BASAHIN SA TAGALOG →

UPDATED 13 NOVEMBER 2026

148 PAGES

*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*


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PART ONE

# The Malvar Years

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

UPDATED 23 OCTOBER 2026

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



Listen: Moments to Remember

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.

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*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



Listen: Moments to Remember

# 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.



Listen: Moments to Remember

# 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

Listen: Mom's Piano

# 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.

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

Listen: Mom's Piano

# 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



Listen: Moments to Remember

# 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.

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

# The Kearsarge Men

Some days don't make any sense on paper. They hold a little sadness and a big joy in the same few lines. Monday, the twentieth of November, 1967, was one of those days.

The war in Viet Nam was only a few hours' flight from Baguio. Camp John Hay, the American base on the edge of town, was where men from every branch of the service came for a few days of rest before they went back. The day before, at the John Hay chapel, the Engles had met the Eatons, the family who had lived in their house before them. On Monday Ken wrote it all down, one thing after another:

> Word received that servicemen are here. ML Polly Taber + Janet Steiger practice for trio. Then John Eaton called possibility of men coming here. We said “yes”. Had funeral for little kitten.
>
> Ken, Monday 20 November 1967

"We said yes." And in the very same breath, a funeral for a little kitten.

# Thirty-Five Sailors

Somebody on that hill had a sad afternoon. The diary doesn't say who held the shoebox. And then, that same night:

> At 10 PM — 35 or so Navy men from the USS Kearsarge came for a sing and refreshments. The trio sang. We had literature out. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a more appreciative group
>
> Ken, Monday 20 November 1967

Ten o'clock at night. Thirty-five sailors in the living room at 55 Malvar. Mary Lou singing in a trio with Polly Taber and Janet Steiger. Refreshments, and literature laid out for anyone who wanted it.

# Just Come from the War Zone

A week later Ken wrote to the church back home at Woodside and told them who those men were:

> A week ago more than thirty servicemen visited us one evening. We had a wonderful time of fellowship and singing. Most of these men were from an aircraft carrier that had just come from the war zone. It was an unexpected privilege to have them.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou to the friends at Woodside, 27 November 1967

Young men who, a few days earlier, had been out where the fighting was, and now were singing hymns in a living room on a hill in the pines.

But the Kearsarge men were only the warm-up. Back in October, the same week as the typhoon, Ken had written one short line:

> ML got call from Chaplain on US Canberra. Wants a servicemens Conf for later part of Nov.
>
> Ken, Thursday 26 October 1967

# A Retreat for the Canberra

The USS Canberra was a heavy cruiser. Mary Lou described her in a notebook she headed "Servicemens' Work":

> from the U.S.S. Canberra a heavy cruiser which patrols the coast of North Vietnam — shooting every night at shore targets. Chap. Zellar had called us a couple months ago asking if we'd plan a retreat for 25.
>
> Mary Lou's notebook, "Servicemens' Work", 20 November 1967

Twenty-five were expected. Nine came, three of them officers. Mary Lou thought that was better:

> This smaller group which arrived was better as they could be given personal attention.
>
> Mary Lou's notebook, "Servicemens' Work"

# Around the Fireplace

On Tuesday, the twenty-eighth of November, the Canberra men arrived at John Hay at three in the afternoon. That evening they came up the hill to the house.

> They came out to the house at 700 PM. Around fireplace — spoke to them of Rich man — didn't realize until later that one of them was a rich young man.
>
> Ken, Tuesday 28 November 1967

A missionary with a Bible, nine sailors from a warship, and the story of the rich man.

On Wednesday Ken wrote all nine names in his diary: the chaplain, Commander Dwight Zeller; a doctor; an Annapolis man; a brand-new father.

# Mary Lou's Menu

On Thursday night, the thirtieth, Ken picked them all up at six o'clock and brought them home for supper. His line is short:

> At 6 PM picked them up. Tour of house. ML's Delicious supper.
>
> Ken, Thursday 30 November 1967

But Mary Lou wrote the menu down, the way a good cook does:

> Served macaroni meat + tomato casserole, fruit salad, homemade bread, pickles, stollen coffee-cake — coffee. Then later more roll, popcorn + pop. Everyone ate til they were stuffed! Good relaxed evening.
>
> Mary Lou's notebook, "Servicemens' Work", Thursday 30 November 1967

Homemade bread. Stollen. Popcorn and pop. For a sailor a very long way from his mother's kitchen, that may have been the best meal of the whole tour.

# Signs of Real Stirrings

Then, around the fire again, Ken spoke on John 21. There were testimonies. One young sailor, Jimmy, told them his whole story, and Mary Lou wrote that night, *"Really needs the Lord!"*

The next morning, at the closing service, Jimmy and a man named Manuel signed up for the Bible course.

> Friday a.m. good service climaxing with invitation. No decisions but signs of real stirrings. Enrolled Jimmy + Manuel in W.B.T.
>
> Mary Lou's notebook, “Servicemens’ Work”, Friday 1 December 1967

> Farewell to them all. We gave them “Think of Your Future”.
>
> Ken, Friday 1 December 1967

And the men went back to the ship, and the ship went back to the coast of Viet Nam.

# That Good Food

> Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.
>
> Hebrews 13:2

We think the sermon is the main thing, and the words matter. But on the ninth of December the chaplain himself wrote from the ship, and listen to what the men remembered:

> The one feature of your ministry that will be long remembered in our minds is your sincere Christian concern which you had for all of us. We all remember that good food and have talked about it on many occasions.
>
> Chaplain Dwight F. Zeller, USS Canberra, to Rev. and Mrs. Ken Engle, 9 December 1967

The concern, and Mary Lou's cooking. Never underestimate a good supper. The Lord has used a lot of them.

Next, Gordon says: one of the Canberra men had a son about Kevin's age, and from the Gulf of Tonkin he wrote ten-year-old Kevin a letter of his own.

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*From Ken's 1967 diary (20 Nov – 1 Dec), Mary Lou's notebook "Servicemens' Work," their letter to Woodside of 27 Nov 1967, Chaplain Zeller's letter of 9 Dec 1967, and Gordon's story "The Kearsarge Men" (The Malvar Years, 12; 16 Oct 2026).*

# Pray That This War Would Be Over Soon

Most of the mail that came up the hill to 55 Malvar was for Mr. and Mrs. Ken Engle: churches, prayer partners, Bible-course students. But in the first days of 1968 one letter came from the Gulf of Tonkin, off the coast of Viet Nam, and part of it was for a ten-year-old boy.

It came from one of the nine men of the USS Canberra, the men who had come out to the house at the end of November. Mary Lou had written down what kind of ship she was: a heavy cruiser that patrolled the coast of North Vietnam, *"shooting every night at shore targets."*

Shooting every night. And those men had sat in a living room in the pines, eaten Mary Lou's cooking, opened the Bible with Ken, and gone back to the ship.

# A Letter from the Gulf of Tonkin

On the tenth of January Ken wrote to the church at Woodside:

> We just had a letter from one of the men from the ship as they were in the Gulf of Tongkin. He thanked us and urged us to consider doing more of this kind of ministry. In a personal letter to Kevin, whom he took a liking to because he has a son about the same age, he wrote, "And do us a favor if you would. Pray that this war would be over soon so we could all go home to our families in the USA."
>
> Ken to the friends at Woodside, 10 January 1968

Think about that. A grown man on a warship, a long way from his own boy, writes to somebody else's boy. He doesn't ask for a sermon. He doesn't ask for a care package. He asks a ten-year-old to pray.

# Do Us a Favor

"Do us a favor if you would." That is how a man talks when he knows what he is asking is not small.

Ken passed the request straight on to Woodside:

> As you read the news and hear of the Viet Nam war pray for these men on the CANBERRA and other men fighting in that area.
>
> Ken to the friends at Woodside, 10 January 1968

And in the January prayer letter to all their friends, he put it more plainly still:

> With all the talk and controversy over Viet Nam policies I wonder if we do not forget to pray for the men there as we should.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's prayer letter, "Dear Friends," January 1968

# Sold 91 Courses

A week later the servicemen came to Baguio for the big conference, the sixteenth to the twenty-first of January. Ken set out a table of Bible courses and counted the men:

> Around 120 attending from Okinawa, Taiwan, Guam, Viet Nam & Philippines … Selling many courses … Testimonies so good in the evening. Sold 91 courses.
>
> Ken's diary, conference week, 18–20 January 1968

He had told Woodside what he hoped for those men. Hold on to this line; we will need it:

> We long that some of these men will come back to fight another war here in the future with the Sword of the Spirit as their weapon.
>
> Ken to the friends at Woodside, 10 January 1968

# Kevin Was Ten

And Kevin? Kevin was ten, and that winter he was busy. On a Sunday in January Ken noted:

> Taught SS class at John Hay on John 2. Skivingtons there. Kevin helped with broadcast.
>
> Ken, Sunday 14 January 1968

On a Wednesday at the end of February Mary Lou wrote:

> Kevin in 'Ugly Duckling' at Brent. Very good program.
>
> Mary Lou's planner, Wednesday 28 February 1968

Then, in March, he spent his money.

# The Empire Scout

> Kevin to town — bought Empire Scout Camera (120) price ₱24.
>
> Ken, Saturday 16 March 1968

> Kevins pictures come back — Good set from his Empire Scout
>
> Ken, Tuesday 19 March 1968

> Kevin going into the business of taking pictures for others.
>
> Ken, Wednesday 20 March 1968

Four days after he bought it, a ten-year-old with a ₱24 camera was already in business.

# Kevin Took Pictures

Two days later the family drove out to the Philippine Military Academy to watch the cadets march.

> We went to PMA to see March. Our first time since 1953. Saw Sgt. Mitch. Kevin took pictures
>
> Ken, Friday 22 March 1968

A boy who had been asked to pray for soldiers, standing at the edge of a parade ground with a ₱24 camera, taking pictures of soldiers.

Whether Kevin prayed that prayer that night, nobody wrote down. Ten-year-olds don't usually report their prayers to their father's diary. But the request is in the record, and so is the God it was addressed to.

# He Maketh Wars to Cease

> He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder.
>
> Psalm 46:9

Here is the thing about a child's prayer. We grown-ups like to see the answer before the week is out. The sailor asked for the war to be over soon. It was not over soon. It went on for years. But God does not lose a prayer just because it takes Him longer than we wanted.

Seven years later the family was still on the mountain. On Thursday, the twentieth of March, 1975, Mary Lou wrote:

> Kevin left in a.m for Alongapo to try for the Navy. Anchors Aweigh My Boys is our new theme song.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Thursday 20 March 1975

# Da Nang and Saigon

Nine days later he came home from Subic Bay, and on the same little diary page Mary Lou underlined the news in red:

> Kevin home from Subic. Passed his navy tests and goes in 10 days for physical. All quite excited about his new career. … Da Nang, Vietnam fell to Communists today.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Saturday 29 March 1975

A month after that, the last line of a Wednesday:

> Saigon finally taken by Communists. Relief for the world.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Wednesday 30 April 1975

The war was over.

# Sworn In at Subic

Four weeks later, on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of May, Ken and Stan drove Kevin to the gate at Subic:

> Kevin Stan + I at gate 6:45 — went to Recruiting Office. Kevin shaved head + shots — sworn in about 10:15. Said good bye —
>
> Ken, Tuesday 27 May 1975

> Kevin's swearing in day at Subic! God keep him strong in every way!
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Tuesday 27 May 1975

Gordon found the slides of that morning: Kevin, head shaved, taking the oath beside the flag, and at the recruiter's desk with his papers, in an orange shirt. Kevin tells that day himself in The Gate at Subic.

# Now the Sailor Was Kevin

A year later the family was home in Kansas, and a letter came from the other side of the Pacific. Ken passed it on to Woodside:

> This week we received word that our oldest boy, Kevin, is now in the Philippines. He joined the Navy there a year ago. … He wrote that probably one of his Christian friends from the ship would be with him on some of this trip.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou to Woodside Bible Chapel, May 1976

A Christian sailor, a friend from his ship beside him, coming up the mountain to Baguio on his weekend off. Eight years before, the Christian sailors had been the Canberra men in the living room on Malvar. Now the sailor was Kevin.

# About His Own Son

Ken had written in January 1968 that he longed for some of those servicemen to *"come back to fight another war here in the future with the Sword of the Spirit as their weapon."* He did not know he was praying about his own son.

> `Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.`
>
> Isaiah 43:19, the verse Ken and Mary Lou wrote that the Lord gave them in January 1967, printed in the same January 1968 prayer letter

And what "pray that this war would be over soon" would turn out to mean, Gordon says, is the rest of the story.

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*From Ken's letter to Woodside of 10 January 1968 and their prayer letter of January 1968, Ken's 1968 and 1975 diaries, Mary Lou's 1968 planner and 1975 diary, their letter to Woodside of May 1976, and Gordon's story "Pray That This War Would Be Over Soon" (The Malvar Years, 13; 19 Oct 2026).*

# The Sergeants

> Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.
>
> Acts 26:28

Let's be honest, Gordon says: a first sergeant is not a man who is easily impressed. He has seen every excuse, heard every story, and marched more young men across a parade ground than most of us will ever meet. If you want to win a first sergeant to anything, you had better mean it.

The Philippine Military Academy sat just down the road from 55 Malvar. In February 1968 a first sergeant from its staff, Sergeant Jaleco, turned up in Ken's diary, studying *What the Bible Teaches*, the course that had brought Evelyn Balanag to the Lord. Ken called him "a man almost won by Mormons." And he noticed who had taken the course first: "His wife had it."

# Almost

Mary Lou wrote the same thing on the Monday, and squeezed two words in above the line:

> (almost mormon) Sgt. Jaleco Studying course. Wants to come to Sunday night class.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Monday 19 February 1968

Almost. That little word does a lot of work in the Bible. King Agrippa said it to Paul. Here it was, written in the margin of Mary Lou's diary, about a sergeant.

He came to the Sunday night class. And he did not come alone:

> ML had 3 in her class and I had Fred, Sgt Jaleco + 2 other Sgts. Tired but a real joy.
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 10 March 1968

# Jaleco Says He Is

A week later Mary Lou noticed what it was costing some of them to be there:

> Two who came to Bible Study gave up other important activities. 5 men 2 women. Sgt. Jaleco very interested.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Sunday 17 March 1968

Then, in May, the Bible study filled the house, and afterward the sergeant made an announcement. Ken wrote it down with the honesty of a man keeping score:

> Largest Bible Study yet. 7 women 6 men including us. … In their after meeting session at Balanags Jaleco says he is saved. Ascension says he is not.
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 5 and Monday 6 May 1968

Ken didn't argue with either one. He wrote it down and kept teaching. Mary Lou put it more simply in her notebook of their Baguio years: the sergeants were saved in the late spring of 1968.

# Praying for Years

By September there were two of them. Sergeant Badilla had started coming, and the two men came up the hill together in the evenings:

> Sgt Jaleco + Sgt Badilla here at 6:30 — We studied Ex 34 in QT. — discussed Bible questions.
>
> Ken's diary, Friday 20 September 1968

Exodus 34: Moses goes back up the mountain for a second set of stone tablets, and comes down with his face shining. Two military men in a living room on a mountain, reading about a man on a mountain. In October the quieter one said something Ken wanted to remember:

> Sgt. Badilla expressed his interest in prayer — has been praying single prayers for years.
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 13 October 1968

Somebody had been talking to God on that Army post long before an American family moved in up the road.

# Jaleco Sat with Us

Ken wrote home to the church at Woodside that same week, and the sergeants went on the list:

> So we ask you to pray definitely for the following: Fred and Evelyn Belaneg; Rizalina; Sgt. Jaleco and Sgt. Bedille from the staff of the Military Academy.
>
> Ken to the Ones at Woodside, 17 October 1968

Just before Christmas the family went down to the Academy to watch the cadets. It was a big day all round:

> Went to PMA — saw Karate, Silent Drill + March. Jaleco sat with us. Listened at 1130 for Apollo 8 decision to go to the moon.
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 21 December 1968

The first sergeant, in the stands with the Engles, while the whole world waited to hear whether three Americans would be sent on to the moon.

# A Real Believer

> And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also. Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.
>
> 2 Timothy 2:2–3

Those are the two things a first sergeant knows best: faithful men, and hardness endured. In September 1969 Ken sat down with Jaleco for the evening, and the next night both sergeants were back:

> Spent evening with F/Sgt Jaleco. Feel he is a real believer. … Jaleco + Badilla here — went over 4 laws. Felt these 2 evenings have been profitable.
>
> Ken's diary, Thursday 25 and Friday 26 September 1969

A year and a half after "Jaleco says he is saved," Ken was ready to write it down in his own words. That year both sergeants were among those baptized at the little church's first baptism.

# Jaleco Went Ahead with the Class

Then came the Sunday when Ken could not be in two places at once. Somebody had been at the electric pole in the night:

> At 2 AM - someone cut 2 wires on pole to Malicdems — so the 2 houses here off. Police with flashlights on hillside. Fred had responsibility with elections coming up. So Jaleco went ahead with the class.
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 19 October 1969

No electricity. Police on the hillside. Fred called away. So the first sergeant stood up and taught the class. When the officer isn't there, the first sergeant takes the formation.

In January, with the furlough only months away, the two men were still coming up the hill:

> Bible study with Jaleco & Badilla — very good time in the Word.
>
> Ken's diary, Friday 23 January 1970

# His Wife Had It

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part.

In May 1970 the family came home to Kansas on furlough. Ken had written the summer before that once they left, the believers would have to be on their own. He wasn't there to see what happened next. But in the back of his diary he wrote down a list of names under the heading "Baptized 28 Feb 71." Near the bottom:

> Mrs Felisa Badilla / Mrs. Milagros Jaleco / Sandra, Sonia / Marilou, Lourdes
>
> Ken's 1971–72 diary, list in the back, "Baptized 28 Feb 71"

Remember who had the course before the first sergeant did? "His wife had it." Three years later her name was on the baptism list.

# Jaleco Gave Message

In July 1973 Ken and Mary Lou went back to Baguio. Jaleco had retired from the Academy while they were away; he was a civilian now. That November the church held a class on baptism, and Ken wrote down who spoke:

> `Jaleco spoke on Trinity / Last class on Baptism`
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 18 November 1973

The man who was almost won by Mormons stood up in front of the little church and preached on the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

One week later there was a baptism. The names are in Ken's hand, one under another, and the last one on the list is one of his own:

> `Baptism at Calvary Chapel … Rafael Buendia / Stan Engle / Jaleco gave message — Badilla chairman + I baptized.`
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 25 November 1973

# Faithful Men

Stan went down into the water with his dad. Sergeant Badilla, the man who had been praying for years, ran the service. And Ruperto Jaleco, the man Ken had called "a real believer," gave the message.

Two men Ken once asked Woodside to pray for, preaching and presiding at his own son's baptism. Faithful men, able to teach others also. By 1974 they were two of the church's first three elders, with Fred Balanag.

And what "almost won by Mormons" would turn out to mean, Gordon says, is the rest of the story.

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*From Ken's diaries for 1968–1973, Mary Lou's 1968 diary and her notebook of the Baguio years, Ken's letter to Woodside of 17 October 1968, and Gordon's story "The Sergeants" (The Malvar Years, 14; 22 Oct 2026).*

# You Are a Very Lucky Boy

> The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
>
> Psalm 121:7

Back up the mountain, Gordon says. And this one is for the boy who went down it faster than anybody.

Every family on a hill has a rule about the hill. Malvar Street ran down from the house, and somewhere below, at the Malikdems' place, it stopped being a street and started being a slide. Ken told the story himself a few weeks later, in a letter to friends, and he started with the rule:

> We had set limits a long time ago that they were not to go further than Malikdem's where the road begins to get steep. Both Evelyn Balanag and Mrs. Malikdem had spoken to Kevin that afternoon about the speed at which he was traveling.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's letter to friends, November 1968

Two grown women, on one afternoon, both telling the same boy to slow down. Kevin was eleven. You can guess the rest.

# Without Brakes

Ken could guess it too:

> Well, he went beyond the point and going down that steep hill towards Pines City Baptist the chain came off. … Anyway he was on that hill and going down without brakes.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's letter to friends, November 1968

No chain, no brakes, and a steep hill. And at the bottom:

> He went right into a hedge at the botton and a fence of steel posts with sharp points at the tops. He was thrwn into the air and over the fence into the yard...onto cement.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's letter to friends, November 1968

Steel posts with sharp points. Over the top of them. Onto cement.

# Praise Him

Ken was not there. He was down the mountain in Manila, recording programs at the radio station. On his diary page for that week the news comes in two lines, one above the other, and beside the first one, in the margin, he wrote two words and underlined them: "Praise Him."

> In Baguio Kevin had accident — bike down Malvar — over fence. No broken bones. Belang stayed here. … To DZAS 1PM - 5PM. Phone call from ML as I was ready to go to SIL — Kevin's accident.
>
> Ken's diary, Monday 28 and Tuesday 29 October 1968

There are two men in Ken and Mary Lou's account of that night, Gordon says. One is a doctor in a white coat with an X-ray in his hand, and he says the word everybody says: lucky. "You are a very lucky boy."

# Lucky

The other is the landlord, Dr. dela Rosa, the same man who had pulled into a driveway behind the family in May of 1967 with a house nobody was looking for. He doesn't say a word. He just points up.

Ken sided with the landlord.

> For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
>
> Psalm 91:11–12

Then the neighbors closed in, the way good neighbors do:

> Mary Lou stayed in the hospital with him the one night. Fred and Evelyn Balanag stayed here at the house with the children. All of the nieghbors around were so helpful and kind.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's letter to friends, November 1968

# The Lord's Timing

Fred and Evelyn. Eight months earlier they had been the couple just down the street who didn't know the Lord. Now they were the ones sitting up at 55 Malvar with Becky, Karen, Stan and Gordon so Mary Lou could sit up at the hospital with Kevin. Ken drove home as soon as the recording was done and found him "in bed — some swelling."

So the family did what this family did. They planned a party for God: a thanksgiving night, about a week out, for everybody who had helped, with a Moody film, *God of Creation*, that Ken had brought up from Manila. It was all set.

And the night before, the telephone rang again. It was Dave Silver, married to Ken's cousin Orla Robson, a major just posted to the Philippines with the Air Force, calling from Clark Air Base.

> `Dave phoned from Clark. Urged him to come on up.`
>
> Ken's diary, Monday 4 November 1968

# Around 50 Here

He came. He arrived at eleven the next morning, and that night he stood up in the living room and gave his testimony. Ken's line for the day:

> thanksgiving service — this was already planned (The Lord's timing) Dave gave testimony. We showed God of Creation in color. Around 50 here PMA, neighbors etc.
>
> Ken's diary, Tuesday 5 November 1968

This was already planned. The Lord's timing. And in the letter to friends:

> The folks from Philippine Military Academy sent two jeep loads so it was just timed of the Lord to have Dave here.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's letter to friends, November 1968

Two jeep loads from the Academy, where the sergeants were.

# Could Have Been

And at the door, as the fifty went home into the dark, guess who was handing them gospel literature:

> Kevin and the boys handed out literature as they left. … Kevin was out of school just a little over a week.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's letter to friends, November 1968

One more thing about that Tuesday. It was the fifth of November, 1968, Election Day back home. Two days later Ken dashed off a note to Uncle Kevin and Aunt Eloise, and he could not help himself:

> Dave Silver was with us Tuesday (Election Day) Yea, for NIXON ! We had a great time with Dave....not Nixon.
>
> Ken to Kevin and Eloise Dyer, 7 November 1968

And right under it, in capital letters:

> PRAISE: Kevin had a bike accident that could have been quite serious.
>
> Ken to Kevin and Eloise Dyer, 7 November 1968

Could have been. That is the most thankful phrase in the English language, Gordon says. Most of what God does for us is in the could-have-been, and we never see it. That week, on Malvar Street, they saw it.

# Back Down the Mountain

Dave didn't stay long. The next morning, before dawn, Ken and Stan drove him back down the mountain to Clark:

> Up at 4AM. Stan went along as we drove Dave to Clark. Got him to the Oasis at 9AM. Home by 3 PM. Very tired (Did stop at Binghams)
>
> Ken's diary, Wednesday 6 November 1968

And that same week Stan had a birthday. Ken wrote it on the same page:

> Stanley — 9 years old. Celebrated in the evening.
>
> Ken's diary, November 1968

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part.

Luck doesn't plan a thanksgiving a week ahead and then send the speaker the night before. And luck doesn't come back. Dave Silver did.

# A Camera

Ten months later, in August 1969, he drove up the mountain again. Kevin's twelfth birthday was coming up, and Ken wrote:

> Dave took us up to John Hay. Whole family played miniature golf. Then took us to the Bx. Kevin got a 16mm Minolta for his birthday.
>
> Ken's diary, August 1969

The man who had come up the hill to give thanks for Kevin came back up the hill, and that was the day Kevin got a camera. The same boy who, a year and a half earlier, had spent his own twenty-four pesos on a camera and gone "into the business of taking pictures for others."

A doctor called him lucky. A landlord pointed up. A father wrote "Praise Him" in the margin and underlined it, so he would not forget which one was right.

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*From Ken's diaries for 1968 and 1969, Ken and Mary Lou's typed letter to friends of November 1968, Ken's letter to Kevin and Eloise Dyer of 7 November 1968, and Gordon's story "You Are a Very Lucky Boy" (The Malvar Years, 15; 29 Oct 2026).*

# Karen Had Class Today

> Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.
>
> Proverbs 22:6

This one is for Karen, Gordon says, with Ken and Mary Lou: January to August 1969, at 55 Malvar in Baguio.

Let's be honest: most of us don't remember the first time we were trusted with something. It happens on an ordinary Saturday, and nobody makes a speech.

January 1969 began with a goodbye. Grandmother Leonard and Aunt May had come all the way out to the Philippines for Christmas, and on the third of January the family took them to the airport in Manila. Mary Lou wrote that night:

# Too Wonderful to Last

> Faith Academy, Military Cemetary, had dinner at airport & then that awful time to say goodbye. It seemed unbelievable they had to go so soon. It had been a wonderful 3 weeks. Too wonderful to last.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Friday 3 January 1969

Gordon’s photographs from that visit show the SAS DC-8 on the field at Manila, Grandmother Leonard and Aunt May Arnold coming down its steps, the two of them in the memorial chapel in Manila, and the two of them in Baguio.

And then, on the first Saturday after school started, there are two lines, one in each diary, about the same thing. Ken wrote his first, at the top of his page:

> Karen began children’s classes.
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 11 January 1969

# About 20 Kids

Mary Lou squeezed hers in between picking up Grandmother's tablecloth and paying the rent:

> Karen had class today. About 20 kids.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Saturday 11 January 1969

Twenty children. And the teacher was thirteen years old. Karen would not turn fourteen until April.

Think about what that takes. Twenty children looking at you, and you are thirteen. Gordon's pictures from those years show her with a flip chart, and at the chalkboard, with a roomful of children in front of her.

> Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.
>
> 1 Timothy 4:12

# A Ten-Centavo Piece

That same week, the family was busy being a family. On Monday night four-year-old Gordon swallowed a ten-centavo coin. Ken wrote, with a straight face:

> Gordon swallowed a 10¢ centavos piece — seemed to have no problem
>
> Ken's diary, Monday 13 January 1969

And Mary Lou, the next day, with even less of a straight face:

> Bake birthday cake for Karen's teacher. … Gordon's .10¢ appeared in potty at noon. Quite excited about it.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Tuesday 14 January 1969

If you swallow a coin at four, Gordon says, the good news is that your mother will write down exactly when you got it back.

# A Cake for the Teacher

Notice what else is in that entry. Mary Lou was baking a birthday cake for Karen's teacher. And two days later:

> `Birthday cake Č Karen to school.`
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Thursday 16 January 1969

So there was Karen, the week she started teaching, carrying a cake to school for her own teacher. A student in the morning, a teacher on Saturday. That's how it works in God's family: you learn from somebody, and you turn around and pass it on to somebody else.

The next Saturday, Ken wrote it again:

> `Karen had a class — good group.`
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 18 January 1969

# Each Have Classes

By June there were Sunday school children making finger puppets and singing, Karen and little Gordon among them. And by August the living room at 55 Malvar had a Sunday school of its own. When Ken wrote to the friends back home to ask them to pray for it, he listed the teachers:

> The professor is teaching a class and also his wife. Becky and Karen, our oldest girls, each have classes and I have a class. Mary Lou plays the piano. We are averaging between 30 and 40 present each Lord's day.
>
> Ken and Mary Lou's prayer letter, August 1969

Becky and Karen, our oldest girls, each have classes. Fourteen and fifteen by then, and named right alongside a university professor. (That same month, on the most discouraging weekend of all, Becky was sick and could not teach.)

> We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the LORD, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.
>
> Psalm 78:4

# The Flannelgraph

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part.

Thirty-two years later, in February 2001, Mary Lou sat down at her computer in Abilene, the snow outside, to write to old friends in the Philippines, Fe and Felix. She told them about each of the children. And when she came to Karen, she wrote this:

> Karen and her husband Patrick are very happy in kansas City. … They are quite busy at the chapel they attend and are in charge of the children's work. I remember Karen being so good with children in the Philippines. In Baguio, she had a children's club in our carport...and she used flannelgraph, lots of ;music and did a good job. Becky helped her.
>
> Mary Lou to Fe and Felix, 3 February 2001

In charge of the children's work. Thirty-two years on, in a different country, in a different chapel, the girl who started with twenty kids on a Saturday in Baguio was still doing it.

And her mother, who had written "About 20 kids" in a little Sandoz diary in 1969, still remembered the flannelgraph.

*From Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for January 1969, Ken and Mary Lou's prayer letter of August 1969, Mary Lou's letter to Fe and Felix of 3 February 2001, and Gordon's story "Karen Had Class Today" (The Malvar Years, 16; 2 Nov 2026).*

# She Thinks I Have Never Thrown Anything Away

> Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.
>
> Matthew 6:20

This one comes from March and April 1969 at 55 Malvar in Baguio, Gordon says, with Ken and Mary Lou.

Every marriage, it seems, has a keeper and a thrower-outer. And usually each one is quietly sure the other is the problem.

At 55 Malvar, in the spring of 1969, we know which was which, because both of them wrote it down. But first, there was a sick little boy.

# A Bad Cold + Croup

On Monday the twenty-fourth of March, just under a note that Ken was working on a barrel, Mary Lou wrote:

> `Gordon sick in bed with a bad cold + croup.`
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Monday 24 March 1969

Gordon was four, and his fifth birthday was coming up. By Wednesday night it was worse. Ken's line at the bottom of the page is short, the way his lines are when the night has been long:

> `ML up much of night with Gordon — fever 103+`
>
> Ken's diary, Wednesday 26 March 1969

Gordon's photographs from that spring show him in bed at 55 Malvar with headphones and the tape recorder.

# Eisenhower Died Today

And Mary Lou, the next day:

> Gordon very sick all night. Could not get fever down. Mendoza out of town. … Cancelled dinner date. … Gordon's fever broke at 10 p.m.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Thursday 27 March 1969

Then came the Friday. At the top of her page, in the margin, Mary Lou wrote three words, "Eisenhower died today," and below it, the news that mattered more in that house:

> Had Gordon checked at hospital. Blood work done. … Has been sick little guy. I got the flu today at noon & was really miserable.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Friday 28 March 1969

# Sick Little Guy

Has been sick little guy. You can hear a mother in those five words. There is a picture from that month of Mary Lou reading to Gordon on the bed.

Ken, on the same day, wrote down the good part first:

> Fever did break last night … When ML came home at noon she wasn't feeling well + was down most of the rest of the day.
>
> Ken's diary, Friday 28 March 1969

So now there were two patients. Saturday brought a little relief and, for a Kansas family, some startling news from home:

> Eisenhower will be buried in Abilene, Kansas! Gordon improved greatly. Beginning to eat a little.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Saturday 29 March 1969

# ML Stayed with Gordon

On Sunday, Ken taught his class out at John Hay and noted who wasn't there:

> `Another large class at John Hay. ML stayed with Gordon.`
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 30 March 1969

Gordon's pictures show the two of them that spring with picture books on the sofa.

And then, a day or two later, came Gordon's fifth birthday. A week of fever, a trip to the hospital, and a mother down with the flu herself. What do you suppose she did that day?

She cleared out the downstairs.

# Half a Ton

> Gordon’s birthday Burned 1/2 a ton of debris saved since 1951! the downstairs is beginning to clear. Had Paul & Heather Danielson over in evening. Gordon was so cute at supper about his birthday!
>
> Mary Lou's diary, March 1969

Gordon’s photographs from that day show him with two friends, his birthday lunch at the little round table, and Karen with Gordon and his friends at the airplane party.

Half a ton. Saved since 1951. Do the arithmetic and you find that some of that pile was older than the marriage: Ken and Mary Lou were married in April 1953. Some of it had been waiting since Ken’s bachelor days in the Philippines.

# Make a Little Room

There's something good in the order of that day. She didn't wait until life was calm to clear the clutter. She did it with a little boy on the mend upstairs, and then she sat him down to supper and wrote that he was "so cute … about his birthday."

Sometimes the best thing a tired heart can do is make a little room.

> A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away.
>
> Ecclesiastes 3:6

By Friday she had moved on to the boxes. And this is where Ken picked up his pen:

> We worked as a family — Karen + Kevin on homework. ML on boxes sorting. She thinks I have never thrown anything away.
>
> Ken's diary, Friday 4 April 1969

# On Boxes Sorting

She thinks I have never thrown anything away. Not a complaint. Not a defense. Just a husband reporting, fairly, what his wife thought of him. And not, you notice, saying she was wrong.

Gordon's pictures from that year show Ken and Mary Lou playing chess, the two of them at a weaving shop in Baguio, the house at 55 Malvar, and Cresta Ola in May.

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part.

Mary Lou wrote in her diary that same Friday too. And she told us what she found in those boxes.

> `Sorted out boxes of odds & ends. Found postcard mailed in 1942 from Ken to Keith.`
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Friday 4 April 1969

# A Postcard from 1942

A postcard. Mailed in 1942, when Ken was seventeen or eighteen and his little brother Keith was thirteen, back home in Kansas. Twenty-seven years later, on the other side of the world, in a box in a basement in Baguio, there it still was.

She thinks I have never thrown anything away. Well, she had the evidence in her hand.

And the postcard was not the only paper from that summer to last. A letter went the other way, too. In August 1942, with Ken away from the farm on business in the city, his mother Mabel sat down and wrote to him. She never says in it what the telegram was. She says what it did to breakfast:

# Such Good News

> Tuesday morning our breakfast was spoilt by a telegram this morning, but I can live several mornings without breakfast for such good news. We are so anxious for a letter telling all about it. … Daddy wonders if you have money enough to last till Sat. He says to tell you he is proud of you.
>
> Mabel Engle to Ken, August 1942

And on the next page, the youngest one in the house had a question of her own:

> Elaine can't quite understand all the excitement. She wants to know if that means Kenneth is coming home. Lots of love from us all, Mother
>
> Mabel Engle to Ken, August 1942

# Written for the Generation to Come

A boy of seventeen, away from home, and a mother writing to tell him his father was proud of him. That letter was kept, too, every word of it, eighty-four years later.

That postcard has not turned up in the family archive. But a whole bundle of others has: the letters Ken wrote to Keith in 1943 and 1944, while he was in the Army, every one of them read and transcribed. And so have the two little Sandoz diaries from 1969, the ones that told you everything you just heard.

Every story in this whole series is here because two people wrote things down, and because one of them, his wife was quite sure, never threw anything away.

> This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the LORD.
>
> Psalm 102:18

*From Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for March and April 1969, Mabel Engle's letter to Ken of August 1942, and Gordon's story "She Thinks I Have Never Thrown Anything Away" (The Malvar Years, 17; 5 Nov 2026).*

# Holy Thursday

> There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.
>
> Psalm 19:3–4

This one is Holy Week 1969 at 55 Malvar, Gordon says: the same spring, and the same sick little boy, as the story before it.

Have you ever noticed how a radio can shrink the world? You turn a knob, and a place ten thousand miles away is suddenly in the room with you.

In the spring of 1969 that happened at 55 Malvar. And it happened in both directions at once.

# Giving Life Stories on Him

You have already met the Friday it began. Gordon was sick upstairs, Mary Lou had the flu, and at the top of her page she wrote, “Eisenhower died today.” Ken heard it the next day on the Armed Forces radio:

> `Word that General Eisenhower died — giving life stories on him on AFRTS.`
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 29 March 1969

That same Saturday Mary Lou put an exclamation mark after Abilene, Kansas. You can understand it. Abilene was home country. Ken was born just outside it in 1924, and Grandpa and Grandma Engle were Abilene people. Half a world away, a Kansas town everybody in that house knew was about to be on every radio in the world.

# The Train Carrying Ike

On Monday Ken wrote:

> Day of mourning for Gen Eisenhower. We heard funeral service from Washington — then train moved on toward Abilene.
>
> Ken's diary, Monday 31 March 1969

And on Wednesday, with the income tax papers finally turned in, he followed that train all the way across the map:

> A relief. All day long reports over Armed Forces that the train carrying "Ike" was getting nearer Abilene. At 10PM here CBS gave a report on train arriving at Abilene.
>
> Ken's diary, Wednesday 2 April 1969

# Fourteen Hours Behind

Kansas is fourteen hours behind the Philippines. So when the General was laid to rest in Abilene on Wednesday the second of April, it was already Thursday in Baguio. And that Thursday was Holy Thursday, the Thursday before Easter.

In the Philippines, Holy Week is different. Ken explained it in a letter to the friends at Woodside, the assembly back in Illinois that had sent him and Mary Lou out:

> Every year people come by the thousands to spend Easter weekend in Baguio. … the radio stations play quiet music.
>
> Ken to the friends at Woodside, 4 April 1969

# Every Half Hour

Two of those stations carried Ken's own program, Moments of Melody. And on Holy Thursday morning, something happened that he had not asked for:

> DZBS + DZAH played "Moments" every half hour … No charge … We listened to Eisenhower's burial in Abilene.
>
> Ken's diary, Thursday 3 April 1969

Every half hour. All day. No charge. Mary Lou heard it too, and wrote it down the same night:

> Ken's M.M. broadcast on every 30 minutes all day. Good music on radio. … Ellen sang "Calvary Love".
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Thursday 3 April 1969

# It Was Given

In his letter the next day, Ken told Woodside about it:

> Then to our amazement on Thursday they began in the morning to play Moments of Melody every half hour … They kept this up all day.
>
> Ken to the friends at Woodside, 4 April 1969

Think about that day. Thousands upon thousands of visitors in a mountain city for Holy Week, and every half hour the radio told them about the cross.

Ken didn't buy that time. He couldn't have. It was given.

# A Little Nearer

And in the same little house on Malvar, the radio was carrying the other way too, bringing Kansas to Baguio. That is how Ken's letter began:

> `The United States seemed just a little nearer yesterday as Armed Forces radio brought us news every hour from Abilene.`
>
> Ken to the friends at Woodside, 4 April 1969

That evening Ernie and Ellen Tolentino came for supper. Ernie brought a chocolate cake he had baked himself, and at the service Ellen sang "Calvary Love."

Then on Sunday it rained, hard rain, and they held the Easter dawn service anyway.

# Itsy Bitsy

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part.

The Monday after Easter, Ken drove down to Manila for Rudy's wedding, and Becky went with him. She had earned it:

> KEN TO MANILA and Becky. She was so excited. Had good report card so really deserved trip.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Monday 7 April 1969

They were gone almost a week. And on the Thursday, in Manila, Ken wrote one short line at the bottom of his page that is easy to walk right past:

> TV (Mitsubishi) Rizal Ave "Itsy Bitsy" Mitsubishi.
>
> Ken's diary, Thursday 10 April 1969

# Bought by Faith

On Saturday the twelfth they drove home up the mountain. It was Becky's birthday weekend, and there was a party waiting. Here is how Ken ended his day:

> Home by 3PM. All excited when saw TV. Had been praying — bought by faith see a good clear picture without an outside antenna.
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 12 April 1969

Bought by faith. He had paid for that little set in Manila not knowing whether it would pull in a picture way up in the mountains, with no antenna on the roof. He had prayed about it.

# Eisenhower's Funeral Was on It

And Mary Lou, that same night:

> Ken brot beautiful little Mitsubishi T.V.!
> Eisenhower's funeral was on it!
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Saturday 12 April 1969

Ten days after the burial, the pictures had made it to the Philippines. The family had heard Abilene on the radio on Holy Thursday. Now they could see it.

> Now faith is the substance of things hoped for,
> the evidence of things not seen.
>
> Hebrews 11:1

# The Lord Willing

There was one more line in that letter to Woodside, and it was about the future:

> Some have been asking about our plans. The Lord willing we plan to come on furlough in the spring of 1970.
>
> Ken to the friends at Woodside, 4 April 1969

The Lord was willing. (How the family came to have a house in Abilene at all is told in Great Minds Think Alike.) Fourteen months later, on a Friday in June 1970, Ken was cutting grass in Kansas, and he wrote down where:

> We cut grass of our Jungle at … Kuney (Eisenhower's [Home] Kuney + 4th St)
>
> Ken's diary, Friday 26 June 1970

# Four Dollars a Sunday

Underneath, in brackets, he noted where the Eisenhower home stood: on Kuney too, at Fourth Street. The same street. And in September he walked into the radio station in Abilene:

> Made agreement at KABI with Doug Lyon to air M/M at 730 each Sunday. $4 for 5 minutes — They began plugging
>
> Ken's diary, Thursday 10 September 1970

On Holy Thursday 1969 a radio in Baguio brought Abilene to the Engles, and the same radio carried Moments of Melody every half hour, free. A year and a half later, Moments of Melody was on the air in Abilene, for four dollars a Sunday, and the family lived on the street where the Eisenhower home stood.

*From Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for March and April 1969, Ken's diary for June and September 1970, Ken's letter to the friends at Woodside of 4 April 1969, and Gordon's story "Holy Thursday" (The Malvar Years, 18; 11 Nov 2026). Scripture from the King James Version.*

# Made It Very Clear to Us

> I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.
>
> Luke 15:7

This Sunday, Gordon says, is the last weekend of August 1969, when everything went wrong, and still thirty-five came to the front room at 55 Malvar.

Let's be honest: some weekends it feels as if the whole world has lined up against Sunday.

In August of 1969 the family started something new. Up to then they had gone to the chapel at Camp John Hay, the American base in Baguio. Now they would hold church in their own front room at 55 Malvar, the house on the hill. Mary Lou kept a red notebook of the things the Lord did in those years, and she wrote it up:

# Averaging 35

> Began morning services in our house. Resigned from John Hay Chapel. Averaging 35 each service. One night when we had “Dust or Destiny” 60 here. Weekend of Aug 30-31 especially discouraging tho.
>
> Mary Lou's “Baguio Experiences” notebook, p. 20, August 1969

Gordon’s photographs of those front-room services show Mary Lou at the piano, Grandma Leonard and the children, the Balanags, the Badillas, Sergeant Jaleco and the young people, Bibles on their laps.

Especially discouraging. Then she numbered the reasons, one to five, the way you would list the plagues of Egypt:

# Especially Discouraging

> 1) P.M.A. Sgt. Jalco busy making arrangements for burial of a 7 year old child killed by a truck 2) Baguio Colleges Parade set for morning so Evelyn said very few of them would come. … 4) Evelyn's baby sick - tried to take him early to hospital, but they said 9. 5) Becky sick so couldn't teach
>
> Mary Lou's "Baguio Experiences" notebook, p. 20, August 1969

The sergeant was Sergeant Jaleco of the Philippine Military Academy.

A grieving sergeant, a parade, a sick baby, a sick Sunday-school teacher. If the enemy had a plan for that weekend, it was a thorough one.

# 35 Out

And then her very next line:

> Satan does this all the time, but in spite of it, 35 out. Zeny Tiongson & most of her children came.
>
> Mary Lou's “Baguio Experiences” notebook, p. 20, August 1969

Thirty-five. The same as any other week.

Zeny Tiongson was the new neighbor, a military family with a house full of children. Four days earlier Mary Lou had written down Zeny’s week, exactly as Zeny gave it to her:

> Zeny Tiongson said “Monday Mahjong, Tuesday Bingo, Wed. Bible Study; Thurs. maj; Frid. Bingo; Sat. maj; Sunday Bible Studies.” Lively Bible Class.
>
> Mary Lou’s diary, Wednesday 27 August 1969

You have to love her honesty. And there she was, Sunday morning, with most of her children.

# Two Sermons

Ken had two sermons that day. He set them down in a few words:

> Services - Spoke on Lost Sheep, Silver Son. CBH - taped - so could get ready. Spoke on Rich Man & Lazarus. Two King families here.
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 31 August 1969

In the morning, Luke 15: the lost sheep, the lost silver coin, the lost son, and the joy in heaven when each one is found. That evening, the next chapter: a man who was lost and was never found.

Two King families. Ken had first written their name in his diary four Sundays earlier, the night they showed the film *Dust or Destiny* in the living room:

> Evening 40 here - Dust or Destiny. Sgt Smith & wife & Ron Kings - discussion after. He is troubled.
>
> Ken's diary, Sunday 3 August 1969

# He Is Troubled

Somebody in that room was troubled. Ken doesn't say which man. But two days later, at the top of his page, he wrote:

> Bought "Taste of New Wine" for Ron Kings.
>
> Ken's diary, Tuesday 5 August 1969 (top margin)

And on the Saturday of the discouraging weekend, between the burial plans and the parade, one line:

> Had Ron Kings & Howard Kings
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 30 August 1969

# Not Saved, but Searching

So on Sunday night, after the parade and the sick baby, the front room filled up again. Mary Lou wrote it on the next page of the notebook:

> Sunday night Zeny came from all afternoon at mahjong. Also Ron & Karen King, Howard & Joyce King. Ron & Karen not saved, but searching. Exchanged books. Taste of New Wine (to Ron) the Adventure into the Reality of You (for us) Ken preached most forcefully about the rich man and Lazarus. Made it very clear to us!
>
> Mary Lou's “Baguio Experiences” notebook, p. 21, Sunday night, 31 August 1969

# Most Forcefully

Zeny straight from the mahjong table. A young couple, “not saved, but searching.” And Ken preaching “most forcefully” on the hardest story Jesus ever told.

So let’s hear it the way they heard it that night. Jesus tells it in Luke 16.

> There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man’s table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.
>
> Luke 16:19–21

Notice something. The rich man has no name. The beggar does. On earth everybody knew the rich man’s name and nobody knew the beggar’s. In heaven it is the other way around.

# A Great Gulf Fixed

> And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.
>
> Luke 16:22-23

Both men died. That part is never in question. One was carried by angels. The other was buried, and the next thing he knew, he lifted up his eyes.

> And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.
>
> Luke 16:26

A great gulf, fixed. Not a gap you can climb out of. Not a waiting room. Fixed. Whatever we decide about Jesus Christ, we decide on this side of it.

# Five Brethren

> And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:
>
> Hebrews 9:27

Then the rich man does the one unselfish thing he does in the whole story. He thinks of his family.

> Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.
>
> Luke 16:27–28

Five brothers. Send somebody. Send a miracle. Send a man back from the dead; surely they would listen to that. And Abraham's answer is the hinge of the whole parable:

# Though One Rose

> And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.
>
> Luke 16:31

Someone did rise from the dead. His name is Jesus. And the Word that the rich man's brothers had in their hands is the Word we have in ours. God does not send a ghost to the front room. He sends His Word, and somebody to read it, and a neighbor who keeps saying come.

And here is the grace in it. Jesus told that story on purpose, while His listeners were still on the right side of the gulf. The gulf is fixed after death. Before death the door is wide open.

> Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.
>
> John 5:24

# To Us

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part.

Look again at the last line in Mary Lou's notebook. She did not write, "Made it very clear to the Kings." She did not write, "Made it very clear to Zeny." She had been a missionary for sixteen years. She wrote:

> `Made it very clear to us!`
>
> Mary Lou's "Baguio Experiences" notebook, p. 21

To us. The preacher's own wife, in the front row of her own front room, counting herself among the ones who needed to hear it. There is no such thing as a sermon that is only for the other people in the room.

# Four Hours

And the young man who was “searching”? Eight weeks later, in her diary, Mary Lou wrote:

> Ron King here to see Ken about spiritual matters. Spent 4 hours talking.
>
> Mary Lou’s diary, Tuesday 28 October 1969

Four hours. And the next Tuesday:

> Good Bible Study here at home. Ron King to talk č Ken.
>
> Mary Lou’s diary, Tuesday 4 November 1969

Nobody had to come back from the dead for Ron King. He came back himself, to the house on Malvar Street, to talk about the Book. What he decided, the diaries do not say. That page was never written, and this story will not write it for him.

# The Accepted Time

But the rich man's brothers would have given anything for one evening like that, in a warm front room, with the Bible open and a man who would talk with them for four hours.

> Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.
>
> 2 Corinthians 6:2

*From Mary Lou's "Baguio Experiences" notebook (pp. 20–21) and her 1969 diary, Ken's diary for August 1969, and Gordon's story "Made It Very Clear to Us" (The Malvar Years, Sunday 3; 1 Nov 2026). Scripture from the King James Version.*

# 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.

Listen: Mom's Piano

# 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

It happened fast. President Marcos had come up the mountain for the Philippine Military Academy, and the cadets gave him a review and a twenty-one-gun salute at the airport before he flew out. Fred had telephoned the President's aide, learned he was leaving early, and the Engles ate and rushed to the field. Within minutes the President was there.

Fred and Evelyn had come to the Lord only that year. Now Fred stood at the wing of the President's plane and put the Word of God into his hands, with Ken and Dad Brooks beside him.

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

# At the Plane

*Fred Balanag presents the Living books to President Ferdinand Marcos at the Baguio airport, seven o'clock on Sunday morning, 12 May 1968. Ken bought them at the OMF bookshop, and Mary Lou wrote in them. Four years later Ken wrote to the President himself; read it in In His Joy, "Bibles for the Cadets."*

Kevin Engle's collection

# 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

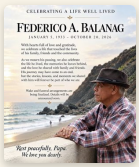
Eighty-six years old. Half a world away. Seven years since the dock. Every day.

> 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.




Fred Balanag (1933–2026): “Absent from the body, present with the Lord” (2 Corinthians 5:8).

*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 care. "Prays for Us Daily" (The Malvar Years 9, 10 Oct 2026).*



Listen: Mom's Piano

# 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."*

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*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.*



Listen: Moments to Remember

# Red River of Life

> The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.
>
> 1 John 1:7, printed at the head of Ken's letters from Malvar

Blood is not a polite word, Gordon says. We don't bring it up at the dinner table. We hide it under a bandage and hope nobody faints. But you cannot tell the gospel without it. Take the blood out of the Bible and you have a book of good advice. Leave it in, and you have a Savior.

In December 1967 the whole world was talking about the human heart. A surgeon in South Africa had just taken the heart out of one man and put it into another. In January Ken wrote home to the church at Woodside, and he had an idea:

> We used Moody Science films at these home get togethers. With the recent heart transplants I would like to use “RED RIVER OF LIFE” soon.
>
> Ken to the Friends at Woodside, 10 January 1968

# Best Gospel Presentation Yet

*Red River of Life* was one of the Moody Institute of Science films, about the blood: the river that runs through every one of us, carrying life to every corner of the body. Hearts were in the news. Ken wanted to show people the blood.

It wasn't a new film to him. Ten years before, at a Moody get-together of twenty people, with spaghetti, fruit salad and chocolate cake, he had seen it for himself, and that night he wrote:

> Then showed “Red River of Life.” Best gospel presentation yet in a science film.
>
> Ken's diary, Wednesday 5 March 1958

He was right. In one week in February 1968, that film went from the living room to the convent.

# Served Cream Puffs

Tuesday, the twentieth: the living room at 55 Malvar, and look who came. Mary Lou wrote down the guest list:

> Showed Red River of Life. Balanags Dr & Mr. Barros, Dr. Concepcion and Delores here. Good discussion time. Served cream puffs.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Tuesday 20 February 1968

Doctors, two of them at least, sitting in a missionary's living room watching a film about blood. If anybody in Baguio knew what blood could do, it was the people in that room. And afterward, good discussion, and Mary Lou's cream puffs.

The next day she went to the Good Shepherd Convent, and came home with a date on the calendar:

> Went to Good Shepherd Convent to say we couldn't come to a meeting. Will show Red. R. of Life on 24th.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Wednesday 21 February 1968

# Possibly 800 Saw It

Thursday, the twenty-second, at Baguio Tech. Ken wrote it on the right-hand page of his work diary:

> At Baguio Tech. Film shown once in morning & 7 in afternoon. Twice we had discussions. Possibly 800 saw it.
>
> Ken's diary, Thursday 22 February 1968

Mary Lou kept count too:

> Red River of Life - shown at Baguio Tech 10:30 - 8 times - over 800 viewed it.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Thursday 22 February 1968

Eight showings. Eight hundred students. One reel of film, run through one projector, over and over, all day long.

# Girls & 2 Nuns

And Saturday, the twenty-fourth, the most unlikely room of all:

> In the evening we showed Red River to 85 or so girls & 2 nuns at Good Shepherd Convent.
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 24 February 1968

A Protestant missionary, a Moody film, and a Catholic convent full of girls. Nobody planned that on purpose, Gordon says. The Lord just kept opening doors that week, and Ken kept carrying the projector through them.

Then came Sunday. The family went to the Base Chapel at Camp John Hay, and somebody else was in the pulpit. Mary Lou wrote one line about the sermon:

> Base Chapel - Rev. Plagans excellent message on the Cross - Shame or Glory.
>
> Mary Lou's diary, Sunday 25 February 1968

Shame or glory. After a whole week of the blood, the cross.

# When I See the Blood

The Bible, Gordon says, is a red river from the first book to the last. It starts with a principle:

> For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.
>
> Leviticus 17:11

Any doctor in that living room would have agreed with Moses on the first half of that verse: stop the river and the life stops. But God says something no film can show. The life in the blood is the price of a soul.

Then it becomes a promise, painted on a doorframe:

> And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you…
>
> Exodus 12:13

Not "when I see how good you have been." Not "when I see how hard you tried." "When I see the blood." The house was safe because of what was on the door, not because of who was inside.

# Without Shedding of Blood

> And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission.
>
> Hebrews 9:22

For fifteen hundred years the altars of Israel ran red, and every lamb said the same thing: somebody has to die for this. And then, one night in an upper room, Jesus picked up a cup:

> For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.
>
> Matthew 26:28

Shed. Not spilled by accident, not taken from Him against His will. Given, poured out on purpose, for many. The next afternoon, outside the city wall, the soldiers made sure He was dead:

> But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.
>
> John 19:34

That is the red river of life, Gordon says. It does not run through your veins. It ran out of His.

# Precious Blood

> But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.
>
> Romans 5:8–9

> Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold … But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.
>
> 1 Peter 1:18–19

Everything blood touches, it stains; anyone who has cut a finger over a white shirt knows that. This blood does the opposite:

> Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.
>
> Isaiah 1:18

Red makes white. So the question is the one God asked in Egypt: is the blood on the door? Have you come under it, by faith, and said: that was for me?

# On the Letterhead

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part. Ken didn't just show a film about the blood for one week in 1968. He had it printed on his paper. In June 1967, the month the family moved up the mountain to 55 Malvar, he wrote to a friend on stationery with a little drawing in the corner, and across the top, printed:

> `The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.`
>
> 1 John 1:7, printed at the head of Ken's letter to Brother Smart, 8 June 1967

Almost two years later, writing to a friend in Wheaton about Rudy's wedding, the same words were still at the top of the page: Ken's letter to Joe Coughlin of 17 April 1969. Before anyone read a word of news from the mountain, before the weather or the family or the prayer requests, they read that.

The film was for a week. The verse was on the letterhead.

# All Clean, Inside and Out

> But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.
>
> 1 John 1:7

Cleanseth: keeps on cleansing. All sin, not most of it.

Remember the Balanags in the living room that Tuesday, over the film and the cream puffs? Evelyn Balanag had trusted the Lord only weeks before, in a hospital bed. Four days after that Sunday, Ken wrote home to Woodside about her:

> She shows every evidence of being born again. As she said to Mary Lou, 'I feel all clean, inside and out.'
>
> Ken to the Friends at Woodside, 29 February 1968

And what "Red River of Life" would turn out to mean, Gordon says, is the rest of the story.

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*From Ken's 1958 and 1968 diaries, Mary Lou's 1968 diary, Ken's letters to Woodside of 10 January and 29 February 1968, his letters of 8 June 1967 and 17 April 1969, and Gordon's story "Red River of Life" (The Malvar Years, Sunday 3; 25 Oct 2026).*

# Great Minds Think Alike

> Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.
>
> Proverbs 27:17

A side road, Gordon says. The Malvar stories will pick up again where they left off. But for one evening we are going to read somebody else's mail.

There are few things nicer than opening a letter and finding that the other fellow has already thought of the very thing you were about to suggest.

In the late 1960s two men kept the blue air letters flying across the Pacific. One was Ken, up the mountain in Baguio at 55 Malvar. The other was Uncle Kevin Dyer, the Australian who had married Ken's oldest sister, Eloise. He ran Literature Crusades from Prospect Heights, Illinois, just outside Chicago, sending teams of young people around the world with gospel literature.

They wrote about everything.

# A Telephone Line in Chicago

A year later Uncle Kevin had a new idea: a telephone line in Chicago. Christians anywhere in America could dial the number in the evening, and a tape recorder would play them the latest news from the mission field, fresh for Wednesday prayer meeting. Ken loved it, and he could not resist a joke about the seventy-five-cent rate.

Then, in the same letter of 27 November 1967, the ideas started pouring out of him. Hook a tape recorder to the phone. Play the tape right before prayer. Have the missionary send his news in his own voice, on tape. And then he caught himself:

> I had better stop....you probably have ideas beyond that already!
>
> Ken to Kevin and Eloise Dyer, 27 November 1967

One more request. Kevin's HOT LINE news sheet was coming air mail, and Ken asked him to save the postage and send it regular mail:

> We get kind of used to news a month old.
>
> Ken to Kevin and Eloise Dyer, 27 November 1967

Two men at two ends of the earth with the same itch: how do you get word of God's work to people fast enough for them to pray about it?

# Evidently Great Minds Think Alike

By the summer of 1969 Ken had a bigger idea. His letter is not in the archive, but Uncle Kevin's answer is, and it tells us what Ken had suggested: a fund that would lend missionaries money to build overseas. Kevin wrote back on the third of September:

> I note your comments about the possibility of establishing an organization to act as a Stewards Foundation for overseas. Evidently great minds think alike!!! We have formulated a new organization called Missionary Enterprises, Inc. … one of the ideas is exactly what you are thinking - to try and raise money, loan it to the missionary who can pay it back over a period of years, for interest free or at a very low rate, for the building of chapels on the field and perhaps missionary homes or other ventures of this kind.
>
> Kevin Dyer to Ken, 3 September 1969

Chapels on the field, and perhaps missionary homes. Ken answered two weeks later, and he looked back:

> Surely the Lord has done great things since those days together here ten years ago and then on the farm in the summer of 1960.
>
> Ken to Kevin and Eloise Dyer, 17 September 1969

They had been dreaming out loud together since 1959.

# Now Radio Is Something Else!

Just before Christmas Uncle Kevin offered Ken a job: a year teaching at the Training Center in Prospect Heights during the coming furlough. And he was honest about it:

> I am wondering if you might consider the possibility of spending the year with us here teaching at the Training Center … I realize that there are disadvantages in working with relatives and I might be a hard person to work with for a year, but I would appreciate your consideration of it and let me know your reaction.
>
> Kevin Dyer to Ken, 18 December 1969

Ken got the letter on the sixth of January and answered the next day. He said no, kindly. Then he changed the subject so fast, Gordon says, you can almost hear the typewriter speed up:

> At present, after praying about it, I have no peace about it. … Now radio is something else!
>
> Ken to Kevin Dyer, 7 January 1970

# A Lot Can Be Said in 60 Seconds

Two pages followed; he had meant to keep it to one. Ken was sure the short program was the radio of the seventies: “five minutes, one minute and even down to a few seconds.” Let the commercial stations play the world's music, he said, and then come on with the answer. “And amazingly a lot can be said in 60 seconds!!!!” Near the end he added, “you might begin to wonder if I could say it in 60.”

Eight days later Uncle Kevin wrote back from Chicago:

> It is strange that you should be preaching this same line as I have been very interested in getting on commercial stations around the world on five-minute taped programs as a minimum time.
>
> Kevin Dyer to Ken, 15 January 1970

Now isn't that just like the Lord? He doesn't always lead His people one at a time. Sometimes He hands two of them the same idea, half a world apart, and lets them find out by air mail.

> Can two walk together, except they be agreed?
>
> Amos 3:3

# Chapels Overseas

But something has been held back, Gordon says, and it's the best part.

In that same January letter Ken asked one more question:

> `Any further progress on the Stewards Foundation for overseas building of Chapels?`
>
> Ken to Kevin Dyer, 7 January 1970

Chapels. Overseas. That was what the fund was for.

That spring the family packed up 55 Malvar for furlough and came home to Kansas, to Abilene, where Grandpa and Grandma Engle farmed. They needed a house. Ken found one, and an inspector, and a building permit for an addition. And on a Tuesday in June he picked up the telephone:

He called Uncle Kevin about a loan from Missionary Enterprises.

# Rogers House

A week or so later the family drove to Chicago for a missions conference, and they stayed in one of the big houses on the Literature Crusades grounds:

> Drove to LC. Kevin gave us a tour. We live in Rogers house Wonderful what the Lord has done here in 5 yrs.
>
> Ken's diary, Saturday 4 July 1970

That July Uncle Kevin and Aunt Eloise came out to Kansas too, and went with Grandpa and Grandma Engle, Mary Lou and the cousins to see the new reservoir near Abilene.

# Great Is His Faithfulness

And on a hot first day of school in Abilene, the day Mary Lou bought Gordon a scooter, Ken wrote one more line:

> Final Papers to miss Enterprise loan
>
> Ken's diary, Wednesday 26 August 1970

The fund the two of them had dreamed up for chapels on the other side of the world had put a roof over the missionary's own family. That November Ken wrote to Uncle Kevin from the new house:

> The house is complete here and very comfortable for us. … It is GREAT. We are so thankful for the whole setup. GREAT IS HIS FAITHFULNESS.
>
> Ken to Kevin Dyer, 9 November 1970

> It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.
>
> Lamentations 3:22–23

So say your idea out loud, Gordon says. Put it in a letter. Somebody on the other side of the world may be praying about the very same thing. And what “perhaps missionary homes” would turn out to mean is… the rest of the story.

*From the letters of Ken Engle and Kevin Dyer, 1966–1970, Ken's 1970 diary, and Gordon's story “Great Minds Think Alike” (a side journey from the Malvar Years; sent 21 Oct 2026, resent 28 Oct 2026).*

# 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.

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*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).*

Listen: Mom's Piano

# Kevin and the Navy

In the spring of 1975 Kevin, seventeen, went down to Subic Bay to try for the Navy, played Jud Fry in Brent School's *Oklahoma!*, won the school's gold medal for best actor, and was sworn in at the gate at Subic on 27 May.

Those pages are now in Kevin's own book, *Kevin's Recollections*, in the section "Growing Up in the Philippines": Anchors Aweigh · Jud Fry · Best Actor of the Year · The Gate at Subic.

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.

# Companion Books

Eight 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

**Grace Triumphant**
the autobiography of Cyril H. Brooks · © 1985 Walterick Publishers

**"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 ↗

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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).

# Sources, continued

The Kearsarge Men (Ken's diary for 26 October and 20 November – 1 December 1967, Mary Lou's notebook "Servicemens' Work," the Woodside letter of 27 November 1967 and Chaplain Dwight F. Zeller's letter of 9 December 1967) · Pray That This War Would Be Over Soon (Ken's letter to Woodside of 10 January 1968 and the January 1968 prayer letter, Ken's diaries for January – March 1968 and 27 May 1975, Mary Lou's 1968 planner and 1975 diary, and the Woodside letter of May 1976) · The Sergeants (Ken's diaries for February 1968 – November 1973, Mary Lou's 1968 diary and her notebook of the Baguio years, Ken's letter to Woodside of 17 October 1968, and the baptism list in the back of his 1971–72 diary) · Red River of Life (Ken's diaries for 5 March 1958 and February 1968, Mary Lou's 1968 diary, Ken's letters to Woodside of 10 January and 29 February 1968, and his letters of 8 June 1967 and 17 April 1969) · Great Minds Think Alike (Ken's and Kevin Dyer's letters, 1966–70; Ken's 1970 diary) · You Are a Very Lucky Boy (Ken's diaries for October–November 1968 and August 1969; Ken and Mary Lou's typed letter to friends, November 1968; Ken's letter to Kevin and Eloise Dyer, 7 November 1968) · Made It Very Clear to Us (Mary Lou's "Baguio Experiences" notebook, pp. 20–21, and her 1969 diary; Ken's diary for August 1969) · Karen Had Class Today (Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for January 1969; Ken and Mary Lou's prayer letter, August 1969; Mary Lou's letter to Fe and Felix, 3 February 2001) · She Thinks I Have Never Thrown Anything Away (Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for March – April 1969; Mabel Engle's letter to Ken, August 1942) · Holy Thursday (Ken's and Mary Lou's diaries for March – April 1969; Ken's diary for June and September 1970; Ken's letter to Woodside, 4 April 1969). 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