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THE TRIUMPH OF GOD'S GRACE IN THE PHILIPPINES

An autobiography by Cyril H. Brooks

Part Two · Chapters 10–18

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CHAPTER 10

Our First Furlough

"And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." (Mark 6:31)

In faith we made booking to go on furlough in April, 1928, sailing on a Japanese ship from Hong Kong to San Francisco; but it was not until the day we left Manila that we had all the money for our fare. We had packed and prepared, trusting the Lord to supply this need. With the money on hand in the morning we booked on a freighter leaving that afternoon for Hong Kong. We faced two nights layover in Hong Kong with no money to spare for hotel accommodation. Arriving late one afternoon we were able to stay on board until the next morning. At that time Leonard was three and Kenneth a year and a half. We picked up our tickets from the Japanese shipping company. They were not inclined to let us on board that day as no meals and no service would be provided until noon the following day. Our combination of prayer to God and pleas to the agent won his consent. We learned later that other passengers were refused such an arrangement.

Before the days of air travel and jet lag, the three weeks on board ship were the opportunity to rest. Furlough time is a wonderful change but hardly a rest. Folks say, "Oh, you must get a rest while you are home—would you be able to speak to our women's group tomorrow afternoon?" Considerable traveling, sleeping in strange beds, eating too much, holding meetings, and giving reports make for a very busy time. Yet it is worthwhile! Interest is aroused and prayer stimulated and the Lord's people blessed, we hope. It is good for the missionary to get away from the immediate contact of the work for it affords an opportunity to look at the work from a distance. This provides a different perspective and gives new ideas for the future.

Len and Ken were favorites on that trip. The children had their lunch before the adults so we had to lock them in the cabin while we ate. One noon Ken was missing. Two passengers, single ladies,

joined us in the search. He was found on the upper boat deck with a Japanese passenger. One of the girls scolded him for taking "our" baby without telling us! It was a wonderfully calm voyage. Some days the Pacific lived up to its name, hardly a ripple on the water. Strolling on deck one day, Ken slipped away from us for a moment. To our consternation he was kneeling on a place for the ropes, looking down at the water. As I jumped to grab him I realized I needed to get a good hold lest in my rush I should cause him to fall. Later on we got a harness so Anna could hold both boys on a leash.

Usually on such trips there were other missionaries, so we had opportunities for fellowship and Bible study together. A Sunday service was arranged for all who cared to attend. That was when second-class passengers were allowed to mingle with the first-class. On later trips we traveled by freighters with less than a dozen passengers and less opportunity for fellowship. On one ship Anna and I were the only passengers, and Anna the only woman apart from some Chinese steerage passengers.

We landed in San Francisco and spent a few days staying with friends in Oakland. Ken was fascinated with the pull-down blinds, which would, to his delight, roll up when, released. The summer was spent in Victoria with my sisters, staying in the home I had built. This afforded time to visit assemblies on Vancouver Island as one of my old friends loaned me his car for most of the time. After Labor Day Anna crossed the country with the boys going directly to Buffalo, while I stopped to visit various cities on the way across. Crossing the Canadian prairies the boys saw snow for the first time. They decided it looked like sugar. When the train was due to stop for an engine and crew change, Anna took them for a little walk. "May we walk on it?"

It had taken all the money we had to pay our fares home, so there was nothing extra for new outfits. We didn't want to look shabby as we traveled around. We remembered that a missionary from China arrived home and when she was in Victoria she looked so dowdy that the sisters bought her an entirely new outfit. She arrived at the

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school in Brooklyn when we were there, wearing the old dowdy dress. Whether she did this intentionally to call attention to herself, or whether she just liked that old dress, we don't know. In our case, we just left this matter with the Lord. In Portland, a brother took me to a clothing store and bought me a new suit, which was greatly appreciated. In Los Angeles just as we were leaving to speak at Avenue 54 Gospel Hall, John Murset stepped in from next door with an almost new Stetson hat. He had picked it up on the highway where it had probably blown out of a passing car. He said, "This doesn't fit me, perhaps it will fit you." I replied, "If the Lord intended it for me, it will fit me." And it did! But I almost lost it that same evening. After the service I went to the cloakroom to get my new hat. Since almost everyone had already left there was only one hat left—and it definitely wasn't mine! It evidently had been used for some time. Explaining my dilemma to one of the brethren, he said, "I can guess who has your hat!" Going outside some of the men were standing on the sidewalk talking. Going to one old gentleman, my friend said, "Brother, are you sure you have you own hat?" "Of course," was the reply. "Would you mind looking?" The old gent removed "my" hat, looked at it incredulously and said, "Well, I never! This isn't my hat!" Right away I put my name in my new hat in case there should be another such incident.

It was Thanksgiving before I reached Buffalo, in time for the conference there. Much of the winter and spring was given to traveling and having meetings. Most of the time I was alone as it was too hard to travel with children. We did go together once to the New Jersey area to stay with the Will McKellin's who had been at Brooklyn with us. After a day or two their boy was sick and since it might be measles we moved over to New York City. Next day we learned the McKellin boy had measles and chicken pox, so Anna hurried back to Buffalo. There they both had both sicknesses, not very severe but bad enough to keep them in.

That spring I was privileged to spend a weekend in Baltimore with Major and Mrs. Barlow and their son Erle. It was a thrill to

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hear from them the story of the early days of the work in the Philippines. They continued to be faithful prayer partners in the work. Major Barlow and later his son Erle were a great help in the assemblies in the Baltimore area until the Lord took them home to Himself. Major Moses Barlow passed away March 14, 1934, and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. On our visit to Baltimore in early 1977, it was a great joy to me that Erle's son opened the meeting for me in one of the chapels. (Major Moses Barlow has often been confused with Capt. John Barlow, a marine captain who was vitally interested in missionary work in New York and later in Toronto and whose son, Dr. John Barlow was editor of MISSIONS magazine. These men were not related, except in the bonds of common faith.)

In May 1929, on our cross-country trip we arranged to stop over in Chicago for the annual meeting of the Chicago Missionary Service Committee. In the evening meeting another missionary (who shall remain unnamed) and I were to give reports and be followed by a devotional challenge by T.B. Gilbert. That would allow us 25 minutes each. The first speaker would have been wise to stop when his time was up but he rambled on like a car that has lost its brakes. T.B. Gilbert suggested I take what was left after the first speaker had taken 45 minutes. However, I thought the devotional challenge was important. Also, I counted on the psychological effect I would gain by taking only five minutes to relate one story. I felt sorry for the other missionary, as he had only harmed himself.

After a return visit to Victoria, we sailed from San Francisco by Japanese liner to Hong Kong, with stops at Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Shanghai. From Hong Kong we came by a President liner to Manila and one of our fellow passengers was Dr. Frank Laubach who later became well known through his literacy movement.

Getting settled back into our home was a bit of a chore as it required a lot of cleaning and building of cupboards. We were able to get a Ford sedan for P350.00. At the same time we were praying

about our next sphere of service. There was no need for us in the Walled City work since the Shepherds were helping the Wightmans there. Both of them were also involved in the huge task of reprinting Bibles in the Philippine languages for the American Bible Society. Perhaps I can digress at this point to write something about the work of Bible societies here.

During the Spanish times, no Protestant missionary work was allowed. Some Filipino revolutionists had been exiled to Spain. Through them the British and Foreign Bible Society began preliminary work on Philippine translations. One of those involved in this was a Spanish priest, Padre Lallave, who had been some years in Pangasinan. There he had acquired a Spanish Bible and had begun preaching some of the truth he learned there. He was charged with heresy and forced to return to Spain. Remembering his friends in Pangasinan he translated most to the New Testament into that language, encouraged by the Bible Society.

Meanwhile, God was preparing another man to carry the Word to the Islands. A young Spaniard named Castells had been brought to knowledge of the truth through Dr. Eric Lund (later a missionary to the Philippines), in Barcelona. In 1888, Lallave and Castells went together to Manila with a supply of Scriptures. They were warned of the risk they were running once the reason for their visit should become known. Leaving their boxes in customs they booked into the Oriente Hotel in Intramuros. Within a week they both became violently ill. It was said to be typhoid but poisoning was suspected. Lallave, because of his age, died and for days his body lay unburied because of the hatred of the friars. Finally the British consul intervened and gained permission for him to be buried in the small Protestant cemetery in Makati. Castells recovered and sold a few Bibles he had in his baggage but then was arrested as a spy. He was banished and told never to return. The boxes of Scriptures were returned to Singapore where they spent a decade gathering dust.

Three weeks after the U.S. Forces captured Manila from the Spanish, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in

Singapore landed in Manila with those Scriptures. For the first time, free entry of Scriptures was allowed and also the sale of God's Word. When the agent went north to Pangasinan the demand was so great that the agent had to take refuge in a house and sell through a barred window.

The American Bible Society established an agency in November 1899, and the two societies divided the task of translation and publishing. Soon there were seven complete Bibles and smaller portions in various Philippine languages. By mutual agreement the British Society withdrew in 1919 to avoid overlapping while the American Society withdrew from Korea. Translation was not only difficult but also sometimes dangerous. A teacher who was assisting in the Panayan translation was warned to break off relations with the Protestants. Because he refused he was brutally murdered. On one of the Islands two colporters set off across the Island by a lonely trail and were never heard from again.

Some languages do not have very precise words for colors. When translating Matthew's Gospel, the translators were not sure about the best way to translate "purple robe." Taking a piece of purple cloth they went around asking people what color it was. Most replied, "kulay ng ube." Ube is a root crop with a deep purple color. This was what the translators adopted, though the modern version uses an expression meaning "deep red."

For several years the Scriptures in Philippine languages were being printed on a Christian press in Yokohama. In the great earthquake and fire there in 1923 that press was destroyed. The charred remains of the proprietor were identified only by a bunch of keys beside them. The vault in which the lead plates were stored contained only a few inches of molten lead on the floor. This threw a heavy burden upon the Secretary in Manila, Bruce Cameron, a good friend of ours. Some mats for making plates were available in Manila or New York for temporary needs. However, it was decided to make some badly needed revisions in most languages.

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Early in our second term I was preparing translations of booklets

for the Scripture Gift Mission in London. When we first came to the Philippines, a friend in Victoria wrote asking them to send us a grant of free booklets. That was the beginning of our fellowship with SGM, which still continues. In 1927 Mr. Francis Brading of SGM visited us, and in more recent years we have had visits by Mr. Ronald A. Young. We have had a part in the preparation of most of the Tagalog booklets they have published. Just before the new translation was ready for printing in 1933, I asked Mr. Cameron if I could have access to the galley proofs so that a new booklet would be up-to-date. I soon noticed a number of errors, not only typographical, but some that were more serious. I drew the attention of Mr. Cameron to these and it was discovered that one pastor who was supposed to have gone over the proofs had failed to do so, even though he had given his OK. It is difficult to understand how anyone who claims to be in God's service could be so negligent in dealing with the Holy Scriptures.

At that time, I was slowly recuperating from a time of sickness. Mr. Cameron suggested that we go to Baguio for three months. The Bible Society would pay the rent of a house and I would devote that time to reading over the Tagalog manuscript. This arrangement had advantages for both of us. It was not only typographical mistakes that I corrected, but notes were made of anything that seemed to me to be dubious and these were referred to Dr. McGill, a Presbyterian missionary who had a foremost part in the translation. In later years, Dr. and Mrs. McGill were interned by the Japanese at Los Banos Concentration Camp as we were. Dr. McGill passed away there on account of malnutrition, and I was one of the pallbearers.

One incident of how God uses His Word is worth repeating. On the island of Bohol there was a godly doctor, Dr. James Graham. He built a hospital there and every patient when he or she left for home was given a New Testament. A man from up in the mountains brought his daughter for treatment and heard the Gospel and received a New Testament. Nothing more was heard from that family. Six years later a colporter was visiting a village, but the

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people were not interested. They averred that "that book makes men crazy." The astonished colporter asked what they meant. They told him that up the mountain was a barrio where they had such a book. Now they have no cockpit, they don't drink "tuba" (a wine made from coconuts), and they even go to town to pay their taxes. Such "insanity" deserved a closer investigation. The colporter found a congregation of believers in that barrio with a tattered New Testament. They were delighted at the opportunity to purchase the entire Bible.

In the 1950's when the Philippine Bible Society decided to prepare a version of the New Testament in up-to-date Tagalog, I was asked to join the committee. My knowledge of Greek is very meager, and I am not a linguist. However, through the years I have devoted much time to the study of the Scriptures, and with the help of many writings endeavored to probe the real meaning of the words used. Later when work was proceeding on the Old Testament I was asked to read through the new translation. It was also my privilege to attend a translators' seminar for a month in Baguio and to get to know such experts as Dr. Eugene Nida and others.

This was at the time when Roman Catholics were cooperating in translating the Bible. Some brethren in other lands were very fearful about this cooperation. Personally, it seemed that the priests had a scholastic advantage over their Protestant co-laborers, some of whom had a liberal background. The new version of the Tagalog Bible is now published, both with and without the Apocrypha. For the most part it is considerably more readable than the old version. Old grammatical forms which are seldom used have been eliminated.

My concern has not been so much with the Roman Catholic participation in translation. It is a welcome change to know that the Bible is no longer a forbidden book to the rank and file, but is being read and studied by Roman Catholics. My concern has been in regard to the modern theories of translation. The theory of dynamic equivalence means that we endeavor to ascertain what the Biblical

writers meant and then transfer this into acceptable and understandable equivalents in the receptor language. This is certainly a vast improvement over the older way of an almost literal translation, word for word. Yet though these theories certainly do have merit, what perturbs me is the tendency to ignore verbal inspiration. For many, of course, verbal inspiration is "old hat." But the precision of Scripture is often a delight to reverent students of God's Word. Thus, in new translations many of the repetitions which indicated divine emphasis have been regarded as superfluous. In the poetical books some rich meaning has been sacrificed, it seems, for the sake of a poetic style in Tagalog. Well, it is impossible to come up with a translation that will satisfy everybody. In the multiplicity of modern English versions there are none which are sure to satisfy everyone.

Through all of our missionary service we have been convinced of the value and importance of the Scriptures. The truth of Psalm 119:130 has been proven again and again, "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

In our visits to the Santol Sanitarium, I once talked with a man who said that he believed in Christ. Yet there was no indication that he had experienced salvation. I decided to probe a little and asked him, "Are your sins forgiven?" He was not at all sure about that. So I showed him Acts 10:43, "To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." I explained what it means to believe in Christ and pointed out that our part is to believe and God's part is to forgive. He was keenly interested, so again I asked him, "Do you believe in Christ, that He died on the Cross to bear the punishment you deserve for your sins?" He said he believed, so again I asked, "Are your sins forgiven?" He was not sure. I had him read the verse several times, each time asking him if his sins were forgiven. Then I saw his face light up; it was almost as if someone had turned on a light. "If this is true, then my sins are forgiven." He was assured that it was true because it was the Word of God. When I returned the

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following week he greeted me with a smile. "Are your sins still forgiven," I asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "and please go to that man over in that bed. He too wants to know about forgiveness of sins." So I knew the work of grace was real for he had already been witnessing about his newfound joy.

In that same hospital, Fred Pucknell and I walked into a room of a patient whom we learned had been on the editorial staff of a popular Manila Weekly. As we handed him some literature, he recognized that we were missionaries. Picking up a magazine he said, "Perhaps you can answer my questions. I have many doubts about immortality and the hereafter." The magazine articles had not helped him. It is no wonder he was thinking along those lines because it was evident he had little hope of recovery from tuberculosis. Fred said, "Before we discuss those questions, you need first to settle your relationship with God through Christ." After a few further visits, he accepted Christ as his Savior. So on another visit we said to him, "Now that you trusted Christ as you Savior we are now in a position to discuss those doubts that you had before." His unforgettable reply was, "Since I trusted in Christ I have had no more doubts." Not that he knew much more about immortality or the hereafter, but he knew Christ. The entrance of God's Word had given him light.

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CHAPTER 11

The Beginning of Work in San Juan

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1Cor. 15:58)

Now after the lengthy detour through "Bible land," let us get back to our search for the next sphere of service. Our home was in San Juan, a suburb of Manila, but only a block or two from the boundary of another suburb, Mandaluyong. It seemed logical that we should be working near where we lived. Along with prayer for the Lord's guidance, I set out first to survey Mandaluyong (formerly known as San Felipe Neri). This was done by going around from house to house with Gospel literature. While we were noting what response there was to this, we could also look for evidence of Christian work. Beside the large Roman Catholic church and an Aglipayan church (a split-off from the Roman Catholics at the turn of the century), there was a Methodist church. Also we heard about others possibly working there.

So we turned our attention to San Juan where there was apparently then no Protestant work. There was a Methodist chapel in Sta. Mesa, a mile or more from San Juan. After waiting upon the Lord in prayer, we believed we should make an effort to evangelize this town. In November 1929 we rented the ground floor of a house on J. Basa Street. This was right beside the public market and faced on a vacant lot, which was opposite the San Juan Elementary School. The Agora building now occupies the vacant lot. Thursday afternoons when school was dismissed we had children's meeting and once the attendance went up to 200, which was a bit more than we could properly handle. Sunday mornings I would go through the market with tracts and mimeographed invitations to a Sunday evening meeting. Some of the brethren from Intramuros Chapel came out to help us but the response was quite small.

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However, one evening we were heartened by the influx of a group

of about thirty who came together and seemed quite interested. We learned that they were members of the Methodist church but were disgruntled with the pastor because he so seldom visited them in San Juan. This group was led by a woman of uncertain age—she didn't know herself! Timotea Carreon, Tea for short (pronounced Tay-a) was certainly a believer in Christ, and she had rounded up a number of relatives and neighbors to visit our service. Soon she was praising the Lord that someone had come to her town to preach the Gospel. The Methodist pastor, of course, was not happy with this turn of events and he remonstrated with me for stealing his sheep. I assured him they came of their own accord, not from any specific invitation from me. I suggested that if he fed his flock good spiritual food, his sheep would stay with him. I doubt whether he knew how to feed himself, let alone others.

Tea informed me that at her expense a small bamboo and thatch chapel had been erected in the Salapan district (located where the elementary school is now). Would we go and have children's classes there some afternoon? So each Friday afternoon we taught the children choruses, verses, and a Bible story. Tea rounded up the children, literally running around the area to do so in spite of her age. Then she stood back and beamed with delight that her chapel was being used. Almost every week we would find a little gift on the seat of the car, a few eggs, ears of corn, a bunch of bananas.

We relocated in another storefront on N. Domingo, the main street, where it would be easier to get passersby to come in. Mr. Taylor, secretary of the Army and Navy YMCA at Fort McKinley, had given us a surplus army movie screen. It was of heavy canvas, silvered on one side and quite large so that we had used it sometimes as a tent. I got some sail makers to shape it into a tank and put eyelets around the top edge. With a carpenter we made four wooden sides, which could be bolted together. Thus we had a portable baptistry. Among the first to be baptized in it was Gregorio, the carpenter—he had been making his own burial place! Tea and some of her family were also baptized there. We used it for

the first time on August 31, 1931. As I had coated the outside with tar, it was quite waterproof.

Another who was baptized there was Trinidad Dayton, a Filipino married to an American. Though he had a responsible position on a sugar estate in Canlubang, Laguna, he maintained a home in San Juan. Trining (as we know her) was friendly with Pelagia Alfonso, daughter of Tea. One day Stevie, the son of Trining was sick with a fever so Pelagia suggested they have prayer for him. It was a common practice then to call some Christians together to pray for a sick person. Trining didn't object though she was not accustomed to this practice. The next day Stevie was better. But it was not so much the answer to prayer that aroused the interest of Trining; it was the way they prayed. "You talk to God as if you know Him and as if He is right here." They assured her they did have a personal knowledge of God. Trining decided to attend the services with them, and one Sunday during the singing of a hymn she accepted Christ. Some years later a visiting friend of ours asked her, "How did you find Christ?" Trining's reply was, "Oh! I didn't find Him, He found me!"

Gregorio, whom I have mentioned, had a bad habit of nearly always being late in getting to the services. One year some of his children were to have a part in the Christmas program but they never showed up. After the program was over and most of the people had left and we were just about to lock the door, Gregorio arrived with his children! He was not a very stable Christian and after a time he left us to go to the Iglesia ni Cristo, a sect started by Felix Manalo. Talking with Gregorio one day, I asked him why he was going there since they deny the Deity of Christ. He said they had more discipline than we did. Asked about this, he said that every Saturday their preachers went to the home of Mr. Manalo and were given their sermon material for Sunday. So it was the same sermon in every church. I replied that in the penitentiary the discipline of the government was most evident, but they had no freedom. We preferred the liberty of the Holy Spirit to prevail in our services.

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For some years we carried on classes for children in different barrios each week. A favorite chorus then was "Joy, joy, joy, with joy my heart is ringing." So I got a new name; "Mr. Joy, joy." Many years later sitting in my car near the market, two women passed and I heard one say, "That's Mr. Joy, joy!" For a time an old lady who had been discharged from the Culion Leper Colony helped in this work and later on we were able to enlist the help of some of the young women in San Juan. One day one of these was trying to list the names of the children and was having difficulty getting the surname of one child. She asked the girl whose daughter she was, to which the child replied, "I am the daughter of my mother!"

During a typhoon in 1932 the little chapel that Tea had built was blown down. There was a lot of damage but Tea and her husband's ramshackle home just out of town stood amid more substantial houses, which blew down. Said Tea to her neighbors, "You prayed to the saints, but we prayed to the Lord and He protected us." She was practically illiterate though she could read, but I doubt that she ever read anything much more than her Bible. She went to visit Trining's mother who had recently been saved and found her chewing beetlenut. There were chairs to sit on but the old ladies preferred squatting on the floor. Said Tea to Antonina, "Your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and you should keep it clean for Him." That was the end of that dirty habit.

Tea had been saving from her very meager income. When she had money she would buy some GI roofing or some hardwood posts. So in early 1933 she had some men erect the frame of a chapel on a small lot on H. Lozada Street. Then she said to me, "Instead of paying rent for a chapel, why don't you finish up what I have started." So we were able to buy some materials and on July 4th we had a working bee, a cooperative effort that the Tagalogs call "bayanihan" (a famous Filipino dance troupe adopted this as their name). The lower parts of the walls were adobe stone and the upper part wooden siding. The men and women worked with a will all day. The women prepared a delicious dinner as well as snacks. There

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was a happy spirit of fellowship and by nightfall the walls were up. Later a cement floor, windows, and doors were added. It was only a hundred yards or so from Trining Dayton's house and she gave permission to have some of the Sunday school classes at her place.

At this time our home was about two kilometers from the main part of San Juan. It was in a new housing area with plenty of empty lots around, an ideal place for our boys to play and roam. We could not afford to build a fence or a wall around our property, so growing a garden was largely an exercise in futility. One of our neighbors had goats which roamed the neighborhood and they devoured anything we attempted to grow. I got hold of some cactus full of thorns which could only be handled with gloves. I thought the goats wouldn't eat those! How wrong I was! They found them to be a luscious meal! One of the goats was a big billy goat to which our houseboy, Vicente at the time, had a special aversion. One day Vicente spotted "Billy" entering our neighbor's yard since the gate had been left open. The neighbor's dogs were sleeping and Vicente sneaked up and shut the gate (unknown to us). When the dog awoke, "Billy" trotted towards where he had come in but found he couldn't get out there. Vicente's glee was great—until I made him go and open the gate and apologize to our neighbor.

Missionary work isn't all preaching and teaching. One night, some years later, I heard a commotion in the yard. A bull had entered our yard and Gregorio who was then our helper was trying to get him out. In the chase the bull ran over the septic tank. The collapse of the cover under the weight of the bull left him and us in a predicament. Gregorio got a rope around the bull's horns but our efforts to pull him out were ineffectual. Jumping in the car I went to the "municipio" to enlist the aid of some policemen. The only one there couldn't leave, but he told me where I could probably find two men on their beat. I found them in a primitive barbershop sound asleep on benches. Having aroused them from their slumbers, we drove home and with their help extricated the bull form his messy environment. He showed no appreciation for all our efforts! He was

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very indignant and with difficulty we tethered him to a house post until morning. The policemen said to take him to the municipio then. Gregorio went ahead and I followed in my car. Alternately the bull would refuse to budge and then dash after Gregorio. Delivered to the police I asked them not to release him until the owner made some compensation. When I returned the bull was gone and the owner refused to do anything.

During our first term I was asked to conduct services for Filipino veterans who were patients at the Santol Tuberculosis Infirmary (later Quezon Institute). This was an extension work of the Army and Navy YMCA which was turned over to me. Later this led to a program of visitation through the whole place. Anna and I went every Tuesday afternoon to distribute reading material and to talk to the patients who showed any interest. Sometimes we were able to take small bouquets of flowers too. Patients were mostly long term and in addition to the occasional believer we had the joy of leading others to Christ. A man who was dying of T.B. had a bright testimony and when I prayed with him he would, with great effort, say, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Some, of course, were unresponsive, like the man who would not believe in God's love because he too was dying and leaving behind a family. An American confided that his case was hopeless; he had sinned the unpardonable sin, he thought. His sin was great but I assured him not beyond the reach of God's grace. He did not accept Christ, and when I returned the next week he had passed into eternity. Should I have been more persistent in my appeal?

One of those saved there was Mr. Candido Aguilar who had been a sales manager for Singer Sewing Machine. He made a partial recovery but suffered a great deal at the hands of the Japanese police during the war because of his contacts with the guerillas. After the war he was a great help in the work at Binangonan and Tanay.

We often had open-air meetings in different parts of San Juan as

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we endeavored to reach the townspeople with the Gospel. At one time we had two weeks of nightly evangelistic meetings in the little chapel. For the first week there was no response. We had invited a preacher friend, Mr. Gebala, to preach the Word. After one week he came to me and was frustrated because he felt he had no liberty in preaching. Something was wrong so he thought he should not continue. I urged him to continue because I felt sure that the problem was not with him but with the believers. There was some disagreement among them and there seemed to be two factions. So after the Sunday evening meeting I asked them to all go with me to the basement of Mrs. Dayton's house where we would try to unravel this problem among ourselves.

After some discussion and even some argument, one of the young women replied to accusations some were making regarding her. While she spoke, she had what seemed to be an epileptic attack. Now that I have had more experience I am inclined to think it was a demonic attack. There never has been any recurrence. We took him to a doctor and then to our home where she recovered after a few days. The shock of this experience seemed to awaken the believers to a sense of their own failure and a better spirit prevailed.

As a result, in the second week we saw some blessing. One of those saved was the sister of Trining Dayton. Domingo Capati was a good golf player and went on to become ladies' champion, which she held for several years here in the Philippines. Unfortunately, she did not take a stand on playing on Sunday and golf took a larger place in her life than the Lord. She had represented the Canlubang Sugar Estate in playing golf. When she passed away a few years ago the Estate took care of the funeral arrangements, with a priest to officiate at the graveside. The family wanted a Protestant service so the owner of the estate compromised, "Let both take part." The only service was at the graveside, so I asked the Filipino priest if he had any preference that should go first. He suggested that I should. There was a large crowd, people for the Estate and sports writers. I took the opportunity to preach the Gospel and spoke in Tagalog,

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which aroused more attention. The priest followed and all his service was in Latin. Later on we heard that the son of the owner of the Estate was disgusted with the priest's performance. "The American spoke in our language but our Filipino priest spoke a foreign language."

On the last afternoon of our evangelistic campaign, Brother Gebala gave an invitation for anyone who was willing to trust Christ to stand. Almost right away a woman, Felisa Mallari, sitting near the front, stood up. Her husband had not been as interested as she, but that afternoon he wanted to see what was going on. So he slipped into a seat in the corner on the back row. Nicolas was like Zaccheus in that he was a short man and also curious. When the preacher remarked that one had stood up, Nicolas wondered who it could be. His curiosity led him to stand up and to his surprise it was his wife who was standing. The preacher, not knowing he stood out of curiosity, expressed his thanks that a man in the back row had also stood up. He was not saved that day but it was not long before he was. Soon after his conversion, working on a job as a carpenter, he was being teased by his workmates about becoming a Protestant. "Don't you know," they said, "the Protestants are divided into many different branches. The Roman Catholic church is one; it must be the right one." Being a young Christian, Nicolas didn't know how to answer but asked the Lord for help. They were sitting in the shade of a large mango tree as they ate their lunch. Pointing to a telephone pole nearby, he said, "Look at that pole! It is all one—no branches! But it is dead! Where do we come for shade and fruit? To this mango tree with its many branches, for it is alive."

In those early years of the work in San Juan we were often distressed and discouraged because of the immaturity of many of the believers. They were so often like the Corinthians. "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among

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you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?" (1Cor. 3:1-3). So often the things they were quarreling about seemed so trivial and childish.

One evening on our way home from prayer meeting, we gave a lift to one of the men. He was telling us about some of these difficulties and problems. After he got out of the car and we drove on, I was feeling very sorry for myself and very much discouraged. What was the use of going on! I thought, "If they want to squabble over such childish matters, I think I'll leave them to do it on their own. I'll leave them and start up a new work somewhere else. I just can't put up with them." Then as I drove on it seemed I heard the Lord speaking, not audibly but very clearly. "They are my children and I put up with them." Still felling very sorry for myself, I thought, "Well, Lord, if You can endure them, then I guess I'll have to as well." But the Lord wasn't through with me yet, for again I heard His voice, "Yes, and I put up with you too." That blow hit me where it hurts, right on target. I got a fresh look at myself, my miserable self-pity and pride. How much had I been showing the Spirit of Christ to those young believers? Also I realized afresh the patient mercy and longsuffering grace of our Lord to one so unworthy.

It was during that second term, in the early 1930's, that we passed through times of severe testing financially. It was the time of the depression in the United States and many banks in the U.S. were failing. Early in 1934, I had several checks on U.S. banks but the local bank would not accept them, even for collection. For all they knew the bank might have closed since the check was written a month earlier. Our good fiend, Bruce Cameron of the American Bible Society, kindly came to our assistance. The Bible Society had received its annual subsidy before the bank failure, so they had substantial peso funds on hand here. He kindly accepted my checks and gave me the local currency. None of the checks were returned.

As a result of these critical times we were falling behind on our monthly installments on our home. We expected that the real estate

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company would foreclose on the mortgage. One day I called on the manager, P.D. Carman, and frankly told him our predicament and that I thought he would be warranted in foreclosing. He was very considerate. He said, "I don't consider myself a Christian, but I do have a heart for those in difficulty and I know you have been trying." Instead of foreclosing he arranged for the mortgage to be transferred and renegotiated by a Filipino bank. Since we were then British we could not have done this ourselves.

Later on we saw how the Lord was working in all these things. During the Japanese occupation all alien property was taken over by the Japanese. Even if the owners were allowed to stay in their own homes they had to pay rent to the Japanese. Whenever they questioned me as to who owned the property I always told them it was mortgaged to a Filipino bank. They never pursued the matter any further. However, the bank notified me that they needed to renew the mortgage as its time had expired. When I explained the situation, they told me to go home and they would notify me in due course, because the renewal of a mortgage had to be approved by the Japanese. They just let it ride because they didn't want to lose their claim on the property.

So we lived in the house rent-free and no payments until we were interned. So even in those financial trials years before, the Lord was providing for the future.

One evening chance visitors stopped by just at suppertime. All we had to offer them was bread and butter and fried banana. From my diary on August 12, 1936, I cull this, "No gifts. Stocks of food very low. Wonder what the Lord is trying to fit us for. Praise is indeed a sacrifice. He is able! Outlook couldn't be blacker." Then four days later on the 16th was this entry, "Received several gifts. Prayer heard." The Lord has graciously showed His great faithfulness to us through all the years. Praise His name!

On November 19, 1931, our daughter, Rose Ellen was born and named after her two grandmothers. At that time, Miss Jeannette

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Lape, a fellow missionary from Glendale, California, was living with us. Kenneth had expressed one day his desire to have a baby sister. Jeannette told him that babies come from God so he should ask God for a baby sister. This he did but for some time after there was no more mention of their desire. Jeannette said, "Ken, I don't hear you praying any more for a sister." He looked at her with wide-eyed surprise, "God doesn't forget! I asked Him once and that was enough; I don't want a dozen." As the time drew near, Anna wanted to prepare his mind to the possibility that the baby might be a boy, so she said, "Ken, if the Lord sends us another boy, we'll love him just the same, won't we?" To this she got the reply, "Indeed we won't, we'll send him back!" God honored a little child's faith—the new arrival was a girl.

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CHAPTER 12

A Decade of Activity

"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (2 Cor. 9:8)

The 1930's was a busy time, a decade of activity in the work of the Lord. As it commenced we were just getting started in the work in San Juan. Though we were away for furlough from 1937 to 1938, the work continued. It was during that furlough that Lutgardo Ramos went home to be with the Lord. We greatly missed this dear man of God just as we had earlier missed Brother Simeon Endaya. From the first we wanted to see the assembly truly indigenous, particularly with its own elders. In a pioneer work the missionary faces a dilemma. Should he continue to do almost everything himself? With his superior knowledge of the Word, he can probably do things better himself. However, there is danger of just bringing into another culture what he has been accustomed to in his own land. That is an area where he needs to be sure of the teaching of God's Word and not follow his own traditions. Or should he turn things over to the nationals, even though things may not go as smoothly or correctly, until they are better taught in the Word? We had no doubt the latter was the only way to build up an indigenous assembly.

As is often the case, the women outnumbered the men and were usually more active and more spiritual. Sometimes I wished some of the women were men! Why couldn't they pray in the prayer meeting? That question was solved by dividing into groups for prayer. After a time of Bible study, the prayer requests are presented. Then we break into groups of three or four, young and old, some in English and some in Tagalog. In this way all are involved and are able to take part. The whole group comes together for a final prayer.

Early in the work we started a custom which still continues. That is for the first week of the year there are prayer meetings every evening. In this way they try to establish a spiritual tone for the whole year and pray about the projected plans for the coming year.

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At the present time, they have national workers come in to give reports each evening so they can pray for the outreach in other areas. In one of these early series, I heard someone moving about during prayer time. This was not uncommon for people go out and come in or go to the window to spit. However, I did notice that three men who had never prayed before, prayed that evening. After the meeting old Tea informed me that she had gone to her husband (they rarely sat together) and nudged him to get up and pray. Then she went to the husband of her granddaughter and to some other relative. It may not have been the prompting of the Spirit but at least it was effectual.

That dear sister, Timotea, was unusual in her ways. She rarely missed a meeting. Sometimes she swam or waded across the stream when the bamboo footbridge had been washed out. She would go to her daughter's house to get dry clothes. On one occasion we were away for a little while. When we returned, Tea told us about a neighbor woman that she had led to the Lord. This woman was moving away and Tea thought she should be baptized. So Tea baptized her in the river! At every service she would say "Salamat sa Panginoon" (thank the Lord). At her husband's funeral I thought to myself "She won't say that today." I should have known better. After the committal service at the graveside, Tea took my hand, "Salamat sa Panginoon—he is with the Lord now." When she heard we were going on furlough, however, she was not so thankful until we assured her we would return. Perhaps the smallest gift but also the most precious was the one peso she gave us toward our fare. She wanted to bring chickens and other things to the ship until her family assured her we would be well fed on the ship. Once she did give us a kid of the goats, which our houseboy killed and skinned.

In 1940, Morales Street near the chapel was being widened to become what is now Aurora Blvd. The widening would not involve the lot on which the chapel was built but would make it a corner lot which the owner wanted for his own use. The assembly decided to look for land to buy and found the present property on A. Lake

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Street. Their first intention was to buy only the front half, but through he negligence of the agent we had to take the whole lot. In this God overruled because now even that is too small.

One afternoon we all banded together to help move a house on the property to another location. Long bamboo poles were tied under the house and scores of men lifted the house on those bamboos. Since I was a bit taller than the average Filipino it felt to me that the whole weight was on my shoulder! The old chapel was dismantled so as to use as much of the material as possible in rebuilding. In 1941 it was all enclosed but still had a dirt floor.

During the 1930's, in addition to the work at the chapel and the open-air meetings, there were children's' classes as I have already mentioned. The weekly visits to the Santol Sanitarium have also been referred to earlier. Anna had a Bible class on evening a week in Abiertas' Home, a home for unwed mothers. Usually she took some girls from San Juan to help her. When we returned from furlough in 1929 we bought a second-hand Essex (only old-timers will remember those cars). It served us well but needed a lot of care. Once we were going to Baguio when suddenly there was a clatter under the hood and a terrible vibration. When we stopped to investigate we discovered that one of the four fan blades and broken off. Being a long way from any repair shop I decided the only was to restore balance was to break off the opposite blade. By stopping at the bottom of the zigzag on the Kennon Road and by draining our radiator and putting in cold water, we made it up the mountain with out any difficulty.

Come down on that trip, as we got to the lowlands, the differential gear was stripped. We were towed into a garage in a nearby town where the trouble was diagnosed. No parts were available there, so we left the car and traveled home by bus and train. My mechanic advised that a new part, even if we could find such, wouldn't mesh with the old gears. With his help we were able to find a complete unit for that old model in a junk shop. I carried it up north and had it installed and it worked perfectly.

So when Anna went out alone at night, he boys would say, “Let’s pray that Mom doesn’t have any car trouble.” I wasn’t the man who said to his wife, “I’ve had this car all these years and never had a wreck,” and she replied, “You’ve had this wreck all these years and never had a car!” I hit a carabao on the rump once . Fortunately I was going slowly so the carabao walked off as if nothing had happened, but I had a bump in the fender and a smashed headlight. Before leaving on furlough someone gave me P37.00 for it! Registration which was due would have cost P35.00!

In 1931, the Manila Evangelistic Institute was commenced by Dr. Paul Cullen of the Association of Baptists for World Evangelism. A year or two later when they had no male missionaries in Manila, Miss Ellen Martien asked if I would teach doctrine there. I pointed out that possibly my view of doctrine would not be acceptable. Holding up a Bible, Miss Martien said, “Stay within the covers of this Book and it will be acceptable.” Under that arrangement, I agreed and in addition to teaching doctrine, I also taught Romans. Later on Dr. Russell Bradley Jones took over direction of the Institute, and I offered my resignation because of my lack of scholastic qualifications. He kindly refused my resignation. We enjoyed some happy fellowship with these men. One year I was asked to teach Revelation and Dr. Jones was teaching Daniel. As some of he view on prophecy differed from mine, the students used to try to play one off against the other.

In December 1931, I first met Sandy Sutherland. He was from an assembly in Scotland and had gone to the U.S. for further studies. From there he came to the Philippines in connection with ABWE and pioneered work in Palawan. He was not happy with their financial policies so severed connection with them and continued to serve the Lord independently in southern Palawan. He located at Brookes Point and reached out from there. Later on some of us in Manila, along with some Filipino believers, contacted some of the assemblies in Scotland about commending Sandy to the work of the Lord here. In October, 1936, Sandy and Maisie were married at the

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Chinese Gospel Chapel, then on Gandara St. in Manila. As I was driving Sandy down to the wedding in our dirty, dilapidated old car, he insisted that he and his bride would ride with us from the chapel to the reception at Dr. and Mrs. Culley's home. I didn't have time to even get it washed! True to its cantankerous style, the old car would not start when the bridal pair got in, so we had to get a push to start it. Anyway, we said, their married life started out with a good push!

In was in October, 1932 that the first issue of a monthly magazine, The Philippine Evangelist, came off the press with Dr. Cullen as editor and Mr. Wightman as publisher and printer. For seven years I wrote the Sunday school lesson notes for each week in that magazine. For part of the time I was assistant editor, taken over for Dr. Culley whenever he was out of town. This magazine had a useful ministry through many parts of the Philippines in those years but perforce came to an end when the war in the Pacific brought the Japanese to these shores. For some years the English Sunday school notes were translated into Tagalog and printed as a supplement.

Dr. and Mrs. Culley were also instrumental in starting the Philippine Keswick Conference. It was intended mainly for students when they were free from classes between Christmas and New Year. The first conference was held at Montalban below the gorge in December 1931. Sandy and I were invited as speakers. They had borrowed one large canvas to shelter the ladies. For the fellows there were shelters of cogon grass. Early one morning it began to rain and the grass didn't shed much rain. Sandy and I put our camp cots over our baggage and sat in the river where it was not quite so chilly as the driving rain. It was a precious time of fellowship though somewhat wet!

Sometime later a committee was formed and I was asked to serve as chairman. With the help of students, we would prepare the grounds. Branches of acacia were pounded into the ground as frames for seats in an open-door auditorium on the side of the hill. Many of them would be sprouting leaves by conference time. We rented two "bankas" (canoes) to make a raft to cross the river and

had tents and other supplies.

Those were times of much blessing in the lives of many. The testimonies at the campfire on the last night were thrilling. One young woman, a very attractive girl, said one evening, "I came here with my own ideas for my life. Now I only want God's will to be done." For her, how true was the hymn, "I know not what awaits me, God kindly veils my eyes." She married a very fine pastor in the Visayan Islands. During the final days of Japanese occupation, some of their troops went on a rampage. That fine young woman, with her two children, were brutally murdered by the Japanese in front of the pastor whose life was spared.

Montalban was a picturesque spot with high and steep hills lining the gorge. Each evening it was a fascinating sight to see thousands of bats swarm out of their caves and fly down the valley at sundown. One day a group of fellows climbed the mountain. Darkness overtook them and they were stranded on the ledge up there all night. They could see the camp so we kept a bonfire burning for we had been able to contact them by voice but not reach them. In 1938, that site was washed out by floods so a location was found on a hacienda in the hills below Antipolo. This included the partial use of a larger farmhouse. Today the Valley Golf and Country Club occupies that place and Faith Academy is nearby. In 1941, we were preparing for another conference there. At noon resting on the hillside I looked down across the valley to Manila and wondered what would happen if war came. It did come before we could have that conference. The work party for December 8th was cancelled by news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Another activity in that decade of the 1930's was radio ministry. On January 7, 1934, Dr. Paul Culley began a 15-minute program called the "Gospel Singers." It was, I believe, the first evangelistic program on the radio here in the Philippines. At first the radio company would not allow any preaching, as they were afraid of adverse Roman Catholic reaction. However, Dr. Culley got around that by introducing each hymn and telling what it was about. At the

end of that year Dr.Culley was leaving for furlough and asked Dr. Jones to take it over. But the latter was not a singer like Dr. Culley so he made it plain that he would give a short message.

Dr. Jones invited me to bring the message on February 24, 1935. Obviously I had no experience of speaking into a microphone—we didn't even have a public address systems then. We didn't own a radio to listen to others, so I was quite nervous and it was probably that which induced a sore throat and husky voice. But Dr. Jones wouldn't let me back out, so I brought the message I had prepared on "True Satisfaction."

A year later, in March, 1936, when Dr. Jones was leaving the Islands he asked me to take over the responsibility for the program. By then we called it "The Gospel Messengers." Our team was cosmopolitan: Mrs. Edward Bomm, and American, was soprano, Miss Josefina Orteza, a Filipino, was alto; Dr. Ho Seng Huang, a Chinese, the bass. I forget now who the tenor was but for a time Henkey Pouw, an Indonesian, was the pianist. That was before wire or tape recordings were discovered so every program was live. No opportunity to replay it and correct any mistakes. One Sunday evening our program was moved up 15 minutes and we had not been notified. Fortunately, we were usually there in good time but that evening I was almost in a panic when the quartet strolled in casually just a minute before going on air.

Free booklets were offered on this program, and there was an encouraging response. One lady wrote that she was so tired of her life she contemplated suicide. Hearing the quartet singing, "All this I have done for thee, What hast thou done for Me?", she was awakened to the goodness of God and the grace of Christ.

Another lady wrote about her difficulties with her family so we asked if we could visit her. When we did, she poured out her story and we tried to extend to her the comfort of the Scriptures. Before Anna and I left, I asked if we might pray for her. She seemed a little surprised, possibly thinking we would need a shrine or something. In simple words I prayed for her and told the Lord about her sad

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situation and asked Him to make Himself real to her. As I prayed I heard her crying. After the prayer, she looked at me with tears on her cheeks and said, "Never in my life have I heard a prayer like that!" It made me realize afresh the privilege of talking to God in prayer. So often we are prone to take that privilege for granted. The war intervened and we lost contact. Some twenty years later one of the teachers at Faith Academy brought to the evening service in San Juan a neighbor who was a believer. This lady said, "Don't you remember me?" It was embarrassing to admit that I did not, but it turned out she was the lady with whom I had prayed. She was now a believer in Christ.

The radio ministry was carried on by others during our furlough from 1937 to 1938 but upon our return I resumed it until December 7, 1941. On that program I spoke on the Four Freedoms that President Roosevelt had declared, but I applied them in a spiritual way. At the close I saw I had about a minute left so picked up a card which a missionary had sent me on which were listed some of the "Fear Nots" of Scripture. Even as I spoke, the Japanese were on their way to Pearl Harbor and next morning bombed places in the Philippines. We lost some of our freedom but learned too that we need not fear.

It was that radio ministry that led us into another sphere of activity as we entered the 1940's. It was the custom of the U.S. Fleet in the Far East to spend the summer at Tsingtao in China and the winter in Manila Bay. On a submarine tender, the USS Canopus, was a Christian sailor, Virgil Wemmer. He was discouraged because he had not found a Gospel preaching church and could not locate a Christian program on his radio. He chanced on our program and wrote that he was hungry for Christian fellowship, even though a few fellows used to meet in the apartment that one Chief and his wife rented in Manila.

We had often been concerned about U.S. servicemen in Manila. Quite a number were stationed in Manila or out at Fort McKinley. It seemed that nothing was being done in a spiritual way for them. In

earlier years, the secretary of the YMCA at Fort McKinley was a fine Christian. But our hands were so full of other work and we felt our first responsibility was to the Filipinos. Occasionally we had contacted some fellows. During our first term we were able to help a Navy man. In a watch night service he testified, "Once I thought Christianity was a matter of right creeds, but now I know it is centered in a Person, the Lord Jesus Christ." He seemed to be getting cold spiritually just before he returned to the U.S. We had not seen him for sometime, but I learned when he was leaving. Wrapping a New Testament with his name I left it at the ship by which he was leaving. While on furlough I learned he was at Moody though I had not heard from him. When I called on him there, he told me that it was the New Testament that brought him back into fellowship with the Lord and led into his going into the Lord's service as a teacher.

We met with Virgil Wemmer and some of the fellows at the apartment of CPO King. Soon after it was decided to look for another place to meet with more room. Many of the fellows would congregate at the Army and Navy YMCA in the Walled City, so we asked Mr. Wightman for permission to use the Gospel Hall in that district on Saturday evenings. Yet even this was not exactly suitable; what they needed was a home atmosphere. I thought our home was too far out and too difficult to find, but the fellows didn't think so. So a regular Saturday evening meeting was begun there. Some would come out in the afternoon and stay until Sunday afternoon. We got permission to use a vacant lot at the back where they put up lights and a volleyball court.

One fellow said, "Since I left my home in the States, this is the first time I have been in a home." One of the regulars, Archuletta, or Archie, was a great pal with our boys. He asked if he could bring another fellow who was not a Christian. A good bit of Saturday afternoon was spent with that fellow, and he seemed very close to a decision for Christ. Finally he said, "I don't know whether I could hold out! It is tough being on a submarine. If I could try it out for a

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week or two and see how it goes." I assured him he couldn't take Christ "on approval" to see if it works. I assured him that when he received Christ the needed strength would be given him. Whether or not he subsequently trusted Christ, we don't know.

One of the fellows who came to our home was John Tinkle, a really keen Christian. He had come to know the Lord at Long Beach, California, through the ministry of Dawson Trotman in the early days of the Navigator work. He was an enthusiastic memorizer of Scripture who had memorized some 600 verses. He was keen on getting others to the same. As they washed and wiped dishes in the kitchen they would drill on their verses. Later John's ship was sunk by the Japanese in the battle of the Java Sea. Some would say he went down with his ship; his body did, but his spirit went home to be with the Lord.

Two young fellows in the army Air Corps (before the days of USAF) stationed at Nichols Air Base were nominal Christians. John Bristow and Jesse Miller were only 18, lonely and homesick. One Saturday evening they went to the YMCA thinking they might as well take in a show, though they weren't happy about doing that. A sailor invited them to go out to our home, which proved a turning point in their lives. However, John's war experiences seemed to have adversely affected his spiritual life and we lost touch with him. Up to that time Jesse had thought of the Bible as a book to carry to church. Then he learned it was to have a vital part in his life. Through the blessings he received in our home, Jesse made up his mind that if ever he had a home of his own it would be open to servicemen. The story of how that determination came true must be left to a later chapter. We thank God for the contacts that were made at that time and also for the influence that those Christian fellows had upon our two teenage sons. Sometimes it seemed our time and strength was being stretched to the limit. How much longer could we keep it up? Sandy and Maisie Sutherland were with us for a while around Thanksgiving, 1941. Sandy said, "Cyril, you can't keep up this pace. You will have to give up something." Only a

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few days later, after the Sutherlands had returned to Palawan, the Lord took care of that situation with the outbreak of war in the Pacific.

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CHAPTER 13

War Clouds Gather

"Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." (Psa. 27:3)

As mentioned in the last chapter, our second furlough was 1937 to 1938. During this furlough we tried to manage that Leonard and Kenneth would have a year in public school. In the Philippines we had been teaching them ourselves using the Calvert course. Though this demanded a good bit of our time, we felt it was the best approach to their education at that time. When we returned here they were able to enter Bordner High School as some previous regulations were relaxed. That also made it possible for Rose to attend primary school. One of the highlights of that furlough was witnessing Leonard and Kenneth being baptized at Elmwood Chapel in Buffalo, New York, on January 30, 1938.

Prior to our furlough, Miss Jeannette Lape from Glendale, California had joined us in the work. She had had some health and temperamental problems and these were probably aggravated by our absence. Early one Saturday morning we received a cable from a good friend in Manila, Miss Edna Hotchkiss of ABWE, that Jeannette had a nervous breakdown and should be accompanied home as soon as possible. Miss Hotchkiss offered to accompany her but that would mean a return ticket for her. The total cost would be around $1200.00. I immediately phoned Mr. Richard Mac Lachlan, editor of "Voices From the Vineyard" in New York, and also Tom Millham of her commending assembly, suggesting that any available funds should be sent to the latter for transmittal to Manila. Both of these brethren got in touch with others over that weekend. In the goodness and grace of our Lord, and through the generosity of the Lord's people, the needed funds were cabled to Manila on Monday. It was a real boost to our faith to see how quickly God answered our prayers. After she recuperated, Miss Lape was very anxious to return to the Philippines but the brethren in Los Angels did not feel it was wise to commend her. She did return with another missionary group but after a few years had again to be invalided home.

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On one of my itineraries on that furlough I arranged to visit Fort Dodge, Iowa. My purpose was to talk with Brother Lloyd Walterick who was then publishing "Light and Liberty." Along with others I was concerned that Voices was appearing infrequently and irregularly. It was feared this would mean a lessening of missionary interest. To my delight I learned that Brother Walterick had just returned from a visit to New York where he met with several brethren who had a similar concern. Among them were Harold Harper, a good friend and a frequent giver to missionaries, and also Charles Bellinger who had been one of our teachers in the missionary school in Brooklyn. Although Brother Bellinger was a busy businessman on Wall Street, for several years he headed up this new ministry of serving as a liaison between missionaries and the home assemblies. In later years, after the home call of Brother Bellinger, Christian Missions in Many Lands came into being and later on amalgamated with the group from the "Voices From the Vineyard" and the "Missionary Fund." Missionaries all over the world owe a deep debt of gratitude to the many brethren who have given of their time and energy in helping the Lord's work in other lands.

War clouds were gathering in Europe, and Hitler's ruthless tactics were becoming evident as we returned from furlough in 1938. On the cross-pacific voyage one war rumor made us wonder whether we would reach our destinations. My nephew, Cyril Weller, had been accepted by the China Inland Mission for service in China. However, he could not travel with us to Shanghai because a party of single ladies was booked on that ship. CIM policy did not allow single men to be on the same ship with single ladies of their mission. An older CIM missionary was booked, Mr. Henry Ford. He once wrote, whimsically, to Henry Ford of motor fame, asking if it was true that Ford Company would provide a vehicle to a namesake of its founder. He was told that rumor was not true. Mr. Ford, who was of short stature, had been informed that two small boys would also occupy his cabin. The two boys (Len and Ken) were both taller than he!

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We were soon involved again in the work when in 1939 war broke out in Europe. We were vacationing in Baguio in 1940 when the German armies overran Holland, Belgium, and France. Henry de Vries, who had spent several years in missionary work in Mindanao, was in the opposite side of the duplex. He came in to listen to the news broadcasts and was quite excited because, being from Holland, he knew many of the places mentioned and had relatives in some of them.

Just after the evacuation of the British from Dunkirk, in my visits to Santol Sanitarium, I was conversing with an American priest who was a patient there. He expressed the opinion that Britain was doomed and that Hitler would be victorious. I suggested that if he would consider the Bible and history he would find he was mistaken. Even though in this present age Israel as a nation has been set aside by God, yet still they are His people, "for he that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye" (Zech. 2:8). Any ruler or nation that has persecuted the Jews has eventually suffered for it. Maybe if Hitler had been a better student of history, not to say the Bible, he would not have gone down in such an ignominious defeat.

In the second half of 1941 good numbers of servicemen were coming to our home. Frequently there were fellows off cruisers that stopped in Manila for the weekend. We learned that American ships crossing the Pacific were being convoyed because of the growing anti-American feeling in Japan. Early in December 1941, we knew that it was becoming more difficult for the servicemen to get overnight passes. There were three fine Christians on the USS Astoria that called here. This cruiser was later sunk in the battle of Coral Sea and two of those men went down with the ship. We didn't realize then how poorly prepared for war in the Pacific America was at that time.

Tighter restrictions had hindered some men from coming to our house on the weekend of December 6 and 7. One of the fellows, Ray Harper, worked at Cavite Navy Yard encoding messages. He owned a car which he sometimes left with us. That Sunday as he was

leaving, he said, "I am taking the car to get it greased. I'll bring it back Monday. If anything happens it will be better here." Then realizing he had perhaps said too much, he dashed off without answering our questions. He never was able to return.

At breakfast Monday morning, December 8, we heard that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor earlier that morning (Manila time). That meant war—how soon would it affect us? Taking the children to school, I warned the boys that school would probably be dismissed and that they should get Rose at her school and come right home. My schedule was to go to Taytay to work with some of the students on the grounds for the Philippine Keswick Conference. With the outbreak of war, there would be no conference and so the work party was called off. Soon we heard bombs had fallen on Baguio. Just before noon flights of planes attacked Clark Field, just at a time when planes had returned form reconnaissance. Planes were refueling and pilots eating lunch. Few got off the ground before they were destroyed. Bombers were still waiting orders to attack bases on Formosa. We wondered what had happened to Jesse Miller who was then at Clark. That night the Japanese bombed Nichols Field, and from our bedroom window we could see the explosions.

Having knocked out most of the U.S. planes, the Japanese would come in tight formations, usually about noon. Coming in from the north they would turn west above our area and drop down to bomb shipping in Manila Bay and on across the Bay to Cavite Navy Yard. Our anti-aircraft fire was quite ineffectual, as it didn't have sufficient power or range. As we watched one day we heard the whistle of a falling shell and flattened ourselves to the ground. It apparently was an anti-aircraft dud that fell in an adjacent lot. Every night there was a complete blackout. Nobody seemed very sure what should be done, but American propaganda was that help was on the way. So we foolishly thought that soon the tide of battle would turn against the enemy.

Towards the end of December I received a call from a former

ABWE missionary, Capt. Skolfield. He had gone back into the U. S. Navy and had been stationed at Cavite when it was bombed. He had salvaged some of the supplies and taken them to an apartment in Manila. He told me to take some of them and had given other supplies to ABWE missionaries. Filling the car tow or three times we transferred some of these to our home. One item was supposedly a 100-pound bag of sugar but when we opened it, it proved to be salt.

These supplies were very welcome because we had opened our home to several missionaries stranded in Manila. Some were on their way out of China and only got this far. Others were on ships going on to India but were caught here. They were told to disembark, as the ships would proceed to an unknown destination. They offered to sign releases if only they could stay aboard at their own risk. They were refused and the ships sailed with their hold baggage. After the war was over they learned their baggage arrived safely in Australia and was in storage there. For a time there were 13 of us in our home; so in the place of servicemen there were these missionaries.

After Christmas the Filipino-American forces retreated to the Bataan peninsula. Avoiding main streets around Manila, some busloads passed near us. Oil storage tanks in Pandacan were set afire to prevent the Japanese getting them. U.S. military supplies that couldn't be taken to Bataan were thrown open to the Filipinos. We heard that some men took a large crate thinking it must be something valuable, only to discover that it contained the remains of an American waiting to be shipped. President Quezon and some leading Philippine government personnel, along with Gen. MacArthur and his staff, went over to Corregidor Island and the entrance to Manila Bay. This fortress was built to resist and repel invaders from the China Sea but offered little resistance from the rear.

Manila was declared an open city on January 1, 1942, in order to spare the city from fighting and loss of civilian lives. The Japanese

bombing had largely been of military targets. However, in bombing shipping on the Pasig River they had struck a large Roman Catholic church. This was put to good propaganda use—pagan Japan with no regard for Christian Filipinos! This propaganda may have had a bearing later on in the release of missionaries in Manila from internment. With the Japanese landings at Lingayen Bay, north of Manila, and Atimonan, south of Manila, some foreigners headed for what were supposed to be evacuation points. Some of the missionaries went to Baguio but we decided it was better to remain in our homes and leave the outcome with the Lord.

On January 2 we saw a truckload of Japanese troops pass on a nearby corner. We decided to sit tight and await developments. A former houseboy came with a sack of flour from a warehouse that the owner threw open to the Filipinos. Much time was spent in prayer together as a group these days. Psalm 46 was a source of comfort as we realized that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." One afternoon we saw a truckload of Japanese coming up our street. As it approached I started towards the door, thinking that as head of the house I should be the first to approach them. The truck drove on without stopping. One evening our Filipino neighbor from across the street came with the information that he had that day seen the Japanese who had been living next door and they told him they would be around to pick us up. He suggested I hide out with him or go to the provinces but these suggestions were impracticable. In my reading Jeremiah 15:21 proved to be a real cheer, "I will deliver thee out of the hand of the wicked, and I will redeem thee out of the hand of the terrible."

The house next door had previously been occupied by a Japanese married to a Filipino. They moved there when we did in 1937 and were very friendly. Later they moved to another home and their place was taken by a group of young Japanese men who worked in Japanese bazaars in town. Every morning they did their calisthenics before going to work. Across from the San Juan Chapel a Japanese had rented a home. He spent a lot of time going around, ostensibly

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going to play golf. These were only two examples of how the Japanese and infiltrated military men and spies in strategic places.

Our former neighbor, Mr. Imamura, was appointed to act as liaison between the Filipino police and the Japanese military authorities. At a later time during the occupation I went to see him to request his help in regard to Mrs. Bomm who had been picked up one night and taken to Fort Santiago. As I waited in his outer office, I heard him giving a typical Japanese propaganda line and my heart sank. Out came a number of Filipino police sergeants and the receptionist ushered me into his office. He was most cordial, saying, "Our countries are at war but you and I are friends." I had occasion to seek his help at other times but went to his home. I would go after dark to the back door. He came out to the kitchen to speak to me one evening while in his sala; he was entertaining the top Japanese general!

Santo Tomas University has a longer history than either Yale or Harvard. The grounds of this Roman Catholic university were taken over as an internment camp. All enemy aliens were to report there by January 15, so we delayed to the last day. We loaded up two or three "carretelas" (the typical Filipino horse rig) and set off, leaving behind a group of tearful believers. In Santo Tomas, American committees had been set up to operate the camp under the supervision of the Japanese. We lined up to fill in forms providing information about our homes, cars and finances. Learning that we were missionaries, the American in charge said, "You missionaries are going to be moved somewhere else today—you may as well fill in the forms there." Actually we were about to be released as house prisoners so no forms were filled in. In this way our car was one of the few that was not confiscated. Later on, since we could not use it, we sold the battery and tires. Then someone wanted to buy the car. They brought tires and one evening we pushed it a couple of blocks to a neighboring house. Just after we had it in the other garage a Japanese patrol car went by!

While waiting at Santo Tomas that day, I was called into an office

where they asked me about some who had not yet surrendered. It was a relief not to know their whereabouts. It gave me an opportunity to glance over the listing of missionaries compiled by the Japanese. It seemed to be quite complete and I was surprised that we were listed as "Plymouth Brethren," since we don't use that term ourselves. I thought that it was rather strange that not once during the occupation did the Japanese ask to even see our passports.

The same afternoon all the missionaries, Roman Catholic and Protestant, were called together to listen to a propaganda speech. We were told about the magnanimity of the Japanese, that they came to the Philippines with the same purpose as ours, to help the Filipino people. We were to be released to go to our homes or institutions and would be given instructions. We would only be allowed to go out for religious services, for medical attention and necessary shopping. We would have to report to the "Religious Section" of the Japanese Army who would accept responsibility for us. Later on we were given one red armband with a Japanese character indicating we were enemy aliens. One to a family, to be worn when we went outside our homes. Soon these proved to be a boon. Filipinos now knew we were not Germans. So there was no need to bargain in the market for we got the best price right away. Extra things were put in our basket and on one occasion at least, money was quietly slipped into my hand by an unknown donor.

So that same evening we were back home again. The believers at San Juan rejoiced at our immediate release. They compared it to Peter's released from prison! We had been release without signing any statement or making any promises. Some were not so fortunate. Some denominational leaders were called in by the Religious Section and ordered to sign a prepared statement. Some leaders, mostly of liberal theological view, did sign. However, a few, such as Mr. Fonger of the American Bible Society, Mr. Ed Bomm, and Dr. Santiago Cruspero (a Filipino) of ABWE refused to compromise their Christian witness. Those Americans were imprisoned in Fort

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Santiago, which had a reputation for privation and torture. Officials from the Religious Section visited some of the churches to listen to the sermons on Sundays. Being a smaller group and also being out in the suburb in San Juan, we were spared such visits.

One of the Baptist missionaries died of illness in the Baguio Camp so the church of which he was pastor in Manila held a memorial service. Up to the last minute he hoped Mr. Bomm would be released for that. So when it was obvious that he would not be there, they asked me to substitute. The Lord wonderfully helped in giving a suitable message at such short notice. On another occasion there just as I stood up to preach some Japanese officers came in. Shortly after, I was called to the Religious Section and the chief there asked if I would like to be repatriated. I presumed it would have included the family but no mention was made of them. This offer I declined on the grounds that there were others who had been stranded here on account of the war. They should have the preference, and a few did manage to get away to Shanghai to sail on the evacuation vessel, S. S. Gripsholm. Learning that I was from British Columbia, the chief told me he was raised in the Fraser River valley of that province.

Each week we had to send in a report of our activities—what services we attended and so forth. If we had taught a class or had preached we had to give the topic of our message. One week they sent me a letter, noting that I had preached on such a Sunday and asked for a copy of my sermon. It is not my custom to write my sermons, simply an outline. Since I had preached in Tagalog I typed out my message in Tagalog, being fairly sure they would not be able to understand it! Shortly there was another request for a copy of my sermon and "if I had preached in Tagalog, please submit an English translation." Since they wanted so much to read my message, I decided they would have the way of salvation clearly presented.

They were at that time inviting various Filipino preachers to give a short message on the radio on Sunday mornings. Of course, they demanded that they approve the message before it aired. They asked

Dr. Cruspero to give a message but rejected his first manuscript. It rather amused me that Dr. Cruspero should ask my advice, an enemy alien. He wanted to use the opportunity and yet not compromise his stand for Christ. We went over the manuscript and made some changes. In one place he had mentioned the Empire State Building in an illustration. Instead we substituted a tall building in Manila. His revised message was accepted.

Services continued in the San Juan Chapel on a regular basis, except that there were no evening services. Of course, such things as open-air meetings or children's classes outside were not allowed, nor any literature distribution. There was a supply of literature on hand. As there was a shortage of paper or any kind of supplies, we sold this as waste paper. It was no doubt used for wrapping or making bags in the markets. So with a dearth of reading material we hoped that people would even read such wrapping material.

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CHAPTER 14

The Japanese Occupation

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" (Psa. 78:19)

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." (Psa. 23:5)

Just before the Japanese entered Manila, we got off a cable to the brethren in New York letting them know that we were then all right. They had no further work about us until January 1943, when evacuees on the S.S. Gripsholm passed on word about us. It was a trying time for our loved ones, especially Anna's mother and father. One day they thought her mother had gone. The doctor (a fine Christian) from across the street thought he was too late until he noticed a slight movement. He was able to revive her but said the best medicine would be a letter from Manila. Anna's three sisters sent short notes through the Red Cross in late 1944, but these were not received until after our liberation.

For almost three and a half years we had no letters except one from Echoes of Service in Bath. For some reason letters from Britain seemed to get through, for one of our fellow workers from there received a number of letters. This meant, of course, that we were entirely cut off from our usual sources of supply as no gifts could get through to us. In the early days some of those in the internment camps were given Red Cross food packages but these were not given to us on the outside; supposedly, the local markets were available to us!

How did God supply our needs during the time we were living in our own home as house prisoners? Some of the local people gave us gifts, usually of food. The believers were themselves suffering yet they gave to us. Occasionally gifts came from some we had not known previously. We also were able to sell some things. This, of course, had to be kept from the knowledge of the Japanese, but we were able to dispose of our car and piano and some other things. Then some of the Chinese offered to lend us money without interest until after the war. This was to their advantage as it was like an

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investment to be repaid in good currency. They had no confidence in the Japanese currency, which was referred to as "Mickey Mouse Money." Some of these declined repayment after the war.

Of course, the Japanese were also curious about the source of our income. Filipinos who helped us would be under suspicion of aiding the enemy. One afternoon a Japanese officer and soldier along with a Filipino policeman visited us. Fortunately, we were all home at the time. They evidently wanted to know who was helping us. It added to their prestige to talk through an interpreter. They started by asking questions in Tagalog which the Filipino was to ask us in English. I took the wind out of their sails by replying to the policeman in Tagalog. They exclaimed, "Oh, you speak Tagalog!" It would have been undiplomatic to point out that probably I spoke it better than they did. They asked how we made a living. I directed their attention to our garden where we had planted sweet potatoes and squash, etc. Actually it wasn't very productive, but I didn't think it was necessary to add that information. Obviously that was not enough, so they asked, "What else?" I mentioned that some of our members helped us. Pencils and pads were at the ready—"Oh, who are they?" "Oh, I couldn't tell you all their names—there are many of them." "How much do they give you?" Time was spent in telling how different ones (no names, of course) gave a few ears of corn, a little rice, or perhaps some eggs. I omitted to tell them that our Japanese neighbor had once sent us a package of goodies! Finally it became evident that I was not about to supply them with any specific information. As they left I picked up a Japanese New Testament that had been sent to us long before. I explained to the officer that I had had it for some time, and since I couldn't read it I would be happy for him to have it. He evidently recognized what it was and said something in Japanese to his companions which seemed to amuse them. Often I have wondered what became of that Testament. We just committed it to the Lord.

In many ways we had to improvise. Several Navy men used to keep an extra white uniform at our house. We hid these in the air

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space below the roof lest the Japanese should find them. As time went on these were made over into clothes we could wear. Shorts instead of long trousers was one way of economizing.

Before long there was no wheat flour obtainable. Rice flour or cassave does not respond to yeast in the same way. We could get yeast for some breweries were still in operation. We had a corn mill, which was used to make corn meal and rice flour. Len and Ken used it to make peanut butter and sell it. Each evening we grated a coconut and squeezed it to get coconut milk. What was left after squeezing was fried with sugar, and this added flavor and nourishment to cereals and puddings. Feeling it was important for Rose to get some milk, we purchased carabao (water buffalo) milk from a boy each morning. He augmented his profits by diluting the milk with water.

With a box on the back of my bicycle, marketing was done downtown in Manila. When the tires wore out, the Filipinos very ingeniously made tires from the sidewalls of old automobile tires.

All radios were called in for inspection and modification to eliminate any short-wave reception. Our house was surrounded by vines for shade purposes. A wire was strung all around the house among the vines. One short end protruded through a crack in the siding. Each evening this was connected with a short wire to our radio. Most evenings at 10 p.m. we could pick up an English news program from Free China. Thus, we kept in touch with the progress of the war. Japanese programs were not dependable for accuracy. We generally figured it was the opposite of what they said. The Tagalog newspaper was named "Taliba" (Sentinel). Newsboys would cry, "Taliba! Balitang baligtad" (Sentinel! News in reverse).

One of Len's customers for peanut butter was a former radioman. He had hidden a shortwave in his house. Gists of important news were typed on small sheets of onionskin paper. When Len delivered peanut butter, he would come away with one of these news sheets secreted in the handlebars of his bicycle. One morning on his way there, a friend stopped him with the news that the Japanese had

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raided the radioman's house, found his shortwave, and taken him to Fort Santiago. They evidently had watched for some time and were picking up people who had visited that house. Len was on their list evidently, so for a while he kept out of sight. The military police did question an acquaintance as to the home of Len, but he pleaded ignorance.

One of the diversions of those days was a monkey that had been given to Len. It had been brought from Bataan by someone who managed to get away from there. It afforded hours of amusement except when it got loose and seemed to delight in evading recapture. It would patiently work for hours on any knot in order to get free. Boys came by to tease, carefully staying beyond the reach of the monkey's rope. One day in leaping at these tormentors the rope broke! The boys fled with an amazing dash of speed! A fruit vendor would pass an apparently somnolent monkey, but the moment his back was turned he was minus one banana. Len loaned his monkey to a friend for a few days. During its absence a neighbor called to say Len's monkey was in their yard. It wasn't Len's but one quite similar, so then we had two of a kind. Unfortunately, this second one came to an untimely end. His rope got around his neck so when he leaped it was suicidal.

Sometimes the boys would visit friends in the neighborhood in the evening. One evening Len was accosted by some Japanese and ordered to report to their office the next morning. The Japanese didn't usually venture abroad much at night, and when they did it was always in a group. It could have been too dangerous for one or two alone! I couldn't go with Len, as I had to report to the Religious Section that same morning. Anna went with him and I warned them not to offer any information, just answer questions. Asked why he was wandering about at night, Len said he went outside for a little exercise before turning in. Looking as his records they noted he was British but was born in the Philippines. "How many times have you been to Britain?" Len told them he had never been to Britain. They never asked about going to the U.S. or Canada, and they apparently

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never thought of it. They told him to go home—it was good to exercise but not to do it at night because there were many bad people about. That deliverance was surely an answer to prayer.

One of our friends who had previously been one of my Bible students, Mr. Max Atienza, told me he had contacts with the guerrillas. If I would give him a list of the servicemen we knew he would try to get information on their present whereabouts. We had no knowledge about most of them. We did hear about Virgil Wemmer. One afternoon as our laundrywoman was returning our clean clothes, two young women came to the door. When I invited them in they seemed reluctant to state their mission until after the laundrywoman left. Then they told me they worked for the Japanese in a car repair place in Manila; there were some American prisoners of war also working there. They handed me a little note from Virgil. I asked if they could smuggle in anything for him and another fellow he named. They would try some small packages. They were not allowed to talk to the POW's but a fellow they worked with would leave something in the lavatory and signal Virgil to go in when he came out.

In the meantime Max Atienza said that one of his contacts had been caught by the Kempetai (Japanese police), so he didn't know whether we would get any news or not. However, after a while the list I had typed was returned with notations about most of the fellows. Jesse Miller was then working on construction of an airfield just south of Manila. Later he was taken to Japan and worked there until release after VJ Day in August 1945. Ray Harper was in Puerto Princesa in Palawan. There some of the prisoners were chosen to be shipped to Japan and others to remain in Palawan. Ray was among the latter but switched places with a fellow who thought it would be safer to stay in Palawan. A number of the ships carrying prisoners to Japan were torpedoed by U.S. submarines who had no idea there were Americans aboard. George Wightman, son of our fellow missionary, was among those killed in this way. Ray got safely to Japan and later was released there after VJ Day. The prisoners who

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remained in Palawan, when liberation was within sight, were herded into a cave and massacred by the Japanese.

We were aware of the guerrilla activity going on. This was not only against the Japanese but also against Filipinos who collaborated with them. The latter were usually warned to desist or suffer the consequences. About twenty such were killed by guerrillas just in San Juan. One of them lived a couple of blocks from us and his wife had once sent us some food. One day I saw an American ride into San Juan on horseback. There were times when a guerrilla would approach a man in downtown Manila, shoot him in broad daylight, and then disappear among the crowds. In early 1944 we saw a well-worn copy of LIFE magazine and also got hold of a small-town newspaper. We knew nothing about anyone in that little place but we read the entire paper. The prices in the ads, the announcements of births, weddings, and deaths, all gave us a little inkling of wartime life in the U.S. On most of such items brought in by U.S. submarines there was stamped the famous words of MacArthur, "I shall return." As the hopes of Filipinos were raised and sustained by this promise, so our hearts are cheered by the promise of One who is greater, "I will come again."

Yet those were days when we learned to be very suspicious and cautious. It paid to be non-committal to any but most intimate friends. So we were hesitant to share the good news about the war that came our way. We were never quite sure who we could really depend upon.

Because of the severe shortages there was a great increase in theft and other crimes. Children would feel through the muck of a gutter for such items as nails, screws and bolts. Washed off they could be offered for sale in flea markets. People learned to watch their laundry on the line lest it disappear. A bamboo pole through a barred window was one way of lifting loosed items of clothing. At night men would climb poles to cut electric wire. In our neighborhood they formed a vigilante group. Any suspicion of burglars would cause an alarm to be sounded and everyone would

turn on their lights while the men sallied forth with “bolos” (machetes) and flashlights. The crime rate quickly dropped in our district. One of our China missionaries living nearby had her purse snatched one day.

All this was a contrast with conditions before the war when there was very little crime. We used to leave our home unattended, the ground floor all open, and nothing would be taken. Hold-ups and purse-snatchings were rare occurrences but war conditions changed all that.

The Sutherlands had returned to Palawan just before the outbreak of the war. No word about them reached us until after the war. They had left their home in Brookes point and taken refuge in the hills. They couldn’t surrender before the deadline because there were no Japanese around to whom they could surrender. So they were forced to move form place to place and occasionally sneak into Brookes Point when they had a need there. They suffered many attacks of malaria, which was rampant in those parts. In 1944 they met some U.S. Navy men from a submarine, which had been wrecked in those waters. These men were aided by the guerrillas and were able to make contact with headquarters in Australia.

It was about that time too that their little boy, Alastair, had a prayer of his own each evening. When pressed by his Dad, Alastair said he was asking God to send a submarine to take them out of there. Such a possibility had not occurred to the parents. The navy men told them that a submarine had been ordered to pick them up one night and they invited the Sutherlands to go along. What a thrill when, barefooted and in ragged clothes, they stood on the steel deck of that submarine. Alastair’s prayers had been answered. At MacArthur’s headquarters, even in his weakened condition, Sandy was pumped for all the information he could offer. They were allowed to write to their loved ones in Scotland but were forbidden to tell how they got to Australia. Other missionary friends from Mindanao was taken out in the same way.

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On the island of Panay a group of Baptist missionaries had

hidden out in the hills and forests of that island. Although Japanese soldiers were in the vicinity on different occasions it was not until December 1943, that they finally located the hideout. Just before Christmas these missionaries and some others who had taken refuge with them were killed by Japanese soldiers.

In spite of the difficulties, we managed to get news about the progress of the war, particularly in Europe. One morning riding my bicycle into town to do some marketing, an unknown Filipino pulled alongside me. He was quite elated with the news he passed on that Italy had fallen to the Allied powers. In June 1944, I heard in the news from Kunming about the Normandy landing. Even though it was after ten at night, I just had to go around to some of our missionary friends in the neighborhood with the good news.

We could also sense that things were not going well for the Japanese, in spite of their propaganda. There were signs of increasing tension. It was a turning point when the Americans took Saipan. It would put an air base within striking distance of mainland Japan. This was followed by a smashing defeat of their Navy in Philippine waters. For us, prices were rising rapidly. A sack of rice cost us over seven hundred pesos. There would certainly be more inflation. Yet our trust was in the Lord and in the exceeding great and precious promises of His Word.

At the beginning of the occupation, one of the Filipino elders asked if we should stop making payments on the chapel land. Knowing there were sufficient funds for the next payment I said we should go ahead as long as the Lord supplied our needs for that. The former owner was the wife of a Supreme Court justice, and she expressed surprise that the congregation could still maintain their payments. Her other debtors had stopped paying. It was an opportunity for the elders to testify about the goodness and power of God even in those difficult circumstances. Later, I approached a Christian Chinese businessman about the possibility of him advancing the money to pay off the mortgage. The assembly would sign a note to pay off as they were able, particularly after liberation.

He agreed to this arrangement and some payments were made to him but after the liberation he wiped out the outstanding balance as his gift to the chapel.

Can God? Yes, indeed He can! "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen" (Eph. 3:20-21).

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CHAPTER 15

Life in an Internment Camp

"Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." (Heb. 13:5)

One afternoon in July 1944, while a neighbor missionary was visiting us, we observed some Japanese officials going to the home of another missionary. Our visitor hurriedly left by a back way so as to be home if they should visit him. Soon the unwelcome guests were at our door. They ordered us to all stand before them while they read a proclamation, first in Japanese, then in English. The purport of it was they could no longer guarantee our safety because of the prevailing lawlessness. So for our own protection we were to be confined in an internment camp. There we would be provided with "protective custody," a euphemism we readily understood. We were to be ready at nine the next morning with one suitcase each with our clothing—everything else would be provided! Anna remonstrated that since our daughter was sick we couldn't possibly be ready at such short notice. But she desisted from further protestations when the Japanese officer waved his finger under her nose and said, "You be ready tomorrow morning or else..." Better let him have the last word under such circumstances.

As soon as they left, word was sent to the brethren in San Juan. They came out in force to help us. Our belonging, furnishings, and books were quickly taken away to their homes for safekeeping. They would have stripped the place bare; but since we were not supposed to remove anything, I persuaded them to leave some furniture in the house. In this way most of our personal belongings were safely returned to us after we were liberated. A chiming eight-day clock, one of our wedding presents, and a few books were lost.

The next morning the army truck arrived, already quite full with friends and neighbors. We interpreted "one suitcase each" somewhat liberally and quickly began to load things on the truck to forestall any objections. One of our friends had brought us a basket of fruit. The soldiers hindered Anna's efforts to get this on the

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truck—"No food!" But each time Anna had stopped a little closer to the truck. Finally she appealed to one soldier who seemed as if he might be a bit friendlier. "My little girl has been sick, she needs this fruit." Possibly thinking of a little girl back home, the soldier put the basket on, and my wife followed. Finally the boys and I climbed on the tailgate of the overloaded truck and hung on as it lurched its way to Santo Tomas.

There it was made plain to us that we would not have any opportunity to communicate with our friends already interned there. Roman Catholic priests and nuns and Protestant missionaries alike were crowded into the gymnasium for an overnight stay. The Japanese tried unsuccessfully to take a roll call and establish some order out of chaos. The first time they often couldn't hear the response when names were called. After calling a nun's name two or three times someone said she had died some months before. Then they said we should answer by giving our age. The name of a white-haired Methodist was called and at the top of his lungs he shouted "64." This brought forth a burst of laughter from the crowd so this method was abandoned. I don't know how the Japanese recorded our names in their characters but we got inkling when they called for "Mr. Littlewood." There was no reply. I turned to our friend "Chips" Smallwood and said, "It's you they're calling." However, he declined to respond to "Littlewood."

A hard concrete floor with no bedding and hordes of mosquitoes were not conducive to sleep that night. At daybreak we were lined up in columns of four and counted, then loaded on trucks to take us to the railroad station. Then we were counted as we got off the trucks. Lined up beside a train—counted again. On the train—counted again about three times. Evidently they were having trouble getting the same count each time! Very frustrating for them but very amusing to us though we tried to hide our mirth.

That afternoon we arrived at the grounds of the University of the Philippine Agricultural department at Los Banos. There were about fifteen hundred internees there before us, and long buildings

divided into cubicles had been erected. These buildings were thatched with nipa palm leaves. There was the privilege not found in other internment camps that the family could be together. Husbands and wives shared a cubicle instead of being segregated in separate buildings. Len and Ken had a cubicle a few doors away and Rose shared one in between ours and Pagets with the daughter of the Pagets, of the Ceylon and India General Mission.

A committee of internees had been formed to manage the affairs of the camp under the supervision of the Japanese. Japanese soldiers guarded the perimeter to be sure no one escaped and to keep away Filipinos who would gladly have brought food. So the rank and file of the internees had no direct contact with the Japanese. Work teams were formed for every able-bodied person to have some part in the maintenance of the camp. Anna was on the food preparation detail which principally consisted of removing from the rice most of the worms, grubs, and dirt. I signed up for maintenance and one of my jobs, along with one of the priests, was building a walkway between two buildings, roofed with nipa thatch. So I learned to tie on the thatch with rattan. The boys helped in the kitchen, but they also had some special classes and Rose was able to keep up some of her lessons.

For several months our end of the camp was segregated from the other; and since we were all religious workers, our end was dubbed "Vatican City" or "Holy City." Since the hospital was at the other end, one way for us to get down there was to be sent to the hospital. When I had an attack of dengue fever I spent a couple of days there. This enabled me to contact Mr. Dayton and pass on to him a few things his wife had asked me to take to him. His job was buying food supplies from Filipinos at the gate. Later on Anna developed beri-beri from the insufficient diet so she needed to visit the hospital for injections. What vitamins were available were kept there for those who were badly in need of them.

At first the food was fairly adequate though quite plain. This didn't last long and soon was quite insufficient. We liked to think

that a Japanese defeat in the war was followed by a cut in rations. Towards the last we averaged 700 calories a day per person. "Lugao" was rice boiled in a lot of water. That was the main dish. Once in a while a pig was killed—it didn't go far among two thousand people. There was an occasion when dried fish and salted eggs were available. Hunger spices up even eggs that are a bit "high". We tried growing greens or anything that seemed edible. By the cubicle of a friend was a banana plant. We fried the inner part of the stalk and the roots in rancid coconut oil. We got the oil by accepting a ration of cigarettes for trading purposes. On the rare occasions we got bananas we fried the skins and ate them too. From our camp we could see the hillsides around lush with banana plants and coconut trees.

Later on, the "middle wall of partition" was removed and we were free to mingle with others. The difference in behavior in the two sections soon became evident. Among the religious group, even if they were certainly not all believers, there was a spirit of friendliness, consideration, and willingness to help others. Although there were some missionaries in the other section, the majority were a miscellaneous group of businessmen, professionals along with the riff-raff of tramps, prostitutes, and some merchant seamen. The tension among them resulted in quarrelling, selfishness, and taking advantage of others. After we were liberated it was plain that some had hoarded food or sold it at exorbitant prices, for their greedy purposes.

People often asked us if those who were interned with us were more open to the Gospel. There was no indication that troubles softened the hearts of the unsaved. It is a common idea that calamities will cause men to turn to God. This may be true in isolated cases, but it generally does not happen that way. In the Great Tribulation, we are told, ". . . and they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds" (Rev. 16:10-11).

One building had been set aside for a chapel by the committee of

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internees so regular services and Sunday school was carried on. The Roman Catholics and Protestants had separate services, of course. Since there were so many different groups, a committee was formed to make arrangements for services and rotate speakers. Sometimes a liberal preacher would lay stress upon man's love for his fellows. Personally it seemed rather hard to conceive of loving that Japanese guard with a rifle as he walked by outside. Once I was invited to give the morning message and chose to speak on the person of Christ from the first chapter of Colossians.

Those were opportunities to get to know each other better and to respect some with whom we did not agree theologically. The Episcopal Bishop Binstead earned our respect when he volunteered to help in an emergency in a temporary hospital. Emptying bedpans during an outbreak of dysentery was not a pleasant task. The Seventh Day Adventists adhered faithfully to their principles of not eating pork and observance of tithing and keeping the Sabbath. I told one of them, "I don't agree with some of your principles, but I do admire your living up to those convictions." Len and Ken worked out a deal with some of them to work in the kitchen on Saturdays to have time off on Sunday.

Almost everyone had brought in a few books for their own use, so it was decided to pool all these and put them into a library where they would be available to everyone. One afternoon I was looking over the books with an Anglican missionary from Japan. Looking at Papin's "Life of Christ" he glanced over and said, "That's a good book but you wouldn't approve of it." He knew where I stood theologically. It was there that I had the time and opportunity to read the trilogy "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Pitcairn Island," and "Men against the Sea." These were intensely interesting, and the second one presents the influence and change that came to the survivors through a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Some of the internees who were teachers were assigned to teach the children though often they had to improvise since they lacked books and supplies. One of the priests took a special interest in

helping Len with advanced mathematics. Rose took an interest for a while in sketching. One evening there was an unusually beautiful sunset. The sky was covered with delicate pastel shades that attracted the attention of many. I remarked to Rose that it would be nice to get that in a picture. She replied, "Dad, there is only one artist who could paint that!" I said, "Who would that be?" She replied, "The Artist who has just painted it in the sky."

During our time there our clothes and footwear were getting the worse for wear. What shoes we had wouldn't last long, especially in rainy, muddy weather, so generally we wore "bakya," the Filipino wooden shoe. Once I removed a piece of wood from the wall of our cubicle in order to fashion a pair of "bakya" for myself. Sometimes it was easier to go barefoot than attempt to walk through the mud in "bakya." One afternoon a number of the men were taken out of the camp by the Japanese to cut firewood in the hills around. We learned later that the Japanese included the cost of such firewood in their expense accounts. At one point they wanted us to work for them, offering the munificent wage of 25 cents a day. Our committee claimed exemption on the grounds of the Geneva Convention. That didn't mean anything to the Japanese, but they probably despaired of the quality of work we would produce.

One priest remarked, "We are developing a keen sense of RUMOR." That was true! Rumors that Red Cross supplies had arrived at Santo Tomas Camp in Manila; that they were at the railroad station in Los Banos; that they were in the Japanese Commandant's office. Rumors of American landings! In the evenings there were furious arguments that the thunder and lightning in the distance was the roar and flash of artillery fire.

Fortunately we also retained our sense of HUMOR too. Said one theologian, "Camp life puts us in a receptive mood. We are ready to receive anything—moldy mush, wormy rice, green water, meatless watery stew—anything that is called food. And what a cure for allergies—they have become ancient history to internees."

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It was reported that Mr. Leith, a British missionary, mistook his

stew for hot water and made tea with it—just like an Englishman. That report couldn't have been true—the stew was never that hot!

A lady reading the instructions for writing cards home, that they must be in English or Nipponggo, was heard to exclaim, "Oh, I shall write mine in Nipponggo. Mother and Father are so fluent in it!"

Conversation overheard over the partitions:
Mr. G. "I hate to go to bed on such a full stomach."
Mrs. G. "Don't lie on your stomach, lie on your back."
Mr. G. "I do—but still my stomach touches the bed."

There were a number of Dutch priests brought into the camp, and they formed a glee club. So once in a while the monotony was relieved by putting on a concert. Some wrote parodies on oldtime songs concerning our conditions. "They'll be Coming Round the Mountain when they come" was a favorite. It had such references as to killing the old black bull (the only work animal) so that one day we would be full. The innuendoes about the Japanese were highly gratifying because they were subtle enough to escape the attention of those gentlemen.

It was during those days that I passed through a spiritual turmoil. It was bad enough to be perpetually hungry, but to also see my children hungry but not complaining was hard. Then to see my wife's feet and legs puffed with beri-beri, a malnutrition disease, was an added trial. We elevated the foot of her bed to help the circulation and she went frequently to the hospital for vitamin injections. At that time one verse came repeatedly to mind, "Be content with such things as ye have" (Heb. 13:5). It seemed I could not evade it. In the middle of the night I would wake up and "Be content with such things as ye have" would come to mind. But what did I have to be content with? An empty stomach, an ailing wife, hungry children, little strength or energy because of lost weight. My weight was down to 105 pounds and my wife's to 85. We had no idea what was happening to our home and few possessions. There was no communication with friends and loved ones; no certainty that we would come out of this alive. Be content with such things? I was too

pious to voice the inward rebellion, but it did seem as if the Lord was asking a bit too much just then.

There flashed across the screen of memory what the Apostle Paul wrote, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need" (Phil. 4:11-12). The inward reaction was that Paul was an apostle, an exception Christian, which I am not; but then I had to face the fact that Paul wrote those words when he was in prison in Rome. "Be content with what ye have." It seemed as if there was a mental block which stopped the quotation at that point. "Such things as ye have," seemed to be mostly a minus quantity. Really, I did want to be content—but couldn't it be postponed until after our release?

No! I had to learn the lesson of contentment there and under those circumstances. This seemed to go on for some time until I just told the Lord, "If You want me to be content, You will have to do it, I can't." Then it seemed I was at the point where I could go on to the rest of the verse, "for he hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' " Those familiar words then glowed with a new light. God wasn't asking me to be content with things, with circumstances, but with Himself. We can never be content with things for they are only temporary and transient. In this world we can never be satisfied with our circumstances. It is only in Christ that we can find contentment. That's how Paul learned this difficult lesson—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." His grace is always sufficient. His power is made perfect in our weakness. Like the old hymn of our childhood days, "I have Christ, what want I more." No matter what the circumstances may be, Christ is enough the heart and mind to fill. He alone can satisfy. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

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CHAPTER 16

Liberation from Internment

"Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men." (Psa. 66:5)

One day some duty, which I have now forgotten, took me to the gymnasium in the lower part of the camp. A large number of men were billeted there and on a cupboard beside one man's cot these words were written:

> *"Sept. 20 – Worst slop I ever tasted.*
> *Sept. 21 – Sweetest music I ever heard."*

The sweet music was not the strains of some symphony orchestra nor the march of a military band. That morning we heard the distant hum of a flight of bombers. In the clear sky and bright sunshine we spotted them away off in the distance, like a swarm of flies. Later there was the boom of bombs bursting in the distance. There was no doubt as to whose side they were on. To the dismay of the Japanese guards, the internees cheered in the excitement of the first sign of returning Americans. MacArthur's famous words were becoming a reality, "I shall return."

They were just a day late for our 22nd wedding anniversary! That evening as we sat outside our barracks and talked about the day's event, there was a brilliant flash of light. A few seconds later the sound of a terrific explosion reached our ears. Someone had the presence of mind to count the lapse between the flash and the sound and calculated it would have been somewhere near Manila. We were not sure whether it was an ammunition ship in the Bay or some large ammunition dump.

Later on whenever American planes were spotted, the internees showed their joy by waving, not handkerchiefs but sheets. This was very annoying to the guards. Some internees were slapped for this. So orders went out that whenever the air-raid alarm sounded, all should go immediately to their barracks and remain there until the "All Clear" sounded. This didn't make too much difference because by the time our camp authorities got the official word of an air raid,

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it was almost over!

The food situation was steadily deteriorating and becoming more critical. It was learned that the Japanese had a quantity of rice stored in a bodega as a reserve for future emergency. The Japanese guards had evidently been helping themselves and could not be depended on. So the Commandant asked the camp committee to provide men to guard the bodega, preferably missionaries. So there arose the ironical situation of internees guarding the supplies of which they were being deprived!

With blackouts every night, the evenings were spent by groups of people conversing together. The favorite topic? Food! What's the first thing you want to eat when we are liberated? All kinds of recipes were concocted and exchanged. Another topic was the progress of the war. Where would MacArthur make his first landings? In Santo Tomas Camp in Manila that was subtly announced over the loudspeaker. A well known news announcer had evaded the Japanese by using his real name instead of his radio name. He announced the work details each evening. One evening he concluded, "Don't be late! But better Layte than never."

What did the future hold for us? We weren't even sure what was happening in the present, let alone the future. Air activity was increasing. Troop movements in the night were heard. Our loved ones at home, scanning the newspaper, listening to the radio, probably knew more about the war than we who were right in the midst of it!

Everyone was speculating on the strategy of MacArthur. Americans had landed on Mindoro and established an airbase at San Jose. What seemed likely to us was the Luzon landing would be in Batangas to approach Manila from the south. It seemed the Japanese had the same idea for at night we heard traffic moving south. If this should be the strategy we might expect an early rescue!

On January 7 in the small hours of the morning we woke up realizing that there seemed to be unusual activity in the building

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where the Japanese stayed, near the gate. Some of the American committee were called to hand over records. The commandant and his staff left before daylight. They told the committee that we would be on our own. However, since there were thousands of Japanese troops in the surrounding area, we should stay in the camp. At daybreak the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack were hoisted on bamboo poles. Someone borrowed Ken's trumpet to play the national anthems while everyone stood and saluted. That evening over the loudspeaker we listed to some news—the Americans had landed at Lingayen Gulf and were pushing south towards Manila. We even heard President Roosevelt speaking from Washington.

We soon realized that in our excitement we were acting unwisely. With Japanese troops in the vicinity it would be wise not to attract their attention. After that, news reports were passed out more discreetly. The Filipinos around soon learned that the Japanese had left and began bringing in supplies. Promissory notes to be redeemed after liberation were readily accepted. Immediately there were three meals a day instead of two, more variety, and more quantity. There is no doubt that this was of the Lord to strengthen us for days ahead. With more food we got stronger and instead of struggling around listlessly we felt like putting a little more zip in our step. The committee opened the bodega and distributed the rice, a quantity to each individual. There were two purposes for this action. One, they feared that if the troops heard about that store of rice they would confiscate it. Second, it was to be kept by each family as a reserve in case of future shortage. Another life-saving provision for many of us.

After six days, the Japanese staff returned, much to our dismay. They evidently lost face and were no doubt reprimanded for leaving us. Their strict and oppressive attitude was an indication of this. One internee had sneaked out in the night to get food and was crawling back under the fence. Apparently he misunderstood the signals of his buddy on the inside because he was seen by the guards and shot. For some hours the committee argued with the Japanese

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about bringing this man to the hospital for treatment. When the commandant gave consent it was too late—the man was dead. Another man was shot on the suspicion of trying to escape.

The news that had circulated in the camp convinced the Japanese that a radio was hidden in the camp. They cut off the electricity (that was before transistors and battery operated radios). Dr. Nance at the hospital demanded that they have electricity there to preserve what few medicines remained. Actually the radio was there too! One day we were ordered to leave our barracks and line up on the road. For hours we stood in the hot sun while the guards began to search our quarters. The internees remonstrated that they should not search our rooms while we were not there. Finally, they had to give in because many of us simply returned to our barracks. The Japanese were told they could go ahead with their search but we would stand outside and watch. Actually it was a bit amusing to watch. The partitions were of "sawali" (woven bamboo split very thin). The guard lifted a homemade paper motto to see what was behind it! Nothing but the thin partition!

There were further cuts in the rations. People were dying of starvation. It was necessary to give some men a bit extra so they would have strength to dig graves. Twice I served as a pallbearer—the simple coffin was carried to the grave on a small handcart used to haul garbage! One for whom I thus served was an elderly Presbyterian missionary, Mr. Blair, who had spent many years in Korea and was caught in Manila by the exigency of war. The other was Dr. MacGill, also a Presbyterian who had served in Lucena and had done a great deal in the revision of the Tagalog Bible. Another old friend for whom I acted as pallbearer was Leslie Wolfe of the Disciples, Church of Christ. He was also a Tagalog scholar and died a few days after we were liberated.

Increased war activity all around us convinced us that the situation was very critical. It was reported that American forces entered Manila on February 3, 1945, and headed directly for Santo Tomas Camp. Unfortunately, after their liberation, the Japanese

shelled those university buildings and some were killed and others wounded. From our camp we could see towns burning. The Japanese were furious that after all their propaganda the Filipinos still were welcoming the returning Americans.

Finally, the Japanese said that no more rice was available and we were given a final ration of "palay" (unhusked rice). Our doctors warned us not to eat it without removing the husks. With the delicate condition of our stomachs it would probably be fatal. Was that what our enemies hoped? There being no rice mill people tried various ways of removing the husks. We took small blocks of wood and rubbed these vigorously over the "palay" on a rough table and then fanned away the chaff. It took most of the day to prepare enough rice for the day. Clearly it was time to begin using the reserves which had previously been issued to us. One dear sister, an elderly missionary with a small appetite brought some of her rice to us. She wasn't so optimistic about the return of the Americans and felt we were unwise in using up our supply. However, the Lord had showed her she should share with us.

The afternoon of February 22 a number of missionaries felt the emergency called for a special time of prayer. Food supplies were almost exhausted. In our family there was just enough for two more meager meals the following day. After that, what would we do? Trust the Lord, for our times are in His hands. Shortly after the prayer meeting, our hearts were cheered by the sight of U.S. bombers attacking places around the camp. We could actually see the bombs falling from the planes. Waking up during the night, it seemed quieter than usual—what could that mean? While we recognized the possibility that we would not get out of that experience alive, we didn't really think that would happen. We were confident that the Lord would take care of us, and rested on His promises that He would deliver us.

At dawn on the 23rd of February we were up to get a fire going under a tin can in which was half of our remaining rice. We could get that going before roll call at seven o'clock when we would all

line up on the road to be counted. However, word came that roll call would be later that morning. After our rescue we heard that the Japanese had plans to turn machine guns on us when we lined up for roll call. One or two of the internees had managed to slip out of the camp a day or two before. Through contact with Filipino guerillas they got in touch with MacArthur's headquarters about the desperate plight in the camp.

Just about seven o'clock planes flew over the camp and something was falling from them. First thought—they are dropping food supplies. But no—those are paratroopers. Then what excitement! One of the planes, after dropping his load, swung low over the camp and on the fuselage in big letters we saw "RESCUE." A couple of years later when I told this story in the southern U.S. an ex-G.I. came to me after the service and told me he was the one who painted that word. He was ordered to paint the word but never knew until that evening which rescue it was.

Then everything broke loose! Excitement made us oblivious of the danger from flying bullets. Len dashed in and said, "Put the rest of the rice in that pot!" We crouched low and fanned the little fire. Being police deputies Ken and I were ordered to go through the barracks and tell people to lie down in their barracks. It was an exercise in futility—people laughed at us! Anna and Rose ran hand in hand to the front of the barracks to see an American soldier. We didn't know they were called G.I.'s or why. One of them shouted, "Get in there and lie down, you are flirting with death!" An old man in a neighboring barracks patted a machine gunner on the back and cheered him on.

Guerillas cut the barbed wire fences and poured in from all sides. The paratroopers' jump was their signal for action. The Japanese were about to take their usual morning physical exercises, arms piled at the side. They didn't have a chance to fight nor to escape. As we hurriedly ate our rice, amphibious tanks were rolling into the camp. They had come across Lake Laguna de Bay. They were supposed to evacuate the women and children, but men too climbed

aboard. Our barracks monitor tried to preserve some semblance of order, but that only delayed us from getting on to the tanks.

Grabbing a suitcase each we went to an open area; and I tried to persuade Anna and Rose to climb aboard, but they wanted us to all stay together. The soldiers shouted "Women and children only!" but when I saw priests in their robes climbing on I was disgusted. Perhaps their robes qualified them! A newsman got hold of Ken, got his name, and the name of his grandmother in Buffalo. She would be notified. Ken told him about the rest of us, but the news report only mentioned Ken. So for ten days Anna's folks thought that only Ken was left alive.

We were told to start walking out of the camp. A G.I. threw us a chocolate bar which we shared among the five of us. How good it tasted! Along the road Filipinos gave us some bananas and raw eggs which we ate as we trudged along. Some people too tired to carry anything just left suitcases on the side of the road. There was a typewriter sitting there! An officer urged us on, "Please try to hurry!" He took my suitcase and carried it for me to speed up the movement. Thousands of Japanese troops were in the vicinity and we were miles from the American lines. At the main Manila south road some soldiers directed us to go on towards the beach.

Later we learned that the original plan was to take out as many as possible in the tanks across the lake. The rest would march north on the main road and shielded by troops and guerillas would fight their way back through the Japanese lines to the American forces. However, the amphibs made such good time and met so little resistance, they offered to return to the beach and pick up another load.

As we stood on the beach and waited, Japanese shells were bursting only a short distance away. One internee had hoarded a jar of brown sugar and he was going down the line offering everyone a spoonful—the first sugar we had tasted in months. A famous LIFE photographer was taking pictures, but somehow I never made the pages of that magazine. Later on I tried to obtain some of those

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pictures from news agencies. I got some, but none were of ourselves or our friends. Also, I was able to get an army film of the rescue and for a fleeting moment there we were standing together just before starting off for the beach. It was only excitement that kept us plodding along on that three-mile hike.

After a while the amphibs returned and we boarded them. The baggage was left behind—it would be brought later if they had room. It really wasn't worth much but we did get it. Some of the amphibs were fired on as they went across the lake to a point near Calamba which was then behind American lines. As we waited on the beach a Filipino sold me some cooked rice at an exorbitant price. But never mind; we were free, safe, well, and all together. Soon trucks came to take us to Bilibid, a penitentiary at Muntinlupa. The former occupants had either been released or escaped. All along the way Filipinos cheered "Mabuhay" and made the victory sign. By late afternoon of that thrilling day we pulled into another prison, but this one with the Stars and Stripes flying overhead. Even though I was not then an American citizen, there was a thrill in looking at that flag.

I quote from a news item dated February 24 which appeared in a Buffalo paper: "Striking from the sky, by land, and over water in enemy territory at dawn Friday, American troops and Filipino guerrillas brought freedom to 2146 in the civilian internment camp at Los Banos. . . . Only two of the captives were wounded in the brief battle at the camp and in the running fight with snipers which followed. Two of the rescuing force were killed and two wounded . . .'Nothing could be more satisfying to a soldier's heart than this rescue.' said Gen. Douglas MacArthur. 'I am deeply grateful. God was certainly with us today.' "

The military authorities had estimated that rescuing 75% of the internees under those conditions would be considered a successful mission. The rescue was 100%, and with a very small number of casualties. Two days later the chaplain conducted a thanksgiving service for both the internees and the rescuing forces. We certainly

had a great deal for which to be thankful to the Lord. Of course we were thankful to those men who risked their lives to save us. The chaplain said that when the call was made for a dangerous mission, the whole group volunteered. But after paying due respect to the bravery of soldiers and guerrillas and the precision of the planning, we have to recognize the truth of MacArthur's words, "God was certainly with us today." One fellow told me that he had never been in action where everything went so much according to plan.

My bed that Friday night was a hard metal bunk—no telling how many criminals had slept there! I picked up my Bible and read Psalm 66; it seemed as if it had been written for that special occasion! "He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot." David never dreamed about amphibs! "Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." Would we ever forget those planes, the paratroopers dropping into our midst? Yes, I know this is eisegesis and not exegesis, but it was real comfort to me that night. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. . . Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

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CHAPTER 17

Homeward Bound!

"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die." (Psa. 79:11)

The Lord indeed had heard our groans and had preserved us. Now we were to spend six weeks in Bilibid waiting for repatriation. The military authorities hadn't been able to prepare adequately for us. Anna and Rose slept on a hard cement floor for several nights before blankets were provided. The boys and I were on those hard metal bunks. Food was supplied, but it seemed to us somewhat limited. Then we learned that in Santo Tomas Camp food had been abundant. The Red Cross even brought in coffee and donuts. The hungry internees there gorged themselves and suffered for it. Many were quite sick. So at Bilibid they limited us at first for our own good. But the interns found the garbage dump—bright shiny cans were still considered treasures. Also in many of those cans some food remained! The G.I.'s couldn't understand their fellow Americans. To us we couldn't understand why they would complain about the food. They turned up their noses at scrambled eggs made from canned powdered eggs—we thought it was gourmet. After all we hadn't tasted eggs for months. One day the fragrant aroma of newly-baked bread assailed our nostrils—we hadn't smelt anything like that in years! To our dismay they wouldn't let us have any until the next day. At the first they needed to fly in food by parachute drops as the trucks couldn't get through fast enough.

The second day an MK (missionary kid) told me some fellow was asking about "Plymouth Brethren" missionaries. I soon located Homer Grob working with the hospital unit set up there. Homer was from Cleveland and in later years came back to the Philippines as a missionary for a while. Through him we met some other Christians and had some good fellowship together. In the evenings we would spread a blanket on the ground and have a time sharing the Word together. Sometimes we also shared some of the goodies they could obtain. Those were refreshing times of spiritual uplift for all of us.

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A number of wounded Filipino civilians were being cared for in the hospital, and we learned that our good friend Maria Calica was a patient there. Mr. and Mrs. Calica and their family lived on the Canlubang Sugar Estate in Laguna. We had come to know them through Mrs. Dayton and her family who also came from there. In May 1941, the boys and I with a Filipino evangelist had made an evangelistic trip to a number of towns. We spent a night in Canlubang then, had a gospel meeting, and stayed in the Calica home.

In the hospital in Bilibid she told me her story. In the fighting around Canlubang, a shell had demolished their house and her son had been killed. She and other members of the family had been injured, and they had lost all their earthly possessions. She had saved her Tagalog Bible and showed me how many pages were stained with her blood. What could I say to comfort this dear sister? It was she who comforted me! Through her tears she said, "But we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." She was a woman of much prayer and triumphant faith. Up until the time she passed away some 35 years later she remained a faithful prayer partner. There in the hospital she asked me to get her some Testaments or gospel portions from the chaplain if possible. She was having a Bible class and witnessing to other patients as they gathered around her bed. In the 1950's it was in her home in Canlubang that we had a part in helping in the formation of a local church.

Naturally we were concerned about the believers in San Juan, the chapel, and our home. Some news came to us through meeting Ismael Alfonso, one of the young fellows from San Juan. He was driving a truck for the Americans. Manila was still not safe as many Japanese snipers were holding out in big buildings and the Walled City. With the help of the chaplain we got passes for the boys and me to ride into Manila with the chaplain in his jeep. What a scene of ruin and destruction as we drove through the south side of the city! For blocks and blocks there was nothing but ruins. The retreating

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Japanese had gone on a rampage as they realized that only a small minority of Filipinos had been won over by their propaganda. We heard many stories of the atrocities. Some Spanish and better-class Filipinos took refuge in the chapel of the La Salle College; it was no safe sanctuary for most of them were brutally murdered there.

Most of the bridges across the Pasig had been blown up and replaced with temporary "Bailey" bridges. The chaplain took us to Santo Tomas and warned us to be back there by five o'clock as there was a curfew from dusk to dawn. Anyone on the street would be shot, either by Japanese snipers or by patrolling troops. There were no kinds of transportation so we walked out to San Juan and called on some of the Christians. Some were still in their homes for there had been little destruction in that area. Others had fled to the provinces and generally had suffered loss. One sister and her child had died from sickness while they were fleeing. An American Bazooka bomb had exploded in front of the chapel. The building was riddled with holes from the fragments, but we could not see any structural damage. Our home was intact and empty with some damage to fixtures by previous occupants.

Returning to Santo Tomas, we spent the night there and met some of our friends who related their stories of God's preserving care for them. The next day we returned to Bilibid. In our walking through the city there had been times when we hardly recognized where we were. It was helpful to assess the situation there as we prayed for guidance from the Lord about our future. Should we stay on and re-establish the work at San Juan? Or should we go home for a badly needed and much delayed furlough?

There was an obvious need to help the Filipino believers through the time of re-gathering and rebuilding. The chapel needed extensive repairs and the work needed to be reorganized. Also, it was necessary to see about our home, involving legal matters and repairs. On the other hand, we hadn't been home for over seven years. Our health had been seriously impaired by months of starvation diet. The children needed to resume their education. Our

loved ones were anxious to see us.

The authorities gave us a choice. They would take us home then by troopship or we could stay on. If we stayed, it would be months, perhaps years, before other shipping would be available. Also, it was uncertain how soon normal mail service and banking facilities would be available. As we prayed about this matter with a sense of urgency because we had to sign up for one or the other, we felt led to decide that if our home could be disposed of that would be an indication we should go home.

We were able to make another trip into Manila. Len's Spanish friends had been living in the home of other American friends. The latter was an electrical contractor and on his release from Los Banos foresaw big business opportunities in the rebuilding ahead. He wanted his house back, and the Spanish friends were therefore looking for another place to live. Naturally there was a housing shortage, so they asked Len if I would sell to them. The offer they made was not excessive, and it would probably have been possible to ask for more; but it was reasonable and later I calculated it covered all I had ever put into that house. Also the arrangements were made for them to assume the remaining small mortgage, pay off loans owed to Chinese who had befriended us in our need, and deposit some in the bank for a future home. All of this added up to a clear indication that we should return home.

What about the work in San Juan? God provided for that also. Homer Grob was transferred to a medical unit close to San Juan. With other fellows they helped repair the chapel and encourage the believers. Regular services were resumed and the testimony continued. Some of the older Christians still remember with affection the friendship and loving service of these servicemen. This happened in a number of places. Christian G.I.'s fellowshipped with the small groups of Filipino believers and helped rebuild their chapels and homes. This was much more obvious with Protestants than with Roman Catholics. It was one factor that paved the way for times of blessing and outreach with the gospel in the post-war

years, but it did not benefit the Filipinos alone. Many of those servicemen saw the spiritual need and the opportunity for missionary work. Some years later I estimated that more than half of the new missionaries were ex-chaplains and ex-servicemen.

On April 9 it was our turn to leave Bilibid by truck. We had been given some Red Cross kits with toothbrushes and toothpaste, safety razors for men, and toiletries for women. Also, we had been issued some army fatigues and boots. Prior to that, we had one pair of shoes left. It wasn't a case of "Can I have the car this evening?"

On the way, we marveled at the huge stocks of supplies piled high on vacant lots. There were no warehouses to hold them. To Filipinos who had been deprived of so much for years, these supplies presented a big temptation. Many of those items were being sold in the black market. Hundreds of jeeps were stolen and converted into the famous Manila jeepney. The U.S. Navy traced one jeep to a body shop where it was being converted. As soon as the work was completed they confiscated it. Shortly after they were presented with a bill for the work done! Whether it was ever paid, I don't know.

In the Manila North harbor we boarded a large troopship, S.S. Admiral Eberle. The women were segregated in the forepart and men towards the stern. We were in canvas bunks four deep, so if we drew up our knees we bumped the fellow above. The air conditioners didn't cool it but did keep the air fresh. The ship was clean but hot. No one was allowed on deck after dark, so we lay on our bunks with the perspiration running off us.

After a couple of days we pulled into anchorage in Leyte Gulf. Flags were half-mast and we learned President Roosevelt was dead. Then who succeeded him? Some of the crew said, "Harry Truman." "Who's he, never heard of him." We had been completely out of touch with what had been going one. We left Leyte in convoy with destroyer escorts. Each morning one member of the family stood ready with a blanket when the hatches opened, then dashed to claim a spot on the deck for that day. With 3000 internees, rotating troops

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and crew, there were over 5000 on that ship. Deck space was not for promenading but for sitting, as there was no room for anything else. Woe betide the hapless individual caught by the Marine guards without a life belt around his or her waist. Those belts would have been good for reducing except we didn't have anything to reduce.

We ran through a storm and felt sorry for the crews of the destroyer escorts as they wallowed through the waves. That night the ship rolled and pitched and we had to hold on to stay in our bunks. A fellow across from me had put his dentures in a tin plate under his bunk and with fascination we watched his dentures sliding back and forth across the deck.

One evening we pulled into the reef-bound island of Ulithi in the Caroline Islands. We looked with amazement at the fleet of ships being assembled there for an assault on the mainland of Japan. After replenishing supplies, we pushed on across the Pacific in beautiful weather. Usually two meals a day were served on those ships, but because of the needs of the internees they served us three meals. That meant the chow lines were almost continuous. After our years of deprivation it hurt us to see so much food wasted and left on the trays. To this day the customary waster of food in the average American home or restaurant is still most deplorable. In boyhood days we couldn't leave the table until our plates were clean. With millions around the world starving to death it is high time Americans awoke to the sin of waste.

A Coast Guard combo played what is called "music" on deck each day to the delight of some and boredom of others. Some years later in Manila, we met Redd Harper or "Mr. Texas" of one of the early Billy Graham films. We learned then that he was in that combo but not yet saved. After he was saved he would not play any of the worldly music. His talents were devoted to the Lord to sing his praises.

One Sunday evening a chaplain held a service in one of the dining halls. He announced his text was Acts 16:31 so we really expected a good gospel message. After all, how can one preach on that verse

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and not proclaim the way of salvation? That chaplain managed to do just that. Never once did he tell his audience what it meant to believe in Christ. I was just wishing he would give me five minutes!

One day the ship pulled into the bay off Honolulu, just long enough to pick up a number of customs, immigration, and FBI officials. They were to process the civilians for landing in Los Angeles. The original destination was San Francisco but was changed because of the conference for the formation of the United Nations organization then being held in San Francisco. Ken saw the officials in suits, white shirts, and ties and came to us, "Did you see those fellows? They sure look spiffy!" Quite a contrast to our shabby apparel. We realized we were facing a cultural gap even though we were coming home.

Between Honolulu and Los Angeles we were screened by those officials. We still had our British passport. Our original Canadian passport had been cancelled because we had lost our Canadian status by being out of that country for more than five years on our first term. Holding a British passport, it was presumed that we would be proceeding to Britain. Although I had my brother George in England, I had no intention of going there under war conditions. The FBI men showed considerable interest about the U.S. dollars in my possession and that was quite natural. They seemed satisfied with my explanation. Some dollars were given to us by the British authorities in Manila for travel expenses to be repaid on demand. There had never been any such demand. Then the rest were U.S. dollars given as a down payment on our house. I had no idea where the Spanish buyers obtained dollars. We were questioned again about this on our arrival in Los Angeles where again they accepted my explanation.

Because of the crowded conditions and strict discipline on the ship there were no opportunities to gather together for services or Bible study. There was no privacy even for family devotions. So our spiritual exercises were mostly limited to our own private devotions and Bible reading. But it was also a restful time to review all the way

in which the Lord had led us. Not only to review the past but also consider what the future would hold for us. Of one thing we were very sure: the Lord would not fail us. For three years we had been cut off entirely from contacts with the homelands. There had been many trials, many dangers seen and unseen, many testings of faith. The Lord was faithful through it all. So we could face the future with confidence in Him.

When we got home, that absence of news about folks at home proved very embarrassing at times. With older friends we were embarrassed to ask about their partners for fear they might have gone home to be with the Lord. On one occasion I was greeting a lady who had graciously entertained us in her home some years before. Then she and her husband had a delightful little boy. Innocently, I inquired about her son and the dear sister burst into tears. Then I learned that this only son had passed away some time previously. It was most embarrassing for her and for me, but I thought I could safely inquire about a young boy.

It was on May 2, Anna's birthday, that our ship docked at Long Beach. What a birthday present—also for Ken whose birthday was the previous day. Excited troops and internees lined the rails. Not many relatives would be there because our arrival was not announced until we had safely arrived. As soon as the gangplank was in place, one G.I. rushed down to kiss the soil of the good U.S.A. No doubt many times he had wondered if he would ever see it again.

It didn't take long to clear customs, for none of us were weighed down with baggage. That morning Anna had turned her ankle so was somewhat crippled. When the Red Cross ladies noticed this they took special care of us. We should not go on the buses to Los Angeles; they would provide a car and driver for us. This took a bit of time and then on the way we had a flat tire. We helped fix this and finally arrived at the Elks Club, where we were to be processed, in the early evening.

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Perhaps the most impressive sight as we drove along were the

stalls of fruit in apparent abundance—how different from what we had left behind. Yet people grumbled about shortages and rationing of some items. Many evidently hadn't faced up yet to the realities of war. The Red Cross had taken over the Elks Club facilities to care for the needs of internees. They were ready to provide hotel accommodations, travel arrangements, communications with loved ones, and even ration books were on hand. While I took care of such business, Anna was taken upstairs to a lounge where she could rest. Rose came along with a big orange which someone had given her. I asked her why she hadn't eaten it. She was waiting until we could all get together so she could divide it equally. For months everything we had had been divided that way, but those days were over! She could go ahead and eat it all herself. We would get ours in due time. We were home at last!

> *"And though by storms assailed, And though by trials pressed,*
> *Himself our Life, He bears us up, Right onward to the rest."*

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CHAPTER 18

Home at Last

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven." (Psa. 107:30)

Back in the 1920's two brothers, Fred and John Murset, with their families, moved from Buffalo to Los Angeles. Leaving a missionary-minded assembly like Assembly Hall, they were disappointed at the lack of missionary interest in southern California. The wives, Hattie and Dora, missed the monthly sisters' missionary meetings they had enjoyed in Buffalo. With a few others who were like minded, they endeavored to start a monthly ladies' missionary meeting. They encountered opposition. Some of the older brethren thought such an activity was unscriptural. In fact, in one elders' meeting, a brother had a fatal heart attack while speaking against such sisters' meetings. Eventually a monthly meeting was commenced and for several years Hattie Murset was one of the most active. It is safe to say that the awakening of missionary interest in southern California was largely due to the untiring enthusiasm of a number of sisters.

Late in the evening of May 2, 1945, the phone rang in the Murset home; the Red Cross was calling. Immediately, Hattie guessed it was the Brooks for she had heard a report of internees arriving. It didn't take them long to get downtown to the Elks Club. Len was standing near the information desk when he heard a lady ask where she could locate the Brooks family. He introduced himself, and it wasn't long before we were in the hospitable home of the Mursets. The two brothers lived next door to each other and they had room for the five of us.

The next day was the monthly meeting of the ladies' missionary group so Hattie was delighted to take Anna as her special guest. The ladies, of course, were delighted to see one for whom they had been praying so much. That meeting was the beginning of an outpouring of love gifts.

The rest of us went downtown window shopping; but, unfortunately for Rose, the menfolks rushed by the things she

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wanted to look at. Passersby soon recognized us as returned internees by the shabby way we were dressed, but this was to our good in the stores. Rare items like white shirts were brought out of the back room, so we got priority on things which were in short supply because of the war. When I explained that I would need my suit by Saturday because I was to preach on Sunday, the order was marked RUSH.

While in the Los Banos internment camp, I broke the crystal on my watch. Dr. Widdowes, a United Brethren missionary, had set up a watch repair shop there and he made a new crystal from discarded eyeglasses. It was a good fit but wouldn't stay in place because we had no glue. For months I had been carrying it around in a matchbox. When I went to a watch repairer, he was curious to know why I was carrying the watch in a matchbox. When he heard my story, he had the watch cleaned and the new crystal installed in a few days and refused payment. Apparently he was not a Christian but thought we had suffered enough!

Since several of the servicemen we knew in Manila were connected with the Navigators, Dawson Trotman invited us to his home in Pasadena on Friday evening. Suspecting there would be young ladies present, Len announced he was not going since he had nothing decent to wear. However, we prevailed upon him because all would know the circumstances. The Western Assemblies Home was then right across the street from the Trotman home, so we visited there first. This Navigator home had been built by a lumber merchant with beautiful woodwork and the bedroom closets were all of cedar. After dinner Daws took us upstairs, threw open a closet, and told us to help ourselves to what would fit us. Many fellows going overseas had left their civilian clothes with Daws. Some of them would never return. So we came away with a load of clothes and shoes. Len was glad he went!

We still had our British passport and would have been provided transportation to Britain, but we had no desire to go there. VE day came while we were in Los Angeles. I lost my Canadian citizenship

by being gone too long during our first term. Even though I had been four years in the Canadian army during World War I, the Canadian consul wouldn't allow us to go to Canada unless we had a re-entry permit to the U.S. This we couldn't obtain because we were visitors in the U.S. We tackled the consul in San Francisco to no avail and finally went to the one in Seattle. All the way we were praying about this because naturally we wanted to visit our relatives and friends in Victoria. It turned out that the Seattle consul was Irish from Belfast, and he noted that Anna was born there. He then called the Commissioner in Vancouver and got permission for a visit to Victoria.

Heading north we stopped a couple of days in the San Francisco Bay area. There we met Eldon Durant who had been in our home in Manila. He had been wonderfully preserved by the Lord through the Pacific war, serving on a submarine which sank a number of Japanese ships. He tried hard to get airline reservations for Anna and Rose north to Portland, but even internment didn't confer any priority in that. After an evening meeting at Bethany Chapel we traveled north by bus and had seats most of the way. We stayed overnight for a meeting in Portland and then went on to Seattle where my sisters were waiting for us.

Three weeks were spent in Victoria trying to get some rest between visiting with friends and having meetings. Naturally everyone wanted to hear our story of God's goodness and preserving care. Then it was back to Seattle to take a train across country to Buffalo. In Chicago, we had to change trains and found a vast crowd waiting for the train east. "Servicemen and dependents first" was the call as the gate was opened. A sailor standing beside Anna said, "I'm going to get on that train; I haven't seen my Mother for three years." Anna replied, "I haven't seen mine for almost eight years." Learning the reason for this, he said, "You come with me as my dependent. You come on as my wife." He acquired not only an instant "wife" but also her husband and three children for the few moments it took to board that train. We never saw him again!

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Amazingly we also got seats with Rose sitting between us. As the train left Chicago, a dining car stewards came through— "Someone left his teeth in the dining care!" That, of course, was greeted with a roar of laughter—did someone take out his teeth to eat? Shortly after he returned with a sheepish-looking G.I. in tow.

What a great welcome we had in Buffalo, first at the station and then by Anna's parents at home. Those years had been an anxious time for them, harder on them perhaps that on us. The Christmas package they sent in 1941 had been returned months later and put in a cupboard to await our return. While we were celebrating Christmas 1941 in June 1945, a newsman and photographer arrived for an interview. The picture taken on the front steps was so clear that people recognized us on the street.

Shortly after our arrival in Buffalo, there was a special Sunday afternoon rally where we gave our testimony in the Statler Hotel Ballroom. Some friends took us to lunch there before the rally. Our host told the waitress to take good care of us since we had just been released from a Japanese internment camp. "Oh, I bet you said your prayers there," she said. I replied, "No, we didn't say our prayers—we prayed. Do you know the difference?" People thought we were very thin, not realizing that we had regained a lot of lost weight even before we left the Philippines. From not having enough to eat, our problem was the reverse – too much rich food!

After the hassle about getting into Canada, Anna decided to reclaim her American citizenship lost when she married me. The law was changed two days after we married and she would not have needed to lose her citizenship, but we didn't know that then. At the same time she was getting her papers together, I established residence so I could acquire American citizenship. There would be some advantages in this when we returned to the Philippines. However, all this took rather longer than we had anticipated, so it was four years before we returned to the Philippines.

This was probably of the Lord because of the needs of our family. Leonard was drafted into the army in spite of the internment

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experiences. When we were released from internment, Gen. MacArthur authorized all civilian internees to wear the Pacific War Ribbon. So Len wore a campaign ribbon while in basic training, calling forth more than one question from officers. He was sent to Germany as part of the Occupation Forces. On Decoration Day, 1946, at a conference in Chicago, I learned about an army order authorizing release of ex-internees. When I sent this information to Len, I thought that with the ways of bureaucracy, he might be home for Christmas. He found a copy of the order in the office where he was working and arrived home on July 4, in time to accompany us to the Guelph Summer Bible School.

Kenneth was busy in high school when he received draft board orders. One of his instructors took a personal interest and argued with the draft board that Ken needed to complete his much-delayed high school, so he got exemption. Rose was finishing up elementary school and was in high school when we left for the Philippines.

Those were busy years as invitations for meetings and conferences came from many parts of the country. Thanksgiving Day 1945 I spoke at the one-day conference at Assembly Hall in Buffalo, then took the night train to be at the longer conference in Chicago. There I had a reminder that the years had taken a toll physically for I came down with a very bad cold. By resting in between, I was able to keep up with speaking engagements, which included giving a devotional message over WMBI radio each morning for a week.

Friends took me into their homes instead of staying in the missionary home where I would have had to fend for myself, and I was most grateful for their consideration. After the conference meeting one night, Mr. and Mrs. Bill McCartney graciously took me home and put me to bed in their own double bed. In the early hours of the morning I became aware of a child beside the bed. I threw back the covers for a moment while a little girl crawled in beside me without a word, not even realizing it wasn't her Daddy and Mommy. When I woke after daylight, she was still sleeping so I lay quietly

until she would wake up. When she did, I greeted her with a cheery "Good Morning!" She contemplated me for a few moments and then without a word ran out of the room. Then it was back to Buffalo for Christmas, the first in eight years with the family there.

The next spring, Anna was speaking at a ladies' conference in Flint, Michigan. Some of the sisters from Detroit rented a bus to go. The Flint brethren who took care of the meals at the conference talked with the bus driver and learned that he was one of the paratroopers who made the jump at Los Banos. It was an interesting opportunity to thank him personally for his help in our rescue. I bought two 16 mm black and white news films of the bombing of Manila by the Japanese in 1941 and the liberation by the Americans in 1945. While purchasing a projector I also learned the possibility of purchasing a film from the military. We got a film of the rescue, and for a few fleeting moments there we were in a group waiting to be evacuated from Los Banos. These, of course, added interest to the accounts given about our experiences.

For three summers we had some most enjoyable times of fellowship and ministry at the Guelph Summer Bible Camp. It was indeed a privilege to meet with many men of God there. Some of them have since gone home to be with the Lord: Dr. H. G. Lockett, Alfred P. Gibbs, and my fellow-Victorian, John Smart. On Lord's Days we went out to nearby assemblies to minister the Word. One of my responsibilities was to organize groups of students to canvass the town of Guelph with literature.

During the 1948 session, I had to make a trip to Buffalo in connection with my application for naturalization; so I became the butt of the Friday evening skit that week. Spearheaded by Ernie Woodhouse, I was charged with treason by a mock court, noted more for hilarity than sobriety. Found guilty, I was "shot" and then laid out for burial on the pingpong table. Then a large trunk was hauled off to the garbage dump with my "corpse" supposedly in it. One little boy observing the proceedings had seen that I was not actually in the trunk and hastened to reassure my wife of that fact!

We used to go swimming in the pool at Fergus. On another visit to Guelph, I accompanied A. P. Gibbs to that town. He wanted to take a picture of a grave in the cemetery beside the Presbyterian Church there. We found the grave marked with the name Clephane. He was the ne'er-do-well brother of Elizabeth Clephane who wrote the hymn:

> *"There were ninety and nine that safely lay,*
> *In the shelter of the fold*
> *But one was out on the hills away*
> *Far off from the gates of gold."*

Because of his dissolute character, the brother had been sent by the family to Canada and no doubt Elizabeth had him in mind when she wrote the hymn. Mr. Gibbs and I wondered if his burial in the churchyard indicated that he had at last been brought back to the fold.

As our stay at home was longer than we had anticipated, we were glad to help in the Lord's work at home. For three months in the spring of 1948, I took a series of meetings in the Buffalo area, four nights each week in four different assemblies and rotating the Sundays between these places. Some of this was combined with afternoon visitation in the neighborhood. Feeling there was a lack of teaching about the church and why we meet as we do, I endeavored to present the New Testament teaching on this important subject.

It was a great joy to us when Leonard and Kenneth decided to attend Emmaus Bible School in Toronto. At first, Len intended to go for the one year course, but soon decided to stay on for three years. It was there that he met Esther Christiansen and they were engaged shortly before we returned to the Philippines. Kenneth and Elaine Petersen were engaged and both attended Emmaus. They were married in Buffalo in September 1948. Len and Esther were married the following August, but by that time we were back in Manila. Rose was in high school in Buffalo, and it seemed best to leave her there to stay with Anna's sister and her husband, George

Gibson. After finishing high school, she took a nursing course at the Deaconess Hospital in Buffalo.

We left Buffalo in the spring of 1949. I had acquired my American naturalization a few months before. We were all together for the last weekend, and it was not easy to say goodbye to Len, Esther, Ken and Elaine as they returned to Emmaus on Sunday afternoon. It was still harder to leave Rose and Anna's relatives a couple of days later. They were all standing on the porch waving as we drove away and turned the corner. There came to my mind the words of Christ, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life" (Matt. 19:29). Anna said later that she recalled the same verse. As we left three children behind, I dared to ask the Lord (though with feeble faith) to grant us 300 spiritual children.

Our first stop was with friends at Cleveland who had a special meeting for us that evening. The Hough Bakery, managed by the Pile brothers, had a beautiful large book cake for us. As they had plenty of other goodies, they kindly offered to send the cake back to Anna's folks in Buffalo. They were so fond of showing it off that it risked getting stale before they ate it!

After visits to Victoria, we made our way to San Francisco. Shortly before boarding the ship there, we had a call from Kenneth to announce the birth of our first grandchild, Dale, born on July 17, 1949. So in the midst of parting from loved ones, there was the joy of knowing that another generation had begun. We constantly praise the Lord for all His great goodness to us as a family. In His wonderful grace we have ten grandchildren, all of them know the Lord and are going on for Him. As of May 1982, we had 14 great-grandchildren. We praise the Lord that the grandchildren who are married all have fine Christian partners. We take no credit for all this, though we feel we owe a great deal to our Christian parents. When we see the tragedy in many Christian families, we just wonder why the Lord should have been so good and gracious to us.

Like Jacob of old, we say, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant" (Gen. 32:10).

Crossing the Pacific, we had time to contemplate what lay ahead of us. Finding a home to live in; back to the work with all its needs and challenges; to recoup the losses and regather those who had been scattered; to plan for expansion of the work and pray about the future. A great challenge lay ahead of us. After the havoc of the war years, things would not be the same. Well we knew that we were not sufficient for these things, but we also knew that our sufficiency is of God and His grace is always sufficient.

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Continued in Part Three

The story goes on in Part Three of *Grace Triumphant*: Chapters 19–27.

Open Part Three

Every chapter is also listed in the Table of Contents.

What Comes Next

This is *Grace Triumphant*, a companion book to *Lord, Give Us This Mountain*. Read the story of Cyril and Anna Brooks and the Engles in Volume Eight. The Table of Contents lists every book in the series.

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>
> Cyril H. Brooks, Introduction

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