



Lord, Give Us This Mountain

VOLUME THREE • MALVAR STREET,
BAGUIO CITY

*From Lancaster County PA to Malvar Street
Baguio City Philippines*

Engle • Robson • Leonard • Haines

Ken and Mary Lou Engle • An Engle Family History

Volume Three: Malvar Street, Baguio City

The Malvar years, Brent School and the gate at Subic · 1967–1975

THE MALVAR YEARS	3
A High Mountain Apart	4
Give Us This Mountain	5
Dear Brethren	6
Me, and Us	8
Be Not Afraid	9
The First Day of School	10
On the Air	11
Do Not Be Afraid	12
Two Candles	13
ML + I	20
Prays for Us Daily	23
Jonah for Sunday	30
The Landlord and the Projectionist	38
Nothing Is Impossible	39
Back and Forth	40
Anchors Aweigh	41
Jud Fry	42
Best Actor of the Year	44
The Gate at Subic	45
Companion Books	46
Sources	47

PART ONE

The Malvar Years

*1967–1975 · 55 Malvar Street · Aurora Hill ·
Baguio City*

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Karen and Patrick on Romblon

A High Mountain Apart

Friday 26 May 1967 was supposed to be the family's last day out before driving down to Manila to pack. All seven went to Burnham Park and Mines View. On the way they stopped at the OMF guest house to invite friends to tea. Nobody was home.

As they stood in the driveway, a Dr. dela Rosa pulled in behind them. He had come to tell the OMF lady that he had places to rent. He told Ken about a house with four bedrooms on Malvar Street.

"We liked what we saw," Ken wrote. Mary Lou put it better: "We loved it!"

Agreement reached — We had prayed much. Felt the Lord gave us the house.

Ken, 26 May 1967

If we had not we'd never have met Dr. Dela Rosa.

Mary Lou's memoir

Ken called it *"one of the greatest changes of area in my life."* At the top of that day's page, in a different pen, he noted that three-year-old Gordon sang in the car on the way to the house: *"Do not be afraid."*

55 Malvar became home. Ken's radio program **Moments of Melody** went out from these years on. In 1967 he began giving Bibles, gold-stamped with each name, to graduating cadets of the Philippine Military Academy. In 1968 he gave Scriptures to President Marcos. In July 1969 Ken watched the moon landing at Clark Air Base. In Baguio, Kevin says, Ken finally saw a church begin, something he never saw in all his years in Manila. Kevin calls the Malvar years the most valuable years they spent in the Philippines.

From Ken's 1967 diary, Mary Lou's memoir and Gordon's story "A High Mountain Apart" (3 Oct 2026), with Kevin's memories.

Give Us This Mountain

On Saturday 3 June 1967 the family had been in the house at 55 Malvar for three days. Two days before, Ken had printed three words across the top of his diary page: "*GIVE ME THIS MT.*" Now, that same Saturday, he sat down at the typewriter and wrote to the elders of **Woodside Bible Chapel** in Maywood, Illinois, the church back home that prayed for them. Gordon sent the family both pages, "the way he typed them, typos and all."

Dear Brethren

It begins like any missionary's report. The assembly in Binangonan was encouraging. There was a start in Taytay. The Brigade program was almost wholly in the hands of the nationals. The Bible School of the Air had just passed the millionth mark in students enrolled. Mary Lou had helped start a coffee-hour Bible study in the home of one of the ladies in San Juan.

Then Ken explained the move. The doctor had advised a change of climate and suggested Baguio, and the day before they were to leave the city, they met a Filipino doctor with a house to rent.

We looked at the house and felt it was just what we needed. ... The Lord gave us peace about the whole matter.

Ken to the Woodside elders, 3 June 1967

First, though, Ken visited **Brent School**, begun in 1909 by the Episcopal Church, and learned the children could be enrolled in the fall. Back in Manila the missionaries were all in favor.

Mr. Brooks said it possibly was the Lord's way of thrusting us forth into new areas.

the same letter



He would keep taping programs for the Bible School of the Air and his own "Living Letters," carry a share of the "Teach Others Program" paperwork, and make trips down to Binangonan and Taytay. He and Mary Lou would study Ilocano, a trade language for some of the mountain tribes nearby. And there were few gospel broadcasts in Baguio. He hoped for one of their own.

Since the above happenings we have received a specific gift for radio work sent to us personally to be used in the way we felt best. Is this the first "green light" toward Baguio radio work?

the same letter

As you can see we need your prayers. It is sixteen years since I first came to the Philippines. This is a major change of areas. We both feel the Lord has directed. Mary Lou definitely feels better in this climate.

the same letter

Our new address is simply: GEN. DELIVERY,
BAGUIO, PHILIPPINES.

the same letter

Me, and Us

Look at the top and the bottom of the letter. At the bottom Ken typed Caleb's words from the book of Joshua, an old man asking for the hill country where the giants lived:

AND CALEB SAID, "NOW THEREFORE GIVE ME THIS
MOUNTAIN WHEREOF THE LORD SPAKE IN THAT DAY."
JOSHUA 14:12

the foot of the letter

Me. The same words he had printed in his diary on Thursday. At the top, in pen, someone has written "GIVE US THIS MOUNTAIN."
Us. And the letter is not signed Ken. It is signed Ken & Mary Lou.

What "Give us this mountain" would turn out to mean, Gordon says, is the rest of the story.

From Ken's 1967 diary and his letter of 3 June 1967 to the Woodside elders, in Gordon's story "Give Us This Mountain" (7 Oct 2026).

Be Not Afraid

The house was theirs now. But a house on a mountain still has to become a home.

The furniture came up from Manila on a truck at the end of June, and a carpenter put a picket fence around the lower level. On Tuesday 27 June, not four weeks after they moved in, there was a children's meeting at the house.

We had a childrens meeting about 4 PM. Sang Inibig Ako Ni Jesus. I told "Barney's Barrel."

Ken, 27 June 1967

A week later, Ken set up his desk.

Got my office in order. Best office Ive ever had. Becky helped me.

Ken, 3 July 1967

The First Day of School

In his letter to the elders that first Saturday, Ken had asked whether a gift for radio work was "*the first 'green light' toward Baguio radio work.*" So in August he went calling on the radio stations. By the ninth, DZBS, one of the stations in Baguio, had given him a contract.

Late that August Kevin turned ten. They went to Burnham Park, the lake in the middle of town, and Ken wrote down why:

Kevin's birthday — to Burnham Park — to take place of May 26th start.

Ken, August 1967

May 26 was the day out that ended with a doctor in a driveway and a house to rent. The birthday boy got "a telephone set that really works." Then came the first day of school.

First day of school for the children at Brent. I took them. Kevin & Stanley went to class room over toward tennis court. They all came back very happy with the first day — Made friends, liked their teachers.

Ken, August 1967



On the Air

Then came Saturday, 2 September 1967. At the top of the page Ken wrote his verse for the day, from Matthew 14, the night Jesus came to the disciples walking on the water, in the storm:

Matt. 14:27 In the storms of life He comes to us and says, "Be of good cheer, It is I, be not afraid."

Ken, 2 September 1967

And at the bottom of the same page:

First Childrens Bible Hour on the air on DZBS at 330. (8.75) I gave address at the end – had 60 sec.

Ken, 2 September 1967

The first broadcast from the mountain, with sixty seconds at the end to give the address.



Do Not Be Afraid

Now go back to 26 May, to the car following the doctor up the hill to see a house nobody had been looking for. At the top of that page, in a different pen, Ken wrote down what was being sung in the back seat:

Gordons song in car to house 'Do not be afraid'

Ken, top of the page, 26 May 1967

A three-year-old in the back seat, on the way to a house: *do not be afraid*. Fourteen weeks later, in his father's hand, on the day his first program went out over the mountains: *be not afraid*.

Whether Ken thought of the song that Saturday, his page does not say. What "be not afraid" would turn out to mean, Gordon says, is the rest of the story.

From Ken's 1967 diary and Gordon's story "Be Not Afraid" (7 Oct 2026).

Two Candles

The family had been at 55 Malvar for less than five months. On the night of Monday 16 October 1967, Mary Lou sat up in the house on the hillside by candlelight. Ken was not home. Outside, a typhoon.

She wrote it down that night, in a little spiral notebook. At the top of the page she wrote "Typhoon," and under it, "Oct 16-17, 1967."

Will I ever forget it?? Perched on this hillside,
shuddering in the wind, kitchen ceiling leaking
furiously through the ceiling electric outlet!
Wind howling & screaming torrents of rain coming
down. Typhoon Carla is her name.

Mary Lou, notebook, "Typhoon, Oct 16-17, 1967"

Ken had been down in Manila for six days on the radio work. He was to come home the next day and bring a guest with him. So at midnight she picked up the telephone.

Ken has been in Manila 6 days and was to come home
tomorrow bringing Dad Brooks, but I had to call
Epplers at midnite to tell them how dreadful it is
hoping Dad & Ken won't attempt it as roads will be
bad! The Lord has all this in His control and we
just trust Him to bring us through it.

the same night

Shoestrings

Dad Brooks was Cyril Brooks. When Ken and Mary Lou each first came out to the Philippines, they had stayed with Cyril and Anna Brooks. Up on the hill, the wind kept on.

These 2 candles are keeping me warm too! Its rather chilly. Oh how the wind howls! It has been pulling windows unlocked open. I have tied all of them shut with shoestrings! There has never been a storm like this one. We must be really in the violent part of it. A tree crashed into a house and electric wires on Rimando, and there is no electricity in this part of Baguio.

Mary Lou, notebook, October 1967

Shoestrings, on every window in the house. And what does a woman do, alone on a mountain with the lights out? She writes the letter she has been putting off.

I have written to Dr. & Dra Casas in San Juan. Had wanted to do this for ages. The Lord knew I'd have to sit up for a night before I'd do it!

the same night

Trining

Now go down the mountain, to Manila. On Tuesday 17 October Ken was up at half past four, with breakfast at a quarter past five and a prayer before the road: "*We are dependent on thee.*" The weather report, he wrote, was "*not alarming.*"

There were two roads up to Baguio: the Kennon Road, straight up the gorge, and the Naguilan Road, the long way round from the coast.

...saw report of "Trining" typhoon. Decided to go on. Hour later high winds & rain. Signs down. At Kennon bus said "no go." On to Naguilan Rd — turned back at bridge. Called ML P1.20. OK — Stayed at Crestola — No lights early to bed. So thankful for his protection.

Ken, Tuesday 17 October 1967

Trining was the storm's name on his side of the mountain, and Carla on hers. Two names for one storm.

At the top of that diary page the printed line reads "*Today is the Birthday of ____.*" In the blank, in blue ink and in quotation marks, Ken wrote one word: "*Trining.*"

47.9 Inches

A storm's birthday, written down by a man who had turned back at a bridge and gone to bed with no lights. Then Wednesday:

Winds let up in night. Bridge out to Manila – in fact 2 of them. Tried morning & afternoon to go up but still closed. ... Prayer Meeting in the evening by Kerosene light.

Ken, Wednesday 18 October 1967

And at the foot of the page:

47.9" – 24 hours rain world's record

Ken, foot of the same page

Forty-seven point nine inches, in one day. That is nearly four feet of rain on the city in twenty-four hours. A year later Ken and Mary Lou told their friends at home:

...since our move here Baguio has set a new world's record for rainfall. It rained 47.9 inches in a 24 hour period !

Ken and Mary Lou, letter to friends, October 1968

Surprised to See Us

Four feet of rain, and a woman on the hill with two candles and her shoestrings. Then Thursday the nineteenth:

Sun shining brightly. Decided to go as far as we could. Kept right on going. Busses coming the other way.

Ken, Thursday 19 October 1967

They went up the Naguilan Road, past the landslides. Ken counted them and wrote the number down. And then:

Got home at 10:30. They were surprised to see us.

the same day

She had called the Epplers at midnight, hoping the men would not try the road. They tried, and on the Thursday they came home. There was no electricity, Ken wrote, and no water. But everybody was home.

To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word.

Isaiah 66:2, the verse Ken set at the head of his letter to Woodside, 27 November 1967

"We were caused to feel like trembling," he told them, "because of the two typhoons that came our way in recent weeks."

Five Beautiful Dolls

Now, about that letter by candlelight, to Dr. and Dra. Casas in San Juan. Twelve years later, in December 1979, friends asked Ken where each of the children had been born. He typed his answer:

Both Stan and Kevin were born in San Juan Hospital, San Juan, Rizal. Delivered by Dra. Nora Diokno Casas, sister of Senator Diokno.

Ken, letter to friends, 7 December 1979

Which brings us back to the hill, and to the bottom of Mary Lou's first page, the line just before she turned it:

I am staying up all night, praying, writing letters and watching over our 5 beautiful dolls! they are so sweet when they're asleep.

Mary Lou, notebook, October 1967

Five: Becky, thirteen; Karen, twelve; Kevin, ten; Stan, seven; and Gordon, three. They slept in the house on the hill while their mother sat up by two candles, kept watch, and wrote to San Juan.

He Hadn't Forgotten

"Will I ever forget it??" Mary Lou had asked, at the top of the page.

Not quite two years later, in September 1969, Ken was on the road again.

At Haacks saw that typhoon was moving this way –
remembered "Trining". Hurried on – made good time.

Ken, Saturday 6 September 1969

He hadn't forgotten.

What "Will I ever forget it??" would turn out to mean, Gordon says, is the rest of the story.

From Mary Lou's typhoon notebook, Ken's diaries and letters of 1967–79, and Gordon's story "Two Candles" (8 Oct 2026).

ML + I

Last time, a typhoon: Mary Lou alone on the hill at 55 Malvar with two candles and five sleeping children, and Ken turned back at a washed-out bridge. On Thursday 19 October 1967 he got through. *"They were surprised to see us."*

Everybody was home. But there was no electricity, and no water.

On Sunday the twenty-second Ken preached, and that week's Children's Bible Hour went out on the radio. Baguio had lost people in the storm, and he wrote that the program *"gave word of sympathy to those who lost loved ones."* At the top of the page, squeezed in beside the date, was the good news: *"Electricity on at 1:30."*

Lights, then. But still no water. On Monday, at the bottom of the page, four words:

Water tank is dry

Ken, Monday 23 October 1967



Becky's Dishes

So on Tuesday Ken went looking. He found a pump, borrowed it, and went to work hauling water up the hill in drums. He did not go alone.

Out to find water. Found pump at Mesman. Kevin helped with hauling 2 trips — 4 drums

Ken, Tuesday 24 October 1967

Kevin was ten. And at the foot of the same page is one more line, one that every family who has ever been without running water will understand:

Family crisis over Becky's dishes.

the same page

Becky was thirteen. Ken didn't say who won.

On Wednesday there were two more trips and four more drums, and something for Mary Lou: *"Installed Kerosene stove MW — 1957 for ML."* Then the pump went back to its owner. On Thursday, written big across the top of the page: *"Water on in afternoon!"* And at the foot, in capital letters, one word: *"WATER."*

Welming

Eighteen days after the night of the first storm, on Friday 3 November, a guest came to stay, Chuck Cox. They had painted his room that week and put in a new lamp. And on Saturday 4 November 1967 the wind came back.

Winds blowing hard from noon on. Typhoon "Welming"
ML + I stayed awake most of the night. Children
and Chuck rested well.

Ken, Saturday 4 November 1967

Another typhoon. Another night on the hill, the wind pulling at the house, five children asleep. Only this time she was not alone. *ML + I*.

The next morning Ken preached at Baguio Baptist on Jonah, chapters one and two: a man, a storm, and a God who brought him through it.

Spoke at Baguio Baptist on Jonah 1+2.

Ken, Sunday 5 November 1967

But the LORD sent out a great wind into the sea,
and there was a mighty tempest in the sea.

Jonah 1:4

"Much wind damage in the city," he wrote. Then he went on with the week.

What "ML + I" would turn out to mean, Gordon says, is the rest of the story.

From Ken's diary for 22 October – 5 November 1967, in Gordon's story "ML + I" (The Malvar Years 8, 9 Oct 2026).

Prays for Us Daily

Most of us don't write down the near-misses: the day the brakes held, the night the fever broke. We are thankful for about an hour, and then life rolls on and we forget. Ken Engle wrote them down.

In the kitchen at 55 Malvar there was a box called a booster. The electricity on the hill could run low, and the booster was there to bring it back up. Ken pasted a snapshot of the kitchen into his album and wrote beside it:

Kitchen, 55 Malvar — Note booster to left —
Sometimes voltage not 110 but 40 or 50 volts.

Ken's photo album, 55 Malvar

The booster came to the house in July 1967. It *"took all afternoon to get it connected,"* Ken wrote, and it *"blew a fuse in the evening."* Late that August, on Kevin's tenth birthday, the day of the German chocolate cake and the telephone set that really worked, Ken tucked one line in just above the party:

The booster got very hot — that we almost had a
fire — strong odor from it.

Ken, August 1967

Almost. A man came the next day. In September there was a bigger booster. And the family got on with it.

The Kettle

Nine months went by. On Thursday 9 May 1968 President Ferdinand Marcos came to Baguio, and Ken bought four books at the OMF bookshop, the Living series, to put in the President's hands.

Pres Marcos arrives in evening. We got Living Series at OMF P32 4 volumes – ML wrote in them.

Ken, Thursday 9 May 1968

Mary Lou wrote in them. The family would give a good deal to know what she wrote. She didn't say.

Then came Saturday. Ken wrote the way a man writes when his heart is still pounding:

Awoke 530 - Booster - kettle on fire - minutes later ML smelled smoke - screamed - I ran - ground wire red hot. Threw water on curtains - before. Pull off all electricity. A few minutes later might have been too late.

Ken, Saturday 11 May 1968

One Sheet of Flame

And here is Mary Lou, the same day:

A day we'll never forget. At 6:00 Ken put kettle on to boil. We were talking in our room when I thot I smelled smoke. I dashed to the kitchen & the bamboo curtains in the kitchen were one sheet of flame! I yelled fire, yanked the boys outside. Ken fot the blaze. I called Karen & Julie. Had the hose ready at the back door. Ken got it out quickly.

Mary Lou, Saturday 11 May 1968

Two clocks, one fire. She smelled it; he ran. The boys were yanked out the door, Karen was called, and the hose was waiting at the back door. The second word in Ken's list is "*Booster*", the same box that had warned them on Kevin's birthday.

Then Mary Lou wrote, not about the damage or the soot or the cost of new curtains, but this:

Stove was not properly connected. The electrician said it could have happened any time even during nite! How thankful that the Lord allowed it in the daylight.

Mary Lou, Saturday 11 May 1968

Any time, even at night, with every one of them asleep in a wooden house on a hillside. Instead it came at dawn, with both of them awake and talking in their room. Mary Lou saw a Hand in the timing, and she wrote it down.

Breaking of Bread

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that
keepeth thee will not slumber.

Psalm 121:3

And then the day just went on. Ken's other page for that Saturday reads like any Saturday:

Electrician repaired stove – put in new box. Nick
did repair work. 3 new windows – bars etc. Boys
club – Breaking of Bread in evening. Wellers. CHB.
Epplers. Mrs Balanag. Sgt. Jaleco here. CHB with
us over weekend.

Ken, Saturday 11 May 1968, his other page

A scorched kitchen in the morning; the Lord's Supper in the house
at night.

"Pres Marcos —"

On Sunday the twelfth they were up at half past five again, on purpose this time. Ken headed the page in blue ink, "Pres Marcos —":

We got up at 530. ML called Evelyn — Fred called aide of Pres. Said Pres. dressing — they are going early. We ate rushed to Airport. Within minutes Pres. came. Review + 21 salute by PMA.

Ken, Sunday 12 May 1968

Fred was Fred Balanag, Evelyn's husband. Mary Lou gave it one line:

Another great day - Ken, Dad B. & Fred gave Volumes of Living Writings to Pres. Marcos at 7 this a.m.!

Mary Lou, Sunday 12 May 1968



Fred Balanag presents the Living books to President Ferdinand Marcos at the Baguio airport, Sunday 12 May 1968. Ken bought them at the OMF bookshop, and Mary Lou wrote in them.

Kevin Engle's collection

The day after the fire, the books with her handwriting in them went on to the President of the Philippines.

Mr. Reinheimer

Something has been held back, and it is the best part. Go back seven years, to the summer of 1961. The family was in California at the Home of Peace, a missionary home on San Francisco Bay, getting ready to sail back to the Philippines. Ken needed typewriters for the work, and he had help.

Went with Mr. Reinheimer to San Francisco for typewriters for BSA. Went to Remington & Sears. Finally found two Remingtons #17 at a used place \$60 each. Felt the Lord directed.

Ken, Friday 30 June 1961

It was not the first time; in 1956 two used typewriters had come "*from or through Mr. Reinheimer*" too. A month later, on sailing day, Sunday 30 July 1961, the first name Ken wrote in the afternoon was his:

At 1:30 Mr Reinheimer there —

Ken, Sunday 30 July 1961

Down the edge of that page, sideways in the margin, he added, "*I was under tension most of the day.*" And the last line of the day: "*Sailed at 7PM — So thankful for everything*" The next day, at sea: "*Smooth sailing! The best 1st day of S.F. that I remember.*"

They sailed on the *Anna Bakke* at seven that evening. And Mr. Reinheimer, it turns out, kept on praying.

He Prays for Us Daily

Now go back to the fire page. Mary Lou has just written, "*How thankful that the Lord allowed it in the daylight.*" Here is the very next thing she wrote:

Letter from Wm. Reinheimer (86) saying he prays
for us daily, Lord's protection & care!

Mary Lou, Saturday 11 May 1968

Eighty-six years old. Half a world away. Seven years since the dock.
Every day.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man
availeth much.

James 5:16

We never get to see most of the prayers that hold us up. Every once in a while the Lord lets one show, on the same page and the same day as the thing it was holding back. That Saturday He let Mary Lou see one.

Somebody prayed for you this week, too. You may never know who. Thank them anyway. Better yet, Gordon says, be a Mr. Reinheimer for somebody.

Gordon's next story, he promises, will tell who Fred Balanag was, and how the man next door on the hill came to be at the President's plane with four books in his hands.

From Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for 9–12 May 1968, Ken's diaries for 1961 and 1967 and his photo album, in Gordon's story "Prays for Us Daily" (The Malvar Years 9, 10 Oct 2026).

Jonah for Sunday

Every preacher has a few books of the Bible he keeps going back to, the way you keep going back to a good coat. For Ken Engle on the hill in Baguio, one of them was a little book of four chapters: a man who ran from God, a storm that found him, and a city God would not give up on.

Jonah. It turns up in his diaries again and again, from one end of the Malvar years to the other. Follow it Sunday by Sunday, and it tells a story of its own.

It starts with a storm. On the morning after Typhoon Welming, Sunday 5 November 1967, Ken went down the hill and preached Jonah 1 and 2 at Baguio Baptist: the ship, the sailors, the fish, on a morning when the whole city could still hear the wind.

I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the
LORD, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell
cried I, and thou heardest my voice.

Jonah 2:2

Ten months later Jonah came back, and this time he came home.

A Class in the Living Room

In September 1968 the Engles were getting ready to try something new: a Bible class on Sunday morning, in their own living room at 55 Malvar. Sergeant Jaleco liked the idea.

Sgt. Jaleco receptive to Sunday a.m. meeting.

Mary Lou, Tuesday 17 September 1968

On Ken's page for that week, squeezed in at the end of a line, are three words:

... Fields arrived — late — thankful (210) Jonah
for Sun ... Plans for Sunday — studied for JHay +
55 Malvar

Ken, week of 15–21 September 1968

Then came Sunday the twenty-second. Ken taught Jonah first at the chapel on John Hay Air Base, and then:

Taught class on Jonah at John Hay AFB — 12 Then we
hurried home — our 55 Malvar Class 17 adults 5
children + Engles = 29. Everyone seemed to like
morning hour 10:00 — 11:30.

Ken, Sunday 22 September 1968

Twenty-Seven or Twenty-Nine

Mary Lou wrote it down too, in green ink:

First day to have Bible Class at 10 a.m. 20 in
all. 27 with our family. A beautiful sunny day.
Real encouragement

Mary Lou, Sunday 22 September 1968

Ken counted twenty-nine. Mary Lou counted twenty-seven. Nobody was keeping score; they were too busy being glad. In Gordon's photograph of the class in 1969, Bibles on laps, Evelyn Balanag sits at the top right, listening hard.

And before the week was out, you can almost guess it, the wind came back. At the bottom of Ken's page:

Storm began about midnight — no sleep for ML.
Called off Brigade leadership — it was really
windy & rain. Typhoon "Nitang" had 185 km winds
near center.

Ken, week of 22–28 September 1968

Jonah on Sunday, a typhoon by the weekend. Some weeks the sermon comes with sound effects.

Chapel Hunting

Come forward a year, to Sunday 16 November 1969. The little class in the living room had become the family's own Sunday services. At the top of the page Ken wrote:

Services here. Began series on Jonah.

Ken, Sunday 16 November 1969

At half past eleven he was off down the mountain with Art and five Brigade boys. Three of them had never been to Manila.

The room kept filling up. A month later Mary Lou wrote that she and Ken had gone looking for a bigger place:

Ken & I went 'chapel hunting'. Felt it would be a positive finding. Negative til we sighted Teachers Camp & decided to inquire. Perfect facilities for ₱5.00 a room per Sunday. We'll use two.

Mary Lou, Tuesday 16 December 1969

Two Rooms

Ken's page for the same day:

Looked for a place to meet near Navy Base. Tried several. At last ML thot of Teacher's Camp – A room ₱5. Possibly we'll get 2.

Ken, Tuesday 16 December 1969

Two rooms. Not bad for a Bible class that began with twenty-some people in a living room.

The Sunday after Christmas was 28 December 1969. The boys had spent the week writing thank-you letters. And Ken wrote:

Good crowd – Sgt Mitch & Badilla here. Jaleco had to be at Ft del Pilar. Mrs Rodriguez here for SS & FBH. Spoke on Jonah 2

Ken, Sunday 28 December 1969

Salvation Is of the LORD

Jonah, chapter two, is the prayer from inside the fish. A man at the very bottom, *"the weeds were wrapped about my head,"* and from down there he says the truest thing in the book:

Salvation is of the LORD.

Jonah 2:9

Not of Jonah. Not of the sailors. Not of the preacher on the hill. Of the LORD.

That evening Ken borrowed a projector and turned the living room into a theater. Jaleco had made it after all:

Went to Nazarene Bible College got projector.
Showed "God of the Atom" — Jaleco, Fred & Badilla
plus young people here

Ken, Sunday 28 December 1969

Gordon has a photograph of a film night like it, the projector at the back, with Becky, Julie Aquino, Evelyn Balanag and Stanley Grant in the back row looking, he says, extremely excited (he means bored), and Karen at the back right.

The Second Time

One week later came the first Sunday of 1970, and chapter three:

Good group out – possibly 50. T/Sgt Misch out again. Spoke on Jonah 3.

Ken, Sunday 4 January 1970

Possibly fifty. And Jonah 3 begins with one of the kindest sentences in the whole Bible:

And the word of the LORD came unto Jonah the second time.

Jonah 3:1

The second time. The same man who ran, the same man who sank, and God spoke to him again. That is grace. God doesn't only give second chances; He comes looking for us to give them.

The Sunday after that, 11 January, Ken was up early and out to the Philippine Military Academy:

Spoke at Cadet Chapel at 8 A.M. ... Spoke on Jonah ... Good group of young people out.

Ken, Sunday 11 January 1970

Nineveh

Rows of young men in uniform at eight in the morning, hearing about a God who gives second chances. That May the family would fly home on furlough.

If Ken ever preached chapter four on the hill, the diaries don't say. Maybe that is fitting. Jonah 4 is the chapter where the preacher sulks under a vine, and God has the last word. The last word is a question, about a city full of people He loved:

And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city,
wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons
that cannot discern between their right hand and
their left hand; and also much cattle?

Jonah 4:11

God cared about Nineveh. He cared about a living room in Baguio, too: twenty-seven people in it, or twenty-nine, depending on who was counting.

A beautiful sunny day. *"Real encouragement."*

From Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries, November 1967 to January 1970, in Gordon's Sunday story "Jonah for Sunday" (11 Oct 2026).

The Landlord and the Projectionist

Dr. Jose dela Rosa did more than rent the family a house. He owned a movie theater downtown, at the foot of Session Road, and he lent the Engles his projectionist.

So on film nights the living room at 55 Malvar became a little theater. The projectionist came up the hill with the projector, and the family showed the [Moody Science films](#). Twenty, twenty-five, thirty, sometimes thirty-five people crowded in, and afterward Mary Lou served refreshments. Kevin remembers that Dr. dela Rosa himself came to several of the showings, where the gospel was very clearly presented.

The films came from the [Moody Institute of Science](#), founded in 1945, which grew out of Dr. Irwin Moon's "Sermons from Science." There were titles like *God of Creation*, *City of the Bees* and *Red River of Life*. Each one used the wonders of nature to point to the Creator. By 1951 about 200,000 servicemen a year were watching them.

For Ken, the films came from home. He had studied at [Moody Bible Institute](#) before the war and again from 1946 to 1950, and he had been an announcer on its radio station.

One of my father's objectives was that people would have as many opportunities as possible to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior, whether while watching a film, at home, in their car, in a jeepney, or somewhere else.

Kevin, 2026

It was the same burden for the Philippines he had carried since he flew over the islands in the tail of a B-24.

As Kevin remembers it (8 Oct 2026), with histories of the Moody Institute of Science.



Nothing Is Impossible

On the first page of his 1967 diary, before anyone had heard of Malvar Street, Ken wrote his verse for the year, Isaiah 43:19, and under it a line of his own:

What new thing (things) will He do in 1967. I am
anxious to see.

Ken, 1 January 1967

In sixteen years in Manila, Kevin says, Dad never saw the start of a church. In Baguio he did.

It began with one young woman, **Evelyn Balanag**, who came to Christ. Others followed, and a little company of believers began to meet. Whenever they met, Kevin remembers, there was one chorus they always sang, and it became the song of the Baguio church: **"Nothing Is Impossible."**

A man who had prayed in 1945 for a church on Mindoro, and never got there, saw one begin at last, in the pine city where he and Mary Lou had spent their honeymoon. Kevin calls the Malvar years the most valuable years they spent in the Philippines.

Evelyn's own story, in Mary Lou's words, is told in Part Two of this volume: "Mary Lou, Mary Lou." Still to be told: where the church first met, and who came next.

From Ken's 1967 diary and Kevin's memories.

Back and Forth

In June 1970 the family came home to Abilene, expecting to go back. Ken walked Gordon to Garfield Elementary on his first day. His verse for 1970 was Nehemiah 2:20:

The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore
we his servants will arise and build.

Ken's diary, verse for 1970

They stayed three years, so Karen could finish high school in Abilene. Mary Lou's 1971 diary is full of small things. Gordon asked whether she knew "the kittens that grow on trees" (pussy willows). He shook his birthday cards to see if money fell out, and if none did, he said "No good!" Stan dreamed he was diving off the high dive and fell out of his top bunk. At eight Gordon typed a letter to his second-grade teacher, Miss McMahon, thanking her for a good year. In February 1972 Ken wrote to supporters that their return was still not definite: *"Karen has one more year of high school."*

In June 1973 they returned to Baguio. The younger children went to **Brent School**. Gordon built a model telegraph for the science fair, beside Stan's model of the Hoover Dam.

From Mary Lou's 1971 diary, Ken's diary and letters, and Gordon's story "The Boy Who Went to Four Schools" (1 Sep 2026).

Anchors Aweigh

On Thursday 20 March 1975, Kevin, seventeen, rode down to Olongapo at the gate of Subic Bay to try for the Navy. He had been born just down the road, in a San Juan hospital in Manila.

Kevin left in a.m. for Alongapo to try for the Navy. Anchors Aweigh My Boys is our new theme song.

Mary Lou, 20 March 1975

Kevin home from Subic. Said he passed the screening test and goes again for 10 tests next week. Really excited about the navy.

Mary Lou, March 1975

Then, on 9 May, in orange ink:

RED Letter DAY. Navy called for Kevin to report May 27th!! Brent's last day is 25th - graduation! Talk about perfect timing! Oklahoma tonight. Kevin & Stan big parts.

Mary Lou, 9 May 1975

The headmaster at Brent, Dr. McGee, had been a Navy man himself in the Second World War. He rearranged Kevin's schedule so he could sit his exams for credit even if the Navy called him early. That is why a diploma came at all.

From Mary Lou's 1975 diary and Gordon's story "Anchors Aweigh, My Boys" (17 Sep 2026), with Kevin's memories.

Jud Fry

That spring Brent School put on *Oklahoma!* in its gymnasium. Ken wrote to the relatives on 22 April: "*Kevin is in the school play OKLAHOMA...his part is that of Jud.*" Jud Fry is the villain, the farmhand who wants the girl, doesn't get her, and dies in the last act.

Kevin says he built Jud's walk on his father, who had just had minor surgery and "walked like a duck." "*I got guns to my side and I got boots on.*"

I became Jud Fry. I was Jud Fry... I actually felt like I had an out-of-body experience. Like I was watching myself on stage.

Kevin, 2026

Saigon had fallen on 30 April. Eleven days later Ken wrote seven words:

US Ambassador to Viet Nam at play OKLA.

Ken, 10 May 1975

Kevin has wondered for half a century what the ambassador thought of his Jud. *"He stepped out of a really, really horrible situation, and yet was able to relax and enjoy a play."*

Best Actor of the Year

Kevin had not planned to go to the awards. *"I am like the number four priority of the actors,"* he says. On Friday 23 May both his parents wrote it down:

Moving up day – Upper. We went there to see Kevin receive best actor of the year gold medal. All broke out of my office almost.

Ken, 23 May 1975

Fri. Kevin got gold medal for acting Judd in 'Oklahoma'. Graduation in evening. Carlos P. Romulo was speaker.

Mary Lou, 23 May 1975

Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, the Philippines' foreign minister, spoke to the graduates. *"35 graduated,"* Ken noted. Kevin was not one of them. He was four days from the Navy.

Kevin's last day with us. Gave Gordon his baseball glove! Chose his menus again – Chicken – Chocolate pie. Sat around fire.

Mary Lou, 25 May 1975

Ken & boys left at 8 – Hard, but had to happen. Our kids all grow up and go away & it hurts but is necessary.

Mary Lou, 26 May 1975

The Gate at Subic

On Tuesday 27 May, at a quarter to seven in the morning, Ken and Stan stood with Kevin at the gate.

Kevin, Stan & I at gate 645 – went to Recruiting Office. Kevin shaved head & shots – sworn in ...
Said good bye –

Ken, 27 May 1975

Mary Lou was two hundred miles north in Baguio, down with the flu. Her whole entry for the day is one sentence:

Tuesday. Kevin's swearing in day at Subic! God keep him strong in every way!

Mary Lou, 27 May 1975

Nine weeks of boot camp began immediately, with banging on metal trash cans at four or five in the morning, and he was in Company 139 at San Diego. His high school diploma reached Kansas in a package eighteen months later.

At the end of June 1975 Ken and Mary Lou left the Philippines for the last time as resident missionaries. They had served twenty-four years.

From Ken's and Mary Lou's 1975 diaries, Ken's letter of 22 April 1975, Gordon's stories "Best Actor of the Year" (20 Aug 2026) and "Two Big Shots," and Kevin's memories.

Companion Books

Seven companion books stand beside the five volumes of the story.

[In His Joy: The Life and Ministry of Ken Engle](#)

Dad's own letters · 1951–1987 · his life and ministry

[Herald of Christ: The Story of Rudy Ponce de Leon](#)

San Juan, Rizal · 1951–1996

["Mary Lou, Mary Lou": The Story of Evelyn and Fred Balanag](#)

Baguio City · 1968–2010

[Cheryl](#)

Cheryl Lyn Engle · her life, her music, her own words

[Karen, Patrick, and Romblon: "Carrying the Vision"](#)

keepm.org · the Emmaus app · Moments to Remember · Karen and Patrick

[Family Stories and Friends](#)

Friends of the work · family stories · family reference

[Kevin's Recollections](#)

Kevin Engle · in his own words · Stewards Foundation · In Dad's Own Words

Faithful Men: A Library of Christian Classics, from [PlymouthBrethren.org](#): Brethren writers and missionary lives, searchable by author, Scripture and topic. [Open the library ↗](#)

[The Table of Contents for the whole series →](#)

[Every link in the series, in one place →](#)

Sources

Gordon's stories used in this volume: A High Mountain Apart · Give Us This Mountain (with Ken's letter of 3 June 1967 to the Woodside Bible Chapel elders) · The Boy Who Went to Four Schools · Anchors Aweigh, My Boys · Best Actor of the Year · Two Big Shots · Be Not Afraid · Two Candles (with Mary Lou's typhoon notebook of 16–17 October 1967, Ken's diary for 17–19 October 1967 and 6 September 1969, and his letters of 27 November 1967 and 7 December 1979) · ML + I (Ken's diary for 22 October – 5 November 1967) · Prays for Us Daily (Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for 9–12 May 1968, Ken's diaries for 1961 and 1967 and his photo album) · Jonah for Sunday (Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for 5 November 1967 to 11 January 1970). "The Landlord and the Projectionist" is Kevin's own recollection (8 October 2026); on the Moody Science films, the online article "Sermons from Science" and David Coppedge's biography of Dr. Irwin Moon (crev.info). Also Mary Lou's 1971 and 1975 diaries, Ken's 1975 diary, his letter to relatives of 22 April 1975, and Kevin's own recollections (August 2026).

What Comes Next

Volume Four, *The Abilene Years*, continues the story.

Keep them for Jesus for eternity.

the prayer behind KEE Philippine Missions

Edition of 11 October 2026 · through Gordon's "Prays for Us Daily" (10 Oct 2026), "ML + I," "Two Candles" and "The Wedding," Ken's War Years letters of 1943-45, the 1950-51 letters, "Herald of Christ" (the story of Rudy Ponce de Leon), "Mary Lou, Mary Lou," the story of Evelyn Balanag with her photographs, "The Landlord and the Projectionist," and a list of hyperlinks