

Paul Who?
The
Autobiography
of
Paul R. Turnidge

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PAUL WHO?

HOW IT ALL STARTED

It was in 1908 when tragedy struck the John Turnidge family. His wife died, leaving him to raise seven children. There were five girls and two boys. They were Bessie, Ivy, Marie, David, Henry, Ruth and Edith, from ages 17 down to 4 years. At approximately the same time, Herb Mills died. He left his wife Cora with two boys and one girl. They were Claude, Arletha and Leonard, all under eight years of age.

On November the 2nd 1909, John and Cora were married in Albany, Oregon. It was agreed between them that they would have no children. This worked pretty well until my brother, Wilbur, decided to put a stop to it and was born April 14th 1915. John and Cora figured it was all right because they took him as a birthday present for John, whose birthdate was the following day on the 15th.

John and Cora resolved again that one child was OK, but no more. They did quite well until I made up my mind to end that nonsense. They consented, as long as it was a girl. I figured I would be a little stubborn, and be what I wanted to be. So on February 14th 1920, Paul Raymond was born.

John and Cora had moved to the little community of Talbot, Oregon before I was born. There he renovated a barn and made a house out of it. It was in the Willamette Valley, where the Willamette and Santiam, rivers overflow and flood the area. The water had come up as high as eighteen inches in the house, which was over five feet above the ground. There had never been a doctor called for the birth of any of my brothers or sisters. This time they thought they would do something different. That evening the lady doctor was called from Salem, eighteen miles away. She arrived a half-hour late, but I came anyway. When she left, she was talking with my father, who was holding the kerosene lamp so she could see, and she backed off the five foot high porch, and broke her ankle. That's what she got for being late!

When I was three weeks old, my folks decided to move up in the hills a mile north of Lacomb, on a forty-acre farm. There I spent my childhood.

MY DAD

Dad was a very religious man. The Bible was his foundation and his guide. He wasn't privileged to attend school beyond the 4th grade. When he became a Christian, he could hardly read one word from another. He determined when he asked Jesus to come into his life, that if it were at all possible, he would read the Bible daily, and have a special time of prayer three times every day. So in the morning, before breakfast, he would get the Bible down from off the mantle over the fireplace and have what we know as family altar. He, or Mother, would read aloud a chapter. Once in a while he would ask one of us children to read. After the reading we all knelt and each of us took our turn to pray. Sometimes we had company, but it didn't make any difference to Dad. He would say, "We have a custom of reading the Bible each morning, and would like to have you join us." That always

embarrassed me, but deep down I sure admired him for it. The older I get that admiration continues to grow.

Each noon, after lunch, he would find a place in the barn to kneel. Generally it would be down at the end of the cow stantions, and there he would pray. Many times I would come into the barn and hear him praying for me. At night, before he climbed into bed, he would kneel beside the bed and thank the Lord for His presence and care throughout the day. Then you could hear him say, "Just one day nearer Home."

Dad lived his Christianity. He was highly respected by all who knew him. When there was a death in the community, quite often he was called on to conduct the funeral service. I remember when he and Mom recalled over one hundred fifty funerals that he had conducted. He was never ordained as a preacher, but the community considered him as such.

After Dad was seventy-five he retired and moved to Lebanon. There he enjoyed going to the rest homes and cheering up the "old folks". The greatest thing in Dad's life was "The Book". Any time you were in conversation with him, it would not be long before he would be quoting some passage from the Bible. When he died, the town paper heading was "The Walking Bible of Lebanon dies."

MY MOM

Mom was a little lady around five feet two. She was quiet and everybody loved her. She was always trying to find something she could do to help. If someone was sick, she would be happy to take her turn to go sit up through the night with them. Also, she would take food to those in need. When it came to discipline, she was different from Dad. When I did something that was worthy of a spanking, Dad would say, "I'm going to have to spank you for that. We'll settle later." Time might go for two or three days, even a week. Then Dad would say, "Don't we have some unfinished business to take care of?" We would go to the woodshed and he would get a kindling about a half to three-quarters of an inch square. I knelt over the chopping block with knees on one side and my hands touching the floor on the other. Then he would say, "How many licks will it take so we won't have to do this again?" I would generally say, "Four." Then he would say, "All right, I don't want to spank you anymore than is necessary." Then he would lay them on good and hard. But Mom, when I got it from her, she didn't ask any questions. She just made me get over a chair and I thought she didn't know when to quit. I remember the last woodshed experience Dad gave me. Wilbur and I had done the same thing, so we were both marched to the woodshed together. Dad said, "Wilbur you are the oldest. How many licks will it take?" Wilbur said, "One." Dad said, "All right, if that will do the job, I don't want to do any more than is necessary." After Wilbur got his, then it was my turn. When he asked the question, I answered, "One." He smiled, and I got one.

If there is one outstanding thing my parents taught me, I think it would be honesty. Many times I heard, "A man is no better than his word; if his word is no good, he's no good." Then from Proverbs, "A good name is better to be chosen than great riches." Dad would never say he would do anything or make a promise without adding, "The Lord willing." He would tell me I had a great treasure and it was up to me whether I kept it or broke it — my word.

THE SWING

Our barn was built with a hayloft on each side and a driveway in between them. The hay would be hauled in on a wagon, and then the hay would be lifted up with a hayfork that ran on a track in the very top of the barn. The fork was on a rope that let it down to be loaded, then the horses would be hooked up to the other end and pull it up into the hayloft.

When haying was over, Dad would take the fork off the pulley and attach the pulley to the hayrack that was on the wagon and pull it up to the top of the barn. He then set it on crossbeams to store until it was time to use it again. Then he would pull the rope in and store it in the hayrack.

One of the things my brothers liked to do was to put the hay rope down through the hole that was in the center of the hayrack and use it for a swing. There was a 2 by 12 plank at the end of the driveway laying on one loft to the other, and they would get up with the rope and swing from this plank to the other end of the barn and land back on the plank.

When I was around 7 or 8 years old, Wilbur climbed up to the hayrack and let the rope down to make the swing. Before he had time to finish the job, Mom called him. As he was climbing down from the rack, he told me not to swing on it because he didn't have it tied good. Then when he went by the rope, he swung his weight on it, and it held him OK, so I figured he just didn't want me to swing.

I was always afraid of heights, and didn't have the courage to swing from the plank, but when the hay was mostly used from the lofts, I would swing from one loft to the other.

After Wilbur left to see what Mom wanted, I swung back and forth on the floor a number of times, and the rope seemed solid enough to me. After about five or ten minutes of swinging on the floor, I decided to try swinging from one loft to the other. I climbed up the ladder to the loft and began swinging back and forth from one loft to the other.

The next day was Sunday. The folks had invited the Bartruff family home for dinner. After dinner, their boy, Victor, and I were on the back porch playing with my toys. Then I said to Vic, "Hey, Vic, let's go out to the barn and swing." We went out to the barn, and I said, "Now this is the way we do it." I climbed up to the loft and swung over to the other loft and back. Then I said, "Now you do it." He shook his head and said, "No, you do it again, then I will." That suited me fine, 'cause I sure liked to swing. I took a big leap and the rope came untied from above and I landed against the horse manger below. I was knocked out cold. Vic didn't know what to do, so he went back to the house and started to play with my toys on the back porch until they went home. Later my brother Leonard started down the road to go to young peoples meeting, when he heard a noise out at the barn. He came back and found me lying up against the horse manger with all that rope piled on me. I was still knocked out and bawling my head off. He ran to the house and got Dad. The first thing I can remember was Leonard yelling to Dad from the barn door, "Hurry, Dad, he's dying." Dad answered back, "He hasn't died yet, and I don't think he will 'til I get there." Well, Dad was right, and by the next morning I was OK, except for a few bruises.

A QUICK LET DOWN

Dad had a beautiful bay team of horses, which were well matched, both in size and color. Dad was a horse trainer, and he had them so they would follow him around. He said he never wanted to drag a horse out of the barn; he would speak and they came. I always

liked to ride Queen rather than Prince. She was a little more gentle. One Sunday afternoon a friend and I were riding double on Queen. We were galloping up the side of the prune and walnut orchard, when suddenly she decided she had had enough of us and wanted to go the barn. She swung under a limb of the walnut tree, wiped us off, leaving us sitting on the ground. You could almost see her giving us the horselaugh as she merrily trotted on her way.

WE'RE GOING TO TOWN

One day Dad was going to town. That morning he gave me a job to move about fifty drain tile over against the back of the wood shed. If I had worked hard, I could have moved them in fifteen or twenty minutes, but I fooled around doing other things. The morning passed and I hadn't gotten my job done. After lunch was over, we all got ready to go to town. We were in the car and Dad said, "By the way, Paul, how did you come with your job? Let's go see." We got out of the car and went to the tile, and it wasn't done. Dad said, "You can't go until your job is done." I grabbed a tile to move it and Mom said, "You can't move the tile in those clothes." While I was changing my clothes, Mom and Dad left for town. I felt like one of the foolish virgins in the Bible who ran out of oil, and wasn't ready to meet the Bridegroom because her light had gone out.

A LESSON LEARNED

When I was around twelve or thirteen years old, Dad had given me a job of hoeing strawberries. Wilbur had taken an old tablespoon, flattened it out, cut it off square and made a good scraper to clean the hoe with. Wilbur had an old Overland car. He had the head off, and wanted the spoon scraper I had. He asked for it kindly and I stubbornly wouldn't give it to him. He being bigger took it from me and said I could have it back when my hoe got dirty and I needed it. It seemed that hoe just would not get dirty. Finally I got some dirt to stick on it, so I went to get the scraper. He wasn't through with it and wouldn't let me have it. I let myself go and seemed to build up all the anger I could. I got so mad, I thought if I could, I'd kill him. Mom saw me and was frightened by the way I acted and told me to forget the scraper and get back to work. As I went back to work, I didn't do much hoeing, but I did a lot of thinking of how foolish I had been in my actions, and if I had been able to kill him, what the results would be, and the mess I would be in. I made up my mind from that time on that I would never get mad again. I found I was able to live by that determination as long as I didn't try to defend myself. I found that if I would keep my mouth shut, people could say all they wanted to and I could keep calm. When I would open my mouth in defense, my chin would start to quiver and my blood would start to boil. I thank God, from that time to this; I have seldom lost my temper.

NIGHT OF DECISION

When I was around fifteen years of age, my brother Henry Turnidge was pastoring the Lacomb Baptist Church, which we attended. As was the custom, at least once a year there were scheduled special meetings, generally called Revival meetings. The church was often filled at these meetings as it gave the people something to do with their evenings. Radio was just coming in, and of course TV had never been heard of.

This year, Rev. Crook from Eugene, Oregon was called to be the speaker. The meetings were scheduled for two weeks. Rev. Crook spoke for the first week and part of the second.

Then he was called home for some reason, and Henry had to finish the meetings, which was all right. Everyone would rather hear Henry anyway.

One of the nights Henry spoke, I was sitting in the back with other young people. Victor Bartruff was sitting between the center aisle and me. After Henry had delivered his sermon, he closed with a song of invitation for any one who wanted to accept the Lord in their life. He asked them to come to the front of the church for prayer. I was under such conviction to accept the invitation that it seemed I was freezing to death. My knees were shaking up and down. I would put my hand on one knee to make it stop and the other one would shake more than ever. Vic stepped back so I could go by him and said, "Go ahead if you want to." I said, "No, I don't want to go." I was sure glad when that service was over. A few minutes later I went outside, and it seemed so cold out there. I asked some of the fellas if they weren't cold, and they all said they weren't. It was too cold to stay out there, so I went back inside. After a few minutes, my brother Henry came and talked to me, and asked why I wouldn't make a decision tonight. I was standing at the end of the pew with my hands behind my back, hanging on to that pew as though my life depended on it. It seemed I was being drawn to the front like steel to a magnet. I held on until a girl, Virginia Ray, who I thought a great deal of, said, "Paul, why don't you go?" That broke my grip on the pew and I headed for the front pew and knelt down. I was very self-conscious. Someone showed me some scripture that would give me some assurance of my salvation, but being so self-conscious as I was, I don't know a word he said. I looked to my left and saw my mother kneeling there beside me. She was so happy that I was making a decision to follow the Lord, which I am sure it meant far more to her than it did to me.

When we got home, Dad remarked how glad he was that I had done what I did, I went on upstairs to bed. I was glad too that I had made that decision, but yet I was disappointed. If only I knew where those scriptures were that the man showed me, and I could read them for myself. I got my Bible and tried to find them, but they were nowhere to be found. If only he had written those references down so I could look them up when I was alone, I know it would have meant a great deal to me. It seemed like good seed was sown in my heart but there was a strong wind that was blowing it all away. I have found that once you make a decision to follow the Lord, that the seed does grow, though in some cases it is very slow. I believe we pass through different seasons in our Christian life. We pass through winter months when it looks like everything is dead, and we say to ourselves there is nothing to it. Later on, spring arrives, and we are encouraged to go on again. I remember one such time, and there have been many others. I had given up completely and said, "It is all a fairy tale. I don't believe there is much to it." Then I began to think of the trees, how they grow. That didn't just happen. The animals and other forms of life. The world, the stars... It's too much for me. It sure didn't start from a blob or slimy ooze. There must be a God. As the years go by, doubts arise, and I get to questioning, "Is it true that God is alive and really cares for me?" Then I look back over my life and have to say, "Surely the Lord hath led me." I can say with the Psalmist, in Psalms 16:11, "Thou wilt show me the path of life, in Thy presence is fullness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." You know it would make a lot of difference if we could walk by sight instead of faith and experience.

AT LEAST I COULD SING

As far back as I remember, I was blessed by a bad case of inferiority complex. It seemed I could hardly do anything right. If I'd drive a nail in a board, the board would split. If I was working with someone else, they could always do the job faster than I could. My folks went

to Portland for a couple of days. While they were gone, I went to a neighbor to pick black cap raspberries. I thought I would be able to brag of my accomplishments of picking. We were assigned two pickers to the row. My partner was a girl around ten years old, and I was twelve or thirteen. I worked hard. By noon I had picked two crates... and my partner picked nine. I was embarrassed and determined to do better in the afternoon. At quitting time, she had nine crates, and I had two.

I was never athletic. One day at grade school they chose up sides for baseball. Everyone had been chosen but me when the kid whose turn it was to choose said, "Do we have to choose him?"

When I got into high school, Eldon Ray and I struck up a friendship that meant very much to me. He was two years older than I. He was handy with his hands, mechanically minded, and able to do most anything. He could have had anyone else as a friend besides me, but most of the other fellas were trying to be the tougher type and Eldon didn't go for that sort of thing. As soon as he was old enough, he got a car. It was a Star. He learned a lot about mechanics with that car. Eldon loved to sing, and so did I. We would spend hours together harmonizing. I was a baritone and I would sing the melody and he would sing tenor.

One day I went to his house. His sister Virginia was there with her friend, Grace Bartruff. That afternoon we formed a quartet: Virginia was soprano, Grace was alto, Eldon, tenor, and me, bass. We were called the Lacombe Mixed Quartet, and we were invited to sing in a number of churches and community functions.

I have never had much trouble about getting in front of a crowd to perform. Performing with the quartet helped a lot in removing what qualms I did have. One of the greatest things I found was to enjoy the mistakes I made, then the audience would enjoy them with me, which helps keep one relaxed. If one gets tight and embarrassed he will make a lot more mistakes.

SIMPSON, HERE WE COME

After I graduated from high school in 1937, my brother, Henry, encouraged me to attend Simpson Bible Institute in Seattle, Washington. I didn't know how I could go because it would cost \$16.00 per month for room, board and tuition. That was a lot of money, but Dad said he would help me.

The night before I was to leave, Mom planned a surprise farewell party for me. I had a feeling that something was in the air, and probably that was what was going to happen. Because of my inferiority complex, I had always had a feeling that I never really had a friend, and those that were friends were being that way just to be nice, but not because they really liked me. They just put up with me because I was there. My parents were wonderful to me, but I still had the feeling they were that way because they were obligated. I felt Mom was doing this because she felt that she had to do something.

Mom had Eldon drop in and we went for a car ride over to Lacombe. We visited at the service station for a while, and about an hour later we came back home and found the house full of young people. I tried to act happy for the occasion, but down inside I would say, "What did she do this for? No one likes me, they're just putting on a front."

After the evening had been spent in games and refreshments, Dad had them sing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." I couldn't hold the tears back, for while they were singing that song I felt they really did like me. Mom hadn't put on that party because she had to. She really loved me, and at least part of the group were friends because they wanted to be. What a wonderful thing, I really had friends, and my parents really did love me.

The next day, the folks took me to Albany to catch the bus for Seattle. When I arrived in Seattle at the bus station, I didn't know what to do, so I got a taxi. It cost \$2.50 to get to the school. If I had called the school they would have come and picked me up.

I felt very strange as I moved into the boys' dorm. Everyone seemed full of life and having a good time. I felt inhibited and embarrassed, my inferiority complex was really working. I was given a wonderful roommate, Alf Orthner from Regina, Saskatchewan.

When I registered, they informed me that this was a Bible school, and naturally we didn't want to have to do other studies if they were not needed. Tests were given in English and spelling, so if they were passed we would not have to take those courses. The spelling test had thirty words, and I got fifteen right. I did just about as well on the English test. They informed me that they thought I should take both English and spelling.

Janet Theadore was my teacher for both English and spelling. Though I stayed at Simpson for only one semester I have been very grateful for those classes. Somehow she caused them to click in my mind and brought together all that I had tried to learn in the past.

I found all the fellows to be a wonderful bunch of guys, and even though I felt they were all superior to me, I enjoyed them very much. I was the youngest male student. I didn't have any attraction to the girls. As timid as I was, I thought I was doing pretty well to get along with the guys. I don't remember speaking to one girl except in the line of duty or obligation. I was too scared for anything other than just friendly conversation.

We were assigned one-hour gratis work per day, and my assignment was pots and pans. I'm sure there was an easier and better way than I did them, because it always took much more than the assigned hour to get them done. At the end of the semester I thought I would be assigned to something else, but they figured if you disliked a job it would be good for your sanctification if it was assigned to you again. When the new assignments were given out, I received Pots and Pans.

After the first semester was over, I received a letter from home that they could not send any more money because they were hiring a fellow to take my place on the farm. They had to pay him \$15.00, plus his board and room for the month, but they were sure Henry, my brother, would help me if I would write and ask him. I didn't feel right in asking Henry for help, so I left Simpson and went back to work on the farm.

I CAN'T DO THAT

My brother David owned the farm that I was born on in Talbot. He raised peppermint, and became one of the wealthiest farmers in the community. My parents and I went down to help him with the harvest one summer.

Dave wanted a pulley hung up on a tree so he could pull something with a rope from that angle. He asked me to climb the tree and hang the pulley. I was afraid of heights and told him I couldn't climb. He looked me in the eye and said, "I never amounted to a hill of beans until I made up my mind, if someone else can do it, I can do it too. When I made that

determination, I started to become successful.” From that time on, anytime I started to say, “I can’t,” I would remember what Dave said and found that I could do a lot of things I thought I couldn’t.

One day I was going to Salem and Dave asked me to deposit a check for him at the bank. I was going to the bank anyway to cash a check of \$63.00 he had paid me for my work. I gave the teller Dave’s check for \$125,000.00 for deposit, then cashed my check. She asked, “Are you related to Dave Turnidge?” I said, “He’s my brother.” She gave a muffled exclamation, “Boy! That must be great!” I said, “It’s the right name, but the wrong pocketbook... I’m the poorest Turnidge I know.” When the name Turnidge is mentioned around Salem, they figure you have money.

WAR

December 7, 1941, Japan made the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. The next day war was declared and the draft was put in force. All unmarried men under the age of thirty-five had to register. We were given our physicals, and if the Doctor looked in one ear and didn’t see light from the other, you were in. I was put in class 1 B, because my right eye tested 20/30, and my left eye 20/400. I was deferred from the call until all the 1 A classification was used up.

In the fall of ‘42, I made application to go to Northwest Christian College in Eugene. I was there for about ten days and received “Greetings from the President,” my call for the draft. I also received a letter of acceptance to take a civil service job of meat inspector at Portland. I left school and took the job in Portland, thinking it would keep me from being drafted. Before I left for Portland I had to go in for another physical for the draft. When I was through with the physical, the Doctor picked up a 4 F stamp and started to stamp my papers with it, then he said, “No, I think we’ll make you limited service,” and picked up another stamp that marked my papers in large letters, “LIMITED SERVICE.” I went to Portland and reported for the job. I found the reason I was called for the job was that all ahead of me had been drafted. I was assigned to inspect heads of cattle that were just killed, the heads cut off and hung in a rack. I would slice the glands to see if they had disease in them.

I went to Portland thinking the place I would work would be near town and I could find some place to stay that was close by. However, the Swift packing plant was over 5 miles out of the city, and no transportation. I didn’t have a car or anyplace to go. I didn’t worry, figuring things would work out when the time came. About an hour before quitting time, a man came over to me and asked if I had a place to stay. When I told him no, he said they were wanting someone to come and stay with them. Their son was gone and they wanted someone to take his place. I gladly accepted.

I worked as meat inspector for ten days and then received notice to report for induction on November 5, 1942 into the Army. I went home and when the day arrived, I got on the bus for Fort Lewis, Washington.

I knew several of the fellows on the bus, and I was surprised to find that although they appeared tough, they were shaken the same as I was. I would look around occasionally just in time to see a tear drop from the eye of one I knew nothing bothered.

After we arrived we were shown to our barracks and assigned beds. The greatest shock to me was the latrine. Everything was in the open. No stalls, just stools so everyone could

see what was going on, and that was where everyone seemed to congregate. No matter how bad I felt, I was going to wait until there were fewer guys in there, so I wouldn't be quite so embarrassed. Instead of getting fewer, it seemed there were more and more coming in, waiting to watch me. What a relief it was to forget my pride and go join them.

CAMP ROBERTS

While at Fort Lewis, I caught cold and was put in the hospital. Instead of being processed and sent to another base for training, I was in Fort Lewis for two weeks, then put on the train and sent down to Camp Roberts, in the desert, midway from San Francisco and Los Angeles, for Basic Training. I was in the first bunch of limited service that they trained. There was something wrong with each one of us. That was the first time I saw anyone with hammertoes. One fellow had all his toes hammer, others with one or two. There were fourteen glass eyes, several flat feet and others, like me, with poor eyesight. Their idea was to improve our condition so they could change us from limited to regular status and put us into a fighting unit.

The chow wasn't too bad, but there was carrot and raisin salad on the table for breakfast, dinner and supper; of course then I couldn't stand it, but now it is one of my favorite salads.

They were scared of us, afraid we might drop dead or something if we were put under too much stress and strain. When we went for a hike, they told us if we got tired just drop off to the side, and there would be a truck coming along to pick us up. When it rained, they had us stay in the barracks. We were always given a light pack instead of a heavy one.

The weather was ideal, outside of the three days that it poured rain, and we got to stay inside for that. It was generally frosty in the morning, and in the afternoon the temperature was in the seventies. The guys that I went to Fort Lewis with were sent to Camp White in southern Oregon, where it rained every day for the six weeks they were there, and they had to work and train in it with a sixty pound pack while mine was only twelve pounds.

One day we went to the rifle range, for target practice. We were divided in pairs, one to coach, while the other fired at the target. My rifle had a hair trigger; you barely squeezed it and it would fire. My partner had the hardest trigger to pull of the whole battalion. After he had taken his turn of firing, the captain announced over the loud speaker that there was not time for the coach to go back and get his rifle, but to use the rifle of the one he was coaching. That gave me the rifle with the hard pulling trigger, which caused me to pull off target, but I still received a marksman medal. I could have made a much higher score if I had used my own rifle.

I tried to attend chapel each time there was a service, even though the services were quite dry. One night on the way back to the barracks from the chapel, the stars were shining brightly. I said, "Lord, you get me out of this army, and I'll do anything you want me to do."

Time came to leave Camp Roberts, so we decided to celebrate. We each threw in twenty five cents, and a couple of fellows went to get something from the P X. The only thing they could find was one pound bags of chocolate drops. Each of us got half a bag a piece. I ate until I could eat no more. We had to get up at five the next morning, but at four o'clock, I woke up so sick, I had to run to the latrine and bring up all my celebration.

We were sent to Vancouver, Washington, where I was assigned to a Salvage and Repair unit. I was to use a sewing machine to repair clothes. My eyes were good to shoot with, but I couldn't do close work.

Our next move was to Camp Adair, eight miles from Albany, Oregon where we were to get our field training before going overseas. We lived in tents and did our work in large semi-truck trailers. The mud got almost to shoe top in places. We had no electricity, except that provided by generator for the trailers.

We discovered we were less apt to be called for detail when we were not on duty, if we stayed in our tent. We had a little cone shaped stove in the center of our six-man tent. The smoke didn't always go out the pipe, and sometimes it got quite thick inside. I spent most of one day inside with the smoke, which made my eyes feel like they had sand in them. The next morning they felt worse, so I went to sick call. After examination, the doctor diagnosed it as conjunctivitis, a bunch of little bumps on the eyelid that scratched the eyeball. He gave me some eyedrops and I don't know if they did much good or not, but I got better when I got into the fresh air.

A COVETED POSSESSION

My brother, Henry, purchased a farm in Talbot, close by our brother Dave. Not only did he run the farm, but also pastored the community church which was held in the Talbot school house.

I told Henry if he could get me out of the Army, I would help him on the farm. He wrote a letter to my company commander, Stating he was planning to grow produce to be used at Camp Adair, and would like to have me released so I could work on the farm.

We knew that a number of us were going to be discharged because of our physical condition, but were not sure how many. Of course each one of us hoped we were on that list.

We had to go for another physical exam. I was left to the last. After they had looked me all over and re-examined my eyes, I heard one doctor say to the other, "I don't think his eyes are bad enough for discharge, he got marksman for shooting, but having that conjunctivitis, I guess we might as well let him go."

The next day twenty-eight of us were called together and handed our discharge papers. As our Captain was handing them out, he said, "You hang onto these papers, and be thankful you were in this outfit. There are fellows over there in the infantry that are in worse shape than you are but they were not classed in Limited Service." When he said that he was looking directly at me.

My time in the service was for five months and twenty days. That piece of paper, dated May 5, 1943, was the answer to the prayer I had made under the stars. I had no idea how God was going to answer. I know I was disappointed when I got that low score on the rifle range, and I was embarrassed to be classed among the "Gold Bricks" that fell out for sick call, but God was leading my life. I found out that letter Henry wrote had done no good, and circumstances turned out that he was unable to supply produce for Camp Adair anyway.

A DIVINE CONVERSATION

After my discharge from the Army, I went down to help Henry on the farm. When the summer work was done, Henry was invited to go to various churches to hold two weeks of meetings. Henry was a very interesting speaker, but he had a very hard time in carrying a tune.

Henry was invited to Elma, Washington, and asked me to go along as song leader. On the way up, I caught cold and was very little help for our two-week stay.

One day, during our stay at Elma, we were invited to a meeting for the pastors of the area. They finished the day by giving requests for prayer for their various needs and problems. One pastor, Rev. J.R. Irwin, said, "Please remember to pray for the special meetings we are planning with Florence McDonald." I immediately wondered if this could be the Florence McDonald that attended Simpson Bible Institute when I was there for one-semester six years before.

A couple of weeks later, Henry was invited to hold two weeks of meetings at Dallas, Oregon. Again he invited me to go with him to lead the singing and sing solos. It was an enjoyable time we spent in the services and getting acquainted with the people.

At the conclusion of the Dallas meetings, I went home to be with my parents at Lacomb. One night as I was lying in bed, I said, "Lord, I need a wife. Henry wants me to run a part of the farm next year, and I need a wife to help me." The Lord said to me, (in an inner voice that was as clear to me as if it were audible,) "All right, you may have a wife." I said, "Lord, is it the girl I'm trying to go with now?" and He said, "No." (The next night I went to see her, and she turned me down flat.) I said, "Lord, I need a wife in the spring. May I have her in the spring?" He said, "No." I asked, "In the summer?" He said, "No." Then I asked, "In the fall?" And He said, "Yes, you may have a wife in the fall."

I moved down to the farm and batched in a little trailer house, eight by sixteen feet, parked in back of Henry's house.

I received a call from the pastor at Dallas to come and sing a solo for the final service the last Sunday of January, at the meetings they were having with Florence McDonald. I was still wondering if this was the Florence McDonald that attended Simpson the semester I was there. I gladly consented to come. They requested that I sing "The Holy City."

My friend, Eldon Ray, was home on furlough from the Army, visiting me. We went to Dallas, and when I saw Florence McDonald on the platform, sure enough it was the same Florence McDonald I went to school with.

When time came for me to sing, as I went to the platform, I gave a friendly gesture of hello to Florence, after all, we had gone to school together, and this was the first time I had seen her since then.

After the service was over, I told Eldon I wanted to speak to Florence before we left. She was over in the corner of the auditorium chatting with folks, so I made my way over toward her, greeting people as I went, as this was the same place Henry and I were for meetings three months before. When I almost reached her, she saw someone in the back she wanted to talk to. I tried again, greeting people as I made my way back to where she was. When I almost got to her, she saw someone else clear to the far side she had to see, and away she went. I began greeting people on my journey across the building until I was near the door, then I saw her head for the front of the auditorium. I said to Eldon, "Aw, forget it. She is coming to Talbot Tuesday night to start meetings at the schoolhouse. I'll see her then."

Tuesday I had to take Eldon to Portland to catch the train to go to where he was based in Florida, so I missed the first service with Florence. On Wednesday night, after I led the singing, I went back to my seat and Florence got up to speak. Then the Lord spoke, what seemed as clear as an audible voice, "There is your wife." WOW!! I hadn't expected anything like that to happen. That was an impossibility. How in the world could it be? After all, she was only going to be here for less than two weeks and then the Lord only knew where she would go from there.

I don't know what she spoke about that night, all I had on my mind was, how do we get together?

The people of the community wanted the privilege of having Florence in their homes, so they scheduled her to divide her stay in four different places. The first couple of nights was to be at my brother Henry's place.

The next morning I was getting ready to go to Salem for supplies for the farm. Florence came out with Henry's wife to see what was going on. Up to this time I hadn't had a chance to speak to Florence. She was busy after the service the night before.

I said, "Hi,"

She greeted me with a friendly, "Hello, what are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm getting ready to go to Salem. Want to go along?" I knew the pastors wife in Salem was a very good friend of hers. "I have to go in the truck, but if you want to go, I can let you off at Stienmans while I get loaded."

She said, "Sure, I'll go with you."

Ten minutes later, we were in the truck heading for Salem.

I have always had a hard time making conversation, but fortunately she wasn't bothered that way too much. I don't remember what we talked about, but when we were about halfway to Salem, I said, "You know what?"

She said, "No, what?"

I said, "I think it would be a good idea if we got married."

She blushed, and said, "I think it would be a better idea to get acquainted."

Then I told how the Lord had spoken to me the night before, telling me that she was to be my wife. I told her I felt the Lord wanted me in a singing ministry, and maybe this was the way He had it planned. It hadn't worked out too well for me to be the song leader for Henry.

The meetings continued until the second Sunday, then she went to the Alliance Church in Albany to begin on Tuesday for two weeks.

While at Albany, another fellow who sang solos took an interest in her. He was only able to come to the meetings about every other night. I didn't know anything about him, but I would show up the nights he didn't come. Later Florence told me she didn't know what she would do if we both had shown up the same night.

When Florence left Albany, she went to Bly, in southern Oregon, for two weeks. While there, she invited me to come down the last weekend. I would sing for the services and bring

her back north the next day. I borrowed Dad's car to make the trip, since I didn't think my old Model A could stand up for a four hundred mile round trip.

I had plenty of gas rationing stamps for my Model A, but they were not transferable to use on Dad's Plymouth. When I tried to fill up with my gas stamps in Dad's car, the service station attendant threatened to turn me in. After promising him I would send him the right stamps, he let me have some gas.

After I left the service station, I started to go over the mountain and got stuck in the snow. With old tires that had been worn bald and regrooved in the rubber that was left, I had a pretty hard time getting out of the snow bank. By the time I got the car freed from the snow, I was headed down hill the way I had come, so I went back to where I had gotten the gas and hopped a bus for Bly. How thankful I was that it turned out that way, because we had snow all the way there and back, and besides, Florence and I sat together in the front seat and left the driving to Greyhound.

TESTING

After a few days of rest, Florence went up to Canada for meetings, starting in Edmonton and across to Toronto where she was invited to hold services for Dr. Oswald J. Smith, in Peoples Church. Up to this time, she was the first woman to hold a series of meetings at Peoples. The church seated over 1800 people, and they had large crowds for every service.

Florence's parents lived in Hamilton, Forty miles from Toronto, which gave her time to visit with them as well as to hold the services for Dr. Smith.

During her tour across Canada, I would try to get a letter off to her every day, and she would make time to reply. The mail came to the farm at around noon, and I would always rush to read her letter and hurry back to work. Florence's writing isn't always the easiest to read. One day I hurried through her letter to the back page and there I was surprised at what I thought she said. I didn't have time to study it out, but I said, "Lord, if that is the way she feels, I guess it's all off. If you want us together, you'll have to work it all out. Whatever you're will is, is what I want." That night when I had time, I studied it and figured out what she really meant. I found out later, at the same time I was being tested, the Lord was testing her about me. She also only wanted God's will. We decided from then on, it would be best for her to use a typewriter. It didn't take near so long to read, and it cut out the misunderstandings.

By June, Florence was back to the west coast for more meetings, as she was known as Youth Evangelist for the Pacific Northwest District of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, comprised of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Western British Columbia, Canada.

THE ENGAGEMENT

One of the places Florence stayed while in Talbot for meetings, was at the home of the Belknaps. Mrs. Belknap invited Florence to stay at their place for a week of rest when she returned to the west coast from Hamilton in June.

Though June was a very busy time on the farm, I took out as much time as I could to see Florence while she was at Talbot for the week. One day we went to Salem visiting all the jewelry stores to find a ring. I felt she was the one that was going to wear it, so she should be

the one to pick it out. We found a beautiful set that would fit into the budget of a poor farmer's pocket book. We picked them up a couple of days later after the jeweler sized them to fit.

We were parked in the car by the Talbot store when I put the engagement ring on her finger. She gave me a beautiful billfold that I carried for over twenty-five years.

We set the wedding date for Saturday, October 21, 1944. I wanted it for Friday the thirteenth, but the twenty-first was her father's birthday, so we took her choice.

Florence spent the summer months in meetings in the Pacific Northwest and across Canada to Hamilton, giving her time with her parents and to get ready for the wedding. I was very busy on the farm but I still took time to write the daily letter to her.

ARE YOU SURE?

My father told me many times, as I was starting a job, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Though we had the date set for the wedding, we were sure it was the Lord's will for our lives, every once in a while a question would flash across our minds and we wondered if this really was the right thing to do.

One morning I heard a song over the radio, "God Gave Me You." I thought it was the nicest song I ever heard. The next morning I prayed, "Lord if you want Florence and me to get married, You cause that song to be played over the radio again."

I hadn't anymore than said that prayer than that song started to be played over the air waves. I never heard that song played over the radio again from that day to this. There was only one thing I insisted on for the wedding: One of the songs had to be, "GOD GAVE ME YOU."

God made the sun, to give us light by day,
 God made the moon, dear, to show by night the way,
God made the flowers, the birds and sky so blue;
 And then, to give me happiness, God gave me you!

God made the rain, to make the lilies grow,
 God made the stars, dear, that in the heavens glow,
God made the mountains, the sea and rivers too;
 And then, to make my life complete, God gave me you!

Ralph L. Kaiser

HERE COMES MAMMA

The majority of Florence's acquaintances were in the west, so we decided to have the wedding in Salem, Oregon. It would be much easier to have her mother come west than to have our friends go east.

Florence went back to Hamilton for a month to prepare for the wedding, and spend time with her folks before she and her mother made their way to the coast.

I had never met any of Florence's relatives, and now I was to meet Mamma. I tried to picture in my mind what she would be like. Then I thought of what my mother had said, "When you think you like a girl, take a good look at her mother, for nine times out of ten, the daughter will be just like her mother." I knew I liked Florence, so I was bound to like her mother.

When Florence and her mother arrived in Salem, the Stienmans met them at the train and took them to their home. That evening I went to Salem with my heart beating a little faster than usual, sometimes I felt like it was almost close enough to my mouth that I could chew on it. Facts were, I was scared, wondering what I would think of Mamma, and what she would think of me.

When I rang the bell, Florence came to the door. How wonderful to see her again. After our greeting, Flo asked me to the living room to meet her mother. My fears quickly subsided when I saw a lovely gray-haired lady, medium build, her dress was navy with white collar and cuffs, a big compassionate smile on a face that showed forth love. She didn't seem strange at all; seemed I had known her for a long time.

A LOT OF GETTING READY

We had one week to get ready for the wedding. There wouldn't have been near so much of it to do if it had been left to me, but a woman's idea of a wedding are a carload more than a man's.

Besides preparing for the wedding, we had to find a place to live. The only place we could find was one side of a duplex the owner was planning to tear down. In the meantime he used it to store feed for his turkeys, and in other parts, the turkeys were free to roam. With lots of soap and water mixed with elbow grease, we cleaned the place up. By the time we papered it, it was a pretty good place to live, and only three miles from the farm.

We wanted to fix up the church, but had to wait until Saturday because they were still sanding the floor of the auditorium late Friday night. How thankful we were to find them putting the seats in place when we arrived the next morning.

Along with other things that had to be done, we had to pick Florence's sister Ann up at the train station. She was coming from Duluth, Minnesota, where her husband Jack Fox was pastor of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church. On our way back to the house, we stopped for a little snack. There were several of us. I don't remember what was ordered, except that Ann ordered a coke, and sat across the table from me. I received one of the greatest shocks of my life when she sucked up a big mouthful of coke in her straw, and squirted it all over me. I guess there is more than one way to get acquainted.

THIS IS THE DAY

A man was reminiscing about the day he was married, then he said, "It just seems like yesterday... Boy I had an awful day yesterday..."

While the men of the church were finishing up the last of the sanding of the floors and putting things in order, we tried to decorate the church and have the rehearsal. The decorating went pretty good, but all the ladies that were there had each been to a wedding, and each one had her own idea as to how it should be. Florence was in a back room attending to some details, with one saying, "It should be like this," and another saying, "No, it should be like this." She got so upset she was shedding a few tears. I didn't know what she was going through, all I knew was that no one could make up their mind! Out where I was, after an hour of razzle-dazzle like that, I was ready to pull my hair and said, "Let's call the whole thing off." Those were magic words. Everybody started to agree, and the rehearsal went off like clockwork.

It was getting late. It was after five o'clock and we still had to pick up flowers and a lot of other getting ready in the place for the reception. I worked until after six, then I had to go across Salem, about five miles, to get dressed and return to the church before seven thirty.

I rushed as fast as I could, respecting the speed limit and the stop lights, to get to my sister Marie's place where my parents, and others of the family, were waiting until it was time to go to the wedding. By the time I got to Marie's house, everyone was leaving. After all, they didn't want to be late for the wedding. Fortunately they hadn't locked the door as they left.

Mom was always very neat, and did her best to have her family the same way. She pressed my suit and had everything as nice as she could. I hurried and got my shirt on, then grabbed my suit. The coat was there, but what had she done with the pants? I searched and searched, and couldn't find the pants anywhere. My sister Edith had forgotten something, and came back to the house to get it. There I was in my shirttail running back and forth looking. She asked what was the matter with me. I said, "Mom has pressed my suit and I don't know what she did with my pants." Edith found them in a back closet. She hurried out the door and said, "My, I must hurry, I sure don't want to be late." It seemed the hurrieder I went, the behinder I got.

I got in my '41 Ford, and headed for Fifth and Gaines to the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church as fast as I dared to go.

When I arrived at the church, I noticed the men of the wedding party were all on the back porch from where we were to enter after our soloist, Virginia McKinney, sang, "God Gave Me You." They all seemed quite nervous. When I joined them, I could hear Virginia singing the last verse of the song. When she was through, we marched in and no one knew what a close shave we had.

THE HONEYMOON

Florence had made a lot of wonderful friends during her ministry in the Pacific North West District. There were over two hundred that attended the wedding. Among them were Mr. & Mrs. John Friesen, who gave us permission to use their lovely beach house, located at Lincoln Beach, for our honeymoon. The house had four big bay windows looking over the beach and ocean.

After we picked up the key to the house, we headed for the coast. I was enjoying Florence's companionship and began singing, not thinking of the words, just enjoying the tune, until she said, "Can't you sing something else?" Then I noticed the words:

"Some day He'll make it plain to me,
Someday when I His face shall see.
Some day from tears I shall be free,
For some day I shall understand."

"I do not know why oft' round me
My hopes all shattered seem to be,
God's perfect plan I cannot see,
But someday I'll understand."

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

How happy we were to come back to the duplex and start our lives together. We had a lot of work to do to get the place more livable, such as painting and a lot more cleaning.

The people of the neighborhood were planning to welcome us with a chiveree that they always gave to a newly wedded couple. They would come around nine at night and make all the noise they could, then the newlyweds would invite them in and give everyone cigars; however, we planned to give them candy bars and pop instead.

We didn't know the night they were coming. They came two different nights and each night we had gone some place. We were told the first time they came there were around sixty to seventy five people that showed up. The second time there was around fifty, and the third time, when they found us home, there was approximately twenty five.

It was still wartime and it was practically impossible to find a candy bar in a store. One day I was in the store across the river at Buena Vista. I told them I had just gotten married and wondered if they knew where I could get some candy bars for a chiveree. To my surprise, the lady pulled half a dozen unopened boxes from under the counter, so I was well supplied.

NOT MORE BEANS!

We continued to work and fix up the duplex for about a month until it was very livable and comfortable, then we found that my brother Dave's little white house, located next to Henry's farm, which I was running, was vacated. We hurried over to Dave to see if there would be a possibility to rent it.

We were thrilled when he said he would let us have it, but wished the next part was not included. He said he would rent it to us providing we would take charge of his eight acres of pole beans.

Beans are an awful amount of work. Besides preparing the ground, upper and lower wires have to be stretched and staked over each row, then twine has to be strung up and

down between the wires a foot apart. Then when the harvest comes, you have to locate several bus loads of pickers to pick them.

Eight more acres of beans, along with the ten acres I was in charge of on Henry's farm... that was a lot of beans. That gave me eighteen acres of beans and thirteen acres of peppermint to take care of.

We moved to the little white house and worked as hard as we could for as big a harvest as possible the coming year.

CROP'S IN

Life is like driving a car: you have a large windshield in front of you so you can see where you are going, but it only takes a small mirror to see where you have been.

I continued to feel that God wanted me in the singing ministry and I didn't want Florence's ministry to be hindered because of our marriage. Day by day I would commit my life to the Lord and ask Him to direct my path for that day and for the future. I have always felt God's leading would be as an open door and there would be no need to tear the door down in order to go through.

We worked hard and had good crops. The beans were almost ready for harvest and word came that the cannery that was to take them had burned. They were still going to take the beans but we would be docked a third in order to pay for cold storage and spoilage while they were getting the cannery repaired.

The peppermint looked real good. We cut the mint and began distilling. We were getting around twenty-seven pounds of oil per load, then it rained, and the next load only produced three pounds of oil. It was discouraging to say the least. We were very thankful that even with the reversals we barely broke even.

ANOTHER STRETCH AT SIMPSON

With the crops all in, we continued to pray for God's open door.

By being in the Army for five months and twenty days, it gave me rights for eighteen months of education under the G. I. Bill. We heard Simpson Bible Institute in Seattle was planning a new music department with Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Tovey from Biola in Los Angeles, so I made application to attend.

After we received acceptance, we packed up our belongings and loaded them in an open trailer covered with a tarp. We were ready to pull out by ten a.m. on Friday morning. The weather forecast was for rain. The sky was red when the sun came up. Up in the hills we could see rain.

We got into the car, and before starting out we prayed, "Lord, if we are going in Your will, confirm it by allowing us to get to Seattle without our furniture getting wet."

All the way up we saw showers before us and showers behind us. We passed through places where it had rained so hard we wondered if we could go through some of the low places in the street, they were so flooded. We continued on to Simpson at 101 West 58th Street. They had a shelter where we could back the trailer into and in about twenty minutes it

began to pour the rain. We had been on the road nearly seven hours and had only gone through a few sprinkles. We had no doubt but this was God's plan for us.

WHERE DO WE LIVE?

After we unhooked our trailer, we went two blocks up to see Rev. R.F.C. Schwedler, who was district superintendent of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, who had made Florence's itinerary while she was an evangelist. He was like a father to her. He invited us to stay with them while we were looking for a place to live.

We went to the real estate office and thought we could get a house for around \$4000, but anything at that price wasn't worth looking at. The agent showed us a picture of a house he thought we should have, but we couldn't afford \$6200 and weren't interested.

The next day Rev. Schwedler found the house across the street was for sale. We went over to see about it and realized it was the house the agent wanted to sell us. By dealing direct with the owner, we were able to get it for \$5800.

We thought it quite amusing that a number of people had advised Florence not to get married because it would be the end of her ministry. Rev. Schwedler was one who said he knew the Turnidges and if she married me she would be comfortably settled on the farm but her preaching talents would be hindered. But here we were moving into the house across from him with me going to school so Florence and I could work together in the evangelistic field.

101 W. 60TH

The house was a large two story, corner lot building, two blocks from Simpson. We thought, "What a good opportunity to rent out sleeping rooms to students as a way to make the payments." We were able to make room for two couples and a single upstairs, and a single and our living quarters downstairs. We all shared one bathroom. We felt the bathroom was very scriptural, "As I was about to enter, one goeth in before me."

We moved in December 1, 1946. As we papered and got a room ready, it seemed someone was ready to move in. I would go to school and when I would get back, Florence would have another room papered or would be on the stepladder painting, even though she was expecting our first born within a month.

There was a half basement, which was our utility room and a coal fired furnace. One morning as I was putting coal in the furnace, a sharp, pointed piece of coal, about five pounds, fell on my toe. Oh!, how it hurt. I drilled a hole in my toenail, but I could not relieve the pressure. The pain became unbearable. Finally, I went to the doctor, and he probed, but no relief came. He had me lie down for half an hour. When he came in to where I was, he probed again under my toenail where it didn't look bad, and over a tablespoon of blood gushed out from under the nail. What a relief! It was hurting so bad I thought I was going to faint, but that was the end of the hurting.

MIKE MARTIN

One morning as I was walking toward the house from school, a man with thick glasses stopped in his '37 Ford. He said his name was Mike Martin, and he was taking classes at Simpson. As he was praying, the Lord brought Florence and me to his mind to be counselors for his teenage group he had started, called "King's Teens".

Although I couldn't see how teenagers would be attracted to him, I mentioned it to Florence, and to my surprise, she said she had met him shortly after he was saved while she was in meetings in Bellingham.

We went over to Mike's home the next Tuesday evening and found his house packed with over a hundred teenagers. He had a large living and dining room, and a big kitchen, and kids were packed in all over. How they enjoyed the meeting, with singing, testimonies and a message. Afterward, any who wanted to respond to the invitation for salvation were taken to a bedroom and talked to while refreshments were being served.

Invitations were coming in for Mike to start King's Teens clubs all over the city and surrounding area. Once a year they would all join together for a banquet. There would be several hundred attending. Their largest was held at the Sandpoint airplane hanger where over 5000 attended.

HERE COMES NUMBER ONE

January the thirteenth, Florence seemed to have a lot of vim and vigor. She scrubbed the kitchen floor, did a big wash and was halfway through a large stack of ironing, when all of a sudden she felt a pain in her back. As soon as it would subside, she would do another bit of ironing until another pain would hit. She kept the procedure up until all the ironing was finished. Then she said, "I think we better go to the hospital." I yelled upstairs to Mary Jane Sellers, who was a nurse and wanted to go with us.

We arrived at the hospital around 9 p.m. After Florence was admitted, they told me to go home because the baby would not arrive before morning. I went home and went to bed.

Around 3:30 in the morning, I heard a banging at the door. It was Jim Woodyly, the night watchman at Simpson, with the news that the baby was due very shortly. I had been so sound asleep that it was hard for me to get it through my head what he was talking about.

I hurried to the hospital and sat down in the waiting room. While I was waiting, I took out my New Testament and read about the birth of John, then I prayed the Lord would control and use this child as He saw fit.

Very shortly, Dr. Ahlmquist came in holding David Bruce. He assured me all was well, and I could see him through the window in about half an hour.

When I went down to see him, with all the other babies, I would hear, "Oh, isn't that a beautiful baby?" They would be pointing to David. I thought he was a pretty baby too, And I was not biased.

I had to wait until visiting hours before I could see Florence, so I went back to Simpson and announced the arrival of David Bruce.

WE COULDN'T STOP

When David was about five weeks old, we were invited to a little community church in Maple Valley to hold special meetings.

On the first Sunday morning, Mike Martin was going to hold a service in a nearby community, so he invited us to go with him, saving us from taking the sixty-mile trip with our car.

On the way home, going through the center of Seattle, it began to rain. As the stop light turned red, Mike tried to stop his '37 Ford. With poor brakes and the slippery street, we slid into the car ahead of us, which in turn rammed into the car ahead of him.

Mike did not have any insurance. He believed God had promised to supply all his needs. In fact, God had been meeting his needs for over a year, supplying just enough for a day at a time. There would be fifty cents to a dollar and a half come in each day until the 25th of the month. Then when his house, car and monthly bills came due, totaling around \$200. Money would come in to meet the need. After the bills were all paid at the end of the month, his income dropped again to the usual fifty cents to a dollar and a half per day.

It was near the 25th of the month when Mike received a call from the lawyer of the man that had been run into. Mike was asked to come down to his office.

I saw Mike as he was returning home and asked how he made out. The lawyer said the bill would be \$65. \$50 to repair the car and \$15 for the lawyer fee.

Mike gave his testimony of how he had been in an oil business that was beginning to be successful. God had spoken to him audibly and asked him to give his heart and life to Him. When Mike said, "yes" to God, he was a changed man. He quit his drinking and other habits, and a joy and peace came into his life like he had never known before.

He sold his business and moved to Seattle to go to Simpson Bible Institute. By the time he was through moving, his finances were gone, then began the trusting of God for every dollar and need that came in.

The lawyer asked Mike how much money he had. He said, "I have fifty dollars for my house payment."

The lawyer said, "Give that to me and I will drop my fee."

I went into the house and asked Florence if we weren't a little behind on our tithe. She assured me that we were.

We put David in the buggy and went around the block to Mike's house. We knew Mike and his wife Vivian were planning to go to McLeary, Washington, eighty miles south, to hold meetings as soon as the mail came, and it was almost mail time.

When we rang the doorbell, Mike came to the door. I gave him the envelope containing the \$40 and said, "Maybe this will help a little bit."

He said, "When the doorbell rang, Viv and I were kneeling at the davenport telling God our house payment was gone, and we didn't have twenty five cents to buy gas for the trip, and we plan to leave in about fifteen minutes when the mail comes. Now here is forty dollars, I wonder how the rest of the money will come in?"

The mail came and there was a commission check for selling a Bible three months before. It was for over eleven dollars, giving just enough to buy gas for the trip, and make the house payment.

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW

We held two weeks of meetings in Maple Valley. I would lead the singing and Florence would take care of David until it was time for her to speak, then I would take care of him the rest of the service.

At the end of the service a call would be given for those who wanted to become Christians. I didn't help out at the close to show those who came forward how to ask Jesus to come into their life, because I didn't know how.

A few days later, Mike Martin came to the door and said, "God told me to come over and show you how to lead a soul to the Lord."

We went to the kitchen and he said, "You be the sinner and I'll lead you to the Lord."

So many people want to help others find the Lord, but they are just like I was, and don't know how.

He gave me this outline to follow, and told me to follow it even when they might ask some question that might be foreign to the outline. Immediately bring them back to the verse at hand so they will understand each portion.

1. The reason we have a desire to be saved is because Jesus is knocking at our hearts door. Rev. 3:20 "Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and opens the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him and he with Me."
2. How do we open our heart's door? 1 John 1:9 "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Then have them pray, "Lord Jesus, come into my heart and forgive me of my sin."

Then ask them what they did. They should answer, "I asked Jesus to come into my heart."

Then ask, "Did He?" If their answer is "No", or "I don't know". Ask them if they meant what they prayed. If they say "yes", then ask, "If the Bible is true, what did Jesus do according to that verse?"

Keep going over that verse until the individual can say, "The Lord forgave me of my sin."

3. "What did you do?" Romans 10: 9-10, "That if you shall confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and shall believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved. For with the heart man believes unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

"I called on the name of the Lord."

4. "Now what are you according to this verse?" Romans 10:13 – "For whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

If there is any doubt in their mind as to what has happened, go back over the verses again until they are sure of what has happened.

5. “Now that you have accepted Jesus in your heart, you are a new born babe in Christ. What would happen to a new born baby if you just admired it and didn’t feed it?” 1 Peter 2:2, “As new born babes, desire the sincere milk. of the Word that you may grow thereby.”

“Reading the Bible is our food. Prayer is our drink, and telling others is our exercise. We must do all three in order to grow.”

Then write the references down so they can look them up when they are alone.

After Mike was through with me. I felt saved all over again. A few weeks later, We held meetings at Cherry Grove, Washington, near Battleground. At the end of the service, a man came forward in response to the alter call, and three men surrounded him. One man said, “Pray through, brother.” Another said, “Hold on, brother.” The other one said, “Now you just let go, brother.” Then I was so thankful that Mike had taken time to come and show me how to lead a soul to the Lord.

A CALL TO THE ROAD

After twelve months at Simpson, we felt God wanted us to go out into evangelistic work full time. We leased our house to Simpson for them to use as a dormitory, and headed out for a wonderful time, going from one place to another, spending two weeks in each place.

We first went to Dever Conner, a farming community in Oregon, where they were holding services in an old Grange hall. God wonderfully blessed and more than twenty people made a decision to follow the Lord.

Another place that wanted us was a small community out of Lebanon, Oregon, called Berlin, which consisted of a school and a church in the midst of a few small farms. We met daily, during the services, for a prayer meeting. At each meeting there was a list of those people we wanted to see come to the Lord. Each was named and prayed for. What a thrill it was at the evening services to see each one, that was on that list, come forward at the close of the service to accept Jesus as their Lord. I think there were seventeen names on that list, and each one made a decision before the end of the campaign.

One lady came forward and accepted Jesus, then she prayed that the Lord would bring her husband, who [though she did not know it] was at the other end of the bench asking Jesus into his heart. The next night her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Scent came, and were saved. The next night, Mr. Scent told the people, “ I have lived in this world over eighty years, and this one day I have had Jesus in my heart, is worth more than all that time put together. I have never been so happy and free.”

For a year and a half, we held meetings in Oregon, Washington and across Canada to Toronto, where Dr. Oswald Smith invited us for services in Peoples Church, with attendance of up to 2000, plus Sunday service broadcast on the radio.

OUR FIRST PASTORATE

In 1949, the people of the Berlin Community invited us to come and Pastor the Berlin Community Church. They cleaned out the attic of the church and made living quarters in it. A long outside stair at the back led up to a small porch entrance into a hall, with a kitchen and bedroom on either side, then went into a large front room.

Our first Sunday service had an attendance of 44, which built up until we had over 100. Our salary was whatever came in the offering, which averaged from \$25 to \$30 per week. The people were poor, but big hearted. They kept us in milk and meat.

If anyone in the neighbor hood was in need, the people would do their best to help them out. We had some new people move into the community who built a small house to live in, but the cows had no shelter. The people thought it would be nice to have a “barn raising” for the Michaels.

The following Sunday morning service, I made the announcement, ”This coming Wednesday we invite everyone to the barn raising for the Michaels. It is a shame that they have to milk their cows out in the rain.

I hate milking cows, but when I milk a cow I want her to be dry.” The audience began to laugh. I couldn’t figure out what they were laughing about. I went on with the announcements, and then sang a solo, ”The Stranger of Galilee.”

I sang to the middle of the first verse, and it dawned on me, “milking an dry cow.” I started to snicker as I sang. I was very embarrassed and tried my best to stop snickering. Finally at the close of the chorus, I thought I had control, so I decided I would sing the last verse to redeem myself. I found I was in just as bad shape as I was before, but I made it to the last phrase, “The Stranger of – ha ha ha.” You could see disgust on the faces of the people. Then I said, “I’m sorry folks, but I just caught on to milking an old dry cow.”

OH DEER

While we were waiting for the renovation of the church attic into living quarters, we were able to rent a house two miles away on the Dolph Reeve’s place. The parking area in front of the house had recently been cut out of a red clay knoll, and one load of gravel had been spread in the center, with red clay spots all around.

It was hunting season. I borrowed a rifle from Slim Swink to go to the mountains to hunt deer with my friend, Eldon Ray.

Eldon and I went to the hills early Saturday morning, but no deer. I stood the gun up, resting on the car, while we were preparing to leave. To my disgust, the gun fell to the ground. I picked it up and didn’t notice any hurt done, and was quite relieved.

That evening at dusk, there was a thunderstorm, it poured rain. Florence and I decided to return the rifle to the Swinks. In getting into the car, Florence stepped in the red clay of the parking lot. I laid the rifle and shells in the back seat. Florence hated guns, she refused to touch one.

We started down the lane that wound around behind the house, and there under the apple tree, beside the lane, was a big buck eating apples.

I stopped the car, with the rain pouring down, and said to Florence, "Give me the gun." She couldn't reach it, so she climbed up in the seat with red clay on her shoes, and got the gun as if she was handling a snake, while I rolled down the window. The deer was only fifteen feet away, and acted like he didn't care if we were there or not.

I took the gun and said, "Give me some shells."

She reached back by the back window, grabbed a box and handed it to me, - it was a jig saw puzzle box. Then she went back again for the shells.

She said, "You know how I hate handling these things."

Finally she got the box of shells, opened them and spilled the shells all over the back seat. After a lot of stretching and straining, she handed me one shell. The deer waited patiently, I loaded the gun with that one shell, fired, and the deer pranced off about fifty feet. I couldn't understand why I missed, but he gave me another chance. After all the turmoil Florence went through to get another shell, I loaded the gun, the deer stood broadside and dared me to shoot him. I shot and he trotted on over the hill.

I was puzzled why I missed. Then I noticed the front sight was laying over on its side. When the gun had fallen up in the hills, it bent the sight.

That was the last time I ever tried to get a deer. I decided I would be content with the "Dear" God had given me, [with the red clay on her shoes,] and let the four-legged ones go on their merry way.

T AND T LUMBER COMPANY

The church was progressing very well. We organized a youth group that grew to forty teenagers. Two of the group were the Thompson boys, they were swell kids, but their parents never came to church. We called on them a number of times to get them interested, and finally they started to come occasionally.

We found he had been a millwright for twenty years, and was interested in operating a lumber mill on his own. The lumber business was going real well, and those who were in it were making money hand over fist.

A friend of mine said he knew of a mill, all set up in a patch of timber for sale. I thought this might be the opening I was looking for. We had sold our home in Seattle, and had received \$2500 down, and they wanted \$2300 for the mill.

I wanted to be sure I was doing the right thing in buying this mill, so I went to my Uncle Jasper, and asked him what he thought. He used to have a sawmill. He said, "If you want to go gray quick, get a sawmill."

I went to my brother Henry and asked him, since he had a sawmill for a while. I told him about Lyle Thompson, who had been a millwright for twenty years, and thought if we went into partnership, with his knowledge and my money, we ought to make out pretty well.

He said, "A sawmill is an awful big mouthful to chew." Then he asked, "Is he a Christian?" I said, "No." Then he advised, "You know what the Bible says, 'Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers.'" "

The following Sunday, Lyle and his wife came to church and came forward at the end of the service and made a profession of accepting Christ. Then I said to myself, “Now I can take him as my partner.”

Lyle and I went up and looked at the mill, and the first thing Lyle said was, “This thing was built backwards.”

We signed partnership papers and bought the mill. Lyle never came to church any more after that. We purchased a GMC Diesel motor, and tried to get the mill to run. It would go a little and something would break. Fix it, saw a few boards, and something else would go wrong. We worked for ten weeks and cut what should have been cut in four and a half days.

Lyle was a good millwright, but not a good manager. He insisted on hiring a lot of help, instead of us doing the work ourselves and going a little slower. Then I found out thirty years later, the sawyer, who was the former owner of the mill, when our backs were turned, was the main cause of the mill breaking down.

Each day when I returned home, Florence would ask how the day went, and it seemed I always had the same answer, “The mill broke down today, but we’re all ready to go tomorrow.” Finally after ten weeks, the mill ran all day. We thought things were going to start looking up for us. Then that day the Cat broke down and we couldn’t get the logs down to the mill. We had to shut the mill down until we got the Cat fixed. It took over a week to get the Cat repaired. By the time we got back to the mill, the fall rains set in so we could not start up again, because we were on dirt roads.

The buyer of our lumber said, “There is nothing better than being in business when everything is going right and making money; but there is nothing worse than being in business with everything going wrong and losing money.”

Florence nearly had a nervous break, and I wasn’t far behind. In the end, after selling all we had, I lost \$1600, which I considered my college education.

A TRAGEDY’S BLESSING

In the fall of 1950, we scheduled Evangelist Eddie Washington for revival meetings at our Berlin Church. We began meetings on Sunday morning. Eddie and his wife sang solos and duets, with Eddie playing the mandolin and his wife playing the piano. Then Eddie would bring a sermon that kept everyone awake.

The following Tuesday, we received word that our friend, Victor Bartruff, who had started work setting chokers at Snow Peak Logging Co. the day before, was killed. He was on the under side of a big log, on a hill, trying to put a choker under the log. It began to roll, caught Vic, and rolled over him, killing him instantly.

Loke Howell, the logging superintendent, was standing by and saw the whole thing happen. It was his duty to go tell Vic’s wife Juanita, what had happened.

Loke went to the Cat skinner, Ernest Heath, and asked Ernest to go with him to take the news to Vic’s wife. Ernest was a neighbor and friend of Vic, and he was a Christian. Loke didn’t know what to say. He realized all he was living for was for today, and that wasn’t much encouragement for a time like this.

That night, Loke and his wife, with Ken Blatchley, Superintendent of Snow Peak Transportation, and his wife, came around twenty-five miles from Snow Peak Logging Camp

to our little Berlin Church, because of the tragedy of the day. When the alter call was given at the close of the service, they all came forward and accepted Jesus into their lives. I'm sure if Vic could have seen what happened due to his death, he would be shouting all over Heaven, - and maybe he did know! We'll find out when we get there.

HERE COMES NUMBER TWO

We enjoyed pastoring the little Berlin church, but after being there for a year and a half, we felt we should resign in February, 1951, because in April we were expecting the birth of our second son.

We stayed with my parents, in Lebanon, until Daniel Jon was born on April 10, 1951. As soon as Florence was strong enough, we moved nine miles east of Lebanon to a small house owned by my brother Wilbur.

We found that because you started out with the first child without any problems, was no sign it would go just as smooth and easy with the second.

I got a job at Snow peak. When I would walk into the house from work at 5 o'clock, I would hear Dan crying. He didn't have any trouble until just before I arrived. He would cry until about eleven o'clock each night. We took him to doctors, and did everything we could think of, but he continued the same routine day after day.

Five months later, we were invited to hold evangelistic meetings for Village Missions. They would send out missionaries to re-open churches that were abandoned and closed for some reason. We would help the missionary for two weeks and then move on to help another missionary. We were willing to go, but we couldn't take a sick, skinny, dehydrated baby on the road like Dan. We told the Lord that if He wanted us to go into this work, He would have to heal our baby.

We took Dan over to Bernice Burrell at Berlin, to take care of him for two days and nights while we went to Cannon Beach, Oregon, to see about the work.

We told the directors of Village Missions we would be happy to work for them if God healed our baby.

When we came back to get Dan, we found that he hadn't had one bit of trouble, and was perfectly healed.

VILLAGE MISSIONS

With David, at five years of age, and Dan at six months, our '46 Dodge burdened down with baby bed and suit cases stacked on top, the trunk as full as we could get it, and baby basket with diapers in the back seat, the four of us headed east for our first meetings with our friends, Paul and Elsie Kroon, at Joseph, Oregon.

The Kroons had bunk beds for their boys. One afternoon, when Florence was trying to rest, David called from the boy's room, "Mommy, come here."

"Is it necessary?" Florence asked.

"Yes", came the answer.

Florence went into see the problem, and found David hanging with a rope under his chin that had been secured to the side of the bed as a railing, to keep the boy from falling out at night.

Florence was very glad she had not said, "I'm too tired. I'll come later."

After three weeks with the Kroons, we went to a little place on the open range in Fernwood, Idaho. The pastor had built a one-room cabin for a parsonage, where he and his wife and baby were living. They welcomed us to move in with them for two weeks. It was a mite bit crowded, but we had a good time there.

Fernwood was an interesting place. The Tavern owner, who also was the Justice of Peace, and the Barber, wanted the church to be opened and used. He contacted Village Missions, and they sent Rev. May as their missionary. The tavern owner became the Sunday School Superintendent, and chairman of the board. When we arrived, they were having an attendance of thirty to forty people.

One evening I used my car to pick up children and young people for a meeting. By the time I arrived at the church, there was a total of seventeen in the car. As the old saying goes: "There is always room for one more."

A CHANGE OF DIRECTION

After ten weeks with Village Missions, God seemed to close the door in that area and invitations came for us to minister in Canada. With Florence's folks in Hamilton, Ontario, we felt that was the way to go. We ministered in each province until we got to the Peoples Church in Toronto, where Dr. Oswald J. Smith was the pastor. He advertised in front of the church, "HE SINGS, SHE PREACHES".

We went to one church in Ontario, where the building was filled each night, but something was wrong and we had no idea what it was.

One night we had time for any who wished, to stand and tell what the Lord had meant to them. One man in the front stood and said how he was entirely sanctified, and how the Lord had blessed him, and everything was clear between him and the Lord. Then a man in the rear of the church stood and gave the same type of testimony.

At the close of the service, there was another opportunity for anyone to speak if they felt there was a reason why there was such a hold up in the meetings.

One dear brother near the front stood, and was sure he had the answer. "I believe the reason for the hold up in the meetings is because of the evangelist's toeless shoes."

That statement fired up the pastor, and he leaped to the pulpit and said, "It isn't the evangelist's toeless shoes. You all know the reason for the holdup; there are people here that won't even speak to one another. If one is sitting on one side of the church, the other will go to the opposite side."

We found that the two men who had given testimony at the beginning of the service took every opportunity to do the other dirt as often as he could. The one up front had an ambulance, and the man in the back was the town policeman who would give a ticket for every little thing he could find. They were both members of the church board.

Before the end of the meetings, there were thirteen different problems ironed out. Then the church had a wonderful revival.

The greatest holdup we can have in life is unforgiveness. The Bible says in II Corinthians 2:10-11 that that is one of the devil's devices, or tools. It causes more heartache and trouble than anything I know. And to FORGIVE does far more for the one who forgives than to the one that is forgiven.

GO WEST

In the summer of 1952, we were invited to help with the camp meeting at Stayner, Ontario, with the United Missionary Church. We had held several meetings with them in their churches through the winter and spring. We also had two churches scheduled for meetings in the fall.

For some reason, the bookings stopped for fall and winter engagements. I was feeling concerned as to why the bookings were not coming in.

I went to our tent asking the Lord what we should do. He gave me the promise in Malachi 4:2b, "And ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall."

I remembered, while we were pastoring in Berlin, Mr. Knight was raising a calf for show at the State Fair. The calf was in a pen, about twelve feet square, with all the hay and grain he could eat. All that calf had to do was stand there and eat. It got so big and fat it could hardly walk.

I said, "Lord, if You want us to go west, You cancel one of the meetings we have scheduled."

I went over to the washroom and met a man who introduced himself as Rev. Smith, the new pastor coming to Collingwood.

"Oh yes," I said. "That is the place we are scheduled for meetings in September."

"Yes," he said. "That is what I wanted to see you about. When I go to a new place, I like to hold the first special meetings myself, so if it would be all right with you, I'd like to make some other arrangements."

I thanked him, and told him of the way I had prayed not more than ten minutes before.

As soon as the camp was over, we gathered our things together and prepared to go west, back to Oregon, to visit my parents, and find out what the Lord had for us after that.

COME TO CRAWFORDSVILLE

After spending a little time with Florence's folks, we headed for Oregon, with planned stops along the way to visit friends.

When we arrived in Bend, Oregon, to stay overnight with the Dickersons, they said, "We hear you are going to Crawfordsville."

"Crawfordsville? We had no idea of going to Crawfordsville."

"Yes," they said, "Don and Eunice Dahlgren were over here last week, and said they and the church had been praying that you would come and pastor the church."

We had gone to the little Oregon community for meetings about a year before, and had a wonderful time with them.

Crawfordsville had the worst reputation of any place in the State of Oregon at one time. If people wanted to act like the devil, they would come from as far as Portland, to this little community of twenty-five homes, a tavern, two grocery stores, and a dance hall. A great change came when the dance hall was condemned, and later torn down. The tavern continued to be an attraction to surrounding neighborhoods.

Crawfordsville had two churches, with both of them seldom used. Don and Eunice Dahlgren came to the community and were able to have one church moved next to the other, to be used as a parsonage. They struggled, and almost starved to establish the church and keep it going.

After they had been there for eight years, we were asked to come and hold meetings for them. It was good to see the church almost filled each night.

Florence thought of all the places we had been, this was one of the last places she would ever want to raise her family. When we arrived at my folks in Lebanon, there was a telephone message from Don Dahlgren, wanting to make an appointment with us.

The next day they came over and asked that we would come as pastors of the church. They said there had already been a church meeting and that we were unanimously invited to come. There was no doubt in our minds that this was God's leading for our lives.

The next week we moved to the parsonage with three rooms and a path. When we left four and a half years later, there were eight rooms and a bath.

THE CRAWFORDSVILLE CHALLENGE

Our first Sunday was Labor Day weekend, September, 1952. Sunday School attendance was fifty-six. The next week it was sixty-eight, and the next, eighty-eight. The next Sunday there were one hundred four, and it stayed over a hundred for each Sunday, for nearly three years.

Florence worked very hard. She would do up to 25 home visits a week, besides having a message twice on Sunday and prayer meeting on Wednesday night. We had a youth meeting each Saturday night that had an attendance of around twenty-five, and went as high as sixty-two.

David was in first grade, and Dan was in diapers. Besides all that, she generally invited a family or two to eat with us for Sunday dinner.

I would help Florence all I could. I was able to supplement our income by driving school bus, or working in a sawmill. After four months we felt Florence needed help. We didn't know how to get it.

For Christmas, we went up to Vancouver, B.C., to be with Florence's friend, Marguerite, and her husband, George Watson. While there, we received a call that Marion Field had leaned over his shotgun, in his backyard, and had blown his heart out. They wanted Florence to conduct the funeral.

Marion and his wife were separated and living on opposite sides of Crawfordsville. He was invited to be with the family for Christmas dinner. He was to pick them up in the car, but never showed up. So the mother sent their fourteen-year-old daughter to find the cause of the delay.

Juanita went into Marion's house. Seeing no one, but seeing a fresh cup of coffee on the kitchen table, she went out the back door to look for him, and saw him lying in the back yard.

After the funeral, Florence discussed with me about having Juanita come in a couple of times a week and help with the housework. I insisted that if she came at all, she should live with us full time, otherwise it would be an extra duty for Florence just showing Juanita what to do.

Florence approached Juanita's mother to see if she would consent to have Juanita move in to our home, and to Florence's surprise, she was very happy to have Juanita to come and live with us.

COME IN, JUANITA

On January 12, 1953, Juanita at age 14, brought her cardboard box of rags, which she called clothes, and became a part of our family. The first night she was there, she attended the picture, "Mr. Texas". They gave an opportunity for those who wanted to do so, to accept the Lord in their life, and she was one of the first to respond. She lived an exemplary life, so that we were never ashamed or embarrassed of her conduct.

Juanita took her turn to take care of the nursery, which we had in our house during the church service. Different ones would call and ask if Juanita was in charge of the nursery for the Sunday, and if so, they would come for the service.

Juanita learned our way of life, and looked for every opportunity to make the load lighter. By the time we were through greeting the people and finishing up from the morning service, she would have the table set and ready for us, and whatever company we might have invited.

Not only was it a blessing to have Juanita's help, but it was a real joy to see the change in her appearance. We were able to get her new clothes, and give her a chance in life, which she had not known, nor was she able to have before she came to us.

The routine she had to put up with before was the weekend beer parties. If she wanted to go to church, she had to stumble through the beer bottles, and go on her own, while the parents, and whoever else they had in, were sleeping off the effects of the night before. She would encourage her younger sisters and brother to attend church with her.

Different ones of our friends, when they saw how wonderful Juanita was, wanted to open their home to some girl in need, but those who did, did not find one that was as cooperative as Juanita.

KING'S TEENS

While in Crawfordsville, We started a King's Teens club that included the Brownsville young people, as well as ours in Crawfordsville. We had as high as 65 kids on Saturday night.

One summer we brought three car loads to King's Garden, in Seattle, for a King's Teens three day rally.

The last day when we were preparing to leave for Crawfordsville, Mike Martin and his wife Vivian, returned from a trip they had been on. They asked Florence and me to come to their apartment before we left. We went with them. After a few moments of visiting, Mike said, Viv had problem in her body and wanted us to pray for her. He was not feeling well and he wanted prayer also.

We laid our hands on them and prayed. When we were through, Vivian headed for the telephone.

Mike said, "What are you doing?"

Viv answered, "I'm calling the doctor, the Lord healed me."

Mike replied, "Praise the Lord! He healed me too."

TIME TO MOVE

After four and a half years of a wonderful time at Crawfordsville, God showed us that it was time to move. My brother's house in Talbot, (the one I was born in), was vacant, so we were able to rent it. We moved there in February, 1957. My nephew, Gordon Turnidge, my brother Henry's son, gave me work on his farm. Though the income was not great, our needs were supplied.

In the spring, my nephew, Eldon Turnidge, my brother David's son, was flying in his plane via Texas, to Illinois. He invited Florence to join his wife Mary and himself, to go along and visit her sister in Branham, Texas, then on to Illinois to attend the convention of the Oriental Missionary Society.

Eldon was president of Men for Missions, a division of the Oriental Missionary Society. Knowing that Florence and I were interested in Missions, Eldon suggested that we should join the O.M.S. and work as field representatives in the States. He thought we should take a trip down to South America and visit the different fields, then make up our minds.

I had told Florence that the next place of ministry we were to go into, we were to be asked. So I thought this might be the place for us because he was asking us, and we had no engagements for ministry, except for two weeks of meetings for the King's Garden schools in Seattle, on the tenth of October.

We were surprised when we found that Eldon was raising \$2,000 for us to visit South America. The money came in, and we thanked God for it, for we didn't have \$100 to our name. We went to a travel agent to get our ticket. We gave her our itinerary, and she asked, "Oh, you're not stopping in Caracas?"

We said, "No, we have a missionary who is meeting us in Sao Paulo who will be our guide and interpreter, so we must go directly to Brazil."

"Oh, Caracas is such a beautiful city. It would be a shame for you not to see Caracas when you have to go that way."

We repeated why we had to go directly to Sao Paulo, and could not lay over in Caracas. She made out the tickets, and we were thrilled in anticipation of our trip.

WE'RE ON OUR WAY

We got on the train at Albany, Oregon. Rode all night, got into Los Angeles late the next morning, picked up by Shirley, (daughter of Stella Thomas of Crawfordsville) who took us to their home in Beverly Hills for the night. When we left for the plane the next morning, Shirley gave us a package of brownies she had just made. While we were waiting for the plane, we bought a package of mixed nuts and put them in the suitcase with the brownies.

That evening, we took off in a propeller driven Pan Am DC 9, with a stop in Brownsville, Tex. Before we arrived at the Caracas airport in Venezuela.

It was a clear night, the moon and stars were shining brightly. To add to the scenery was the fiery four-foot flame coming from the four engine exhausts.

As we approached the airport, with the wheels almost ready to touch the ground, suddenly the plane engines roared and we started up again. We found that a small plane had taxied onto the runway in front of us. Our plane circled and came back in for a landing.

We went to the ticket counter to be transferred to the plane for Sao Paulo. The agent looked at our ticket and said, "This ticket says you have a layover in Caracas. I'm sorry, but you will have to stay in the city tonight and fly out tomorrow."

We told him we could not speak Spanish, and we had a missionary that was to meet that plane, who was going to be our interpreter.

He said he would get a cab for us, and tell the driver what hotel to go to, and it would be half the price we could get it for.

He got the cab, paid him with our money, named the Hotel. We crowded into his taxi with six other people, some were sitting on laps. No one spoke English. As he let others out of the taxi, he was trying to ask us where we wanted to go. We couldn't communicate, so he made us understand we should get out with the last passenger, who was going to a hotel. I don't know if it was the right one or not.

We checked into the hotel. We had been warned before we left on the trip that we should not eat or drink anything unless the missionary cleared it first.

We went to our room, saw a big jug of water there, but did not know if we should drink any of it or not, so we got out our brownies and mixed nuts and had them for supper, and the next morning we had mixed nuts and brownies for breakfast.

We got back to the airport around lunchtime, had some soup, watched them load the baggage on the plane from New York that we were going on. They couldn't get it all in, so they pulled out all the baggage and reloaded it again. They had to push and shove to cram everything in, and were barely able to get the doors closed. While they were working with the baggage, another crew was taking out the double seats, replacing them with triple seats.

Finally we were all loaded, with every seat filled. We taxied to the runway. Quite a bit of time was spent preparing for the takeoff. Then the motors were throttled wide open. With such a heavy load it seemed the plane would not be able to leave the ground, but slowly the plane began to lift. Flames over eight feet long were shooting out the engine exhausts. We were on our way heading for Sao Paulo, Brazil.

DETOUR

We took off from Caracas in the middle of the afternoon. The long trails of flame from the exhausts kept us company. The passengers seemed jovial with much talking and laughter in language we could not understand. Beneath us was a large blanket of jungle farther than the eye could see. Suddenly there was a quiet hush among the passengers. The laughter and talking ceased. We noticed the little man across the aisle, who had been much the center of attraction, was sitting quietly. He took his airplane pillow and was wiping sweat from his forehead. He dug into his briefcase and pulled out a prayer book with a picture of Mary, and a crucifix, which he was kissing. We looked out the window and number one motor propeller was dead. Then we looked out the other side and oil was coming out the side of number four motor. Then the plane lay on its side changing direction.

The Captain's voice came on the P.A.: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we are having a little motor difficulty. We are going to make a stop in Beling. In the meantime we will have to drop fuel so we will not be too heavy to land." Then he added, "Everyone must sit quietly in their seats, and absolutely no smoking."

The little chorus, "I'm glad I'm a Christian, I trust in the Lord,--" came to my mind. To Florence came the verse of the song, "What have I to dread, what have I to fear, leaning on the everlasting arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, leaning on the everlasting arms." Neither of us felt fear in ourselves, but we sure felt it throughout the plane.

It came to our minds, when we left home, Flo told Juanita, if anything happened to us, she could have Flo's clothes. Then David asked, "Can I have the car?"

Over 750 gallons of fuel poured off the back of the wings. We heard later it was a safe procedure as long as there were no sparks in the flame of the exhaust. All the way from Caracas, the flame from the exhausts had lots of sparks in them. It took about five minutes to drop the fuel. An hour and a half later we landed in Beling, at the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil.

When the pilot left the plane, the back of his white shirt was soaked with sweat. We found out later, one motor was completely shot, another was almost gone. They figured the plane would only have been able to fly about fifteen more minutes.

BELING

Here we were at the airport, not knowing if anyone besides the interpreter for the airline spoke English or not. Florence went up to a man and said, "Pardon me sir, but do you speak English?"

"Yes I do," he said. "I fly back and forth from New York. I am President of the American Can Company of South America."

She asked him if he would mind helping us by being our interpreter. He said he would be happy to.

The airline provided taxis to take us to the hotel. By this time it was night. At night the drivers do not drive with their headlights on, because it would blind the oncoming driver. They honk their horn and flash their headlights on at each intersection. When they flashed their lights, we saw crowds of people on the street. Then we could see no one until

he flashed them again at the next intersection. I don't know how he knew where he was going without lights, for there were no streetlights.

We arrived at the hotel, which was packed with people. We found Miss Brazil was leaving with the crowds trying to get a glimpse of her.

We were escorted to the dining room with our newfound friend, Kingsley Jones. The menu was in Portuguese. Flo thought she would have fish. Mr. Jones thought it would be all right because it would be fresh water fish from the Amazon.

We were shown to our room. Around midnight, the fish Flo ate, started making a fuss in her stomach, it was still acting up the next morning when we boarded a DC3 to get to our next stop which was Rio de Janeiro instead of Sao Paulo.

They have a pill down there, made in Switzerland, that does wonders for upset stomach. Mr. Jones had a bottle of them with him. After Flo took one, she started feeling better right away. I wish they were allowed to sell them in the United States.

After switching planes in Rio, we went on our way to Sao Paulo.

SAO PAULO

We met the Comstocks, missionaries with the Overseas Missionary Society. They were just ready to take Ruth B---, (the missionary who was to be our interpreter) to the plane to go to the next station. Our schedule was the same for the rest of the trip; we would get off the plane and Ruth would get on to go to the next station. We met her in Quito, Ecuador and Medellin, Colombia. All because our travel agent said, "Oh, you must see Caracas."

At Beling, we met the son of the treasurer of General Motors of South America, who also was on his way home from Yale to Sao Paulo. He said he would have his chauffeur take us to the Comstocks on his way home. He asked us the address, we showed him, he said, "This is not the address, this is the post box number." Then we remembered the secretary at O.M.S. saying as we started to leave, "Maybe I should give you the Comstock's house address, it may be of help." It certainly did. If we had not had that, all they could have done was drop us off at the post office, and hoped some one would come for their mail, by some one we had never seen before.

Because of the plane trouble, our flight schedule was all upset, so instead of staying in Sao Paulo for two days, we stayed for two weeks. While in Beling, Kingsley Jones gave us the phone number of the head man of Braniff Airlines, whose office was in Sao Paulo, just in case we had flight trouble. We called him several times to hurry up our flight, but due to the heavy traffic of college students going to the States, he could not help us.

During our stay with the Comstocks, they flew with us to Ladrina, two hundred miles in the jungle, where a Bible School had been established. We stayed overnight in the missionary's home. In the middle of the night, I got up to go to the bathroom. I did not want to turn on the light in the bedroom, so I felt my way to the bathroom light. When the light went on, I saw the floor was black with two-inch cockroaches, with hardly any of the floor shining through. They scurried off the floor towards the walls in less than a second, so none could be seen. I turned on the bedroom light and that floor was black with them also, before you could blink your eyes they were gone. I made up my mind I was not going to walk on the floor in my bare feet, so I shoved my foot in my shoe and out jumped a

cockroach from between my toes. They said I screamed, so I guess I did. Those cockroaches are the size of our timber beetles that always gave me the willies.

Brazil is noted for its coffee, they make it so thick it is almost like syrup. After we got on the plane for our next leg of the journey to Lima, Peru, the stewardess came through with drinks and snacks. I took some of her coffee. It tasted mighty strong, but what the diff., I can take anything. It didn't bother me much until we were going over the peaks of the Andes Mountains; then the pilot wanted us to see the craters of the volcanoes. He tipped the plane over on its side so we could have a good view as he circled the mountain, then he tipped the plane to the other side and circled the mountain again so those on that side could have a good view. Seemed viewing that crater was giving me the urge to try to fill it with Brazilian coffee. But I found if I kept my head pressed heavy against the window, everything stayed down.

When we went through customs in Lima, we found it is a good idea to take plenty of passport pictures with you. We had one hour to go through customs and catch our next plane. After the slow grind in the line to get to the customs official to have our passport checked, the first thing he asked for was a set of passport pictures. Frantically we started going through our suitcases hoping to find some. Fortunately we located one more set that we were not sure we had. If we had not found them, we would have probably missed our flight on to Ecuador.

TIME TO GO HOME

After visiting in Guayaquil and Quito, Ecuador, we made a stop in Medellin, Colombia, then back to where we were staying in Talbot, Oregon, in the house where I was born.

We had only one commitment for meetings, which was at King's Garden in Seattle, Washington, for Spiritual Emphasis week with the High School, and a week with the Grade School.

I told Florence, my "fleece" to know where the Lord wanted us to go was that we were to be asked, not that we make application. We had several suggestions and opportunities for application for places of service, but no direct asking.

We went to King's Garden and had wonderful meetings with the schools.

Half way through the meetings, Orv Helgeson, Vice President of King's Garden, spoke to us, "I hear you are looking for a place to minister. We would like for you to come work with us."

In my mind I said, "No."

Then it seemed I heard a still small voice saying, "I thought you were waiting to be asked."

This was our call to be workers at King's Garden.

Our salary was to be \$30.00 per month each, if it came in, plus room and board.

We moved our stuff from Oregon on Halloween night and began as workers, Nov. 1, 1957.

Florence was assigned as counselor for the Girl's Dorm, plus teaching one hour of Bible in the High School.

I was assigned to Public Relations, plus one hour of personal work assignments in the Bible School.

During the week, besides our regular work assignments, we often spoke at King's Teens meetings, and took church services at various churches on weekends.

ALVIN "MIKE" MARTIN

On June 21, 1961, Alvin "Mike" Martin, Founder and President of King's Garden died of a heart attack. It left things in a quandary with such a terrible loss.

It would take a book to tell about Mike Martin, how he was saved and he literally took God at His Word. If God said He would supply your need, then that is all you need. He needed \$200 a month to get along on. His house and car payments came due after the 25th of the month. Daily 25 cents to \$1.50 would come in until the 25th, and then from somewhere God would send in enough to pay all the bills, then after the 1st of the month it started all over again.

He wanted to start a place to help boys and girls in need. He searched for a place, and then he heard of a TB sanitarium that had been vacated for three years. He and his wife Vivian went out to look at it. They knelt under a tree and claimed it for the Lord. He took off his shoes and socks and walked all over the place, remembering, "Wherever the soles of your feet shall tread will be yours." (Deut. 11:24)

He made application to the King County Commissioners for the place. They said he would have to go before a review board. He offered them \$500 per month.

He claimed, Jer. 32:26, 27, 28a, and wrote in the margin of his Bible, "DEED TO KING'S GARDEN."

He appeared before the Board, and as far as they were concerned his answers were rather poor, when they asked,

"How much money do you have?"

"Not very much." He only had \$2.50

"How much education do you have?"

"High School and two years of Bible School."

Three weeks later the report came from the Commissioners Review Board. "It would be better to let the place go to rack and ruin than to put it in the hands of some fanatic like this."

Mike knelt beside his davenport and said, "Lord, You promised this property to us. What is the matter?"

The Lord spoke to him, "You didn't ask Me. Go and withdraw your offer of \$500, and offer \$1 per year instead."

Mike obeyed. Because the Commissioners were at odds with one another, what one commissioner wanted, the other was opposed to it. Because of the wrangle, they gave King's Garden a five-year lease.

People came from far and near to help clean the place up and start a nursing home, plus Christian Grade and High Schools and other ministries.

ROGER

A couple of years after we came to the Garden, Gerry Tornga called and informed me that Roger, eight years old, was sick, and would like for me to come and pray for him.

Roger had been sick for several days, he had a terrific headache and to lie still or he would vomit. Roger's mother was very upset after she had talked with someone who said, she knew of a little girl that was sick like that, and in three weeks she died.

When I got to the house, I found Roger on the davenport, and his younger brother and sisters running in the house with excitement, waiting for a car to pick them up for a picnic.

I read a few verses from the Bible, how Jesus bore the stripes on His back for our healing, then I prayed and asked Jesus to touch Roger's body. Then I asked Roger to thank the Lord for what He had done for him.

Roger prayed, "Thank you, Jesus for healing me."

I left, and as soon as I was out the door, Roger asked his parents if he could go to the picnic.

They said, "If you feel alright, go ahead."

Roger leaped from the davenport and went with his brother and sisters to the picnic, perfectly well. Roger has told me he has never had a headache like that since.

HERE COMES STEVE

When we were assigned to our duties, I was assigned to Public Relations, Florence was assigned as girls dorm counselor, and teaching Bible in the High School. She enjoyed teaching, but she used her voice so strong, you would think she was preaching to a thousand instead of a class of 30.

She developed a problem with her throat. We were recommended to a specialist in Portland. We saw him and he said she had a polyp on her vocal chord, and the other was badly irritated. He said the polyp had to be stripped off and possibly the other chord stripped as well. This would mean she would not be able to even whisper for at least three weeks or more, and her voice would be damaged. This did not sound good to me. I told the Doctor that we were serving a God that could take care of that. He said he had seen lots of polyps like this, but had never seen one healed. We made an appointment to see him again in three weeks for the operation.

Three weeks later, Flo came down with a cold. We called the doctor and he said we could not have the operation with any sign of a cold, so it was postponed for six weeks. Then, SURPRISE, SURPRISE! Flo was pregnant, so we called the Doctor again. He said there couldn't be an operation while she was pregnant, so he said to make an appointment after the baby came.

August 10, 1960, Steven Paul Turnidge was born close the midnight hour. Three weeks later, we took Steve down to show him off to his grandparents. On the way we stopped in to see the Doctor. He examined the throat and was elated to see both chords was completely cleared up and the polyp had disappeared. GOD HAD HEALED HER!

CHANGES

After the death of Mike Martin, a number of changes were made. I was transferred to the Rest Home to help Bill King, Superintendent, to be his assistant. I enjoyed working there for three years.

A new president was chosen, Norman Lewis. He wanted to make a complete changeover in personnel. After a few weeks, Bill King came from Lewis's office and said, "There is no more office of Assistant Superintendent, and no one can take a lower position." In other words, I was out.

I didn't know what to do. I heard Shoreline needed bus drivers; I went over and applied. On the way back I was thinking, God didn't bring me up here to drive bus for Shoreline, He brought me here to work at King's Garden. They are in need of bus drivers and janitors. I asked the head of personnel why couldn't I do that instead of going over to Shoreline? He agreed with me and gave me the job of driving bus and being janitor in the high school. The next week the head of personnel was gone.

A year later an opening came for a boiler engineer. I was happy to get the job and train for fireman and engineers license.

HAVE TO MOVE

Up until 1963, we worked on room and board and allowance basis. Our allowance had been raised to \$40 per month, if it came in, generally it was \$30. But the IRS said they could not do that any more. The Garden would have to pay a salary including the cost of room and board, which gave us \$95 per month to pay back to the Garden for our room, or we could use the money to buy a place of our own off grounds.

Oscar and Helen Smith had a home they wanted us to buy, which was an impossibility until this new ruling came into effect. The new ruling started December 1, 1963. They offered us the house for \$14,600.

We had a problem. We didn't have any credit to get a loan, as we had always lived on a cash basis. The loan-company said we would have to have \$1400 down payment. We borrowed \$700 from Florence's mother, and Oscar and Helen loaned us the other \$700. Our house payments were \$89 per month. We were able to move in January 1, 1964.

HOW TIME FLIES

Time! Where did it go? I was looking through things, and found this manuscript I had written around thirty years before. Many things have happened, but my recaller has gone on the blink. With a few corrections, we have made it to the end of the millenium. We wonder what the new millenium will hold.

TIME TO RETIRE

In 1992, I was given a retirement party for 35 years of service. At a time like that you never realize what a good guy you are, until you hear all the good things they have to say

about you. You would think they were practicing up for your funeral. It is amazing how good a person has been when he is dead.

When I was informed of my retirement, my supervisor informed me that I could work as custodian in the schools if I desired. I enjoyed retirement for four days, then I took him up on his offer, and began working in the schools.

FIFTY YEARS

Did I say, "Time flies?" It sure seems to. The last Sunday of July 1994, we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. (We moved it up from October for the weather's sake.) Over 400 friends showed up from Washington, British Columbia, Oregon and California. That is a long time for a good woman to put up with a guy like me. That shows God makes no mistakes. It was His Fault that we are together. He has led us all the way.

When I was a little boy, it seemed one year's end to another was a mighty long time. Now I find it is like a roll of toilet paper, the closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

A BUSY WIFE

While I was busy with the work God chose for me, Florence has taken on many tasks the Lord has chosen for her. I think back to when we first came to our home. In order to make our house payments, she took in five High School boys to room and board, and of course she felt she had to iron their shirts as well. While she was taking care of the boys, she was on the radio for a weekly program she was responsible for, besides a daily Bible class in the High School. I was working a split shift of 4 to 8 in the morning, and 4 to 8 in the evening, so I was not much help to her. During this time she would take on speaking engagements. It was quite a change, after a couple of years, to be without boarders.

Since God called her into the ministry at age 15, she has seldom turned down a time to speak. God has greatly blessed her in conferences and ladies retreats, and she is still going strong at over 80 years of age. Twenty years ago, she and Jean Lush started weekly meetings they called, "Sisterhood." Women come from all different denominations. They find it a wonderful time of encouragement.

FLO'S REST HOME MINISTRY

In 1986, our friend Everett Rao, was in the nursing home with a fatal brain tumor. Florence went to see him. He was unable to respond or recognize any body. As she was walking home, she felt God impressed her that Brother Everett loved children. When she got home, she called our daughter in law, Diane, and asked if she could take our 2½ year old granddaughter Jennifer, to the Rest Home to visit Brother Everett. She gladly gave her consent.

On her next visit, as she was leading Jennifer by the hand, she said they were going to visit some older folks, and when we smile and make them happy, we make Jesus happy too.

When they got to Brother Everett, Florence said, "Brother Everett, I brought our son Dan's little girl to see you, and she's right there beside your chair."

Jennifer was looking up with a big smile and long curls, and after some time, Brother Everett slowly turned his head, and looked down and smiled at Jennifer. That was the

beginning of Florence taking children, with their Moms, two and three times a week to visit the residents at Crista's Nursing Home. Counting each one that comes as one hour, she records fifty to seventy five hours per month. If the kids are good, they get to come to the house and get candy, while the mothers have tea and cookies.

BIBLE VERSE MINISTRY

With her sisterhood, visitation and speaking engagements, Florence started Bible memory work groups. She is trying to encourage as many as she can to memorize one verse a week. She has printed over 250 individual verses, a thousand at a time, and giving them to whom ever she meets. Others use them to send in their letters. She has verses going all over the world.

Y2K, FINALE?

It is wonderful to look back over the way we came and see how God has directed our lives. It hasn't always been easy, but the hard places made us appreciate the good things. If it had all been sunshine, what a dismal life it would be, for sunshine with out the storms make a desert.

Here we are facing the year 2000. What does it hold? We have no idea, but we are confident of the One who has been with us this far that He will lead us into the future.

This year of 1999 finds us in good health. Our children busy in their chosen line of work. David, a computer analyst, Daniel, a financial planner, Steven, a computer analyst and technician. We are thankful that God also brought Juanita into our home, to be part of the family, she and husband have raised their family of three. We are proud of our kids and the mates they have chosen, and the grandchildren they have blessed us with.