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# Who, Me Lord?

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**Edith M. MacLennan - Cochrane**

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For His Glory alone

Edith M. Cochrane

Phil 4: 13

# **Who, Me Lord?**

by

**Edith M. Cochrane**

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Thank you so much!

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# **Dedication**

To my dear husband Philip.

To Reginald and Joan Cochrane, and Ann and Alistair MacLennan,  
our parents, who faithfully prayed for us.

# Thanks

To Lynn Dee Geiser, who spent many hours editing my work. I will never be able to thank her enough.

To Philip, my wonderful husband, without whose computer expertise and teaching this book would never have been achieved.

To Mom and Dad Cochrane, who faithfully kept our letters, for without them this book would never have been written. Also for their faithful prayers.

To my parents, Alistair and Ann MacLennan, whose constant prayerful support, help, and encouragement enabled me to fulfill God's call on my life.

To Jean, my sister, for her encouragement as I have written this book.  
My thanks, love and appreciation.

—Edith

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## Prologue

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It was in a Thursday night prayer meeting in my home church, kneeling on the wooden floor, my arms resting on the old wooden pew, that God spoke to me. “I want you to go to Africa.” My immediate response was “Who, me Lord?” From that moment, I knew that my life would take a new direction. Nothing changed immediately, except that each day I asked the Lord to lead me in the way He wanted me to go.

During the depression years of the 1930s, my father was out of work, and Mother did house-cleaning jobs. Yes, we were poor, but we were a happy and closely knit family.

At the beginning of the Second World War, Daddy was able to get a job as a radar engineer, and I got my first store-bought coat. I was thirteen years old.

As I prayed I felt impressed to take nurse’s training. I almost died with kidney disease when I was four and I also suffered from chronic bronchitis. I was not considered a strong child, and had to undergo frequent checkups. No one, other than my parents, thought I would survive nurse’s training, let alone the mission field!

I had only a ninth-grade education. I am glad that God delights in the impossible, for it was He who opened and closed doors. Eleven years later I arrived in Africa, fully qualified. I not only earned my R.N. but also received diplomas in infectious diseases, obstetrics, and tropical medicine.

It was the knowledge of God’s call that helped me to succeed. So many times I would have easily given up. Meanwhile, my sister Jean had joined the Women’s Air Force, and my brother John was in the Navy.

My reason for going to Africa was in obedience to the call of God on my life to serve Him there. My goals? To be the best missionary nurse possible, and above all else to share Jesus with those I ministered to. I had had no close contacts with black people of any race. To me they were no different. Racial differences never entered my mind. Most of my time was spent with those suffering from leprosy. They came from different tribes. Some were small in stature and brown rather than black. Others were just the opposite, tall and jet black. All had physical, spiritual, and psychological problems. When they heard about Jesus, and accepted Him as Savior, it made a tremendous difference in their attitude toward life itself. No longer did they feel the world owed them because of their affliction. Rather, they rejoiced in the fact that a new body and home awaited them in Heaven. Meanwhile, I did my utmost to alleviate their suffering.

The climate was trying. It was hot and wet, and then hot and dry. We experienced no beautiful seasonal changes as we do in America or England. Need I say anything about bugs? From ants, cockroaches, mosquitos, spiders and flies, these little pests were always with us. We slept under mosquito nets at night and used spray bombs. We waged a war we could not win. We had no air conditioning. It was only in later years that we had wire mosquito netting on our windows, and an air conditioner in the bedroom.

We had discipline problems in the leprosy village. I appointed a man from each tribe to deal with these problems. I realized they knew their African brothers much better than I ever could. In dealing with these conflicts, these appointees could lead many tribesmen to Jesus. Other problems, like water shortages, lack of housing, poor sanitation, and repairs were always ongoing trials at the clinic and leper village. For me, finances and keeping an ample stock of medicines were my chief concerns. The greatest difficulty of all was trying to keep African staff. The lure of higher wages in government clinics was a constant temptation to them, and a headache for me!

Four of my five children—Philip, David, Andrew, and Ruth—were born on the mission field. Elizabeth was born in England. Africa was home to them. They knew no other lifestyle. I could not allow them to crawl as babies, because the cement floors, although mopped each day, always had an insect or two around that would either bite or sting. Malaria was a

constant problem. Playpens and cots had mosquito-net coverings. Sickness? I was mother, doctor and nurse all in one. I could not have handled illness in the family, if I had not known that my Savior is a healer. Many, many times He heard my prayers, and cries for help. Miracles? Yes. During the 1956 revival many had visions and dreams. Bodies were healed. In later years during evangelistic crusades we saw many miracles. Walking sticks and canes were thrown away as God healed paralysed limbs, and deformed legs. I have lost count of the times I worked and prayed over asphyxiated babies at birth, and they lived.

Many difficult emergencies which poured into the clinic at all hours of the day and night needed a doctor's expertise. These patients received only the care I knew to give. I would sit and talk about Jesus and pray with them.

The reputation that our obstetric unit earned was, "If you have your baby at the mission it will not die." I felt such great responsibility towards these expectant mothers. The Lord never, never failed me. Praise His wonderful Name. He is the answer.

We experienced a great miracle when my husband's life was spared when he suffered peritonitis. Our eldest son and daughter were both sick unto death, but they did not die. We miraculously survived two rebellions. Oh yes, miracles did happen.

During my twenty-three years as a missionary nurse I learned that God does not make any mistakes. Not even when our baby Andrew died unexpectedly. I also learned that I could trust Him with everything. During my first term on the field, I learned to "*Delight in my Lord*" (Psalms 37:4). He truly became "*My beloved and my Friend*" (Song of Solomon 5:16b).

I am still learning from His Word how to better live in these last days. My total desire is to please my Lord.

May this also become your desire as you read this book. I have shared my heart that you might know that missionary life, though challenging, was for us a miraculous and blessed experience, one that taught us that God is all loving, sufficient and faithful.

We serve a God who never fails.

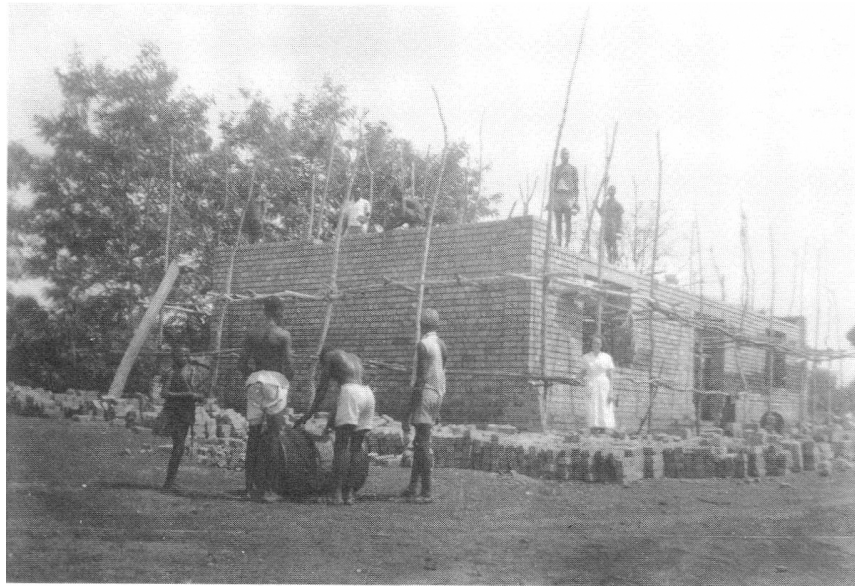




Outpatients at Bodi



Baptismal service, Bodi, April 1958



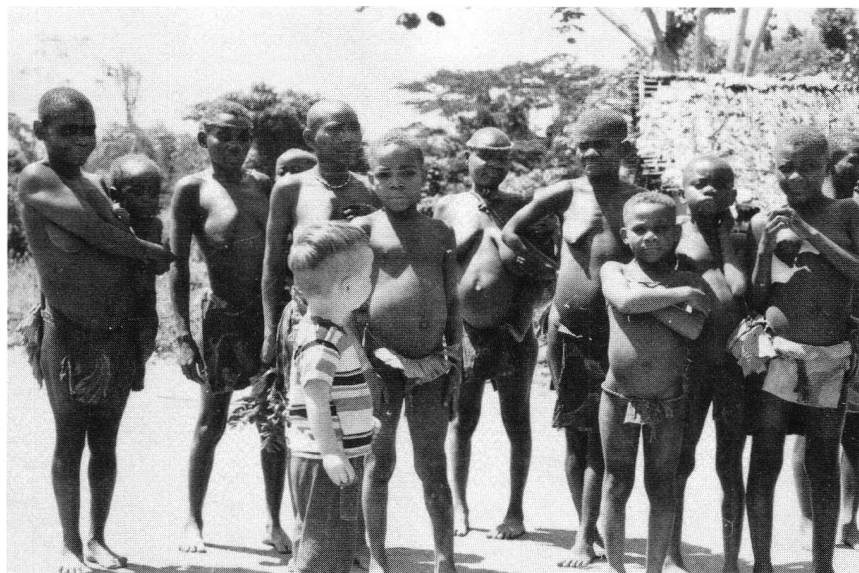
Building the new dispensary at Bodi



Ruth, Philip, Liz, Philip John, Edith, and David



Road travel, 1966—became worse!



Philip John with the Pygmies





Open-air Evangelistic services at Bodi

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## Chapter 1

### “Who, Me Lord?”

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Night had already fallen as I left the fellowship mission to return to my home on the other side of town. The prayer meeting had been so very special, and I was still very conscious of the Lord’s presence. I fumbled in my coat pocket for my flashlight. I would need it to prevent me from walking into the trees that lined the sidewalk. No lights peeked from the heavily draped windows of the homes nearby and the street lamps remained unlit, seemingly mourning for the sadness that had engulfed my country and my home.

It was 1942 and the Battle of Britain was raging. It was the third year of World War II and I saw no end in sight. As each night descended the townspeople drew large heavy curtains across their regular drapes so that not a chink of light could be seen. Buses and trams all had blinds. Street lamps and stores remained unlit. The darkness was complete.

Tonight the sky seemed lighter than usual. A beautiful moon had just slipped from behind the clouds. As I admired the splendor of its subdued light I reflected. *Tonight, I thought, the German planes will take advantage of its clarity, as they will be able to see their targets.*

No blackout efforts could prevent the moon *from* shining. Suddenly I heard the dismal wail of the air-raid sirens. As they finally ceased their warning, I heard in the distance the distinct and familiar throb of the German bombers. These planes, loaded with bombs, flew from bases in occupied Europe seeking strategic places to bomb. Their success would hamper the transport system and munitions factories in England. The two most important targets for these bombers in the small town in which I lived were the railroad and the rubber factory. I was alone. I could not decide

whether to run back to the church or to find an air-raid shelter. I didn't know where to find a shelter in the immediate area. I decided to run home, which was about a mile away. As I reached the main street, I heard an explosion and the sound of crashing glass. Anti-aircraft fire had begun. The staccato sounds ripped through the air. I looked up and I saw the penetrating fingers of searchlights groping in the darkness for enemy planes. There was little traffic because gasoline was rationed. The few cars I saw in the road had turned their lights out. I passed an intersection where a bomb had fallen on a row of terraced houses. The blast had blown the store windows into the street. The bomb had missed the rubber works, which I had to pass to get home, by four blocks. "Lord, help me get home safely," I cried. Walking as fast as I could, I crossed over the railroad bridge. I could take the intersection of the main road or take Peel Street to get home. Which way would be the best? I quickly decided to continue up the main road, and to a narrow steep pathway by the side of the large cemetery. The Lord helped me to make the right choice that night. If He hadn't, I would not be alive today.

I was halfway along this pathway when above the noise of the anti-aircraft fire I heard a frightening, yet familiar whistle. It became louder and louder. "Oh, Jesus," I cried, "it's a bomb." I threw myself down on the hard macadam walk and covered my head with my hands. On my left was a low continuous stone wall with tall cast-iron railings, and behind were granite gravestones that stood like eerie sentinels in the moonlight. At the far end of these long rows of tombstones were the terraced houses of Peel Street. There was a loud explosion. I lay prone for several minutes thinking, *my, that was a close one*. I was almost too scared to open my eyes. I slowly got up, feeling quite shaken as I looked over the stone wall and saw the glow of fire in the middle of Peel Street. My heart almost sank as I realized that if I had taken that route I would have been close to the explosion. I began to run as fast as I could, thanking the Lord for keeping me safe. The last half mile toward home was the fastest I have ever run. Pounding on the door, too out of breath to say anything, I rushed past Mom and joined my older sister Jean and my younger brother John under the big oak kitchen table. As I huddled there I told them of the scare I'd had, and that the Lord had shown me the safest way home. Daddy was out working. At night he was an air-raid warden during raid alerts. During the day he was a radar engineer. Soon



a long uninterrupted wail signaled the all-clear siren sounding. We all went upstairs to bed hoping to get a little sleep before dawn.

We in England had adapted to a way of life that consisted of food rationing, air-raid warnings, an atmosphere of uncertainty and the possibility of death. How thankful I was that I had found Jesus as my personal Savior just three short weeks before this terrible war had begun. Deep down within me was that peace that only He could give. As I climbed the staircase of our duplex home in Northern England that night, I was so thankful that He had protected me, a fifteen-year-old girl, in a very special way.

Soon I was to know why.

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## Chapter 2

# Who Said Foolish?

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*“Have not I chosen the weak and  
foolish things?”*  
— I Corinthians 1:26-27

After God had miraculously spared my life, He gave me specific direction to serve Him in Africa. I marvelled as my life took a new path. It was prayer meeting night once again at the fellowship mission, the Assemblies of God Church in my hometown. As I knelt to pray I felt a deep burden for the missionaries I knew in Central Africa. I prayed by name for the many missionaries I had met, and corresponded with, yet my heaviness and concern remained.

It was then that the “still small voice of the Lord” whispered into my heart, “It’s not enough for you to pray; I want you to go!” The presence of the Lord was so real that I hardly dared to breathe.

In the stillness I whispered, “Who, me Lord?”

“Yes,” He replied, “you; I need you.” Hot tears began to flow down my cheeks.

I longed to serve the Lord in some way. But...a missionary? “That’s impossible,” I said in my heart.

The Holy Spirit quickly reminded me, “But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.”

“All right Lord, I’m willing to serve You anyway and anywhere I can because I love You with all my heart.” I heard the pastor’s voice closing in prayer. I quietly left the church not wanting to speak to anyone.

As I walked home that night the blackness was complete, except for a thin beam of yellow light from my flashlight. I was preoccupied as I walked home. Would my parents understand that God had spoken to me, and that I had decided to serve Him as a missionary?

Daddy was already in bed, and Mother was finishing washing the supper dishes in the kitchen. "Did you have a good prayer meeting?" she asked.

"Yes, Mom," I replied. I had a huge lump in my throat that made me feel like I would choke. "Mom, the Lord has called me to be a missionary to Africa," I blurted out. The room was silent.

Mother wiped her hands on the kitchen towel and turned to me. She said, "May," she always called me by my middle name, "the Lord once gave you back to us when you were desperately ill. If He needs you now then we will not stand in your way."

I threw my arms around her neck. My tears fell softly on her shoulder. "Oh thank you, Mother, thank you." I was relieved to know that she understood how I felt. I kissed her goodnight and I crept quietly up the stairs. I shared a bedroom with my older sister Jean, who worked as a salesgirl in a large department store in the nearby city of Manchester. I had to be at work by 8 A.M. I quickly slipped into bed.

Sleep seemed far away. My thoughts tumbled over each other. Doubts arose over the possibility of my ever becoming a missionary. When I was four I suffered a severe kidney disease that would not respond to treatment. I lay in bed for six months. I became weaker and weaker. One night the doctor told my mother that I could go into convulsions at any time, and that I could die. Mother did not know Jesus as her personal Savior at that time, but she did believe in God. She knelt at my bed to pray. As she lifted her head, she saw an angel standing at the head of my bed, and she knew at that moment that I would recover. I did recover. As I recalled this miracle I realized that God's hand had been on my life even at that early age. I remembered nothing about the illness. Eight long years I had to remain on a diet. I had monthly checkups with the doctor. He has never ceased to marvel at my recovery.

Another problem had arisen. I had chronic bronchitis that plagued me in the winter. I was considered a sickly child at best. I remembered sitting by the bedroom window watching the children as they celebrated Guy Fawkes

Night around the bonfire. How I had wanted to join in the fun of fireworks, potato roasting, and black treacle toffee chewing. Guy Fawkes was a man who had tried to blow up the British Houses of Parliament. He had placed gunpowder in one of the crypts. His attempt failed. Every November 5th on the anniversary of his attempt, the children celebrated by trundling around an effigy of Guy Fawkes in a wheelbarrow. Singing ditties that fitted the event, passersby and homeowners would throw them a few coins to buy fireworks to celebrate with. The disappointment of not being able to join in the fun was heartbreaking.

I coughed throughout the night. My sister, in the other twin bed, would call over to me to be quiet. Oh, how I wished I could stop coughing. When I at last would fall asleep, I would snore and in exasperation my sister would fling her slipper at me. *Lord*, I thought, *You must have made a mistake in choosing me to serve You*. Finally I would fall asleep with my questions about my future unanswered.

Mother made all our clothes; in those days we were quite poor, as wages were so low. We always went to church and Sunday school, but I never realized that Jesus Christ had died on the cross to save me from my sins. I knew He had died to save the world.

Muriel, a teenager who had moved into our neighborhood, invited us to go to the Assembly of God church with her. It was called the fellowship mission. We asked Daddy's permission to visit this place with Muriel. Dad was a tall, proud, loving, but strict father, and although we were poor he carried with dignity his Scottish heritage. He said, "No, you already have your own church." We loved Daddy very much, but his look was enough to make us obey! This one time we didn't. We attended the Mission. For the first time I learned that Jesus not only died for the whole world, but that salvation was a personal matter. I learned that if I had been the only person on earth He would have died just for me. Three weeks later my sister and I accepted Jesus as our personal Savior.

The following week, Mother was surprised by the unusual helpfulness of her two daughters. She decided to go to the mission to see what it was all about. There she and my young brother John turned their lives over to the Lord. We began to pray for Daddy. Three years later, he too surrendered his

life to the Lord. We were united as a family in our worship. It was in this setting that God's call to service had come to me.

I began to wonder what type of education I would need to serve God as a missionary. I was graduated from Modern Secondary High School when I was fourteen. I had failed to qualify for a State scholarship that I needed to attend grammar school. My parents could not afford to pay tuition for the four years of academic studies that I would need to prepare me for Nursing School and university. So at age fourteen I took a job in a wholesale bakery. The hot, tiresome work there taught me to make good bread! I worked 36 hours a week for a salary of \$1.75. This was the wage for minors! I spent three years at the bakery. I wondered how I should prepare for the mission field. I spoke to my pastor, Alfred Webb. His advice was, "Well, Edith May, the place to begin is right here. If you cannot win souls for the Lord here, you will never be a success on the mission field." Each day I prayed for an opportunity to talk to someone about the Lord. People made fun of me at work, but I was content. I had a goal. I was to serve God on the mission field. I could trust the Lord to help me to know how to prepare to serve Him.

It was August 1944. I became increasingly impressed with becoming a missionary nurse. Again I turned to the Lord. I prayed, "Lord, You know this is impossible. The school will accept only Grammar school graduates; I don't have a chance."

"Haven't you forgotten?" He replied, "with Me all things are possible." With this gentle reminder from Him I wrote to the General Nursing Council of England and Wales. They referred me to their office in Manchester where I could get a list of approved training schools. I studied the list and realized that I would have to be eighteen years old to begin R.N. training, at a regular hospital, so I chose instead a hospital for infectious diseases that would accept students seventeen years of age.

My prayers became more like conversations with God, as I sought direction from Him for my next step. I saw no visions. I had no dreams. I received no prophecies. I just talked to the Lord. I quietly listened, for that still small voice that came as a "knowing" that the move I was to make was the right one. I sent my application to the Florence Nightingale Hospital in Bury, Lancashire, just twenty-five miles from my home. Several weeks later

I was called for a personal interview with Miss Newby, the Director of Nurses. I appeared calm as I walked into the director of nurses' office, but I was shaking inside.

The highly qualified nurse behind the large mahogany desk looked more like a nun. She appeared somewhat austere in her impeccable navy-blue, high-necked, tailored dress. She smiled, and I immediately recognized that she had a compassionate, sympathetic, and understanding heart. I sat down in the proffered chair. Almost immediately she posed the dreaded question. "What type of education have you had?" I answered describing my years of schooling. I told myself that it was all in my head that God could use me as a missionary nurse. "Oh, I'm sorry," she replied, "we accept only 'A level' grammar school graduates in our school of nursing." Then, as she rose from behind her desk, she looked at me in a quizzical sort of way and added, "You look a reasonably intelligent sort of girl; I'll take you on six months trial!" I could hardly believe my ears. I completed the application forms. The director gave me directions to the sewing room to be measured for a uniform. I was to report for duty September 1st. I would be sharing a room with another student in the nurse's residence. I left that office hardly able to believe that I had really been accepted. It was a miracle!

In September of 1943, Edith May MacLennan became a student nurse at the Florence Nightingale Hospital. How could I have questioned that still small voice of God? The hospital campus included the administration building, dining rooms, and a staff living quarters. The five long, single-story buildings on the campus where the patients received their care were surrounded by neatly kept flower beds. One of these five buildings was divided into separate rooms each with a door leading to the veranda. It was in this building that I was introduced to poliomyelitis, typhoid fever, meningitis, and a very demanding supervisor! I soon realized that a student nurse in her first year was really a glorified Mrs. Mop! I scrubbed bathrooms, and I polished brass taps. Oh how I came to despise those brass taps! I made beds. I bathed patients. This seemed a little more like nursing, and compensated for the long ten-hour days, six-day week. I studied in my spare time! The professors gave lectures during our on-duty hours. My duties on the floor paid for my room and food. The hospital provided uniforms and paid \$5.00 a month pocket money which bought my black hose and shoes as I needed them.



The supervisor of the isolation unit was very strict. I referred to her at all times as Sister. She demanded every respect. I never forgot the rank assigned to my supervisors. I soon learned never to walk in front of, nor forget to open the door for, one of these highly professional ladies. I never answered back. I never defended my rights. I had none! So in many ways this introduction to nursing felt more like introduction into an Army boot camp!

The first few weeks were very hard and my pillow was often wet with tears of frustration and total weariness, but I knew I was where God wanted me to be. I determined that I would work hard, study at every opportunity, and put all other interests aside. My hard hair mattress was so hollow in the middle that it seemed to cradle me like a hammock. Instead of a cuddly teddy bear or fluffy stuffed cat on my bed, I had bones, yes, bones from the lecture room, at the foot of my bed. After duty was over, lectures were completed and notes rewritten, I would sit on my bed and study the anatomy of the femur, radius, etc., and figure out the hollows and fissures, muscle root origins, and hope that I would remember it all for the following day's lectures. I had no problem sleeping.

I struggled quietly with an enormous inferiority complex. I was the only student in my class who did not have a grammar school diploma. Some of the girls had a year of college. Already, the girls had nicknamed me Gabriel, the girl who was always studying and went to church. "Too good to live it up," they would say. In many ways I was a loner. The other girls went to dances and dated. They had plenty of opportunities for fun. I was afraid of failing. Somehow I knew that the Lord would help me. I felt He would do so only if I put all I had into my training. I worked, studied, and slept. On my one day off a month I took the bus home to visit Mom and Dad. Two years slipped by, and the state boards drew near. I was scared. "Lord," I prayed, "I've done my best. If You really want me to be a missionary, help me to pass." He did just that. I passed! I was sorry though, because others in my class had failed. I was extremely thankful to the Lord for helping me. It's true. He does strengthen the weak ones. He encourages those with inferiority complexes, and bodies that are not strong. He wanted a total commitment from me, and that is what I had given to Him. He had not failed me. I had a long way to go before I would be ready for Africa. If I had known then just how far, I may not have had the courage to go on.

It was September 1945. Daddy had encouraged me to study two more years to get my R.N. training. I applied to the Stockport Infirmary, only five miles from home. I was accepted immediately because I had successfully gained my R.F.N. diploma. I faced a new challenge, but I knew that if I continued to give my Lord first place in my life, He would not let me down.

The Second World War had ended in May. Food rationing would continue for another eight years. I continued my studies without the interruption and terror of bombing raids. During the cold and foggy month of November, God soon gave me the opportunity to use my nurse's training. A huge viaduct crossed high over the shopping center in downtown Stockport, about a mile from the hospital. Trains passed over the viaduct, carrying commuters from Manchester, a city ten miles south. One foggy evening in November a terrible collision rattled the viaduct, and the nursing training I had received was to be severely tried.

I had received good training on the surgical floor and in the operating rooms. I loved it. The hours were long, and the studies were hard. On my weekly day off I would take a bus home to Mother's for some good home cooking, and the chance to catch up on some sleep. I had just begun my second and final year of training. I was on night duty on the surgical floor and on call for emergency operating rooms.

I was sleeping soundly in my room at the hospital when I was awakened by one of the maids. "Nurse MacLennan, Nurse MacLennan," she cried, "you must go on duty straight away. There's been a dreadful train crash on the viaduct and they are bringing in the injured." Thus began a very busy fourteen-hour stretch of duty.

When I arrived in the emergency department, every room was occupied. Crews were setting up beds in the board room and corridors. There was no time to ask how all this had happened. I had to take care of the more seriously injured as soon as possible.

After about two hours of beginning I.V.s and bandaging lesser cuts, trying to calm frantic relatives, and locating loved ones of patients, I was called up to the operating rooms. "MacLennan," the supervisor said, "I'm going for a break. There's a brain operation coming up. You take it. The neurologist will be coming in from the university hospital." I couldn't believe my ears...this was a case for her, not me, a mere third-year student!

Dr. Stanley, still in his scrub greens, came over and said, “You can do it, Mac, you’ve no need to be scared.” I needed that encouragement badly!

We had never done neurosurgery at the infirmary, and to set up the operating room for this procedure was a tremendous responsibility. I just whispered, “Lord, help me please!” I thought there was a book in the office that listed the instruments needed for this specialized surgery. I knew that I could find these instruments on the top shelf of the cupboard, where the specialized techniques instruments were kept. I prayed they would all be there. By the time the surgeon arrived I was scrubbed and in my mask and gown, and had the operating room ready. When he had scrubbed up, I asked him if he would check the instrument table before beginning. “Why yes, of course, Sister,” he said. (Our supervisors in England are called Sisters). Little did he know that behind that surgical mask was a very scared third-year student! “Everything just looks fine,” he replied. “You have everything that I need.”

So, together we began the tedious procedure of brain surgery. Ten long hours later, I stood alone amidst the soiled linens. I was bone weary, and I had to have the operating room ready for the day staff which came on duty at 8 A.M. As I set about this final task, I thanked the Lord for helping me to remain calm, and for giving me the privilege of working on the team of such a great surgeon.

After days, weeks, and two years of exhausting study at the hospital, final exams drew near. I would be taking a written examination in each subject taught, and also an oral-practical examination given by the hospital, which I had to pass before I could take my state boards. This rigorous testing was designed to ensure that the hospital retain its tradition of graduating successful nursing students.

I had studied hard. I asked the Lord to help me not ruin my performance on the test by being nervous. He did help me! I earned honors in surgery and in nursing. I traded my candy-striped blue and white attire for a royal blue uniform. At commencement, the hospital presented me with a silver pin. Three months later I passed my state boards.

What now? Three years earlier I had applied to the Congo Evangelistic Mission for service as a missionary nurse to the Belgian Congo. I was discouraged to receive their reply which asked that I take a post-graduate

one-year course in obstetrics. This training was vital for the mission field. I prayed, and asked the Lord to direct me to a school where I could study obstetrics. I researched the schools that taught obstetrics. Schools in Edinburgh, Leeds, and London were the best-known centers for obstetric training. I finally decided to go Leeds. Little did I realize that there I would face one of the greatest struggles of my life.

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## Chapter 3

### Marriage?

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*“Not my will, but Thine.”*

—Mark 14:36

As I discerned and followed God’s plan for my life, I eagerly pursued my medical training. I faced difficult decisions, but I was amazed by God’s direction in my life, especially concerning marriage.

As I set out for Leeds to study midwifery, the next chapter of my life began to unfold. My bus travelled quickly through the foothills, then began climbing more slowly to the Yorkshire moors. This time of year the moors were covered with purple heather. Large patches of blueberries here and there seemed to struggle for survival. As I gazed through the window, taking in the beauty and the bleakness of those treeless mountains, I wondered what Leeds would be like, and if the training in obstetrics would be as hard as I’d heard. Well, I thought, after passing an intermediate and then a final exam, I would be a state-qualified midwife and ready at last to go to Africa. I am glad my Lord did not reveal His entire plan for what lay ahead in my life. If He had, I’m sure I would have yelled, “Stop this bus; let me get off!” Today I was happy. I beamed with optimism. This was the last phase of my training. Soon I would attain my goal.

Leeds was a university town with a large general hospital and two large obstetric training hospitals, St. James’s and St. Mary’s. I had been accepted at St. Mary’s.

Settling into the nurses’ quarters was almost a routine experience. I quickly made friends. I began my training with excitement. The first six months passed quickly as I cared for the mothers in labor and saw the birth

of my first baby. Tears ran down my cheeks as I marvelled at it all. I learned to overcome apprehension as I successfully delivered my first baby, and went on to deliver many more. Finally exam time had arrived! Professor Jefferson from the university administered the exams. He was noted for being hard on his students. I did not fear the written exams, but I dreaded the oral exam. I would also take a practical exam, and in order to pass I could make no mistakes. Passing these tests would mean that I was capable of assuming the total responsibility of caring for a mother and her child. I was introduced to a woman whom I had never seen before. I had to question her about her medical history and then examine her. I had no state-of-the-art medical equipment available for the examination. My hands and stethoscope were my only tools. Professor Jefferson listened and watched closely as I examined the mother. I had to predict the expected date of her delivery. I also had to determine the position of the baby, and decide which would be best—a hospital or a home delivery.

The six weeks I waited for the results of the exams were anxious ones but I enjoyed returning to my parents' home to visit for a month. I missed my family. My brother was in the Navy and my sister had joined the Women's Air Force and was in Germany with the occupation forces.

Soon I received the results of my exams. I had passed! I was awarded the "Best Student" award for my class. It was an honor for me to receive this recognition.

I still had six months of training to complete in Leeds. I lived at Redcourt, a lovely rustic brick residence, situated on the outskirts of the city of Leeds. I began my last six months of training there. I worked under the supervision of a qualified midwife who lived in her allotted district in the city. There were eleven other students living at Redcourt. When we had spare time, we had lots of fun!

Sister Ettishank was to be my supervisor. I soon learned that she was a Christian. I was so happy!

Several days passed visiting mothers in their last month of pregnancy, and examining others at the weekly clinic.

One afternoon I answered the doorbell and found a very agitated man on the step. "Oh nurse," he gasped, "come quickly." I grabbed my hat, coat, and bag, asking one of the other students to let the home supervisor know



where I was going. I went running after this man who was already halfway down the road. Only the middle class could afford cars. We had car service only for night calls. We had to use buses, trams, and bicycles, or we walked. This time I chose to run! Fortunately I did not have far to go. After about three blocks, the man disappeared down a side street and into a terraced house. The house had two rooms. It was sparsely furnished, but very clean. The mother cried, "Oh, nurse! Hurry!" I poured alcohol over my hands. There was no time to scrub. I was just in time to deliver a little boy! He cried immediately. He was a good color. I weighed him and found that he was only three pounds, seven ounces. I quickly gave the father a phone number and told him what to say. He ran to the phone box at the top of the street. The mother was resting; she was not hemorrhaging. I took a moment to get the new grandmother to fill hot water bottles and wrap them in small blankets to place around the baby. The room was quite cool. I then turned my attention to the mother. I examined her gently. I listened carefully. I was sure I heard another heart beat! I had never seen this lady before. She was not one of my regular patients. I was on call for the midwife whose care she had been under. Just then Sister Ettishank came in, followed by the doctor and the emergency team from St. James's. Half an hour later another wee boy was born! The emergency squad left the special equipment for the mother and babies. The doctor preferred the mother remain at home. He was confident that the babies would be better in their home environment. So my district midwifery training began with premature twin boys! I visited the mother four times a day. I taught the mother and the grandmother the special care and techniques needed to care for small twins. Yes, I was busy!

The Assembly of God church was on the far side of the city, so I went with Sister Ettishank to her Methodist church close by. There I met John, and I fell in love! I began to date John, but at the same time a deep struggle began in my heart. I was only twenty-three. I really did not want to go to Africa alone and told the Lord so. On the other hand, I had promised Him that I would not get serious about any young man until I had completed my studies. I began to rationalize. My training was almost completed. John was a fine Christian young man, and very active in the youth work of his church. He had been praying and looking for a Christian girl to share his life with, but the only problem was that he had no interest in missions. So I

began to pray, “Lord, please call John to work for You in Africa too, so that I won’t have to go alone.”

I received my midwifery diploma in June 1951, and returned to my home in Hyde, very undecided about what to do. John and I corresponded. I notified the Missions Board that I had successfully completed my studies. I was dismayed to receive their reply telling me that before I could practice as a nurse in the Belgian Congo I would have to go to Belgium and study for a diploma in tropical medicine. I was stunned! I did not understand French. These studies would be taught entirely in French. I was crushed. The situation seemed hopeless. *I may as well forget it all and marry John*, I told myself. The dream of becoming a missionary must have been wishful thinking. I was well-qualified now; I could take a good position in the nursing profession. John was an accountant. I could choose not to work at all! I could not escape the fact that the Lord had helped me all through my studies. My dream to serve in missions still burned in my soul. My mother sensed my struggle. She had met John, but she said very little. I know that she prayed. The past six months had been very demanding and I was glad to be home again. We never talked about John.

I accepted a position at the Aspland Maternity Home, close to where we lived. I continued to pray, “Lord, please give John a call to the mission field.” I began to lose my peace of heart and my joy. For the first time I began to doubt the call of God on my life. Mom and Dad quietly prayed that I would not miss God’s perfect will for my life. I thank God for such beautiful and wise parents who realized that I needed to work this out myself. From the time that I began to pray over my decision, I believe that I already knew what God wanted of me. The problem was that I was not willing to accept His perfect will for my life. “*Commit thy way unto the Lord trust also in Him and He will bring it to pass*” (Psalm 37:5). This verse of scripture became etched on my mind each time I prayed, yet I continued to beg the Lord to give John a call to the mission field. In the middle of this turmoil in my soul, the Missions Board suggested that I go to Liverpool and take the three-month course in tropical medicine. This may have given me credits toward my Belgian diploma. I followed their suggestions and three months later I took the exams and FAILED! I had never failed before, and I felt sick. “What’s going wrong, Lord?” I prayed.

God did not seem to answer. I re-enrolled in the tropical medicine classes. I came to terms with myself. I knew God had called me to serve Him on the mission field. I had no doubt that this was God's will for my life. I took my exam again and this time I passed.

I decided to return home by bus, to do some post-graduate work in obstetrics to earn some money for expenses in Belgium. I knew that I would be seeing John, and I had to tell him that I had decided not to marry him and that I planned to go to Africa. As my bus pulled into the station I was a little apprehensive. John was waiting for me and together we walked to the local bus that would take us to his parents' home in the suburbs. This was to be my first meeting with his parents. When I arrived at their home, they offered me tea and scones. They spoke very little about John's future, but I knew that they were anxious for their son to marry. John was an only child. He was then twenty-seven years old, and he was ready to settle down!

Later, we went for a walk. The wooded trails were so lovely. The singing of the birds was so sweet. Occasionally a rabbit hopped out of nowhere. It felt wonderful to be with John again! *Oh Lord*, I thought, *Why must I end this relationship? I don't want to hurt him.* We were so content in each other's company.

"Well," John asked, "have you decided if you want to continue our relationship? I've found a lovely diamond ring and also a house. I would like to buy both."

I found it hard to hold back the tears. I told him that I wanted to go to Belgium to continue my studies. I explained that if I failed I would return to him immediately. I told him that I had to know in my heart if becoming a missionary was God's will for my life and this step would be the final test. "If God can see me through these studies, then there will be no doubt in my mind as to where He wants me," I said.

He smiled a brave, sad smile and said, "You know less French than I do. How can you possibly take these studies in a language you do not know?"

"I don't know, John," I replied. "All I know right now is that if I pass these examinations I will know without a shadow of a doubt that God has really called me to Africa."

With a determined look, he took my hands and tenderly said, "I'll wait until you return."

The sun was beginning to set as we strolled back to the house. A deep peace had returned to my heart. I knew that in my life it would always be “Jesus first.” The weekend passed quickly. Although the parting was not easy for either of us, I was glad to be returning home, anxious to begin my new studies, I departed for Belgium.

Although nursing in the 1950s was not a well-paid profession, I had managed to save one hundred pounds sterling. With this money, I purchased my passport and two suitcases. I counted on the rest of the money to see me through my studies. I took the train to Dover and there boarded the channel boat to Ostend. A short train ride brought me to Brussels. There I took a taxi to the Ladies Hostel where I would live for the next six months. At the hostel, all meals were included in the total monthly bill. I soon found that my meager finances would not last very long. I found an Assemblies of God Church in Anderlecht, a town located a short bus ride away from the hostel. The services were in Flemish and French, so I was exposed to both languages very quickly. Here I met Gladys, an American schoolteacher. Gladys was engaged to one of the young men in the church. She had an apartment in Brussels and invited me to share it with her when she learned of my financial needs. I praised the Lord for answering prayer so quickly! Her fiancé, John, helped me with my French grammar and pronunciation. John was the only teacher who ever made me cry! Grammar was not one of my better subjects at school. I studied hard and prayed often as I struggled to learn French grammar. I attended school with other missionaries who were preparing to take the course in tropical medicine. Each of us had to pass a French language exam after six months of study. If we passed, we could then move to the town of Antwerp where we would begin a five-month course in tropical medicine at the Institute of Tropical Medicine. One day, upon my arrival home from school, Gladys handed me a letter from the Mission Board. I was not prepared for the contents. The board explained that my application forms had been lost in transit to and from the field committee. “Therefore,” they explained, “we cannot give you any definite news of your appointment as a missionary at this time,” it stated. After waiting for three years, I had been expecting a letter of acceptance! I was in tears. Gladys looked at me and said, “Maybe the Lord is in this.” I was dumbfounded. She continued by telling me that the missionaries in Upper

Congo had been praying for a well-qualified nurse to take over the leper colony there. The nurse, Grace Lindholm, who had worked there for years, was long overdue her furlough. Working with Americans, and ministering to lepers was the last thing in my mind! I had many friends who were with the British missions in Southern Congo. I corresponded with them often. I was no stranger to those presently on the field. That is where I wanted to go! I also explained to Gladys that my first love was surgery, and that my second love was obstetrics. Serving in a leper colony was the last thing I wanted to consider! "Will you please pray about it?" she pleaded. I promised that I would not only pray, but that I would fast for two days in order to find God's direction. It would have been so much easier for me to go home and marry John, but I still had a wonderful peace in my heart. I did not want to make any wrong decisions.

The second day of my fast, as I was reading the Word, I came to Revelation Chapter Three. It seemed to me that the words, "*Behold I have set before you an open door that NO MAN can shut, for thou hast a little strength hast kept my Word and not denied my Name,*" appeared to me in bold print. I knelt down and I rededicated my life to the Lord. "All right, Lord." I said, "If you want me to go to the leper colony, then I am ready." I told Gladys the next morning. She gave me the address of the American Assemblies of God. Within six weeks I received their reply. They had accepted me as an Associate Missionary, and my allowance would be \$80 a month. I knew I could manage on that. A deep peace settled in my heart.

*Why does the French language have so many exceptions to the rule?* I asked myself as I continued my study of French grammar. I began to wonder if I would ever make it. I studied hard. Another disturbing letter arrived from the American missions board. The board asked me to fill in during an emergency on the English-speaking Ghana field. "Oh Lord," I cried out, "What are you doing? What are you trying to teach me?" I replied to the letter, stating that I would be willing to fill in for one year, but that God's call for me was the Congo. Because I would not need French or the tropical medicine diploma that I pursued, I packed my bags and went home to await further instructions.

I continued to study French at home, as I awaited further directions from the Mission Board. I appreciated the rest. I did not feel overwhelmingly happy about my new plans. I continued to pray that the

Lord would work His perfect will in my life. Finally a letter came explaining that someone already on the field could fill the gap in Ghana. Many years later I was to meet two English missionaries who had received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and were forced to leave their Mission. They had applied to the Assemblies there and were gladly accepted. God had performed His perfect will!

Even though I knew that I would have to go back to damp, cold Belgium again, I felt that wonderful sense of His presence flow over my soul. I had a renewed confidence. I knew that He had my life planned for me. I had only to continue to be willing to follow His leading, according to His Word, and through circumstances. I remained at home and shared a lovely Christmas with my family. I then returned in time for the winter term at the language school in Brussels. Gladys was not married yet so I stayed with her again.

I continued to attend the Anderlecht Church where I met Madame Lapage, a dear blind lady who lived alone. She ministered to many student missionaries in her home through conversations over coffee. I owe much to this sweet, patient lady, who, as I studied French, gently corrected my mistakes and taught me to speak the language without a strong English accent.

We could not begin our studies in tropical medicine until we had passed a language exam. In March of 1953 I took the exam and passed. Three Americans, one Scottish girl, and myself moved into a private home in Antwerp near the Dutch border. There we began our study of tropical medicine. I enrolled with many others in the classes at the Institut de Medecine Tropicale Prince Leopold. The name of this school seemed very imposing as did the building. It was March 1953. Almost eleven years had passed since that Thursday night prayer meeting when the Lord spoke to my heart, "I want you to go."

There were missionaries of many nationalities, as well as Belgians in our classes. The Belgians had no language problem. We foreigners struggled on. There were no textbooks. We hoped that we were hearing the teachers correctly. We prayed that the professor would speak slowly, and that we would be able to decipher our notes when we got back to our rooms. Since I had already received credits for my British tropical medicine diploma, I did not have to study as many subjects as did the other students. I



thanked the Lord for this. Final exams would be in July. I panicked. There was so little time and so much to learn. My entomology course became a nightmare. I began to dream of little insects, mosquitoes with yellow striped legs, hairy proboscis, ticks, and disease carrying flies that folded their wings like a pair of scissors! In my dreams these insects were all dropping on me from the ceiling! I'd awaken with a start to find that it was just a dream.

The days consisted of classes, studies, and sleep. I was hungry at times. Breakfast of coffee and rolls at 7 A.M.—no English bacon and eggs as Mother had cooked! A light lunch was then served at noon. After lunch we ate nothing until dinner at 8 P.M. My friends Sarah and Vera and the other girls upstairs had a teapot. We each bought a cup and some packages of cookies. We gathered after school for a quick snack. Margaret, the Scottish girl, lived on the ground floor across from me. She often became discouraged. During these times we assembled together and we encouraged each other. Vera, a girl who had already spent one term in Congo, had many interesting things to tell us. She worked at a Baptist hospital, in the Kibali-turi forest. Little did I know then what a great role this hospital and its dedicated workers would one day play in my life!

Exam time came around too quickly. The evening before during my quiet time, I asked the Lord to encourage me. The first part of Isaiah 49:1 I —“*And I will make all my mountains a way*”—thrilled my soul. These exams were just like a great mountain to me! I was assured in my soul that God would help me. Trusting in Him I drifted asleep.

Although I looked very calm as I sat in front of my entomology professor that following morning, I was shaking inside. His first question left me almost open-mouthed. “Mademoiselle MacLennan, why are you not married?” he asked.

I thought this question was strange! I recognized an opportunity to witness to this man. I began to tell him how Jesus changed my life, and had directed me to become a medical missionary. I explained how important it was for each one to have a personal relationship with the Lord. I did not have to search for the words to answer his questions. Suddenly he said, “Enough.” Then began to ask me not only entomological questions, but also helminthology questions, for which I had already received credit. I did not dare tell him this because I felt that I had ruffled him enough with my

personal testimony. I left feeling absolutely sure that he would fail me. I went on to the tropical hygiene written and oral exam. I had no reason to feel that I had passed the test.

When we all met around the dinner table that night we had much to talk about. I took Vera aside and gave her some money and said, "I'm going home. Please telegram my test results in six weeks." If I'd failed I would return to Leeds and marry John. If I'd succeeded I would go alone to the Congo.

The breeze was blowing my hair as the ferry crossed the twenty miles of English channel during my journey home. It was good to be going home. I was thankful for the beautiful day and the calm sea. The channel could be a very stormy passage and I get sea sick so easily. Only those who have travelled to and from England can appreciate the beauty of the white cliffs of Dover. The cliffs have the same meaning to the British as the Statue of Liberty does to Americans and immigrants. My heart was full of praise as I stepped on to land. I boarded the train to London. Once I had arrived in London I would change to the northbound Manchester train. I could relax to the sound of the thumpety-thump of the wheels on the track. A short bus ride from Manchester and a trip on the local bus from Hyde to Gee-Cross brought me home.

Mother arrived at the door before I could ring the bell and we joyfully embraced. My brother John had married and was living in Plymouth. My sister Jean was wearing a diamond. She was to be married August 1st. I had to begin planning for my journey to the Congo. I had lost weight. My mother wanted me to gain weight before I left for Africa. There were more hugs when Daddy came home from work. Home was still, and always would be a very special place.

One afternoon, the ringing of the doorbell startled me. I anxiously awaited Vera's telegram. Had the telegram arrived? I hurried to the door. There stood the telegraph boy. I tipped him and hurried into the living room. My hand shook as I opened the envelope. The telegram read, "Second place in the class. Congratulations."

"Oh Lord," I cried, "I asked You to let me pass, if that was Your will for me. Thank You for this honor." I was overwhelmed. Mother heard my cry from the kitchen. She rejoiced with me. "Here is the answer, Mom. I shall

go to the Congo and I shall go alone.” I could see the relief in her eyes. I knew that she had spent many hours praying for me. I knew that one more obstacle lay ahead. I did not want to hurt John, but I had to get up to Leeds as soon as possible to tell him my plans. He had waited faithfully for my decision. I told him that I was going to Africa, and we painfully said goodbye. I tried to assure John that the Lord would give him someone else, but the hurt in his eyes was so plain to see. It hurt me too, but I had determined that I would serve God single, knowing that I was in the perfect will of God. The Lord gave me a peace that covered my hurt.

The days that lay ahead were hectic. After attending my sister’s wedding, I said my tearful goodbyes to my parents and my paternal grandmother. As I gave Granny MacLennan a final hug, little did I realize that I would never see her again. As I boarded a charter flight to Nairobi I waved a final farewell. The plane would stop in Nice for lunch and again in Valetta, Malta for the night. After having dinner at the hotel I went with several passengers to see the bazaars and quaint streets. Sleep came quickly, and as the sun rose over the airport I boarded the plane for the next leg of the trip to Khartoum, Sudan. Flying during the daylight hours was so exciting. I had a bird’s-eye view of the North African desert. Soon we reached Khartoum, a hot and very humid city on the banks of the River Nile. It was almost impossible to sleep because of the excessive heat and humidity. I prayed that the climate in the Congo would be better than this. Early the next morning the sun began to send its radiant color over the horizon. Today, I was to arrive in Juba, Sudan, where Grace Lindholm and the Rev. Earl Downey and his wife Rae, were to meet me. I was so excited! I could hardly eat my breakfast. Juba at last! But what a desolate place! Juba seemed to be in the middle of the desert. Very few passengers disembarked here. I quickly moved through customs. I was soon on my way with Grace and the Downeys to the only hotel in town for lunch. I looked out of the station wagon window and studied my new surroundings. I saw Africans standing on the streets. Some looked as though they cared for cattle; they held long staffs in their hands. No one had warned me that the Dinka tribe did not wear clothes! I was relieved when we arrived at the hotel and I observed that the townspeople were clothed. Grace told me that they hoped to reach the town of Aba that evening. This was the Sudan-Congo border town. Here there was an African Inland Mission Station, with

a hospital and school. We would be staying overnight with Dr. and Mrs. Kliensmidt.

The dirt road was like a washboard, and as the station wagon rattled along it felt like my bones were shaking too! The countryside that at first had seemed dry, sandy and almost treeless, now changed to grassland and scrubby trees as we neared Aba. At Aba, I hurried through customs. The sun was quickly setting as we drove up the steep hill to the mission station. Low brick ranch-style buildings which dotted the hill were interspersed with huge immovable boulders. We pulled up at the center building. Dr. and Mrs. Kliensmidt came out to greet us. We had a delicious dinner. I was tired, but still very excited I lay down to sleep. I tucked a mosquito net under my mattress. Grace explained that this was necessary to keep the malaria mosquitos out. Under my little mosquito netting tent, I fell asleep.

The bright rays of dawn awakened me. I quickly dressed and slipped out onto the veranda to breathe in the fresh morning air. Bird-song and many other sounds reached my ears. Today we would travel on to our Assemblies of God mission station at Gombari, and stay with the Neilsens. Our journey today would take us through the rain forest of the Kibali-Ituri. The Savannah grassland, and scrub trees soon gave place to the denser forest and its huge trees. As night began to fall, we turned off the main dirt road, and drove through a military camp and coffee plantation. There on a hill we could see the lights of the mission station. The Neilsens heard the car approach and were already on the veranda as we got out to stretch our weary bodies. We had travelled 247 kilometers that day. With a big motherly hug, Mama Neilsen welcomed me to her home. She had four children who were married and living in the States, she said. After a welcomed hot bath to remove the road dust that seemed to sift into everything, I was glad to crawl into bed. Tomorrow, Friday, August 28, 1953, would be the day I would arrive at Andudu. My missionary work was to begin.

Eleven long years had passed since that Thursday prayer meeting, when I had said, "Who, me Lord?" I was now twenty-six years old. I realized that I would never need an alarm clock, as the roosters awakened me again. We ate breakfast and said our goodbyes. Then we set out on the last lap of our long journey. Baboons crowded the road as we turned the corner from the

mission onto the Andudu to Mombasa Road. At the sound of the horn they hurried off into the forest. I looked carefully, but I could not see one of them. Nature's camouflage hid them completely. Many miles later Earl called out, "Seven miles to go." I think he was as excited as I was. The road was now shaded with huge trees and I could hear the red monkeys chattering in the branches. Some areas of the forest along the road were planted with coffee trees. "Here we are," cried Rae as we made a left-hand turn at the top of the hill. A big "WELCOME" sign was strung across the road. Grace pointed to the left saying, "There's my house." She lived in a long brick ranch-style house with a metal roof. The dwelling looked very modern to me, considering that it was located in the middle of Africa. I really did not know what to expect. About 500 yards down the road another quite modern looking burnt brick house stood. On the veranda the other missionaries had gathered by two tables set for eight. I climbed out of the station wagon, and after being introduced to the Friesen family, Harry and Nan Downey, Earl's parents, I washed my hands and face and was ready to eat. The food was brought in by an African servant. The other missionaries grinned at my questioning face. "These are boiled bananas," Grace said. "And this," pointing to something that looked like chewed-up spinach, "is *kpondu*. You eat it over your rice." Sweet potatoes, fried chicken and other dishes followed. I took a little of each and enjoyed all except the boiled bananas. In all the twenty-three years that I would spend in Africa I would never come to enjoy boiled bananas!

That night as I lay on my bed in the spare room in Grace's house, I marvelled at the way the Lord had lead me. As I had committed my way unto the Him, He had unfailingly directed my path, right up to this moment. A whole new life, and task lay before me. I could only pray, "Lord, thank You for bringing me this far. I trust You with the future and all that it may hold for me." Little did I realize at that moment how my trust in the Lord would be tested!

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## Chapter 4

# The Dead People

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*“Delight thyself also in the Lord.”*  
—Psalm 37:4

At last I was in the Belgian Congo! A whole new life of challenge lay before me. Learning a new language would be the first challenge. The rest was unknown at present, but I did not worry. I had the assurance in my heart that because the Lord had helped me to come this far, He would continue to lead, direct and guide me.

The rising sun which streamed into my room, along with the roosters' shrill crowing, awakened me early. I pulled the mosquito netting up and slithered out of my bed. I got washed quickly, and I stepped out onto a long veranda that ran the entire length of the house. The house was perched on the top of the hill. I had a magnificent view of the Kibali-lturi rain forest. It stretched as far as the eye could see. The deeper valleys were still shrouded in a white mist that quickly evaporated before the penetrating rays of the rising sun. For eleven long years I had worked, waited and studied. Now at last I was here at Andudu, a small mission station surrounded by forest. Throughout the coming years I would see this forest gradually succumb acre by acre to the lucrative coffee plantation business. Now as I gazed at the majesty and splendor of this vast area of unspoiled nature I could only whisper, “Thank You, Lord, for choosing me to work for You here. Please help me to show Your great compassion and Your love.”

“Edith, Edith!” Grace called me to breakfast and I was immediately brought back to reality. Grace was a widow. She explained to me that her husband, hunting in the grassland, had been killed by an enraged, wounded



buffalo. They were living at the Ndeya mission station at that time. She refused to give up her missionary call, and with her small son moved to the Andudu mission station. She was a woman of great fortitude and courage. Over the years she had established a well-organized clinic and village for the leprosy patients. Steven, her only son, was away at missionary boarding school near the Congo-Uganda border. In April she would be leaving for a much-needed furlough, and I would be working alone. I needed to learn the Bangala language as quickly as possible. Very few of the Africans spoke the French language.

Breakfast over, I was anxious to get to the clinic, but waited while Grace gave instructions to Bomo, her African cook, as to what he should prepare for lunch. Meanwhile a group of men had gathered on the back porch. These were the African workers, school teachers, and masons, who needed minor medical help before going to report to Harry Downey the other resident missionary for the day's work. Harry was building a house on the far side of the hill. The men had no sooner left than a group of school children appeared. Coughs, cuts, and tummy upsets were quickly treated in Grace's small medical room. We then set out for the clinic.

The sun seemed to have climbed quickly into the sky by the time we left the house. As we walked down the dirt road, we passed the burnt brick metal-roofed Bible school building that was part of the mission. As we left the mission station behind us, the fallen yellow blossoms from the trees that lined the road made a golden carpet under our feet. I could now see in the distance the clinic and more brick buildings. I was totally unprepared for the scene that unfolded as I stepped into the wide opening at the end of the path. A sea of black faces and a great chorus of "*Sene, Mademoiselle!*" greeted me. I replied, "*Sene Mingi,*" the only Bangala I knew. As I recognized sightless eyes, deformed hands, and shapeless feet, I became aware of the odors from their deep ulcers. My eyes filled with tears. My medical training had not prepared me for this. Although many had their feet and hands neatly dressed, nothing stopped that smell from filling the air. My first impulse was to turn and run. I wanted to cry out, "Lord, I can't face this." As I tried to hide my feelings, Grace led me over to the brick church alongside the clinic. The church was a shell of a building with a metal roof, wooden benches, and a dirt floor. Here I could breathe some fresh air. I was thankful that Grace left me alone for a few minutes. I closed

my eyes and the tears spilled over onto my white dress. “Oh Lord,” I prayed, “unless You give me a love for these people I can never, never, work among them.” They did not need my pity, but I could not help but pity them, as I felt so helpless in the presence of so much tragic human suffering. As I prayed, a peace came to my heart. I believe my prayer was answered that moment. I came to love those people dearly. From then on I never feared contracting their diseases. Only God could have done this for me.

I dried my tears and walked over to the clinic. Grace was waiting to show me around. The clinic had five rooms—a laboratory, an admissions and file room, a large room where consultations and medicine was given, and a pharmacy which was always kept locked. A doorway from the consultation room led to an examination and minor surgery room. The walls and ceilings were plastered and white-washed. There was no plumbing. All water was collected into fifty-gallon metal barrels that had been scrubbed and painted with aluminum paint. In the wet season rainwater was channeled from the metal roof through downspouts into barrels, with tops that were covered with a metal screen. In the dry season all water had to be carried in buckets from the spring.

Opposite the clinic stood a small brick building with an iron wood stove on the veranda. Here Bagba, a former leprosy patient who remained living in the leprosy village, sterilized syringes, needles, and minor surgery packs in a large pressure cooker. The one-room building stored the firewood, buckets, and shovels. He boiled and filtered all the water used in making up our medicines. Grace had taught him well.

Mambidi, another former leprosy patient, was the next to be introduced. Grace had taught him to dress the ulcers of the many leprosy patients living in the mission village, whose long lines of one-room mud and thatched houses I could see from the clinic veranda. I had noticed a tall, quiet man busy giving out the medical cards. “This is Toma Ekodi, our L.P.N. He was trained at the Baptist Hospital at Aba, and is very efficient.” Grace explained. Malamu, meaning good, was the next to be introduced. He was all smiles, but as I glanced down I saw that his fingers were contracted and that secondary infections from burns he did not feel while cooking had caused the partial destruction of some of his fingers. His feet were

bandaged and he wore homemade sandals constructed from pieces of rubber tire and innertube which conformed to the deformities of his feet. *Ingenious*, I thought. “Malamu is the village judge,” Grace explained. “When there are domestic problems, stealing, or quarrels between the residents, Malamu meets with them and tries to settle the problems in a Christ-like way.”

“He will be a big help to me when you have left for furlough,” I said. Already I was beginning to see the enormity of the task before me. To oversee, direct, and help a family of 350 people, on an income of only \$80.00 a month, was quite a challenge! But there was more to come.

I was suddenly aware that villagers had been gathering in the chapel, each with a pink card in their hand. “Morning service is about to begin,” Grace said. “We had better go to the chapel.” We sang a chorus. Then a Bible reading with a short explanation of the way of salvation was given by Toma. We bowed our heads in prayer. Over the years many villagers found Jesus as their Savior in these short morning services. We also prayed for all their sicknesses. We prayed that the Lord would help us as we tried to treat them.

We stayed long enough to see the new patients. Then we left Toma to carry on. Grace took me along a dirt path through the womens’ quarters of the leper village. I smiled at those sitting in their doorways on little homemade stools. They were waiting for Toma to bring their medicine and dress their sores. They could hardly walk. I recognized the “burnt-out” cases that we had learned about in our tropical medicine studies. Then I realized this was why they called themselves “the dead people.” What amazed me was that everyone had a smile, in spite of the fact that a little bit more of their bodies seemed to die each day. “I want you to see Baginye,” Grace said, as we approached a leprosy hut. Already the odor had reached me. “Stoop down a little, and when you get inside, squat,” she said, as she pushed open the narrow *kpanga* (soft, bamboo-like) door. The only light came from a small gap at the top of the roof, and the open door. The air was filled with smoke from a smoldering fire in the middle of the dirt floor. I raised my eyes, and from the center of the leaf-covered roof hung parched corn cobs and other small packages wrapped in banana leaves. These were entwined with huge black cobwebs, and had taken on a glazed dark brown look. The smoke from the fire trailed its way through the small hole in the

leaf roof. As my eyes became accustomed to the dark, I became aware of a huddled shape, covered by a blanket, lying on a woven reed mat on the dirt floor. Grace gently moved the blanket and said, “Baginye, the new mademoiselle has come to see you.” The black wizened form opened her eyes and tried to smile. Then I saw her whole hip swathed in bandages. My heart cried out silently, *Oh for a comfortable hospital bed, clean sheets, and an airy room.* Two mangy dogs had sneaked through the door and were licking the insides of the clay cooking pots that lay in the corner. Grace replaced the blanket and we left. “I don’t know what more to do for her,” Grace said, “but Monday we can take a closer look and you can tell me what you think we should do next.”

“She looks like she will not live much longer. May we bring her over to one of the hospital rooms?” I asked.

“Oh no,” Grace explained, “when they think they are dying they will not sleep in any type of bed, but lay on the ground and refuse all food and liquids. Helping these patients becomes a losing battle at times,” she sadly replied. Later I was to learn much more of how these tribespeople react to illness. I would try to understand their deeply instilled beliefs, taboos, and fears of witchcraft and curses. Looking at my grave face, Grace said, “Enough for today, let’s go back to the house for coffee. You had a long journey yesterday, and tomorrow is Sunday. Monday we will begin work. Learning the language will become priority number one!”

“Where does that path lead?” I questioned as we took a small trail to the left of the clinic compound.

“Oh, that’s the footpath that leads to the workmen’s compound,” Grace said. “The nurses, school teachers, and the pastor live there too. We will take this path to the house, and then you will have seen all of the mission station.” We passed corn growing at the side of the road, and I presumed this area to be the workmen’s gardens. Soon we came to a clearing where there was a neat row of brick one-room houses with metal roofs. Grace explained that most of them were occupied by men who were building the Downey house. At the far end was a similar but larger house. “That’s Toma the nurse’s house,” Grace explained. “It is a house befitting the prestige given to nurses.”

“*Sene, sene,*” some of the women called out as they pounded the rice in their wooden mortars.

*“Sene mingi,”* I called back.

The older children were in school and I could hear them in chorus repeating after their teacher, *“ba...batu, bu...buku.”* The younger children either just sat in the dirt or chased the scrawny chickens that were looking for scraps to eat. The children’s eyes became big and round as they saw me. They did not know this stranger, but Grace, with a big smile, reassured them that I was the new mademoiselle.

Over to the left a new pathway had been cut in the forest. Several large trees had fallen at the side of this path. In the middle of this road stood a tall middle-aged white man. “Hello, Brother Downey,” I said, recognizing him from the introduction yesterday.

“Hi,” he called back with a big grin. He turned to give some instructions to the men, and then he came over.

“How’s it coming, Harry?” Grace asked.

“Slowly,” he replied.

I looked out to the far end of the clearing and exclaimed, “What a view you will have.”

“Yes,” he said, “the prettiest on the whole station.” The forest stretched below like a great green carpet, with a small hill here and there poking up its head to break the monotony of the endless green that extended as far as the eye could see.

The sun had risen high in the sky and I was beginning to feel the effects of it as the perspiration trickled down my face. “We mustn’t stand here any longer,” Grace said, so we left and shortly came to the mission’s main road. It was a large oval like a tennis racquet with Grace’s house at the handle end and the Griffin house at the tip. African lilies and other flowers bloomed in the center. Below us was a small area of coffee trees that when harvested provided some income for the school. We had walked full circle around the mission. I was glad to get back to the shade of the veranda, which was now part of my home, too. Although Grace had told me that this was the cooler, wet season, I found it hot and very humid. Coffee was ready and although I was hot it was welcome.

“Tomorrow I want you to preach at the morning service at the clinic’s chapel. I will interpret,” Grace said. I hesitated, for I was not used to preaching! I had visited churches at home and shared my testimony, but

preach! Oh dear! Quickly one of my favorite verses passed through my mind, *I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me.*

“All right,” I said. I immediately began to wonder what my subject would be.

Grace began to explain the routine of a day. The day began at 6 A.M. Breakfast was served at 7 A.M., with a short devotion. Then it was time to attend to the workmen and schoolboys, who suffered minor cuts, coughs, and tummy upsets. We treated these illnesses from the back porch pharmacy. We would then go straight down to the clinic. There it would be morning chapel, consultations, and village visits until noon. Bomo, the cook, would have lunch ready at noon, after which we would take a siesta until 1:30 P.M. We would then return to the clinic where we would replenish the medicines, after making them from basic compounds following the formulas found in the pharmacy book. Then we would attend to any late patients that may come in the afternoons. We would be back at the house by four for Babapei the house-help to carry the hot water and pour it into the cement tub in the bathroom. The bathroom had an outside door for this reason. Water was heated in half of a fifty-gallon gasoline barrel, over a wood fire. Floating in our bath water would be cooked cockroaches, spiders, and flies! Sometimes Babapei would scoop them out before calling, “It’s ready, Madamo!” Sometimes I think he just left them in there, for after all they were dead, weren’t they? So why bother?

Emergencies could come at all hours, Grace explained, and if Toma could not handle them he was to call one of us. “At 6 P.M. it will get dark quickly,” she explained, “and Harry will turn on the generator. Lights are turned out at 9 P.M., and we usually go to bed, or read by the light of a kerosene lamp.”

Lunch was now ready, as Grace finished explaining the daily routine. This was Saturday and I had the afternoon and evening to prepare my first sermon. Bomo and Babapei went home in the afternoon and were to come back at 4 P.M. to finish their day’s work, to prepare dinner and to do dishes.

This, I pondered, is the routine for the next four years, and then it would be my furlough time. Little did I realize the great changes that would take place in my life, as I faced these new challenges.

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## Chapter 5

# Reaching Out

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My introduction to life at Andudu, and the daily routine, prepared me for a greater task, though still unknown to me at that time. Soon I would be faced with a new challenge.

The station wagon had come to a halt. I could see only the tall grass as it reached its long fingers up to the sky. "That grass must be about twelve feet high!" I said. "Where are we going?" I asked.

I looked at John Friesen's face and I saw him grin. "It's all right, Edith," he said. "This is a road."

"You've got to be kidding," I replied. "I cannot even see any tracks, just this tall grass, and who knows what's hiding in there!" I had visions of Cape Buffalo and Elephant, not to mention snakes! We had left the main dirt road and now to me it seemed like we were in the middle of nowhere.

"Trust me," John said, "we'll soon be at Ndeya." The going was very slow, but eventually we came out of the grasslands to a large clearing. The Furman family lived here. Beside the main church building was a smaller boys' school. Lillian Hogan, a teacher, also had a small house here. This was the General Field Conference, where all the missionaries from our other three stations would be gathering for prayer, fellowship and planning for the next year. Lionel Furman had been out hunting. When I walked into their large dining room I saw a table laden with buffalo steaks, corn, and other dishes. I was not sure what these dishes were. My eyes filled with tears.

"What ever is the matter, Edith?" Lillian asked.

"It's all right. I'm just a little overwhelmed because I have not seen so much good food on a table since I was twelve years old. War and continued

food rationing in England had not allowed for feasts like this,” I explained. Soon we were enjoying the steaks, surprisingly tender; corn; *banda*, a starchy but delicious root of the manioc bush; and *zambas*, a fried banana that was very tasty.

It was at this conference that we prayed that we could move into a more central area so that we could reach the Pazande tribe. Little did I know that our prayers would be answered in a most unusual way.

Christmas came and we celebrated at Andudu. The schoolboys performed a Christmas play, and afterward the whole mission station feasted together under the shade of the trees. As we missionaries celebrated Christmas Eve, we dined on several small roasted chickens, which took the place of turkey. The children were home from boarding school and they could hardly wait to open their gifts.

They opened the presents very carefully as gift wrap and ribbons were saved for the future. Gifts came from the metal barrels that we had packed before leaving home. These barrels held the little surprises for the coming Christmases and birthdays.

The months passed quickly as I studied Bangala and practiced on my poor patients. I’ll never forget the laughter the day I asked a man with an abscessed neck how his bike felt. I had used the word *kinga* instead of *kingo*! “I was finding these slight vowel changes in words rather confusing.

Grace and Steven left for their furlough in April. After nine months I felt confident in the language, and I began to train three young men as nurse’s assistants. I also trained a girl as an assistant midwife. We began a baby clinic and took over the three two-bed roomed building for our new maternity department. Meanwhile I discovered that one of the leprosy patients could read well. I taught him the Laubach method of teaching reading. We built a small, one-roomed, mud-and-thatched-roofed building at the village for our leprosy patients of all ages, to learn to read.

Shortly before our yearly field conference which was to be held at Betongwe, a Belgian official visited us. I was called up to the Griffin home to meet him. He was the Belgian government’s commissioner for the large region in which we worked. The reason for his visit was to ask me if I



would pioneer a new leprosy village at Bodi amongst the Pazande people. Imagine my amazement! Hadn't we prayed at the conference last year for a way to center our work amongst the Pazande people? *Was this the answer?* I asked myself. After explaining that our conference was coming up and that we would discuss it with the other missionaries, and then contact him, the commissioner left. Harry Downey, who was our field secretary at the time, and Herb Griffin, felt that it might be feasible to transfer the school at Ndeya to Bodi and make it the center for our work amongst the Pazande people. An African pastor could be left to take care of the church. Agreeing to pray about this matter, Harry resumed the building of his house, and Herb returned to the other work on the mission station. I walked slowly down to my house, wondering how I would face this new challenge.

The General Field Conference at Betongwe was over, and it had been decided that I would visit Bodi with Harry and Nan Downey, as I had no transport then of my own. I was also given permission to charge a small fee to the outpatients for medical cards as I had no money for replenishing the pharmacy. I had explained that the Africans gave many gifts to the witch doctors when they consulted them, and if they could not pay in cash I would be happy to buy a chicken or eggs from them, and this would help the other missionaries on the station who could buy this food from me.

One hundred and twelve miles of dusty road lay behind us as we arrived at Bodi. First we visited Chief Kombowando, a very tall, large man. At attention on either side of him stood two armed African soldiers. He told us to sit down. After we introduced ourselves and explained the reason for our visit, he said, "I have spoken at length with the commissioner, and I will have one of my soldiers show you the area of land that I will give you for this work. When you are ready I will send in my soldiers with prisoners and they will build the leprosy village housing and dispensary." We graciously thanked him, and we left to see the new site.

About a mile and a half down the road we made a right turn onto a narrow dirt road. On all sides was grassland. We saw a dormant and very large anthill on the left. These ant hills were common to this part of Africa. Harry and I climbed up the hill and looked down into an almost natural amphitheater of grass edged with the multi-hued greens of trees, vines, and

bushes. Over to the right was a small hill. The remaining land around us was quite flat. "That's where we will build the new leprosy village and on the hill we can construct the clinic," I said with excitement.

"Yes," replied Harry, "and over to the right, closer to the road, we can put the student houses, the church, and classrooms."

Since we had brought our safari equipment, we were able to spend that night at our nearest African pastor's compound. He was so excited to hear our news. Before returning to Andudu, we let the Chief know when we would be back and ready to build. Toma Ekodi, the trained nurse, had left me and gone to work for the government. But Tubi, another recent graduate, came to help at the compound. He, along with the others I had trained, could continue to work without constant supervision at the Andudu clinic. Grace should be back soon.

In October of 1955 we opened our Bodi mission station, leprosy village, and clinic. Harry was building a mud-and-thatched-roofed house for himself and his wife Nan. He would supervise all the station work. I would share another mud-and-thatched-roofed two-bedroom house with Lillian Hogan, a teacher, who had moved from Ndeya with the schoolboys. I would be in charge of the medical work. Meanwhile, we lived in a small house made from leaves until the mud walls dried sufficiently enough for us to whitewash them. We had located some burnt bricks from an old government building and received permission to use them. We laid these for floors. Yes, our new home would be quite comfortable. The schoolboys had built their own huts. Standing on that same old anthill I could see several rows of neat mud-and-thatched-roofed houses, lined up like sentinels in the once grass-covered valley. On the hill stood a three-roomed clinic with a large veranda facing the village.

Mongamo was one of the first leprosy patients to arrive. Word had travelled fast to the villages via the talking drums that "the lady with white man's medicine had arrived." It wasn't long before we had 350 people living in the village. Mongamo had his feet tied up with rags and the odor was dreadful. While I was dressing them I talked to him about Jesus, and he said, "I want to be a Christian." So with joy I led him to the Lord. Then I suggested that we pray that Jesus would heal his feet. I explained that I had

done my best but it would take a long time for them to heal. I read to him from the Bangala Bible. He was familiar with witch doctors. I really wanted him to understand that this salvation was not white man's medicine, but that it was the Creator of the universe, the Great One in the sky who had promised to heal him if he would believe in Him. I was amazed at how readily he accepted what I said. I prayed very simply as he hobbled back down the hill to his hut. Several days later he came running yelling, "Madamo, Madamo, see my feet." He'd taken the bandages off and the soles of his feet were perfectly whole! We praised God together. I handed him a piece of rubber tire and innertube and I asked him to make a pair of sandals so that his new feet would be protected. Mongamo had the typical appearance of a case of lepromatous leprosy. Lumps were visible on his ears and nose and thickened around his lips. This gave him the typical "leonine countenance" described in textbooks. He would remain with us for many years.

One evening, some months later, I was called down to Mongamo's house just before sundown. He lay on his homemade wooden bed almost paralysed with fear. I sat on a small stool and he explained, "Madamo, when I came home this evening from working in my garden I found these," he said, handing me a bunch of very ordinary leaves. "They were laying at my door and there were more underneath my bed." His hand trembled as I took them. "Madamo," he continued with fear etched on his face, "these leaves mean that someone has put witchcraft on me, and my body will swell up and I will die." I vividly recalled a lady being carried into the clinic who was so swollen in her whole body that she died. So, I thought, *this was witchcraft*. "I don't want to die yet," Mongamo cried out, bringing me back to the present.

"All right," I said, "Let's see what Jesus has to say about this." Opening my Bible I read to him by the light that was coming through the doorway, "*And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my Name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.*"

"That's what God says, and He's the Creator of everything," I said. "Mongamo, God has even created these leaves," I assured him. "Let's pray

and believe what God has said.” In the Name of Jesus I bound the evil spirit that would harm him. I prepared to leave the hut.

“Look, look, Madamo, my feet are already swelling,” he cried with fear. I prayed again and bound that spirit of fear and asked him to just sing all the songs he’d learned about Jesus, and just praise Him, “because,” I said, “the devil cannot stand the name of Jesus. The swelling will go down and you will sleep and be well.”

The next morning the first person I saw when I got to the clinic was a beaming Mongamo. “Madamo, the Name of Jesus prevented the witchcraft from working, see, see my feet!”

I looked down and I saw that his feet were perfectly normal. My heart filled with praise. “Thank You, Jesus.” I whispered.

My days were full. Often my nights were interrupted by women with needs in the maternity department. Many came during the day for help. We devoted Monday and Thursday mornings entirely to the needs of the leprosy patients. The government had given us a grant to buy food for the severely handicapped patients, so Friday became our market day.

Each day when medical cards had been given out, we read God’s word and gave a simple message of salvation. Many came to know Jesus as their Savior. I was very happy.

Lillian was due furlough, and after she left, Gail Winters came to live with me. It was not long before we realized that opposition was brewing. Rumors travelled around that the white man with the red truck would take people at night because he liked to eat them. We laughed at these rumors, but soon found that they were very real. During short visits to our bush pastors in the area, when we would stop, villagers would flee into the bush. We became very concerned. Then we found that the African village close to the mission station had been moved seven miles away on the pretext that the ground was no longer good for cotton gardens. The whole village had to cut down virgin forest to make new gardens, and then sell their crops to the Belgian company that was in the cotton business. So we now had a mission station but the whole population of the area was seven miles away. The only people were those who lived on the mission station.

We decided that each night at 8 P.M. we would pray for revival. We did this for eight long months with seemingly no change in the situation. We

found though that as we began to pray the Lord dealt with us. I was a racehorse concerning God's work, and Gail was the turtle, slow but sure. A new spiritual oneness was born between us in those evenings of prayer. After a while we decided to have our school teachers and nurses join us in prayer on Wednesday nights. We had no electricity, just kerosene lamps. God moved in a wonderful way. Aruenye, a newly qualified nurse from the Aba school, was working with me. One night he had a vision. After prayer, he said. "Madamo, I saw fire tonight greater than any fire I have ever seen. Worse than when they burn off the grassland in the dry season. What does it mean?"

"I don't know, but you pray and ask the Lord what it means," I said. The following Wednesday the same thing happened, and he became scared. I quickly and silently asked the Lord to give me the meaning of this vision. He did. "Aruenye," I said, "God has shown you twice what hell will be like, and it is a warning to you to follow the Lord with all of your heart." Six weeks later he left us and took a post with the government; better wages! Several years later I learned that he died an alcoholic. I was deeply saddened.

It was now June, and the middle of the wet season, but the evenings were a little cooler after the heat and rain of the day. Bodi tended to be hotter and drier than Andudu. We had gathered as usual for our Wednesday night prayer meeting, and the Lord was really blessing us as individuals, although we saw no change as yet in the work at Bodi as a whole. Patients still came for medicine, and mothers to have their babies, because word had gone around that if you had your baby at the mission hospital it did not die. No one will ever know how I prayed over some of the difficult deliveries. The first- to sixth-grade school on the mission station continued as usual with about seventy boys living on the mission compound. We had been praying for a while when we all suddenly became conscious of a wailing. We jumped up.

"A house must have caught fire," someone said.

"Someone must have died," another said. Quickly we lit our lanterns and hurried down the path to the schoolboys' quarters, unprepared for what we would see. We came to the clearing where a big shelter had been built. This consisted of a thatched roof supported by poles. The ground was

beaten hard to make a floor upon which ten small fires burned. The boys were cooking their evening meal of *kpondu* (manioc leaves mixed with palm oil) and rice. We were amazed to find all the boys flat on their faces crying out to God for mercy! No teacher or pastor was present. I recognized this as a sovereign work of the Holy Spirit. This began our days of revival that stretched into months. The young people gathered in church and would not eat or sleep until they had confessed their sins publicly. They could hardly wait for Saturdays to come and begged us for tracts to take out to their villages to read to their parents and relatives. Many had visions, healing, and dreams. Others were saved and were filled with the Holy Spirit. Some of the schoolboys heard the call of God for service and today are pastors to their own tribe. Others have received their degrees and have been ordained, travelling to West Africa, Europe, and the States for further education. Some of these students who were part of the revival direct the work of the Assemblies of God in North Zaire today, and leave the missionaries free to teach and to train more pastors.

During this move of God, Elizabeta, one of the leprosy patients, gave her heart to the Lord and was baptized in the Holy Spirit. She became a tremendous witness, and great worker in the leprosy village. Shortly before I was to leave for furlough, I talked with her and she recounted the following story. "I was sitting in my yard pounding my greens for the evening meal. Suddenly there appeared before me a woman who was in mourning. I knew this woman as she lived in a nearby village. She wasn't really there before me; it seemed more like a picture of her. In a way it was like a dream, but I was wide awake! I became frightened and covered my face with my hands, but I could still see her. I prayed and asked the Lord what this all meant, and He said to me, 'Go tell this woman that if she does not take off the mourning leaves that she is wearing she will die.' I could not forget what I had seen, nor the words I'd heard, so I went to the village, and told this woman everything I'd seen and begged her to take off her leaves and accept Jesus as her Savior. Mama," she said with tears in her eyes, "she just laughed at me. I left very sad, but felt better because I knew I'd done what God had directed me to do through the vision He had given me. Several weeks later a terrible thing happened. Makila Mabe and her sister Nando, still wearing their long banana-leaf skirts were drinking homemade liquor around the small fire in the middle of their mud hut. They

became so drunk they did not realize that their skirts had caught fire and they were seriously burned. Oh Mama,” she said, “my heart is so heavy I don’t understand why God gave me this vision.” I tried to comfort her. I reminded her that she had been obedient to what God told her to do, and it happened as He had shown her because the women would not receive the warning and repent. I assured her that she had no need to fear. This was just one of the many conversations that I had, not only with my patients, but with the schoolboys as well. God revealed Himself to these people in many visions and dreams. This was indeed “revival God’s way.”

In the following weeks and months, people walked miles to the mission station after word had reached them of the wonderful things that were happening there. It was in this atmosphere of continuing revival that I left in the beginning of November, 1956 for my first furlough. I arrived in England on a foggy November night, unaware that the Lord had some miracles planned for me as well!

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## Chapter 6

# His Miraculous Provision

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*“My God shall provide all your  
needs according to His riches in  
glory by Christ Jesus.”*

—Philippians 4:19

Before leaving Bodi for my first furlough, after having served four years, I had prayed that somehow the Lord would give me the opportunity to go to Bible College, if only for one term. I was tired, and I needed to relax and to spend time with the Lord.

I had written several articles which were published in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, the *Redemption Tidings*, and the *Christian Herald*. On the day the mail arrived by “runner” (an African on a bicycle), who travelled the fifty-two-mile round trip each week to pick up the mail at Dungu, I was surprised to see a letter postmarked from the Isle of Man. I opened and read, “Dear Miss MacLennan, I read your article in the *Christian Herald* and I want you to accept this check for thirty pounds sterling for whatever you may need at this time.” I do not recall the lady’s name, but at that moment I knew that God had begun to provide. One of the first things I did when I arrived at my parents’ home in Hyde, Cheshire, was to apply to the Assemblies of God Bible College in Kenley, Surrey. I soon received a reply stating that it was most unusual for a missionary to be a student, but that I was welcome to come for the winter term, the cost of tuition, room and board would be thirty pounds sterling! I was overjoyed. Meanwhile, my mother’s first priority was to fatten my skinny 120-pound body up a bit, and to get rid of



my awful yellowish skin tone caused by anti-malarial medication! She succeeded in both.

We had a wonderful family Christmas. I must confess that Christmas had been the only time I had ever felt homesick on the mission field. In January I packed my bags and headed for Kenley. There the students had been anxiously awaiting in anticipation to see what this missionary was like!

I soon settled in and enjoyed the lectures and quiet times. Rules were very strict and no dating was allowed. I did not care to date; I'd settled that a long time ago, so I thought. I had been secretly praying about how I would ever afford to get back to Africa. Except for my own church, and a few churches in the surrounding towns, not many people knew about the mission, or my needs. I did not have one invitation to speak, anywhere. How was I to raise funds to return? Unknown to me the Lord was working out His plan for my finances. A lady friend who lived opposite my grandmother's home had written to the Independent Television Network, suggesting that I appear on their program, "State Your Case," a television show in which the most needy contestant wins a cash prize. Much to my surprise I received a letter arranging for me to travel to the television studios in Birmingham. A car would pick me up at the college. I was amazed. You really had to be someone to get on television, I thought. After the interview I was told that I would appear on the program March 30th at 10 P.M. There would be three people presenting their cases by explaining what they would do if given one hundred pounds sterling to spend. The contestants gave their reasons for needing the money, and were questioned about these needs by counsels for the prosecution, and for the defense. I had no problem with that! I would be contestant number two. I arrived for the program in plenty of time. I went to the cafeteria, where I could order a meal. I was far too nervous to eat, but did have a cup of coffee. Then I was taken to the makeup room. Personnel explained that certain makeup had to be applied because of the very bright lights that caused earlobes, etc., to glare.

Contestant number one was a very plump lady who needed the money to go to a slimming farm. Counsel for the defence was Jacqueline MacKenzie; counsel for prosecution was Simon Kester. Questions and answers flew between the contestant and the counsels. Now it was my turn!

I stated clearly and simply that I would use the one hundred pounds for God's work should I win. I desperately needed more instruments for my work at Bodi; I also needed a permanent building. The contest seemed to fly by so quickly. Contestant number three was a teacher in a school for delinquent boys. He wanted to buy a canoe kit so he could teach the boys canoeing. After the contest ended, Gerry Houghton, the man who originated the program, invited me back to the cafeteria. Now I could eat! He told me that he had recently lost his wife, and I expressed my sympathy. He explained, "Edith, I take the mail home and I usually read it in bed to determine who should appear on this program. However I have two rules," he said. "The first is that no one can appear on this show with a medical need. The second is that no one can appear on this show to appeal for a religious cause. I could not lay the letter down that the lady wrote about you. It just gripped my heart. That is why you are here." *Isn't that just like Jesus*, I thought. *Only He could arrange things in such a wonderful way.* "However," Gary said, interrupting my thoughts, "the viewers' vote will determine whether or not you receive the award. We will contact you around Thursday to let you know if you received the highest vote." I bade him goodbye.

My car whisked me back to Kenley. It was late, and everyone but the housekeeper was in bed. She said, "My, those students were just glued to the T.V. tonight and their votes are all ready to mail in the morning." Exhausted, I crept into bed.

Thursday I was called to the office to answer a call. "Congratulations!" the voice said, "you have won the award! A car will be waiting to bring you to the studios on Saturday to receive your prize money." The whole student body rejoiced when I shared the news with them.

As I walked onto the studio set, Franklin Engleman, the host, handed me a check for one hundred pounds. I thanked the viewers for voting for me. Leaving the bright lights behind, I was surprised to meet a man, whose name I cannot recall. He expressed his admiration for my work in Africa, and gave me a check for another one hundred pounds sterling! At the after-show buffet, I was given a printout of the program setup, and got several signatures on it.

The next two weeks became hectic. Easter break was coming and many of the students would return home. Every day my mailbox was full of

compassionate letters with money or checks inside. I was overwhelmed. I also received many letters asking that I speak at various engagements. I was amazed. Was this God's way of planning to meet my financial needs? Later, I would be amazed at what God had indeed planned for me.

Kenley Bible College was a lovely mansion-style house, set in the rolling hills of Surrey. The lawns and the flower beds were beautiful, and very peaceful. I loved being there. The student body was small. Donald Gee was the principal at that time; Elisha Thompson was the resident professor. I sat spellbound as Elisha made the Old Testament records come alive. One day a student approached me, asking that I meet with him that afternoon. Because I was a missionary quite a few of the students had come to me with problems. I was able to help my classmates by offering them Godly advice. I wondered if this student wanted to discuss a problem with me. As I walked up the lane shadowed by large trees on either side, I came to a place that opened into a small park-like area. He was sitting on the park bench. I sat down beside him. I asked, "What do you want to talk to me about?"

"Edith," he replied, "don't you know; haven't you guessed?"

"No," I replied. Imagine my dismay when he proceeded to tell me that he loved me. He said that he would be happy to join me in Upper Zaire in the work amongst the lepers. He had been a pre-med student, but had later decided to go into the ministry. He was to graduate in July. This young man had been accepted by the British Assemblies of God for the mission field, but would change his plans if only I would say yes. I looked at him in dismay. "Please," I said, "I will need at least two days to pray about this." Marriage had been far from my thoughts. Deep down in my heart I felt that I had resolved this issue when I said goodbye to John before going to the mission field the first time. I walked back down the lane, determined that I must know God's perfect will for my life. The next morning I was excused from classes and spent the day reading the Word, praying, and fasting. Two days passed. I received no direction from the word of God. *Why, I thought, do I have this gut feeling that I must say no?* During those two days many thoughts went through my mind. I probed into my deep feelings, and I reached the conclusion that yes, it would be wonderful not to have to go back to Africa alone. He had a call on his life to serve in Zaire so there was no reason why I could not accept this proposal, if my mission board

approved. Still a nagging uncertainty would not go away. The following afternoon, we met once again on the park bench, and I told him no. He was devastated. I felt so bad because I hated to hurt anyone, especially someone who had said that he loved me. Oh, the peace I felt as I returned to my room and lay on my bed. It had been a difficult two days. Deep inside I would have loved to have returned with a helpmate, but greater than that desire was my wish for God's perfect will for my life. I rededicated my life to the Lord for another term of service in Zaire alone. I fell asleep. I think God must have smiled at my decision, obviously He had other plans.

Most of the students left for the Easter vacation. I asked if I could stay an extra week because I had mail to answer before I was to begin my speaking engagements. I did not know that Philip Cochrane, another student, was also staying over a few extra days. He wanted to transplant tomato plants before going home. One other student from New Zealand was also staying for an extra week. At mealtime we dined with the cook and residential staff at the big kitchen table.

One evening after dinner, Philip said that he would like to meet me at the Church of England church. Rules were lifted during the vacation time, so we were permitted to take a walk. We walked up the driveway and through the gates, crossing the road and then climbing the many steps up to the stone church, built on the hill. The minister allowed the students to use his church for quiet times and even permitted Philip to play the huge pipe organ there. I had been over there and listened to him play. I had determined that I would not return to Zaire without music of some sort. During my first term, I had no radio or record player. As we sat in a pew, Philip explained that on his twenty-first birthday, God had given him Psalm 2, and that even in Sunday school he had always said that he wanted to be a missionary. "It seemed like everyone was going to Zaire so I told the Lord I would go anywhere but there."

"Philip!" I said, "whenever we dedicate ourselves for service we cannot tell God, where, when, and how. We have to trust Him. Once we have given all our desires, plans and wishes to Him, He will let us know what He wants us to do, and where He needs us for service. I know this," I explained, "for that is how God dealt with me. God requires total and complete submission first."

We agreed that we would make this a matter of prayer and that the Lord would make very plain to Philip where He wanted him to serve. It was a lovely evening. This was the first real conversation I'd had with Philip and I was impressed with his sincerity, and his gentle spirit. *What a wonderful husband he would make for someone*, I thought. The following morning, just before lunch, Philip asked me to go over to the church with him. Sitting on the left side halfway down the aisle, in that beautiful small stone church, I was absolutely and totally unaware of what was about to take place. Philip walked to the front of the Church where the Bible lay open on its ornate stand. He turned to face me. He said, "This morning at 6:00 A.M. I came here and prayed that whatever I would read in the Word this morning would be the direction that the Lord would have me take. I looked down and this is what I read, '*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*' I knew at that moment that 'all the world' included Zaire. I made a new commitment to the Lord." As he began to walk up the aisle I *KNEW* in a flash that this was the man God had chosen for me. I got up from my seat and walked right into his arms! It seemed the most natural thing in the world to do! After lunch we went for a walk and we talked. Philip began by saying "You know, the first day you arrived at the college, all the students were anxious to see who this 'missionary' was. I first saw you reading a book in the library. I'd come to find a book. We'd never spoken, but as I saw your reflection in the glass doors of the bookcase, it was as if the Lord whispered to my heart, 'This is the girl I've chosen for you to marry.' I kept this in my heart because I could not believe that it would be possible. Then when you appeared on the T.V. program, I was one of the first to send in my card to vote for you. I hoped that would get me the five pounds prize, but someone must have beaten me to it. I really needed that money. I had a dental bill and a book bill to pay. So I prayed, 'Lord, You know I need this money and if You send it to me I know that it will be all right to speak to Edith about my love for her.' In a way it was like a fleece that I put out. Imagine my surprise when a week later I opened a letter and all that was inside was five pounds!"

I burst out laughing, shaking my head in amazement. With puzzlement in his green-blue eyes, Philip asked, "Did you send it?"

“Why yes,” I said, “let me tell you how it happened. Since I appeared on T.V. I have received a lot of mail. I chose to stay an extra week at school to get all those letters and gifts acknowledged. One day while sitting at the typewriter it seemed like the Lord spoke to me and said, ‘Edith, aren’t you going to give Me a love gift?’ ‘But Lord,’ I said, ‘it’s all Yours for Your work.’ I stopped what I was doing and closed my eyes to pray. All I could see were the frayed collars of your shirts!” I exclaimed. “I knew you were involved in a singing ministry every weekend. I knew that you must not have enough money to buy a new shirt. So at that moment I decided to send the money to you. You would never have known because the envelope was typewritten. I mailed it from someplace on the way to a speaking engagement. Do you remember the limousine that came to take me to speak at that aircraft factory during their noon hour break? Well, the chauffeur stopped at this place so I could mail the envelope, and that’s my story,” I said, laughing. I was astounded by the way God had arranged these events.

“What do we do now?” Philip asked.

“Well, we cannot marry without permission from headquarters in Springfield. I will have to write to them,” I said. “You should prepare a resume with at least three references, and mail it to them. Meanwhile we must both pray because I must return in a year.”

“Why don’t I take you home to my folks, and we can share all this with them?” Philip asked. “Then they can also be praying for God’s direction!”

I agreed to visit Philip’s parents. Several days later we arrived at his home in Cranford, Middlesex. I had met Philip’s parents earlier, when I had spoken about missions at the church. I had stayed with his parents, and had immediately fallen in love with them. I did not have the apprehension that most girls feel when they meet their future in-laws. Several days later I said goodbye and took the train to the North to have a few days with my parents. Philip had to return to college for his final term. We would meet at the midterm break at the end of May. By that time we would have heard from Mission Headquarters. Meanwhile, we prayed.

Travelling home by train was restful. It was great to relax for a week before I would begin my speaking engagements. I would be travelling by train and bus. I wanted to save as much money as I possibly could to finance our return together to Africa. I also had to think about the expense

of a wedding! I renewed old school-day acquaintances. One of these was Hilda Slater. "Edith," she said, "as soon as you know when you plan to get married let me know, for I would love the privilege of designing and making your dress."

"Oh, thank you," I said, knowing that a wedding, if there would be one, would not be an extravaganza by any means. I still had to keep my mind and heart steady, because the possibility still remained that I would have to return alone if headquarters did not accept Philip. One great encouragement was that he had the endorsement of Donald Gee, the college's well-known author, speaker, teacher and world traveller.

The days flew by as I continued with the speaking engagements. Philip would be travelling up to Hyde the next day. It was early May, a beautiful time of the year in England. Several days earlier I had arrived home, where a whole stack of mail awaited me. I sifted through it to look for only one envelope. "Here it is," I cried, excited, but almost too scared to open it. "Yes, you may marry Philip," it read, "but there will be no financial support from us. You understand that our missionaries travel round the churches and get monthly pledges for the four years they will be on the field. As an Associate missionary we will continue to give you an undesignated allowance of \$80.00 a month, but Philip will have to raise his own funds." I could hardly wait to get to a phone to let Phil know. Finances? Well we could talk to our home churches about that. The good news was that we could marry immediately. My joy and praise knew no bounds. I was thirty years old!

We had been invited to my sister's home for afternoon tea. She left us alone in her lovely living room, and busied herself in the kitchen. After some sharing, Philip took out a small box and placed a three-diamond ring on my finger. We set the date for August 17th. Philip would graduate the end of July. I suggested that he try and find work with a builder for a couple of months. "I know the man," he said. "I'll talk to him when I get home." Everything seemed to be fitting into place in such a wonderful way. In October we would leave for Belgium for three months of French language study for Philip. Having been there as a student myself, I had contacts I could make for room and board. This added to my long list of things to do.

Hilda made me a beautiful gown in satin brocade, copying a short dress that Philip liked so much. Jean, my sister, and Joan, Philip's sister, were to be my maids of honor. Our wedding day dawned and it wasn't raining! Philip teased me about the constant rain in the North of England. The small church was full and I was nervous. It was there that we made our wedding vows to one another. We also vowed that it would always be Jesus first and each other second in our lives, together. Little did we realize then how that commitment would be challenged throughout the coming years. We left that afternoon for a six-day honeymoon in a small house trailer parked all on its own amongst the sand dunes of Weston-super-Mare. A friend of Phil's had rented it to us. It was late when we arrived, but I loved the sound of the waves gently lapping the beach. Wakening I asked Philip if he would mind going to the small shop not far away to get tea, sugar, and something for breakfast. We could do the rest of the shopping later. We had no car, but then we were both used to walking or taking a bus. What Philip did not know was that I had no idea how much sugar, tea, and things like that I would need. I had been used to buying it by the sack in Africa! I really enjoyed cooking for two those six days.

We left to go directly to live with Pastor and Sister Keith Munday at Bromley, Kent. Phil would be working with a Christian builder until October 3rd, when we would leave for Belgium. It was at this time I discovered I was pregnant. We were happy as we had decided that whatever family we would have, we should have it as soon as possible because I would soon be thirty-one years old.

The crossing to Ostend was cold and rough. We took the train from there to Brussels and then took a taxi out to where we were going to stay. We arrived at a small Christian senior citizens' rest home where only French was spoken. This is where we planned to stay. Philip had a lot to learn in a very short time. He began his lessons at the Alliance Francais school in the afternoons. In the evenings I helped him. The crash course of two months was finally completed. Philip passed his French exam. We returned to his parents' home in Hounslow. Medical exams, shots, visits to the Embassy in London to get our visas for Zaire, and last-minute shopping took up the days. We had a speaking engagement at the church in Dagenham, where my former Hyde pastor now held a pastorate. The following day we would go up country to my home in Hyde.



It was getting close to Christmas, and our sailing date from Tilbury Docks, London, was scheduled for January 8th. Our days were spent packing our wedding presents into fifty-gallon drums, which first had to be scrubbed and cleaned as some were so greasy. Finally everything was ready for the British Road Services truck to take it to the dock. We would celebrate Christmas at Hyde and then return to Hounslow for our final farewell at Philip's church.

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## **Chapter 7**

### **Back Home to Bodi**

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The ship upon which we travelled from London, England to the East Coast of Africa rode the tumultuous waves. It rocked up and down, and rolled from side to side. Five days of seasickness made me vow that I would never set foot on a boat again. When we left Genoa, Italy, the seas were just as rough as they had been in the Bay of Biscay, which is notorious for rough weather. Philip was concerned about my sickness because I was pregnant. He too was feeling sick. We were now heading down the west coast of Italy towards Sicily. The Captain announced that we would now be expecting calmer weather. What a relief! Even the stewards in the dining rooms had become sick. One of the crew said he'd made thirty-five journeys through the Mediterranean but this was the worst he'd ever experienced. It made us feel that we were not such bad sailors after all!

We had arrived at Port Said. We went ashore and as soon as we set foot on the dock we were pestered by beggars, guides, you name it! We soon returned to the ship and did our bartering over the ship's side. Many small boats laden with all sorts of things were bobbing up and down in the slight swell of the waves. In broken English they yelled to us and we answered back. Quite a new experience. The merchants sent merchandise up to the ship by rope. We would then examine the merchandise, and the bartering began. We bought several items made from camel leather which were decorated with Egyptian art. Philip bought me a beautiful sandalwood plate inlaid with mother of pearl!

Travelling through the Suez Canal was quite an experience, and as I looked over the desolate east side, it seemed I could see nothing but sand. I

could not help but wonder how the Children of Israel survived so long in such a barren place. We made a short stop at Aden, where we walked around awhile. We soon returned to the more secure feeling on board. After travelling another 1,500 miles we would be at Mombasa, Kenya.

The days continued in their lazy way, and we enjoyed the calmer, warmer weather. Mombasa was a bustling port. There we boarded the train to Nairobi, where we planned to stay for a few days. This was a slow train, where Masai tribesmen would gather at each stop. All they wore was a piece of cloth draped over their shoulders and hanging to their knees. Men, women, and children held crude shepherd's crooks. It seemed as though whole families took care of the cows that we saw grazing by the side of the railroad. "How can they stand all those flies?" I said to Philip. "They don't seem to bother to swat them away." Flies were swarming around the eyes and mouths of the children, seeking what I do not know. I pitied the natives, but they seemed happy as they held out their hands begging for a coin or gift.

At the Nairobi train station we were met by the McBrides, who were Canadian missionaries. We were to stay in their guest house. It was a quiet and peaceful place. I appreciated this five-day break in our journey. Here we waited for the train north to Kisumu.

Five days later we boarded the train at the Nairobi station. The regular rhythm of the wheels on the single track made me sleepy. This journey would take twenty hours and we were glad for our nice compartment where we could sleep if we wished. The meals were delicious, and the scenery, broken by the sight of zebra and ostrich browsing by the railroad, made the journey very interesting. The stops were frequent. I wondered if we would ever arrive at Kisumu on Lake Victoria, where we would get the boat overnight to Entebbe.

I am still teased about getting seasick, even on a lake! The boat, of course, was much smaller than the Winchester Castle. On the lower deck, many Africans would gather with their bundles. It would be an all-night crossing. We had a first-class cabin on the upper deck. It seemed that all white passengers travelled this way. It was quite noisy with everyone chattering away in his or her own lingo. Morning dawned clear and fair, and after a delicious English breakfast, then lunch, the boat finally eased into the dock. I noticed that it was 4:15 P.M. We saw a tall, rugged white man at

the dock, scanning the crowd. Although he had never met Philip, he immediately recognized me, and he began to wave. "That's Dave Peck," I said. "He will take us the rest of our journey by road." We soon discovered that he had a nine-year-old van that had seen a lot of wear. Two bucket seats and a wooden stool in the middle comprised the only seating. Our luggage was piled in the back. We did not want our china dishes to receive too much jolting; we packed our remaining boxes around them. We travelled all night. We reached the Belgian Congo border at 7 A.M. The customs and immigration officers at Kasindi were very kind. Perhaps they saw how tired I looked and took pity on me! We then drove on to Oicha so I could see the doctor at the Baptist hospital to arrange to have our baby there. We were about 350 miles from Andudu. We left at 4 A.M. for the last lap of our journey.

It had been an interesting trip for Philip, although certain areas of his anatomy were bruised and aching from the almost continual bump-bump-bump of the dry, rutted dirt roads. We had only made stops to fill up with gas from the fifty-five-gallon drum of gasoline that Dave had in the van. We arrived at Andudu in time for the noon meal. A large welcome banner had been placed over the entrance, and when the Africans heard the sound of an approaching vehicle, they came running to greet us. We looked like red Indians because we were covered in dust from all our travelling. The van had no air conditioning. We had to have the windows open so that we could breathe. Everyone was anxious to see this new Bwana that Mademoiselle had brought back with her. They were even more delighted when they saw that I was pregnant, because it was beginning to show! After hot baths we felt a lot better. We had an enjoyable meal. Philip was introduced to African dishes, which he ate with zest. Like me, he loved the *zambas*—bananas cut in thin strips and fried in palm oil, although he did not like the boiled ones! John, Lucille Friesen, and Grace made lively conversation. It was good to be back. Dave was in a hurry to get back home, and although Lucille had everything prepared for us to stay, we left in the late afternoon for Bodi, the last 112 miles of our trip. Darkness had fallen. In that part of Africa the sun sets at 6:00 P.M. and it is completely dark by 6:30 P.M. We pulled into the Bodi mission station tired and happy to be at journey's end. Evelyn had a hot bath and a meal ready for us. As I slipped my aching bones into the cement tub that the houseboy had filled with hot water I was glad to be

home. During the meal, several of the station staff, including my nurses, came up to the house to greet us. After a short conversation, Dave took us down to the brick duplex that he had built during my furlough. It was meant for me and Gail Winters, a missionary teacher who had replaced Lillian. I had changed those plans by marrying, so he had sealed off the connecting door! Only one room was finished in our half of the duplex. The rest of the rooms needed doors and windows. This one room became our home until Dave and Philip completed it.

It was with mixed feelings the next morning that we walked down to the leper colony. There at the entrance was an archway of palm leaves decorated with wild flowers. As we looked around we could see the church and many of the lepers' homes which were decorated in the same manner. As we stepped into the church, a sea of black faces turned to look at us. We had a lovely service. It was hard to keep back the tears as we joined in singing those Bangala hymns and choruses. When the service was over, the lepers crowded around to see the new Bwana more closely. They brought their gifts of chicken, eggs, and even money. They would have been very offended if we had refused the latter, so we accepted everything they brought with tears, smiles, and *merci-mingis*, meaning "many thanks."

Because we had returned near the end of the dry season, we found the heat very taxing.

On March 1st, the beginning of the wet season, we had a terrific storm. It had been dark for about an hour and it was raining very hard. We were busy sweeping back the rain that was blowing underneath the doors of the house when my two nurses came running to me, breathless. "Madamo," they cried, "The mission clinic roof has blown off." Were we hearing correctly? We hurriedly put on our raincoats and lit our kerosene lamps. Rounding the bend we saw clearly in the light of the brilliant flashes of lightning that we had indeed heard right. Built only two years ago of sun-dried block, it had been used continuously as a clinic for the mission station personnel, students, villagers, and as a maternity unit. Now it stood gaunt and completely roofless. The wind had lifted the timbers and metal roofing and flung them some fifty feet away. Since it was evening, no one was in the clinic, and no one was hurt. With the light of our lamps, and continuing lightning, we took out all the medicines, instruments, and tables, all the time hoping the rain-soaked chunks of ceiling would miss us as they fell.

We hoped in vain—we were plastered! Only seven hours earlier I had delivered for Nako, a village girl, a lovely son in this same clinic. So even in our dismay we had reason to rejoice that no one was hurt. It wasn't until dawn that we learned that one wall of the leper clinic had caved in too, and that some of the lepers' homes had been damaged.

Although we had some setbacks, we knew that as our friends at home continued to pray we would overcome our present difficulties. Philip was learning Bangala. In a few months, when the Peck children returned to Bodi from boarding school at Rethy, 500 miles southeast of us, the Peck family would be leaving for furlough and Philip would have the responsibility of the whole Pazande work.

I was expecting our baby on June 8th, so I continued with a full load at the clinic, while Philip tried to complete the house. I delivered two babies in early March. My L.P.N.'s wife had allowed Philip to watch. I had explained to her that I did not want him to be afraid when I delivered my baby. Although she was vehement about not wanting her husband by her side, she allowed Philip to be there! He stood in wonderment, as I had when I first witnessed the miracle of birth.

At the house I was trying to train a washboy and a cook. What a job. One morning we had sugar in the scrambled eggs instead of salt. The evening before we had had very sweet gravy! I was in great need of patience. The Tuckers were going on furlough and their children begged us to look after their thoroughbred cocker spaniel, Rusty. He was a nice dog, but he was naughty! Angeline and Jay brought from their station at Gombari a cot, pram, chest of drawers, high chair, and potty chair. We greatly appreciated these things.

By April, Philip had wired the house for electric lights. Each day he seemed to conquer another task he had never done before. I was proud of him.

Some days it would rain softly and continuously. No one worked, so we got caught up with letter-writing and jobs that needed to be done inside the house. Even 6 A.M. chapel service was canceled on mornings like this. The rain cooled things off. We were glad we had the gutters up that could collect the rain off the metal roof and channel it into the fifty-five-gallon barrels which lined the back porch.

Each year the missionaries met for field council. Here spiritual goals would be set. Conferences would be held with the African Executive Committee. Evangelistic services would be held in the evening. It was scheduled to be held at Bodi on April 22nd, so Evelyn Peck had been busy getting things ready. I had helped as much as I could. I felt like an elephant. I had been wearing Philip's bedroom slippers as my feet were so swollen. Dr. Brown had visited us from his hospital at Banda. This African inland mission doctor checked our leprosy patients every two months. So he had checked me also and discovered that my blood pressure was low. He told me to rest! All our missionary staff would be coming into Bodi on Wednesday for council. There would be twenty-five of us altogether. Meanwhile, headquarters in Springfield, Missouri had written to tell us that a Speed-the-Light group of young people had raised the \$1,000 to buy the Friesen's "International Travelall." At last we would have transportation. The Lord was so mindful of us. We praised Him. It seemed that He had met our every need, often before we had even asked!

We enjoyed the council meetings. It was great to have conversations with our missionaries in English. The Pecks were getting ready for furlough. They had big yard sales each day. They sold things they did not want to store or take with them. I was still busy at the clinic, but I only worked on emergency cases. Philip was making and burning brick for the new leper clinic. He had ordered metal doors and windows from the capital over 1,000 miles to the south. They would come by river boat then train, and finally by truck, to our building site.

Several days later I awakened early and said to Philip, "Honey, we had better pack some things and get to the hospital." I knew that I could not take the long trip to Oicha as we had planned. It was Monday, May 5th, and I was not due until June 8th, but I knew that I would soon be in labor. I had not felt well for several days. I felt as though I was coming down with either the flu or malaria. We packed our clothes and food. We told Dave that we were leaving, and we asked him to pray. Evelyn would keep her eye on the clinic. She had done an excellent job while I'd been on furlough.

A fine rain was falling, and the roads, in some areas, where it was clay, seemed like slippery wet soap. We had not gone far when we slid off the

dirt road up a bank, and then into a ditch, but Philip managed to manoeuvre us out of the ditch. It took us six hours to do 175 miles. I assured Philip that because this was our first child I would not deliver that quickly, so he should take his time, and get us there safely. The roads were awful. They were bumpy, sloshy, wet, and soggy. When we finally arrived at Nebobongo, the nearest mission hospital, I had lost all the amniotic fluid surrounding the baby. I was soaked to my neck. Because of this I was put immediately to bed. The next day the pains began. The doctor was sick with dysentery, so an English midwife affectionately known as Ma Stebbins was taking care of me. Thursday around noon I presented Philip with a son. My fever continued, so along with malaria treatment, the doctor prescribed antibiotics. I would be allowed up when my fever came down. I was able to nurse Philip John, Jr. I was so glad that we had a son. In the next few days, his color changed from yellow to orange. We were concerned, but he was always ready to nurse. After several days of extra fluids, his color became normal, and he seemed like a healthy, perfect little boy. We wrote home and shared our joyous news with our parents, thanking them for their prayers, and promising them a photo when we could get one developed. Mum and Dad Cochrane were now grandparents for the first time.

We stayed at the hospital until the 19th. We stayed overnight in Paulis, where there was a small airfield, to see the Pecks off on furlough and to show them our baby. We did a little food shopping, as there were more stores there, and then travelled on to Betongwe. Gail had driven the Pecks to Paulis, and she brought some mail with her. We received a letter from Mr. Germain who was to truck our freight in from Uganda, stating that he was going to the States, and that our belongings were in the Congo customs at Mahagi. We had to arrange our own transport. The next day we would pass Mungbere on our way to Andudu to spend a week there by the invitation of the Friesens. Hopefully we could get in touch with Vici-Congo trucking and get them to deliver our freight at least to Dungu, where we could pick it up. This news was discouraging as I had all the baby things, and other things which I needed, packed in those barrels. I was happy, though, because I could get into all of my dresses again. I was thankful. It seemed like everyone at the Bodi mission station came running when they heard the sound of the car. "Welcome, welcome, Madamo, may we see the baby?" Although we were tired from the trip, we held him up for all to see.



Two months had slipped by, and Philip had to go to Dungu. There he found our freight at the Vici-Congo Depot. He brought the three crates and a barrel and then went back for the rest. The refrigerator would be delivered right to the mission station. When all was delivered we found that all three crates and four barrels had been broken into. I had one under-slip left. Philip was without shoes and underwear for the next four years. We basically had only what we brought in our suitcases. How thankful I was that I had my dishes and my medical things with us when we arrived. Of the 219 cans of food we had only 47 left. All the good things like Spam, salmon, and corned beef had been taken. Our curtain material was gone, we had only sheers. Philip, Jr.'s knife, fork, and spoon that we bought were also missing, along with my nurse's uniforms. I did pretty well until I opened the barrel to find my wedding picture pried out of its frame, because the frame was stolen. I cried at this point. Rocks and bricks had been put in the barrels to compensate for the weight loss. The organ fell out of the crate in pieces! Philip thought he could fix it. *Maybe he's just saying that to make me feel a bit better*, I thought. To me it was just one big discouraging mess. That evening we read Hebrews 10:34, which says, "*And ye took joyfully the spoiling of your goods knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and enduring substance.*" I did not feel very joyful at that time, but I determined that I would work on it! Somehow in all this He would help us. How precious His promises became as day by day we saw His provision. Our biggest problem was that many things which we lost were just unobtainable. Miraculously, though, as the months slipped by, we saw those things that we had desperately needed and could not buy, or make, or have made locally, replaced in boxes that came from England and the States. How true God's word, that says, "Before they call I will answer."

The African work crew made mud bricks and stacked them under a makeshift shelter. When thoroughly dry, the workmen would build a brick kiln, stacking them like a pyramid with three big tunnels at the bottom. The tunnels were filled with dry logs. When the fires were begun they could not go out for three days and nights, otherwise the bricks would not bake all the way through and many of the bricks in the kiln would be ruined. Philip had 15,000-20,000 bricks ready to begin the burning process. We prayed that the kiln would be a success as we needed all the brick we could get.

Sometimes half the kiln would be lost because workmen fell asleep and the fires got low. We had been going down in the middle of the night with very strong, very sweet coffee to keep the workmen awake.

The car broke down outside the Coton-Co just about two miles from the mission. A Belgian engineer there was building a new factory, and he helped Philip to get the car going. He also drew a plan for the leper clinic we were planning to build and gave advice on cement and the amounts he would need. I was amazed at how the Lord arranges things. Philip had never built anything larger than a chicken house before. He needed all the help he could get! He was so grateful. I was glad too that the car did not break down when he was on a long journey. There are no garages by the roadside in this country!

For four consecutive nights I had been at the clinic delivering babies. The last birth was a breech birth. Fortunately it was a small baby, and everything went well. I was very tired. On Thursday Philip said he would get up with Philip, Jr. The baby still liked a 2 A.M. bottle. I could no longer nurse him. I gave Philip instructions and I went to bed and slept soundly. Meanwhile Philip got the bottle too hot, so he had to wait until it cooled. He didn't realize how much a baby could wriggle until he changed his diaper. That night Philip, Jr. awakened twice! I never heard a thing! Come morning a very tired daddy decided that he did not have the knack for late-night feedings. He handed everything over to me, with a sigh of relief.

August was designated "Invasion Month" when groups of pastors and Christians would go out on Saturdays and Sundays. Everyone stayed at a bush pastor's compound. They then would travel by bicycle and by foot in every direction to reach villagers with the gospel. One weekend, Gail took care of Philip, Jr., and Philip and I stayed at Elizabetha's and Kutala's compound. It was a nice break. I promised that I would bring the baby with me next time. During the first two weekends 3,360 villagers heard the message of salvation. Two hundred and sixty-nine villagers accepted Jesus as their Savior. We were thrilled. It was so good to get this break, away from the mission station routine and the everyday problems!

Philip and Mr. Neilson, who had come up from Betongwe with his welder, had spent two days welding barrels together to build a water system for the kitchen and the bathroom. It was great having Mama Neilsen with us. She was truly a mother to us. Until now we had carried water from the barrels to the bathroom and to the kitchen. We heated it in half a metal barrel perched on three stones with a wood fire underneath it. Philip had built an eye-level firebox and placed a barrel on the top. A pipe ran from the welded barrels close to the wall of the house. Rain from the metal roof kept the barrels full. Each afternoon the houseboy would turn the tap to fill the barrel over the fire box. He then would build a fire in the firebox. When we got home we would have nice, hot, running water for the cement tub. Hopefully, one day we would get a flush toilet and attach a real bathtub to this system. We would not have to use the garden path anymore!

One day I came out of the “little house,” as we call it, yelling “*Nioka, nioka*” (snake, snake). Africans came from seemingly nowhere with long sticks to kill it. I had walked in, sat down, and then I saw this black *mamba* curled up behind the door. I moved slowly, and then made a dash for the door.

Week by week, the Lord provided our needs. Philip needed three new tires; a gift came in the mail that would pay for two. The storekeeper at Dungu let us have them for 500 francs less than the normal price. The Lord has so many wonderful ways of working things out for us. Our hearts are full of praise.

The days were getting drier as we approached the dry season which usually began in November and would end in March. In the middle of this season we would experience a short period called the “Bakwa rains.” During this two-week period, the large termite hills produced little mud turrets. In an uncanny way the Africans know the exact night when the ants will fly. They make a small hole at the base of the hill, and put a light there, so as the ants emerge, they are attracted to the light, fall into the hole after hitting the lamp and then are deposited into baskets. I also have to make more anti-diarrhea medicine at that time because the Africans overeat on these fatty little insects and the results can be somewhat distressing! They tasted a little like fried bacon when dewinged and fried! I preferred the way

Rosemarie, our mulatto teacher, prepared them. She dewinged them and pounded them into a paste. She then rolled them in a small banana leaf and boiled them. When cold she would slice and fry them. It was more enjoyable to eat them this way because you couldn't see their feelers, legs, etc.!

We were getting up at 5 A.M. to pray. Those living on the mission compound needed direction and strength from the Lord. Philip found one of his planks, and a bag of hemp (marijuana) in a workman's house. He had to report this to the chief as it is a serious offense. Then news from home was not so good. My mother had a thrombosis in her leg. I felt helpless because I was so far away from her. I could write more often, and pray that she would rest. I knew that would be very hard for her.

We continued to praise the Lord. We had a wonderful widow lady, Maria, who cared for the twenty-eight girls that we had in school. She was a real prayer warrior. Gail worked hard to teach and to translate English materials into the Bangala language. She had a small, four-foot, eleven-inch stature, but her dedication was enormous. Philip would haul barrels of water from the stream when we had no rain water. It looked awful, but we hoped that after boiling it and putting it through a filter it would be drinkable. We'd had no rain for so long. As the sun set a terrific storm blew up. When winds like this came, the Africans knew to put out their fires. An African family was in the mud-and-thatched-roofed building we had for patients. Sparks from his fire flew upward and set the roof on fire. We saw the red glow as we were eating dinner. Soon an out-of-breath nurse told us the worst. "Yes, it was the hospital building," he said. "The patients got out but lost everything." Fortunately the downpour had put most of the fire out by the time we got there. We had put a bamboo ceiling in this building. It did not burn, so the patients' belongings remained unharmed. We were so thankful for this.

In late November we went out to Wandote for a weekend of services. Pastor Kutala was doing fine work there. He had just sent his eldest daughter into the girls' school. I thought that I would eventually train her as a Nanny to watch Philip, Jr. I would put him in the delivery and minor surgery room while I was seeing patients, but he was big and needed to be in his playpen. Zeleda was a very nice and sensible girl, and I thought I

could trust her. We wanted to try to visit all of our twelve bush stations before Christmas if possible. I would go only if they had a decent mud house for us to sleep in. I made mosquito nets for Philip, Jr.'s buggy and portable cot.

Petero, the only nurse with a diploma, said one morning that he wanted to leave. This was just what I needed! He had been difficult for a while and I feared that something was wrong. He would have to see the Church elders before he left, because they had approved his job here. The government could pay much better wages. The Roman Catholic mission clinics were well-subsidized. Leaving for a higher salary was a great temptation for our staff. Nangbala, the nurse I had trained, had been transferred to our Betongwe clinic, and Tubi, the only other nurse, had gone back to our Andudu clinic. I was left understaffed. I liked to have my afternoons and evenings free because so often I was out at night with the maternity cases.

The weekend before we were at Kongoi's village where we had a chapel building. There was a government rest house close by so we stayed there. This was just a brick-built, square house with one room and a door. A cement floor and metal roof completed the building. The chief was responsible for keeping it clean and seeing that water and wood were provided. It was usually kept in readiness for government officials or travellers when they visited the village. We could hear the singing, and the village women were whooping and yelling. It went on all night. It sounded so eerie and evil in the pitch darkness. I was glad when morning came. A boy who came to sell us some eggs told us that they were celebrating the taking off of their mourning. They wore grass skirts and bark cloth *dhotis*. It was the first anniversary of the chief's mother's death.

I enjoyed bush trips, but I was always glad to get back to my comfortable bed. The next afternoon I would be at the leper village where I would try to organize the Christmas play. The patients wanted to do their own play. We planned it for the morning of the 24th, because we had our family Christmas planned for the evening. It would just be Gail and us for dinner and opening of gifts. The singing was not the best, but the patients put all they had into it. They reenacted the whole Christmas story. They were terrific at memorizing. I had been raiding our meager closet for suitable garb for the wise men, and the shepherds were to use their own blankets. I had enough old white sheets, that had come in bandage boxes,

for the angels. They loved this celebration more than any other. On Christmas Day, those who were able to walk without too much difficulty would come to the mission station church and see the schoolboys reenact the Christmas story. This could become quite hilarious. The boys were very realistic actors and we never knew what to expect. Everyone enjoyed the meal afterwards which the women prepared.

The year had slipped by so quickly. Although it was hot and humid, we had a very enjoyable Christmas. We were in the new year and I was expecting our second child. I wrote home saying that we would like a girl this time. Philip now had seven shirts and I found a pair of shoes in Paulis. I bought those for his Christmas gift. He said he felt like a millionaire with so many shirts! Philip, Jr. got two pairs of shoes in packages but he had outgrown them both. We would save those for the second baby. I was grateful for our old treadle Singer sewing machine which I used to make clothing for the family. The church elders decided that Petero had to leave. He had taken a second wife after having beaten up his first wife and sending her back to her parents. This type of behavior was not permitted by the church elders. They had three children. Their youngest child was only two months old. Meanwhile I began the new year without a qualified nurse.... Discouraged? Yes!

Philip was as busy as ever. Gail's car broke down on the way to visit a bush church. An African came in with a note asking Philip to come and help her, so he went out to see what is wrong. I heard the van return at 8 P.M. He explained, "Gail's car was loaded with camping equipment and passengers. The road was bad, and a rock punctured her gas tank. Fortunately some white men came by, and took her with her things to Wandote's, where she was going for services over the weekend. The nuts holding the tank were all rusted and covered with hardened mud. I had difficulty getting the tank off, but I eventually succeeded. I went to Wandote's to get Gail. That was some 98 miles of a trip and the road was bad. Tomorrow I will go to Emmanuel's plantation to get the gas tank welded." He said, "I might as well go on to Dungu and get the mail, and then on out to where the car is stranded and replace the tank. Gail could then continue on the rest of her week's safari." I could see Philip was

exhausted so I quickly cleared the dishes and we went to bed. Early the next morning, Philip left with Gail as planned.

In mid-afternoon, I was amazed to see both cars pulling up by the house. “Whatever happened?” I asked Gail. “I thought you intended to finish your safari.”

“I did,” she replied, “but you’re not going to believe this. While Philip was fitting the tank back on to the car it began to leak again! Fortunately he had some chewing gum in his pocket. He chewed the gum and then taped it over the hole as best he could. We just made it home!”

“Well come on in,” I said, “Lillian has arrived while you were gone. Baths are ready and dinner will be on the table soon.” We had a nice evening together. Tomorrow Gail and Lillian planned to go to Dungu and see if they could finally get the tank repaired. Dawn came quickly at 6 A.M. Philip had gone to assign the workmen their jobs for the day. They planned to dig the foundations for the dispensary. Gail and Lillian had gone for Dungu. Imagine our surprise when they got back to find that the tank was leaking again, and that it had been soldered, not welded.

“What now?” Philip said as he came up the path for lunch.

“It’s still leaking,” Gail replied. After brainstorming around the table we decided that some good hard soap might seal the tank. We had used soap to seal leaks before. Maybe it would work on a gas tank. Sure enough, the soap sealed the tank. Gail and Lillian were able to leave with an extra supply of soap in case they would need to use it again. What’s the saying? “Necessity is the mother of invention!”

Philip had to leave for Paulis, which was the only place he could get our car properly welded. The hinges on the back door were almost gone, and the car had two bad tires. He was gone for three days. He got everything fixed and had new tires put on, so the car was in good shape for us to go to Oicha to have our baby. The Friesens had driven in that day too, and brought the baby things that their church in Kelso, Washington, had sent for us. The Women’s Ministries and the Missionettes had adopted Philip, Jr. and the baby we were expecting in early July. There was another cot, playpen, a car seat that would double as a stroller, a potty chair, swing set, and a small pool. We were thrilled to receive clothes up to age four for Philip, Jr., which we badly needed. The Lord was very good to us. I was overwhelmed.

The brick kiln had burned successfully, and we now had enough bricks to complete the building of the clinic. We prepared to leave for Oicha, where I would be checked by the doctor. We planned to stop at Betongwe and Andudu. I was eight months pregnant and Philip, Jr. was a lively thirteen-month-old. We arrived at Oicha in the evening. We spent the night there. The next morning the doctor told us to drive the fifty miles to Mwenda to rest. I had another two weeks to wait before the baby was due. Mwenda is in the foothills of the Mountains of the Moon. We call it the Switzerland of the Congo. Ruwenzori, the highest peak, is snow-covered all the year round.

I awakened the morning of June 27th to the sound of the birds. The fragrance of the roses, lilies, geraniums, dahlias, and many other flowers wafted through the open window. Mwenda is a small mission station perched on the side of a hill. The station overlooks the lower foothills that disappear into the hazy plain below. The cooler climate was refreshing. I enjoyed the hearty meals of fresh vegetables, and especially the strawberries from Gladys Stauffacher's garden. Philip went to Uganda with Claudon, Gladys's husband, to get supplies and to pick up a couple flying in from Kenya. When they finally arrived back at the mission station, Philip was thrilled. "Honey," he said, "you would never believe all the wildlife I have seen. I saw buffalo, wild pigs, antelopes, egrets and pelicans as we travelled through Queen Elizabeth Park. Cumbersome hippopotamus and elephants grazed close by the roadside with their young. They seemed to know they were in a protected area. They went on foraging as we drove slowly by."

"I'm so glad you got to make that trip," I said. Several days later Claudon and Stanley Barnet, another missionary's son, invited Philip to climb the mountain at the back of the mission station to a look-out point. I urged Philip to go. I knew he would enjoy it. I went to Gladys's to eat. As night closed in I became very anxious. The men had not returned. Suddenly, a bedraggled Claudon, soaked by the storm that had now passed, came through the door. "I need dry clothes, a lantern, and some men," he said. "A huge boulder had come loose as Philip was clambering back down an eight-foot drop and it crushed his foot," he explained. I sat stunned. Gladys soon had the items ready. Several Africans had gathered to help. I began to feel the onset of labor pains! *Oh! Not now*, I thought. It seemed ages before they



got back. Everyone was soaked to the skin. When they had dried out and warmed up with hot coffee, Mary Hayford, the nurse, attended to Philip's feet. Tomorrow they would go to Oicha for X-rays. It was only then that Stanley explained what had happened.

"After we got to Philip," he said, "we tried to walk, and half carry him back, but it began to get dark. Claudon said that he would go on alone. He followed the sound of the Lucilubi River, and kept to his right. He finally arrived and got help. Meanwhile," he explained, "Philip and I were engulfed in the darkness, so we decided to sit on a rock and wait. It began to pour. It became cold. We had no jackets so huddled together to keep warm. We prayed for the rain to stop. After a while we could hear the rain falling but could not feel it! Philip said his feet were hurting really badly. He decided to sing. It was so dark that we could only see each other when the lightning flashed. We began to sing. As the choruses kept coming to our minds we sang and sang. We began to pray and to thank the Lord for the situation we faced. We asked God to help Claudon, who was alone, to get back to the mission safely. We talked about the possibility of spending the night out there, and did not like the idea one bit. Then we saw a glimmer of light and began yelling and whistling. You know the rest of the story," he said. "Claudon found his way back to the mission in that total blackness and brought help to us."

Later that night when we were in bed Philip said, "Honey, I'm so sorry, I am supposed to help you, but I have become a burden." I assured him that it was all right. I knew by now that I was definitely in labor. "You know," he said, "while we were out there on the mountain singing we felt a little like Paul and Silas. The darkness had become our prison bars. Somehow the Lord seemed very close," he said.

"I'm so glad," I said, "because we were all praying for you. Try and get some sleep now, and I will too." I woke at 2 A.M. and got Mary, the nurse, to give me a sedative. I could not sleep. At 9 A.M. I gave birth to a boy, a brother for Philip, Jr. Gladys came over and took Philip, Jr. to her house close by. Philip had remained by my side in the double bed squeezing my hand when the pain got tough. I had told Mary that I thought we two midwives could manage the delivery. When David Paul, our new baby, was weighed, he tipped the scale at eight pounds, eight ounces. "I think he is going to be just like you, Honey. Look at all his dark hair, tiny ears, and

nose.” We were thrilled. Philip left later that morning with Claudon, and I rested. They got back for dinner that evening. Philip, balancing himself on crutches, happily announced that there were no broken bones. His right foot was very swollen and he had a half-inch hole underneath the ankle bone in his left foot. *What if that rock had landed on his head or neck?* I thought. As I wrote home the next day, I expressed the goodness of the Lord to us both.

Gladys brought Philip, Jr. down to see his brother. He looked quite puzzled and put out his hand and smacked little David’s face, and David cried. Philip’s lip trembled as though he were saying, *I was only patting him. Why did he cry?* Philip was a tough little fellow. He’d learn to be a little more gentle as the days went by. The baby took so long to nurse. He would snuggle up and go to sleep on me. Philip’s feet were improving and we hoped to head back to Bodi soon. The mail came the next day with a letter from Gail informing us that the mission mud-and-thatched-roofed church had collapsed in a storm. More work awaited us! The schoolhouse was almost falling down too. Fourteen layers of brick had been laid for the new clinic. Both Philip and I had malaria, so we felt very sick for a couple of days. We were ready to get back home. There would be plenty to do.

It was already August, and Philip had been out each weekend visiting a different sector of our Bodi territory, preaching and teaching. We had several groups that went out on bicycles to the areas closer to the mission station. It was so exciting to hear the reports of salvation and to receive news of healings that had taken place as the simple Gospel message was shared with the many who were tucked away in little family settlements. Some had never seen a white man!

Philip has also bought a Winchester .348 caliber rifle from one of the missionaries. In December he planned to hunt so we could have meat. He would also be able to provide meat, perhaps once a month, for the leper colony patients, the mission staff, and the schoolboys. The meat would be appreciated, since we only had canned vegetables that we bought in the stores at Paulis. I managed to get a few string beans from my small garden, but it was a race between me and the ants who usually got them first!

The new clinic was slowly rising to roof level. Sometimes completing it seemed like a constant battle. The mud-and-thatched-roofed buildings did not last long. It seemed that Philip spent most of his time repairing and rebuilding, making and burning new bricks, so that we could have more permanent buildings. The Coton Company, which was Belgian-owned, sent a three-ton truck and driver. All that day Philip hauled sand and gravel. It would have taken Philip over a week to have done this with his own truck, so we were grateful for the company's kindness to us.

When I arrived home at noon from the clinic, my cook Kana said, "Oh Madamo, God is so good, He really helped me this morning."

"How?" I asked in surprise.

"Come look in the backyard." To my horror I saw a snake about three-and-a-half feet long stretched out in the noonday sun.

"Is it dead?" I questioned.

"Oh yes, I killed it," Kana replied with relief in his voice.

"Whatever happened?" I asked.

"Well, I went to the screen cupboard on the back porch to get the can of rice for dinner, and the snake uncurled and struck out at my hand. Madamo, that is a *Zazangwa*, and no one survives after their bite."

It was my turn to be amazed at God's infinite keeping power. "God must have watched over me, too, Kana," I said, "because I took the bottle of palm oil out of that same cupboard this morning before I went to the clinic!" We thanked God together for keeping us safe.

Biodi was noted for dangerous snakes. I had encountered two baby black mambas in the outside toilet again. I was so thankful that on his last trip to Paulis, Philip found a flush toilet. That would be another job, but I knew he would get it installed very soon. Philip saw a large snake coming back from the workmen's quarters. I was nervous because I feared the children may encounter a snake. Just the week before, I had David in the stroller and Philip, Jr. walking beside me when I saw a snake on the path and yelled, "*Nioka!*" Philip, Jr. ran forward towards it. I cried out to him to come back. Thank God he did. We stood very still and it disappeared. We quickly passed by.

I had the two boys in bed by 7:30 P.M. each night. Philip and I would then enjoy dinner alone before we went to bed at 9:30 P.M. We would talk or listen to our radio. Last evening we had listened intently as we heard of trouble in the southern part of the country. For several months, there had been a lot of talk about independence and elections. Now the newly formed African Nationalist Party seemed to be causing unrest. We could only pray.

This year we had two little boys to celebrate Christmas with. We had a small artificial tree and one string of lights. Philip had repaired Gail's small light generator, so we had electricity. When the tree was decorated and the lights were turned on Philip, Jr. said, "Pwitty twe." David seemed fascinated with the lights. His big brown eyes took in everything.

Several boxes arrived just in time for Christmas. We opened them to find much needed shoes for Philip, Jr. from his Auntie Joan, and Christmas pudding and cake from Mom Cochrane. We had no turkey, or even chicken, but Philip had killed a wild pig when he went on a hunting trip with some of the workmen. The meat was delicious. He planned to hunt again so that the mission staff and leprosy patients would also have meat for Christmas.

The Christmas plays and feasting drew to a close. The New Year of 1960 began very quietly. This was the year that the Belgian Congo had asked for its independence from Belgium. We did not know what the future would hold. The news from the South informed us of unrest and fighting. As the new year dawned, we committed it to the Lord. We had been in the Congo for almost two years. After two more years we could return home for furlough, or so we thought!

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## Chapter 8

# The Gathering Storm

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There was indeed a gathering storm. Little did we realize at the beginning of 1960 the anxiety, uncertainty, and hard decisions we would have to make. Although there were rumors of trouble a thousand miles south of us, we were confident it could not affect us. How mistaken we were.

The weather was dry, and the pastors from the Bodi bush churches could travel into the mission station without too much difficulty. I was enjoying having Lionel and Eltha Furman with us. We had been very much alone since Gail had left for furlough. Lionel and Eltha taught the Bible refresher courses for a whole week. The early morning worship services were a real blessing. Workmen, teaching staff, and nursing staff all attended. We grew short of water and wood. It was great to see how the Lord blessed the people as they spent this extra time studying the Word. Philip and Lionel went hunting and got three antelope so we had meat that weekend.

Philip was hoping to get the in-ground water cistern finished before the mid-February rains come. Water was always a problem for us. By having this extra storage we would not lose all the water the Lord provides with the storms! It was amazing how much water had poured off the metal roof of the house during these heavy downpours. Philip began to grow a mustache. The workmen had begun calling him the *mototo* (child). Philip hoped that a moustache may diminish his natural youthful looks a little. He had fathered two sons. When he had killed his first buffalo he would be a real man in the eyes of the Africans! I had also noticed that since I married and became a mother, I was genuinely accepted as one with the African women. This

greatly helped our ability to communicate with our brothers and sisters in the Lord.

That night we heard on the radio the disconcerting news that the Belgian government was going to grant the Belgian Congo its independence on June 30th. At the dinner table I asked Lionel, "What do you think will happen?"

"It's hard to say," he replied. "One thing I do know is that they do not have the educated men necessary to govern the country. We had already heard many rumors that the African was being promised the white man's house, bank accounts, and plantations. Stores would also be taken over. Under Belgian rule the Africans had so little. They had a great desire to have the things a white man possessed, even his wife!" I felt a chill creep into my heart. I quickly changed the subject. It had been a hard day.

During the day, one of the villagers had started to burn off the grassland to make a garden. The sparks from the fire had landed on our schoolboys' housing. Over half of the houses had burnt to the ground.

Philip's carpenter came to say he was quitting. He had consulted a witch doctor after his child got burned by accident. The witch doctor told him that this had happened to his child because he was working for the Protestant mission. That night we felt discouraged. The dispensary was ready for the roof timbers. Philip needed this man, as he was the only carpenter around!

I woke to the sound of coughing outside the bedroom window. Fumbling for my slippers, I went to the window and found that my nurse was quite agitated. "Please come; there's been a fight and a man is badly hurt. They have not brought him to the mission as they are afraid his enemy will come and kill him. Can Bwana go out and get him, and take him to the Ndeya clinic?"

By now Philip was awake. He dressed quickly and prepared to leave. He locked the doors in case this man should enter our home and cause trouble. Philip soon returned home. He felt the injured man needed my help, so I called Rosemarie, our schoolteacher, who lived in the other part of the duplex. I asked her to listen for the children in case they awakened. I quickly dressed to go back with Philip to the Ndeya clinic eight miles away. When we got there the beaten man was stark naked before us. A male nurse was pouring cold water over him! I went over to the nurse and asked, "Don't you know how to treat this injured man? Can't you see he is in shock and is

about to collapse? Clean him up later. First stop his bleeding or he will die.” I could see the nurse did not appreciate my interference. He reluctantly got the man a bed to lie on. I did what I could with the meager supplies available at this clinic. We prayed with this man and left. We crawled into bed 1 A.M. *Why did these emergencies always come on weekends?* I asked myself before I fell asleep.

During the month of March we spent the weekends at the bush churches. These churches were pioneered by graduates from our Bible school at Andudu. The new church at Dakpa was doing well, and we were encouraged. During the month of April we heard many more rumors. We heard that all the white women were fleeing the country with their children. It was difficult for us to discern truth from rumor during this time. “What are you hoping this independence will do for you?” I asked one of the helpers at the clinic.

“Oh Madamo,” he said, “they are telling us that we will have the white man’s house, his car, all the money he has in the bank, and even his wife.”

“Do you believe these rumors?” I asked.

Hanging his head he said, “Not really. We are Christians, and would not steal another man’s belongings, especially his wife. I am afraid that many of my former unsaved friends are believing these stories, and we feel concern for you Madamo, and the children.”

Again I felt that chill in my soul, even a moment of fear. I shared his comments with Philip. We prayed about these issues. We felt at peace. Missionaries had always been treated nicely, and with respect. We believed at that moment that this favorable treatment would continue.

It was again time for the Annual Field Council. We packed our Travelall. We had several pastors’ wives with us. Their belongings were packed tightly in the back. Those with babies held them in a sling of cloth close to their bodies. This made it easy for them to nurse if they became hungry or cried. We rounded a bend, and as we began the downhill journey all of a sudden Philip cried out, “the steering has gone!” We were only twenty-five miles from Andudu. The road was dry, but we were heading downhill fast. I clutched David close to me. Little Philip, who was sitting between us, laid his head down on my lap. The pastors, wives began an

instant prayer meeting. Philip couldn't get the van to stop and we careened downhill for what seemed a long while. Somehow we avoided driving into the ditch. Finally, quite shaken and very dusty, we stopped.

"What went wrong?" I asked.

"I think a tie-rod has broken," Philip replied as he got under the van to see what had caused that hair-raising ride.

I could then hear the women in the van praising and thanking the Lord that no had been hurt. "Thank You, Jesus," I said. "Now will You please enable Philip to fix what's wrong?" I prayed. We wondered what we could do. We had no other man. We didn't even have a bicycle with which to go for help. "Wait," I cried, "I hear a car." Sure enough, there came a Volkswagen bug. Pulling up beside us, the driver, a Greek plantation owner, whom we knew, asked what had happened. After explaining what had gone wrong, Philip asked if he would take me and the children on to the Andudu mission. Meanwhile, he would try and make progress along the road as best he could. After making temporary repairs with wire and string, Philip drove the last twenty-five miles very slowly. Three-and-a-half hours later, much to my relief, they pulled into the mission station.

The next day the mechanic from Mungbere brought Grace Lindholm's car back, after having it at his garage for repairs. He kindly took the tie rod with him. "I'll be back before the conference ends," he said as he got into his car that he had left at the mission while he was fixing Grace's car. Even in this situation we could see the goodness of the Lord. We had planned to go to Rethy Academy for a vacation in June. If the tie rod had broken when we had been driving in the middle of the Ituri Forest, we could have been stranded for a long time without any help.

Again, we were mindful of His timing in all things. Although it had been a frightening experience, we praised the Lord for keeping us safe. Philip was able to enjoy the meetings because he knew that the car would be repaired in time for our return to Bodi.

Rethy is an African inland mission station near Lake Albert, some 450 miles southeast of Bodi. It had a hospital, schools, and a printshop. It also had a school for the children of missionaries, which progressed from first through ninth grade. Three cottages—known as the Uganda house, the Gombari house, and the Bunia house—were also part of the mission. The



Gombari house was built by one of our missionaries. This house is where we stayed for vacation. The forest, swamps and lowland where we all worked were hot and humid. Malaria, with its debilitating fevers, took its toll on our health. Our senior missionaries insisted that we all have a month's vacation in a better climate. Rethy, which was nestled in the foothills of the Ruwenzori range of mountains, was a paradise for us. The mission stood at a 7,000-foot altitude. The cool breezes were a delight.

We had left Bodi at sunrise. It promised to be a warm day. Philip, Jr. had just had his second birthday. He was talking very well for his age. David would be one at the end of June, so everything was a wonder to him. We planned to stay at Watsa mission for the night, and arrive at Rethy the next day. It was the rainy season, so the dirt roads were not as dusty as they had been during the dry season. It was always hot! As we travelled though, it became cooler. When we arrived at Rethy we reached for our sweaters. It seemed quite cold. Soon we were settled in, with a fire roaring in the grate. After bathing the children and putting them to bed, we relaxed by the fireside. There were no interruptions or demands on our time for the next three weeks! This was indeed heaven!

We planned to have our midday meal at the school dining room. This would be quite a new experience for Philip, Jr. He would see eighty-five white boys and girls all at one time! I had hired a local young man to wash our clothes. We had brought Zeleda, the girl from Bodi whom I was training as a nanny. We found a place for her to stay nearby. The house had two bedrooms, a combined living and dining room, and French windows that opened out onto a sloping lawn where the children could play. A small kitchen was sufficient for me to prepare breakfast and our evening meal. I bought bread from the school kitchen each day. In the lowlands cattle could not be raised because of sleeping sickness. Because Rethy was located at a higher altitude there was no problem. There were no mosquitoes to trouble us. Watching the cows was a new experience for Philip, Jr. He was delighted when they took the grass he pushed through the fence. As I sat by the open windows enjoying the cool breeze and looking out over the hedge to the rolling countryside that stretched out into a plain in the far distance, I began to relax.

A coughing at the door while I was preparing breakfast drew my attention to a boy about twelve years old. He had a large basin on his head full of fresh vegetables. I checked the list of prices that was pinned on the back door, so I knew the price to pay. These people spoke Swahili, and very few of them knew Lingala. By gesturing and nodding I managed to make my purchases. A little later a girl came by with strawberries! What a treat these foods were for us. Our days were spent mostly reading, writing letters, playing with the children, and enjoying the delightful climate. For several evenings, Philip and I were invited out by the missionary teachers. I would feed and bathe the children and leave them with confidence in the care of Zeleda. I enjoyed these breaks. I did not have to see if Philip, Jr. was spooning his food down his T-shirt instead of into his mouth, or that David was not stuffing his mouth too full.

Walking hand-in-hand under the light of a brilliant full moon, it did not seem possible that anything could change the peace and security we felt. Tonight we had been invited to dine at the Klines. Dinner conversation naturally turned to the news of the day. It seemed that the M.N.C. party held the majority, although the P.N.P party had many members. Patrice Lumumba would be the Congo's first African prime minister if the M.N.C. party won the elections. "Then the struggle for power will begin," I said. "I am sure there will be tribal problems. That, added to the communistic influence we are seeing upon the young people, may spell trouble."

"I think being away from the major cities we won't see much change," Philip said.

"Did you hear that Sabena has added eighty extra flights to take home the families of Belgian government officials? Any other white people who wish to leave can do so. It seems that the Greek businessmen, plantations owners, and missionaries are all planning to stay on and see what happens," Stanley Kline said.

We came to the conclusion that we must pray and try to keep abreast of what was happening. We thanked our host for the dinner and lovely evening we had shared. We walked back to the house in silence. Writing home to his parents the next day, Philip asked for special prayers for the country. If they did not hear from us for a little while it would be because mail would not go out. Everyone would be celebrating the week of independence. We continued our vacation.

After another checkup I discovered that I was pregnant. “I do hope we have a girl this time,” I said to Philip. We had planned a third child, but not quite as soon as this! We were happy though, and I was feeling so much better. Philip was eating like a horse and had added much-needed weight to his skinny frame. The weather and the food were both terrific. The days passed quickly. We planned to leave June 21st so we could be back at the mission station for the independence celebrations.

The journey back to Bodi was uneventful. We praised the Lord for this. However, we felt an air of tension all around, just as the air feels before a terrific storm breaks. Rumors were rife, but we tried not to let the uncertainty they generated affect us. We wanted to get the new clinic building finished quickly.

June 30th, Independence Day, arrived with great excitement. Our schoolboys enacted the history of missions, beginning with Livingstone. It was a lively presentation and very well done. After prayer we enjoyed the meal prepared by the women. This was followed by games and a gift of candy from us to everyone. As the new Republic of the Congo flag slowly moved up the pole at the church, I looked up and saw the clouds of a gathering storm. Could another type of storm be brewing within the country, I wondered? All was quiet, but in the capital some tribal warring had been reported. We could only pray for a peaceful transition.

I awakened in the middle of the night to the sound of truck engines. They seemed to be travelling east, but it was unusual to hear so much traffic. I was perplexed, but I fell asleep. In the morning Philip said he had to go to Dungu. He arrived in town and went on up the hill to the Africa inland mission station to hear the latest news. Our radio was broken, so we were virtually cut off from any news at all. The situation was disconcerting to say the least. I was relieved when Philip finally arrived home. Later when the children were asleep we talked. “The news is not good, Honey,” Philip said. “All the roads to the borders are blocked. The trucks you heard Sunday night were part of a convoy of 300 forming in Dungu to take out all the white people. The men will return after the women are safely settled in the Sudan. We and the missionaries at Dungu are the only white people who remain in the area. I was able to get a barrel of gas so we could leave if

necessary. The missionaries at Dungu have promised to send a runner if they think we should leave. It might be wise to pack some things in case we have to go in a hurry.”

“Tomorrow I will do that, now let’s just commit this uncertainty to the Lord, and trust Him to let us know what decisions we must make,” I said. Praying together we finally went to bed. All was still quiet the next morning. Philip went down to the clinic where they had begun to plaster the walls. Next week he had planned to pour the cement floors. Our deadline for finishing the building was September 1st.

I had returned from the morning’s work at the clinic. I was ready to sit down and eat lunch with the children when an African I did not know appeared on the front porch. “*Mbote ndeko, sango nini?*” (“Greetings friend, what is the news?”) Silently he handed me a letter. Quickly I opened it and read, “I hope this does not alarm you too much but I guess we have to face the facts. A situation of anarchy has spread to all six provinces. We do feel concerned about you and the babies.” The letter was from Lionel and Eltha Furman at Gombari. It went on to tell us that the Friesens would be leaving in a couple of days for Kenya, as their eldest daughter’s summer school vacation was beginning. They would stay there in Nairobi for their vacation. Lionel and Eltha had been invited by the Jorgensons to drive through to Andudu to be with them, but they decided to stay put. Trouble had broken out at Mungbere, so they advised us to come via Tora to be with them. Together we could make whatever decisions we thought would be the best. Jay and Angeline Tucker were in Paulis, our city work. They had sent word through to the Furmans that there had been a mass exodus of white mothers and children from the city. Their family was the only one left. When Philip came in for lunch I shared the letter with him. There was also a short note from the Friesens which said that the white commander from the military camp close by the mission visited them. He had taken John aside and advised him to get the women and children out, but he begged John and Lionel to return. I told the African who brought the letters to go to the mission pastor’s house and we would come down and talk with the pastor later. We decided to go down to Gombari the next morning.

Rosemarie had been living in the other part of the duplex since Gail left. She was busy supervising the girl’s school. We shared the letters with her

and we asked her to pack what she felt she might need; we would leave together early in the morning. Travelling the road via Tora, as advised by the Friesens, we did not see any undue activity on the roads. It was the wet season, and there were rainstorms almost every day. This slowed down our travel. The dirt roads became very muddy in places. It was already dark by the time we arrived in the town of Gombari. The stores were closed, and the dirt streets deserted. We had to travel through the military camp to get to our mission station. It was located about a mile behind this military post. The army was very unsettled. News had trickled through that to the south of us the army had deserted. This army was on a rampage of its own. Looting and rape were the order of the day and my heart went cold. "Oh Lord," I cried, "I'm willing to die for you, but please spare me from rape, for I could not survive that."

It was with much trepidation we entered the camp road. Very soon we were called to a halt. Philip sat still until a soldier came and said roughly, "Get out." He did and had to put his hands on his head while they body-searched him. All they found was a comb and a Swiss pocket knife.

The other soldier that had joined in was perplexed. "I've never seen a knife like this before," he said. They turned it over and over while Philip tried to explain in a kindly way what its purpose was.

Meanwhile, Rosemarie was getting indignant. She got out of the car and explained that we were missionaries going to the mission station to visit. The army uses the Lingala trade language. It is used by many Africans who speak their own tribal language. Eventually, Rosemarie found out the soldiers' tribal language, and used this tongue to converse with them. I thanked the Lord at this moment. Rosemarie spoke about six languages. The two soldiers stood with their hands on their automatic weapons, listening to what she had to say. I felt fearful for her, as she was a half-caste girl. These girls are usually better educated and are therefore more desirable as a wife. Rosemarie had grown up with missionaries at the Betongwe station, but had not as yet married. I admired her calm courage. I prayed they would not detain her and that they would let us all go. The boys were sleeping. I was praying in silent desperation. I feared the situation would turn very nasty at any moment. How I thanked the Lord for instant access to His throne through prayer. As Rosemarie conversed with them, they became less belligerent. After what seemed ages, they gave us permission

to go on up to the mission. The Friesens and the Furmans were glad to see us. After settling the children, we talked things over until the early hours of the morning. We finally decided to go to Andudu, after getting a little sleep first. We needed to know what the other missionaries were planning to do. As the sun rose into the clear sky, we drove through the army camp without being stopped. We had an uneventful trip to Andudu. Mel and Eleanor were glad to see us. Over lunch, we decided that we would return to Bodi and pack necessary things. We would leave by the northern route, through Dungu, Aba, and Aru, and then over into Uganda. Hopefully, we could find somewhere to stay until we could contact our headquarters in Springfield, Missouri, for directions. The rest of our missionary family would leave from Andudu and take the southern route which would bring them to Uganda and Kenya. We planned to eventually meet at the Canadian Pentecostal Mission in Kisumu, Kenya. The missionaries there had already written to Lucille before the independence upheaval. They had invited us all to stay there with them if we needed to.

That evening, when the children had been put to bed, we gathered and prayed for each other. Our hearts broke, for none of us wanted to leave. Deep inside we felt the assurance of the Holy Spirit that we must get out of the country until it was safe again. Our hearts were heavy for the African church, for we would be leaving them to carry alone the responsibilities of the whole work. The church could come under much persecution because of this.

It was with tears flowing freely that we said our parting goodbyes and began our journey home to Bodi. We had a safe trip, for which we were thankful. Our bodies were beginning to feel the stress of the past three days. The constant jolting of the rutted roads left us feeling bruised. We arrived late in the afternoon. Philip called the station pastor and I called my nurses. We told them that we would be leaving for a while. They agreed readily. They especially feared for the safety of the women. We put blankets and sheets in the car for the journey and what we didn't need we stored in our packing barrels. Rosemarie had a trunk packed in no time. Meanwhile, my African cook had prepared dinner. We ate in silence. I had handed keys and the rest of my responsibilities to my senior nurse, Tubi. Simogu, the younger nurse, would help. There was a stock of medicines that should hold

out for eighteen months. Philip left instructions with his African foreman. He felt that they could lay the cement floors in the new clinic now that the plastering was completed. "Oh why does it have to be like this," I said to Philip.

"I don't know," he replied, "but we will come back."

By "day four," I wondered what was in store for us. We had no way of knowing who was in control or what we would meet during this long journey. When we were packed and ready to leave, our mission pastor prayed that God would send His angels to go with us. With tearful hugs we left, not knowing what was ahead. We had some literature with us to distribute to the soldiers if we were to be detained at road barriers. The Greeks and other white people always gave them money, but we would not do that. We hoped to at least reach Aba by nightfall. Although it soon became hot, the boys were so good. I was thankful to have Rosemarie to help me; I was feeling exhausted, probably because I was five months pregnant. We had travelled far during the past few days. It was almost nightfall when we reached Aba. The missionaries were still there. They were just a few miles from the Sudan border and felt they could leave at a moment's notice. The Klienschmidts made us welcome. After a good meal I was glad to lay my weary body into a comfortable bed. After an early breakfast, we left for the Uganda border post of Aru. We hoped to get there before nightfall so that we could cross over into Uganda and stay the night at Kuluva mission. It would be a relief to be in a place of security at last. Uganda was still a British colony.

I had been praying because Rosemarie had no papers whatsoever. She didn't even have a birth certificate. We all wondered what would happen at the border post. I told her that from this point on she was the children's *ayah* (nanny), as that was the only way I felt that she would be allowed to leave the country. Although the dirt roads were bumpy, we had a good trip. As we walked into the customs office in the late afternoon I could see a long white pole across the road. On the other side of that pole we would be safe from danger and harm! We sat down and waited while Philip, after presenting our passports and visas, was searched. We explained who we were and that we were taking a trip to Kampala. "We have Mademoiselle Rosemarie with us," I explained. "She's the children's *ayah*. I need her,

because I am pregnant and not well. I am afraid we did not have time to get travelling papers for her, but she will be with us, and we will be responsible for her.” I was praying desperately that they would allow her to leave. They accepted this explanation and with a big sigh of relief we got back into the van and crossed over into three miles of no-man’s land. We then faced Uganda customs. To our great surprise, they were prepared for refugees. We had no problems at all. They advised us to go on to Kampala the following day and to report at the university campus. The Red Cross and their staff would attend to our needs for food and shelter. We travelled fifteen miles further and we pulled into the Kuluva mission station. For a moment we breathed a deep sigh of relief. How good the Lord had been to us these past five days. Dr. and Mrs. Williams greeted us warmly, having heard of the unrest in the Congo. Over a hot meal, we explained our situation. We told of our desire to travel on to Kampala the next day. It would be easier to contact our mission headquarters from there. We also hoped to get official papers for Rosemarie. We felt the tension and stress of the past days slowly leave our bodies, and we slept soundly.

The dirt road surface in Uganda was much better and we made good time. We had no difficulty finding the university, because volunteers had been given orders to guide any car with a Congolese license plate to the refugee center. We were greeted warmly and directed to the dormitory to rest. We were instructed to go to the dining hall, where a meal would be ready in about an hour. Rosemarie was accepted as one of the family. We would never be able to repay such kindness. The people were wonderful to us. Once we got settled, I had the opportunity to take in the surroundings.

The campus had large, well-cared-for lawns and we could sit outside when it was not too hot. Concerned Red Cross volunteers approached us to schedule time slots for showers. Some had opened up their homes to accommodate this sudden influx of white people. We were grateful for this loving concern.

In the days that followed as Rosemarie and I walked with the children, we saw many women who looked terribly sad. Some looked as though they were in shock. Quite a few did not speak either French or Lingala. It was hard to communicate with them. Later we learned that many of them had suffered greatly at the hands of the rebelling army.



Almost a week had gone by. We had sent a cable to Philip's parents to let them know that we were safe in Uganda. They would call my parents. We knew they would be concerned when they heard the newscasts. The Red Cross had advised us to send the children home to England. We mentioned this in the cable as well. Meanwhile, in England, the Red Cross ladies had visited Philip's parents, and had already provided cots for the two boys, and whatever else they would need. Although we had 10,000 Congo francs, this currency was worthless. We had found a quiet place where we could talk. Without a passport and other official papers we decided that this may be the only way Rosemarie, who spoke fluent English, could get out of Africa. It was arranged that she would take the babies to their grandparents, and hopefully be granted exile in England. I could not tell you how I felt as I thought about this separation. David was only thirteen months old and Philip, Jr. was two years old. Rosemarie would have her hands full. It would be a tremendous adjustment for her too, having never been out of her country before.

I wrote a lengthy letter to Mom Cochrane explaining the routine I had for the children. I instructed her to give the children their anti-malarial medicine each week for at least six weeks. We would travel down to Kisumu, Kenya and stay there until we heard from Headquarters. I enclosed the address, giving the letter and medicine to Rosemarie. I told her not to forget to report to the police when she got to England. We left at 7 A.M. for the airport at Entebbe. The plane was on the tarmac when we arrived. As I watched Rosemarie carrying David and holding Philip, Jr.'s hand my heart cried out, *Lord, why does it have to be like this?* The ache was almost unbearable. *Is this what a missionary call demands—the surrender of everything, even our precious babies?*

Philip stood quietly by my side holding my hand so tightly. We turned away. I could not bear to see the plane take off. We got into the van and continued the long drive to Kisumu. I dared not worry. Had we not given these babies back to the Lord when they were born? Could He not now take care of them better than I could? These questions raced through my mind as we travelled the hard dirt road south. As I closed my eyes and tried to sleep a scripture came flying into my mind, *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.* I felt a peace steal quietly over my soul. I knew at that moment that I could trust the Lord with everything.

A welcome awaited us in the home of Dr. Derek Prince and his wife. They were gracious and kind to us. Over the years they had adopted several children. Little Joska was the only child living at home. She was an adorable little black orphan. Elizabeth was home for the summer vacation. Philip still remembers playing a duet on the piano with her. She was such a lovely, gracious young lady. Meeting her helped to fill the gap left by the absence of our little ones.

It was a relief to discover that the Furmans, Jorgensons, and Friesens had arrived safely at Kisumu mission.

In early August we got a letter from Rosemarie. It was hilarious. The plane landed in Brussels and the refugees were put in various hostels and convents until their final destinations could be reached. Rosemarie found herself in a convent where all the nuns wore habits with large, stiffly starched head coverings that had side wings. When Rosemarie had David in her arms he would peek round the side and say "Peek a boo." The nuns sent a girl to take Rosemarie to get passport photos. The following day they sent a nun to look after the children while she went to the passport office. The children cried so hard when they saw Rosemarie leaving. Within the week Rosemarie had a Belgian passport. The Red Cross arranged a flight for Rosemarie and the children to London. Rosemarie stepped off the plane and realized that she did not have a photo of Philip's parents! Soon she heard someone calling David and Philip and realized that they would know their grandchildren. Philip, Jr. had seen an official wearing a big leather belt and said to Rosemarie, "*Oh fimbo mabe!*" ("Bad whip!") He'd had quite a few spankings, so he recognized a belt as a *fimbo*.

Grandma and Grandpa had planned a trip to the coast to see Auntie Joan and Uncle Arthur. The children had never been to the ocean. Joan and Arthur could hardly wait to see their nephews. We were just thankful to receive the news from home that they had arrived safely and that Rosemarie could stay in England. Though it was hard to be parted, we thanked the Lord over and over for His goodness.

I wrote home explaining that the men were planning to go back to the Congo on the 8th to assess the situation there. Winnie Currie had flown home because her father was very ill. The ladies would remain at Kisumu

until the men returned. It was decided that Philip would stay with me. They felt the stress of leaving the children, and my pregnancy, was ample reason for him to take care of me. I was very exhausted. We still had no direction from headquarters. We thought we might be relocated in Tanganyika.

“We’re coming home the 25th,” I wrote our parents in mid-August. The doctor had given us an ultimatum: “Fly home by the end of August or remain here to have this baby.”

Headquarters contacted us and forwarded our fares. Planes were all fully booked to London for months ahead, but a cancellation made it possible for us to leave right away. Again we saw the hand of the Lord, moving on our behalf. We were overwhelmed with joy.

As the plane slowly came to a halt I could hardly wait to hold my babies in my arms. We will never be able to thank our parents enough for their help during the months that followed. Rosemarie went to the North of England to a small town named Hyde. She took David with her. My brother-in-law was able to get her a work permit and a job. Mother and Dad cared for David. I began to regain strength. On December 14th I presented Philip and the boys with a ten-pound, three-ounce baby sister! We named her Elizabeth Ann Zeleda. God had blessed us with a daughter! Our joy knew no bounds! Zeleda is the Bantu word for Grace, and the name of the boys’ African nanny. We gave it to our daughter as she would be the only one of our children born outside of Africa.

I insisted that the doctor let me fly north to Manchester to be with my parents for Christmas. Philip drove up with his parents and Philip, Jr. We had a tremendous time together. January brought discouraging news from the other missionaries who had returned to the Congo. Eltha wrote, “Sorry for the blue note in these epistles. There just isn’t much to encourage us these days. You will be sad to know that the African brethren dismissed Simogu for theft of dispensary monies, although nothing was definitely proved. The Tuckers are in Paulis and the work is progressing. The missionaries met with all the African pastors in conference at Betongwe. A real nasty nationalistic spirit was evident, and some very unkind things were said to us. We have revamped the administration, and all monies are in

the hands of the National Church Executive. Pray for us. The situation is unsettled.”

The situation was unsettled for us as well. We had some local speaking engagements. Otherwise, we had nothing other than our eighty dollars a month support. We prayed much.

A civic reception had been arranged in Hyde. My cousin and her husband were mayoress and mayor at that time. The town had been very kind to me on my previous furlough. They took a keen interest in the Bodi clinic which would be named “Onward,” my hometown motto, when completed. I took a part-time nursing position to help financially. Philip took whatever speaking engagements he could get. So the months slipped by. One by one each of the missionary families relocated, some to another field and some returned to America.

We learned that the Tucker family did leave for a while but returned to Paulis in May. The work was continuing in Paulis. Philip felt that he should return during the new year, and then send for me if everything was safe. Mother would babysit for me and I would work full time. This way Philip would have our eighty-dollar-a-month check to support him.

As Philip left for Africa that cold January 2nd morning, it was very hard to say goodbye. He was going back to an unknown situation. Only the assurance that he was in the Lord’s will kept me still. During my quiet time. I told the Lord that He had first claim on my husband. I renewed the vow that Philip and I had made before Him on our wedding day, “Jesus first,” each other second. *Why does it have to hurt so badly, Lord?* I cried, alone on my knees. Softly His peace stole back into my heart. He reminded me that Philip couldn’t be in better hands. The next two months were hard. I received no news. Was Philip dead, sick, or murdered? I tried to hide my anxiety with a smile. During the dark, lonely nights I found comfort as I talked with my Lord. In early March a cable arrived. “Am in Kampala, come as soon as possible!”

My father had surgery in October. He was back in the hospital again. Three more growths had been found in his brain. The surgeon had told Mother that there was nothing more they could do. I talked a long time with Mother, a woman of great faith. “We’ll bring Daddy home,” she said, “and your sister Jean will help me. Your place is at the side of Philip.” I had no

car, so I took the bus to the hospital. Daddy was glad to see me, but I'm not sure he fully understood that I was leaving. There were no words that could tell anyone how I felt in those last moments. "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children or lands for My sake and the Gospels, but he shall receive..." The scripture in Mark 10 flooded through my mind. Quietly bowing my head, my hand tightly held in Daddy's, I asked God to spare him. Kissing him quickly I left. I did not want him to see my tears.

The next morning I flew down to London, where I met Philip's parents at the airport with Philip, Jr. We now called him Philip John. He was growing fast and could hold a very intelligent conversation with anyone. He would soon be four years old.

Philip was awaiting us at the Entebbe airport. He had gone to the post office in Kampala and there was my cable! He made a very quick twenty-one-mile journey to the airport to be there on time. He had lost weight, but said he felt good. He was delighted with the children, and was especially thrilled to see Liz. We travelled up to Kampala, Uganda that afternoon. Philip wrote a quick note to his parents to let them know that we had arrived safely. Tomorrow we would travel 130 miles to Masindi, the next day 200 miles to Arua, and then the final 280 miles to Bidi. We could not wait to get back home to Bidi and be a family once again.

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## Chapter 9

### The Return

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It was such a joy to be back at Bodi. The welcome was overwhelming. We knew that these people really loved us. I was glad God did not allow us to see too far ahead. We took one step at a time. Had we known at the joy of our returning, that we would walk the “valley of the shadow of death,” and that there would be a “counting of all things loss for the sake of the Gospel,” then I doubt that we would have had the courage to face another term.

At the beginning of March I was not well. Philip had to return to Aru to pay the customs on the Volkswagen Kombi van he had bought second-hand in Uganda. He thought it would be wise for us all to go as far as Aba so that I could see Dr. Klienschmidt. When Philip was returning from Aru, much to his surprise, he met the doctor and me with David and Liz about forty miles out of Aba. “Her problem may be a tubal pregnancy,” the doctor said. “I want to get her to Dr. Williams as soon as possible,” the doctor said to Philip. I thanked the doctor and climbed into our Kombi van. Philip turned around in the road, heading back the way he had just come. Dr. Williams performed emergency surgery the next day. To his surprise there had been no tubal pregnancy. Several days later I flew to Kampala. Philip travelled with the children by road. At the Anglican hospital in Kampala they diagnosed a possible threatened miscarriage. The specialist advised a Caesarean section. After Elizabeth was born, I had to undergo a lot of repair surgery because of her size at birth. Surgery would reverse if I were to have a normal delivery. They also discovered that I had a heart problem. “This should be your last baby,” the specialist said. Sterilization was advised. The

following months were not easy. Gail and Lillian returned to Isiro to help in the work there along with the Tuckers. We were alone at Bodi. Zeleda was a big help with the children. I spent the mornings at the clinic, and the African trained staff took care of everything else. I was only called for emergencies they could not handle. It was a discouraging beginning to our new term on the field.

Before I arrived, Philip had done a lot of work on the house. During our absence the white ants had invaded the woodwork and eaten away some of the door jambs and some wood around the windows. Now that Gail had moved to Isiro we had the whole duplex to ourselves. I made one of the rooms into a playroom for the children. It came in handy on rainy days. It was close to the end of the dry season but the days were still hot and dusty.

At the end of May we received news that our freight was at Kasese in Uganda. The Friesens had transferred to Tanzania. We travelled down to Andudu and packed the things they had left there. Philip then left Monday morning for the long journey to Uganda. Taking the Friesens' barrels with him, he hoped to return with all our things. Before he left, we prayed specifically that the Lord would halt the rains until he returned. The roads were unbelievably bad. Mud, holes, ruts, and turned-over trucks made travelling a nightmare. He arrived back at Andudu on the following Thursday. Apart from an encounter with an irate soldier, everything had gone well. We arrived home the next day, Friday. Not one drop of rain had fallen from the time we prayed. Saturday it poured!

In August we took David and Liz to Paulis where Gail and Lillian would care for them while I was away. Several days later we arrived at Kuluva Hospital, Uganda. The afternoon of the day before surgery I was alone in my room resting. I don't think I was asleep. I heard a voice say very clearly, "I'm only lending you this child for a little while." I was perplexed, but I said nothing to Philip. The next day Andrew Mark, a perfect little baby, became part of our home. It was August 23rd. I had been back in the Congo just six months.

I did not know that Philip had received a cable from home to tell him that my father had died the 22nd. The doctor advised against telling me until several days after the surgery. I still don't know why Daddy, so young at fifty-nine years, had succumbed to cancer. My only comfort was that I

knew deep in my heart that my Heavenly Father makes no mistakes. God had used my daddy many times to pray for others, and they had been healed. His miracle had become Heaven, and I could not question. I experienced a period of grief, but little Andrew was such a comfort to me.

For part of August, Philip had been out in evangelistic work every weekend. There was an outreach from a different one of our twelve bush churches each weekend. Before we left for the hospital they had reached 2,302 people, and had 174 who accepted the Lord. He was greatly encouraged by this. So many times it had seemed that missionary work lay more in fixing and building than in preaching and teaching. This was the part of being a missionary we rarely talk about. We often thought how much easier it would be if we could buy our timber, instead of choosing a tree, felling it, and laboriously sawing out planks. The same was true of bricks. We started with the clay in the ground, and then pressed the bricks out two at a time in the old brick machine that seemed to break down so easily. Philip had a small work crew, and we really had to trust the Lord that there would be enough money to pay them at the end of the week. Wage rates at that time were pathetically low. The Christians, however, were so thrilled to think that they would soon have their very own clinic and hospital complex.

The children were happy with their new brother. I did have a problem with Liz. When I was not around she would pick him up and carry him around. One day I heard a scream and dashed from the kitchen to find that she'd fallen on the path with Andrew in her arms. I found a rag doll in one of our freight barrels and together with a blanket and a bottle, she now had her own baby to take care of. I hoped that this would solve the problem.

One Sunday, we had a snake come into Sunday School class. This caused quite a commotion! Of course, with just open spaces and no screens for windows and doors, dogs, cats, chickens, and anything that moves would come into the Church. The snake was very frightening, and for a minute or two there was quite a lot of noise! Once killed and thrown out, the class was resumed. There was never a dull moment. My cook was being difficult and always taking time off.



A baby with second- and third-degree burns was carried into the clinic at this time, and that kept me busy. I missed Zeleda, who had asked for time off. Her sister Situki was caring for the children, but was not as good with them.

Liz loved water and my dish cupboards, and Philip and David wanted to be around “helping?!” me all the time.

Yes, I was tired. Without dependable house help and a good nanny, it made it hard for me to carry the medical work.

Paulis, and not Stanleyville, had been named the capital of this province. The province had also been renamed. The present African local government wanted to confiscate our bookstore and French chapel property and gave us a twenty-four-hour notice to get out. They needed it, they said, for their new government offices. Jay Tucker had flown to Stanleyville to find out the legality of all this. It was very upsetting. We had the press and the apartment all in one building on this corner lot in town. Gail and Lillian lived in the apartment above the press. All of our Sunday school literature and tracts were printed there under Gail’s supervision. We were deeply concerned about the attitude of the local officials. Until now they have left us alone. They would not dare confiscate any Roman Catholic property like this, and they have much more than we do. How Satan battled everything; but praise God we knew he was defeated.

I wrote home in October to ask specifically for prayer for this situation. Since the uprisings at Independence we had a United Nations peacekeeping force in place, so we did not expect any more rebellions at this time. One great comfort was that we now had our short-wave radio transmitters, so we could talk to our stations and other missions at 1 P.M. each day. We had to be careful what we said, though, because secret police and informers were plentiful. Our pastors had asked us not to ever mention the president of the Republic of Congo, or the names of other officials in Church, not even for prayer. Yes, there was tension. A political youth group had formed by now, and they could be verbally offensive at times.

We were also finding that since Independence there were times when some of our Christians could develop very bad attitudes. Philip had gone through quite a stressful time with one of the sawyers he had employed from 1959 to 1960. He went to the judge at Ndedu, our regional office, and

accused Philip of not paying him. He had conveniently lost his pay book. We prayed fervently. It could have been quickly settled if Philip had passed a bribe on to the judge, but we chose prayer as our weapon. Philip found the records, which was a miracle. After the rebellion of 1960, almost everything had been either destroyed or stolen. This proved that we had paid the man. How we rejoiced! More and more it seemed that Satan was using these tactics to discourage us. The Lord must have had something great planned for the church for the devil to have been so active! We continued to learn to praise God daily, no matter what the situation. We praised the Lord for helping us keep our property in Paulis. Jay Tucker got official letters from the African officials in Stanleyville, and from the American Embassy, stating that the buildings were to remain the property of the Assembly of God Church.

We experienced an epidemic of measles. We had some very ill babies who needed a lot of care. So far our children remained healthy. They were not allowed on Hospital Hill. Philip had begun building a twenty-four-bed hospital. We had so many patients who needed to stay. He also had plans for an eight-bed maternity unit. This would be such a tremendous help. The dry season was just beginning. It was mid-November. Philip found neither food or gifts in Paulis for Christmas. We had not had a potato for a whole month. I used my imagination to make something a little different for Christmas dinner. We were not starving, but, oh, how good some french fries would have tasted! We had no meat either. Philip had been cleaning his gun to prepare for the opening of hunting season the first of December. I prayed that he would get a wild pig or something good to butcher for Christmas. We did have Sally the duck; she was our beloved pet, and I didn't know how we could eat her!

As I sat on the front porch of our Bodi home, the full moon was so bright. The crickets and other forest sounds were like background music. The children were asleep. I paused after a hurried, demanding day to take in this quiet, refreshing moment. It had been a busy week. A Pazande chief came in with bacillary dysentery. He was convinced that he had been poisoned. The next day he returned to his village completely well. We prayed with him and he accepted the Lord. He took a letter with him to our

African pastor in his village to let him know the wonderful news. Although I was tired, my soul rejoiced.

During the week a wee babe was born seemingly dead. We worked, prayed, and did all we could to revive the baby. Finally the baby gasped. It was a weak little thing, and I did not have much hope that the baby would live, but three days later the baby was alert and so cute. At the end of the week, I was called out to a woman whom they had carried in from the village. Twice she had almost died as I worked with her. Finally I asked her “*Mama, nalingi kosambela mpo na yo.*” (Mother, I would like to pray for you.) She reluctantly nodded her head as she held her Roman Catholic cross with what little strength she had. Somehow she seemed afraid of us. I could not alleviate her fear, but wondered what she’d been told about us Protestants. We had had continuous difficulty with the Roman Catholic mission just eight miles away. They just did not want us in what they considered their territory. Many unkind rumors had been circulated about us missionaries eating black people. This notion was hilarious, yet very saddening. With loving care we ministered to this woman, but she felt she had no need of a Savior.

All of our pastors and their wives have been at the mission station for a week-long “Bible Refresher Course.” We then learned that Tora Road had been closed. Five of our pastors had to stay at Bodi. Within two days so many people were getting sick and dying that the government had isolated the area. The five pastors could not return to their families. We felt that this situation was a matter of urgent prayer. As the moon slipped behind the clouds, I finished sharing another week’s happenings with my mother. In the morning the “runner” would be at the door with his bicycle, ready to leave for the post office in Dungu. He would be back before dark with mail for us. That is if the plane was not delayed and the mail truck had not broken down!

In early April, the wet season had begun. Philip drove 150 miles to Gombari to get Brother Phillips, our field director who was visiting from the States. An evangelist from the States was with him. We had been praying much that during this coming week many would be ministered to. From Bodi we would all go to Isiro for the final meetings. Many had

walked fifty miles to participate in these special services. What a fantastic week we had! Many were healed and saved; our bush pastors had been renewed in their spirits to labor on, no matter how tough the going would get. We were greatly encouraged. Many had received their sight. One young mother was just like a zombie. She could not talk, or do anything else, unless she was told to do it. Now she couldn't stop talking about what Jesus had done for her. A chief was brought in with severe arthritis of twenty-five years' duration. He was instantly healed. When she was prayed for, a girl with a crippled foot heard something crack in her hip. Her foot remained the same. The next day she felt a warmth flowing over her, and a cracking sound in her hip. By sunset, her hip, leg, and foot were completely normal.

On Thursday morning Elizabeth was sick. She seemed to have bacillary dysentery, but she did not fuss. On Saturday we were all going to Isiro for the final weeks of the Crusade. We would be staying with Gail and Lillian in their apartment. Elizabeth gradually got worse. By Sunday she was very ill, and the evangelist, Brother Lorne Fox, prayed for her. Dr. Helen Roseveare of the Heart of Africa mission stopped by when she heard we had a sick child. She had been shopping and was on her way back to her mission station. She said there was nothing more we could do for Liz, as we affectionately called her. Liz woke on Monday feeling better and we praised God for touching her weakened body. On Tuesday night Andrew started vomiting. "Oh no, Lord," I cried. "I've been so careful to see that he was kept away from Liz; please don't let him get ill now." He was eight months old. He was a happy baby and a real joy to us all. He was teething. I started him on a course of anti-malarial medicine just in case. Babies would often come down with malaria when they were teething or were ill with another malady. As always, we prayed. By Wednesday he seemed very lethargic. I took him to the Belgian doctor who was making one of his periodic visits to the Belgian railroad staff. He made the same diagnosis as I did. Andrew gradually became worse. Lillian got up and begged me to rest for an hour. I tried to rest. It was around 3 A.M. and Andrew seemed to be sleeping. I prayed on my knees by the settee where Andrew lay. Once again, I heard in my spirit that still small voice of God saying, "Edith, did I not tell you that I would only loan you this child for a little while?"

“Oh Lord,” I cried. “Are You going to take him home?” There was no reply.

After a while I composed myself, and through the tears and a heart that was breaking I said, “Lord, he belongs to You first, may Your perfect will be done.” I was numb. Philip, the children, Gail, and Lillian were all sleeping. I had never shared with Philip what the Lord had told me the day before Andrew was born. Because I was a well-qualified nurse, Philip always had the utmost confidence in me. I had not wanted to trouble him with what I thought at the time was my anxiety. As I sat on the floor, I knew as I had known my own name that God had really spoken to me. I did not understand; I couldn’t even question. Quietly I said, “He’s Yours to take, Lord.” I had a perfect deep, deep peace in my heart, but as I looked at my wee son the tears coursed down my face. The emotional pain was very real.

At 5 A.M. I woke Philip to take us to the Roman Catholic hospital in the town. They called the doctor immediately. Andrew went into convulsions. Hot and then cold sponging did nothing to bring down his fever of 107.6. The nun looked at me and said, “Why did you not bring him sooner?” I explained that I had been to the doctor the morning before, and had done all that he said. She never said another word. Standing by his bed, holding his wee, limp hand, we said goodbye. It was 7:30 A.M. Andrew was with Jesus. We returned to the apartment.

Gail and Lillian immediately gathered some things together and went to the hospital. Brother Tucker stopped by the carpenter’s and got a little unpainted casket made. At 3 P.M., the white population of Isiro, Greek tradespeople, plantation owners, and the Canadian missionaries on the far side of town gathered in the French chapel for the funeral. Our African pastors from the local churches also came. He was laid to rest at the small cemetery in Paulis. Norman Bliss, a young singer with Lorne Fox, sang, “Until Then.” I still do not hear that lovely song without tears falling. Yes, we are human. We do cry. After we returned to the apartment the girls took care of the other children so I could rest. I was exhausted. On my knees by the bed, I did not know how to tell God that it was all right. I just poured out my soul in the heavenly language He had baptized me with as a teenager. As I did so, a sweet, quiet peace stole over my heart. I did not want God to think I was angry with Him for allowing my baby to die. I rejoiced that in the past few weeks I had seen so many miracles of healing. I

had no questions. My heart was comforted. Together that night Philip prayed the words of Job, *“The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”* We eventually slept. Philip, though quiet, was such a tower of strength to me.

After we returned to Bodi, we were met by a sorrowing group of teachers, nurses, and workmen. *“Mwana na bisu,”* (our child), they cried. I cried with them, moved by their compassion. Later I shared with them how very precious Jesus was. I knew that had Andrew survived with such a high fever he would have been brain-damaged. I assured them that God does not make any mistakes. I knew in my own heart that having gone through the valley of the shadow of death, I could now better comfort a bereaving mother. Yes, God truly makes no mistakes.

Bagba, the headmaster of the boys’ school, had been on the outskirts of the group that came to share our sorrow. All had returned home but him. “Mama,” he said, “I have come to ask your forgiveness.” I was taken aback! I really did not understand what he needed to say. I invited him in for a cup of tea. Since he was the headmaster of the boys school, he was deeply involved with children. Two months earlier he had lost his two-year-old son. He had been very ill himself. As I made the tea I quietly asked the Lord to help me to say the right things to this man who seemed so troubled. “Mama,” Bagba began, “You remember two months ago when my son died, and I was very ill. You did everything you knew as a nurse and a woman of God to help us. What you did not know was, as you sat by my side and read the Word of God to me and prayed, I was saying in my heart things I should never have said to God.”

“What do you mean, Bagba?”

“Oh, Mama,” he said, “I was telling God that he only loved white people. Our black babies die, but no white babies ever die.” I sat in stunned silence. Bagba was not a new Christian. I considered him mature. His fellowship was always a blessing.

Slowly I found the words to explain to him. “There is nothing to forgive, Bagba. God understands and so do I. If it was necessary for little Andrew to die and go to Jesus to prove to you that God has no favorites,

that we are all His creation, and He deals with us equally, then Andrew did not die in vain.” By this time we both had tears steaming down our faces.

That evening as I shared with Philip, we both had a fresh understanding of “Why?” We both felt that if this was what it would take to let one African brother know that God has no favorites, then we could thank Him for the past months’ happenings.

We were both very tired. We decided to take our month’s vacation at Rethy, the African inland mission station where the missionary school was. Philip had developed a hernia, and now there was a resident missionary doctor on staff there. We decided that he should have it taken care of.

Philip John was just five. He was able to sit in first grade for an hour each day, to become accustomed to school. I had hired a girl to watch the children. She slept in the living room. There had been quite a lot of breaking in and stealing at this mission station. Some hired watchmen to prevent this. At 2:20 A.M. the girl screamed “*moyebi!*” (thieves!) We flew out of bed to find that a pane of glass had been removed from the kitchen window. I had tomatoes on the sill and they had been thrown on the grass. The thieves had fled. This had become a frequent happening since Independence, and in later years it would become worse. Until Independence, we had been able to leave doors unlocked and screen doors just hooked. This helped to cool down the house overnight, since we had no air conditioning.

Except for five days of malarial fever, Philip made a good recovery. Three weeks later we drove home to Bodi.

There was plenty of work awaiting Philip on our return. He had to get the roof on the hospital building before Dr. Brown was to come from the northern African inland mission station on July 7th to perform surgery. I already had twenty-four patients ready for him. Many more needing surgery, but there was no room for them. He planned to come down every four months. This would meet a great need.

I wrote home to Mother and told her that our field secretary, Everett L. Phillips, suggested that we think seriously of visiting the States to raise full support when our next furlough was due. The “Undesignated Funds,” he explained, were running very low and would shortly be dispensed with.

Taking care of the children during this time would be a problem. Brother Phillips wanted me to accompany Philip to describe the medical work. I asked Mom to pray much about this. It was hard to believe that the end of July had come. The surgical patients did wonderfully well, and would soon be going home. During Dr. Brown's visit he noticed that I became short of breath very easily. He suggested that I have a total checkup. He thought that I may have a heart problem. Meanwhile I tried to rest a little more. I thoroughly enjoyed Sundays at the mission church. After the morning service, and dinner over, we all took a nap. At 3 P.M. we were all wide awake and I taught an English Sunday School class. The students were my children! When David remembered his text, I was really proud of him. He loved books and drawing. Jonah was his favorite Bible story. I thanked the Lord daily for the privilege of teaching my children to love Jesus.

Lillian and Gail were to be alone in Paulis when the Tuckers left for furlough in August. There was no one to fill in while they were to be gone. I wrote home for special prayers for them. They lived in an upstairs apartment over the printshop. This was an added security, for breaking in and stealing was rampant. We still had U.N. forces in the larger towns, but they could not do much about this problem. When Philip came back from trying to purchase flour, sugar, salt, and other supplies that we needed, he said, "Honey, the brewery is making two million bottles of beer a month. I had a hard time finding sugar. It seems that the brewery gets priority on such supplies."

We had completed a week of Bible refresher courses at our Andudu mission with the Mabudu and Mamvu pastors. It was a blessed time. Now we would begin our "Personal Evangelism Outreach," August through September, in our Bodi District. This meant that Philip would be out at the bush churches Fridays through Sundays. First, though, he wanted to go hunting because we were without meat. He and Kutala and a few other men left at 4 A.M. It was now 1:30 A.M. Twenty-one-and-a-half hours had passed. I had been praying desperately since 10 P.M., fearful that they may have gotten lost when darkness had fallen. Worse still, I worried that he may be hurt by a wounded, angry buffalo. Finally, in desperation, I just left it all in the Lord's hands. I was helpless anyway, and being anxious would not help



at all, I told myself. At 1:40 A.M. I heard the van. They'd killed a waterbuck, but what a day they had! Walking through the forest, Pastor Kutala, in front, stepped on what he thought was a dead tree trunk, Philip followed him, and the trunk moved. "Python!" he yelled, "Throw your spears." The men following behind did, and pinned it by the tail.

Philip went on to say, "Honey, that thing raised its head, opened its mouth, and I saw all its teeth. It tensed its muscles and snapped the six-foot spear shaft. By this time I'd taken my gun from Kutala and shot. One of the men offered to drag it back to where they'd left the van. His mouth was already watering at the thoughts of python steaks!" After a bath, he was enjoying the sandwiches and coffee I had quickly prepared, when he said, "One other thing happened out there. After we got the waterbuck cut into carrying size hunks, Kutala was again leading the group single file back to the van when he suddenly disappeared. He had fallen into a huge pit dug in the ground that the Africans had made to trap animals. Usually they sharpened bamboo stakes and covered the bottom with these to impale the animal. Looking down fearful of the worst I saw Kutala standing and I yelled, 'Are you hurt?' He replied that he was all right, so we helped him out. He'd just grazed his elbows as he was carrying the meat on his head. We all just thanked the Lord for keeping him safe."

"Now I know why I was praying all that time," I said. "I must leave for Paulis in two hours as I have to see Brother Tucker before they all leave for furlough." Then he lay down for an hour, and I decided to butcher the meat, wrap it, and get it into the freezer compartment of the fridge. I skinned a hind quarter of the buck and packed it into the cooler, along with the ice from the fridge, for Gail and Lillian, thinking how nice it would be to have a freezer. Philip would get to Paulis at about 8 A.M. Although it was only 112 miles away the dirt roads were so bad, that driving would be slow. At 3:30 A.M., I crawled into bed. So much for getting the extra rest Dr. Brown had advised!

After a checkup at the Baptist hospital at Oicha, we were advised to see a heart surgeon in Kampala.

Rather than return home, we decided to continue on to Uganda. It was a wise decision, because towards the end of our journey the Kombi van was really limping along. We found that it needed a lot of repairs. Philip shared

with me when the children were in bed. “Honey, the repairs on the van are going to cost us at least \$560, and we have nowhere near that amount of money. I do not want to touch what is in the bank at home because that is our furlough fare money.”

So, holding hands, we prayed, “God, You know where the money for this need is; thank You for supplying it.”

Meanwhile unknown to us, a lady to whom I had written for over ten years, who had been a missionary in the Congo, was in Kampala. She stopped by the guest house where we were staying when she heard we were in the city. We had a tremendous time together. During the conversation we talked about our reason for being there, and the way the Lord had led us. She then looked at me and said, “I cannot afford to give you anything, but take this and pay me back when you can. It was a check for all but \$50 of the total bill. How we praised the Lord together!

The heart specialist at the Anglican Hospital said there was no heart damage, but to go slower. So, we rejoiced again for answered prayer. The children loved the shops in Kampala. We purchased two small items for each child for Christmas. We bought a bottle of bubbles and blowers for them to share. We also bought some food supplies. We headed home as soon as the van was ready.

We had a good trip back to Bodi and it felt great to be home. As usual Philip kept very busy. I was trying to go slower. It was already October, and I was expecting Gail, Lillian, and Mary Reese, a remarkable elderly lady missionary who had labored for the Lord in Paulis for many years. They were to spend a few days with us. We were still having problems with the white ants. Hopefully the new stuff Philip was able to get would finally get rid of them. This week we killed ten rats in the house! I became very good with a broom handle! I was concerned because of the dirt and disease that the rats carried. We did get some heavier traps while we were in Kampala.

Now that the Tuckers had gone, Philip had the added job of keeping supplies in the bookstore and getting in the printing materials. It entailed a lot of travel and hassle to get these supplies into the country. One Saturday night a man who said he was a Christian was carried into the dispensary. He had been in a fight over another man’s wife. Later I learned he had killed

the man. I stitched his lip, his head, and his chest wounds, and then I asked them to get the chief's policemen. They said they would take him to the Ndeya clinic, which was close to the prison, and guard him there. I heard later that the man died there. I have learned not to ask for details from my patients. These were very uncertain times. I could not help but wonder what would happen when the U.N. soldiers were to leave next year. We were expecting the Jorgensons back from furlough. That would be such a help to Philip! Although he was tired, he remained healthy. For this I thanked the Lord. Philip had assumed a lot of new responsibilities lately, especially with the supervision of the whole day school system since Jay Tucker had gone.

Philip had laid the cement floor in the hospital unit. The next week, we expected Dr. Brown to come to perform surgery. I had thirty patients ready and waiting. He was bringing his wife and also his nurse along with him; I was to be responsible for the daily care of patients. I would have more time to prepare meals for the doctor and his staff. This was his second visit. We were thrilled with our new cement floors! Before we had only dirt floors in the hospital.

The Jorgensons had arrived and settled in at Andudu, where we held our Bangala Bible School. They had invited us to have Christmas with them. Their daughter Aldene enjoyed spending time with our children. We stayed overnight to break our journey to the Baptist hospital at Oicha, because I did not feel well. It was a long 350-mile journey. The dry season had begun so we did not have to battle the mudholes. I saw the doctor at Oicha. His report came to us as a great shock. I was four months pregnant! "It is a one in a million possibility after a sterilization, Edith," he said.

"That's all right, Doctor," I replied, "but I am so exhausted all the time that I'll be dead before I can get this baby big enough to live!"

"You'll make it," he replied with a smile. I had cried for two days. Through my tears I told the Lord that my only comfort in all this would be if He would give Liz a baby sister. We returned to Bodi. The demands of the clinic remained. Over the next few weeks I changed my schedule so that I would be at the clinic only one hour in the morning, and be called only for real emergencies.

We had a wonderful Christmas at Andudu. We went up to Rethy for a change of climate and rest from the heat and humidity of the lowlands. The Jorgenson family would come and see us at Bodi when we returned from Rethy. Their eighteen-year-old son, Richard, wanted to go hunting with Philip. We could use the meat. The fridge was empty.

Another year had slipped by. I wondered what 1964 would bring.

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## Chapter 10

### Hostages

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We were happy to have the Jorgensons spend some time with us. We then became busy teaching a Bible refresher course to our bush pastors. We had also appointed Bagba, a Bible School graduate, as a full-time pastor for the leper colony and hospital. He would be a tremendous help in the medical work as a whole. Little did we realize that 1964 would be a year of great uncertainty, tension, and hardship for the African church. We missionaries were to experience a real heartbreak.

The postal system of the Congo was very poor. Eventually I received a letter from my mother. It was a relief to know that she was all right, especially since she was now alone. She missed my daddy very much, but she was able to keep busy. She did our English mailing for us. She was a great help to us.

We planned a trip to Rethy for a short vacation. We needed an escape from the dry season's heat. Between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M., it was too hot to let the children be outside. On some days the temperature would rise to 130 degrees! The heat drained us of energy.

We returned from Rethy refreshed. We were shocked to find water covering half of the kitchen floor. The mid-dry season rains had come with high winds and blown water under the kitchen door. Rats in the ceiling had caused the mud layer above to crumble and sift down. Our ceilings were composed of long poles, called *kpanga*, cut from a certain palm tree. These rested on wooded beams. On the top side of these, palm leaves were laid, and then a layer of wet earth, like a mud plaster, was laid over it. There was a thick film of red dust on the furniture. *Why does housekeeping have to be*

so trying? I asked myself. We faced a hard dry season. The people were very hungry. Even with these intermediate dry season rains, the crops had dried up again and food was scarce. The people were walking eight miles to get water that hardly looked halfway fit to drink. Philip went hunting and shot a large Cape Buffalo. There was great excitement. Everyone was to receive some meat. The Lord was so good.

I found the days to be trying. My blood pressure was low. The heat made my heart race each time I crossed the room. *I shall be glad when this baby is finally born*, I told myself. I tried not to burden Philip. I survived each day one at a time. I was comforted to know that Jesus promised that, "As my day so shall my strength be." I was consoled, too, because there were so many folks at home praying for me.

Although the baby was not due until of May 18th, we planned a trip to the Baptist mission hospital at Oicha at the end of March. Philip had been away on school business with Lillian, our missionary schoolteacher. They took Philip John, our eldest son, with them. This gave me time to rest. He was a very active child. The mail carrier brought us two boxes filled with shirts, socks, pants, a housecoat, slippers, and dresses. This was a real answer to prayer. The boxes had not even been opened. This was a miracle! Everything transported through the mail was inspected and sometimes stolen. We were fortunate to receive all of the goods intact. The angels must have looked after these packages! I'm sure the Lord knew how much we needed them. We were becoming rather desperate for shoes. There was a shoe store in Paulis, but it had a very small inventory and little choice. I wore thongs most of the time, because they were always obtainable. Liz was up early one morning wanting to try on one of her new dresses. "It's too early to get dressed," I said.

"But Mommy," she replied, climbing onto the bed, "sun getting up!" She was a smart little three-year-old. Her daddy would be home this evening. She was Daddy's little girl and really missed him. I prayed that the Lord would give her a little sister.

Dinner was waiting when Philip, Lillian, and P.J., as we called young Philip, arrived home. Philip did not feel well. He had a fever of 101 degrees. I gave him extra anti-malarial medicine.

Lillian was to return to Paulis the next day. She and Philip hurriedly worked on subsidy and financial reports for the schools, which Lillian would take with her. She would also mail the sixteen letters I had written while they were gone. I also tracked down a horrible smell in Philip's office. With the help of a couple of the Africans, I traced it to behind his cupboard and bookcase. We found a very, very dead rat! Mimi, our new kitten, was doing well tracking them down. She had caught four to date. The week before Philip was in the open attic over the ceiling, where we had a fifty-five-gallon drum that we pumped water into from the in-ground water cistern that collected water from the roof during the rainy season. I had complained that the water coming into the kitchen tap smelled awful. We had a special filter attached to the tap that also provided safe drinking water. He discovered that a large lizard had somehow crawled under the metal netting over the barrel and died. It had begun to disintegrate in the water! After emptying and scrubbing the barrel out, we refilled it and flushed the line. We had good water once again. I thought it strange that our missionary training had not prepared us for such things.

During my training, I had a vision of caring for the sick and sharing Jesus with them. Philip desired to preach and teach the Word. Somehow, it seemed that so much time and energy was consumed just by daily living. Philip spent most of his time repairing and building. "Next term," he had said a few nights earlier, "I am not going to build."

Philip had to take a quick trip to Paulis. We had problems with the schools there and with their director, David Dekpe. He took our David with him. I hated to be left alone now that I was seven months pregnant. There was no transportation available to me when Philip was gone. We were going to leave Liz and P.J. with the Jorgensons and take David with us to Oicha. Philip thought he may have to do a quick trip to Kampala to repair the wheel of our seven-year-old VW Kombi van. How we wished we had a new vehicle. Maybe by next term we would. Meanwhile the Lord was good and watched over us.

The night before we had heard over the radio that the Belgian foreign minister was on a visit with Prime Minister Adoulla in Kinshasa. He was saying that the economic situation was improving! We did not find that to be true here in the Northeast. Prices were getting higher. Wages were to be

doubled in April. We would soon be unable to afford any house help. We could only pray.

On March 30th we had a visit from two white priests who had been deported from the Sudan, a country north of the Congo. They told us that they are coming to within five miles of us to enlarge the present Roman Catholic mission at Ndedu. They were planning to establish a hospital. I think they wanted only to see what we had accomplished. They had the influence and the money to achieve anything they wished. After the priests left, I was quite upset. When I first pioneered Bodi with the Downeys, the Furmans, and Lillian, many rumors were spread in an attempt to discredit the work we were doing. I know they would go to any length to attain what they wanted. *Did we need another hospital just five miles away?* I asked myself. I was suspicious of their motives. I went to my bedroom and prayed that the Lord would help me to have a right attitude about this whole matter. Then I read Zechariah 4:6, “*Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord.*” Oh how I thank Him for His precious Word. “Your work, Your people, Lord,” I prayed, “do Your perfect will.”

I wrote home to ask for special prayers concerning this situation. Then I shared with Mom what transpired when the priests visited. The children were bathed. I had just finished prayers with Philip and David when Philip said, “Mommy, I’ve never asked Jesus to come into my heart!” I had not prompted this statement. I knew that it must be God’s time for Philip John to make a decision for himself. He was very serious about it. This was just six weeks before his sixth birthday. Little David, who would be five in June, also said, “Me too, Mommy, I want Jesus to live in my heart too!” They got out of their beds and knelt where I was sitting. I explained to them, very simply, the way of salvation. They each prayed and asked Jesus to come and live in their hearts and to forgive them of all the naughty things they’d done. My face was damp with tears when I left their room. We had not pushed or pressed the issue of salvation. We had just been faithful to have morning devotions, and then end each day with prayer. We had encouraged the boys and Liz to “talk to Jesus.” “I knew you would be thrilled,” I wrote to my mother, “to know that your grandsons both love



Jesus.” Philip John’s behavior had certainly improved since he had accepted Jesus into his heart.

On April 1st we began our journey to the Baptist mission hospital at Oicha, where I would have the baby. We arrived at Andudu for dinner. Liz and Philip were being very good about staying with the Jorgensons. I don’t think Liz really understood, but P.J., with tears in his eyes, said, “But Mommy, you’re going to be in bed!” I reassured him that we would soon be back with the baby. I encouraged him to take good care of his little sister. The next morning we left for Oicha, where the Baptist mission had established an excellent hospital.

Driving through the rain forests of Northeast Congo was nothing new for us. I had never ceased to wonder at the rich green color of the trees and the deep, dark denseness of this tropical forest. Deep within these mysterious depths, the Pygmies lived and hunted. They were rarely seen by the roadside unless they were bartering their meat for peanuts and rice. They did not grow crops. The roads became worse, and the potholes became deeper. I lay on the back seat of the car, hoping that the bumps in the road would become smoother. I was very tired by the time we reached Oicha. The total journey of 350 miles had seemed awfully long.

The doctor wanted me to rest. He could then determine a date for the Caesarean section and reesterilization. He strongly advised me not to have more children, because my heart had really reacted to this pregnancy by beating very fast at the least exertion. I told him to be absolutely sure this time that the sterilization would be permanent. I did not want to be a one in a million statistic again! He assured me that there would be no more babies. Meanwhile, I began to thank the Lord for bringing me this far. By faith I thanked Him for a sister for Liz. Philip had gone to Kampala to get the van repaired. He took Sayo, my house help, with him. It was not wise to travel anywhere alone.

We stayed in a small hospital house of one bedroom-living room. The kitchen-dining room led off the living room. Outside the back door there was the path to the toilet! There was a small veranda in front of the house where we sat during the day. The front door led directly into the bedroom. There were four of these buildings, two on the left and two on the right. The

path from the doctor's home went between the houses to the main hospital complex below.

Philip returned from Kampala on April 15th. The doctor had decided to operate on the 17th. I was a little over eight months pregnant. I was ready to have the baby any day soon!

On Friday the 17th, Philip wrote these words to his mother. "We have a baby girl who is just one and a half hours old. She was born at 2.45 P.M. and weighs six pounds, fifteen ounces. Edith is resting. She is glad that it is all over. I praise the Lord for keeping them both safe. We will name her Ruth, and her middle name will be Margaret, after you, Mom." He continued, "When I was in Kampala, the African Christians prayed for her fervently. These people are very precious, for they don't even know us at all! Thank everyone at home for praying for us. The Lord is good. We are so happy that Liz has a sister."

While Philip was in Kampala, I met the doctor's wife's sister. She was a missionary in south Congo, and was evacuated to the north because of trouble caused by the communist youth in their area. Writing home on April 21st, I told Mother that there was no need for them to be concerned about us unless she heard of trouble in the Kivu or Haute-Uele provinces. I encouraged her to pray for those in South Congo. The two major political parties, M.N.C. and P.N.R, were at odds, resulting in violence that affected everyone in the area. It was very unsettling. Philip was able to get shoes for the children in Kampala. I was so thankful. Philip John had been accepted for school in September at Rethy. He needed three pairs of shoes plus sneakers. I asked that she send me some name tapes. Philip John's clothes had to be marked. Articles such as this are unobtainable here. I closed my letter with love. I wondered how we would have managed without having our parents at home to send us the things we needed, and above all else to pray for us.

On May 6th, I wrote home from Andudu for dextrose, maltose, and vitamins A and D, in the pediatric form, for the baby. She was not gaining weight and I could not nurse her. Supplies were so hard to obtain. We just

had to pray that somehow we will be able to keep a good supply of dried milk on hand. Living in Congo did not become any easier.

It was great to be back with Liz and Philip. In a few days we would be meeting with our other missionaries at Betongwe for the annual conference. The conference included business sessions for our schools, clinics, the operation of the printshop, and the business side of the bookstore. These sessions went slowly, but well. The Spirit of the Lord was very real. I sat in only on the clinic sessions. We missionaries took only an advisory position during the conference. We had godly African brothers in office and they were doing a slow, but good, job. Administrative positions like these were new to them. Sunday was a wonderful day. We had 2,566 in Sunday School. Seven hundred and eighty-eight joined in Communion. The leaders were very strict about administering Communion. If a man had argued with his wife, he could not take Communion. We appreciated this type of sensitivity in approaching the Lord's Table.

Sunday night was a glorious service of praise with 3,490 people gathered under the brush arbors that had been put up on the playing field for this special occasion.

We were very excited to return home to Bodi. The workmen and school children came running from everywhere. A brand new white baby was quite a rare sight to see. They marvelled at her little toes and hands. Yes, she's all white! Their babies had pinky white palms and the soles of their feet were the same pink color which contrasted to their darker skin. She was very beautiful, as are all new babies. Murmurs of thanks to the Lord became louder, and we rejoiced together in giving Him thanks.

Our days settled back into their routine. I spent the first week home supervising the cleaning of my house. My house help had not done much of anything while we had been away! I got extra help and had them move everything that was moveable out into the yard. We scrubbed everything with disinfectant. You should have seen the cockroaches! I had to wipe off all the cans, and empty and wash the Tupperware. How I thanked the Lord for those great sealing lids. The contents were still perfect, but the outside? UGH! The little beasts had a lot of fun while I'd been away. To my horror the cook had locked the cat in the house during the entire month we'd been

away. I have no words to describe this! He had gone in each day and put out rice and milk for it. His excuse was, "But, Madamo, I was afraid it would run away." I was almost ready to cry. Finally the house was clean. The cement floors were scrubbed and rewaxed with a deep red wax we obtained from the store in Dungu. I could not find air freshener anywhere. We opened every door and window. I thanked the Lord for a good supply of bicarbonate of soda. I used a lot of it that week.

Philip had knocked down the wall between the bedroom and bathroom on the far side of the duplex. He was turning these two rooms into one large bedroom. There was a cement bathtub that had to be removed. Behind it we found a four-foot hole where the white ants had begun a new nest. What a mess! We poured buckets of ant killer solution into the hole, but by morning they had begun to build again. King Solomon really knew what he was talking about when he said, "Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." Philip dug further down and found the big fat queen ant and gave it to one of the Africans. Makes a nice meal! The remaining ants would then leave.

News was very disquieting these days, but we were not prepared for what happened in the month of August. Trouble began as soon as the U.N. troops left at the end of June. We never saw the troops in Bodi. In Paulis, their presence brought a sense of security that reassured the people since 1960. The quiet of this beautiful land had suddenly erupted like a sleeping volcano. The news each evening told of rebel troops advancing to the north, government troops fled before them. There was a lot of witchcraft included in the training of these rebel troops. They were told that the bullets fired at them would turn to water as they chanted "*Simba, Simba.*" During the daytime there was no bodily contact whatsoever among the rebels. If you wished to give one of them something it had to be placed on the ground. The rebel would then pick it up.

The rebel troops had been initiated with a mark on their forehead or on their shoulder. This, of course, we learned later after we had escaped. We began to live with the uncertainty of how these troops would affect us at Bodi. During the first three weeks of August we heard many rumors. Each day another mission station fell silent on our radio transmitter network. We had only the radio to keep us informed of the rebellion. We were deeply concerned about our missionaries the Tuckers, and also about Gail and

Lillian, our two single workers in Paulis. During one of our calls to the Tuckers, Philip asked Jay when he was leaving. Jay's whispered reply was, "Not yet, not yet." That was to be the last time we would ever hear his voice. Had the rebel soldiers reached Paulis? Were the Tuckers under house arrest? Where were the Jorgensons? These unanswered questions haunted us. Several nights ago we had heard the unusual sound of big trucks passing by the mission. The mission was not on a main road, but a side road. We did not experience much traffic. An African told us that all the Greek traders and plantation owners had taken their families east and north to the Sudan. We were the only white people remaining in the area. Dungu, fifty kilometers north and our nearest town, had been deserted by the white population.

It was Saturday morning during the third week in August. I was busy in the kitchen when I heard a voice at the door. "Come in," I called, hurriedly wiping my hands. Walking into the living room I saw the entire Geragotis family. They owned a coffee plantation and sawmill some twenty miles north of us. I had not expected to see them. "What's the news?" I asked. Their faces were lined with strain.

"Last evening," Emmanuel began, "runaway government troops came onto the plantation and took all our vehicles at gunpoint, except this," he said, pointing to the small sedan that was in the front yard. "The worst horror, though, was that if my wife had not locked herself into the bathroom and hidden in the closet they would have raped her. They kept asking, 'Where is the white woman?' I just told them, 'somewhere around.' Thank God they never found her."

Icy fingers clutched my heart. Under my breath I said, "Lord, I'd rather die than go through anything like that." I remembered vividly the stricken faces of the many Belgian women in the Ugandan refugee camp after the 1960 uprisings. Their suffering was indelibly etched on my mind.

I made them as comfortable as possible and began to prepare a meal. They stayed with us five days and then returned to their plantation. Meanwhile, our African pastor expressed concern to Philip that the presence of the Geragotis family here might jeopardize our lives. Emmanuel Geragotis had accepted Jesus as his Savior the previous year. We could not have turned them away.

The next Sunday I was preparing the children for Sunday School when I heard a car. It was the Jorgenson family from Andudu. They had only recently returned from their furlough in the States. Their teenaged son Richard and nine-year-old daughter Aldene were with them.

“What’s the news your way?” I asked.

“The whole area is held by rebel troops,” Eleanor replied, “but we drove through the night when everyone was sleeping and encountered no problems.” Her husband, Mel, and Philip were talking quietly together. I arranged beds for them. After they had bathed, they came to church. At lunch time Mel went into detail as to what had happened the past week. They had been in Paulis for several days. The rebels had come and put everyone under house arrest and blocked the roads leaving the city. They had prayed, and early Saturday God told them to leave. It seemed an impossibility. The Tuckers felt they should stay and so did Lillian and Gail.

“Imagine our surprise,” Mel said, “when we came to the barrier, and it was no longer there! We had a safe journey home to Andudu. That night God told us to leave very early and travel in the dark to Bodi. Now we must decide what to do next.”

Early on Monday morning, August 25th, I went down to the clinic. I checked the patients in our twenty-four-bed complex. I left the African L.P.N.s to complete the rest of the work and to call me only if there was an emergency. There were no smiles, only an atmosphere of tension and anxiety.

The fallen yellow blossoms of the acacia trees had formed a carpet for my feet as I walked thoughtfully to the house. I went to the bedroom, picked up my Bible and prayed. “Lord,” I pleaded, “show me from Your Word what we must do.” I opened the pages to Psalm 41 and read, “Blessed is he that considereth the poor.” *Yes, Lord, I thought, none are poorer than these African lepers you have given me to care for.* “The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble...” *Oh Lord, we are in trouble!* I read on, “The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth, and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.” I had been reading my Bible for years, but never ever remembered reading those verses before.

I went to the Jorgensons’ room and called Eleanor. She opened the door. “Why, Edith,” she said. “I was just getting my Bible. I feel the Lord will

show us what to do if we read His Word.”

“Well, listen to what I just read,” I said.

“That’s it, that’s it!” Eleanor shouted. “Let’s find the men and share it with them!”

That evening, when the children were asleep, Philip shared further with the Mel and Eleanor. “Last week,” he said, “I tried to leave for Paulis to get flour and other supplies we needed. As I stepped into the van with my sandwiches and thermos, the Lord clearly spoke to me, ‘Don’t go.’ Now I know why. I would have been placed under house arrest with the Tuckers, Gail, and Lillian. Edith would have been stranded without transport at Bodi.”

Mel also shared that while he was in prayer the Lord had told him that, “the ship (car) would be lost but not any lives.” We decided that we would just pack our suitcases and leave in the morning. We had hardly made this decision when we saw an army jeep pulling into the mission. It stopped in the large playing field in front of our home. Philip walked out to the men and asked what they wanted. My heart was in my mouth. The soldier in charge stepped down and walked back to the veranda with Philip. “What’s the news?” he asked.

“We do not know until we listen to the radio at 6 P.M.,” Philip replied.

“I need gas,” the soldier said.

“I can give you a jerry can full,” and so saying he took him to the back of the house where we kept our gasoline. Satisfied, they left. When the news of trouble began, Philip had hidden several barrels of gasoline in case of emergency. On any long journey we had to carry our gas with us.

Early Tuesday morning we called on the short-wave transmitter to the African inland mission station at Napopo. We told them of our plans. They said they would call at 1 P.M. If they received no reply they would know that we had escaped. This way we could report to embassies in Uganda on the status of all missionaries in the area. The Napopo personnel were leaving that night for the Sudan.

I watched the sun rise as I stood by the Kombi van with Philip, six; David, five; Liz, three. Ruth, just four months old, was nestled in my arms. After Andrew, our fourth child, died, the doctor said I would not survive

another pregnancy. So I was sterilized. Eighteen months later Ruth was born by Caesarean section. "One in a million," the doctor said. At the time I felt too ill to care. I was exhausted. I was really perplexed by it all. Soon I would realize that the Lord's hand was in all this. As I stood there, Pastor Kutala came and stood by my side. Elizabeta, his wife, flung her plump arms around my neck and cried. Meanwhile, the schoolteachers, nurses, and lepers had gathered to say farewell. With a tear-stained face, Pastor Kutala prayed. Then he said, "*Oke sikamoko na Nzambe.* (Go together with God.) We are all going to the Church to pray and we will stay there until we feel in our spirit that you are safe." How these people loved us.

My heart almost broke as we drove off the mission compound with the Jorgensons in their new Peugeot 404 behind us. *What about our African friends, Lord? Please look after them too,* I prayed in my heart. We had heard so much in past weeks. Anyone educated or wearing a tie or suit would be murdered, regardless of creed or tribe. Most of our people had reverted back to wearing African loincloths. The ladies wore the plain wraparound. None wanted to appear educated, as they knew that would mean death.

We took the long way round to get to Dungu, by passing Ndedu, where the Roman Catholic and small government post was situated. We were fully aware of the fact that we were now driving in rebel-held territory and anything could happen.

Arriving safely at Dungu, we saw thousands of Africans swarming and filling the road. They were holding bunched of leaves or wild flowers. Huts that lined the road into Dungu were still smoldering from being set on fire the night before. We stopped and asked an African, "*Kula nini?*" (What's going on?) "Oh Bwana," he said, "we all have to appear at the government building. They are holding 'Peoples' Court' for the officials they have caught. Please go quickly before they get you too." Meanwhile our front fender had been decorated with leaves and flowers. As we slowly pulled away the people divided and left the road clear for us to leave, passing by the government building off to our left.

We had, however, been seen by the rebel leaders, and unbeknownst to us they sent a radio message to Aru, the border town. The official there was instructed to take our passports and not let us leave.



As we reached the outskirts of the town, we rejoiced. We were literally weak with the strain, but very relieved to have passed through Dungu without being stopped. Rounding a bend in the winding dirt road about an hour later, we were confronted by a stationary ten-ton truck. It was right in the middle of the road. The truck was bristling with Africans wearing palm fronds around their heads and chests. Some wore animal skins. They were yelling and shouting, evidently high on drugs and homemade liquor. Seeing us they shouted, "*Tirimi!*" (Stop!) Immediately they surrounded us with spears poised and automatic weapons pointed right at us. Our hearts sank. The children sat silent. I prayed in my heart, *God, You said You would not deliver us unto the will of our enemies!* Deep, deep, down inside me, above the churning sick feeling in my stomach, I felt a peace. The God I knew always kept His Word. Quietly, I thanked Him.

We noticed a small white car coming towards us. It stopped. Out stepped a young man in neat army uniform. He brusquely demanded our papers which authorized us to travel. We had none. "All right," he said in French, the language spoken by the higher educated. "You will have to travel under our protection." To make sure we followed him he ordered two of his rag-tag soldiers into the back seat next to the children. To be certain we would not escape, he had one more sit up on the roof rack! Looking in the van's mirror I saw that they had made the same arrangements with the Jorgensons. It was 10 A.M., Tuesday, August 26th, 1964. There was no doubt in our minds that we were truly 'hostages.' These were the avant-garde of the rebels, the very ones we needed protection from! Our stomachs remained in knots as they ordered us to move on. The white car, followed by the truck with its wild mob, our van, and the Jorgensons in the rear, formed this bizarre-looking caravan. We stopped at every little village and patiently waited in the hot sun (we had no air conditioning) as the rebels terrorized the local villagers. Others rebels searched the forest nearby for runaway government officials. The African women with their babies tied on their backs sat pressed against the walls of their mud huts.

For sadistic fun, one of the rebels delighted to swing his machete over their heads, missing them by only a hair's breadth. I began to pray quietly that the Lord would prevent the children from seeing any bloodshed or violence. The rebels who had been in the van joined in the so-called fun. Philip turned to me and said, "Honey, they are planning to take us to Watsa.

They already have thirty-two whites in prison there. I overheard the fellow over there talking in Kibudu, and caught the gist of what he said.” He motioned only with his eyes. The rebel was unaware that my husband, although not speaking this language, understood some of it. I believe the Holy Spirit allowed him to clearly understand their intentions.

I said, “I don’t know how God will get us out of this, but we both know His Word does not lie. He has said that ‘He will not deliver us unto the will of our enemies.’” We tried to relax and patiently wait. After a short while, we moved on. The day dragged on with stops and starts, following the same terrorizing tactics at every village. At about 3 P.M. we stopped at a small village. There was a large clearing leading to a semi-circle of mud-and-thatched-roofed huts. No Africans were in sight except one young man who was talking very excitedly to the rebel army officer. Meanwhile we had all been ordered out of our vehicles and made to sit on the ground. I found a large log nearby and sat on it. Philip stood by my side and the children huddled close to me.

Suddenly, two of the wildest-looking rebels grabbed my husband and commanded him to get back in the van. Without a word Philip obeyed. I sat stunned. The children never uttered a word. The two rebels got in, with Philip in the driver’s seat, and ordered him to follow the truck which had turned round and gone back down the road we had just come up. There was no time for explanations or goodbyes. What were they going to do to him? Where were they going? My mind was full of questions. Eleanor came and put her arm around me and prayed, “Lord, we don’t know what is happening, but please keep Philip safe.” Meanwhile four rebel soldiers had been left to guard us. My three children were getting restless and hungry, but the water and the bread were in the van with Philip and we dared not move. Richard and his little sister Aldene stood close to their daddy. Eleanor remained by my side. Ruth slept quietly in my arms. The sun was hot. The minutes ticked by into hours. It seemed like an eternity. My thoughts raced. I asked myself the dark question, *What if, what if?* I could feel the turmoil in the pit of my stomach. I knew that when darkness fell, the lives of us two women would not be worth living. Our husbands would be far outnumbered to help us. I shuddered at the thought. I noticed the shadows lengthening; I walked over to one of the rebels and said, “Take me to your leader.” The request was not very original but it was what the Lord

gave me to say. To my amazement he ordered us all into the Jorgensons' station wagon and we sped down the road. About ten minutes later as we reached the top of a hill. I saw Philip standing in the middle of the road in the valley below. He was alive! What a relief to see him again. The boys clung to him as I asked, "What's happening?"

"Look over there to the left," Philip said. I saw villagers gathered in a semi-circle and an African squatting in the middle of the cleared area. Phil continued, "They are holding a people's court. This man had hidden an official, and the young man who had talked to the officer when we stopped was an informer. That's why they came back, bringing me here, so that you would not leave. I think they are going to kill him." My heart sank. "You know, Honey," Phil said, "I went to the officer holding this tribunal, as the other rebels were yelling, '*Mateka, mateka!*' ("Dead flesh!") and asked him to let me speak to this man about his soul. The rebel leader roughly told me that it was none of my business. I was standing in the middle of the road praying after he had refused a second time to let me speak to the condemned man. The rebel lieutenant conducting the affair said, 'This man should die.' Out of fear, the villagers who had gathered grunted their assent. 'Well,' the soldier finally declared, 'We're not going to kill him; we're going to save him.' I had just prayed, 'Lord, save him,'" Philip continued. "The rebel soldier used the same Lingala word that is used for salvation!" Philip quietly and excitedly thanked the Lord for instantly answering his prayer.

We arrived on this scene just at the time my husband had helped the rebels get a vehicle started. I asked Philip who was in command, and he pointed me to the leader, whose name was Reginald.

I went to him with baby Ruth in my arms. I walked up to the white Volkswagen in which he was sitting. Somewhere deep inside me I found the courage to look into those hate-filled eyes. I spoke to him in French, so that he would know I recognized his rank and authority. "We thank you for your kind protection," I said. I prayed he did not realize that I was speaking with tongue in cheek. "We have been with you all day," I continued, "and I am unable to nurse my baby. My only supply of milk has gone sour in the hot sun, and she is hungry. Will you please give us a travelling permit so that we can go on to the next mission station at Aba and get milk?" He looked at me for what seemed an eternity. He then turned and asked one of his men

for paper and a pen. Meanwhile Philip had joined me, and he handed the paper to him and told us to go.

We did not hesitate or ask any questions. We got into the van and turned it around. We checked to see that the Jorgensons were following. An outburst of spontaneous prayer and praise went up from our lips and hearts as we travelled on. Ten miles down the road we passed the turnoff to Watsa. We continued straight ahead to Aba. It was almost dark and we were free! I looked down at Ruth. *Now, I said to myself, I know why you came to our home when you did. If I had not had you in my arms we would still be hostages.* What did that verse say? I flipped the pages of my Bible and read once again. *“And I will not deliver you unto the will of your enemies.”* Coincidence? No, the miracle we had just experienced was the work of a loving Heavenly Father who had planned to give me a fifth child thirteen months earlier so that He could keep that promise to us. At last I understood. I turned to Philip and I said, “We should have called the baby Esther. Remember the scripture where Mordecai says to Esther the queen, ‘who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?’ I think the Lord knew that we would need a baby at this moment.”

Philip looked at me in amazement, and said, “You know honey, you are right.”

We travelled on, singing and praising the Lord. Darkness had fallen. Although the children were hungry, they fell asleep. About two hours later we turned up the dirt road leading to the Aba mission station. Slowly the van climbed the steep hill. Huge rocks stood like sentinels at the side of the road. Soon a brick ranch-style house with a metal roof came into view. As the cars approached the house, the door opened. A surprised Mrs. Klienschmidt welcomed us in. Quickly she got her African help to prepare beds for us for the night. Soon a meal was served to us at her large dining-room table. We shared the day’s happenings with Mrs. Klienschmidt. She surprised us by saying, “Three rebel soldiers stopped by here this afternoon on their way to Aru. They seemed nice. I feel quite safe here alone.”

Her husband, Dr. Klienschmidt, had died several years earlier and she had stayed to serve as a missionary nurse at the mission hospital. “Where are the other missionaries?” I asked.

“Oh,” she replied, “They left several days ago, but I refused to go with them.” After what we had seen and heard during the day, we begged her to leave with us in the morning. We tried to convince her that it would not be safe, but she declined.

As the sun came up through the morning haze we said a sad goodbye to Mrs. Klienschmidt. Slowly we drove down the hill to the main dirt road that was rutted and bumpy. The 100 miles to the border town of Aru seemed so long. The children had slept well and were content to have another day of travel.

Around 3 P.M. we pulled up to the customs office. On the road ahead of us a long white pole barred the way on the road from Congo to no-man’s land to the Uganda border. Five miles further on that road we would go through Uganda customs. A truck loaded to the roof stood nearby. Shortly two soldiers came out and demanded that the ladies in the jeep open their belongings. We learned that their husbands were gold mine workers that had escaped from Watsa. They became almost hysterical when the soldiers began taking their gold jewelry and other items. When their husbands came out of the office they climbed into the jeep and drove off. The official then called Philip and Mel Jorgenson into his office. The time dragged on. When it began to get dark I said to Eleanor, “Something is wrong. Africans never work after dark.” Candles had been lit and we could see the flickering flames through the open window.

After what seemed like an eternity, the two men came out. As Philip got into the van, he said, “We have permission to stay at the Aru mission, although no white people are there.” The Jorgensons followed behind. Driving onto the mission we were greeted by one of the pastors and an African midwife. He pointed out the missionaries’ home in which we were to stay. They were so kind. Before we could say anything, a young man in an Army officer’s uniform appeared. He looked the two cars over and then demanded at gunpoint that the Jorgensons surrender their keys. Mel gave him the keys and demonstrated automatic gear-shift to the soldier. Aldene burst into tears, but her wise mother gently led her away. I was standing on the far side of the car. Something rose up inside me. I burst out in French, “This car had been bought by young people in America for God’s work here in Congo. If you take God’s property you will know nothing but harm.” He

looked at me like I was a crazy woman. For a moment I thought that maybe these past two days of stressful living had got to me. He never said a word and I walked away. The African nurse brought us bread and coffee, but it was hard to eat. I felt like I had a permanent knot in my stomach. She made up milk for the children and the baby. Soon all four children were asleep. We tossed and turned, jumping at every little noise we heard.

Early in the morning we decided to go back to the office. Philip told us that the customs officer had taken everything from them. Their papers, permits, passports, even his penknife had been confiscated. "You know, Honey, we cannot leave without our passports," Philip said. We prayed fervently. When we got back to the office there was no sign of the jeep or the Belgians. We knew that there was a small road through the bush by which they could escape. We had thought about doing the same the night before, but we decided not to. We did not want to jeopardize our two single ladies or the Tucker family. We did not know at that time Jay Tucker was already in jail, along with Belgian priests and nuns, at the Catholic mission in Paulis.

Bravely, Philip and Mel entered the customs office once more. Eleanor, myself, and the children remained in the car praying. We were perplexed. We could see freedom on the other side of that pole, and yet here we were still captives. While we waited, a jeep pulled up at the office with four of the rebels we had seen the day before. They had begun to paint the tree trunks white. They pulled down the government flag and then raised the rebel flag. The rebels then began rounding up the villagers. This deeply concerned us. What if they changed their minds and took us captive again? With these thoughts going through my mind, I lifted little Ruth out of her carry cot, and without a word walked into the office. I did not know how I felt, or what I would say. I addressed the official behind the desk in French and said, "Why are you keeping us here like criminals? What wrong have we done you? Have not I as a missionary nurse cared for your children and delivered your Congolese sisters at their time of childbirth? Have not these men taught you the way of life eternal through Jesus Christ? One of my babies has already died and been buried in this soil you call yours. Must this baby die too?" Right at that moment Ruth screamed and vomited profusely. I looked down at her and burst into tears.

“Oh Madamo, madamo, sit down, sit down; you shall leave immediately,” he said. Opening his desk drawer he stamped our passports as quickly as possible. “Go, go,” he said. I could sense the fear in his voice. Because the Africans believe that no one dies by chance, and he did not want to be held responsible for this child’s death.

Meanwhile, two government soldiers outside were not in such a hurry. They made us open our suitcases. They took the nursing bottles and the only teddy bear my children had between them. At that moment I would not have cared if they had taken everything. Perhaps we could walk the seventeen miles to the nearest Protestant mission in Uganda. They let us keep the van and a few clothes. We climbed inside the van, one of the soldiers lifted the pole to a vertical position to let us pass, and we waved goodbye. Free at last! We sang, we praised, and we cried; it was such a wonderful feeling of relief.

A little while later we arrived at Kuluva, a medical mission station, staffed by British Church of England missionary doctors. Again, we were welcomed with open arms and given a place to sleep and a good meal. After three days on the road, and two almost sleepless nights, it felt so good to lay our weary bodies on the bed. As I lay in the darkness, I thanked the Lord again for His mercy. I prayed for the Tucker family, Gail, and Lillian. I asked that He would deliver them too. Philip was already asleep at my side. He was exhausted. The following morning, over a good breakfast, we discussed our plans. We decided we would travel south to Kisumu, Kenya, to the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada mission. Before we left we were told of four soldiers from Congo who had been brought into the Kuluva hospital for treatment of injuries sustained in a vehicle accident. They had rolled over on a bend in the road while travelling at high speed. One was in danger of losing a leg. It was reported that it had been a stolen Peugeot 405. “Would that be yours?” the doctor said to Mel Jorgenson.

“Yes,” Mel replied. Looking at me, he said, “Edith, the words you spoke to the army officer at Aru came true.” After reflecting on the effect it had on us on hearing this news, we said our goodbyes to Dr. Williams and his wife. We thanked them for their hospitality and clambered into our old Kombi van once again.

The roads, although dirt, were excellent. The roads near the towns were hard-topped. We made good time and arrived in Kampala, the capital of

Uganda. We found rooms at the Church of England guest house. After breakfast the next morning, we continued to drive south and crossed the Uganda border into Kenya without any problem. Every one was so kind when they discovered that we had left our homes in Congo. The sun was setting in all its glorious splendor as we drove into Kisumu. It was quite a large town, nestled in the foothills on the shores of Lake Victoria.

Once again, the missionaries welcomed us as they had done when we fled Congo in 1960. This time, there was a partly furnished house available. With the little we had, we settled in. Philip soon became busy helping on this lovely Canadian mission station. The dispensary had no white nurse. I was welcomed as much-needed help. We had been able to get Philip John into school, and we were so thankful. He was more than ready for it. Little David wanted to go too!

The missionaries here wanted us to stay for the remaining year of our term. Philip could build, and I could take care of the dispensary. We were much in prayer because we had not heard from our headquarters in Springfield, Missouri. We could not possibly live in Kenya on our \$80-a-month allowance. We doubted if Headquarters would want to lend us to the work here for a whole year. We needed to hear from them, so we wrote home to our parents and asked for special prayers.

Since we had received no further news concerning the Tucker family, Gail, or Lillian, we continued to pray morning and evening for their safety. I asked our parents not to allow any news we sent to get into the papers. We did not want to jeopardize the lives of the missionaries who had not escaped.

Philip went to the British Embassy in Nairobi to get our passports in order. While there, he bought a deep blue suit that he needed badly. It was the first new suit he'd had in seven years. He purchased a shirt and tie to match. He looked as handsome as ever although much too thin! Meanwhile, I found a cleaner's downtown and got our coats cleaned. David was to wear Philip's coat, and Liz was to wear David's blue one. I had a fawn gabardine that would fit young Philip. I would have to find something warm for the baby in the event that we were to return to England.



We were really enjoying the cooler climate here at Kisumu. Lake Victoria was very high, and the place we had had picnics and barbecues with the other missionaries in 1960 was under water. We had been there three weeks now. We had hoped for word from Headquarters soon. However, I kept very busy at the clinic. I was called out to a difficult maternity patient in a nearby village one Monday. The baby was very deformed and stillborn. The village women were terrified. Nothing happens by chance in Africa. The witch doctor or medicine man would be consulted as to why this happened. It seemed that no matter where I went I was able to find plenty of work. Many villagers spoke broken English. One of the African nurses would interpret for me if I did not understand. Swahili was the language spoken most by the village people.

October was as busy as ever. Philip continued to help with the building. I spent the mornings at the dispensary. At the end of the month we finally received word from Headquarters to return to England. We could not get a flight until November 30th. We were to arrive in London on December 1st. This worked out perfectly for P.J.'s school. We wrote home to ask for prayers that the Lord would make very clear to us His perfect will for the future.

Mel and Eleanor Jorgenson, along with Richard and Aldene, their son and daughter, were transferring to Belgium.

We had been invited to dine at the home of one of the Canadian missionaries along with the Jorgensons. After an early dinner, we listened to the news. We still had heard nothing of our missionaries left behind in Paulis. It was in stunned silence that we heard the announcer say that an American missionary, J. Tucker, had been murdered November 24th along with twenty-three other white people imprisoned at the Catholic mission. Silent tears flowed down our cheeks. J. Tucker was only forty-nine years old. He was a fine linguist. We were horrified to hear that he had been beaten to death by rebel soldiers. We prayed. Unbeknownst to us, Gail and Lillian were with Mrs. Tucker and her three children. They still remained under house arrest. Later we would learn the details. We left early. Our hearts were breaking. We felt so helpless. Questions bombarded our minds

as we walked slowly back to the house. That night we prayed more fervently than ever for Angeline and the children.

The old Kombi van had been sold, and our Canadian friends took us to Nairobi to get our flight. It was November 30th. Elizabeth would be with her grandparents for her fourth birthday on December 14th. P.J. was six years old. We had been praying much about school for him. David was five, and would probably go to a local school. Ruth was eight months old. She was so very good. The older children were so excited about seeing Grandma and Grandpa.

They enjoyed the flight to England. The sunset was so beautiful. As the darkness slowly invaded the brilliant sky, we landed at London Airport. It did not take long to go through customs. We had five rather tatty-looking suitcases, a hold-all, and an old stroller for Ruth. It was wonderful to see Mum and Dad once again. It was a joyous reunion for us all.

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## Chapter 11

### Dilemma and Direction

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In just a month a new year would begin. We still had no leading as to what the Lord would have us do. Our monthly allowance from America was continued. We deeply appreciated being able to stay with Mum and Dad Cochrane. Only heaven will reveal the reward for their help and love. We lived day to day by faith. Little did we know as 1964 drew to a close that the Lord would indeed turn our dilemma into direction as we trusted Him.

We made a quick trip to the northern part of England to see my mother and sister and her family. We then returned to London to celebrate Christmas. We bought warm clothes, along with a few toys, for under the Christmas tree. Meanwhile, we made an application to the Christian missionary boarding school in Wales, hoping for a place for Philip John. According to British educational standards, he was fifteen months behind in his primary schooling. We knew that a private school was a must, even though he would have to live there. David would begin first grade, and Elizabeth, kindergarten.

So, the new year began with these changes for the family. We had found a good second-hand car so we could drive P.J. to school in Wales. We would visit him as often as we could, but this did not make the parting any easier for him or for us.

Philip wrote again to Headquarters in America, describing our present situation. We received a speedy reply encouraging us to try to raise monthly pledged support in the British churches. So we contacted the British Assemblies of God. In reply, they explained that they had a totally different way of raising support—that their priority was the mission fields, and missionaries under their appointment. However, we would be free to speak

in any church that would invite us. We thanked the Missions Board in our reply, and then proceeded to contact as many churches as we could. I remembered many of the churches I had ministered in on my first furlough. Slowly the invitations began to come in for us to speak. We felt we had a marvelous testimony of God's miraculous deliverance, and our desire was to encourage Christians in all walks of life to trust Him for the many difficult situations they might find themselves in.

By the end of January we received letters from both Lillian and Gail. Lillian shared that, "God gave us a promise we clung to from Jeremiah 39:17—'*But I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord; and thou shalt not be given into the hand of the men of whom thou art afraid. For I will surely deliver thee and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be for a prey unto thee: because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord.*' Four weeks ago today, on November 26th (Thanksgiving), your prayers for me and my fellow missionaries held in rebel territory since August 19th were answered." She continued, "On August 19th the rebel soldiers came shooting their way into our town of Paulis. Even though the population greeted them with bouquets of leaves and flowers as they had been instructed, that welcome was returned with bullets, death and imprisonment for many. At 11 P.M. our upstairs apartment was peppered with bullets, one hitting the headboard of Gail's bed. The next day, August 20th, another miracle of deliverance occurred. About thirty rebel soldiers attacked our apartment, shooting from the front and the back. They broke into the press, the bookstore, and the chapel below us. We were forced out of the building, and beaten with the butts of their guns. We fell down on the chapel steps as the blows rained on us. I was amazed at the peace I had. We were taken to jail and had an audience with the rebel colonel. About an hour later we were dismissed by him and the band played a selection we never ever hope to hear again, for it was their theme song following executions and rebel victories."

Gail wrote more details in her letter. "Our car, which had been stolen in the night, drew up and we were taken back to our apartment. The rebel driver told us that he was one of the soldiers who had fired on us the night before! When we arrived home he helped us nail plywood to our front door where they had broken the glass!"

Lillian explained, as I continued to read her letter, “that on October 20th all Belgians and Americans were put under house arrest. However, they continued to sell books and Bibles in the bookstore. The amazing thing in all this was that many rebel soldiers bought Bibles and testaments at that time! The situation deteriorated and a week later Rev. J. Tucker and forty other men were confined to a dormitory at the Roman Catholic mission. Twice the rebels allowed him to come to the chapel service on Sunday, and we visited him twice where they were confined. On November 24th the number of hostages increased to seventy-two. That night around 9 P.M. the Reverend Tucker was beaten to death by the Rebels, along with twelve other men. The next day the death toll rose to twenty-three. Gail and I were allowed to go and stay with Angeline Tucker and her three children. We were all together when at 8:30 A.M. November 26th the Belgian paratroopers arrived. Johnny Tucker woke us at dawn shouting, ‘The paratroopers have arrived!’ Rushing to the window we saw several four-engine planes circling overhead. The next two hours were filled with shooting. Lying there on the bedroom floor only moving to peek through the window and see what was happening. It suddenly became quiet. Our rebel guards had fled, and none had come to kill us. We cautiously went into the living room, praying the paratroopers would find us, and thanking the Lord at the same time for sparing our lives so far. We could no longer hear planes or gunfire and our hopes sank fearing we had been left behind. About twenty minutes later we saw paratroopers coming down the street. We quickly picked up our handbags, Bibles, and an overnight bag, as the paratroopers came into the house. They took us to the airport and we were airlifted to the capital, Leopoldville. The plane was full of women and children, and some of the men. There was great relief, but great sadness too. It had been a very hard three months.” Gail and Lillian both closed their letters with heartfelt thanks to those who had earnestly and faithfully prayed for all the missionaries. Some were still hostages on their mission stations in the bush areas. That, however, was another long story riddled with rumors that circulated about their ordeals.

It was a great relief for us to know that Angeline Tucker and the children, who were along with Gail and Lillian, were safely home. We continued to pray for those in the Heart of Africa Mission who had not escaped. We especially prayed for our African brothers and sisters.

We continued taking missionary services whenever we could. We daily asked the Lord to lead us. The Congo was still closed to missionary work, and we began to think that He might have another African field for us to work in.

Meanwhile Philip's parents had arranged a holiday in Switzerland during the month of August. A Christian lady would stay with the girls and we would take David and Philip with us. We scheduled no services for that month. Philip serviced the second-hand car we bought. We took the car ferry across the English Channel. This was an exciting experience for the boys. They had never been on a ferry boat before. After we arrived in Dunkirk, we decided to bypass Paris and its glitter and take a more rural route to Switzerland. The country towns and quaint villages with cobblestone streets were so interesting, and the people were very friendly. We stopped at a small store and bought a couple of bunches of grapes and a kilo or two of peaches. They were large, luscious, juicy, and delicious! We arrived at the hotel on Lake Thune and spent a wonderful two weeks there. During the fall and winter months, the hotel became a Bible School. Catering to tourists in the summer helped the school tremendously with their yearly expenses and provided a very reasonably reduced-price vacation for ministers and missionaries. German and French were spoken. We were delighted that we could communicate with the people there. We enjoyed visiting an ice cave inside a glacier. Another day we drove up into the Alps along twisting, winding roads. The snow-capped mountains defied description. They were breathtakingly beautiful under the clear blue sky. My jangled nerves and tired body were strengthened during those two weeks. I was glad, though, to return home to our two girls. We had missed them so much.

We had been home several weeks when Philip wrote to our field secretary at the headquarters in Springfield, Missouri. Philip brought him up to date on services we had taken in England, and asked if we could come under full appointment, making it possible for us to visit the churches in the States to raise the rest of the money we needed. We prayed hard throughout the following weeks. We wanted only His perfect will and to move in His time. We had received several invitations from other missionaries to work

with their missionary societies, but we did not feel free to accept them. Our hearts were still in the Congo, and we wanted to go back. But the door remained closed. After what seemed a long wait, we heard from Headquarters. They told us that the Pennsylvania and Michigan Districts had adopted us as their missionaries. We were to begin arrangements to fly to the States in January. After talking with Philip's parents and my mother, we decided that David and Elizabeth should live in the north of England with Nanna MacLennan, my mother. Philip John was still in the missionary boarding school in Wales. Philip's parents would keep Ruth. Headquarters had stressed that we both come. I agreed to do so for only three months, leaving Philip to remain until our necessary funds had been raised.

Christmas, 1965, was very special. I wondered, *Did the Lord or anyone else for that matter know how hard it was for me to leave the children?* It seemed that I had no choice. My only consolation was that they would be cherished and cared for, and maybe spoiled a little, while we were away! We had prayed for "direction." I had not thought that it would be this hard. Arriving in the cold of January at J.F.K. Airport was quite an experience. This seemed like another world of hustling, bustling, hard-to-understand people. Finally we got a taxi to take us to a Christian hotel in Manhattan. My, what a ride! I shall never forget that driver. He missed other cars by inches, it seemed. He kept honking and muttering under his breath as he wove in and out of the traffic. I held on to my seat and prayed. Philip looked as apprehensive as I felt. The next morning we took the commuter flight to Harrisburg. We were met by the Assemblies of God District Missionary Secretary Rev. Eugene Bell and his wife. He gave us a six-week itinerary of speaking engagements beginning in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and loaned us a car until we could get one. We were overwhelmed by these kindnesses. We arrived in Carlisle where Rev. Malius Davidson and his wife met us. He had a friend who sold reliable secondhand cars. We bought a Ford Fairlane for \$1, 100. We borrowed this amount from the Division of Foreign Missions in Springfield. So began our travelling and nightly meetings in the States. We met many wonderful, kind people. The Women's Ministries of the Assemblies of God showered us with household gifts and clothes for the whole family. We travelled up to Michigan in the beginning of February, staying until the end of March. This was quite an experience of

blizzards, with temperatures below zero. Once again we were welcomed in homes and churches to share what God had done in the Congo. We testified of His miraculous deliverance of us, and asked for prayer for our African Christians.

In Early April, we returned to Pennsylvania. We both applied for ordination, and were ordained at the 50th Annual District Council in Wilmington, Delaware. Meanwhile, a letter arrived from DFM stating that all missionaries were required to attend the "School of Missions" held at the headquarters in Springfield, for newly appointed and veteran missionaries. This would be a two week series of seminars. I was so upset. I wanted to go home to the children, but it seemed that I had no choice. Gladys Matagne, a dear friend who lived in California, had written and arranged three weeks of services for us. The Friesens also had arranged services in the State of Washington. So, after District Council, we drove to Springfield, Missouri. We then flew out for those other services. We returned to Springfield in time for the School of Missions. As soon as the classes were over, I took the earliest flight home to England to be with the children. Philip returned to Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, where dear Pastor and Sister Russell Williams had allowed us to store the household gifts and field equipment we had received in the basement of the district office. He packed these, and as soon as the air strike was over, he flew home to England. During our six months in the States we had been asked to transfer to Ghana, West Africa. We agreed with the understanding that as soon as Congo reopened we would return there. Meanwhile, Rev. Everett L. Phillips, our National Field Secretary for Africa, made a quick visit to the Congo travelling with Earl Dix, a veteran missionary, who had already returned. They learned that there were isolated pockets of rebels still in the bush, but Paulis had been liberated by Colonel Yossa, a fine Christian soldier. Therefore, we were given permission to return to the city of Paulis, and not our bush station at Bodi.

Philip arrived home in late August, and we began preparations to return to the Congo. We made arrangements to meet Gail and Lillian in Nairobi, Kenya, so that we could travel overland together. We praised God that His perfect timing had prepared a way for us. Headquarters in the States had given us a budget to raise. They were amazed that the Lord had enabled us



to meet it in six months. According to their calculations it should have taken at least a year!

We were asked, “Why are you taking those beautiful children back to that horrible place?” As we looked at the children we could only reply, “God saved us from death at the hands of the rebels. He did this so that we could go back to minister to a needy and hurting African church, to finish the work He had called us to do.” We knew that when the time would come for our final goodbye to Congo, He would let us know.

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## **Chapter 12**

### **Then There Were Four**

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As we planned our return to Congo, there were many “what ifs” that surfaced in our minds. Yet, there was nothing that could disturb the deep peace we had in our hearts. We would learn the depth of the suffering that our African brothers and sisters had faced in the past two years. We would come to count our needs as nothing. A lack of food, gasoline, and other necessary basics for living would make our lives very difficult. Although we knew that tension and periods of unrest would come, we also knew that we must return. Philip was now the only man left to return to Congo, as the Jorgensons had relocated to a ministry in Belgium.

We boarded the Kenya Castle for the three-week journey through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal to Mombasa on the Kenya coast. This was the first time the children had ever sailed, and they found it very exciting. They saw the film “Born Free” and loved every minute of it. When we arrived at Gibraltar, Philip took the boys on shore with other of the passengers who wanted to see “the Rock.” I stayed aboard with the girls, for Liz had fallen off her top bunk bed and had a big bump on her head. She had also come down with tonsillitis. By the time we reached Naples, the children were ready to go ashore and see what this place was like!

As we arrived in Mombasa, we discovered that our double bed was missing. Our station wagon was parked outside, at the dock, but we were not allowed to drive it. So began a week of hassle in getting our freight, paying storage charges, and the bonding of our goods until they were transported over the Congo border.

We spent a week with the Murphys, a lovely missionary family, in Mombasa. I took the children daily to the beautiful white sandy beaches. They swam to their hearts' content in the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. Finally, after paying \$240 for the parking of our station wagon, we discovered that the two wing mirrors and air filter were missing! As we prayed we sensed that Satan did not want us to return to Congo. We began our journey. It took a day to arrive in Nairobi, the capital. Here we shopped for food supplies. We bought a plate, mug, knife, fork, and spoon for the six of us. We hoped that our freight would soon be trucked through. Little did we know then, that it would be a long eight months before we would see our belongings again. We had mattresses on the roof rack. We had packed as much as they had allowed us to have: basically just our clothes! We then travelled through Uganda to the capital, Kampala, where we awaited the arrival of Gail, Lillian, and Rev. Al Garr from Charlotte, North Carolina. He had accompanied Gail and Lillian to make a film of the rebellion based upon their first-hand experiences. The film "They Have Overcome" would show the martyrdom of our senior missionary J. W. Tucker, and the suffering of the Congolese and the church as a whole during 1964-1966.

As we travelled together, we prayed. We did not know what type of reception we would get at the Congo border. The car kept stopping, and eventually Philip found a small piece of plastic in the carburetor that should not have been there. After that was removed we had no more problems. As I sat beside Philip, I could not help wondering, *What next?* We had no trouble at the customs and crossed into Congo with a sigh of relief. This relief was a little premature, because immigration proved very difficult. The officials could not understand why we had been delayed. The Congolese official just fussed about everything. A bribe would have ended that, but we chose not bribe him, so he let us go on to Rethy, some forty-five miles away, but he kept our passports. Philip would have to return the next day for them! We were glad to leave. I could not help but ask myself, and the Lord, when this hassle would finish. It was with great relief we arrived at Rethy. The Africa inland missionaries gave us a great welcome and an almost empty house to live in. When Philip returned the next day with our passports, Gail, Lillian, Al Garr, and Philip planned to go down to Bunia to get money changed at the bank and to obtain official travelling papers to go to our mission stations.

No one was allowed to travel out of the town he lived in without a written permission from the authorities. I would remain at Rethy with the children until school began and they had all returned from making the film. We would then take Al to Kampala, get more supplies, and return to begin our four-year term.

It was Liz's sixth birthday so I made a cake and baked it in the wood stove. I planned to have a party when the others got back from Bunia. Then I faced bad news. They got back all right, but a fleet-footed Congolese had snatched Philip's briefcase from the front seat, while another had distracted him momentarily. All our official papers were gone. Two months' allowance was also in the stolen briefcase. Philip had to get temporary papers until we could return to Kampala and obtain new ones at the embassy. Now I was really convinced that Satan did not want us back.

It was hard to see Gail, Lillian, Al Garr, and Philip leave early the next morning. They had been warned that there were still bands of rebels roaming the forest, and to be very careful. Meanwhile we prayed for His protection and travelling mercies. We would be separated for Christmas. The staff of seventeen missionaries and children invited us to Christmas Eve dinner. There was a small gift under the tree for each one. On Christmas morning we went to the African church, and the beautiful harmony in their singing really ministered to me. I did not understand the words as it was in the Kingwana language. I missed Philip and home so much this Christmas.

There had been no mail, or cards, not anything, for Christmas. Philip finally got a message over the radio to say that they had spent six days at the Bodi station, our home, and that they would be in Paulis for Christmas. I would have to wait until he returned for more details. I was so thankful for this much news! I was glad to know that they would be back at Rethy by December 31st. The children, especially the boys, were looking forward to seeing Daddy again because they would be staying at the missionary boarding school at Rethy. Philip was now eight years old, David was seven, and Elizabeth was six. We had talked about this separation, and they seemed to have accepted the fact that this was part of being missionary kids. I dared not dwell on it too much. At least they would have each other and playmates too. At Bodi they had no other playmates.

New Year's Day 1967 dawned beautifully warm, with clear blue skies, as we prepared to leave for Kampala, Uganda, to see Al Garr off on his return flight. His filming had been completed. Gail and Lillian came with us. Both had long shopping lists. They needed items like mousetraps, fumigation stuff, locks, and bolts. They had seen firsthand the damage done to the properties at Bodi and Paulis. Goodbyes to the children were easier because we would see them on our return trip. While in Kampala, I had to undergo surgery so our stay was prolonged by a couple of weeks.

Meanwhile, our double bed had been located along with four barrels. They had arrived in Kampala. We could take all but two of the barrels. They were to come later with the freight that was bonded in Mombasa, Kenya.

Philip had been at the embassy, and we now had copies of our documents and passports that were stolen. That made us feel a lot easier. It's hard to be in a foreign country without official papers. We were longing to get to Paulis. We needed to find a house and begin normal living.

On the journey to Kampala, Philip had filled me in on the general state of things. "At Bodi," he said, "all dishes, cooking utensils, silverware, linens, mattresses, and camping equipment is gone."

"What about my Shakespeare and medical notes that I had bound?" I asked.

He looked at me so sadly, "Sorry, Honey, every book we possessed was ripped and strewn on the floor."

*What a senseless waste*, I thought. I had valued my obstetric notes, and now they were gone. The pastor of the Bodi church had taken the filing cabinet and put it in the dispensary. It had been untouched.

Philip continued, "I have all my Bible School notes intact. Pastor Elume also hid the treadle sewing machine." I really appreciated that. "The old International we used for hauling has been stripped and Pastor Elume said most of the stealing and damage was done by soldiers and mercenaries. At Bodi there are just two rooms that are fit to live in. At Paulis there are a lot of broken panes of glass in the bookstore, printshop, and apartment. We'll also need electrical supplies because switches and plugs have all been wrenched from the walls; plaster and paint will be needed too," he said, "for there's lots of damage from shooting." It really looked like Philip would have a lot of work to do for the first six months.

Now as we travelled the dusty roads back to the Congo, we had an extra passenger. Alexander, an African evangelist, had agreed to come back with us to begin holding evangelistic services on our four out-stations and in Paulis. The International Travelall was really loaded as we travelled over the border where we had the usual customs delay. The minute we drove into Rethy we were met by our three children. Liz seemed a bit nervous, but the teachers and dorm parents gave a good report. We had two wonderful days together and then it would be goodbye again until the Easter vacation.

I would never ever get used to the ache and the emptiness in my heart as I took a last look back at our children, waving until we drove out of sight on our long journey home. My great comfort was in knowing that they were His children first. He had given Philip and me the divine trust of raising them. My natural self could not help but ache, and I think He understood this. Soon I would be deeply involved in ministry with Philip, and Easter would soon be here.

It was a thrill to me after almost two and a half year's absence to drive on to our Bodi mission station. The women and men came running to greet us. They appeared very gaunt with sunken eyes from their ordeal of living furtive lives in the deep forest. Lots of laughter, hugging and spontaneous praise filled the air. Little Ruthie was hugged by the ladies and this attention left her dazed. They had heard a rumor that we had been captured by the rebels and killed. They had mourned. Now they said, "It's as if you'd risen from the dead! How much you must love us coming back again after all the rebels put you through." We rejoiced together in God's keeping power.

The next day we began Evangelistic services with Alexander. These meetings were tremendous. A blind young man read from the Bible, and a fourteen-year-old with a withered leg threw down his cane and walked. At the end of the service we counted thirty-six canes left behind. There was leaping, running, and jumping with joy as limbs received new strength. What a glorious new beginning for our people and us! The meetings were climaxed by a man bringing his witchcraft to be burned. We left, promising to return as soon as possible with aid—food, clothing and medicines, which we had heard would be arriving in Paulis.

We arrived in Paulis on February 22nd after a dry and dusty journey. It was the middle of the dry season. At least we did not get stuck in mud holes, as was so often the case in the wet season!

What a bumpy, bone-shaking ride! After we arrived, we were all cramped into Gail and Lillian's two-bedroom apartment until we could find a house to rent.

Services began immediately for a whole week. Miracles of healing, the in-filling of the Holy Spirit, and saved souls occurred in every service. We praised the Lord for meeting His people in such a mighty way. They had indeed come through their suffering triumphantly, and they had a deep hunger for the Word of God. The meetings were climaxed with a wonderful baptismal service at the river.

A week later, we travelled to Betongwe, some 100 miles east of Paulis. Here the people had suffered terribly under the rebel rule. Betongwe was one of the rebel bush headquarters. I wept as the children came to me for help. They suffered with bloated abdomens, weak eyes, and a ginger-colored hair instead of black. I had very little medicine to offer them. I did a lot of praying. Even so, over fifty children were dying each day. My heart cried out to God for the physical strength to minister. We had settled in the missionary house, but it was windowless, and rats and bats had taken up residence. There were hornets' nests in the broken plaster of the ceilings. The ladies had whitewashed and cleaned two rooms for us. We were very glad to have our mosquito nets to tuck in at nightfall. The mosquitoes were voracious.

We held daily services under the trees, where about 1500 gathered. This sight brought tears to my eyes. Many were healed. Schoolteachers who had backslidden returned to the Lord. The Mabudu people are a very talented but proud people. Ministering to them had never been easy. In the evening we sat with some of the pastors as they told their stories. "Bwana," one said, "They took our Bibles, tore them up and made us eat the pages."

Another said, "God really delivered me from death, they threw me into the car-pit in the garage, and then put metal roofing over the top and lit a big fire on the top. I was almost suffocating when I heard the roar of a low-flying plane, then all was silent. I managed to push away part of the metal and climbed out. I dashed to the bush and hid. Later I learned that it was an army plane that flew over, frightening the rebels, and they fled. The Lord saved my life."

There were some, and we sensed it very keenly, who had developed an anti-white attitude. Thus far, however they have not dealt with their

attitudes and bitterness. They had missed out on the blessing they could have received. I felt sorry for them for they looked so miserable.

We travelled fifty miles east to our Andudu station where I spent some of my first term as a missionary. It was the same story over again. Wrecked missionary homes; just walls and metal roofs remained. Ceilings were broken through where rebel soldiers stomped overhead looking for supposed hidden loot! Again the Lord blessed in a mighty way. Sixty people testified of being healed. I visited the leper colony there, and although some had left, we had a great time of rejoicing together. The head pastor had a very bitter spirit and gave us a cool welcome. He even resisted the move of the Holy Spirit. He looked so miserable as Alexander preached so plainly on sin and professing Christians. We decided that we must pray for him, because he had so much influence on the people.

Again we heard stories from the Christians about persecution. One was tied by his hands and feet, and left with one banana, as he was left on a very active ant hill. Another pastor had been hanged by the wrists from a tree and left to die slowly in the tropical heat. Although beaten and bruised, he refused to deny Jesus Christ and accept rebel indoctrination. We were deeply moved by these happenings. How we thanked God for their courage and faithfulness even in the face of death.

Gombari mission station would be our last stop before returning to Paulis. Here again the Lord blessed, but many of the schoolteachers and head pastor resisted the moving and convicting power of the Holy Spirit. We had an uneventful journey home to Paulis. Alexander left on the plane to go to the capital city, Kinshasa, for services there. Meanwhile, Philip was occupied with repairs and house hunting.

In early July, when the children would be due home for their summer vacation, the Lord gave me these words, "Let not your heart be troubled." I wondered at the time, but on July 5th the weekly Air Congo plane had not arrived. It was then we learned that there was serious trouble in Stanleyville, the provincial capital, just 500 miles south of us. The Army imposed a curfew on all whites and the borders were closed. No planes other than military were allowed to fly. All radio transmitters had to be turned in. We felt like we'd been put into a prison without bars. Again, the Lord reminded me of His word, "Let not your heart be troubled." This also meant no mail. News on our radio was very poor. The following days were



tense. Although rumors multiplied, Paulis remained calm. Philip explained to Colonel Yossa that he had to travel to Rethy to get the children. He was refused permission. So along with another missionary, he left at 4 A.M. for the long, gruelling forty-hour round trip to Rethy. They stayed to sleep for a few hours before leaving on the return journey. "We had no road blocks and no breakdowns," Philip said. I knew my prayers had been answered. A few days later he did find two leaves broken in one of the springs of the car, a small hole in the fuel line, and a broken bracket. These things became commonplace as the dirt roads worsened.

At the end of July we travelled to Andudu to reopen our clinic and leper colony there. We also prayed for a good African nurse to reopen the Betongwe clinic. The need here was great.

Our field conference was to be held in Paulis in August for six days. I wrote home for special prayer for this. Great wisdom and lots of patience would be needed as we faced many decisions to be made with our African pastors. There were problems there also!

Our third and fourth year, Bible School was due to begin in Paulis in September. The first and second year, Bangala Bible School was to continue under African staff at Andudu.

The children just loved being out in the bush churches. Liz was looking forward to going back to school in September. It had been lonely at home without her school friends. She had missed a whole term because she had come home at Easter with hepatitis. She had made a complete recovery and we praised the Lord that she would not have to miss more school. Ruthie loved having her big sister home.

Today the Congo governor of our Oriental province flew in. The country would now be known as the Republic of Zaire. The great Congo River will be renamed the Zaire River. Paulis would now be known as Isiro. All Africans with Biblical or European names had to take their old family tribal name.

The plane the governor flew in on had an American crew, so I took care of them. The boys were especially excited. The crew gave them a tour of the plane. We had also given the pilot our mail. He was to put it in the diplomatic bag for us. Since the crisis began in July, we had received no mail. We also learned from the crew that twenty whites had died in the present crisis. None of these people were missionaries. Private planes were

not allowed to fly yet, so Philip faced a long trip to Rethy. As we were getting things ready to pack, the Geragotis family, our friends from the plantation near Bodi, arrived. Anne was expecting her second child and wanted to return home to Greece.

Panno, their son, was ready for school. They came to ask if they could travel with us. We decided to go on to Kampala. Brother Cripps from the Heart of Africa Mission also came to the house to give us mail to post in Uganda. There was never a dull moment. Philip's five-foot, ten-inch frame was down to 133 pounds. My five-foot, six-inch frame was down to 119 pounds! Food was scarce. Meals were small. It was so hot that we did not get hungry.

Our freight finally arrived after eight long months! Two barrels had been opened, and the washing machine was missing! I was just praising the Lord. It would be nice to have enough sheets, dishes, and silverware. I could return to Gail and Lillian the items that I had borrowed. They had received their freight in February.

We had an uneventful trip to Rethy and Kampala. The embassy in Kampala advised us not to return because it was the mercenaries, mostly white, who had caused the unrest of the past three months.

"Because they are white, all whites are under scrutiny, and shots are fired before questions are asked," the spokesman said. However, we decided that we must return. Our children were at Rethy. We could not think of remaining out of the country without them. It was the end of September when we left to come back. On the Adranga road, the wheel of the van went through a pole bridge that we had been told was repaired! The jack refused to work! There was no one around! I got out gingerly with Ruthie, and walked up the road asking the Lord to send us help. In no time, seven men appeared. After unloading the van, they lifted it with the help of a plank, and got some logs underneath. I continued to pray; it still did not look very strong. We knew this road had eleven more bridges! Ten hours later, and after Philip had chopped down ten trees to strengthen the bridges, we arrived at Watsa. The Gaunts, our missionary friends, soon had a meal ready for us. Later we fell into bed. We thanked the Lord that it had not rained, and that we had made it this far. It rained the next day, but we made it to our Andudu mission station. We had sleeping bags and two blankets with us. We rolled these out on the bare springs of the only bed in the house

and slept. We learned the next morning that a bridge was out on the Mungbere-Isiro Road. We decided to go home via Betongwe. The road was no better. Twelve big trucks had been stuck three days up to their hubs in mud. One of the drivers said, "You can try and get through on the side, Bwana, but if your wheels slip, you're stuck with the rest of us." In Kampala, Philip bought two very good mud grip tires. I closed my eyes and prayed as he revved the engine. There had to be angels helping Philip as we came to a stop at the far end on solid ground. We travelled the rest of the way home without mishap. Throughout our journey roads continued to deteriorate, and bridges collapsed. It was a relief to get home to Isiro. We were bone tired, yet thankful to the Lord for helping us.

It was now November and the schoolteachers were giving us trouble. The labor inspector came to see us. We have been told to give one teacher a year's back pay or they would confiscate our belongings to pay him. This teacher had lied. He had signed a contract to receive a certain amount from the church each month until his pay came from the government. He had become impatient and had backslidden. He caused great heartache for us. Philip was then called to the labor office. The official was most rude to Philip, so he left. We left the matter in the Lord's hands. As I lay in bed, I could not help thinking and wondering why there had to be so much hassle in missionary work. All we really wanted to do was to preach and to teach the Word, and to care for the sick. We longed to teach the Africans to read. Somehow it seemed much more complicated than I had ever dreamed. The next morning we learned that the labor official's child had died suddenly in the night. We bowed our heads that morning in awe asking ourselves if this was God's way of letting those teachers and officials know that they could not accuse His children in this way. We never heard another thing. Philip was never called back to the office. We were stunned. I think the official was more aware of God than were the school teachers who were accusing us. The Lord indeed does warfare on our behalf. The stress some days would be just too much to bear if we did not have the Lord to call upon.

On December 1st the children flew home and the owner of the house gave us an extra month to find a new place. It was so good to have the children home. We celebrated Liz's seventh birthday and I made her an

African dress that she just loved. She was also a big help with Ruthie. She bathed her, tucked her under the mosquito net, and prayed with her. She was quite a little mother! My house help was sick so the children became my dish-washing crew. I awarded a sharp for helping and a flat for naughtiness. At the end of the vacation the one with the most sharps was to receive a gift. This reward system really worked!

Philip had not been feeling well, so I checked him and discovered that he had a low-grade amoebic dysentery. He was much better now and was gaining a little weight.

We finally found a house “rent to buy” near the Greek clubhouse, where a lot of Greek and Belgian workers had built their homes. There was a well-kept swimming pool at the club. This would be wonderful for the children. As soon as they returned to school we would be painting and moving. We then planned to go to the mission stations to take Bible refresher courses with our pastors and lay-people. This would take us through March. When the children were home they asked about the “neasles chair.” When Philip was three and David was two, they both became very ill with measles. For many nights I took turns rocking them in the padded rocking chair. From the time of their recovery David, who could not talk very well, called it the “neasles chair.” “Please, Mom, when you go to Bodi again, please try and find the neasles chair,” he pleaded. “Maybe the rebels left it somewhere.” Well, I found it! That is, I found the wooden frame and wire springs! When we returned home I got some foam and padding materials together and reupholstered the chair. It was to be a surprise for them when they arrived home at Easter.

The Bible refresher courses went really well. I had special meetings with the smaller children and two received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I was just thrilled. Philip had been able to encourage the Betongwe pastors. Many of them had suffered so much and were still very depressed. But the Lord ministered to them in a beautiful way. We left them greatly encouraged in the Lord.

It was soon Easter break and the children came home for a month. We were so thankful that Missionary Aviation Fellowship could fly them here in only one and a half hours. They were excited about their new home. They liked the swimming pool and especially the “neasles chair.” Poor

Ruthie had a fever and toothache. The nearest and only dentist was 500 miles away, so we prayed until she fell asleep.

It was now May. The time for the children to return to school came too quickly. While waiting for the plane to land, Liz said, “Mommy, couldn’t you come and live at Rethy for a little while so we can have a ‘love cuddle’ every day?” I had a hard time keeping the tears back as I gave her an extra squeeze. I think Jesus will have an extra reward for missionary children who must be separated from their parents for the sake of the Gospel.

We kept a German shepherd watch dog, because thieving was so prevalent in Isiro. At 3 A.M. the day after the children left, I heard a noise. As I got out of bed to look through the window the beam of a flashlight shone in my face. I let out a scream! Philip flew out of bed, but the prowler had already gone.

After breakfast, Philip talked with Toma, the night watchman that we had hired. “It’s all right for you to sleep in the garden shed, Toma, if you are tired, but you must let Prince free to go after any thief who may come.”

“But Bwana,” he replied, “Prince is protecting me while I sleep!”

We decided that when funds were available we were going to put a wall around the garden, and ask the owners if they would put iron grill work on the doors and windows.

Ruthie was lost without her sister and brothers. It took her several days to get used to being without them. She would place her shoes on Prince’s front paws, put a blue bonnet on his head, and place her baby blanket on his back. He was so gentle and patient with her. We also received news from the States that a printer would be coming with his family at the end of the year. Two nurses had been appointed for the medical work. I really praised the Lord for this, especially as our furlough drew nearer. Doug Blue, a young man from North Carolina, had been sent out from his church to help us build the Tucker Memorial Church. He lived with us and quickly learned Bangala.

On May 23rd, we traveled to our mission station at Andudu. Philip left me there with Ruthie to go on to an inter-missions conference at Bunia. On the way to Andudu we were stopped twice by armed soldiers. The second time it could have been nasty as they were drunk. One of them laid hold on Philip to drag him out of the car. In the Name of the Lord I rebuked him and told him to take His hands off God’s servant. His arms fell to his side, like

he'd received an electric shock. I quietly thanked the Lord. We could have no greater protection than that of the Lord and His angels. I wrote home to tell my mother of this incident and I asked if someone there was praying at that time. We were so conscious of God's presence. Philip left the next morning and after travelling eleven miles down the road he had to turn back. "Four trucks were stuck in holes. The mud at the side of the road came up to my shoulders," he explained. "So I turned back and would have to take the Gombari route that is fifty miles longer." We prayed once again as he left for the second time. I began to prepare for a teaching on the Holy Spirit which I held from 8:30 A.M. to 10:30 A.M., and again in the afternoons from 2-4 P.M. The days slipped by and the Lord really blessed us. Two ladies received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, and I got stung by hornets that had made a nest inside the church roof just over the platform! I welcomed Philip back the end of the week by wearing his bedroom slipper, because my swollen foot had reached the size of an elephant's foot!

June, July, and August could have become tense months. Since 1960 trouble had erupted in these months at least four times. We had a deep peace, but many of the other white people were taking vacations outside the country, or sending their wives and children home. It was the end of May, and we were expecting a young man on a six-week visit to minister to our youth. We would be having youth camps at each of our four bush stations. We would be away all of June. At the end of June we returned to Isiro where we were to hold our final week for youth. Now the statistics were in. It had been worth the 616 miles of difficult roads, packing and unpacking. Total youth attendance was 6,457! One hundred and eighty-seven consecrated their lives for service. Two hundred and forty-two youths accepted Jesus as their Savior. Twenty-six were refilled with the Holy Spirit and twenty-three received the Holy Spirit for the first time.

Although we were tired, we rejoiced greatly. A church in Pennsylvania had dedicated themselves to pray hourly for the whole month for this youth outreach. They were now sharing and rejoicing in the great harvest. With seven million young people under sixteen, Zaire remained a ripe harvest field.

In early July Philip left for a two-day drive to Adi for a youth conference for the whole province. Five delegates from Isiro would travel with him. Gail and Lillian were travelling as far as Bodi.

I was alone here until Philip returned on the 17th. So far everything had remained quiet and we thanked the Lord for peace. The children would fly home for their year-end vacation on the 18th. Philip would take that return flight back to Rethy where he would take the Gaunt's pickup, which the church had purchased for our African superintendent, to Kampala to meet the Malcolms, our new missionary family. We had both had malaria. Philip had just spent one day in bed and was up and going again.

While Philip was away I learned that the house we had arranged to rent for the Malcolms was being taken by an African worker. I was able to get a cable quickly to the owner in Kisangani. She had ordered that the house be fixed up for the Malcolms. They were to eventually reside at Andudu if the situation continued to be quiet. Sometimes I felt like we lived on a volcano. We never knew when it was going to erupt. We had a single-frequency radio transmitter. We listened to the Missions Network at 1 P.M. every day, except Sunday. Philip sent a message to say that he had to take the long-way-round home because the Adi to Aba bridges were unsafe. Philip arrived home from Adi safely. As soon as the plane arrived with the children, he would be leaving for Rethy and heading for Kampala to meet the Malcolms and bring them into the country.

It was now August 5th. Philip still had not come home. The children had all been sick with bronchitis, malaria, and earaches. Liz had cried half the night, so I finally gave her a small dose of phenobarbital to enable her to sleep. I dashed up to the house to see if the painter was moving along with the work. I wanted to have it all clean and ready for our new missionary family.

It was now Saturday. Liz made cookies, Philip John made a cake, and David made fudge to welcome Daddy home.

On August 14th Daddy came home. The cake, fudge, and cookies disappeared quickly. He had been away the whole month. Liz was very ill the previous week with a temperature of 104.9 degrees. I treated her for malaria and possibly the flu. We prayed fervently. We wished that Daddy would come home. Jesus helped us through, and two days later Liz was up and had no more fever. When the children got high fevers like this, I tried not to panic. I remembered Andrew's illness. I begged, *Lord please heal the children. Our nearest mission hospital is 350 miles away.*

We had also had visitors. Mr. Federeau of the Bible Society has been staying with us for a week and working with Gail and Lillian in Bible translation work. He was to leave Thursday. Winifred Currie, one of our former missionaries, was to arrive for a stay of five months. The Zimmermans were coming from Napopo to shop. With the Malcolms we would number seventeen for dinner Thursday night! Life's hectic pace did not slow down. Two years of this term had already passed.

On September 14th the children went back to school at Rethy. They had enjoyed the Greek Club's swimming pool. Ruthie was a little lost now that her sister and brothers had gone. She wanted to paint, but we had no paints, so she was busy using a small bottle of mercurochrome to color with!

Winnie had been travelling around to the schools in our four districts to upgrade them and to prepare them for government subsidies. This would be a great help. She came back to Isiro and presented Philip with a building list. "There's five years work right there," he exclaimed! The Malcolms wanted to move to Andudu as soon as possible. We had hoped they'd stay in Isiro until they had learned the African language. Their freight had arrived, so we felt that they were anxious to get permanently settled.

I had been teaching in the Isiro Bible School. October 24th was my last day. I had a mobilette bike that helped me to get around town. I kept the bike safely parked outside the front door of the chapel where I taught. The chapel was part of the bookstore, printshop, and apartment building where Gail, Lillian, and Winnie were living. The Holy Spirit moved in a mighty way during classes and two ladies received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. Someone had closed the front door, and when I left to go home my mobilette was missing. We notified the police, but there was little hope of recovering it. I was housebound without it, and could not afford another one.

There had been a currency change from francs to makutas, and this had involved a devaluation that was especially hard for the nationals.

Prince, our German shepherd guard dog, became the proud father of five puppies. The female belonged to a Catholic priest. We got the first choice of the puppies. We decided to get a female and call her Princess. Ruthie was delighted! We had two cats as well.

November had come and the weather was getting a little drier. Soon it would be the hot dry season, and travelling would become a little easier. We



had chopped down one of the big avocado trees in the front of the house because the passersby had thrown rocks to knock down the fruit. It made so much shade that the lawn would not grow. Soon we hoped to have the wall built with perforated cement blocks to prevent thieving, which was getting worse.

We had received word that our Area Representative for Africa, Rev. Everett Phillips, was coming out to the field December 27th for a week. He would visit our four districts. I would have to stay home with the children.

My mobilette that was stolen in October had not been found, but some of the African Christians knew the fellow who stole it. One of them was going after him. He was hiding out at a plantation. The men tried to persuade him to return it. They convinced him to return the bike. I was thankful. I really needed the bike to get around town when Philip was away.

On November 7th I drafted a Christmas letter for Philip's parents to duplicate and to send to our Christian friends in England. As I looked back I saw that it had been a good year. We would close it with an evangelistic campaign in Isiro where Pastor Makunzo from Kinshasa would speak. We looked ahead to the coming year. As usual, the first three months were scheduled with Bible refresher courses on each of our four bush stations. In April we hoped to take the children up to Rethy and remain there for a month's vacation. The altitude at Rethy was 7,000 feet. There were cows, fresh vegetables, and a refreshing climate. Our mission had a small rest house there, but we planned to eat with the children in the school dining room. There were no mosquitoes, but there were plenty of flies! This was our first vacation in two years. We spent an extra month with our children.

After May, Philip and Doug were busy planning youth camps. The preparation for the building of the big church continued. Meanwhile I visited our medical centers at Andudu, Bodi, and Betongwe every two months. These became bone-shaking trips as the roads continued to deteriorate.

On December 1st Angeline Tucker's brother, Bill Pierce, his wife, and his ten-year-old daughter arrived from the States. We did not expect them until January. The Malcolms were leaving for Andudu so we could put our guests up at their house. They planned to stay for several months. He was a contractor. He has several plans drawn for the Tucker Memorial Church. Doug worked every day down at the building site. Three thousand blocks

had been made for the church. Philip has been busy with the Makanzo evangelistic meetings. Sunday was a great day! We had our first-ever Christian witness march through the town! About 4,000 marched with banners through the main street. We had eight African trumpeters from the African Inland Mission. A lot of Christians came in from the Heart of Africa mission stations to the south of us with their banners too. It was an impressive sight. Then 20,000 gathered at the small stadium for the services. Philip estimated that around 2,000 came forward to make decisions for Christ. There were 3,154 decisions registered at the end of the five-day campaign. We were tired, but we were thrilled.

The children would be home tomorrow. I would have twelve people in the house! I was beginning to feel like I ran a small motel. We had one big bedroom on one side of the front porch. This made an excellent bed-sitting room for Doug when he needed to study. He was learning Bangala very quickly. He was a tremendous help to Philip. I then had three remaining bedrooms. One bedroom was for the boys, and one bedroom was the girls. The last bedroom was ours. Sometimes we had to double up. The girls just loved being in Mommy's room!

We had a lovely Christmas. The Malcolms did not come in to celebrate with us. However Gail, Lillian, the Pierce family, a teacher from the agricultural school, plus two Peace Corps workers made quite a crowd. Then about half an hour before we were due to sit down to eat, a small car drove up and two very dusty, bedraggled young men got out. They were looking for a place to spend the night. They were Israelis travelling the Cape to Cairo route. We had had a lot of tourists like this. We did the best we could to help them. I invited them in. They bathed and I set two more places at the table. We had African chicken. I had managed to get a duck, so we had a good meal together. We had arranged beforehand that we would have a Christmas program. Rev. Glen Cole, who was at Sacramento, had sent us a small program for a home Christmas devotions, so we used it. After dining, I closed the long drapes that divided the dining room from the living room. There we found seats, lit the candles, and turned out the lights. We'd cut the top off a pine tree and had Christmas decorations and lights on it. We had recently bought a piano from a plantation owner. Philip took his place there. Philip John read excerpts of the birth of Jesus. Little Joan Pierce read another portion about the promised Messiah. The presence of

the Lord was so real. Philip, David, and Liz sang a lovely trio, "Dear Little Stranger," that they had learned at school. Then we all prayed. I could not help but wonder what our Jewish guests were thinking. Then Daddy played Father Christmas. The children just loved it. Everyone received little gifts. Lillian said it was the nicest Christmas she'd ever had in Zaire. Doug then left in the pickup to take our African young people carol singing.

The following morning after breakfast, our Jewish friends said, "That is the first Christmas we have ever celebrated. Thank you so very much, we really enjoyed it," and then they left. It had become a special Christmas for us. We felt that He had sent two of His chosen people to hear the message of the Messiah's birth. Although the years had passed, that was one Christmas I will never ever forget.

As I recorded the year-end medical reports it was a joy to note that 1,349 decisions for Christ were made. Sixty-two people were baptized in water, and thirty five people received the Holy Spirit's infilling at our three medical centers. I just thanked the Lord for the faithful African nurses and midwives who were carrying on the work. Because I lived in Isiro I could visit only every two months. I kept them supplied with medicines as funds became available.

The new year 1969 had come. I was glad the Lord does not let us know, or see the full picture, of what lay ahead, all at once. Had I known what the coming months would bring I would not have had the courage to face the situation in which I found myself. It was a great comfort to know that He holds each day in His hand. Our field director had been delayed, so we waited daily for news. Philip and Doug received permission from General Yossa, the Christian general who had liberated Isiro from the rebels and resided in the town, to fly down to the capital, Kinshasa, in a military plane to order the metal beams we needed for the new church. The M.A.F. plane came in shortly after they left to take the children back to school. So I returned to an empty house. I spent the rest of the day cleaning bedrooms and washing curtains and bedspreads. Liz had shaken a bottle of soda and had then opened it in the dining room. Soda was all over the walls! I washed and scrubbed but the soda would not come off the flat paint. I bought a plastic-base washable color and found an African painter to do the job.

I worked until midnight doing government and the Zaire Protestant Council year-end reports on the medical work. I seemed to get so much more done when the men were away! However, I didn't care to be alone in this unsettled land. Gail and Lillian arrived back from Bodi after teaching refresher Bible School courses there. The men arrived back a week later and our field director arrived too. I quickly prepared for safari to visit our mission stations. We visited Gombari, Betongwe, and Andudu. Brother Phillips remarked, "In every African country I visit, all the missionaries say their roads are the worst in Africa, but your roads truly are!" As we left to visit Bodi, I noticed that Brother Phillips was feeling very weary, so we decided to return to Isiro.

The Lord certainly directed us. Philip became violently ill in the night. It was January 29th. He stayed in bed all day; I felt that he had appendicitis. He was beginning to dehydrate. I called the Belgian doctor, who happened to be in town. He came to the same conclusion and ordered penicillin, but no I.V fluids; there were probably none available. Fortunately I had some penicillin on hand. However, Philip became steadily worse. I spent the night on my knees, pleading with the Lord to spare him. I could see that his condition was becoming critical. He had rested some after I gave him morphine, but I knew if the Lord did not heal him, or we did not get to the Baptist hospital, I would be a widow before the next twenty-four hours were up. I prayed all night. Quietly, in my spirit the Lord brought me back to our wedding day, when at the altar we promised that it would be Jesus first, each other second. But *Lord, I need him, we have four children, I cannot remain in Zaire alone. I have no home elsewhere. Please heal him, Lord.* Quietly, and so gently, the Spirit of God led me to that place of total commitment. I struggled, but finally I said, "All right, Lord, he's Yours to take if that is Your will." Even as I write my eyes are blurring with tears. The events of that night are so vividly etched on my soul. The following morning I tried to contact the M.A.F. pilot by radio. I could receive, but I was not able to transmit. As I listened, I heard that the plane was en route back to Nyankunde, but no one could hear my cry for help. I changed tubes, went outside, and checked the antenna. It seemed normal. Then I cried to the Lord and said, "Please tell Ernie to stop at Isiro on his way back to the base at Nyankunde." I was desperate.

At 1 P.M. I heard the unmistakable sound of the plane's engine. I called to Doug, and we drove the half mile to the airport. Ernie had just landed. "Oh," I cried, "Thank you for coming. Philip is very ill; can you please take us to Nyankunde?"

"That's why I felt impressed to come here instead of Napopo to refuel!" he said in astonishment. "Yes, Edith, pack a few things and we'll be ready to take you."

I dashed back home, packed clothes for Philip and myself. I got him into a shirt and pants, and helped him into the pickup. Doug drove as gently as he could back to the airport. Earlier we had taken Brother Phillips to get the weekly flight to Kinshasa, which was due any moment. I had also given him a letter to mail to Philip's parents to let them know to pray. He would also notify churches in the States to pray. Gail and Lillian had taken Ruthie. On the one-and-a-half-hour flight Ernie explained, "I was praying," he said, "about where I should stop to refuel. Napopo was the logical place to do this and I had a stock of aviation fuel at the mission. But something seemed to keep saying to me, 'Go to Isiro, go to Isiro.' I called on my radio to get a weather report. When I did, there was no reply and I thought there must be something wrong with your transmitter. I'm so glad that I listened to that still, small voice," he said.

"I am too," I replied, explaining what had happened in the past forty hours of Philip's sudden illness.

After we arrived at the hospital, Philip was soon diagnosed as having an acute peritonitis of unknown origin. Immediately intravenous fluids were started and penicillin and streptomycin intramuscular injections were given. Unknown to me, Dr. Becker sent out a call to all mission stations on the radio transmitter to pray because Philip's condition was critical. At Rethy, the headmaster and two of the lady teachers had told the children as gently as they could that their daddy was very ill. I did not know this until later, but they were preparing the children for what might well be their daddy's death. I slept by Philip's side on a camp cot. I didn't really sleep; I had not slept since Tuesday when he was taken ill. It was now Friday. They were dark days. I was afraid to sleep in case he should slip away and I not be there. Oh, how I longed for my mother at that time!

The missionary nurses and doctors were wonderful but I needed a shoulder to cry on. I wrote on the Sunday to explain these happenings to

Philip's parents. "He's had a total of fourteen pints of dextrose/saline solution intravenously to combat the dehydration, and now he is sipping a little water," I wrote.

The nurse came in and said to Philip, "You went to heaven, but He still had work for you to do down here so He sent you back." I felt this was true. No one was more thankful than I that Philip was improving. He was very weak and weighed only 134 pounds. Daily he made progress. Three weeks later, we flew up to Rethy for Philip to regain his strength, and to be with the children. Ruthie was able to join us too. We all had dental work done by the dentist who was visiting the school at Rethy. Philip's X-rays had all turned up negative. The doctor said that his illness was a violent and bizarre peritonitis of unknown origin. Much later, Philip shared with me that he felt his food had been poisoned while we were at Andudu. We had sensed some anti-white feelings amongst the Mabudu teachers and some of the pastors. But we will never fully know. Philip had had to take a strong stand on some issues that didn't please some of these workers. They were unhappy about it. Just that he was alive and getting stronger was all that I cared about. We expected to fly back to Isiro on April 5th. Meanwhile, Philip had gained ten pounds and was singing in the Easter Cantata at Rethy. It was called "No Greater Love." They needed a tenor soloist. I had been helping in the dormitory where some of the children suffered with chicken pox. Liz and Philip John caught chicken pox, and then Ruthie did too! The climate change here was so nice. We enjoyed the fresh veggies, milk, and strawberries! I felt rested and Philip looked much better.

We arrived back home on April 5th. Doug and the ladies had done a good job while Philip had been away. The Pierces had gone. Work continued on the new church. District Council was to begin after the children returned to school. Liz had grown so much I had to make her three new dresses. They enjoyed their Easter vacation and especially the pool! The Lord really blessed us during council meetings.

At the end of May, I was asked if I would teach the religion classes at the Isiro high school. So I began with nine classes a week, and a total of 192 students, mostly teenage boys. I prayed much because I had not done a lot of teaching in French. This was a great opportunity. I knew He would enable me. I also began to teach Ruthie.

A Pan African Conference was planned in Ghana, West Africa, in September. We were to go and take our superintendent with us. Meanwhile, Philip and Doug were back in Kinshasa making arrangements for shipping of the metal beams for the church roof. They would be home as soon as they could get the military plane back. Philip had a ton of medicines to bring back with him. The medicines had to be accompanied, otherwise they would be stolen. We were so grateful that General Yossa allowed Philip and Doug to travel on the military flight. The costs otherwise would have been too much for us.

There was a large fire in town one night at the generator plant that provided the city with electricity. So we had neither electricity nor water because the pumps were not working. Water had to be carried by the bucketful and was boiled before drinking. Fortunately our fridge was dual purpose so we could convert it to kerosene, messy but better than nothing.

Ruthie's lessons had arrived. She washed dishes one night, and I said, "You're a big girl now."

"So," she said, "I go to bed when you do too," thinking that dishwashing qualified her to stay up later. She was a constant joy to us.

I began visiting the Andudu Medical Center when the M.A.F. plane flew one of their doctors south of here. Ernie would stop at Isiro and leave me at Andudu. On his return flight a week later, he would pick me up at Andudu and leave me off in Isiro, and then continue south for the doctor's return flight. This made it less expensive, and saved me the bone-jarring road trips.

Richard Jorgenson came out and built a bush airstrip at Andudu. He was one of our missionary kids. He spoke both Lingala and French fluently. He was such a help and encouragement to Philip. He also taught in the Andudu Bible School. We also received news from the States that a printer would be coming with his family the end of the year. We heard that two nurses would also be coming. I really praised the Lord for this, especially as our furlough drew nearer. As soon as the metal beams were up, Doug wanted to return to the States. He would return to finish the Church and for the dedication. Our furlough was due in July next year. We wanted to see the church finished first. We really enjoyed our Pan African Conference. We were able to take Simona Karada, our superintendent, and Raphael, our assistant, with us too. We enjoyed every moment of it. Simona was very sick for several days. I

was able to go to a beauty salon and get my hair done! It felt so good! I also shopped for shoes and other things in between meetings. It was like a mini-vacation for us. We were so glad the Lord made it financially possible for us to bring our African brothers! The silver markets in Ghana were very interesting. The filigree ornaments and jewelry were so cleverly done.

The beams had now arrived. Doug and Philip worked each day to place and anchor them. They were huge because the building was an A-type frame. We ladies took time out to pray when they were raising these beams. We had no large cranes, just a five-ton truck loaded with rock, with a pulley attached to the top of the first beam that they had erected. Secured to each beam was a metal cable, that ran through a pulley to the truck, which slowly raised the second beam into position until all eight beams were in place. It took the team of men a week to complete this difficult operation. The beams and metal roofing had come via river boat, train, and truck from the capital city, Kinshasa, over 1,000 miles away. Philip would continue the work while Doug was in the States.

Meanwhile, two maternity units had been built. Philip laid out the foundations, and then directed the construction of the roof when the walls were ready. Our six weeks of evangelistic outreach had ended with good results. In compiling the statistics for the year-end reports, we now had thirty-four new lay pastors, twenty-seven newly organized churches, and an increase of over 1,000 baptized believers! Two hundred and seventy-three had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. We praised the Lord for a quiet year, and for this growth in the work.

Christmas of 1969 with the children was a happy time. Not as many guests came this year as Gail and Lillian were out at Andudu. The Malcolms would be in for New Year's. Another year had ended and 1970 would soon be here.

Doug had gone. Richard Jorgenson would come in from Andudu and help with the roofing. Hopefully, Doug would be back to pour the cement floors. Life could be so frustrating with the delays and lack of supplies!

The big news was that President Mobutu was going to visit Isiro. The town officials hustled and bustled to get things ready at the stadium where most big events were held. All whites had received invitations. Special seats were allotted to them. There would be a big parade. Schools would march, African music would be played, and dances would be performed before the



president. Our superintendent would drive the small van that the church had purchased for him. Our African headmaster had permission for Liz and a little black girl to present a gift to the president. Liz would give him a French Bible and the African girl would present him with a bouquet of flowers. Sunday would be a big day for them too. The ceremonies and performances went very smoothly. After the president left, Philip was called to the commissioner's office. The president left the equivalent of \$1,000 for each of the Protestant missions represented there. The Greek school received \$3,000 and the Catholics \$10,000. We were amazed!

Philip had to leave for Uganda in January to try and get the new printing equipment in. The importation papers were not in order, so it was a fruitless trip. However, he did get the roof on the Andudu maternity unit.

In March, The Rev. Joe Westbury paid his first visit to Zaire. We had a blessed two weeks of Bible studies with 100 pastors and Christian workers enrolled. Joe invited us to stay with him in Georgia when we came home on furlough. He had a furnished apartment we could use. We thanked him for this. Furlough was always a problem for a family. Finding a furnished apartment for one year and good schools for the children was not easy. We had a blessed time. Some of the pastors made the round trip of 224 miles to be present.

Our printer and his family arrived in April. Philip had finally transported all of the printing equipment, duty-free, from Uganda. We praised the Lord for this. Brother and Sister Coppick had a little boy and girl. Mrs. Carolyn Slattery had at last arrived. She was a retired teacher who would take over the school administration work from Philip. This had been so time-consuming and frustrating for him. She would also be able to help Ruthie with her home schooling.

Peggy, one of the two nurses we were expecting, would soon be going to Belgium for French and tropical medicine studies. Patricia would come directly to the field. I needed to orientate her to the Andudu, Bodi, and Betongwe medical works. We were both very tired, but wanted to remain to get the Tucker Memorial Church finished. Our furlough was due next month.

Our youth camps were in full swing. Philip tried to arrive there a day early to hunt, so that there would be meat for the young people. God had blessed these week-long camps in our bush areas. We had started youth

camps in June each year when Doug was with us. There was such a great need in this land, and so few workers available to meet these needs. Our two Bible Schools were full and we praised the Lord for new pastors. The work continued to grow so fast! We were always getting calls for a pastor to come and help. Areas had opened up that had been closed to us before. Although tired, and troubled with bouts of malaria, our hearts would rejoice at the continued move of the Holy Spirit in our work. Did we face problems? Oh yes, there were always plenty of problems! One week, two of my nurses fell into adultery and had to be suspended. Another took a second wife. The African brethren do not allow this among baptized believers. I continued to pray for committed staff for the dispensaries.

Christmas came again. It had arrived so quickly. The children now swam like fish. They were growing like weeds. September was a difficult month. Ruthie had gone this year with her brothers and sister for school. She had no playmates at home. Ruth and Liz were so close. I knew that she would not have to face the difficult adjustment that Liz had experienced. I don't think I was quite as ready for Ruth to go. I did not let her see me cry, but when we got back to the house it seemed so desolate there without her happy chatter. As the plane soared into the sky with my four children aboard, I had to make a new commitment to the Lord. My natural heart said, "If that single-engine plane had problems and went down, our family would be gone." Between Isiro and Rethy is mostly dense tropical forest. One commercial twin-engine plane had been lost this past year. I took authority over my morbid thoughts, reminding myself that we serve a God who neither slumbers nor sleeps. He could take much better care of my children than I could. M.A.F. kept their planes in tip-top shape and we rarely heard of mechanical problems.

I found it difficult to keep the children in clothes as our barrels of supplies were gone. I had to rely on my sewing machine. An Indian family had moved in next door. One of the young men was a sweet Christian. His uncle owned a clothing store in Uganda. He had been able to get pants and jeans for the boys. Obtaining shoes became a nightmare. We had a store in town. We prayed they would have the sizes we needed.

Doug planned to return in February. Richard Jorgenson and Philip had been able to get the roof on the Church. They ordered doors and pews. The dedication was tentatively set for June 15th. The cement floor had to be

poured. Doug would be able to give his full attention to the building when he arrived.

Patricia, one of our two new nurses, was coming. Gail left for furlough early in September. She wanted to get back before we were to leave in June. Time flew. The days seemed busier than ever.

Early in January 1971 an epidemic of meningitis broke out in Azandeland where we had our Bodi mission. All of the roads were blocked and travel was suspended except for medical workers, until the epidemic was under control. Because of this, we had to cancel our Bible refresher course for the pastors and Christian workers in that area. I was not too sorry about that, for I was battling malaria and feelings of depression. This was our fifth year here and we wanted to see the Tucker Memorial Church finally finished before we left for furlough. The climate was beginning to wear on us.

Elizabeth was very sick with malaria and dengue fever while she was home. Ruth also came down with malaria. However, we all managed to get well enough to celebrate Christmas. The children made quite a nice tree out of two pine branches. In spite of exhaustion, we had a lovely time together.

In February Lillian left for furlough. When she returned she would be working in Kinshasa with Angeline Tucker.

Patricia had arrived and would be living over at the apartment. She was to study Lingala until Peggy, her co-worker, had arrived. She was then studying in Belgium and was to arrive in June.

Philip was under quite a lot of pressure. He was negotiating the final purchase of the house with a French lawyer and a Greek owner. This was not an easy task! Our newer missionary men did not seem to see eye-to-eye with Philip. This became very stressful. Philip realized that he was not perfect. He did not know everything, but he had a lot of experience under his belt. So each night I would lay in bed, sometimes taking him in my arms, and pray quietly that the Lord would give him the wisdom and understanding to direct this Upper-Zaire ministry. I also prayed that God would make him the man He wanted him to be, and not the man others expected him to be.

In April we celebrated the purchase of the house. What a relief! Patricia was so sweet! We had invited her over for meals. Did I sense an attraction developing between Doug and Patricia? They would make a lovely couple.

This was a hard country without a man at your side. It would be a great help to her to have a husband. To this day I knew this to be true, for I had spent my whole first term single. I had a special place in my heart for single missionaries.

The Tucker Memorial Church was finally completed. Oh, how the praise welled up in our hearts to the Lord! Invitations were sent to Angeline Tucker, the Arkansas superintendent, and also to the mayor and officials in Isiro. The church would seat 1,300. It was a beautiful day July 15th as we arrived at the church for the dedication. Every seat was filled.

Our guests were seated on the platform where everyone could see them. Our Africans used the drums to keep the beat of the music. We had no piano or organ, but what wonderful singing and praise rose up to heaven that morning! Philip and Patricia sang a duet. Many speeches were made. Thanks was given to the many who had helped in the building of the church. Doug, Richard, and Philip received recognition for their hard work. The children, who had purchased the chairs for the platform out of their meager earnings, received applause. It was a thrilling day.

The following Sunday, we had a great baptismal service. This was the first baptismal service ever held inside one of the churches. They usually went to the river. The built-in cement tank had been filled the night before by the bucket brigade! The first ones to be baptized were Philip, Jr., David, and Elizabeth. The Africans were so excited! We counted it an honor for our children to be baptized by our African pastors. Somehow this seemed like a grand finale to the past five years of ministry that had miraculously not been interrupted by any revolution or rebellions. Nevertheless, there had been tense periods. But now we could leave for furlough rejoicing that the Church had again triumphed over many, many difficulties.

The following week we flew from Isiro to London via Kinshasa. We eventually arrived in Ventnor, New Jersey, where we would spend our furlough. As the plane flew high over the rain forest of the Kibali-Ihuri, we rested back in our seats. We were sorry to be leaving such wonderful people, but we were glad to be returning to relatives and friends once again.

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## Chapter 13

### By the Sea

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This was the first time that our entire family had visited America. It was September 1971. This would be a year of adjustments for us all. We experienced a different type of stress as we became accustomed to the American way of life. Our children all had American accents. This was to their advantage, especially at school. Life had been so sheltered at Rethy Academy. Attending school in America was quite different!

Philip had already planned two series of services for us. He would be one of the speakers in the fall and winter missions conventions. The Division of Foreign Missions at Springfield had informed us that we would have to raise more pledges for budget expenses. The next item on our list was a second-hand car. We lived two blocks from the ocean and about half a mile from a big supermarket. The laundromat was just around the corner. The schools were within walking distance. I could walk to where I needed to go, but Philip would have to travel many miles in order to fulfill his speaking engagements. Anchorage Cottage was half of a big house. It was fully furnished with utilities and a very nominal rent. It was one of several in a small compound which was owned and administered by a Christian group. What a blessing it was to us and to other missionary families coming home on furlough who did not have homes in America.

During our first week we enrolled the children in school. Ruth was to attend second grade. David and Elizabeth were in fifth and sixth grade and Philip John was to attend seventh. I was so glad that Philip was home to do all the running. October came, and the weather was much cooler. Philip would soon be leaving for Pennsylvania for six weeks of missionary

services. He would then be closer to home for several services and be able to spend a little more time with us.

Soon it would be Christmas. The children were excited. We would have Daddy home, and the Stone family would be with us. Reg and Rose had been missionaries in Latin America and lived in the Doane Missionary Residences just a block away. They had a boy and a girl. All ten of us would celebrate Christmas together. The house had big rooms, so there would be plenty of space.

On New Year's we were to travel to South Carolina for a service in Al Garr's church. They had already invited the boys to two weeks' vacation, all expenses paid, at Camp Lurecrest. I marveled daily at God's goodness to us.

Philip was away in meetings and the children were home with a virus. The "tapeworm" problem I discovered just before I left Congo was still with me. I had received treatment in England, and I thought the problem had ended. Now I understood why I had gained no weight! I asked one of the missionaries if they knew an older doctor that I could talk with. I'd treated tapeworms in my work on the mission field; I knew what might happen if I continued to go untreated. My problem was that I needed a prescription to get the medication I had used in Africa.

Walking to the doctor's office several blocks away, I prayed that the doctor would understand. As I sat in his office I felt nervous. Soon my name was called and I sat by his desk. "Doctor," I said, "I have a tapeworm. I believe it is a pork tapeworm that I got eating at the only restaurant in Isiro, Congo, with Greek friends. When I saw the chops were pinkish I stopped eating, but it seems as though it was too late. I was treated in England, but yesterday I noted that the beastie was still there. I am an R.N. Could you give me a prescription for Atebrine so that I could get rid of it once and for all?"

He looked at me in amazement. "Lady," he said, "you sit there and tell me this so calmly, I can hardly believe it."

"What's the use of fussing," I replied. "I know how to get rid of it; I just need a prescription."

"Just let me check my PDR book," he said. "I usually don't deal with this sort of thing." He checked and found that the medication I had asked

for was the right one. He called a pharmacy to see if they had it. They did. While I was there I got the epsom salts that I would need, and I was all set. I just prayed that I would not get sick because the medication would probably make me nauseous.

The next day I got rid of “Oscar the Tapeworm!” I was glad to have that over with because my mother was flying into New York on January 29th, and I did not need to be sick. We had all just come through a bout of the flu. Philip left early in the morning with the two boys to meet Mother at the airport. I expected them back around 10 P.M.

We had so much fun with my mother. She was affectionately known as Nanna. She suffered with an arthritic hip, but she settled into our daily routine and felt less and less pain as the days went by. I was thankful for this. Philip left for services in Michigan in mid-February. Meanwhile I had been asked to join the Stones in a week of mission conventions in March. Mother said she would take care of the children and not to worry about it. They were looking forward to our trip to Michigan to meet Daddy for a long weekend in early March. One morning at breakfast prayers, Philip John said, “Mommy, why does Daddy have to be away when we are on furlough? We know we have to be separated when we are in the Zaire, but why again here?” I tried to explain that Daddy must visit the churches that had supported us while in Africa, as well as visit new churches, so that he could raise the extra finances we needed so we could return in early September. In my heart I wished there was another way, so that the boys could spend more time with their father.

I wish that one could have peeked into our dining room that evening. The meal was over, and our evening devotions were read. We all prayed, beginning with little Ruthie. “Dear Farver, bless Daddy, help the car not to drink too much oil, (she must have heard Daddy talking about the problem), and dear Farver, send us enough money so that we can go back to Zaire soon, Amen.”

“Dear Lord,” prayed Philip, Jr., “You know we want to go back home to Zaire. Please send in all the money that’s needed, and keep Daddy on the roads and bring him home safely.”

Liz followed, “Dear Jesus, please take care of Daddy and bring him home quickly.”

David then closed the prayer time, asking the Lord to watch over us all.

Twenty years later, as I read those letters that had been safely kept by Mom and Dad Cochrane and my mother, I relived those precious moments as if they had occurred just yesterday.

I had a busy, but very blessed week at the New York conventions. I met some lovely people. I also ate too much! Everyone seemed concerned about my skinny frame. I was thrilled that several churches had made monthly pledges. Although tired after speaking every night, I was thankful that I could help a little with the raising of our finances. I missed the children, but they were having a wonderful time with Nanna. She would enjoy the weekend alone while we take the Greyhound bus to Pontiac for a weekend with Daddy.

The children had a cute song they sang when we were in services together. "Two little fishes, five loaves of bread," they sang, and then the chorus. "All that I have, All that I have, I will give Jesus, All that I have." As I listened to their sweet voices, it was my prayer that they would be willing to let Jesus have their all.

We returned home to find that a letter had arrived from Gail Winters. She warned us to write in a general way because all mail was being censored. Important meetings were being held in Kinshasa between the government, World Council of Churches, and heads of all evangelical missions. Two officials from our American headquarters were there. She asked that we be in much prayer. The outcome of these talks could be crucial to our obtaining our visas to return to Zaire.

April passed quickly. Philip was in and out most of the month. Philip John was having a stress problem that he was bravely trying to handle.

"Mom," he said, "I know seven different ways to get to school."

"Why seven?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "It's like this, if you get into fights you are in big trouble with the headmaster. We are not supposed to carry knives but a lot of the boys do. They've been trying to pick fights with me as I go to and from school. That is why I've found these different routes to school, so that I may avoid them."



I agreed with him to make this problem a matter of prayer. I knew the Lord would keep him safe. It had been an anxious month for the children. There had been riots at the senior high school where some of the other missionaries' children attended. One week, a teacher had been murdered! I had been to Atlantic City on the bus to do a little shopping. It stopped at the end of the road that the school was on. I saw teen boys jumping from car roofs. The black driver said to his passengers, "Hurry and get off if this is your stop. We're getting out of here."

Several days later Liz had come home and said, "Mom, what is a lesbian?"

"Why do you ask?" I said.

"Because," she replied, "the girls march behind me on the way home, and chant, 'Lizzy is a lesbian.'"

I told her that I would explain to her later, which I did. No wonder my children prayed every day to go back to Zaire.

In early May, we attended the District Council. It was at Wilmington First Assembly of God. It was the fiftieth anniversary. It was also a very special occasion because Philip and I, along with ten other candidates, were to receive ordination in the last service. What a marvelous time we had at that meeting. We felt a great spiritual uplifting, and a great renewal in our spirits.

Returning home to Nanna and the children was always a joy. We did not enjoy our separations, but we accepted them as part of the ministry. All the children could talk about was going to our real home in September.

Philip still had some services in Pennsylvania, but he would be home the last week of the month to help me to pack. Meanwhile, a friend of my mother's, Leonard, flew from England to stay with us. He did not want Mother to fly home alone. In June we were to leave with the boys to go to Springfield, Missouri. David and Philip would be at Camp Lurecrest in North Carolina. We traveled on to Springfield for two weeks of "School of Missions" at our headquarters. All missionaries on furlough and those newly appointed would be in classes there. We were looking forward to it. What a full and busy two weeks we had! The classes, meetings, interviews, fellowship, and spiritual renewal all culminated with a missions banquet.

We had made many new friends and renewed our fellowship with missionaries we had met in 1966. I couldn't help but wonder when, or if, we would meet again.

The following morning we began our long journey back to North Carolina and then home. The boys had a great time at camp. We stayed one night at the camp, and Philip tried to waterski on the lake. He was not very successful! We left the next morning under cloudy skies and pouring rain. A hurricane warning had been issued. Hurricane Agnes was heading our way! Although it rained during our trip, we made good time. Agnes did extensive damage in mid- and eastern Pennsylvania. We were thankful to be safely home.

My mother and Leonard were due to leave the following week. We did more packing, as we had to be out of the house by the end of June. We would be in youth camps all of July. Philip would finish his last few services. We hoped by then to have all our budget raised and return via England to Zaire for another term of service. If our budget lacked then we would book Anchorage Cottage again for September 1st. Was this a lack of faith on our part? We would only know when Springfield contacted us to let us know if all our offerings and pledges had come in. We were fervently praying, and so were the children, that we would soon get the "GO" signal.

Early in May, Ruth was not doing well at all in school so we put her into a private Christian school. She had caught up wonderfully. We felt that it was worth the \$40 a month. She was thrilled to graduate from second grade!

Philip had travelled 21,000 miles and held 135 services thus far. It would be nice to have him with us at camp. While at camp, we had time to make visa applications using Sister Smeltzer's address in Manchester, Pennsylvania. She was a sweet widow lady who had opened her home to us for August. She had a big house, and we could finish our packing there and prepare it for shipping to Mombasa, Kenya.

Oh what joy there was in our hearts! We had received the "GO" from Springfield. Our Lord was truly a God of miracles! The situation did not look good for us financially, but it seemed that all the necessary funds were

in. I'll never understand my Heavenly Father's mathematics, but we did learn that He is faithful, and that He honored the prayers of His children. They could hardly wait to get back to Rethy!

Now we had to get our airline bookings and shots. The big day was to be September 1st. We were to leave from Philadelphia. We would arrive at Philip's parents' the next morning. We planned to spend a few days there before we left for Kinshasa. The children would fly from Kinshasa to Bunia, and the M.A.F. flight would take them to Rethy. We would fly to Isiro. A new term of service was to begin there. I wondered what this new term would hold for us!

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## Chapter 14

### Returning Again?

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Several of our friends had questioned whether or not we should return to a land that was so unstable. We were never to know when or how the political situations might change. Zaire was like a smoldering volcano. We could never predict when another upheaval of anarchy or terrorism would occur. Even now as I write, in 1993, there is chaos again in the capital city.

We did know, however, that God's call on our lives was unchanged. So it was with happy hearts and high expectations that we began our fourth term of missionary service. We knew that we could trust the future to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He had never failed us, nor would He, as we kept a close relationship with Him. We did not know that in a few short months our faith would be severely tried.

We were held up in Kinshasa. There was no room available on any of the flights. The Bill Lovicks were away so we stayed in their home in Kinshasa. The Billy Burrs were due to arrive September 30th. We were to stay with them until we got a flight. Bribing the desk clerk at the airport would have speeded up matters, but instead of money, Philip left Christian literature at the desk when he went to check for places on the next flight north. We faced ahead of us a trip to Isiro of 1,000 miles. The only other way to travel there was by riverboat and road. These routes were slow and treacherous.

Angeline Tucker would be coming back to take charge of the women's work in Kinshasa. Lillian would join her in the fall. Rosemarie, who took David and Philip to England in the rebellion of 1960, was going to return with her husband. Rosemarie had lived with my parents. She got a work

permit, a job, and eventually an American passport and a sponsor in America. She met Loton, her husband, at Zion Bible College, where they graduated together. We were delighted with the news that they were coming to Zaire for two years. They would be a tremendous help to us in the work in Isiro.

As we flew into Isiro it was a great relief to be at the end of our journey. The children had flown by Missionary Aviation Fellowship to school. As I watched that single-engine Cessna climb into the sky, I prayed that the Lord would keep my children safe. "Lord," I said, "Those are the children You entrusted us with. Please keep them safe as they fly over the dense forest." Several planes had been lost in recent years. For a while I felt very apprehensive as their plane disappeared into the distance. Going home to a very empty house was never easy. I was to hear no childish chatter from Ruthie. No laughter would come from the bedrooms. It took me a little while to adjust, but work was a great remedy. Soon I was full-steam into teaching nine classes of religion a week at the government high school. I also supervised the clinics at Andudu and Bodi.

In late November 1972, we received a message over the mission short-wave radio transmitter which told us that Philip John had been in the school hospital for a week. They still had not been able to diagnose his sickness. The children were due home in a few days. The hospital planned to send medication with him. It was a very sick-looking boy we greeted a few days later. In the following days I watched him carefully. He had little desire to eat and just rested most of the time. In despair, I took him to the government clinic in Isiro and asked the African technician, whom I knew quite well, to do a white cell count. I repeated this several days later and found that the count was rising quite quickly. "There has to be infection somewhere," I said to Phil. "I'll examine his abdomen and see if I can feel anything." As I did so, I was conscious of a fullness in his right lower abdomen. At school they thought he might have typhoid fever, bacillary dysentery, or maybe a malaria jaundice disease. They were puzzled. He had been ill for three weeks now. I was very concerned, but tried not to show it. I was able to talk to the doctor at Nyankunde on our radio transmitter. I asked if the M.A.F. plane could come to take us to the hospital. I explained what I had found. The doctor agreed for the plane to come. I hurriedly gave

Elizabeth and my one African house help instructions as I prepared our bags to leave. It was December 16th. Elizabeth had celebrated her twelfth birthday just two days earlier. Christmas would be a lonely time. Rosemarie and Loton had arrived, so Philip hurried up to their small house to ask if Rosemarie could help out while I was gone. She readily agreed.

The plane arrived at Isiro and within one and a half hours we landed at the hospital. There was a small compound just outside the hospital, close to the doctor's home. It was in a square with two brick, metal-roofed duplex buildings on the one side and two on the other. There was a path through the middle which led to the African hospital. These four buildings were kept for white people coming to the hospital, or for nationals who could pay the nominal fee for more private care. We were soon settled in one side of these duplexes. The door entered directly into a bedroom, and off it was a small kitchen and dining area. The back door led from this down a short path to the outside toilet. There was water piped in and electric light for the short evenings. We shared a small veranda at the front with the patients in the other half of the duplex. I saw great concern on the doctor's face after he had examined Philip. "It looks like he may have a pelvic abscess. This may have been caused by undiagnosed amoebic dysentery."

"Where could he have got that from, Doctor?" I asked.

"Well, they do not have it up in the Rethy area. The only place I can think of where he may have picked it up was in Kinshasa, as it's prevalent in that area."

The lab work, blood samples, and stool specimens proved him correct. The doctor began intensive treatment. Philip John also had malaria that was resistant to several courses of treatment. Slowly, however, he began to recover. You had to know our Philip to realize how severely he would have reacted at the sight of the hypodermic needle. He bravely rolled over and clutched his pillow.

On December 17th, Philip looked so ill. I sat by his bed. I quietly prayed asking God to spare our first-born son. Inside I was crying. We had morning devotions each day. It was hard to pray. I'm sure he heard the tremble in my voice. I asked the Lord once again to heal him. Later, Philip told me that that night he thought that he would die. "I wasn't afraid to die,

Mom, because I love Jesus,” he said, “but I felt so ill, and just told the Lord that I was too young to die.”

Almost a week had passed, and Philip continued to recover. An Indian would be coming in today and would bring some filet steak for us from Bunia, the nearest town. Philip just loved steak and was beginning to feel hungry. Since he became ill he had lost thirty-four pounds, and weighed only ninety-one pounds. He looked so dreadfully gaunt. He was not allowed anything with seeds or skins, so I prepared our breakfast and lunch with whatever we could find that he liked and was allowed to eat. On Christmas Eve one of the missionary nurses brought us a small decorated Christmas tree. It was lonely there at the hospital without the rest of the family.

During this time Philip and I shared many things. The time away from home became a time of closeness and deeper understanding. He shared his deepest feelings with me. He had a keen sense of justice. “Because I got into trouble once or twice at school I was blamed for many things I did not do. I now feel that I have a bad image,” he said. I tried to encourage him. I reminded him of the Apostle Paul’s words, *“Forgetting those things that are behind and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”* Although the past two weeks had been very anxious ones for us all, they were very special weeks for Philip John and me.

I was able to talk to the family on the short-wave radio. Philip and the children, along with Rosemarie and Loton, went to Andudu to have Christmas with the Malcolms and their three children. The children would leave for school January 3rd, 1973, and Philip would leave for Kinshasa, the capital, the next day for more French language study. The doctor felt Philip John was now well enough to go back to school. We planned to fly up to Rethy, probably on the 2nd, to be there to greet the children. This would be a happy reunion for me. Later I would join Philip in Kinshasa.

Philip John was painfully thin for his five-foot, nine-inch frame. The school at Rethy had fresh milk from its own herd of cows. Vegetables grown by the Africans could be bought from them daily. The climate was a blissful seventy to eighty degrees year-round. There was always a cool breeze at the 7,000 feet altitude. Rethy was a paradise compared to the hot, humid grasslands and dense forest jungles where we lived. It was wonderful

to see the children again. “Mommy,” Liz said, “When I come home at Easter will you teach me how to cook? I had a hard time knowing what to fix for meals while you was away at the hospital.”

“Yes, I will,” I replied, smiling at my little twelve-year-old. I was very proud of her. She related to me all that had happened at Isiro during my absence.

I flew to Kinshasa with another missionary on the Air-Zaire plane. She was returning to the States for medical treatment that was not available in Africa. I just dreaded arriving at the airport and hoped to see Philip quickly. When we had arrived in September it seemed like a horde of porters wanted to divide our luggage and put us in separate taxis! Now I was alone. I was able to carry my own suitcase, which I really held on to! I saw Philip and Jacques Vernaud and they quickly escorted me to their car before I became totally overwhelmed by this mob of porters.

It was so good to be together again. We would stay with missionary friends while Philip took an intensive two-month course in the French language. We would then fly back to Isiro for our General Field Conference. Our field secretary, Morris Williams, would be with us. I knew that I would be making plans to entertain him and our other missionaries who would be coming to Isiro at that time.

Philip did very well in his French exams. It was good to return home. The field conference went smoothly. Meetings with the missionaries, with the African executive brethren, and later with all of our African pastors, was a really blessed time. We all sensed the presence of the Holy Spirit.

News from the capital was not good. Thirty-one Christian publications had been banned. Russian and Rumanian teachers were now in the government high schools. We also learned that Zaire had now made a deal with China for technical advisors and aid. We looked for Chinese and Rumanian literature in anticipation of any advisors that might come into the schools here.

At the end of March, 1973, we went up to Bodi with our African superintendent. There were problems in the medical work. All four of my nurses had fallen into adultery, and the head nurse was stealing medical



funds. After discussion and prayer, the nurses were called in and told that the clinic would be closed for three months. We could not practice medicine if their conduct was not honorable to God. I walked back to the clinic with a heart that was breaking. I began storing all the medicines in barrels, and locked them. All the instruments and other equipment were stored in the same way. I locked the doors while my leprosy patients looked on with deep concern. I tried to explain, but the tears just flowed down my cheeks. We returned in early April for a week of special services. I still had not found any nurses to replace the ones that had been disciplined, so the clinic remained closed. As we returned to Isiro, the roads were so bumpy that the rear window in the cab shattered. Honey-combed pieces of broken glass covered the entire cab, ran down our necks, and was all over the seats! Philip put a piece of plywood in the hole when we arrived home.

The year seemed to be flying by as we planned youth camps for July and August, and evangelistic outreach meetings for the last two weeks in August. I would be in Isiro with the children. September would begin a new year for our French Bible School in Isiro. Philip and I would both be involved in teaching, although Gail would carry the bulk of the classes when she returned from furlough.

The children were doing well in school. Elizabeth was taking piano lessons, and Philip wanted to take voice lessons. My mother is remarrying. I prayed that they would be happy. It had been eleven years since Daddy died, and I knew she had been lonely.

I was still teaching Bible in the government high school, but now there were two Rumanians on the staff. I wondered if the Bible would remain on the school curriculum. "We must pray harder for the high school students," I told Philip. I felt that I may not be there too much longer. I used every possible means to win them to the Lord. We had many lively discussions.

We made a quick trip to Bodi and reopened the clinic with one nurse and a helper. I also gave our leprosy patients their three-month checkup, and encouraged them in the Lord.

Rosemarie and Loton had to move to a smaller place because the owner of the house put the rent up 300 percent! I felt so sorry for them. Our house continued to be a motel for missionaries who came to town to shop and for visitors that were stranded while waiting for the unpredictable Air-

Zaire plane! There were many tourists who seemed to be making the overland Cape to Cairo trip, from South Africa to Egypt. Isiro happened to be a logical place to stop en route. They always looked up the missionaries for overnight accommodations and food! I think they passed on the news to others they met on the way. After a while I began to ask that they not pass on this kind of information, as we could not afford to feed the large number of people who came through. We always tried to witness. We kept literature in several languages in the basket on the coffee table for our guests to read. The visitors were almost always gracious, hungry, and grateful for a bath. There were times when we just had to refuse to put them up, especially when the children were home. I got very tired too, for my house help went home at 3 P.M. Finding food for the extra meals always posed a problem.

During the third week in July, the government schools were out and our children flew home. I told our African brethren to please excuse me of some of my work when the children were home. I really wanted to spend more time with them, to let them know they were my highest priority when they were home. I also felt that some of the pastors could fit in an extra class at the Bible school, thus relieving me the pressure of teaching so many classes, even if they taught them in Lingala instead of French.

Elizabeth came home as the champion runner of the school and was proud of her many ribbons. She held that position for three consecutive years.

Coton, one of our young pastors, left on the train from Isiro to go to Buta. He embarked upon a journey of 700 miles southwest of Isiro, to a tribe of people he did not know, to pioneer a new work. The Lord had so laid this area on his heart. It was with much prayer that we waved goodbye as the train slowly pulled away. He embarked upon this call completely by faith, and we knew the Lord would not let him down.

Several new churches had begun along the Gao to Niangara Road. This area had been totally resistant to the Gospel before the rebellion of 1964. It was now fully opened to the Gospel. We had some very zealous young pastors from the Pazande tribe that had graduated from the Andudu Bible School willing to plant new churches in this area. A lot of these pastors

were fruits of the 1955-56 revival at Bodi. One, Kanifi by name, had a real, fervent evangelistic ministry. It thrilled our hearts as we saw the Lord moving in so many wonderful ways. They told Philip, “Bwana, you know the scripture that says, *‘Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit?’*”

“Yes,” Philip replied.

“Well, we feel that Brother Tucker being martyred and his body thrown into our Bomokande River has been like that seed, and we are now seeing the fruit of his martyrdom.”

Many new churches had been planted in that once-resistant territory, and the Lord continued to bless in a remarkable way.

The president of Zaire was supposed to visit Isiro on August 28th, so the army was going around confiscating cars and pickups for the parade. The vehicles would be returned several days later, with a lot of mileage on them! I wondered if folks had considered us crazy for rejoicing that the pickup was broken down! It needed a new gasket, so Philip had taken the pickup apart while waiting for the new gasket to arrive. Three times the soldiers came to take it, and three times Philip patiently explained what it needed and that it would not run without it. So the Lord took care of our only “Speed the Light” vehicle, which had been given to us by the youth of the Assemblies of God churches in Pennsylvania. I never, ever thought that we would thank the Lord for a broken-down pickup, but on this occasion we did!

Philip had to fly to Kisangani to a General Protestant Council, where each mission had to be represented. Meanwhile, Philip John was out riding my moped. He did not know that at dusk they put a metal unpainted pipe across the road to form a barrier to the small airport, and he drove right into it. Fortunately some Greek friends were passing by in their pickup, and brought Philip and the damaged moped home. I quickly ran a hot tub of water and let him soak, for his back was grazed and full of gravel. He also had a bad cut under his chin. I put an ice pack on his chin and I gave him some juice to drink. I worked on his back with antiseptic lotion, tweezers, gauze, and tape, but the cut under his chin needed stitches. I was unable to do anything about that, for I had nothing in the first aid kit for suturing. I called Gail, who lived on the other side of town, from our very antiquated

crank-up phone. I asked her to come over, as I did not drive. I told her of Philip John's accident, and that he was still shaken from his spill. We took him to the local hospital where he received stitches in his chin without any anaesthetic because they had none! He was brave, but I believed that he would think twice before he tried to go fast on our dirt and gravel roads again! *Why do these things happen when Daddy is away?* I asked myself. But at the same time I thanked the Lord that the pipe had not been two inches lower, or we would have had a serious emergency on our hands! I really think the Angels must have been working overtime!

The children had returned to school. Philip returned home. Ruth McDonald, a new missionary teacher, had arrived and planned to live with Gail. Rose and Loton were busy with Daily Vacation Bible Schools. The Lord was truly blessing us.

There were African soldiers who lived in the house next door. The house had been confiscated for their billet. The soldiers would climb over the wall and steal my grapefruit and avocados to sell them at the market. While we were away we discovered that one of the teenage boys had stoned our German shepherd, Prince, while he was on his leash. When we discovered the cuts and abrasions on Prince's head, we warned the boy that our very intelligent dog would not forget, and if he were ever to set foot in our yard he would attack. That same evening the soldiers drank and brawled until dawn. The next morning they were at my door begging for medicine! I felt so upset I wanted to refuse and send them away, but the Lord said, "Instead of complaining, why don't you praise Me for them?" Wow! That was a whole new concept, but I tried it. Within a month they were all transferred to Kisangani, and the house stayed empty and quiet. It really did pay to listen to what that little inner voice of the Spirit would say. We were often surprised to see the unusual events that each new day would bring forth.

Rose was helping with the religion classes at the government high school where I had taught religion for three years. There were now two new Rumanian teachers there. A lot of new subjects had been added to the curriculum. The students were really anxious to know the truth, and had many questions concerning Islam and Jehovah's Witnesses. The Lord

impressed upon me that when we'd finished our studies on John's Gospel we were to do an illustrated study on the Church Age, the Tribulation, and the Millennium. I was glad that I was obedient to teach these lessons, because after I had finished, I was called into the principal's office and told that this would be my last day of teaching because the Bible was no longer on the curriculum. I thanked the principal, and although my heart was heavy I was not really surprised. I was glad that I had followed the Holy Spirit's direction in teaching about the "End Times." I never set foot in that high school again.

It was December 1973. The atmosphere at Isiro was one of tension, and we really did not know why. Greek merchants were leaving. We learned that their properties and coffee plantations had been confiscated. All white bank accounts had been frozen. There was no longer bottled gas available for the stove. Wood was hard to get and was expensive here in the city. I began cooking on two Primus stoves. Fortunately, we did have a barrel of kerosene. We wondered how long this situation would last. French Bible school was out, so I now had more time to spend with the children as we prepared for Christmas. This year we were inviting our Indian neighbors next door. We also planned to invite Rose and Loton, and Gail and Ruth, and the two Peace Corps teachers from the agricultural school on the outskirts of Isiro. We expected to entertain seventeen guests for Christmas dinner, which we would celebrate on Christmas Eve. After dinner we always had our children participate in the Christmas story and sing around the piano. We felt that this was a wonderful way to witness for the Lord.

After Christmas we had an Evangelistic Campaign planned with our missionary Jacques Vernaud. We expected him to fly in from Kinshasa around January 10th. So ended 1973, and our first full year back in Isiro.

On January 2nd, the children flew back to school. I began to prepare for the Crusade. Meanwhile, I suspected my house help, Babapei, had been helping himself to our tea, sugar, and some of the medicines which I kept for treating those who would come to my door. So I prayed about this. I also prayed for Yaghoma, who was the director of our schools. He had developed a very nasty attitude towards the missionaries and some of the Pazande brethren who had positions on the Executive Committee of the

North Zaire Assembly of God churches. As I learned to thank the Lord for these two situations, I believed that He would turn them around. I would indeed be amazed the way the Lord undertook. Babapei became sick and was in the Isiro hospital. Meanwhile, the campaign was in full swing and souls were getting saved and several were healed. However, Yaghoma sat looking miserable in the services. I continued thanking the Lord for what He would do with his life.

Supplies in town dwindled. There had been no gasoline for three weeks, no kerosene, and no bottled gas. I managed to buy some charcoal and I used that for fuel. I could not bake at all.

Overnight stores, homes, plantations, and businesses had been taken over by the government. The Greeks were paying \$400 to \$1,000 for exit visas to leave. They had lost their cars, homes, and their businesses. Their bank accounts, like ours, were frozen. The moment they left the country, their stores and homes would be taken over by the nationals. I felt so sorry for them. They had been devoted to their stores and plantations all their lives. Now, as they left, the stores became empty. Daily living became more difficult, especially when it came to obtaining food.

Because we had received some extra Christmas gifts of money, we were able to fly up to the school at mid-term. It was a change for us both and a joy to see the children again. Philip and Liz sang in a quartet. At the evening social time, Philip and Liz sang a hilarious song about Rethy School. I don't know who composed it, but it was great. Saturday, we joined the school in a picnic at Table Mountain. We drove as far as we could in the pickup, and then climbed the rest of the way. The view was terrific, and we really enjoyed ourselves. The climate was so perfect and we felt refreshed almost immediately. The time to fly home came too quickly, and Ruthie cried a little. It was so hard to leave them.

The months seemed to fly by. At the end of March the rains came. Five months of dry, hot, yet humid weather could really drain us. We appreciated the cool rains when they came at last. We had no flour, sugar, potatoes, or vegetables. The trucks bringing in these items must have been broken down and of course the Greek mechanics had gone.

In mid-March, we made a trip to Bodi for services and to encourage the workers. I went to the dispensary to give the lepers their three-month checkup. During the trip to Bodi, we had several of our men in the back. It was becoming dusk when they pounded on the cab. Philip stopped and they pointed over into the bush. "Buffalo," they whispered. Together they went into the forest and in a minute I heard two shots and two horrendous death bellows. Cautiously, they crept forward and threw clods of dirt at the one buffalo, but it did not move. The second one ran into the forest. It is very dangerous to trail a wounded buffalo. When Philip saw the amounts of blood spattered on the grass and bushes he knew that it was mortally wounded. He did not have to track very far before he found it lying dead at the base of a tree. Quickly, the men cut the front and hind quarters and other choice parts before darkness finally fell. We had a lot of meat lying on banana leaves in the back of the pickup. The men were overjoyed. We arrived at Bodi three hours later. I salted down the filets. In the morning the rest of the meat would be divided between the lepers, school children, and workers. A small portion each was a great treat. I would take the filets home and wash and store them in the freezer part of our fridge. How many times I had wished we had a freezer. But the Africans needed meat too, and we were happy to bless them.

At the end of March we were able to get some tile to lay on the kitchen floor. Philip had brought the stainless steel sink from our house that was at Bodi and installed it. A carpenter had made and varnished some cabinets for us. We had also located some formica to make countertops. I had found some material to make curtains for the window over the sink. I stood back and looked at our three days of work. It truly had become a lovely kitchen. Now I thought that the battle against the cockroaches and ants would be so much easier.

The Sturgeon family had replaced the Malcolms at Andudu. They would be leaving for furlough in November. Meanwhile two of our African pastors were being trained to take over Derrill Sturgeon's place as director. Thus, there would be no white missionaries at Andudu. This meant that our four main bush stations were without any white missionary. Through the years, God had given us good and capable men. The residences there were

given to the head pastor and director of the Lingala Bible School. When we visited there, they would always have a room for us to stay in.

Philip left at 5 A.M. with a load of metal roofing for the hospital at Andudu. He and Derrill would then go on to Gombari for a weekend of services. The pastor at Gombari had been, and still was, very difficult. The work was not progressing. On Monday, Philip and Derrill would hunt for meat for the Bible school. On the way home, Philip would visit our Betongwe work and see how they were progressing with the construction of their new church building. We had previously taken cement and the block machine for them to use. Philip had also laid out the foundation. However, he did need to checkup on the work. Philip arrived home after that 374-mile round trip, feeling very tired. The dirt roads had more potholes than ever, and now that the rains had begun, getting stuck in the mud was a constant problem. He never travelled alone. While he was gone I continued teaching in the French Bible school and working in the International Correspondence Institute (ICI) office that was in the bookstore. Philip's next project was to put up a building to house the offices of the school director, the superintendent, and the legal representative, because room at the bookstore was stretched to the limit. Every new term as we prepared to return to Africa, Philip would say, "I'm not going to build this term!" But there was always some building to do or to oversee.

The General Council was to meet in Isiro in April. We dreaded it! Although we had prayed much, the materialistic attitude among some of the pastors and teachers remained. The children were home, and the Sturgeons came to stay with us for that week.

Along with Gail, I continued to teach classes at the French Bible school. One night we were rudely awakened by Derrill Sturgeon yelling, "*Moyibi, moyibi!*" I flew out of bed dashing across the living room floor. As I ran I fell over a stroller that had been left in the middle of the room. I split my eyebrow open on the cement floor. Meanwhile, Philip had heard the pandemonium and almost went into shock when he saw my bloody face. I grabbed a washcloth and told him to see what was going on. He unlocked the veranda doors and knocked on the guest bedroom door which opened onto the veranda. Derrill and his wife came out, locking the door behind them. We sat in the living room while he explained his shouting.



“A thief came with a fishing pole and hooked my money, my watch, and some diapers that we had laid on the table in the bedroom.”

“I woke,” he said, “just to see a fishing rod being drawn out through the metal bars on the window. I hollered to scare him, but he was already gone.”

“That’s the third time we’ve had prowlers this week,” I said. “We’ll have to get a gate on the driveway.” We already had a high cement block wall around the property.

“Where’s the night watchman and Prince?” Philip asked.

“Probably asleep in the garden shed,” I replied. True enough, Toma confessed the next morning that he’d heard nothing!

“Why didn’t you leave Prince loose in the yard?” Philip asked.

“But Bwana, he’s guarding me!”

Philip shook his head, as if to say, *what’s the use!*

I got my eyebrow taped, and we returned to bed. A few nights earlier I’d awakened thinking I heard a noise. I crept out of bed and went to the veranda door which had bars on the windows, two locks, and two bolts securing it. Pulling aside the curtain I looked right into the eyes of an African who was trying to pick the lock. He had a truck wrench and a knife on the floor beside him. I don’t know who was more surprised, him or me, but he jumped up and ran, leaving the wrench and knife on the floor. Thieving had become a great problem, for the people were hungry, and there was little work to be had.

The day Philip returned from the Executive Council meetings I could see that he was crushed in his spirit. Neither he nor Derrill said anything, but in bed that night Philip said, “Honey, we are really having to pray harder for Simona Karada and Yaghoma.” Simona Karada was the superintendent of the North Zaire Assemblies of God churches. Yaghoma was director of all the schools. “Today they accused us missionary men of stealing their money and of not speaking the truth. We could see that the other pastors were also upset at these accusations, but we kept our peace.”

I wrote home the next day asking Mom and Dad Cochrane to pray. We were very discouraged. We were really glad when Council ended and we could return to the work that needed us. Long hours and stress must have taken its toll on Philip. He came down with a bad bout of malaria. *At least*

*we've had no more visits from thieves*, I thought. But I spoke too soon. In mid-May, they tried again to get into the house, but this time the watchman and Prince chased them.

After Philip had recovered, General Yossa invited him to hunt. General Yossa was a colonel when he had liberated Isiro from the Rebels in 1965. He loved the Lord. From time to time he worshipped with us. He did not belong to any one individual church, because he did not want to show favoritism. Philip understood this. They had a good, relaxing time out in the bush. They brought home a young antelope so we could have pepper steaks for dinner that night!

At the end of May we had a wonderful Women's Retreat! Then I became busy with year-end exams at the French Bible School. In June I was down with malaria. I realized that we would have to change our maintenance dosage because the mosquitoes were becoming immune to some of the anti-malarial medications. Ruth, our teacher, was going to Bodi; I planned to go with her to check on the medical work. Daily I prayed for godly, reliable male nurses to carry on the work. Meanwhile, I did my best to keep the dispensary running smoothly and efficiently.

In the middle of June, we took our monthly vacation at Rethy. The change of climate, fresh foods, and rest worked wonders for us. It also gave us an extra month with our children. We had missed the sports day, held there each year, but when we did arrive one of the missionaries said, "the Cochrane kids ran away with sixteen of the prizes." Liz, David and Philip had fourteen first- and two second-place prizes between them. I was really proud of them. Ruth did not participate because she had been sick. After school, the children would come down and then we would go to the dining room to eat dinner with the staff and students. They were free, then, until study hall. Later I would join the junior dormitory for prayers and tuck Ruthie into bed. The choir director was in the hospital so they asked Philip if he would help. He took charge of the junior high and the little kids for choir. Liz and Philip John were in a quartet and they did very well. One night Philip and I stayed home and dined alone. We enjoyed steak and eggs, strawberries and cream! It was delicious!

At the end of July the children came home. They loved to visit the bush pastors, so we had a weekend out at Wambamuke with Pastor Waule and his sweet wife. Nine women and seven men were saved in the morning service. We had a wonderful time. That Monday the men, along with Philip John, went hunting and shot a defassa waterbuck. The congregation really enjoyed the extra blessing of meat.

August was not an easy month. Babapei, my house help, was in the hospital. The children helped, but the days were full with washing, ironing, and cleaning. We hung everything on the lines in the yard. Then the clothes had to be ironed, because the fly eggs laid on our wet clothes would later hatch and burrow into the skin of the wearer, producing hard boils. These boils had to be squeezed to force the grub out of our skin. These grubs looked like the type that infest garbage in hot weather. My, they were so painful! So there was lots to keep us occupied. In the evenings we played table-top games. Ruthie had become an excellent speller because of all the hours she spent playing Scrabble! When Daddy came home we enjoyed the piano and singing together.

In September we were shocked when we were informed that all mission schools would be under government control. No more Bible was to be taught. Our pastors were deeply concerned. We began a course on the Family Altar. We taught them that the spiritual well-being of their children largely depended upon the faithfulness of the parents. It was a whole new concept for them, for they had been content to let the school and the church be responsible for their children's spiritual growth. We could not help but wonder if or when the government would take over the clinics. Peggy, our mission nurse, had moved into Isiro, now that Jo Ann, our M.A.P.S. nurse, had returned home. Pat, our other nurse, and Peggy's co-worker, had married Doug while we were home on furlough. They moved to Kinshasa. Jo Ann had come as a short-term missionary. Jo Ann hoped to return as a fully appointed missionary within a year.

We had to take our children off of our passports now that they had grown older. The Sturgeons would take the passports with the necessary papers to the Embassy in Kampala, Uganda, where they could take care of this. We dared not send our passports to Kinshasa, the capital. There they

would either become missing or be stolen. They were valuable documents to those in Africa who do not have them.

In October our German shepherd, Prince, who was getting older, received a playmate. Sally was her name and she was a very playful puppy. The children couldn't wait until December to see her.

There was no butter or margarine or Crisco in town this month, and no meat either. I was expecting ten people for dinner today! Around nine in the morning Mrs. Nungavitch, an older Greek lady whom we knew quite well, came by to ask me to see her husband. He had a heart problem. I advised bed rest for him, and suggested that he visit Nyankunde Medical Center. During our conversation she said, "My son will soon be in from the plantation. Could you use some meat and veggies?"

"Did you know that just this morning I'd prayed for these things, since I have guests coming for dinner?" I said.

She looked at me in surprise and replied, "As soon as my son gets in I'll send my house help to your house with the food."

I had not been home too long when an African came with a large white bowl on his head. He had brought us a leg of goat, lettuce, carrots, and some corn. "Thank you, Lord," I said, "truly You have set a table before us today." It was a young goat and the meat was tender and succulent.

We had very few supplies in our ICI office. Our International Correspondence Institute had basic Bible courses in the Lingala and French languages. These were very popular with the Africans. We had over 2,000 enrolled. Eight months ago, we had put in a big order for fresh supplies of this literature. We were over at the office and the rain began to pour. Philip had just gone the three-quarters of a mile to the airport. The airport had called to say that there were big boxes dumped on the airfield from the flight that had just arrived, and to please come and get them. It was raining so hard that we feared that our \$1,800 order would be ruined. "Please, please, Lord," I cried, "don't let it rain at the airport." Philip had only the open pickup with which to transport the boxes.

About half an hour later, the rain had stopped and Philip came back. "Guess what," he said, "it barely sprinkled at the airport and the order is all dry. How mindful our Lord is." The Bible correspondence courses were a great success. Many young people came to the bookstore daily to return

their papers. It took a long time to correct all these courses and eventually Apinda, a Christian high school graduate, helped us. Later he would take R.N. training and head up our medical work. At the end of each course was a place to write a testimony. Just reading these testimonies of salvation, and contacting these new converts, was a great encouragement to us.

French Bible school was in full swing. One day two of the students took me aside to tell me the following. "We both felt a deep burden to pray, so we set ourselves apart to do this." I believe it was Kanifi who fell asleep as he was praying. "I saw a map of Africa, Madamo," he said. "It was a map of the whole continent and over it was a huge cross. Then an outstretched arm appeared from heaven, and I saw myself sitting on a stool by this cross. As I was looking Jesus came and sat beside me. Then I woke and told my friend what I had seen. Together we prayed and asked Jesus what this meant and God revealed it to my friend." He said, "The cross reigns over Africa. God's hand is always outstretched to help His people. He will always be very close beside them."

"How very wonderful," I replied. "Keep on praying." In those past weeks, we teachers had some fantastic prayer times with these men. It was worth all our weariness of body to see them grow in the Lord, and catch a vision of the great need of the whole of Africa. Kanifi eventually became our Zaire Field Evangelist. These men were truly poor as far as this world's goods go. Although they ate only once a day, they were rich in the things of God.

Was it Thanksgiving already? The Sturgeons had gone for furlough early in November. I invited the four Peace Corps teachers, a Canadian teacher, and four other guests to celebrate Thanksgiving with us. In a few days the children would be home for Christmas. There was little to be had in the way of gifts. The supplies we had brought out with us had dwindled to nothing. But we had learned long ago that we could celebrate Christmas without any gifts. I thanked the Lord because the children were always content.

Philip John arrived home with a letter from the doctor. It seemed that when he had his school physical they had discovered a bilateral inguinal hernia. The doctor suggested he have surgery during the vacation. We knew that the doctor from Nyankunde would be flying to Nebobongo, just

seventy miles south of us. Philip John was born there in 1958. We were able to plan Philip John's surgery for December 10th. Philip would return with the children to Isiro, and I would fly back with Philip the end of the week to Isiro, when the doctor would be leaving to return to Nyankunde. Philip John was a little apprehensive because he would be receiving spinal anaesthesia. Although they gave him something to help him sleep, he never closed his eyes. I stood by his head during the entire surgery, quietly talking to him. After about five hours his legs and lower abdomen regained their feeling, and he felt much better. In a couple of days, he was in the operating room masked and gowned watching the doctor perform surgery on someone else. I wondered then if he was going to be a surgeon, but I did not say anything. As soon as I got home, there were year-end reports waiting to be completed.

Meanwhile Yaghoma, our school director, had been in Kinshasa to see if he could get subsidies for the school teachers who were being paid by the church. He still had this very bad attitude towards us and we had prayed for months. We had recently learned that he had gone to the secret police to get us deported. We wondered when this would end. Ruth McDonald met him when he got off the plane in Isiro. Immediately she saw that he was sick, and suggested she take him to the Isiro hospital. Then she went to the African superintendent, and others on the executive council, to let them know. Immediately they left to visit and to pray with him. "His condition is serious," she told us as she stopped by the house. We agreed to go to prayer on his behalf.

Zitope, our legal representative, went with some of our other pastors to pray for him. Zitope was a Pazande and there was not any love lost between the Mabudu and Azande tribes. There had been an under-current of strife because the Mabutu brethren wanted all the key positions on the Executive Committee of the North Zaire Churches. Yaghoma had no time for Zitope. Later, Zitope stopped by the house, deeply concerned. "Bwana," he said, "I asked Yaghoma if he needed to confess anything before I prayed for him, for I could see that he was very sick. He said, 'It's too late. What I had planned to do will not get done now,' and he closed his eyes. We know," Zitope continued, "that he has a very bad attitude both to you and my Pazande brothers, but we must pray." We prayed, and Zitope returned home.

A short while later Ruth came up the driveway and called us. “Yaghoma just died.” I stood in the middle of the kitchen and said to the Lord, “But Lord, he was not ready to die. I have prayed so long with Philip that You would change him, and thanked You for doing so, but death! Lord, I did not expect that to be the outcome.” Our evening meal was a sober one. Our Mabudu superintendent, Simona, was very solemn too, as he realized that what he and Yaghoma had been planning would never materialize. The fact that Yaghoma had already been to the secret police to get us deported gave us reason to believe that he and Simona wanted to take over the properties and monies of the North Zaire field. They did not need us anymore. Our hearts were very heavy.

Gail had been working very hard to get a passport and exit visa for Jacqueline, another of our mulatto young ladies. Jacqueline had trained as a midwife at Nyankunde and was in charge of obstetrics at Andudu. Since Rosemarie went to America she had expressed a desire to go too. She had a very hard time during the rebellion of 1964. Nellie Meloon, her missionary foster mother, was now retired in the States, and Jacqueline wanted to go there to see her. She had been offered a position as nurse’s aide in a Christian nursing home in Atlanta. She was anxious to leave and begin a new life in the States. So it was with mixed feelings that we bade her goodbye as she left for this long journey alone.

Tension remained, but early New Year’s Day the Lord gave me these words from Proverbs 2:6. *“The Lord gives skillful and godly wisdom; from His mouth comes knowledge and understanding. He hides away sound and godly wisdom and stores it for the righteous; those who are upright and in right standing with Him. He is a shield to those who walk uprightly and in integrity.”* These words really encouraged me. President Mobutu announced in his New Year’s speech that all big industry would be nationalized. This was the second phase of his ten-year plan.

Religion could not be taught in any school. Meetings could be held only within the church’s four walls. The Faculty of Theology at the only university in Zaire, and all seminaries, had been closed. A militant spirit was evident. There was a lot of singing and chanting of slogans by the youth groups and the soldiers. I was so thankful that the Lord reminded us that He would give us wisdom and understanding. Somehow I felt this was

not a good beginning for the new year of 1975. However, in the Lord's work there was much encouragement.

Isiro was divided up into communes, and although many tribes lived in Isiro, they all gravitated to their own area or commune. It had been our goal to open a church in each of these communes. The Tucker Memorial Church would remain as the central church for them all. Tele and Kinkole had just opened their churches. The Nganga work was growing rapidly among the Mangbetu and Miogo tribes. There were nineteen churches that had been pioneered in that area since 1967.

This year we would have to make a decision concerning Philip John's education. Rethy graduates usually went on to Kijabe, Kenya, to finish eleventh and twelfth grades. However, with the political unrest, we did not feel we should let Philip John go. When crises came, planes were grounded and borders were closed. This had already happened several times. We discussed this with Philip. He said he would do correspondence at home, so we decided to apply to the University of Nebraska Education Extension program. He was accepted. Supplies would come by mail. He was to complete his work and send it back to them. Hilary, an English teacher at the Agricultural School, had agreed to oversee his work. I was thankful for this.

In February, Zitope, our legal representative, had to fly to Kinshasa for an "Ecumenical Council of Zaire" meeting. Airfares had gone up some seventy percent! He was not looking forward to these meetings because the ECZ was part of the World Council of Churches and had made things difficult for quite a few of the Evangelical Missions. As we prayed with him we assured him of our continued prayers.

At the end of March, we drove to Rethy to get the children for Easter vacation. We stopped at Nyankunde to discuss our Andudu medical work. While there Philip went down to the printshop to talk with the missionary printer. He had a piece off the Linotype machine in the vice that he was repairing. It flipped out of the vice and bounced on the floor, landing on Philip's foot. It sliced right through his sneaker and severed the main tendon to his big toe. He was rushed to surgery. An hour later Philip came out with his foot in a cast. He had to spend several days there with his foot elevated. Because of the shortage of room Philip John had to drive twenty-five miles



to the Lolwa mission, where we stayed until Philip had his stitches removed and a new cast put on. I was thankful that Philip had taught young Philip to drive. He had a Zaire license. I did not drive.

Philip John drove us home because his dad still had to try and keep his foot raised. During our absence, the local government had confiscated the office building that Philip had built the previous year at the side of the bookstore. We wondered what would be next. The superintendent, and Zitope too, were very unhappy about losing their offices. For the rest of the school vacation, Philip John ran many of the errands. He enjoyed it too! Philip became a very frustrated patient. Although he did not like this enforced rest, he did manage to get caught up with his paperwork. We had bricked in the garage and had painted it so that he could use it for an office to work in. He also had more time to spend with the children. They really appreciated this!

We arrived back in time for Easter. What a blessed time we had. The Bible school students had been out at Bodi ministering with signs following. It was wonderful to hear their accounts of what the Lord had done as they ministered and prayed for the sick.

The end of April came almost too quickly as I hurried to prepare the children's clothes for the next term. There were always dresses to let down and jeans to patch!

In early May I began having physical problems. I discussed this with the doctor on the radio. He suggested that we come to the hospital. Philip had to go anyway to get his foot checked. The M.A.F. pilot was on vacation, so we waited for eight days for Air Zaire. We called it Air-Maybe, because we never knew if the plane would arrive on schedule. We flew in to Bunia. The missionaries there drove us the thirty-five miles to Nyankunde. It was dark when we arrived. We settled into a hospital room there. After examining me, the doctor advised me to have a total hysterectomy. The possibility of this had been in the back of my nurse's mind. I had already mentioned this suspicion to Philip, so the doctor's advice did not come as a complete surprise. I do not remember too much about that day. Even though the surgery was done under a spinal, I was also sedated. Later, they told me that I had gone into shock after the surgery. I had given them some anxious moments. The only thing I remember was having suffered with a miserable

spinal headache. The only way I could get relief was to lie down. It took more than a week for me to recover from this. A biopsy had been sent to London, but we would not know until August if I had shown any signs of cancer. I had a peace in my heart. I was able to assure Philip, even though there was a history of cancer in my family. As soon as I was stronger we flew up to Rethy. The children, of course, were delighted to see us. I was feeling that between the health problems that had faced Philip and me, this year had not gone too well so far! The cooler climate, however, always boosted our spirits.

Field and Track Sports Day was always a big event at Rethy. Parents looked forward to attending this event each year when they could. Liz took seven first-place and two second-place awards. Philip got three first-place and two second-place awards, and David got two first-place awards and two second-place awards. We were proud of them! Ruthie, though, was a bit down in the dumps because she did not get a ribbon. Liz got her a Coca-Cola, specially brought in from East Africa for the event, and that cheered her up. Liz was a real little mother with her sister. I was glad that Ruthie had Liz with her at school.

We received word from Isiro that Gail's mother had passed away. We were saddened by the news. Gail was due to leave in two months' time for furlough. She felt it better to wait rather than rush home early.

We flew home by M.A.F. We had received lots of mail, and it all had been opened! We had to be very careful concerning what we wrote in our letters those days. Informers were everywhere. They came to church, too, so we never mentioned the president's name, not even in our requests for prayer. Our legal representative, Zitope, had pre-warned us. Two of our missionary couples in the capital had been given twenty-four hours in which to leave the country, with no explanation. There was still much tension.

Gail and Ruth both left for furlough as soon as the Bible school had closed for the summer vacation at the end of July. The students helped the bush pastors in practical ministry during this time. Thus, we planned a

vacation in Gisenye, Ruanda, by the lake. It was also volcano country. We felt it would be a good experience for the children. I flew to Gisenye because I was not allowed to travel by road until the end of September. Philip planned to drive down with the children. The roads were very bad, a result of the rainy season. Many trucks were held up and stuck in the mud. Patiently, Philip and the children waited until they could finally make it through these bad areas. They stayed in the game park and had the delicious talapia fish from the lake for dinner. After they arrived we had a wonderful vacation by the lake. The children enjoyed swimming in the lake. I enjoyed the cool climate and the beautiful mountains. This area was called the "Switzerland of Africa." The taller mountains were always shrouded in clouds. The end of August came so quickly! I flew back to Rethy with the two girls and Philip arrived later with the boys. I would take the next flight to Isiro. It was a great help for Philip that Philip John was able to share in the driving.

Each morning Philip John would study. During the afternoon he would help his father, or spend time with some of the Africans. He spoke both Lingala and Swahili, and understood French, although he did not like to speak it. Hillary the English Peace Corps teacher, was a big help to him. We had no eggs, tomatoes, vegetables, or potatoes. We were so thankful that a Greek lady stopped by with some eggs. There were just one or two families left now. Later, a Zaire lady whom I had helped when she was sick, came by with two dozen more eggs so that I could do some baking. We were also out of meat. The butcher shop in town had only pig ears for sale! We had brought cheese and bacon home from our vacation, so we did have something to eat each day.

I had arranged for a girl to come in to clean and iron, because I had begun teaching Babapei to cook. I just could not get my strength back. I had just suffered the worst bout of malaria I had ever had. This left me with a lot of bone aches. When I talked with Dr. Ruth Dix, she said that it was good that furlough was coming up because I would not improve until I left this climate. Philip had to carry the burden of the Bible School alone because Gail was gone and I was still trying to regain my strength.

We did some visiting out in our bush churches when I was finally able to travel. The Lord really blessed these churches. We were thrilled at the enthusiasm of our pastors. Their reward in heaven was to be great for they had very few worldly possessions. When we visited them they wanted to prepare their best meals for us. The women would gather around and we would talk. The men would go to the *gwamu* (like a gazebo) to discuss other matters. In church the men sat on the right, the women on the left. The men also ate together. The women and children then would eat what was left over. This practice had been their custom, but many of our pastors now chose to eat with their families and pray together. We were glad they had chosen to do this.

In October, I came down with dengue fever. I must have been bitten by an infected mosquito during one of our bush trips. They called it “Break-bone Fever” because of the bone pain and high fever that characterized the disease. After two weeks, I talked with the doctor on the radio and he suggested that I go to Nyankunde for bloodwork. I took his advice. In Nyankunde I stayed with the Dixes. Dr. Ruth was so kind. I had flown into Nyankunde on the M.A.F. flight, leaving Philip in Isiro. There was very little one can do for this sickness other than treat the pain. Finally, at the end of the third week, my temperature became normal and I was allowed to go home.

Peggy would be returning soon from furlough, and that would help a lot because I wouldn’t have the Andudu medical work to oversee. Somehow I was having a really hard time getting my energy back. November came and went as I struggled with pain, especially in my hips. I talked again on the radio with Dr. Dix. She said that she would send some prednisone on the next flight to Isiro. I was grateful. I had spent nights in the rocking chair unable to sleep because the pain was so intense. I cried out to the Lord in my distress, but the pain continued until the prednisone came. Gradually, the pain left. I was grateful that I felt better because the children would soon be home for Christmas. My poor health had not made this an easy year for me.

The senior Dixes, Dr. Ruth's in-laws, were stationed at Banda, 280 miles north of us. They invited us to spend Christmas with them. On their shopping trips to Isiro, they often stayed with us. The children were delighted with this idea. Philip would take a load of soap from the soap factory and bring back rice for our Bible school. Meanwhile, we would see country we had not seen before. The men planned to go on an elephant hunt. The M.A.F. pilot and his family would be there and so would Dr. Ruth, Richard, and their three children. We had so much fun! Before we knew it was time to get back to Isiro and prepare the children's clothes for school once again.

We did get some mail at Christmas. We received a \$750 money order from the Women of the Rotterdam Churches in Holland! This was for the needs of the leprosy work. I was amazed. Once again the Lord had met a need from a most unusual source. I had never been to Rotterdam, but somehow the people there discovered our need for medicines. The ways of my Lord were truly past finding out!

We had begun our paperwork for an American resident visa previously, in October. Now, in January 1976 we were still struggling to get all the documents that we required for this type of visa. A visitor's visa lasted only six months. In case we were to stay, we did require a resident visa. The mail system, both coming in and leaving the country, and even within the country, was a disaster. We relied heavily on people travelling to the capital or to Uganda to carry our mail. Meanwhile, between teaching in the Bible school and working in the ICI office, plus overseeing the medical work, I was trying to sort clothes, and sell and decide upon what to take with us. We could take only forty pounds of luggage each with us. This seemed like such a small amount. Peggy was due back shortly. A Missionary and Placement Service (M.A.P.S.) girl, Zoe, was coming to be a co-worker with her. It was the middle of the dry season and Philip and I were exhausted. In March I became too sick to concentrate on anything. A visit to Nyankunde made me realize that I would have to change my lifestyle. Dr. Ruth said I was exhausted and stressed out and that I must get more rest. I returned home and reluctantly posted a note on the gate that read, "No more consultations here. The doctor will be at Nebobongo; please see him." This

did cut down the interruptions from black and white people who came so often during the day. Each afternoon I was to take three hours' rest and retire at 9 P.M. Hopefully I would begin to feel better.

After several weeks of my new schedule I felt much better. Then, in early April, Philip John came down with laryngitis and Philip developed the flu. I began to realize that we were all ready for our furlough. In early April, the children came home for Easter break. The girls were so good in helping. The 17th was Ruthie's birthday. We had no presents but we did celebrate along with our other missionaries and Peace Corps friends. "Mommy," Liz said, "Ruthie is so funny! When she woke this morning she said, 'Liz, you know I feel taller!'" We had a great time together. The following week our Peace Corps friends came to French Chapel service in town and then down to the big Tucker Memorial Church at Avenue Toluba, about a mile out of town, but a highly populated African quarter.

At last, mail arrived only to tell us that Philip's dad had undergone major surgery. He was expected to make a full recovery. We immediately gathered together and prayed for him. Also we prayed for my sister Jean's husband, who had congestive heart failure. These two needs were put on our daily prayer list. The children proceeded to make get-well cards for grandpa. Philip was busy putting the metal roof on the Comagri church on the other side of town. Simona Karada, our superintendent, for whom we'd been praying for so long, was a little miffed. "Didn't he need doors for his house first?" The more we prayed, the more demanding he seemed to get, but the Lord helped us to smile and to keep on going.

Philip, however, decided to go out to one of the bush churches. He took the two boys with him. The people always enjoyed our children, although Philip John and David were both *pilangas* (young men) now. On Monday they went hunting. They had a great day with the Christian men and Pastor. They got enough meat for the whole village and three antelopes to bring home for us and the workers in Isiro. They arrived home, tired and dusty, at 3 A.M.! I began to butcher as they carried in the hind quarters and back. I tried to get the meat into the fridge as quickly as possible. "Pepper steaks tonight for dinner!" Philip John said, with a big grin on his face. How he loved steak!

The children left for their last term in school on April 27th. We would next meet at Bunia on July 12th to begin our journey home. As soon as they

left, I began sorting and pricing clothing and household items in the guest bedroom off the veranda, so those who wanted to buy anything could. We did not want to think about staying stateside, but Philip John was almost ready for college, so we had decided to sell our belongings. We let the missionaries in the area know in case they wanted furniture. They would collect it after we left.

The U.S. Embassy in Kinshasa insisted that the whole family would have to present themselves in person as part of the procedure to obtain the resident visas we had applied for. We tried to explain the extreme difficulty that we would have in doing this. However, when the ambassador had to come to the provincial capital of Kisangani, we arranged with M.A.F. to have the children flown down there and we would get the Air-Zaire plane which would stop there. For once, everything worked out well. The ambassador said that the children could return to school, but we would have to continue on to the capital to present in person all the documents. What a hassle. We looked at each other and tried not to scream for help! Twice, we had sent the documents and police certification that we'd never committed a felony, wherever we had resided. This information had not arrived. Several weeks earlier, a Greek had taken the third set of copies and presented them personally at the embassy. We happily paid his taxi fare from the airport to the embassy as he was going back to Greece. The Greek people in Isiro had helped so often. They in turn were thankful for the medical and prenatal care I gave their wives and children. One day a couple who had come to the house said as they were about to leave, "We wish we could be like you, but we can't because we are business people," and quickly left. We had given them literature in the Greek language. We could only pray that this small effort would bear fruit. I never saw them again.

We sent home by air freight the courses Philip John had finished along with other books Philip wanted to keep. Philip John would have to study a chemistry course because we had been unable to get the chemicals here or even in Uganda. The school understood this. He had done well and made good grades.

There was no gasoline to be had, so we used the moped to get around town and to the churches.

Recently during the broadcast of our missions network at 1 P.M., another station had been interfering with the transmission. Bob Zimmerman of the

Africa Inland Mission, who built and repaired our sets, came down to install a new crystal so we could use another, and better, frequency. Just when we thought we were getting used to frustrations and delays, a whole new set would pop up! Maybe we were learning the patience of Job after all!

At last! We had all of our documentation to leave. We were ready to present our sealed manila envelopes to Immigration when we arrived in Washington D.C. Philip had them tucked safely in his briefcase. They were truly worth more than their weight in gold!

Missionaries and Greeks who had returned to Isiro had bought some of our things and that had helped us financially. We lived off what we sold to the Africans in government office so that we would have extra money to draw on when we got to the States. We also tried to give a gift to all of our workers who had so faithfully served us. Now we planned our one last trip around the field to tell everyone that we did know when or if we would be back.

“Let’s go to Bodi first, because that goodbye is going to be the hardest,” I said to Phil. He agreed. Our five children had been wee babies there and were greatly loved. Bodi held a very special place in our hearts. We arrived late in the afternoon and spent Sunday with them. We encouraged them to “Hold fast to the Lord and if we could not return we would meet in Heaven.” Leaving the next day was heartbreaking. Tears still come to my eyes as I remember how my African sisters hugged me and wept as we said goodbye. My tears fell unashamedly. Their love we will never forget. The same happened as the men said goodbye to Philip. I had already walked down to the leprosy village to say goodbye to the people I had known and treated over the years. “Oh Mama,” they cried, “please do come back.” I promised them that I would return if the Lord made it possible, but that it would be very difficult to leave my two sons alone in a strange country.

My daddy said to me after he had returned to England from three years of working in South Africa, “Edith May, once you have been to Africa, Africa will never leave your heart.” As I tried to dry my falling tears I remembered these words. As I write of this, seventeen years later, I have found these words to be true. Africa has never left our hearts.



Now, twenty-three years later, we travelled to Andudu, where I first began my missionary work in 1953. It was a little easier for Philip to say goodbye. Many of the district pastors he had taught in refresher courses had come into the mission to bid him farewell. For me, the hardest part was saying goodbye to my leprosy patients. They were and still are very, very, special to me.

Bidding farewell was not too hard at Betongwe and Gombari as we had never stayed any length of time at these mission stations. We travelled home to Isiro to bid our final farewell. Sunday, July 11th, had dawned clear and warm as we drove for the last time to the Avenue Toluba Church. The morning service, with the drums beating and the wonderful singing, brought tears to our eyes. We both were able, at the end of the service, to say our final farewells. We drove back to the house for the last time. Tomorrow we would board Air-Zaire to fly to Bunia and join our children. The M.A.F. plane, based in Kenya, would come and take us all to Nairobi. There, the following day, we would take the El Al flight to Tel Aviv and spend five days at the Church of England Hospice, just inside the Jaffa gate of the old City of Jerusalem. We had planned for a long time to stop in Israel on our way home. Now the children were old enough to understand and appreciate the Biblical history of the Holy Land. We were all excited.

We boarded our plane at Isiro. As the Air-Zaire plane soared into the clear blue sky and set its course high above the Ituri forest, we were both lost in thought. Deep inside us we realized that this could be the last time we would see Africa for a number of years. Just before going to sleep the night before I said to Philip, "Honey, if we gain the whole of Zaire for Jesus and lose one of our children to the world, then we will have failed. It is necessary that we return to the States so that the boys may continue their education." He heartily agreed, but like me he was still crying inside for the precious people whom we had left behind. The Lord had done so very much in the nineteen years we had been together as a couple on the field. We could truly say that though we had travelled through the valley of the shadow of death, though we had even left a little grave behind, Jesus had never failed us. Now, although our future was uncertain our suitcases and bags contained all our possessions, we still had a lot of years of service to

offer to our Lord. In the coming weeks, there would be adjustments we would have to make. We had confidence in our Savior who said, “*Commit your way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass*” (Psalm 37:5). We knew that if we would let Him, He would again lead the way, either back to the people we loved so much, or on to a new area of ministry. Right now we were content to relax and to trust Him.

THE END.

Find out more about Nurse  
Cochranes charitable medical work  
in Congo:

[CongoNurseScholarshipProject.org](http://CongoNurseScholarshipProject.org)

Thank you so much!

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## Epilogue

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For over twenty years this book was just a seed thought in my mind. Throughout the years, I have made many excuses why I could not write it. Although I have had several articles published, I did not have the confidence to write a book.

My children left home to go to college and we remained State-side. Philip, Jr. married his southern belle, Sharon, and is now an ordained minister, presently pastoring Cornerstone Assembly of God in York, South Carolina. They gave us our first grandson, Andrew, in 1986. David graduated in fine arts from Penn State and married his college sweetheart, Patti. They have two sons, Jonathan, five years old, and Adam, our little miracle boy of three years. Liz had one year of college, and then chose to pursue a hairdressing career. She married Richard McCord in 1985. Ruth, our miracle baby, is now twenty-nine and is married to Scott, her Air Force husband. She gave us our first granddaughter, Danielle, in 1991. All are serving the Lord. We praise Him for this. It has been well worth staying State-side to have been available for our children during their adjustment years.

Will we return to our field of service? Many times we have wanted to, but my health has prevented us from returning to Africa. As we have ministered in churches here, and are presently pastoring Glad Tidings Assembly of God in Clearfield, Pennsylvania, we have seen and felt a great need for Biblical teaching here in the States.

I have run out of excuses for not writing. My main reason for putting pen to paper is to tell anyone who will read, that God is still in the business of working miracles. To perform them, He needs only the committed, listening ear of a child who will be totally obedient to His will. If He has

this, then NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE. For “*He takes the weak and foolish things of this world to confound the wise*” (I Corinthians 1:27). He also tells us that “*With Him all things are possible*” (Matthew 19:26).

If, through writing this book, I can inspire someone to take courage, to believe, and to be totally obedient to the call of God, then I know He will do for you what He has done for me and my family. This is why I have shared my experiences with you. The God we serve is a great God. “*I have strength for all things in Christ Who empowers me. I am ready for anything and equal to anything through Him Who infuses inner strength into me; I am self-sufficient in Christ’s sufficiency*” (Philippians 3:13 Amplified Bible).

# Glossary

*Ayah:* Nanny *Bakwa:* Termites, when they fly *Bangala:* Bantu trade language, used widely in Central Africa *Batu:* People

*Buku:* Book

*Bwana:* Lord

*Fimbo:* Whip

*Gwamu:* Round, grass-roofed open building, used for a dining and meeting place *Kinga:* Bicycle

*Kingo:* Neck

*Kpanga:* A variety of palm tree with long, smooth, branches *Kpondu:* Cooked manioc leaves *Lingala:* Official national language *Mabe:* Bad

*Mama:* Mother

*Mateka:* Dead flesh *Mbote:* Greetings

*Merci mingi:* Many thanks *Mototo:* Child

*Moyibi:* Thief

*Mpo na yo:* For you *Mwana na bisu:* Our child *Nalingi kusambela:* I would like to pray *Ndeko:* Friend

*Nioka:* Snake

*Oke sikamoko na Nzambe:* Go with God *Paulis:* City now called Isiro

*Pilanga:* Young man *Sango nini?:* What news?

*Sene:* Greetings

*Sene mingi:* Many greetings *Simba:* Lion

*Swahili*: Bantu language spoken throughout East and Central Africa *Tirimi*:  
Stop

*Zamba*: Large cooking banana *Zazangwa*: A deadly poisonous snake

*Zeleda*: Grace

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# Who, Me Lord?

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Edith M. Cochrane

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"And I will not deliver you unto the will of your enemies." (Psalms 41:2b) As they are being held by rebel soldiers outside of the border town of Aru, Zaire, the Cochrane family staunchly holds to its belief that the Word of God is true. And through God, Edith's four-month-old baby—a one in million child—provides this courageous family of missionaries a means to free themselves from the murderous militants.

This unique turn of events perfectly encapsulates the nature of Edith Cochrane's compelling life experiences as presented in her first published work, *Who, Me Lord?*

Starting in 1942 when, during a Nazi air raid, she receives the Lord's word to become a missionary in Africa, Edith unerringly follows the difficult path toward the realization of this goal. Along the way she earns the credentials to become a fully qualified registered nurse, midwife, and ordained minister.

From the deep love in their hearts, Edith and her husband Philip minister to the physical and spiritual needs of the Africans. Operating clinics and leprosy villages, they train their own staff of nurses and pastors. They also teach the Bible in high schools and establish new churches.

In this inspiring autobiography, we discover how a modest woman forges her own path to do the Lord's work. Through exotic locales and danger-filled, life-threatening situations, Edith reveals how her trust in God has granted her the strength to overcome nearly insurmountable odds and provide a shining example to us all.

## *About the Author*

Born in England, Edith May MacLennan Cochrane followed a unique path toward completing her



Born in England, Edith May Macdonald Cochran followed a unique path toward completing her work as a missionary in Africa.

Edith is a registered nurse and also holds diplomas in infectious diseases and tropical medicine, and is a fully qualified midwife. She is also an ordained minister.

After completing twenty-three years of missionary service in Africa, Edith is now active in Women's Ministries and as a pastor's wife. She and her husband make their home in Clearfield, Pennsylvania and pastor Glad Tidings Assembly of God church there.

They are the parents of five children and grandparents of six grandchildren.

**Cover Concept by David P. Cochran**

**Cover Design by Daniel Fagan**

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"A servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ" could aptly describe the stalwart warrior of the Cross. This book was written from a heart of prayer. It is her desire to share with the readers that our God is faithful.

She is a woman who walked and talked with God as she ministered to the lepers and delivered many babies as a nurse/midwife.

Prayer was not just a pastime with Edith Cochran, for she knew it as a source of power for obtaining help in times of need.

It is my privilege as the District WM Director of the Pennsylvania Delaware District to highly recommend this book. I have known the author and her husband for many years and have found this couple "with a heart after God." They are an inspiration to many. The book is exciting and heart warming to learn of the protection and faithfulness of God.

I believe that in eternity, there will be many Africans who will rise up and call her "blessed."

—Jayne Grove

Pennsylvania-Delaware District,  
Assemblies of God Women's Ministries



