

SELECTIONS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF GLENN AND JANICE BARNETT

GLENN WILFORD BARNETT

MY BEGINNINGS TO MILITARY DAYS---1922-1943

A. Introduction

My paternal great grandparents immigrated to America from Lincolnshire, England, before the Civil War. Their names were Jeffrey and Elizabeth Barnett. My grandfather, Henry R., was born in 1859. My grandmother, Della Bateman, was born in 1857. Henry and Della Barnett sired 4 sons: Wallace (1885), Glen (1892), Clarence (1894) and Howard (1896) My father was born on April, 29, 1894, near Lockport, New York. My two uncles died in 1915 and 1917. Uncle Glen, for whom I was named, died from a ruptured appendix in University Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan. He experienced a conversion to the Lord just hours before he died. He testified to a clear, born-again experience to Grandpa Barnett and then entered the heavenly portals. Uncle Howard died two years later (with a cloud over his relationship to the Lord). An hour before his demise he handed Grandpa Barnett his gold watch which he prized. This watch might have been his last idol to relinquish as he believed.

Henry Barnett died on March 18, 1931. He lived a holy life---Holiness of Life and Walk was his theme. He was quite radical in many ideas and of a domineering spirit. Della Barnett died on April 12, 1939.

My father, Clarence Henry, gave his heart to the Lord in his early years. When a boy of 15 he was called to the ministry. He fought this deep impression at first, but later said "Yes" to the divine call.

Lucy Miller enrolled in Houghton Seminary in 1919. Her home was near Ashville, N.C. Clarence fell in love with Lucy. His father opposed this relationship. Clarence felt strongly that this Southern lass was God's choice for him. On June 15, 1921, they eloped to Bradford, Pennsylvania, and were joined in holy matrimony by Rev. Grice.

The honeymoon of C.H. and Lucy Minerva was shared by his eldest brother Wallace and wife (2nd) Ella. The wedding trip took them to North New York to the 1000 Islands. Lucy endured a miserable week,---sleeping in tents, etc.

In the fall of 1921, my father and mother moved to northern Pennsylvania for their first pastorate near Indiana, PA, called the Spruce Grove and Penn Run churches. Horse and buggy were the mode of transportation between these churches each Sunday. My mother feared the heels of the horse. She wrapped me in a horse hair robe during the winter of 1922.

About February, my mother went to Massillon, Ohio to stay at her brother, George, and Essie Miller on Clyde Court to await my birth. I was born at 1:30 p.m. on April 4. Dr. Hart was the doctor. My delivery was very hard. Mother nearly died. I was named Glenn Elwood, but Glenn Wilford was inadvertently put on the birth certificate. I was named after my Uncle Glen who died triumphantly in 1915. My parents remained in Massillon, living in a brick house on

Wissmer Street during that summer. In the Fall of 1922 they returned to Pennsylvania to pastor the two churches.

On November 29, 1923, my brother, Gordon, was born. He was a chubby, dark-haired lad that some called "Buddy".

My father contacted the Iowa Conference President of the Wesleyan Church in the spring of 1924 for pastoral opportunities. In the summer of 1924 we took a train for Iowa.

B. Iowa Days: 1924-1940

My mother told me that we two boys, two years old and four months old, slept on the train coach seats on the trip to the West. We arrived at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and then up to Dayton Valley. The parsonage was 1/4 mile from the little white church. One Sunday evening my parents left me asleep on a church pew. When they returned home, Mother was upset and of course hastened back to the darkened church.

I was fair and thin in my early years. Mr. Frink, one of the church members, told my father that he doubted if I would live to adult age.

I faintly remember when I was 3 or 4 that I played in the sand by the little iron bridge near the church and cemetery. Our neighbors were the Rogers and Ibsons. Georgie Ibson was my favorite chum. My father was elected as the rural school director who hired and paid the teacher, perhaps \$100 per month.

On November 25, 1925, my little sister Sarah Lucille was born (Thanksgiving Day). She was chubby and had dark hair. Before Lucille's birth Mother's youngest sister, May, came to visit and help Mother. (She got acquainted with Tony TeVogt and later married him.)

In the summer of 1926, we moved to the Bennezette Church near Bristow, Iowa. My father purchased a 1925 Model T Ford car with side curtains. (Grandpa Barnett, Henry Barnett, was our financial aid for the purchase (\$450?). My father's salary was about \$600 per year. The country folk would furnish us with food stuffs. On Sunday we would find vegetables or pastry on our front porch. A farmer gave us rabbits he shot. A garden was necessary to feed our family of three or four children at that time.

My father made a rope swing in our box-elder tree. He would push me and sing, "And the old cat died" as the swing became motionless. One day I tried climbing the tree and fell breaking my right arm. My world was "shattered". I wore a cast for a month. I was a very nervous child. My parents took me to Mayo's Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, for consultation. They advised that I keep calm after 4 p.m. Night mares were experienced occasionally.

One Christmas season we had a special program. I was put to bed early in the parsonage next door to the church. During the program I ran over to the church in my pajamas and ran down the aisle. People were shocked.

I remember playing with my Tinker Toys in our house.

In the fall we would go nutting with George Ebling in his woods. Father would lay green black walnuts on a shed roof to dry. In the fall we enjoyed the two or three barrels of apples shipped by Uncle Wallace from his Lockport, NY orchard, for our winter enjoyment.

My conscience was very tender as a lad. A pictorial symbol of the pleasures of life and judgment of hell and the narrow way to heaven was portrayed on a panoramic picture at the back of our church. I would study the picture and note the destruction of sinners and the bliss of the saints. I was convicted of my evil heart. One night when I was 5 or 6 years old I awoke with the fear of hell and being lost. I called my father and told him of my condemned heart. He told me I should pray and ask Jesus to forgive my sins. By faith I was relieved of guilt. Joy and peace flooded my being. I awoke the following day into a "new world". My heart was singing and all fear was gone. I did not want to grieve my Savior. I date my New Birth and adoption into God's family from that midnight hour by my bed in the old parsonage, in 1927. My regret is that I have failed many times in my commitment to my Lord, and I have had to ask forgiveness to be restored.

In September, 1927, I began my first year in Grade School. I walked one mile with my lunch bucket to the little one-room school house. Many days I missed because of sickness. Wilma Ebling was my fellow first grader. We had many happy times playing on her father's farm. At the end of my first grade Velma Ebling, my teacher, told Mother I had failed and must be retained in the first grade another year. Mother was very upset by this.

The high point of each year was the week of Campmeeting at Charles City, Iowa. At camp I attended "Children's Meeting". Laura Emerson, a red-headed teenager, was my teacher. Our family was the largest so we were given the largest dormitory room. Gordon and I slept on straw ticks under a big tent. We all ate in the dining room. The big treat for us children was ice tea. Mrs. H. Yarrington was the head cook. Each table washed their own dishes. The tabernacle bell rang for chow-time.

Camp time was fun time for us kids during the 1920s and early 30s. A trolley car ran beside the back fence of the campground. We would write our names with wire or coins to be smashed by the train. We would also try to drown out gofers who popped out of their burrows. The back field of the grounds was a softball diamond. Our buddies were the Fletcher boys, Albert and Rolland, and Walter Titus, Wayne Schyrm and other young boys.

The sacred spot was the mourners' bench (altar) at the front of the tabernacle. Either sawdust or straw was the floor covering. Every year I felt convicted of sinful life. I would weep my way to a renewed commitment. One August I turned to my father who was praying with me and confessed my disobedience. He forgave and hugged me. I arose with a glowing countenance.

Mother's days at Camp were filled with washing and ironing clothes in the little hexagon-shaped wash house. Washing was done by hand on a scrub board. She was often too tired to attend the Conference sessions or services each day.

For us children Camp was fun --- sucking ice from the ice van, eating fruit from neighbors' orchards, viewing ponies and turkeys on nearby farms, visiting and swimming at the Y or swinging on the swinging bridge over the Cedar River.

I was a nervous child in my early years. Dr. Seymour in Charles City cared for me. I was afraid of the dark and that a violent man might attack me.

In 1927, a new arrival came to our family. On November 18 Beverly James was born. Dr. Roeder was the attending doctor. Gordon and I were hustled off to the Eblings to be out of the way. Mother had a very hard delivery. Most of the babies were born at home. I thought the doctor brought the baby in his black instrument bag. Mother was very weak and frail from the fourth child. She needed help. God provided a young lady, Alma Culver. Alma lived with us at Bennezette for several years. She cleaned, cooked and cared for little Beverly. I remember her delicious cinnamon rolls with carmel icing.

We enjoyed a yellow canary in his wire cage. He would sing so well. One day Buddy (Gordon) stood on a chair and opened the wire door to the cage. He reached in and squeezed the life out of "Dickie". How sad!

In the spring of 1929 our Aunt Mammie (Uncle Berder's wife) died in Massillon, Ohio. Mother took the train to her funeral. I stayed with Father at home. Gordon stayed with a neighbor family. Our father painted a barn (red) for one of the church members.

My play as a 5 to 7 year old was on my swing, climbing in the buggy sheds by the church and playing with Wilma Ebling in her farmyard and farm buildings.

In 1928, I returned to my one-room school house as a first grader. I would share my lunch with other children. I was too generous.

In 1929, Aunt Alma was married to Will Poppinga, a young farmer in the church.

During these years my Sunday School teacher was Mrs. Edna Conn. Every Sunday she pasted a yellow duck on my attendance card. I was so proud of my record.

In the summer of 1929, we moved to Independence, Iowa. We lived in two different rental houses while living there, about one mile from church. I enrolled in second grade in Hawthorne Elementary School. Gordon and I walked several blocks to school. A bully, Johnny Decent, would chase me during my walk home. Our church was rented from the German Lutherans across town by the Wapsipinicon River. During the summer I attended VBS in the church.

Our neighbor, Mr. Morning, would come to visit us and tell us Indian stories many evenings. We all sat enraptured as he related these stories.

On August 11, 1930, another baby came to our family, named Robert Earl. One day Gordon, father and I were walking down the street. Gordon said, "Ain't you dad you dotum?" Dad said, "Yes, we're dad we dotum!"

Mr. Mukslow, a neighbor, caught a carp fish. Gordon and I held it and had a picture taken.

One day little Beverly played with matches in our back barn-garage. He ignited the straw. The fire department was called to extinguish the blaze.

Our neighbor, Johnny Buckingham, the Bierbauer boy, the Kelso girl and others were our playmates. We enjoyed our sandbox under the elm tree.

In March, 1931, my father received a telegram stating that his father, Henry Barnett, had died. (My father depended very much on the advice and financial aid from his father.) Our father and mother took a train to Buffalo, NY, for the funeral. Mrs. Gear stayed with us five children.

Grandpa's will gave our parents his 1930 Model T Ford car. It was light gray with roll-down windows. He requested that the car never exceed 35 miles per hour. My parents drove it back to Iowa.

Every August we all returned to Charles City Camp beside the trolley line. One of these years my father borrowed a trailer to haul the cow to Camp to furnish milk for the dining room. When we arrived in the center of Waterloo at a traffic light the trailer tailgate broke and the cow backed out of the trailer. The thing was a mess. The spectacle was hilarious --- a carfull of kids and a struggling cow in the street behind an old car. We finally got the cow in the trailer and proceeded on to Camp. The milk was an aid to the campers.

After Robert was born, Mother needed help in the home again. During Camp of 1930, God impressed Vera Brainerd to live with us from 1930-1940. She was like a second mother. She told us stories and did most of the housework. What a blessing!

During Camp on August 20, 1931, the sixth baby came to our house, named David Brainerd. We now numbered five boys and one girl.

Many memories crowd my mind of the early 30s at Independence:

Gordon and I took piano lessons while at Independence from Mrs. Ireland and Marion Miller (Nabholz).

An insane asylum on a hill was about three miles from our house. I feared I would be an inmate one day.

A pickle processing place was near. We sampled the briny pickles.

One day Gordon was struck by a car on the highway coming from school. He wasn't critically hurt.

We children would play on a farm when our parents made a pastoral call. We made several visits to the Conn farm at Bennezette.

On April 4, 1932, I was honored with a birthday party. I was 10 years old. Several neighbor boys brought me presents --- a kite and marbles, etc.

In August, 1932, we moved to the Emmanuel country church near LaPorte City. I was in the sixth and seventh grade in a school across the road from the parsonage. I enjoyed Fridays from 3-4 p.m. in my Manual Training class. I cut out figures, sanded the plywood and painted them.

One day my teacher told me to put a bucket of water in the furnace humidifier. I took the bucket and tossed the water in the fire. Smoke filled the building. The teacher, Mrs. Downs, bawled me out and I learned the proper place for the H₂O.

While at Emmanuel I won 25 baby chicks by writing an essay (I was the only participant). We had rabbits too.

One day Mother called me into her bedroom and showed me a chest of new baby clothes and diapers. A new baby (#7) was soon to arrive. On November 9, 1933, Carl Dean was born. Gordon and I were invited to be absent. We were sent to the Purdy farm a mile down the road. We returned the next day to a bassinette with a baby, our Deanie.

In the spring of 1934, the Will French family with three girls and baby boy came to our parish to hold a revival. The three girls played miniature violins in the services. They lived upstairs in our house for two weeks. After the Revival my father and Will French held a tent meeting in

Waterloo to pioneer the first Wesleyan Church in that city. Mrs. Henrietta Yarrington and large family were the nucleus of this fledgling church. It was organized later in the Fall.

As a 10 to 12 year old boy I enjoyed visiting the farms during oat harvest. I viewed the huge steam tractors pull and power the grain threshers in the fields. Farmers hauled the shocked oats on horse-drawn wagons to the "separator". The straw blew out the spout to a straw stack. Ladies prepared the big dinner at noon. The threshing crews would go from farm to farm during August and September. I loved to play in the straw.

While at Emmanuel in 1933 my father pitched a tent across the street from our house on the school grounds (no problem of separation of church and state). Rev. O.G. Wilson was the evangelist. Dorothy Dunbar (Crestinger) was the song evangelist. A young farmer (29 years old) named Raymond Stephens, was gloriously converted during the revival. Raymond's life was changed and he was called to preach. Later, in 1936, he went to Miltonvale Wesleyan College to prepare for the ministry. I began my freshman year at M.W.C. in the Academy (High School) that year. We stayed only two years at the Emmanuel Church.

The summer of 1934, we moved to the Albaton Church near Sloan, Iowa. I rode in the moving van all night with Earl Townsend and Mr. Guthrie. The all-night trip tired me. The following day I hid behind the parsonage and cried.

We followed the Griffins family again (as at Independence, Albaton and Rudd). Mother had a housecleaning job again. Again we had no electricity or plumbing or furnace. Albaton was a crossroads in the Missouri Valley. We could hear the Indian drums across the river in the Nebraska hills.

We five children walked 3/4 mile to our country schoolhouse --- Fairview #1. Miss Dorothea Crane was our teacher of the eight grades. During my Seventh and Eighth grades in the winter, Gordon and I built the fire in the coal stove to heat the room.

I entered the Spelling Bee of Onawa County during my eighth grade. I "boned up" on hundreds of words. I didn't last long in the contest. I graduated from the eighth grade in June, 1936 with honors. I got the big "I" ("Iowa", for scholastic honors). I was the fifth in the county with my grades.

The Barnett family had many playmates of neighbor boys. Two boys, "Whip" Heizer and Lyle Collison, joined in our games --- high jump, stilts, climbing trees and playing in the cemetery beside the church.

In the spring of 1936, Rev. C.S. Weigel held a revival at the Albaton Church. I received spiritual help. In September my parents drove me to Miltonvale Wesleyan Academy in Kansas for my high school training. We stopped the first night at Charles Barnett's home (Grandpa Barnett's [Henry] youngest brother) near Pawnee, Nebraska. At the school I was placed in the President's House and would room with President C. Floyd Hester. We slept in a 3/4 bed for over three years. My room was given me for free. I would run errands and clean the room, make the bed, etc. as my duties. He was like a father to me. I was homesick for a while. Several times President Hester took me to his Mother's home near Mankato, Kansas. I enjoyed the 80-year old saint. One Thanksgiving I was invited by O.G. Wilson family to a dinner at his sister's home.

Bill and Bob Moore and I went jack rabbit hunting over the Kansas prairies. I would carry the huge rabbits by their long ears.

I remember the sand storms in '36 and '37 when the sky would become red with swirling sand and dust. Lamps and electric lights would be needed at 2 p.m.

On January 19, 1937 my sixth and last brother, named Allan Gene, was born in Sioux City, Iowa. I first saw him on my Easter break in April. I thought he was the cutest little fellow. I took a bus down to Omaha on my return to school. A student picked me up at the bus station.

Grandma Barnett (Della) came out to Albaton in 1935, to live with us. I slept with her for several months because of our limited room in the small parsonage. Grandma was 78. She would sip water from her "shouper" very slowly.

In the fall Uncle Wallace and family drove to Albaton to visit us and take Grandma back to New York state. We missed her and never saw her again. She died five years later in 1939.

In the summer of 1937, we made our last move to Rudd, Iowa. Our cousin, Harry Miller, visited us at this time. Gordon and Harry rode in the moving van to the little parsonage in Rudd.

Gordon went with me to Miltonvale in 1937, to begin his high school work. He stayed in a boys' dorm, Jones House. Gordon and buddy, Merville Hodge from Oklahoma, chummed around and made some problems for the school in their escapades.

We returned to Rudd in the spring of 1938. Our father made a contract with farmer Lyle Kuhlmeier for summer jobs for Gordon and me. We would work on his farm during the summer and get paid "for what we were worth". This farm was seven miles east of Rudd on a dirt road. We worked from 5 a.m. till after dark, milking eleven cows, slopping hogs, feeding chickens, hoeing corn, etc. Rosie, the wife, fed us very little. We were homesick for our home and Mom's cooking. On Sunday we stayed home with our family. I worked one month (July) and got \$30. Gordon worked about two weeks more. During my month I drove a tractor through Rudd to a farm. I knew little how to operate it.

We children played different musical instruments at church --- Gordon, trombone; Lucille, cornet; Beverly, clarinet and I the fiddle (violin). Our father used us at Rudd and Rockford where he pastored. The children, Lucille through Dean, attended the Rudd schools.

Gordon and I returned to Miltonvale Academy in 1938-1939. In the spring of 1939 I transferred from the President's house to Jones' house to room with Gordon. Mrs. O.K. Miller did our washing and ironing. (O.K. Miller was the mailman for the school.) During these years I worked for the school to help pay my tuition. I carried two slop buckets from the dining hall about 1/2 mile to feed three college hogs. Occasionally my parents sent me small funds for personal needs.

Miltonvale Academy was a spiritual blessing to Gordon and me. Revivals and chapel services were a spiritual blessing.

Gordon and I graduated together in May, 1940. I was the Salutatorian of my class of 30-40 graduates. Beverly Wilson was the Valedictorian. I wrote a speech to be delivered on May 10, 1940, at the Class Exercises. I did not memorize the short speech very well. My prompter (Miss Taylor) tried to help me. I was a failure and very embarrassed. Our class motif was a ship asail on life's sea. My parents did not make it to the program. Dick Kindschi said to Bev Wilson, "Let's throw him overboard" off the ship. I was mortified. Miss Eastham, my English teacher, gave me \$1 as a gift the following day. Rev. E.W. Black, pastor of the Houghton College

church, was the Commencement speaker. My parents were present. The graduating exercises were held in the Kansas Conference Tabernacle. I was proud of my diploma.

We returned to Rudd in June, 1940, to pack for our move to Houghton, New York. I had a front tooth extracted.

We payed our farewell visit to the Barnett farm at Bennezeatte with a big supper. We children played our musical instruments. Our father hated to move East but Mother was the one insisting this was God's will --- college days.

C. 1940 New York Bound --- Beginning College

Packing to move east was no little job. My father asked a mechanic to make a one-wheel trailer with 12- inch side boards, 6' by 6' in size, to hold our luggage and needed boxes. A canvas cover was tied over it. A van would haul our furniture to Buffalo.

A very unusual and tragic accident occurred about the first week of June, 1940, about 35 miles south of Rudd. The eldest son of George Barnett of Bennezette lived on a farm with his two sons, daughter and wife. His name was Clarence. He gave his sons, Chester and Clark, the choice of a farm or an airplane. They chose a plane. One day the sons and mother took a flight and crashed. All three were killed. Clarence, the father, witnessed with his neighbors their mangled remains in baskets. Only the father and daughter remained. This happened about two weeks before we were to move east. Uncle Wallace and family in New York read the news in the paper that a Mrs. Clarence Barnett and two sons were killed in a plane crash. They contacted us asking about the tragedy. My father, mother and I attended the triple-casket funeral in the Methodist Church in Dumont, Iowa. The church was packed. The caskets had the pictures of the deceased on each top with a spray of roses. The first pew held Clarence Barnett and daughter. My father, Clarence Barnett, and mother sat on the last pew. This was a traumatic time. We assured the New York Barnetts that we were alive and well.

We had our last Sunday service at Rudd about June 10. On Monday following we all ten ate breakfast at Jack and Nelly Utters, our neighbor across the street --- then we ten loaded down the 1936 Chevy and headed east. Six boys sat in the back seat. The three eldest held the three younger. Lucille, parents and baby Allan sat in front. We traveled down to Cedar Rapids and stayed at Dayton Valley our first night at the Howard and Elwood Kirkpatrick farm. Our last night was spent where we first lived.

We didn't indulge in fancy restaurants on the trip. Mother fixed a picnic lunch which we ate in parks along the way. We traveled on to Waukegan, Illinois, to Aunt Mae and Uncle Tony's home. We stayed overnight with them. How they bedded us down is unknown. The third day we traveled on to Massillon, Ohio, to layover with Uncle George and Aunt Essie. We ten filled their small house. Gordon and I slept at a neighbor's house. Uncle George convinced my father that our '36 Chevy was not reliable to arrive in New York, so we bought a '37 Chevy to complete the trek. How we must have imposed on our kinfolk on this trip! We traveled on eastward. Near Erie, Pa., we stopped at an amusement park for some rides. Gordon helped drive the car. I hadn't learned to drive yet.

On the last week of June, 1940, we finally arrived at Houghton, New York. The car doors opened and ten tired, hot people piled out at Grandpa Barnett's (Henry) house on Willard Avenue. The Wakefields, the tenants, had just moved out. A new life opened to us.

In July, 1940, our father put plans into action in constructing a snack shop which we named "The Pantry". It was built on the right side of our house facing the campus. I helped dig gravel from the Genessee River with Ellis Crouch for the slab. Shutnecht and Lane were the carpenters (\$1.00 an hour and 80c an hour.) We bought a second-hand soda fountain, booths, tables and chairs in Buffalo. We made our own ice cream in our Bastian-Blessing machine. That was Beverly's job.

A Nickolodeon sat at the front door. We played popular hit songs as "You Are My Sunshine", "Amapolo", "My Sister and I" and "On Blue-Berry Hill". Mother insisted we have one church hymn also.

Mother worked long hours. We children were soda-jerks during the evenings. Hot fudge sundaes were 25c each, a small coke, 5c. We sold sandwiches, cream sticks, candy, gum, etc. Many nights I would work till midnight, then mop and get to bed at 1 a.m. This shop gave some income for our living. President Paine officially opened the business in September, 1940, by eating the first sundae.

Gordon and I enrolled as Frosh in September, 1940. The first week was initiation week. We wore our clothes backwards with a green beany cap with "CLASS - 1944" on top. The Sophs humiliated us as much as possible. Parties were held as we entered the College family.

I was not adept as an athlete as my younger brothers, Gordon, Bev and Bob. The track was in the center of the campus (the Quad). It was 1/7 mile in its oval shape. I raced in several meets and came in last.

"Sadie Hawkins Day" was a highlight event each Spring. The girl chased her favorite boy and generally caught him. A corsage of vegetables was pinned on his left chest. A party ended the big day.

In the Spring and Summer of 1941, I was hired by Chester York to help build the Luckey Memorial. The first floor would be offices, the second floor would be the library and the third floor would be bookstacks. The basement was the bookstore. My pay was 30c an hour as a mason's helper --- carry stone, dig footers, etc. One evening I went to Wellsville to the roller skating rink. I hitchhiked back to Belfast and walked the eight miles to Houghton, arriving home at 3 a.m. very tired.

My father hired out to Curtiss Wright Defense plant in Buffalo in the summer of '41. I felt I should defer my college career and get a job with him to help out in the financial support of the family. In August, 1941, I went to Buffalo and roomed at Mrs. Tabor's house on Rodney Street with my father. I attended Curtiss Wright Training School as a riveter for three weeks on Chandler Street. I began work at the end of August on second shift (66c an hour). We moved to Bowmansville to room at Mrs. Longmates. Later we returned to North Buffalo when I got on first shift (55c an hour).

In 1942 I enlisted in the ERC (Enlisted Reserve Corps) of the U.S. Army Signal Corps. For eight months I attended night school at Canisius College in North Buffalo. I studied radio theory in my class. I worked eight hours at Curtiss and then would walk one mile down North Main to my night classes several times each week. This program deferred me from active service for eight months. Unfortunately this training profited nothing because I was inducted into telephone communications in the 38th Signal Construction Battalion.

My father and I would travel home every weekend and return to Curtiss on Monday morning. Several men from Houghton rode with us. In May, 1943, I quit my job in preparation for my induction in the Army in July.

In June 1943 I enjoyed building a stone fireplace for wiener roasts behind the Pantry. I burned the tips of my fingers by the cement mortar in the rock walls.

General Conference of 1943 was in session at Fairmont, Indiana at this time. I felt led to take the trip and join my parents who were there. I packed a small suitcase and hithchiked to the Buffalo Central NY railroad station. I bought my ticket to Muncie, Indiana. During the night the conductor checked tickets. To my consternation I had lost mine. Reluctantly he wrote another ticket. I arrived early on a Tuesday morning at Muncie. I took a bus up to Fairmont. My parents were surely surprised to see me. I enjoyed visiting with friends. I saw C. Floyd Hester for the last time. (He died in 1957 at 70 years of age.) I rode back to Houghton with my parents.

My Army induction notice was scheduled for July 15. I went to Buffalo and attended a midweek prayer service with the Wesleyan group on my last night before the trip to New York City. We met around a small altar for prayer. They consecrated me to the Lord in this prayer session. That night I took a train for New York City and the military experience ahead. After visiting the sights of New York I took a train to Camp Upton for induction.

II.A SOLDIER'S STORY: SERIAL NUMBER - 12165983
UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS, 38TH CONSTRUCTION BATTALION

A TRUE SOLDIER HAS THE FOLLOWING PRIORITIES: GOD FIRST, COUNTRY SECOND, SELF THIRD.

From early childhood, I anticipated and feared two things: my college career and military service. I felt inadequate to cope with these two challenges.

I attended my Freshman year at Houghton College in 1940-41. Because of my family's financial need, I applied for work in Buffalo, NY, in Curtiss-Wright Defense plant. I worked as a riveter from 1941-1943.

In October, 1942, I enlisted in the Enlisted Reserve Corps in the Signal Corps of the United States Army. I worked days at the defense plant and then attended night school at Canisius College taking Radio Training as a repairman. After eight months' training I finished the course in June, 1943. I quit my job at Curtiss-Wright to enter uniform.

My last vacation before my military experience was to take a train to Muncie, Indiana, to attend the 1943 General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Fairmont, Indiana. At this Quadrennial Conference I saw C. Floyd Hester, President of Miltonvale Wesleyan College, for the last time. I returned home with my parents.

I received my induction orders at the end of June. My target date was July 15, 1943. My last evening before my departure by New York Central train was spent in a prayer service in Buffalo. Hugh Paine, my father and others prayed over me before I departed. I took a pullman to New York City to sightsee before I became a soldier.

-----July 15-August 15, 1943-----

I was inducted as a prospective soldier at Camp Upton, Long Island. New soldiers warned us, "Watch the needle". I received my G.I. uniform, dog tags, boots, mess kit and soft cap. We were marched in double time, only to wait. We were "raw recruits".

-----August 16, 1943-----

Orders came to transfer our group to "parts unknown" for Basic Training. We were told that our specialty was to be telephone communications as a Construction outfit. (Our Radio training was not needed.) Many of my Jewish buddies were highly incensed over this change. We went by train through New York City with shades lowered. No one knew our destination. We traveled for several days toward the south. We finally arrived in Toccoa, Georgia, very grimy and tired. We were trucked to General Tombs Army Camp at the foot of Currahee Mountain.

A paratroop group shared the camp. Our cadre awaited us and we settled into our barracks. We were named "38th Signal Construction Battalion". I was placed in "A Company, 2nd Platoon". For three months we jogged and hiked for miles with full pack and rifle, shot on the firing line with Garand rifles, endured long parade formations, worked in the mess hall on K.P. and walked guard duty through the night. We washed the barrack floors every Friday night and had

weekly inspections. Of course I suffered the loss of all my civilian clothes and had a butch haircut. I slowly emerged a GI, thinking military thoughts.

Several weekends on my two-day leaves I hitched a ride up to Central College, South Carolina, to visit friends. At the end of my Basic Training I was granted my first chevron. I became G.W.B. Private First Class ---.

-----November, 1943 through January, 1944-----

I chose the Motor Pool during my Basic Training. I would be a chauffeur for an officer. I was assigned a jeep and a Lieutenant. My first officer was 1st Lieutenant Glenn A. Stone. He proved to be very domineering and self-centered.

We had conflicts. The linesmen envied my position because I was exempt from K.P. duty and guard duty.

In November my Battalion of 75 men was ordered to engage in Winter Maneuvers in Central Tennessee. We traveled by convoy through the night. We camped on the Chicamauga Civil War Battle field en route. We finally arrived at Lebanon, Tennessee, where we camped on the rocky hillsides. We joined the Blue Army side. The Red Army was our enemy rival. (All action, of course, was simulated [make believe].)

No fires for warmth or cooking could be made from Monday through Friday. Once each week we went into town for our weekly shower and junk food spree. I traveled many miles inspecting telephone lines with a fellow sergeant. The winter of 1943-44 was very disagreeable.

-----February, 1944-----

Orders were received for the 38th to travel by troop train to Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas. We rumbled slowly across Texas for three days and nights. We were a weary contingent as we arrived in the southeast part of New Mexico to pitch our tents in the sandy desert. My officer was now Lieutenant Corning, a very kind man.

The linesmen built a superfine copper-wire telephone line in record time. This was further training for our overseas assignment later. During this time no chaplain visited our organization. Beer parties gave the troops a diversion. (They tried to force a beer down me one time.)

-----March, 1944-----

My Battalion next received orders to report to Camp Crowder in Northwest Missouri. At this encampment we were further trained in self-defense with a machine gun. I must qualify at least as a marksman. My final test came with moving targets. I finally passed.

My two-week leave came for my final trip home before going overseas. I took a train to Buffalo Land to Houghton, NY. I proudly wore my uniform with a private's stripe, and gun medal. I returned to Camp Crowder for the trip overseas.

-----March-April, 1944-----

The 38th was now a polished and prepared Battalion for overseas assignment. We went by train to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. We bunked in big barracks. In early April we headed for the Port of Embarkment near New York City for Europe.

-----April 7-12, 1944-----

My 22nd birthday was spent preparing to leave the USA. We heaved our heavy duffelbags over our shoulders and walked

up the portside (left) by gangplank into the great ship Ile de France. Over 3000 GIs packed the three decks. We slept on canvas bunks, five deep, in stifling sweaty heat. My sleep was troubled and my head felt like a piece of wood. The food was miserable. (Hot beans, bread and coffee for breakfast.) A shower was a luxury with salt water, etc.

Easter Sunday, 1944 (April 7th) was so precious. I gazed over the Atlantic Ocean with the rising sun breaking over the horizon. I prayed that someday I might travel as an emissary for Christ to a distant land. The Risen Christ was so real.

-----April 13 to June 21, 1944-----

Land was sighted as we bypassed Ireland and glided down the Firth of Clyde into Glasgow, Scotland, early one morning. We were so thrilled to step on solid ground. A train awaited us for the allnight trip through Scotland down to Southern England, with drawn shades. The following day we arrived in Frome, England, in Somerset County. We lived in an old Tannery on the edge

of town. Our weeks ahead were further preparation for the anticipated invasion of Northern France.

On May 11, I enjoyed a London trip to view Buckingham Palace, West Minister Abbey and Livingstone's Grave, London Bridge, Parliament, Picadilly Circus (Circle). During this time at Frome I visited Bath and Bristol (George Meuller's Orphanage).

I well remember the night of June 5 and my guard duty. Hundreds of military planes roared overhead heading for the English Channel and France. We remained for three weeks following the initial invasion before we prepared to embark for North France. Our time arrived to pack and be trucked to Northhampton to be shipped to the Combat Zone to give communications to the advancing armies.

-----June 21, 22, 1944

In the early morning of the 21st we boarded trucks to head for the staging area at Southhampton to board the US Henry Aldrick for the passage over the English Channel to the Utah Beachhead on the coast of France. The Channel was choppy. Early on the 22nd we were loaded on a landing barge and we were on the Continent of Europe. Our vehicles were awaiting us. I drove my jeep through Ste Mere L'Eglise and back roads to our bivouac site. I dug a shallow foxhole about one foot deep underground. I strew straw in bottom for a mattress for my blankets. My pup tent was pitched over the bed. This protected us from bombs dropped nearby. No lights by fire or vehicles could be shown by night. If we traveled at night we used our "cat-eyes". Several German bombs were dropped near B Company with lives lost. Several of our men were killed by landmines blowing jeeps up.

My only spiritual encouragement was fellowship with a medic named George Rich. Many evenings we talked and prayed together in the silent hours.

-----June to November, 1944-----

The summer months in France we moved northeast with the Advancing Armies. We traveled through St. Lo, France, and witnessed the total devastation of that city. The task of the 38th Signal Construction Battalion was to maintain communications by field wire between Headquarters and Corps.

This was 20-30 miles behind the actual fighting zone. We could hear and see the V-2 bomb projectiles going overhead to London from the German forces in Germany. If the droning projectile stopped its hum we all dived for cover because it might dive to earth.

Paris was liberated by the US forces in Mid-Summer. We American soldiers were heroes and gladly welcomed to this great city. My Battalion moved outside Versailles palace grounds on the edge of Paris. It was a pleasure to visit Paris to see the Louvre, Eiffel Tower, Seine River, Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysee. I was invited once to dinner at a home of a French family. I ate their sole weekly ration of meat.

My officer, Lieutenant Carter, rode in my jeep many miles around northeast France inspecting different places for souvenirs, especially a German Luger (Pistol). Carter was a playboy officer.

During my tenure in Europe I had no contacts with a church or chaplain. One Sunday I attended a worship service at the Rheims Cathedral (French Catholic).

One day in Paris I was walking on a street and passed a fine appearing Army Chaplain. I cried out as I passed, "Rev. Reisdorf!" It was my friend and Houghton neighbor. He was attached to the 48th Hospital Unit in Paris. My Executive Officer, Major Lockwood, and Company Commander, Captain Parker, passed us. I introduced Chaplain Reisdorf to them. What a joy to see Captain Reisdorf again.

In the Fall of 1944 we moved in convoy through Belgium to camp in South Holland near Mastricht. We were billeted in an abandoned school house. I spent several nights hiding in straw stacks on the lookout for German paratroopers dropped behind the lines to blow up our ammunition depots. We never sighted a trooper.

-----December, 1944-----

The Battle of the Bulge was a climactic experience during this winter. The 38th was alerted to move out of the area. One night I drove my jeep into a woods infested with German troops. Desperately I turned around and escaped. The Germans nearly surrounded our troops but God gave us victory and the entrapment was averted.

I was assigned to a trouble-shooting team that found and repaired field-wire that was cut by a tank. We had to travel in darkness along the lines to test for breaks. Portable telephones were used to check in both directions to find the opened line. No lights could be shone at night.

-----January, February, 1945-----

I was assigned to the British Army in Northwest Germany. I enjoyed the English customs, especially the habit of tea time. Every morning at 10 and at 4 p.m. everyone stopped along the road or in camp for their "spot of tea" and crumpets (wafers). I traveled to several large German cities as Hamburg, Braunschweig and Lüneburg. Unfortunately we could not fraternize (become friendly) with these fine people.

During these months we were aware of the enemy filtering through our lines. They could try to join us as spies. Our Headquarters gave us a new password each day. We could tell no one this word. We responded with the countersign word. An example: "zebra" - "Blind Battalion".

-----May, June, 1945-----

One morning in May I viewed the bulletin board listing the new stripers. I was promoted to Corporal Technician, commonly termed "T-5".

Orders were received for the 38th Construction Battalion to proceed by convoy to South France to a staging camp near Marseilles on the Mediterranean coast. We drove through central Germany via Frankfurt. We bunked in squad tents in a barren hillside. We looked forward to boarding a ship for the PTO (Pacific Theater of Operation).

One June day I went swimming in the Mediterranean Sea with the temperature of 100. I suffered a terrible sunburn over 100% of my body. I paced the dirt floor of our tent for two nights without sleep.

-----July 15 to September 1, 1945-----

In Mid-July we boarded the huge General Butner troop ship and traveled through the Straits of Gibraltar. On the south was North Africa. On the north lay the tip of Spain and Portugal.

In one week we entered the Panama Canal. Slowly we entered the series of locks up to Gatun Lake. We crossed the inland lake with the tropical trees and birds. Slowly we dropped from lock to lock down to the Pacific Ocean.

We soldiers lay on deck in our shorts for the many weeks' trip to Hawaii. For one day we visited a coconut grove near Pearl Harbor. What a joy to walk on the beach and relax. Through the month of August we sweltered in the heat as we traveled near the equator. Our prospects ahead was to help end the war by the invasion of Japan. BUT---In Mid-August the atom bomb exploded on Nagasaki and Hiroshima while we sat in the Marianas south of Guam. On September 1 we landed on Okinawa. It was VJ (Victory in Japan) Day.

-----September 1 to December 15, 1945-----

A tired, bored and sweaty group of soldiers landed and bivouacked on the desolate, bomb-scarred island. We lived in tents on a hillside facing the ocean. High-point Marines boarded our ship for the return to the USA and discharge. For 3 1/2 months we awaited our orders to return Stateside. Okinawan "gooks" (short people of the island) were escorted daily to their fields. They lived in enclosures. This was necessary for protection of the women.

Many evenings during these weeks I would retire to the hillside above our camp for prayer and meditation. God gave me at this time a renewed assurance that He was calling me to Christian service, even as a missionary across a sea.

I was touched also with the news of the accidental death of a buddy in uniform in Georgia.

One day I visited a camp and chatted with a Houghton friend, George Kilpatrick. This was a breath of air or refreshing water to a lonesome soul.

Another day I visited the ship after a typhoon and enjoyed the tour of the ship by an old neighbor and friend in Houghton, Allan Smith, who was an officer on board. My months on Okinawa were lonely at times but also proved refreshing by spiritual blessings.

-----December 15-23, 1945-----

In December our battalion boarded the US Mellette for the voyage to Seattle, Washington. It was a choppy trip. Eating in the mess hall was treacherous with mess trays sliding off metal tables. One man slipped on the greasy decks and slid to the wall.

On December 23, we viewed the blinking lights of the US shore. It was glorious to see America after 1 3/4 years overseas.

My first joy was to phone home at Houghton, NY. My parents and family were overjoyed to know that I finally was on American soil.

My first Christmas in the US was joyous in being the guest of honor at Seattle Pacific College and guest of Pastor Myron F. Boyd of the College Church. I returned to the ship under penalty because I had left board without permission because of a refraction of untidy compartment. No punishment was meted to me.

-----December 29-31, 1945-----

We were billeted for several days at Fort Lawton Army Base for our flight to the East Coast for discharge. We were fed lavishly on our first meal at Fort Lawton.

On December 29, we enplaned for Fort Dix, NJ by a commercial airline. We flew down to Portland, Oregon, on to Pendleton, Idaho. A headcold made the ascents miserable. A snow storm grounded us at Denver, Colorado. We spent the night in the famed Brown Hotel. We continued the trip to Omaha, Nebraska and to Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo.

At Buffalo I left the flight for an unscheduled, unauthorized visit to Houghton, to my home and family. While at home in early January, 1946, I bought a new suit, shirts and shoes for my post-discharge. On January 3, I returned to Buffalo to resume my flight to New York City and then to Fort Dix. Unfortunately I left my travel orders at home. However, the authorities granted me acceptance because of my 65 points toward discharge. (I possessed 5 battlestars from my ETO record in France which gave me 25 necessary points.)

-----January 3-10, 1946-----

My final week in uniform was monotonous awaiting my honorable discharge. I was asked if I desired to remain a soldier. I answered, "NO, SIR!"

I gladly received my release from the service on January 10, 1946. I felt like a bird out of the cage after 2 3/4 years under orders as a US soldier in the Signal Corps. I could now be a civilian with no "strings attached".

-----JANUARY 10-30, 1946-----

I immediately took a bus north into New York City. A Jewish couple graciously invited me to have supper with them in a plush restaurant. I felt honored.

From New York City I took a train to Providence, Rhode Island, to visit my brother, Gordon, and wife, Phyliss, who was expecting their first child.

Gordon put me on a military plane for a trip to South Carolina where I planned to visit a young lady and relatives in Tennessee. I was bumped off the plane in Norfolk, Virginia.

I went by bus to Central, SC. From SC I went by bus to Ashville, North Carolina, to spend a Sunday with E.W. Black and family. (He was my former pastor at Houghton in 1940-1942.)

From NC I bussed up to Morristown, Tennessee, to visit Uncle Harley and Aunt Sally and cousins. Finally I left for Houghton, NY, to resume my college career. My Army days were a happy memory.

III. COLLEGE DAZE TO MARRIAGE KRAZE

A. Meeting the Lady

-----January, 1946 to February, 1947-----

I began my Sophomore year of college at the 2nd semester on January 20, 1946. Houghton College accorded me 12 hours of Military Science for my military service. I enjoyed the academic and social life on the campus.

A new organization - FMF - was organized and I was chosen as Treasurer. We hosted a Missionary Convention in the Fall of the year with missionary speakers.

Om the Spring of 1946 another organization of veterans - HCV (Houghton College Veterans), was formed. I was chosen as Adjutant or Secretary. This group held meetings monthly. Lack of interest by the veterans resulted in its demise.

The Pantry was flourishing during these years. I began working in the establishment as a "soda jerk." Mother was worn down by the long hours and work. (It was later leased out to the Jackson family [CMA missionaries to Philippines] for some years, probably during my parents' pastorate at Rich Valley, Pennsylvania.)

The Summer of 1946 (May and June) I enrolled in the Sophomore Literature class with Dr. Jo Rickard. This study would complete my Sophomore credits. For six weeks I studied literature, especially the Canterbury Tales by Charles Chauser. Memorizing the prologue of the Canterbury Tales in "ole English" was a task. I got a "B".

My brother, Beverly, and I felt the yen to travel (hitchhike) to Charles City, Iowa, for the 1946 Camp meeting. We started from Buffalo by thumb. In Indiana we took a bus to Waterloo, Iowa. On that Sunday we attended First Waterloo Wesleyan Church. Paul Davis was pastor. (This was the church our father pioneered in 1934.)

On Monday we rode up to the camp with a pastor. We enjoyed seeing old friends we left seven years before - 1939 was the last Camp we attended. I suffered a sprained ankle while playing baseball on the back lot. I used crutches for several days. Beverly left early for Michigan to see Marge Miller before returning home. (He married her two years later in 1948.) I returned to Houghton with Clarence Budensiek family. We stopped at Oak Lawn Wesleyan Church in Chicago where the Buckmans were pastoring. We arrived at Houghton in August.

I began my Junior year at Houghton College in September, 1946. I dated several girls during the first semester. My major was Religious Education with a minor in Greek. I studied under Claude Ries, F.H. Wright and Gordon Stockin.

A certain young lady, Janice Gracely, also enrolled as a junior, a transfer from Nyack Missionary Institute. She was in several of my classes. She sat on the opposite side of the central aisle of the college chapel. I had my eye on her. I thought she was the "real thing". We both sang in the A Capella Choir. I had to get acquainted - but how? She had a vibrant voice, a beautiful personality and a vital testimony. She was dating another fellow. Our weekend trips with the choir were inspiring - my eyes and thoughts were on the lady. She turned me down when I asked her for a date.

One day in February, 1947, (around Valentines Day) Janice was admitted to the infirmary with a flu problem. I noticed her absence in chapel. I was told she was a patient in the infirmary. A

bright idea struck me. I bought her a Valentine and packed 1/2 pint of ice cream from the pantry. I took these "love" tokens to the infirmary for her. (She hardly knew me.) She asked me to dish up the ice cream to share with the other patient in the room. She was mildly surprised to receive these gifts from me. My motive was to win her love. In several days she returned to her classes. A young fellow, "Red" Frazer, advised her to accept if I asked for a date again. This time she accepted with joy my proffer. I was thrilled.

B. Courting My Lady and Marriage

God's hand was felt in our new adventure of courtship. We walked to chapel in Fancher Hall. Classes were times of sharing, studying in the Library (second floor of Luckey Building). Many strolls on campus, in the snow of late spring up Centerville Road and Campground Road. One evening trudging up Centerville Road we heard the voice of L.A. Clark from a horse-drawn sled sing "Alone with God, the world forbidden, Alone with God, Oh blessed retreat". It seemed God was binding us closer together daily.

One evening (Sunday) we were strolling to a revival service at the Village Church. We stopped on the Old River Road under a gnarley apple tree by Hugh Paine's big barn. We faced each other and I said, "What shall we do now?" She said, "Whatever you say, Daddy." Then we embraced and I planted a sweet kiss on her lips. It seemed like heaven. From then on I knew our love was mutual and God's seal was on our bond. We sat together many Sundays in the church balcony with our hands clasped together.

One Sunday evening we both sang in the church choir during the revival. I went down to the altar for prayer. Janice felt a desire to pray too and knelt beside me. Our fellowship became more precious during our Junior year.

Our singing in the A Capella Choir proved a blessing as we sang and testified before many audiences. I was strengthened in my faith as we ministered in the choir travels. During Spring Break we toured the East in a Greyhound bus. We sat together and enjoyed sweet communion. We were the only "serious" couple on the tour. We discussed our future plans. She was called to be a missionary on some foreign field. I was open to God's leading and was willing to minister to any people of any land. I never really proposed to her. The question was when should we marry. We

only desired to have God's seal of approval on our relationship and service. We decided that, God willing, we would be married during the summer of 1947, in Toledo, Ohio, her home. I would stay at the Costello's, her home, and work in a factory for finances for our contemplated marriage. We would return to Houghton then to complete our Senior year of College.

One of our last concerts of the tour was billed at Erie, Pa. We wrote Janice's mother, Mrs. Costello, about this engagement at Erie. She took a train to Erie to attend the concert and meet me for the first time. We three went to a restaurant for supper. Janice and I had decided to present to her our summer plans of marriage. I would request Mother Costello for the privilege of marrying her daughter. We ate our meal and then -- I nudged Janice and she whispered, "Say it." My face turned red, I cleared my throat and nervously stammered, "Would you give me your daughter?" She retorted, "No. I won't give away my daughter. She will always be my daughter." I was numb with consternation. She continued, "If you mean you love her and want to marry, I will consent." Mrs. Costello rode with us back to Houghton to meet my family. She returned in a few days to Toledo.

After our choir tour at Easter, we returned to the College. I became ill with a virus. I spent one week in bed. During this time I wrote lovenotes to Janice. She responded in kind, daily

expressing her love to me. After several weeks I purchased an engagement ring in Olean. One evening we walked up the hill on Centerville Road into a lane in the woods. I slipped the ring on her finger and expressed again my deep love for her. She was thrilled to wear this emblem.

In June, 1947, Janice and I went to Toledo to prepare for the August wedding. I roomed at the Miller home near Janice and ate my meals with the Costellos. Frank Carlin, a friend of the Costellos, secured a job for me at the City Auto Stamping plant in Toledo. I worked hard that summer. Janice got a job as waitress at the Fireplace Cafe, 1/4 mile south on Central Ave.

Mother Costello was an accomplished seamstress so she made the bridal gown. I remember the day she chose the pattern and material in a downtown department store. I tried to be scarce during those moments.

I enjoyed Pops Costello and Barry, Janice's brother. The 4th of July, 1947 was memorable. Pops directed me to help him paint his house. I could not please him. I aggravated his Italian spirit by my joking. Barry began working with the electric company as an apprentice.

We set the date for our wedding for August 22, 1947, in the Toledo Gospel Tabernacle. Announcements were sent to our friends and family. Gordon could not be my best man so Beverly took his place. My father, mother, Lucille, Dick, Bob and David drove out from Houghton. Thursday evening, the 21st, was practice time. Rev. L.H. Ziemer, Janice's pastor, and my father were the ministers to "tie the knot".

Friday, the 22nd was very hot. Barry walked down the aisle with Janice. My brother, Bob, and Red Frazer were ushers. The gorgeous bride with Barry stopped about 8 feet from me and sang "Because". I stood smiling and nervous as she sang. My father faltered as he read the wedding ceremony. (The goldprint with tears blinded him. He was fitted with glasses before the next wedding.) He turned to Rev. Ziemer to complete the reading. After the ceremony we stood at the back of the church in a reception line. The reception was held in the Madison Street Tea Room. The gifts were opened there.

Previous to the wedding we had left our suitcases at Doris Allan's house to be picked up after the reception. We had borrowed Barry's 1940 Pontiac for our wedding trip. Cans were tied under the rear bumper. We left immediately for our cabin at a trailer court south of Janice's home. After we arrived we realized we had not picked up our suitcases at Doris'. (She had planned on leaving immediately after the wedding for a trip to south Ohio.) We returned 15 miles into Toledo to get them. We couldn't think clearly it seemed.

We returned again to our cabin near Central Ave. The first night was blessed by God. Before retiring we prayed together. Our hearts were tender as tears flowed as we dedicated our union of marriage.

The following day we traveled north to Charlevoix, Michigan, to our cabin in the woods on Lake Michigan. The lady at the office asked me for my license number. I thought she meant our marriage license number. When I showed it to her she said, "I meant your car license." I was rather embarrassed. We spent five days in our primitive environment. The cabin had two rooms, a bed, table, chairs and an aladdin lamp. The kitchen had a smelly coal oil burner stove and an icebox. A path led to an outhouse. We walked the lakeshore, rowed a boat and took a drive in the wooded countryside. We were glad to return to Toledo and go back to Houghton for our senior year.

IV. JANICE MARILYN GRACELY (married, BARNETT)

A. ANCESTRY: Hinklin - Gracely

- HINKLIN -

My mother, Mary Margaret Hinklin, was born to Leroy Americus and Eva Ensign (Shaw) Hinklin, February 22, 1904, in Cardington, Ohio, SE of Marion, Ohio. Her parents were of English and Scotch-Irish descent. I remember visiting her birthplace (or perhaps my Grandmother's) when very young. The house was long, white, with pillared center porch. The front door opened into the main room with wood heating stove, drying corn hanging from the ceiling. The house was at the top of a hill, the barn at the bottom with a long driveway leading from the gate up to the house.

My mother's younger sister, her only sibling, Beatrice LaRue, was born in 1906, and died at 11 months of age, due to an illness, perhaps diphtheria.

Grandma Hinklin was very short, about 5 feet tall, and very heavy and jolly. She was the poet in her High School graduating class.

Grandpa Hinklin was stocky, husky-built, average height. He was a blacksmith in his early life in Cardington, Ohio. He had reddish hair with a red beard when he let it grow.

About 1916, Mother and her parents moved to Toledo, Ohio, at 534 Utah Street. Grandpa traveled selling heavy highway construction equipment.

Mother was an accomplished pianist, taking lessons for many years, until they no longer could afford it. She had to quit High School at 16 and go to work. She met my father, Arthur Lowell Gracely, while riding the city trolley car. He was the driver.

- GRACELY -

My father, Arthur Lowell Gracely, was born in Spencerville, Ohio, west of Lima, Ohio, December 30, 1896, to Robert Elmore and Laura (Barnett) Gracely, the second son. (Older brother, Charles Bernard, ["Bones"] was born in 1895.)

Robert, ("Bob") my grandfather, was of German descent. His grandparents, Jacob Frederick and Sophia (Drollinger) Gracely, emigrated in 1832 from Ellmendingen, Baden, Germany.

The German spelling of the family name was "Grakle" or "Grassle". Jacob anglicized the German characters to "Gracely". Jacob's brother, Bernhart, who emigrated in 1840, changed the spelling to "Graessle". Other spellings are "Graisly", "Grasle".

Laura (Barnett) Gracely was of English descent.

Dad's mother died in 1899, when he was very young. He was raised by his Aunt "Bessie" (Clara Gracely) and Uncle Philip Zimmerman, who never had children. Dad's brother was raised by his father, Robert, and stepmother, Mary (Hance), whom Grandpa had married in 1905.

Grandma was always in a wheelchair, although she could take a few shuffling steps. Grandpa was deaf, using at first an "ear horn" and later a hearing aid, which he would conveniently turn off.

Grandpa Gracely's farm was south of Spencerville. It had a porch on three sides (later remodeled to one side porch), a driveway at the side of the property with high, clipped hedge bordering it and two rows of trees. There was a large fruit orchard, barnyard with red barn, pasture and farming land, outhouse, outside water pump, "vegetable cellar" (little low house with water flowing through it), milk separator, "slop" bucket, inside water pump, closed-off "parlor", wood heating and cooking stoves.

B. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

1925 - 1943

Mother and Dad married August 8, 1922. She was 18 and he was 26. They lived for a short time about four houses from my grandparents. Then before my birth they moved in with my grandparents. I was born at home June 15, 1925. My brother, Barry Gene, was born at the hospital, June 9, 1927.

I went to a neighborhood grade school, Franklin School, about five blocks away. I attended one of the very first Kindergartens. We had a cocker spaniel dog named Dolly, that our grandfather gave us. I remember that the houses, three houses from us, were taken down to make way for the High Level Bridge.

We spent several summers at Luna Pier in a large, 2-story double cottage with my parents and grandparents. Aunt Pauline, Uncle Shunk and Lois lived in the other part.

Grandma Hinklin liked to read poetry to me and taught me "The Children's Hour" and some of "Hiawatha" by Longfellow.

When I had chicken pox and was quarantined, Barry wore a spot bare in the grass below my upstairs bedroom window, standing there and talking to me.

My grandmother had a "bakery" in our basement, selling bread, rolls and buns to neighbors and friends. Barry and I would deliver them.

I had some chicks given to me. When they were grown, Barry put them on one end of the teeter-totter by the side of the house. By bouncing the other end he made them fly up to the top of the house. Grandma tried to help him get them down before I saw them by squirting them with the water hose. I found out about it later.

About 1934, when I was 9, my parents and grandparents bought a restaurant on Starr Ave. with a long room beside it for banquets. They all worked in the restaurant. (My father was a dispatcher at Toledo Transportation Company.)

When I was in the 6th grade (1936) we moved to 714 East Main St. near the restaurant, in the downstairs apartment. During that year my parents were divorced and we moved to the upstairs apartment (less rent). My grandmother died December 20, 1937. My grandfather, who had to be put in a home his last days, died January, 1939.

For the 7th and 8th grades I attended St. Ursula Academy for Girls, a private Catholic school on Collingswood Blvd. I started High School at Waite Hi, on the east side of Toledo where we lived, in 1939, graduating in 1943.

In 1939, Doris Allen, whose family had been friends with my Mother and her parents, needed a place to live. She was about 26. (She had babysat Barry and me when we were very young and she was 12.) She rented a room in our house.

Eventually I went to the Toledo Gospel Tabernacle with her. (Mother said she was so different from when she was younger.)

The second time I went to church with Doris, about April, 1939, the evangelist's words spoke to me: I needed Jesus as my Savior. I went to the altar to pray. The pastor's wife, Mrs. Ziener, prayed with me. She showed me in the Bible what to do: Confess my sin, Ask Jesus to save me from the punishment for my sins, and Promise Him with His help to obey Him and walk in the Christ-like way. I was a "new creature." I was so elated, as if I were walking on clouds.

About a year later, at a Missionary Convention, I felt the Lord was leading me to serve as a foreign missionary. Through my High School years Doris would give me money for streetcar fare to go to church, twice on Sunday, and on Wednesday. (She had moved from our house to live with some friends from church.) I had to go across the city, transferring from one streetcar to another, taking about an hour each way. Doris was a great encouragement to me. About 1941, I was baptized by immersion in Lake Erie, at Beulah Beach Campground, near Vermillion, Ohio.

We also lived at 721 E Broadway. Aunt Pauline and Lois lived upstairs. Mike Costello, from New York City, roomed and boarded with us. We later moved to 195 E Broadway in a duplex across from Waite High.

After High School graduation I worked for the summer at an Airplane factory on a lathe. I had been in the first class of girls allowed to take Machine Shop in High School.

About 1941 my father married Olive, who was about 25 years younger. About 1955 they divorced while living in Long Beach, California. She was a buyer for a large department store. Dad worked as bookkeeper for his brother's vacuum cleaner store. In 1959 Dad came to see us at Enid, OK, where we were in a missionary service. He died in 1960 in Long Beach, California.

C. NYACK MISSIONARY TRAINING INSTITUTE

Nyack, New York

1943 - 1946

The Fall of 1943, I went to Nyack "by faith" for the 3-year Missionary Training Course. Doris said she would help me with finances. I worked as a waitress in the dining room, and in the kitchen, babysitting, housecleaning and summer jobs.

I thoroughly enjoyed the classes in Bible, for I had so much to learn. I had been doing well in singing solos, and now continued with voice lessons. I had many opportunities to sing. Twice I sang the contralto solos of Handel's Messiah, with Chorus and Orchestra. (Later, at Houghton, December, 1946, I sang these solos again.)

In the summer of 1944, my mother married Michael Costello who had roomed and boarded with us for over a year. "Pops" was very good to us. He had come to Toledo from New York City. He and his mother had owned three restaurants, which he lost through betting on the horses. They lived at 195 E. Broadway and then moved to Holland-Sylvania Road.

During my second year at Nyack I roomed with Gretchen Anderson who was engaged to Hazen Brittin from my home church in Toledo. His mother had been my Sunday School teacher when I first became a Christian. He had graduated from Nyack the year before (1944) and had transferred to Houghton College, Houghton, NY. This was the first I had heard of Houghton. Gretty and Hazen were married the summer of 1945.

While at Nyack I applied to the Christian and Missionary Alliance (C&MA) to go to the mission field, and was accepted as a missionary candidate.

In January, 1945, my brother, Barry, joined the Navy. Because he had completed the first semester of his senior year, he was granted a High School diploma.

During the summers I worked at Toledo: lathe operator at an airplane parts factory, on the bomb conveyer belt at Willys-Owens-Ford, and in the tool requisition office at Willys Jeep. After graduating from Nyack another girl, Ruth, and I worked in E. Quogue, Long Island, NY, taking care of three girls in a large summer home - 9, 4, 3 years of age. Their parents were both medical doctors living in NYC. They would come to E. Quogue on weekends.

After being in Betty Golla-Herb Dyke wedding in Scranton, PA, I entered Houghton College the Fall of 1946.

D. HOUGHTON COLLEGE - MARRIAGE

1946 - 1948

After graduating from Nyack, in 1946, I transferred to Houghton College in 1946, getting 2 years' of college credit for the 3 years at Nyack. It was so different from Nyack (300 students. Houghton had 600.). The courses were much more difficult. The costs were twice that of Nyack. I really enjoyed the classes and friends I made. I roomed at Greenberg Cottage (10 girls and Miss Dorah Burnell as house mother) with Shirley Sager. This house sat where the south wing of East Hall is now. I also enjoyed singing in the A Cappella Choir.

In January, 1947, I began to notice a tenor in the Choir. I was first very surprised when he asked me for a date. I did not even know his name! I declined. I found out who he was later and we became acquainted.

I had to work my way through school. Doris sent me her monthly tithe. I waited tables in the dining room, and also worked in the kitchen preparing food. I had a hard time meeting expenses, finishing the first year at Houghton with a debt that had to be paid before I could continue the following year.

Glenn and I were married August 22, 1947, at Toledo Gospel Tabernacle. We returned to Houghton College for our senior year. "Pops" Costello died in 1957 while we were in Haiti. Mother later married Leo Snoad, in 1959. They lived in Mexico where he died a short time later. Mother married Leo Driver, in 1964, in Toledo. They visited us in Haiti in 1965 at Petit Goave. They moved from Toledo to Hudson, FL in 1965. He died in December, 1967, while we were at Houghton.

**E. BARRY GENE, my brother
1927 to present**

Barry Gene, born June 9, 1927, attended Franklin Grade School and Waite High School. After completing the first semester of his senior year, in January, 1945, he enlisted in the Navy. (He received his High School diploma because of enlisting during war time.) He served aboard Aircraft Carrier Copahue January, 1945 to September, 1946. His year of service was extended four months awaiting the decommissioning of the ship at Bremerton, WA.

After trying several jobs Barry began working at Toledo Edison Company January, 1947. He retired from the Company in 1986.

Barry married Delphia (Del) Janoweiki January, 1949. As a Navy Reservist he was recalled for the Korean Conflict. He served on Princeton Aircraft Carrier April, 1951 to September, 1952.

Mark was born December 20, 1953. About 1963 Del and Barry were appointed legal guardians of Del's niece, Connie, whose mother had died, and later her father.

Del died January 13, 1973. Barry married Bonnie Van Riper in 1974. Bonnie's daughter, Sherri, was about 16 years old.

Mark married Terry in 1976. They have two sons: Brian (1981) and Kevin (1983).

Sherri married Mike Teachey September 24, 1977. They have two children: Jade (1981) and Jason (1983).

V. MARRIED LIFE, SCHOOLING, PASTORATE AND PREPARATION FOR HAITI

-----August 1947 to December, 1951-----

Aunt Pauline, who managed a furniture store, helped us get basic furniture for our home: a bedroom set, dinette set and desk. Janice's father and Olive moved us and our furniture to Houghton in September. We moved into the GI apartments (Vetville) #17 across the creek from the college. Our little triplex was cozy. We paid \$16 per month for rent. Wally Mason paid me \$125 a month as a married veteran student. This was a government aid for veterans in school. On registration day in Luckey Memorial Janice and I stood in line to register for our Senior year. Willard Smith, the treasurer, asked Janice how she planned to pay the \$125 she owed from her Junior year. She turned to me with a smile and said, "My Daddy will pay it." I acquiesced and stated, "Yes, sir" and paid the bill.

I learned early in our life together to share our plans and joys as one. I would include her in my walk. It was "WE" and not "I" will do so and so. We enjoyed studying together in our apartment without any distractions. Our grades jumped from Cs to Bs. We took Greek together and also some Bible courses.

During the fall of 1947 we received a little Gordon Setter from Mother Costello. He arrived by train at Houghton station. We named our "first child", Bambi. He would litter the kitchen with torn paper. Unfortunately we failed to give him shots for distemper and rabies. He developed fits. We had to have him put to sleep. We missed him so much.

We worked several evenings in the Pantry on the campus. We would take our laundry to my parents' home for washing weekly. Our Senior year was truly enjoyed. We were exempt from our final exams with a "B" average. We lived in Vetville after graduation for the summer, 1948.

During our college years we felt the call to Christian ministry and even to the mission field. In the summer of 1948, I secured a job as a laborer on the NY highway near Mt. Morris, NY. Jim Harr drove his motorcycle with me holding on behind for the 25 miles to the job and back each day for several weeks.

The Italian boss at first refused me the job until I began working as a volunteer. He then gave me the job. My determination and ambition won the day. I preceded the cement trucks by placing the expansion felt and greasing the rails (forms). We worked about two months. I bought my first car - a 1937 Ford V-8.

ASBURY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

In the spring of 1948, we felt God was leading us toward a Seminary for further training. I said, "Good-bye" to Janice for the first time and took a bus to Wilmore, Kentucky, to investigate Asbury Seminary. I returned the 600 miles to a lonesome wife. Father Barnett and Janice met me at Yorkshire Corners. It was great to see #17 Vetville again.

We moved to Wilmore, Kentucky, in September, 1948. We arrived too early at Seminary for the Betty Morrison Apartment building was not finished. We decided to return to Massillon, Ohio, in our V-8 and stay at Uncle George and Aunt Essie's home. Before we arrived at Massillon we ran out of gas about midnight, just short of the city. A farmer supplied us some gas. Uncle George got me a job for several weeks tamping ties on the Pennsylvania railroad near his house. I earned \$2 to \$3 per hour. It was a hot, dirty job. Before we returned to the Seminary, Uncle Roy and family and Uncle George gave us a farewell picnic in Navarre, Ohio, City Park. We then left for Kentucky to begin my three years of study.

When we arrived again at Wilmore we stayed at the Davidsons' home on Main Street. We lived in an upper bedroom apartment. There was a shortage of water so we dipped water from a

bathtub to flush the toilet. We then moved in with Bev and Gladys Wilson in their 30-foot trailer. During this time we were sick with vomiting and diarrhea, probably due to the water situation. Poor Beverly was our nursemaid, which included dumping the "pot" at the community bathroom.

We finally moved into the new Betty Morrison Apartment. No children were allowed. Janice secured a job in a machine shop in Lexington that fall. I enjoyed the Seminary classes.

During the Thanksgiving break we drove down to Morristown, Tennessee, to visit Uncle Harley, Aunt Sally and Uncle Wiley and Aunt Jessie and families. We enjoyed the great cooking of Aunt Sally and visited their tobacco sheds. We returned to the Seminary with a new hope of our first baby in about eight months. Due to a threatened miscarriage Janice could not continue to work in Lexington.

We had great fellowship during the summer of 1949 with Beverly and Gladys Wilson, and Ezra and Eileen Morgan. We had picnics at the locks of the Kentucky River. Wilsons and we enjoyed games of Rook in our homes.

In the summer of 1949, we had to leave Betty Morrison because of our expected baby. We moved into the Seminary Trailer Court, #19, a trailer with expanded rooms on each side. My GI subsistence check was not sufficient to keep us so the Seminary hired me to manage the student trailer court: clean community restrooms, repair boardwalks, clean trailer septic tanks, etc.

Bev Wilson and Ezra Morgan played a trick on me one day. They dressed up a dummy in a woman's toilet stall. I proceeded to enter to clean the floor. I saw the slippers and robe behind the stall door and excused myself. Another man walked into the restroom in spite of my warnings of a woman being in there. Bev and Ezra were watching from nearby and really laughed at the joke. They really kidded me about the episode.

While at Asbury I was in charge of the Sunday evening Nursing Home visitation in Lexington, Kentucky. Groups accompanied me for these informal services. I also directed the Dansville, Kentucky street meetings on Saturday evenings in front of the courthouse. A PA system broadcasted the service as people walked by or stood to listen.

KATHLEEN GAYLE

On July 7, 1949, about midnight, Janice told me to call the Good Samaritan Hospital in Lexington to inform the doctor that our baby was about to be born. I went to the dark telephone booth to phone. I dropped the money and had to crawl around in the dark to find it. The doctor advised us to come in at once. We had a 17-mile trip and the V-8 Ford was low on gas. Janice was moaning all the way. We rushed on to the hospital---jumping over an island in the street with a jolt. We arrived at 12:30 am. Dr. Greene presented me with our first baby daughter at 2 am. We named her Kathleen Gayle. Mother Costello and Aunt Pauline took a bus from Toledo to be with us when mother and baby came home. They stayed about one week.

Our expanded trailer was hot with no air-conditioning. I gave Kathy her second bath in her bathinette. I washed her diapers too. I rocked our little blonde, curly-haired baby to sleep singing little songs. Many photos were taken of her as she grew. These were busy days - home, school and daily chores in the camp.

I took the accelerated B.D. course during summer and vacations, in 1949 and 1950. In the spring of 1950 I took my comprehensive exams in four fields, three hours in each test. I passed my comps.

In the spring, 1950, a mighty revival "ignited" on the college campus. Services lasted for five to six days without interruption. Hughes Auditorium at Asbury College was full of students praying and praising God. Many students traveled to witness in other states. Revivals began on other campuses. TV men recorded the event in the daily papers and over TV and radio.

In May, 1950, my parents drove down to A.T.S. for my graduation in Hughes Auditorium on Asbury College Campus. Preceding my graduation Janice and I visited Marion College and had an interview with Dr. Frank Birch, the Foreign Missions Secretary. He encouraged us to apply to

the Foreign Board to be missionaries to Haiti, the open field at that time. We volunteered to go before I finished my Seminary training, but the Church advised me to finish my training.

The Foreign Board advised me to have pastoral experience before we would be assigned for missionary service. I wrote to several conferences about appointments. The door opened at Cattaraugus, New York.

CATTARAUGUS WESLEYAN CHURCH

We moved up to Houghton, in the summer of 1950, and lived with my parents. In August, I candidated at Cattaraugus Wesleyan Church. They accepted us so we moved into the little parsonage on South Street. On Labor Day I began visiting homes on my new charge in this little town.

The church paid me \$30 per week, plus \$5 to clean the church. Clarence Stoddard exhorted the church to raise my salary to no avail. Merle Houghton gave us a gallon of milk each week from his milk cooler. I labored diligently in sermon preparation and home visitations. I taught a Religious Education class to High School students in the Methodist church for some time.

In October, 1950, my parents and we took a trip to Yorktown, New Jersey, to visit Gordon, Phyllis and family.

Robert Bohall, the Free Methodist pastor, and I enjoyed a Monday morning "port-mortem" in our studies and discussed our Sunday sermons and prognosis of our struggling services and churches. I drove Mrs. Theron Wilder to Gowanda to visit her hospitalized husband.

In the fall of 1950, I took a bus to Marion, Indiana, to attend the first Leaders' Conference. The seminars were very inspirational. A quartette of men was chosen to visit Haiti the coming April. Each church area chose one man to go. I was so disappointed, but I was not chosen since we were planning to go to Haiti the next Fall. I returned home by bus.

BARBARA JEAN

Our little Kathy wanted a little sister. On May 28, 1951, at Tri-County Hospital in Gowanda, New York, our second daughter arrived. I was invited to lunch at Mabel Markham's home at the time of her birth. I returned to the hospital and was told our girlie had arrived. We named her Barbara Jean. Kathy later rocked her in her little chair.

It was rough going for the ten months we pastored the Cattaraugus Church. Our finances limited our food choices, especially at the meat market. Victor Simmons, son of one of our members, would give me a much reduced price for my meat purchases.

I conducted several funerals in mid 1951. Milton Irish, a crippled man, was buried on March 17. He had a bright testimony. A new bulletin board was added in the yard in front of the church. My sermon titles and name and order of services were displayed on the sign. I visited nearly every home in the town --- many were weekly calls. We had a revival with Rev. Goodman in the spring.

PREPARATION FOR HAITI

I notified the church that we would leave in June, 1951, for our preparation to go to Haiti as missionaries. In June, 1951, I went to Houghton to take my test in the Wesleyan Methodist Discipline. I had studied the manual for months. Dr. George Failing gave me the test at Houghton. I passed the test with an 85%. I was so relieved. I was ordained as an Elder of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at the Lockport Annual Conference at Houghton Campground, June 9, 1951. We lived with my parents at Emporium, Pennsylvania, for several weeks. In July, Dr. Failing requested that I travel with a male quartet to represent the college. I accepted. We would travel east around Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Vermont. Janice and the two girls

stayed with her parents in Toledo, during this time. This same summer my brother, Beverly, traveled with a brass quartet to the West into Michigan, Ohio, and West Pennsylvania. These 5 to 6 weeks were taxing with services nearly every night. I was the speaker and director of the group. Our job was to recruit students and raise funds for the college.

In the last of the summer and in the fall Janice and I traveled around the East in services to raise support and items for our departure for Haiti. My parents kept Kathy at Rich Valley, Pennsylvania, and Dick and Lucille Beach kept little Barbara. We returned to our family in October.

Now we were drawn to Florida to begin our mission field experience. My parents and we drove down South. Our first stop was at Virginia Beach, Virginia, to visit Gordon and family. I sold my 1938 Chevy and we traveled on with my parents to Oakland Park, Florida, to stay with Ralph and Ethel Fuller until our visa arrived for our move to Haiti. My parents returned to Pennsylvania and we lived for several weeks with my cousins. I phoned several times to the Haitian Embassy in New York City, asking when our visa would be sent. We enjoyed our cousins but at times we felt we were imposing on them. Janice helped with the housework. I took a trip to Ft. Pierce with Ralph for a Methodist Conference meeting. I preached in His Methodist Church one Sunday. Our visa finally arrived on December 6, 1951.

On Monday, December 10, 1951, Ralph and Ethel drove us to the Miami Airport for our departure for Haiti. Kathy was 2 1/2 and Barbara was seven months old.

VI. MISSION FIELD --- HAITI

A. December 10, 1951 - November 8, 1952

FIRST TERM - (Short due to health problems)

The shore of the U.S.A. faded away as we were flying above the clouds. Our hearts were rejoicing as we strained our eyes to see the approaching coast of Haiti. After 2 1/2 hours of flight we viewed the Northern mountains of Haiti and the Central Plain of the Artibonite country. The sprawling city of Port-au-Prince lay below us as we circled for a landing at the little airport. The Carroll Brentlinger family was awaiting our arrival. We felt so handicapped in communication as we deplaned --- the culture shock hit us: new language (French and Creole), new customs and way of life. Carroll and Mary helped us through customs --- papers, visa and baggage inspection. We were finally issued a temporary "permis de sejour" (permit to reside) card.

Our first experience in Haiti was to note the poverty of the people --- walking barefoot behind donkeys laden with produce and merchandise, women carrying loads in shallow basket on their heads, and the masses of street vendors packing the streets.

The Brentlingers drove us to the La Belle Creole store for a refreshing treat of ice cream on a balcony overlooking the hustle and bustle of the store below. The air was hot and humid, even in December. Carroll soon completed his business purchases and we rode in the 1/2 ton caged pick-up truck the 40 miles west to Petit Goave. This was the seat or Southern Headquarters of the field, named "The American Wesleyan Mission." The Compound (property) was not yet ready for missionaries so we lived with the Brentlingers in a big white veranda house about 2 blocks east of the Compound for about two months. We slept under mosquito nets on cots. Janice helped Mary in her make-shift dispensary behind the house. Kathy and baby Barbie played with Bea and Lynda B.

My first walk onto the Compound was on the 11th. I was thrilled to view this property filled with bushes, bananas, coconuts and weeds. The first house on the compound was nearing completion. Levi Troyer was working on the roof. This house was the Lockwood Memorial. I greeted him and had a good talk. I wandered down the property past the servants' quarters where we were to live later. The bay of Petit Goave was at the end of the property. I didn't envision then the development of the compound with nurses' home, clinic, boys' dorm, Bible School building, depot-garage and a second missionary home called Burn Memorial.

We soon got into a new language - Haitian Creole. I stumbled along and soon chatted in broken Creole to a family that lived under the palms - the Senry family.

Arthur and Alice Calhoon were our mission leaders. They and the Troyer family shared a house near the Brentlingers. They returned from a trip after we arrived.

The Annual Conference was scheduled for early January, 1952, at Petit Goave Church (a bakery adapted as a church near the center of town). Levi Troyer and I drove to the North in a pick-up truck to help the Haitian preachers and delegates from Port Margot area to come down to the Conference. We stopped in Port-au-Prince at a hotel for the first night. We arrived at the Fauche compound and returned to Petit Goave for the Conference with about 15 people. Rev.

Harry Stanley, from Ohio, was the camp evangelist. Arthur Calhoon translated his messages into Creole. Janice and I sat by a missionary who "turned the language" into English during the Conference sessions.

After the Conference session Rev. Stanley was scheduled to take a mountain trip to Elim for a convention. Just before the trip he suffered a mild heart attack and thus returned home. Arthur Calhoon picked me to fill his shoes as a speaker for the 3 or 4 day convention. I was so surprised and felt so inadequate. He had to translate my messages. We rode our horses five hours up the mountains to this distant church near the south coast of Haiti. A mule carried our suitcases and medicines. I preached in English and he translated into Creole. We slept under mosquito nets on cots and enjoyed Haitian cooking.

This trip was a culture shock for me. I was trying to adjust to Haitian mountain life. I couldn't talk the language and I frankly was homesick for my family. I spent much time in prayer in a woods near the church. We had good altar services. I was glad to return to Petit Goave and my dear family.

After our Haitian conference, in Mid-January, the Calhoons and we drove down to Torbeck, near Les Cayes, for the Bonne-Annee wedding. We traveled in the 1949 pick-up the rough 140 miles in about six hours. We slept at the Camille Chauncey Church near their straw roof parsonage. Marcel Bonne-Annee and his bride were dressed in their best clothes. They shared one pair of white gloves. Following the simple ceremony with many neighbors and friends we walked about 1/2 mile to their humble, grass-roofed home for the wedding feast --- turkey, pork, rice, patats, and, of course, bread and warm colas. It was a royal celebration.

We returned to Petit Goave and the Brentlinger home for several weeks while the servants' quarters were finished on the compound. On January 30, 1952, we moved into the little 8x12 feet block house. We were the first missionaries to reside on the new compound. Curtains separated the huge room into two rooms. Our new home was rather primitive. Our cookstove was two "rachos" (pots) set in a raised platform outside of our house. We ate food cooked by charcoal under a big tree. Our restroom was a two-hole privy behind the house.

Our barrels and boxes arrived in early February at the Petit Goave douane (customs) dock. The authorities opened and inspected every barrel and box. The Director released most of the baby items immediately. We paid a sum for our personal effects. It was good to finally have our needed household items.

One day I reasoned that we must have a storage shed, so I took our crates and mission 2x4s and built a lean-to shed at the end of our house. I was asked by a fellow missionary if I had Council consent to build it. I answered in the negative. I learned a valuable lesson --- on the mission field we must work as a team. A lesson was learned. My big job next was to prepare the Superintendent's house for occupancy. Carroll, Levi and I nailed celotex fiber sheets on the ceilings. The front veranda was a huge halfmoon cement slab. Iron grills and screen were placed in the windows. Shutters were installed in small windows. Brother Calhoon cut and planed the "chen" (oak) boards for window and door casings on his Shopsmith in a garage. It was a dusty, tedious job, planing the lumber. This labor irritated me and I refused to continue the operation. I later apologized for my attitude.

During these early months of 1952, Janice and I slowly learned the Creole language. Sundays were boring days to sit by an experienced missionary who translated the songs and sermons. We spoke through an interpreter. Pastor Marcel came weekly to instruct us in Creole.

One Sunday evening, Alice Calhoon and I attended the Fond Douz station service, west of Petit Goave. Mrs. Calhoon challenged me to preach in Creole to the little group under the tonnelle (grass-roofed pole church). I haltingly spoke a simple message. This was hard but profitable.

Another Sunday I spoke at the Petit Goave church on the subject, "La Mizerikod Bon-Die", "The Mercy of God". I badly pronounced "Bon-Die" as "Bon Ze" which means "Good Egg" instead of "Good God". After the service Brother Calhoon informed me of my incorrect pronunciation of God's name. Nobody in the service showed any amusement for the error. Every missionary has at least one bad experience with a pronunciation gaff.

In April, 1952, we attended a Convention of the Haitian churches at Fauche in the North. Different missionaries and native preachers were assigned a topic to cover the theme which was "Revival". My topic was "The Cost of Revival" --- "Le Prix du Reveil". The chapel was packed with the national church and I was stumbling in my limited Creole vocabulary. I was so embarrassed. I had to be helped on my words and phrases. This is the normal experience of a new missionary. I should have preached in English with an interpreter. (In several years I would render a Commencement Address to our Bible School graduates before a group of local notables.)

After our return to the Southern station I went on a mountain trip to our Southern churches in the Bainet district. One time, Brother Calhoon drove the van to a captain's house on the Bainet river. From there we rode horses up to the churches. We returned by van to Petit Goave, fording the Bainet River many times. Generally we rode by horse or mule directly from Petit Goave for the 2-week trek, three times each year. I always was glad to come down to "civilization" with the electric lights, mattresses on beds and American cooking. In the mountains we slept on church platforms or benches in our bedrolls and on air mattresses. I helped in many baptisms, weddings and baby dedications.

In the summer of 1952, Janice became ill with malaria and a cough which proved to be pneumonia. She was taken to Port-au-Prince to a hospital for treatment. She had little appetite for food so the Haitian doctor gave her an elixir to stimulate her desire for food. The elixir was 90% wine. The doctor, Dr. Bonne-homme, commented that some patients would drink the bottle in one dose. I stayed at Petit Goave with Kathy and Barbie. I, too, lost weight and was run-down. The Missionary Council advised our family to spend one month of vacation above Port-au-Prince in a hotel to recuperate. (We had no rest home at Fermanthe then.) We all relaxed at the Hotel Aux Orchides in the cool air at Petionville, about 1500 feet above sea level. During this time the Nazarene missionaries, Paul and Mary Orjala, drove us up to the Turnbull Mission and Granny Holdeman for a visit and meal. Granny kept Janice for a week while I was north for a Conference. We enjoyed the meals at the hotel with candlelight supper at 7 p.m.

At the end of October we were still weak. The Missionary Council advised that we return stateside to recuperate in Florida at a rest cottage. The Orjals kept us at their mission home and sent us off to Miami on November 8, 1952.

November 8, 1952 - June, 1954

FIRST FURLOUGH (Medical)

On our return to USA we spent one night in a hotel. On Monday we took a bus to Intercession City, FL, to a missionary cottage supplied by May Lord Sprague. My mother was awaiting us as we arrived. The little town had grass growing in the streets. Mrs. Sprague supplied us with

blankets and food many days. The house was so drafty. We huddled around a gas stove to keep warm.

We lived in Intercession City for 15 months, November, 1952 to March, 1954. During this interlude we began regaining strength. I was slower to improve than Janice. My problem was malaria germ in my blood stream. We stayed in the missionary home till spring. Our neighbor, Clarence Huffman, Sr., brought us pan fish he caught. I cleaned them and enjoyed many meals.

We entered into the life of the community. Janice led singing at the Morrison Memorial Church with A.L. Luttrell as pastor. Ernie McNabb requested that we teach in the local Bible School, Florida Bible Institute. We taught in the High School and Bible Department. We supervised the sports on campus. Several Buston children (from Vaudreil, Haiti) were in our Bible classes. The social life of the school was a trip to Melbourne Beach and a baseball game at Kissimmee with a picnic.

In early 1953 we moved to a faculty apartment across from the church. During this time Janice's mother and Mike Costello drove down for a visit. A neighbor, Mrs. John Murdock, drove us to Lake Wales to view Bok Tower and hear the carillon bells. We had no car so were limited in travel.

In the Fall of 1953 Kathy began Kindergarten near the Bible School. She was proud of her art work she brought home. The Horths from Cattaraugus, NY and Archie Argos from Sierra Leone, West Africa, visited us during this time.

In the Fall 1953 we moved into the big hotel on Rte 17 and 92. We had a room on 2nd floor and ate in the hotel dining room.

My physical condition showed little improvement during 1953. The doctor was treating me for iron deficiency. When he treated me for malaria in my body (Malaria retreats into the body organs when not in an active state and so does not show in a blood test.) I started to gain weight. Dr. Birch stated that when I gained weight we could plan to return to Haiti.

Dr. F.R. Birch drove down to Intercession City to look at a retirement home in November, 1953. He and I drove back to Syracuse, NY, where he lived. I picked up a mission car to serve us in Florida. I drove it to Houghton to pick up my father. We enjoyed the trip to Intercession City. Father lived with us for several weeks. He took a bus back to Houghton.

In March, 1954, we packed the mission car with our few belongings for our move to the Missionary Home In Jersey City, NJ. We were the caretakers of the big 3-story house. I packed many wooden crates with rolled bandages for the different mission fields. We enjoyed doing painting by numbers in our free time. Mother Barnett visited us over Easter, 1954. Our little girls were so cute in their Easter dresses. We attended the nearby Wesleyan Church. Rev. Lithicum was pastor. The Princells stayed on the upper floor for several weeks.

In June, 1954 we received clearance to return to Haiti. I drove the mission car back to Syracuse.

B. JUNE, 1954 to JULY, 1958

SECOND TERM

We flew from New York City to Port-au-Prince. A missionary family drove us up to the Port Margot station at Fauche. It was great to return to the field. We moved into the Calhoon's house as they were on furlough. For several months P.G. Bryant lived and ate at our house. We taught in the Bible School that year.

Janice did not attend the District Conference in January, 1955, at Petit Goave, because of pregnancy. We returned to Fauche on January 10.

MARILYN ANN

Mrs. Reisdorf sent an accordion as a gift to Janice. Janice played it that night. It was that night that our 3rd daughter, Marilyn Ann, was born at 2 a.m. Dr. Edling and nurses were present for the delivery. How thrilled we were for another girlie. We never imagined the joys and sorrow that lay in store for us with her coming. God planned it all!

In July, 1955, the Calhoons left for furlough. Pearl Crapo and I were the co-managers of the Northern District for the year. We taught in the Bible School, visited the churches and worked on the compound through 1955-56. In May, 1956, we finished the school year with Commencement ceremonies of graduation in the local chapel. I, as school head, was the special speaker. The notables from Port Margot families of students, neighbors and friends packed the building. It was a task to address the group, first in French, then in Creole. Three or four young men graduated with a diploma in Bible.

In July, 1956, the Calhoons returned to Port Margot. The Ortlips were slated to leave on furlough so we transferred to Petit Goave for two years. We taught in the Bible School, and visited the mountain churches three times per year.

Harvey Knowlton and other builders came to Petit Goave to build the Burn Memorial missionary home, depot-garage, dispensary and Bible School buildings. The compound now was very functional and we were kept busy with about 15 to 20 boys enrolled in Bible School.

Janice was a busy mother and teacher in the Bible School. She also taught our two elder girls in the Calvert Correspondence School courses. She did this for many years until a retired teacher, Miss Opal Oman, came to teach the MKs.

The mountain trips were great as I traveled with Henry Ortlip, Alfred Hartman and occasionally several nurses for dispensaries. Henry "taught" me how to pull teeth. The poor Haitians paid 10c for a novocaine shot for each tooth. At times Henry pulled and I shot sulfa powder by a syringe into the cavity. We preached, baptized, married and dedicated infants, held business sessions and gave Communion in all eight of the churches. After two weeks we were thrilled to see electric lights and return to our families.

RONALD LESLIE

We were again anticipating a joyous event in the spring of 1957. We were preparing for our fourth baby who would be a boy. On May 5th I drove Janice to the Alstotts, a Nazarene missionary family living near Port-au-Prince. I stayed in Petit Goave with our three girls - Kathy

7 3/4, Barbie 5 and Marilyn 2 1/2 years old. On Monday, May 11, I drove the pick-up the 45 miles to the Nazarene Mission to see Janice. When I arrived the young Alstott boy said, "You've got a boy". I could not believe him. I raced to the Canape Vert Hospital in Port-au-Prince with delight. We named him Ronald Leslie. Dr. F.R. Birch and Arthur Calhoon were in Port-au-Prince. We all visited Janice and our first baby boy. After several days we all returned to the compound at Petit Goave. Doris Allen, our Maid-of-honor, came for a short visit that summer. She brought me a fine leather briefcase.

We were living in the Lockwood Memorial house at the front of the property during 1956-57. Harvey Knowlton built the lower house (Burn Memorial) about this time. We moved into that small house in the Spring of 1957. The Ortlips returned from furlough in the late summer of 1957. Every Tuesday evening the nurses, Ortlips and we would meet at one of the homes for a prayer meeting. We really enjoyed this hour of fellowship and prayer. Marilyn would call the number in the Wesleyan hymn book, "That Beautiful Name". It was her favorite.

The upper depot-garage, Bible School classroom building, chapel and dorm, dispensary and nurses' home were built by Harvey Knowlton and P.G. Bryant.

Several days each week hundreds of needy Haitians filed down the corridor to the dispensary for diverse needs. A service with sermon was presented in the chapel before the opening of the clinic treatments. Florence Glass and Mae Palmer were our main nurses. Dr. Edling visited quarterly or monthly to treat the people.

For us pastoral missionaries our quarterly visit of two weeks (3 Sundays) to the Southern mountains was a great ministry. Mules or horses were saddled, and "ole" Jacques, or "chay" (luggage and bags) mule was loaded with bedrolls, suitcases and medicines. Every church was a center for physical and spiritual needs. If nurses accompanied us we would be overrun with needy people. Henry and I pulled teeth at each church. Mountain people had no medical or dental clinic nearby. I pulled many teeth over 2 or 3 years' visitation. Once I pulled the wrong tooth. I apologized and gave her a "free" pull on the right one.

Quarterly we drove 120 miles to the Torbeck church, taking about 5 hours. At Torbeck, Henry Ortlip and I encountered a dangerous event after an evening dip in a stream. It was a time of national political unrest. Several violent men accosted us with raised machetes. They thought we were spies perhaps. We calmed them by announcing that we were missionaries coming to pull teeth. They desired to send a wife and others for this need. We could have been gravely harmed.

It was on the Torbeck church that I helped to nail the corrugated roofing with Alfred Hartman. A greenish-yellow tile was laid in the center aisle and beside the altar rail in the front. Old Brother Chauncey, the pastor, had died and was buried in his tomb behind the church. The parsonage was a house across the road.

About twice each month we drove the 40 miles into Port-au-Prince for provisions --- building supplies, foods and medicines. The rough road made the trip long and bruising. When we arrived we would often park the pick-up in Mac's Garage to replace a broken spring leaf.

On Sundays we missionaries would occasionally drive to a remote region with our P.A. system for an open-air service. We traveled to several stations, at Fond Douz or Carrefour de Fort, for a service. These outstations were on the main road.

JULY, 1958 to JULY, 1959

SECOND FURLOUGH

Furlough time came for us in July, 1958. The Ortlips saw us off at the Port-au-Prince airport. We flew on to San Juan, Puerto Rico, for a visit with the Wesleyan Mission. Deyo Montagne was building the Capper Heights Church. We enjoyed the Crosbys too. Miss Alice Poole, a Spanish teacher from Houghton College, mended the dress tie on one of our girls' dress. A picnic on a hillside overlooking old San Juan was great. We visited El Moro Fort. We flew on to New York City and finally arrived at Houghton, NY.

Our next home was the Van Riper house on Leonard Ave. near Barker's store. The parsonage with Martin Coxes was next door. That Fall Kathy and Barbie attended the District School, a short distance from our house. Marilyn, 4, and Ronnie, 1, played at home. I worked for a short time on East wing of East Hall ladies' dorm.

I traveled alone many miles for Missionary services in churches. Our family traveled together in the summer, and on weekends to local churches of the Lockport Conference. One Sunday I was guest speaker at the Houghton Church. Also I spoke in the College Chapel to the student body.

Rev. O.G. Wilson held the Spring Revival, in 1959, in the Houghton Church. He stayed at the Coxes, next door. The revival was God-sent. Many services had no preaching --- only prayer and praise.

We were "house parents" for 5 or 6 men on 2nd floor of the Van Riper house. Our task was to maintain order and keep them comfortable with a coal furnace. I shoveled coal and cleaned out ashes daily during the fall and winter months. At times smoke filled the house. The house was a pain to keep clean and warm. Our children enjoyed the Sunday School and play times.

General Conference convened on the Athletic Field in a big tent in June, 1959. At this time four General Superintendents were elected instead of one General President. O.G. Wilson was the first superintendent elected. After a Miltonvale Alumni supper on the Point (behind Gaoyadeo Dorm) Dr. Wilson wearily walked up to the big tent to plan the General Superintendents' Dedicatory service. Dr. Nicholson turned to him and asked, "Are the plans of service in order?" Dr. Wilson slumped and fell to the ground. Nicky Barnett was summoned to check his pulse. He died instantly from a heart attack.

C. JULY, 1959 to AUGUST, 1963

THIRD TERM

In July, 1959, we packed to return to Haiti again. We flew from Buffalo to Miami and on to Port-au-Prince. We went north to the Port Margot station. We lived in the upper house. The Calhoons returned to the states for their furlough. During 1960-61 God helped us to counsel and reach a young lawyer, Alphonse St. Hilaire, to find the Lord as Savior. He came to our house many times for fellowship and prayer. In January, 1961, he believed and was saved, not by works or merit but by faith in Christ. He was later baptized by Arthur Calhoon in the Port Margot River and joined the church.

P.G. Bryant lived in a small block house below Calhoons' house on the compound. He built the Bible School Building, the hospital-clinic, the nurses' house and Dr. Edling's house. I helped him many times. On Sundays we made trips by pick-up or horseback to several churches.

In the Fall of 1961, we transferred to Petit Goave station while the Ortlips were on furlough. Again we were expecting a further addition to our family in December or January. December 1, my parents flew to Haiti for their second visit and to await our fifth child. Alfred Hartman, Dad and I worked on the Carrefour de Fort church during December.

JONATHAN GLENN

On December 29, Janice stretched and strained to trim the bouganvillea bush behind our house. During that night the big event arrived. About 2 a.m., on December 30, our second son was born. Dr. Edling and Priscilla, Florence and Mae were the attendants. I witnessed the birth. (I kicked over and broke a gallon jug containing Zepherin, an antiseptic, under our bed that evening. I mopped it up.) I carried the new-born into my parents' bedroom to present him. Father Barnett was very concerned about our indecision to name him. We finally named him Jonathan Glenn. He was a cute blondie. At District Conference eight days later he was dedicated to the Lord by Rev. H.K. Sheets, our guest evangelist.

Janice was very busy teaching our three children with the Calvert Correspondence course. She wheeled Jon down to the Bible School building with little Marilyn, Barbie and Kathy, and Ronny running behind, to teach the three girls. She would teach one Creole class while I sat with the children. We had our hands full. I would lead the chapel service in the first hour, then teach 3 or 4 classes in Creole. During the afternoon I supervised a 2-hour work detail with the Bible School boys. After our noon lunch we lay down to rest for one hour to regain vitality because of the enervating heat and humidity. These days sapped our strength and caused weight loss.

Many Haitians visited our compound for health needs and for clothes and food distribution. We had a depot filled with "sinistre" (surplus US foods --- cheese, bulger wheat, flour and powdered milk).

Our electrical need was supplied by an erratic electrical system from town. The lights were dim until 9 p.m. Later, a Witt electric generator was our personal back-up on the compound. We turned it off at 10 p.m. On Mondays it gave power to wash clothes. Our water line was hooked to a big reservoir at the front of the property. When water pressure was low from town we opened the valve at the tank. We all worked together at the compound as a missionary family.

The Government of Haiti, in the Spring of 1963, was in turmoil. By May the conditions were volatile and uncertain. Revolution could break out and lives of foreigners endangered. The Missionary Council deemed for safety to evacuate the ladies and children to stateside. The men would remain on the three compounds to maintain order. We sent our families by air to Miami and on to their homes. Henry Ortlip and I stayed at Petit Goave. Alfred Hartman and Jim Blackburn were on La Gonave. Arthur Calhoon and John Edling were at Port Margot. The danger subsided during the summer. In August, Alfred Hartman and I flew to the US for furlough and rejoined our families.

AUGUST, 1963 to AUGUST, 1964

THIRD FURLOUGH

Janice and our 5 were living in the Hess house at Houghton. How good to rejoin them after 3 1/2 months' absence.

Four of our children were bussed to Fillmore Central School during this furlough year. Janice took care of Jonathan and Jean Ferdinand (Daniel and Josette's child). I traveled by a mission car on deputation services to different districts. We enjoyed the Houghton community and nearness to my parents.

One Spring day, 3 1/2 year-old Jonathan climbed out on the upper porch and proceeded to climb from dormer to dormer to the roof of our 3-story house. Dr. S.I. McMillan phoned us stating he spotted our boy on the peak of the roof. We quickly got him down.

Daniel Ferdinand and Joseph (Ide), his younger brother, were enrolled at Houghton College during this year. Janice took care of "Ti Jean" every day while Josette worked in the College kitchen. We had students rooming on the third floor.

In the Spring of 1964, I traveled full time for the Mission Department. We packed barrels of personal items to be shipped to Haiti. In July, we took a train from Wellsville to New York City. Nicky helped us to get to the train. The Ferdinands came along to see us off. We arrived in Brooklyn and went by taxi to the A.I.M. Mission to await our freight ship for our last trip to Haiti as a family. We attended the World's Fair during this week.

On July 7, we boarded the ship for the trip to Haiti. We had a cabin on the upper deck. We ate with the ship's officers. All but one of us became seasick during a second-day meal --- each filing out to return to the cabin. It was relaxing to walk the deck and view the Atlantic Ocean and Caribbean Sea for six days. We traveled east of the Dominican Republic, south of Haiti, and into the port of Port-au-Prince. The Ortlip family welcomed us back for our fourth term. We were stationed again at Petit Goave.

D. JULY 12, 1964 to JULY 7, 1967

FOURTH TERM

Bible School opened in September in all three of our compounds. I taught Homiletics, Life of Christ, Church History and Scripture Memorization. Janice taught several subjects. Fridays were our days of prayer and fasting. The Bible School students and missionaries had devotions and prayed from 6 a.m. to noon. At times the Spirit of God would move hearts to confession and soul-searching.

Janice had taught our three girls from 1953-63. Opal Oman, a retired teacher from Ohio, came to Haiti to teach missionary children at Petit Goave and at the Limbe Baptist Mission. In 1964-66 she taught our children in the depot-garage at Petit Goave. In 1966-67 we sent several of our children (Ronnie and Marilyn) to the North for the cooperative school at Fauche and Limbe

Baptist. They lived with the nurses at Fauche. We would have them home at Christmas and Easter.

I was kept busy with four mountain trips per year to the Southern churches. The two weeks were full with services, baptisms, local church business services and marriages. The District Conference would convene each January at Petit Goave or Fauche. A truck or public camion (bus) would transport the preachers and delegates. The missionary staff and churches ate together.

Hurricanes visited Haiti nearly every year. Hurricane Hazel or Carla or another worked havoc to our Southern churches. Many were blown away with their flimsy construction. In January, 1965, Henry Ortlip and I began to rebuild eight churches. We started at Tete-a-Boeuf (Mt. Carmel). Henry supervised the pouring of the walls. I was the carpenter to construct the 6 windows, 2 door frames and the roof. People of the church carried all the materials --- water, stones, cement, tolle (roofing) and lumber. In 2 to 3 weeks we finished the church superstructure. Benches and shutters were added later.

The second church was at Peniel in a valley by a stream. These churches were 24 x 48 in size: The third church at Gandou, the fourth at Elim (36x72), the fifth at Pimentiere (Mt. Calvary, 36x72), the sixth at Massier, the seventh at Marecage (Jerusalem), the eighth at Gerard. It was an exhausting job. Henry and I dropped on our cots many nights after we ate our supper.

During the sixth church at Massier I returned to Petit Goave for rest and supplies. While there I gave out. My body was so weary from physical exhaustion that I spent several days in bed. I returned to the mountain building of churches at Marecage church and finished the Girard church. These two months wore me down with the pressures of building with our faithful workers. Food was supplied to the men at the end of each day. The eight churches had solid, rock-cemented walls and corrugated tin sheets as a roof.

Several Sundays during the year a carload of Petit Goave missionaries would travel west to Mirogoane to hold an English worship service on a Sunday morning. Beautiful homes were built for the American engineers above the bauxite (aluminum ore) mines. We enjoyed the fellowship and meal with them.

In the winter of 1964-65, Mrs. H. Willard Ortlip visited Henry, Betty and family at Petit Goave. She painted a portrait of the four Ortlip grandchildren. She asked us to choose 2 or 3 of our 5 for a portrait in oil. We could not choose so she painted all 5. She used a broom to steady her arm as she painted. She was in her early 80s.

In August, 1965, we sent Kathy to Houghton to live with her grandparents. She was a High School senior that Fall. We missed her so much.

Janice added new tasks at Petit Goave to reach the people's needs. She began typing classes on our front porch. About 45 people came daily to practice on 5 old typewriters. English classes were also held in our Bible School in the evening.

In April, 1966, I suffered a bad back sprain from carrying mahogany boards. Janice drove me to a hospital in Port-au-Prince. I spent several weeks at the hospital and Harry Rich's home at the Nazarene compound before returning to Petit Goave.

Every summer we enjoyed four weeks vacation at

Fermanthe rest cottages above Port-au-Prince. It was refreshing to breathe the cool air about 3,000 feet above sea level. We enjoyed the berries and vegetables.

In the summer of 1966, we sent Barbara back to the States to continue her High School. She stayed at her Uncle Bob and Aunt Nicky's in Silver Creek, NY. Now our family in Haiti numbered three children. During the school year Marilyn and Ronnie were in the north for school, so only Jon was home with us.

We sent Marilyn and Ronnie up North, in 1966-67, to attend Missionary school. They lived at Fauche. Opal Oman helped teach with a Baptist teacher at the Baptist Mission near Limbe.

In April 1967, the Silver Creek Quartet with their wives visited us in Haiti. We took a short mountain trip up to Girard. They never had such an experience before riding balky animals. The men sang in different churches. We took them by pick-up truck to Port-au-Prince and then up to Port Margot station. The morning they left the North they sang before dawn in the Port Margot Square, and also gave Dr. Edling a farewell song as he went to work at the hospital. We drove them back to Port-au-Prince for their flight to Miami. That week was the high point for them.

In June, 1967, Marilyn and Ronnie attended the Children's Victory Camp near Limbe (Baptist Mission). They were blessed by God's Presence manifested at this time. Marilyn gave her testimony at the Camp of her love for the Lord Jesus and her determination to serve Him. I drove up to Fauche to return them home to Petit Goave. Marilyn played with her doll and combed its hair.

In June, 1967, I prepared for my quarterly mountain trip across South Haiti. I never realized that would be my last trip before our return to the States. As I left the compound by horse I took a picture of Marilyn Ann, not knowing it would be her last picture. She was so sweet with new joy of the Lord from Victory Camp. I took the circuit of the mountain churches from Tete-a-Boeuf to Peniel, Gandou, Elim, Pimentiere, Massier, Marecage, Girard and then home. I returned home on Friday night, June 30. The Scott Michaels family was visiting us at this time from Ohio.

VII. MARILYN GOES TO HEAVEN

On Saturday, July 1, 1967, Marilyn asked to go swimming with others. We told her to wait till Monday. On Sunday, July 2, we all attended the Petit Goave church for worship. On Sunday evening, Pastor Marcel preached on the Scripture Luke 21:34-36. His subject was "Being Worthy to Stand Before God." We never dreamed that our third girl would soon stand before her Lord.

On Monday, July 3, we had family worship after breakfast. I read the Bible and the story, "Grandpa Jenkins Goes Home". This story told of a grandpa who died in his sleep. His grandchildren were so surprised. Marilyn asked me many questions about death and where the soul of the Christian goes. I answered as much as I could. After prayer that morning, Marilyn put her arms around me and said, "I love you so much. You are the best daddy in the world." I was thrilled to hear her --- her last words to me.

She put on her bathing suit, grabbed a towel, her snorkel and mask, then ran down to the bay with Pat Michaels and others to the water. She loved to float on the water to watch the coral and colored fish. We supposed that the Father and Mother Michaels were with them. I was starting to drive the Mission pick-up to town for some items. A little Haitian girl ran up to me crying, "Marilyn is in trouble in the sea!" We immediately ran down to the shore and inquired from Pat where she was. He sat exhausted in the shallow water. He pointed out to the rolling sea. Janice began wading into the water. We found some Haitian boys with a dug-out canoe who pushed out toward the reefs. They found her floating below the waves and pulled her to the shore. Scott Michaels and I used CPR for 45 minutes, but to no avail. Mae Palmer gave her a shot to excite her heart, but she was gone.

Sadly, we carried her form up the steep path near the nurses' home and laid her under a palm tree, a sheet over her body. Haitian women (neighbors) screamed and beat their breasts as their custom is. Janice and I embraced in a calm spirit. We committed her to the Lord; she gave her young life to Christ in conversion and she lived 12 1/2 years as His girl. She was now in His Presence.

We were so thankful that we spent her last hour with us in devotions that morning. Several Haitian men carried her form up to our house and laid her on her bed in the middle bedroom. Many Haitians gathered together in our house and yard. We requested that they wait outside the bedroom while we four, parents and two brothers, surrounded her bed for a last moment and final words of comfort and prayer. Ronnie burst out in tears. Jonny looked on not realizing the import of the occasion. Janice patted her head and stroked her damp hair. The nurses dressed her in a white dress.

In the afternoon, Pastor Marcel with church people and friends held a little service in our living room. God's presence was so evident. This service was a testimony to all of the confident hope we have in Christ of immortality.

Our Marilyn was wrapped in a canvas cover on a stretcher. We tenderly laid her on the floor of the Mission pick-up for the trip to Port-au-Prince. Scott and I drove to the morgue of the General Hospital. They put her in a cooler vault before embalming. Scott and I drove up to our rest home at Fermanthe to spend the night. That evening, I strolled over to the Turnbull Mission and told the story of Marilyn's passing. All were very saddened.

On July 4, we drove down to Port-au-Prince. I picked out a light gray plush casket for her. I bought several yards of white cloth for her burial gown. I asked Mme Roche to make her a white dress. That evening we drove back to a sad family. That evening about midnight Janice began to weep over our loss. We consoled each other that Marilyn Ann had entered the portals of bliss to be safe for eternity. Prayer soothed our fevered spirits. God was teaching us lessons of trust and faith. Heaven was closer.

Providentially, the missionaries from the North arrived unexpectedly at Petit Goave the evening of the drowning. During the 4th, they helped Janice pack our personal effects in steel drums. We had decided to return to the States with Marilyn for burial at the Houghton Cemetery.

On Wednesday, we bid farewell to the Petit Goave neighbors and friends for the trip to Port-au-Prince. On Thursday, July 6, the missionaries and friends met at the Villa de la Paix for a brief funeral service. After the service I stood and gazed at her form and wept. Pastor Clement Paul approached and put his arms around my shoulders to console me.

We secured the police permission to leave Haiti. On Friday, we flew to New York City. Jonathan inquired as we flew, "Where is Marilyn?" We told him she was below in a casket in body, but really she was in heaven with Jesus. Daniel Ferdinand and Alphonse St. Hilaire greeted us as we entered the Kennedy Terminal. We flew on to Buffalo and arrived by car in Houghton. Mother and Ted Driver from Florida, awaited us with my parents and Kathy and Barbie. Alton Liddicks stopped in to greet us but they could not stay for the funeral on Sunday.

Saturday, July 8, was Kathy's 18th birthday. In the afternoon we had the viewing at Kopler's Funeral Home. All my brothers and sisters and friends were present. Dr. Stephen W. Paine consoled me by saying, "God's clock always strikes on time." He had buried his Marjorie 12 years before, in 1955. (A special light was used for the showing because the body was darkening fast.)

On Sunday, July 9, we all attended the morning worship at Houghton church. Marilyn Ann's funeral was held in the afternoon. Alton Shea sang her favorite song, "That Beautiful Name". Rev. Edward Angel preached the sermon. The congregation sang the song, "It Is Well with My Soul". God's Presence settled down on the service. She was laid to rest in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, one mile south of Houghton. Gordon Stockin drove us in the car to the interment. She was the first one interred on the Barnett plot.

Following our return home many consoling letters and gifts were received. All the funeral expenses were paid by these gifts. We praise the Lord for His provisions.

VIII. HOUGHTON INTERLUDE

1967 - 1974

We lived in the Hess house on Centerville Rd., from the Summer of 1967 till 1969. Men students lived on the 2nd and 3rd floors. Henry Ortlip built his house in 1967. We made plans to build in 1969. (We moved into our new house at 38 Park Dr. in August, 1969.)

In the Summer of 1967, I worked in the Maintenance Department of Houghton College, till September. I traveled for two years in missionary deputation tours, from 1967-1969. I showed my curios and slides in the Dakota, Iowa, North Carolina and Kentucky districts. Janice stayed with the family at the Hess house. The children attended the Fillmore school. Janice secured a job at the College Bookstore for one year. She also took courses for a major in French and minor in Secondary Education. In August, she was hired as Kindergarten teacher at Rushford Elementary School. She started working on her MS in Elementary Education at SUNY at Geneseo, completing it in 1971.

MARILYN MEMORIAL CHURCH --- LEOGANE, HAITI

MARCH, 1968

During an intermission in my missionary travels I led a team of builders to Haiti to build the Memorial Church to Marilyn. Bob Fiegl, Clair Luckey, Dan McCandless and I enplaned in March for Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Skeets Roth drove us to Buffalo for the plane. I had contacted Alfred Hartman to assemble materials --- blocks, cement, gravel, etc. to build the church. We stayed at the Oxygene Polistin home next to the Church. Mme Oxyghene cooked our meals. We slept on cots and airmattresses in a large room. Bed bugs chawed on Bob Fiegl's arm. At times Bob was irritated by lack of blocks for the walls. The walls and rafters were finished in two weeks. When we left the tin, corrugated roofing had yet to be placed. We lacked two days to finish it.

Clair Luckey flew to Puerto Rico to join his wife. Dan, Bob and I flew to Jamaica. We stayed on the Mission Compound at Torrington. Dan and I slept in the Stark home. Bob stayed at the Banker home. On Sunday, we attended a baptismal service. On Monday and Tuesday, we helped Floyd Banker build a parsonage. We viewed several churches. On Wednesday, we flew back to Buffalo.

In 1969, my father deeded us a lot across from his house on Park Dr. Janice and girls planned a house which was built in the Summer of 1969 by Dicmar Campany - Bob Marsh and Carl Dickerson as contractors. We moved into the house on August, 13, 1969. We painted the rooms and roomed eight college men in four rooms in the basement.

During the Fall of 1969, I was hired by Larry Olson as a construction helper in Cuba, NY and a town in PA. I rode to work with Paul Gilmore. I worked till January, 1970, when I was layed off. During this time, from 1969-1970, I joined the Houghton Volunteer Fire Department. I was chaplain. Many times I raced to a fire on the firetruck.

In May, 1970, a friend, Paul Lawrence, encouraged me to enter the Social Service Department as a case worker in Children Services of Cattaraugus County. I was accepted and was given a case-load to labor with foster children and neglected children from problem families. I worked out of Machias, NY. I passed my Civil Service Test on the third try. In March, 1971 I was teminated because I lived out-of-county. I learned much in my ten months there.

In the Spring of 1971, I planned to prepare for a desired position as Bible School teacher. I would attend Wheaton Graduate School to work toward a MA degree. In June, 1971, we celebrated our parents' Golden Wedding Anniversary. My father was getting feeble from Parkinson's disease. On June 13, we had Openhouse at our parents' house. All eight children were present. A family picture was taken. Many friends attended the great event.

On Monday, June 15, I traveled west in my VW with Dick and Kathy (who were returning to Indianapolis, IN). I arrived at Wheaton and roomed in a new dorm. I enrolled in three classes for the eight-week Summer session: Intercultural Communication, Theology and New Testament. The daily chapel services were inspiring. On my weekends I traveled to Zion, IL to visit cousins Harry and Martha, and Aunt Sally, cousin Alvin and Helen. I returned to Houghton, in August.

Again I labored in the Maintenance Department of Houghton College, till January, 1972, when I worked in the Cuba Specialty in Fillmore, NY. I worked on crab traps from January through May. The work was monotonous.

In June to August, I painted houses in Arcade, NY with my brother, Dean. In August, 1972, I returned to Houghton and worked on Chester Barker's home and lot near Rushford. I enclosed a field with barbed wire and worked in his house.

In August, 1972, I felt led to offer my services to the Foreign Missions Department for one year. I toured several states from church to church. I presented myself as a recycled missionary. I secured a mission car at Marion, IN. During the Christmas season I was home for two weeks. I visited my father in the Warsaw Extended Care Center.

I saw him for the last time on January 1, 1973. I continued my deputation services in NC. While visiting my cousin, James and Minny Miller, in Cornelius, NC, Janice phoned stating that Father Barnett passed away (January 11). James loaned me \$100 for my plane fare to Buffalo and return. I flew home for the funeral held Sunday, January 13, in the Houghton Church. Tears flowed when I viewed his form in the foyer of the church. I reminisced on his life - 78 years. He was the one who led me to my Savior 46 years before in the old parsonage at Bennezzette Church. Father's body was stored in the mausoleum west of Willmore till his Spring interment in May.

On Sunday, January 13th, we received the news that Del Gracely, Barry's wife, passed away in Toledo, Ohio. On Monday, Janice and I drove to Toledo for her funeral in the Catholic Church. Her funeral was different than my father's for their lives were different. On Wednesday, we returned to Houghton.

I flew from Buffalo to NC to resume my missionary tour. I remember flying over Pittsburg, PA, and sensing my loss of my father. I continued my itinerary over Eastern NC. I was in the home of Richard and Dorothy Kindschi at Neighbor's Grove Wesleyan Church. I traveled to Simon's Island on the Atlantic coast for a service. Snow fell during my return trip. My last district tour was in Kentucky. While in Ashland, KY, I received a letter from World Mission informing me that we would not be returning to Haiti as planned. I was so disappointed. One pastor gave an iron bell for a Haitian church. When I returned to Marion, I made a crate to send it to Haiti. I returned to Houghton having completed my year's travel.

In the Summer of 1973, I again worked at the Maintenance Department of Houghton College, until September. I began working for the Dicmar Construction. Bob March and Carl Dickerson were my bosses. (They had built our house in 1969.) I drove to Belmont each day and was a carpenter's helper around Belmont and Wellsville. I worked from September to July, 1974.

In June, 1974, David's Wife, Isabel, passed away with lupus. Her funeral was held near Buffalo.

In the Spring of 1974, at Houghton College Commencement, I talked with Paul Davis, a pastor in Iowa. He told me of the need of pastors in the Iowa District. I wrote D.S. Don Calhoun who encouraged me to move to Iowa for pastoral work. In June Janice and I drove out to Olivet College to attend Barbara's graduation with BS in Nursing. We enjoyed several days with them.

Janice drove back to NY. Don, Barb and I drove to Iowa to contact Rev. Calhoun in Charles City. We drove to Charles City and counseled with the D.S. He advised me that Albert Lea was the work that needed my ministry. Don, Barb and I drove up to Albert Lea. I met with a prayer group at Pete and Kathy Vanderploeg's home. We visited the church and parsonage and counseled with Bill Brown. We felt God leading us to this needy church.

IX. IOWA - MINNISOTA MINISTRY

1974 - 1983

I flew back to NY to prepare to transfer to MN. Kathy Vanderploeg and Maxine Brown drove me to Minneapolis for my flight. In mid-July Don Daake flew to Buffalo to visit a friend and help us move by U-Haul truck. We were sad to leave Mother Barnett and Ron, who stayed with Grandma Barnett to do his senior at Fillmore High School. Jon went with us in our car.

We drove through the night and arrived at the Daake farm on the second day. Reuben Daake followed us behind the van to Albert Lea. We arrived the last Friday of July. We unpacked and prepared for the Sunday services. Ken Rumppe had been the supply pastor for several months (January to July). We enjoyed a lunch at the Browns after the evening service.

On Monday, we traveled to Cedar Springs Wesleyan Campground for the District Conference and Campmeeting. Pete Vanderploeg rented a small camper for us for the week. We were introduced to the Conference along with the Dick Mason family. We returned to Albert Lea the following Sunday.

Janice, Jon and I worked settling into the Albert Lea parsonage on 625 Marshall St. We were challenged with the task of healing a bruised church. (The former pastor divided the group over doctrine.) The Young People were very cooperative. I enjoyed visiting the members and neighbors,---in rest homes or private homes. Jon enrolled in Junior High (7th grade) at the "Round School" near Fountain Lake. He made a cherry wood coffee table during his 9th year. We bought him a radial arm saw.

My pastoral duties found me at my church study in the morning. The afternoon I spent in visitation. During 1975-1977 the church grew and we sensed God's blessings. Several families joined the church by transfer. We had a baptismal service of ten young people including Jon, in 1975. Rev. Jerry Hanson held a week of revival services which ended in the baptismal service at Albert Lea Lake. Jerry immersed me with my ten young people.

During these years we printed a church monthly newsletter called "The Lamplighter". I wrote an inspirational front page. News and announcements were printed too. We got a mailing permit and sent out over 200 monthly letters for over 5 years.

Janice played the organ for the services and directed the choir. She also taught an adult Sunday School class and directed Wednesday evening CYC group. For a time she directed the Youth.

After subbing for two years, she was hired as 2nd-3rd grade teacher at the Hollandale School, part of the Albert Lea School District # 241. The Herters, Shiplers, Shislars, Allans and Kloeks became a faithful part of our church.

We painted the parsonage and church and shingled the church and part of the parsonage. We removed the second floor porch of the parsonage and built a back room which included the laundry and a bathroom.

I was elected District Secretary of World Missions from 1975-1981. I planned the Annual Missions Tour for the Iowa District and sent out the visit schedules. Janice was elected District President of the Women's Missionary Society (1976-1983). She planned the annual program for the ladies' society. She mailed quarterly letters to the W.M.S. leaders of each church.

In October, 1977, I flew to Marion, IN, for the Conference for District Secretary of World Missions. I enjoyed the inspirational seminars. I flew back to MN and on to home.

In 1975, we bought a Corsair 18-foot self-contained camper. In 1978 Janice, Jon and I spent our 2-week vacation in the Black Hills, Bad Lands, Custer State Park and Brainerd Indian School.

During 1976, my vision bothered me in reading. People's faces at a distance were hazy. I consulted an ophthalmologist at the Abbott North Western Eye Clinic in Minneapolis. In July, 1976, I underwent a cataract operation on my left eye. An implant proved unsuccessful. Twice the implant was repositioned. The fourth operation removed it. In 1978, the cataract in my right eye was removed in Albert Lea. Cataract glasses were prescribed at this time. It was a trying time. Bill Brown presented a large type Bible to me from the church for study.

IOWA DISTRICT TRIP TO HAITI

In December, 1975, I led a tour group from the Iowa District to visit Haiti. The group consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Rohrbaugh, Rev. and Mrs. Ola Campbell, Rev. and Mrs. Don Calhoun, Wendell Larabee and myself. We drove to Miami and flew on to Port-au-Prince. We left about November 30, and stayed till December 21. We went to Petit Goave and then over to Bainet. Rohrbaughs went on to La Gonave. The Hartmans were our hosts. At Bainet a virus hit us (diarrhea).

The Calhouns visited Gandou Church with Alfred. They walked back to Bainet because of slippery paths. Marcel Bonne-Annee, Wendell and I traveled over the mountains visiting the churches. I preached, dedicated babies, gave communion, led business services for one week, then down to Petit Goave. We traveled to La Gonave where we visited several churches. A baptism was held on Sunday afternoon. After several days we took the mission boat back to Montrouis and down to Port-au-Prince to the Ortlips at the Mission Headquarters house overlooking the city. We enjoyed more rice and beans, patats, meliton and fruits. On December 21, we returned to USA and home.

In 1978, Janice and I attended a church-witnessing seminary at Cedar Falls Trinity Wesleyan Church given by the Navigators. We wrote our testimonies and learned techniques of "out-reach". We returned to Albert Lea with the (Colossians) "2:7" study book for our young couples. We inspired 5 couples to meet Sunday after evening church to memorize scripture and recite lessons: Shiplers, Shislars, Allens, Kloceks and Adamecs. We finished the first book and began the second from the Winter and Spring of 1978. This bound our young couples together. During this time we encouraged the couples to visit local homes around the community. We would meet at the church on Thursday evening and go to homes with tracts to lead people to Christ and invite them to our church. We enjoyed these contacts. After the visits we met at the church for an evaluation time. We did this out-reach ministry for several months.

Every month I led the Local Church Board Meeting at the church with the seven members giving reports and discussing plans.

Jon and the parsonage family were having good times of recreation. A Cock-a-poo, named Cinder, came to give new life. This dog was black as coal. (He was given away in March, 1979.)

Jon and I built a Folbot (kayak) to paddle around Fountain Lake. Jon and I played tennis and golf on local places as Greengo's Greenlea Golf Course. Jon always beat me in sports. Once we paddled down the Cedar River with the Kloeks. We spent several weeks at Cedar Springs Camp in our camper during the summer.

Don and Barbara would drive up in a Winnebago Motor Home, or by car. We visited the House-on-the-Rock and the Wisconsin Dells, Pella Tulip Festival, Iowa State Fair, Decator Indian Mounds and Grotto of the Redemption in North Iowa.

For several years I supplied the pulpit at Waseca on Sunday mornings. I would preach at 9 a.m. at Waseca, then return for the 11 a.m. service at Albert Lea. I was the speaker for a week-end revival for Rev. Sollie in 1975. He pastored for two years there. Bill Brown then took the Waseca Church.

We visited Dick and Kathy at Ames, Iowa, several times in 1975-1976. Dick finished his doctorate degree in 1976 and took a position at Bartlesville Wesleyan College.

Jon graduated from Albert Lea High School in June, 1980. His graduation exercise was "hailed-out". It was held the following evening. Jon had started working at Hi-V grocery store the summer of 1979. He worked as a clerk and cashier.

In August, 1980, Jon and I drove to Houghton College in his 1969 MGB. (He had acquired this about 1978 near Houghton.) We stopped at Uncle Barry's for the first night. We rode across Canada to Buffalo and to Houghton College. I took a plane from Rochester, NY, to Minneapolis and home.

In June 1981, Janice and I attended the 4th Quadrennial WMS Conference at Marion, IN. She represented Iowa as District President. We arrived in Marion by car and drove to Kenny and Lillian Knapps. Mme Augustine Hypolytte was awaiting us. Mme Clement Paul joined us later. We translated the Conference services for them into Creole. We all stayed in a college dorm.

Many Thanksgivings, 4th of July, Labor Days and Christmases were enjoyed with the Reuben Daakes, either at their farm near Charles City, IA, or at our home. Bernice Daake's cooking was renown. They shared their garden with us. In November, 1982, Bernice suffered a stroke. She was bed-fast. She was placed in the Chatauqua Guest Home in Charles City. Later the Daake farm was sold and Reuben moved to an apartment in town near Bernice.

We returned to Albert Lea to finish our 7th year as pastor. In July the local board requested a postoral vote. We were informed that they desired a change. We were surprised but felt God's plan was ordered.

LAKE CITY

Rev. Calhoun presented to us the challenge of Lake City. A church planting was scheduled by the District. The past December a survey was made over the town. The funds from the Francis Angel Estate were designated to establish a Wesleyan Church in Lake City. We visited the town on the Mississippi River, at Lake Pepin, and met with Bernice Engle, sister of Francis and Eddie Angel. We looked around town for a rental house. The dining room of the Bluff-View Elementary School could be rented for the chapel. We packed a U-Haul truck in August and moved 100 miles to Lake City.

We drove our camper and truck to Lake City at the end of August. We lived in our camper till mid-September when we could enter the rental house. Dick, Kathy and Philip vacationed with us. Kathy and I rode our bicycles around town and enjoyed the scenery and talks.

In September, we moved into our little blue house on Minnesota Street. We bought new Wesleyan Hymnals and a PA system. Our first service was held on October 4, 1981, in the school. Many came from Albert Lea and Minneapolis for the big day. A picnic dinner was served at our house.

I took survey cards weekly to visit many homes. Little response was seen. Bill Holmquist held a weekend revival service. The people of Lake City were strong Lutheran or Catholic. I enjoyed the fellowship with the Protestant pastors each week. I joined the Kiwanis Club too.

A typical Sunday morning service was as follows: A drive of one mile to school to put a Wesleyan sign on sidewalk by the front door, a table held our bulletins. Janice set up the PA system, played the piano. Bud Haan taught the Sunday School adult class. I preached to 8-10 people. People were contacted but little response.

We decided we must have "out-reach" to the community as follows:

1. For eleven months we taped a Dial-a-Phone Devotional that played through the telephone. As many as 40 dialed at the peak of its ministry. I would read a devotional, pray and identify ourselves. Interest waned after ten months, so we ceased.
2. We held "Early-Bird" Sunday morning services in Hok-si-la country park for campers. We advertised this.
3. We contacted singing groups to present mini-concerts in the gazebo in the town park, the Summer of 1982.
4. Janice conducted a weekly children's service or meetings in our little white church during our last year.
5. Janice and I led a Wednesday morning service or devotional at a local Nursing Home.
6. A Vietnamese-English service was held on Sunday afternoon at our church to reach the refugees from Vietnam.
7. I visited scores of homes to invite people (unchurched) to attend.

We enjoyed working with the Vietnamese families in the Refugee Program. The Refugee Committee met weekly in a Lutheran Church to discuss plans for their rehabilitation and learning the English language. Janice tutored one young man until he was able to pass an entrance test for a vocational school.

In May, 1982, we transferred from Bluff View School to a little white church on N. Garden Street. It had been unused for several years. We cleaned and painted the walls a light green, helped by Mitchell and Greg Cotrone. The Haans dropped out of our services. Bernice Engle was our faithful supporter. She counted and recorded the offering of the day. On Wednesday night during the winter, we held the prayer service at her home.

In the Summer of 1982, Greg Cotrone became my assistant. He and I visited homes weekly and he preached occasionally. Several Sunday evenings we drove to the South Troy Church for special services. We also enjoyed the fellowship the the James Doll family at Rochester.

Janice and I drove down to Charles City twice each year to report to the DBA. We presented the challenge and progress of our labors.

In May, 1982, we moved from the little blue house to the big brown, Victorian-style mansion on High Street across from the 3-story condo. Across the street was the Mississippi River and Lake Pepin. We enjoyed the big house with the new double car garage. We went fishing, bicycling and sailing with the Haans in their sailboat on Lake Pepin. We fished from Jon's Folbot several times. The hike over Barn's Bluff (Red Wing) with Barb and Don, and later Kathy and Dick was great.

In the Spring of 1983, I flew to Florida with Janice to visit Mother Driver who was very "low" in a hospital. Janice had flown twice before to see her that year already. In Florida we explored places to reside.

On May 1, 1983, I returned to Lake City by air. Ola Campbell held a 5-day prophetic series in our little church. During May we held a garage sale and began packing for our move to Florida. Dick and Kathy helped us pack the 24-foot U-Haul truck. We had our last Sunday May 22. On May 26, Thursday, we left Lake City for Bettendorf, Iowa, to meet Don and Barb who planned to help us move to Florida.

X. TOWARD RETIREMENT YEARS IN FLORIDA 1983 - 1991

We arrived at Don and Barbie's Thursday night, May 26, 1983, with the packed van and Mustang II. We celebrated Barbie's 32nd birthday on Saturday. Don hooked up the tow-bar to the car for the pull to Florida. On Sunday, May 29, we headed south via Toledo where Barry and Bonnie would meet us with Mother Driver's goods. Janice packed her plants in the car entow by van. We spent two nights in motels on the trip. On Tuesday, May 31, at 6:30 p.m., we arrived at 26 Dean Way. Ron and Kent Taylor welcomed us as we pulled in. On Wednesday, Don and I unloaded the van at Ron's house and at "Sentry Storage" on Rte 19. On Wednesday night we returned the van to the U-Haul. Don and Barbie returned home by their car after a few days. Ron's garage was loaded with much goods!

During the month of June, we visited Mother Driver in a Nursing Home on Kentucky St. She failed daily. On July 2 she went to be with the Lord, cremated in three days.

Bob and Nicky visited us on July 5 to 11. We drove over to Bellaire Causeway three or four times to relax on the beach. Bob and I had good talks as we waded in the warm water.

On Sunday, July 10, 1983, we attended a Memorial Service for Mother Driver at the Blessed Hope Baptist Church at Hudson. About twenty people attended. Bob and Nicky left for home the next day. Janice flew to Bartlesville, OK, that Christmas to be with Kathy and family.

The first five months in Florida were very trying. We both looked for employment. Janice had 30 interviews at different schools of Pasco County for a teaching position. I walked to stores requesting a job. Gerald Shelby, from Community Hospital, promised me a job at the Hospital. (He was manager of Ron's adult soccer team.) On October 31, 1983, I began work in the "stores" (supply room) at the hospital. I worked there five months delivering medicines and supplies to the nursing stations and OR all over the hospital. Janice starting substitute teaching in near-by schools. In November, Janice had two offers for teaching First Grade. She accepted the one at Anclote Elementary School.

In July, 1983, we decided to buy Ron's house. He began living on his 32-foot Westsail sailboat in the Summer of 1983, with his Doberman, Dirk. He was docked at the Holiday Inn, in the basin behind the Sea Market. Kent, our nextdoor neighbor, Ron and I put up a shadowbox fence at both ends of our property in 1983.

On April 1, 1984 I transferred my labors to St. Luke's Eye Clinic as a patient van driver. Dr. James Gills offered me a position as his first courtesy van driver. (Ron had made the contact for me.) I secured my chauffeur's license. Dr. Williams gave me an IOCO (inner-ocular lens implant) the first week of April. I discarded my thick glasses. After three months I secured my prescription reading glasses. The work of the van began slowly, but gradually picked up. I was the sole van driver for two years. In the Spring of 1986, Hugh Palmer and Jim Mcmaness began driving. Three vans were busy bringing patients to the clinic and returning them home again. Jim became chaplain in September. His son, Steve, replaced him, working until 1988.

I worked full time through 1987. In January, 1988, I went on Social Security and worked part time. My limit for earning was \$8400 per year with my Social Security benefits.

In January, 1986, Don and Barbie moved from Bettendorf, IA, to Tallahassee. Barbie was nursing at a Home Health Care and later the Hospital. Don was an administrator at the

Conference Center of University of State of Florida. We enjoy their visits to our home and our visits to their house occasionally. It is a 225-mile trip to Tallahassee.

In the Summer of 1987, we traveled to Houghton to visit my family. We went to Barry's for a visit in Michigan. We then drove to Charles City to attend the Iowa-Minnesota District Conference and Camp at Cedar Springs.

We celebrated the Daake's 50th Wedding Anniversary August 1. Kathy, Dick and children, Barbie and Don were there. Jon flew up from Florida for the occasion. He stayed with us at the motel.

XI. HAITI TRIP

March 2 to April 5, 1989

In the Spring of 1988, Alfred Hartman and I began planning a trip to Haiti, in 1989, with a work-team. Our project was the roofing of the Verger Church southwest of Petit Goave, in the foothills of the mountains. I wrote letters to Headquarters and Alfred to organize the project. Three welders from Wyoming were contacted. Alfred and son, Paul, three Wyoming men, Jon and I met at Eastern Airlines in Miami on March 2, and flew to Port-au-Prince. Randy Haithcock met us at the Airport 1 1/2 hours later. We drove to Petit Goave.

Daily we traveled three miles west of Petit Goave in a pick-up truck and then walked one mile up the mountain to the church. We returned each afternoon to the compound. We took lunch and water. In two weeks the trusses were welded and placed on the walls. Traverse stringers and tin corrugated sheets were nailed to cover the 32x80 foot church. Jon was a great help at the job. He returned home on March 14th. The three welders returned on the 18th. We enjoyed the Petit Goave compound -- mangos, coconuts and swimming. Jon played soccer with the Bible School boys. We ate at the Haithcocks and the nurses' home. Nancy Edling gave us her house (our last home in Haiti, now with flat roof) while we were there. We finished the church roof on March 15.

After the church was finished, Alfred, Paul and I drove over to Jacmel and to Bainet to visit the South. The road from Jacmel to Bainet to Petit Goave was very rough. It was a joy to visit the Bainet church and dorm. We visited Aleston's house and had dinner in Frere Guillaume's house. Eric, a retarded man, was invited to leave by Guillaume. Alfred and Paul flew home on the 21st after our brief trip to La Gonave. On La Gonave we stayed in the guest house with Gertrude and nurses. We walked around the town and visited old friends. On Palm Sunday, Alfred and I led an English service with the missionaries at 4 p.m. We gave Holy Communion --- so precious. I gave a message on the subject of Palm Sunday and Praise to Our King. We saw Harold Troyer as we were departing by boat to the mainland.

Ron flew down to Haiti on the March 21st. He was working for Greenpeace, checking on possible turtle exploitation. We stayed several nights at Diquini, the Wesleyan Headquarters. We drove up to Fermanthe and stayed at the Turnbull's Mission. We went up a mountain for an Easter Sunrise service --- so cold and windy. After an Easter breakfast we drove to Carrefour Feuille Church where I preached for Pastor Paul. The church was full. We saw Roseann, our former cook.

On Monday, Ron and I drove out to Petit Goave in a rental car. We ate mangos on Tapion on the trip. Ron enjoyed visiting his past home, from 1957-1967. We stopped in Leogane and saw Marilyn's church. On Wednesday we drove to Jacmel and stayed in the Jacmelienne Hotel on the bay. On Friday we drove back to Port-au-Prince to Fermanthe. We saw our rest homes. Wallace and Eleanor gave us a room for several days. Ron and I worked in a lily pond pool one day.

The last few days in March, Ron and I drove north to Limbe where we visited the Good Samaritan Hospital and talked with Dr. Hodges and saw his son, Paul. We drove out to Fauche (Port Margot) to see the North station. It was deserted --- so sad. We walked over the grounds and took pictures. We drove over to Vaudreil and saw the Picassos and Saufleys. We went into Cap Haitian and stayed at the Mon Jolie Hotel, overlooking the city and bay. On Saturday, April 1, we visited La Citadelle. We started by horse. Ron walked most of the way. A guide led us. I walked back to Milot and car with a toe blister.

We enjoyed the Cap Haitian visit with missionaries. Burnell Pudwell and wife organized a meal for visiting guests at the Hotel. On Sunday, we had a 4 p.m. English service in a Methodist Church. Ron and I slept at the Saufleys over Sunday. We attended the evening service at the Vaudreil church. We visited Dr. and Mrs. Hollis Clark Sunday p.m. He is an eye surgeon associated with Dr. Gills.

An attempted military coup (revolt) erupted on Sunday. On Monday, April 3rd, Ron and I drove back to Port-au-Prince. In the capital tires were burning in the streets. We miraculously drove past several road blockades to Fermanthe to the Turnbolls.

On my 67th birthday we stayed on the mountain awaiting a flight to West Palm. On Wednesday, the 5th, we got on Missionary Flights to West Palm Beach. I sat with Henry Ortlip, who was in Haiti with the Dental team from Houghton. We rented a car and drove to Tampa where Janice was awaiting us. We thanked God for His protection and safe arrival.

I had the privilege of preaching in Creole three times ---- at Petit Goave, Cite Soleil, and Carrefour Feuille.

XII. MOTHER BARNETT'S PASSING

April 18, 1989

Mother Barnett lived in the Lake Shore Nursing home for 1 1/2 years, near Silver Creek, NY. Bob visited her often and treated her to goodies. We hoped she could attend the 1989 family reunion as she did in 1988, at Judy and Dennis' home. (Over 70 attended the reunion in 1988. Mother sat in a wheelchair for six hours as each of us eight paid honor to her.)

But on April 18, 1989, at 2:10 p.m. she passed to her eternal home. The last words she spoke were to David - "I love you!" Lucille phoned us the news. Barbie came by bus to our house for the trip north.

On Friday, April 21, Ron, Jon, Barbie and we emplaned for Buffalo. We rented a car and drove to Houghton. We stayed at the Henry Ortlip home. On Friday afternoon we attended her viewing at Koplars. All members of the family were present. On Saturday, at 2 p.m., her funeral was held in the Houghton Wesleyan Church. The family surrounded her casket at the end of the sermon and sang, "Amazing Grace." She was buried beside our father at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. A dinner was served in the Community Room of the church after the interment.

Saturday evening (the 22nd) we all gathered for fellowship at the family home. Beverly gave us a meditation from the Word and prayer. We chose items from the home to keep. On Sunday we attended the Worship Service. We drove up to Dean's for dinner. We drove to Buffalo in the afternoon for our return by plane to Florida.

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