

A grayscale map of Haiti and the Dominican Republic. The map shows the coastline, major cities like Port-au-Prince, Cap-Haïtien, and Gonaïves, and geographical features like the North Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Gonâve. The word 'HAITI' is printed in large letters across the center of the map. The text 'She Did What She Could' is overlaid on the map in a large, bold, black font.

She Did What She Could

**The missionary journal of
Bernice Johnson**

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Andrews Memorial Baptist Church

Acknowledgments

Three of the Gospels tell the story of Mary of Bethany who anointed Jesus. She broke a box of very precious spikenard and poured it on His head and feet. When the disciples objected, Jesus said, "Let her alone.....She hath done what she could." (Mark 14:6-8)

Bernice Johnson gave what she had and "she did what she could." This book will take you on a journey of her missionary life in Haiti. During her 37 years in that country, Bernice has recorded in a diary and in letters, her life as a missionary nurse. Working in primitive conditions, she ministered faithfully for the God Who saved her. He used her in countless lives to bring the message of the love of Christ to those who were lost.

Missionaries are sometimes considered "above" the average Christian and "above" temptation. We think that they don't have problems like "we" have. But as you read this story of Bernice's life, our prayer is that you will see that missionaries are all human beings with the same feelings, aspirations and weaknesses, and the same needs as other Christians who stay at home.

May your heart be burdened for souls who are lost; may you be challenged to pray and to give; and may you be willing to go that others might be saved.

After reading, proof-reading and typing this book, I am reminded of the verse in Isaiah 9:6, "His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." God is all of these to Bernice and more. He showed His love in her salvation and His wonderful grace throughout her life. Truly, "Who is so great a God as our God?" (Psalm 77:13)

Many people have helped in preparing this book for publication. A big thank you goes to Becky Harris for typing and advice, to my daughter Joanna Isley who helped on the computer, and to my husband Ralph for proofreading. Thanks also goes to many of the people of the Andrews Memorial Baptist Church as they prayed for us as we worked on this book. (It was truly a labor of love and a joy to work on.) Most of all, we thank Bernice for sharing her experiences with us.

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Introduction: Early Memories

Dominating my memories of childhood are the turmoil and frustrations of the great depression. (Stanley, N.D.) My Norwegian parents emigrated to America when mother was pregnant with her fourth child. I would be the fifth and three more would follow. The 6th child died in infancy and the second born died at age 21 the week I graduated from high school. Our home was much too small for so many children. We were crowded and the older ones felt pressured to move out and be on their own earning money instead of going to high school. The depression was on and money was scarce. Our diet was mostly meat and potatoes with plenty of eggs and milk as we lived on a farm but fruits and vegetables were luxuries. I remember sometimes our potatoes were no bigger than marbles but we ate them.

Mother was a jewel, sweet tempered and gentle and had it not been for her steadfastness our family may well have fallen to pieces. She came from a loving family that eked out a living on a small farm. Her father was an itinerant preacher or evangelist. They were Lutheran, the state supported church, born again, practicing Christians.

Dad, on the other hand was something else. He had a stormy, sad childhood that affected his entire life. He was an only child except for a much older half sister, and when he was five years old his father mortgaged their small farm and took the money and went to America leaving his wife with the debt. Overworked and sick she died a few years later leaving the eight year old child virtually an orphan. From there on he was shifted from relative to relative, highly exposed to tuberculosis which took the lives of one after another. The child was extremely lonely, felt unwanted and unloved, an added burden to reluctant relatives. He longed for the day when he would become of age, fifteen, and be out on his own. Eventually he realized his ambition--to sail the seven seas. Not until he married mother did he leave his "first love" and settle down and raise a family. His stories of harrowing experiences on the sea, fighting shipwreck in a hurricane excited me. I don't know how many times I asked, "You a sailor and never learned how to swim? Weren't you scared?"

I don't know much about his life as a sailor but one time when the boat was docked in a Brooklyn or New York harbor he somehow found himself in a "mission house", heard the gospel and was saved. He gave up sailing when he married. Dad was not an ideal husband nor a good father. Our affections were much stronger for mom than for him. I know that he loved us but he didn't know how to show or express it. Criticism was frequent but compliments rare. Mother got the brunt of it and it would infuriate me when I would see him mistreat her. He did not harm her physically though he did sometimes threaten her. It was his words, his temper--the emotional abuse. And during those depression years, most of my childhood, when the pressures and frustrations were so great, dad just about lost it. After our move to Idaho in 1937, and with only two children left at home, abundance of food and few financial pressures dad's conduct improved tremendously. In '47 and '48 the Lord took both of them home to Himself. So many times throughout the years as I have thought of my parents, the love, affection, and admiration I had for my mother would stand out. We could talk about anything, we were close, and she was an encourager.

But when I would think of dad it would be with a tinge of sorrow, a feeling sorry for him, the lonely and miserable childhood that affected his entire life. His inability to overcome his weaknesses. I wonder how much worse he would have been if he had never gone to that little meeting house and gotten saved. He had many good qualities but he had some bad ones that he was never able to overcome. I don't think he ever forgave his father for leaving him but clung to that root of bitterness. I had to deal with my own un-Christ like attitude towards dad and it wasn't easy. Forgiveness doesn't come easily, it's a battle, but oh the peace and joy when it is done. I was in Haiti when I dealt mine the final blow.

I have often wondered how I got interested in missions and how my childhood had any bearing on it. Both my parents always had a concern for the needy and hurting and surely some of that rubbed off on me. Dad was especially concerned about orphans and often made contributions. He remembered his own childhood.

During high school years I would always attend the Pentecostal tent meetings that came to our town each summer. I loved the Singing and the preaching but made my exit when all the "speaking in tongues" started at the altar. I wanted no part of that. To me it was utter confusion. I

attended the Lutheran church with my parents Sunday mornings but went to the Baptist church in the evening taking part-in their youth program.

When we moved out west, and then I to Spokane, I began to hear about missionaries as I attended a Baptist church. I got a bigger boost when I switched to Broadway Baptist which of course was very missionary minded. But before that exposure, there was the desire to help the poor, the down and the out but I didn't know how to put it all together. When I really got exposed to missions, then it clicked. The rest is history.

Testimony and Call

"God, I'm a thief. I don't want to go to Hell. Help me to be a Christian so I can go to Heaven. Amen."

The prayer was short and to the point but it was from my heart and I meant every word of it. I was ten years old and had developed a habit of stealing. First it was nickels and dimes from my mother's coffee tin on the upper pantry shelf. Before long, I was pilfering in the local stores taking candy and small trinkets. I'm sure I was suspected by a clerk or two but my parents were completely unaware and I was never caught. I attended Sunday School regularly and knew there was a Heaven and a Hell, but no one ever spoke about the need of being "born again," not even the minister.

Oh how glad I am for the working of the Holy Spirit in my heart in spite of my ignorance. Though but a child, He dealt with me privately, in the inner regions of my heart. It was the stealing that convicted me and I saw myself eventually behind prison bars if I continued the way I was going. Alone in my attic room, I got down on my knees and without formalities or preliminaries, I simply stated my case. God heard me, forgave me, and I became His child. I could not have quoted a single verse of Scripture, but I knew I was His.

The change was immediate. I wanted my mother to know but I lacked the courage to tell her directly. Instead, I shared it first with my older sister and asked her to tell Mom. Once the ice was broken, we talked freely about it. She did not reprimand me for taking from her money that was so hard to come by during those depression years. Instead she rejoiced that I was a changed girl. The stealing ended abruptly. Thereafter, whenever I went into a store, I made sure I simply bought what I needed and left. No more loitering for me!

It's a mystery to me how the desire to become a missionary was ever born in my heart. I had practically no teaching as far as missions were concerned. I do not recall ever hearing a missionary speak, let alone meeting one during my high school years. Yet, the desire was born and it did not die. Slowly it grew and without fail centered upon poor people, the poorest of the poor.

Not long out of high school, in the closing years of the Depression, I had moved with my parents from the North Dakota dust bowl to the more promising lush green of the west coast. After helping my folks get settled, I went to the nearby city of Spokane, Washington and got a job doing the only thing I knew how to do--housework. I was a maid in a well-to-do home.

Mrs. Weaver, for whom I worked, was skeptical of my "religious ambitions," especially when I could not answer her questions of how, what, or where. I did not know the answers myself, much less explain it to her, who was not even a Christian. "Christ was just a man, certainly not the Son of God," she would argue. About thirty years later on one of my furloughs, I had the joy of leading her to the Lord--but that's another story.

Further education, of course, was a necessity and Mrs. Weaver wisely advised college, especially since I had no idea what line to follow. Faithfully, every month after pay day, I made a bee-line to the bank and deposited twenty-five dollars in my savings account. The remaining five dollars of my wages, I kept for my personal needs.

Seeing my determination, my employer helped me with my wardrobe for college. Being a woman of means, she had an abundance of dresses and suits that she did not need. Her treadle sewing machine was moved into my room along with piles of old but good clothes. Soon all my free hours were taken up with ripping, remodeling, sewing and creating a practical wardrobe for my three semesters in a Christian college. A scholarship paid for one semester's tuition of fifty dollars, (What a contrast to today's prices!). My savings, plus working for my board and room while going to school at Bethel Jr. College in St. Paul, Minnesota, got me through financially.

"Bernice, you ought to be a nurse! Why don't you take up nursing?"

I heard it many times that first year, mostly in my science class, and bit by bit I was convinced. I am sure my classmates came to that conclusion because I so gladly helped the squeamish students dissect their pickled animals in lab, or cut out the beating heart of an anesthetized frog. Anyway, whatever the reason, I added the word "nurse" to my goal of becoming a missionary.

Dad did not seem to be too pleased with the idea of my being a nurse. He argued that my hands were too cold. "Touch a patient," he would say, "and he will jump right out of bed from the shock of your icy hands." I wasn't sure whether he was really serious or not but his words made me stop and think. He hadn't approved of my going to college either. A waste of money, he had insisted, and not needed for marriage. I had gone anyway, without his help. I knew he didn't have the money, even if he had approved. Now it was my hands that were too cold. I realized that it was a problem--cold and clammy even in warm weather. By the way, that part of me has never changed. Some people get butterflies in their stomachs when they are about to give a speech. My reaction is in my hands! How I hate to hear a preacher say, "Now, before Bernice comes up to speak to us, let's all turn around and shake hands with someone." It doesn't give me time to quickly dry mine, sit on them, put them under my arm pits--anything to make them warm. It's embarrassing.

Cold hands or no, I was accepted for nurse's training. Fortunately, the question wasn't on my application blank and I certainly didn't volunteer the information. I found a way to get around my patients so they wouldn't squeal. Soaking my hands in hot water immediately before giving a back-rub did the trick. Occasionally I would even hear these beautiful but untrue words, "Nurse, you have such nice warm hands."

I'll never forget the first months of dormitory life. A shortage of rooms resulted in eight of us probationers living together in one large room. There was no privacy, but I wasn't worried about that part of it, nor whether I could get along with that many girls in such tight quarters. My concern was how to have my daily devotions with the Lord. I wasn't a strong, bold Christian, but rather a shy, timid girl. Overcoming that tendency was a constant battle. I realize that I compromised, but I did what I could under the circumstances, and I'm sure the Lord understood. I read my Bible openly every night, sometimes at my desk and at other times in bed. For me, even that took determination and courage, but I could not make myself kneel at my bedside to pray. I did my praying in bed.

I learned to ignore the taunts and jibes of one of my seven roommates who had no respect for either God or those who love Him. I refused to take part or join in the laughter from dirty jokes. I can still hear her, all of us in bed and lights out, "Is Bernice asleep yet? Can we start our jokes?"

How much of a "light set upon a hill" I was in those days of training I'm not sure. But I do know there developed a certain respect for my Christian principles and the things for which I stood. Financial needs were frequent and these I met by working on my days off, cleaning house for my former employer or for her wealthy neighbor. I couldn't ask my family for money, but I could ask the Lord for jobs and He provided. We students worked in the hospital six days a week and mostly twelve hour shifts with a break in the middle. If our assigned workload was not finished, we forfeited free time to complete it. There was little time for outside jobs.

The war was on, there was a shortage of nurses, and the government came up with the Cadet Corps plan to entice them. It was the beginning of my senior year and many of my classmates joined. It was tempting, for there were many advantages. A monthly stipend for the remainder of training was what interested me the most. I turned it down, however, because I knew if the war continued, I would very likely be conscripted. I wanted to be free, no strings attached, free to go out as a missionary wherever the Lord might choose to send me. A year after I graduated, the war did end and the next year I went to Haiti.

Arrival in North Carolina

"Y'all mus' be from the North."

"What makes you say that?" I countered.

"You talk like one. You just don't sound like one of us."

North Carolina! My first introduction to the South! Here I was in the middle of the night, in a little old train station welcoming conversation with the only other occupant--the black janitor. Maybe the station master was around somewhere, but certainly not where I could see him. The waiting room was small and badly in need of paint. Dreary, as most stations were in those days, it didn't need a sewage complication to augment the dismal atmosphere. Running down the full length of the room was a ditch and stretching out alongside it, a pile of dirt. I used it as a footrest as I sat on the bench eating the remains of my box lunch and wishing it were time for my next train.

Hours dragged by and never was the sound of a train whistle more welcome. I'd soon have a break in my travels and sleep in a bed instead of squirming on a train coach seat.

"All aboard!!!"

I didn't bother to put my suitcases up on the rack for I had but a few hours to go. A new worry occupied my mind. It was Sunday morning and I was on my way to visit a little church that had volunteered to take on my full support of thirty dollars a month. We needed to get acquainted before I continued on to Haiti. How would they react to me?, I wondered. What would the church be like? Would I have to speak? I worried, too, about my appearance. Maybe, after meeting me, they would regret their offer of support. They had taken me sight unseen.

Back then in 1946, there were no such things as perma-press, wrinkle-proof, drip-dry dresses. Everything required ironing and wrinkles appeared as soon as you put them on. My clothes were packed tight in my suitcases and jostled for days over nearly three thousand miles. Back in the dressing room it took a little longer than I had anticipated to get myself washed and my clothes changed. My balancing skills had improved considerably over the past days and nights, but this train was unusually rough. It swayed back and forth and I walked like a drunkard. Even the water in the washbowl had a hard time staying where it belonged. I was struggling to brush out some of the worst wrinkles in my very best dress when the conductor's voice came booming through the coach.

"Graham next. Grahaamm, North Carolina. Graaahamm!!!"

Ready or not, I scooped up my things, grabbed my suitcases, and stumbled to the exit where the conductor was waiting impatiently to help me off. I was the only passenger for Graham and I was left standing by the tracks, alone, as the train pulled away.

"Where do I go from here?" was the immediate question to be solved. The train station was closed, it was Sunday, and there wouldn't be another train coming through until evening so there was no need of opening it. There was a small house nearby and I made my way over to it, hoping someone would be there. I needed to telephone the Pastor. Boldly I reached up and knocked hard on the door without mounting the several rickety steps. A woman appeared and as she opened the door and stood above me, I introduced myself and explained my problem. Her mouth looked a bit lopsided and I soon discovered the reason why. Before saying a word, she shot a stream of "tabaccy juice" straight as a pistol into the air. I had a spontaneous urge to duck but it wasn't necessary. She didn't aim it at me and it landed off to one side. Her mouth still looked off kilter. The cud was still in her cheek.

"I'll be right over to get you," was Pastor Eugene Hancock's response when I called his home. He had not gone to church that morning because of a severe sore throat and was at home with his sister who didn't know how to drive. Sunday School was in session and there was no one available whom he could call. Bundling himself up warmly against the winter cold, he and his sister came to get me.

"That must be our missionary," Bea exclaimed as their car approached the railroad depot. How could it have been anyone but me? Who else would be sitting outside in front of the closed station, perched on top of a bulging suitcase, with a mixture of paraphernalia surrounding her?

"You had better help her get those suitcases into the car," the Pastor admonished his sister. "She looks too frail to handle them herself and I dare not get out with this cold." Actually, I thought Bea looked frail and there was no way that I was going to let her lift my heavy bags. I was independent, and besides that, I'd been in training for days. I couldn't see paying porters to do something I could do myself. Money was hard to come by. The depression and working my way through nurse's training had taught me to skimp.

I was taken directly to the church, (Andrews Memorial Baptist), and deposited at the door with a "see you later" promise. It was almost time for the morning service to begin. The building

itself was deceiving--an old dilapidated store building with no resemblance to a church. Inside it was a different story. The warmth and friendliness of the people permeated the interior. I was painfully aware of my appearance--wrinkled clothes and baggy, sleepy eyes.

The announcement that "our missionary" had arrived and would be speaking in the evening service didn't take me completely off guard. I rather expected that. What did shake me up was the shouting and hollering of the amens and hallelujahs and the loud, joyous laughter of those who got blessed by a song or a word in the message. I had never seen a man jump to his feet and hug another in the middle of a special musical number. Neither was I used to anyone shouting during a sermon, "That's right, Preacher. You tell 'em like it is. Hallelujah! Amen, Preacher." I had attended Pentecostal services before but this was different. This was a Baptist church!!

I was definitely more presentable when I went back that evening. I'd had a meal, a good restful nap, and gotten my clothes pressed. All my worry about competing with their shouting was wasted energy. I got along fine. I am sure they had to concentrate so hard to understand my foreign, Northern, Yankee, Norwegian accent that it didn't leave room for comments. They accepted me that day as their missionary, their very first one, and they have had me ever since.

On My Way

Miami! It was Saturday and I felt alone. Not a soul in that busy city did I know. I'd had to make all my own travel arrangements, including the shipping of my equipment, and I had run into complications. My trunk which was shipped by rail from the west coast, couldn't be found and it took several days to locate it. Wearing out perfectly good shoe leather, I ran back and forth, hunting, searching, scouring the freight depots. Suddenly I spotted a corner of the battered trunk peeking out from under a rumpled cloth or canvas carelessly thrown in its direction. To top it all off, the company wanted me to pay storage for the extra days but there I balked. THEY should have paid ME for all my stress and worry. We agreed peacefully out of court by calling it an even draw. Then came the hassle of re-shipment by boat. Though inexperienced and green as grass, I somehow got it all done.

That was back in 1946 when West Indies Mission headquarters was still in Cuba, our first mission field, and a long way from being able to help me unsnarl my problems.

Getting back to that Saturday, all my travel arrangements were complete and I had only to wait for my departure date three days hence. Roaming through downtown stores helped to kill some of the time. On a street corner waiting for a bus to take me back to my lodging, I felt lonely. "It's a Saturday," I mused, "Surely there must be a 'Youth for Christ' meeting somewhere in this town. I wish--." My thoughts were interrupted by a young man who hurriedly handed me a Gospel tract as he walked by. Spontaneously, thinking he must be a Christian, I called him back. I don't know if I addressed him as Mister or Sir. Most likely I just plain blurted out, "Hey! Do you happen to know if there is a Youth for Christ meeting anywhere tonight?"

Yes, there was; and he gave me explicit directions on how to get there, which city bus to take, how to transfer, and where to get off. Then he added, "Don't go right home after the service. Come up to the front and join some of us young people who are going to the beach to pass out tracts. My wife will be there and I'd like you to meet her." We passed out tracts, but mostly we talked. Thus it was that I met Giff and Madge Beckom, a young couple who were also interested in missions and later served a number of years on a foreign field.

They invited me to their church the next day, Sunday, and I went home with them for dinner. They were living with Madge's mother. She, in turn, insisted that I give up my room and move in with them for the few remaining days. It wasn't hard to persuade me and that very afternoon they moved me in, bag and baggage. It was good medicine for my loneliness and I marveled at the Lord's timely and unexpected provision. It wasn't long, though, before I was keenly aware of the older woman's strong objections to my going to Haiti at this time, and her determination to dissuade me. Her reasoning both amused and surprised me. According to her, I had no business going to the mission field single. Married, yes, but definitely not single. I should tell God that a husband was a must before I would go. I should postpone my travel plans, pray (insist) on a partner, and wait.

Obviously I didn't take her advice. In fact, I wasn't even tempted. I had already committed that part of my life to Him, knowing that He knew far better than I what was best for me. I preferred that the decision, to have or not to have a husband, be entirely up to the Lord. If He felt I could serve Him better as a single missionary than as a married one, it was all right with me and I was determined to leave it in God's hands.

A Foreign Missionary

A foreign missionary! I had become one of those. Here I was in Haiti--January 1946, with a nursing diploma only fifteen months old. West Indies Mission had grabbed and rushed me when I had responded to their desperate pleas for a second nurse. How inadequate I felt now that I was in Haiti, face to face with suffering and disease that defied description. My experience as an operating room supervisor hadn't prepared me for this, nor had my five months of work in a doctor's office. I was green, ill-prepared for the task ahead and I felt it keenly.

Today mission boards have candidate schools and training courses in an effort to somewhat prepare their new missionaries for adjustment to their new life. This is excellent. I went directly from a good paying job straight to the field, from working under the direction of a doctor to having no doctor at all! I went out knowing very little about Haiti and even less about the mission board under which I would serve. Haiti fit my picture of a mission field--poor and sick. West Indies Mission (now called WORLDTEAM) wanted me to work with them. The Lord brought us together, opened the doors, and I responded to His urging, trusting but not knowing what lay ahead.

Some things I fully expected--a different life style, a whole new culture, strange beliefs and customs, all black people, and of course, a language barrier. I wasn't worried about adjusting to these. It would take time to learn their language to the point of being able to communicate freely, but I was confident it would come. Their food was not my way of cooking but I found I liked it. As for modern conveniences, I had spent all my childhood days without them and lived through it. So what if I now had to go back to the little old kerosene lamp, the water bucket and dipper, and yes, even the all too familiar out-house perched in the farthest corner of the yard.

There was one "modern" convenience for which I was most grateful--the shower. Located outside the house, it was taking me a while to adjust to it. I felt so exposed! I wasn't used to seeing the clouds up above while I showered. Nor did it help my insecure feeling one bit when I looked down and hoped no one was peeking under the walls that stopped twelve inches short of the slanted cement floor. No need for a drain hole. The water simply ran outside and soaked into the ground. A steel drum anchored up above held the water supply and was warmed by the sun. Filling it each day meant carrying the water in a bucket from the cistern, climbing up the ladder and dumping it in the drum. A pipe and a homemade shower nozzle delivered it with the turning of the tap. There was no control of the water temperature. For the most part it depended on the sun and the time of day. Consequently, on cool days when you wanted a warm shower, you got a cold one and on hot days when you wanted a cool one, you got a hot one. And sometimes the drum ran out of water just when you got yourself nicely soaped up!

Harder to deal with was the question deep in my heart--"Am I really a missionary or am I just a nurse?" I wanted to be first of all a missionary and secondly a nurse, but would I? Could I? Physical needs were in plain sight everywhere, no problem seeing them. My heart was touched by their needs and I was anxious to help. That was the nurse in me. But the missionary side of me? I begged God to develop that part, to open my eyes to see the hidden spiritual darkness that I knew was far greater than the visible physical need. I knew that I didn't have much in the line of talents to offer God but such as I was, such as I had, I wanted it all to be His. I prayed, "Lord, make me a vessel, a channel through which Your love can flow. I'm not much good at witnessing to people but help me to be a link in a chain, a stepping stone, a member of a team working together to bring these people to Christ."

Little did I realize to what extent, and how, He would answer that prayer over the next thirty-seven years. What a privilege it was to be a missionary nurse for Him all those years in Haiti.

Back to Haiti

I couldn't control the tears. The moment the train pulled away from the mountain village station in northern Idaho, my pent-up emotions broke loose. Fellow passengers looked and wondered, and some even tried to converse, but I wasn't in the mood. They found little response. Convinced that few, if any, would understand, I clammed up and kept to my window seat, alone with my thoughts and tears. The train climbed across the scenic Rocky Mountains and slid easily over the broad, flat prairies before the turmoil of my heart finally subsided.

I was on my way back to Haiti. This wasn't the way I had originally planned it. There wasn't supposed to be a "going back" so soon. I should have still been there and not even coming home for another three years when my first furlough would have been due. Only nine months on the field and I'd had to return. One year at home and here I was going back. In my heart was a jumbled mixture of emotions I couldn't untangle. Occasionally surfacing, against my will, was the previously battled thought--"God, You didn't keep Your end of the bargain. You didn't take care of Mom."

Mother had not been well and I'd had to come home because of the ensuing problems. Over a period of months she had improved sufficiently that I could begin to consider returning to Haiti. It was at that point that my battle really began. I wasn't so sure I wanted to go back. For one thing, the excitement and adventure of the first trip was gone. I'd seen the field, felt it, tasted it, and knew from experience that it was hard, sweaty work. Secondly, I reasoned, it wasn't my fault that I had to come home. Hadn't I volunteered and gone? Surely I had done my part. And underneath all of this was the gnawing feeling that God had let me down. He hadn't kept Mother well so I could have stayed in Haiti.

I deeply wanted the Lord's will in my life and sought earnestly for His guidance. Alone on a walk in the woods, or out in the barn milking cows, my heart cried out, "Lord, what do You want me to do?" Invariably a still, small voice would answer, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke 9.62) My next question struck at the very heart of the matter--"What about Mom? Just leave her?" His reply to this one was even harder to take. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." (Matthew 10:37)

Repeatedly asking the same question, I was like a child wearying his parent with his persistent, "Can I, Daddy?", desperately hoping his father would change his negative answer. God's answer to me did not change. I knew He would not force me, He never does, but I was fearful of deliberately refusing to do what He was so obviously asking me to do. How could I expect His guidance and blessing in my life, I reasoned, if I didn't obey Him at this point? It was a long struggle but finally, in tears, I surrendered. "All right, God. You win! I'll make no conditions and I'll not bargain with You. I'll go back."

Thus it was I came to be on the train and headed back towards Haiti. Dad had been non-committal, not revealing what might be in his heart. But for Mother it had been a struggle.

"Mom," I asked her, "before I was born, didn't you promise me to God if He would give you a girl?"

"Yes," came her reply, revealing her pain, "but I didn't think you would go so far away. I need you."

Physically she seemed to be doing well enough and I didn't anticipate any real problems. I just hurt because she was hurting, deep down inside where only the Lord Himself could touch and heal both of us. In my heart there were still some unanswered questions and for the most part they began with the word "why?"

Back in Haiti I was soon deeply involved again in the medical work and language study. For six months news from home was both encouraging and cheerful and I was glad that I had come back. Suddenly the picture changed. It was just after Christmas when Mom wrote me of some newly developed physical problems and wondered what she should do. Immediately I suspected cancer and urged her to see a doctor quickly. Letters in those days were terribly slow and uncertain and we had NO telephone communication. The next letter I got was not from Mother but from the doctor himself, a personal friend of mine. It shook me. "Your Mother has advanced cancer of the bowel and needs surgery immediately. Your family is waiting for you to make the decision."

What was I to do? I was in Haiti. Something had to be done and that quickly. But what? How? No way of telephoning. "God! What are You doing? What do You expect me to do now?" I demanded. I remember as though it were yesterday, how in the turmoil of my heart I walked about in my yard, took hold of a post with both hands, gave it a good kick and cried out, "God, what shall I do?" Our field director's wife saw me, understood the quandary I was in and advised me to go home as quickly as possible.

A cablegram was sent to my family, but getting out of Haiti in a hurry was next to impossible in those days. It was a day's trip by vehicle over the 120 miles to the capitol of Port-au-Prince, another day to get traveling papers in order and the third day to fly out. Then came the long flight across country to Spokane, Washington. From the airport, I called the doctor and found that Mom was in the hospital and scheduled for surgery in the morning. A complete bowel obstruction had developed and surgery became inevitable.

Mother hadn't expected to live long enough to see me. It was late when I arrived at the hospital and the remaining few hours of the evening were all too short. But we did have a beautiful, meaningful visit together before the night's sedation took over. I was with her the next morning in the operating room while others of the family waited outside the door. Half-way through the surgery, the Lord relieved her of all her suffering and took her Home to be with Himself.

Before we left the hospital, a nurse quietly slipped a letter into my hand saying only that my Mother had entrusted her with it. It was a farewell letter, written in her familiar, warm Norwegian. She hadn't known that I would get home to see her. There was no trace of bitterness or complaint. The tears coursed down my cheeks as I read the words, "Now I am glad you are a missionary. You are my gift to God." Over and over I read them--"Now I am glad." Though sick, facing major surgery and possible death, she had released me, given me back to God and was glad. At a time when she must have felt she needed me the most, she gave me to Him. That was victory and it eased and soothed the pain in my heart.

Within two months I was back in Haiti. There was no battle this time, no fight. I knew where God wanted me and that settled it. Though leaving Dad was painful for both of us, he did not openly object to my going. He loved the Lord and would not stand in my way. How hard the following year must have been for him in his loneliness and grief. He often begged the Lord to take him Home, too. Though a strong man and seldom ill, he survived Mother by only twenty months. He too succumbed to cancer. I didn't go home that time. And when I did go, on my first furlough, it was a painful adjustment to no parents and no home.

In the thirteenth chapter of John we find Peter objecting to what the Lord was about to do--wash Peter's feet. Jesus simply answered him in verse seven, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." I was something like Peter. I objected to the emotional pain and I didn't have the faintest idea of what God was trying to do in me, much less understand why. Bit by bit over the years the fog receded and the picture came more clearly into focus.

I had volunteered to go to Haiti but with strings attached. God wanted unconditional surrender and total commitment to Him, obedience in spite of not understanding. He wanted me to know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that He was calling me to work in Haiti, and that I was there in response to His will. Knowing this, I could face the storms ahead without going under. When the way got rough--hurricanes, floods, misunderstandings, physical exhaustion, sickness, upheavals, and sometimes the urge to throw in the towel and call it quits, I could always say, "Lord, You brought me here. We are in this thing together. You keep me here as long as You want me to stay." For thirty-seven years He kept me there and then He turned the traffic signal to a bright red: STOP!!

Me--a Sinner! Tell Me More!

It was her first day at the dispensary. You could see at a glance that she wasn't of the poorest class, neither was she of the elite. But she was ill and she had heard of our dispensary so she came. The chapel service was over and as she sat in about the third row back waiting her turn, she heard Adelcia, our Haitian personal worker, speaking to some of the patients ahead of her. She couldn't help listening to the conversation, and as she listened, she became very angry

and caused quite a commotion among those sitting near her. Adelcia went over to see what it was all about.

"You ask me if I am saved? Of course I am saved. Haven't I taken communion in the Catholic church since I was a child? Haven't I counted my rosary, made my confessions to the priest, and married in the church? I have never stolen, never committed a crime, never been bad. Always I have strived to be good, done everything I knew to please God. And you ask me if I am saved?"

"Yes, Adelcia replied, "you may have done all of those things but if you say you have no sin, if you have not accepted Christ as your Savior, the Bible says you are lost and if you should die tonight, then your soul would be lost."

"But you can't say I am lost," the woman countered in anger. "Didn't I even tear up all the images (pictures) on my walls, break the statues, and even break up the 'plat marasa' when I heard it said that one should not worship these things if one loved God and wanted to go to Heaven? Away with your talk! I love God, and I have done everything in my power that I might go to Heaven when I die."

To avoid further confusion, Adelcia left the angry woman and instead entered into her little room of prayer, got down on her knees and cried out to God for the soul of this woman who in her heart wanted to know God but did not yet see the light. When she got up and left the room, to her surprise she saw the woman standing by the low rock wall leaning heavily upon her elbow, deep in thought. "Come over here and tell me more," she cried to Adelcia, but this time in a soft eager voice. "You say I'm a sinner. Then all these years I have worked in vain. All this time I have not really known God. Tell me more. I must know the way to Heaven for that is what I have been seeking all these years."

Back into the little prayer room went Adelcia but this time with the woman eagerly following her. Very carefully she showed her the way of salvation. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish-- For by grace are ye saved through faith--not of works, lest any man should boast." (John 3:16; Ephesians 2:8,9) Her eyes were opened, she believed, accepted and received the gift of Eternal Life.

Over and over again she would say, "And to think, all of these years I have been trying to serve God. I have been doing everything I know that my soul might go to Heaven. But not until today have I known how to be saved. I am going home and tell everyone how to be saved, for there are many others that don't know. My husband doesn't know and he wants to go to Heaven. He will be saved when he hears about this. Oh, to think of all those years I have wasted, thinking my soul was saved, and all the time I was in darkness."

Adelcia says she has never seen anyone more sincere and more eager to tell her family of the news than this woman. It was such a revelation to her that she thought everyone would surely feel as she did and believe when they heard her story.

Kristopal

The usual crowd was at the dispensary and after the regular morning chapel service, work was begun. As Adelcia spoke to the patients, one after another, she came to this elderly woman who seemed all crippled up with pain. A so-called cane, just a branch of a tree, lay beside her. A young girl was with her to help her as she walked, supporting her as best she could. Between the cane and the girl, she was able to hobble around, though with much difficulty and pain.

"Are you a Christian?" Adelcia asked, as she sat down beside her with Bible in hand. "Yes, I have been a 'Kristopal' for six years." "But have you ever accepted Christ as your personal Savior?" Adelcia continued. Back came the answer, "I don't know what you mean. I am a Kristopal." "How did you become a Kristopal?," our worker queried. "Oh, that was easy. The man hit me over the head with a Bible and said I was now a Kristopal." "But why did you join?" Back came the explanation--"Because of my illness. I have been sick for many years, almost a cripple and I became a Kristopal that I might get well."

The questioning continued. "Did it do anything for you?" "No, if anything I am worse." "And you don't know the Lord as your Savior?" "I don't know anything about that." "Are you a

sinner?" "I guess I have sinned some but nothing bad." "If you should die tonight, would you go to Heaven?" "I can't know that until I get there." "Would you like to know? Now?" "YES!"

At that point, the young girl accompanying her interrupted and told the woman that she had enough, she was Kristopal and needed no more. "Don't listen to that woman's talk," she admonished her. Adelcia quickly explained that should the woman die, she alone would go on and the girl couldn't go with her, that she should make her own decisions and not listen to those that would hold her back. Kristopal evidently is a religious sect that is very loose in their beliefs. Members can still participate in cock fights, gambling and their loose living.

The woman finally recognized that she was a sinner and that only the blood of Christ could cleanse and set her free, and that she could have the assurance of salvation if she would commit her life to Him. Crippled and as painful as it was, she got down on her knees and prayed for forgiveness. Adelcia explained clearly that if it were for healing only that she was seeking, she might just as well not pray, for God was interested in her sin-sick soul first of all. She could not become a Christian by accepting the Lord for healing instead of for forgiveness of her sins. The woman seemed to understand and prayed in earnest. Later she received an injection and a few medicines that couldn't possibly be enough in themselves to cure her crippled condition. She went home and we more or less forgot her except as we prayed for those that had been saved.

Eight days later, Adelcia was again talking to the patients, this time to all of them as a group. A woman got up from her bench and began to talk in a loud voice heard by all.

"You can believe this woman of God, you can accept the Christ that she has to offer. She speaks the truth. Listen to what she has to say. Don't turn a deaf ear."

It was the woman of the week before, the one who had been so crippled for six years that she had to have a cane and a girl to help her walk. Now she was standing without any help at all. She continued speaking to the crowd so Adelcia didn't say another word but let her continue talking.

"For six years I couldn't walk without a cane. I couldn't sleep for pain. I joined the Kristopal and they hit me on the head with a Bible but it didn't do anything for me. I joined thinking I would be healed. Last week I came here and this Bible woman told me I had to repent of my sins and accept Christ as my Savior. I did, and God gave me peace in my heart. But God did more than that. He touched my body. I don't even know where I left my cane. I don't need it any more. After six years I can walk by myself and sleep without pain. God is good. You better listen to this woman. It is true what she tells you. You can believe her. Just look at what the Lord has done for me."

Adelcia didn't need to preach much more that morning. She felt she could add very little to what the woman had already said.

Although we never preach healing to these people, over and over again we have seen God heal their sick bodies after the acceptance of Christ as their Savior. Many would like to be saved only to be healed, without a real repentance of sin. But always Adelcia impresses upon them that that kind of repentance is not acceptable to God.

Burned Child

No clinic today! Now we'll have time to catch up on some of those odd jobs that we have been wanting to do for so long--letters to write home, clothes to be mended, dresses to sew, language to study--always something waiting to be done.

Those were our thoughts as we sat around the breakfast table one morning taking our time instead of rushing off to a busy day in the clinic. But no sooner had we gotten up from the table than we noticed a group of people on our front lawn. We knew at a glance that they were patients for our clinic, people who felt they must have immediate attention rather than wait until the next morning.

What we found was enough to make our hearts ache. In the arms of a young Haitian woman was a tiny girl, just one year old, wrapped in dirty rags. Her face, one arm and hand, and her chest were horribly burned. The child was already in 'shock' and as she lay there, practically motionless, every breath seemed to be an effort. Covering the burned areas was a layer of black, crusty, dirty-looking substance that we learned was the scum of boiled coffee. This was their only treatment.

The child, we were told, had fallen into an outdoor fire four days ago and nothing yet had been done for her. They had ridden about fifteen miles with this suffering child on the back of a donkey. What could we do! Our doctor was away on a much needed vacation. The child definitely needed hospitalization. Our hearts went out to this little group of people, but all we could do was to send them into town to the hospital there. However, within an hour, on the way to the hospital, the Lord, in His mercy relieved the little body of its pain and suffering.

This is just one example of the many that came to us for help. Their methods of treating their numerous ailments are pitiful and to us who know better, often ridiculous. We see strings tied loosely around an ankle or wrist to "keep the bad blood from spreading elsewhere," or a small section of hair tied tightly with a string "to raise the uvula and relieve stuttering and sore throat." We hear complaints of "stepping on a devil" and being cursed with sickness for the rest of their life. We see deep scars all over a body and are told "I went to a witch doctor when I had a pain in my chest and he cut me in numerous places and filled the cuts with powder." Ignorance, superstition,--we see it on every hand--suffering beyond description. We are glad that we have been able to set up a clinic in this territory and happy for the opportunity of ministering to these needy people.

But the physical condition of these people is overshadowed by their heart-rending spiritual condition. They toil in the throes of a religion that is void of hope, that holds its devotees by stark, terrible fear. How wonderful it is, while healing their bodies, to tell them of the Lord Jesus Christ Who alone can meet their heart's deep need. Most of them have never heard that Christ died to save them, to give them joy, peace and Eternal Life. The message of liberation we give them is the same message, clear, true and simple all over the world. There is only One Way and Christ is that Way. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." (John 14:6)

An elderly woman came to the clinic one day bitterly jealous of her husband's other wife. She accepted Christ as her own personal Savior. Some time later, her husband was so impressed by her changed life that he, too, became a Christian. Shortly after that he was unjustly put into prison and while there but a short time, his ringing testimony resulted in FOURTEEN other prisoners giving their lives to the Lord. Fifteen souls saved because of the testimony of one person! Would you say that was good results from our work?

Do you wonder why we choose to be missionaries? "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8:36,37)

Cleo

It was Monday afternoon, August 24, 1964, when Hurricane Cleo suddenly veered from her original course out at sea and turned savagely upon us, giving us the full blast of her 160 miles an hour circular wind. Venting her fury upon us for two full hours, she left in her wake destruction that resembled thorough bombing. In the city of Aux Cayes there was heavy damage. The big old iron market was full of people when it came crashing down, killing about sixty and injuring countless others. Trucks went through the city later picking up bodies crushed from falling houses or slashed by flying, torn tin. The hospital, with much of its roof gone, was crowded with injured, the more serious being transferred later to Port-au-Prince by U.S. Marine helicopters.

Cleo smacked us dead center, covering an area of about forty miles wide, including the entire Cayes valley. As she blasted against the mountains, she was forced up into the air and continued her journey across the rest of Haiti with hardly any damage, then coming back down again out to sea where she continued on to Miami.

And what does our mission station look like? Words can't describe it, not even pictures. You would have to see it and even then it would be hard to believe. Not one single building remains undamaged. Four missionary homes are completely demolished (including mine) with hardly a wall left standing. Four others have walls but are so badly damaged that they cannot be repaired. All the others, except two, are completely roofless with walls weakened but not down. The tabernacle, dormitories, garage, office, Bible School, dining hall, kitchen and press, plus a lot of other buildings are all down. The hospital section is completely demolished, and the clinic is

roofless and partially destroyed. Every phase of our work was halted, all in a matter of two hours. Where we go from here only the Lord knows and we are trusting Him to give us His direction.

Nightmare! We will never forget it nor cease to wonder at the miracle of our coming through it alive and without serious injury. We nurses were at the beach on vacation and having a wonderful time when we heard over our radio station the news of the discovery of Cleo. That was Friday. On Saturday we perked up our ears when our announcer told of its hitting Guadeloupe and heading in the general direction of Haiti. Sunday morning he warned--"Cleo continuing full force. Prepare for hurricane weather. Get your animals up on high ground for even though the storm may not hit us directly, there will surely be rain and floods. Keep tuned to Radio Lumiere for further news." We stayed tuned.

If Cleo stuck to her original course she would pass by us about fifty miles out to sea and we would not get the full brunt of it. At 12 noon, the short announcement sent us scurrying. "Cleo advancing. Attention, nurses on vacation. Get your things packed immediately, we are sending the truck to bring you in for the duration." It was a two hour ride home though it was only thirty miles and as we drove along we shouted, "A hurricane is coming. Prepare for a hurricane." (Our beach home was flattened to the ground.)

Prepare for a hurricane? How? At our house Shirley and I tightly closed all the window shutters. We covered our beds with plastic and put away things we didn't want to get wet. My accordion, typewriter, and portable sewing machine (all were saved) went into a large plastic bag and into my clothes closet. We covered some of our furniture with plastic. The men had already anchored our porch roof down with heavy ropes. We were prepared, we thought, for heavy rain and perhaps the outside winds of the hurricane.

Our announcer kept us informed. "Slowing down a bit, probably won't reach us now until Monday." Monday morning was hazy and the wind rather gusty. We kept busy, washed some clothes and I even mowed the front lawn. We had a light lunch, then lay down for a short siesta. The wind was typically gusty but not strong and there was a light rain. All of a sudden she came with a bang. It was 2:15. Our announcer was still on the air: "The wind is getting stronger----We see some children on the orphanage hill. Get them in quickly, please, the storm is on----We see the roof flying off of Enel's house----We will stay on the air as long as possible but if there is a sudden silence you will know we were struck----More roofs are going----The wind is stronger----We must discontinue. This is Radio Lumiere signing off. We hope to be back with you tomorrow, the Lord willing. Good-bye." The radio was silent. Our lights went out. It was 2:30. The battle was on.

Shirley and I were dressed in our raincoats, caps and boots, wondering what we should do. All the shutters were down but the tiny bathroom window remained open and through this we kept an eye on the rest of the compound. Roofs began flying off other houses and tin sailed through the air twisting and turning like so much paper in a whirlwind. Then we saw our big porch roof swing up and down at least two feet as though on hinges, and with a tremendous roar it went sailing into the air and across to the opposite side of the house and down the hill.

Now we were in the little hallway knowing we could not remain there. Where would we go? Where would be the place of least danger? We would be cut to bits outside. We had to make our decision in a matter of seconds. The roar of the wind and roofing tearing apart was deafening. We were afraid of timbers falling down upon us and walls crushing us. We ran to the far side of the house facing directly into the storm hoping that everything would land beyond us.

It was our storeroom next to the kitchen that we chose, loaded with garden tools, washing machine, lawn mower, and a cupboard loaded with canned goods from our garden. The outside wall was hardly higher than our heads, and an advantage we reasoned. In the corner right by our back door, we stood until the roof tore off. Now we were exposed to the full fury of the storm. We crouched in our corner and watched helplessly as things moved in our room, sometimes pushed forward by the wind and sometimes drawn backwards by the suction. We pulled the washing machine closely to us hoping it would take some of the blows intended for us. All of a sudden it went flying through the air as though shot from a cannon and crashed into the pile of cement blocks that had been a wall. The wall behind us tumbled.

As we crouched and desperately clung to each other, we felt the wind and suction alternately trying to send us off too. Then a block rolled on to my head and shoulder. It was heavy and far from comfortable and I cried, "Shirley, there's a block on top of me." She shouted,

"Let it stay. It may hold us down." But it hurt and I managed to wiggle and get it out of my way. Now only a height of sixteen inches of wall remained behind our backs, the rest was around us, under our knees, in front and almost on top of us.

For one solid hour we stayed in our miserable condition. My exposed arm around Shirley felt as if it must be raw and bleeding from the sand, gravel, rain, twigs, and dirt blasted against it. But it wasn't. Shirley's legs were swollen for days from the bruises she got. We never did know just when the heavy door to the side of us went flying across us, missing us completely. Nor did we know when our cupboard crashed with all those jars of canned goods we had worked so hard to get. Nor when the kitchen walls collapsed and the refrigerator moved across the kitchen from the sheer force of the wind.

The roar was tremendous and we kept our faces down most of the time, buried in each other. In both of our minds ran the thought, would something be flung at us from behind? And how about when the first half of the twister passes over, you feel the calm and then the wind from the other direction, would debris be flung back upon us? The calm was so short that at the time we didn't recognize it as such so passed both stages in our corner at the top of the hill.

When the wind finally began to subside a bit, we ran down our hill to brace ourselves against the solid cut-out hill by the hospital. On the way, I slipped and fell and had to crawl around the corner before I could get up again. The wind was still so strong. There we waited about half an hour as torn tin flipped about us. At last we realized that the worst was over so we made our way up to the other end of the compound, climbing over fallen trees and debris. We were anxious to see how the rest of the missionaries had fared.

What a relief to find that no one had been seriously hurt. God had spared each of us. Some had hidden under heavy kitchen tables. The Dicks had put a mattress on top of a table and with their six children and dog had been safe under it. Their walls did not collapse. They watched their heavy piano move back and forth across the room alternately with suction and wind. The Ralph Smiths, our newest missionaries, were the hardest hit. Their house completely collapsed clear to the foundation and they barely got outside and free when it went behind them. Ralph carried the two children while his wife crawled on her hands and knees over to the schoolhouse, a distance of 100 yards.

Everyone had a story to tell. Every building on our station was roofless except two homes on the orphanage hill. They were only partly gone. That night ninety of us, including the orphans, sat wet and chilly waiting for morning. The men stayed in what was left of the radio station. As we sat, we tuned into the Voice of America news broadcasts and were amazed as we heard them say over and over again, "Cleo still moving ahead. Haiti untouched by the storm" and we would cry out, "What hit us then if it wasn't a hurricane? Why are we sitting here like this?"

Actually, the rest of the world did not know the story until Wednesday. On Thursday there were U.S. helicopters swarming all over the place. Our mothers and children along with some of our single ladies were evacuated to Port-au-Prince where the Unevangelized Fields Mission graciously took them in and cared for them. Shirley and I stayed here. Since then a few temporary roofs have been put up and some of the families have returned.

What happened to our house? You should see it, that is, what is left of it. There remains only one outside wall standing, all others flat. You couldn't even see my bed for all the debris in the room, not a spot left clear. Every room was littered with blocks and tin and broken rafters and heavy beams. Our kitchen cabinets remained intact with all the dishes and cooking utensils. In our room where we had crouched through the storm, only the little spot where we had been was relatively free.

Down at the clinic, the entire hospital section with dental room was completely demolished and the clinic itself was roofless except the small storeroom where much of our stock was kept. Debris was in every room--rocks, blocks, timbers, rafters, and mud. Much was ruined by the hurricane and much was taken away by pilfering. We salvaged what we could and packed it away in barrels. Our furniture is now stored in our temporarily covered clinic. We are living in the other single ladies home with a temporary roof over our living room and kitchen only.

What the future holds for us is something we are all wondering about and praying about. We want to know His will. We are still in the process of cleaning up in the clinic. The medical work is closed indefinitely, caring only for those on our staff. Please pray with us that we might

be led of God into the paths that He would have us take. We would like to get the radio station back on the air if possible. As for the other departments, we are not yet sure what the Lord would have us rebuild.

Hurricane Cleo

(Special communiqué from West Indies Mission, Homer City, Pennsylvania. 1964, Eyewitness Report, Greatest hurricane damage in history of Mission by Louis A. Markwood)

"I saw no bombed-out town as completely demolished when I was in Italy during World War II." No one felt inclined to question Les Dick's grim observation as Director Elmer Thompson and I stood with the men of WIM's Haiti staff, viewing the results of Hurricane Cleo's trip through our hilltop center on August 24, 1964, just six days before.

The gradual building up of Cite Lumiere (City of Light) had been the work of almost 30 years. It had taken less than three hours for Cleo, veering suddenly from her predicted course and passing directly over the spot where we now stood, to lay it waste. Mr. Thompson and I had come, somewhat like Nehemiah of old, to view the broken down walls of our Jerusalem and to help our missionary brethren plan their steps into the future. (I had left Haiti a few months before, for furlough in North America.)

Destruction lay on every hand. Yet, uppermost in all our hearts was a sense of thankfulness to God for His marvelous protection of our missionary families, the national workers, and the orphans through the time of danger. And, pressing close upon us, came the question, "What will God have us to learn from this seeming catastrophe?"

We Go To Haiti To View The Destruction

Mr. Thompson and I had touched down at the Port-au-Prince airport the evening before. There in Haiti's capitol we found the wives and children of our missionaries. They had spent the night following the hurricane crowded together in the McKerihan home--one of the few campus buildings with a considerable portion of the roof still in place. Three days later a chartered Haitian Airline DC-3 had brought them the 120 miles to Port-au-Prince, where shelter had been proffered them by missionaries of the Unevangelized Fields Mission. Now, after a night spent under more comfortable circumstances, they came together to share with us something of their experiences with Cleo's angry wind.

Radio Warns--Then Is Silent

On Monday, August 24, folk all over Haiti's Southern Peninsula listened as Radio Lumiere relayed reports on Cleo's progress as they were received from the Weather Bureau. "This season's third tropical storm has developed hurricane force and, after battering Guadeloupe, is headed into the Caribbean area, traveling in the general direction of Haiti and Jamaica..." A tense alert was maintained, but later bulletins brought reassurance. The storm, small in area but extremely vicious, had taken up a firm westerly path and was passing to the south of Haiti, with its center some 50 miles out to sea. The radio staff continued to issue instructions for the care of life and property, for doubtless Cleo's effects would be felt in the Southern Peninsula.

Suddenly--about two o'clock in the afternoon--came the hasty announcement, "Radio Lumiere must end this broadcast." What puzzled listeners could not know, was that Cleo had taken an abrupt turn to the north and that the very eye of the hurricane was passing directly over our Mission center, near the city of Cayes. Though it meant the stilling of Radio Lumiere's warnings--needed now more than ever--there was no choice but to shut down the diesel plant as sheets of tin roofing began to fly through the air and high-tension cables were swung dangerously near by the rising gale.

In The Eye Of The Cyclone

For the next two and a half hours the dwellers in Cite Lumiere lived in a nightmare.

Mr. Thompson and I listened in awe as a missionary mother told how she had crouched under a table with her children, singing hymns and praying while debris fell around them on every side. We could not help but smile as Mrs. McKerihan told of her frantic search for one of the orphan boys and of finding him at last, crammed into a closet--his choice of the safest place in

which to ride out the storm. The nurses' home was on the crest of a hill where it caught the full sweep of the wind. They had to make a quick decision as to which part of the house was the strongest. Diving into their storeroom, they huddled together at the base of the windward wall, fairly holding their breath as the wind tugged and pulled their house apart. Layer by layer, the blocks were dislodged and hurled over their heads. Finally, when only two rows remained, they managed to make their way down the hill to a safer refuge. Time and again the missionaries were led to move, scarcely knowing why, from places of imminent danger and death, just "in the nick of time."

In many cases these women and children had lost their earthly goods; they were visibly shaken by the experiences through which they had passed. Nevertheless, when we left them that evening, it was with an overwhelming impression of the wonderful mercy of our God.

Face To Face With Grim Reality

The next morning a U. S. Marine helicopter carried Mr. Thompson and myself to Cayes. From aloft we could see the disaster area, a swath from 12 to 15 miles wide and some 50 miles long, scarring the Plain of Cayes from the south coast northward to the mountains. There was little overlapping with the area affected by Flora ten months ago. Of the 20 Association churches that went down before Cleo's blast, only five were among those devastated by Hurricane Flora and since rebuilt with the help of friends in North America.

In spite of what we had heard the evening before, we were stunned as we stood on the hilltop face to face with the actual situation. There were more than 30 buildings on our Haiti campus; now only three of them had the roof on, and even those three had been damaged by flying debris. Twelve or fifteen of the buildings were a total loss; clearly nothing could be done but to raze them completely. The others would need varying degrees of repair. Adding the loss of valuable equipment in the Dispensary and lab, in the print shop and radio department, in the Bible School and Orphanage, as well as the household and personal effects of the missionary family, we had to conclude that Cleo's toll had been high indeed. A very conservative estimate exceeds the \$120,000.00 mark.

What Of The Future?

As we sat down with our missionary brethren to study the future of our work in Haiti, we asked ourselves these questions: Have we a vital ministry here? Has the Bible School fulfilled its task? Does Haiti still need Gospel literature? Could we think of terminating the orphanage work? Has the need for the Dispensary come to an end? Is the radio ministry still worthwhile? Has the day come for the missionaries to leave the work in the hands of the national church?

We Will Rebuild As God Enables

You know how we answered those questions. Indeed, the Haitians themselves confirmed our hearts in the unanimous decision that we must pick up the pieces and go forward, as the Lord enables. Even as we sat in our staff meeting, two Roman Catholic priests approached us, saying, "We came to express our sympathy for your loss, and we want you to know that our prayers go up to the Eternal for your restoration. Your ministry here has been very profitable." While we were still on the hilltop, one of our Haitian pastors arrived on horseback from Dame Marie, 85 miles away. When he could no longer hear our station on his transistor set, he knew that something must be wrong. "As I came along the way," he said, "a lady told me that all you missionaries had left. I didn't believe her; I knew you hadn't gone. But I came to assure you that you are still needed here. It is impossible to carry on without you." Both saved and unsaved neighbors came to us asking when Radio Lumiere would be back on the air and how soon we would be able to open the Dispensary again.

Plans For Decentralization of Haiti Ministries

Yes, we must rebuild in Haiti. And this we will do--with a measure of decentralization of our ministries, as the Lord seems to be indicating. We will not rebuild our campus on the same scale as before.

Only three full departments will be located at the center near Cayes: the Dispensary, the Bible School, and the Orphanage. The costly task of rebuilding and re-equipping the Dispensary

is before us. We praise God for providing among this year's missionary candidates, a young lady who is fully qualified as a medical doctor and who feels the Lord's call to Haiti. We hope to re-open the Dispensary in the new year with Miss Patricia Adkins, MD as resident doctor. The Bible School has been recessed for this school year; but the crying need for trained workers makes it imperative to rebuild and re-open the School as soon as the Lord makes it possible. The Orphanage, too, must be rebuilt.

There will be considerable expense in repairing the damaged radio equipment at Cayes, and the new installations at Port-au-Prince will entail further investment. But we trust, under God, to use the repaired installation on the campus as a relay station and local outlet, locating the central office of our Radio Department in the Capitol. This is in line with the proposed expansion of our radio ministry to cover all of Haiti.

Re-establishment of our Mission printing department on the compound would be another costly undertaking. We plan, therefore, to locate the editorial offices for our publications in the city of Port-au-Prince, accepting at least for a time, the generous offer of the Unevangelized Fields Mission to print our literature at their press there.

This measure of decentralization of ministries will mean fewer missionary homes to rebuild, for it is our policy to rent homes for those who live away from the Mission center. Yet there is a gigantic task before us, the first step of which is now underway: re-establishment of the electric system, which is basic to all our operations in Cite Lumiere. Though the wiring system was riddled completely, we thank God that the new diesel plant seems to have come through unharmed.

Needed: God's Guidance and Provision

He has surely given us many substantial tokens of His love and care. We want Him to guide us as we go forward, providing according to His estimate of our need. We look to you for your prayers and financial help, as we and our Haitian brethren of the Association of Churches "put our necks to the work" of rebuilding in Haiti.

Hurricane Aftermath

I was bitter. There was resentment in my heart. My feelings were hurt and I was miserable in my soul. Hurricane Cleo had come and gone and we were picking up the pieces. We missionaries along with our Mission Director had met to study the future of our work in Haiti and had asked ourselves some questions: Have we a vital ministry here? Has the Bible School fulfilled its task? Does Haiti still need Gospel literature? Could we think of terminating the orphanage work? Is the radio ministry still worthwhile? How about the medical work? Has the day come for us missionaries to leave the work in the hands of the national church?

Unanimously, we decided that we must pick up the pieces and go forward as the Lord enabled. Even as we sat in our staff meeting, two Roman Catholic priests approached us saying, "We came to express our sympathy for your loss, and we want you to know that our prayers go up to the Eternal for your restoration. Your ministry here has been very profitable." Sometime later, one of our Haitian Pastors arrived on horseback all the way from Dame Marie, 85 miles away. When he could no longer hear our radio station on his transistor set, he knew that something must be wrong. "As I came along the way," he said, "a lady told me that all you missionaries had left. I didn't believe her. I knew you hadn't gone. But I came to assure you that you are still needed here. It is impossible to carry on without you."

Stay on? Rebuild the clinic? I had agreed that we were still needed and should continue, but my heart wasn't completely in accord when it came to the issue of the clinic. "I'm willing to stay," I argued with myself. "I'm willing that we rebuild the clinic, but not in the same place. Not here in this area. They don't deserve it. Another location, yes, but not here."

It wasn't the hurricane itself that upset me. It wasn't the loss of home and possessions that hurt. All that could be replaced in time. I wasn't angry with God for allowing the storm. I was peeved over the people and their actions.

It was a couple of days after the storm that my frustrations began. The pilfering was uncontrollable. People swarmed in and carried away loads in every direction. Even some fellows that we had hired as guards were as bad as the worst. The clinic and nurses' home suffered the

most for we were at the far end of the compound and alone, with the walls down and everything exposed. Shirley couldn't be with me for her legs were too sore. She could hardly walk. Nurse Alma was in another part of Haiti on vacation and thus missed the ordeal. Consequently, I was left with the responsibility of both buildings and I couldn't control the onslaught of pilfering.

They came in droves. When I managed to persuade them to leave the house, they moved to the clinic. Disperse them there and they returned to the house. When the word had gotten out that we had been dealt a severe blow, people came in from far and near to help themselves to the spoils. One former militia man offered me his service "free of charge" saying that he wanted to help me in appreciation for all the good I had done. He added that if, in the end, I wanted to give him some little thing as a token of appreciation, he would be happy but wanted no payment. I appreciated and gladly accepted his offer, for I sorely needed help to police the grounds.

Some of our Christians were concerned about us and embarrassed by the uncontrollable stealing going on and reported it to the police. They begged them for help and got a positive response. The word spread like wildfire as they moved onto the scene--"Anyone caught with stolen goods from the missionaries will be prosecuted." Many of our closer neighbors were afraid of the consequences and in the night, under cover of darkness, returned their loot. I sat near the ruins of my house late that night just listening to the sounds--sounds of stolen goods being dropped, thrown, or dumped at the base of the hill or part way up--anywhere, just so it was touching our hill. The next morning we collected the assortment.

One neighbor, a longtime night watchman of the Mission, feared being caught red-handed with the pillows in his possession, so decided to burn the tell-tale evidence. As they smoldered and refused to burn because they were of sponge rubber, he hastily threw them into the outhouse hole. There they continued to smolder and fill the neighborhood with the offensive odor, announcing to the whole community that something wasn't quite right.

The police, true to their word, searched the neighborhood. One afternoon two of them came to me requesting that I go with them to a certain home they had visited. They needed me to verify some things they had found. It wasn't far, less than a mile. Fortunately I didn't have false teeth--they would have popped right out!! I just wasn't prepared for what I found. There in the middle of the yard was a stack, I mean a huge pile of stuff--all from my house. I dare say there were things from every room in the house, plus Christmas decorations that had been stored in the attic. At the base of the stack were five of our solid mahogany chairs. Leaning up against the outside of the house stood the mattress from my bed, the box springs from Shirley's bed, and the bedstead belonging to Lila who was home on furlough.

"Are these yours?" asked the policeman.

"Are they mine?" I replied. "Every bit of this is from my house." I reached over to an upside down chair and wiped the dust off with my fingers, exposing my name boldly written on the underside. "See," I said, "that's my name." Of all the chairs, that would be the one I picked, the ONLY one that had my name on it. To make things a bit more dramatic and impressive, I picked up a crocheted doily from the top of the pile and holding it up, explained in an affected voice, "This was given to me by my very own mother years ago when she was dying. She made it herself." The policeman's sympathy was duly expressed by his spontaneous "A Dieu!" (Oh, God!)--an expression so commonly used by every Haitian.

"What do you want this man to do with your things?" was the officer's next question.

"I want every piece of it back." was my quick response. "All of it hauled back to my hilltop."

The following week I received a summons to appear in court for the trial of this offender. It was short and to the point. The judgment was pronounced, a fine of fifteen dollars. As the judge was about to dismiss the case, the guilty man addressed me pleadingly.

"Miss, will you loan me the fifteen dollars so I can pay my fine and go home?"

"Loan you money? After what you did to me? No! I will give you nothing."

I know this wasn't turning the other cheek. I wasn't in a forgiving mood. This was the man, the former militia, who had so "kindly" volunteered to "protect" my property, asking only a token of appreciation in return. I had fallen for his bait--hook, line, and sinker, and it hurt.

I wish I could say that there were no Christians among the pilferers, but I can't. The temptation was tremendous and some could not resist. One excused himself by saying that he thought we would all turn tail and run home and he wanted his share. Another, when forced to

bring back a valuable microscope taken from the clinic, insisted that he was only holding it for us until we needed it. He wouldn't admit to other equipment he had managed to successfully hide. When we eventually re-opened the clinic, he didn't get his job back.

Marianne was different. There was no question about her honesty. She had come to us years before--a simple, illiterate, country girl who loved the Lord. A jewel in our home, she did the cooking, thus freeing us nurses for more work in the clinic. She was visiting her mother when the storm took over and their house was somewhat damaged. While doing what she could in her own home, she became concerned about us. Although her vacation was hardly half over, she determined to reach us. It was nine miles in and she walked or crawled over every inch of the obstacle course.

She arrived just as the pilferers were discovering the still intact and loaded kitchen cabinets. She took her stance and ordered me to bring her a steel drum. She wasn't a big girl, but with stick in hand, she defied anyone to come near her into HER kitchen. Tenderly and carefully she packed all our remaining dishes and kitchenware.

It wasn't until over a year later, when we needed them for our Christmas dinner, that we discovered all the dessert dishes were missing from our good set. Had it not been for Marianne, bless her heart, the whole set and then some would have been missing. I am sure the Lord has blessed her many times over for her faithfulness.

Why did I become bitter? I must have lost sight of Phillipians 4:8 where Paul gives us some excellent advice: "Whatsoever things are true--honest--pure--lovely--of good report--if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Increasingly, I dwelt on the not so nice things, and proportionately, the peace of God left me.

"Is this the thanks I get?" my heart cried out. "All these years I have served these people, gotten up in the middle of the night for their convulsing babies, worked until exhausted caring for their sick. Is this the way they show their appreciation? I thought I was wanted, needed, loved."

My feelings were hurt. "Stay? Rebuild the clinic? They don't deserve it," I kept telling myself. In my heart a still, small voice was terribly persistent.

"Did I retaliate when they nailed Me to the cross? Was I loved? Did they appreciate Me? Why are you in Haiti--for the thanks you get or because of Me? Do you deserve what I have done for you? Forget those things that are behind and reach forward to the things that are before. Don't be troubled about all these things, you just follow Me."

The battle wasn't won in a day but the Lord gently and patiently worked in my heart. I remember clearly one Sunday morning in our make-shift palm leaf covered church. Sitting directly in front of me was a woman with a triangular net draped over her head and shoulders. I recognized it immediately. I smiled, amused by the odd way she was using the hair net. Then suddenly, I realized my bitterness was gone. Tears of joy welled up in my eyes and silently I thanked the Lord for victory, deliverance and freedom. I could say with Paul, "Forgetting those things which are behind, I press forward--." (Phillipians 4:13) From there on I could accept a Haitian's "I'm so glad you stayed, we need you," without the bitter thought, "Where were you when I needed YOU?" I was free, free indeed of the root of bitterness that had enslaved me and once again enjoyed the wonderful peace of God in my heart.

Field Letter

(December 28, 1964)

Only three days left of the old year, so what better way to start this letter than with a Happy New Year wish from all of us to all of you. Though we have no way of knowing what the year 1965 holds for any of us, we do know that we can trust our God for the future as well as the present. Has He not promised, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matthew 28: 20)

As we look back upon the old year, we can't help but be somewhat amused by the abrupt changes in our well-laid plans. I always did sort of enjoy "upset the fruit basket," but this basket didn't just upset. It suddenly burst apart sending fruit rolling in every direction. In fact, we are so few left at the center that we can't quite meet our electrical bills each month in spite of the power being shut off every night at ten o'clock. There are some advantages, however. We all get to bed at a decent hour. Power comes back on at 4:45 in the morning for the radio broadcast. And

if you forget, as I often do, to turn off the switch, you are gently awakened at that early hour with a bright light glaring in your face.

In getting back to our fruit basket, last year at this time we were a total of 44 adult missionaries with 36 of these living at the center, 8 outside and 29 children in our mission school. Only the Smiths were home on furlough and I had just come back. Now since Cleo we are a total of 30 adults with 16 of these at the center, 10 outside and only 10 children in our school. Where have they all gone? Some had left before the hurricane--Doulieres to Guadeloupe, Steinhauers, Shaws, and Lila Anderson to the States, Stewarts to Canada and the Hartt family moved to Port-au-Prince. After the storm the Thronesses and the Walkers joined the Hartts in Port-au-Prince. The Shoemakers moved to Jeremie. Elizabeth Peeke and Gertrude Lehmann went on loan to the U.F.M. in the capitol. The Ropps remained in L'Asile and the Waglers in Cayes. The Uttley family went home after an accident resulting in broken vertebrae and ribs. Alma Albright took an early furlough.

Our compound has taken on a "new look" to be sure. There are red roofs of Ardex instead of the shining aluminum and tin. The repaired homes are still without porches. These will be added later, we hope before the heavy rains come. The irreparable buildings and homes still remain in heaps of rubble. The former Ropp home has a new look all of its own. Instead of the regular roofing, it has a concrete one that we hope will withstand future hurricanes. Mr. Paultre, a Haitian architect, has been hired for a short time to help us plan our rebuilding, giving us valuable advice and counsel. The Ropp home was the first experiment in his proposed hourdis roofing. Mr. Paultre is presently working on plans for the clinic which will be our first project for the new year. We appreciate his concern for economy and at the same time his desire to make them attractive, practical and above all hurricane resistant.

The building project moves slowly because of the lack of men. The Ropps, Shoemakers, and Mr. Throness "killed two birds with one stone" when they came "home" a week before Worker's Conference and spent that week putting the roof on Ropp's house. The Shoemakers returned to Jeremie for Christmas but the Ropps will be with us another week.

Speaking of the Worker's Conference December 15-17, that, too, saw a few changes. No longer able to have it here in our tabernacle which no longer exists, they were obliged to have it in the Cayes church. This meant they were responsible for feeding and housing the workers, but all went well in spite of their misgivings and fears. Mr. Thompson was with us and gave timely and challenging messages. On the whole we were well satisfied and happy with the spirit and cooperation shown throughout the conference. Their problems are tremendous and in these days of unrest and uncertainty it becomes increasingly difficult for them. How we need to pray for them.

Radio is moving ahead at a steady pace. We have appreciated the help of Russel Rhodes and Tom Marshall, who have been working in this department since their arrival in October. Mr. Marshall returned to his home just before Christmas, but Mr. Rhodes will be with us until the end of March. The FM link from Cayes to Port-au-Prince has been successfully completed; a real answer to prayer. Just two days behind schedule, on Sunday the 27th of December we began broadcasting to the people of Port-au-Prince with a 250 watt 780 kc transmitter. Next week Mr. Hartt expects to come out to begin work on the Torbec project which will be a 1,000 watt transmitter and antenna installation. This will greatly improve our radio reception in our southern peninsula.

Our Christmas celebrations were a bit varied this year. Since we were so few left at the center, we chose to have our dinner together at the Hiebert home. All of us shared in the preparations, just as we used to do in the early days when we were few in number.

The Tuesday before Christmas, the children put on a lovely program that surpassed all of our expectations. Gertrude Lehmann and Elizabeth Peeke came home from Port-au-Prince for the holidays. Zeida Campos chose to spend her vacation with the folks in Port-au-Prince. Earlier, the McKerihans had gone to Florida to be with their son and family for a month. Since Christmas, the Smith family flew to Jeremie to enjoy a week with the Shoemakers. And Shirley Ackerman took off early in December for Michigan. Her trip had a double purpose. She wanted very much to visit her family, especially since her father has not been well recently. Secondly, one of us needed to meet with Dr. Adkins to plan with her the purchase of needed clinic equipment. How we rejoice in God's provision of a doctor for us and are eagerly looking forward

to her being with us. Won't you pray that she will be granted her visa and that there will be no delay in her coming within the next month or two" We are also looking forward to the arrival of Mr. Curtis Holmes early in January.

Thoughts of Rebuilding

Too late to say Happy New Year? Of course not. It may not be the first of January, but the year has barely begun so I'm wishing you the best for 1965. These are troubled days we are living in and only a real faith and close walk with God can keep us steady.

If New Year wishes would come true, there is one I would surely make--no more hurricanes! I've had enough. Just the other day a visiting pharmacist was looking over our ruins and commented, "You know, I've always wished I could be in a hurricane but after seeing this, I have changed my mind."

Four and a half months since Cleo's visit and there is still many a rubble heap reminding us of a home or building. She gave our center a sudden drastic "new look," halting every department of our work and completely ruining some. The homes that could easily be repaired have their roofs back on, red Ardex this time instead of the usual shiny aluminum or tin. I must admit the houses have a sort of half-dressed look. No porches. They will be added later. The result is that rain sends us flying to our rooms to close the shutters. Iron bars keep out the thieves but not the rain or sun.

"When will the clinic be opened?" is a question often heard. I'm not sure of the answer myself except to say, "As soon as we can get the clinic rebuilt." Then comes the pleading for a shot, medicine for gas, something for worms, fever, headache--the list could go on. Over and over we must tell them to go to town, that we just can't open our doors to the public now. "But just for me" they argue. How can you explain that all these "me's" would soon turn into dozens, then hundreds? They wouldn't understand even if I took them inside and showed them the laboratory piled high with furniture. Nor would it mean anything if they saw the pharmacy shelves void of medications.

Every room has its load, equipment, beds--you name it. Shirley and I spent over two months just cleaning, sorting, packing things away, re-labeling medicines, salvaging what we could and washing dirty, molded linens. We had everything from our demolished house, the clinic and the destroyed hospital to store away. Where else to put it but under the temporary, leaky roof that was hastily put over the remains of the clinic. One exception has been made in caring for patients, and that is for those following tuberculosis treatment. Our active list of these is long.

Our plans for rebuilding are to go ahead as quickly as possible. But we are short of both man-power and funds. Enough homes have been repaired so that we who remain here are living comfortably. The radio station is back on the air part-time and the men in that department are working steadily to complete the job. We have hired a Haitian architect to help us plan our new buildings in order that they will be more hurricane resistant. This means flat roofs made of a combination of concrete and blocks with seemingly miles of iron rods woven into them.

The clinic is our first big project. Just this week I was asked, "Do you think you can get the clinic completely unloaded next week so we can go to work?" I get weak just thinking about it! We had hoped that perhaps some rooms might remain loaded while others were being worked on, but this evidently would not be practical. Three builders, anxious to help us get back on our feet, are expected from the States late this month and the clinic will be their project. Somehow we will get it cleared out so they can work unhindered.

A doctor of our own! The Lord is answering our prayer of many years by providing Dr. Patricia Adkins. I believe she is just as excited as we are. She is hoping to join us just as soon as she can get her visa. Application was made some time ago but so far nothing has come of it. Please pray that the Lord will undertake in removing this obstacle.

The Lord's promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew 28:20) becomes more and more precious to us as the days go by.

A Sudden Halt

Twenty years of medical work in Haiti came to a sudden and drastic halt when Cleo's two hours of fury tore apart and flung in every direction walls and roofing. It wrecked valuable equipment, spoiled medicines, and left our place one big heap of rubble. We were stunned, bewildered and puzzled.

To some of us, our immediate reaction was, "This is the end. God has closed our medical work for good." Bit by bit the Lord gave courage and strength to pick up the pieces and clean up the mess. Then slowly but surely came the conviction that our work was not finished. We must go on. Our Haitian people needed us. We would build again.

It is now eight months later. The picture has changed considerably. Many a rubble heap still remains reminding us of a home or building. Our completely demolished nurses' home remains as we left it after salvaging the usable materials. The men's out-patient building, which was remodeled and re-roofed just two weeks before the storm, has only the cleaned-up concrete floor left marking the spot where it once stood. The women's out-patient house is still untouched rubble.

The clinic building itself is where we see the greatest change. It has been completely remodeled, enlarged and roofed with reinforced concrete instead of the usual tin. The walls and roof are complete, thanks to volunteer help of two Christian friends from the States. The doors are being made now but all the plumbing and inside fixtures are yet to be done. Also to be completed are cupboards, cabinets, closets, and work benches--the list is long.

Again we hear the cry, "When will the clinic open? We need you so desperately." "When the building is completed" is the only reply we can give and we hope that will be sometime this fall.

We rejoice in the coming of Dr. Patricia Adkins who is now in Port-au-Prince, the capitol, studying French. We have been praying for a doctor for years and the Lord has answered that prayer. She will join us when we are ready to open. Our two practical nurses are home on furlough and coming back this fall. Our other registered nurse is home on sick leave but we hope she will be able to return this fall also. Will the clinic be ready?

Our finances are running out and there is yet much to be done. Money put aside for the rebuilding of our nurses' home has been put into the clinic building instead. It must come first, our home second. We will be needing a home this fall but as of now, we have nothing for it.

Jean And a Bundle

"Another beggar," I thought. What will we do with this one?"

It was Sunday morning. We had just finished a cup of coffee and were ready for the walk down the dusty road to church. A fifteen-year old girl stood at the door weeping and trembling. This wasn't like the average beggar with one hand out-stretched for a hand-out and the other patting an empty stomach to indicate hunger. I invited her in.

Words tumbled out and fingers worked nervously while tears flowed freely. I couldn't help but notice the small rolled up bundle she carried. "The Devil is persecuting me," she announced. "He gives me bad dreams and visions. I can't stay at home any longer. There is not enough food to eat either. I want to be saved. Pray with me."

My suspicions of the bundle were well-founded. She had come to stay. How would you talk to a girl such as this? We explained to her as best we could what it means to be saved and she seemed to already know all the answers. But before we prayed, I tried to make it very clear that to stay with us--she could not! We simply could not take her in. This brought on a new flood of tears and pleading for at least a place in the neighborhood if not with us--anywhere but back home. Find a place in our neighborhood so badly struck by the hurricane and now suffering from a severe drought besides!! How could we ask anyone to take on another mouth to feed? She at least had escaped the hurricane, though not the drought. "No, young girl," I told her firmly. "Your place is at home. Go back this very day." With a little money to buy food along the road, she was sent on her way back home. God alone knows her heart and we can only pray for Jean that her salvation was a real change of heart and not just an outward appearance in the hope of material gain.

How would YOU answer the daily, frequent cry at our door which since the hurricane and the succeeding drought is ever increasing? "I have nothing to eat--I have nothing to wear--My

children are starving--Give me--Give me--Help me." Ages vary from little mites of children to old grandparents. How do we meet the need? Sometimes a bit of money is given, other times a little food. But none of it is ever really sufficient. Our people depend upon their gardens for their daily food and when these fail, the result is starvation. We can't possibly fill this need.

The cry continues, "When will the clinic be opened?" We are hoping and planning for it this fall. The walls and roof are complete, windows and doors are going in now and we hope to get started on cabinets, shelves and work benches before long. The plumbing still hasn't been touched. It's difficult for our people to understand why the answer is still "No, not yet" when they see the new clinic building. To their eyes it appears almost finished. But they don't see the empty unfinished inside. What would your answer be to their daily pleadings? Would you find it as hard to say no as we do?

There are many things we do not understand but must take by faith knowing that our God does not make mistakes but does all things according to His plan and with a purpose. Shirley, our other registered nurse, recently returned to the States because of a slipped disc in her back. Do pray for her. We don't know whether it is going to require surgery or not, nor when she will be able to return to us. The Lord knows the answer and the why of it all and we trust Him to work out His perfect will. I had so counted on her being here this spring and summer. The other two nurses have been home on furlough since the hurricane and won't be back until fall.

What would your reaction be if one of your prayers of many years was finally answered and in the way you wished it to be? You would rejoice, I am sure, even as I am. Dr. Patricia Adkins came to join our staff in March and she seems to be all that we hoped she would be. She remained with us here at Cayes just six weeks, then moved to the capitol, Port-au-Prince, where she is taking a concentrated course in French. She will join us again when we are ready to throw open the clinic doors to again serve our Haitian people. Yes, we are all praising the Lord for this wonderful answer to prayer.

TB -- This Can't Be True

"It can't be true. This is ridiculous. Not Me!!!"

"Yes, you. There's no doubt about it. You've got Tuberculosis!"

"But I don't even feel sick. I'm not coughing. I feel wonderful. Dr. Pat must be wrong!!!"

But Dr. Pat was not wrong. Four of us adult missionaries and one eleven year old missionary child were quickly masked, (as though we even wanted to share our little "red snappers" with anyone else), and we were sentenced to bed rest and isolation. At least she gave us bathroom privileges. Once Dr. Pat walked into my room and caught me sitting up in bed with one leg innocently hanging over the bed with toes comfortably touching the floor. She wasn't mean about it but I got the point. "If I wanted you to dangle your legs, I would have said chair rest, but I want bed rest." She was talking to ME! You see, I am charter member #2 of this our newly formed Haiti Missionary TB Society.

Somehow there was a mix-up. There must have been. I was always the nurse and for twenty some years I've been telling others what was wrong with them. I prescribed for their aches and pains, treated and cared for them. How many hundreds of times have I told the patient that he has TB, struggled to hold back my own tears as they sobbed with the jolt of the news? How many times have I patiently (and sometimes impatiently, much to my shame) counted out those pills and tried to get them to understand how and when to take them? Yes, twelve a day of those huge ones, break them up if you can't swallow them whole, and six of the little ones plus the vitamins. Now instead of explaining, I'm doing the taking! Twenty pills a day, 600 a month, 3,000 in five months. Say, that means over 14,000 before these two years will be ended.

How did all this get started anyway? None of us thought it was such a bad idea when Dr. Pat announced routine physicals on all the missionaries. First came the skin tests called PPD's for TB. When three of us turned out to be quite positive, she started digging a little farther. First came Mr. Dick. He's our general maintenance man and mechanic. We've always said that the mission just couldn't run without him. "Suspicious sounds" she said, listening to his chest and sent him running to town for an X-ray which turned out too messy to be of much value. But then

when his sputum analysis turned out positive, that was the pay-off and we all moaned as he was put to bed. I was still on my feet then, hale and hearty, so I thought.

I'll never forget it. It was Saturday morning and that's our TB day. I kept my mask on most of the morning while working with those patients. I didn't want to inhale their bugs. Dr. Pat was feeling miserable herself. She had just had a bout with pneumonia and shouldn't have been trying to work. It's hard to keep her down. That was the morning that she had to tell Les Dick that his TB was an established fact. She had just found the little red snappers in his sputum test. Somehow the morning came to an end. We were all feeling pretty low about Les. Then Dr. Pat said, "Let me just listen to your chest, Bernice, before we go home." And mind you, the very first spot she touched with that stethoscope gave back the tell-tale signal. "Take a deep breath, keep breathing deep, deep, deep--." It revealed spots in both lungs. I had been hungry up to that point but suddenly we both lost our appetites.

What happened during those next two weeks is still somewhat of a nightmare. I got isolated pretty quick down in our hospital in the only practical room there was. Why didn't someone tell me last year when I planned this building that I would be a patient in the laundry room? There are some things I would have done differently.

I could hardly keep up with everything that happened. With the discovery of my "red snappers," they quickly closed the clinic to the public. (You notice that I said "they." This was where I suddenly switched from nurse to patient.) Dr. Pat wanted to concentrate on checking all the missionaries plus our entire Haitian staff, orphans and Bible School students. She was determined to get this TB epidemic on our hilltop under control. We still aren't quite over the shock of what she found out, and the trouble is, she is still hunting for more. Mr. Markwood, our field superintendent, who is active also in radio programming and Bible School teaching, is down. Mrs. Smith, in charge of the press department, has it. And then there is little eleven year old Becky Uttley. None of us feel sick. It was caught in the very early stages.

I thought it was enough for the clinic department that I go down, but not so. Of our nine Haitian staff members so carefully and prayerfully chosen, five are isolated in their homes and under treatment. We had been so pleased with Enel, our personal worker. He was also doing a tremendous job as Pastor of our local church. My heart goes out to him for I know how he feels, being so active and aggressive and then without warning to lay everything aside. And my heart about broke for Julien and Mme. Jean Ba. During all my twenty years in Haiti, these two have worked with me in the clinic. Well, we all three went down together, that is for the time being. We'll be back up again.

It's a little hard at this stage of things to know just what is meant by it all. Every department has been hit--orphanage (two orphans and two workers), press, Bible School, radio and clinic. The percentage of tuberculosis cases in Haiti is high, and had a sharp increase since the recent hurricane and drought. No small wonder then that it has seeped over even into us well-fed missionaries. We have had intensive exposure and our resistance finally gave way.

We are convinced that our Haitian brethren need us now more than ever. Will you not pray with us for: God's direction in all the departments which are now so short staffed: For strength and health for each missionary left with an increased load: For Dr. Pat's health: (Satan has done his best to get her down these past few months with attacks of various diseases.): For our Haitian folk down with TB and hardly enough to eat, let alone find means for obtaining medicine.

II Corinthians 4:8,9 has been very meaningful to me this past month. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed." And do pray for us TB'ers who are down. The road stretches out a long way ahead of us. But God is still our God and He it is Who leads the way.

Radio Health Lessons

"Mlle. I don't understand. How did five of you well-fed missionaries, eating three times a day, get tuberculosis? And how can you be up so soon? Are you sure it is TB you have?"

Mme. Prevy fired these questions at me and Mme. Ifrael joined the discussion as our "radio health class" went on the air. What a unique opportunity for teaching! Using us TB'ers as examples, we stress the importance of early diagnosis and proper treatment. We emphasize the

danger of spreading the disease to others through coughing, spitting and careless personal hygiene.

What else goes on our program? Anything and everything we can think of that will help our people to live a healthier life. We had long realized the need for such a program but none of us had the time. Then came TB and I had the time! While still confined to my bed, I began preparing programs, then in May, recording them at our radio station. Our first subject was germs. "Microbes, the cause of tetanus? No, Mlle," my class argued. "It is wind that gets in the baby's head and makes his jaws lock, not germs." Tetanus is Haiti's number two killer of newborn infants. (Diarrhea is first.) Requiring direct entrance into the blood stream, the enemies find an open door through the freshly cut umbilical cord. Using an unsterile razor blade, scissors, or even a sharp cactus as an instrument, germs are deposited in the wound. Scissors, if used, are hidden and must not be touched until the cord stub drops off. This supposedly insures healing. It is superstitions such as this, that we try to combat in our health programs.

"They told me I couldn't visit you but I prayed for you every day." This, coupled with a warm handshake, has invariably been the greeting of Haitian friends these past two months. And then follows, "Merci, Bon Dieu!" (Thank You, God!) God has undertaken for us. Our response to treatment has been incredibly rapid. An invaluable tonic to me has been the realization that countless numbers of friends, both known and unknown, have responded to our need by praying. God has answered those prayers. We have seen and are continuing to see the results of it in each of us.

My first few weeks of illness were a difficult time of adjusting and my heart cried out, "Why, Lord?" Then a friend wrote this to me. "I don't think the Lord will mind a bit if you ask why. He knows you can't understand. Just be sure you accept His answer if He says, 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.'" (John 13:7) My "why" was replaced by "Yes, Lord," assured that this was of Him for a definite purpose. In Him I am rejoicing!

RX Finished

Do you feel like celebrating? I do. The eighth of last month was a very special day for me. It meant the completion of my two years of treatment for tuberculosis. I remember when I thought that day would never come. Twenty pills a day for a whole year and then the second year with about a third as many daily, seemed like a mountain when I looked ahead. Now the number is cut down to zero! I'm finished and I feel like shouting "Hooray."

I'm glad I'm through with the treatment, but most of all I'm rejoicing and thanking God for the healing He has seen fit to give me. As you already know, when I came home on furlough last spring, my doctor in Miami discouraged me from even thinking about returning to Haiti. He suspected kidney damage from the TB although he wasn't positive. Today, doctors find no evidence of my even having had infection in either my lungs or kidneys; not so much as a scar left to show for it. They are amazed. Surely the Lord has had His hand in this. I know you have been praying for me and He has answered prayer.

What am I doing now? Working, learning, studying and acquiring knowledge of the newer medicines and techniques of nursing. My old Alma Mater, St. Luke's Hospital, has taken me back. Recovery room, and Intensive Care units are my stations. What a contrast to our humble clinic in Haiti! I didn't even know how to work the fancy contraptions for emptying bed pans. When I asked the head nurse the procedure for cleaning a pair of gloves I had just used, she took them from me and with a big grin replied, "Here, I'll show you." And with that, she just dropped them into the waste basket. All the disposables they use these days! Throwing things away still pains me. In Haiti we would use them over and over again.

Furlough will soon be over. What then? As you know, the medical work has been closed since June because of lack of personnel. According to a decision of the mission, it is not to be reopened until we have a doctor to take charge. The responsibility is too heavy for nurses alone although we did carry it for years. I can't go back--that is, until there is a doctor.

The Lord is working. Do you remember Dr. Dudley Nelson who worked with us in Haiti for twelve years? His wife was a nurse and four of their five children were born there. They left the field about ten years ago but never lost their burden and love for the people. Today, plans to

return for at least two years dominate their thinking. A letter from them last week brought this statement: "The only big obstacle in our way is the need for support.

I am delighted with the prospects of the return of the Nelsons, the re-opening of the medical work so badly needed, and the possibility of my going back. But this is not the whole answer to the problem. One doctor is not enough. We need several. We need more nurses and technicians. We need medical personnel to help these desperately needy people. Haiti is considered one of the sickest and poorest countries in the world. It is also one of the most open to the Gospel. How we need to pray that God will send forth laborers to help them.

This morning in my devotions I was challenged by this reading, "It is not a question of HOW prayer will be answered but WHO answers prayer." Our job is to pray and leave the "How" with Him.

Norway

Did you ever have a life-long dream come true? Well, I did. It all began with an advance Christmas gift--a three weeks excursion trip by jet to Norway.

I wonder what your reaction would have been? Mine was excitement and some sleepless nights. I just couldn't believe that I was going to Norway. Two older brothers had been born there before Mother and Dad left for America, never to return again. My sister, who was born in the States, but reared in Norway, remembers snatches of her early childhood there. But I had never so much as seen an uncle, aunt, or cousin. All were still in the "old country." As a child, I always felt a bit cheated. Playmates talked about their grandparents, of visiting cousins and of gifts from uncles and aunts, but I felt I had none. Mine were just names, strangers in another country. I even tried adopting some. But down in my heart there was always the secret longing of knowing my own. Someday, maybe?

Years sped by and our family scattered. The folks went on to Gloryland. That's been twenty years now. I missed their letters, always written in Norwegian just as they talked. The languages of Haiti soon took over and my Norwegian was steadily crowded out. Furloughs didn't help much, for I seldom heard it or spoke it.

Norway was often on my mind and I wondered about relatives there. Dad had none, he was the last. But Mother? An aunt began corresponding with me. I had no difficulty reading her letters, they were like Mother's used to be. But writing to her was a different matter. I had never written Norwegian before, but aunt Eline was encouraged and insisted that she could understand every word of it. "Please write more often," she pleaded. She was the youngest and only one left of the five. I reminded her of Mother. It wasn't long before she began begging me to "Come home to Norway so I can see you before I die." She didn't know how much I longed to do that very thing. I assured her our meeting would have to be in Heaven for I couldn't go to Norway.

NORWEGIAN! DANISH! SWEDISH! FINNISH! I couldn't tell who was speaking what. It all had a familiar ring as I strained my ears to catch some of the conversation. It was December 17th and I was in the lounge of the Scandinavian Airlines at Kennedy airport, New York. It still didn't seem real. "I'm on my way to Norway," I kept reminding myself. It seemed as if I ought to be hearing French and on my way to Haiti. The plane was three hours late taking off. We were airborne at 10:00 p.m. after creeping along on the airfield for an hour in a line, waiting our turn to take off. I noticed a plane took off every one and a half minutes.

A full Swedish dinner was served within an hour of take-off. I then tried to settle down for a night's sleep but felt more like I had taken a strong no-doze pill. Would you say I was excited? When I eventually relaxed, the stewardess came around with a hot wet washcloth and said it was time for breakfast. My watch said it was 2:00 a.m. New York time, but hers said 7:00 a.m. It was too soon to be hungry but I couldn't turn down those Swedish rolls and Danish cheese.

A change of planes in Denmark and an hour delay brought me to Stavanger, Norway four hours late. Would my aunt be there to meet me? I had written to her saying I would be wearing a light blue coat. Would she know me from my pictures? I wondered what she was like. Would she be tall and thin like Mother or short and fat. I was curious and excited. Would I be able to converse? I didn't seem to be able to understand much of the conversation I was hearing in the plane.

I tried to walk calmly and unhurried away from the plane, but I was aware of a grin on my face and my fast-beating heart. I spotted a short, heavy-set, elderly, white-haired woman grinning from ear to ear and looking straight at me. A man stood beside her and as I came near, he called out, "Er du Bernice?" Are you Bernice? It was my aunt and her son. At last I had met a real aunt and cousin of my very own!

There were mixed emotions as I got out of my cousin's little Volkswagen at my aunt's home and there in the dark met others who had gathered when they heard the car coming. But nothing compares with the feeling of walking into that humble home, meeting my uncle, and seeing familiar pictures of grandparents on the wall, even pictures of my parents and myself.

Understanding Norwegian is one thing, but speaking it is another. My French and Creole from Haiti seemed to dominate. My folks spoke Norwegian in the home but we children answered in English. Now suddenly I needed to speak it. Haiti had trained me well in using my hands to help make myself understood. Understanding them was no problem, but my speaking vocabulary was terribly limited. However, I was amazed and delighted with the rapidity with which it came back. A good dictionary was my frequent companion. I heard no English and in a very short time discovered that I was both thinking and dreaming in Norwegian, and able to converse and be understood. I even spoke in a Baptist church two different times telling them about Haiti and showing my slides--all this in Norwegian. It was fun.

My relatives did a wonderful job of entertaining me and it seemed as if I was in a different place every day. I discovered that I had twenty-seven cousins and I visited seventeen of them. Being there during the Christmas holidays was a treat in itself. Christmas Eve supper was the beginning of the festivities. The children made sure I knew about the hidden almond in someone's dish of rice pudding. "If you get it, tante Bernice, keep it a secret until everyone is through eating," they warned. I did get it so the gift for "the lucky person" became mine--a chocolate Santa Claus.

After the supper, the "Jule Nisen" came with his pack of gifts. He doesn't come from the North Pole like our Santa Claus but lives in the high mountains of Norway along with his hundreds of little helpers. Later that week I attended the children's Christmas program in church. I loved the part where everyone joined hands and in a double circle marched around the ceiling-high Christmas tree singing carols. I remembered my folks nostalgically talking about this custom.

Stavanger is no longer just the name of a city in Norway, it is a cherished memory. It was there that I walked the narrowest streets I have ever seen. I shopped with cousin Ethel, visited the old stone cathedral Domkirke, which was built in 1100 and is still in use. It was there that aunt Hannah took me for a ferry boat ride up the coast through beautiful fjords and on to visit more cousins. Nothing can compare with the beauty of Norway's fjords! Names I had heard in childhood took on meaning. There was Grude, the old farm place where my grandparents had lived. It was also my mother's maiden name. The eldest son took over the farm and now one of his sons has it--my cousin Odd.

It was a rainy dark day but I could see the hill where aunt Eline said she and Mother went to a little country school. There in the distance was the town of Klepp and the church where they were confirmed. Everywhere on the farm were interesting stone fences. I had never seen such rocky land. Long ago Mother had helped clear this very land and carried some of those stones. This whole area near Stavanger was called "Jaeren." That was a familiar word from childhood with little meaning then. Now I see rocks and stone fences and patches of rich land surrounded by more stone fences. And in the midst of it there is "Grude" and relatives that I have learned to know.

Among my memories are those of coffee tables as long as the davenportes before which they stood, loaded with food. In every home I visited, we feasted. I couldn't refuse but I wasn't used to eating six times a day! It was a good thing my skirts had elastic waist bands! I loved those breakfasts and evening snacks of all sorts of small fish and cheese, especially the pickled herring. Yes, even for breakfast!

The three weeks came to an end all too soon and I was having to say good-bye to relatives that were now dear to me instead of just names. Some of them I am sure I will meet in Heaven for they are trusting in Him Who alone can give eternal life. My only living uncle insisted that there is neither Heaven nor Hell and no God Who cares. But the Bible says that "Every one of us

shall give account of himself to God," (Romans 14:12) and "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation..." (Hebrews 2:3)

I had reserved one day for a stop-over in Paris on my way home. There was no one to meet me there, all were strangers. To make matters worse, my suitcase couldn't be found. They thought it got left in Denmark. Hours later plus a lot of red tape, I finally got to my hotel room--without my suitcase. It did, however, come on another plane and was delivered to me the next day.

No main meals were served in my hotel so I had to go out to find a restaurant. I had only the equivalent of six blocks to go, but I managed to get lost both going and coming back. Those streets! I can't describe them. I had a city map, too, and knew exactly where I wanted to go--on the map, that is. More than once I stopped a friendly looking pedestrian and in my very best French explained my predicament and got directions. My French must have been most amusing after my intensive three weeks course in Norwegian. I'll never forget my meal in the restaurant. I was so thirsty and begged the waiter three times for a glass of water before I got it. He acted as though I had asked for a trip to the moon. Wine, mineral water--anything but cold water. I can still see that smirk on his face. (France consumes 220 million gallons of wine a year.)

Time was running out and I wanted to see all I could of Paris. A sight-seeing excursion trip of the city was my answer. A good night's sleep, a light breakfast of French rolls and cocoa served in my room and I was ready. All morning we were taken from place to place--the Eiffel tower, the Arc of Triomphe, Notre Dame, the river Seine--and on and on went the narrator until my poor brain was saturated.

I would have liked to have seen more, but I had to be on my way home. It was Pan American this time, and French and English were spoken. Back in New York, just four hours ahead of my three weeks limit, friends met me.

A trip to Norway is now a memory of the past instead of a dream for the future, an experience that will always be cherished. I hope that some day my brother, who gave me this memorable Christmas gift, will have the joy of such a visit, too.

Arrival of Volkswagen

"**G**uess what, Miss Johnson, I've got GOOD NEWS!!!"

One guess and I was right. My Volkswagen had arrived. I was busy in the clinic but patients or no, I couldn't miss this! After all, I needed to be there to "supervise" the unloading of this long awaited gift.

My arrival in Haiti October 1, 1969 ushered in a prolonged, heavy rainy season. Our one and only "freeway" between Cayes and Port-au-Prince, (120 miles) immediately reverted to a "super-soupy." Transport trucks took one to two weeks on the road, unloading and reloading when stuck. Four-wheel drive jeeps with the added accessory of a winch managed in less time. There were mud holes three feet deep and mud piled high like snowbanks on both sides of the road.

The rains finally let up, bull-dozer and men went to work, and trucking time decreased to two days. That is how my VW managed to arrive this morning--piggy-back style--on a flatbed truck. It needs a bath but that can wait 'til tomorrow. When Christmas comes I'll tie a big red ribbon on the door, matching the upholstery. On a card I'll write, "From your friends at Andrews Memorial Baptist Church." Of course, I'll always be reminded of these dear folks in North Carolina who have so faithfully carried my support all these years.

I'm glad the Lord has brought me back. I'm also thankful to Him for giving us Dr. and Mrs. Nelson. Besides seeing the daily crowd of patients, we are training six students for out-station dispensary work.

Turning away the overflow of sick ones is a painful task. Christ turns no one away but instead gives the invitation, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Revelation 22:17)

"She Met Challenge With Love" 'A Privilege,' Says Missionary To Haiti

(Article by Bob Minnis, August 3, 1969. Special to the Daily News--Alamance--3)

Graham---"It's not a sacrifice; it's a privilege." Miss Bernice Johnson, a medical missionary to Haiti, used these words to describe how she feels about her work. "It has to be a labor of love," she said.

In 1946 she left the United States for Haiti, a land unknown to her, but a land destined to be her "home" for the next several decades. She recalls at the age of 12 making a dedication to God to be a missionary.

"I was a candidate a long time before I was ever ready."

And before this commitment became reality, there was high school, college, and the medical training.

"I went into nurses training with the thought in mind....of becoming a medical missionary" she said. "No particular place; I just wanted to be involved with people who needed help; deprived people."

And, with a somewhat tear-filled voice, she later said, "Suffering, poverty, sickness, and superstition characterize the Haitian people. But they are a people resigned to their way of life and seemingly happy even in these adverse circumstances. They don't know any better."

After making application with the West Indies Missionary Society, an interdenominational organization whose home office is in Coral Gables, Fla., she waited for acceptance and then placement. Haiti was her challenge. But before she could go, support had to be pledged.

"And this is what brought me to this area," she avowed. "Andrews Memorial Baptist Church had made itself available for the support of a missionary. It was this church that brought me here from Spokane, Wash.," she continued.

"It's unbelievable, but my support then amounted to thirty dollars a month. The costs involved in operating a mission station, like everything else, have soared. When I return to Haiti in September, my support unit will amount to approximately \$190.00 a month, still coming from the original source."

Haiti, situated between Puerto Rico and Cuba, ranks among the most thickly populated countries in the Western Hemisphere. Contained in approximately one hundred square miles, its four million inhabitants live in a density of about 450 people per square mile.

"I never felt heavy-hearted about leaving the States," she elaborated. "It was after I got to the mission compound that the bother came; there was no place to treat homesickness. I just couldn't get away from people; there was no place to go where there were not people. And they were all looking for help."

When questioned about some of the main problems of her work, the reply was, "Superstition and ignorance. One is just as hard to cope with as the other. But one of the hardest things is to have to say 'No' when someone waits for help.

"With the facilities and staff we had, it was impossible to see more than a hundred patients a day at our clinic, and usually there were better than two hundred every day.....some standing in line from three o'clock in the morning.

"Seeing the results of my labor is reward enough.....these things can't be weighed in dollars and cents. Just like the Bible says.....old things pass away and other things become new. It's sometimes gradual, but the change occurs.

"Of Haiti's population, about 90 percent are peasants, with the other 10 percent the elite. But Christian converts are fast making up a middle class of people; formerly, there was no in-between."

Good News Again!!

No, it's not my Volkswagen this time although I could write pages about it. You should have seen it last week when it plowed right through the river on the way to the beach. I could tell each time it floated for a few seconds and I knew when the tires gripped the rocky bottom again. Remind me to tell you sometime about how we passed the loaded cane truck stuck in the mud in

the middle of the narrow road that same trip. We got a few hoots and hollers when my little "Bug" went on around it without any trouble.

The good news could also be that I'm "home" again, back in our own nurses' home always called "Utopia." It was occupied when I arrived in October. In December the folks moved to Cayes and Maxine and I moved in. I must admit it was a bit messy the first two months. Inside and out had to be painted. Bathrooms needed fixing, repair work of various sorts had to be done, floors, walls--everything seemed to need something. Then there were the barrels and boxes of stored things that had to be unpacked and housekeeping set up. I began to wonder if we'd ever be back to normal. Today all the inside work is complete and just a very small amount of the outside work remains unfinished. Even our little garden is functioning again and vegetables are finding their way to our table.

Part of the good news could be that more help has arrived for the medical work. Last week Margaret Knepper, RN, arrived to help us at least one year and this week Donna Gisel joined our ranks for a two year term. We are hoping they will stay longer. Margaret's experience has been mostly in emergency room work and Donna's in pediatrics, so both of them will be valuable to us here. They have already plunged into language study plus helping in the clinic. With their coming, Utopia now has four instead of two occupants. Before long, (as soon as her support is complete), Carolyn Dymont should be arriving and occupying the fifth bedroom. She is a secretary and will be working in the Mission office. Then there are Dr. and Mrs. Munk. He is a dentist and she a nurse, who hope to come for a three year term. I'm praying that they will soon find a buyer for their house, which is the last obstacle in the way of their coming.

The crowds in the clinic have not diminished. We cannot care for all who come. The disease and suffering defies description. Our class of six Haitian girls that we have been training for out-station dispensary work, has diminished to five. The one just hasn't been able to grasp it so must leave. Not all girls have an aptitude for medical work. Tuesdays and Fridays are our busiest days, when we have general clinic for adults. How thankful I am for Berlin St. Paul, our Haitian administrator, who has taken a heavy load of responsibility from off our shoulders. He handles the crowds and chooses out those that we are to see.

The best good news I have saved for the last. We are seeing patients come to know the Lord as their personal Savior. We prayed a long time for a personal worker and the Lord sent us Nerteau Sanon, a graduate of our Bible School. It warms my heart as I see him quietly mingling among the people and know that he is telling them of the Lord. Jesus said, "him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37) One by one they are coming. What could be better news than this?

The Flood

"Attention! Lewis and Johnson! Don't attempt to come in by animal or by foot. You can't make it. Sit tight. The road is gone."

All Haiti heard the radio announcement from our station. Word had filtered through to anxious fellow missionaries that Jean and I were stranded at Vieux Bourg, just 45 miles from home by the worst flood south Haiti had ever experienced. I had met Jean in Port-au-Prince and this was her first trip out to Cayes where she would join our forces as a nurse in the clinic.

I was supposedly on a tour of our out-station dispensaries and on my way home when Jean and I got together. Clinic was to be closed the month of May for staff vacations. I was to spend the entire month visiting our three main dispensaries with at least a week at each. My vacation would come later. Obstacle course, that's what it was, from beginning to end. At month's end I had traveled by jeep, plane, truck, motorcycle, bus, sailboat, even by foot and had managed to visit **ONLY ONE DISPENSARY!**

My first try had been for Beaumont. Two-thirds of the way up the mountains, a dangerous wash-out had defied even the Markwood's four-wheel drive Bronco. Sorry, auxiliary nurse Saintanise, maybe later I can get up there to help you establish your maternity ward.

Chambellan came next. A fifteen minute plane ride (which would take all day by jeep) put me into Jeremie. A truck two days later let me off at our Chambellan dispensary for a profitable, enjoyable week with Jamaican nurse, Hortense Salmon, and her two auxiliary helpers.

It was in trying to get back home from there that my troubles really began. It could have been so simple, fly directly to Cayes, if there had been a flight. Instead, I had to take the long way home.

To catch the truck back to Jeremie, I had two choices. Walk the five miles over rough, rocky, slippery, muddy, rutted road in the darkness of early morning (the truck couldn't make it), or ride on the back of a motorcycle with a Haitian Pastor. I chose the latter. What a ride! I got a friction sore out of the deal in a most uncomfortable spot for sitting. But it was lovely for the rest of the trip!

There was no chance for either vehicle or plane from Jeremie to Cayes that week, but, praise the Lord, there was one to Port-au-Prince. Ordinarily I would have taken a bus home from Port within the next couple of days, but because of the sore, I couldn't face the 120 mile, eight hour jostling ride home. I would wait for a plane or for the wound to heal, whichever came first.

Jean, our new missionary nurse, had just arrived. Great! We would travel out together. Saturday morning found us both on the local plane and headed for Cayes. In 45 minutes we should be home. Wishful thinking that was! About half-way there, the plane turned back. "Weather conditions at Cayes unfavorable for landing." The next day, Sunday, by 4 a.m. we were settled on a bus, in the very front seat with ONLY eight people standing or crouching ahead of us. Amazing how many passengers they can squeeze in.

Half-way home, we ran into torrential rain, the windshield wiper wouldn't work and we barely crawled down the mountain. Then came Vieux Bourg, the swollen river that defied our crossing, and then the flood that held us prisoners for a week.

What did we do? Where did we go? How did our new young missionary react to all of this? She was a bit uneasy until she learned that one of our finest Haitian Pastors lived in the town and we would go to his home. How we thank the Lord for Pastor and Mme. Megdalus. They so graciously took us in and cared for us. Only once did Jean feel frustrated and on the verge of tears. But I don't blame her. I did, too! But we will come to that part later.

Seven high concrete steps led up to the Megdalus home so we were about six feet above street level. Suddenly we heard the cry, "The water's coming!" Before our very eyes, the street quickly turned into a rushing, raging river. But we were high enough that we felt safe. Weary from the day's excitement, Jean and I finally flopped down on a bed, fully clothed. I lay awake listening, but Jean quickly fell asleep.

About midnight, the deafening din of rain beating against the tin roof gave way to another ominous sound--like a freight train rolling by. The river! Our street river! Hastily I joined the family out on the porch. The flood, now a raging wild river, was crowding the top step and casting debris up on the porch. Six more inches and it would be in the house. We were completely surrounded. To try for higher ground would be suicide. Straight up would be the only way. I glanced about in the ceilingless house, up at the rafters and mentally plotted the best approach. Mattresses, clothes, belongings, people--anything to be saved would have to go up if it was to be protected. Homes lower than us were already flooded. It was twelve hours before the water receded and the crisis past. We were safe!

During the next days, we learned of the extent of the flood by radio and word of mouth. Thirty-four inches of rain had fallen in just forty-eight hours. Nearly a thousand square miles were declared a disaster area. The city of Cayes evacuated hospital patients when water rose to mattress level. Our Mission hilltop became an island. Animals by the hundreds were drowned, crops destroyed, homes washed away, lives lost. A family of ten clung desperately to their house as it was washed out to sea. The lone survivor, a boy of 15, managed to stick to the bobbing straw roof for 18 hours and was finally washed up on the beach some 40 miles away.

What were Jean and I to do? Our bus could go neither forward nor back. The road to Cayes was impossible by vehicle and treacherous even by foot. Water had risen twenty feet in some places and debris was caught in telephone wires. There were large sections of highway covered with several feet of rock and boulders washed down from the mountains. We contemplated going in by horseback or just walking. It would have meant wading through knee-deep mud, crossing bridgeless rivers, climbing over landslides for 45 miles. Alone, I might have tried it, but not with a new inexperienced missionary on her first trip out. The radio announcement, "Don't come by foot" confirmed my decision.

Once again came a radio announcement directed to us. "There's a motorboat headed for Aquin. If you can get to that village, you may be able to get a ride home. Hurry."

Our spirits rose high as we hastily threw things together, left instructions for the bulk of our stuff we had to leave behind, said good-bye to many new friends, and took off on foot.

Several people accompanied us. I had a persistent feeling that we had better hurry, or we might miss the boat. Perish that thought!!! Jean didn't mind coming along behind at a slower rate with the Pastor's daughters, while a boy and I ran on ahead. Run, walk, jog--I was glad that I had exercised routinely at home. Into the town we ran and reached the beach puffing when--putt, putt, putt. We both HEARD it and SAW it at the same time: our motorboat PULLING OUT from shore. We hollered but it was too late. They couldn't hear us above the motor. Missed it! That was just about the last straw. How would I be able to tell Jean?? Tears? Almost, but not quite.

We didn't go back to Vieux Bourg. Again there was a Christian home that took us in. Two days later, along with ten other passengers from our bus, we rented a sailboat and came sailing home. It was a delightful six hour ride and no obstacles.

"His Foot Dropped Off"

"His foot just dropped off and we buried it."

I looked down upon the emaciated form of her twenty-four year old son and noted the marks of suffering indelibly printed on his face. The mother continued her account of the past two months while the son filled in with details. Here was a good example of disease in the extreme as so often seen in Haiti. A forty-five minute hike over the rocky hills had brought me to the little thatched roof hut. His room was darkened and the window tightly closed. On the dirt floor on a thin straw mat, he lay with a wicker chair tipped up for a backrest.

What I saw was shocking. Two stark-naked bones completely void of flesh up to within two inches of the knee, verified the story. There was no evidence of the foot. It had indeed dropped off at the ankle. Buerger's disease was apparently the diagnosis. This is a rapid gangrene because of the impairment of circulation from some unknown cause. There had been severe pain, swelling and then rapid deterioration and dropping off of the life-less flesh. A witchdoctor had been called in but to no avail. Family and friends had deserted the home with only the mother remaining. Fear of the strange disease prevented them from lending a helping hand. They were poor, and seemingly friendless when some of our Christians found them, visited, helped and brought the word to us.

"You must get him to the hospital in Cayes where he can get help," the Christians pleaded. But it was weeks before the move was made and he was carried out. In the meantime, the young man saw his need of the Lord as His Savior and invited Him to take over his life. The next Sunday his mother responded, too. In the government hospital, an amputation was done above the knee but he is far from being a well man. His future isn't too bright, but he has the most priceless gift possible to man--the forgiveness of sins and the promise of Eternal Life. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," Jesus said. (John 6:37) I often wonder why so many refuse to "come."

Friday was "graduation" for our five students in training. They were thrilled and so were we. These helpers extend the medical ministry to the outlying, harder-to-reach areas! No, not new nurses, but five Haitian girls, graduates of our Bible School. They just completed the first stage of their training as medical auxiliaries--eight months of theory and practical experience in the clinic. They are on their vacation now for a month. In July we hope to set them up in out-station dispensaries. Two will be placed in the first out-station and in another month the second station will be set up. Periodically we will bring them back, one or two at a time, for further training. This is a new adventure for us and we surely need wisdom from the Lord for each step we take. We are thrilled with the enthusiasm of the girls. Best of all, they have a burden for lost souls. Their work will be two-fold, medical help and spiritual help. We trust there will be many, such as the young man above, who will come to know Christ as a result of their ministry. (That above-mentioned young man lived about six months after the amputation.)

Letter to Andrews Memorial Baptist Church

It is Sunday today and as so frequently happens, my mind goes back to a place called Graham. If I turn on my tape recorder, close my eyes and listen to a recording of my favorite choir, I could almost think I was back at Andrews Memorial. I better quit or I'll get homesick just thinking about it!!

It looks as if we are in for another season of rain. That means our roads will very quickly become impassable again. It's nice while they are good. Two weeks ago, a number of us missionaries went in to the capitol for a missionary conference and we made the 120 miles in six hours. That's really good. We had two vehicles, a Bronco and a Wagonaire. Coming back, we had three flat tires between the two of us and hit only one bad stretch of road where a caterpillar tractor was pulling the stuck buses through the muddy stretch. We made it without help. You see, it had rained while we were gone and that is all it takes.

The conference was a real treat. Dr. Henry Brandt, a well-known Christian psychologist, was our main speaker. He has a way of getting down to where you live and hitting the nail right on the head. I got most of his messages taped so I can go back to them time and time again. I had just bought a little Philips cassette recorder which is most convenient for taking out on trips. It got a good initiation. I missed one message, however, and discovered I had forgotten to turn it off the night before so my batteries were dead! I know, forgetfulness is a sign of old age but don't rub it in!

We have been thrilled this week with the salvation of two key businessmen in the town of Aux Cayes. This is the first we have seen of the elite class of Cayes and we are praying that it is only the beginning of a real break through. For years, especially since our radio station went into effect, they have heard the Gospel and there has been interest and a softening of hearts but not until this week did we see any definite decision. At a banquet held for the businessmen at Cayes, these men made a public confession or decision of receiving Christ. Remember Mr. Dagilard and Edmond, as there will be much opposition and they are only babes in Christ. Some of us have been friendly with Edmond's sister, Alice, for years and a few weeks ago she even went to church with us. Pray for her that she, too, might be saved. Edmond is the first of this prominent elite family to step out for Christ.

I'm still in love with my little Volkswagen and so are some other folks. Thanks to every one of you for all you have done for me and for making these years in Haiti possible. I do love you all.

Rejoicing in Him, Bernice

Christmas Card, 1970

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." (II Corinthians 9:15)

Rejoicing! Inexpressible joy! Not just one gift but TWO!

Twelve year old George never knew what it was like to have nice straight legs like other children. But he did know the searing pain of mockery and the sting of ugly names. Every year as his weight increased, so did his deformity. He couldn't run. Walking was hard enough. Oh, how he hated those crooked legs!

"Are you sure, Mlle.?" he asked the nurse. "You really think something can be done for my legs?" His face radiated the excitement he felt. He knew other deformed children had been helped at Dispensaire Lumiere but hardly dared hope for himself.

A few weeks later, George was at the Episcopalian center for handicapped children. He didn't mind the extensive surgery, nor the casts which followed. Even months of wearing braces is no burden to him. You see, he has his eyes on a most wonderful gift--straight sturdy legs.

But the other gift, what was it? It became his the night before we sent him to Port-au-Prince. He had been listening quietly as Mme. Adelcia pleaded with his mother. He heard her explain the way of salvation and urge his mother to get right with God. He wished she would yield instead of refuse.

Suddenly George spoke up, "I want to be saved." Then right there before his astonished mother, he prayed to God for forgiveness of his sins and received His priceless possession--the gift of Eternal Life.

This is our desire for all of our handicapped children. We have twenty-three deaf mutes and three blind attending the St. Vincent school this year.

Christmas Card, 1972

Lost your arms? And you were only 14! You've re-lived that day a thousand times thinking--"If only I'd had \$2.00 to pay my dues, the teacher would not have sent me home from school. Then I wouldn't have been feeding sugar cane stalks into the mill rollers--and caught my hand. Oh, if only I hadn't tried to pull it out with my free hand, I'd still have one arm instead of none."

Molin, we can't change the past but we can make the best of today. I'm glad you came to us. Your cheerfulness is a tonic to me and your courage is a challenge. But do you know what thrills me the most? Your acceptance of God's gift of His Son as your Savior, and the commitment of your life to Him. Stand firm! Don't let your parents deter you. Then one day you will see your whole family on your side. I'll help you pray.

"The blind receive their sight--" Rose Marie, I wish we could restore your sight. You were little when disease destroyed it. I'm glad you are happy in school and learning so well. But there's one thing that troubles me--your NO to Jesus. Listen! The gift of Eternal Life is far more valuable than physical sight. And it is all yours if you would but receive Him--God's gift, His Son.

"He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." (Mark 7:37) Yours is a silent world. No sounds come through your ears. What a contrast to the noise you make, the excitement you show when it is time to go back to school. You turn the tiresome bus trip into an all day picnic and entertain passengers with your antics. Your hands are in constant motion as you communicate with each other. But how can I talk to you? How can I tell you about Christmas--about God's gift to you? You can't hear me. I want you to know that God loves you.

Lord, I pray, somehow make Yourself known to these little ones. May their ears not be deaf to Your Spirit.

Trip to Jeremie

Tonight is one of those hot, humid evenings and it's a good thing that I'm not fat or I'd simply melt and run away. There seems to come a time each evening when it is dead still, not a stir of air. And this is only May!! Most of the time there is a comfortable sea breeze.

I am sure you all had a nice Easter Sunday. I can't brag about mine. Of course, there was nothing wrong with the Sunday, it was just the way I spent it!! I hadn't planned it that way. In fact, I rather expected to be in church like people ought to be. Instead I sat by a raging river watching the water rush madly down towards the sea, and wondered how long it would take for it to subside sufficiently for our pick-up truck to drive through. And my thoughts? Somehow I found myself thinking about you folks back home, dressed in your finest, enjoying a beautiful service. I was dirty, muddy, and looking a mess.

We had been delayed by heavy, unexpected rains and now we were really isolated. Three bridgeless rivers lay between us and home and one look at the first one convinced me that we wouldn't be driving over for awhile. Only a fool bent on suicide would attempt it. Dr. and Mrs. Nelson and myself plus several Haitians had taken this trip to visit two of our out-station dispensaries. We had set up a kerosene refrigerator at the newest one and helped them solve some of their problems. We planned the trip for "dry weather," knowing the terrible road, but we got caught in the mountains in sudden rain, and just that quickly we were isolated.

Jeremie is the only other town in south Haiti besides Cayes that has plane service. I thought how nice of the Lord to arrange that we be stranded in that area rather than in the mountains between two uncrossable rivers. Three days later, we left the truck in Jeremie and came home by plane. The other missionaries were mighty glad to see us for they had been concerned. Communication lines had gone down in the storm, so we had no way of letting them know where we were. The road was impassable both from swollen rivers and landslides and wash-outs. The truck is home now. It made it all right after the road got repaired and the rivers subsided.

Johnson

We have been concentrating on the training of National girls for the out-station dispensaries and the setting up of the centers. It is a double ministry, physical and spiritual. We are always encouraged as reports come in of souls saved. These girls are all graduates of our Bible School and are active in the local church, as well as in their medical work. We surely praise the Lord for them and thank you again for your part in making this ministry possible.'

Gerda

I wonder if you have been feeling the heat this summer like I have? It has been raining off and on and that always brings an oppressive, heavy, humid air that seems to draw the energy right out of me. I have to push myself to work. Maybe it's time for a vacation. Well, in just eleven more days we are going to close the clinic and the entire staff will take some time off. That sounds good to me. I'm in the mood for a change and a vacation is going to be most welcome. I have found myself getting kind of cranky and grouchy lately and that is bad! When body and mind both get tired, patience runs thin. Wouldn't it be something if becoming a missionary (or Christian), automatically put us above these weaknesses of the flesh as so many misinformed people think? To the contrary, I really think it makes us even more vulnerable, for Satan will work harder to get us down. I'm so glad the Lord's help is always available.

Today I spent quite a bit of time trying to figure out a brace to hold a little girl's foot in place until she can have surgery in October. Gerda is a club-foot child about eight years old and a real orphan. She doesn't remember her father at all. But she seems to remember her mother and how she suddenly got sick and died. An Aunt took the child and began to have work done to straighten her clubbed feet. Then suddenly she, too, died and poor Gerda was really alone. No one wanted a crippled child, not even her uncle who reluctantly took her.

When I found her, my heart went out to her. We brought her in from over the mountains and I have been paying a Haitian family to care for her these three months. I'm working on her feet. I put the worst one in a plaster cast, changing it every week and gradually pulling and twisting the foot back into proper position. In October, I expect to send her to the St. Vincent clinic for handicapped children for surgery to complete the job. And then we are hoping to put her out either under the foster care program or get her adopted out. Pray that support will come in for this little one and that a home can be found for her. She is a dear child and she is a Christian. I can't leave her in a cast during vacation while I am away, so today we made a temporary brace to keep the feet from losing what correction we have gained. I often think of Jesus' words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,--ye have done it unto Me." (Matthew 25:40)

Dr. and Mrs. Nelson are taking a short three months furlough so they will never have to be gone a whole year at a time. I appreciate this. They will be home September to December and I'm going to miss them. Dr. Nelson suggested that I take my vacation in the States this year instead of here in order to have a complete change of both climate and people and tensions. I will not be going home to the West Coast, that is much too far. Instead I will limit my travels to the East Coast. Anyway, I should be going through Graham sometime after mid-September. I will be returning here October first. I can't go home and not stop at Graham. That just wouldn't do! So I will be seeing you before too very long and I surely am looking forward to it.

The Lord has been good to me in giving me you folks to stand behind me. I do appreciate all you have done for me in His name and for Him. I trust that your investment has paid off in souls saved for eternity. Thanks to each one of you for your part in bringing the Gospel to our Haitian people.

Whooping Cough

Vacation!! A six weeks mid-term break from mid-August through September. That should fix me up for the next two years. Folks have been telling me that I shouldn't try for a full four-year term anymore. "Come on home," they would say, "don't wait until your health breaks down. Remember, you aren't as young as you used to be." As though anyone is!!

That hectic last week at the clinic left me totally convinced that a State-side vacation was in order. The daily patient load swelled with the announcement--"clinic closing for vacation." Sandwiched into those busy days were preparations for full staff vacation, Dr. and Mrs. Nelson's short three month's furlough, and my trip home. To complicate matters, I got a bad cough, then malaria on top of that, and this just a few days before take-off.

That pesky cough!! It persistently and rudely interrupted both speech and laughter on my full vacation. I really would have been perturbed had it succeeded in spoiling my fun. My brother's eighteen-foot cabin boat and those beautiful waterways of south New Jersey, Delaware Bay and the ocean--what a delight. And the fish! How they did bite. The cough? You'd never guess it! Whooping cough!! Don't you dare tell me that's a sign of second childhood. I'm convinced you can pick up almost anything in Haiti. It may have been a mild case, but there are still occasional reminders of it.

Back again in Haiti and the clinic is open again but we miss the Nelsons. I don't like being without a doctor. Their return is set for early December. Our opening week included a special handicapped children's day when about fifty youngsters were checked by Sister Joan and a visiting doctor. Besides this, thirty others returned to her school, St. Vincent, in Port-au-Prince. They were deaf mutes, blind, crippled--a whole bus load.

Our class of six auxiliary students is nearing the end of phase I of their training course. This week five of them will go out to spend a month at our three out-station dispensaries. This will give them a bit of practical experience before they graduate in December. We often thank the Lord for their excellent attitude and spirit.

They prepared the body of a ten year old girl for burial this week and it was a first-time experience for them. Little Claude had suddenly become ill with fever and pain. The anguished father was desperate to get medical help for this child, his first-born. In spite of heavy rains, he bundled her up and on his mule started over the mountains. Instead of a day's trip, it became two, and we were just closing up for the day when he breathlessly hurried in. A quick check told us this little girl was desperately ill. An injection, some medication, a place to stay for the night and a prayer in our hearts was the best we could do.

A death wail and cries of despair! It was only 9:30 that same evening. I knew immediately that my little friend had slipped out into eternity. With flashlight in hand, I hurried to them. Far from home and friends, only two dollars in their pocket, the necessity of burying the body within twenty-four hours--these were the problems that faced the now distraught parents.

The next morning hasty preparations were made. The students, reluctant at first to even touch the lifeless form, soon overcame their fear and began to help me bathe her. It became a time of instruction. They were the ones who combed and fixed her hair with a white ribbon. They made a hospital shirt look like a pretty new white dress by pinning a lacy bow at the neck. A piece of gauze served as a veil over her face. Our work complete, we stood a moment in silence looking down upon the silent form in the freshly varnished white wooden coffin. And then--we opened the door.

Wailing! Screaming! The bereaved threw themselves into the room. This always sends a chill up my spine. What hope did they have? What consolation? This family had steadfastly refused the Gospel. The Word says, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." (Hebrews 2:3)

Pictures For Furlough

"Oh, no!! NO!! It can't be! How stupid can a person get?" My first impulse was to cry. Instead I burst out laughing, at myself, that is. No one heard me. I was alone in the--Wait--I'd better go back to the beginning.

Rivers! Where can you drive in Haiti without fording rivers? We had already gone through four on this trip to Port-a-Piment and now number five presented a choice. Cross on the beach and risk getting stuck in the sand, or follow the road and drive right through it. Excellent chance for some fresh pictures, I thought, as I jumped out and focused my camera. The jeep station wagon nosed into the water, the engine roaring as it plowed ahead--a healthy sound. Then came the sudden, all too familiar, sputter of a dying engine. Dead! Drowned out in dirty brackish water. Rapidly, the heavily loaded vehicle settled deeply into the soft, muddy river

bottom. Water covered the engine as well as the seats. It flowed freely into the suitcases, portable organ, vibra-harp and public address apparatus. Nothing resisted it except my suitcase which was on the very top of the pile.

In Haiti, one is never alone for long and neither were we. Although no one was even in sight when we started into the river, they came running from every direction when we got stuck. Men, women, children--all were eager to "help" get us unstuck. Behind that word "help," of course, was the vision of money for their labor. Missionaries learned, usually the hard way, to deal with just one or two men and agree on a block price for the job BEFORE allowing them even to start. It was cheaper that way. They, then, were the ones paid afterwards and they were the ones responsible to divide the money accordingly with all that helped. Invariably as we would drive off, there would be some come running alongside, hands out-stretched, crying, "Pastor, I helped too, but he didn't pay me anything. Pastor! Give me something."

"Push! Pull! Heave! All together now--." Reluctantly and slowly the river gave up its prey. I made sure my camera didn't miss a thing. I was dry, but only because I'd gotten out to take pictures, and had waded across in shallower water.

We made it to our destination without further mishap, but what a sorry looking threesome we were. Herb and Shirley Shoemaker didn't have a stitch of dry clothing, neither in their suitcases nor on their backs. All of our equipment was sopped, too. Besides that, it was raining and impossible to dry out.

The church was full of people waiting for the evening service, marking the beginning of a three-day combination of women's retreat and extension seminary classes. We had to attend that service. There was no way I could help Herb with my dry clothes, but helping Shirley was a different matter. A six-inch tuck quickly sewed in my extra slip brought it down to her size, at least in length. Safety pins did wonders for other over-sized under garments, but converting a dress to her small size was beyond us. She wore her wet one. At least she was dry underneath.

"How about duplicates of your pictures, Bernice?" the Shoemakers hopefully suggested as they sighed over their water-ruined camera. Glad to share, I took a few extras. I snapped some of the women listening intently to messages on the role of the woman in the church, the home, or in the community. That's the theme of our retreats this year. During handicraft session, I tried to capture the glowing face of one who was admiring the hat pincushion she had just completed. And learning to bake a cake over a charcoal fire required several shots. I wish I had a picture of the most important part of all--the work of the Holy Spirit through His Word in the hearts of these women. God alone knows the real value of these retreats.

The organ didn't work but the people sang so loud that we probably wouldn't have heard it anyway. The portable generator and amplifiers rebelled the first night but dried out for later use. Shirley's chalk refused to dry out over a charcoal fire, no matter how she coaxed it. Did you ever try drawing a picture with wet chalk? Frustrating, to say the least.

The trip home was uneventful and the rivers made no attempts to restrain us. Back home, I turned my attention to my camera, anxious to get the film sent off for developing. The indicator registered that the last shot had been taken, but, as I re-wound it, I sensed that something wasn't catching. By the way, did you guess what my "stupid thing" was? Down to the clinic I went and in the x-ray dark room, I carefully opened the camera. HORROR OF HORRORS!! There was no film!!!

My old camera was fool-proof, but this one, relatively new to me, indicated pictures taken--even though minus the film. I had mistaken the number three to mean the camera was loaded and three pictures had been taken. From here on, I put a sticker on the camera with the date that I load it!

It would suit me just fine if I could go on country trips more often, but the medical work keeps me rather tied down to the home base. January was an exceptional month and a most profitable one. The Lord sent me a private teacher for three whole weeks, a friend who is an x-ray technician. What a boost! I had been doing x-rays without knowing much about the business and was badly in need of instruction. A mutual friend accompanied her, so we had a happy time and even went to a women's retreat up in the mountains. I'd like to hear the stories they told back home, especially about that road. At least we didn't get stuck in a river!

Three Witchdoctors And A Patient

Three witchdoctors, an evangelical preacher, and a critically ill, pregnant woman--these were the main characters in this real-life drama. There was the patient's husband, too, but more important was his mother-in-law. It was in her home that the young couple lived, therefore, her word was law. It was Sunday afternoon. The air was heavy and tense in the tiny, overcrowded sickroom. The patient had been in Cayes hospital from Wednesday to Friday and was discharged on Friday. She was told that nothing could be done and that it was okay for her to be delivered by a mid-wife. She was eight months pregnant and had headaches, weakness and could not walk.

Nerteau, our clinic personal worker, was keenly aware of opposition. It was the patient herself who had secretly sent word to the "Protestant Preacher" to come. One glance convinced him that the witchdoctors had been working, trying to break the power of the evil spirit they believed caused the illness. A fresh length of pumpkin vine was stretched out upon her body from head to foot. A second piece of vine made the required form of a cross as it lay over her outstretched arms. The vine's pumpkin lay beside her.

The evil spirit must be appeased so that he would release the woman whom he was "binding." Apart from this, she could not get well. Nerteau knew what would come next. Vine and fruit would be ground together and with half of it the victim would be thoroughly bathed. The remaining portion would be cooked for a food offering and carried to the habitation of the spirit of her grandfather. Since he was dead, the habitation was his grave. Part of the food would be eaten by the family and the rest placed in a tree near the grave for the spirit to partake of later. The idea was that the spirit of the grandfather was "kinbe-fi-a" or holding or binding the woman.

Eyes shifted from patient to Preacher as the servants of Satan watched intently, angry because he was there and fearing lest he spoil their work. Nerteau, with Bible in hand, told of God's love, explained the way of salvation and invited her to ask God for forgiveness and turn her life over to Him and receive His gift of eternal life. Her eyes followed him, showing the longing of her heart, but she dared not speak a word. The witchdoctors interrupted frequently with commands that she be quiet. Of the three, two were women and one of these a relative. It was she who was the most insistent of all. "It is not time for her to talk," she re-asserted authoritatively.

Early the next morning, there was a stir in the clinic as a very sick patient was carried in. Nerteau recognized her as his newly found, needy friend. Too weak to hardly sit up, she had been held on a motor bike and brought in. A quick check revealed that she was in shock. This was no case for us nurses, and Dr. Nelson was away on a trip. Of the three witchdoctors, only the related one was present and her watch over the sick woman had not diminished.

"You've got to get her to the hospital in Cayes immediately," was our verdict. "She is gravely ill and you have no time to lose." Nerteau was concerned. Twice she had sent for him so he knew she was longing for peace with God. Just before we put her into my Volkswagen to take her to the hospital, he encouraged her to commit herself to the Lord. Under the close scrutiny of the ever watchful witchdoctor, she replied by turning her hands, palms up, in the typical gesture of helplessness and resignation. God alone knows what went on in that heart. A few hours later in surgery, her premature baby was born. By mid-afternoon, the mother, too, had slipped out into eternity.

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. (Ephesians 6:12)

Are we defeated? NO!! Thanks be to God, Which giveth us the victory THROUGH our LORD JESUS CHRIST." (I Corinthians 15:57)

"Dudley! Stop!!"

"Dudley! Dud-lee-e-e!! Stop!!"

Mrs. Nelson's scream coupled with Berlin's frantic, "Watch out! You're leaving the road," triggered a reflex action. Dr. Nelson slammed on the brakes and held the clinic jeep-truck on the spot. "Back up," directed Berlin, our Haitian clinic administrator, "the road swerves to the right.

You're headed for the foot-path short-cut straight down the mountain." Already at the edge of the first drop off, it could soon have been a rapid tragic descent.

Heavy rain and early evening darkness, suddenly complicated by dense low clouds, (some say fog), had made visibility almost nil. Dr. Nelson drove with his head out the window, intent on following the road while Berlin kept watch on the other side. Failing to see his hand waving him to the right, he easily mistook the clearing straight ahead to be the way. The road was narrow, exceedingly rocky and slippery. Landslides, boulders, wash-outs--anything could be expected. Earlier on the trip, it had taken ten men and three poles to push a boulder out of the way. The fan belt was removed to cross two rivers. A flat tire was torn beyond repair by the jagged rocks. "Lord," they had prayed, "please keep the rest of the tires okay until we get home for we don't have another spare." But---

The Lord had other plans. Isn't it good that we don't have to understand the "why" of everything but can simply trust Him in all things? In less than five minutes after the short-cut episode, another tire blew, its side walls ripped open. These tubeless ones aren't for these roads. We have got to get the other kind. There was no way to repair it. And what do you do in the middle of nowhere, in this case the mountains, with no one around that can help you?

Berlin was elected to stay with the truck while Dr. and Mrs. Nelson took off on foot. Seven miserable miles later, (three hours to be exact), flashlights dead, feet sore and clocks pointing at midnight, they roused a Christian out of his bed to borrow his Honda. Its lights stubbornly rebelled the whole fifteen miles home and worked only spasmodically but at least the motor was willing. Back home, Mrs. Nelson gladly went to bed but the doctor got a jeep, a mechanic and tires and returned to the stricken vehicle. By 6:00 a.m. all were back home, tired, but thanking the Lord for the safe 235 mile round trip.

Setting up new out-station dispensaries in hard to reach places, at Les Irois as in the above trip, and visiting the old stations, is tough on both vehicle and personnel. Getting supplies and medications out without breakage or theft sometimes defies the best of us. Some of Dr. Nelson's recent remarks are stuck in my mind. "Oh, for young personnel to replace us older ones and do this hard work. I'd rather drive 2,000 miles at home than these 200 I've just been over. I could have seen 500 patients in the time I've spent on this trip. PRAY without ceasing. You need to, over that road!"

Sudden Furlough

Things have a way of changing rather rapidly these days, including the best laid plans. With clinic closed the whole month of June for vacations, I was going to have plenty of time to get ready for furlough. I would sort and pack up my belongings, get all the pictures I was missing, visit some of our out-station dispensaries and unhurriedly get ready for my departure on July 24th. Well, it was a good idea but the Lord had other plans.

On Sunday, May 20th, I got a telephone call from New Jersey that left me a bit stunned. My brother Marvin and his wife Marie, were both in the hospital and neither one was in very good shape. A fall from a ladder sent him in by ambulance with a fractured vertebra and a bruised shoulder. Three days later, Marie joined him with abdominal pains. Emergency surgery revealed advanced cancer. She had been on cobalt treatment for cancer of the neck glands and the nodules had responded well enough. Little did we know that she was filled with cancer elsewhere. The doctor was unable to get it all.

Needless to say, I rushed right home. That's the fastest exit I have ever made out of Haiti. Marie is home now and not in real acute pain. Marvin is still in the hospital. He developed a nasty case of phlebitis (blood clot) in his leg, along with a urinary complication. But he is over the hump and we hope he will be coming home next week. Naturally, it will be months before he will be able to return to work with the electric company.

The inevitable question that I hear so often is, "Why? One is bad enough but why both?" Well, I can't give the reasons for that one, for I don't know myself. But I do know that the Lord says, "...all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." (Romans 8:28) I like what one friend wrote to me--"God is bigger than your needs and wiser than your problems, too wise to make a mistake and too good to do us wrong."

And what are my plans? For today, my place is right here in this home and that is all I need to know for now. With two sick people and four healthy, lively boys to care for and feed, I think I will have enough to keep me busy. What tomorrow will bring only the Lord knows, so I will leave that with Him.

1974--Ready To Return To Haiti

It has been awhile since I have written to you, so it's high time I get a letter off in your direction. All of a sudden I realized that time is running out, summer is almost here, and before long I'm going to have to make some concrete plans for my return to Haiti.

I am delighted and thankful to the Lord, and excited about the new doctor who plans to join us this fall. What an answer to prayer!! Keep praying now that all the details can be worked out, that there will be no obstacles in his getting to the field. Pray that his support will come in, and that the Lord will give him and his family all the wisdom and strength that they will be needing in the weeks ahead. From what I hear, he plans to go to Haiti in October, and spend eight months of each year on the field. And by the way, his name is also Nelson, so we will have two Dr. D. Nelsons. Our older one is Dudley and this new one is Don so I imagine we will be calling them Dr. Nelson and Dr. Don for convenience sake. It could be most confusing. Our own Dr. Dudley Nelson plans to return to Haiti in October also. It looks as if we will be getting a new lab technician, too, and for this I am most grateful. But with two doctors, we are going to need more nurses. Do you know of any who are available? Pray!!

My personal plans are not as yet definite apart from expecting to return to Haiti about mid-September. I am thinking of leaving Spokane about the middle of July and gradually head east, taking a round-about way. The car that I have so enjoyed will go back to its owner when I leave here. I have so often thanked the Lord and my generous friends for the use of it all these months. About the only expense I have had is the gas to run it. I hope I never cease to marvel and appreciate the goodness of God.

Yesterday I called the bus station to find out about their new "Ameripass" offer and it sounds interesting to me. A one month ticket for \$165.00 or a two month ticket for \$220.00 and you can travel all you want. That means anywhere the Greyhound bus goes, any direction, back or forth with no limits until your time runs out. A plane ticket directly to Miami, Florida would cost more and that would be without stops for visits along the way. So this might be just the thing for me. I could visit friends anywhere I wished. At any rate, it is something to think about.

The World's Fair is going strong here in Spokane and I am enjoying it. I think that it is great that they decided to have it during my furlough year so that I could get in on it. I am sure that was their reason for picking 1974!! It is my first World's Fair and I am taking advantage of it. There is so much to enjoy.

Suzuki

The new year came too soon. My correspondence was in a sad state. I had not even sent out any Christmas cards. Actually, it seemed as if I barely got here and there was 1975 grinning at me. It's funny how fast things move these days, everything that is, but me.

October may be cool at home but not here. My first evening back in Haiti found me cooling off in a swimming pool. I took the plane out to Cayes the next day instead of going by bus. I had the best excuse--my four kidney stones that I didn't want to shake loose! Of course, that wasn't my only reason. I just don't relish ten hours of perpetual shaking to go 125 miles when I can fly it in less than one. And I used to think it was fun!

I felt lost when I got back. No wheels!! I had sold my Volkswagen during furlough because my return was so indefinite. It was almost painful to see my little "Bug" being driven by someone else while I walked and sweated in the hot sun. One day I told Berlin, our faithful Haitian clinic administrator, "I think I had better get a motorcycle." I got the most awful scowl and a firm, "No! I won't let you. You get a four-wheel vehicle, not a two." Actually those were my sentiments, too. I was badly addicted to my old sturdy Simplex motorcycle the twelve years it lived. But I'm leery of these popular Hondas, Yamahas, Suzukis and the like. I guess I've

patched up too many accident victims. Besides, I already have enough rheumatism without inviting more. Bone and joint injuries I definitely do not need.

So guess what? I DID get a Suzuki after all. But mind you, it's a four-wheeler, not a two. A three cylinder, two cycle, four-wheel drive 1975 Jeep with 16" tires. Les Dick, our mechanic, drove it out from Port-au-Prince on its maiden voyage and praised its performance through rivers and mud---much to my delight. His only complaint was that it rides rough. Oh well, you can't have everything in a compact jeep. Its name? TOY-ZUKI.

Thanks for praying for another doctor. The Lord had one in mind all along, but kept it a secret. Dr. Lovinsky Severe, a fine Haitian Christian, recently graduated from medical school and has joined us for his year of residency. Why did he choose us? "I like your spiritual emphasis," was his answer. Then there's Dr. Don Nelson. He is the one from California that I asked you to pray about last summer. He is here now for three months doing quite a bit of surgery but mainly exploring sites and possibilities for building a hospital. Ten years of missionary work in the Congo gave him a wealth of experience to draw from. But he still needs your prayers for guidance and wisdom. We all do.

It seems that I am fighting a losing battle! The crickets and snails are winning and even the weather is on their side this year. I have seeded and re-seeded until almost all of my seed is gone. I have set out plants by the dozens only to have them devoured by my enemies. I have schemed and hunted, poisoned and slaughtered, but my shelves remain empty of pickles and the freezer void of vegetables. Right now I can hear a chorus of crickets singing in anticipation of tonight's feast. Say, there goes one right now crawling up under my mosquito net. Now, that's going too far!! I refuse to sleep with the pesky thieves!

"I have learned, (am learning) in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."
(Philippians 4:11)

Chambellan

Trying something new has always intrigued me, but this time I went too far! As soon as I did it, I regretted it. But it was too late. The deed was done and the results irreversible. I should have known better!

"No long country trips for me," I decided when I came back from furlough. A kidney stone attack away from home without proper medical help isn't exactly to my choosing. You see, I'm not quite sure just how secure my rock pile is and I'd hate to have a rock-slide. Then came the need for someone to go to our Chambellan out-station dispensary across the mountains. They needed help. A week's visit would be sufficient. I remembered my last visit there!! That was the time I got stranded in about the worst flood in Haiti's history. What a new experience that was! Well, I went again, not because I had to, but because I chose to go. I like Chambellan and I like getting out. A comfortable fifteen minute plane ride over rough mountains, then a three-hour uncomfortable (putting it mildly) ride by jeep and I was safely there.

It was a busy week. I worked hard from morning until dark helping the girls get better organized, getting a complete inventory of stock, and making more cabinet space for medicine. I made use of hammer, nails, saw and boards. The place took on a new look. In between times I helped the girls with their patients.

One in particular, Luzann, who was carried in on a stretcher rocking chair my first day there, was with us all week. Since she was acutely ill, we put her on antibiotic treatment and were relieved as we watched her fever drop. But we were uneasy about her mental attitude. Then suddenly an abrupt change occurred and we witnessed a fierce demonic battle such as I have never seen the like of. Oblivious of those who stood beside her bed, she wrestled, fought, and struggled. With her face contorted and eyes bulging, she clutched at her throat as though trying to tear away choking hands. Later in the night there was another attack and this time she "stood" in her bed head down, resting on her shoulders as though being suspended or held by her feet. The groanings and utterances were not her own voice.

God's Word tells us, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Ephesians 6:12) We were convinced that this twenty-one year old girl was demon possessed. We did not see deliverance.

After being back home for a few days, I was ready for another new adventure, our Dubois dispensary. I had never been there. I knew the last part of that road was steep mountains and very rough. My Toy-Zuki ought to be able to make it. I'd take Berlin and his wife along and on the way visit Bonne Fin, the site of our future hospital. That's Dr. Don's project and you will be hearing more about it later. The land is bought, the road is cut and things are moving full steam ahead. It is a beautiful location at a higher altitude and much cooler than Cayes.

Up and down the mountains all the way to Dubois and not a complaint from my little jeep. But coming back, she suddenly balked stubbornly at a steep, rocky curve. I hoped I could soothe her ruffled nerves and talk her into taking us the rest of the way home. I know it wasn't her fault really. She had reasons to grumble. Bad gas! Our last tank load from Port-au-Prince had gummed up motorcycles, lawn mowers, and even jeeps that boasted of being far superior to little Toy-Zuki. My nerves were calmed, too, when all she asked was that we clean the carbon from her three sparkplugs. A reasonable request I'd say.

Back home again, there was the big annual spring convention to look forward to. And what a time we had! Especially me! With four or five thousand people attending, there were lots of friends to greet. The messages were excellent. A former Catholic priest gave a powerful testimony on his salvation and faith in Christ and started a fire that will not be easily quenched. His witness was heard throughout all of Haiti, for the entire convention was broadcast on our radio network.

There is really nothing new about conventions for me, but I managed to get a first time experience out of this one. Because of the tremendous crowd and the heat, I stayed home Saturday morning by my radio and listened in comfort to the entire message. The singing I could enjoy from my porch, for the tabernacle is just below our hill. The last amen was said, the crowd began to move, and my heart was stirred with the challenge of the message. A few minutes later, while out on the back porch moving the lawn mower--crash, bang, snap! I had a fractured wrist!! My only recollection was the collision with the cement floor. My feet must have slipped, for I landed on my lower back with my wrist taking the brunt of the impact.

It's funny how far some people will go for a new experience! Well, I learned what breaking a bone feels like. And I'm gaining valuable knowledge about wearing casts in hot, humid weather! I dare say, I'll be more sympathetic with my handicapped kids, especially those with casts that I put on.

"Giving thanks always for ALL things unto God--." (Ephesians 5:20) "Thank you, Lord, that it's my left arm instead of my right, one wrist and not both, my wrist and not my back or hip. That it happened at home and not out on a rocky mountain road. And a double thanks for placing Dr. Keith and wife Toni right here in my own home these two months. Why, You even had them right here on the spot the very moment it happened. I'm glad that I belong to You. You're watching over me, that's for sure."

Not Another One!

Not another one! My heart rebelled at the sight before me. "What shall we do for this one?" the girls questioned, looking to me for the answer. But the answer wouldn't come. My mind was suddenly fogged over with pity and frustration. Before me on her mother's lap sat a small eight year old girl. "Why? Why do they wait so long before they come in?" my heart cried out for the second time that morning.

The story was nothing new. "She fell into the fire," mama explained. So had the child we had just finished working on a few minutes before and so had the previous week's toddler. They had one more thing in common--all had waited months before coming to us for help. The toddler's arm was healed--if you can call it that. Allowed to hold it any way he wished, his forearm had grown fast to his upper arm and was held tightly with scar tissue and adhesions. Even his hand was doubled into a motionless fist with only a stumpy thumb left movable.

"Why did you wait a whole year before bringing her in?" I quizzed the father of the second child. Her face was a mass of scar tissue complicated with an open infected sore from a year-old burn. A fresh deep burn was on her back. "They say there is no cure for epilepsy," was his reply. "But we can control the attacks," I countered. My heart ached for this ten year old. Repeated falls kept her wounds from healing.

Johnson

Then came the eight year old that left me feeling half sick. Those hands! Both of them! They were like eagle claws, drawn backwards and bound unmercifully by solid, unyielding scar tissue. There wasn't a movable joint in either wrists or fingers. And the back of one hand was still a wide open sore. While cooking a meal over an open fire on the ground, as all Haitians do, a seizure of some sort had thrown her forward and her hands had plunged into hot coals.

Painful plastic surgery lies ahead for these children if and when it is available. The longer it is put off, the more difficult it becomes to restore function. And to think it could have been prevented had they come earlier. Through the Handicap program we may eventually get help for them in Port-au-Prince. If only we had our own hospital!

Nearly thirty years ago when I was a brand new missionary and we had only a one-room make-shift dispensary and no doctor, we prayed for a hospital. "Lord give us that hill for a medical work," we pleaded, having already chosen a site and envisioned a great work. But the Lord held back. A clinic and a doctor, yes, but not a hospital, at least not at that time. Instead of the hill, He has given us a mountain befittingly called "Bonne Fin," meaning "good ending." Now I find myself praising the Lord for His even better provision. It's a beautiful spot--ten acres of absolutely level ground for hospital buildings and surrounding hills for staff residences at a cool altitude of 1,800 feet. It is twenty-five miles from our present clinic and is centrally located in our southern peninsula of Haiti. Within a 25 mile radius surrounding the site are more than 160 of our 238 churches. Our target date is January, 1977. Will you help us pray it through? It takes money to build and dedicated people to staff the kind of Christian hospital we would like to see.

Four Fish

It was a hectic morning! There were more patients than we could handle and people were restless and pushy. My own patience was getting frayed. "If only they would just sit quietly and wait their turn," I thought, "how much faster and easier we could work." It seemed I wasted so much time just trying to keep order. As the clock crept up towards noon, their agitation increased proportionately. They knew we would be stopping for dinner and a short siesta and no one who already had a card was willing to wait for afternoon.

"You've got to take me," insisted one out-of-turn woman as she threw her card on my lap. "I left a nursing baby at home." I might have considered her plea had not the others jumped in. With cards being pushed at me from every angle, I gave up. "Come back this afternoon and the doctors will see you," I offered, but they only became more insistent and louder with their myriad of excuses. I was irritated. I didn't feel well myself and the bedlam didn't help matters one bit. I'm glad all days aren't like that one. In the midst of the fuss, Nerteau, our faithful personal worker, walked by and quietly slipped a note on my desk. "Four fish this morning," he said smiling and went on. I knew without looking that there were four names on that paper, names of four new babes in Christ.

Four fish! Jesus said, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." (Matthew 4:19) "Thank You, Lord, for these four and for the hundreds of others that have come through the medical work." Can I question if it is all worthwhile, when they continue to come like this?

Molin was discouraged. "I'm the only Christian in my family," he complained. I had gone with him to visit his home and found his parents bitter over the accident that had amputated both his arms above the elbows. His hands had caught in the sugar cane rollers. I challenged him. "You are a brand new Christian, Molin, and your folks will be watching you. You stay faithful. Let them see that there's a change in you. I'll help you pray for them and one by one you will see them come." That was several years ago.

Last October, my young friend was all excited when he came in to return to school. "Mlle! Four of my brothers are saved! I'm not alone anymore." Then last month following the Christmas vacation, he was fit to be tied. "My father is in. Just my mother left now. It's just like you said, one by one," and his face beamed. Molin has a real problem. Though he has tried several different kinds of false arms, he still can't feed himself. Will you pray for him?

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past. Only what's done for Christ will last." Yes, it is worth it all. Thank you, Lord, for giving me these thirty years to serve You here in Haiti.

Ups and Downs

I've scratched my brain for days trying to think of something to write and I can't come up with a thing. "Write," people tell me, "letters, stories, articles. We want to hear." I wish it were all that easy. I sit down in the evening before my typewriter with all sorts of good intentions. The yawns promptly take over, my brain goes on strike and I end up with zero.

There are good days as well as bad! According to some people, missionaries aren't supposed to have any "downs," but always be "up." Would you believe what one friend wrote to me? "It must be wonderful to be a missionary," she said, "and live above the many temptations and testings that we Christians battle here at home." I got the idea that she had me up on a pedestal as though I were a super-saint. I tried to straighten out her thinking, but I didn't even get to first base. Going overseas never made me immune to Satan's darts.

Some days I sail beautifully through a hectic clinic day, but other times I spoil it from the start. Impatience, lack of love and consideration, anger and pride! I'm personally acquainted with all of them. I remember vividly the rebuke of one poor Haitian woman. I deserved it and it set me to thinking. I must have answered her question unkindly, for she looked at me sadly and replied, "Mlle. What has happened to you? You're getting cranky and you didn't use to be like that. What's wrong?" I thanked her for waking me up, asked her to forgive me and then went to work praying about that problem.

There are pressures, especially these days while Dr. Nelson is home on a two-month vacation. Our two short-term nurses completed their time and our two new ones are in Port-au-Prince for language study. We couldn't handle all the patients with two doctors here, let alone now with one. Some days are worse than others, such as Tuesdays and Fridays for adults. Wednesday is for kids only and what a noisy, howling time we have! On these especially hard days, I ask the Lord for an extra portion of His grace and to fill me so much with His love that sweet waters will spill out even under pressure. More than once, before a morning is even half over, I've retreated to the privacy of the bathroom and cried out to God. "I've blown it already. Forgive me, Lord."

I like the "up" experiences. A patient comes back bringing a gift of appreciation--a few eggs, a stock of sugar cane, or just a "Thank you." A deaf-mute throws her arms around me in a bear hug and I get a lump in my throat. A mother puts a beautiful baby in my arms and asks, "Do you remember her?" I'm blank. She laughs. "You ought to. You saved her life by giving her breath." My mind goes back to that Sunday morning and the frantic call from maternity. I barely made it in time to help with the difficult delivery but the child refused to breathe. A faint heart beat spurred me on to prolonged mouth to mouth resuscitation. Amazingly, the child lived and seems normal.

Gratifying? YES! Glad I'm a missionary? YES! These people are finding Christ, Whom to know is Life Eternal.

Fractured Hip

Today I tried to stay home and away from the clinic in an effort to get over a nasty chest cold. I haven't had one of those for months but I've got one now. It's a good thing today is Thursday. I'll play hooky again tomorrow and then have the whole week-end free besides. Maybe with that much rest, I'll be in better shape for the new week.

I was in the middle of my "rest" this afternoon when a clinic worker came up with a patient. "Mlle. What shall I do with this woman? Her hip hurts and she can't walk well." I took a quick look. I had never seen such an array of knotted rags wrapped and woven around her hips and thigh, hard knot upon hard knot in a pile over the hip joint. Her story? She had fallen on a slippery, rough mountain path ten months ago! The local "bone setter," who was also a "docteur fey" (herb doctor), had been treating her all this time. At first he pulled and "set" the fractured bone, He applied his leaf poultices and bound the hip. Later came weekly sessions of untying all the knots, applying more leaves and ointments with massage, and then rebinding with the rope-rags. Ten months of this and still unable to walk properly, she came to us. Using a cane, she had hobbled up my hill.

The first step of course, was x-ray. Wow!! There was a complete fracture of the head of the femur with the ball of the joint turned sideways and the rest of the bone completely separated from it. What a mess! I showed her the picture, and she broke into tears. What could I offer? She needs surgery with a new joint put in. We can't do it. They can't do it in the Cayes hospital. She doesn't have the money to go to the capitol, and would they do it properly if she did go? To complicate matters even further, she is four months pregnant. I wish our hospital was ready to function. I thought I had problems but mine faded quickly when I saw hers.

We have a new personal worker in the clinic and I surely do like him. Pastor Montasse, about sixty years old, is a man of real faith and stability. He pastors a small church nearby, but is with us in the clinic every workday morning. He quietly goes about his business of talking to patients, counseling, and pointing them to Christ. One day as he was ready to leave, I asked if he would please write the number of decisions each day on the calendar over my desk. Seeing those little numbers would encourage me as I worked with patients. Since then, as I glance up, I see a two or a one or a four, and sometimes even a six alongside the date. Last week they added up to fourteen.

In August, Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Nelson left us. Their going was a shock to me and a hard decision for them to make. They feel quite strongly that their two younger children need them at home. So the burden, instead of becoming lighter for me, has increased, but I count on the Lord to give me the strength needed. We still have Dr. Severe (Haitian), an outstanding man with a clear ringing testimony for the Lord and a burden for souls. He is young and needs further training, so pray for him. Dr. Don Nelson heads up the hospital project. Wisdom is needed to know how to coordinate the clinic work with the hospital. We are delighted with the building progress and the prospect of the hospital, Bonne Fin.

"You Can Do It, Vana"

"Get up, Vana. You can do it. Walk up there and say whatever you like." Our eyes met and I saw unbelief. I reached for her crutches. "Do it, Vana," I whispered. "Show them you can." Accepting the challenge, she rose slowly and then shuffled unaided to the front of the church, turned around and faced the Sunday morning congregation. Just a few minutes before, I had stood there, a visitor, greeting the people. As I finished, the leader whispered, "Aren't you going to say anything about Vana?" "No," came my quick reply, "you ask Vana to speak for herself," and with that I joined my young friend in the back row.

My involvement with this young girl had begun just a few months before. Pastor Montasse, our beloved personal worker in the clinic, had shared a burden with me--a crippled nineteen year old beggar girl whom he had found and befriended. "If only something could be done for her," he bemoaned. One thing had been done. She has been introduced to Christ and had responded.

I couldn't get Vana out of my mind. I had to go see her for myself. Her story made me heartsick. Motherless at ten, fatherless at sixteen, and at seventeen severely crippled by a fall from a tree. The hardest blow of all came when her aunt, who had mothered her since her own had died, cast her out of her home because she was now a "useless burden." What choice had she but to beg? Dragging her body out to the roadside, she would beg by day and sleep at night under a tree or open shelter. The Montasses were giving her a bit of food each day, but apart from them, few people seemed to care. Squatting on the ground beside her, I cleaned and dressed a deep sore on her foot. It was kept raw by the rocks as she dragged her bare feet over them.

"Lord, help me to find some way to help this girl," I prayed. One day I drove back out and brought her in, placed her in a Christian Haitian home and went to work on her flabby muscles. She responded. Later after minor corrective surgery, braces, and more therapy, she was able to walk with crutches. One Sunday morning, powdered, perfumed, and wearing a pretty dress, the new, smiling Vana went with me to visit Pastor Montasse's church. And that's where our story began.

"I was a crippled beggar, homeless, friendless, and cast out. Today I belong to Jesus." Her voice was loud and clear. "He has given me friends to help me. I thank God for saving me."

A song rings in my ears: "One sat alone, beside the highway begging. His eyes were blind, the light he could not see. He clutched his rags and shivered in the shadows. Then JESUS came and bade his darkness flee."

"God, show me how to help Vana even more. She needs a home. She doesn't yet have full control of body functions and that's miserable. Thank You for letting me have a small part in Your reaching out to her. And thank You, God, for every friend back home who cares and gives and prays. They have a big part. In fact, if it weren't for them, I couldn't even be here."

I Have So Much--They Have So Little

Tired and weary, I trudged up the hill to my home, my feet were hurting and I was complaining every step of the way. It was late, as we had worked way overtime, and still people had been turned away. "Too many patients, too much work," I thought, feeling sorry for myself. "Please, Lord, no more tonight."

There were no knocks at the door that evening, but in my mind I saw them--the day's patients. They dominated my thoughts even as I thanked the Lord for His blessings to me. I heard the pleading of the disappointed ones who were turned away, and saw the hopelessness of those we were incapable of helping. I felt for the weary ones who had traveled far to come in and now had equally as far to go back over mountain trails by animal or on foot. Some had waited for days to be seen and used up both provisions and money and had nothing left with which to buy medicines. I couldn't forget the critically ill girl down in our out-patient building, turning and tossing on her thin straw mat spread on the hard cement floor. "Forgive me, Lord," I cried as I compared my lot with these. "I have so much for which to be thankful."

"Frankel, I have a little something for you," Jennie began in an almost apologetic tone. "It's not as pretty as I'd like it to be," she explained handing him a new brown necktie. How I wished that I had my camera focused on him at that moment. "Miss! Not pretty?" he cried out and spontaneously threw his arms around her giving her a big bear hug. It was a moist one for he was soaked with sweat, having just come in from working in our garden. "I prayed for a necktie and God loved me so much He gave me one." His eyes were shiny and wet. Appreciation? There is much I can learn from this twenty-year old boy, brother of Molin.

"All I want for Christmas is NOT my two front teeth," as the song goes, "but my two FALSE ARMS!" could be Molin's thoughts these days. You remember, the boy who lost his real ones in the sugar mill. He is working in our dental department as receptionist and handles all the money. But with his present, almost worn out set of arms, he is unable to feed himself or care for his essential personal needs. His devoted brother, Frankel, does all of that for him. We are in the process of getting new arms from the States, a pair that will enable him to care for himself, even to the point of eating and dressing. Yes, I know these things are terribly expensive, but if God loved Frankel enough to give him the tie he asked for, I'm sure He loves Molin enough to give him a pair of arms and a measure of independence.

You prayed for Vana, the abandoned, paralyzed girl who had no control of bodily functions. God answered prayers. She now walks with crutches and has full day and night control of both bladder and bowel. Praise the Lord! She needs to grow spiritually, so keep praying for her.

I asked God for someone to replace me in the work with handicapped children and He sent Cathie Smith, a capable physical therapist. My former co-worker, Jennie Razumny, returned after seventeen years of absence and has taken a heavy load off my shoulders. We live together, too, and I've never known anyone with whom I've been more compatible.

Often I am weary and tempted to complain. I get an urge to hide so I won't hear the knocks at the door and the cry of a sick child on my porch. Maybe I'm irritated for having to work when I wanted to be free. It is then that I pray, "God, thank You for the extra good health You have given me this term and for the strength You give for every task You ask me to perform. May I have a compassionate heart."

On To The Bus

I woke up this morning with a start! I knew I had overslept my alarm. Without my glasses, I had to hold the clock close to my face to read the big luminous dial. "Only 12:30 a.m.! Why, I can sleep another two hours." I plopped back onto my pillow. Over and over again confusing, ridiculous dreams convinced me that I was late but each time my clock proved it wasn't true. Finally at 2:15, tired of the struggle, I turned on my light, reached to turn off the alarm and found it already off. Next time I'm going to set that clock clear across the room so I can't fool with it so easily.

Sleepily I dragged myself out of bed and out into the cool night air. My Suzuki was waiting for me. I hated to start it--the noise would wake up the soundest of sleepers. The muffler broke yesterday and I was quickly dubbed "hot-rod Bernice." As I reached the clinic and started waking up my deaf-mute boys, the penetrating honk of a distant horn pierced the night air. "Hurry," I tried to say in sign language, "the bus is coming." Somehow they got the point and in no time flat we were heading down the valley to the Haitian home where the deaf-mute girls and crippled kids were bedded down. "Faster, faster!" my kids motioned. "Beat the bus." Typical boys! The horn blasted its arrival but they heard nothing. Not until they saw the headlights did they realize we had lost the race. Such feigned mourning!

Someone held my lantern, and shined it down on my clipboard as I stood by the doorway of the bus. One by one I checked the names off my list. Some I took as they came, others I called for by name, placing them according to their needs. Legless four year old Serest needed a big brother to befriend him. The two blind five year olds were desperate for love and security. Josaphat, an adult amputee, going in for a false leg, gladly hugged them to himself. Melioma, severely crippled, was carried to a front seat. There should have been thirty children, but six failed to show up yesterday, probably because of the heavy rain. With the last child on, the door was closed, and colorful "Fleure de Mai" (Flower of May) blasted its horn and took off. From open windows the kids waved happily, but I knew a few inside were sobbing their hearts out. I looked at my watch. It was 3:30 a.m. "Lord, give them a safe trip," I prayed. I went home and back to bed.

The Episcopalian "Ecole St. Vincent" in Port-au-Prince has educated many of our handicapped children. Most of this morning's bus load were students returning after Easter vacation. Countless others have been helped with corrective surgery, therapy, braces, etc. Now that we have our own hospital and periodic visits of orthopedic surgeons, we can do much more ourselves.

Thank you for praying for Molin. He did get his arms by Christmas and he has learned to feed himself. He can tie his shoelaces and with real effort even button his shirt. Yet to be worked out are dressing himself and personal bathroom problems. Keep praying for him, won't you. The Lord does answer prayer. He supplied more than enough money to pay for those arms. Praise His Name!

"GREAT IS THE LORD, AND GREATLY TO BE PRAISED." (I Chronicles 16:25)

"President a Vie!"

"**P**resident a vie! L' ap vini. Aux Cayes mem, oui!"

"President for life! He's coming. To Cayes itself, yes!" The excitement is electrifying. There is a holiday atmosphere. All places of business are closed for the day. The streets haven't been so clean for years. Banners wave wildly in the wind proclaiming the city's welcome to Jean-Claude Duvalier, President for life. What's the occasion? Nothing less than the inauguration of the recently completed paved highway extending 120 miles from Port-au-Prince to Cayes. I don't blame them for celebrating. I'm feeling pretty excited myself. Haven't I been wishing these 34 years and longing for that road that I always heard was coming some day? "I'll believe it when I see it," I used to say and now I both SEE it and FEEL it. Praise the Lord!

My radio sits beside me as I write this letter. Our Mission radio network is covering the event with several mobile units stationed at various points. I'm following the progress and activities of the entourage through the voice of our reporters. Just a short time ago one reporter announced that they were leaving Cavaillon and should be at Cayes in about fifteen minutes. I remember when that stretch of fifteen miles took at least an hour and that was the best part of the whole road!

Hey, I hear sirens! People are shouting. It must be them. Sure enough, there they go. I can see the highway from here. Motorcycle escort, blaring sirens, president's car, and a whole string of cars following. The excitement is contagious, even makes my blood tingle a bit. Maybe I should have gone in and been a part of it. I always have before as I got a close look at the president, jostled with the crowd and taken pictures galore. It seems as if something is different this time. I'm content to stay home and be on call in case of an emergency. Now if I were honest with myself, I'd have to admit that the more logical reason is aching joints, tired feet, a complaining back and just plain lack of get-up and go. No, I'm not sick. I feel fine, that is as long as I get off my feet once in awhile and let my tired muscles relax.

"Take it easy," they say and just about the time I start slacking off there is another job to be done. Woe is me! The hurrier I go, the behinder I get! Really, I'm not complaining. To the contrary, I thank the Lord for giving me health and strength to work, plus jobs that I can do. My friend Frank hasn't either one. His tears just about tore my heart out last week. "Please, Miss, find a way to help me learn to do something to make a living." You see, he is paralyzed from the waist down from a spinal injury. Braces and a walker have restored a certain amount of mobility, but that doesn't put food in his mouth.

In a few days we will be having orthopedic and handicap clinic with Dr. Whiteside from North Carolina and my dear friend Sister Joan from Port here to help us. Crippled, deformed, diseased, retarded--all sorts of patients will come, both young and old. Many will be scheduled for surgery at our hospital. Before the day is even ended, I'll be tired and weary in body but doubly grateful to the Lord for His goodness to me.

I find so many things for which to be thankful. A special treat this year is my family--my sister, nephew, his wife and two children. They are here for six months with Hap working in mechanics and maintenance and Gerri as nurse-practitioner with us in the clinic. My sister Alice takes care of the children. Christmas was extra special as Jennie and I celebrated a Scandinavian Christmas eve with them. They in turn came to our home for Christmas day.

Yes, it is a beautiful day today and excitement is running high. The crowds are pressing to see their leader and feel rewarded with a mere glimpse of his face. A ribbon cutting ceremony, speeches, receptions, fanfare--all to say "Thank you, Mr. President, our President for life."

One day the KING of KINGS is coming! I am His and He is mine, not just for this life but for all eternity. What a day THAT will be! I'm ready. I'm prepared. I'll get more than just a glimpse of His face. He is going to take me with Him to dwell with Him forever and ever. SO COME, LORD JESUS!

"Don't Leave One Out!"

"Please, Miss, don't leave one of them out. You have to operate on all three or the left-out child will suffer too much disappointment."

What an odd request for a father to make. Turning to the three sleepy, travel-weary little ones sitting on my porch, I hesitantly asked, "Do you all want the operation?" I heard the soft affirmative "Oui," but I saw the sudden glowing sparkle in their eyes. Unmistakable were the grins spreading across the three little faces. I got the message, confirmed by a lump in my throat that refused to be swallowed. These were children longing to look like normal kids. How they hated the inquisitive stares of people and despised the not-so-lovely nicknames that were too often used.

What was wrong? The hideous, ugly cleft lip. Three of this man's children were born with the deformity, the failure of the upper gum and lip to close in the center. Often they are split clear into the nose. A smile spreads the gap wide apart. What these unfortunate ones suffer is beyond the imagination of those of us who have never walked in their shoes. Too often they go through life without any repair.

My mind flipped back a few months to my first encounter with this family. They had come in response to our radio announcement of a visiting doctor specialist. By the time they got the message second-hand, it was already late and they were a whole day's journey away. Desperate for help they hurried in anyway. How I hated to say those stinging words--"I'm sorry, but you're too late." Surgery schedule was packed for the surgeon's remaining two days. My heart ached for them and I wanted so desperately to help them. "Don't be discouraged," I pleaded,

"you are Christians. Pray that God will send us another specialist and make a way for you." I got their names, address and information on how I could reach them. I promised that I would call them by name over our radio whenever the Lord sent us the right doctor.

No specialist was in our sight, but we were expecting a dentist to visit us this month. He came, but imagine our surprise when he announced he was an oral surgeon ready for two weeks work. God had known it all along! Out went my announcement over the radio and in came my kids, Seneque, Edcile, and Dieuseul ages 11, 9 and 7. God had answered their prayers. Here they were now on my porch rejoicing and hopeful. Dr. Trefz did do them all, so not one was left out. Though their lips are still tight, their mouths sore and smiles not so broad, the gleam in their eyes is brighter than ever.

Jesus said that whoever gives a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, shall not lose his reward. (Matthew 10:42) How about repairing a lip? Though the doctor has a big part in the reward, many others share--the radio announcer, nurses, hospital and clinic staff--you name it. Doing their part in His name is what counts. And what about you friends back home who give and pray? Let me say thank you for doing your part in His name so that not one of these little ones had to be left out.

Nurse Rebellion

It's a hot, muggy evening and not a breeze is stirring. A letter from my sister in North Dakota told about the snow falling already. If she could just send me about ten degrees of their coldness, I would be very comfortable. I see these typewriter keys are sticking badly. I'm sorry about that, as it makes reading difficult. It needs a good cleaning but I don't know how.

Thanks for remembering me and praying for me even though I haven't written you every month. It seems as if it becomes increasingly more difficult to keep up with correspondence. I'm not just sure what the reason is. I can't always blame it on being too busy. Sometimes I just feel blank and can't think of anything interesting to write about. Other times, I sit down to write but feel depressed with the cares and problems and don't feel like putting that down on paper. Now, it has taken me a good half-hour to write this little bit and what have I said? Nothing.

My mind seems to be dwelling on tomorrow. We face a problem in the clinic. The bulk of our Haitian staff rebelled this week and refused to accept their pay envelopes for October unless we give them a twenty percent increase. An increase is due, but there is much misunderstanding and many hard feelings which makes it a complicated affair. Inflation has hit so hard and people are suffering. Hurricane Allen gets a good share of the blame. With so many of the gardens destroyed and fruit trees stripped of fruit, food has become both scarce and expensive. Even such things as sugar and flour which were not affected by the hurricane, have become almost unattainable. Here in a sugar-raising country, we are now paying fifty-five or sixty cents a pound when we can find it.

I don't blame our staff for wanting higher salaries. Their money just doesn't reach far enough for the necessities of life. But we don't have a bottomless chest to take it from. The cost of medicine jumps up every time we place a new order and consequently the prices go up in the pharmacy. Our clinic crowds should be increasing, but instead they are diminishing. This is not because of less sickness, but how can they afford to come in and buy medicines when they haven't even got enough money to buy food? It becomes a vicious circle.

Every day we are besieged with pleas for money to buy food, for food itself, for money to rebuild a house destroyed by the hurricane, for money to pay a child's tuition for school or buy his books, for medicine--you name it. And they are real needs. My co-worker and housemate, Jennie, gives away every cent she can spare and hardly keeps anything for herself. So the people flock to her for help. I am not that generous nor as patient as she is. I'm so thankful to the Lord for bringing her back to me this fall. I learn much from her.

This past weekend we had a missionary retreat and what a challenge it was! The theme was "Being more like Jesus." We were challenged with this thought: "Don't say I WANT to be like Jesus, but say rather, I WILL, by the grace of God, be more like Jesus." And then make the following our goal: "I will not stop growing, nor cease trying, nor cease pressing toward being like Christ until death takes me or Christ returns." As we try, then God will help us.

It would be so easy to become overwhelmed with the problems in the clinic, the pressures of needy people or the cries of the poor and hungry and suffering. How in all this can I be more like Jesus? How would He react? Will you pray for me that I might become more and more like HIM? And continue praying for our dear Haitian people.

Thirty-Fifth Anniversary

"We have an honored person with us tonight--" My ears perked up and I looked around the room to spot this special person who undoubtedly would be speaking to us. I was tired from a busy clinic day and hoped he wouldn't be too long-winded. I had him pin-pointed, I thought, when suddenly all eyes focused on me. If I'd had false teeth, they surely would have popped right out!! "This is your 35th Anniversary in Haiti, Bernice, so come on up front. This is your life." There followed a time of fun and laughter as I saw myself in both skits and songs. I re-lived experiences as I listened to their "What I remember about Bernice--." I went home that evening with a warm feeling inside, grateful for the tangible tokens of appreciation, but most of all, thankful for the love and concern expressed by these, my fellow missionaries.

God knew that I needed this encouragement, for the next day was a tough one. It started out on a bad note, augmented through the day and ended up in tears. "God," my heart cried, "maybe I should just quit and go home and run away from these problems. I don't know how to handle them. What am I supposed to do?" All I heard was a quiet, "I haven't told you to quit yet."

The bad note was an abandoned three-year old child left on the clinic grounds in the night. He was cold and shivering in the rain, naked, starving and too mentally retarded to understand what it was all about. We have no homes for such children. What would YOU do? I'll give you two choices: Take him in and thus encourage others to abandon their unwanted children on our doorstep, or, leave him alone and hope the mother is nearby watching and will retrieve him in a day or two. In the meantime, you battle your conscience. Easy? Try it.

Speaking of unwanted children, do you remember Yvette? She is the crippled girl we put in braces, got her walking and then gave her a home in our orphanage? She was an orphan and supposedly had no relatives. She's a grown-up high school girl now. Recently in the crowded Port-au-Prince market, she was annoyed by a man staring at her and told him to quit. Instead he asked her name and upon hearing it, burst out, "You must be my sister!" Yvette thought she was alone in the world, but he knew that he had a sister in an orphanage and recognized the resemblance. Another brother is in the States and is sending for her. A happy ending. She is a Christian. She has had her share of loneliness and has never forgotten the man who mistreated her and wished that she were dead. I wonder about this newly abandoned one. What is his future? It is hard to find a home that is willing to take a mentally retarded child.

My tears and problems? The "bad note" was just one of several and not nearly the worst. There are some things that it is just not wise to talk about so I refrain from giving details. I see evidence of serious spiritual disease in our clinic and it is not resolved by talking or forcing our will on others. For several months the Lord has been telling me, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit--." (Zechariah 4:6)

Naturally the question comes to mind. Should I just quit? That would be the easier way out. But it would not solve the deep problems I would leave behind. So I pray, "Lord, You lead me step by step and let me not make a mistake in discerning Your will." Above all, I pray for a cleansing and healing work of the Holy Spirit in our clinic. Will you join me in prayer?

Edline

It must be almost twenty years ago that I first met Edline, a five-year old little girl with a hideous, ugly looking mouth. She was handicapped with what we call a cleft lip and palate. This is a deformity of the mouth where for some unknown reason the lip and the palate (roof of the mouth) fail to close during the formation of the baby. Edline's lip was split wide open clear to her nose and her teeth were all crooked in the split gum. It was ugly!!

I had gone to Edline's far-out country town after making an announcement over our radio station that I'd be holding a clinic for handicapped children at the Aux Anglais church. Edline's

Johnson

parents had responded to that call. As I started to talk with the little child, everyone else gathered around and stared at her. Some were pointing a finger at her face and making unkind remarks. Soon the child was in tears. Putting my arm around her, I led her into the house and closed the door so we could be alone and away from curious eyes. As I sat on the bed with her, I explained that we didn't have a doctor right then that could fix her mouth but that someday one would come. "Edline," I asked, "If someday I call you on the radio and say hurry and come in, will you come and let us fix up your mouth so you will look pretty like the other children?" The sparkle that suddenly lit up her eyes spoke louder than her quick "yes."

I went home for a year's furlough shortly after that and everywhere I went I showed Edline's picture and asked friends to pray for her and for a doctor that could fix her up. About six months after my return to the field, I got word that a visiting surgeon specialist would be in Port-au-Prince on a certain date and for me to send in any children I had with cleft lips. I had five on my list and the worst by far was Edline. I got the message out over the radio and four of the children came in but Edline was not one of them. Quickly I sent the four in but my heart was heavy for the missing girl. Desperate, I sent another message over the radio and asked if the sheriff would go to her home and see what was wrong, why she didn't come. It was too far for me to go to find her myself and not enough time either.

Two days passed and I began to lose hope. On the third day, she arrived with her mother. It was the last day I could send her in for the doctor would be going back to the States very soon. I got her on a plane and in she went in a hurry. She wasn't too late.

"Why didn't you come in sooner?" I asked the mother. Shaking a finger at me she replied, "I heard you call but I decided not to bring her because you can't do anything for her anyway. It's not worth the long journey. I wouldn't have come if you hadn't sent the sheriff after me." Then she told me how she had been in church listening to the radio when she heard the announcement asking the sheriff to go to her house. She left the church in a hurry, borrowed a donkey, set Edline on his back and was heading down the hill when she met the sheriff coming up. Quickly she told him she was on her way and all was well. She walked the FIFTY miles, leading the donkey all the way.

Of course, the mother was tired but it was worth it. When Edline returned a couple of weeks later with the gaping mouth closed and almost healed, she could hardly contain her joy. She was elated and hardly able to believe it was for real. "She is going to have to go back again next year for surgery inside her mouth. Will you bring her in if I call?" I asked. She assured me there would be no trouble, gladly would she come.

About a year later, the surgeon came back and again I called for Edline to come in. This time she came in even a few days earlier than I needed her and she was so happy. With her mouth fixed, Edline was a pretty girl. No longer did she hide her face, cover her mouth with her hands or stay home so people wouldn't stare at her or call her ugly names. She could hold her head high, laugh and play as other children and no longer was she called "little split mouth."

Edline became a Christian when she was very young and I am sure she thanked the Lord many times for what He had done for her. She grew up to be a young lady and then she got married. Three children were born and all of them normal. The third one was born about the time that Hurricane Allen struck Haiti and her home was demolished. Edline was exposed to the rain and winds and got sick. The new baby was only a few weeks old when Edline died, leaving three mother-less children behind. I'm thankful that Edline was a Christian. She no longer suffers. I'm not sure what has happened to the children. We need to pray for them.

Yvette

In 1962, there was a knock at my door and as I called out, "Come in," a man entered, carrying a tiny girl in his arms. He sat her down on the floor in the middle of my straw rug, then sat down in a chair and told me his story. She was a tiny little thing, perhaps four years old, but looked less than three. Thin and pathetic looking, she sat hunched up without a trace of a smile.

"Her name is Yvette," the man volunteered, "and I'm her uncle. Her mother died some time ago and we don't know who her father is. She can't walk, or even stand up. I heard that you help handicapped children so brought her to you. I love Yvette. Please help her for me. She has no family but me."

I examined the little girl and found that she really was handicapped. The only clothing she had on her body was a thin little dress you could see right through and it was much too small for her. One leg was as limp as a wet dishcloth and the other leg only a little better. She couldn't begin to stand up. Her legs just wouldn't hold her. Evidently it was polio that had crippled her.

"I'll take her," I promised the man, "and see what we can do for her. But," I explained, "you must come for her when I send for you. We will do all we can and then you must take her back home with you." He promised he would and again told me how much he loved this little girl.

I sent Yvette to Port-au-Prince, the capitol, where she was fitted with braces and crutches at the Episcopalian center for handicapped children. There she was taught to walk. When she was sent back to me, she was a different child. She had gained weight, had on a pretty dress, was happy and all smiles. She could manage to walk a bit with her heavy iron braces holding her up. I kept her in a Christian Haitian home for a few weeks to observe her and make sure she was ready to go home before calling the uncle. She learned to sing choruses, she was all smiles and she talked to everyone that appeared. "Watch. I can walk. Come see me walk," she would call out and then shuffle off with her crutches as proud as a peacock.

It was time to call the uncle. Yvette was ready to go home. The uncle came and as he approached the house, Yvette saw him coming. Suddenly her whole countenance changed. The man came into the house and greeted her, but she wouldn't answer him. Instead she sulked in the corner with tears filling her eyes. "Yvette, aren't you glad to see your uncle," the woman who cared for her pleaded. "He's come to take you back home. Just a moment ago you were singing and laughing. Now you cry. What's the matter with you, Yvette?" But the child refused to answer or even look up.

The uncle decided he had better leave and come up and see me. As he walked out the door and headed up the road, little Yvette came to life. "Go," she cried out, "Go, and never come back. I don't want to see you. I don't want you to ever come back." But the uncle was too far away to hear her.

As I talked to the uncle later and quizzed him about Yvette, he again told me how much he loved her. Knowing what had happened when the child saw him, I was suspicious and sure he wasn't telling me the truth. I faced him with it squarely. "Did you feed her like your own children? Did she sleep on the floor? Did you really want her and love her, or did you wish she would die so you would be free of her?" Suddenly he changed his tune and his story, too. "You're right. I don't want her. I have enough children of my own to feed and clothe and I don't need her. Besides, she is a cripple and won't be able to work. But how did you know these things?"

How did I know? If he had treated her kindly, she would have been glad to see him and not be afraid. She would have been happy to show him how she could walk, not crouch in a corner and cry. It was easy to see that something was wrong, and that wrong was that the uncle had mistreated her.

Yvette wasn't sent back home with her uncle. Instead we put her in our orphanage and the uncle seemed glad to be free of her. We had a number of orphan boys, but Yvette became our first girl. She was happy and felt wanted and loved. A couple of years later, the uncle re-appeared, but as soon as Yvette spotted him she froze and almost panicked. The missionary hugged her and assured her that she was safe, that they wouldn't let anyone come take her away. But not until he left, did she completely relax. He never returned.

The crippled girl soon became a school girl and eventually was able to discard first the crutches and then the heavy iron braces. Although she walked with a limp, she could do everything but run. But she always felt a tinge of loneliness because she was told that she had no family at all. No relatives came to visit her.

Yvette matured into a lovely young lady. She eventually came out of the braces and walked without any supports. She could never run, and her walk was not normal but functional. She grew up with another handicapped girl that the Stewarts took in and they would laugh at each other's difficulties. It was good for both of them and they were good for each other.

The day came when the orphanage work was discontinued and instead the children were put into foster care homes. We found that children growing up in an orphanage such as we had, became misfits in their own society. It was hard for them to merge back into Haitian life and its uncertainties, as they were used to having three meals a day, clothes to wear, etc. Anyway, the foster care program was developed so that the children could stay and grow up in their own

environment. Yvette was a teenager and chose to go to a Pastor's home where she was happy and it worked out very well.

When I returned to Haiti in the fall of 1983 to dispose of my belongings and bring home what I wanted, I saw Yvette and had a nice visit with her. She had recently graduated from high school. We talked about the past and I learned some very interesting things. I wish I knew what is really true and what is fiction. In Haiti it is exceedingly difficult, in fact nigh impossible, to get the whole truth of a story. They are experts in coloring the story, distorting facts,--in other words, telling you what they want you to believe in order to get what they want from you.

Yvette sat and told me that the man who originally brought her to me was not her uncle but her very own father. Her mother who died, was not the man's niece but his wife. It was true that he didn't want her because he couldn't take care of her properly and because she was crippled. She was not loved and little food was "wasted" on her. She also told me that she discovered as a teen-ager that she had two brothers and that one lives in the United States and wants to help her.

I never told Yvette what her reaction had been to the "uncle" and I am sure she does not remember any of that. Her actions spoke so loudly, in fact, screamed out the fear, hate, suffering, starvation and who knows what. Whatever the true story is, the fact remains that she was rescued and found healing for her body, food to grow on, people to love her, a home, and best of all, she came to know the Lord Jesus as her personal Savior. And that is what missions is all about.

Tired and Burdened

I have found for myself a nice secluded spot out in our back yard and so far only our dog knows I'm here. The wash house blocks the view from the front and the hedge hides me from people passing by on the road below. My front door is locked. Hopefully callers will give up when I don't hear their knocks. Ah! Cisco is barking. "Don't you lead them to me, boy! I have to get this letter written." He has already licked my paper, grabbed my pen and begged me to come play with him. He couldn't care less about my letters.

Pink eyes in Haiti! It is sweeping through like wildfire. Some cases are really bad with severe infection. Sunday morning our Pastor was home in bed with it. The afflicted substitute Preacher struggled through the message while many in the congregation mopped closed, runny eyes. I keep my hands completely away from my face hoping I can escape the malady.

Speaking of health, I am most grateful to the Lord for keeping me feeling so great. Sure, I get tired and sometimes really bone weary, but that's not sickness. My hearing is far from sharp, but my ears are not diseased or hurting. The new eardrum that Dr. Pullen gave me in Miami last May is functioning. Of course, it's not as good as new, but it's a good substitute.

Why do I get weary? Part of it is because of the extra work load lately. Our clinic administrator, Berlin St. Paul, took a three month's vacation to visit his children who have gone to the States or Canada. His clinic responsibilities got added to mine. The end of November should see him come back.

Even more wearing is the constant pressure of people in need. There is no end. Children wanting desperately to be in school beg for help to pay the monthly tuition, buy books, uniforms or shoes. Young people plead with you to give them a job, any kind of work, or help them learn a trade. They are desperate with the forced idleness and hopelessness of their situation. Add to this the hungry people who approach you on the road or come to your door. Sometimes when I hear that familiar, "Miss, I want to talk to you," my heart rebels. I have worked all day in the clinic, I'm tired and I don't want to listen to one more problem!

So often I am asked, "How much longer are you going to stay?" I can't say that I really know. I have told our doctors that I want to resign from the medical work in the spring of 1983 when my furlough is due. That gives them over a year to find a replacement. Those are my plans. The Lord may have something else in mind when the time comes. I have no specific ideas for retirement. It would be easier if I did. One thing is sure. The Lord Who has taken such good care of me all these years has promised to see me through to the end.

There is a heavy burden on my heart--a spiritual slump permeating the entire work. Poverty has driven thousands out of Haiti to seek a more lucrative life. Many will pay any price

and resort to any means to get out. Our Christians are not exempt. The illiterate as well as the educated are tempted. How does that affect us? It takes months and sometimes years to train a person for a responsible position. A sudden departure leaves you high and dry. Even a Pastor is sometimes lured away and his church suddenly is left without a Shepherd.

Money is important. There is no doubt about that. We need it to live. But somehow it seems as if it is moving rapidly up towards first place in the lives of many Christians. The Lord very clearly tells us to "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew 6:33)

Work With Handicapped Children

1. History

It started in 1959 when I first became acquainted with Sister Joan Margaret, SSM, an Episcopalian physical therapist and founder of Ecole St. Vincent in Port-au-Prince. This is a school and clinic exclusively for handicapped children. I fell in love with Sister Joan and God gave me a burden for handicapped children and we have worked together ever since.

My very first handicapped child was a five-year old post-polio victim complicated by pulmonary TB. Both legs were flaccid. I took him in by plane and Sister Joan accepted him, treated his TB, and got him into bilateral full braces and crutches. I will never forget some years later when Delnor managed one day to struggle up my hill and onto my porch. With a big victory grin, he announced--"Miss, I can walk without my crutches." He threw them down and actually took four steps before he fell. But he had proved his point. Today Del walks with just one long leg brace and a cane and works as a dental assistant in Port-au-Prince.

My first deaf-mute child to be sent in for school was four year old Maude, a beautiful girl. Today she is our laboratory technician in our dental department and does a commendable job.

In those early years when children were fewer in number, they traveled by plane. We had an arrangement with the Haitian Army plane service which flew three days a week. If there were empty seats, they would take from one to three children free of charge. Countless were the trips I made to the airport to either send off children or receive returning ones. Many a time I had to return home with a child because there were no seats available.

We had no Mission doctor in those days and more and more handicapped children were being brought in. To help resolve my problem, Sister Joan arranged for a one day a month round trip for herself. While the plane was on the ground, she would quickly examine the children I had brought and give me instructions about what to do. Eventually this system was dropped and we came up with a much better one. Twice a year Sister Joan would come for a three-day visit with one day reserved for handicap clinic and the rest for visiting or fun at the beach. Almost always she would bring a few of her own staff to help. We usually saw about 100 children on those days.

2. Brace Shop

Early along the way, we sensed our need of our own brace shop. Petion Raymonvil was selected as our man and sent in to St. Vincent where he was trained in brace work. We bought equipment and Sister Joan gave us brace parts and we were in business.

3. School Children

These are for the most part, deaf-mutes, blind, and children that for some physical reason are incapable of attending a normal school. The number quickly surpassed the number allowed on the plane so we switched to bus travel which continues to this day. That certainly had its problems with the roads in such deplorable shape. Today, with the new highway, it is relatively simple.

4. Changes

With the building of Bonne Fin Hospital and the coming of doctors, there have been many changes.

(a) All our 'Potts' children (tuberculosis of the spine) used to be sent to House of Hope at La Pointe, U.F.M.

(b) I would cast club feet until I got maximum correction, then they would go to St. Vincent for surgery.

(c) Under Sister Joan and Dr. Leon's direction, almost all knock-knees and bow legs, I would put in braces, then send them for surgery later on if needed. Today none of these go into braces as of Dr. Whiteside's and Dr. Blake's directions.

(d) Eye cases that we could not resolve ourselves and that threatened blindness went to St. Vincent. Today, we have our own doctors.

(e) All plastic surgery cases went to St. Vincent. It is interesting to me that Des Chappelles, where a great deal of the surgery on our children was done, discontinued this service just about the time our hospital came into being.

5. Present day school children program

Approximately 30 children are currently in school and about three-fourths of these are deaf-mutes. All are sent to St. Vincent and they in turn transfer most of the deaf-mutes to the George Braidwood School for the deaf. My work with these children consists of the following:

(a) Arrange for all transportation to and from school six times a year. This includes to and from three vacations--summer, Christmas, and Easter.

(b) Inform the parents of dates to bring their children and getting word out as to the date of return. The parents don't seem to have any trouble knowing when to bring them in but have much difficulty coming for them. The tendency of many is to leave the child for me to care for until it is convenient for them to come. On this point, I have become hard and strict. The parents are to be here to receive the children when they arrive. If it is properly announced on the radio at least two days ahead, there should be no problem.

(c) Checking on the children to make sure they have what the school requires in the line of clothes and their bodies free of scabies.

(d) Enlisting new children and making out the proper papers, medical permission, copy of the birth certificate and a picture of the child. No deaf-mute under five years or over ten years of age are accepted unless special permission from the school is given.

6. Finances

Financing for the Handicap Program has been coming almost entirely from my church, the Andrews Memorial Baptist Church in Graham, North Carolina. Because of the drastic change and shift to Bonne Fin which has its own handicap funds, we have built up a good balance.

The parents of the school children are encouraged to pay as much as possible for at least the transportation of the child, \$3.00 per trip. But no needy child is ever refused. Records are kept on each child.

When Compassion Speaks Louder Than Words

(Article copied from "Harvest Today," 1977, by Max Inglis)

Everyone knows Maytag washers are only for washing clothes, right? Wrong! They're also for holding onto in hurricanes. Nurse Bernice Johnson and her roommate held on to theirs for a full half-hour while their home in Haiti disintegrated around them. When the shrieking winds finally sent the Maytag hurtling into a pile of debris, Bernice discovered she was pinned down.

"Shirley," she called to her friend, "There's a cement block on my head."

"Leave it there," came the reply, "maybe it will hold us both down!"

In most situations, however, you don't hold Bernice down. Tall from her Norwegian stock, wiry, and highly motivated, this North Dakota farm girl has weathered most of the storms that have shadowed the Mission's 40 years of medical work in Haiti.

From the mid-forties, when the medical work boasted one room, plus a lean-to, and far more sick folk than one nurse could handle in a day, Bernice was invited to join the "staff."

Through the years a doctor and nurses were added. Dispensaries spread to six rural areas. Then the Hospital of Light was built to help meet the critical health needs of well over two million in Haiti's southern peninsula.

Through the constant change of medical personnel, Bernice has faced the training of helpers, the need of diagnosing in place of a doctor, the interruptions of illness among staff and the art of survival in berserk rampages of flood and hurricane.

Yet through years of the most rigorous application of her medical skills, in a land where poverty, disease and malnutrition has infected every segment of Haitian life, Bernice has maintained a tender heart toward each one of her patients.

"She was willing to get up at all hours of the night to meet a crisis," recalls Willette Smith. "I remember when a Haitian pastor's wife was stricken with typhoid fever, Bernice stayed with her night and day, putting ice on her and recruiting all of us to help. When I suggested that she get some rest, her typical reply was adamant, "I will when my job is over."

To an extremely practical person like this RN, the matter of public witness posed some serious questions. "I don't have the gift of evangelism. Personal witness is not my strong point." Carefully Bernice weighed her role, battling with the theological implications.

Gradually and unmistakably she began to view her work as a member of the team in evangelism, though not always involved in the actual leading of a person to Christ. "Time and again, when we have a patient who is critically ill," Bernice observes, "I first sit with that person and explain the nature of his disease. Many times I have to tell him that this sickness is unto death; then I talk to him about his spiritual need. I let the tears fall. I find if I weep with them, I am showing them I love them and God loves them. After sharing with them, I often send them to a trained Haitian who does a much better job of pointing them to Christ than I could ever do."

With Bernice, the deep sense of compassion is an imprint from heritage.

Growing up in the lean years of the thirties, Bernice saw in her immigrant parents a heart for others. "Living on those western plains during the famine years didn't leave much," she recalls. "But my parents were against going on any kind of relief. I remember clearly both my mother and father seeking out some poor family, helping them and expecting nothing in return. Even with eight youngsters to feed, they were the givingest people. Every Christmas they would invite a poor family into the home just to share hospitality and human kindness."

Early in life Bernice took to the idea of being a missionary--because it was a task she equated with serving the poorest people you could find. Her interest in Haiti reflected this. When missionary Ken Harold unburdened his heart at a little church in Spokane, Washington, this RN was arrested by one thing--desperate physical needs of the Haitian people. But when she later applied for missionary service, she fully expected her lack of theological training to disqualify her. She was flabbergasted with the Mission's quick reply--"Take the first train and come immediately!"

It's not surprising, then, that this enterprising Scandinavian has found in Haiti dozens of ways to share both empathy and practical assistance.

Take handicapped children, for instance. She's taken a good many under her wing. Haiti is a land where the physically disabled person most often must fend for himself, and where he faces rejection from parents and peers. Often Bernice must first interest parents in the possibility of helping their handicapped child. Then she must take all responsibility of contacts with the doctors, for travel and for rehabilitation of the youngster.

Worth it? Bernice is the first to say so. When she first saw Maude, a deaf-mute, she cried out to God, "How will I ever communicate with this girl? Help me to love her, Lord, and see her won to You." Then she sent Maude to the Episcopalian school for handicapped children in Port-au-Prince. Maude did well for a time, but one day the child arrived home, crying bitterly. She had been expelled for bad behavior, and would not be allowed back for a year.

Bad behavior? The sympathetic nurse could relate.

At ten, Bernice had developed the habit of stealing, first from her mother's coffee can, then from the little town store. "The storekeeper's sharp reprimand made me suddenly aware that stealing had become an obsession with me. It was sin, and if I continued in this path I could end up in prison," she relates. "I remember going to the little upstairs bedroom (almost in the attic), and telling God I was a thief and on my way to Hell. I asked Him to forgive me and help me to live a Christian life. The change in my life was real."

When it was time for Maude to return to handicap school, the mother would not at first allow it. She was disgraced, she said. Bernice implored her to let Maude return. She relented; the child went back and blossomed.

When Maude came home, nurse Maxine Willem put her to work in the dental department. Through the sweet testimony of a Haitian girl who worked in Bernice's home, and through her diligent attendance at the local church, Maude was won. "The love of God so communicated to her heart," Bernice explains, "that this deaf-mute expressed in her own way her desire to belong to Him. Shortly after her conversion, she showed her younger sister how she too could become one of God's own."

Facing the trauma of retirement, Bernice shared her feelings with fellow-missionaries at a retreat. "Should I go home and get a job in order to get up in a higher Social Security bracket? Shall I go and work for myself and earn a little?" Bernice confesses that what she was trying to do was tell the Lord, "You were able to care for me for 32 years, but now You're going to need my help."

"I had to come to the place," Bernice chuckled, "where I had to admit, 'Lord, You've taken care of me for all these years, I guess You know how to do it for the rest of my life!'"

At the same retreat, Haitian church leader, Brezil St. Germaine, asked the nurse about her retirement plans. Listening patiently to her ideas, he said, "Please don't retire in the States, We want you to remain in Haiti."

"But what if I'm not useful anymore?" Bernice argued.

"You may not be useful as far as putting hours of work into the clinic," Brezil responded. "The fact that you are there in the midst of us, knowing we can go to you and ask questions because we know you care--that's what counts. I want you to think about that and I want you to retire in Haiti."

I have a sneaking suspicion that Bernice Johnson may be checking thermometers, eating black beans and rice, and speaking Creole the rest of her days!

Clinic Work

"Mlle.--oh! Pa di yo sa!!" (Oh, Miss! Don't say that to them!!)

It was Berlin St. Paul, our clinic administrator, half pleading--half reprimanding me. There was a crowd of patients, more than we could see in a day. The quota of cards had already been given out. Haitian nurses were screening patients, treating the simpler ones themselves and setting aside the more complicated for the doctor to see. Everyone wanted to see the doctor, not the nurse, and many insisted loudly on their "rights." Outside the clinic, people milled about hoping for a chance. Let a staff member appear, and he was besieged with pleas to be their "piston," their go-between. We always made room for the acutely ill or the emergency case, but in no way could we satisfy everyone.

A car drove up and discharged several nicely dressed passengers. Berlin and I exchanged glances as they approached us. Sure enough, they requested a "consultation," a medical examination by the doctor.

"We're overloaded already," Berlin began to explain, but they cut him off.

"You have to. It's essential. We've come all the way from Port-au-Prince and even rented a car. We must see the doctor today."

"Port-au-Prince," I burst out. "All the way from the capitol? The city is loaded with good doctors and you come here to us in the country?"

That was exactly what Berlin did NOT want me to say to any patient. "You don't understand, Miss, what they have been through. They trust us here. As Christians they know we will not deceive them and will tell them the truth. They are confident we won't overcharge them or give them medicine they don't need. Don't discourage them from coming."

Needless to say, we did squeeze them in and they went away happy and satisfied. But there were others who had come earlier than these and were turned away because we were overloaded. This disturbed me.

We have never lacked patients. Always they have come in greater numbers than we could adequately handle. In the early days, our cry was for another doctor, it was too much for one. Then suddenly, we were left without even one and for twelve years we nurses treated patients as

best we could. They continued to come. We prayed for doctors and a hospital and eventually the Lord gave us both. Would the hospital now take over completely and the clinic be phased out?

Phase out the clinic? The patient load only increased!! The more doctors we had to help us, the more the patients came. The more the hospital developed and expanded, the more cases we found needing hospitalization. Our place became like Grand Central Station and badly in need of remodeling and re-organization.

God has used the clinic work throughout these forty years to reach people for Himself. He is still using it. When we first started with just a little room and a porch, patients heard the Gospel. While we cleaned and dressed their horrible, smelly, tropical ulcers, sometimes eighty in a day, they surely must have sensed God's love coming through us. It wasn't a pleasant job but we did it joyfully, for His sake. We did what we could in His name, and God blessed us.

There have always been problems, frustrations, and pressures. Sometimes we have been tempted to run away from it all. The needs of the people--their suffering, poverty, and seemingly insurmountable obstacles--tears and pulls at your heart.

Is it worthwhile? Yes! Jesus was moved with compassion when He saw the multitudes and He healed their sick. He also said, "Come unto me--I will give you rest." (Matthew 11:28)

My mind goes back to our years without a doctor--a Sunday evening and a critically ill woman brought to our door. We dared not accept her, knowing full well we were not equipped to handle her case. Before transporting her, in our own car, to the local town hospital, we urged her to get right with God. Her common-law husband became furious when she showed interest and demanded that she refrain.

Her response to him thrilled us. "I am the one facing death and eternity. You can't answer for me. Nor can you stop me from accepting Christ as my Savior."

Two days later, she gave birth to a pair of healthy twins, but lost her own life in the process. We trust that her gain was Life Eternal.

I see Molin a thirteen-year old boy with both his arms amputated above the elbow, the result of a sugar cane mill accident. Bitter, frustrated, fearful of the future and completely dependent on others for his vital needs, he came to us. His stumps were healed but his heart was an open wound. He couldn't so much as wipe his nose or put a bite of food in his mouth. In our program for handicapped children, he learned to cope with life, he gained a measure of independence, and went to school.

There was real satisfaction in being able to help this boy. But there was rejoicing, and I'm sure the angels in Heaven joined in the chorus, when he accepted the Lord as his Savior and turned his life over to Him. We watched him grow, then bear fruit. One after another, his family was won to the Lord. Today Molin works in our dental department as receptionist and bookkeeper. He has a clear, ringing testimony, is active in the local church, and has completed several Bible study courses.

How many people have been helped through the medical work? We have no idea. How many have come to know Him, Whom to know is Life Eternal? Heaven itself will reveal that. Had I another life to give, I'd gladly go back and do it all again, for His sake.

Up-Coming Retirement

Slowly but with increasing persistence, a question plagued my mind. Coming up in less than two years was my thirtieth anniversary as a missionary in Haiti. Thirty years! That meant that only eight years would follow before I would reach that famous retirement age of sixty-five. What then? With my income, I knew I would be at about the bottom of the totem pole as far as Social Security was concerned. How would I ever manage? As I pondered and worried over the problem, the ever lurking question would always surface.

"Should I quit? Thirty years of service would be enough. Should I go home and get a good-paying job? In the eight remaining years, I could work up to a much higher Social Security bracket. Should I resign in order to store up for the future?"

It sounded reasonable and should have put me at ease. But it didn't. Instead I sensed a restlessness and uncertainty. The peace of mind that I so wanted was definitely absent. I needed help and wrote home to friends, sharing my burden with them. I knew they would help pray me through.

How the Lord got through to me I can't explain. I just know He did. Not suddenly nor dramatically, but quietly. Bit by bit He spoke to my heart. He seemed to be saying, "Foolish child! Why do you question My ability to care for you? Have I ever failed you? Would I supply your needs all these years only to drop you when your strength gives out and you can no longer work as a missionary? Do I need YOUR help to provide your needs? Leave your tomorrows in My hands and you just follow Me. Trust Me."

Oh, the joy and peace that flooded my soul when I responded to Him! It was then that I realized I hadn't really wanted to quit. I loved Haiti. What I had really wanted, deep down in my heart, was His confirmation that He wanted me to stay on. With that assurance, the battle was won. I gave Him the rest of my life for whatever and wherever He might choose. We renewed our contract. He would lead and I would follow.

"She Did What She Could"

"You're crazy, Bernice. Why waste your life in Haiti when you could be earning good money here in the States? I don't understand you."

Of course she didn't understand. To most people it was foolish. We had been classmates in nurse's training and a year and a half after graduating, I had gone to Haiti as a missionary nurse. I was on furlough when we met again. According to her, it was utterly ridiculous that I would waste my life as a missionary. Thirty-some years have gone by since that day and our paths have never again crossed.

Wasting my life? Is that what I've done these thirty-seven years in Haiti? I don't know what happened to my friend. Maybe she has made a name for herself in her profession., Perhaps she has gone to the top and earned both money and fame. She might be happily married and have a lovely family and security. It could be, too, that life hasn't been so good to her and she has met disappointment, illness, or even death. I wonder if in the long run maybe she has wasted her life?

There was a woman who came to Jesus with a very precious, expensive box of ointment and she broke it and poured it on the head of Jesus. She took the very best that she had and she gladly, freely, poured it all out on Him. Mark 14 tells us that the critics were there and they didn't hold their tongues. Angrily they accused her of wasting the ointment. They had the monetary value in mind and murmured against her saying, "It might have been sold for much and the money given to the poor." (Mark 14:6-8; Matthew 26:9)

I like the answer Jesus gave. "Let her alone;...She hath done what she could." Jesus commended her for "wasting" the very best that she had on Him. Doing it for Him is what made the difference.

I can relate to that woman. She came to Jesus, she brought the best that she had, she poured it out, "wasting" it on Him, and she did what she could. I was but a child when I came to Jesus and gave Him my heart. As a young adult I brought the best that I had, my life. For thirty-seven years I poured it out in Haiti doing what I could for Jesus' sake.

Sometimes while doing the best that you can, you are laughed at. All missionaries learning a new language know how easy it is to use a wrong word. One Sunday a missionary in a service called on Pastor "Berujen" to lead in prayer, instead of using "Jeruben," his right name. In switching the two letters around, he called him Pastor "eggplant." Then there was Lila, a nurse who was teaching the Christmas story and emphasizing over and over again that Jesus was born in a "kruch," when she should have been saying "krecht," meaning a manger. A "kruch" is a small water jug with a very narrow neck and mouth.

Maryon Border, a laboratory technician, had a frustrating experience using a wrong word. In the process of doing a lab test, she was trying to get a tube down through a man's nose and into his stomach, a relatively simple procedure when the patient cooperates by swallowing. But this man was impossible. The more she cried "hale," the more he coughed and tried to get it out. She had never had a patient as bad as this one and she couldn't understand why he wasn't more cooperative. Finally in desperation, she called Haitian, Julienne, over from the pharmacy and told her the trouble she was having. She begged her to explain to the patient that he must "hale" the tube. As she said this, she also made the motions of swallowing so that Julienne would really know what she meant. Immediately, Julienne went to the patient and simply told him to "vale"

the tube. It worked like a charm. From that time on there wasn't a speck of trouble. "Vale" means to swallow, but "hale" means to pull or cough it up. The man simply had done what he was told.

I had charge of Sunday School and Junior Church. One Sunday morning, I was putting everything I had into the Bible story. The children were quiet and very attentive and seemed to be taking in every word. I felt a bit proud of myself that my Creole was so clear. One little fellow in the front row never took his eyes off me and his attention spurred me on. At the end of the story, I asked if anyone had any questions. My little boy's hand shot up, much to my delight, but his question quickly deflated me. "Miss, why is your stomach so flat?" Here I was doing the best that I could and all he saw was my flat stomach. I was skinny and I was flat. You see, I didn't have a host of worms inhabiting my intestines and distending my abdomen. Most Haitian children did and he saw the difference and wondered why.

Doing the best that you can sometimes means that it is better when you can laugh at yourself. It was almost the end of a very busy clinic day and I was exhausted. My feet hurt and my back ached. I wanted to finish up and go home. Of course, it was at that very moment that I got an urgent order for supplies for one of our outlying dispensaries. It was Friday and the messenger had just arrived and couldn't wait over until Monday. Reluctantly, I went into the storeroom and proceeded to fill the order, thankful that it was just a small one. As I was almost finished, I reached up to the top shelf for the gallon jug of cod-liver oil. As I tipped it towards me, I was suddenly drenched with the smelly, sticky oil pouring out on the top of my head. Before I could get the jug righted, the mess blinded my eyes, covered my glasses, ran down my face, slid down my uniform, and ended up in my shoes and on the floor.

"Who neglected to screw the cap back on that jug?" was the first question that popped into my mind, but it was quickly replaced by another. "What do I do now, laugh or cry?" I felt more like crying. I was so tired and this was the last thing I needed. However, I figured laughing would do me more good. I must have been a sight when a staff member came in to investigate the laughter. In fact, she looked more shocked than I felt. The smell, which I have detested all my life, never did completely leave my shoes or uniform. I wouldn't recommend a cod-liver oil shampoo for anyone, but I will say this, it didn't do my hair any harm.

There's more than one way to take a bath and sometimes you really have to stretch the meaning of the word to even call it that. Three of us, our mission doctor, nurse Lila and myself, arrived at the remote coastal village of Pestel after a long, hard day of travel. The object of the trip was to provide two days of medical help to these desperately needy mountain people. Though Pestel itself reaches down to the sea, the bulk of it follows in a narrow line atop an ascending ridge. Mountains snuggle up closely on the remaining three sides.

To reach Pestel, one can now drive a vehicle all the way, but not so in the earlier years. We could go only so far in our 4-wheel drive and that was across the range of rugged mountains to the opposite coast. For the rest of the way we had a choice--mule-back over very rough mountains, or sailboat via the sea. Either way, it involved transferring the load of medical supplies, drinking water, hammocks to sleep in, and your own bare minimum of personal things. If by mule, you loaded it all onto pack animals, mounted a mule yourself and moved steadily on. A sailboat would be smoother riding, but you ran the risk of hitting a calm and sitting for hours on the smooth water, while the navigator blew loudly on his conch shell calling the winds to come. Then, too, there was the chance of rough weather and your supplies getting water soaked. Not the best thing for medicines, especially pills.

At the end of the first day of clinic, Lila and I were tired, hungry, and filthy dirty. We were a mess and we needed a bath. We had fought with the crowd of patients trying to keep them in some semblance of order. We had dispensed medicines, given injections, dressed their ugly, smelly sores and ulcers and struggled with kicking, screaming children who were bent on preventing us from giving them an injection. We were grimy and sweaty and our once-white uniforms had taken on a goodly portion of the rusty-red coloring of that mountain soil.

Oh, for a bath! The salty water of the sea was plentiful but fresh water was scarce. It either had to be bought from the Catholic priest who had a cistern and sold rain water, or else it must be obtained from a spring miles away and carried home over the mountains on the heads of children.

Lila and I were given a first floor room in a two story building. It was small but relatively private. Our amiable host brought us a large wash basin, a not so large pitcher of fresh water, and a bar of soap. Arranging them on a stand, she wished us a good bath and left the room, closing the door behind her.

A bath! We needed one but how in such a small amount of water? We didn't have the heart to ask for more. Necessity is the mother of invention as they say, so we came up with a solution. I don't know how we decided who would be first, but I know there was no argument. We poured half of the water into the basin and then we began. Lila washed her face, then I washed mine. She washed her neck and I followed. Thus we proceeded through the whole bath, taking turns, a section at a time, cleanest parts first, and ended up with our feet--all in the same water.

When we finished, we dumped out the basin and poured in the remaining clean water and went through the entire process again, but this time rinsing ourselves instead of soaping. As we were getting into clean clothes, thankful for the bath, such as it was, and grateful for the uninterrupted privacy given to us, we heard a shuffle-like noise above our heads. Looking up at the wide floorboard ceiling, we heard giggles and saw that the knot holes and cracks were children. Flat on their stomachs, they had quietly peeked through and watched the entire procedure. They are probably still laughing as I do, when they think of the strange way those two white women took a bath.

The woman in Mark did what she could, and Jesus commended her for it. Clermancia, a forty year old Haitian woman, was born with an ugly cleft lip. It was split all the way up to her nose and was a hideous sight. Her hand automatically covered her mouth with a rag when she talked and laughed. How she hated it! But there was nothing she could do about it. There may have been doctors in Haiti that could do that kind of repair work but I doubt it. If there were, they would be far too expensive for her meager finances.

Then came the day that through the work with handicapped children in which I was involved, surgery became available. A visiting plastic surgeon specialist from the States donated a couple of weeks of his time and skills at the Episcopalian Clinic for Handicaps in Port-au-Prince. Clermancia was one of many that I sent in. She recovered, and was sent home. Several months later, she appeared at my door and apologized for not having a gift to bring me. She looked like a new person. There was such a contrast to the face I had seen before! She began to thank me profusely, then suddenly got down on the floor and actually hugged my legs and kissed my feet, expressing over and over again her thanks for what I had done.

What had I done? I hadn't done the surgery. The doctor did. I hadn't even been with her, nor cared for her following the operation. I had only been a channel helping her to get to the help she needed so badly. That was all I could do. She, in turn, did what she could. She came back and gave thanks.

Back in 1964, Hurricane Cleo struck us a mighty blow and destroyed the bulk of our Mission complex. My house, (the nurses' home), was demolished to the very foundation. A short time later, I received a letter from a friend enclosing a check for a thousand dollars to help rebuild my home. It was a wonderful thing she did for me and how I appreciated it.

One day a man appeared at my door and after the usual routine greetings and inquiries about health and family, he apologetically presented me with a gift.

"I'm sorry, Miss, there are only six left to give you. The other six broke along the way."

Six small chicken eggs individually wrapped in pieces of banana leaf and tied with a vine. I didn't remember the man, but he explained that he had been to the clinic some months before with his sick child and I had helped her. He came back, he said, to let me know the child got well and to bring me a gift of appreciation for what I had done for her. Had he lived nearby, I wouldn't have thought so much about it, but this man had walked in a distance of at least twenty-five miles, carrying his gift of twelve eggs, and then apologized because six had broken. Later on as I broke the eggs to use them, I found all six of them spoiled from the heat. Somehow that fact didn't in the least bit diminish the value of the gift. He had walked all those miles carrying his fragile token of appreciation and that was what stuck in my mind.

The gift of the thousand dollars--my friend could easily afford it, and she gave it gladly. Put that beside the six rotten eggs. I wonder which one was the greater?

One Sunday evening a patient was brought to us and I could tell in a moment that she was not a case for us nurses to handle. We were without a doctor and though we were running a

maternity service, I knew that this one was beyond our abilities. The woman was pregnant and though not yet in labor, it would be soon. I explained to her and her common-law husband that they must go to the government hospital in town without delay, that her very life and that of her baby were in grave danger. They were reluctant to go, but finally consented when I agreed to let them stay overnight. I would take them in to the hospital myself the next morning.

They were definitely not Christians and when she began to show interest in the Gospel, he became very angry and ordered her to not even consider it lest she offend the spirit that was causing her trouble, and her plight would become even worse.

Medically, I could do little or nothing for her but I felt an urgency to minister to her spiritual needs and continued to press her need to get right with God. Later that Sunday evening as she thought things over, she told her angry husband--"I am the one that faces death and you can't answer for me. I must make my own decision and I want to be ready to meet God."

Early the next morning, I took them in to the hospital and never saw them again. In less than a week the woman gave birth to a pair of twins but she herself died in the process. A week or two later, we got an unexpected visit from a couple of military officials. They quizzed us up and down, looked over the clinic and maternity ward, and asked questions about how we handled the patients. I innocently told them about the pregnant woman I had refused to accept and had taken her to the hospital. I noticed their quizzical glances at each other. It was then that I found out that my visitors had come out to investigate, not visit. The hospital doctor was accusing us of just about killing patients and then bringing them in to him to save when it was too late. The police left us seemingly satisfied that everything was in order and nothing more ever came of it.

I wonder, if I could communicate with this woman, would I find her safely in Heaven? Was she sincere, did she really mean business when she asked God to forgive her of all her sins? Did she truly repent and accept Him as her personal Savior? If she did, then I truly did do something for her, something far more valuable and lasting than healing for her sick body. I introduced her to Jesus, Whom to know is Life Eternal.

Last Days in Haiti

During my years in Haiti, there were three requests that I frequently presented to the Lord:

1. Please, don't let me ever make a major decision in a time of discouragement. I could so easily go wrong.
2. When it is Your time for terminating my work in Haiti, make it very clear to me that I not make a mistake and leave prematurely.
3. When I do go home, may I go in victory, not in defeat, and may I leave without a trace of bitterness.

The Lord granted me all three of these requests far beyond what I had even dared to hope for. I was positive of the Lord's leading when it became time for me to go and I came out in victory, rejoicing, and praising the Lord. I was bid farewell by both my fellow missionaries and Haitian co-laborers and given gifts and tokens of love. It made me feel good and I soaked it all up like a sponge. The medical staff did not want me to leave: they felt that they still needed me, but I was convinced that the Lord was leading me. I wasn't deserting them or quitting the job. I would have liked to have stayed longer, but it was God's doing, He was transferring me. (August, 1982)

It was somewhere around 1980 that I began to realize that I couldn't continue much longer at the pace I was going. Something would have to change. I was finding that the burdens and problems of the people were weighing more and more heavily upon me. I used to be able to listen sympathetically to their tales of woe. I would let them sit in my home and share their burdens with me, help them if I could in a material way, or pray with them, and not be cast down or depressed in my own soul. As I grew older and physically more tired, it became increasingly more difficult. Their problems seemed so overwhelming and there was so little I could do to help.

Then there were tensions, misunderstandings, and friction in the medical work, and strained inter-personnel relationships. The bulk of our medical staff was Haitian, both in the clinic and the hospital. My work completely centered around the clinic and I had far more responsibilities than I could possibly handle adequately. We were short-staffed and there just

wasn't anyone else to do it. I was trying to keep things afloat until help arrived and it was slow in coming.

We had an acute, difficult, and touchy problem in the clinic that was progressively becoming worse but no one seemed willing to touch it and this disturbed me. When I tried to expose it, one individual accused me of spying, of complaining, tattling, and of being against Haitians. From there on, an effort was made to discourage me to the point of resigning, but it didn't work. The problem was high on the priority list of missionary praying. Some of our hospital staff, including a few doctors, met together weekly for an early morning prayer session concentrating on our particular clinic problem. Zechariah 4:6 became very meaningful to me and I clung to it, prayed it, and quoted it over and over again--"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts." My fellow missionaries called it my special verse.

One day suddenly and completely in an unforeseen, unthought of way, the Lord intervened and brought to pass the seemingly impossible. Immediately I sensed the heavy, heavy load that I had been carrying fall off my shoulders, never to return again., Our medical director, a fine, outstanding Christian Haitian doctor, handled the situation from there on and did a remarkable, commendable job. I had always admired him as a leader but this sent him up several notches in my estimation. How I praise the Lord for him!

At one point before all of this came to a head, one of our American doctors who was working at our hospital, sent me a note expressing his concern for my physical well-being. One sentence in particular struck me. I can't quote it verbatim but it went something like this: "I feel strongly that your working situation is not conducive to your health and if you will give me permission, I will take further steps to see what I can do about it."

At one point before all of this came to a head, one of our American doctors who was working at our hospital, sent me a note expressing his concern for my physical well-being. One sentence in particular struck me. I can't quote it verbatim but it went something like this: "I feel strongly that your working situation is not conducive to your health and if you will give me permission, I will take further steps to see what I can do about it."

I knew that he was concerned and I would be most foolish to refuse his offer. However, I was afraid it might lead to leaving the work and I wasn't convinced that it was God's time yet. But I answered his note, thanked him for his concern, and gave him permission to do whatever he thought the Lord would have him do. Then I added, "Remember, I'm not the only one that is hurting. My whole clinic staff is hurting, too." Needless to say, the Lord undertook shortly after that and relieved the tension that was wearing me down.

How would I know when it was time to leave? The Lord had ways of making it known, ways that are difficult to explain to others. I just knew. There were several steps that led up to it. One of the first things was a growing conviction that I should no longer be on a decision-making committee where plans for clinic expansion and growth are made. I found that when a new project was considered, I looked at it from my standpoint, judging the possibilities by my strength, and too often found it an insurmountable mountain instead of a challenge. It wasn't fair. I told the doctors that we needed younger people who had the energy and vision to go with the challenge. I had been there too long and was becoming negative. Let me out! The trouble was, there wasn't yet anyone else to take my place.

Efforts to train Haitian staff to take over some of my jobs hadn't worked out too well. Some of them that we had previously trained, suddenly took off for the States' "greener pastures" when they had just reached the point of being very useful and dependable. That was always discouraging after putting so much time and effort into training them. Yet I couldn't blame them for going, or for wanting a better life.

Often I reminded our doctors that I would be leaving some day and that we needed to prepare replacements so that when I left, all bases would be covered. They didn't seem to take me seriously and would answer, "Your umbilical cord is buried in Haiti. You will be back." In other words, I was so much a part of them that I could never leave permanently. I knew my time was coming and I wanted them to be prepared for it. After all, I was due for furlough in 1983 and my 65th birthday was coming in 1984. I didn't know if I would return to Haiti then or not; but if I did, it would not be for a full schedule and preferably not in the medical work at all. Various thoughts rolled about in my mind.

Johnson

In the fall of 1981, a severe kidney stone attack sent me to our hospital. Thanks be to God, we had our own specialist right there teaching urology to one of our Haitian doctors. I had a difficult time, two weeks in "labor" before I delivered that "baby," (stone). I recovered without further complications. Back at work in the clinic, things ran quite smoothly. Souls were being saved daily and we were all encouraged. I was still over-loaded with no help in sight. The hospital was well staffed but the clinic work was hurting.

In the spring of 1982, I became highly suspicious of a spot on my back just between my shoulders and had a doctor look at it. Sure enough, it turned out to be cancerous, the highly malignant and dangerous melanoma. The diagnosis was a jolt, to be sure, but I can't say that I was terribly surprised. It runs in our family. I am number five in our family of eight. Both parents died of cancer and a brother and sister are still living with no re-occurrence. I had mine removed at our own hospital and so far all is well. (Another brother has since died from cancer.)

Our hospital is located twenty-five miles from the clinic. I was of no help to the staff during my time at the hospital, not even to answer questions. I ended up having two operations. The second one was to repair the incision where it had burst open, so I was gone over a month. I had the feeling that the Lord was weaning them from being so dependent upon me. It was early June when I got home and I was in no shape to go down to the clinic to work. I stayed home and had them bring the financial books to me so I could work on them and try to get caught up. I was way behind. I never did go back to work. Vacation was coming and the clinic would be closed for a month. At first, they came to the house frequently with their questions and problems, then resorted to calling me on the phone. After awhile, it tapered off to a trickle. The Lord was indeed weaning them.

I knew that I would be going home for a good vacation, but there was still a trace of doubt in my mind. Should I terminate at this time and not return, or should I come back for a reduced schedule? I could limit it to perhaps handicaps only, or work in some other unrelated department. The cancer wouldn't hinder me, so there was no problem there. With one ear I was listening to those that urged me to return, insisting that they needed me; and with the other ear I was trying to discern what the Lord would have me to do.

Down in my heart there developed another thought. It wouldn't be fair to new, young missionaries coming in to replace me in the clinic if I were to remain there. I would be a hindrance, an obstacle. It would be too hard for a young one to take over responsibilities that I had carried if I were still hanging around. The Haitians were used to me, called me their "vie chodie," their old and tired cooking pot. There would be a tendency for them to run to me and I would become a go-between. I didn't want that. Any new missionary coming into the clinic needed to have freedom to spread her wings. She would want to try her ideas, to make changes, and to have freedom to make mistakes without me looking over her shoulder.

About this time, a visiting doctor, an ear specialist with whom I had worked before, took a look at my ears at my request and settled the whole matter for me. As we sat outside under a tree visiting at the close of his hectic day in the clinic, I asked for his opinion, his advice. He was very frank and truthful--go home and stay home! My ears were in bad shape and if I were to keep what hearing I had left, I would need to be under highly specialized competent care the rest of my life. That was his verdict and I knew that he spoke the truth. He advised me to check in with my doctor in Miami immediately upon my arrival.

The matter was settled once and for all without questions or argument. I felt strongly that the Lord had led me thus far and that this medical advice confirmed what the Lord had been leading me to do all along.

Now I hastened to wind up all the loose ends in the clinic. I put all the bookwork up to date, wrote reports, summaries, and a history and description of the work with the handicaps. I did everything I could think of that might be of help to those left behind and new ones coming in. Then I proceeded to dismantle my household and prepared to leave. I was still sore from the surgery and my ears were a mess. I was tired, but in my heart was joy and peace that passeth all understanding. God was leading and I was following.

Home

Miami! The day after my arrival I was at the doctor's office getting my ears checked. His office suite was plush and beautiful, and run so efficiently. What a contrast to our clinic in Haiti. I wondered how Dr. Pullen, such a highly specialized and well-known ear surgeon, must have felt working in our humble, noisy, crowded clinic the times he came down to help us. That's where I first got to know him and admire him both as a person and for his skills. Several years before, he had discovered a destructive process going on in one of my ears and had operated. He expected it to be good for the rest of my life and perhaps it would have been had I not gone back to Haiti. I wasn't quite expecting his verdict this time and found it a bit hard to take.

"Bernice, your ear has broken down again and we'll have to try surgery once more. We've got to get the infection cleared up first and you need to get rested and your strength back before we tackle it."

The next six weeks I spent with my church family in North Carolina. About six weeks later I flew back to Miami and had the unpleasant job done. Hopefully, I will never again need ear surgery as long as I live! My ears have been the bane of my life and many a time I pleaded with the Lord to heal them, to remove the "thorn in the flesh," but always it seemed the Lord gave me the same answer that He gave to Paul--"My grace is sufficient for thee." (II Corinthians 12:9) However, the Lord did make surgery available when my hearing was way down, and it was successful. For about fifteen years I enjoyed improved functional hearing with relatively little trouble. I was so thankful.

I was home now, Haiti behind me and retirement ahead. I can't say that I honestly knew what I would do or even what I would like to do. Nothing appealed to me. I arrived in North Carolina in time for their Wednesday night prayer service and the Preacher called on me to come up and just give a few words of greeting. They all knew I was coming home so they weren't surprised. Giving a greeting was the usual routine every time I came home. No trouble. But this time! I hadn't said ten words before I choked up, tried to swallow the lump in my throat, but it only got bigger, and refused to budge. My eyes filled with tears and I ended up sputtering, "It's too soon, just too soon. I can't." I walked back to my seat, embarrassed. A couple of weeks later when I was given the evening service to speak, I was able to handle it.

One day the Pastor asked me if I would like to ride out to the church campgrounds with him to look it over. He wanted me to see the apartment they had in mind for me, if I so desired, and to see the grounds. I had heard about it through letters--150 acres including a nine acre lake stocked with fish. They had recently purchased the property and planned to develop it into camping facilities for church groups, and eventually expand to some retirement homes and maybe even an orphanage. It sounded great but would I want to live out there?

The preacher was so enthusiastic as we drove into the grounds and I could tell he really loved it. The lake, the woods, the peacefulness and quietness--he was excited, but I wasn't. I could only agree that it was beautiful, no doubt about that. I'm so glad that he didn't pressure me for a definite answer. I couldn't have given him one. I simply expressed my appreciation of the offer of an apartment and said that I would need to pray about it.

It's hard to describe how I felt about it. I was too fresh out of Haiti, the wounds of separation still too raw. There wouldn't be a going back after furlough. This was it. Finished!! I knew the Lord was leading, no question about that, but--I was hurting. As I looked at the unfinished building and tried to visualize "my" apartment in the girl's dormitory, I saw only loneliness and isolation,. The ground was bare from excavations and landscaping, and didn't improve my depressed feelings one bit. Could it be that this was where the Lord would have me live, I wondered,. If so, surely He would make me happy in it.

It wasn't hard to analyze what my trouble was. I had never lived alone for more than a few months here and there. I'd always been close to people. All those years in Haiti, I lived with other single missionaries and enjoyed the work, liked the people,--and now? I had always known that sooner or later this day would come, but it was always in the future. No longer. It was here now, and bit by bit I would have to deal with it.

No need for an immediate decision. Following the ear surgery, I headed for my old stomping grounds: Spokane, Washington. I spent the winter there with my dear friends, Craig and Ruth Ettenborough. Their home has always been my furlough home. How I have appreciated and thanked the Lord for their friendship, love, and hospitality. There I recuperated both physically and spiritually and let the Lord speak to my heart. It was amazing to me how He

took the fears away, and replaced them with confidence and even anticipation and eagerness for what lay ahead. I began to sense that the Lord hadn't terminated my usefulness, but was only changing my field of service.

A picture that I had seen long ago came vividly to my mind. A barge loaded with cattle was being tossed about in very rough waters. The ominous clouds were black, and sharp lightning flashed. The caption under the picture wasn't the expected "Storm," or "Doomed." It simply said "Changing Pastures."

In early June, I said good-bye to Spokane friends and started for North Carolina. I took a long round-about course, stopping to visit friends all along the way. I was in no hurry, had no fixed schedule to keep. I was free and enjoyed it. It was hot summer when I finally unpacked my suitcases and settled in. My apartment was far from ready but that didn't matter. I lived with a dear old widowed woman whom I dearly loved, and we enjoyed each other's company. It was good for me, giving me time to get adjusted to my new life a little more gradually. My church family made me feel so welcome, so wanted, and loved--and I soaked it up. More than once I heard the remark, "And to think that of all the places you have traveled, you chose to retire with us. We feel so blessed." "I" was the one who was blessed!!

I bought a car, began visiting people, and got involved in a visitation program. In October, I made a return trip to Haiti to settle my affairs, dispose of my belongings and bring home what I wanted to keep. I hadn't been physically able to do all that when I had left the year before. Another thing that helped, I made frequent trips out to the church campgrounds to see what progress had been made and how my apartment was coming. I watched it take shape, got involved in the planning, helped with the clean-up--not just for my apartment but for the whole set-up. We were planning for our first children's camp to be held that coming summer. There was much work to be done.

There was a delay in my moving in because of the lack of electricity. A minor detail in the building had to be corrected before it could pass inspection and the power turned on. But there was nothing stopping me from arranging the apartment, moving my things in and getting prepared. There was very little I had to buy myself. My church family was so generous--fully carpeted, refrigerator, stove, dining room set, matching davenport and chair, rocker, and recliner. Not all was new but all looked nearly new. A few of the adult Sunday School classes got together and gave me money for the purchase of a brand new bedroom suite, with the instructions that I was to pick it out myself. I would have been satisfied with a used one, but I must admit, I'm really enjoying my new beautiful four-piece matching set.

Besides all the furnishings, there was a kitchen shower, and not a thing that didn't match the color scheme. In early June, just a year after I left Spokane, I myself moved into the apartment. I was "home" and I loved it. It was a good settled feeling, a feeling of belonging. I did not feel isolated. I wasn't, really. The caretaker and his wife lived nearby and hardly a day went by that I didn't talk with them. There was always some activity going on developing the grounds. I was less than a mile from the town of Haw River and only five miles from my church in Graham.

I've always been a country girl at heart and I loved the country atmosphere, the beauty of nature, the lake and even the fish I could catch in the lake at my back yard. I enjoyed watching the deer daring to sometimes come up close among the buildings. They took one of my cabbage plants one night, for I could see their footprints right through the middle of my garden. I didn't plant for them, but I guess if I was going to enjoy their company, I'd better be willing to share my garden. The lake is named after them, "Deer Lake."

There's something else that I'm enjoying, too, and I'm grateful to the Lord for giving it to me--that is a ministry within my church. There were a few women who were routinely visiting the shut-ins and I went along several times to get acquainted with them and where they lived. Then I was on my own. Before long, the Lord gave me a burden for these elderly, lonely people and I felt strongly that they needed a weekly visit rather than a sporadic monthly one. I shared it with my Pastor and he gave me the go-ahead. An announcement in church asking for volunteers to help, brought immediate, thrilling results.

We have six teams of two women each who visit each week according to a rotating schedule I make up. Each group of shut-ins consists of an average of four people living in the same general area so that all can be visited in just one day. Then once a year, all of us team members meet together for a breakfast, business meeting, devotions, and fellowship, then fan out

for visitation. We love it. I honestly don't know who gets blessed the most,--we who do the visiting,--or the shut-ins that we visit. It works both ways.

Another avenue of ministry I have is what I call, "Know your missionary." I found that my church was actively supporting at least twenty-five missionaries, (now many more than that), plus a number of State-side orphanages, Bible schools, Rescue Missions, etc. But I felt there was definitely a lack of knowledge of them on the part of the church family, that is, where the missionaries were located and their needs. Consequently, how could they pray specifically and intelligently for them? I was concerned. Sharing my feelings with the Pastor, I again got a go-ahead.

We now get all the missionary letters and each Wednesday night at our mid-week service, we have a time block to share parts of them with the church. I've gone only the first step, but have a number of ideas rolling about in my head for future development. I want to stimulate prayer interest. And oh, how I would like to see the young people from this church excited for missions to the point of saying, "Lord, here am I. Send me."

I wish I had the gift of teaching Bible, but I don't. I'm not a Bible student, never have been, and find myself reluctant to teach. Because I have been a missionary, I am supposed to know how to do everything. Sometimes I find that I'm expected to be able to speak at a moment's notice or teach a Sunday School class without any notice at all--and do a good job! Why would I need to prepare? Haven't I been a missionary for thirty-seven years? It is sort of like the general church people's view of the Pastor. He is supposed to be gifted in every line--Preacher, youth worker, visitor of the sick, comforter, counselor, song leader--you name it! After all, some say, isn't he a Pastor?

To be available for whatever the Lord would like me to do is my prayer, but too often I have trouble distinguishing when it is the Lord asking me--and when it is just plain people asking. I know that if it is the Lord asking me, then I need not hesitate, for He will not ask me unless He also equips me and I need not be afraid. "Here am I, Lord, YOU send me."

Dental Work

It was back in the early fifties and my furlough was due. We were hearing reports of wonderful results from the use of fluoride for the prevention of tooth decay, especially in children. We were interested and visualized its use for both missionary and Haitian children. Since I was going home on furlough, Dr. Nelson elected me to investigate and, if possible, learn to do the treatment.

Where to start? While visiting my brother in Cape May, New Jersey, I called his dentist and got an appointment to talk with him. I told him about Haiti: their deplorable situation, lack of medical care, their suffering and needs, physical and spiritual. This dentist was a Christian and understood what I was talking about. Dental care was unavailable to the vast majority of Haitians. Consequently, their mouths were minus teeth, full of decayed ones, or just remaining stumps of what used to be, even in many young people. He listened as he worked on a patient's teeth and asked pertinent questions. His response was a bit unexpected.

"Nothing complicated about fluoride treatment," he explained, "I can show you all about that in ten minutes and be glad to do it. But it seems to me from what I hear you say, you ought to learn to do extraction's." He invited me to come back to his office the following week to learn about the fluoride and I was most appreciative. I went, but in the meantime I argued with myself. I'm a nurse, not a dentist. I'm game for fluoride treatment but I can't go farther than that. Besides, where would I learn? No, not me.

Dr. Robbins was true to his word and he taught me about the fluoride. But he wouldn't let me go at that. Extractions!! He really wanted me to learn. When it dawned on me that he was willing to teach me, I began to have second thoughts. If he, an experienced dentist, thought he could teach me, a simple nurse, who was I to say no? Was this a provision from the Lord to make me more useful and helpful to the suffering Haitians? Okay, Lord, I'll go for it. YOU lead and I'll try to follow."

I went back each day for two weeks and this faithful dentist, a man of God, taught me all he could about extractions in that short time. When he had a filling to do, he would often say, "You don't need to see this so you stay back in the lab and study the assignment I gave you."

There, before the mirror, I would stand with my mouth wide open, and with my fingers feel the bone formation of my jaw, locating the different landmarks and getting acquainted with the injection sites he had so carefully diagrammed for me. A model of the bony structure of the jaws stood on the counter beside me and I referred to it often. At the end of my meager training period, he gave me a few practical extraction instruments and challenged me to go back to Haiti unafraid and put them to use. I did.

It was a learning procedure. There really wasn't much more to it than what I have already described. There were no textbooks. He just explained what he thought I needed to know and I took down notes and made diagrams myself. Whenever he had an extraction to do, I stood by the chair as though I was helping him and he explained every move that he made and the reason why. I got no practice in his office, never touched a patient, just observed and listened and took down notes. Back in his lab, I would explore my own mouth before the mirror, feeling for and finding landmarks, matching it up with the model. I wasn't fearful. Somehow the fact that he had confidence in me and felt I could learn, gave me confidence in myself.

Oh, what I wouldn't give for motion pictures of those early years' fluoride treatment! First the teeth had to be meticulously cleaned using a dental drill with brush. The only one we had was an old relic, portable foot drill that must have come out of Army surplus. The speed of the cleaning brush was in direct proportion to the speed of my left foot! That, in turn, seemed to be controlled by the state of the muscles driving it. Sometimes the rhythm generated extended clear to my hands and that definitely was not called for. Other times, when I'd get going good and making progress, the pulley would jump its track or the whole apparatus would collapse. I used to think I was somewhat mechanically inclined, but at such times I wondered if the aptitude had suddenly deserted me.

There was another thing about that fluoride business that was a problem to me. After the cleaning, the teeth had to be perfectly dried before applying fluoride solution and then dried again completely, without a speck of saliva touching. The proper way is to air dry them with air pressure. That works fast. But I didn't have that. Instead, I used a rubber bulb-type of syringe and pumped the air. It was a slow process, to say the least, and not at all hygienic.

It was one thing to do all of this at our clinic, but Dr. Nelson wanted me to expand to a country school about six miles away. I was game. I'd try. I had a bicycle with a little motor on it, not the best transportation, but better than walking--that is, when it worked. I still laugh when I think of it and wonder how I did it. The portable drill got dismantled, folded up, and tied to the bike. Supplies went into a box on the carrier. We had a portable chair, but it was too cumbersome for my bike. Instead I took along a portable head-rest that I screwed onto the back of an ordinary Haitian chair. It worked and so did I!!

I will never know what the real result of the fluoride treatment was. What little I was able to do in that school probably amounted to little or nothing. It was too slow a process, and too limited in the number of children I could reach. There were no records kept apart from the names of the children and no follow-up in latter years. At least we tried and that in itself was important. With the missionary children, there were probably better results as we could follow them and repeat the procedure on schedule over a period of years; I have no way of knowing if any cavities were prevented. Fluoride toothpaste became available and the treatment was dropped.

The extraction business was something else. What would my nursing instructors say if they knew I was pulling teeth? They had pounded into me--"a nurse never diagnoses, that's the doctor's business." Little did they know how often I played doctor and not only diagnosed, but treated as well, throughout my years in Haiti. Here I was, pretending to be a dentist, too. I started out with real easy ones; loose teeth that almost fell out with a touch. Little by little I got braver and practice gave me confidence. I learned much from a visiting dentist who started coming once a year for a week or two of work. As my skills progressed, so did my accumulation of instruments and equipment. An electric drill replaced the old, rickety portable. I also tried my hand at some simple fillings. Between dental work and helping with the regular run of clinical patients, I kept busy

Our doctor left Haiti after serving about twelve years and we nurses were left with all the medical work on our shoulders. It was a jolt to us and our spirits slumped. The patient load dropped drastically, which was good for us. But then gradually it came back up and before long we were swamped. We examined patients, treated them, and did the best we knew how. For ten

years we were without a resident doctor and had only sporadic visits from some. The Lord was with us and helped us nurses through those difficult years and there were good results both physically and spiritually. Many decisions for the Lord were made, and many souls saved.

Dental work took a slump during that time. I couldn't do much of it and still have adequate time for helping with the regular clinic load of patients. It was shortly after the doctor's departure that I began working with handicapped children, too; so I was busy.

One day I was hard at work seeing patients as fast as I could. One man waited patiently for his turn, then told me he came for me to pull his offending tooth. I insisted I couldn't, that I just didn't have the time. But he was persistent. Finally, in desperation, I asked to see it and he opened his mouth wide and put his finger on it. My mind got made up in a hurry. "No! That's a wisdom tooth. No way! They can be hard to get out. You had better go find a regular dentist. I don't dare try to pull it!" But my man was unmoved and had a solution. "Miss, say yes. I'll pray while you pull and God will make it come out." That did it. How could I refuse? He waited until I was through with some other patients and the tooth came out without a bit of trouble, just as he said it would. A wisdom tooth!! God answered prayer.

Another time, back when I had just started doing extractions, a young woman who was a student in our Bible School, came to me about her aching tooth. As usual, I was busy with patients, but I glanced hurriedly at her tooth. Then I suggested that she go to town that very morning and find a dentist. I wasn't too sure I could get it out and told her she would be taking a chance with me. One of the other patients, a Christian woman, suddenly interrupted our conversation. Shaking her finger at the suffering girl, she warned her, "Don't go to town. Your tooth is broken and they will split the gum and you will just about die. It will be too painful. Don't you dare go to town but let this Miss take it out."

I ended up taking out the offending tooth along with another bad one. What else could I do? We knew that dental work for the average poor Haitian left much to be desired. Extractions were done either with or without the help of anesthesia according to how much they could pay, and too often it was exceedingly painful. My price was low and included the pain-killing injection. Sometimes I could take out a whole row of teeth with a single injection for the price of one, that is, forty cents.

About the middle of that ten-year--no doctor--period, a visiting doctor suggested that I teach a young Haitian man to do dental work. Me, teach someone else something I didn't even know very well myself? The suggestion took root as I mulled it over in my mind, and Edmond, a young Christian fellow in the neighborhood was chosen. I had to start from scratch, absolutely from the bottom up. He was a quick learner and had a tender, compassionate heart and a soft, gentle hand. The day came when I let him work and I watched. The next step was my choosing the patients and sending them to him with the understanding that he would call me if he ran into any problems. When his calling me diminished to zero, I began sending the patients with teeth problems direct to him and he did the choosing of what he felt he could handle. It wasn't long before the patients went directly to him and he had all he could handle. His reputation grew.

Edmond learned from every visiting dentist that came to help us, and he progressed in his skills and advanced into doing fillings, doing commendable work. In later years, a nurse, Maxine Willem, became interested in making dentures and doing all types of dental work. She became head of the dental department, and planned a new and separate building with three dental chairs and a well-equipped lab. She trained more personnel, added to the staff and eventually even taught a course in the medical school dental department in Port-au-Prince--a course on making dentures.

Maude, the lab technician who was making dentures, was trained and taught by Maxine. She is a deaf-mute, the very first deaf child that I took into the handicap program. Maude was only four years old when I started with her and she got her entire education through the program. As a teenager, she gave her heart to the Lord and was burdened for her sisters. When she came home after finishing school, Maxine took her in for training.

Molin is the receptionist-bookkeeper in the dental department, and also the interpreter for English-speaking dentists who come. He also is one of my handicap children. His arms were lost in a sugar cane mill accident, cut off above the elbow when he was thirteen years old. He learned to cope with life without arms in the handicap program. He also came to know the Lord as His Savior and then witnessed the salvation of his family.

Notes Through The Years

Dr. G. Dudley Nelson, joined our staff in September, 1946, along with his wife Virginia who was a registered nurse. In 1959, much to our regret, they resigned. But Dr. Nelson could not forget Haiti, and in 1969 they returned and again worked with us until 1975. He is presently semi-retired and working part time in Asheville, North Carolina.

Dr. Nelson got part of his medical education through the U. S. Navy and was to be available to serve two years in return for his education. On completion of his medical training, he went to Haiti as a missionary doctor. On his first furlough, he would have been drafted for the two-year stint with the Navy but through the work of the mission and a West Virginia congressman, President Truman passed the Point Four ruling, whereby a missionary doctor who is ordained could be released from serving. We all felt it was a direct answer to prayer, for missionaries and Haitians alike had been interceding to the Lord for his return. It was with great rejoicing that we welcomed him back. Dr. Noel Austin Robins was the dentist that first taught me dental techniques.

For the vast majority of Haitians, dental work consists mostly of extractions when decaying teeth become an acute problem. In those early years only a few cities in Haiti had dentists and the better ones congregated in Port-au-Prince, the capitol, where there were more people that could pay to have good dental work done. Consequently, when we missionaries needed work done, we went to Port-au-Prince, a distance of only 125 miles, but over roads that stretched our travel time to anywhere from six hours, at the very least, to twelve hours--or impassable. Consequently, we didn't go to the dentist unless we had a specific problem.

Notes, June, 1961

Mr. Hartt was trying to remember what Dr. B. looked like and said, "I think he is the dentist that I went to years ago with an aching tooth to be filled. He hunted and hunted for a cavity but could find none. Finally I told him to give me the explorer (a probe) and a mirror and I would show it to him, which he promptly did. I put the probe into the cavity and let it hang there. Dr. B. laughed and said, 'Sure enough, there is a cavity.', and he proceeded to drill. Suddenly there was a crumbling feeling as the tooth collapsed, and Dr. B. said, 'I'm sorry, but the tooth is too far gone to save,' and then he pulled it."

Then I recalled when I, too, had gone to this same dentist with a sensitive front tooth. The bristles of my toothbrush would set me on edge. I even showed him the cavity and put a pin into it but his only answer was, "That is a washed-out filling and the cavity is not big enough to bother filling." He couldn't be persuaded to do it so I found another dentist who promptly filled it and relieved my problem.

It has taken years of teaching to make the average Haitian more aware of dental hygiene, and the wisdom of trying to keep your teeth instead of letting them go and then eventually getting false teeth. Haitian mentality says if a tooth aches or begins to decay, don't waste money on it to fill it. Eventually it will decay again and you lose the money invested in it. Pull it and you are finished with it forever. In a country where struggling to find the next meal is a daily battle, how can one put money into filling a tooth that isn't even hurting? Even extractions can be, and are, postponed. So neglected teeth become stumps and stubs. Except for disease and malnutrition, children have pretty good teeth, but total neglect eventually destroys them.

Dentures, or false teeth, as the Haitians call them, is a sign of prestige, of being somebody and much to be desired. And a gold tooth, preferably two of them right in front where they would show the most, was almost a must. When we first began to make dentures, we could make them considerably cheaper if we didn't put in any gold teeth. There were very, very few who would accept that. Scrape the bottom of the barrel, skimp, save, go hungry--anything to have that gold showing. Prices varied with the years.

We didn't start making dentures until about 1969 or 1970 when an American dentist, Dr. Munk, came to be with us for about two years and he was the first one to set up a dental lab. I don't remember the exact price, but he probably charged thirty-five or forty dollars for a set,

maybe even less. Not much you might say, but when you consider the average Haitian income for a year, it is a lot. In 1946 when I first went to the field, the average income for a year was \$20.00. Years later it went up to \$60.00 and when I left, it was up to \$200.00--but so was inflation.

I said that Dr. Munk was the first one to set up a dental lab. I need to correct that a bit. Years before that, in the 1950's, there was a Dr. Lug who came down periodically and spent some weeks with us, bringing all of his own equipment. He did fillings, did extractions wholesale, and made some dentures. He made no charge for his work, but we charged the patient twenty cents, regardless of how much work was done.

I was appointed to work with him. When he did fillings, I stood on the opposite side and as he drilled with a portable drill, I squirted a continuous stream of water on the tooth to keep it cool, and with the other hand held a suction device to remove saliva. I don't know who got splattered the most, the patient, the doctor, or me. He was a difficult person to work with, demanding, and a real pusher, but he worked rapidly. He had a heart problem and at times we feared he would have an attack right in the middle of a job. Sometimes we begged him to slow down, take it a bit easier as we saw him in pain, but no, he must go on. He would stop long enough to get some pills from his pocket, swallow them quickly, then go on with his work. Years later we heard that he did have a heart attack in his office while working on a patient and died on the spot.

Once, while he was filling a tooth, he was drilling and I was squirting, something became very strange. The patient seemed to be swaying and Dr. Lug was wavering and I thought I was getting dizzy, but I didn't FEEL dizzy. The dentist yelled at me to hold still and I in turn felt like asking him if he was having a heart attack, but I refrained. Suddenly we all settled down as quickly as it had started--it was a mild earthquake. The water continued to slush about in the basin before it, too, calmed down. It was indeed an eerie feeling, but the next two times that I experienced a tremor I knew what it was.

Dr. Lug loved to go along on a clinic trip out into the country, setting up his portable chair and extraction equipment in a corner of the church or even on a porch and go to work. There was no lack of patients, all most willing to take advantage of the almost free, and for some completely free extractions. Those needing an injection of anesthesia got it, and he would line them up on a bench to wait for it to take effect. In the meantime he would work on others, never wasting a moment of time. If teeth were loose enough, he would simply slip them out quickly without an injection. Many times he would laughingly use just his fingers for a loose tooth and the patient wouldn't even know it was out until he showed him the tooth.

When he was running in high gear, the patients moved quickly from the waiting bench to his chair. With mouth well-anesthetized, he could work freely. With some it was just one or two teeth, with others it was a whole row of stumps, roots or partially decayed teeth. He aimed for the bucket on the floor but just as often missed. Both teeth and bloody sponges sprayed out over the floor. Finished patients sat awhile with mouth clamped tightly shut on a piece of gauze to stop the bleeding, then ambled on home into the mountains the same way they had come, either by foot or by animal. We tried somehow to keep tabs on how many teeth were taken out in a day--three or four hundred would be a conservative estimate.

Dr. Walter Newman was a soft-spoken, gentle, caring dentist from New Jersey who had a heart for missions, and a genuine love for the Lord. I don't know how he first got started coming to us but he would first spend a couple of weeks with the Unevangelized Fields Mission (UFM) up in the northern part of Haiti working on missionaries' teeth and the Haitian pastors and workers, and finish up by attending their annual worker's conference. Then he would come to our place in the southern tip of Haiti. It became an annual January event. We highly appreciated the man, his service, his love, and his outstanding Christian testimony.

I had the delightful privilege of working with Dr. Newman and from him I learned a lot. He brought all his own materials with him. Instruments and equipment he left permanently in our clinic dental room and I was encouraged to use it in his absence. It was through his encouragement that I began to do simple fillings, relining the loose dentures, treating of mouth disease, and so many things. Dental supplies were available in Port-au-Prince. In helping him, I watched closely what he did and how, and asked scores of questions; and he was so willing to explain everything I wanted to know. For two weeks a year he was my teacher. Only when a regular dentist came down for a few weeks of work did I work full time in dental. All the rest of

the time it was just one of many jobs. Getting patients to come was no problem. All we needed to do was make it available, the word spread, and the people came.

When I said that I started out with the really easy ones (extractions), I wasn't thinking of children. Adults, with decayed teeth and gums so receded so that the teeth had loosened, were my first targets. Many of them didn't even require anesthesia. Oftentimes the teeth worn to the gum line were easy to pick out because the roots had worked themselves to the surface like a rock in a field. It was the solid teeth that were painful from a deep cavity that sometimes gave me trouble, I mean solid-looking teeth. A forceps clamped too tightly could crush the tooth, leaving me with the job of digging out tight roots. I learned the hard way, by experience. More than once the sweat poured from my face, and down my back as I struggled with a tooth.

One patient, a man about fifty years old, had a bad tooth and it came out without any trouble whatsoever. I placed a rolled-up gauze in his mouth over the bleeding hole and instructed him to clamp down on it to stop the bleeding. I left him resting in the dental chair and turned my back to clean up some instruments.

When next I looked, I was startled into action., He was slumped in the chair, his mouth open and the bloodied gauze half out. It is amazing how many thoughts raced through my brain in the next few moments--"Is he dead? Did he have a reaction to the Novocain? Has he had a heart attack? What if he dies? What will happen to me? I'm not a dentist. What--what--what?"

I quickly tilted the chair as far back as I could, grabbed my stethoscope and listened to his heart. It was beating, but oh, so faintly. He wasn't breathing, or at least I didn't think he was. I quickly wiped out his mouth so he wouldn't aspirate blood, then applied pressure to his chest, hoping to start his breathing, and at the same time sending some very urgent requests Heavenward--"God, make him breathe! Please! Breathe!" Suddenly came the most beautiful and welcome sound I've ever known--a gasp, and then regular breathing sounds on his own. His eyes opened and he never even knew something had gone wrong. It wasn't long before he was on his way home, thankful to be rid of the aching tooth.

And what about me? I've thanked the Lord many times over for answering that prayer and undertaking in my helplessness. It doesn't matter that I don't really know why he reacted as he did to the extraction. I only know that the Lord met me in my need when I called to Him. "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." (Jeremiah 33:3)

Dr. Robins had introduced me to a special technique that he invariably used in doing extractions and I used it on one girl and it worked. It was the use of a special instrument, a sort of elevator, that he used to loosen the tooth, prying it loose first. Sometimes he didn't even have to apply a forceps but could pry the tooth out of its socket with just the elevator. He gave me one, a brand new one, to take back to Haiti with me. I used it on this girl and it worked beautifully. Her tooth was already broken and a forceps wrongly applied could have broken the entire crown and then I would have the roots to dig out which I definitely did not want. Prying it out with the elevator was the answer. And since her mouth was already anesthetized, I took out another decayed tooth--two for the price of one. Did I pray first? You can believe I did! She bowed her head and we prayed together and the Lord met both our needs. I wasn't very confident in those days of my skills as a dentist and I needed all the help I could get. The price was probably about a dollar a tooth if anesthesia was used, and perhaps forty or fifty cents a tooth without anesthesia.

Edmond Dureus was a young fellow we picked to work with us, and the Lord gave us a good one when He sent him. He was a neighborhood boy in his early twenties with a good Christian testimony, recommended by the local Pastor. I thought back to how Dr. Robins had taught me, but that wasn't much help because I already had a medical training, and had a foundation to build on. I knew the difference between "clean" and "sterile." "Germs" and "contaminated" weren't even in Edmond's vocabulary. I had to start with the basics. As I worked on a patient, Edmond stood alongside and I explained every move I made, and taught continuously everything he could absorb. He learned to wash the instruments, to boil the boilables and to soak the non-boilables in a disinfectant. He learned about germs, sterility, when and why you use sterile techniques, and when "clean" only is sufficient. He also became responsible for the clean-up.

Bit by bit as he watched me do extractions, I would begin to ask him what he thought should be done, how, etc., and get him to think and figure out the procedure. Next came letting

him do it under my close watch and supervision. He was good, had a real knack for it, and was so gentle with the patients. When the day came that I could let him work without my standing over him, he still had one problem that he had not been able to conquer--turning off the sterilizer at the close of the day. Time and again, I would go to the dental room and find it boiling away. I explained rather sternly what would happen if it were to boil dry and be ruined and he would promise that it wouldn't happen again. More than once I would go home for the evening and then begin to wonder if he had remembered. I'd have no peace until I'd gone back down and checked and at times I'd find it boiling away and almost dry. One such evening my patience ran dry and the next morning I was waiting for him.

"Edmond, what am I going to do with you? You have promised and promised and yet you forget. It's been six months since we started, and still I can't turn you loose."

"I know, Miss. I try so hard but I keep forgetting."

"What do you suggest? Will it help if I start deducting from your paycheck every time you forget and increase the amount if you don't stop?"

"No, Miss, that wouldn't help. Don't do that."

"But I've got to do something. I've tried everything I know. I don't want to let you burn the sterilizer dry and ruin it. They cost too much. I'll have to start touching your money, it's the only thing I haven't tried."

"You won't need to, Miss. It won't happen again."

And it didn't happen again, never. I turned him loose. As he developed and improved his skills, he would call me only if he had a problem and eventually he knew far more than I. Thus I was released from dental work. Mine was sporadic because of other clinical duties but he was able to devote full time to it. He was an eager student every time a visiting dentist came to help us out and they were all so willing to teach him.

Naturally, he was not a licensed dentist and there developed a problem over it. Haitian medical authorities began to object. This was resolved when he was "invited" to Port-au-Prince for "training." He went but he didn't stay long and soon came back with the "understanding" that he could practice as long as he was under the supervision of a doctor. What happened, as he worked with the other dentists during his "training," he was so clean and meticulous, and washed his hands so often, that he made the others uncomfortable so that they wanted him out of their way. The main thing was jealousy on the part of the dentists, too, as too many patients were going to Edmond and taking away their business.

That was the end of my dentistry except for a rare occasion of an emergency extraction off somewhere else. Edmond stayed with us until early 1982, the year I left Haiti, when he resigned and went to the States. His father-in-law lived in New York and urged him to get his family to the States where there were better opportunities. By this time he had ten children (there would be no more!), and he was concerned about their future. Leaving his wife and children in Haiti, he left us, much to our regret. He could not get his children out except one or two at a time as he became established, and the United States would allow him. I heard last month that he now has all but three children with him, so soon his entire family will be in. I do not know the details of how he got a job or who helped him besides his father-in-law. I think our dentist friend that I liked so well, Dr. Newman, helped him some way, but I'm not sure.

Maxine joined our mission staff in Haiti in 1968 while I was home on an extended furlough. She worked in the clinic to begin with, and I can't remember the exact year that she began in the dental work, probably about 1974. She is quite artistic and dentures fascinated and challenged her, and she was encouraged to go ahead. Her life's story would make an interesting book. My involvement in that phase was practically nil.

Only while she was home on an extended study furlough from 1979-1982, did I go back into it, and then it was not to do any work on teeth, but rather to check up on the bookkeeping, set up a new system, and generally supervise and keep an eye on things. It was a delicate job and I felt that I was treading on eggs. The Haitian is quick to suspect ulterior motives, snooping and mistrust. I had to prove that I wasn't suspecting anyone of cheating or stealing, and that I wasn't laying a trap. I was there to help them, and to work out a better way of handling finances, etc.

Regarding the impact of Dental Work: Only when we get on the other side and can see the whole picture as God sees it, only then will we understand what we have really done. I read Matthew 25:31-46 and I don't see anywhere that it says anything about relieving the pain of an

aching tooth. I think it could go in the same class as the "sick" and the Lord said visiting them has value. Helping to relieve human suffering is one way I can show my love to the Lord and my appreciation for what He has done for me. I like verse forty--"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." The Lord was concerned about the sick, and in His ministry He went about healing them. Sometimes what I do is no more than the "cup of cold water," but in His Name there are numerous opportunities to present the Gospel.

Arrival in Port-au-Prince

With eyes glued to the Pan American plane window, I strained to catch my first glimpse of Haiti. Cuba was now behind us and Haiti should be next. Spotting hazy mountains in the distance, I squeezed my companion's arm and blurted out, "Emlie, that must be it. We're almost there." I could feel my heartbeat accelerate.

This was my first plane ride and I was excited. Actually, I'd never even been inside one before, much less be a passenger. And here I was flying over ocean waters to a foreign country where I knew neither people nor language, to live and work as a missionary nurse. I was glad I wasn't alone. Emlie Crane, from Baltimore, was with me. Through our Mission, (West Indies Mission), we had arranged to meet and get acquainted in Miami and then travel together. She, too, was a new missionary, a secretary, and we would be working in the same place. We had been strangers, but from there on we called ourselves "twins" for we arrived together.

Flight announcements were first in French and then in English. My knowledge of French was absolutely zero and Emlie's was just a smattering left over from a High School course. Practically all the passengers, except for the flight crew, were black, and the two of us stood out like sore thumbs. Plans were that a missionary would meet us, but our faith wasn't quite adequate to prevent the penetration of a nagging question--"What if no one is there to meet us? What would we do?"

The wheels touched the runway with a thump. The brakes strained to cut down the speed but my body strained to keep it up! In those propeller planes you felt every move. Finally it rolled to a stop before the terminal. As we got off and started down the steps, we were already screening the noisy crowd of spectators, searching for a smiling white face and a waving hand. Emlie knew two missionaries and we both hoped she would spot one. I didn't know any. All I could do was look for someone that I thought had the appearance of being a missionary. I quickly eliminated those wearing shorts or smoking, and that reduced the possibilities considerably. Then there were those that had the look of the typical American tourist, loaded with cameras, baskets of purchases, curios, and straw hats. Neither one of us scored a single point.

Into the terminal we moved along with the other passengers. They all seemed to know what they were doing and hurried to be first in line. We somehow got steered into the line of non-residents. Anyone could tell that we were foreigners! Undoubtedly we looked as green as we felt. When Haitian officers got a blank, bewildered response to their questions, they switched to their very best English, but we still had trouble understanding. Their heavy accent all but smothered their words. Immunization record, purpose of the trip, where we would be staying, and personal questions--on and on. The list seemed endless. And the noise! Everyone talking at once and pushing to get through. It seemed like bedlam to me.

We were moved on to the next stage of the entry process--customs. Our luggage had to be opened and inspected. And there it was that we spotted the white faces we were looking for, two of them. No one except authorities were allowed inside the customs and immigration section of the terminal, but they could stand on the outside and peer through the bars and windows. Our eyes met, then a big smile of recognition and my heart was at ease. I didn't even mind when the inspector roughly examined the contents of my carefully packed suitcases. I didn't even get upset when he hurried me on before I could get everything back in. Funny how I had leftovers that no longer fit in!

It seemed as if everyone had his hand out for a tip when we got through customs and out the door. We were easy prey and they knew it. They all looked alike to me--black, with short kinky hair, and I hadn't the faintest idea who had helped and who hadn't. Fortunately, our missionary friends came to our rescue and took over. Even after our baggage was loaded into the mission station wagon and the vehicle in motion, the argument continued. I couldn't understand

the words, but I could interpret the actions. They wanted more money and loudly demanded it as they ran alongside the car, hands outstretched, until we were moving too fast for them. Then I saw them laugh, and clap their hands as they turned back to look for another passenger they might "help."

As we drove into the heart of Port-au-Prince to "Hotel La Gaiete" where we would be spending the next two nights, I was fascinated by all I saw. The People!! The loads they carried on their heads! Heavily laden donkeys plodding down the very streets that we were driving on. Men, straining and sweating like animals as they pushed or pulled a wooden cart heavily loaded with lumber. The beggars that came to your window every time the car stopped for a few minutes. The vendors who insisted that you needed what they had to sell and were determined not to take "No" for an answer.

"Hotel La Gaiete," the happy or gay hotel, (not the 'gay' of today!!), was something else. There were far better ones, but missionaries had to choose according to their limited finances, and this one gave us reduced rates. I don't remember exactly, but I think it was about three dollars a night and that included all three meals. It was clean but certainly different from anything I'd ever been in before. The bedroom walls did not go all the way to the ceiling. It was cooler that way. The windows were sort of like screen doors with shutters on the outside that you could close if you didn't want people looking in. A wash basin and a pitcher of water stood on a washstand in the corner. What I remember most distinctly was the toilet. I can't call it the bathroom for there was no bath, just the commode. The trouble was, I never did see it work properly. It was located on the landing at the head of the stairs to the second story where we slept. Whenever I went in to use it, either it flooded when I flushed it or it wouldn't flush at all for lack of water pressure. Oh me!!!

Sleep? I was tired enough that even the lumpy over-sized pillow and sagging mattress felt good. I didn't worry about anyone crawling over the wall separating our bedrooms. Both Emlie and I felt a sense of comfort and security knowing the missionary men were next door. We could talk back and forth if need be. Their snoring announced their sleep and they later claimed mine woke them up, but I'm not so sure about that. There was a constant high level of noise from the street--cars, honking horns, barking dogs, vendors, people everywhere going in every direction. I didn't waste much time in going to sleep, but I woke up with a start at 3:00 a.m. to the tune of a rooster crowing loudly right under my window. In a few seconds I heard another in the distance answer him and then mine immediately talked back to him. They kept up the conversation for twenty minutes with some others occasionally butting in. When the subject had been exhausted, they suddenly dropped it and were quiet until a bit after four o'clock when something else came to their minds. By that time the vendors were out again calling out their wares, and dogs joined in with their barking as the city came to life.

There was business that had to be attended to before we could leave the city. Registration at the American Embassy, signing in at the Immigration office, and reporting to the Police department were a must for all newcomers. What was left of the day was spent in shopping, and Emlie and I merely tagged along. Most of the time, we just sat in the car while the men went into a store, and without fail, when they returned, they found us besieged with vendors and beggars surrounding the car. It was too hot to close the windows, so they had full access to us. We smiled. We laughed. We bought nothing as we repeatedly said the only word I knew in their language--"NO." It was there that I really got my first close-up view of beggars. Not all were physically impaired, but far too many. Amputees walking with crude, heavy homemade crutches; a cripple with a severely deformed leg hobbling with the use of a crooked stick for a cane; a mother carrying a sickly-looking child on her hip, using him as a tool for more profitable begging; a child using a three-foot long stick to lead a blind man or woman all day long from person to person. The child chose the prospects and the blind did the begging. Some, unable to walk much, parked themselves right on the sidewalk in front of a busy store where they could beg from pedestrians. A naked baby was suckling his mother's shriveled-up breast, struggling to find nourishment, while a three-year old sibling sat dejectedly nearby, covered with sores and flies.

All of this--the poor, the sick, the maimed, and the hungry, was my first vivid impression of Haiti and it made a lasting impact on my life. Scripture tells us that when Jesus saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion for them. It was the crippled, the deformed, the handicapped ones that seemed to move me the most. That night I prayed, "Lord, You don't have

much in me to work with, but such as I am and such as I have, I give to You. Use me in whatever way You can to reach these people for Thee." Little did I know then that thirteen years later I would become very much involved with handicapped children. They would root themselves deeply into my heart, becoming so entwined that I could never extricate them. It was God Who put that love in my heart, nurtured it and used it.

Arrival at Cayes

Cayes, here we come! The distance from Port-au-Prince was only 125 miles but it took us over seven hours to make the trip. The men insisted that the road was in excellent shape. "If they called this good," we wondered, "What must bad be like?" Much of the time it seemed little more than a rocky trail winding up and down the mountains and across the plains. Bridges were only for the larger, impassable rivers. The others we drove right through.

There came the inevitable time when nature said a rest stop was needed. Simple, we thought, start looking for a gas station. Either our seasoned missionaries sensed our predicament or else they had to "go" too, for one of them asked, "Would you like to stop at the next Texaco?" All four of us watched from there on and it wasn't long before they came to a stop along the road. "Can't find a Texaco, but will Exxon do?," one of them asked pointing to a patch of banana trees nearby. We got the point. While they watched the car and chatted with curious Haitians, we hurried off to the partial seclusion of the trees. When we returned to the car, it was our turn to wait while they went off. But we couldn't chat with the Haitians. All we could do was smile, and smile some more, while they chatted and laughed at our expense. We learned that there were no available restrooms on that whole stretch of road.

Some years later, as I traveled that same road by bus, the driver didn't look for a banana grove restroom. He simply stopped wherever there were other reasons for stopping, and the Haitians, uninhibited as they are, did their elimination business right there in plain sight of all. The women squatted gracefully, skirts completely covering them, and that was it. I guess they figured it was a perfectly normal body function, so why go and hide? I never went that far. If I couldn't find at least partial seclusion, I endured the discomfort. And sometimes, I almost didn't make it.

As we approached our destination, Mr. Depew suddenly blasted the horn--beep, beep, beep, beeeeeeep. He repeated it several times, three short and a long. Pointing off in the distance to the side of us he said, "See those houses over there about a half a mile? That's home, I just let them know we're coming in the last stretch." A river separated us from going straight across and the road took us an extra fifteen minutes around and back. As we pulled up to the cluster of buildings, hot, sweaty, and dirty, we met all the missionaries gathered to welcome us. There were seven couples and four singles. We were home with our new family!

The single gals' house had only two bedrooms, so Emlie and I lived elsewhere but ate all our meals with the three other single ladies. I was put next door in the Depew's home, the director of our field. I felt comfortable, but I'm sure it was hard on them, considering the close proximity and lack of privacy. My bedroom had two doors and a window. The door to the outside was solid, but the other, opening into their living room, I could have crawled under it. There were no ceilings in the whole house, just the rafters with a tin roof. Consequently, the bedroom walls stopped in mid-air. When it rained, the noise was deafening and when it was quiet, you could hear sounds from the whole house.

I slept under a mosquito net tucked in on all four sides. Not only did it keep out those biting, malaria-carrying insects, but other creatures as well. With no electricity, I kept a good flashlight handy under my pillow. One night, I was rudely awakened by the most weird, piercing, scream-like noise that was totally unfamiliar to me, and it sounded as if it was right in my room. It was pitch dark and the scream did not let up. Turning on my flashlight, I peered through the netting. No way was I going to lift the net and give whatever it was, a chance to get in bed with me. Aiming the beam of light, I searched from my secluded spot until I found the source. Only then did I lift an edge of the net so I could get a better view. Up on top of my wardrobe was a snake slowly swallowing a large frog. He had him by the hind legs and was calmly, deliberately swallowing him inch by inch. The poor victim was screaming in terror but it did no good. I watched until the frog became a bulge inside the snake, tucked in my mosquito net extra good,

turned off my flashlight and slipped it back under my pillow, and went back to sleep. I never saw my visitor again.

Rats were in abundance everywhere, big ones, huge, ugly things. I hated them, almost as much as I despised the cockroaches that were so prolific and obnoxious. But getting back to the subject of rats, I went to the little storeroom one day to get something out of my trunk. I had to pull it out a little from the wall so I could open the lid and when I did, out from behind it jumped a rat. Someone was standing in the doorway and the rat panicked. He made a wild dash for my leg, went straight on up and was on the bare skin of my groin when I frantically grabbed him through my clothing. With both hands I shook him madly like I'd seen my dog do many times back home on the farm. My dog used his teeth, but that's beside the point. Following the shaking, I suddenly released him with a thrust and he fell stunned to the floor. Before I could tromp on him, he regained his senses and dashed off, this time in the right direction. My new "sisters" had the nerve to insist that the creature mistook my skinny legs for a post that led to safety.

Who were my sisters? The oldest was Zeida Campos from Cuba, a mulatto. She was an excellent Bible teacher in our Bible School. Then there was Elizabeth Peeke from Weaverville, North Carolina. She, too, was a teacher in our school. Next came Jennie Razumny of Russian-Ukrainian descent. As a young child she had escaped persecution along with her parents but was old enough to remember much of it. Her home was in Boston, Massachusetts. Then, of course, there was my "twin," Emlie. Jennie was a nurse and it was with her that I first began to work.

Clinic

It didn't take me long before I was involved in the clinic work. I didn't have to learn the language first, but went right to work without it. Haiti is a country with two languages--French, the official language, and at that time spoken by only the ten percent educated people--and Creole, the dialect spoken by the remaining ninety percent of the people. Anyone knowing French would find it relatively easy to pick up the Creole, but for those knowing Creole only, learning French would be difficult. I didn't know either one, so had to start from scratch. Being an American-born Norwegian and knowing both those languages, I had a tendency to put Norwegian words into my Creole and not even know it. It sounded right to me, but when I would get a blank stare of incomprehension, I'd know I'd goofed again.

My Creole language classes were brief, approximately three weeks and then I was on my own. There just wasn't much material available to study. French, yes, but not Creole! Today new missionaries spend months in well-organized study and considerable material is available. Anyway, after learning essential phrases of greetings, etc., I learned the most useful one of all--"Kouman ou rele sa?" (What do you call that?) That one they all understood, and gladly helped me build my vocabulary as I'd point to all sorts of things. Later on, I began French studies, as we needed to know both languages, but Creole was the language I used in 95 percent of my work.

But getting back to the clinic work, I guess you would say it had its beginnings on the back porch of the Depew home. John was our field director and his wife Dorothy was a practical nurse. Bible school students were supposed to be her only patients and that for just minor care but it grew. Before long the neighbors came for help. Seeing the terrible physical needs of the people, the missionaries began to pray for nurses and a doctor. In 1944, Jennie Razumny arrived, our first registered nurse. A small storeroom was converted into the first clinic building and Jennie was in business. The news spread abroad and nationals began to come for treatment, some walking long distances to reach the tiny clinic. The room soon became too small to care for the growing need. In answer to prayer, a gift came in designated for medical work, and a small pavilion was added where various kinds of dressings could be done. It was shortly after this, in January, 1946, that I appeared on the scene and my first responsibility was that pavilion. I could do dressings without knowing the language. I worked my phrase, "Kouman ou rele sa?" to the hilt and by changing the two little words, I could ask them their name -- "Kouman yo rele ou?" I'd have to repeat the word over and over again before they would be satisfied with my pronunciation, or else they were just too polite to tell me I was clear off.

But those dressings! Those sores! What a place to start my missionary career! What an initiation I got! I was totally unprepared for the suffering, the horrible physical condition of so many people. I learned that Haiti is the poorest, the most densely populated, and the sickest

country in the Western hemisphere. I had no trouble believing that statement. What started out as an average twenty dressings a day, grew to a high of eighty a day, three times a week and continued for years before declining. There were sores and ulcers of every description and size, weeping, dirty, infected, foul-smelling and at times nauseating. Legs were the most common site and next was arms. Running sores on other parts of the body were often caused by tuberculosis of the gland or bone. TB was rampant and could attack any part of the body, even the eyes. There were deformed feet caused by a long lasting sore, the joint locked in an awkward position, frozen and immovable. Many people endured their ulcers for years, having only brief periods of healing, only to have them break out again later. Many had to have a limb amputated and this explained the large number of people seen minus one leg. And what caused all the ulcers? Malnutrition, poverty, lack of sanitation, lack of a general knowledge of simple hygiene, ignorance, superstition,--all this together results in poor resistance to disease and breakdown of the body.

We used rolled sheet bandages by the box full. How I have thanked the Lord for the many faithful women in churches here at home who spent hours and hours cutting old sheets into strips, sewing them together, rolling them into tight rolls and shipping them to us. We used miles of them, boxes of them, yes, barrels full. They met a tremendous need.

A typical day of dressings started at 7:30 a.m., directly following a little chapel service with the patients where an evangelistic message was always given. The ulcer patients lined up on benches against the wall where they waited their turn. We had Haitian women trained to help, (Jennie had already done that before I came). The first step was to remove the old bandage and wash the sore with a cleansing solution,--a messy, smelly job. The women used long forceps to do this so as not to handle any of it with their hands. With a basin under their foot, they could pour the solution onto the leg and catch it in the basin. The next step was to scoot down the bench to me and I applied the medication and bandage. As time went on, the Haitian women did the whole procedure and I was released for other jobs.

Patients that lived nearby could come three times a week for dressings; but those that lived farther away and had to walk three or four hours to get there, came once or twice a week which was the most that they could manage. Picture then, a large weeping, infected ulcer covering half a leg, or even a smaller one involving just an ankle--in that same dressing for a whole week! NO, you can't picture it! You have to see it, smell it, work with it, weep with them when it doesn't respond and rejoice with them when you see faint and slow signs of healing. Healing can take from months to years and to some it never comes. Even when healing does take place, the scar tissue is thin and vulnerable and at the slightest injury can break down again. It's no wonder we see so many amputees.

In those days there were hardly any medical facilities in the mountain areas and people came to us from far and wide. Not only ulcer cases but disease of all sorts. We needed a doctor!

Dr. G. Dudley Nelson and his wife Virginia were definite answers to prayer. How we needed them! They arrived in the fall of 1946. From there on, the medical work grew by leaps and bounds. The one-room dispensary became too small just overnight and a new building with adequate facilities was built. So anxious were the Haitian believers to have this work opened up that they gave over nine hundred dollars toward the building. When you consider that the average annual income for a Haitian was only sixty dollars at that time, this giving was remarkable.

Over the next few years, the Lord sent us additional medical personnel. Shirley Ackerman from Michigan and Lila Anderson from Iowa were two nurses. Maryon Border from Montana came as a laboratory technician. Earl Harvey and his wife Lorene joined us, he as a pharmacist and she as a helper. Irene Boyd from Canada, (now deceased), came as an aide. Throughout the years there were many others, but these were the first ones.

There was never a lack of patients. They came by the hundreds--on foot, on animal, or by bus. We had a large area that we called our parking lot, for animals, that is. We put out numerous stakes and hitching posts and often it was crowded with horses, mules, and donkeys. That went on for years. Gradually, I noticed a change. Today many still come by animal, but what we now need the most is a parking lot for vehicles--buses, private cars, taxis and motorcycles. With the addition of our hospital in 1977, the medical work gained a reputation of being one of the best in the country. Many Haitians find the help they are seeking for spiritual needs as well as physical.

From the very beginning, the medical work has had a strong spiritual emphasis. The clinic has always had a personal worker, a Chaplain, on duty during clinic hours and the hospital, too, has one. In the clinic, the day always began with a prayer meeting of the staff, followed by a service with the patients and there was hardly a clinic day but what there were decisions made for the Lord.

Dr. Nelson routinely had one chapel message a week and sometimes more, and it seemed to me that on the days that he spoke, there were always more decisions than usual. We nurses often spoke. It was the Chaplain, though, that did the follow-up and led them to the Lord while we were dealing with the physical. It was not unusual at all to have over a hundred decisions in one month and this was what made all the hard work worthwhile.

In one of my latter years, when I was struggling with fatigue, frustrations, heavy problems, and the question, "Should I quit?," I asked the Chaplain to write the number of decisions on the calendar over my desk each day. As I saw those little numbers appear, my spirit would revive. Often I would be at my desk when he would come in smiling and quietly say, "Five fish today," and write a number five on the calendar date. It was the oil I needed to keep pushing on and hanging in there. No, I didn't lead them to the Lord, but my team member did. One sows, one waters, and another reaps--and we all rejoice together.

One aspect of the medical work that I thoroughly enjoyed was the country clinic trips that we so often made. We had churches scattered all through the southern peninsula of Haiti. We tried to stagger our clinic trips so as to reach the most people possible back in the mountains where no medical help was available. This naturally took us into areas of difficult traveling. We never reckoned in terms of miles, but of hours it took us to get there.

Roads were few and poor. Usually we packed our supplies into a four-wheel drive vehicle and drove as far as we could, then transferred it all onto pack animals and rode mules or horses ourselves and continued on to our destination. Sometimes it meant loading our supplies into a sailboat and continuing up the coast by water to the chosen village, or across to an island church. Whichever it was, it usually meant an entire day of traveling and maybe going only forty to sixty miles. More than once I have been amused as our jeep crept slowly up a rocky mountain road and I watched and even conversed with people walking alongside, stopping every so often to let US catch up with THEM. Now that's snail pace for a jeep.

Regardless of how long or short our trip, or whether we got there early in the day or towards evening, nothing could be done until we had been served a cup of coffee. That was a must and a vital part of Haitian hospitality. I never liked coffee before and in the States I drank it only if I needed to for the sake of being sociable. How I ever grew up in a Norwegian home without liking coffee is a mystery to me. And how I ever went through nurse's training without relying on it to keep me awake on night duty is another unanswerable question. But in Haiti! That was an entirely different story. It didn't resemble American coffee very much. You didn't get served a whole big cupful along with a meal. You got served a dainty little demitasse when you arrived, like a token of welcome.

In the morning when you first woke up and barely got your feet on the floor, in came a girl with a tray of demitasses and a teaspoon and right there before your eyes she poured you a cup of "eye-opener." The cup was one third full of sugar to begin with and you stirred it with the spoon and laid it back on the tray for the next person. Then she stood there and politely waited while you drank it and returned the empty cup to the tray. I couldn't say no to that sort of thing, or I would have offended them.

To begin with I asked them for just a wee little bit of coffee and they obliged, but I soon became addicted. I loved the taste. It had a strong burned hickory flavor from roasting it in an iron pot over an open fire until the beans were literally black. It was ground almost to powder, put into a cone shaped cloth and then boiling water poured over it time and time again until it was the desired consistency--thick and almost syrupy. Sometimes sugar was added while roasting the beans, and at other times the sugar was left out and you added your own to the cup according to your taste. Other times you found the sugar in the cup and the coffee poured over it. I couldn't drink it without sugar and I required more than the average, but I liked that bitter-sweet taste. Tired from a jostling trip, it perked me up. In the mornings it opened my eyes and got me going. But a little too much and it would send me into orbit. I had to watch it.

Haitian hospitality is beautiful. I loved it. They are such a friendly, easy-to-love people and they treated us royally, putting me to shame over and over again. Getting out in the country and into their homes was a tonic for me. Sitting at their tables, eating their food, sleeping in their beds gave me an entirely different view of the people. At our clinic I saw them at their worst--tired, sick, impatient and pushy, and my impression of them became warped. A trip out into the country did wonders for me. It wasn't always clinic trips. We nurses got out as often as we could manage to work it into our schedule--a week of DVBS, weekend conventions where we helped with the children's meetings, and women's meetings--we got involved!

A clinic trip was hard work. Usually it was to the outlying areas, the difficult to reach places where there was no medical help available. This meant packing up supplies and loading them into a 4-wheel drive vehicle. If we could reach our destination by vehicle, the trip was a bit easier; but if it meant transferring our load to animals, it was more difficult. Sometimes we combined trips--a weekend convention, followed by two days of clinic.

One such trip I won't readily forget. Actually, it was a triple purpose trip; a weekend convention at Beaumont, followed by a day of clinic, then a two-day clinic at DeRiveau. There were three of us: Dr. Nelson, Shirley, and myself. Preparations included flannel-graph lessons for the children's meetings, which we two nurses shared. Dr. Nelson was responsible for the amplifying system which included the unpredictable generator. He was a good doctor but definitely not a mechanic, so we worried and prayed that God would keep it running. Then there was the packing of the medical supplies and we all helped with that. Two clinics and limited space in the station wagon!

The way the crow flies, Beaumont would only be about 25 miles from Cayes, but following the so-called road, it would be almost double. Located up in the mountains, the road twisted and turned and doubled back on itself. The ramp, as the ascent was called, was nothing but rough rock that could easily puncture the oil pan or rip open costly tires. You had little choice of where to drive for it was so narrow. You anticipated an on-coming vehicle and looked for a wider spot where you could wait for it to come and pass by you, otherwise you might have to back down over those rocks until you found a spot. You literally crawled up that ramp, easing the jeep station wagon gently over the worst of the rocks. And sometimes, after a heavy rain, you just couldn't get across and had to turn back. A wash-out, leaving the road narrower than the wheelbase itself, gave you no choice.

On this trip to Beaumont we didn't turn back and we managed to get there in spite of rain. We were tempted, but as we thought of the people waiting for the convention that they so loved to attend, and the sick we knew would be expecting help, we had to push on. The Lord gave us a safe journey. We arrived in plenty of time to get set up for the first service of the convention, Friday evening. Christians had come in from the surrounding mountains in spite of the rain. People in the village could listen from their homes as long as the PA system worked.

These three-day conventions were mainly evangelistic and most of the messages were given by Haitian Pastors and workers. They were geared to get the Gospel out and were very effective. A 6:00 a.m. prayer meeting was well attended. The special "Worker's hour" following, consisted of a good Bible study directed mainly to the needs of Pastors and workers that attended from churches in the district. Then later in the morning after breakfast, and again in the afternoon and again in the evening we had services for the general public. Children's meetings were held both in the morning and afternoon.

The church was never big enough, so a "tonel" was built all around it and bamboo pole benches put up for seats. Did you ever sit for two hours on a round bamboo pole??? The "tonel" consisted of bamboo poles stuck in the ground to hold up the "rafters" of more bamboo poles. On top of those was a loose roof consisting of coconut leaves. It gave shelter from the sun but, oh my, when it rained!!! And if it rained very hard, you couldn't hear the speaker anyway for the pounding of the rain on the tin roof of the church. At such times, the people would simply burst into a song and sing with gusto until the noise subsided. Then the speaker would pick up where he had left off and continue on with the message.

The Beaumont church had prepared for our coming but were a bit dubious that we would make it because of the road and the rain. How they rejoiced and sang and praised the Lord when we drove in. Both the station wagon and its passengers were covered with mud. First was that

welcomed demitasse of coffee. We didn't even have to clean up for that. It was delicious, strong and stimulating.

One of the first things Shirley and I were interested in was the outhouse, if they had one. In those days not many country homes had them and certainly not the churches. A chamber pot was placed in your room for night use and we white women were expected to use it during the daytime, too, but only for minor offenses. For major needs, which hopefully, wasn't more than once a day, you might be escorted to some home in the village where they had an outhouse and consented to our using it. It could be most embarrassing.

The Beaumont church had planned to have one for us and had dug a deep hole. It was to be a good one that would be for the use of the church family, too. But, a week before we arrived, a mule had died nearby and the official of the town ordered it to be dragged into the hole and buried. Very convenient, a grave ready and waiting. It made no difference that the mule belonged to no one in the church, nor did they help with the digging of another hole. In that tropical heat it must be buried quickly. But there was an outhouse for us. They had put one together in a hurry. They hadn't had time yet to get a roof over it but it was fairly nice inside. It also had a door we could close. But whenever it rained while we sat on the throne, we got the full brunt of it and the seat was wet most of the time.

It was a wet weekend and we couldn't get away from it even in our bedroom,. Our hostess had kindly given Shirley and me a room to ourselves and we tied up our hammocks as best we could. When possible, we would take folding cots along, but on this trip space was at a premium so it was hammocks. These could be rolled into a tight small bundle. I had made mine, six feet wide, so I could tie it in a constricted area and sleep crosswise in it.

Being up in the mountains, it was chilly and the rain made it even worse. But our biggest problem was the leaks in our bedroom roof. No matter where and how we tied our hammocks, we got steady drips. We each had a blanket with us but no matter how we worked it, we were cold. Put it on top and we were cold on the bottom, put it on the bottom and our top side was cold. Our rain coats got spread over us like a blanket but then they would funnel the water down to our bare skin. Had we had newspaper, we could have put it under us and insulated ourselves from the cold coming up through the taut hammock.

Convention over, many people stayed on to take advantage of the day of clinic. That, too, was held in the church, which was a large one room structure crudely built with a packed dirt floor. In one section, Dr. Nelson examined patients as fast as he could, wrote out prescriptions and sent them over to our section where we dispensed medicine or gave injections. Those needing prolonged treatment or examinations that required their presence at our clinic, were encouraged to make the trip in.

When the last patient was gone, we attacked the problem of clean-up and re-packing. At one point, I was amused as I looked up to see what all was going on. In one corner was the doctor busily packing both medicines and equipment. In another corner was Shirley washing dirty needles and syringes. On a line strung across the church was a mess of wet clothes trying to dry out. It didn't look much like a church scene, but souls had been saved, hurting people had found a measure of relief, and the Gospel had gone out to the village. Many who heard would mull it over during the next weeks, and weigh it pro and con. Most would continue to reject, but there would be those that would think it over and decide to walk with Jesus.

Our next stop was the country church at DeRiveau. With the jeep station wagon loaded with everything we had, we took to the road again, knowing that we would have to transfer to animals for the last several miles. But there were no animals waiting for us. There weren't even any Christians from the church waiting at the junction to help us. This indeed was odd as we usually have quite an audience. But somehow the word spread, as only in Haiti it can do, that the whites had arrived and soon we were surrounded by people.

Only essential medical supplies and bare necessities of personal items were unloaded. The rest was left in the station wagon, locked up, and the vehicle parked in the yard of a Christian's home. Willing hands picked up boxes of supplies until nothing remained, hoisted it to their heads, and in single file, marched down the slippery trail. Runners ran ahead and got word to the church that we were on our way. Animals were sent to meet us, but by that time we were nearly there.

They didn't let Shirley or me carry anything, not even my shoulder bag. We were to be free just to walk. The trail was slippery, muddy and I wasn't as sure-footed as they were. They must have thought I was quite fragile, for they were quick to give me a hand or hold on to me. Sometimes, I wished they would just let me hold onto them to steady myself rather than the other way around. Anyway, we managed and I didn't fall.

When we arrived at the church, we found out that they weren't expecting us because of the rains. They just knew that we couldn't come and hadn't prepared. Consequently, there was no outhouse. No problem. White women must have one, so they got right at it. They dug a hole, put a few logs across it, erected a coconut leaf wall around it and over it, and lo and behold, we had our outhouse. We quickly learned how to maneuver ourselves on the slippery, wet logs and never once did we slip into the hole. It takes practice, but through those early years, I became quite adept at it. I'll have to admit, though, that many a time I wished I could just go outside the structure instead of inside, especially when bamboo poles were used instead of logs. It would have been much simpler. A balancing act while squatting is a feat in itself. But here we were in the beginning stages of teaching them simple hygiene and the need for building outhouses. I couldn't NOT use it, crude as it might be.

Even though they didn't expect us, it didn't take long for the news to spread and soon we had a big crowd of patients. We worked hard a solid day and had to quit earlier than we had planned because we ran out of medicines. And while we worked, the Pastor took advantage of the opportunity to preach and many heard the Gospel that day. Again the seed was sown and only God knows which ones took root and grew to maturity.

Back home in the clinic and into the daily routine and grind of the medical work, my attitude towards patients was definitely affected by these trips into the rural areas. We always had crowds of patients, more than we could adequately handle; and it was easy for me to get irritable and short with them. The pressures were great, the problems unending and I wasn't always sweet and Christ-like. Far from it, much to my shame. Many a morning in my devotions, I would ask the Lord to help me to be sweet the whole day, to give me a special portion of His grace. And sometimes before the morning was half over, I'd have to retreat to the privacy of the bathroom to tell Him I was sorry, that I'd already blown it.

The more I traveled out and got to know Haiti--the roads, the mountains, the swollen rivers we had to cross, the rugged mountain trails--the more I got to know the people and where they came from, the more understanding and feeling I had for the patients as they came to us in the clinic.

They came from far and near, riding horses, mules, or donkeys. They came on foot, some walking for days over mountain trails. They came on improvised stretchers hoisted to the shoulders of carriers. A rocking chair was the most common one. Poles were tied to the rockers for easier carrying and the patient tied securely into the chair to prevent falling out while going up and down the mountains. Some came hobbling in, using a simple stick for a cane or a pair of crude, heavy, homemade crutches. In later years, vehicles--buses, private cars, motorcycles and bicycles increased our already heavy load.

Some days it was bedlam. There were far more patients than we could see in a day. We tried every system we could think of. When we gave out numbered cards the night before to those that had come in early, there weren't enough left for the patients arriving in the morning. If we waited and screened out the sicker-looking ones from the crowd, others complained, and rightly so, that they had been there earlier waiting maybe three days and hadn't had a chance. If we took those that came from the farthest away, then our neighbors hollered. We never did find a perfect system and the pressure of the sick and needy was always upon us.

Though we were limited in what we could do for the people physically, we were not limited in our freedom to share the Gospel. Every clinic day we started the morning with a staff devotional and prayer meeting and directly following was a service with the patients gathered in the outside waiting area. Every day a personal worker dealt individually with people as we took care of their physical needs. Through the years there were thousands of souls saved. Many a time I have sat with a patient and quietly explained the seriousness of his illness, the possibility of its being terminal, and then asked about his relationship to the Lord. Whenever possible, I would then turn him over to the Chaplain.

Tuberculosis was rampant in the country and ranked as one of the highest causes of death. In the early days there was little effective treatment and the fear of contracting it was high in every family. Whenever I had to tell a patient that his cough was tubercular, I felt as though I were giving him a death sentence and my heart would ache for him. What did it mean? Why was it so hard to take? It meant isolation, being cut off from his family, being put out into a separate house or hut if possible, alone. It meant death.

The average Haitian knew little about TB except that others could get it from a sick person. But how was a mystery. Most precautions seemed to be taken after death rather than during life, as though the disease could jump from the dead body to the living. After the funeral, his bedding was burned plus anything else he may have been using. Eating utensils and wash basin that could have been washed and disinfected in the sun were discarded.

Sometimes entire families were wiped out with the disease. Precautions after the death did nothing to stop the progress. It was the close contact with the living victim, his cough, and his heavily infected sputum, that spread it to others and this they knew nothing about. How many times my eyes would fill with tears and I'd silently weep along with a patient as his body would heave with sobbing, shocked with the news I had given him--tuberculosis. Jesus said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matthew 11:28) So many came!

Today there is very effective treatment for tuberculosis and health education has gone out over the radio, through schools, preventative programs, immunization of children and the incidence of the disease has been cut down considerably. But, it is still a big killer.

A patient came to us one day obviously tubercular. We sent him to the laboratory for a sputum test and it came back highly positive. The technician whispered to me that he was quite sure the man had been in some months before and we had put him on treatment. I checked the records, then talked with the patient and sure enough, he had been in six months earlier. At first he denied it, then admitted it.

His story? We had put him on medication and explained to him in the presence of his brother all about the disease, treatment, precautions--everything we felt he needed to know. We always make sure family is with the patient when we explain it so the patient cannot hide it from them. But this particular man and his brother on their way home had decided to hide the facts. The patient was fearful of what he would have to go through, isolation, and bed rest, and the stigma of TB, so persuaded his brother to go along with the scheme. They threw away the TB medication but kept the vitamins and at home he told the family that he just had a cold and we had given him medication for it. For six months he spread his little TB "snappers" all through the family and neighborhood and of course his cough grew steadily worse. Finally, they insisted that he return to us and this time his mother came with him. But this time, it was too late. He started the treatment but succumbed to the disease.

Another time a teenage girl was brought to us and tests proved that she had advanced TB. I went through the routine explaining the importance of rest and food, her care, the medications, and emphasized the danger of skipping doses or neglecting to take the medication for any reason. I gave them a three months supply and they were to bring her back before they were finished. Not one day was she to be without the medication. They agreed, and said they understood.

Three weeks later one of our staff told me there was a problem I needed to check and he told me which house to go to in the near neighborhood. I didn't know what to expect, but I went.

I knocked at the door and was let in, though it seemed that I wasn't exactly welcome. I soon found out why. There on the floor on a straw mat lay my teenage patient and she looked horrible. Both wrists had a bright red band of cloth tied around each one. On her head was a very bright red kerchief. Under her thin short nightgown was an equally bright red vest. Tied onto her forehead was a cross an inch long made of sticks. Beside her on the floor was a tin-can oil lamp with a burning wick. On the other side was a pot-like vessel with some water in it and a piece of a banana leaf covering it. Into this she spit as the racking cough brought up heavy green sputum. As our eyes met, her weary, sunken ones seemed to be crying out to me--"HELP!"

Before I even asked, I knew what their answer would be, but I went ahead anyway. "Are you giving her the medication I gave you?" and hesitatingly the answer came back, "No." I didn't have to ask why.

Inside I was seething, but calmly I took my stethoscope and listened to her lungs. I could hear the raspy sound in both lungs. No one was saying anything. They just watched. I got up from my kneeling position beside the girl and stood to face them. "Why is she here? Why didn't her mother take her home like she said she would?" Silence. No one seemed anxious to talk but looked towards the young man standing in a corner. With all eyes on him, he began to talk. He was her cousin, a man I thought I knew quite well, and who claimed to be a Christian.

"Miss, you don't understand," he began. "You know medicines but you don't understand Haitians. We agree with you that Marie has TB and must be treated, but your medicine can do her no good until we have broken the curse that has been put on her. We will start your treatment after we have broken the curse, then it can help her, but not before."

"And what is your treatment," I queried, and as I expected, his answer was vague. "We have found a woman who is skilled in this and at this very moment is outside preparing." "Preparing what?" I was pushing for answers that he didn't want to give. "Oh, she fixes good food, nourishing things to give her strength. It's not bad like you think." "Yes, I know she fixes some good things, but what else does she do?"

I knew he wouldn't explain and I wouldn't understand if he did, but I knew that it wasn't good. Marie had been working in the capitol as a maid in a home when she developed the chronic cough and had to come home--tuberculosis. Another girl also worked in the home and she was jealous of Marie because the mistress liked Marie better than her. To get rid of Marie so she herself could gain more favors, she went to a witchdoctor and paid him to put a curse on Marie. TB was the result of the curse and could not be treated until the curse was broken. Only then could our medication work.

Breaking the curse meant finding a "bocor" or a "divinesse" (male or female witchdoctor) who had sufficient power to cast it off. The red garments, the cross, the bands, and the oil lamp were all part of the process of driving out the evil spirits that were working in her body. Bright red is supposed to repel evil spirits and sometimes an undergarment of the color will be worn until it literally falls apart, not even removed for washing for fear the spirit will sneak in at that very moment.

I let the cousin talk, but then I spoke my piece and I didn't mince words. Right there in the room where both Marie and the family could hear, and especially the cousin, who had unfortunately intervened and talked the mother out of taking Marie home, I exposed my feelings.

"Marie is very sick, worse than when I saw her in the clinic, and unless you get her started immediately on treatment, she will soon die. She may anyway, as she is gravely ill. Now, you have to choose between our treatment and yours. Go on with your program, and I will wash my hands of the whole affair and you will be responsible for her. Choose our treatment and out goes all the other, the witchdoctor, and the whole works. We cannot work together, it is one or the other."

I said much more but that was the general gist of it. I saw no signs of relenting. As I got ready to leave, I posed one more question directed to the cousin. "Do YOU want to be in charge or do you want ME to?" He wouldn't give me a direct answer, so I said good-bye to the poor patient and stepped outside.

He followed me and we stood and talked a while longer. Five feet from us, squatted in front of a fire was a woman busy over a cooking pot. Around us stood a few neighbors, all listening intently. He again brought up the subject of the divinesse, her abilities to heal, etc., and what did I have against her? "She's not working with God," I told him, "she's serving Satan. God includes witchcraft in His list of things that He hates. Deuteronomy 18:12 says 'For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord.'"

I was a bit hot under the collar as I thought of all the misery that poor girl would be put through, the bitter concoctions she would be made to drink, of who knows what--all in an effort to drive out the evil spirits binding her. "You know as well as I do," I emphatically told him, "that it isn't just good food she will give her. She is a deceiver and she is a servant of the Devil." I heard a few umphs and grunts from those listening, but no one made any comments. It was unusual for them to be so quiet. I turned my hands over, palm, side up, and shrugged my shoulders, indicating that I was through. Nothing more to say, I turned and walked away, accompanied by Vierge, the girl who had gone with me.

As we got away from the house and out of hearing, she chuckled and said, "You didn't know, did you, that the woman squatted by the fire was the divinesse they hired?" No, I didn't, and I'm glad I didn't. I might not have had the courage to say all I had if I had known. No wonder no one made any comments. I was the only one who didn't know.

Within a week, the divinesse was paid and dismissed, her job unfinished. All the paraphernalia went with her, red garments and all, to be used on her next patient. The mother took Marie home where she belonged and followed through with our treatment. She did recover. I wish I could say for sure that she is a Christian, but I can't. I do not know. She heard the Gospel, both she and her mother, and apparently responded. Many respond when they are afraid and sick, only to cast it aside when they recover. The Lord knows those that are His.

Very, very often we find that patients come to us after they have spent all their money on witchdoctors and have gotten no relief. A witchdoctor will not work unless he is assured of his fee. And sometimes that means the person must sell his livestock or a piece of land to pay it.

Odds and Ends From My Notes

1. Toilette

I was attending a weekend convention at the beautiful little mountain village of Manich just fifteen miles from home, when I observed a new way of washing ears. The Haitians always attend to their toilette early in the morning and especially on Sundays in preparation for church.

I watched as a fifteen year old, large, plumpish-type girl came out of her house, stood in the middle of her yard and proceeded to wash her ears. She had a "kalbas," (a tree-grown gourd used as a vessel for carrying water) of water. Turning her head clear over to one side, she poured water into her hand, then poured that into her ear and immediately jumped up and down several times. Turning her head quickly to the other side, she dumped it out, then repeated the procedure. Each ear got two good shaking-washings. Another younger girl came out with a glass of water and washed hers, pouring it in directly from the glass, jumping up and down to shake it well, then jumping some more to get it all out.

At another convention farther back in the mountains, I watched another child. That, too, was early Sunday morning, but it wasn't her ears she washed. I watched her come out into the yard, squat down and urinate. I was flabbergasted when I saw her catch some urine in her hands and quickly pour it into her mouth, swish it around real good and then spit it out. That was the only time I actually saw a person doing this, and I was new in Haiti then. Since that time, I have often had a patient tell me, "My urine tastes sweet," often indicating diabetes.

2. Killing Bees

How do you kill bees without getting stung? Simple, explained a man as he proceeded to demonstrate. He was a mason and some bees were working on a nest right where he wanted to be. I watched as he rubbed his hands well into his armpits, picking up as much sweat as he could, then quickly grabbed and crushed the nest. His theory? The sweat odor was so strong that it stunned them before they could sting. He didn't get stung!!!

3. Scaring Away Death

Zeida Campos, (our Cuban missionary) had been out in the country and told about something she had seen. Riding down the trail on muleback, she passed a house where there was a great deal of commotion going on.

Her traveling companion explained that there was a man in the house who was very sick and dying, and the people were trying to scare away the spirit of death. On top of the house were people banging tin lids together and yelling. On the ground around the house were others doing the same thing, all of them making as much noise as they could to scare away the unwanted spirit of death. It did no good, and very shortly, the man died.

4. Daily Vacation Bible School

A mother gave her little eight year old girl permission to go to the DVBS held in one of our churches in response to the child's pleading, but threatened her lest she "become a Protestant." Little Marie attended faithfully all week and was under conviction but feared her

mother. Finally, she could hold out no longer, and went forward for salvation. When she got home she took the consequences, a severe beating from her mother, but she would not be shaken.

5. Ti Sonson

This little four year old was brought in to us on Wednesday, unconscious and convulsing continuously. There was very little hope for his life. All day Thursday and Friday we watched over him and saw no change. Saturday morning I raised him up on pillows to a half-sitting position and was putting water on his lips when he suddenly opened his eyes and regained consciousness. His convulsions had ceased earlier. When Mme. Vilsius, one of our staff who was caring for him, saw his eyes open, she cried and thanked God loudly for his recovery.

The boy's mother said she had been saved before, but had gone back into the world. The new hope for her child made her so grateful to the Lord, that she determined to walk with the Lord from there on. But the father was definitely not saved and determined to have no part of it. Clarisia, another of our workers, talked to him but he still refused.

As he was leaving, walking up the hill, she called to him reminding him not to wait until it was too late. Suddenly he turned, looked back, and made his way quickly back down the hill to his child, wife, and the two women helpers. "I want you to pray with me, I want to be saved now," he announced and together they got down on their knees and praised the Lord together. Little Sonson recovered without any complications.

6. Treatment for Burns

A little two year old girl burned her arm quite badly when she fell against an iron pot of water. (Since all cooking is done on an open fire on the ground, this sort of thing happens frequently.) Their immediate treatment was a mud pack to "keep it from peeling." The most common place to get the mud is under the big earthen vessel used to keep the home's supply of water carried home from the river. It usually stands on the dirt floor in a corner and the earth under it is wet and cool. This mud they scraped up and plastered all over the burned arm. Three days later, they brought her to our clinic, wondering what had gone wrong. It was badly infected. The cool mud, they think, is supposed to remove the heat of the burn.

7. Transfusion

Dr. Nelson told a patient that he needed a blood transfusion, and that he should go get about four healthy men to come in to be typed, hoping we would find at least one that would be compatible. Later, the patient came to me troubled about the matter, and explained that the doctor wanted him to send for four husky men "to hold me down while they take my blood." Transfusions were so foreign to them in those days and they couldn't understand. One man, when we asked if he would donate blood for his very sick brother, cried out in horror, "No, I don't want you to kill me to give my blood to him!"

8. Too Late

Lila Anderson, (nurse), and I were in charge of the children's meetings at the weekend convention at Boite, a pretty little mountain village. Christians came in from all over the district, prepared to stay. Only those living nearby went home at night. The PA system worked well and the whole village could hear and enjoy the singing and take in the messages. The children's meetings went well, too, and there were a number of them that responded to the invitation to receive Christ as their personal Savior.

Saturday at noon, Pastor Benjamin (Haitian) asked Lila and me to go with him to a house next door to the church to see a sick woman and her baby. We gladly went, taking our little medical kit along with us. She was sick, very sick, though not in bed. She attended to her household duties and cared for her baby. She had even attended our first service the night before and the one that very morning.

We advised her to make haste to get both herself and her tiny baby to our clinic where the doctor could treat her, that she urgently needed medical help that Lila and I could not begin to touch with our few limited medicines that we carried. "You must hurry this week, or it may be too late," we warned her. She assured us she would make every effort to get in.

Having done what we could physically, we turned to her spiritual needs and questioned her about her relationship to the Lord. "No, I'm not a Christian, I'm not ready." she replied. Pastor Benjamin remained silent as we talked with her. He had witnessed to her previously with no visible results.

As we urged her to make things right, to "arrange her affairs with God" as the Haitians say it, she refused. "You are very sick" we warned her, "and later on may be too late." "I know I should," came her answer, but "I must talk it over with my husband first. I cannot do it without his permission." We had prayer together, Pastor Benjamin leading us. Then we hurried off to the services that were about to begin, Pastor Benjamin to the main service and Lila and I to the children's.

We were about a block from the church under the bamboo pole, coconut leaf tonel which had been constructed for the purpose. The benches were round bamboo poles, uncomfortable to say the least, but the children didn't seem to mind. They were attentive and well-behaved. They sang lustily, we taught them a new chorus, and then came the flannelgraph lesson.

Suddenly--in the midst of the lesson and in the middle of the message at the adult service--there was a scream, loud yelling and wailing, announcing a death. It was from the house next to the church, the house where we had visited the sick woman. Just one hour ago we had pleaded with her to get right with the Lord and she had put it off--"I must talk it over with my husband first." Now it was too late. She was dead.

The services continued, but neither children nor adults heard much after that. The commotion and wailing so close by dominated their minds. Haitian custom is much loud wailing. When someone dies in a home, it is announced by a loud, piercing wail called "rele la mort," (wail of death). From there on there is constant noise and commotion and more crying and wailing as friends and neighbors come to lament.

Because of lack of embalming, burial must be made within twenty-four hours, consequently, preparations are fast. A wake is held throughout the night and burial in the early morning. In a non-Christian home, the wake is a time of chanting, beating of drums, playing cards, drinking--spending the deceased's last night on earth together with him before sending him off to his next abode. Christians have replaced the noisy, pagan wake with their version of a Christian wake--the singing of hymns all night and the drinking of coffee or soft drinks.

We didn't sleep much that night. The wake next door was a pagan one and by the time it quieted down with the burial, it was time for us to get up. The message that went out over the PA that Sunday morning was powerful, "Repent, before it is too late."

9. God Who Made Him

He was only thirteen days old when his father and mother brought him to the clinic. One look at his tiny, emaciated body and I wondered what kept him alive. Diarrhea, vomiting, and losing weight were the symptoms the mother gave me. But the real trouble, I discovered, was that he hadn't had a drop of milk since he was born. All she had given him was tea made from herbs and sugar.

"Do you not have milk in your breasts?" I questioned. "Yes, plenty," came her unexpected answer. "Then why not nurse him?" "I don't dare, my milk is poisoned and it would kill him." "Poisoned? What do you mean?"

Then came the whole story, slowly unfolding. This was her fifth child and only living one. Two had died at about the age of ten days, evidently the victims of tetanus (lock jaw). Two others, twins, had died at birth from other causes. All the neighbors convinced her that her milk was to blame for all four deaths and that this fifth child must not be nursed.

They knew nothing about tetanus, that it was commonly contracted by a newborn through the cutting of the umbilical cord with an unclean instrument. This poor child was slowly starving to death on his sugar and water diet.

I explained to the parents what was happening to this baby and what had happened to the two with tetanus. I didn't know what caused the twins' deaths, but I know it wasn't her milk. I urged her to start nursing this one immediately, but she wanted medicine instead. "I'm afraid my milk will kill him."

Knowing that to put the child on a formula was an impossibility for her, and with regular cow's milk and contaminated bottles and no refrigeration--the child would die from diarrhea and

malnutrition. I had no choice but to insist on her nursing him, and even then, it might already be too late! I became insistent. Finally I said firmly, when I couldn't seem to budge her, "Why did you come to me if you don't want to follow my advice" Take your baby and go home. Take what money you have and get a coffin made and start preparing for his funeral because it won't be far away. Go! You won't listen to me, so go home. I'm through with you."

I saw them glance at one another and whisper something, but it was below my hearing level. Then they turned to me. "Miss, we are Pentecostal Christians and because you are a Christian, we know you would not lie to us. Because you love God, you would not ask us to do anything that would hurt us. We agree to do what you say, even though it is with fear and trembling."

I took the baby from the mother's hands and instructed her to go to the sink and wash her breasts, then come back, sit down, and nurse her baby. "I will," she said hesitatingly, then eagerly, "but let me first step outside for a moment--" I didn't let her finish the sentence because I had a sneaking suspicion about what she was up to. My firm "No!" stopped her. "You want to go outside where I can't see you, and quickly milk your breasts out onto the ground before you nurse the baby." She grinned as she wondered how I knew. Haitians believe that mother's milk spoils and becomes poisonous to the baby if it "sleeps in the breast" too long. I've known mothers that have gotten stuck on the wrong side of a flooded river and separated from her nursing baby for a whole night. Her milk consequently became "poison" and the baby, regardless of age, was immediately weaned, cut off completely.

My patient finally obeyed, washed her breasts, sat down in the waiting chair and let me put her hungry baby to her breast. The poor little thing suckled with all his strength and quickly filled his little stomach, then peacefully settled into a sound sleep.

The parents went home a few days later with a happy baby. They hadn't yet given him a name because they were waiting to see if this fifth child would live. But they named him before they left for home--"Dieu-ki-fe'l,"--God Who made him.

10. Puppy or Baby

Early one morning a worried mother knocked anxiously at the door of Dr. Nelson's home. A tiny baby was in her arms very sick, severe diarrhea, and looking as though he would die any minute. He was only fifteen days old and he had never had a drop of milk in his mouth. For some reason or other, well-meaning people had convinced her that her milk was poisonous and that she would kill her baby if she nursed him. Knowing nothing about substitutes, and fearful of hurting her child, she heeded their advice. His diet was nothing but weak herbal tea sweetened with a little sugar.

Dr. Nelson gave her a portion of medicine to help overcome the infection that had set in the little body. Then he admonished her strongly that she must begin nursing him immediately and discontinue completely the tea feedings. If not, he would die shortly. With breast milk, there was still hope. She thanked him, promised to follow his advice, and went on her way.

Two weeks later, a neighbor of the woman gave me the rest of the story. She did not start nursing the baby. Her fear was too great. She started the medication, continued the weak tea and the child died that night.

But there was another part to this story that was hard for me to believe but it was a fact, and I heard of it again and again. Since she wasn't going to nurse the baby, she found a puppy born the same day as her baby. This pup nursed at her breasts and somehow the strength was to pass through the pup and to the baby. She hadn't told the doctor about the puppy, but even then he wasn't far from her as she talked to the doctor. The pup was fat and roly-poly, flourishing on the breast milk, while the baby died from starvation.

11. Typhoid Fever

Locita, a teen-ager, had typhoid fever and instead of me going down to her house in the valley three times a day in the hot sun to check her temperature, I instructed her mother how to do it. I showed Adelcia how to place the thermometer under her tongue, how long to leave it in, and then carefully place it in the padded box and bring it to me to read and chart.

All went well for a time, but then suddenly there was a drop to well below normal. It was too early for that and I was puzzled, especially when the next two readings were in the same

category. The puzzle got solved. Adelcia had been doing exactly as I had shown her, but had recently added something on her own. Before placing it in the box to bring to me, she gave it a few vigorous shakes. She had noticed me doing that, so she thought she should, too. Knowing nothing about my reasons for shaking it after reading it and before giving it back to her, she thought I had just forgotten to tell her about it. I wonder how accurate the other readings were, too.

12. Year of the Soap

The father couldn't tell me the age of his child, but was very quick to say, "She was born the year the soap was so expensive." I checked it out with some other Haitians and found the year when soap was very expensive, so his child was five or six years old. So many patients could not tell us their age. Many of the older ones replied with, "I was born when _____ was president, or the year of hurricane such and such." Some would bring their tattered birth certificate to show us, unable to read it themselves. One little old lady replied 25 years old when I asked her. Everyone in the room suddenly burst out in a laugh or exclamatory. The patient grinned and came out with "Oh, is that too much?" and they all laughed. You see, she was at least 55 if she was a day, but numbers didn't mean all that much to her. To her, 25 sounded like a lot.

13. Water in the Milk

It was proven that the milk had water added to it and finally the milk-woman admitted that she had put some in. She promised not to ever do it again IF we would promise to be extra careful and not ever let the milk boil over and into the fire. She didn't want her cow to go dry, or lose her calf. If you put enough water in the milk, it wouldn't boil over.

Once when we were getting milk from Mme. Felix, her calf did die. She came to us all upset. Surely we must have let her milk boil over and she would not believe us that we hadn't. "Now," she lamented, "my cow will dry up because the calf isn't there to get the milk started coming down so I can milk her."

In those earlier years before powdered milk or pasteurized milk became available, we "subscribed" to milk. A Haitian having a cow would milk her once a day and bring the milk to us. Because of the high prevalence of milk-borne tuberculosis, we were careful to boil all our milk the prescribed amount of time. To begin with, the milk was very thin and boiling certainly did nothing to improve the flavor. But better that way, than TB of the bone.

In getting raw milk from the Haitians, there was always the problem of their adding water to it. We didn't want to pay for water, nor did we care to have contaminated water in our milk. There was a little instrument, or should I call it a gadget, available in the drugstore that would indicate the water content and we got one. I guess it was like measuring specific gravity. Anyway, there were markings on it that indicated pure, 1/4 water, 1/2 water, and 3/4 water. We would have them bring us a sample of their milk and invariably it would register pure. We would subscribe, and to begin with we would test it each day, then get careless and neglect it. Before long the milk would taste thin, and sure enough, a testing would come up a quarter water and sometimes nearly half. Facing them up with the evidence, they would come up with some of the most weird excuses. Admitting to deliberately putting the water in was rare. But excuses! That was something else.

One woman came along with her little girl and we tested it right there in front of her, knowing from the day before that it was thin. We refused the milk, saying it was one-quarter water. She denied it, then seeing that she was trapped, she turned on her little girl and scolded her loudly. "I told you to be careful. Why did you disobey me and let the cow drink before I milked her?" She was still lambasting the child as she picked up the milk and headed down the hill. The child quietly followed behind, knowing full well her mother had put it in herself.

Their excuses were numerous and varied--the cow got loose and drank at the river before I milked her,--the grass was wet from the night's dew and it went to the milk when she ate the grass,--if the milk boils over and falls into the fire, the cow will go dry, or the calf will die and then the cow will dry up because of no calf. On and on the excuses go. But actually to admit that they deliberately added water, that is rare.

I have often wondered how all this got started in the first place. Is it to stretch the milk so there will be more to sell? Some actually believe that boiling over has dire consequences. It has been told so long that it has become an established fact to many.

Once when we needed milk, I asked the owner to bring his cow to our yard and milk her in my presence, before we would definitely decide to take from him. He agreed. I inspected his bucket to make sure he hadn't already added water to it, then watched him milk her, and then tested it to see where its true measurement was. It came right to the middle of the word 'pure.' We subscribed and had no problems with that man. He kept his word.

Somewhere along the line after we had gotten electricity, we purchased a gallon pasteurizer, and oh, what an improvement that was! No more boiled taste. Farther along the way, powdered milk became available. In later years, a dairy was established in our town and we could buy fresh pasteurized milk in clean plastic containers, with no more worry about water content. What a luxury!

14. Lena

Little Lena wasn't quite a month old but already she had consumed about six ounces of castor oil, cockroaches boiled in oil, cornstarch pudding, lots of cow's milk, and hardly any of her own mother's milk. She was a miserable little thing when they brought her to the clinic and she weighed only four pounds and four ounces. We nurses were alone, no doctor at that time, but we took her in.

We gave her antibiotics to combat infection. Her breathing was raspy and could be heard plainly even without a stethoscope. We gave her medication to check her diarrhea, too. She was a mess and we didn't have a great deal of hope for her. We refused to let the mother give her anything except breast milk. The child was too weak to nurse, so we had her drop it into her mouth slowly, using an eye dropper. Fortunately, the mother cooperated and rejoiced as she watched her baby gain strength. By the next day, little Lena was able to nurse herself and rapidly improved on God's special formula--mother's milk.

Bit by bit, the mother told us what she had done. The usual dose of castor oil and cockroaches had been given her soon after birth. Cockroaches, (bodies only, are ground up and boiled in oil), mixed with castor oil and the baby forced to swallow it. Then, said the mother, she continued to give the child a daily dose of one tablespoon of undiluted castor oil, and continued this until the day she came to us. The cornstarch pudding was to put weight on her and the cow's milk was to replace her own milk, which might be poisonous. What a mixed up affair!

Why the popular custom of a dose of oil and cockroaches? Many different answers have been given as I've questioned people, but the most common seems to be "Yo di," "They say." In other words, that's what they say should be done, so we do it. Others say it is to get rid of all the black stuff the baby has swallowed in the womb. The myconium, the black, tarry stool common in all newborns is misunderstood and must be removed with cathartics. How the cockroaches entered the picture, no one seems to know or why either.

With Lena, it had become a vicious circle. The mother kept pouring in the castor oil because of the "bad " smelly stool and the diarrhea couldn't stop because of the oil. How she managed to live through even a month is more than I know. The mother was not a Christian and had no desire to become one. But she heard the Gospel many times over. We sent her home with a well baby and I never heard from her again.

15. Cure for Hiccups

A tiny baby had the hiccups so the mother quickly bit off a very tiny piece of the old sheet used for a wrapper, wet it in her mouth and plastered it to the baby's forehead. It's supposed to be a sure cure! I laughed and the mother took it off but the hiccups stopped! I'll never know whether the mother was grinning because I was laughing or was she grinning because she had proven her point? The hiccups had stopped.

16. Weaning a Baby

There is more than one way to wean a baby, but a common one is for the job to be done suddenly and final. The mother may go away for several days, leaving the baby at home. Or she may send the baby away for a time. Whichever way she chooses, there is no gradual working up

to it, no tapering off, just suddenly stopping and this is hard on both mother and child. Then to get her breasts to dry up, she may take a piece of cotton, saturate it with her breast milk, then pin it somewhere on the wall. As the cotton dries, so does her breast milk.

One of the big worries about weaning is the fear of the child later "stealing milk." Because of their tremendous fear of their milk becoming poisonous if left in the breast, a weaned child must not return to the breast. Sometimes a weaned child will suckle his sleeping mother and this is what they call "stealing milk." Discovering a child in the act, may bring on heavy doses of cathartics to eliminate the "poison" which was ingested, and often times great harm is done with their efforts to eliminate a problem that doesn't even exist.

17. Antoine

There was no mistake about it, the man had tetanus. He denied having gotten any cuts or bruises recently, but when we examined him closely, we found the marks of a puncture wound on his foot. "Oh that," he explained, "was nothing. I stepped on a thorn, but it never gave me any trouble at all." "How long ago did that happen?" we asked. "I don't remember exactly, sometime last week. But I'm not sick in my foot, it's--," but he didn't finish the sentence because a muscle spasm hit him and his whole body stiffened. As he began to relax again, he tried to tell us more about his troubles, but he didn't need to. We were convinced. His jaws were tight and he spoke through clenched teeth. It was just a small wound, but it was big enough for the tetanus spores to enter in.

We knew that we couldn't treat him and we didn't have a doctor yet. He must be taken to the local hospital where he would have at least a chance to recover. Without help he would surely die. Tetanus or "lockjaw" was a dreaded disease, a killer, and very common in Haiti. Newborns got it through the cutting of the umbilical cord with an unsterile instrument, and the percentage of survivors was very small. Unable to open their mouths, they got no nourishment. A bad muscle spasm could squeeze the very life out of the weakened infant. We knew that Antoine's life was in real danger.

"It takes money to go to the hospital," he argued, "and I don't have any. You give me medicine and let me stay home." Our answer was a definite "no." He needed to be under a doctor's care and hospitalized, and Jennie and I knew we could not take responsibility for his treatment. No way! We had prayer with the family who were Christians from our local church, and then we went back to work in our little clinic. That evening in our missionary prayer meeting we shared the problem, and asked them to pray for the family and for guidance for us nurses. We really didn't know what else to do, and we needed prayer help.

Missionary support at that time was thirty-five dollars a month and even in Haiti where things were cheap, it didn't stretch very far. In spite of this, when the Lord laid the needs of this family on their hearts, they responded. The next day with the gift of money in hand, Antoine consented to going to the hospital. There they gave him intravenous fluids and medications. It was nip and tuck and at times he almost didn't make it. Occasionally we sent in more money, for without it, medications would be stopped. Then he began very slowly to improve. Suddenly and unexpectedly, he came home, even though he wasn't completely over it.

Bit by bit, I got the other side of the story, some from Antoine himself and some from neighbors. There is so much we white foreigners don't understand and we never will. We are from an entirely different culture. We don't think like they do, and have never walked in their shoes. We don't understand.

While Antoine was in the hospital, a man began to visit him almost daily. He didn't stay long, only long enough to plant disturbing thoughts in the sick man's mind, and with each visit he would add a bit to it. "Only I have the power to make you well. You have had a curse put on you and all the doctors and their medicine can do nothing for you. You may appear to get better, but you will die if you don't let me break the curse. You seem to be improving, but the worst is yet to come if you don't--." On and on he went with each visit until Antoine was desperate to get out of the hospital and back home where he could get the terrible curse broken. At his insistence, the doctors discharged him.

His "new doctor," the local witchdoctor called a "Bocor," arranged a price with him and then went to work with all his potions, concoctions and deceiving. Antoine did get well. He sold his only cow to get the money to pay his fee, leaving the family poorer than ever. It seemed strange to me that he would thank God for sending this bocor to him to save his life. The two just

don't go together. But then, Antoine was a very new Christian, still on milk, illiterate, and unable to read the Word. He had much to learn. Isaiah 28:9,10 "--line upon line; here a little, and there a little." I was learning, too.

18. Mme. Duyon Gabriel

(Written by Willette Smith in June, 1956.)

Mme. Duyon had requested prayer one night for herself regarding her desire to have more time to do personal work in her vicinity. She wasn't able to get a responsible person to care for her four children so she could go. Sometime later, she came back again for a visit and joyfully told of how the Lord had answered her prayer.

"First, when God saw that I was ready to serve Him, He sent me someone who is faithful and good with the children, with whom I can leave them and know that they are in good hands. That was a real answer to prayer. Our Christians, too, have the same burden and come daily in the morning to pray. There are about fifty or sixty who arrive before 3:30 a.m. in the middle of the night to wait until the prayer meeting starts at 4:00 o'clock. I am in charge of four of these prayer meetings on the mornings when Duyon is away at the outside preaching points." (Duyon is a Pastor.)

"In the afternoon, we have cottage prayer meetings taking turns in the various homes and I am the leader of them. On Sunday morning, I teach a Sunday School class, in the afternoon I do personal work, and am in charge of young people's groups. In all, our church itself has fourteen preaching services a week which I attend."

Fourteen services a week, and she loves to attend all of them! There are seven on Sunday, and seven during the week...every day giving out God's Word. How is that for a record? Christians, does this not convict us? Mothers come with babies in their arms, wrapped in sheets, to pray at 4 a.m. when the rest of us are sweetly sleeping. A worker's wife rejoices in the fact that someone can watch her children while she wins lost ones to her Lord.

19. Seek ye First

(In 1957 I was visiting Pastor Duyon's church and was told this.)

A mother and father were about to lose their only two children with severe illnesses. All hope was gone. They bought material to make burial clothes and were ready to start making the coffins, too. They had spent most of their meager savings, even selling animals and land to get enough to pay the witchdoctor's demands in return for treatment. Always he demanded more for his magic, ceremonies, concoctions, and bitter medicines. But when the poor parents had spent all they had, the bocor stopped his treatments for there was no more to get for himself.

The parents prepared for death, then decided, upon the testimony and urging of a Christian, to turn themselves over completely to God. They did, but the Christian worker then wondered and feared lest their conversion be only for the healing of their children rather than the real thing.

Almost immediately, the children showed signs of improvement. Within a matter of days they were up and around and the parents rejoiced and thanked God for deliverance. Evidently they were sincere and meant business, for within two weeks the grave clothes were made into a wedding dress and without the usual delay and preparation, the couple was married. They attended church regularly and rejoiced in the Lord.

There was a tendency for Haitians to "repent" when they were very sick or a member of their family was sick, in the hopes of a better chance of getting healed. Too many felt that "taking on the Gospel" in addition to the various deities they already served, would do no harm and might do much good. Serve them all, honor them all, and maybe you would catch one that would help. They wouldn't reveal that to us, but a fellow Haitian Christian could often discern it and deal with it. I often witnessed to people and prayed with them, but whenever possible, if the person wanted to be saved, I had a reliable Haitian deal with him, too. They so often found things that I didn't catch.

20. Pre-Eclampsia

A mother came in to the clinic and she was a mess! About seven months pregnant, blood pressure over 200, albumin in her urine, severe edema (retention of body fluid with swelling), and headache--a typical pre-eclampsia.

It turned out that the previous year she had been in the local hospital and almost died with eclampsia, (toxemia), had lost the baby and was warned never to have another. They did nothing to keep her from getting pregnant, just warned her not to. I pleaded with her to go back to the hospital, back to the same doctor that had treated her the year before, because we could not take her. Our doctor was home on furlough and we nurses could not handle a complicated case like hers.

I warned her of the danger, that she might die, but she already knew that and she was scared. Asking her about her relationship to the Lord, I got a definite "unprepared." I was concerned for her soul and urged her to "ranje zaffe ou ak Dieu" (arrange your affairs with God). She cried, she moaned, she begged me to take her, but my mind was made up. Finally, in desperation she said, "If I repent and become a Christian, will you then take me?" But my answer still had to be "No."

The poor woman left the clinic in great sorrow, weeping and wailing. She refused the most priceless gift ever offered--salvation. I never heard from her or about her again. I wonder what happened? Most likely she did not live through the delivery of her child. Hopefully she pondered over the Word she had heard and let the seed take root.

21. Eclampsia

This one, too, came to us during that year while the doctor was home on furlough and we continued to run a maternity service without him. She was in about the same physical state as the above-mentioned one. She and her common-law husband came to us on a Sunday night from quite a distance, so they were tired from traveling. With her, too, I explained the seriousness of her condition and urged them, even insisted that they go to the local hospital just three miles from us. They argued against it, but finally consented. However, since it was late Sunday night, and I knew there would be nothing done for her until the next morning at the hospital, I allowed her to stay overnight. It gave me a wonderful opportunity to talk to her about her relationship to the Lord. She was not a Christian, but I sensed real interest, especially as she realized that her life was in grave danger. But her mate was angry and loudly voiced his objections and commanded her to leave the Gospel alone, and have no part of it. She tried to persuade him, and finally told him outright, "I am the one that is facing death, not you. I must answer to God. You cannot do it for me." With this, she prayed and turned her life over to Him.

The next morning, I took her in to the hospital and left her there. The doctors did all they could for her but in a few days when she went into labor, she gave birth to a pair of healthy twins, but she herself died. How glad I was that I had taken the opportunity to introduce her to the Lord. God knew that we couldn't do anything much for her physically, but He sent her our way in order that He might do for her that which was more important than life itself--forgiveness of sins and Eternal Life.

22. Shoulder Cover

Shirley wanted to look at a patient's thigh that he said was hot and burning. She put him behind the curtain, gave him a small sheet and told him to let down his trousers and cover himself with the sheet so she could examine his thigh. A few minutes later she heard his "ready," so she stepped in behind the sheet. What a shock! There he was standing with both his trousers and shorts dropped to the floor over his feet. The sheet was draped around his shoulders.

23. Serette

Fostin's little girl, about six years old, came up to the house one dark evening crying her heart out to Marianne, the girl who worked in our home. Her mother had sent her to buy something down in the valley and when she got home she was short eighty centiems (sixteen cents). She was sure the woman hadn't given her the right change. Her step-mother made her go back in the dark to get it, but the woman she had dealt with insisted that she had lost it on the way home and refused to give it to her.

Serette often delivered milk to us and came this evening for comfort, afraid to go home without the money, knowing she would get a whipping. She could hardly tell the story for the sobbing. I slipped into my room and got sixteen cents and together with her gourd (twenty cents) slipped it into an envelope. When she realized what I had done, the reaction was spontaneous. "Merci, Miss. Merci anpil," (Thank you, Miss. Thank you a lot). Then quickly she stretched up her arms, pulled my face down to her level and planted a big kiss of thanks and gratitude. Like lightening, she dashed out into the dark. My own eyes filled with tears and I stood there crying and laughing at the same time.

24. Coffin

Mme. Megdalus' father was in the local hospital and not doing well. Pastor Megdalus asked Dr. Nelson to take him home in the station wagon for they knew that he would soon die. First, they picked up a coffin and pushed it into the back off to one side. No use making two trips, if all could be done in one. Then they went to the hospital and got Grandpa. He was carried out on a stretcher and placed along side of the coffin. After awhile, as they were traveling, the sick man raised himself up on his elbow and kindly patted his coffin. Before they even reached home, the man was dead. He was a Christian and had no fear of death.

25. "Bocor's" Protection

The old man seemed somewhat interested in the Gospel yesterday, but held off as Adelcia, the personal worker, spoke to him. Today he was back again and announced that he had decided to "repent." As Adelcia explained the way of salvation to him and he had prayed, he voluntarily took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to her saying, "This will be no good to me now, you can take it." He explained that he had paid the bocor 100 gourdes, (twenty dollars) for it. As long as he carried it on his body, he would be protected from harm and sickness. But it hadn't worked and now that he had Christ, he said, he wouldn't need it any more.

I have seen many of these protection papers, and often when a person accepts Christ into his or her life, the paper is voluntarily discarded or given to the one praying with them. Examining them, you find they are nothing but scribbling such as a small child would do. The bocor, or witchdoctor, is usually illiterate and the patient is, too. Satan is a deceiver and the father of lies.

26. Dimple Boy

(June 28, 1961)

I don't know his name, but he had a big dimple in his cheek so his name to us became Dimple Boy. He came into the clinic with a terrible abscess of the jaw. All his lower teeth had fallen out and he could hardly swallow even water. Evidently this had gone on for a month.

They lived back in the mountains and it was hard for them to get in to see us. His brother came with him, bringing a sack of black beans to sell to get money for treatment. I bought the beans for two dollars, much more than they were worth, but on condition that Dimples be allowed to stay for treatment. Finally they gave in.

Two days later, the brother returned to take the boy home. I fussed a lot, threatened, and as a last resort told them to go home if they wanted to, and go and get a coffin ready to bury him,. It worked! The brother gave in and in a few minutes was begging me to forgive him. Dimple Boy stayed and a week later was so much improved, that we let him go home. Today, two weeks later, Dimples came back smiling and bringing a gift of pineapples and grapefruit. He had returned to say thanks.

27. Richi

(July 7, 1961)

Richi, an eleven year old boy, begged Lila to take him home with her last Sunday when she got ready to come home from the Dame Marie weekend convention. He had attended the children's meetings and wanted to be her boy. She refused, of course, explaining that she had no need of a boy to serve her, nor a place to put him. But she did give him a gift of a little money.

Today, Friday morning, the little fellow suddenly showed up at our door, explaining that he had walked all the way in, a distance of sixty miles by the road, determined to come and be

Lila's boy. Lila gave him a bath under the back porch faucet, begged a pair of pants from a missionary, changed his soiled clothes, then made arrangements for him to eat in the Bible School kitchen until one of the students goes out to Dame Marie next week. He is a cute little fellow, his parents are Christians, and Richi was attending a Catholic school and doing well.

28. A Buggy Day

(July 17, 1961)

This morning when I took the handkerchief off of my glass of water on the bedside stand to wash down a vitamin pill, there swam three pretty red bugs. I left the pill and the water. Moments later, I went to the kitchen and lifted the cover off the water bucket to get a drink. There, so fat and sassy, clung grandpa frog on the inside of the bucket in our boiled drinking water! He'd probably already had a good swim. I put the cover back on and didn't take a drink.

Next came breakfast. We had company. Dr. Newman, our beloved dentist friend, had all his breakfasts with us the two weeks he was with us. I opened a brand new box of Grape Nut flakes, all nicely sealed with cellophane. Dry cereal was a treat for us. All went well until I saw bugs--mites swimming in my milk. I fished them out and the other nurses did the same, but Dr. Newman laughingly insisted his cereal didn't have any, that WE had taken them all. He calmly ate every bit of his ENRICHED breakfast cereal.

29. Lamberson-Radio

(February 22, 1962)

Mr. Lamberson, radio technician, just came back from a trip visiting churches, checking on their radios and installing new ones. He told us of one church way up in the mountains, as poor as could be, where the houses were just hovels and close to the ground for warmth. The children were mostly naked or in rags, and the adults in just rags. Lamberson told how he felt discouraged and wondered how a radio could be of any help to them. What they needed was food, clothes and schools. He felt almost guilty bringing a radio into such a situation.

That evening there was a service in the church, but the worker's wife stayed home and listened to "L' Heure Evangelique" (The Gospel Hour) on the radio.

The next morning, Monday, as the men were on their way out on animals, a very raggedly dressed man standing by the pathway stopped them. It was very evident that he was weeping and upset. He told them his story:

"On Sunday night, I was standing outside the house where no one could see me, listening to the radio inside the worker's house. L' Heure Evangelique was on the air--with singing and then the message. I listened to every word. I couldn't sleep last night. My wife is a Christian and so is this, my little boy. But I have never come in. I can't let you Pastors go without your praying for me. I want to be saved." The tears streamed down his face.

As Mr. Lamberson recounted the incident, his voice broke. "All I could say was, 'Forgive me, Lord, I have so little faith.' I thought what they needed most was clothes and food, yet here, the very first night of the radio, this soul is saved." "Seek ye FIRST the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew 6:33)

It came out later that this man owed a witch doctor a large sum for services that had done him no good. No doubt he was burdened with the pressure of the debt. What should he do? Can we trust the Lord to help him through and keep him true to Him?

30. Michelle

(February, 1964)

The young girl was brought to the clinic on a donkey, supported by family walking alongside. Unrolling a thin straw mat onto the floor, they carefully stretched her out on it with a thick, hard pillow under her head. The waiting room was full of patients, we were without a doctor, and how we hoped and prayed for one to join us. We were keenly aware of our inadequacy and inability to meet the needs of the ever increasing number of patients that came to us, but we did the best we could under the Lord's guidance and He did not let us down.

Michelle, we found, was a very sick girl--tuberculosis, complicated by pneumonia. Pastor Pradieu, our Chaplain, talked to her about the Lord, but she angrily objected and told him to leave her alone. We started treating her, medications for tuberculosis and anti-biotics for the

pneumonia, but wondered if she would make it. She was desperately ill. We gave her a room and the parents stayed with her.

Two days later, on a Sunday morning, she seemed to feel much better and I talked with her about her relationship to the Lord. She surprised me. Instead of anger, she seemed receptive and her attitude softened. She was ready and after a while, we prayed together and she asked the Lord to forgive her and make her His child. The parents stood by listening to every word but wanted no part of it for themselves. Neither did they openly object to her decision. Undoubtedly they were thinking that it just might help her get well.

The next day, Monday, there was a definite change for the worse, and time and again I went down the hill to her room to check on her. More than once I found her gasping and struggling, and thought surely it was the end. Her head drew back, her spine arched like a bow and her pulse would periodically fade out until it was barely perceptible. She never lost consciousness, but fought frantically for life.

The mother, convinced that her child was dying, added to the confusion and misery by screaming and wailing much of the time, throwing herself to the ground in demonstration of her sorrow. "Don't leave me, my child. All the pain I had bearing you, and now you leave me?" Her cry was loud and none of my pleading,--"For the sake of your child, quiet down. She's not dead and you are only making it harder for her. Quiet!!!"--did any good. She responded by turning the volume up higher.

The child, still able to talk and still with a clear mind, pleaded with her mother. "Manman. Please get saved. I want you to join me. Repent, Manman. God will forgive you of your sins like He has done for me if you ask Him. I want you to join me."

The more Michelle pleaded with her, the more her mother screamed and carried on--"She's dying! She's leaving me!" The child continued until it was impossible for her to speak and she could only nod her head yes or no. Whatever it was blocking her speech, it had succeeded.

Late that evening, several men appeared to carry her home to die. I begged them to leave her at least for the night, for they had nothing on which to carry her and it was chilly. But no. They must get her home. It would be easier on them to prepare for the funeral if she died at home.

Scrounging up some poles from somewhere and cutting some branches from a tree, they tied them together with vines and improvised a crude stretcher. The straw mat plus the girl, was placed on it and she was made as comfortable as possible, wrapped in a cotton sheet. It was midnight when they carried her off, a three-hour journey into the hills. "Lord," I prayed, "watch over this new babe of Yours. You alone can help her and ease her suffering."

God didn't take her Home that night. She survived the trip. Word came back to us that the following day she felt better, was able to talk again, and even sing a bit. She continued with the medication we gave her and is a living testimony and witness to the community around her. The last time I heard anything about her, she was still praising the Lord and living for Him. Hopefully her parents came to know Him, too, Whom to know is life eternal. She was barely a teenager, just a child, but she recognized her need, responded to Him and then was burdened for her mother

31. They Thought He Was Dead

(April, 21, 1964)

I was really surprised today when I saw my roly-poly baby from Cavaillon. I thought he was dead and buried days ago. Last week, I struggled so with him, giving him subcutaneous fluids and everything in the books for his diarrhea, vomiting, and fever. But he went down rapidly and by mid-afternoon, he was about gone. Next came convulsions and unconsciousness. I gave him one more injection, mostly to encourage the parents, but I knew there was no more I could do for him. They bundled him up to carry him home to die. Less than a block down the road, we heard the piercing scream and yelling, announcing death. He was gone, the people told me. Too bad, I thought, he was a beautiful baby.

Today he came back, smiling, laughing and looking great. The death scream had been for him, all right, as his mother was sure he had died, but he really hadn't. They had hurried home thinking they were carrying a lifeless body, but before they arrived, he had opened his eyes. In gratitude, praise, and thanksgiving, the mother came back today with the well baby to show us

and to say thanks. It was a good opportunity to explain that it wasn't we nurses who had done the work, it was God Who had done the healing. He had only used us as instruments in the process. Give Him the praise and glory and turn your life over to Him, we urged. "Some day," was her response.

32. Deflated!!

Papa came back with his little girl today and what a change! Saturday, she was such a mess; swollen, rash all over, open, weeping blisters over her back and around her chest from scratching. She was a mess!! She couldn't refrain from scratching, making things worse. I called Shirley into my room and together we decided what all we should give her. It was hard to know where to start.

Today, Tuesday, Papa brought her back all smiles and looking so different. I was so pleased our medicine had worked. Evidently we had given the right things. I checked his prescription and found he had bought all of it. Then I told him to be sure to continue the medicines until all were finished. "Don't stop just because she is better," I urged, "keep on until every bit is gone, every pill and every drop."

His response completely deflated me. "Oh, she hasn't started to take any yet. I'm waiting until I get home to begin giving it to her."

33. January 9, 1965

One of the Orphanage cows was found slaughtered last night, taken from the hill below the house down into the cane field. All that was removed from the animal was the teeth, tongue and maybe the heart. Some "bocor" has probably demanded it for a voodoo ceremony or some treatment. The cow definitely was not slaughtered for its meat.

How often we have heard, "I don't need to worship God. He doesn't harm me, He is good. It's the evil spirits that I fear and must constantly appease if I am to have peace."

34. January 17, 1965

In Jim Smith's message today, he told how often someone tries to sell him a Bible with all the Psalms torn out. The price may be just twenty cents. "Pase Psalm," (saying or quoting Psalms) is a common practice. If you have an enemy, choose a Psalm or portion of one speaking of the evil you would like to befall your enemy and repeat it against him often. It might be used by "bocors," too, even the paper itself used in a ceremony.

35. Domaje

(February 22, 1965)

I had an awful time trying to find out what the boy's name was and his age. The baptismal certificate showed he was 23, but he looked not a day older than 15.

But the name!! Nothing seemed to jibe. The mother gave me three different names and none agreed with the birth certificate. Finally I asked, "What do you call him at home? What do the neighbors call him?" Her answer was quick as she smiled, "Domaj. God gave me the name Domaj." (It means damaged!)

All her children had died, then came this damaged one, a cleft lip which was as ugly as could be, reaching almost to his nose. She gave him a nice name which was on the birth certificate, but kept it a secret and never said it out loud. To the world and family, he went only by the name "Damaged." The evil spirits, which had taken her other children, would hear the ugly name and not be tempted to come after him, knowing he was no good. Thus she might be able to keep this one child who was really a good child, but damaged only on the outside. She dare not say his real name for fear of the spirits hearing, and realizing they had been deceived.

"If you do not tell me his real name," I warned her, "I cannot accept him and send him in to Port-au-Prince to get his lip repaired. I have to have all the information before they will accept him."

Finally she relented, and leaning close to my face and whispering into my ear so that the spirits would not hear her, she said, "Regulem is his name, but don't ever say it out loud."

The sequel to the story is that the boy did get his lip repaired and he was a handsome youngster. He accepted the Lord, too, as his personal Savior and lived for Him. When he

returned later to see me and to thank me, I asked him if his mother still called him Domaj and he replied, "yes." "You were damaged once," I explained, "but no longer. You were damaged by sin, too, but now you are God's child and living for Him. Leave the name Domaj behind you and insist that people call you by your right name, Regulem. Don't answer them, don't respond if they say Domaj, and they will soon change."

Months later, he returned again and I marveled at his handsome face, the scar over his lip hardly visible. As we warmly embraced, he said, "It goes well. Everybody calls me Regulem, even my mother." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (II Corinthians 5: 17)

36. Zombi and Fear

(February 8, 1965)

Last week there was a funeral for a well-known man in the neighborhood. He seemingly had had a stroke, suddenly becoming paralyzed and speechless while drinking a beverage in a home. He was hospitalized, then sent home as nothing could be done for him. "Yo," (they) said it was a mysterious thing.

His mother was a Christian but not this man, who was an official in the neighborhood. He died that same night. The Catholic priest refused to have the funeral and Pastor Pradiou, Chaplain at our clinic, conducted it.

Yesterday, the story was told to me by various people, and it went something like this. A young man was out celebrating Mardi Gra, but they finished early and he went home to bed. Soon after, he heard a band of people going by chanting and singing and decided to join them. The night was yet young. As he began to march with them, he discovered that they weren't a Mardi Gra group, but rather a "band loularou." There was a man marching with them, hands bound together.

All of a sudden, the young man let out a cry when he recognized the bound man as the official so recently buried. The band, seeing the recognition and fearing he would spread the news, caught the young man, beat him, forced him to drink something, and told him he would die that very night, then sent him home. The man indeed died that night and was buried. The belief was that the first man, the official, had been made into a zombi, and the second was killed because they feared he would expose the evil deed.

Fear is a terrible thing. I asked, "Why not open the grave and prove the body is still there?" Afraid to. The spirits would then attack the family. Then why not always make sure the body is dead by cutting into the heart, etc.? No, and the same above reason. They would have to find someone more powerful than the one responsible for the deed to do the cutting. If not, the family might be harmed. Sometimes it involves going long distances for such a person. In some places, the body is dismembered, even the head severed. No power could put that back together. To become a zombi, the person has to be able to walk. Fear of the spirits is a terrible thing.

37. Blood suckers

(June 22, 1966)

Mme. Prevu told of the man she saw once when she was out visiting in her neighborhood. He had pain in his jaws or head, I don't know just where, but it wouldn't go away. It may have been infected teeth. Anyway, there he was, sitting with his drooling mouth wide open and five blood suckers stuck to the inside of his mouth, filling themselves up with his blood.

When the blood suckers fill up, they drop off of their own accord. Then the blood is squeezed out of them and discarded and the creatures are put into a jar of water with a bit of charcoal in it for food. Every three days or so, the water is changed.

Their theory is that the pain and swelling is caused by bad blood and must be removed in order for healing to take place. The blood suckers can be bought or rented from a country pharmacy. I've often seen them on a counter in a jar. The reason the blood is removed from the creatures is that since it is "bad blood," it will kill them if left in, so to preserve the blood sucker's life for future treatment, they remove it and feed him charcoal.

"Look how dark the blood is," they have said to me when I've questioned them about how they know it is so bad. "Look what they suck out. It's bad blood they take, not good blood." Of course, it is a dark, ugly color when it mixes with the animal's digestive juices. How could it be

pure looking? But no amount of my talking could convince them that blood suckers don't look for bad blood, they know what is good and they go for it.

Once, during my first years, one of my helpers came to work bleeding in her mouth. It persisted, and seemed to be oozing right out of her cheeks. We were puzzled at first, then learned the whole story. She had an infected tooth with swelling and had applied several blood suckers to draw out the bad blood. She was anemic to begin with, and her blood was so thin that she continued to bleed from the holes that the suckers had made. Once we knew the problem, we were able to help her.

38. Chantal Convention

I was scheduled to go to the weekend convention at Chantal and was looking forward to the occasion. It was close by, the road was good, and I would enjoy playing my accordion for the services. I liked the Pastor there and his family and would enjoy staying in their home. Their hospitality was always beautiful.

They gave me a nice room, and for a Haitian bed, it was a good one. But I wasn't able to sleep. Tired as I was, I just couldn't seem to make it. Each time I'd start dozing off, there would be a ticklish, crawling sensation. I'd get my flashlight out from under the pillow, (I always kept it handy), and I'd hunt for intruders but found absolutely nothing. Doze off again and the same thing would happen. Now I kept my flashlight right in my hand, ready to snap on the minute I felt it. Just as quickly as the light appeared, the sensation stopped. Was I imagining things? What was going on? Finally, exhausted, I fell asleep and all too soon it was time to get up.

Now that it was broad daylight, I searched the bed for bedbugs. I didn't find a thing, not even tell-tale stains. Nothing! I was puzzled.

Later in the morning when I came in to get my Bible, I watched a friendly chicken come into my room, jump up on my bed and lay an egg. Suddenly, a light clicked on in my brain. I waited for the hen to finish her job, then as she cackled her announcement of the completed task, I went and examined the bed. Sure enough. Chicken lice!! They were numerous, little bitsy creatures and almost transparent, crawling all over where the hen had left them. No wonder I couldn't see them in the night. The sudden appearance of light stopped them in their tracks and my flashlight was too dull to spot them in their transparency. The next night I won the battle.

39. Bedbug Invasion

This is actually part of the trip described in another story about my camera. Mrs. Markwood wasn't mentioned in that story but she was along in another vehicle that did not get stuck in the river like the Shoemakers did.

Dead tired, we arrived at Port-a-Piment for the women's conference and the extension seminary classes. Mrs. Markwood and I were given a room to ourselves. She slept in the Haitian bed and I set up my folding cot. That first night we both slept soundly, but in the morning I noticed dark brown spots on my sheet--tell-tale evidence of bedbugs. My cot was aluminum and I found none hiding in it, nor in my sheet.

Came night number two. Mrs. Markwood slept soundly, snoring frequently, but I stood guard almost all night and I fought. My enemies were bedbugs. Hundreds of them--big ones, little ones, all sizes and they were starved--for my blood! They had tasted it the night before and they evidently liked it, and invited all their friends and relatives for a feast.

I wouldn't even get as far as dozing before I'd feel them crawling, turn on my flashlight and see them all over. Get up, shake the sheet on the floor, stomp on them, get back in bed only to repeat the process. I tried sitting up with my sheet wrapped around me like a mummy, but they still crawled. I lay down wrapped up until I felt them crawling on my neck and face. Shining the flashlight on my little foot-square sponge pillow, I counted a dozen. Shake, stomp, try again.

And Mrs. Markwood peacefully slept on, unaware of the battle. I couldn't leave my room. I'd have to pass over the sleeping forms of the men in the next room. And where would I go anyway? I stayed and fought it out, not sleeping a bit.

Dawn finally came and I dozed off, for the invaders had decided to retire for the day. Mrs. Markwood was surprised when she heard what had happened and together we searched for their camp. We found it. Every nail hole, every little crevice, every little break in the plaster wall was

stacked with bedbugs. I mean stacked, one atop the other filling the spaces. It was incredible. I'd never seen the like of it.

Evidently, the corner where I had placed my cot was where the bed had stood before the host had fixed the room for us, so the vultures got to me first and hadn't yet discovered Mrs. Markwood. In all my years in Haiti, I have never had another experience like it. Bedbugs, yes, but not armies of them. Many people felt that all the spraying to kill mosquitoes in order to eradicate malaria, upset a certain balance that allowed the bedbugs to flourish.

We returned home that day and had no problems traveling. All went well. I was concerned about the possibility of my bringing a batch of bugs home with me and I certainly didn't want them to get started reproducing.

I left my suitcase out in the middle of the yard in the hot sun. Then I went into the bathroom, removed my clothing inside the shower stall and slipped them into a plastic bag and tightly closed the top. Then I took a good shower and scrubbed my hair extra, extra good.

In clean clothes I went out to do something about the suitcase. It was loaded with the bedbugs!! They were into the lining, hiding in its folds. They were between layers of kleenex, between sheets of paper, in my clothes--trying to get away from the hot sun boiling down on them as I exposed them. Little ones, big ones, babies, grandparents--what an assortment!

Papers got burned, clothes got a good shaking, then hung on the line in the hot sun before washing. Bedding the same. My suitcase was a little more difficult to de-bug. I had to pull some of the lining loose to get at them with a deadly spray. Then I sunned it for days, gave it a good stiff brushing, glued the lining back in place, and it was ready for the next trip.

I'm glad that was an unusual encounter rather than the norm. Bedbugs were common and we usually carried sprays or powder with us on trips to combat them both in the wicker bottom chairs and beds. The Haitians often would say that bedbugs are no respecter of persons, you find them in the humble homes as well as the rich homes.

40. First Furlough

My first furlough was approaching and I was dreading it. I should have been excited but instead I was feeling sorry for myself. I had always loved going home. I was well acquainted with the pangs of homesickness and often marveled at how quickly a trip home, a hug from Mom and Dad, dispelled all the painful symptoms. Ours was a humble home but it was a Christian home and I loved my parents and was especially close to Mom.

So why was it so hard now to face furlough? The reason was simple- no longer a home to go to. The Lord had taken them both home to Himself during my very first term on the field. Mother in 1948 and Dad the very next year, both from cancer.

My heart was in a turmoil those months before furlough, then came the arrival of a new problem. My ears! Chronic infection that refused to respond to treatment. I had thoroughly enjoyed swimming in the beautiful Caribbean Sea, jumping the waves and relaxing on the beach. It had been too much for my sensitive ears and infection had set in. I remember so clearly complaining to the Lord, "There are so few things we can do in this country for fun and swimming is one I love. You have taken Mother from me and then Dad. Are you now going to take swimming away from me too? What's going on, Lord? What are you trying to teach me?" He didn't give me an answer.

Those ears became the bane of my life, the "thorn in my flesh" and continue to plague me to this very day. I've lost count of how many times I've had surgery on them. I'm thankful for the hearing aid in my one and only "live" ear and I'm grateful for the cane that helps compensate for the malfunctioning balancing apparatus of the other "dead" ear. The Lord has seen me through it all, has been faithful but He never did answer that question, "Why?" I don't need to know. I just know that He loves me and cares for me and has promised to be with me to the end.

And what about that first furlough I so dreaded? It was hard and I shed many a tear. The thing that comforted me the most was the assurance that Mom and Dad were with the Lord and forever free from suffering, heartache and pain.

41. "I'm sorry"

Why was it so hard to say those few simple words--"I'm sorry I offended you." I knew I should but I was resisting and that inner voice pleading with me would not go away. "I was in the right," I argued, I did not speak harshly and---" The voice would not let up.

It was the weekend of our big annual spring convention. Several thousand Christians from all over southern Haiti were gathered on our campus for the three days of special all day meetings. It was always a festive time as well as evangelistic and inspiring bible teaching.

Clinic was closed for the duration except for special cases and these we took care of between services. I wanted so much to hear our special speaker that Saturday morning so took my radio with me when

I went down to the clinic. My plan was to see the patients, then lock myself inside where no one would see me. There I could listen uninterrupted to the message broadcast over our radio station. I could concentrate. There would be no competition from crying babies or mothers scolding their restless tired children. Most of all a would-be patient wouldn't know I was there. The clinic doors would all be closed.

My plan was working fine. There weren't too many patients, I finished them all and sent them to the service which had already begun. The special speaker was just starting his message when I was closing doors. At that very moment, while locking the outside gate, a motorcycle roared up to a stop. I was caught. It was Ramon, a Haitian mechanic we employed in our garage. With him was his five year old daughter. She was not acutely ill, it was not an emergency. I explained to him how much I wanted to hear the message. would he not come back in an hour. Please! He lived just a half mile from me and had a motorcycle. His response was anger and a few non-complimentary words and then roared off in a huff. I heard the speaker's message without further outside interruptions but my heart was heavy.

Why should I apologize? I wasn't rude or unreasonable," I kept telling myself. "But you offended a brother," insisted that inner voice. is He's your brother in Christ."

Several days had gone by since the convention and I knew I had better take care of this matter. I jumped on my motorcycle and headed for the garage. I saw Ramon inside talking with some men and would you believe it, I turned around and headed back home without saying a word to him. Now I was thoroughly disgusted with myself. No sooner did I get into the house than I turned around and headed straight back to the garage, determined to put an end to this foolishness of mine. Ramon was by the door and I called him over to me. As I began, "I'm sorry I offended you, please forgive me," he hung his head and quietly replied, "I am the one who should apologize. Will you forgive me?" We were friends again. What a relief. The weight was lifted and cast aside. My smile was instantly back and joy filled my heart. My motorcycle had wings as I flew back home. I was back in fellowship with my brother.

42. Tumor

I was walking down the road heading for my hilltop home when I spotted him up ahead. My house! That's where he was going. Something within me rebelled.

It was Saturday, clinic closed and not even one patient had come to the house. I liked days like that but they were few and far between. This man was not a patient but a visitor I didn't want to see. I just didn't feel in the mood for it.

A bright idea popped into my head. He hadn't looked back, didn't know I was coming along behind. At the fork in the road he went to the right which circled around and up the hill to my house. Scheming me, when I reached that spot I bore to the left which circled the hill on the other side and on down into the valley. I slowed my walk, stopped to talk with a few friends giving my "visitor" ample time to discover no one was home.

Feeling I had given him more than enough time to move on, I headed for home by myself but I didn't follow the road back, didn't want to chance meeting him coming down. Instead I climbed straight up the hill, through the tangle of weeds and garden to the back side of my house. I was home safe and sound. The back door was locked; I had to go to the front. Cautiously I sneaked around the corner and there he was, sitting on the ground right in front of my door. He knew I would eventually come home and he was in no hurry. He had all the time in the world.

My reluctance to see him was two fold and had grown over the two years I had known him. His visits increased in frequency until they had become weekly and the length of stay was in

direct proportion to how fast I gave him some money. I didn't want it to become a routine weekly habit, I didn't want to be obliged to give. And I didn't want to give just to terminate his visit.

The other reason for my reluctance, and no fault of his, was his appearance. He had a fast growing tumor of the lower jaw that was distorting his face and giving him a grotesque appearance. I was finding it hard to look at him, knowing there was nothing physical I could do for him and we didn't yet have a hospital. When I came around the corner of my house it was that distorted, misshapen face that greeted me.

It was sometime later that my friend stopped coming and I surmised that he had died. Then one day he was back and I hardly recognized him. A Catholic surgeon visiting the local priest had seen this man on the street and the tumor had challenged his skills and touched his heart. He made arrangements for him to go to the States (or maybe it was Canada) for surgery, all expenses paid. The surgery was successful. He looked like a normal human being. He could close his mouth, draw his lips together and even smile. He came back to show me.

I have often wondered why it was I reacted as I did to this man. I know it wasn't only the appearance, repulsive as it was. We had a beggar with a face far more repulsive who came to our homes for a handout of food every day except Sundays and I liked him. He was totally blind from a disease that had eaten away a good part of his face. His nose, lips, and eyes were gone and the rest of his face badly scared. Whatever the disease was it had burned itself out. He could not close his mouth and held a rag to it constantly to soak up the drip. He made the rounds of every missionary home each day and was welcomed. He would squat on the ground before our homes and right there eat whatever we dropped into his vessel. We all liked Shooshoo. Since he had gotten saved he would come to church and sit on the very back row by the door. We actually missed him when he quietly died one night, alone in his little shack.

In comparing my reaction to these two people I have come to this conclusion: It wasn't just what the tumor was doing to this man's face bad as that was. He was infringing on my time, my free time and I didn't like it.

How glad I am, how genuinely grateful I am that God doesn't set limits on how often I can come to Him. Lord help me be more like You!

43. Revival

I strained my ears to hear the testimonies of students who were popping up like popcorn. We were experiencing a mini revival in our bible school. My understanding of the Haitian creole wasn't all that good yet but I understood enough to know the Holy Spirit was working in hearts. There was confession of sin and making things right with one another. One girl in tears told of the bitterness in her heart against her mother for having given her or loaned her out, whatever you want to call that practice in Haiti, to be a "ti moun lakay". This "little one of the house" that most every Haitian home had was the servant child from morning until night. About all they got from their labor was food for the stomach and a straw mat for the night. Often times the homesick, overworked child would run away, go back home, only to be sent back by his or her reprimanding parent. The longer I was in Haiti the better I understood what the preacher meant when he would exhort his people, "If you are really saved and walking in the Spirit even your "ti moun lakay" will know and feel it."

The Holy Spirit began to touch my own heart as I witnessed what He was doing in the lives of our students.

With some there were restitutions that had to be made. My conscience began to prick me and it wouldn't let up. A memory surfaced. It was my second year in nurse's training and I was working in the pharmacy. One day when I was alone I helped myself to a small can of foot deodorant powder and did not pay for it. It was just a small can, worth maybe a dollar. I used it several times and each time the rebuke and conviction became louder. So, I quit using it entirely but the sight of that can became a silent reminder. Of course I should have confessed my sin, paid for it and suffered the humiliation but I didn't. Instead I threw it away, got it out of my sight as though that would solve things. I asked God to forgive me but that is as far as I went.

Now, here I am in Haiti, a missionary and the Holy Spirit brings up that unresolved issue. This time I responded. I knew the pharmacist I had worked with was still there and I felt quite strongly that she was not saved. What would be her reaction? I wrote her a long letter explaining everything. I asked her forgiveness and then included a check for at least ten times the value of

the powder. She responded but gave no indication of her relationship to the Lord. But she forgave me and I was free.

Beginning of the Handicap Work

What do I do with this one? How can I possibly help him? Where do I start? The thoughts tumbled about in my poor brain as I struggled to come up with a solution. On the examining table before me lay this emaciated child, much too small for his five years. There wasn't a trace of a smile, only the look of sadness and suffering, of total dejection. The malnutrition I knew I could treat, but that wasn't the main problem. His legs were as limp as two wet dishrags. Not an inch could he move them under his own power. He desperately needed help or face being a cripple for the rest of his life.

"Dr. Nelson!! I need you! We all need you back. We're nurses, not doctors!"

He couldn't hear me, even had I shouted my heart's cry. He was a thousand miles away with no intention of returning. We had been without a doctor before when the Nelsons were home on furloughs, but that was different. He was still our director and we knew he would be coming back. But this time, just a few months ago, he had left us. The day the news hit our ears is still indelible in my mind. We were stunned. We just couldn't believe it. Dr. Nelson had just told us nurses and lab technician that he had turned in his resignation and was leaving Haiti and the Mission.

It wasn't that we hadn't had warning signs the past year. We had heard rumblings, seen the discouragement, and were well aware of the problems causing it, but we had prayed and hoped--and now this. We four nurses and one lab technician would be left without a doctor to guide us. It was 1959. We were hurting. M. Border, lab technician, left shortly after, feeling that since there was no Doctor, she was not needed. She had trained two Haitians.

As the word spread throughout Haiti that our clinic was without a doctor, the patient load plummeted downward. They loved the Nelsons and they lamented their departure. We nurses loved them too, and we felt the loss keenly. But, we carried on the best we could and the Lord saw us through those difficult years. It wasn't long before the few patients became more and then grew to many.

In a matter of a few months, we were being kept very busy and had to really push to see all the patients each day. Jennie Razumny went home on furlough the next year and didn't return because of her ailing, aged parents. That left three of us, Shirley Ackerman, Lila Anderson and myself. We each had a room where we examined patients, sought to diagnose them, prescribed medicines and treatment. Often with difficult cases, we put our heads together in consultation. We searched the medical books for answers. Over those ten years of scanty, sporadic, and temporary help from doctors, we learned to depend much on the One Who said, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not....." (James 1: 5)

"This child! God! Please, please show me what I can do! He needs more than any of us here can provide. I'm blank! Somehow show me something."

This urgent request dominated my praying over the next several days. Delnor was from our neighborhood and I was quite sure it was polio that had struck him. The acute phase was past, but he was still quite sick. Obviously there was something else that I wasn't aware of--TB. Somehow, and only God knows how, and who He used to bring it about, I heard a vague report that stimulated my hopes. In the capitol, Port-au-Prince, there was an Episcopalian work that helped handicapped children and a Sister Joan Margaret, who was in charge.

With Delnor in my arms, I walked through the doors of "L' Ecole St. Vincent pour les Handicapees," (St. Vincent School for the Handicapped). I had come in from Cayes by plane, taken a taxi and told the driver who I wanted to see and he knew where to go. All my doubts and fears evaporated when I met Sister Joan Margaret. She gladly accepted my burden and relieved me of the responsibility. Then we sat down, talked, and got acquainted. I fell in love with her on the spot. Not only did she accept Del with open arms, but she invited me to send her more. She challenged me to get involved in the needs of handicapped children in southern Haiti. "I have no one there who cares." she said sadly, "The children need you." I answered, "I will work with you."

Thus was born a work with handicapped children in the populous southern peninsula of Haiti, a work that continues to this day. The seed was sown, the Lord nurtured it, and it sprang forth and grew by leaps and bounds.

The neighborhood caught it first and soon I had my second child--Maude, a beautiful four-year old girl. Quite the opposite of Del, she was well-nourished, cared for, loved, and healthy but she was a deaf-mute. Not a sound could she hear. Sister Joan had a school for deaf-mutes so in she went. Today she is our dental technician and makes all the dentures.

As the word spread and quickly reached into outlying areas, children were brought in. They latched onto the word "handicape" and applied it to almost any problem a child might have, as though it were a magic word that would give them direct and immediate entrance to the clinic.

They brought their blind, their deaf, and their crippled. They came with their babies who were born with clubbed feet and they came with older ones who had learned to walk on their twisted, misshapen, neglected, untreated ones. They brought their bow-legged and their knock-kneed, caused in part by rickets. They came with children hunch-backed from tuberculosis of the spine, never realizing there was a disease causing the spine to collapse.

There were cripples from mis-treated or untreated bone fractures, or from disease of the bone, mainly tuberculosis and osteomyelitis. Oftentimes, the hip joint was frozen solid in a crippling position. And so very often, they brought us children in the two to five year bracket that had never learned to walk, insisting that there was something wrong with their spine. Examination usually revealed it was nothing but malnutrition. So often the child didn't have enough energy to even try, nor incentive either.

It was a real challenge to help those children, because it was the mother who had to be convinced. Many times it wasn't the lack of food that was at the bottom of the problem, but rather the wrong kind. There were so many taboos, so many good foods that were considered harmful to small children. And again, many times the cause was a new baby too close to the last one and having to forfeit mother's milk, and be weaned too early.

We had our own "brace" shop. To begin with, all our children needing braces were sent in to Sister Joan. The children were returned to us with braces. It wasn't long before we sent a man in to learn the trade and built our own shop. Petion Raymonvil, himself the father of a handicapped child, was naturally interested. His little Julie became a polio victim before she was even a year old and wore braces for years.

The more I worked with these children, the more I loved them. The more I learned from Sister Joan, the fewer I had to send to her. Those that could not function in a normal school were sent to her school. For the most part these were the blind and the deaf. But there were many others, too--as armless Molin, legless Sereste, paraplegics--so many different kinds. There were many kinds that needed surgery that we were totally incapable of providing. Hundreds of needy children found help throughout those years. It still goes on, in other hands.

But now we have our own hospital and our own doctors. When that came into being, we no longer had to send medical or surgical cases to Sister Joan, but only children for schooling. God has everything timed so perfectly.

The hospital, "Des Chapelles," that used to accept Sister Joan's surgical cases, finally put a ban on taking patients from southern Haiti, so that meant ours could no longer be served there. They were swamped with their own part of the country and had to limit the number. But God, in His timing, arranged that our own hospital was ready to function, so we never felt the pinch.

During the first couple of years or so, we could send the children to Port-au-Prince by plane. We had an arrangement with the Haitian Army Air Service that we could send from one to three children free of charge if there happened to be empty seats available. Many times I returned home with a child or two, disappointed, but hoping for a better chance the next plane day. It was sometimes most frustrating. Soon our number became too many and we switched to local bus service. If it were an isolated case, I'd have a parent take the child in. If it were a load of school children, I would send a worker along to care for them. The 125 mile trip was an all day affair--hot, tiring, and dusty. For the children returning to school, it was a trip they loved, a gala affair, a fun time especially for the deaf-mutes. They were the noisiest of the bunch and the happiest. For the first timers, being separated from the security of home and parents, it was a fearful, sad and tearful time.

The school children were sent home three times a year--Christmas, Easter, and summer vacations. I would receive the bus load of youngsters and parcel them out to the waiting parents. At the end of vacations, on the appointed day, they would be back on my doorstep and we would go through the whole process again. Never did I ever get so kissed, so hugged, so slobbered on as I was by these children, especially the deaf-mutes. They were so lavish with their affection and seemed to compete among themselves for the longest hug. The parents began to call me, "Mama handicape yo," (Mother of the handicapped ones).

At first it was just all part of the work, but bit by bit I noticed I was getting emotionally involved with these kids. Working with them was just a part of my work at the clinic but it became the part I enjoyed the most.

Before many years went by, I'd find a lump trying to work itself up in my throat when a child hugged me. I was able to hold it down. But as the years moved on, the lump became more stubborn. Then I learned not to struggle with it, not to fight it. If they ganged up on me and all tried at once, it became funny and a good laugh prevented the lump from appearing. But just let one child, deaf, blind, or crippled, wrap his arms around me in a warm prolonged embrace--that did it!!

Even now as I sit here writing about it, just thinking about it, tears suddenly filled my eyes and are running down my face. Somehow those handicapped kids wound themselves around my heart and the roots are entwined and deep. I'll never get them extricated, not without damaging the heart. So why try? They can stay.

During my last years in Haiti, as I realized that I would soon be having to leave, the burden for the handicapped was heavy upon my heart. I knew that the other positions I held could more easily be filled by nurses, but I wanted somebody special to work with the handicapped.

I prayed earnestly for the Lord to give us someone who would really love and work with them. He answered that prayer beautifully, though I didn't know who it was until I left the field in the fall of 1982. Jackie Currie, a registered physical therapist from Alabama took my place and is doing a beautiful job. Far better qualified for the job than I ever was, she is building upon the foundation that was laid, and moving on up. How I thank the Lord for her.

In the fall of 1983, I returned to Haiti for a visit and to dispose of belongings, taking home what I wanted. While there, I went to visit Sister Joan's school plus the new school for deaf children. Three of my deaf-mutes were now teachers. I was taken to each of their classes and from each got the warm familiar hug. At St. Vincent, I visited with Luce, one of my first blind children. She teaches a class of blind children. She assured me that she is still walking with the Lord and living faithfully for Him.

I couldn't help but remember the struggle, the battle I had had with her mother. She had tried so many times to abandon her, to not come for her during vacations. After all, Luce was blind, "damaged." What good could she be to her mother? She was just a burden. I threatened her, I became angry with her. I insisted that she take the child for vacations or else she need never come back to me with Luce. I knew, for the sake of the child, I wouldn't abandon her, but I had to make the mother understand that it was a serious business. When the child grew older, she herself chose to spend vacations with friends rather than her mother. She knew how her mother felt about her. Then, when Luce finished school and got a job teaching, earning money, then her mother claimed her and wanted her money. Now, here was Luce, a young lady, teaching other blind children, and happily serving the Lord.

I saw Jacques Roussel, another one of my blind children, who now teaches others like himself. He was a teenager when I first met him. He had gotten as far as high school when he had to have surgery on an eye for cataracts. Something went wrong and the nerve got cut, blinding that eye for life. Then infection set in, and spread to the other eye and blinded that one, too. When I found him, he was totally depressed, spending the days sitting in total darkness. Though he was past the usual age limit, Sister Joan took him, but he stayed only a month and returned home to go into even deeper depression.

A year later, one of our missionary men befriended him, introduced him to the Lord, and he responded. At my urging, Sister Joan was willing to give him one more try and that time he made it through. I rejoiced as I watched him teach, using the Braille Bible as his book, watched him guide the small hands of his student over the raised Braille words. Coming to know the Lord

as his Savior and Friend made a big difference in Jacques' life and I trust that he in turn is able to introduce Christ to his students.

What about Sister Joan? She continues to spend much time in Haiti, overseeing and doing what she can. Her school and clinic is pretty much in the hands of Haitians, so her presence is not essential. Arthritis gradually took over to where she can now walk only with the use of a cane, but most of the time she uses a wheelchair. Then in 1982, the same spring that I had surgery for a malignant melanoma, she had surgery for an internal cancer and is on oral cancer therapy for the remainder of her life.

My mind goes back to a certain day a number of years ago. I went in to see Sister Joan and when we had completed our business, I got up to leave. She restrained me saying, "Now that we've settled our business matters, let's go to a quiet place where we can talk."

She led me to a secluded room and shut the door. She came right to the point. "I have some questions that I want you to explain. First, what do people mean when they say 'born again'?" We talked at length about the subject and finally she said, "Good. I'm all right on that one. I know I am saved." Then came the second question -- "What do they mean by sanctification?" There was one more that she asked, but I don't remember that one.

Another time, after listening to a tremendous message at one of our Keswick conferences, Sister Joan turned to me and whispered, "I'm so glad I know I'm saved. Isn't it wonderful to be His!"

Regarding Dr. Nelson, I will try to give more definite information as to how he came to us. It was his last eighteen months of medical school when he received government help. He was to repay by serving two years. The war was on when he signed up, but was over when he finished. Since he wasn't needed at that particular time, he went to Haiti. On his first furlough after serving four years, he was to be drafted to serve the two years he owed. It was at that time that the Truman Doctrine or Point-Four program was amended to exempt ordained doctors. He was free to come back to us, a real answer to prayer on the part of the Haitians and missionaries alike.

Memories From The Early, Early Years

I was nearly twenty-seven years old when I arrived on the field, but I felt much younger. For one thing, my hair was short with a tight, curly permanent that I had deliberately gotten just before leaving home. I hadn't been given any dress code or long list of do's and don'ts, but somehow I had pictured women missionaries with long hair in a bun. I thought, if I had to come to that, so be it, but since nothing had been said, I wanted to at least start out with mine short and curly. I wasn't blessed with easy to manage hair. To the contrary, mine was straight and wiry and didn't even want to conform to the contour of my head. It had a mind of its own and without a perm, stubbornly insisted on going its own way. There were no written rules about hair, although there were a few missionaries that felt quite strongly about the issue. To them short hair, and especially permanents, were a sign of worldliness and therefore sin. Of greater sin to me was my envy of those who had naturally curly hair. Needless to say, mine grew rapidly and home permanents did not yet exist. What choice did I have? Nothing! I went to French braids, not the most attractive, but the coolest and most controllable way I could find to wear it.

Perhaps another reason for my feeling young was because most of the other missionaries looked so much older. They weren't, really. Their ages ranged from twenty-four to forty-four, but their skin had a sallow, yellowish color that deceived me. I soon discovered that it wasn't related to age or illness, but rather was a result of the yellow Atabrine medication they were taking weekly to prevent an attack of malaria. I hoped I'd never have to take it. I hated that sickly appearance. And, I never did!! Eventually, new anti-malarial drugs became available and I was spared from the Atabrine tinge.

One morning, just a couple of months after my arrival, I was down at our little two-by-four dispensary working with Jennie, when a Haitian man appeared with a horse for sale. Was I interested? Well, I hadn't particularly thought of it up to that point, but--maybe. "Let me try him," I said to the missionary interpreting for me. There was no saddle, but no problem, I figured. Back on the farm where I grew up, we didn't even own one. I always rode bareback. I jumped on, gave the animal a kick and he took off on a swift trot. It's a miracle I didn't get left behind. He and I definitely were not synchronized. When I went down, he was coming up, and

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when I went up, he was on his way down. We always met in the middle with a thud. And what a thud!! He wasn't like our farm horses, round, fat and well cushioned. His backbone was sharp and--need I say more? No wonder the Haitians used saddles or else rode sitting far back on the rump. I bought him for fifteen dollars and I also purchased a saddle before I rode him again.

The horse helped satisfy some of the craving I had for fun and activity outside of the dispensary work and language study. So much of our traveling was done by animal, for in those days, roads were few and far between.

One day I rode with the John Depew family to visit a country church, each of us on our own horse. Going up a steep hill on a very rocky path, my horse began to hesitate. He sensed something I hadn't yet detected, maybe the cinch holding the saddle was coming loose or breaking. I urged him against his better judgment and suddenly I went sliding, saddle and all, over his tail and fell to the ground. I was afraid of being trampled on as he struggled to regain his balance so I rolled until I was sure I was clear. Mr. Depew came to my rescue, fixed the cinch and off we went again with no more mishaps. He was my four-wheel drive mode of transportation for a bit over two years, then I sold him and got a two-wheeler, an English bike.

There is an independent, stubborn streak in me, probably passed on through my Norwegian ancestry. Even as a child, if my father told me I couldn't do something, I often reacted with an "I'll show you I can" attitude. I would never have gotten to Haiti had I listened and believed his prediction that I could never be a nurse.

Anyway, here I was in Haiti and wanting to get a bicycle. And what did I hear from our missionary leader? "You can't ride a bike here, on these roads, paths, hills and in this heat. A waste of money--not practical." I didn't have roads or pavement at home on the farm where a bike and I were great pals.

So, I bought an English bike with three gear shifts and for me it was fine. It took me back and forth to the clinic every day and besides that, it was an excellent source of exercise. Sure it was hot work pumping up a hill, but I had wheels. When I went home on furlough in 1951, I sold it. Gave it away would be the better word!! I was a trusting soul and let the man take it when he gave me ten dollars and his word of honor that he would bring the rest the following week. I never saw him again.

My next vehicle in 1952 was also a bike, a gift from my church in North Carolina. They didn't want me to be using up my energy pumping a bike, so they got one with a motor to propel it for me. It was a great idea. All I had to do was start pedaling, then flip the switch that released the motor, and that started it. A roller on the side of the wheel driven by the motor, propelled it forward.

It was great, that is, as long as it worked. On pavement it would have been ideal, but the roads and paths that I traveled? No way!! The vital roller would become so encrusted and packed with cement-like dirt that it could not possibly function properly. I'd end up pedaling without the motor and since it was a heavy American bike, I would expend more energy than I did with the lighter English one. We didn't work well together and had frequent conflicts and clashes. We parted ways, and severed our relationship after just two years. Then it was that 'Simplex' came into my life.

It was 1954, a memorable year. Hurricane Hazel struck Haiti with a devastating blow. It was also the year that I had my first kidney stone. Complications forced me into an emergency trip home where I became a patient in Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami. I had been flown out by stretcher and nurse Shirley Ackerman had accompanied me. Upon my discharge, she flew back to Haiti and I flew to my church in North Carolina to recuperate. That was the time the Pastor ordered his congregation to invite me out and "Fatten her up!" My weight was down to 110 pounds.

At a church picnic one of the men asked me about my bike. Ouch!! I had hoped they wouldn't ask, as I didn't want to tell them the facts, didn't want to hurt them with the news that it wasn't at all practical. Giving some sort of vague answer about the bike being a sturdy one, I hoped they wouldn't ask about the motor. But no. Another fellow piped up, "How does that motor work down there, Bernice?" I had to tell them the sad truth and quickly the subject was dropped. That was the end of it, I thought. But I was in for a surprise.

Two months after my return to Haiti, a big, unexpected crate arrived. The men gladly opened it for me and set the contents up, ready to go. It was a motorcycle, an automatic two-cycle

SIMPLEX made in New Orleans. We fell in love immediately, and we remained close, compatible partners for twelve years, until she finally died and no more spare parts were available to revive her. It was a sad parting for I had been addicted to her.

During the last year of her life, Hondas appeared and I no longer was the only missionary with a motorcycle. The first one that was bought was a small fifty cc that wasn't nearly as sturdy as mine. Jim Smith, the principal of our Bible school got it. The next one to join our forces was a sixty-five cc, then the ninety cc, and that one became very popular.

In the years to come, nearly every missionary had a motorcycle, including the women, and they traveled everywhere over those mountain roads and trails. Only the heavier, more powerful trail bikes could conquer those challenging so-called roads. Accidents became a common occurrence and increased proportionately as more and more Haitians also took to wheels.

One day, a white man suddenly appeared in our busy clinic, bruised, scraped, and bloody. He was a mess! For a moment I didn't recognize the swollen face and then it hit me--our own missionary, Don Adams. As I started to work on him, I asked the inevitable question. "Whatever happened to you?" Between pains of my scrubbing his multiple abrasions, he related what happened. Traveling down a long flat stretch of road on his motorcycle, he saw a pig up ahead cross safely over and onto the side of the road. All was clear. In Don's words, "When that pig heard me coming closer, he suddenly remembered something he had forgotten on the other side of the road and went back to get it." "Did he get it?" I asked. "No, he didn't have time, and he lost his life besides."

It was too late when Don hit his brakes, and the impact sent him skidding and sliding on his face on that dirt road. When he came to, he was confused and dazed, even insisting on getting back on his bike and going home, but the Haitians gathered about him convinced him otherwise. They managed to find a vehicle that brought him home to us. By that time his face was distorted with swelling. Eventually, I got to the place where I just hated to see another accident victim come in. The more I saw them, the more thankful I was for my safer four wheels. (I had my Suzuki by then) My SIMPLEX had been a sturdy machine, not prone to accidents. Neither was it made for mountain trails and steep rough hills, but it was good for me.

Though my motorcycle wasn't built for two, it often consented to carrying one extra. My passenger would sit sideways on the gas tank between me and the handlebars. She couldn't be too big or I wouldn't be able to reach around her. Directly behind me on the rack, I carried a wooden box that I had built for carrying things. A taller box was used for short one-day medical trips where we had to bring in a supply of syringes, needles, and medicines.

Jennie usually went with me on these trips for she was the smallest of the nurses. I would be sandwiched in between her and the box. Hit a bump and my chin would collide with her shoulder. Try to move back and there I was up against the box. Sometimes going up a hill, the road would be so rough, rutted, or rocky that we'd lose momentum and we were going so slow that the motor couldn't carry the load on up. We would both have to get off. Jennie would walk on up to the top of the hill and I would walk along side the motorcycle, steering it while it moved ahead under its own power.

After the demise of my faithful Simplex, my North Carolina church surmised that I was getting old, too. A bout with tuberculosis and then an extended furlough may have had something to do with their decision. They didn't want me on two wheels anymore, too dangerous.

At my age, (fifty isn't old, is it?) they felt that broken bones wouldn't heal so fast and--. A Volkswagen bug was the choice. Four sturdy wheels instead of two. I liked it, even tried to ford rivers with it, but ran into complications. Shallow rivers it could take, but on deeper ones it balked like a mule.

I remembered the advertisements boasting "so tight it floats," but I proved that untrue. More than once she stalled in the middle of a river and it didn't matter whether the windows were tightly closed or open, the dirty water joined me inside. I soon learned which rivers she was willing to cross, and which ones to stay out of. There was no changing her mind, no compromising.

When my next furlough came due, I sold her to one of our finest Haitian Pastors who was living near us. He had suffered a broken leg and arm in a motorcycle accident and needed the car for local transportation. It served him well. He never went back to two wheels either.

My next choice of vehicle was the four-wheel drive Suzuki which I bought right there in Haiti. It was the most practical of all, taking the rivers in its stride. It even plowed through mud. When, on occasion, it did get stuck in a too deep rut or hole, it was light enough that Haitian men could lift a corner up and out we would go. It became my workhorse and served me well the remainder of my days in Haiti.

One day Pastor Brezile St. Germain, the president of the Haitian association of churches, with which we worked, said to me: "Miss, I want you to sell your jeep and buy a nicer car." "Why? This one is still good." "Yes, it is good," he replied, "but it is too rough for you. You shouldn't be shaken that much." To be sure, it was rough riding, but it got me to where I wanted to go, and I wasn't about to turn it in for a more comfortable one. Did he think that I was getting old, too?

Not so long ago, Jennie and I were reminiscing about our experiences in Haiti, especially that first year before other nurses joined us. She was a veteran of fourteen months and I was fresh and green as grass. "How did you ever put up with me?" I asked her now, forty years later. Her answer was unexpected--"How did you put up with me?" I gave her a hard time.

We didn't yet have a doctor to guide us. Patients would come and Jennie would listen to their hearts and go over their chest with a stethoscope. I'd watch and wonder if she really understood what she was hearing. I knew I wouldn't. Nurse's training had never taught me that. Diagnosing was the doctor's responsibility and mine was to carry out his orders.

The Haitians loved that stethoscope and put great confidence in it. According to them, it talked to the nurse and told her what was wrong inside their bodies. Consequently, every patient soon wanted to be "sounded," regardless of what their problem was. Many times we heard the complaint, "You didn't pass the stethoscope over the pain," and they would extend an arm, or point to their aching head. In later years, one of our nurses dubbed the apparatus with the name, "magic wand."

There was another thing that our patients considered extremely helpful, and that was injections. They were convinced that medication by mouth had little value in comparison to the needle. And the more it hurt going in, the better it must be. One man, after receiving a relatively painless injection, turned to me and said, "Give me a better one and I'll pay you extra for it. The one you gave didn't hurt." I didn't oblige and I don't think my impromptu lecture convinced him one bit.

The unreasonable confidence in injections did not originate with our medical work, but we were very slow in trying to correct it. It was easier to go along with it, giving them vitamin or iron shots if there were no other specific needs. They could always use those, and benefit from them.

We spent hours and hours cleaning syringes and needles, and sterilizing them in a pressure cooker. We spent countless time sharpening needles or trying to open a plugged one. Today, nothing but disposables are used. Back then, I learned to give an extra hard jab to get a dull needle through the toughened leathery skin of an old man's buttock. I became adept at detecting a fish hook at the needle's point BEFORE an injection, in time to change the needle, rather than discovering it as I pulled it out of the resisting flesh.

That first year was not an easy one, and the pressure points didn't come anywhere near where I expected them. Adjustments to food, climate, a new language, a different people and culture--they weren't so hard. I anticipated those. It was other areas that gave me trouble.

My nursing specialty was in the operating room. Upon graduation from training, I stayed on at my hospital for a year as Operating Room Supervisor. That, plus about six months as office nurse for a doctor specializing in plastic surgery, was the extent of my medical experience. The Mission, upon receiving my application, rushed me to the field. Qualified or not, I willingly went, eager to do whatever I could.

Cleaning and dressing of ulcers and sores was my very first responsibility on the field. That I could do. But where I had problems was in helping Jennie diagnose and treat other patients. Especially difficult for me was missionary care. I hardly knew anything about tropical diseases, much less how to treat them. Today, nurses take a special course in tropical diseases before going to such a field.

I had to learn from scratch, on the job, with no doctor to fall back on. Poor Jennie got the brunt of my frustrations, for she had to be my teacher. What few medical books we had, were worked to the hilt. She was not a doctor either, but had gained considerable knowledge and

experience in the short time that she had been in Haiti. I unfairly expected her to have most of the answers, but made excuses for myself when I couldn't come up with a solution.

Because I could not rightly interpret lung and heart sounds coming through the stethoscope, I doubted her ability to do so. I'm sure that a good part of my reaction was due to just plain jealousy. I wanted to know just as much as she.

Many a time in the coming years as I would listen to a patient's heart or try to decipher his lung sounds, my mind would return to those early days of doubt. I wondered if some new missionary thought the same thing about me as she watched me work. I wondered, too, sometimes, when I obliged a patient by using the stethoscope on his chest, at his request, when it was totally unrelated or unnecessary for his particular problem, why was it all right now for me to do it, when I thought of it as being wrong. Getting to know and understand the people makes a world of difference in both attitudes and actions.

There was a second pressure area that really took me by surprise. Ignorant of missions as I was, I had the impression that missionaries were super-Christians, flawless, and almost perfect. I knew that I wasn't, no doubt about that, but I hoped that somehow it would rub off on me and I, too, would become one. It wasn't long before I discovered that they were just as human as I was.

In less than a month's time, I let someone feed bits of missionary gossip into my ears without stopping it right away. I didn't fully realize what was happening until the person began to pump me for tidbits that I might have. I did not oblige. I also started controlling what I would listen to. Shortly after that, I was called before the field leaders and kindly warned to be careful. Needless to say, I was embarrassed. They were aware of the problem and didn't want me to get caught in a web. I appreciated that. I was so glad I had stopped it before I was called on the carpet. The warning helped me to be even more on my guard.

That missionary eventually left the field and got involved in another worthwhile work. Super-Christian missionaries? No, they are just ordinary, imperfect people like you and me, sinners, but forgiven. They love the Lord and have a burden for the lost and a longing to win them to Christ, but they still have the imperfections of the human race.

One pressure sore that was especially hard to heal concerned my mother and conditions at home. I was blaming God and feeling that He wasn't keeping His end of the bargain. Actually, it was my bargain, not His, yet I was holding Him responsible. Just nine months after I arrived in Haiti, I went home because of Mother's illness. I had as much as told God, "You take care of Mother and keep her well and I will go to Haiti." Why? Why? Why? I was full of unanswered questions and they ate away at my sore. It would have been so easy to have quit right then and never gone back, but praise the Lord, He dealt with me and put me back on course.

Isn't it the pressure that brings about the pearl? Would we appreciate the mountain-top experiences if we didn't sometimes go down into the valley? What would sunshine be like if we never had rain, or all rain and no sunshine?

Kitchen and Cisterns

As I think back upon those early years, so many things come to mind. Our kitchen!! It was a structure entirely apart from the rest of the house because all of our cooking was done on charcoal. The Haitians cooked their meals over an open fire on the ground, but we missionaries were modern. We brought our charcoal burners up to a convenient table height. Our bread, cakes, cookies--whatever, were baked in a homemade bottomless oven set over the hot coals. I didn't mind the charcoal flavor in some things, but I didn't want it in all my food. How did we regulate the oven temperature? That was a trick that I never mastered. We could open the door awhile to cool it off, or we could fan the coals from beneath and make it hotter. The best fan going was a straw hat.

On one of my furloughs, I discovered the rapidly spreading use of charcoal grills in the American home, and my friends delighting in giving me a special treat. You guessed it!! Charcoal flavored--you name it! It had been in my diet for years. Even our drinking water had to be boiled, whether in our home or a Haitian one. Out on a trip, Haitian boiled water often tasted more smoked than boiled. That was mostly from the open wood fires, not charcoal.

Speaking of water, where did we get ours? The Haitians took theirs directly from the rivers, but that didn't appeal to us. Each of our homes had an open, cement cistern and the rains

kept them well supplied. The openness was for the sun to shine in with its purifying rays. In each cistern lived one turtle. His responsibility was two-fold: hold down the mosquito multiplication, and eliminate any other unwanted inhabitants. This was the water we used for all our needs, but for drinking we boiled it for twenty minutes. The cisterns were periodically emptied and scrubbed. In later years we tightly covered them and did away with the turtles, but we continued to boil all our drinking water. Eventually, we put in a water system that supplied all our homes with treated well water so we could drink directly from our faucets. What a luxury that was! We also graduated to indoor bathrooms, doing away with the old outhouse, and to indoor kitchens with first gas and later electric stoves.

Rats, Cockroaches -- And A Visitor

But getting back to that old kitchen. The rats loved it and so did the cockroaches. The termites! What a feast they had! We often white-washed the crumbly walls but could never completely cover up the smoke-blackened spots. Tupperware was good for storing food, but covers lost their seal when rats managed to chew through. We couldn't keep everything in tight cupboards, There wasn't enough room.

One day we had a visitor, an American man who came specifically, he told us, to encourage and entertain us missionaries. I'm not at all sure how long he intended to stay or what all he expected to do, but one thing I do know, and that is he suddenly cut his visit very, very short. We all invited him to our homes for meals. When he came to ours, I noticed that he ate very sparingly. He simply didn't have any appetite according to his words. We learned later that he looked into every kitchen, wherever he had a meal, and was afraid to eat the food prepared in such a "primitive" kitchen. Also, we all had Haitian girls working in our homes, doing the bulk of our cooking. We taught them our ways and we trusted them. They were under our supervision. Our visitor evidently could not bring himself to believe that our food was safe for him to eat. When his own supply of store-bought snacks dwindled, he forgot what he came for and returned home to safer ground. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (I Samuel 16: 7b)

The old kitchen? It eventually was demolished and a new indoor one built in its place. How it survived Hurricane Hazel in 1954 is a mystery. It couldn't withstand us who lived there when the next year we single gals attacked it with feet, fists, and hammers. The thin rock and plaster walls fell easily beneath our blows and cockroaches scampered in every direction. Those semi-hollow walls were their homes and they resented the intrusion. The rats were safe in their tunnels outside. We gals refrained from trying to demolish the wooden framework. We were afraid the rusty tin roof would come crashing down on top of us if we disturbed the fragile termite-ridden posts. The men took over that job.

There is another vivid memory that lingers in my mind. The windows in our homes had wooden shutters to keep out the rain and bars to stop the thieves. One night, sound asleep under my mosquito net canopy, I slowly awakened to a stick poking at me through the net. Instead of screaming or crying out in fright, I heard myself calmly and slowly saying, "Yes, what is it?" It was then I heard his voice, saw him outside my window, and noticed the long stick he was using to poke at me through the bars.

It was Mr. Depew, our field director. He had called to me, yelled at me, and finally used the stick to awaken me. His wife was having a severe gallbladder attack and badly needed an injection for pain. "Sure, I'll come as fast as I can," I replied. He went back to his house and I headed for our kitchen, flashlight in hand.

Oh, for the disposable syringes of today!! I didn't even have a boiled one ready. They had all been used up in the day's clinic. I lit the kerosene lamp, then dug deep into the ash can where I knew I would find live coals buried in the ashes. Left over burning coals were preserved this way for making the morning fire easier and quicker to start. I tried to hurry my reluctant fire by fanning the flames, trying at the same time not to send ashes flying around and maybe into my pot of syringes. Sure, the pan was covered, but when you are in a hurry, anything can happen. I didn't need a particle of ashes to clog a needle at the worst possible moment. Perish the thought!! Poor Mrs. Depew probably thought I would never get there, but I did. Time can be so long when you are hurting. Needless to say, from that day on I tried to always have at least one syringe and needle ready for any emergency.

Piano

It must have been around 1948 when I got my first piano. It was an old upright that I bought for practically nothing and had shipped down by boat. It wasn't because I could play well that I got it. To the contrary, I was very unskilled, but I loved to amuse myself on it. There were others that were accomplished and I enjoyed hearing them play. It was out of tune but so what? It was music to our ears in those days when we had so very little to listen to. I'm sure I wearied my housemates many a time, but they put up with it and didn't kick me out.

Along came Hurricane Hazel in 1954. Although our location did not get the full brunt of the storm, we did get the outer winds and they were bad enough. My poor piano! I tried my best to protect it. I didn't know much about hurricanes, but I knew pianos should not get wet. I wasn't expecting the roof over the living room section to open up, I just thought of humidity inside the house coming from the driving rain outside. "Something to absorb that moisture, that's what I need, just in case of heavy rain." Those were my thoughts. Opening the top of the piano, I carefully placed my folded woolen blanket inside, covering the felt hammers and all the wooden parts. I closed it all up tight. Then the storm came!

Jumping ahead now to twenty-four hours later, we returned to our home. Our bedrooms were intact, but the living room was a soggy mess and minus part of its roof. My piano! My poor piano!! The top cover was open, twisted and hanging by only one hinge. The blanket had indeed absorbed moisture. It was so saturated and heavy with water that it was harming instead of protecting the felt hammers. The keys were swollen, vying for space to expand. The ivories had shifted position as the softened glue gave way. Was there any way of salvaging the instrument, I wondered. I didn't know--but I would try.

Getting it out of the roofless room was step number one because showers would continue to fall. It hardly fit into my already crowded bedroom but I had no other choice. I had to get it dried out. Slowly and carefully I took it apart, numbering each key so I could put them back in the right order. I would lay the parts out in the sunshine to dry and rush them in when rain suddenly appeared. I cleaned off the mold, pricked the hardened felt hammers with a pin to loosen them up, then sandpapered the keys. That was when I discovered that they were already labeled and I wouldn't have had to bother numbering them again. It just wasn't visible until I cleaned them. I worked on that piano for weeks and eventually got it all back together. It even played, though it did sound 'tinny.'

A few years later, living in our newly built five-bedroom nurses' home, I was enjoying my second and better piano. One rainy day, a sudden small twister cut a narrow swath through a nearby field and ended up ripping a portion of our roof right off. It exposed all of my room, the bathroom, and a twelve inch strip of the adjoining bedroom.

Just minutes before, I had been up in the attic checking a leak over my bed and had barely come down the ladder when the twister struck. I shudder to think of what might have happened had I been a few moments later. Some people would call it 'luck,' but I'd rather believe that the Lord wasn't through with me yet.

The water poured in. Day and night it came. We dug a hole through the outside wall close to the floor so the water could run out. But the lowest part of my floor was on the door side leading to the living room,. We didn't want it in there. We got a bright idea. A dike! We filled bags with sand and stacked them in the doorway.

Periodically, we would don raincoats and hoods and brave the deluge in my room. We used a broom to sweep the water towards the hole in the wall. In spite of all our efforts, it seeped through our doorway dam, ran in a stream near the wall, and just a couple of feet short of my piano. Then it turned the corner and headed down the hallway to the bathroom. It intended to just accumulate in there, but we fixed that. Using bars and a pick, we managed to pry and lift a corner of the four inch high cement curbing around our shower. A fraction of an inch was enough to let the water run under it and reach the shower drain. After a week, the rains stopped and our roof got repaired. We dried out and then suddenly we had other problems.

NO water! Not a drop coming through our faucets. "Burned-out water pump," was the explanation given to us. We were fortunate to have a cistern under our back porch and a pitcher

pump to get the water out. An unwritten rule was, "If you flush the toilet, be sure you fill the bucket for the next one."

That worked fine for a day or two, but then the pitcher pump refused to produce. Try as it would, it could manage nothing more than a hollow, empty sound. It couldn't possibly be empty, not with all that rain we'd had! But it was. Flashlights revealed a big crack in the cement wall close to the bottom. Now we had to resort to hauling in water from the river which flowed a half of a mile away. We didn't have just ourselves to worry about. Down the hill at the clinic where water is so essential, it had to be hauled in and used sparingly. To make matters worse, we had a typhoid patient to be concerned about.

Oh, I almost forgot about the piano. It didn't get wet like the first one, but it definitely objected to so much moisture in the room. Many of its keys stuck, and the hammers just wouldn't return to their places. I worked with them. I hung a burning light bulb in the cavity below, and even used a hair dryer at times. Some of them responded, but there were still about six that absolutely refused to cooperate even after weeks of working and coaxing them. One day I was telling our mechanic, Les Dick, about the problem and asked if he had any suggestions whatsoever. "Well," he replied, "you can't lose much by trying. Wiggle the hammers from side to side. Maybe you can break loose some of the corrosion around the pins. It's worth a try."

I tried, ever so gently at first, almost sure they would snap. Then I got bolder, wiggled those six stubborn ones back and forth, and from side to side. Not a single one broke. And miracles of miracles, they no longer stuck. Once again I could enjoy its music.

It was about time for one of my furloughs and I debated what I ought to do with the piano. There was a man from the sugar mill that wanted to buy it. Should I sell it? The weather was dry so it was working well, and he wanted it so much. He offered me a hundred dollars. I let him have it.

I came back from that furlough in the fall of 1963 and the very next year hurricane Cleo demolished our nurse's home to the very foundation. I was so glad I had sold it. I would far rather have had that man have it and enjoy it, than have it lay crushed under the rubble and ruins of our home.

More About "Hurricane Hazel"

Perhaps I should explain a bit about what happened in that twenty-four hour period I mentioned when telling the story about my piano and Hurricane Hazel. We knew by way of radio that the hurricane was on the way. Very few of us really understood or had ever gone through one. I certainly hadn't. There just is no way that you can adequately prepare for one.

Hazel came at such an angle that we at our location got the outward winds, while the southwest tip of Haiti got the full brunt of it. It rained heavily for nearly two weeks following the storm, then the heavens closed up and for over a year there was a severe drought. People died by the hundreds from starvation. Relief food was sent in, but the mountain people got very little of it. There was no way of getting it to them without its being stolen on the way. There was graft, dishonesty, greed--you name it, on the part of the government. It seemed that they couldn't care less about the people that the food was sent to save. Some people tried to sell their children in the hopes that anyone willing to pay a little for them, would also be willing to feed them. We were told how people would go out to their gardens and plant a few grains of corn, only to have it dug up by others in the darkness of night, to parch and eat. Many people from the country tried to walk to a town in the hope of finding food and died by the roadside, too weak to go on.

At our station, we had about a hundred students in our Bible School. They all went down to the dining room and kitchen which was built against a hill excavation. Most of the missionaries were there with them. It seemed to be the safest place to ride out the storm. I was concerned about a patient we had with a new-born baby just two days old. She was in our little clinic shelter built for transient patients. The other patients had gone into the neighborhood, but this one and her little one couldn't yet leave. The wind was getting stronger by the minute when Shirley Ackerman and I asked our field leader and Dr. Nelson for permission to go and spend the night with this patient. It was okayed.

We had the distance of about three blocks to walk and the wind tore at our raincoats, ripping mine in pieces. But we made it. All that night we sat, along with our patient, fully

dressed and ready to flee any moment should the building go. I don't know where we thought we would flee to or how, but we were on the alert. Time after time we would watch the roof above us and see the whole thing, rafters and all, raise a wee bit, then settle down again. It seemed to shift positions. Actually, it did shift several inches but managed to hang on, much to our relief. It was a long night, but we were safe. We knew absolutely nothing of what was going on elsewhere, and when morning finally dawned and the wind not so strong, we ventured out. Destruction was everywhere but our homes were not severely damaged. The outer winds had been much easier on us than the center winds had been farther down the coast.

After getting together with the other missionaries, we soon found out that none had been hurt. They told how they had sung through the night: students, missionaries, some neighbors--all huddled together in the big dining hall. At one point, there was a frightening sound of tearing, ripping tin when the roof over the kitchen section tore off. Many students ducked under the tables but continued singing the song they had started. Here they were secluded under heavy tables and singing the well-known Haitian hymn, "And when I see death face to face--I will not fear, no, not one little bit."

Toward morning, when the winds were coming in the opposite direction, there was a tremendous roar and crash. The weakened chimney, consisting of steel drums welded together end to end, collapsed and tumbled on top of the tin roof of the dining room. It had been a tall one. Again, not a soul was hurt.

More About Medical Work

In those early years of medical work, we had to use all the ingenuity we could muster. Before the days of gas stoves, all of our sterilization of syringes and needles was done by boiling them over a charcoal fire. It was very unhandy and certainly not practical, but the best we could do. That was all right for syringes and instruments, but it didn't work for gloves. Once when Dr. Nelson wanted to do some minor surgery, we needed both gloves and sterile drapes, towels, etc. I experimented with an oven over a charcoal fire like we used for baking in our home. The gloves melted from too much heat and the packages of towels got scorched spots.

From that time on, we started to use a large pressure cooker. That worked much better, at least they didn't melt or scorch. But it was almost impossible to dry out a package of supplies and if it remains wet, it isn't considered sterile. Yet the pressure cooker was what we used the most and that for many years. It served us well. It became much easier when eventually gas became available and we switched immediately. In later years we installed a steam autoclave and we were really in business. Even then, the old pressure cooker continued serving us for quicker and smaller loads. By the time I left Haiti, it was no longer possible to get parts for it. The model was just too old.

The first operation that I really remember Dr. Nelson doing was in the fifties. The patient was a twelve year old girl with a huge ovarian cyst. But let me quote from an article written by Dr. Nelson himself:

"About five months ago, Claudette, a very pathetic little girl around twelve years of age, came to the clinic. Like many of the Haitian children, she had a very large abdomen ever since she was a baby. But her abdomen was getting larger all the time in spite of the many doses of worm medicine that her mother had given her. The parents wanted me to give them some stronger medicine for her. Upon examining Claudette, I found that she had a very large tumor and needed an operation. The very illiterate parents went sadly away, with the equally sad little girl, not believing what I had told them.

"Two months ago they returned and wanted me to see the little girl again to see if anything else could be done. My diagnosis was the same and we finally arranged for the operation. Much to my surprise, two days before the scheduled date, they came in. We checked Claudette over and found that she was in fair condition, so with much prayer we went ahead. Miss Johnson scrubbed for the operation, and since we needed another assistant, we instructed our orderly, Belvius, on how to scrub up. We also sterilized about all the instruments we had, to be prepared for whatever we might run into. Mrs. Nelson (a nurse), gave the anesthetic.

"Before the operation, our evangelist dealt with Claudette and she was assured of her salvation. Then just before we began, we committed all things into our Lord's hands and He truly

was with us. We found a tumor the size of a basketball with three quarts of fluid and other contents in it. It was removed and the abdomen was about half the size it had been previously. Claudette recovered rapidly and it was a very happy-faced girl with a cleaned soul that said good-bye to us two weeks after the operation.

"But then there was the case of the young mother with her first child of several weeks of age. She sat with the other mothers in the chapel on a Wednesday morning and listened to a message on salvation. After the service, Pastor Pradieu, our evangelist, dealt faithfully with each mother as she waited her turn to enter the consultation room. This mother was dealt with along with the others, but she definitely refused the true goodness and grace of God by not accepting Christ as her Savior. Like many others, she told Pradieu, 'another day.'

"One week later, as we were very busy with a crowd of people, there was a commotion on the outside. A group of men and women arrived carrying a young woman on an improvised stretcher--two limbs of a tree tied with vines to the rockers of a rocking chair. An unconscious young woman was slumped down in the chair. Pradieu recognized her as the mother he had spoken to the previous week. Now it was impossible to speak to her in this state. This, for her, was not 'another day' to accept Jesus as her Savior. We examined her well, gave her an injection and put her in the women's building for observation.

"The illness had come on suddenly, but when we saw her she was near death's door. That evening her family and friends carried her back up the main road to her home, where they prepared for her funeral.

The following day around four o'clock, a woman called at our home and asked if I could come to see the young mother. She had revived somewhat, so I quickly threw some medicines into a kit, borrowed a bicycle and started up the main road. The home was about three miles from the mission station. As I rode along, I was hoping that maybe the Lord was going to give her 'another day' to listen to His call. There was just one more corner to go around, and then up a little hill, but alas, a woman hailed me as I was speeding along and said, 'Too late, she is dead.' This poor soul had revived a little to fight off death, but sin and death were the victors, and for this young mother, there will not be another day."

Pioneer Girls

This following series of experiences took place during the ten-year period, 1959-1969, when we were without a permanent doctor. The Nelsons left in 1959 after having been with us for almost thirteen years. They returned in 1969 and again worked with us, this time leaving in 1976. We had a young woman doctor with us from 1965 to 1967, but her health would not allow her to stay. Occasionally we had help from visiting doctors but that was sporadic. For the most part, we nurses had to carry the brunt of the load. In 1974, Dr. Lovinsky Severe, a Haitian, joined our clinic staff and he was a great help. It was about that time, too, that our hospital came into being and the whole picture changed.

It was in 1959 that Dr. Nelson and his family resigned from the mission and left Haiti. We were shocked and hurt. Four nurses, Jennie Razumny, Shirley Ackerman, Lila Anderson and myself, plus Maryon Border, our lab technician, were left behind and it was hard to face the future. Maryon left us, too, very shortly, feeling that without a doctor, there was little need for her to stay. She had trained a Haitian fellow and was confident that he could do all that we nurses would need. Before she left, she talked me into taking over the leadership of "Pioneer Girls," which she had started with the missionary children. Dr. Nelson had worked with the boys in what they called "Boy's Brigade." I consented, took the study course and got my certificate for leadership. Maryon had worked in "Pioneer Girls" in the States, but I had never even heard of the organization until she started one for our missionary children. I kept it up for seven years until my bout with tuberculosis in 1966 forced me to give it up.

I thoroughly enjoyed the girls. Not only did they benefit, but it was an excellent outlet for me. We ranged in numbers from five to around ten and from grades three through eight. Ninth graders usually went to the States for the remainder of their education. We met every other week in uniform. It was a full evening with Bible lessons, devotions, and fun time, crafts and games. We tried to have an outing once a month--nature hike, cookout, swimming--whatever we could come up with. Once a year we had our "Camp Cherith." The usual time was right after

Christmas and the place was always at our beach home. Swimming and cooking took up much of the time. Most of the girls slept in hammocks, and that was half the fun.

The girls worked hard for badges which they proudly wore on their uniforms. These were earned by satisfactorily completing certain sets of requirements. Their favorites, and most earned, seemed to be centered around the Bible. There were long lists they could choose from.

We had just started a project of collecting and identifying seashells. Our plan was to display a fishing net in the mission all-purpose room. Upon it we would attach all the different kinds of shells we could find with an identification label. We had accumulated quite a supply and the boxes were kept in my house. Then Hurricane Cleo struck and that was the end of it all. The shells, boxes, and everything else was destroyed. I never even tried looking for them, crushed under the rubble.

Once we planned a weekend trip by sailboat to the Island of Ile a Vaches. Saturday morning, with all our paraphernalia, we got into the boat that would take us across. Getting in was a feat in itself, for each one of us had to be carried out on the back of a Haitian. The boat could not come in closer in the shallow water and it wouldn't be safe to use the dock. Had we started earlier, we could have arrived quicker, as the wind is stronger then, but we were too slow. Consequently, instead of taking three hours to make the trip, it took six. The skipper had to tack back and forth, back and forth, making very slow progress. Several times he picked up his conch shell and blew it loudly to 'call the wind.'

We had not brought food with us as we had arranged for a Haitian woman to cook our meals for us. But we did bring drinking water and a tent to sleep in. When we finally got there after six tiring hours, my littlest girl, Peggy Douliere, was worn out and sound asleep. She had been afraid of the skipper and I was glad when she went to sleep. I simply picked her up, waded to shore, and carried her to a Haitian home and laid her down on a bed. She never woke up until the next morning.

The rest of us had work to do. First, we must pitch our tent. We chose a level spot not far from the church, pounded in the stakes and set it up. Blankets were spread out and soon there were wall to wall girls. Every one of them wanted to be in the tent but there wasn't that much room. A few, the youngest, had to stay in the house with me. The missionary who came along to help stretched herself out directly in front of the open flap of the tent so she could control any unwanted activity. After countless giggles, scare stories, and trips outside 'to go,' they finally settled down to sleep. We all did.

Sometime around two o'clock in the morning, I was rudely awakened. My helper was pounding on my door and hollering for me to come help. The wind was howling, the rain made a deafening pounding on the tin roof, and I heard the sound of tin banging. A sudden, unexpected storm! Out in the tent the girls were getting wet, not from a leaky tent, but from the water pouring in underneath. Their blankets were sopping wet. We hadn't dug a ditch around to lead off any water. Actually we hadn't even chosen our spot very well but were in direct line of the runoff higher up. We had been tired and all we thought about was getting some sleep. The sound of the banging tin was ominous. Would it come flying at us from the church roof? The storm was soon over, about as quick as it had started and we were none the worse for wear. Raincoats spread over the wet blankets took care of part of the problem and we all got a little more sleep.

The next morning was Sunday, a beautiful day. The blankets got hung out on the bushes and a now unnecessary ditch was dug around the tent. A good Haitian breakfast put us in good spirits. The children had a good part of the morning service with songs and a puppet lesson. The afternoon was spent enjoying the beach and the evening back in church. We went to bed early that night and returned home the next morning. This time the wind was just right and we sailed over the waters in a mere three hours. We had a wonderful, unforgettable weekend, rich in memories and experiences.

I loved working with those girls. They knew they were free to come to my home any time they could find us there, to check some work they were doing for a badge, or just to talk. Sometimes it was help they needed for a project they were doing. Then there were the awards presentation programs when all the missionaries attended. The girls were proud of the badges they earned and I was proud of the girls..

Ken And Luana

We nurses were as busy as we could be in the clinic. We were swamped with patients clamoring to be seen, and no doctor to help us. It was about mid-morning when Luana Ship suddenly appeared on the scene, and one look at her face told us that something was wrong. It was her husband, Ken, who was sick. He was home with a fever and had just vomited fresh blood.

Ken and Luana had come to the field engaged, were married there and now, less than six months after the wedding, were in real trouble. Hemorrhaging strikes terror to any nurse's heart, knowing that quick action must be taken. How much worse if she has no doctor to fall back on. Fortunately, there was a Haitian doctor that we missionaries all liked very much. Dr. Adrien had a private practice in the city of Cayes and was always willing to help us with an emergency. Much to our regret, he didn't stay long but left the country. I believe it was to Africa.

We nurses were aware of Ken's history and it frightened us into action. Years before, he had almost lost his life, when for some unknown reason, a blood vessel in his throat had ruptured. It was one of those unexplainable things, a rare case. In all probability, it would never happen again in his life. In later years, when he applied to the Mission, his doctor cleared him, completely. He was accepted only on the condition that he accept full responsibility should the problem ever return.

Our first step was to get in contact with Dr. Adrien. His order was, "Bring him in to the hospital immediately." A private room, intravenous fluids, blood transfusion--but the bleeding continued. In the late evening both the electricity and water were cut off (routinely) and we resorted to kerosene lamps and water from buckets. The only hope was to get him to the States. I was chosen to accompany them because I had the same blood type as Ken and Dr. Adrien felt it might be needed. Shirley stayed with him that night at the hospital while I got some rest and got ready for the flight home the next morning.

In the small plane from Cayes to Port-au-Prince, Ken lay on a stretcher placed on the floor behind the seats. Two missionary men had driven in during the night to be there on our arrival and to get all the papers and red tape in order. When we arrived in Port-au-Prince, there was a delay. A Pan American plane was waiting to take off, but it delayed the flight until we could get clearance. The problem was that Ken was so critically ill that Pan Am was fearful of taking him on. It wasn't until I offered to sign papers saying I would take the full responsibility, that they allowed us to board the plane. Ken was transferred to a Pan Am stretcher and carried into the first class section. There the seats were folded down and the stretcher placed on top. Luana and I sat beside him. A drawn curtain separated us somewhat from other passengers.

The crew was most helpful and kind, giving him oxygen, flying at as low an altitude as they could, and trying to meet our needs. They called ahead to Miami for an ambulance to be waiting. It was a three hour flight, but when we were about half way there, Ken slipped away to be with the Lord. It wasn't an easy death, but a struggle to the end. I'll never forget how hard it was to say those few words--"Luana, he's gone."

In Miami, the two of us were the first ones off and we were escorted to a private room for questioning. Later, in the home of friends, telephone calls were made to the parents and the sad and shocking news given. Choosing a coffin and making arrangements for flying the body to Colorado all had to be done that same day. The next day Luana flew on, too.

Luana served many years in Haiti after losing her husband. She remarried, has a beautiful family and eventually left Haiti to serve the Lord in the States. She didn't give up when the going got hard.

So many times I have thought back to that experience and still marvel at how the Lord gives grace and strength in time of need. On the plane, as I saw life ebbing away, He gave me strength and composure in order that I might be strong and able to minister to both their needs. After the death, He kept me strong and calm, for there was much ahead that needed to be done. I asked Him to keep me from breaking and He did. After all was done that I could do and Luana was safely on the plane heading homeward, my floodgates opened up.

I stayed over an extra day in Miami before returning to Haiti and went to church that Sunday morning. I got along fine until they asked for visitors to stand up and introduce themselves. I ignored the request and pretended I was an old timer. But someone spotted me and knew that I'd never been there before. I had no choice, I had to stand up. Giving some vague

information about "Just visiting," I sat down, but they wouldn't let me get by with that. As their questions came, the truth must needs come out, but I didn't get far at all. I choked up, the tears spilled over and this time they let me sit down and stay down.

Pastor Joseph

For some reason or other, clinic wasn't open that day and I was up at my house working in the kitchen when a jeep came driving up. It stopped right in front of my door. I didn't wait for a knock, I went out to investigate. There was Pastor Joseph sitting very uncomfortably in the passenger seat. I quickly got the story. He had been riding his bicycle when his pant leg caught in the chain and threw him to the ground. He had fallen on a rock and couldn't get up. Along came this jeep and the driver offered to take him to our clinic about two miles away. "Drive down to the clinic," I instructed them, "and I'll be down right away."

Poor Pastor Jo, as we all so lovingly called him. He endured the pain as the driver carried him into the clinic and placed him on the examining table. I suspected the problem, but had to know for sure and I couldn't examine him while he was cramped up in the seat of the jeep. Sure enough, it was a fractured hip. The position of his leg with the foot rotated outward, left no question about it. How I wished for a doctor and a hospital of our own!!

There wasn't anything that I could do for him. What was even worse, I knew that in the local hospital in Cayes, they wouldn't be able to do much either. He needed to go to Port-au-Prince, but we couldn't take him there. I had no choice. Explaining carefully so that he would understand that he had a fracture, and that I could not do anything for that type, I suggested that he go directly to the hospital in Cayes. The driver, who had been so kind, took him in. In a jeep, with a fractured hip, riding over rough roads two miles to the hospital, I cringe just to think of it.

The hospital accepted him and kept him relatively comfortable in bed until they could decide what to do with him. Missionaries visited him and kept me posted. Four days later, on a busy Saturday morning, one of the missionary men appeared at the clinic with an urgent request. "Pastor Jo is to be transferred to Port-au-Prince on the plane this morning and he wants you to go along. Can you do it?"

Wow! I was willing, yes, but how could I manage it? The other nurses would carry on with the patients at the clinic. No problem there. But I had only forty minutes before plane time. That meant a maximum of twenty to get out of my uniform, pack a suitcase, and then a bare twenty minutes to drive to the airport. We would really have to move to make it. No time to think of what I'd take along. I just threw some essentials into a small case, jumped into the waiting vehicle and we were off. We made it, right at the same time that the ambulance with Pastor Jo arrived. As the missionary purchased our tickets, I turned my attention to my patient. He was having considerable pain and had not been given any sedation. I gave him an injection that I hoped would hold him for the duration of the trip. It would only be a half hour once we were airborne.

The plane taxied to a stop directly in front of us. It didn't take much more than ten minutes to let off a few passengers and take on new ones. We were the last to get on. The stretcher was carried onto the plane and placed on the floor behind the last seat. I buckled up in the seat closest to him. Now I had time to think and wonder--no one was scheduled to meet us--no plans! Pastor Jo had realized nothing could be done for him in the Cayes hospital and had suddenly decided he must go to the capitol where he could get help. If he didn't get that Saturday plane, there wouldn't be another chance until the next Tuesday.

There was too much noise in the small plane for me to have much conversation with Pastor Jo. Besides, I needed to be buckled up. However, there was nothing stopping me from communicating with my Lord and keeping an eye on my patient at the same time. Of course, He already knew how He was going to handle the situation, but I didn't know, and that bothered me. I reminded the Lord that it was Saturday and that most doctors don't work on that day. I also told Him that "You can't just take a patient like that to the hospital without a doctor's order." Besides, how would I even get him transported to a hospital? Over and over again I repeated Philippians 4:19 in the hope that it would bolster my faith and drive away my fears. "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

We arrived safely at our destination. I remained seated while all the passengers got off. Now, it was our turn. No one offered to help, but I did get a positive response from some of the workers around the plane. "Would you please just carry him in for me and place the stretcher on the floor? That's all I ask of you." It worked. So far so good, step number one accomplished.

The room was small and relatively empty. There was a desk and a bench and that was it. A few soldiers milled about. The local air service was run by the Army and their terminal did not include any conveniences for travelers. The stretcher was placed close to a wall where it would be out of the way as much as possible. My small thermos of drinking water was close beside Pastor Jo. Squatting down on my haunches near him, we had a little conference.

"Pastor Jo, I'm going to have to leave you here while I make a mad dash to find help. I will go out and catch either a taxi or a "Top-Top," whichever comes first. I will go directly to "Ecole St. Vincent" to look for Sister Joan. If I can find her, I know she will help us."

"I will be fine right here," he assured me, "Don't worry about me. But before you leave, let us pray about it and ask God for His direction." He prayed a beautiful prayer that put courage and strength into my heart and gave me the assurance that God was in control.

I hurried out into the busy street that was teeming with people and beasts loaded with heavy burdens. A taxi! Oh, thank you, Lord. I would much rather have a taxi than a Top-Top. I'll get there quicker. It stopped! Praise the Lord! In twenty minutes I was at the door of Ecole St. Vincent. It was already past one o'clock and by all rules and regulations Sister Joan should not be there, not on a Saturday. But she was!! Thank You, Lord! Step number two accomplished.

What a relief it was to find her. I choked up as I recounted my story and filled her in with the details. I held back the tears until she said, "God wanted me here and kept me until you came. I was getting my things together to go up to our mountain home for the weekend. I should have been gone an hour ago, but He delayed me. Isn't our God wonderful?"

Sister Joan knew how to get the wheels rolling. First came the making of two big sandwiches and the instructions for me to hurry back to Pastor Jo and stay with him until she could send a vehicle to get him. A sandwich for each of us. We were hungry! I saved mine until I could enjoy it with him.

It was mid-afternoon before we were picked up by the school's chauffeur and taken to the big General Hospital, where Sister Joan was waiting for us. The patient was carried on our stretcher into the emergency room and placed on the floor. A young woman doctor, probably an intern, came in to examine him. Before she started, I explained what had happened and that his hip was fractured. As Sister Joan and I stood helplessly watching, the doctor took hold of his leg and started to raise it. He screamed in pain and she put it down. Then, with her face hardened in anger, she yelled, "I've got to examine you, so you might as well take it," and with that she proceeded to swing the injured leg up and in a wide circular motion. The pain was intense. Having finally satisfied herself that it was indeed broken, she stalked out of the room without a word.

I had been so very careful to keep his leg in a good position, bolstered by pillows to avoid as much displacement of the bone as possible. His legs had been even in length when we brought him in. Now, after this grueling episode with the intern, there was at least a two inch difference. I wondered how much tearing and damage had been done on the inside from the jagged bone ends. My heart ached for the man and Sister Joan could hardly contain her anger.

"I have an ampoule of Demerol in my purse, Sister Joan. I wish I could give it to him now, but I can't without the doctor's order," I confided to my dear friend. She agreed that he needed it desperately and said, "Let me handle it." About that time the door opened and the doctor came back in. In a very sweet and controlled voice, Sister Joan addressed her. "Doctor, there is an order for an injection of Demerol due right now and Miss Johnson has it. Would it be all right with you if she gives it?" Looking at the patient who was so clearly in pain, she gave her consent and left the room. I lost no time in administering the narcotic sedative. Sister Joan was smiling smugly as she said, "No need to tell her that YOU were the one that ordered the shot."

There was no vacant adult bed available in the orthopedic section of the hospital and the only way Sister Joan could get him in was by offering to bring one of her youth beds down to release an adult bed that was occupied by a youth. Her chauffeur was waiting for her order to go after it. As we talked, we wondered about the rough handling Pastor Jo might get when transferred from the stretcher to the bed. If the intern was rough, what would the orderlies be

like? The solution? She told the chauffeur to go after the bed but not to return with it until an hour had elapsed. That would give the injection that I'd given him time to reach its maximum effect and thus minimize the pain. The transfer went smoothly and the orderlies were actually gentle.

The orthopedic ward! I counted the beds and there were sixty of them, all in that one room. At least half of them had two patients to a bed, one at either end. Pastor Jo had his bed all to himself and was in about the middle of the ward. We had prayer together and I left him and went home with Sister Joan. She lived in the Episcopalian convent, but I stayed at Ecole St. Vincent, the school for handicapped children.

Surgery was on Monday and they pinned his hip. He came through it beautifully with no complications. The doctor told him it was only cracked a little, but we knew better. They never want to tell the patient the truth for fear it will upset them. I remained in Port-au-Prince for most of that week, going to the hospital daily to see about him and do anything I could for him.

What a man, that Pastor Jo! What a love he had for God and what a burden he had for his people! I was concerned about his being in that hospital and one day I asked him if he would like to be transferred to a private hospital where he could get better care. I'll never forget his answer.

"Miss Johnson! Leave this hospital? God has placed me here for a purpose. Where would I find such a hungry audience just waiting for someone to explain to them the way of salvation? My first night here, I read my Bible and prayed aloud so others could hear. After the surgery and while still confined to bed, I sang hymns and invited the patients to join me. Many did. Some in wheelchairs came to my bedside and joined in our devotions. Now that I am up in a wheelchair, I go around to the patients, not just in this ward but others, too. I am free."

His eyes were moist and shiny as he told me of the many that were being saved. He told me how many said that they had been listening to our radio station, had heard the Word, but had not yet made a decision. They were ripe and ready for him to harvest. He was free in the hospital to sing, to pray, to explain the Word and to lead hungry souls to Christ.

I returned home with a happy heart. God had indeed known what He was going to do, who He was going to use as vessels, as cogs in a wheel, or as links in a chain. Before Pastor Jo left that hospital, there were at least sixty patients that he had introduced to the Savior. Many more lives had been enriched by his testimony. Mine was one of them.

Pastor Jo was one of our outstanding Haitian Pastors, and was loved by all who knew him. He was compassionate, gentle, and a man of Godly wisdom. He was a leader among his people. Eventually, because of the political activities of a son, he had to leave Haiti. Today he is in Guadeloupe, aged and crippled up with arthritis.

When I apologized to Sister Joan for having interrupted her plans for a weekend in the mountains, her response was one I always want to remember. "It doesn't matter one bit that I didn't get to go. The main thing, the important thing, is being available anytime our Lord wants to use us. Time and place are not important, but being available at all times to go anywhere or do anything, that is what counts."

Marianne

Marianne couldn't read and she was embarrassed. Not even the simple phonetically written Creole could she make out. She had tried several times to learn in an adult literacy class, but when others caught on and she felt left behind, she quit. She was convinced that it was impossible for her to learn. She worked for us nurses in our home and was a trusted, valuable girl, but it bothered us that she couldn't read.

"Marianne, won't you try again," I coaxed her. "Let me help you. Let's see if we can't do it with just you in the class." She stuck to her refusal, afraid of failing again. I begged and pleaded and finally she consented to just a try. She made sure I understood that it was only a little try, not a promise. She wanted a door left open to escape just in case she needed it.

We started with the alphabet ever so slowly. She knew most of them by name and that encouraged her. Then I explained that every letter had a name but also every letter had a sound. It said something. A cat is called a cat, but what it says is meow. I made flash cards and she memorized them. When we began to put two letters together to form a word, we ran into trouble.

I found that I couldn't work with her more than five or ten minutes before she would get frustrated and want to quit. I would try to anticipate that boiling point and stop just short of it. There are many two letter Creole words and on these I concentrated. M-a, mm-aaa, mm-aa, m-a, m-a, faster and faster, hoping she would hear the word and say ma. But no, it just wouldn't click. We used various two letter combinations and it was the same. She just simply couldn't connect the word with the sounds separated. This went on for many weeks but we kept at it, a few minutes here and a few there. Over and over she tried to convince me that she was too simple to learn but I knew otherwise.

One morning we had a session before I went down to the clinic to work. We were working on a three word sentence--Na fe sa--(we will do that). She got the sounds--N-a, f-e, s-a. She repeated the three broken-up words faster and faster. Suddenly something clicked and she burst out in a shout--Na fe sa!! She heard it and she could hardly believe her ears--Na fe sa, na fe sa, na fe sa! She could scarcely contain her joy and cried and laughed at the same time. "Merci, Bon Dieu. Merci anpil, anpil." (Thank You, God. Thank You so very much.) The light had dawned and she knew that now she would go ahead. From that day on I never had to cut our lessons short. She was eager to learn and made good progress. The Creole New Testament was her favorite reading book. Some years later she married one of our fine Christian men who was very active in our local church. Marianne continued to study and eventually learned to read and understand some French. Over and over, time and again, she has thanked me for not letting her quit when she wanted to. I'm glad the Lord didn't give up on ME when I've been discouraged.

It was a different story with a friend of Marianne's. Marianne talked her into asking me to teach her to read. I didn't have more than a month with her and it wasn't long enough to discover where her hang-up was. I was challenged by her but she didn't allow me to continue. She knew the entire alphabet by name and had no trouble in recognizing each letter. I read a recipe to her once and she could repeat it back verbatim. If I would go over a list of words in her "Learn to Read Creole" book just once, then she could 'read' the list to me from there on, word perfect. But take a word out of its position and she hadn't the faintest idea what it was. I could write a simple word on the board and she didn't recognize it. I was puzzled, to say the least, but was extremely careful lest she realize how I felt.

I was so sorry when she called a halt to the lessons. Just when I thought I was getting somewhere, she stopped coming. She was fearful lest someone should see her and make fun of her. Absolutely convinced that she was incapable of learning, she gave up. She was the best cook the Ropp family ever had in their home. Once you told her a recipe, she never forgot it. She stored them all in her brain. I would have loved to have worked longer with her so that one day I would see the light dawn as it did for Marianne. Then I could have seen the joy when the letters suddenly leaped out and made words for her. For her, that day never came.

Retirement

Retirement! It was always way off in the future and not something I especially looked forward to. I knew it would inevitably come, that is, if the Lord didn't take me HOME first. But I had no intention of hurrying it along. I don't know how, but somewhere along the way the years began to double their pace. Suddenly retirement was staring me straight in the face. What would I do? A switch from an extremely busy and often hectic life of a missionary nurse in Haiti, to a quiet retirement in the States did not in any way appeal to me. Where would I go? How would I occupy my time? I feared loneliness and inactivity. God had made it very clear to me that it was time for me to go. I had no doubt about that part of it. What He didn't tell me was what plans He had for the future. Being me, I worried about it.

I should have known better, but I'm a slow learner. I'm no better than the children of Israel who rejoiced and praised God for His miracles. Then they quickly doubted and complained when things got rough, ignoring and forgetting His promises. It had not been many years since I had struggled in order to build up financial security for retirement. The Lord had made it very clear to me that I could safely trust Him and what a joy and peace came into my heart! I renewed again my commitment to serve Him in Haiti for as long as He wanted me there. Now He was calling a halt, and soon I would be classed as a retired missionary--inactive. Ugh!!

It's years later now, and the above is history. So often I am asked, "Do you miss Haiti? Would you like to go back?" Sure, I'd like to go back someday, but only for a visit. There are many things about Haiti that I miss, but I'm glad I don't have to go back and repeat those years. That part of my life is finished and the new phase is in the process. I'm finding that the Lord is still meeting my needs, leading me, and teaching me just as faithfully now as He did during those strenuous years when I was an "active" missionary. He hasn't failed me yet and according to His promises, He never will.

What about the loneliness and boredom that I feared would come? Well, it hasn't really caught me yet and hopefully it never will. The Lord has been so good to me. My church has provided me with a lovely apartment out at their 125 acre campground, rent free and even utilities free. A caretaker couple live on the grounds so I am not alone.

The camp is relatively new so is constantly in the process of being developed. Last summer we ran a total of about seven hundred children through one-week long camps. It has a nine acre lake, a fifty foot long swimming pool, mini golf course, gymnasium, beautiful and well-equipped kitchen and dining room, and a dozen paddle boats. Children as well as adults can enjoy it. Lives are changed which makes it all worthwhile. We are looking forward, too, towards weekend retreats, etc. at other times of the year. One day I heard the Pastor talking about building a small complex of retirement homes for some of our needy older folks over to one side of the property.

I love being a part of this ministry. I have no job description, no specific tasks, but it's not hard to get involved. All I have to do is open my eyes and look. Dormitories, bathrooms, shower rooms, kitchen--none of those clean themselves. One year I made eighty mattress covers for the new mattresses in the girls' dormitories. In the spring, flower beds need weeding. In the summer a camp nurse is needed.

Last summer I told the camp director that I wanted a plunger (plumber's helper) in every bathroom so I wouldn't have to go hunting in an emergency. In camps, girls are experts at stopping up toilets. I'd go grab the plunger and where would I eventually find it? Way up at the other end of camp in the gymnasium bathroom! I'd get my exercise, that's for sure, but that is not exactly what I was needing at that precise moment. I have my plungers now.

I don't recall what odd job I was doing when someone asked, "Do you have to do THAT?" No, I didn't have to. But so what? It was something that needed to be done and I was available. That's what I always did in Haiti. When I told the Lord that I'd be willing to do anything He asked of me, I didn't specify. And I don't intend to start now. By His grace I want to do what I can, be it great or small, pleasant or unpleasant--and do it as unto Him. There have been some terribly unpleasant tasks that I have offered to do. But there has been unexplainable joy in doing it for Jesus' sake. I couldn't have been hired to do some kinds of work, but I will gladly offer to do it for the Lord. That is the big difference.

Some people are continually complaining about being so lonely. Some are housebound and are always fussing about people being too busy to come and see them. Even some who are not confined to their homes are still lonely. "Get out," I tell them, "get involved in doing things for others. Go visit someone who is far worse off than you are." They don't seem to hear me. Maybe they don't want to.

One of the things that concerned me when I first settled here was the loneliness of our many shut-ins. I soon got involved. How I appreciate the faithfulness of the women working with me. Even though a number of our elderly friends on our visitation list have died, there are others who take their place. We are not limited to just members of our church, but try to reach out to those who are in need. There are so many hurting, needy people if we would only open our eyes to see them. I've tried to encourage shut-ins to reach out to each other by phone and some have responded.

One year I helped with the care of a friend with terminal cancer until the Lord took her home. What a blessing it was to me to be able to minister to her needs. For so long she was unable to accept it, could not say the word cancer, nor talk of the possibility of death. She tried so hard to ignore it, at least to others, and the tension only built up within her. Bit by bit we worked through it and got it out in the open where the family could talk about it. Her favorite topic of conversation became Heaven and the joy of seeing Jesus. Then God took her HOME.

My interest and burden for missions has not diminished. To stimulate prayer interest and get the church family better acquainted with the missionaries that we support, I made up sets of prayer cards and made them available to anyone who would use them and pray for them on a regular basis.

The cards were six inches by four inches and had the family picture, names and birthdays, the field of labor and other pertinent information. We made copies and each pack contained a separate card for each family or individual we support. I encouraged folks to take a pack home and pray daily, using one card per day. It would take a month to go through them that way. One father told me that they inadvertently skipped one day and their little girl reminded him of the oversight. They stopped right then and there and prayed for their missionary. That thrilled me. My next pressing job is to revise the cards. Some are outdated and some new names have been added.

A frequently asked question is, "Are you enjoying retirement?" and I answer a hearty "yes." Morning comes and if I don't feel like getting up early, I can sleep in. That was a luxury denied me all those years in Haiti. Even if I didn't have to go to work or had the day off, there was too much early morning noise to stay asleep. Roosters competed for the loudest and earliest crow and if they didn't succeed in waking me, the vendors calling out their wares did.

Sometimes it was a patient banging on my door or calling at my window, insisting the case was urgent. No sleeping through that! Here I have country quietness and often awake to the song of birds singing outside my window. My alarm clock went into retirement, too.

The reduced schedule and greatly diminished pace that I'm now living agrees with me. I NEED the extra time to get anything done. You know how it is when the body slows down, joints stiffen, and your fast walk is what your slow walk used to be. I discovered that last one when I was walking up a hill with my brother, and instead of being ahead of him like I used to be, I was lagging behind and puffing. He would notice it and turn around and grin. I'm in better shape now, I tell myself. That was when I first came home and was tired and run down. All the outdoor work here at the campgrounds is keeping me fit.

I had to fence in my raised garden bed this spring because last year the deer helped themselves. I've encouraged them to come but I never invited them for dinner!! Our lake is named after them, Deer Lake. I don't need all those vegetables myself, but I do have some shut-in friends that like them. And the exercise of raising a garden is good for what ails me.

As I look back over my years, it is easy to see many shortcomings and failures, but I don't dwell on them. God has forgiven and He does not hold them against me. My heart is full of praise and thanksgiving for His bountiful blessings to me, undeserving as I am. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. (Psalm 103:1,2) His free gift of salvation became mine when I was but a child. I couldn't earn it, but He freely gave it when I asked Him to forgive my sins and teach me to live for Him. It was as simple as that.

I think back on my years as a missionary nurse in Haiti. They were hard, yes, and sometimes so frustrating. But what a privilege to be God's servant in that needy land. I was nothing more than a simple, unadorned, earthen clay vessel wanting to be used by the Potter Who made me. I thank Him for the many years I have been able to serve Him.

Do I regret my years as a missionary? A thousand times NO!! I'm glad I gave Him the very best that I had. I just did what I could. His retirement program is the best ever and more is yet to come. One of these days He will call me HOME and that's when the praising will really begin. You just might hear me shouting for joy when I meet my Haitian friends. They are the redeemed who dared to turn their backs on Satan and reach out to our Lord's outstretched hands. Yes, it will be worth it all when we (I) see Jesus!

Up-To-Date Notes

I was puzzled to say the least. What was wrong with me? I had never felt like this before. Responding to an early morning knock on my upstairs apartment door, I had bolted out of bed. Another hurt or sick camper, I surmised, judging by the intensity of the knock. But I couldn't rush to the door. I couldn't even stand up without holding onto something solid. I swayed like a drunkard, like the pendulum on a malfunctioning clock. There was no pain, no

sense of dizziness or any discomfort. I just could not keep my balance. In the night something had gone drastically wrong with the automatic balancing mechanism of my ear. Holding onto the walls and chairs, I managed to get to the door. The knock was getting louder. I hoped it wasn't a complicated injury. Cautiously, struggling to keep myself upright, I opened the door and saw the prettiest little brown-eyed girl looking up at me. Holding a dripping, mud-saturated sneaker, she looked me straight in the eye and pleaded, "Miss Bernice, would you give me some laundry detergent to wash my shoe? I stepped in a mud puddle!!!"

Medication, therapy, and dogged determination over the next six months brought a measure of improvement. Then, just in time for my seventy-fifth birthday, I toppled and badly shattered my ankle. That was the last straw! No longer could I live out at the campgrounds, much less have an active ministry there. I had been part of this work since its inception ten years before and I loved it. Now that chapter of my life was suddenly completed.

There was a brick house, a side by side duplex, that often caught my eye when I would drive to church. I liked the location--the corner lot directly across the street from my church. It faced a boulevard with pretty flowering trees down the middle. Thoughts of my future went fleeting through my mind. The years were stacking up rapidly. Wouldn't that be a nice place to live, I'd think, in town so close to the church. What I didn't know until much later was that the house belonged to my church and they were renting out both apartments.

Today, as I sit writing this story, I am on the inside of that house, in the very apartment that I had secretly wished for. I call it HOME. It was remodeled, has central air and is fully carpeted. The church really fixed it up for me and then moved me bag and baggage and helped me settle in. Isaiah 65:24 says "--before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

Now I have plenty of time to think and to reminisce. The chorus of a song frequently comes to my mind:

How many are the lost that I have lifted?
 How many are the chained I've helped to free?
 I wonder, have I done my best for Jesus,
 When He has done so much for me?

There have been difficult and trying times in my life. Is any child of God exempt? "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." (Psalm 34:19) I was no exception and the Lord has faithfully brought me through even as He said He would.

I'm ashamed to admit it, but on my first term on the field, I found myself a bit angry with God. My parents were seemingly in good health when I left for Haiti. I expected God to keep them that way, but during my very first term, they both died of cancer just nineteen months apart. "What are you doing, God," I cried, "What are you trying to tell me? It isn't fair!"

That first furlough with home and parents gone was torture. And God's answer was simply, "Trust Me." I took comfort in Luke 18:29,30. "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." To this day I am amazed and thankful to God for the host of friends He has given me and the homes that have opened up to me all along the way. How true that verse proved to be.

Have you ever suffered from depression? I don't mean for a day or two, but a month or two or maybe more. I hope you never do, for it is a miserable state to be in. I had just a little taste of it and I don't ever want to see it again. I wasn't angry with God that time, but I couldn't seem to reach Him for help. I sort of felt as if I was in a pit unable to reach up to God's hand that He was extending towards me. It was a horrible feeling. To make matters worse was the self-accusing thought that I was failing God because missionaries are not supposed to react like this. But we are human, aren't we? As God's children, we may think that we should be exempt from emotional struggles. But we aren't.

I had contracted tuberculosis. The combination of the intensive, powerful drugs used to combat the disease, plus the total isolation for several months raised havoc with my emotions. To make matters worse, one of the medications set off a loud vibrating roar in my ears that never let up day or night. I asked my doctor, "Can that noise drive me crazy?" "No," she said, "but your reaction to it could." Nearly two years later when the treatment was completed, the noise stopped

as suddenly as it had begun. Oh, how thankful I was to be free of it! And it hadn't succeeded in driving me crazy, either. Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!!

I have to tell you about my friend Elsa. I had worked for her as a maid in her home before I went off to college and we kept in touch through the years. Each furlough I would visit her and talk to her about the Lord. Her response was always the same. "Jesus is not the Son of God, the Bible is just a book, and you can't go by what it says."

One day in Haiti I received a letter from her. "I'm coming to get you. I want you to come home and take care of me the rest of my life. I will make it well worth your time financially. You have given enough of your life to God!" I was flabbergasted!! Did she really think I could be bought? She was a wealthy woman and maybe financially I would be ahead. But--I was not my own! I belonged to God. My answer was, "NOT FOR SALE."

A few years later on furlough I visited her and found her in declining health both physically and mentally. I spent several days with her in her home knowing it would be my last chance. She had never before admitted that she was a sinner. She was a "good person," but that last day that I was with her, the Lord opened her heart and her understanding and she prayed the sinner's prayer in earnest. For nearly thirty years I had prayed for her salvation. Two years later the Lord took her Home.

Then there was Ingy. He was my brother, nearly three years older than I. Every furlough I would make sure I visited him at least once. We didn't have much in common for our lives were totally different and our interests so opposite. Sometimes I would have to track him down, or hunt until I found him. But I never missed seeing him on furlough and letting him know that I cared. I corresponded with him regularly but his responses were few and far between. He was my wandering brother and I longed with all my heart to see him saved.

After I retired, I noticed a slight change in his attitude and even enjoyed a three-day visit with him, instead of the usual strained three hours or less. He asked questions about God. He had never done this before, but then he would get uncomfortable and not want to hear any more. He would dismiss the subject with, "I listen to preachers on the radio and they all say something different. They can't all be right. There is no way a guy can know who is right and who is wrong. Just no way!" With those words ringing in my mind and my heart heavy, I left him in Tacoma, Washington and headed back to North Carolina.

In less than a month I got a call from Ingy's lady friend. He had cancer of the bladder!! They had just found out that very day and she wanted to let me know because she was afraid he wouldn't. Now I was more concerned than ever. I was praying and so were other members of our family. Time was running out. Ingy was very secretive about his illness and every time we talked on the phone he would insist that the doctor had just given him an excellent report and that everything was under control. I reminded him again and again if he ever needed me to just holler and I'd be there in a jiffy. He had no one to care for him, neither wife nor children, and I knew it.

One day while I was visiting my brother Paul in Pennsylvania, we got a call from our niece. Ingy was dying. I flew out immediately. In spite of intensive treatment, the cancer had spread throughout his entire body. He had never let us know--he didn't want to "bother" us with his troubles. Now that I had come, he could be at home which he so desperately wanted and begged for. With the help of Hospice and our niece Gladys and her husband, we would manage. But for the most part I was alone with him. It was hard work but foremost was the inability to communicate with him. My voice was low and both his hearing and eyesight were impaired. That, plus the heavy mind-fogging, pain-relieving narcotics he was taking, caused some rough times.

I was deeply concerned about his relationship to God and prayed earnestly about it. On my fourth day with him as I was sitting by his bedside stroking his arm, he suddenly opened his eyes and said, "I don't know how to pray." No more, just that. And what did I do? I fell apart! I couldn't talk, only blubber and he didn't need that. Retreating to the kitchen, I got control of myself and talked with the Lord. When I got back to Ingy, he was asleep. Had he really been awake when he made that statement or was he dreaming, I wondered. I didn't like the way I had reacted.

"God, give me another chance to talk with him," I prayed, "and don't let me botch it. Open his ears and understanding and help me to say the right thing." On the fifth day as I was trying

to make him a bit more comfortable, his mind seemed to clear a bit and I asked, "Ingy, have you ever asked God to forgive you of your sins?" He heard me! His eyes brightened and his answer was quick and clear and seemed to come from the depths of his heart. "Yes! Yes! Oh, yes I have." I'm not just sure what else I said but from there on it was downhill fast, no more communication. On the seventh day he quietly slipped away from us. For fifty years I had been praying for this brother's salvation and I know my sister and two other brothers had the same burden. Is this maybe what I Thessalonians 5:17 means? "Pray without ceasing."

On a stand by Ingy's favorite chair, I found a letter I had written to him nearly a year before his death. I wondered why he had kept that particular one so I read it. In it I found these words:

"I know you don't understand God. I don't either. Or how Jesus can be the Son of God. That's a mystery to me, too. We have to believe it without understanding it. Why don't you, right there alone in your house, talk out loud to Him and tell Him how you feel. You won't hear Him talk back to you, but He will hear you. Tell Him you don't understand but you want Him to forgive you of all your sins. Talk to Him as though He were sitting beside you, right there in the room with you. And He will forgive you of all your sins if you ask Him to. Do it, Ingy, while you still have time. You won't regret it."

Tears streamed down my face as I read those words and hope sprang up in my heart. He must have reached out to God, otherwise he wouldn't have answered my question as he did--"Yes! Oh, yes, I have." And if he reached out, God surely would have answered. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Romans 10:13)

Whenever I am in church and the song leader has the congregation sing, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," I am automatically transferred to Haiti. I can't help it, it just happens. I ignore the English words and I sing in Creole. Sometimes I have to stop in the middle of a phrase to hold back the tears that are struggling to come to the surface. You see, that song is the favorite of the Haitian Christians and they sing it with gusto. I can almost see the rafters lifting and hear the tin roof vibrating. How they love to sing!

An nou travay pou le Segne avan soley va kouche
 Pou a-nonse bon nouvel li tou patou,
 E le Jezu va tounin pou chache tout fidel li yo,
 Le lapel va fet nan siel la, nou va la.

And then the chorus gets sung even louder:

Le lapel va fet nan siel la, le lapel va fet nan siel la,
 Le lapel va fet nan siel la, le lapel va fet nan siel la nou va la.

Yes, when the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. What a glorious day that will be for all the redeemed throughout the ages.