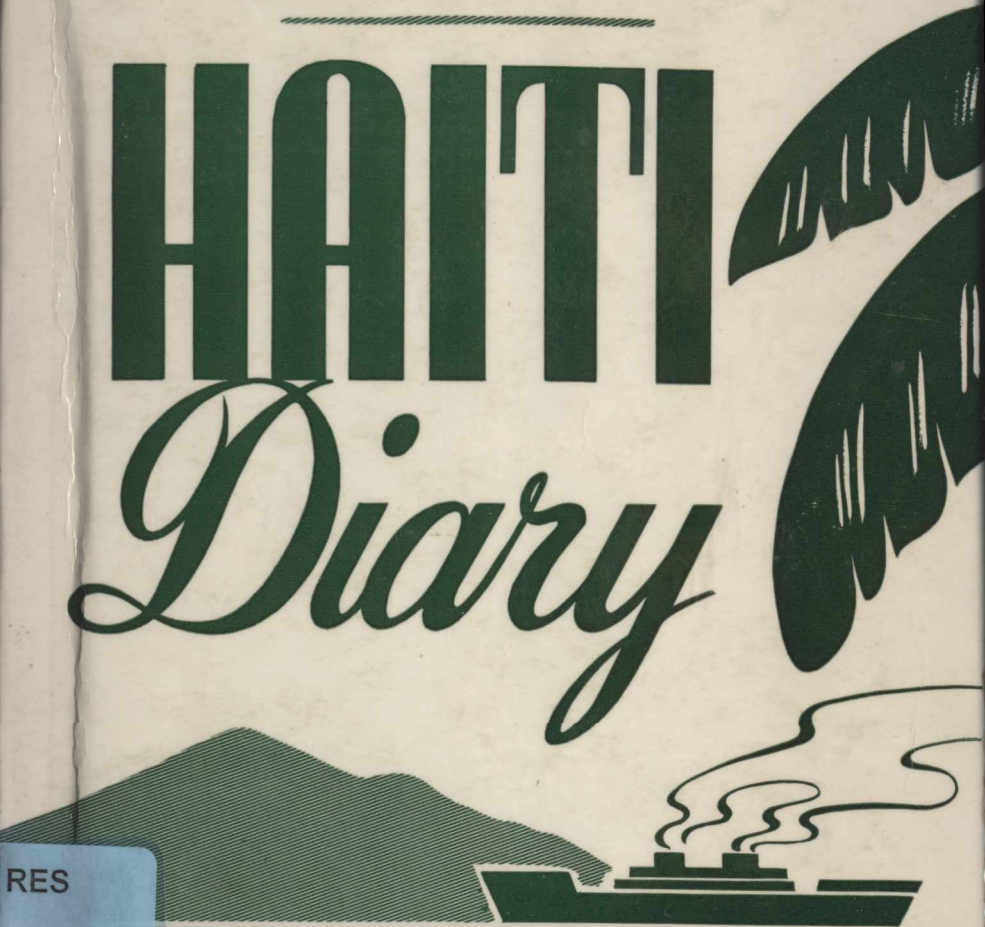


HAITI

Diary

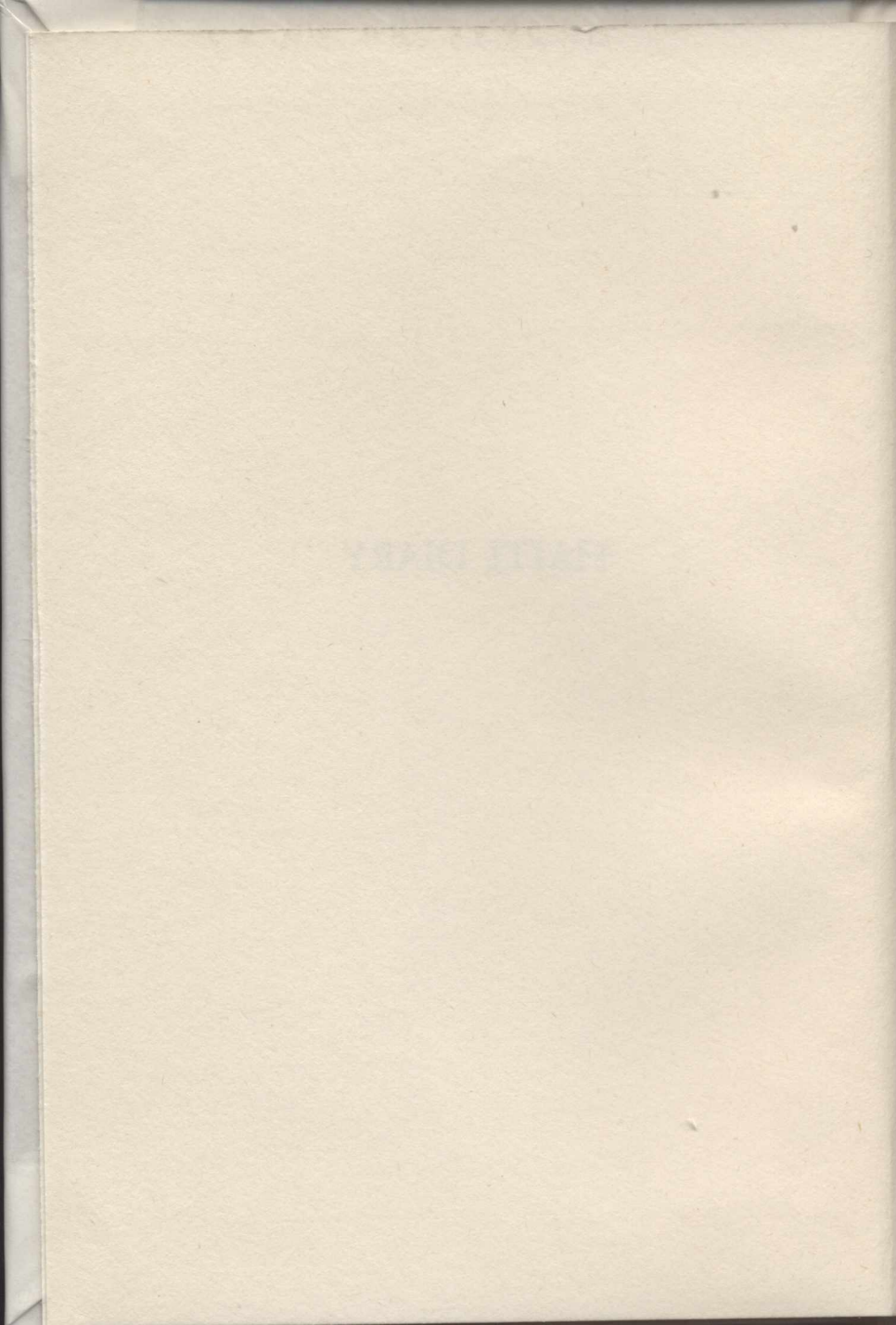


RES

KATHLEEN SPELL

COMPILED FROM
THE LETTERS OF
PAUL ORJALA

HAITI DIARY



Haiti Diary

The intimate story of a modern young missionary couple's
first two years in a foreign country.

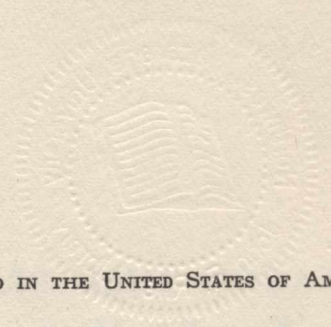
Compiled from the letters of Paul Orjala and
edited by

Kathleen Spell

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A faint, circular embossed seal is visible in the lower half of the page. It features a central shield with a stylized open book, surrounded by a circular border containing text.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO ALLINE

With all my love,
Carol

EDITOR'S NOTE

HAITI DIARY has been compiled from the letters of Paul Orjala, young missionary to Haiti. Paul, with his young wife, Mary, arrived in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, in the fall of 1950 to take over the native work which had become affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene in 1948. The intimate record of a pioneer missionary's first struggling years is best recorded in his daily journal or in his personal letters to those closest to him back home.

In compiling the diary from the letters, very few changes have been necessary. The dates are all authentic. Deletion of certain items of purely personal interest was necessary of course. Space restrictions dictated other omissions. Diary form required an occasional change of word, and in a few rare instances an abridgment in the editor's words was thought expedient for the sake of brevity.

The editor is indebted to Paul's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Orjala, of San Diego, California, for graciously lending her letters from Paul; and to Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt, general foreign missions secretary of the Church of the Nazarene, for giving access to the file of Paul's letters to the missions office.

Special thanks are due to Paul for allowing his letters to be used. A more modest and unassuming young man it would be difficult to find, and he was apparently somewhat startled at the request for the use of his letters. His answer indicates his attitude: "About the idea of a reading book composed of our letters—we never dreamed that there was a chance of our becoming notorious at such a tender age! How would we ever be able to face the world when we are back in the States on furlough? . . . We are not opposed to the idea . . . but since we

didn't write them originally for open publication we would . . . like to check them over . . . before they get out into the wide, wide world. . . . Just be sure that you keep the adjectives concerning our work and problems fairly mild because we are really not making any sacrifices and we actually haven't done much."

And so the intimate picture of a modern young pioneer missionary couple is presented with the thought that their first years in the field are somewhat typical, and the hope that through this means the reader may become more acutely aware of the prosaic and unheroic but nonetheless bitter struggles of all beginning missionaries.

K. S.

September, 1952

CHAPTER 1—" . . . up to our necks in official business"

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Aug. 26, 1950—We are getting more eager to sail every day. We feel so definitely that the Lord is preparing the way before us, and we are trusting in Him.

Sept. 11—The Lord has blessed us in the services we have held. We had wonderful services at Long Beach First Church yesterday. The offerings have been exceedingly generous and interest responses great.

We are getting more and more anxious to take up our work in Haiti, and our burden for the people is growing.

Sept. 24—We are anxiously waiting to begin our service in Haiti, studying French in our free moments. We are sensing more and more the Lord's direction and presence as plans are materializing.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

Oct. 4—Arrived safely in Port-au-Prince yesterday noon.

After we had gone through customs we looked for Mr. E—— [national leader of our young work in Haiti which the Orjalas went to superintend], but no one had heard of him or seen him. Went to the American Embassy, where we were directed to the hotel Mon Reve ("My Dream"), formerly a private dwelling converted into a small hotel catering to people who wish to stay on a longer visit than most tourists.

Prices are about half that of the tourist hotels, which is still high enough—\$4.00 per person per day on the American plan.

Called Mr. Jack Scott, whose mother-in-law we had met in Kansas last spring. He invited us to his lovely home for dinner that night and we gave him the "third degree" with our questions all evening.

Among other things he suggested that we check with the immigration office as soon as possible for obtaining a residence visa, which the New Orleans consul said we could obtain without any difficulty after we arrived.

Oct. 5—At the immigration office we were told that the consul should have obtained a residence visa for us before we left the U.S.A. Have written the minister of foreign affairs to straighten things out. Have also written the minister of religion to check on the official standing of our church with the government.

So, at least we have the slow-moving machinery in motion.

This coming Sunday is the day for presidential election. Our hotel is just across the street from the presidential palace and other government buildings. We may have a box seat for the fireworks—political or otherwise.

Yesterday afternoon we found E——'s address on a map and went to visit him. E—— claimed that he was at the airport at the time we arrived and waited until two more flights had come later that afternoon. [Later they learned that Mr. E—— had thought they were to arrive on October 2 instead of October 3.] We had a good time of fellowship and prayer with him and his brother. It took us a few minutes to accustom ourselves to his "English," but we understood his spirit from the start.

To date we have spent \$241.52 of the \$250 for travel expense. In Shreveport we held five services, one on Haiti.

It is more and more evident that it is almost imperative that we have some means of transportation—taxi service is the only means of transport in the city and is *most* undependable.

We are encouraged. It will not be easy, but it is not easy anywhere. We feel that we are in the center of God's will and that puts God "on the spot" in a sense, as long as we obey Him and follow His directions. We plan to learn Creole first and then work also on French.

The welcome service last night was very nice—spirit was very good. We sensed that most of those who called themselves Christians really knew the Lord. The local W.F.M.S. ladies gave Mary two baskets of roses. The people were very friendly.

Friday we go to our out station in the suburbs of P.-au-P. [Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti]. Population of P.-au-P. is about 150,000.

I'm sure we will love it here. After we get our residence visa, the next thing will be to get a house.

Oct. 7—Except for mosquito bites we are O.K. It is quite hot but we don't get outside into the sun unless we have to. Mary has been a little homesick, I think. I have not had much of a chance to be yet—with so many new things to see and learn. However, the U.S.A. does mean more to us than before we left it last Tuesday morning.

This a.m. Mr. E—— came over to our hotel to give me some information. He has things much better organized than I had supposed. Has about 15 different congregations in Haiti if I understood him correctly as I took down the localities and preachers' names. He has a school for children here in P.-au-P. and one in the north at Gonaives.

Houses are rather hard to get—so it may take us a while. Our hotel is nothing grand or large, but

very adequate. Food is good but very different. We can hardly get ourselves to drink Haitian coffee. The variety of dishes has been excellent. We have especially enjoyed the avacados. Have had mangos and papayas and pineapple locally grown. Last night had delicious steaks.

Oct. 9—Election day is over—with lots of activity. All day long crowds were gathered all over the city in political frenzy for Col. Paul E. Magloire, who is certain to be elected. Haven't even heard the other candidate's name. Magloire was the head of the junta government that ran the country from last May until this *first popular* election for a president.

Saturday evening I visited the Methodist missionary and his wife to get the book on learning Creole which he wrote. Drove through town where we saw long lines of men standing in the rain to vote.

This morning I had another conference with Mr. E—. He has worked with terrific odds against him. He is a very exceptional man, and he does have his faults, and he is a Haitian—but I am sure he will develop into the best type of native leader. We are very much encouraged.

Oct. 11—We are (scratch, scratch!) both fine (scratch, scratch!) except for the mosquito (scratch, scratch!) bites. The old-timers say that they (the mosquitoes) are just here for a short time—which must be true, because almost none of the houses have screens or glass windows—just a hole in the wall, plain or with lattice or grill work.

We feel so funny when we have labored to make ourselves understood in our 10-word (or more) French vocabulary and the person to whom we are speaking answers us in English! We are studying a book on Creole by a Methodist missionary, so soon

we might be able to get along fairly well in Creole (which everyone here speaks), if we study hard. It seems to be much easier than French—sort of “Pidgin French” with a few English, Spanish and African words. We are trusting the Lord to help us.

Oct. 13—Our faith is high. We are expecting the Lord to do even greater things in the future than He has in the past. The Lord has been so good to us in protecting us from harm and expense and in giving His rich blessings.

Oct. 15—Have been house-hunting. Studying Creole in our spare time. Haven’t made appreciable headway in Creole, but then we’ve only been studying it a week or so. We’ll let French wait until later.

Have contacted some missionaries—Wallace Turnbull and his wife, who are just about our age, were married just a few months after we were, and have a 16-months-old boy. They invited us to their place for the evening and dinner. They live out from town 15 miles quite high in the mountains—about 4,000 feet I believe.

After dinner we sat around the table and talked about all the characters who live in P.-au-P. (supposed to be some former Nazis here) and voodoo. Very interesting. (Drums going now, I can hear.)

This a.m. we had our first baptismal service. They all wore white gowns over old clothes and it was quite a spectacle. The worst thing was that it started raining when they were half through and everyone got pretty soaked. Back at the church afterwards, we officially received the baptized Christians as members of the church.

We are praying about our relations with E—. We’re going to have to “crack down” on his idea of the abundance of our American money. There are also other problems.

Oct. 18—I have often wondered what it would mean to actually face the situation of losing my means of livelihood or being estranged from my wife because I chose the Lord's way for my life. Theoretically, in entire consecration I have passed through such a decision. And actually, God has worked out my life in such a way that my work and my life partner are a part of His plan. But two of our Haitian women have faced such problems this week and have chosen God's way.

Baptism in Haiti is of utmost importance as the final witness that the convert has cut off all ties with Catholicism and Voodooism. One man attacked his wife with a hammer when she returned from baptism. We are praying that these who are suffering persecution for righteousness' sake may remain true to the Lord, and that their testimony may help win others to the Lord.

Mary surprised and pleased the congregation recently by speaking a few words in Creole, which we have been studying in our spare time.

Gas—42c gal. (regular).

We have tramped over nearly every section of P.-au-P. and still have not found a suitable house. It seems they have either hovels or mansions—very little in between.

The ship with our goods will probably be delayed due to the hurricane.

Oct. 24—We have both been quite sick with some kind dysentery, probably from the water the doctor said. Mary got hit first, starting with diarrhea a week ago Sunday, but it cleared up somewhat until last Thursday when her main siege began. Mary didn't go to church Thursday night and I came down hard with it on Friday. Saturday and Sunday we were both quite sick, and I ran quite a temperature—103°-104°.

Saturday night my temperature came down quite a bit. It seemed that the Lord was definitely helping—particularly to give us strength to do what we needed to do yesterday. Aren't completely over it yet, but we're so much better, and we have a little strength now. The people who run this hotel where we are staying have been very nice to us in helping us, etc. They say that this dysentery is not serious and is very common among new arrivals in Haiti. One gradually builds up a resistance to it. And next time we'll know and be able to check it with our medicine before it gets too advanced. So there's nothing to worry about—now that we know what the score is.

Thursday we looked at a house and made arrangements for renting it. It is new and is quite nice judging by Haitian standards. Has a bathroom with a shower and toilet but no washbowl, so we made him agree to put in a washbowl before we moved in—since this will probably also be our sink too for a while. Practically no Haitian house is built with a sink in it. They wash things outside and cook in an outside kitchen with charcoal.

Also made the landlord agree to paint the ceilings—a thought that had never once entered his head! Haitian houses have not one stick of built-in closets or shelves. It is the cheapest house we have seen that we could live in—\$60.00 a month plus water and electricity and gas. It has 2 bedrooms, one of which we can use for an office and study.

E— went down with me Friday to help me make my declaration. [Customs.] He got some man down there to try to help me. The declaration form was in French, English and Spanish, and so I could easily have filled it out by myself. Mr. E— and the man insisted on my writing down items that I knew were wrong. I protested, but I figured that they ought to know something about it. Then I got

suspicious and wondered if the man were a broker. I told E—— to ask him how much he was going to charge me to help me through customs. He said "\$10.00." (He later came down to \$8.00.) That did it. I got a duplicate copy of the form I had filled out and picked up all my papers and left. The Turnbulls [the young missionary couple] helped us. We couldn't have gotten through customs for days without their help. And besides, we were both sick. They typed our papers and filled them out properly and turned them in for us. Then Monday, the Lord gave us special strength and they took us down in the morning and got us through customs in three hours! They knew the director quite well and also knew the inspector who checked our stuff. It cost us only \$2.93! Everyone, even the Turnbulls, were very much surprised at how easily we got through. Of course, it was the Lord!

Well, things are brighter looking now, even if we aren't all well yet. Our stuff is up at the house, and we can at least imagine ourselves unpacking it. Now to get a good maid to help Mary, and a yard boy!

Oct. 28—I'm going to try to get some lumber and build some items of furniture, like closets and drawers for our bedroom and kitchen. The rest of the furniture will have to wait, I guess, until we can afford to have it made or buy it outright. The furniture made here is of beautiful mahogany, but the styling is both uncomfortable and ridiculous. I wouldn't be caught dead in some of it. They think any queer angle they can use gives style—comfort is completely out of their line. American-made furniture is out of reach.

Good news—avacados are only one cent each; bad news—all American foods sell at about two times or more than the price in the States: oleo, 50 cents

a pound; coffee, \$1.50 a pound; small can tuna or salmon, 70 cents; milk, 20 cents a quart.

Have ordered 2 rugs of matting and that should begin to help the cement floor problem. We might have them by Christmas—who knows!

Are practically over the dysentery, but we are still a little weak.

CHAPTER 2—“*. . . still in the dark as to everything that is said*”

Oct. 30—Roads here really aren't roads, they are mule trails with accessories.

Our strength is slowly increasing after the dysentery, but we are not quite up to par yet. The Lord is blessing us personally and there seems to be a good spirit in the services though we are still quite in the dark as to everything that is said. But we feel that God is leading and preparing the way before us.

Nov. 4—We are both feeling fine now. We take a little nap every day and try not to have to be in the full sun too often at midday. We just have to take it a little bit easier here until we get adjusted to the climate—which actually means that we'll have to get used to going slower permanently while we are in Haiti.

The other day a taxi driver tried to overcharge me, thinking I was an American tourist; but I just stood there waiting until he gave me the proper change. When he gave me the change, he said, “You're not an American, you're French!” and the only French word I had said was “ici” (here) indicating where I wanted him to stop.

Have borrowed a table and 2 rocking chairs from the landlord until we can find some chairs and a table.

Friday morning the refrigerator we ordered from Firestone was installed, and we should have the apartment-sized gas stove in a week or two, as soon as they get a shipment. [They actually waited two months.]

We have many nice plants and flowers. Orange colored cosmos almost grow wild in some places. We have the plain sanseveria growing practically wild in our back yard on the edge of the ravine. Have potted a few plants to put in the house. There are many plants grown here for their colored leaves, many I've seen in florists but don't know the names of. The crotans come in all shades and styles of leaves. I've gotten slips of about 6 or 7 kinds of crotans from the hotel proprietor where we stayed. I hope they grow.

I've made cabinets (?) out of 3 crates and boxes so that we have one in the kitchen for dishes, etc., one in the dining room for linens, and one in the bedroom for our clothes. Also I've made a bookcase.

I have planed off the shutters so that even Mary can open and close most of them.

We are planning a conference of all of our preachers in Haiti. It will start one night and end the next night with four services—evening, morning, afternoon, and evening. We are planning this conference in lieu of an immediate trip to visit all the churches, so that we can get acquainted with the preachers and try to get some spiritual and instructional ideas across to them. We don't plan to tour all the churches until we have the jeep.

Since the Gospel of Luke is the only Creole scripture available from the American Bible Society so far, Mary and I are making a special study of Luke so that we will be all the more familiar with the text. We are following the plan I suggested to the church people of reading one chapter every day

for a week. We are reading a different translation every day, and one day I supply the translation from my Greek Testament. [Paul taught beginning Greek in Nazarene Theological Seminary while taking his work there.]

One thing E—— surely needs, and I'm sure the other preachers also, is a careful study of the Scriptures. Not that he hasn't studied the Scriptures—but he sometimes gives the most outlandish interpretations of Scriptures. He has inherited some customs and forms from the church in which he was converted, like women always wearing hats in church, and always repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison after a season of united prayer in every service. And he always uses the same form in every service. The first time that we are going to depart from that is in this conference in which I will be in charge—what a revolution! Man! how we wish we knew Creole—it's almost impossible to explain some things in English to E——.

Nov. 13—The jeep will have 10 per cent duty. Duty is one of the chief sources of revenue of the Haitian government.

Well, we are now the proud possessors of a servant girl. Ugh! Give us the good old U.S.A. where we can do our own work! But the little girl we have hired to do our laundry and other miscellaneous work seems like she will be very helpful when Mary gets her trained. Her name is Oxane Nazaire, and she says that she is 14 years old, though she looks about 10 or 12. We pay her \$4 a month and give her room and board. So far, about all she has done for us is wash dishes and go to the store. She speaks no English so we (Mary in particular) are learning Creole fast—at least the words we need to tell her what to do.

Were invited to the Scotts for dinner Saturday night and had a very nice time. They have the nicest piano I have played in Haiti—only one key, a low F in the bass, sticks; and the touch is very even—but my fingers are really getting stiff. [Paul was "Showers of Blessing" pianist for about two years.]

Our landlord has been nice to us. Saturday he went with me to the open market and we got some furniture: a kitchen table for \$2, a table for ironing, \$.70, five Haitian chairs at \$.60 each, a wicker clothes hamper for \$.70.

We are both feeling well.

Nov. 15—We do thank the Lord for the way He is working out all of our problems.

Sometimes we wish we had come to a country that spoke one of the languages we have studied, as Spanish, because we would be getting along quite well already. We are trusting the Lord to help us learn both languages well enough to be able to get the gospel message across to the people effectively.

Nov. 18—We'll have to take a trip to the mountains after the jeep arrives so we can use the heater!

Mary is measuring for curtains.

We have practically no fog or cloudy weather here. We have clouds when it rains and a few fleecy ones usually blow down from the mountains every day, but otherwise the skies are usually quite clear like a warm summer day. We try not to be out in the sun too much at midday because of the heat, but mornings and evenings are just wonderful.

Haitian money: 100 centimes equals 1 gourde, 5 gourdes equals 1 dollar U.S.

Half the time we don't know what our directions are exactly in P.-au-P. because none of the streets

(except those in a small section downtown) run in a straight line. They all turn and twist and with the heavy traffic on such narrow streets it is a wonder that half the peasants aren't killed each year—there are remarkably few accidents, and pedestrians do not have right of way. The cars honk at every intersection to let any approaching car or pedestrian know that they are coming. The taxis honk at every likely-looking prospect to let him know a taxi is coming his way. There are traffic cops at about a half dozen corners and it is remarkable how they keep traffic progressing just by gestures.

We haven't seen a newspaper since we moved into our house (except a glance at last Saturday's paper from Miami while at the Embassy last week), so we hardly know what is going on. We haven't much time to listen to the radio, and the only stations on which we get good reception are Haitian and French. (We also get Dominican Republic stations fairly well in Spanish.)

Had quite an experience today. A taxi driver tried to overcharge us and wouldn't give me the right change back. So I told him to take us down to the police station (we were in the courtyard of the American Embassy), so he acted like he was going to and drove us out of the Embassy grounds. But he stopped at the gate to argue with us and to try to get a man nearby to agree with him. But the man smiled because he knew we were right. I just said, "Take us to the police station," and he wouldn't because he knew that his license would be revoked if the police caught him overcharging. He swore at us and gave us the proper change. In a way, we look at it as a joke, but such instances which almost every tourist experiences make him never want to return to Haiti. The rates are set by law, but they still try to overcharge a foreigner. It is all just part

of the total economic pattern which we are gradually getting used to.

There are very few stores in Haiti which have a fixed price on their goods, and their prices are quite high. In Haiti it is just assumed that the seller doesn't hope to get the first price he asks and the buyer also doesn't hope to get the item for his first offer. Except for a stranger or tourist, both the buyer and seller know what the price should be, but it is a game to see which will hold out the longest or get the best of the bargain.

Once you know what prices should be, it isn't bad to bargain. I've tried it just for fun in the open market and have gotten the price down to what it should be with little trouble. When they say their first price, I emphatically say, "Tropcher" (Creole for "too much" or literally "too dear"). Then the next stage comes when they ask what I'll give for it. They refuse my price and I start to walk away—their price comes down farther and farther as I go farther away. When they hit my price, I turn around and look interested and buy. But they usually have 2 prices, one for Haitians and one for Americans, so it is better to have a servant buy for you since they can always get things cheaper if they are good at bargaining.

We are thinking of getting a cook who can market for us and save us money. We can get a good cook for \$8.00 or \$10.00 a month, and then we wouldn't have to get a gas stove immediately, since they cook on charcoal. We just wish the culture pattern was such that we could do it all ourselves, but here you just can't. There are no vegetable markets, no 5 and 10 stores—each shop carries a different stock, in many cases, and you have to "learn" each individual store. We're not complaining—it's very interesting to us.

Nov. 21—It is very difficult to extract financial data from Mr. E——, or any exact statistical data. When we do not get the desired information one time we try another approach and a second or third time. I believe it is largely because he does not understand exactly what information we are after. I'm sure that he suspects our motives to some extent, and hence he is somewhat "cagey" about giving us personal information even when he does understand what we want to some extent.

It takes so long to do everything here. Scarcely anyone goes by the clock—or calendar for that matter.

It will be a long, hard road ahead for many years before a thorough foundation can be rebuilt here. But we know that this is the Lord's work, and His interest in it far exceeds ours. We know that we are depending on One who will not fail.

Nov. 24—Activities which we hope to begin in the near future: A Bible training school or program for our preachers; a literacy campaign in every congregation (to teach the people to read Creole), and the production of printed aids in Creole (for Sunday School and church). This may seem like a big program, but we read in Luke 1:37, "With God nothing shall be impossible"!

Nov. 25—There is a Haitian fable that all Americans are made of money!

The work here could blow up at any time according to the disposition of Mr. E——. But in view of his actions and attitudes in the past, we do not believe that this is probable. But Mr. E—— is a very difficult person to figure out; he is a Haitian, but in addition he has some personality quirks of his own. We are, however, depending on the Lord for wisdom and guidance—and He is helping us.

CHAPTER 3—" . . . the Lord is supplying all our needs . . ."

Nov. 26—On Thanksgiving we decided to splurge and buy an American frozen chicken, which we had heard were really wonderful compared to the scrawny, tough Haitian fowl. So we ordered a chicken, and also a pumpkin pie from the same place which caters to Americans. Thanksgiving Day noon I went to collect these items and they hadn't been able to get the frozen chickens out of customs yet, so I took the pie home with me, having made arrangements for the chicken to be delivered as soon as it arrived. They thought they could deliver the chicken in the early afternoon, but at about 4:30 in the afternoon it finally made its way up the hill to our house. That was too late for us to have it for dinner and get to the church for prayer-meeting by 7:15, so we decided to eat a little piece of pumpkin pie for dinner that evening and re-celebrate Thanksgiving Day the next day with chicken dinner at noon. And so we did. Mary fried the chicken to perfection—it was out of this world, so tender and tasty. The whole dinner was just right and we really enjoyed it.

Mary is figuring out our account and she just read off two figures which demonstrate the topsy-turvy economics of Haiti, \$1.65 for a rubber sponge and sieve from Firestone, and \$1.40 for 3 Haitian-made chairs. Of course, there is a difference in quality, but probably many more man-hours went into making the chairs. Well, that's Haiti.

Now have the house fairly well organized. The living room is absolutely bare, but we want to wait until we can get some permanent furniture for it—we don't use it now anyway, probably because it has no furniture!

Our bedroom has the clothes closet I made out of the crate which had our springs and mattress in it, a clothes cabinet with 3 shelves, a rush rug 6 by 10 feet and a couple of throw rugs, our bed with a counter at the head made up of four foot-lockers stacked two deep and covered with some old drapes I had at P.C. [Pasadena College.] (On this counter are our radio, records, books, Kleenex, etc.)

The dining room has Mary's sewing machine, a 9 by 12 rush rug, a table and four chairs. The table is taberneau (somewhat like mahogany but usually finished lighter) which I got for \$10, and the chairs are Haitian (picturesque but irregular styling with rush bottoms and all unpainted) which I got for 60c each at the open market. I plan to paint them.

The bathroom is practically complete now. Mary put up little curtains of dotted swiss (?) (with the fuzzy dots). We also have a Haitian clothes hamper of bamboo strips and a foot-locker which has our medicines, etc., in it.

The kitchen has the refrigerator, a cabinet for dishes and food, a table, a linen cabinet on top of which is our two-burner hot plate and a cannister set we got at Firestone for only \$2.00.

After we get the jeep and can haul things, I will get some lumber and 3-ply and make Mary some permanent closets and cupboards and see if the carpenter in me will really come out. If I were to judge by Haitian standards, I am already a master carpenter. There are good Haitian technicians, but they are few and far between. Any guy that begs, borrows, or steals a hammer and saw calls himself a carpenter.

Mary is having quite a time training our little girl, Oxane, but she is learning. Who? Mary or the girl? I guess both. Really, I think Oxane is quite intelligent, but they all have to be watched and directed.

Finding enough time for everything is a problem here because it takes so much longer to do everything. We haven't gotten as much out of our French lessons as we ought because we haven't had enough time to study. And we seem to require a little more sleep which shortens the evenings. We also usually try to take a little nap after lunch too; if we don't we sometimes get a headache in the later afternoon. We try not to walk in the sun for a very long time around noon; that also gives a headache. We hope that we will soon get acclimated so that we can be a little more energetic.

We now have four African violet plants.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new jeep. We are anxious to get out into the country and see what the other churches and preaching points are like, so we can have a better idea of the total work and need here.

We now may order an accordion. A man in Ohio gives missionaries a special offer of \$175 for any of his accordions up to around \$500, so we are getting a letter off to him tomorrow with a \$175 check from our equipment fund. I am already working on ideas of accordion arrangements. [Paul and Mary are excellent musicians.]

Really Haiti is a very small country; you can drive to any point from P.-au-P. in a day or less.

We would especially like some good tomato seeds. Man! but we'd like to sink a fang into a juicy, home-grown tomato! The soil here is quite rocky, but some of it is fairly rich. We can hire a boy to dig it up for a very cheap price.

We had a good service at church this a.m. It seems that two services are almost too much for us to take now. After the four services of the conference for the national preachers, I was just about done-up.

We were very much satisfied with the conference in many respects; we found out about the state of some of the churches and the problems and possibilities, and we got acquainted with four new preachers. We are going to have to visit some of them just as soon as possible as some groups are doing their utmost to proselyte and discourage the people from staying with their preachers.

Got word that Mr. Reza (our former Spanish teacher and now editor of Spanish publications for the church in Kansas City) drove our jeep from Kansas City to New Orleans where it is awaiting shipment to Haiti. We may have it in a few weeks, we hope.

Dec. 2—This afternoon I began teaching our little servant girl to read Creole, with an ulterior motive—so that I can learn some Creole from her and the government Creole primer. She is quite intelligent, and I hope soon to learn enough Creole so that I can introduce her to the Lord Jesus.

Dec. 3—Today is the two-months anniversary of our arrival in Haiti. In some ways it seems longer than that. An awful lot has happened, and the change between here and the States was quite radical. We are getting to like it here more and more as we get better acquainted with the country and people.

As soon as the jeep comes, we will run out to the Damien Agricultural School and get some of the plants we have planned to put in. The first priority is for a hedge in front to give us privacy when we want to start using our porch, and a hedge along the side to keep out the stray chickens and turkeys that we are forever chasing out of our back yard. With just a little water almost anything will grow like a weed in Haiti—in fact most growing things are weeds.

Since we have been here, except for a few hours during rains, we have had only about three days of cloudy weather in a row. The rest of the time it has been like summer in the Midwest, beautiful mornings and evenings and hot in the sun at noon. We couldn't ask for better weather really.

Flash—we've had an addition to the family—yes, the Scotts brought "Toby" to us tonight and we're getting used to our adopted dawg. He is very fat and cute, all black except for his white shoes and vest. We can't decide whether "Toby" is from "toby or not toby" or just plain short for Tobias.

At the time of the first preachers' conference, November 15, 1950, there were reported thirteen congregations and two preaching points in Haiti, fourteen preachers, and two teachers (elementary schools held in the churches at P.-au-P. and Gonaives with twenty-seven pupils each). Only three of the preachers have had more than an elementary school education. All read and write both French and Creole with varying degrees of skill. The total reported membership in all congregations is 734.

We hope the jeep arrives this week, otherwise I will have to go up to Gonaives with E—— in a native bus next Sunday. And that would really be an adventure. Native buses carry everything—human beings, chickens, goats, vegetables and wares to sell in the market. They are trucks with a series of plank seats, sides, and roof built on, and gaily decorated with different patterns in paint. In the jeep, we could drive up Sunday a.m. in 3 or 4 hours; we would have to leave Saturday noon if we go on the "camion."

The citrus fruits here are interesting. They are all picked green, I guess, as Mary says, so that you can get them before your neighbor does. All have an overabundance of seeds. There are limes (and

some lemons)—the Haitians seldom distinguish between them. There is the “shaddock” [English name], sort of a cross between an orange and grapefruit in flavor. I like them very much, but they are sometimes a little sour for Mary or perhaps bitter.

Other fruits we have here are bananas, mangos and papayas in season, pineapple, and corossol (sweetsop or custard apple) and soursop (like corossol but smaller and not so flavorful). The corossol has the most refreshing flavor. You mash the fruit into a pulp, strain to get the seeds and fibers out, and use the remainder (like strained apple sauce) to make a drink like lemonade or to make ice cream. For ice cream we just add sugar and a little milk with perhaps a few drops of vanilla. It makes the creamiest, richest tasting ice cream you ever ate with the most refreshing flavor.

Dec. 4—Monday morning—the orange tomatoes are up, but no yellow ones yet.

Dec. 8—In spite of, and probably because of, the difficulties we face, we sense the Lord’s presence and guidance. And that’s enough. [Mary was ill.]

Dec. 10—Sunday afternoon. The lettuce and tomatoes are both quite healthy in spite of the fact that a chicken stepped in the box once and the puppy once too. I’m sure that anything will grow in Haiti, if you give it a little water.

The peas here look like good old American peas on the outside of the hull, but when they are shelled you can see that they are smaller and harder, probably because they aren’t picked at the right time. After they’re cooked they are even worse, so we only use them for cream of pea soup, which is good, with onions for flavor. Yum!

The puppy is getting along okay, used to us and

the house by now. But I'm afraid he's a little too young to house-break. I've really got him cowed when I talk rough to him. But he's awfully cute—naughty and nice at the same time. Right now he's at the stage where he wants to chew up everything. We just try to keep everything out of his reach—including our hands and fingers. He has a plastic bracelet to chew on, but he prefers live meat.

Dec. 15—Urgent need for a visit to Gonaives to improve the morale of the people in the churches in that area.

Finding the work here so much more extensively developed than we had supposed, we might easily have asked for a much larger budget. And we may not be able to hold our own on the budget we have asked for. But we would rather suffer an initial setback than to overspend in assisting preachers and churches financially. We are confident that the Lord will direct.

Honestly, if we didn't know that the Lord is on our side and we on His, we would have quit this business trying to obtain a permanent visa long ago. But now it's getting to be humorous.

We got word today that the reason why we don't have our jeep is that it is being held up in New Orleans until they get a permit to send it here.

Very exasperating here! This noon (and noon is not their busiest time) it took me almost an hour to deposit two checks from Kansas City on our checking account. I had to go to five separate places to five different men to deposit those two checks, and I had to go to one of them twice. It's no wonder that we can't get much done when it takes so much time to do everything. But we're almost used to it now. If I have to go to town to get mail, mail letters, and do business at the bank, I just don't plan on doing anything else that a.m.

I'm taking a trip with E—— in the "camion" [bus] to Gonaives this week end. I need to go up there for the sake of the morale of the people who have been suffering from the group who have told them that we were not going to stay in Haiti but were going back to the United States and other stories. The "camion" is a truck with benches built on it and a roof. They are usually gaily painted with fancy lettering for the name and destination of the bus. But, my aching clavicle! and it will be aching by the time we get to Gonaives. We will have several services on Sunday, including a baptismal service, and return early Monday morning (about two or three), arriving in P.-au-P. about dawn (six or seven). That's when I'll have circles under the circles under my eyes. But I am anxious to make the trip. I will be able to meet several preachers who could not get down here for the preachers' conference last month, as well as seeing the situation up there.

I'll take some chocolate bars with me and some dysentery pills, drink only bottled pop or cocoanut milk, and take a shot of adrenaline before each meal! Really, I don't think it will be so bad—it will be quite an adventure. I hope to get some good pictures.

Our dawg is quite a puppy. Sometimes we think he's learning to be housebroken, and then sometimes—well he's just a *little* puppy. But he's doing better, we think. But he's awfully cute. Can he ever use his eyes! And his tail gets a continuous workout. He has a few destructive tendencies. Our servant girl brought us some cannas to plant and we left them under the faucet until I could get them into the ground. Well, Toby makes the great discovery and, whammo, he latches onto a nice juicy fat canna and begins stripping the leaves down. It probably would have been okay for him if he didn't get caught, but the silly little puppy brings the thing he's chew-

ing on right into the room where I'm typing letters and gives the canna the works practically under my feet. I suddenly became aware of the world around me and, whammo, puppy gets a resounding whack, drops the shredded foliage and scampers away with his head looking back over his shoulder as if to say, "Whadija hit me for?" Well, it's a dog's life—for the dog owner!

Had to put the seed flat on legs to keep the puppy and chickens out. My next problem is to devise some fencing to keep both named animals away from them when they are planted in the ground.

CHAPTER 4—" . . . a good Christmas season . . . "

Dec. 22—I made a trip up to Gonaives last week end, and it was very interesting to see the Haitian countryside—so different from this urban area. The homes were so neat and clean, even if the houses were all mud-plastered sticks with thatched roofs, just like pictures of Africa. The fields of sugar cane, sisal, millet, maize, bananas, and cotton were very interesting to observe since there is little mechanized farm equipment here. We have the most beautiful little whitewashed mud church with thatched roof just ten miles outside Gonaives.

Took quite a few colored slides. We're hoping to build up a series of a couple of hundred first-rate colored slides on all phases of Haitian life to use on deputation work on our furlough in the States. There is enough charm and local color here that we should be able to collect a very interesting as well as informative series.

The Lord certainly is helping us. He has kept us from some serious mistakes which other missionaries have made, partly by getting us informed about

their mistakes. We have made friends with quite a number of missionaries here and also businessmen who have helped us in a number of ways. The most important thing for us now is to learn French and Creole quite thoroughly. When we have done that to a sufficient degree, we'll be able to make tremendous strides in developing this mission field, because then we can begin intensive training of preachers who can go out and build up the churches. We are depending on the Lord for guidance and wisdom.

Dec. 23—Last night we had chayote-au-gratin, mashed potatoes, sirloin steak, sliced tomatoes, corossol ice cream and cookies—pretty good menu, eh! We have steak about twice a week—just small pieces—because it is only 40c a pound. Hamburger which we have more often is only 28c a pound. But anything imported from the U.S.—wow! bacon at a dollar a pound, ground black pepper at 50c for one of those small containers.

Beef is the only meat we eat here. Pork isn't too safe from what we hear, nor lamb and mutton, I suppose. We have pretty good garlic down here too. I wonder how we smell to our friends?

Man! could we ever use Tommy and Lucky [the horses of Paul's sister and brother-in-law]—Haitian horses have as much spirit as a rag rug; you have to beat them constantly to keep them going.

Dec. 24—The tomatoes and lettuce have not yet been set out because I haven't figured a way to keep them from the perils of the field, but I'll have to put them out this coming week because they are so big. Maybe I'll just harvest them in the flat!

We haven't bought each other anything for Christmas yet. We have already spent some of our Christmas money for needs here on the field for which we

have no budget funds. It seems like emergencies are always coming up. The wife of one of our preachers needed to come here to the hospital for medical assistance during the last couple of weeks of her pregnancy. The preacher at Gonaives (Canal Bois) needed a new saddle blanket for his horse and repairs on the saddle. Of course, we can't give money for everything, but sometimes there are things that are really necessary. We're very careful how we spend both the mission money and ours too. In fact, in some quarters here we have a reputation for being stingy! But that's good—it has scared away some mercenary preachers who wanted to join us.

Yesterday morning I was writing letters and Mary yelled from one of the front windows that there was a "marchande" [street vendor] in front of the house with Christmas trees. We had given up the idea of a Christmas tree (even though we have our lights and decorations with us) because we hadn't seen nor heard about any at all. But here were some peasants who had brought them in from miles away in the "Foret des Pins" ("Forest of Pines") in the south toward the Dominican Republic border. I rushed out in front and began looking them over. I soon found a shapely little pine (no firs or spruce) and haggled the "marchande" down to 60c for it (4 feet 2 inches high). This morning we took it to church with us only to find that E—— had one already there gaily decorated with tinsel and balloons. So we brought it back home with us and decorated it in our dining room where it looks very much like Christmas. We have received about 70 Christmas cards. We're enjoying them so much.

I've had a sore throat for the past several days and today after getting home from church I felt sort of weak. So this afternoon I was in bed most of the

time and I feel better now. Gargling with hot salt water helps too.

Tonight we have a late Christmas service, as is traditional with the churches here. It will start at about ten and run until about midnight. At this service I will play the accordion for the first time (we got it out of customs Monday) for the accompaniment of the Christmas carols. Also, tonight I will use the slide projector in the church for the first time to show a roll on the birth of Christ. E—— will translate the English titles. He was very much impressed and delighted that we could have the pictures for the Christmas Eve services. He said it will be the first time for many of the people to see such a thing.

Dec. 27—We have had a good Christmas season with a late Christmas Eve service and children's program Christmas Day. We expect to have a blessed New Year's Eve watch-night service.

Dec. 29—The old year is almost finished! It's hard to realize all that has transpired in this past year, such a variety of experiences and radical changes. And the future—well, that's in God's hands too.

We really hit the jack-pot on Christmas cards this year—91 so far, and half of them from people we've never met.

We can buy the *New York Times* here just a day or two late; we get the week's news summary in *Time* and some nights, like tonight, we can get gulf state radio stations quite clear (because it's winter-time) and we got the 6 p.m. (E.S.T.) news very clearly from Tampa, Florida. We have some nice music on now—I'm writing with Mary across the table water-coloring flannelgraph figures. Toby has been bad, chewing up the rush rug, so he's been

locked up in the "den" and we hear him whining occasionally. We have our Christmas cards strung up around the dining room, and the Christmas tree lights are on. We are planning to have the Salvation Army captain and his wife here for New Year's dinner and treat them to an American spread with fried chicken. (They are Swiss.) We were at their house for Christmas dinner.

Wednesday evening we planted the 23 tomato plants and unnumbered lettuce plants in a plot back of the house that I dug up that morning. So far they are doing famously and I think almost all will live.

The mountains back of P.-au-P. aren't wooded except for a few sparce pines—they may originally have been wooded, but not now. But they are very beautiful and green. They are close to town—you could drive to Kenscoff in about 40 or 50 minutes. All along the highway poinsettia plants were brilliant with bloom. The peasants of Kenscoff grow truck-garden vegetables to sell in P.-au-P. and an American couple have quite a business growing flowers and flying them to the States for sale. It is much cooler up there—almost cold in the late afternoon.

We got Mary's lab result today and she is normal except for a slight red cell deficiency or slight anemia.

Jan. 5, 1951—We got an extension of our visa for a period of 60 days (until March 3) and we were told we can get one more extension only. It would not surprise me if we have spent a third or fourth of our time in and around government offices.

We are encouraged, and we sense the Lord's working. We are getting our teeth into the languages, but we haven't quite taken our first bite. We can make ourselves known, very painfully, in Creole and even occasionally in French. And we can get the

gist of most of the French that we read. But we find Spanish still easier occasionally when speaking with a few of our preachers and members who have lived in Dominican Republic or Cuba.

The New Year's Eve watch-night service went okay. We showed a filmstrip on Daniel in the lions' den, which I'm sure was a blessing to the people from their periodic "Amens." We prayed over the midnight hour. At the close of the service, the preachers individually expressed their New Year's greetings publicly to us. Mrs. E—— said that she hoped that God would give us a "babe" in the new year—which rather startled us—but which we fervently hope for.

Wednesday I went down to the immigrations office to get our visa renewed. It took all morning, and when I was three-fourths of the way through I discovered that they hadn't included Mary and found out that she had to get hers separately. So Thursday morning I took Mary down, and they finished hers up in about half the time—that's the way they are about white women down here. I think I'll get Mary to do all the business, and I'll stay home and cook!

It looks like we'll have to go over to Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, to get our residence visa, according to the Haitian law that a residence visa cannot be issued to someone who is in Haiti.

Mayonnaise is one of our extravagances (often we use just salad oil and lime juice)—it is 80c a pint, so we use it somewhat sparingly. A regular box of salt that I got today was 20c, just twice the price we used to pay in Kansas City.

Only one of the lettuce plants has died so far—it got broken off—all the rest of the lettuce and tomato plants are living. We now have four kinds of coleus plants.

The puppy is getting cuter all the time. We've almost got him so he doesn't chew on us except when he's excited.

Jan. 8—If we had the trained leaders we could do almost anything. As soon as we know enough Creole (late spring or early summer, we hope) we plan to start a Bible school—perhaps alternate semesters at P.-au-P. and Gonaives. We have opportunities for receiving independent churches all the time and new places opening up for starting congregations, but we're taking it easy until we "know the lay of the land." There have been too many sad experiences of groups in Haiti who tried to expand too fast.

We will have to balance evangelism with education in the right proportions, because public education is not available to all in Haiti. If we want our congregations to be able to read, we will have to be the ones to teach them or they won't be taught. We plan to have reading campaigns (to teach them to read the phonetic Creole script) as an integral part of the program of every church. The emphasis is that it is imperative for every Christian to learn to read.

Jan. 12—Last Sunday night we gave the people a real surprise. Mary took her violin for the first time and played a solo. The people really liked it. In fact, they like a solo instrument better than an accompanying one which plays harmony, especially the country folks. They're not quite used to harmony and I think it confuses them a little. They're also not used to singing in regular time. It just about drives us crazy sometimes, but we're getting used to it. We're just glad they don't know any more songs than they do so that when we teach them new ones we can teach them the right time and melody.

Tuesday Mrs. Scott brought us a forest of "paresseux" ("lazy") trimmings from their hedge.

I planted them five inches apart across the front of our lot. If they're kept wet, they should take root. We should have a good hedge by spring. I also stuck some hibiscus cuttings in the ground all along our north fence. So we may be able to landscape our house without buying anything.

Today was a very good market day. Oxane got: 12 eggs (.24), 2 cucumbers (.08), 1 cashima (.03), 4 shaddock (.04—like grapefruit), 2 bunches of radishes (.04), 9 tomatoes (.13), 5 onions (.05), 10 limes (.03), 2 bunches of carrots (.04), 1 pineapple (.12), 8 bananas (.08), 4 oranges (.02), 6 heads of loose-leaf lettuce (.06), and 3 tiny bundles of pitch wood for starting charcoal fires (.01). Of course, many of the fruits and vegetables are not up to the quality and size of the States. We pay Oxane \$6 a month total (\$4 plus 50c a week for food), that is 20c a day. We could never bargain for all those vegetables at the prices she got. And besides, she washes the dishes, washes some of the clothes, irons some, sweeps and dusts the house. But we don't work her too hard. She has had lots of free time, and we let her go home just about whenever she wants, especially at night.

We've worked out a schedule for ourselves (which we are having difficulty keeping) and we are actually getting in more language study. It's hard to keep a schedule because there are so many interruptions that change the day.

Got a \$90 check as Christmas present from some member of Long Beach First Church today. That's a lot! Well, the Lord knoweth what things ye have need of! We're not worried about anything. The care He's been taking of us is too good.

CHAPTER 5—"... can understand and use more Creole now"

Jan. 15—Our church in the north near Gonaives is situated out of town in the country district of Canal Bois. From P.-au-P. to Gonaives we traveled in a fairly modern bus, and to Canal Bois in a truck. Returning, we could not get a truck ride so we rode the 8 miles into town through the brilliantly moonlit countryside on a *spiritless* Haitian nag. From the front seat of a truck we got an excellent view of the central coast of Haiti as we returned to P.-au-P. the next morning over the 90 miles of rut-ridden, unpredictable Haitian "road."

The country church in Canal Bois was as pretty as a picture, surrounded on three sides by a neat vegetable garden and with a towering mango tree in front shading the clean-swept earth. Over 100 people crowded into the mud-walled, thatch-roofed sanctuary for the service. Preachers from this church hold services in four outstations regularly, so you see it is really a missionary church.

Jan. 19—Mrs. Scott gave us a whole stack of her rose cuttings which I have planted in a plot back of the house for rooting. If they all grow (which they won't, of course), we would have no room for anything else. This evening we had the first of the lettuce. No, it isn't really ready yet; but since we had none on hand from the market, we picked the biggest leaves and ate them—very good and tender. But the chickens and dogs just about have them all dug up or broken off.

Monday our little girl started to school and her mother started working for us. Mary can hardly find enough work for her to do. She does the dishes in less than half the time her daughter did and she irons

quite well. Of course, she has her faults, but as a whole it is quite an improvement.

Today we had an answer from the consul in Ciudad and found out we have to have a police record for the past ten years—so we've written to police departments in all cities we've lived in for ten years! We may get the residence visa yet. We found out the jeep is held up because the United States requires an export license for 4-wheel drive vehicles now. We may get the jeep yet!

We may start in a Creole class which is beginning February 1 to speed up our learning process.

Yesterday and today were special days of prayer. We're expecting God to answer.

Jan. 24—The missions department was very generous in giving us more than we asked for. [Requested appropriation for the mission work for the year 1951.] Now we hope we'll soon get the jeep and our residence visa so that we can stay around and spend it!

Jan. 26—Three months ago today we moved into our house—it seems much longer than that in some ways. The stove we ordered is here. We will buy it tomorrow and it will be delivered Monday. It will save lots of time and work to have four burners and an oven. We still haven't a stick of furniture in the front room, and I'm not going to do anything towards it until the jeep gets here—unless it is delayed indefinitely!

Taxis are different here. The driver picks up as many people as the taxi will hold all along the line and delivers the people in order. Sometimes it takes 15 or 20 minutes to get to a place where you could drive in 5, because there are other people already in the cab when you get in.

Mary was in the kitchen this morning and some tiny bits of cement started falling down from the

eaves. (Our kitchen has no ceiling, just open rafters, and corrugated aluminum roofing above and an open space between the wall and the eaves.) She looked up and there was a beetle crawling down the wall. He was only about 3 inches long. She called the yard boy who impaled him on a nail. He had two huge mandibles that would be good to pinch you with. We have aphids, scale, mealey bugs, cutworms—on plants and in the ground. I'm going to get some bug spray.

Right now our weather is like the best San Diego and Long Beach weather that there is. When it rains, it rains and quits and the sun comes out. There is usually a little wisp of a breeze and a few fleecy clouds in the sky. Lovely mornings and evenings. Just a few nights that we have wanted more than one blanket over us. We have no storms that amount to anything. We seldom have much wind. The storms are almost all dissipated by the time they pass Cuba. We live 500 or 600 feet above sea level.

We have drums every Saturday night and on holidays. They aren't always all voodoo drums but just the rhythm for their "Saturday night dances."

We have all the city noises (cars, sirens, ship horns in the harbor, radios too loud) plus chickens, roosters, and dogs with the addition also of street vendors' cries and chants.

We have to boil all our drinking water. Today a doctor told us that we should also boil our "pasteurized" milk to be safe.

We are starting a series of revival efforts in the Port-au-Prince area in which the people of the Central Church go out once a month to a different church to assist in evangelism. For February it is Merger, a crossroads to the west along the bay (10 miles from here). Ten miles sounds like just a short way, but once you get out of P.-au-P. you have left civilization.

Feb. 2—Wednesday the stove was delivered, and Mary is really enjoying it. Last night she baked some tart shells and filled them with something that tastes almost like spicy apple sauce. It was made from grenadine, a kind of melon, which our girl got us, for the first time. Very good! Of course Mary added some other things, like lime juice, etc., which the recipe called for.

Last Sunday we made a trip in the morning to Merger, about 10 miles from P.-au-P. It is just a tiny village on the side of a steep hill close to the bay shore (Port-au-Prince Bay). The place of worship is just a brush arbor, but the view of the bay and palm dotted landscape is magnificent.

We got there early and they sent a boy up a cocoanut tree to knock down some cocoanuts for us. A young boy deftly whacked off the outer husk, and cut a hole for us to drink the juice. We like it fairly well. It is clear, slightly sweet, and almost tastes carbonated. E—— can drink cocoanuts by the half-dozen. Two filled me up completely, and one Mary. We had a good service with over 50 people there, many coming from a long ways. The man in charge of that congregation has seven sons, all Christians, and six were in the service. We're hoping the Lord will call some of them into the ministry.

We're getting so that we can understand and use more Creole now. French will take longer. Tuesday I did my first Bible translating into Creole—the Sunday School lessons for February 4th and 11th. I translated from Greek but very carefully consulted the French in order to include as many cognate words and phrases as possible. E—— is proofreading it today. We hope to hektograph about thirty copies for use in the Sunday School.

Our electric bill was less for last month, only \$8.62.

Feb. 8—Our hektographed leaflets in Creole were very well received by the people of P.-au-P. Central Church.

We leave everything we cannot do or control in the Lord's hands. He's better at working out things anyway.

Feb. 9—Dr. Vanderpool is going to visit us the last week of this month. We will certainly be glad to have him come, but it is a shame that we won't have the jeep by then. Well, we'll do the best we can. We won't be able to see much outside P.-au-P.

Tonight we are having the E——s and his mother [who is also a preacher] over for dinner. Afterward we are going to show them our kodachrome pictures which we took in the U.S.

We started a Creole class Monday and think that it will be good. It will keep us busy with the French class in the morning on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and Creole class in the afternoon on the same days. One way or another we'll get so that we can communicate with these Haitians.

I'm getting more familiar with the accordion and enjoy it more. But I do miss a piano. We're still having lovely winter weather.

Feb. 15—Brother E—— is suffering from some sort of nervous disease with beginnings of facial paralysis on the left side. We are getting the prescribed medicines for him.

We are sure that the Lord has an interest in these matters, and special prayer for Brother E—— cannot but bring results in accord with God's all-wise plan.

Feb. 16—It's Friday night. Mary is in the kitchen cleaning the defrosted refrigerator. We had some good spaghetti for supper. For dessert we had some coconut ice, sold in ice cubes by our landlord. His wife

makes it by shredding fresh cocoanut, soaking it in water, squeezing it in a ricer for juice, adding sugar and freezing. Very good.

Had a letter today from Dr. Rehfeldt saying that Dr. Vanderpool was cancelling his Cuba and Haiti trip, perhaps coming later.

Prices are rising here as they do every time there is a price rise in the States. Some items will be impossible to get here too because they are forbidden for export from the States. The jeep agent says he will have no more 4-wheel drive vehicles for sale. I just hope that they can get our jeep out of the States. We've heard nothing more on it yet. But the Lord can take care of it if He wants us to have it.

With the \$6 Mother Orjala sent and \$5 from Mother Bowerman [Mary's mother] we had just enough to get the \$11 worth of medicine which Brother E—— needs very desperately. Just a few days ago a doctor told him that he has some sort of nervous disease that is currently giving the symptoms of partial facial paralysis. If it is not checked immediately, said, the doctor, it will spread. He is also suffering from undernourishment and malnutrition. We are going to see what we can do about that too. Most of the Haitians, including the E——s, because of their ignorance and poverty have gotten so that they don't like vegetables and prefer the cheaper and more filling starchy foods like rice, beans, plantains, and sweet potatoes. We pray that the Lord may heal him and also that he may take to re-education and new dietary habits. We love Brother E—— and we can't afford to lose such a valuable man.

It's dry here. When it rains, it all comes down at once, rushes down the gullies, and very little of it sticks around to do much good. The mountainside farms of the peasants are terribly eroded. It is a

tragic problem. Haiti needs dams and irrigation if it is ever to ride over the crest of poverty and over-population.

We don't have a hot water heater. We heat our water on the stove for washing and shaving and take our showers in the afternoon when the sun has sometimes warmed the water in the barrel on our roof.

There are all kinds of queer people here on crazy passports. A friend of ours (an American negro here for the U.N. health education program) was thrown in jail the other day for conspiring to overthrow the government. The man he lived with had constructed an incriminating letter supposedly by our friend to someone in the States and had brought it to the police. After questioning, our friend was released and the man he lived with was arrested and it was found out that he wasn't a doctor as he claimed, wasn't using solicited money from people and the government to start a blood bank as he claimed, had a criminal record a mile long, and was here on a false passport. You never know whom you are talking to here!

The sewage system here isn't equipped to handle anything more than wash water, if that. The only sewage system I know is the open gutters in every street that drain into bigger underground pipes occasionally and empty eventually into the bay.

Our St. Paulias are blooming now with nine blossoms on one plant. Mary takes care of them.

The first *Time* magazine came yesterday. Latin American Edition.

Sunday night we are going to try to teach the people a new Creole song and I'm going to try to give a short message in Creole if I can muster up the courage and find time to work on it. I think we're getting quite a lot out of our Creole classes, and we're at least being goaded to learn new vocabulary.

Feb. 26—We are going to try once more to get our visa without leaving the country. Captain Egger [Salvation Army] talked with his neighbor, a doctor, about our situation and he said that he thought a letter from the American consul or ambassador would do the trick. So we're going to try. We've also written the Haitian consul in New Orleans to see if he can do anything.

Oh, everything here is like a jigsaw puzzle. You never know what government offices will do or won't do or how long they will take. It's as bad as Washington, D.C. Our first visa extension is up Saturday. We will get it, wait about three weeks; and if the jeep hasn't arrived, we'll make plans to leave the country some other way. If the impossible happens, we may get our visa right here.

I stopped by the shop of the carpenter who's making our chairs, today. He had not followed our patterns exactly. He cut the side pieces too short, making the chair less deep than intended. The sides, front, and back were not on the square on one chair. But I guess it will be okay. We didn't expect period furniture when we got him to make the chairs. We just want something to sit in in the living room. If it is slightly off the square, it will match the rush rug and the rest of the house.

This a.m. we went through the covered market looking for some wooden basins to plant some begonia-like plants to put on the front porch. We didn't find any like we wanted, but the market is always such an interesting place to look around in. They have practically every kind of vegetable there is for sale on one side. In the middle are the cloth and hardware merchants with their mill ends and enamel ware. On the other side in one quarter are the merchants with baskets, pottery (crude flowerpots and water jugs, etc.), straw hats, leather sandals, and

the other quarter of that side is for merchants with different kinds of grain and dried beans, peanuts, tobacco. Along one wall are the chicken merchants with all their birds' legs tied so they can't walk, just sit. On another side are the meat merchants—everything in the open and handled by everyone. All around the outside of the market there are merchants in the streets selling everything imaginable.

We have started taking a little French newspaper, "La Nouvelliste," and we're learning a lot of French that way.

There is a good spirit here—spiritual and progressive—among the people and preachers. We are not in the least unaware of how huge a task is before us, but with the Lord's sure help and the co-operation of the people we hope to get into high gear with a program of advance in a few months. The Lord is helping us to get a little grip on the languages, and His blessing and presence in our lives makes us know that "with God nothing shall be impossible."

CHAPTER 6—"*. . . a plan of attack for getting our residence visa*"

Feb. 27—Government regulation requires that permanent residence visa must be applied for outside Haiti. We might go to Ciudad Trujillo—but it might take many weeks. One missionary we know has been there for six weeks without success yet.

We are sure that the Lord has a way of working out this problem, and we want to find His way.

March 4—Saturday, after going to only five offices, I think we finally got enough information to formulate a fairly definite plan of attack for getting our residence visa. First of all we had to get our final visa extension at the immigrations office. We had trouble

there—the man in charge didn't want to give us our full thirty days coming (only fifteen), but I knew that we had at least thirty days coming. I guess when he saw that he couldn't bluff us, he said that he thought we had been here for the full six months and were asking for an additional extension. After that he was glassy smooth and we got our extension in just a few minutes. He is the same fellow I had seen a couple of days before to find out where would be the best place to get our residence visa. He said that the best place would be for us to go back to the United States to our home town! I got the implication; but I countered that the Haitian consuls in the U.S. didn't seem to know anything about Haitian law and if they gave us the wrong information the first time what might not hinder them from giving us the wrong information the second time?

We still have our Creole teacher working on the possibility of seeing someone high in the government and getting the visa here. We'll know tomorrow.

This week Mary tried fixing breadfruit for the first time. She cooked it in the pressure cooker, mashed it, and then fried it in patties like mashed potatoes. It was quite good, but Mary wants to use a little imagination and find some better ways of fixing it.

We've had another type of fruit but I can't remember the Creole name. It is round like a baseball and about that size and smaller with a shiny, smooth, leathery skin. You eat the meat inside which has several black seeds about the size and shape of loquat seeds; the meat is about a cross between a fig and a persimmon in consistency. I can't describe the taste. I like it but Mary doesn't like it too well because of the milky sap in the skin like figs which gets gummy and sticky when it dries and is also a little irritating if you get much in your mouth.

We're working pretty hard on our languages, and we're beginning to feel like we might one day be able to "make it."

We hektograph the Sunday School leaflets in Creole, give our testimonies in Creole, and on Sunday night we teach them new Creole choruses which we have hektographed too.

We feel like the Lord is working and we keep watching for the opportunities which He has to give us. The Lord is very good to us, and we feel the imperative necessity of our being at our best with Him and for Him.

March 5—"Things that are impossible with men are possible with God." That's what Jesus told His disciples, and He ought to know!

March 6—I'm waiting for E—— to get here this a.m. for a conference on a few changes which we want to make, over which we have been thinking and praying for quite some time. We don't anticipate any difficulty, for E—— seems to take almost all our suggestions very well.

Two hours later—Well, we had a good talk and I think E—— got the idea on several things. We never hope to get everything straight in his thinking, but if we get a few ideas across we are very happy. Gradually, I think we can get him and the people around to a good position.

Our Creole teacher said last night that he thinks he can possibly get our visa right here through one of his friends and is still trying for us. We really appreciate it. We're not concerned about the visa, though; we know the Lord will work out the best plan.

Mar. 13—The natives are really taking to the Creole choruses we have been teaching them, particularly

“Oh, Say but I’m Glad” and “Every Day with Jesus.”

We thank the Lord for His help and direction.

Mar. 14—Saturday we got word that the jeep export license was received, so we will probably get the jeep the last week of this month in time to drive over to Ciudad Trujillo for our visa if we don’t get it here before then. We thank the Lord for this.

The other day we got some little (and I mean little!) strawberries that grow wild here I think. They took us hours to clean, but they have a good flavor. We got a little basket full (about 3 quarts) for 20c and I think we could have gotten them for 10c if we had bargained long enough.

Our tomatoes will soon be ready to eat.

We are doing a little interior decorating. We got so tired of the drab dark finish of the woodwork in the house that we got some Walltone (Firestone’s version of Kemtone) and we’re doing a little bit in the evening, when we don’t have to go out or aren’t too tired out. It is such an improvement—sort of a light gray-green.

We can hardly believe that we will soon have the jeep. It will completely revolutionize our lives. We’ll be able to get out into the country to visit all the churches and keep contact with them. We’ll be able to go to several parts of town in the same morning, instead of keeping our errands within walking distance of each other. We’ll be able to go to church at night knowing how and when we’ll get back home (instead of worrying about getting a taxi). A car is about the most essential material item needed in Haiti—that’s what every American and European says—and we’ve found it out the hard way. But I’m not complaining. If we were not getting a jeep we would just keep on doing what we could the best

way we could. But it will be such an improvement, and we thank the Lord for it.

Easter is close at hand. Mary is going to give the Easter story with her flannelgraph in Sunday School. At night we will give a running commentary on the Easter story in Creole to match Mary's story in Creole in the morning. We are trying to do something tangible in Creole—though we haven't been here six months yet. Sometimes we feel sort of useless when we can understand and speak so little in church, but we're gradually understanding and speaking more.

March 20—We can't tell much of any improvement in Brother E——'s paralysis yet, but he is taking the medicine faithfully. I gave him a little booklet in French on proper nutrition and hope it will do him good.

March 21—We got one of our preachers a well-paying job with an embassy department (\$480.00 a year is very good for here).

We've both had the Haitian "grippe" which is a mild, long-lasting combination of a sore throat and laryngitis. Mary's over it, but I'm still croaking around. We've been drinking lots of juice and when we first came down with it we got some extra rest. It should soon be over.

We have often wondered how the board happened to send us here instead of a more mature couple with former missionary experience. But we're learning a lot, and we're enjoying it.

March 27—We ate our first orange tomato today. It was very good, not bitter at all as we had feared. We've got a lot of them that will be ripe in a very short time. If we have to leave for Dominican Republic soon, most of them will be ripe when we are gone! sob, sob!

I checked the manifest at the ALCOA office today, and our jeep was not listed on the boat that came in port this afternoon or evening. So-o-o-o, we hope to get word in a day or two that they were able to get it on the next boat which arrives here about April 9—then we'll go to the immigrations office and try to get them to let us stay until the jeep arrives (our visa extension expires April 4). I don't know whether we'll have any trouble or not; probably no serious trouble, just petty officials that want to give you a bad time. But then, we know that we have the Lord working out things, so as long as we trust things to Him they will work out for the best. We're not worried.

Tonight we started reviewing Spanish, hoping to revive enough to get along on our trip over to Ciudad Trujillo. It is nice that we can take advantage of this period of good will between the two countries [Haiti and Dominican Republic]. Just a few weeks ago, Magloire (Haiti's president) and Trujillo (president of D.R.) exchanged visits just across the borders and expressed their desire to be friendly and co-operate.

Today Mary finished (almost) the cushions for our chairs. She filled them with horsehair which our neighbors gave us. Now the pillows accentuate how short the depth of the chairs is due to the carpenter's mistake. But I guess it will be okay—as long as you sit up straight there is room! I may try to do something to these chairs to help out. Really it is better to do things for yourself. They will always turn out better, and they will probably cost less and take less of your time than if you watched over someone enough to make him do it right. We're not disillusioned—we're just realistic!

It is just after 8:30 and it has started to rain. That's the way it will do just about every night for a month,

usually between 9 and 12—then it is clear and lovely in the morning and a beautiful day. Sometimes it really comes down hard and makes such a racket on our tin roof that we can't sleep. The other night we had about ten people on our front porch for over an hour waiting for it to subside.

March 31—Invited to spend Sunday, April 8, with the San Juan, Puerto Rico, church on their tenth anniversary to help in the special music. Have written Doctor Rehfeldt for permission. We expect to be in the Dominican Republic at that time getting our visas.

Letter from our shipping agent in New Orleans stated that the jeep was shipped on the ship that arrived here Thursday of this week. I could hardly believe it because I had looked at the manifest in the shipping office last week and hadn't found our jeep on it. I don't see how I missed it, but maybe the Lord didn't want us to know that it was coming because of the information which another letter contained. The other letter was another invitation from Reverend Lebron-Velazquez to come to San Juan, Puerto Rico, (from Ciudad Trujillo, where we had told him we might be next week) to provide music for the tenth anniversary of his church, both of us as their guests. Well, I guess the Lord knows what He's doing after all!

Our visa extension runs out on Wednesday, the fourth.

Our budget isn't any too big to finish out this fiscal year. We'll just have to depend upon the Lord to give us ingenuity enough to make it stretch enough to cover the present program—and He will do just that!

April 1—We feel like we have gotten the foundation of our language study built. This a.m. I spoke in Creole

to the congregation telling them that our jeep was in customs and that we planned to make our trip to Dominican Republic this coming week—and they understood me! Without notes too!

It is amazing how the Lord has worked out everything right down to the last minute almost! [regarding visas]

It is not impossible that we might someday have a church among the better classes that could quickly become self-supporting and even missionary in its outlook, like the big Methodist and Baptist churches here in town.

April 2—Monday a.m., 11:30. Just paid \$404.66 duty on jeep and am going now to get it. It is grey and looks nice.

April 5—We hope we can get out of the country ahead of the police and customs officials! [Still waiting for permit for car so they can drive to D.R.]

April 9—Have just bought tickets to San Juan, Puerto Rico, where it seems best to go to apply for the visas after a week of inquiries including the foreign minister.

It is our opinion that we should insure the jeep.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—[Arrived April 9]

April 10—Sunday a.m. our neighbor and landlord (who has been a big help to us) went to see the minister of foreign affairs whom he's known since childhood and found that we ought to apply for our visas from American soil—Puerto Rico or Miami. After thought and prayer it seemed to us like the Lord had closed the door to D.R. and that ultimately there might be less expense and certainly less risk in flying to San Juan where we would not have difficulties, being American citizens. And with the advice of the Haitian

foreign minister himself we felt that this was the only way that the Lord had left open without any doubts and uncertainties connected with it.

We have friends who will do what they can to get it through quickly, and we are trusting the Lord to smooth out the road. We have tried to do what we thought best, earnestly seeking the Lord's direction.

We've learned a lot and trust that it will be valuable in conducting the Lord's business in the future. The whole experience has made us rely on the Lord more than we ever have before.

We are hoping we can do a little good here while we must stay, perhaps in helping a little with music. [Paul is a pianist and organist; Mary, a violinist.]

CHAPTER 7—*"More than ever we sense God's direction."*

April 11—We had a nice flight to San Juan. We feel the Lord has been with us and helped us. Dozens of other Americans have had the same experiences we had, but many of them just pulled out of Haiti and left for good. This a.m. we put all our application papers and documents in the hands of the Haitian consul here, so it's up to the Lord now to work things out His way.

As soon as we arrived we called the pastor and superintendent of our Nazarene work here (he had invited us to come to stay with them when we thought we would be in C.T. [Ciudad Trujillo] earlier), and he came by and picked us up and drove us home. He started his work here independently and later affiliated with our denomination. It [San Juan First Church] is almost altogether self-supporting. They have a very nice First Church building with a Wurlitzer

organ, and school which is practically self-supporting. They have a nice apartment.

Coming here is just like coming to the States, except that Spanish is the language here. San Juan is just as modern as any U.S. city—such a contrast to P.-au-P. Mary was able to get some violin strings (she has been playing it with only three for a couple of months), and we hope to get a few other little things we can't find for love or money in Haiti.

I don't know how long we'll be here; if it lengthens out too much we'll try to move out gracefully to a hotel so we won't be a burden. We like it here, but we're anxious to get back home; we have so much to do, and things will pile up while we're gone.

One of the first things we want to do when we get back is to put the bee on our preachers for teaching their people to read Creole and supply them with the materials from the education department. It won't do any good for us to have Creole Testaments and literature if the people can't read it, and most of them can't. We're not discouraged at all, but we've got to work hard and get things rolling now that we can get along fairly well in Creole. It was so wonderful to have the jeep for all the rushing around we had to do in trying to leave the country. It almost seems too good to be true. We'll be able to get out to the country to visit the churches as often as time will allow—and we plan to do a lot of traveling to try to establish firm contact with the preachers and people.

We both lost a lot of weight last week; our clothes hardly fit us; maybe we'll gain a little here.

April 19—Monday we went on a drive through the southeastern section of the island, and it was really beautiful. The countryside is well kept with fields of sugar cane and grazing cattle. There are lots of pretty little

hills and mountains that remind us of some sections of California. The palm-fringed southern coast with all shades of blue and green water (according to the depth) was just "enchanted." Along a high mountain drive (lined with overhanging trees and hibiscus hedges) in the east-central sections there are beautiful summer homes built on the steep cliff-like slopes with all kinds of plants and flowers that we usually see only in florist windows in the States.

The roads were good paved roads, if a little narrow. The towns we passed through were well-kept, each with the quaintest little plaza with trimmed trees and shrubs (like pictures of Spain) and interesting old Catholic churches. It is such a contrast to Haiti.

We still don't know just how long we'll be here. We are going to make arrangements to help pay for the food and other expenses which we are causing by our stay.

We have been able to help a little, speaking several times and playing the organ. We've asked the pastor to let Mary do some of his English correspondence to help him out a little. So maybe we won't be wasting our time completely.

We got a letter from E—— yesterday and everything seems to be okay in Haiti; the government had asked for some statistics and other information; either they are trying to straighten up their files or else the Catholics want to get a better idea of what the Protestants are doing. Both may be true.

As we start thinking about different situations of other missionaries we know about, I guess our experience isn't too unusual.

April 20—We are anxious to get back to our work and people in Haiti. With the jeep and the new budget we

feel like we are just beginning after a bothersome delay for red tape and introduction to the languages. We are praying that the Lord will help the Haitian officials to process our visa application quickly.

We appreciate the hospitality of the pastor and his wife, but we are doing all we can to help them and to keep from interfering with their regular schedule of duties. Have preached some and played the organ. We hate the feeling of uselessness though I am sure the change will be good for us.

April 23—The price of gasoline in Haiti now—43c a gallon. In our new budget we have \$25 a month for transportation, but I don't know whether that will cover all the gas we will have to use; we'll have to wait and see. The gas for a trip to our farthest church will cost about \$10 round trip, but we will not be going there every week!

We've started a class for some of the young people of the church to teach them to read music. I just use what Spanish I can and get someone to interpret the rest for me. We are recalling and learning quite a bit, but we don't expect to be jabbering it like natives very soon.

The water [ocean] here is so beautiful; we notice the breakers because the bay of P.-au-P. is as smooth as a lake. On a bright sunny day, the blues and greens plus the white spray of the breakers is very beautiful. We are enjoying Puerto Rican food which is very different from Mexican or Haitian food except that it is predominantly carbohydrate like them. We have not heard anything more about the visa—we might have to wait for a couple of months.

April 29—Today we got a letter from our landlord and neighbor [Lebon in P.-au-P.] saying he had traced our visa application through the foreign office and immi-

gration office; he thought we would still have to wait another week or two, but he's keeping tab on it and doing all he can to get it through quickly.

We keep Doctor Rehfeldt completely informed about everything that happens or might happen—poor man! We are afraid he gets more fan mail from us than from any other field.

We may be able to get "Showers of Blessing" from a Puerto Rican station when we get back.

The other day Mary and I went shell collecting for the first time since we have been here in the Caribbean area. I got some very interesting ones but not a whole lot—the tide was too high. [Paul has collected shells for years.]

We are trying to do little things to let our hosts know that we appreciate their hospitality. We are taking them to hear Marion Anderson tonight; she is the famous Negro contralto. Every once in a while we sneak some groceries into the pantry.

The church service last night was very good. There was a good crowd, the church was just about full. In the a.m. there were 311 in Sunday School. There is a good spiritual tone in the church.

April 30—Hoping to get visas in a week (will have been away from Haiti a month by then).

May 7—Doctor Vanderpool is very nice—he has jurisdiction over Haiti and had visited Haiti the year before we arrived. He feels sorry for us—guess he didn't have too pleasant a stay on his first visit; he doesn't know how well we are fixed in P.-au-P. now, though it was a crude struggle getting settled, etc. We are anxious to get home, but don't and can't know when our visa will be granted. All we can do is wait, while our friends in P.-au-P. jog the memory of the officials occasionally and do all they can to get our visas through.

We are wondering how our plants in Haiti are getting along. Before we left we put them all in the ground so they would have a better chance of escaping theft and of remaining alive. Our maid is supposed to water them, and our landlord is going to check on her. This is rainy season there, so they will probably be okay, if they don't get washed away!

I have preached two Sunday nights, spoken twice at the Friday night young people's meeting, once for the Wednesday night Bible study service, once for the Tuesday night combined W.F.M.S. and men's meeting. Last Thursday and Saturday I taught the music classes almost entirely in Spanish, though I used the same words over and over again and had to ask for words I didn't know.

There is only one thing that I would hate worse than having to speak through an interpreter, and that is to do the interpreting for someone else. But I guess I'm doomed to both for some time yet.

I discovered some blisters on my arm this a.m. that look like poison ivy; it was last year at this same time I had it. Hope it is something else. [Paul was hard hit with poison ivy after a cleanup day at the new Seminary grounds at Kansas City shortly before the time of his graduation in 1950.]

May 14—Good news. Yesterday afternoon we picked up the mail at the post office and there was a letter for us from our neighbor and landlord. Here's what he said, "It was a very hard thing, but I won, I am sure. I was waiting until a firm reply before writing, and the official said he has seen the Minister, he will speak to him again and all will be done on Friday." The "Friday" was last Friday, so we may get our visa this week, if P.-au-P. gets the confirmation to the consul here quickly.

Last Thursday we went to the beach, to Luquillo on the northeast corner of the island. We have hardly ever seen a more beautiful, typical tropical beach with a palm grove fringing the circular shore.

Friday we went to Ponce (named after Ponce de Leon, the famous explorer). The drive through the Puerto Rican countryside is always beautiful, especially now since the rains have made everything green. The occasion was the fifth anniversary of the Ponce church. They had a big crowd with people from almost every denomination visiting. After a lot of speeches, etc., I finally got to preaching about nine o'clock. I didn't preach long, needless to say.

In some ways things have not been going so well in Haiti since we left. From the letters, I think E— is a little discouraged by our absence. But our trip here has given us a new perspective and I'm sure we are profiting by it in many ways which will also aid our work in Haiti. Sometimes it is good to get away from problems so that you can get a look at the total picture—and that's what this trip has done. We will probably never know just why the Lord planned things this way, but we are beginning to understand a little. I think we will be able to return to our work with renewed vigor and insight and confidence in the Lord.

May 18—No word yet.

May 21—We still have no official word about our visa. I'm over the dysentery, was only down a couple of days really.

The lesson on music reading went very well on Saturday—at last, I think they are learning something. Poor people have to put up with my horrible Spanish, and learning to read music isn't easy either. We are anxious to get back to Haiti. Thursday is

our third wedding anniversary—we both think we hit it about right; and that's pretty good these days after three whole years!

May 24—We have just gotten our visa for permanent residence in Haiti! After over six weeks in Puerto Rico.

May 26—We feel that the acquisition of our visa is a direct answer to prayer since we know with what difficulty it was obtained. More than ever we sense God's direction.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

May 29—Had a good trip home and found everything in order when we arrived—except for the inches of dust on everything in the house, mold on the shoes and clothes we left behind (it was rainy season while we were gone), and giant-sized weeds all over the yard.

Captain Jacques Egger [Salvation Army] met us at the airport and we drove home in our own jeep station wagon. [Captain Egger had kept it for them.]

When we arrived at the church, Brother E— was whitewashing the walls—together with some of the men in honor of our return. It will probably take us about two weeks to complete all our official governmental business, but we now have the indispensable document—our residence visa. It will take us a couple of weeks to stop trying to talk to people in Spanish and an extra couple of weeks to get back into Creole and an extra month for French.

At the close of the service Sunday night in San Juan, they gave us a number of presents: candy, brush and comb, shirt, ties, stockings for Mary, and a suit for me.

A woman in Oklahoma has given \$500 for a memorial chapel in Haiti in honor of her husband.

We are both well and feeling good.

The Eggers are living with us for a week or two while their new house gets the finishing touches. They are very congenial, and their baby cries very little, not at all at night.

How wonderful it is to have the jeep station wagon! It hardly seems true. The Lord has been very good to us.

June 5—Some specific items for definite prayer: 1st, a real revival among our people; our language study; plans for a Bible school for training preachers; campaigns in each church to teach the people to read the New Testament (now printed with the Psalms in Creole); the development of native leaders and calling of preachers; adequate locations needed for several churches. We're expecting God to work miracles in Haiti in answer to prayer. "For with God nothing shall be impossible."

We now have a post office box—and an easy number to remember too—444.

I don't know when we'll get all our government business done, but most of it will be completed this week. I have yet to be sworn in as a minister.

We need desperately to make some trips out into the country but we can't until we finish everything in town with the government. On top of this, I need to find time to make some kitchen cupboards and a linen closet for Mary. We've been living with things just stacked around and no place to put them for so long that I just must get something permanent made so that we can live somewhat normally.

Monday night we went to the second informal meeting of missionaries of this area of Haiti. After one missionary couple returned on furlough to the U.S. and didn't know any of the missionaries of other denominations when people asked about them, they

returned and decided to invite all the missionaries to their house so that they could get acquainted. We sang and prayed and then several of us were asked to give a testimony of how we happened to come to Haiti. They plan to have these informal meetings every month. We hope to have one of them at our house in the near future. But where will they sit?

CHAPTER 8—*"Our sights are being raised . . ."*

June 6—I overheard a conversation between E—— and an official of the Department of Religion who didn't think I understood French—(and I didn't get it completely). He tried to get E—— to say he didn't want us in Haiti and didn't want us to take over his work. But E—— was very loyal to us.

After some difficulty I succeeded in getting the official name of our mission on government records corrected from "Eglise des Nazareens" to "Eglise du Nazareen" [The Church of the Nazarene] for legal reasons. E—— didn't want to admit that he had incorrectly translated the name into French and also tacked on the title "Foreign Department Mission."

Property cannot be held in the name of the General Board in Haiti, but we can hold the property as representatives of the General Board. We have this on good authority, but I will check the laws myself if possible before we buy any property.

June 18—We finally wound up all our government business relating to our residence. We now have our "permis de sejour" (which is like a little passport giving all the information about our residence and status in Haiti as missionaries and U.S. citizens), "Carte d'identite" (identification card to be carried at all times since we are alien residents), auto license,

and drivers' licenses. And believe me we really had to hustle to get those documents and licenses. If we had not had the jeep it would have taken us a week longer to get things done, since we had to go back and forth from one office to another getting different certificates and paying fees. Now all that remains is for me to be sworn in as a minister recognized by the government, and that is just a matter of course.

This week we are starting on our schedule of regular language study, since we don't have to be gone almost every morning to the government offices. We are also starting a schedule of visitation to all the churches and outstations, planning for at least one congregation every two weeks on Sunday. It is almost like we were beginning all over again, since we did not have facilities to do all this traveling before we left and had to stay in town most of the time trying to get our visa through. We feel like we are permanent and ready to go ahead for the first time.

Our sights are being raised, and we are beginning to see that E—— is a man of too small vision and ability to remain the permanent native leader of our work. Our only hope is going to be in developing a new generation of young people—we have little hope that the old people can ever change enough to develop a truly Nazarene spirit in our churches. They are set in their ways and cannot learn fast or well either. We're going to spend the rest of this year in spying out young men who have ability and feel a call to preach. We are going to spend most of our time in training them during the remainder of our first term here.

We have lots of trouble with ants. We don't dare leave anything out where they can get at it. Fortunately we have mostly grease-eating ants, not many

sweet-eating ants. We sleep under mosquito netting all the time, but we still get some bites during the day. It is pretty hot nowadays, but cool in morning and evening.

June 23—Visitors to P.-au-P. often form erroneous impressions of many important phases of the Haitian life and economy, as we did when we first arrived but which we have now changed to a better approximation of the truth, we trust.

June 26—Yaws is a disease very closely related to syphilis (but not a venereal disease) which produces open sores on the skin that don't heal very easily. The new drug, streptomycin, is doing even better than penicillin in curing it, and it cures syphilis at the same time.

We have lost a little weight mainly because of the heat. We don't get too hungry for a big meal except once in a while. But we aren't skinny. They say that it doesn't get any hotter than it is right now, so we are quite relieved. We can stand it all right; it is just difficult to avoid being out in the sun once in a while during the middle of the day.

Our time, as far as what might be called working hours, is very irregular. We just can't keep a regular schedule of any sort, because there are always things to interrupt us. Part of that is because we have to be 2 or 3 persons in our duties. Occasionally business and governmental matters (e.g., banking, getting things out of customs) take most of our mornings. We are having great difficulty to find time for language study now, just when we need it most, because we are supposed to be superintending the work, visiting churches, deciding where to build new churches, checking on our preachers and finding out information on building costs and property. In addition to that we have to live. I'm trying to get a few cup-

boards and closets built for Mary (our house isn't completely furnished yet), and it takes quite a bit of Mary's time to do the cooking. If we can work it into our budget, I think we're going to have to get a cook at least for a while, so that we'll have more time for language study. I don't know just how we will find time for a Bible school when we start one (in the fall, I hope), but I guess we'll just have to neglect other duties because a Bible school is the most important thing for our field right now.

One of the biggest difficulties with everything in Haiti is that everything goes so slow. You can't just order something and expect to have it delivered; you can't just hire someone and expect him to do the job; you can't just go to an office to see someone and expect to see him the first time you go or get any satisfaction if you do see him—you have to go back over and over again and seemingly get nothing done; you have to keep tab on everything yourself and see to it that it gets done. It seems like we are always in a morass of unfinished projects and business.

This morning we went to a little village called Riviere Froide ("cold river") named after the stream that runs by it. It isn't far from town (probably not more than 5 miles), but we had never been there. It is a very picturesque and typical Haitian community. All up and down the river the women were washing clothes. There were little "shops" along the way, and every once in a while a little "market" where several peasant women had gathered with their produce for sale. We were happy to come across a group making the "cassave" cakes (sort of a cross between a tortilla and a shredded wheat biscuit); one woman was rubbing the flour (made from a vegetable root) through a basket which acted as a sieve, and a man was putting them on a piece of tin which served as a grill over a fire forming the round cakes

by sprinkling the flour inside a tin ring that may have come off the top of a coffee can or something; another lady was stacking up the cooked cakes and selling them to passers-by. We like them toasted with some butter on them. Every once in a while we were passed by women going to market in town with baskets of mangos and vegetables balanced on their heads and going in the opposite way were men on their way home or to the fields to work. In the country most of the peasants are very polite and will talk with you and answer your questions. They get a big kick out of any white person who can talk Creole with them. The whole area was very cool and refreshing with a nice cool stream and many tall trees shading—nice place for a picnic.

Sunday we had a nice if tiring morning holding two services at two stations about 25 miles from here. They were up north. In getting to one place we had to follow a footpath making our own road [for the jeep]. It is right in the middle of a big banana patch. The other place had a terrible road with the arbor for the church situated on a bank of a stream. (Not as idyllic as one may imagine it—streams are all muddy here, and there are people living everywhere. The more we travel in the country, the more we are amazed at how populated the place is. We have read that Haiti is overpopulated, but now we have seen it.)

We gave E—— the shock of his life on the way home Sunday. We told him that we had worked our own way through college and seminary without a single cent of help from the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene. He thought that we had received a regular monthly salary from the church all the time. He has been hoping to go to the Colored Bible Institute in West Virginia, and we had the task of telling him that if he went he would have to

earn his own way since it is the policy of the General Board not to pay the way of foreign students to state-side Nazarene institutions.

He was really surprised when we told him that most of the college students in the U.S. work part or all of their way, their parents helping them if they can, and a few students receiving scholarships to help them. Some Haitians think that the American is naturally rich or received his money as a free gift. Well, they're learning, and so are we!

July 4—Today is the fourth of July; and tonight there is a reception for all Americans at the home of the American Ambassador. We are planning to go just to see the place—supposed to be very nice.

We have both been (and still are to some extent) sick with intestinal flu. But we are feeling better if weak.

We had a good trip up to Gonaives and good services there at the Canal Bois church. There were twenty-four to be baptized—that's a pretty good increase for a half a year about. There were over 200 at the main service which was held outside under a big mango tree because the church was too small. They have a big group of young people and even had a special choir number. Our preacher there is a real worker and he has a good staff of preachers to help him. The big problem is to work out a system whereby we can give them some real Bible training.

Sometimes it is very discouraging trying to help the Haitians. Last Saturday a man who is a member of our church at Canal Bois came and asked me to give him some money so that he could get his identification card which he needed to apply for a job. He needed 3 gourdes, sixty cents. We just happened to need to have some grass and weeds cut and have our hibiscus trimmed and the car washed. I asked

him if he would like to work for the money and told him what we wanted done. He agreed to it. He cut the grass and trimmed the hedge but it was too hot and no shade for him to wash the car, so I gave him 2 gourdes and told him to come Tuesday and wash the car in the late afternoon, and I would give him another gourde. He didn't come last night, but this morning with another fellow to help him. Before he got started I asked him again if he wanted to do it for a gourde (20c, which is a good price here) and he agreed. But when he was almost through, while he was scraping the mud from under the fenders, he was complaining about how hard he had to work. When he finished he wasn't satisfied with just one gourde and gave the one gourde bill which I had paid him to the fellow whom he had brought with him to help. Then he was going away hurt without any money for himself. Well, we can't afford to let anything like that happen, because he would spread stories in the churches that we had cheated him, etc. So I gave him a lecture about how he was afraid to work—wanted money without working for it—and he had agreed to do it for the set price and now wanted more money because the job had been just a little harder than he had anticipated. I asked him if he wanted me to give him another gourde, and he remonstrated and said if I wanted him to wash my car for only one gourde, he would do it (trying to slant the blame toward me). "Well," I said, "all right I'll give you another gourde." He said no, and started walking down the street with the man with him. I didn't have change and went next door to the store to get some, but they didn't have any. Then Mary found a 2 gourde bill in her wallet. I took it and hurried down the street a block to catch him and forced it on him—he didn't need much forcing—and I had given him the shirt on his back!

July 10—We still aren't quite normal physically yet.

I'm feeling better than Mary but I still have diarrhea quite a bit of the time. Mary has it all the time still and is sick to her stomach. A lot of the Americans and other foreigners are complaining about the same thing. Mary was going to go with me, but she just isn't able. And I need to go in order to visit some new outstations preparatory to deciding where we are going to build two chapels for which money has been sent.

Last night we went to the missionary fellowship meeting. We have invited them to meet at our house the next time, on August 14. We'll have to borrow some chairs or else line them up on our rush rugs like Indians.

Today Firestone got some of their all metal ironing boards and we got one. Mary is really happy with it. Imagine, she doesn't like to iron on a regular table!

This afternoon on our way to Gonaives, we will stop off at Petite Riviere d'Artibonite to check on some problems there. (We have a real problem—preacher keeps asking for money all the time and won't work—says he needs some money to start a business!) I dread these trips because the roads are so terrible and it takes 4 or 5 hours driving time each way, but we need to get the business done. The consoling fact is that the government has already started the proposed highway from P.-au-P. to the Cap Haitien, and it is within the realm of possibility that they might actually pave the road within the next few years. That would mean a new day for Haiti—and for missionaries.

Mary is baking some oatmeal cookies for me to take with me on the road, and do they ever smell good! I'm also taking my own boiled water and a couple of cans of Campbell's pork and beans as a

safety measure. I always eat some of the native food and try to fill up on fruit (like bananas or oranges) which have the least possibility of contamination. They appreciate it when I eat with them, but I wish I had never heard of the germ theory of disease when I brush away the swarms of flies and other insects. E—— is quite taken with the idea that we Americans aren't as strong as the Haitians in warding off diseases (we get diarrhea and stomach upset easily), but I think that they are actually sick more often than we are. They are like the Spanish "manana" with their "demain" when it comes to work. If you get one piece of business done, why crowd another into the same day? You might not have anything to do tomorrow!

July 16—Have both been ailing for a month. Started with intestinal flu. Heat seems to affect us more now than at first. We might be going through some bodily adjustments to the climate. May have to try living at a little higher elevation where it's cooler.

Plan a limited Bible school in October.

We can see very little future in Haiti unless we train some preachers.

July 17—We don't seem to be able to stand the heat as well as when we first came. We tire very easily. But we're taking it fairly easy. You have to in Haiti. There is no earthly way of doing anything fast in Haiti. For instance, this morning I tried to pay a garage bill again for the third time and they didn't have it made out yet. So—I'll go back tomorrow and the next day until they finally get around to doing it. It is the same way with everything else. It gets on your nerves if you aren't careful. But after a while you just learn that you have to slow down too.

July 27—We have adopted two little girls—blonde, blue-eyed, and white-skinned so the mission board won't object. They are two and a half and four and a half years old, and their names are Susan and Martha Scott. Of course, we will have to give them back to their parents when they return on Tuesday from their vacation in Jamaica, but until then we are staying with them at their house and it is just like we were vacationing at the most luxurious hotel in Haiti (if we didn't have to watch out for things down at our house and attend to affairs of the mission which are necessary).

I'm writing on the "galerie," which has the most beautiful view of P.-au-P. there is. We have five servants to care for us: a nurse-maid for the children, a cook, a laundress, a yard-boy, and a house-boy. We have been having some of the best meals we have ever eaten. Maybe we will send the Scotts a wire and tell them to stay in Jamaica an extra month or two.

Last night I gave my first "full length" sermon in Creole, which turned out to be only about 15 minutes long. But I got along fairly well—I just said two sentences which were entirely opposite from what I meant! I'm giving a series on prayer every Thursday night and an evangelistic message Sunday nights through the middle of August.

CHAPTER 9—"What we need is a miracle"

July 30—We must move to a larger, better location for the P.-au-P. church as soon as possible. What we need is a miracle. Last night I actually preached a half hour to my surprise. That is really too long to preach, the way I "murder" Creole. But it is encouraging to me to find that I can now speak that

long. I am quite dependent upon my notes, but more experience should give me a little freedom. We still hope to start some Bible instruction in October.

Aug. 5—"You can only do one thing at a time"—my mother wrote me. But in Haiti you can't even do that—it takes three or four times to do one thing! Actually you just have to cut down by about half or more of what you would do in the States as far as actual work is concerned.

There is money in Kansas City in the amounts of \$1,000, \$500, and \$100, for three memorial chapels. In September we will make a trip up north to visit the rest of the stations where we haven't yet been. After that, we will decide where to build the chapels. In the process of several months we will gradually get the first one and then another started, and I hope to put the weight of the responsibility on the pastors involved.

Yesterday we got a little black kitten which we are calling "Cindy." Toby doesn't quite know what to make of her and he is somewhat jealous. But I think they will make up in a few days. Sometimes Cindy will let Toby come over and smell her, but she usually makes him keep his distance by acting ferocious and spitting. Cindy has one little white triangle on her tummy, otherwise all black except for a few stray white hairs here and there. We've gotten her to get rid of the mice we have seen running between the dining room and kitchen in broad daylight.

I've been sick again, since yesterday afternoon—headache, fever, and diarrhea. It seemed that the Lord touched me this morning so that I could go to church for the communion service which I had charge of.

Aug. 14—Happy to learn that there is \$1,633.57 in Kansas City toward the \$5,000 for building P.-au-P. church facilities. Just possibly might be able to get some suitable property cheap from the government in a newly developed section of the city.

Aug. 27—October 1 is set for the opening of our Bible school. Perhaps will have six or more pupils. We are feeling more and more that this will be the most important phase of our service here. Of the dozen or more preachers only E—— is halfway qualified to be called a Nazarene preacher. I think he will develop eventually into a good Nazarene preacher and Bible school teacher.

Aug. 30—We went on a little trip into the country and I've gotten something that is exactly like poison oak. I have some on my fingers so I'm afraid I won't be able to type in a few days. I don't think it will be too bad a case (like last year at seminary commencement time) but any case is bad enough. So far I haven't been able to find out what plant it is that causes it. Perhaps the Haitians aren't allergic to it.

I got the shock of my life yesterday when I found a thermometer and discovered how hot it is now in Haiti. I returned from walking around town and entered the office of the garage where the jeep was being repaired, and it felt so cool in there. They had a thermometer there in the office, and when I saw it I asked if it was working because I couldn't believe that it was 90° in that "cool" office. They said it was right and that it usually got up to 94° in the afternoon. In that case, I'm sure that it is well over 100° in the sun from 11 a.m. to about 3 p.m. Where we live is several hundred feet higher than downtown where the garage is and it is probably a little cooler, but I would not doubt that the temperature in our living room gets up to a high of at least

85° or 90° every afternoon. Every afternoon and evening I usually perspire very freely whether I move or not. But we don't feel it too badly.

Our trip out to the country on Tuesday was very interesting. When we got to the "habitation" (roughly equivalent to "ranch" or "homestead"—meaning an inherited family plot of land) we were going to get some horses and go up into the small mountains close by. Finding no horses, we made it on foot to the "ranch house" (just an ordinary country mud house) where we got one of the "hands" to guide us up into the mountains. The "guide" was managing a crude sugar cane press when we arrived and quit his work to go with us. The press was very interesting, horses going round and round to turn the wooden gears and drums in the center between which the stalks of cane were directed. That part of Haiti wasn't so tropical, somewhat like a slightly wetter California with the richest soil I've ever seen. They farm mountains that slope at about a 30° or 45° angle, and sometimes steeper. Along the way, our path went through a dry stream bed (about four feet deep in the rich soil) with over a half dozen kinds of ferns growing on the vertical banks (including two types of maiden hair fern) with trees overshadowing the whole. That was very beautiful. There was also wild ginger growing in some places and that "plant of life" that sprouts plants from a leaf so easily and has the funny kind of straw colored flowers on a stalk—we used to have it. Everywhere in Haiti—just about—you find occasional mango trees, avacados and calabashes (which have a fruit like a gourd which is used for water and other things like the American Indians used them). Somewhere along the way I scratched my arms with some plant that made me break out with this "poison oak" the next day.

Yesterday we decided to splurge and get a ham. It was a Danish ham and was simply wonderful—I should say “is” because we’ll be eating it for the next several days until it starts coming out of our ears. Good meat that is tender (beef) is almost impossible to get, so it is hard to know what to take a chance on when you are having someone for dinner.

We may invite the E——s over for dinner while we have the ham, since they probably have had ham but very few times in their lives if at all.

I’ve been hunting houses and land for our P.-au-P. church, and the prices are very high for what there is. But we are going to have to move to a better location, with a bigger church building or hall—we can’t expand where we are. Acquiring land is a big problem; we may have to have a Haitian corporation (of which I can be a controlling member) and that makes it complicated. I’m not sure whether we can form a committee of Haitians which I will feel are entirely trustworthy yet. For that reason, I feel that the Bible school is the most important thing on the agenda. With a Bible school we can get to know the men intimately while we are training them into the type of preachers we want. We’re anxious to get started with the classes.

I’m getting a slight bit more liberty in preaching in Creole. The last time I preached I ventured out on my own (not following my notes) several times, and made it back to my notes without too much difficulty.

Tonight I’m supposed to preach, but I don’t know if I can keep a coat on with this poison oak.

I’m hoping to get the notes in order for the courses I will teach, some notes in French and some in Creole. I have borrowed two very good books in French from the Salvation Army captain (one each on the Old

Testament and New Testament) and I have bought some books from a local gospel bookstore which I will use as a beginning library for our students.

Mary and I are doing a very interesting bit of Bible study in connection with our family worship. We are reading through Paul's epistles in two modern speech versions (Goodspeed and Moffatt); each morning Mary reads a chapter out of one to me and I read the same chapter out of the other translation to her. We are getting a lot out of it, and sometimes we start discussing some of the problems and it takes us a while to get through. If we can't have the Lord's guidance and blessing we may as well go home. There is too much work being carried on without much of either for us to add to any such confusion.

Sept. 6—Tomorrow morning at 6:05 the Walkers [missionary couple of another denomination] plan to arrive at our house and we will start our trip to Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic—adding another country to our list.

It will take about 6 or 7 hours to drive over (about 200 miles) because they hold you up at the border with formalities and inspection of baggage and the roads aren't too good either. I think we'll have a good trip and a good change, if not a rest.

The poison oak disappeared almost like magic with a combination of potassium permanganate baths and terramycin salve.

This afternoon our landlord was putting water into our kitchen. He doesn't want to get us a sink—wants to make us a concrete sink.

We bought a bed for Dr. Vanderpool to sleep in, so we'll have to get the extra bedroom fixed up for him a little.

Things are progressing quite smoothly for us. Several of the other missionaries [other denomina-

tions] are having considerable difficulties and are involved in lawsuits. We wouldn't say that the Lord sent the other missionaries ahead of us for our benefit, but we hope that we will profit by their difficulties.

We still hope to get a government grant of land in a slum area which is being cleaned up and where we have quite a group of members.

CIUDAD TRUJILLO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Sept. 13—We're having a really good change and vacation.

Ciudad Trujillo is very interesting—just about like a U.S. city with a Spanish accent—very much like San Juan, Puerto Rico. They have an interesting museum with relics from the times of Columbus and Indian relics that date before that. James Beaty, whom we're staying with, has found some very old Indian pottery right here on this land in the country where their house is built. The palace that Columbus' son built is still standing in a state of ruin. And we saw the tomb of Columbus in the cathedral which is the oldest in the New World. The cathedral was very interesting—we went all over the place.

When we get back to Haiti, we're really going to be busy. I've got a lot of visitation to do, planning for Dr. Vanderpool's visit, and the Bible school beginning in the first part of October. But we have things planned out roughly. In a way we are looking forward to it all. When we get the Bible school actually started, we'll feel like we have at last gotten something worth while started. There is nothing that is needed more.

The Lord has His way of working out things.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

Oct. 15—The Bible school [opened Oct. 3, one year from date of arrival in Haiti] is off to a good start with

seven enrolled—that's the bright light in our work now as far as we are concerned. It does keep us extremely busy. We don't have very much material in French to help us, so we have to arrange what we have and work up the rest ourselves which takes a lot of time. The students just don't know how to take notes, so we have been typing carbon copies for them to keep for study and now we are going to try to hektograph them again; and that takes time—Mary has been doing most of that, however, which is a big load off my mind.

It amuses us somewhat to see the reactions of the Haitians—it is like a bunch of kids playing "church."

Dr. Vanderpool comes two weeks from last Friday, so we're in a rush to fix up the house too. Yesterday I bought a Haitian table at the market, cut a hole in the middle and dropped in the sink our landlord bought us so he can attach it soon.

Time for breakfast so I'll stop, naturally!

Oct. 16—We can't quite understand why writers who come to Haiti for from a few days to a month or two think this is such an exciting, mysterious place—wild and dangerous! People who live here and call it home hardly feel that way. I think I feel safer anywhere in Haiti day or night than I would in San Diego south of Broadway at night or on Main Street in Los Angeles. Of course, I wouldn't particularly relish being any of those places alone after midnight, nor in some places in Haiti. But for the most part, the people are extremely peaceable and gentle, especially the country people. Some of the city people hate the whites, and the beggars and lottery ticket salesmen are quite obnoxious, but we get used to that. After the first month or two, the drums on Saturday

night hardly enter into your thinking except to remind you that it is Saturday night—probably not one in ten are connected at all with voodoo, if that many—just a Saturday night dance. We do hear some powerfully weird stories, usually about voodoo, that are supposed to have happened recently, but by the time you discredit them for the exaggeration and effect of transmission changes due to the known processes of gossip, there isn't too much truth left to them. There are some stories vouched for by friends of ours that will make the hair on your neck stand up if they are told in a lonely house late at night. They are the sort of thing that give tourists a warped idea of the "wild and dangerous atmosphere of Haiti." After you understand the people and their customs you get used to them, and it means no more to you than the customs and people that live next to you in the States. After all, people are people the world around. They may be different, but the differences are not really so great nor so important as the likenesses and similarities.

The Bible school is really keeping us hopping. The longer I teach, the more I realize the horrible necessity of teaching the preachers the Bible and doctrine. I'd like to teach them a course in logic too if I thought it would do them any good. Sometimes I want to laugh, but so far I've been able to restrain myself to a grin.

Recently we took a little lunch and went with two other missionary couples up into the mountains to eat our dinner. It was nice and cool at an elevation of almost 6,000 feet where we ate. It was lovely there. There were some pine trees on the side of the mountain (most of them have long since been cut down) and they made us really nostalgic for our California mountains. And the view, on one

side of the mountain, of Kenscoff (a mountain resort town where the rich have their summer homes) and part of P.-au-P. and the bay beyond was very beautiful. On the other side of the mountain was the view of the rugged mountains and valleys that never ceases to fascinate me—tiny little houses here and there, and an occasional terraced field of maize or another crop on a hill so steep that we would have difficulty keeping our balance, let alone climbing it.

The road from P.-au-P. to Kenscoff is one of the few paved roads in Haiti. We are quite used to dirt roads by now, and I guess I'd make a good rural pastor if I ever returned to the States to pastor.

Oct. 25—The Bible school is really keeping me busy. Right now I'm teaching just two courses, Old Testament survey and doctrine of salvation. It is amazing how little some of the Haitians know even after they finish high school, like two in our class have. They know so little about science, geography or world history. I don't know what they do know.

We have written a "First Year's Report on Haiti" for Dr. Vanderpool and Dr. Rehfeldt, and we hope it doesn't shock them too much. I haven't the slightest idea how they'll take it, but we just wrote a complete analysis of everything that has happened so far so that they would know. It's going to take at least another half year to get everything straightened out on a firm legal and governmental basis so that we won't be likely to have any difficulty later if we should have any trouble and get involved in a lawsuit.

Oct. 26—Dr. Vanderpool arrived and everything seems to be going fine, except for rain tonight which might hinder the service a little.

CHAPTER 10—*"Bible school really keeping me busy . . ."*

Nov. 5—Halloween in Haiti is not like in the States; it's the real thing! The "fete de morts" ("all souls' festival") is celebrated for more than a week with All Souls' Day (Halloween is the evening before that) right in the middle. It is somewhat like Memorial Day in that they whitewash the cemetery walls, clean up and paint the graves, and put wreaths and flowers on the graves. They also burn candles on the graves, and at night you see thousands of little candle lights all through the cemetery. The people talk to their dead loved ones just as if they could hear them. They spend all day and sometimes all night at the grave. There are special Catholic services and also lots of voodoo services every night. Where the spookiness of Halloween comes in is that the people believe that the spirits of the dead are liberated on that night and can revenge wrongs and possess people. In early evening, just as we were finishing the Bible school last week I heard some of the people screaming as they thought the spirits of the dead were possessing them, so the students said. I think that probably E—— believes it too.

We usually spend our mornings these days in study, answering correspondence, working on accounts, typing out Bible school notes and duplicating them, and the like where we can sandwich them in. Our schedule calls for a French lesson from 8 to 9 on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday which often lasts until 9:30 or later. I often have to be in town for business from 11 to 12. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday I have the Bible school classes from 4 to 6 in the afternoon. Thursday night is the only week night that we have a habit of going to church in the evening, and I usually preach on Thursday and Sunday nights.

But most of the time this schedule is disrupted by urgent business. Sometimes E—— drops in to talk about some important matter that needs our attention. There are occasional trips out to stations during the week to take care of trouble that has arisen. We don't ordinarily do much pastoral visitation, but occasionally we have to go out to see someone who is sick or in trouble. Government business cuts in on our time every once in a while, as well as banking and customs. And, of course, we have visitors drop in once in a while. We plan to take more time for study if it is at all possible.

We enjoyed Dr. Vanderpool's visit very much. He thought we ought to buy property for a mission home as soon as possible. We feel that he has a real interest in our work.

Our little black kitten died Saturday. It was the first time Mary had ever seen a little animal like that die, and she took it kind of hard—she doesn't want another, at least not for some time. But we still have Toby, and he's a pretty good dog.

It has been about a year and a month since we took that 3-hour flight from Miami to Port-au-Prince which was the shortest, biggest transition of our lives. After six months in Haiti we had to leave for Puerto Rico to fix up our visa difficulties. The seven weeks of waiting in San Juan were anxiously but enjoyably spent in the home of the national pastor, where we learned what real Latin hospitality is. Our jeep came just a week before we left for Puerto Rico, so after we returned we were happy to make a quick adjustment to our private automotive travel after six months of walking and precarious trips by Haitian trucks and taxis; it was like a new world! With the jeep station wagon we have been able to average better than one visit every two weeks to an outstation and still keep up our language study and pressing govern-

mental and business matters which required our presence in P.-au-P. September was an especially busy month. With the letup of the summer rains we were able to make a long-planned visit to all our stations in the north around Gonaives. For about a week we went out into the plains and mountains spending an average of about six hours on horseback each day. That month we also took a last-chance vacation for a week in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, before we settled down to the routine schedule of the Bible school we were planning to start in October.

We opened the Bible school with seven students on October 3, the first anniversary of our arrival in Haiti.

In a year or two, as the Lord provides, we hope to develop a full-time schedule of concentrated instruction with classes five days a week in the mornings.

October 26th Dr. Vanderpool arrived for a 5-day visit with us which we enjoyed immensely. It was almost like a visit home. We enjoyed the spiritual fellowship with him, especially praying together. He was quite surprised at the scenic beauty of the mountains back of P.-au-P. where we took him one morning. We bounced him 100 miles up the rough road to Canal Bois, where we have our main station in the north, and he said the road was a little worse than he had expected. The Haitians are still talking about the messages he brought while he was here.

The language barrier is largely gone now, as far as Creole is concerned, even if our French is still a little wobbly. It will take a long-range program for the proper development of our field and people—flash evangelism is not enough. But the Lord has helped us in every one of our problems in the past, and with Him we can see a bright future.

Nov. 15—Have had a cold or flu and thought I was over it, but had to go to bed again yesterday afternoon instead of going to teach the Bible school class. I've been in bed this morning and afternoon and feel somewhat better, but I still have a headache and can't do anything.

We had the biggest missionary meeting we've had so far at Walkers' on Tuesday night. There were twenty-five there, representing twelve different missions. We had a lot of good testimonies and met quite a few missionaries we had never seen before.

Right now Mary is finishing the pillows for our chairs in the living room. Everybody thinks they are very nice and make very comfortable chairs. Mary also made Susanne (our maid) a dress with some material Susanne shyly asked her to make into a dress for her. We have been quite fortunate with her; as far as we know she is absolutely dependable.

We have just secured a yard boy who attends our church. He is one of the rare Haitians who just goes ahead and works even when we're not watching him; and I don't always have to tell him what to do—he just goes ahead and does it (not always just like I want him to though, and I have to show him and teach him). He is only 15 and feels called to the ministry. He is attending our Bible school classes.

Nov. 20—Got back our blood test reports. Both fairly good for Americans who live in Haiti. We were both high on white cells—which may indicate infection. (For me, it was probably my cold.) Mary will have the doctor check for her. My hemoglobin was normal (100), but Mary was down to 90—however, the doctor said that is good for Haiti, so there is nothing to worry about there. Neither of us has any signs of

malaria, so I guess we'll still keep on sleeping under mosquito nets.

Dec. 29—We fixed Christmas treats for 72 (complete with candy, popcorn, and a mirror) and about 15 or 20 additional for some of the adults with just popcorn. We paid for it with gifts that have been sent to us through the mail; the Lord always works out things like that.

Jacques Egger just came by and reminded me that we were supposed to play at the Youth for Christ rally tonight.

Our Christmas Eve service at the church was scheduled to begin at about 10:30 and when we arrived the church was full and there were people on the porch. I showed Christmas slides and told them the story with each picture in Creole which I found quite easy to do this Christmas. After that I led them in singing a lot of Christmas carols most of which were new to them. I taught them to the Bible school students. After the service I took Mary home (she had been sick with a very bad cold) and then went to the home of another missionary couple who have a loud-speaking system which they use to "broadcast" to the city of P.-au-P. with gospel music and scripture. There were over a half dozen of us, maybe 10, and we practiced Christmas music, both vocal and instrumental, to record on tape and send out over the loud-speakers. We finished about 2:30 and got home about 3:00. That was our Christmas caroling.

The children were really happy with their treats when we distributed them after the children's program Christmas afternoon. Next year I think we'll do about the same things rather than have a different toy for each child as E—— had done before—to avoid the riot caused last year when some of them wanted what the others had gotten.

We had a very nice Christmas season, and I think our Haitian Christians understood better than ever that the significance of Christmas was Christ's coming as a babe in the manger in order that He could become the Saviour of each one who trusts in Him. And that is really a new concept for those who have formerly been Catholic or pagans.

New Year's watch-night service will keep the schedule just as full next week as this has been. Then the day after New Year's we start a two-day preachers' meeting up north at Canal Bois, near Gonaives. The week after that we are hoping we can take a little vacation up in the mountains with a missionary who has invited us to come. We need a rest before starting up again with the spring semester.

Jan. 7, 1952—In Haiti the first and second of January are both holidays—New Year's Day and Haitian Independence Day.

We had a very good watch-night service from about 10 to 1. We showed them some kodachrome slides of Haiti and they were really thrilled when they saw people they recognized and a few saw themselves. We closed with a communion service and there seemed to be a very good spirit.

During our preachers' conference at Canal Bois we had a baptismal service with 43 baptized. The Lord gave us real liberty in preaching the first night to a full house (around 200 or 250), in Creole of course.

Jan. 28—Mary has been sick. Fortunately I was back to normal so could let her stay in bed and take care of her and do the cooking for us all too. We have decided that we both had a mild attack of malaria and we have taken treatment for it—will continue to take a regular preventative dose of paludrine every week.

We have gotten our approved budget for next year (beginning May 1). They appropriated \$6,000 for building a missionary home and \$5,000 for a Bible school. We're happy about these two items.

Mrs. Louise Chapman is coming for a visit February 14 to 20. The last week in March Dr. and Mrs. C. Warren Jones will visit us for several days.

This is the dry season—haven't had rain for weeks and weeks. The boy has to water everything every day and still things are kind of drying up. The dust from the road is bad, but we keep the front door and windows closed most of the time so we don't notice it except when we see the layer of dust on the furniture. The temperature has been nice enough—very nice especially in the mornings. I plan to plant some more zinnias soon so that we can have a few nice cut flowers most of the time. We keep the place with green things around it—elephant ears and cannas that hardly ever bloom, plus some other tropical plants.

We've gotten about 2 dozen boxes of used clothing in the past few weeks, most of it from Michigan.

We start [the new semester of] the Bible school a week from today (Monday, February 4).

I'm getting anxious to start in the Bible school again. I really love the teaching. I want to get Mary started in teaching them a course in health education.

Jan. 30—When we were returning from a trip in the north on December 11 in the afternoon, a boy on horseback galloped around a corner on the wrong side of the road and turned his horse directly into our car while we were swerving to avoid him. The horse died shortly after striking its head on our windshield, but the boy had only a bad gash just above the knee. Surely God's hand of protection was with us to prevent a much worse accident which could

easily have happened. Again, God took a hand in matters when we were able to make a settlement out of court with the boy's mother a few weeks later. Insurance took care of all expenses including the repair of our jeep station wagon.

Friday, December 21st, we closed the first semester of the Bible school. We feel that this is the most important single aspect of our work in these formative years, and we are very much satisfied with the results even at this early stage.

January 3 and 4 we held a preachers' meeting and convention in the north at Canal Bois. We took several preachers from the south up with us and it did them a lot of good to see the work up north and fellowship with the other preachers who have never been south. The second day there were 43 converts baptized (and there were about 30 baptized just a few months ago), which indicates how our work in the north is progressing. What we need now is more time and strength for closer supervision, but that will have to wait until another missionary couple can be sent to help us since we already have more than we can do.

We have been trying unsuccessfully to get away for a brief rest before opening the Bible school again.

Mary is in bed again now under doctor's orders and observation. We are trusting the Lord to take a hand and bring us through triumphantly in Him.

For a little over a week we have had a couple of missionaries as our guests; they were both here in town for medical attention. The husband has just found out that he has a fairly serious heart disorder because of overwork here on the mission field for only about two years—and he is only thirty-three. Things like that make us realize that we really need to take our full vacation and get a real rest each

year. So far we've only had time to take off one week (in the Dominican Republic) since we have been in Haiti. This year we'll just drop everything and go.

Feb. 1—A gift of \$50.50 from a lady in San Diego, California, for a much needed desk. We'll probably have the desk made as it is next to impossible to find one ready-made here.

CHAPTER 11—“ . . . don't know how I'll find time . . . ”

Feb. 9—We opened the Bible school this week, so we've been keeping busy. I am now having classes every day. Mary has been in bed for ten days now. She is kind of discouraged.

Mrs. Chapman is bringing us two air mattresses to use in the country and also a new sapphire phonograph needle. We will take her to a different place each day. She was a missionary in Africa for about twenty years so she'll know what to expect.

We're going to have to get busy on the plans for the Youth for Christ campaign in March. I'm to head up the music. I don't know how I'll find time—I tried to resign, and did, but they just ignored it. I'll just have to put other people to work and do the best I can.

Toby is getting along pretty good. We've wormed him and just since then he has been getting fatter. He's awfully spoiled, though, and affectionate, and he scares our friends half to death if he doesn't know them, especially Haitians. But he's the “only-est” child we've got, so we put up with him.

Feb. 21—We plan to leave tomorrow morning for the north and plan to stay about five or six days. If the weather is good enough, we will make the horseback

trip to the Citadel (big fort built by King Christophe in the early 1800's on the top of a mountain, took 14 years to build and 10,000 slaves).

Mrs. Chapman's visit was a great blessing to us and to our people. She is really a woman of God and we had wonderful services. I translated for her and it was good practice for me. She will also continue to do us good by her influence as a member of the missions department of the General Board. She was in Africa for twenty years and she knows missions as almost no other person in our church. She realizes our limitations and needs as well as our possibilities and opportunities.

The Alabaster giving plus General Budget giving have made possible the following funds in Kansas City for Haiti: \$6,000 for a mission home, \$5,000 for a church in P.-au-P., \$5,000 for a Bible school, \$2,000 extra for equipment, \$1,000 for furnishings for the Bible school. Now we have the problem of settling our legal basis for buying and holding property in the name of the General Board. When that is done, we will buy the properties that we hope to find in the meanwhile.

Feb. 28—Had a wonderful trip to the north. We visited several other missions and stayed at the Wesleyan Methodist compound at Port Margot (pronounced "por Margo").

Monday we hiked to the Citadel, a colossal fortress which King Christophe built shortly after 1800. I just couldn't get over how anyone could build such a huge, huge thing on top of a rugged mountain like that. It defies imagination.

We took a neuro-surgeon with us to the north whom the Ortlips [Wesleyan missionaries] had met at their hotel, and he became just like one of the family. He wasn't a Christian and was just ignorant

of the gospel. We had many good times talking to him about the Lord and real salvation which is such a new thing for him. But we believe that the Lord is working on him and we hope to see him come to the Lord before he returns to the States in about a week. Sunday a.m. I preached at one of the Wesleyan churches and we had a fine service with probably a couple of dozen who came to the altar for various needs. The doctor was quite touched with everything that happened, and I'm sure he is hungry for the Lord.

We have decided that just as soon as it is possible (if they send us another missionary couple soon) we want to move north to Gonaives to live so that we can give more supervision there and start training the preachers there. It is possible that we might decide to locate our Bible school there. We pray that we may find the proper location for our Bible school, and also property here in town P.-au-P. for a house and church.

April 1—We are trying to find a house in Petionville where it is cooler—near P.-au-P. but higher.

As far as we are concerned, we are completely through with E—. He wrote a letter to the Swiss Salvation Army captain asking him to intercede in his behalf to get some things explained to me, and it appeared as if E— were trying to come back to us—of course, he never wanted to leave us, except that he didn't want to accept the conditions I had to give him and wouldn't admit what he had done against us and the mission. Things are going much smoother now. We don't have all the people in [the church in] town with us, but we have a good faithful group on which to build. We are teaching them how to act a little more civilized in the services and they like it. All of the other stations (including the

northern ones near Gonaives) and preachers have stayed with us. Of course, we don't know if they are all staying with us for pure motives, but we'll never be able to be sure of that. The fact is that E—— wasn't as indispensable as he thought he was—or even as we thought he was! We honestly were surprised when we discovered that practically all the people were loyal to us, though I think it was due to their distrust and dislike of E—— rather than to the fact that they loved us so much more than they loved him. These people are strictly opportunists. In all this I am not discounting the power of God, for surely He helped us to hold the thing together. But you have to understand these people or you'll get really fooled. You need zeal *and* knowledge. But we feel like this is the dawn of a new day for our work in Haiti. We have now gotten rid of our one greatest hindrance to progress, and we are trusting the Lord to help us establish and develop our field for His glory and the salvation of souls. We have written Dr. Rehfeldt that there is an imperative need for another couple here if we are to keep our work in the north. We are organizing our work now so that we can get the south well enough developed so that the new couple could supervise it several months after they arrive and so we can move north to Gonaives to live and get that work established in the north. We hope we can move up there by next winter or a year from now. Of course, we'll have to make frequent trips to P.-au-P., but we'll let the new couple attend to a lot of the business here.

A week ago today (Tuesday) we made a "flying" trip to Gonaives and back. Before that we didn't know for sure if Cauvin and company were actually with us. We took two preachers with us to help explain what had happened regarding E—— and to verify our story. Cauvin told us that E—— had said that we had

abandoned them, and that was all. He was really amazed to find out all that had happened, and he said that he hadn't given his stations into E——'s hands but into the hands of the Church of the Nazarene and would remain with us whether the people did or not. Of course, they all say that they are with us "until the end" and "until eternity." But at least, Cauvin is with us now and that makes it still possible for us to get at his young preachers and prospects to train them for the ministry—that is the chief value of our work in the north, the large number of promising young people.

Wednesday a.m. Dr. and Mrs. Jones arrived. We took them out to Merger for an evening service and had the other evening service here in town at La Saline. They were very nice and seem to be taking their traveling well. From here they go to Puerto Rico.

Yesterday we had the car in the garage (and today). Jacques Egger got our mail for us so we didn't even leave the house. In the afternoon and evening when we were reading we played some records and we really enjoyed them. We don't play our own records all the time, but every once in a while we get kind of starved for some good music. Quite often we play the religious records on Sunday just so we won't forget what good church music sounds like. Really, the Haitian singing isn't that bad, or maybe we've gotten used to it by now.

I've got an idea that I'm going to suggest to the American cultural attache; that is, there are just lots of Americans and Britishers here in P.-au-P. who are experienced in choral singing, and I'm sure that there would be a lot of interest in starting an annual presentation of "The Messiah" for either Easter or Christmas. There would be no problem in getting an audience, but the most enjoyment would be in

getting together and singing it. And, incidentally, one of my biggest motives in trying to get it going would be to get the message of the "Messiah" into the minds of some of these worldly Americans who never give God a thought. The words of "The Messiah" are all Scripture and are really quite evangelistic bringing in the basic claims of the gospel. And it would also help to get the missionaries in more contact with the other Americans. We have a real burden for them. Most of them aren't really happy and need the Lord badly.

April 9—Monday was the "Festival of Sanitation." They paraded the school children, garbage and trash trucks, and public health vehicles around the city hall downtown.

Sunday I went to Gonaives for their "Harvest Festival" (something analogous to Thanksgiving). There were between 300 and 400 there, including about 50 visitors from other churches. The church holds only about 250, so they built a brush and palm arbor by the side of the church and had it under that. It is their custom to bring in a part of their harvest as a gift to the Lord (on the order of a tithe); the church then sells the produce and puts the money in the treasury. This time they are starting a fund to buy metal sheeting for the church roof. I was really very pleased with the whole thing. There was a good spirit, and it seems that the people are really with us. We can't wait till we can live up there and start training those young people. There are over a half dozen preachers and about the same number of good prospects among the young men of the church who would be enrolled in the Bible school when we start it.

There is a good chance that we will get another missionary couple appointed to Haiti in June at Gen-

eral Assembly time in Kansas City when the General Board will meet.

Yesterday I went to see a lawyer about registering my power of attorney with the Haitian government and getting everything fixed up so that we may safely begin to buy land and build. He didn't think it would be too difficult to fix it up since we had not yet bought property and there were no complications. He is also going to check on our standing with the Department of Religion regarding E—. We will try to get all of these official matters cleared up as soon as possible.

This week I've been working on Bible school material. I wrote an English missionary in Paris to ask him to help find us good books for the Bible school in French.

Right now I'm working out a course on the life of Christ, using a Gospel harmony as the basis of the study. The second part of the course will be on the teachings of Jesus. I'm having a lot of fun, but it takes time. But I guess it's a good way to learn French. I have Captain Egger check everything and that way I learn by my mistakes. Another thing we want to do before the new missionaries come (we hope, we hope) is to work hard on our French some more. When we get moved to Gonaives we'll not have much time for study for the first year because we'll have lots to do to get things reorganized. We can already speak Creole about as well as many of the other missionaries, but we don't have enough ability or confidence with French. We can both read French okay; it's the speaking and writing we need to improve.

E— wrote to Kansas City informing them that he was leaving the church. We got a letter a day or so ago from Dr. Vanderpool saying that he "painted our picture with black paint." But he and Dr. Rehfeldt

assured us that we had their confidence. I'm glad E—— wrote a letter to Kansas City, because he has been trying to cause confusion by saying that he was still with the Church of the Nazarene. But I think we are about through with the trouble he can give us. He's sorry he overplayed his hand now and wishes he'd been a little more careful. But we aren't. This has been the Lord's deliverance.

April 18—Have switched to another lawyer to get us legally prepared to buy property and build. I don't know how long it will take to do everything, but I hope that we can get a definite idea soon so that we can get started. We don't exactly know what to do about building. We've looked at lots and have found some we like, but we hate to go through the grief of building only to move to Gonaives in a short time. What we are trying to do is work out a plan so that we can have our cake and eat it too!!

We've been trying to decide what my title ought to be here in Haiti. They don't use "Reverend" and I didn't think I ought to call myself "Eveque" ("bishop"). So Mary helped me out and we decided that probably around Christmas we could start calling me "Father." This time we are taking careful precautions. The doctor doesn't want Mary to do any traveling except what she has to do in town. I think the Lord is going to see us through this time.

I enjoy visiting in the mountains. The people are so nice and the country is beautiful. I just hope the rains don't start or I won't be able to visit any but the stations in the plain. Next year, I'll plan my early visit in the winter, maybe March.

April 19—The Lord has just led us through the biggest crisis of our work. During the months of February and March it became evident that we could not continue with our Haitian leader, Brother E——. Dur-

ing the first two weeks in April the problem came to a head, and Brother E—— chose to leave us rather than fulfill the conditions which we felt impelled to present him. These few lines relate just a culminating part of a complicated story that began before we ever came to Haiti. This has been God's doing. We may now begin the work we came here to do. The miraculous thing is that the Lord did not allow this crisis until we had completed establishing relations with the Haitian government (in January). We pray that Brother E—— may get right with the Lord. All the other preachers and stations have remained with us. At present we have all our services in the capital at our La Saline slum station. (We closed the church E—— was pastoring.)

The promising work near Gonaives in the north remains with us and we will be there for a week of station visitation in the near future.

Easter and spring always bring a forward look as we realize the resurrection life we have through Christ Jesus. And so with us—we are encouraged. The Lord has certainly brought us through these "winter experiences" so that our work may have a spring of new spiritual life and development as never before.

During the period between now and the end of fall we are praying and planning for special training and revivals at each of our stations here in the south—a month of concentration at each station.

CHAPTER 12—" . . . stations seem to be growing . . . quite a number of converts"

April 20—E—— is no longer with us. The inevitable has happened, and it marks the beginning of real progress in our work. It was E——'s intense pride that destroyed him. We are convinced that the only reason

he ever contacted our church was for money. It was very true that he made sacrifices—but it was for hope of gain. When it became evident to him that we were not going to give him a big salary and large house to live in, such as he fully expected before we came, he lost his smooth appearance of loyalty and helpfulness and became demanding and insolent.

This a.m. I had services at two country stations about 25 miles from here. Tonight it will be a service at our La Saline slum station. Tomorrow morning we drive up north to Gonaives for a week of visitation in the mountains. I love the mountains and the mountain people. We'll be going out on horseback every day—unless it rains, and the rainy season is due to start any time now. It has already started down here—one day 9 inches in three hours, by actual measurement, and they say it rains heavier than that.

GONAIVES, HAITI

April 24—Thanks to the amazing Haitian mail system the preacher here in charge of our stations didn't get my letter giving him instructions about the visitation and the date when I was coming. So he had to make the arrangements after I got here. During the day I am visiting our stations, and at night I am helping with the music for the united revival campaign here in the town of Gonaives.

The station visits yesterday and today were pretty good considering that the arrangements were only made the day before. This a.m. I went to a new station where I hadn't been before. It is just beginning and they meet under a brush arbor. The road (?) I drove out there on wasn't quite like Pacific Highway. I didn't know if I'd make it up and down some of the ravines or not. It is not really a road, and Dick Wilkinson and I are probably the only people who have driven in there for months. The trucks never go that

far. The Christians have cut down the brush and removed the biggest rocks.

Tomorrow we go to another station where I'll probably again be the first one to drive in a long time—or at least one of the few. I went there last year on horseback. Saturday I will have a conference with the preachers all morning. We have business to take care of and I'm going to talk to them also on the doctrine of the church (especially those points in which we differ from some of the other missions here). I'm really getting anxious to live up here so that I can begin regular instruction for the preachers and also begin working with the young people.

I'll be driving back to P.-au-P. on Monday and probably will have Lacombe [national preacher of another mission] with me again—I brought him up with me. I like him very much. He is really one of the outstanding spiritual nationals. We had an interesting talk coming up on several different subjects. He speaks good English and spent six months in the States. He believes that most of what we hear about voodoo is true, as most of the Haitians (even the educated ones) do. I personally think that about 90 per cent of it nothing but hokum, but I do believe a small part of it is genuine—Lacombe might agree with me on that, I don't know. I do believe that there are people here who have sold themselves to the devil and have supernatural powers to do things that are almost unbelievable, but there aren't too many of them—just as there aren't too many Christians who are really sold out to the Lord.

This morning in the service was a little girl who is consecrated to the devil; her mother is a witch doctor. The little girl's hair had never been cut, an extremely rare thing for Haitians, and she had charms around her neck. I wanted to get her picture but couldn't.

May 4—We had some terrific rain here last week, though not as bad as in the States. Walls and streets got washed out digging big holes and ravines and leaving mud and rocks inches deep all over town—many streets impassable for a few days.

While in Gonaives this time I saw an abandoned plantation of a Haitian-American development company that tried to grow a rubber producing shrub during the war. There were two houses and several other buildings on the property—I didn't get to look the place over except as we passed in the car. The thought came to me that this might be the place that the Lord has for our Bible school. I don't even know if the place might be available, since I was told that it has gone back into government hands. But we are talking to the Lord about it, and if He wants us to have it, we'll get it!

The visitation at and around Gonaives was very encouraging. The stations seem to be growing with quite a number of converts.

So sorry Mary couldn't be there. Doctor's orders not to travel now. Mary was kind of lonesome down here, but some of the other missionaries (Walkers and Eggers) stopped in several times and took her out with them. She said she was glad to have Toby, but he wasn't very good as a permanent substitute.

Hazel Scott brought Mary a little kitten yesterday a.m. It is about two months old and very cute. Toby is crazy about her, but she isn't crazy over him yet—pffst! What Toby really wants to do is drink her milk.

A letter from Dr. Rehfeldt yesterday said that he couldn't promise but they would try to get someone appointed to Haiti before the General Assembly.

The Bells [missionaries] brought us some lovely eggs and three chickens. So we really have a

menagerie—dog, cat, and chickens—not to mention the cockroaches, mice, and termites in the house! The poor chickens have survived being left out in the rain, but I think we'll get Susanne to kill them so we can eat them next week. They're too much bother, and they haven't laid an egg yet—they brought them to us to eat.

May 6—Toby is looking fine with a sleek coat of hair, but he feels slighted because of the new kitten and probably persecuted because we won't let him come into our bedroom all the time. The kitten (we call her "Squeaky" because of the way she cries) has been okay, except tonight she started crying mournfully and soon urped some of her dinner (and probably a bug she ate that gave her the trouble) and was soon back to normal.

Yesterday and today I've been working on Bible school courses. I'm working up a catechism in French and Creole for our new converts—we have compulsory instruction to prepare them for baptism; what I'm trying to do is standardize what they learn by making a basic minimum course for the preachers to follow in teaching them. Also, as soon as I can find time, I want to get a correspondence course started for some of our better preachers near Gonaives.

This typewriter sometimes makes mistakes and can't spell very well unless Mary is nearby to ask.

I did something today which made my little heart pump up and down with joy—I ordered some books from Britain. New books, especially those printed in the States, are so terribly high nowadays; and these secondhand from Britain were so cheap, and good books too. I need a good reference library in English because there is practically nothing of any value in French, though I'm still hoping to get some good French books from Europe.

May 25—I've had the flu this week. It gave me an infection in my ear. I guess I must have been doing a little too much and my resistance was down.

I'm afraid my mother's going to give her guardian angel a nervous breakdown, and they'll have to put on a substitute until he gets back to normal if she doesn't take it easy.

I was able to get Mary some red roses for our anniversary—only 50c a dozen!

What a wonderful anniversary dinner Mary cooked—yeast rolls, broiled fillet mignon wrapped in bacon strips, Haitian peas, some special kind of mashed potato patties browned on top in the broiler, and toffee pie! Boy, can she make good rolls!—" . . . to the heart . . . through the stomach!"

I am encouraged about the Bible school. We have seven students and they seem to be studying and are interested.

E—— tried to give us a little trouble. He went to the Department of Religion and talked to the head man and also wrote them a letter saying that we had kicked him out for no reason at all. I gave the head man a surprise when I came in to see him at his request. I hadn't been in there for about 9 or 10 months—and I've picked up quite a bit of French and Creole in that time. He didn't expect me to be able to talk to him very well. Well, after the introductory paragraphs in French, I took the initiative and really told him in Creole. I was careful not to make statements that E—— could sue me for, but I let him know that E—— hadn't been an angel and in addition it had been E—— who had refused our conditions and had thereby left us instead of our putting him out. And I told the man in the Department of Religion that if he was going to recognize me as the head of the Church of the Nazarene in Haiti he would have to

recognize my correspondence and accept my word. Well, when I got through he was the nicest he has ever been, probably because I surprised him and because he saw that I wasn't the underdog as he thought. I don't know what else E—— may tell them—but I don't expect any serious trouble.

June 6—Have been quite busy—summer session of the Bible school, last week end at Gonaives, Holiness Association of Haiti meeting at our house all day yesterday. We enjoyed it, but we are a little tired today.

The trip to Gonaives was very worth while. I preached and talked tithing and giving the whole time. The board members, preachers and people seemed to be receptive. Now we'll wait and see if they do anything about it. We are trying to arrange it so that at each of our stations the people are contributing something to the salary of the native preacher and pay for their running expenses.

A letter from Dr. Rehfeldt says they would try to send us a couple with the wife being a nurse, but no definite word yet as to a choice.

June 7—Haiti is the poorest, most heavily populated republic in the Americas. It is also the oldest Latin American republic.

Current statistics (of our work):

199 full members

391 probationary members

590 total constituency

14 stations

16 preachers

2 primary schools

1 Bible training school with 8 enrolled

March 15, 1952, E—— withdrew, and we accepted his resignation, due to his desire not to continue in accordance with the discipline of the church.

Books and used clothing—duty free.

Nazarene stations and preaching-points:

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Port-au-Prince | 8. Bongnol |
| 2. Merger | 9. Docine |
| 3. Santo | 10. Poste Content |
| 4. Bethel | 11. Narre (Labranle) |
| 5. Belenger | 12. Mapou (Plaisance) |
| 6. Canal Bois | 13. Grand Raque |
| 7. Bois Marchand | 14. Bassin |

June 15—We have moved the La Saline church (Port-au-Prince suburb) (or should I say “slum”?) into a different building across from our old location. There is quite a bit more room and it will give us a chance to grow a little more. It almost looks like we are going to have to start another P.-au-P. church soon as a solution to this station’s growth. If the Lord wants us to, we’ll find another location across town and try starting a new station.

CHAPTER 13—“ . . . God is greater than the problems”

June 25—We haven’t found a house in Petionville yet, but we’ve got a line on one that might be available in another month or so when the people move out.

We have been invited to spend our vacation in the mountains at Mrs. Holdeman’s house. She has always been so nice to us.

Mary is getting along fine—gained a pound this week.

Last week end I made a trip up to Gonaives. The Artibonite River was overflowing its banks and there

was water everywhere. We had to ford water running across the road in several places. We had good services while up there and one wedding, my first in Haiti—in fact my very first anywhere, come to think of it, in which I actually officiated. It was quite a deal—everybody and his cousin there, especially for the reception following at the groom's house. They gave us cola to drink first, then "liqueur." It doesn't have any alcohol in it. It is a sickeningly sweet syrup flavored with some kind of herbs or something (I couldn't take it). Only the Christians make it without alcohol. The rest of the wedding party drank theirs down with relish. Two swigs was all I could manage. Then they gave us each a plate with a piece of the wedding cake on it and several cookies. I munched on the cookies like the rest and was just about to start in on the cake when they took it away from me. I don't know exactly what happened to it. I think they said something about the fact that it was supposed to be saved. I was hungry, hadn't had any breakfast (the wedding started about 7:30 in the morning, and we had been out collecting the wedding party in the jeep before that). I didn't know if I was going to get anything more to eat or not, but soon they said something was prepared in the other house nearby. It turned out to be a good meal of plantain, chicken, beans and rice, bread and coffee.

Sunday afternoon just before we were ready to start out for home, I asked a soldier at the guard how the road was.

When he said it was impassable and we would have to go around by way of Dessaline next to the mountains, I knew it would take an extra hour or more—it did! That's a terrible road in good weather—what would it be like when rivers are flooding? The mud was bad, but the jeep can get through that any day. When we got near the river I saw that the

road was under water. On asking, we found out that the trucks had been going through it and it wasn't more than two feet or so deep in most places. The way it turned out, we drove not less than three miles on roads that were under water, praying the whole way that the Lord would keep at least one cylinder chugging—which He did! The water was often above the level of the jeep floor, but not much came inside because the sponge rubber stripping is still pretty good. I was pretty tired when I got home. I was glad I had one of the Bible school boys with me in case of trouble.

Well, I've done it again. I was practically over my last case of mango-itch, and I ate another delicious mango when I was up in Gonaives. That was Friday afternoon. Saturday my eyes began to itch and also several patches on my hands and arms. Sunday morning my eyes were almost swollen shut, but I massaged them and it only looked like I had just come back after a lost week end. Today, I still have some of it left, but I think I will almost be able to pronounce it "cured" tomorrow. When will I ever learn not to eat mangos? Lucille Walker says that there is one kind she can eat that doesn't give her the itch. I think I'll try it and see. It's just like poison oak only it doesn't last as long. And I don't know anything to help it.

We now have over a hundred books and pamphlets in French and Creole for our Bible school library. That's a good start. The difficulty is that almost all of them are paperbound and that way they won't last long once the boys start borrowing them. I'm going to see if we can get the more important ones bound. It seems strange that most of the books printed in France and Switzerland are paperbound, but I guess it is the cost that explains it. We are also going to try to build a small, select library in English

(mostly books on holiness and reference books) since three of our preachers already know a little English and we plan to have English courses in the curriculum of the Bible school when we start on a full-time basis.

Well, it's now a little after three and I've got to get down to the church for the afternoon Bible school session. I'll hold these afternoon sessions for three or four weeks more and then we'll take a vacation for several weeks. Then I'll start again and finish the summer session. I'd really like to start morning classes in the fall for the fellows who can come, even if I only have a few. I'm just dripping from the heat, and I just had a shower too. I couldn't write with pen and ink in this weather. Glad we've got a typewriter. Hope we can get a good heavy standard typewriter soon for mimeograph work.

June 26—Thursday morning. 6 o'clock. Last night we relaxed a bit. Played some records while I read—Mary was sewing on a new skirt and finished it. We do enjoy those records—played some Grieg and Tchaikovsky. We got to bed early but couldn't get to sleep because of the heat. A couple of times I was going to get up and change into dry pajamas but I guess I finally dropped off to sleep. I don't feel the heat so much any more (Mary still does), but I still feel the effects of the heat. The early mornings are about the nicest time of day. That's why we get up early and try to get things done before it gets too hot.

Though we aren't at the General Assembly, we are keeping up on what's happening. One of the fellows I knew in seminary is being our "special correspondent," and he writes us about every other day to tell about the conventions, reports, and elections. We were so glad to hear that Mrs. Chapman has been re-elected W.F.M.S. general president—of course, we expected that. We are really anxious to find out the

results of the balloting for general superintendents, and also missions secretary. We'll probably know part of the story tomorrow or Saturday.

July 2—The music I arranged for the General Assembly was a quartet (male) arrangement of "Send the Light" for the "Showers of Blessing" quartet to sing for the Sunday afternoon missionary rally.

Last Sunday morning we had one of the best services we've ever had in many aspects—it was just a good worship service with a good spirit, and the Sunday school went well too. Sunday night we had a bunch of visiting missionaries, five Wesleyans, two Baptists, and the mother of the single Wesleyan girl who is visiting her this week. Calhoon, who is head of the Wesleyan mission, spoke for us and the people enjoyed it very much. They always enjoy hearing another missionary preach in Creole. After the evening service (one old man was saved), we had the whole gang up to our house for some ice cream and cake.

How the Haitian people love children! It is considered a tragic thing if there are no children in the family. The sad thing is that many of the children never get a chance to grow up—many of them die in infancy or early childhood. Probably more than 3 out of 4 children do not get enough of the right kind of food, and most of them have intestinal worms that make them have "pot-bellies."

Haitian children are very well behaved as a rule. I've never seen one getting a spanking, but the parents say that they do spank them once in a while when they are bad.

They don't have any toys as a rule, but they play games with sticks and rocks with more interest than American children have for their expensive play-things. They sit in church and scarcely make a sound.

Especially in the country, and in the city too, children don't start wearing clothes until they are several years old. The babies don't wear diapers—they don't have any. The little girls are dressed first. In the country, the boys don't start wearing clothes until they are at least 6 or 8, and then it is a shirt. With a shirt on they feel fully clothed and civilized. The reason is because the people are very poor and clothes are very expensive. Every Haitian wears all the clothes he can afford to wear. But since they think clothes are not absolutely necessary for small children, they don't get them except for special occasions like baptism or a visit to the doctor at the government or missionary dispensary.

Many of the children of Haiti don't have to go to school because they don't have one to go to. The government is trying to build new schools and give more children a chance for an education, but still many children will not have to go to school because their parents will keep them at home to work in the gardens and fields. There is a law providing for compulsory education, but it cannot be enforced. Only about one person out of five in Haiti can read. Almost all the schools put an emphasis on a classical education with little interest in training for a vocation or trade.

Children love to attend church—they come to all the services. They love to sing the hymns and know almost all of them by heart. Sometimes they sing louder and better than the grownups.

In Sunday school the children memorize many verses of scripture and learn new songs. They like the flannelgraph stories, and so do the grownups. They are very proud of any award they win for attendance or special things they have done like memorizing Bible verses.

Many of the children who attend our Sunday school do not come from Christian homes. Sometimes their parents don't want them to come, but they come anyway. Occasionally their parents come in to the Sunday school and take away their children. I pray that God may give us a real ministry among the children of Haiti, and that many of them may be saved!

Port-au-Prince is quite modern in many ways—the buildings aren't, but there are lots of cars and most streets are paved (about half of them since we've been here). A missionary to Haiti doesn't live in a mud hut with straw-thatched roof, at least not regularly! His way of life will be different but not an awful lot different from the way he lives at home. A missionary will probably find Haiti very intriguing, exasperating, charming, and confusing during his first few months. But he will like Haiti. And the tremendous needs of the people will pull on his heart. Truly "the harvest is great" and "how great is the darkness." "Difficulties loom large, but God is greater than the problems." We believe that God has a great work for the Church of the Nazarene to do in Haiti.

July 13—I've been sick with a cold or flu for about a week. It hit me kind of hard and I'm not fully over it yet. I didn't have Bible school classes last week except on Tuesday and I stayed in bed most of the time. This morning I had promised to have a baptismal service at Bethel, a station about 25 miles from P. Pce., so I got up and went. Mary made me a baptismal robe out of an old sheet. That's the custom here, and they don't think it's legal if you don't have it—not only for the preacher but for the "baptisees" too. Well, I didn't exactly know what to expect because the fellow in charge of this station isn't too much on the ball anyway. I took three of the Bible school boys

with me. When we arrived in the station the preacher hurried around to my window and explained in low tones that we weren't going to have a baptismal service. He mumbled something about heavy rains in the mountains and the people not being able to come down, and besides they hadn't had money to get baptismal robes and decent clothes to be baptized in. Well, I was kind of relieved because I've still got this cold; but I was also put out a little because we had planned this several weeks ago and he could have sent word that plans were postponed. I guess we'll have to make some baptismal robes to have on hand. I told him I'd bring some used clothes for the people and we made plans to have it the second Sunday in September. We plan to take our vacation in August.

For the 4th, we planned a missionary picnic, and about a dozen of us went up into the mountains and had a real picnic lunch (including corn on the cob) right in the middle of a grove of pine trees. I think everyone enjoyed it to the full—and I mean to the full. We really ate, and just as we were getting the last mouthfuls it started raining. By the time we got things into the car everyone was a little wet, but we still had the holiday spirit. We all went home, and at about 6:00 in the afternoon we started meeting at the home of the American ambassador where all the Americans are invited every 4th. We finally persuaded a waiter to take back his tray full of glasses of rum and soda and bring us missionaries some plain, unadulterated coke. That was a job. He didn't want to believe us. But it was a very interesting evening nevertheless. We got to meet a lot of people for the first time and made some contacts that will no doubt be valuable in the future.

More and more we are getting a burden for these fellow Americans down here. We've had a chance to talk to a few about the Lord, but we'd like to

widen that ministry. We met a very nice man with his wife who run the Haitian-American Institute, and he was anxious to meet and talk again.

During the course of the evening, they served hot dogs. We were a little disappointed because they had all kinds of ham and turkey for sandwiches last year, but I guess there isn't anything much more American than a hot dog. We heard that all the embassies were told to cut down on entertainment expense for the 4th this year. We enjoyed the evening. It does you good to get out and meet people and exercise the social graces once a year. They had fireworks for the kids at about 7:30 or 8:00, so it was almost like celebrating back home.

That night at the American ambassador's home one of the missionaries told me that someone at the embassy was trying to contact me. When I finally got the information I found out that a Doctor Ellis was trying to contact me; he is a navy dentist and was on the "Quincy," which was visiting in the harbor. I had quite a time getting word to him and getting his answer (it is terrible to try to get something done on the telephone here in Haiti!), but we finally made contact and I picked him up at about four on Saturday afternoon. He is a Nazarene from Graham Church in Los Angeles, and of course knows practically everyone that we know. He is the brother-in-law of Dr. Harper, who is editor-in-chief of all our church school materials in Kansas City.

Immediately he asked if we could go back out to the ship for dinner with him that night. Who am I to refuse? We've been wanting to visit a ship ever since we've been in Haiti. Well, I had to go up to the house and get Mary and also stop by a hotel to leave something for a Wesleyan missionary and her mother. We stopped by there and Dr. Ellis invited them too. So we had a nice group and a very nice visit and

dinner aboard ship. We invited Dr. Ellis to spend the day with us on Sunday. When we picked him up at the landing on Sunday morning he had a valise which he brought to the car. Taking out *two* canned hams he said his mother would never forgive him if he didn't bring something to the missionaries. Well, we were so surprised and pleased. How Mary loves ham!

We had a good service that morning and afterward Dr. Ellis took some pictures of the people. Fortunately we had planned for a station service not far away in the plain that afternoon so that Dr. Ellis could get out into the country and see how the people live. Mary cooked a delicious chicken dinner at noon. A missionary from the country comes in about once a month and just about keeps us in chickens. I think Dr. Ellis enjoyed his brief visit, for he said he would like to return again and perhaps make a trip to the north and visit the Citadelle. I know we certainly enjoyed his visit. We talked and talked about people in the church we knew and where they were and what they were doing.

The Alstotts were appointed for Haiti at the General Assembly. We have already had a letter from them and they seem to be a nice couple. Of course, we are quite anxiously awaiting their arrival which is to be "in the fall" probably not before late October or November, I guess.

We are hoping to take a vacation in August in the mountains back of Port-au-Prince where we have been invited by a missionary. We are beginning to feel like we need one, and with the colds I've had this month I guess a vacation would help to build us up.

I'm getting a fair little library in French gathered together. Other missionaries said that there just isn't anything good in French, but with a little diffi-

culty I've begun finding some good works. And I've found out about a lot of other books that have been printed but that are probably quite rare now. I'd just like to have a few days in Paris bookstores to browse. I have ordered Godet's commentary on John (they didn't have his on Luke) and I'm going to try to get the rest of his works. I've also ordered a couple of books by Monod, who was an outstanding figure in conservative Protestantism a few years ago. I've gotten quite a few small books of value from Switzerland. Here in Port-au-Prince I've found some excellent Catholic books from France; one book, *Jesus en Son Temps*, is a very good life of Christ with only a few objectional paragraphs. In the popular series of the University of France I've found two good books, one a history of Protestantism and the other on the civilizations of the Near East in ancient times. For doctrine we have the Salvation Army handbook of doctrine. So the picture is looking better. I just wish my French were better. There is a real field for writings on holiness.

July 25—It seems that the Lord is wanting us to take a special interest in the Cul de Sac plain, which stretches from the bay just north of Port-au-Prince eastward to the Dominican Republic border. Other missions have stations in this area but there are still many locations where people are not being reached. For some time now, we have had a preaching-point at Santo; some of the Port-au-Prince Christians go out there from time to time and hold services, but we have no preacher stationed there. One of our Bible school boys knows the plain very well and has a burden on his heart for these people who are in such bondage to voodoo. He has been visiting in one location, La Serre, and has found a tremendous need. We may start a station there soon if the Lord directs.

Our other Bible school students are also making progress. In addition to studying during this summer session, they have been active in practical work. There are seven regularly attending now, and they have been carrying on station meetings, cottage prayer meetings, and visitation evangelism. They have been winning people to the Lord right in their homes. Of course, our boys have a lot to learn; but they continue to be the most heartening aspect of our labors here in the south. In the north we have a dozen who have started taking a correspondence course of Bible study.

September 15—This finds us back in Port-au-Prince after three weeks' vacation in the mountains, just 14 miles south and 4,000 feet up from our home. We enjoyed the delightful change of climate and had a good rest at the home of an elderly lady missionary, affectionately known by the many missionaries she entertains in her home as "Granny" Holdeman. We did some reading and writing, Mary accomplished quite a lot of sewing, and I even started to learn to play the trombone—maybe next vacation time I'll find time to practice again!

Last week I began the last month of the Bible school summer session. We have also been busy making preparations for the fall semester which will start October 7th. We will continue to run the Bible school part-time, each afternoon, Tuesdays through Fridays—we just haven't enough time to do more. Then our two primary day schools will open in October. They are requiring quite a bit of planning—making benches and tables and blackboards, deciding on books and methods, buying supplies. One primary school is located in Port-au-Prince, held in the La Saline church; the other is at Canal Bois, just outside of Gonaives in the north.

We are praying very definitely that the Lord will open the way for us to acquire some property for our headquarters, so we can get started building a Bible school, missionary home, and other buildings as needed. We just must start the Bible school on a full-time schedule as soon as possible.

November 1—After 11 trips to government offices, we think we are on the verge of getting the visa for the Alstotts—but we don't know! It is possible that they may arrive around the middle of this month. We are now beginning to realize that if we hadn't come directly here to Haiti at first without the residence visa, we might never have gotten here without friends who helped us get our visa while we were in Puerto Rico. "Sometimes I feel discouraged," as the Negro spiritual goes—but the Lord has His plan.

Back in May one of our preachers at a station 25 miles north of Port-au-Prince began telling us that he was having phenomenal success at a new preaching point he had started in the mountains. When he said he was holding Sunday services up there instead of at his regular station, I sent another preacher to see what was happening (since I was booked solid with visitation); he returned with the same amazing story of a real revival and numbers converted. It seems that there has been little gospel work there and the harvest was ready. God led our man there, and there have been over 200 professed conversions. There are now 8 baptized members and 147 probational members. This station is called "Barreau."

The second week end in October was my first date free. We started out on horseback for Barreau early Saturday morning through the lush coastal plain planted with bananas and sugar cane; we sweltered through a desert section with giant cactus standing guard; we jogged our way up a heavily settled tropical

valley, crossing a roaring stream a dozen times. For three-quarters of an hour we wound up the mountain through golden slopes of wild oats horse-high which reminded me of a Kansas wheat field tilted to a forty-five degree angle. Behind us the view became more and more dramatic, sweeping from Port-au-Prince westward across the bay to the island of La Gonave. As we rounded the hump of the mountain and started down into the valley beyond, we saw a string of tiny figures on the trail below who turned out to be the young people coming to meet us, singing on the trail. After five hours in the saddle we held a service that afternoon, and at the Sunday morning service three people were saved. The eager zeal of these new converts at Barreau needs to be backed by instruction which we hope to begin soon on a visit of several days' length for the purpose of teaching them the fundamentals of Christian living.

Last Sunday we had a good trip to Gonaives again with services at our Canal Bois church. The grade school there was well begun with 45 enrolled and a few more expected. Our Port-au-Prince grade school has 72 enrolled, which is really more than our facilities can handle. We have two teachers until January when one will leave to work in the sugar. We just hope that some of the children will drop out by then, or that we will have found larger quarters for the church and school and will have found another teacher.

We got a letter from Dr. Rehfeldt saying that Dr. Samuel Young may visit our field in December. We hope to have some definite property picked out by then so that he can look it over. We also hope and pray that we can get the Alstotts' visa soon so that they can get here and be halfway settled by the time Dr. Young visits us.

I'm almost through with some notes on homiletics in French. The Bible school students seem quite in-

terested in learning how to prepare sermons properly, which is certainly a need. It is encouraging to see their improvement.

We have decided that if we are going to have the materials we need for various phases of our work we will just have to write them ourselves. I know that my French isn't even to the place where it has a style, but I've got to get started writing sometime. Captain Egger's help in correcting my stuff will safeguard the correctness of the French, and I am learning a lot this way. I am planning a multiple purpose series of 16 booklets for use as Sunday school quarterlies, baptismal candidate instruction guides, correspondence courses for preachers, and Bible school textbooks for the first two years. Each booklet will have a section of discussion followed by questions for each of the 13 chapters (to cover one quarter as Sunday school lessons). There will be four booklets on the Old Testament and four on the New. There will be four booklets on Christian living and four on Christian belief. As soon as I finish the two booklets for baptismal candidate instruction guides, I will try to get the booklet on holiness done.

November 10—I was fortunate to get a chance to talk with the Minister of Interior for a minute as he was leaving his office at midmorning. He said he had signed the necessary papers for the Alstotts' visa and sent them back to the immigration department. So, we are still hot on the trail of those papers, and it looks like they might get finished this week. I wouldn't dare make a more definite prediction after all that has happened in the past two months since the application for the visa reached Port-au-Prince. After the papers leave the immigration department, I will check them through the police department; thence to the foreign office, to the Minister of Foreign

Affairs for his signature, back to the foreign office. Then, some glad day, a clerk in the foreign office will tell me that I can send a cable to the Haitian consulate in Miami informing them that the residence visa has been granted. (A slight pause for singing the Doxology!) We will send a cable at the same time to the Alstotts in Joliet, Illinois, telling them the good news so that they can start on their way to Haiti at last after such a long wait.

Having co-workers come to join us is something like getting married on a "blind date." We are not worried about our liking the Alstotts—we like their looks from the picture they sent us, and we almost feel like old friends from the dozens of letters we have already sent back and forth. But sometimes we wonder how they are going to get adjusted to us! After all, we've been out here in a foreign country long enough to start getting queer and all that, at least different from the way we were when we first came.

It will be wonderful to have another couple to share the problems of the field with us, to work together, to pray together, to see the dream which the Lord has given us turning into concrete reality.

November 19—We just got the visa for the Alstotts and sent them a cable. Praise the Lord! Monday night we felt a special burden of prayer for the head of the immigration office. We prayed that the Lord would give us a chance to witness to him while we were seeing him so often trying to get the visa. The next day (yesterday) we had decided to start "sitting-it-out" until we got the visa. Toward noon, the Lord gave us a wonderful opportunity to witness for Him and give a word of personal testimony to the office head. He was receptive to a degree and I could sense the fact that the Holy Spirit was convicting him of

his sin. (Could that be why we got the visa so soon afterward? Maybe this is why we had to wait so long to get the visa—after all, his soul has infinite value in the Lord's sight.) He told me, after trying unsuccessfully to call the minister, to return in the morning and he would fix everything up for us. When I returned this morning, he tried a number of times to contact the minister; and then, being unable, he took me across town in his jeep to the Foreign Office and told the administrative assistant to grant the visa for the Alstotts. After a brief wait while the papers and cable were being typed out, I was handed the cable and "went on (my) way rejoicing."

November 27—Thanksgiving Day. The Alstotts (Charles, Alberta, and little Danny) arrived today on the one o'clock afternoon direct flight from Miami, just in time for us to whisk them up to Petionville for Thanksgiving dinner with a group of Port-au-Prince missionaries (making a total of 20 of us).

After spending only a few hours together, it seems like we have known each other a long time. We are very satisfied with the choice of Dr. Rehfeldt and the General Board. Don't think we could have done better. The Alstotts are very much like we expected them to be from their letters and pictures. And, I guess Nazarene young people from middle class families who have grown up in the church and attended Nazarene colleges are pretty much the same and naturally have a lot in common. Alberta is, of course, a nurse—they made her head nurse at her hospital just before she told them she was going to Haiti. So, she must be a pretty good nurse and must have administrative ability! She seems to have a lot of initiative and know-how. Charles pastored a church for two years after graduating from Olivet and during that time built a church, so his experience

will come in handy when we start building. He has a good start on the accordion and also surprised us by giving out with some good trombone music when he found the trombone I had borrowed from Dick Wilkinson to learn on. There is no doubt now but that we will have lots of music. Little Danny (almost a year old) has his own special talents. For one thing, he'll probably be speaking better Creole than any of us within a couple of years!

The thing we appreciate the most about them is their devotion to the Lord and His work. They are spiritual young people whose primary desire is to know and do the Lord's will. That will make all the adjustments come much easier for them—and for us. We've already had wonderful fellowship in prayer, and that's one thing we have missed a lot. Well, praise the Lord!

November 29—Dr. Young arrived this afternoon on the plane from Miami for a five-day visit with us. We are so glad that the Alstotts arrived in time so that they could be here for his visit. Tonight we had a welcome service for both Dr. Young and the Alstotts at the La Saline station. It was crowded, as usual, and Dr. Young brought us a good message. I don't know exactly how the translation went over—I was the interpreter. But we are looking forward to these days with Dr. Young.

December 4—We saw Dr. Young off on the plane this afternoon. During his visit, I believe he was able to get a good idea of the field. Sunday we took the 200-mile trip up to Gonaives and back to visit the Canal Bois station. The rest of the time we were visiting stations in the Port-au-Prince area. We really appreciate the counsel and suggestions of Dr. Young and especially the fellowship and times of prayer we all had together.

The next thing on the list is finding a house for the Alstotts and helping them get settled. Monday we will start giving them Creole lessons, and after a few weeks' head-start on Creole we'll get them a French teacher.

We've got a lot ahead of us. Thank the Lord, we do have a good start. But we feel like the words of the spiritual about Nehemiah building the walls of Jerusalem which Dr. Benner taught to us in the seminary choir, "We're going to build those walls, or die trying!" "The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits" (Daniel 11:32).

