned to visit, my old and dear friend, Ralph Carter, had just passed away. We were very sorry to hear about it, because I had written him one final letter to say goodbye, knowing he was soon to die. I also wanted him to say hello to my folks and his mother when he got to heaven. But now we saw no reason to go there. Instead, we went on to our next stop which was in Prescott Valley, Arizona. We were greeted by

Vernon and Jody Rodgers that afternoon, had a lovely dinner and talked till late that evening. Our two families had been friends at Hillcrest Christian Church in San Fernando Valley when we lived there, so we had a lot to talk about. Vernon had us share about our work at his Bible School class the next morning. After church, a delightful meal at Golden Corral, and more visiting, we went our way, arriving at my sister's in Sun City, AZ after 5 PM. Violet, my sister, had already left for church, so we went there.

Vi had planned several things for us to do while visiting her. We were to be with her at her church the first night, attend an adult DVBS each night for three nights at another church, and on Tuesday morning, I was to speak to the ladies sewing group at her Evangel Church. We had dinner and talked

the first night after church, and the next morning, we were sitting around talking. (We had a lot of talking to catch up on during this entire trip.) At one point, we took our blood pressures. Hers was quite high, so she went back to bed and took another dose of medication. When it was time for the meeting that night, she got up, and we and another friend went with her. At the DVBS, they served dinner first, and then had a song service. Vi didn't feel good, so her friend took her pulse, which was very low. It was so low, she called 911. When paramedics came, I went with her in the ambulance. After taking x-rays, a cat scan, and doing other tests, they took her to a room to stay overnight. I called her daughter, who called her siblings to let them know where their mother was.

The next morning, I spoke to the ladies at church about our time in the Philippines. Vi wanted them to know how it was on the mission field from a woman's point of view rather than a man's. She didn't get to come to the meeting herself since she was still in the hospital, but I told her about it later. She told us that when the doctor found out she had taken two doses of blood pressure medication when her pressure was high the day before, he knew that was what had made her sick.

This was a "no-no." She went home that afternoon, but stayed home from DVBS, kept her feet up, drank water, watched TV and rested. When we got home, we told her all about what happened, so she got in on it that way. We had a great time at Vi's with all she had planned, even though it didn't turn out as she had wished. We were

thankful she was all right now, and we decided that we should go on our way. The next day, we went to Las Cruces, NM, to visit with Marlin and Bernice Pierce, friends we had both known when we were at San Jose Bible College (SJBC). When we got there, Bernice was in the front room in her bed, sick. She was so glad we were coming that she didn't want to be in her bedroom, away from whatever would be happening. We had a delightful visit. Bernice had also gone to Northwest Christian College when I was there. In fact, she and I were in a trio together, so we knew each other long before SJBC. All four of us loved to sing, so we spent time that evening singing our favorite old hymns with them. Even though Bernice was in bed sick all the time we were there, she was in good spirits, and we had a great time. Marlin was a good caregiver, too.

Early the next morning, we were on our way to Austin, Texas, to visit my brother, Bob, arriving there at 6:35 PM. He was 91 years old and in good physical, mental and spiritual shape. We enjoyed a tour around the outside of his house since he is a good gardener. We had a nice dinner and talked a while. Since the next day was Sunday, we got to see the new building at Bob's church, though first we attended the school where they were presently meeting until their new one was completed. That evening, because it was Fathers' Day, we went with him to the home of his granddaughter, who served a delicious dinner. His daughter, Mary, and her husband, Wes, were there, too, and they had helped to prepare the meal. His granddaughter and her husband had a lovely family with three boys, and her home was beautiful. The children were small and very active. Bob was pleased with the way they

honored him. The boys loved climbing up on his lap and enjoyed him playing with them.

The next day, he took us to his Senior Citizen Center for lunch, where we met many of his friends. We played a game of pool, losing it, but enjoying the hilarity of it. After lunch, Mary came over to his house, and we enjoyed playing a game of Rummikube. We showed them our Malaweg Bible, so we talked a while about that. Since our car tire had a slow leak, Bob took us to a good tire place where they fixed it with a plug.

We needed to move on again, so the next day we went to the home of the Zooks, who lived near the International Linguistic Center in Dallas, TX. Ken and Mae had gone to Jungle Training Camp in Mexico

with us. They also worked at the Manila office of SIL where we went to have our computer taken care of whenever we had problems. They got home from the center at noon, so we had lunch with them, and they set up our computer so we could get e-mail. When they went back to work that afternoon, we felt right at home. I went to bed to rest while Chuck got caught up on e-mail, and later, the next morning, I got to read e-mail after they went to work and before we went on our way. The next stop was also in Dallas, at the home of Nerissa Velasco and her two little boys. Nerissa was the eldest daughter of very dear friends of ours in the Manila area. She had a child care center for babies and small children. She had several ladies helping her, so she could take time out to take us to a mall where we had dinner at the Cheesecake Factory. Very nice!

The next day we were on our way to Henderson, Texas, the home of Esther Yancey, Chuck's second cousin. Their grandfathers were brothers. Esther lives on Striker Lake, a lovely little lake, and she and her daughter took us to dinner at a restaurant overlooking it. It was beautiful. All the time we were there, she kept telling us stories about her and Chuck's forefathers and what they did during the Civil War. How I wished we had had a tape recorder so we could have gotten some of that history down so our children could know about it. We thoroughly enjoyed our time with her and her daughter.

From there, we went to Joplin, Missouri. We stayed with Sid and Marj Boudreaux, former missionaries to the Philippines, who worked with the Aparri Bible Seminary. The first

thing they took us to see was the ruins of the tornado that had hit there recently. The area had been devastated. That evening, while talking to Leroy on the cell phone, we learned he owned a house in Joplin, so we decided to go and see if it was still there. When we found his house, it was only one block south of the destructive path of the tornado. The tree in front of his house looked like it had not been touched. Leroy had been richly blessed, and we were thankful we had learned about it.

That evening, we went to the home of Bob and Cecile Scott for dinner. Chuck and Bob talked about things they had done to fill in the years since they were together as kids in Omaha. Bob had left Omaha one semester ahead of Chuck. He went to Manhattan Bible College in Manhattan, Kansas and Chuck went to San Jose Bible College in

San Jose, California. Both became preachers, but didn't see each other again until years later.

On Sunday, we went with the Boudreauxs to their church, and later we went to the Scott's church for their 65th wedding anniversary celebration. What a lovely couple, and their sons and families were there, too.

The next day in West Branson, we visited the widower of a dear prayer partner, and then we went to see what the town of Branson had to offer. It was frustrating to learn that none of the places were open that day, it being a Monday, so we went back to Joplin and stayed the night with the Boudreauxs.

In the morning, we visited Ozark Christian College in Joplin, and from there went to

Fulton, Missouri to visit Kay Hoffman, a friend we knew at University Christian Church. We stayed at a motel near her apartment, and after talking several hours in the motel lobby, we went to dinner with her and her son, Christian, continuing our storytelling, laughing and catching up on happenings in our lives. We celebrated Chuck's 84th birthday that evening, too.

Kay took us on a tour of Fulton the next day, and we visited the Winston Churchill Memorial and Library. In 1946, Winston Churchill came to Fulton along with Harry S. Truman and other world leaders. Churchill gave his Iron Curtain speech at that time. The Memorial includes the Church of St. Mary the Virgin Aldermanbury, which craftsmen dismantled in London, England and rebuilt on the Westminster campus to mark Churchill's

visit. Downstairs was a museum that had displays of World War II history. Upstairs, the church is like it was in London. Outside the church was the part of the Berlin wall which Churchill's daughter acquired when the Berlin Wall was removed, and she created a sculpture, entitled "Break Through" to commemorate her father's speech. Visitors view it on the quadrangle at Westminster College where it is now. This was brought over in November 1990.

We also saw the Firemens' Museum there as well as the Westminster University campus. We met Kay's minister when we went to her church, and after talking a while, we toured the building. It was time to be on our way again, so we took her home. The next two nights we stayed in motels between there and Waxhaw, NC, and on the second day, we got to Wycliffe Bible Translators'

JAARS Center (Jungle Aviation and Radio Service). The name is somewhat deceiving, for the Center is much more than an aviation facility. Included at the Center is a retirement community, housing for the people who work there, and much open and wooded land for mobile homes, recreation and whatever use people want to make of it. An air strip allows new pilots to hone their skills and a small lake is there for fishing and swimming.

We knew several folks from the Philippine SIL Branch who lived in Waxhaw now. We had gone to Jungle Training Camp in Mexico in 1973 with several of them and served with them in the Philippines after that. Alan and Karen Buseman were friends from JTC who worked as computer experts in Manila and had perfected the CARLA computer program. They taught us to use it

when we wanted to translate our Itawes Bible into a sister language, Malaweg. They were now working with a translation team in S.E. Asia while they lived in Waxhaw, using a later edition of the CARLA program with this team via computer. We were also with Wendell and Iris Piepgrass, JTC friends. Wendell was a pilot in the Philippines and Iris was a nurse. Pat and Joanne Cochran were also JTC friends who served at the Manila SIL base as superintendent of the facility.

Claudia Whittle and Ruth Lusted were retired now from their translation work. For many years they worked with a Negrito group in Northern Cagayan. We got to have lunch with them at the JAARS Center, and we enjoyed a birthday party with Claudia, Ruth and some other ladies that lived in their retirement community, also located at the

JAARS Center. Other folks from the Philippines we saw were Bell and Fred Caress, translators we knew at the Bagabag Center of SIL, as well as Nard and Sandy Pugyao. Nard was a pilot for SIL. Marlene Lawrence was another who had been a computer expert in Manila SIL. Whenever she and her husband repaired our computer, we thanked them by taking them donut holes, and they reciprocated by sharing their mango ice cream with us.

My cousin, Katherine, and her husband, Ellis, were Bible translators in Papua New Guinea. When they finished the translation of two New Testaments there, they went to Dallas, where Ellis taught at the International Linguistic Center. Our daughter, Nancy, went to school there to take linguistics courses, and she had one under Ellis Deibler. One night the Deiblers

had a social gathering for his class in their home. Nancy was present. When it was her turn to tell a little about herself, she mentioned that her parents were Bible translators in the Philippines. Katherine asked her who her parents were, and Nancy told her. Katherine said, “Oh, Mickey is my cousin!” From then on, Nancy and Katherine Deibler had a relationship they hadn’t realized before; they were first cousins once removed.

Katherine and Ellis moved back to Waxhaw several years later, where she passed away. Ellis remarried, and he and his wife lived in Waxhaw when we visited. We got to have lunch with them, and we showed them our two translations in Itawes and Malaweg, and Ellis showed us his newly completed English Translators’ Bible he had worked on

for several years. The Lord has blessed them.

JAARS has several apartment buildings for volunteers who come to help on the base. We rented one of those apartments. It was a one bedroom, with kitchen and bathroom, and was very nice.

On July 3rd, we left Waxhaw and started on our way to the convention in Cincinnati. It was a Sunday, so we stopped in Charlotte, NC, and went to Bible school and church. After lunch, we traveled through beautiful country with green mountains, trees and grass. We stayed that night in a Days Inn at Cambridge, Ohio, and the next morning went on to Columbus to see Roberta Selby. She was a retired missionary who helped start the Aparri Bible Seminary with her husband, Charles. They had sponsored us

into the country in 1974. Now she lived in lovely Worthington Christian Village. What a delight to be with her once again! Too bad we couldn't stay longer. She took us down to the dining room for a lovely lunch, and gave us a tour of the building.

That afternoon, we went to the Hyatt Hotel in Cincinnati, across the street from the venue of the NACC. When it was dark, we walked two blocks south to see a July 4th fireworks display in the distance. We knew we had a full week of activities ahead of us, so we went back to the hotel and bedded down for the night.

The main thing we did the next morning was go to the convention center to register and see what we could see. It was a huge place. That night, Dudley Rutherford spoke at the opening session of the convention. He

preached on the message, “Unleashed.” After that, we went into the exhibit hall where he and his family were available for taking pictures. They had a Rutherford Reception for everyone where refreshments were served, and a program put on by Shepherd of the Hills people.

You would think I would have a lot to say about the NACC, but it was so full of activities, I could only begin to tell a little about it. Each day, there was a regular schedule of events. At 8:30 AM they started out with a Bible study by Bob Russell. This was a must for us, and it was excellent. After that, we had two consecutive sessions, which were basically like church services. Dudley had invited preachers who gave excellent sermons filled with the Holy Spirit. There were three of these each day, the first two were in the morning and the

third was in the evening. At lunchtime the first day, we went to a special Senior Citizens' luncheon. On the second day, was one for women, so I went to it. There was always plenty of food, and it was delicious. Following lunch, or at any time around the clock, the exhibit hall was always a good place to go to see the variety of things on exhibit there: mission field exhibits, Bible colleges, publication houses, church planters, etc.

That was a good time to go back to one's hotel to rest or get together with old friends and get caught up on things. The afternoons were for workshops; they lasted an hour each. Beginning at three PM, we could choose from a variety of workshops, and again at 4:15, there was another round. It was hard to choose which ones to attend because they all sounded so good.

At 5:15 PM on the first full day, they had the President's Banquet with two excellent speakers. On other evenings, you could choose to go elsewhere to eat or eat in your own room; after that came the third main session of the day. Each of these seemed like the best one yet, and this was the best convention we had ever attended. It ended at noon on July 8th.

When we left Cincinnati that day, we were excited to know we would soon get to see Charles and Florence Littell in Brownstown, Indiana. They were retired missionary friends from the Philippines, who had lived in Mindanao. They lived in a duplex that was connected to a retirement home, and it was lovely. We had a nice dinner at a Cracker Barrel and then went on to a motel for the night in Bloomington.

Stan and Cindy Smelser lived in Bondurant, Iowa, and Stan set up our computer so we could get e-mail there. It was Stan Smelser's two children that I home-schooled in Tuguegarao after his first wife passed away. He wanted to stay on the field, but he needed to find someone who could home-school his children. When I heard that, I volunteered to do it. Then another missionary came a few months later who was home-schooling her own two children, so she took over Stan's kids, too. Now both his kids have graduated from Bible college and were engaged to be married, so it was great to see them maturing in their lives.

The next day, we went to Omaha, Nebraska, to visit Dave and Virginia Haynes, getting to their home quite late. Virginia is Chuck's niece, and David Haynes was a professor at

Nebraska Christian College. They were getting their home ready to sell, so they had their granddaughter's husband over to repair their bathroom. One of their sons, Daniel, and his wife and three children came to visit, too, so we got to meet them. These were the progeny of Betty Casebeer, Chuck's sister, who we lived with in San Fernando. After a good lunch at the Spaghetti Factory, we visited Chuck's parents' graves, his old church, the house where his family lived when he was born, and his old home that is no more. It was torn down to make way for a huge retirement residence. We also went through the park across the street where he had spent many hours of his life.

On the next day, July 12th, we left Omaha to go to the apartment of Bill and Glenna Wiseman, old SJBC friends who now lived in Lincoln, NE. After a few hours with

them, we went on to Ben and Bonnie Laub's in Gering, NE. We talked until late that night, and the next day went to a Senior Citizen's Center with them for lunch.

Rhonda, their daughter, came too, bringing her daughter, Molly. We knew the Laubs from Hillcrest Christian Church in San Fernando Valley. We went home to take a nap, and then went to the home of another lovely lady, Evelyn Hopper, at her apartment in town. We knew her from SJBC. It seemed like everywhere we went, we didn't have enough time, but we pressed on, and got to be with as many friends as we could for as long as possible.

After having lunch again at the Laub's Senior Citizen Center, we took off for Longmont, Colorado, to visit Steve and Lori Goodrich, younger friends from University Christian, and got there in time to have

dinner which their son, Christopher, had helped make, and this was quite an accomplishment. The Goodriches had adopted Karina years before, but this was our first time to meet her, and she was a lovely girl interested in sports, mainly gymnastics in which she excelled. The next morning before Steve went to work, we got to talk to him and Christopher, so that was good. Steve set up e-mail so we could read that, and we stayed there till lunch time, and then went to Subway.

From there, it wasn't far to Colorado Springs, where our son Ken, lived. By the time we got there, he was home from work, and we had a great time with him. He took us to the home of friends to have a sing-along with guitars. What a delightful evening! The next day, we talked to Ken and he took us on a trip to see his buddies who

lived by some railroad tracks. They were Dave, Mike, Chris and others. That Saturday evening, Ken took us to the chapel service at his church. There we met Mark, Timothy and others, and afterwards went somewhere cool to have a mango smoothie and talk.

On Sunday morning in Colorado Springs, we were busy. We went to the early service at Central Christian Church, and then to Mesa Hills Bible Church for Bible school and church. The Rostvit twins were there, a female duet that travels the world singing original gospel songs. But on this occasion, they had their two sisters with them, and they sang in a quartet instead of only a duet. They sang beautifully, and we enjoyed the fellowship there so much. They invited us to dinner at their home, and it was wonderful to meet their mother and the husbands of their sisters. These twins were special to us.

They had been to visit us in the Philippines twice and held concerts there so that the churches in Northern Luzon still talk about them to this day and have their CDs they play from time to time. They gave us some new CDs they had made since we last saw them, and we are still playing them two years later. That night, back again with Ken, he took us to dinner at the home of Pat, his friend. She was a gracious lady, and we loved getting acquainted with her. As we left her home, we had the feeling of sadness because this was our last night with him. We needed to get on with our trip the next day.

We went through Denver, CO the next day on our way to Ralph Bollom's home in Huntsville, Utah. Arriving at 6 PM, we got there almost at the same time as his deceased wife's niece, Candy. She, her husband and daughter had come all the way

from California that day (12 hours), just to get back home in time to meet us. Ralph was outside in his yard, and we got to see cows on his farm and all the fresh hay he had stored in his barn. He lived in an area surrounded by Mormons, and he was such good friends with them that they told him, he lived his life even better than they lived theirs. That night, he told us about many things, about his wife, Eleanor's, sickness and death, and how he'd been getting along since then. Chuck knew him from when he preached at the Lynwood Church in CA years before, and the Bolloms had taken care of the trailer that held our things that we left in the States when we went to the Philippines.

The next day, we celebrated our 744th luniversary (62 years), and we had a long day traveling from Utah to home. There was

one corridor of mountains in Utah that was absolutely beautiful, and the rest was largely desert, beautiful in its own way. I decided to use my time wisely, so we stopped at a JoAnn's Store and got some blue flannel and a crochet hook. Now I could work on a baby blanket along the way. When I first start working on a piece of flannel, I make sure the edges are straight. In the process, I lost the hook, and looked for it all around me. When we stopped at a rest stop, Chuck found it under my seat. My first thought was, "Praise the Lord for such a wonderful husband!" I was glad I could work on the blanket much of the way.



Happy Anniversary!

We only stopped to visit one person that day – Robert Robertson, Chuck’s cousin, in Henderson, Nevada. Chuck couldn’t remember when he last saw him, and I had never met him before. We were with him one hour, and it was wonderful to get acquainted with him. Then we had to be on our way. After traveling over 8,000 miles on our trip to the east, we got home to 1300

Phillippi Street in San Fernando, CA at
10:58 PM.

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Chapter 64: Amelia Pamittan Julian

Once, many years ago, there was a beautiful child named Amelia Pamittan, born to a family in the very poorest barrio, Lanna, of all the town of Enrile, Cagayan up in Northern Luzon of the Philippines. She grew up to be a lovely young lady, and one day, she accepted Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior. The only trouble was that she was the only one in her family who knew Him, and she desperately wanted to bring the rest of her family to the Lord. In fact, she wasn't happy just to win her own family, but she had a great burden on her heart to win as

many of her fellow Itawes countrymen to Christ as possible. How could she help in bringing this about? She got an idea and put it to work, “I’ll pray that God Himself will bring someone to bring His Word to my people!”

It was about that time in the city of Los Angeles, California, that Chuck and I were going through quite a quandary of what we were going to do with our lives. After spending 20 years in the ministry, Chuck decided to get a doctor’s degree in the field of linguistics, thinking he could teach linguistics in a Bible college in the States. But when he finally graduated after spending nine years getting his doctorate, his application for teaching was turned down by everyone.

Then the idea came from somewhere, “Why don’t you go to the Philippines to translate the Word of God for one of the groups there? Instead of teaching someone else to do it, why not go and do it yourself?” Little did we know that at that very time, the young lady named Amelia Pamittan in barrio Lanna of Enrile, Cagayan, had started praying for someone to come to translate the Word of God for her people. Apparently, there was real power in her prayers.

We didn’t even get acquainted with Amelia Pamittan Julian until we had been in the Itawes region for several years, but it turned out that when we did get acquainted, we discovered that when she became a Christian, she had started to pray that she could have the Word of God in her own language.

When she told us about it, we asked her when she became a Christian and when she began praying that prayer. The date she told us was almost exactly the same date that we had made the decision to go into Bible translation and to go to the Philippines to do this. Her faith was such that she never gave up on her prayer. She married a godly man, had a family, and when she finally found out that we had come over to the Philippines to do a Bible translation for the Itawes people, she praised God over and over again because she knew that this was a direct answer to her prayer. We believe that it was the prayers of Amelia Pamittan Julian that made this idea get to us. She was surely a woman of faith. Her prayers were answered and God is still working in the lives of her people, even through the later printing of 1,500 more revised Bibles.

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Appendix:

Lost—But Not Alone: Chuck's Adventure in Abra

Being lost is always a fearful experience, but it has its special hazards in the tropical, mountainous rain forest in the province of Abra in Northern Luzon in the Philippines. My wife, Mickey, and I had gone to that area intending to translate the New Testament for one of the mountain tribes.

At 7:18 A.M., I left Aagsimao headed for Bacag, about thirteen miles away, where Mickey was staying. The trail crosses a low ridge, about three hundred feet high, then a stream about fifty feet wide passes a village named Balantay, then goes over a ridge

about fifteen hundred feet high, where it winds through uninhabited jungle for about ten miles.

Filipinos rarely travel alone, so my host asked the inevitable cultural question, “Who will be your companion?” My answer was, “God will be my companion.” I didn’t realize how significant that would be for me before the day was over. No one in the village seemed interested in being my companion, so my host was helpless in pressing his concern that I have one. I had traveled that trail alone before without mishap, so he finally accepted my assurance that I could make it all right. My compass had gotten crushed on a previous hike, and I decided not to take my bolo because I didn’t think I’d need it—a decision I later regretted very much.

In a little over an hour, I reached the stream below Balantay, but took almost half an hour to cross it because of removing, and later putting back on, my boots, and because of adding a few band-aids to potential trouble spots. Soon I was on the other side of Balantay, passing familiar landmarks above the rice fields.

About an hour later, I came to a guava tree, a kind of fruit that is about the size of a small apple, and stuck a few in my pockets, which I munched on as I walked along. This distracted my attention a little, but I was brought sharply back to reality a few minutes later by the realization that I was on an unfamiliar trail. Of course, I hadn't memorized every foot of the trail, but I knew the regular trail didn't have anything like what I was passing through. I didn't remember passing a fork, but knew I could

have while my attention was more on the guava than on the trail. I was only mildly concerned because there are many short cuts where the trail divides for a few yards, sometimes for a half mile or more, and then comes back together again. I figured that I was on one of those and would soon be back on the main trail again. The fact that the trail I was on was going slightly uphill, away from the river, plus my fairly strong feeling that the main trail was above me, confirmed my decision to continue on.

As I progressed, the trail became less and less like a trail, though there continued to be what looked to me like clear evidences that human beings did occasionally pass that way. By this time, the trail was going up a small stream, switching frequently from one side to the other. Another factor came, which became increasingly influential as I

pressed on, the thought that “I have invested too much time and energy in going this direction to turn back now.” When I became convinced that the main trail was below me, this factor kept me going. My hope now became to reach the top of the ridge and follow it along until the trail crossed it southeast of there. The sky was clear, and I could use the sun in relation to the time of day to determine approximate directions. With that and a general knowledge of the contour of the land, I knew about where I was and the direction I was moving at all times. For that reason, I never felt that I was really lost.

Eventually, the trail faded into nothingness, and it became necessary to strike out across country. This meant going uphill. The hill was covered with a tall grass, about eight feet tall. The stem was about a quarter of an

inch in diameter. When a stalk dies, it falls down, so that the area was covered with a thick mesh of these fallen stalks. My bolo would have been a big help here. The height and density of the grass made it impossible to see more than about fifteen feet at any time except for the top of an occasional tree a little farther away. The horizontal stalks made progress frustratingly slow and difficult, probably about one to two hundred yards per hour. Often, it was easier to get down and crawl under them than to try to crawl over them or force my way through and break them.

From time to time, I passed through places where some forest animal had evidently spent the night. I knew I couldn't go on indefinitely through this stuff, and realized that I might have to go back down, but I still wanted to keep going up until I could get to

a place where I could see enough to pick the best way down. I thought I might have to spend the night there, but that prospect didn't frighten me. I knew that, as my companion, the Lord would take care of me in that event.

Along the way, of course, I began to ask myself, "Why and how did I get into this?" Having recently read Merlin Carothers' book, *Praise Works*, I took the position, "I am where God wants me to be. Therefore I must praise and thank Him that I am where I am, and seek to learn what He wants me to learn." I continued to praise Him and pray and trust Him in my heart, and sometimes aloud, throughout the time I was off the trail. This attitude gave a calmness and assurance of spirit through experiences that would otherwise have been a much greater hardship, and in places, quite terrifying.

For about two hours I struggled up the hill, and about noon stopped and ate my lunch near the top of the grassy section, though I didn't know that that's where I was until a few minutes later after I started moving again. The lunch consisted of rice, a hard-boiled egg, some peanut butter and some crackers. I had also brought half a dozen small, hard chocolates for occasional, fast energy on the trail. I was amazed at the way I continued to have strength—just one of many evidences that God was indeed with me.

It was wonderful to get up out of the grass and into the trees. Once in a while I could even take two steps without striking an obstacle! But those I did strike soon made me realize that the going wasn't going to be a whole lot easier. One was a small vine less

than an eighth of an inch in diameter, but very strong. I was often caught by one, but rarely could I break it. This was where I really missed my bolo. Usually getting by was a matter of lifting my foot over it, though sometimes I had to back up and go around it.

Another obstacle was a plant with fronds like a palm. Along the stem of the frond were many needles over an inch long. At the end of each frond was an extension like a rope about two feet long covered with thistle-like barbs. It wrapped itself around my arms and legs and held on and had to be unwound or pulled loose. My arms became covered with tiny scratches from these menaces.

Visibility, of course, was much better here. I could see a hundred feet or more, but all I

could see were trees. The peak of the ridge I was on was more to the southwest than I wanted to go. I could see the next ridge, but I couldn't see what was between me and it. My desire to see the area and pick the best way to get where I wanted to go, whether down or over the ridges, was completely frustrated.

I walked around the ridge until I could hear the sound of water below me. It was another stream flowing down into the main one at the floor of the valley, and if I could follow it down, eventually it would cross the trail. There are a dozen or more small streams that do. The stream descended rapidly over rocks. The nature of my path was now different, but once again, very slow. I was picking my way carefully down over the rocks so I wouldn't slip and fall. God was

gracious in sparing me from anything worse than an occasional slip and thud.

In a little while, I came to a waterfall about thirty feet high. The contour of the ground made it impossible for me to climb down to the foot of the waterfall, but I was able to climb along the face of the hill to a point where I could follow the stream as it flowed on down. As I moved along the face of the hill away from the falls, I sat down once for a little additional security on the steep slope. If I started to slip, I wanted more of my body to be dragging on the ground to slow me down and hopefully stop me from falling. I sat right on a hill of big red ants and got the most painful bite I have ever gotten from an ant. It was almost like a bee sting. I got off of there as fast as I could in keeping with the safety precautions demanded by the situation.

From there on, the immediate walls of the stream rose perpendicularly twenty feet or more, and then tapered off to what seemed to be an angle of about seventy degrees.

There were numerous small trees and small rocks along here, and it was possible for me to descend the hill parallel to the stream, though quite a ways above it. There were many times when a rock, dislodged by my foot, went crashing down the hillside. Rarely did I trust my weight on a rock; I know most of them did not extend very far below the surface. The slope was too steep for me to ever depend on friction to hold me. Small trees and roots, about two inches in diameter, were my mainstay. If one of them had ever given way, it would have been all over. When I got a little farther above the stream, to the point where the ground began to level off, it was covered with grass that

looked like what I had struggled through all morning, and I decided I'd rather take my chances on the hillside than battle that again. There is no doubt that God was watching over and protecting me in a special way through this part.

Eventually, I came to a place where I could no longer follow the stream, and I had to go up. I discovered that it was a different kind of grass, about three feet high, so I could see over it, but so dense I couldn't see the ground, but that was no real problem. I was not far from the top of a knoll, so climbed up there hoping that it might be the survey point I had been seeking for so long. In a few minutes, I was there—and it was. I saw immediately that there was a straight ascent to the top of the ridge, but quite a bit of it was through the tall grass, and then the ridge itself was thickly covered with trees. I knew

I didn't want to go that way. Instead, I descended the other side of the knoll until I came to the next stream, which I started to follow down to the trail. The trail climbs as it goes around the mountain, and with each new stream, the distance to the end of the trail decreases.

From the time I had started down, I prayed and hoped that I might get out before dark. The time I got to the trail would determine which way I would go. If I got there early enough, I would go to Bacag; if it was too late to reach Bacag before dark, I would go back to Balantay. Then I remembered something: tonight was the night of the full moon. God had let me get lost on just the right day! If I could get to the trail before nightfall, I could follow the trail by moonlight—if the clouds were not too thick. It was the middle of the rainy season, and

though the skies are usually clear in the morning, it often clouds up and rains in the afternoon, and sometimes the clouds, and maybe also the rain, continue on into the night. Many clouds passed overhead that afternoon, but there was no rain. I just trusted the Lord to let enough light get through so I could see to walk.

As I neared the stream, I could see that the situation was similar to that of the previous stream—precipitous walls, and then a slope covered with small trees—but in this case the slope wasn't as steep, and the trees were bigger. I followed it for a ways, but there were many of the strong thin vines and plants with needles and thistle-like extensions, which made progress very slow. So, I went back up to the grassy area a little farther above the stream. The descent was still steep, and there was the added danger of

falling into drop-offs covered by the grass. Fortunately, I encountered no big ones.

As I continued on down the hill, the grassy area moved gradually away from the stream. This didn't distress me because I figured it meant I was coming to the face of the knoll, and that the trail should be somewhere down that face. Shortly after that, I came around a hump and saw the trail about a hundred yards below—the most beautiful sight I had seen in a long while! Even then, I descended carefully because I didn't want to injure something in my excitement on my way down. When I jumped down on the trail, I stepped back and knelt down and kissed the spot where my foot first touched. Once again, I praised the Lord, as I had many times before on that day. It was exactly 4:30 PM, just six and a half hours after I had first gotten off the trail. Even though I was back

on the trail, I was by no means finished with my journey. I didn't know how far it was to the top of the ridge, but I knew it was still quite a ways. With God helping me, I hoped before dark to be able to get over the top and through an area where the density of the grass would make it difficult to see the trail even in broad daylight. Going through that by moonlight would be quite difficult.

So, I pressed on and reached the top at exactly 5:30 P.M. When I came to the grassy area, there was still enough light for me to see my way through, but I discovered a couple of 'fringe benefits' the Lord had provided. Large sections of the grassy area showed signs of having been burned, and larger sections were withered and dry, as though they hadn't had rain in weeks, though they had had some almost every day. The hillside must have been struck by

lightning since I was last over it ten days before. New green shoots were already springing up from many of the plant bases. This benefit made the trail much easier to see. Another fringe benefit came to my attention as I walked through the grass. My trousers quickly became quite wet, and my feet slipped from time to time on the trail. It was evident there had been a pretty heavy rain on that side of the ridge that afternoon, but God had kept it from raining on the side where I was.

The sun set, and its light waned as I continued down the hill. I figured the time would come when I would have to stop and wait for the moon to get high enough to light the trail enough so that I could see to walk. Meanwhile, I would keep walking by sunlight as long as I could see. The fading light definitely forced me to slow down. The

many rocks on the trail that are no problem in broad daylight are a real hazard in dim light. But the time never came when I had to stop because of lack of light, though general weariness prompted a couple of rest stops. When the moon came up, it was bright and clear. There were only a few times when its light fell directly on the trail where I was walking, but the few clouds in the sky were far away and did not obscure its light. In passing over streams and through wooded areas, progress was extremely slow, but it was still progress. At one point, a weak knee, which gives me problems when it gets tired, got twisted a little bit, and the pain slowed me down a little more. But I figured that was the Lord's way of keeping me from going faster than would be safe with the amount of light I had.

I reached the bottom much quicker than I had thought possible and headed along the last mile, parallel to the river, to Bacag. Crossing a small stream, my foot came down sharply on a rock, probably because of inadequate light, and made an instant blister on the bottom of my big toe. But it was only a few minutes later, at 7:45, that I walked up to Vice-Mayor Molina's house, much to Mickey's surprise, and felt her loving, welcoming hug. Praise the Lord!

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