

In Their Steps

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Dedication

IN THEIR STEPS is dedicated to Emmlyn, my wife, sweetheart, and pal; wise counselor, constant inspiration, and prayer partner.

Preface

I am presenting this travelogue of my limited tours of our mission fields with apologies to our own people and the reading public.

This is not prepared for nor intended to be a study book but rather a light, running story of my visit to the fields mentioned and of the contacts made along the way. You will find stories, pictures, and my reactions to places I visited and things I saw.

You will think that my imagination was in "free-wheeling," but really I felt as if I were taking a fast march through ancient, medieval, and modern history as I made these missionary trips. I saw thousands of footprints left in the sands of time, and these footprints gave rise to the title I have chosen for this little book, **IN THEIR STEPS.**

Trusting that it will give comfort, courage, and challenge to every reader both young and old, I now send **IN THEIR STEPS** on its way.

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CHAPTER I

British Isles

On April 22, 1953, Mrs. Vanderpool and I started on a trip that took us to the British Isles, Italy, and the countries of the Near East. The trip to England was perfect. The sea was calm. The great ship "Queen Elizabeth" was equipped with everything for comfort. The officers and crew were courteous. The food was delicious and was served three times a day amid pleasant surroundings.

Dr. and Mrs. George Frame and Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Maclagan met us at the hotel. They had intended to meet us at the train, but we got lost in the crowd that came to see the crown prince of Japan. During our entire stay in the British Isles we were not without the thoughtful guidance and careful entertainment of the Frames and Maclagans. Our itinerary was so arranged that we could spend some time during the day visiting historic places and walking in the steps of God-fearing men who became famous around the world because of their loyalty to the cause of Christ and for the things they sacrificed.

I preached in a number of our churches and met the members and friends of the Church of the Nazarene, also the friends of the International Holiness Mission, who had just joined forces with the Nazarenes. We had a wonderful reception every place we went, and we came to appreciate the British Isles Nazarenes more than ever. I was favorably impressed by their optimistic outlook for the church and their willingness to undertake a progressive program of advancement.

While in the British Isles, I conducted the Thirty-seventh District Assembly, at which time the district was

divided into the British Isles North and the British Isles South districts (No. 1, picture section, opposite p. 32). Dr. Frame was elected superintendent of the North, and Rev. J. B. Maclagan superintendent of the South. At this writing the Church of the Nazarene is the largest body of holiness people in the British Isles. With her fine group of ministers and the loyal, sacrificing lay members, I see no reason why the Nazarenes should not make a rapid growth from this time forward.

Certainly the people of the British Isles have some challenging examples of holy, heroic living right at their door. Their history glows with the record of their great men. Strange impressions swept over me as I climbed the steps and stood in the pulpit of John Wesley, one of the world's greatest souls. Perhaps no man since the days of St. Paul wielded a greater influence or had more to do with the destiny of nations than did John Wesley. His study, books, pictures, the furniture in his room, in fact the entire surroundings, reflected the fine, rugged character of this modern apostle of perfect love. Just a casual notation of his manifold duties, the miles he traveled, the thousands of sermons he preached, the volumes of books that came from his prolific pen, his long hours of service, and his disciplined manner of living—all united to make me feel that modern-day preachers have things pretty easy. Maybe too easy!

We climbed the stairs to the prayer room of John Knox. There I bowed my head, for I felt I was walking where a prince had walked. There he had wrestled with God in prayer until his power was feared by the mighty of his day. If John Knox could shake kingdoms in his day, there is no reason why we cannot shake communities in our day.

I got a vision of the ash heap and gutter of degradation from which John Bunyan arose, and also of the marvelous grace through which he became an everlasting blessing to new converts and struggling Christians from

his day until now. *Pilgrim's Progress* has blessed millions of people. It is worth any man's life to be the author of such a book.

In the steps of John Wesley, John Knox, and John Bunyan sometimes I wish my name had been John; but perhaps that had nothing to do with their marvelous accomplishments. I could have spent months walking in the footsteps of the mighty whom the British Isles have given to the world—men and women who through grace have blessed the nations of the earth—but my duties would not permit such a pleasure. So leaving Mrs. Vanderpool to remain with the Frames in Scotland while I continued my visit to our mission fields in Italy and the Near East, I bade farewell to them and boarded a plane for Italy.

CHAPTER II

Italy

Leaving London by plane, I was soon flying over the Alps, and in a short time Rome could be seen in the distance. Our pilot circled Rome, giving us the privilege of seeing the outline of the Vatican grounds, also the Tiber River not far away. We landed at the airport fifteen miles from Rome. After passing through customs, I took a taxi to the hotel in Rome, where Rev. Alfredo Del Rosso and Rev. and Mrs. Earl Morgan met me. I can assure you this was a happy meeting. Having only a few days to spend in Italy, I was anxious to meet as many of our people as possible and also to get a fair idea of the conditions and environment under which our missionaries must labor.

Rome and Italy are full of interesting historic events which certainly should challenge modern-day Christians. I stood looking at the walls of the great Colosseum, where thousands of people sat in days past to watch while the wild beasts were released from their stone cages and caves to advance hungrily upon the group of Christians standing in the center of the arena. I could almost hear the roar of the lions and the low moan of dying saints as I walked about the Colosseum. I realized that martyrs had walked not far from where I walked. They had sealed their faith by their courageous and victorious death.

Brother Del Rosso and Brother Morgan took me to the Appian Way leading into Rome. As I walked on cobblestones and saw the old arches and great columns and pillars in ruin, it was easy for me to visualize the spare, bent figure of St. Paul with his clanking chains

as he followed his captors into Rome nearly two thousand years ago. I felt if I could have had one look into his eyes I would have seen a steady glow of the light of hope. Though bound in body, Paul was never bound in spirit. He also knew that the Word of God was not bound. Before this intrepid soldier of the Cross finished his prison term, the gospel of Christ had penetrated into the very heart of Rome, and by its transforming power had produced saints in Caesar's household. As we walked through the catacombs out from Rome, I thought of the suffering through which the early Christians had passed. I thrilled at the power of divine grace that could make men welcome a horrible death rather than deny their Lord.

Through Brother Del Rosso and Brother Morgan, I was privileged to contact a number of our Italian Nazarenes, and it was my privilege to preach to two of our Nazarene congregations. Not very much is said publicly about our work in Italy, and maybe this is best. We see no reason for stirring up a frontal attack on our church. We know we are in Italy only to be a blessing to the people and to build the kingdom of Christ. Our great need in this field, as in most of the others, is trained workers. An excellent training school property has been secured and an adequate building erected. We have a fine group of students now in training, as you can see in the picture (No. 2, picture section, opposite page 32).

The following is the personal testimony from Alfredo Del Rosso, superintendent of our work in Italy, to give an idea of his rugged character and loyalty to the church:

"I am born in a family and country very Catholic, the 7 July, 1890. As a boy my mother led me to the evangelical school. At the same time I went to the Catholic catechism where I learned the Catholic doctrine.

"In the evangelical school I got my first Bible, and I read in it about the free salvation by faith in the beloved Saviour, Jesus Christ! At seventeen I accepted Christ

as my personal Saviour, and I left, without regret, the Catholic church. I became a member of the local protestant church in the town of Siena, in Toscana.

“Later on, I entered in the Scuola Maestri Evangelisti (Waldesian College) to be trained as evangelist and to be sent in the work of that church in Italy as evangelist. Separately I learned French, some element of Latin and Greek. The English language was taught in the college. In the 1914 I was sent as evangelist to serve Christ in one church of that Waldesian church. But the first World War broke out, and I was called under the flag. Sent home, I was called once again in the 1915 to go to the Austrian front till the 1918, at the end of the war.

“The Lord was with me in a special way during that difficult time at the front, where I remained, beginning as a corporal in 1914, coming back home in the 1919 as captain. I did nothing special, but the Lord spared my life to serve Christ in His field!

“During my stay in the theological college I was praying to be a good servant of Christ, able to live a real consistent Christian life. The Lord sent to me a man, who gave me the testimony of a full salvation from sin by faith in the work of Christ and the real baptism in the Holy Ghost. I consulted my Bible; I found the Truth; I went in my bedroom. There before the Lord, I took the blessing, the second blessing holiness, being filled with the Holy Ghost and joy! That blessing accompanied me in the three long years at the front. I came back from there ready to take my place in the celestial battle of God.

“The Baptist Mission in Italy, with the headquarters in Rome, asked me if I would be willing to serve Christ in their mission, for the Waldesian Church couldn't accept me for lack of money for the evangelization in Italy. I accepted, and the Baptist sent me in Rome to preach the glorious gospel. After a certain time I was called and sent to another town near Rome, Civitavecchia, to help

that church where new people tried to spread the gospel among the Catholics of that town.

"The Lord did wonderful things in that new work. Souls were saved, Christians sanctified, sick healed. Some new churches were the result of that blessed revival. But the opposition began. The old Baptist did much against the spirit of revival, against the preaching of holiness.

"In the year 1926 I was compelled to give my dismissory letter as pastor in the Baptist Mission in Italy, in order to be free to preach the truth of holiness by faith in the providence of God, with no more hindrances by the Christians in that Mission, wherein the Calvinistic doctrine was and is today their main object of preaching.

"In that time began also the Mussolini's persecution against the protestants. Our church in Civitavecchia was closed. The Lord led me to preach in different nations: Switzerland, France, England, Denmark, Norway, Sweden. Thus it was possible to me to not only support my family, but also our people, scattered, but faithful to the Lord.

"In the 1941 I was called again under the flag in the Italian army as captain and sent in the southern parts of Italy, where the Lord kept me, while my family remained in Civitavecchia under terrible bombardment. The Lord kept also my whole family. In the 1943 I was home again, while many Italian soldiers and officers were taken prisoners of war.

"In the 1944 I was in Florence with my family, escaped from the bombed town, to live with the relatives in Florence. When the allied soldiers came to Florence I knew some boys belonging to the American and English army, protestant of religion, good Christians of different denominations, desirous to find Christians in Florence. I started services for allied soldiers and for Italian people in a home near to my house. In there among the beautiful testimonies I heard, was that of some Nazarenes. I

remember, among them, Brother Albert Carey and Brother Leppert, who spoke to me about the Church of the Nazarene teaching the truth of a clean heart without sin—a thing wonderful for me, for never I have heard, except the Salvation Army, there was such a church, teaching holiness by faith, as I believe since many years.

“When the American boys returned home, the Nazarenes spoke about us in the Nazarene Church, and the result was that I had correspondence with the headquarters of the church and the visit of Dr. Miller, with some special services in Rome and Florence. Then I got the invitation to visit the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene in St. Louis in the 1948. After that I was accepted as minister in the church, sent to Italy to organize churches. The Lord had worked in a glorious way! I was and I am sure that leading of the Lord, to use the Church of the Nazarene in Italy, was according to His will for our dear nation, that many may hear the blessed message of the second blessing holiness.

“From the 1948 to the 1952 the Lord led me, among many hindrances, to establish His work in the different towns where I had since many years groups of Christians. In Rome, Civitavecchia, Florence, Montalcino, adding two new localities: Catania and Mistervianco in the Sicily Island. My wife and daughter, Lea, helped me in the work. Now, bless the Lord, after the General Assembly in Kansas City in the 1952, we have received a reinforcement in the person of missionaries, Rev. E. Morgan and Mrs. T. Morgan. They learn the language, study also the country, helping already according to their possibility. The Lord will bless them in this so important mission work.

“The church provided us the money to buy a ground in Florence to build a house good for church, Bible school, parsonage! The Catholic church watches all the Protestants do, also our activity. But we trust the Lord who has led up till today to bring His message of salvation and

holiness and God's keeping power and glory to establish our work and preserve from the repeated attacks of the enemy."

To hear Sister Del Rosso testify, and to know that for thirty-five years she has been sanctified and has endured all kinds of persecution for her faith's sake, certainly is a great thrill to those who love the kingdom of Christ. Brother and Sister Del Rosso's family of boys and girls are of the very highest type and have made a definite contribution to our church in Italy.

The Italians are a smiling and happy people. The nice, well-cared-for farms and vineyards reflect their thrift. The increasing number of automobiles and motor scooters for transportation, and the increased use of tractors instead of the usual big blue oxen for farming, indicate improved financial conditions in the nation. Italy is a white harvest field for our church. I think the people are definitely hungry for a living, vital religion. Brother Del Rosso is held in high esteem by many, many people throughout Italy.

We rode across country about two hundred fifty miles in a little French-made car. We contacted many towns and villages where Brother Del Rosso had held meetings in other days and where he now has friends and people who are interested in the progress of the Church of the Nazarene. I feel certain every dollar of General Budget money which we have invested in Italy will bring back wonderful returns. I visited St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome, which is without question one of the world's wonders. It has been there for centuries and is in a wonderful state of preservation. The immense size of the building, the high magnificent arches, capped with the high vaulted dome, the ornamental works, the marvelous paintings which are the works of the world's masters, the large sculptured images of the early saints, the perfect acoustics in the great room with the vaulted dome—all unite to fill the tourist with awe. I had a heavy feeling

in my heart as I watched the passing crowd bend to kiss the great toe of the huge image of St. Peter in their search for spiritual or temporal blessings. So many people had kissed or touched the great toe that half of it was worn away. The worn foot of that great image was a mute, hopeless testimony to a pagan religion. Thank God for a living Christ, whom we do not have to approach through the worn toe of a cold image!

CHAPTER III

Greece

About one in the afternoon I left Rome by plane headed for Athens, Greece. We flew south for about one hundred miles, then turned east. After we had traveled in this fixed course for about an hour, Mt. Vesuvius came into view on our left. In a short time we were flying over the Aegean Sea, where the Apostle Paul had such a stormy time in his day. I spent about twenty-four hours in Athens and had the opportunity of seeing a number of historic places and of walking in the steps of St. Paul. I did not get to go to Corinth, though I was within thirty or forty miles of this ancient area. I went to the Acropolis, now at the edge of the modern city of Athens. There I saw the ruins of the heathen temples, which without doubt were magnificent to behold when they were in a state of preservation. I watched the men as they were chiseling away on stones—collars, vases, chapiters, and other ornamental stones. They were getting material ready for the restoration of the old temples to their original design and beauty. The great amphitheater in which the Apostle Paul doubtless preached is also being restored. The seats in this open auditorium will be of marble. The great shell back of the speaker will be of enduring masonry. I stood on Mars' Hill with uncovered head and prayed God to stir my heart and the hearts of other Nazarene preachers in this our day as He stirred the heart of the Apostle Paul in his day. I prayed God to hasten the day when we could have the Church of the Nazarene established in Greece.

CHAPTER IV

Egypt

I left Athens, Greece, for Cairo, Egypt, in an old plane that showed its years of service. There was nothing reassuring about it; however, I made the trip to Cairo without mishap, arriving about midnight. From my hotel window I could see the Nile River as it flowed along at a lazy rate of only a few miles per hour. It appeared like a great black snake slithering among the trees. I thought of the mingled emotions—grief, fear, and faith—that must have filled the hearts of Moses' parents as they committed this "proper child" to the merciless waters of the Nile River thirty-five hundred years ago with nothing to protect him but a little handmade, watertight basket and their earnest prayers. We know now how difficult it would have been for any harm to come to Baby Moses since he had the hand of God upon him and was destined to fill such an important place in both sacred and secular history. If we could always foresee how our problems could be solved, we would be spared many troubled hours.

With the break of day I was on my way to the pyramids; one of the world's wonders was soon before me. How much the pyramids figured in world history, past, present, and future, cannot now be determined. I stood in awe as I saw the giant, man-made monuments which arose out of the desert. As I walked from the pyramids to the Great Sphinx, which has stood silent guard through the centuries, I felt that I was having a march through history. I could readily see why men had spent a lifetime excavating, measuring, and studying, trying to fathom the meaning and purpose of these ancient monuments.

I spent a few hours in the museum where certain articles found in King Tut's tomb were on exhibition. His form-fitting, solid gold casket, the solid gold box into which the casket was placed, together with the six other inlaid and overlaid gold boxes, graduating in size and telescoping together until the solid gold box containing the casket was at the center with a huge box containing the six smaller boxes—these articles either of solid gold or inlaid and overlaid with gold are worth many, many millions of dollars. The large urns which were found at the head of the gold casket, each containing at least thirty gallons of aged perfume, were worth a fortune within themselves. I am informed that Great Britain got the dehydrated, mummified body of old King Tut, but Egypt kept the gold and the other valuable articles which were in the tomb. The Church of the Nazarene has no missionary work in Egypt, but here are millions of people that need the gospel of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V

The Holy Land

I had a very enjoyable flight from Cairo, Egypt, to Jerusalem. We flew eastward from Cairo, passing over many miles of barren desert below. As we passed over the northern end of the Red Sea, I tried to visualize the children of Israel under the direction of Moses making their way across this body of water, walking on a sea bed that was dry—men, women, and children moving as fast as they could to escape the Egyptians, who were marshaling their forces and crowding from behind. I thought of the great relief that must have come to the children of Israel as they marched out upon the east shore of the Red Sea. I thought of the awe that must have overwhelmed them as they watched the sea roll back upon their enemies when the restraining hand of God was lifted from the waters. No wonder Moses and his sister Miriam broke into a wild song of praise and thanksgiving. I saw off to my left the Suez Canal, which means so much to the commerce and traffic of the Near East. Within a few minutes I sighted the Dead Sea in the distance. When our pilot was over the Dead Sea, he turned north and flew at low altitude along the coast line out about a mile from the shore, giving us a chance to see the Dead Sea and also the coastal area along the way.

Without mishap we landed at the airport a few miles out of Jerusalem. Here I was met by Rev. Samuel Krikorian, the district superintendent of the Jordan area; and Rev. Don DePasquale, who is now the district superintendent of Syria. Rev. M. A. Thahabiyah, our veteran Nazarene in Syria, was not able to meet us at the plane, though we did get to see him the next day. We left the

airport in a Chevrolet car which First Church in Oakland, California, had presented to Brother DePasquale. We had cause to thank God many times for this wonderful gift to our missionary. We were soon located in the Y.M.C.A. Hotel in Jerusalem, where we had every courtesy extended to us.

I was anxious to see all our churches in Palestine and to see as many historic and sacred places as possible. During my stay in Palestine, I traveled about a thousand miles by car and was in all the larger cities and spent about nine days there. During my entire trip in Palestine there was hardly an hour that I did not feel that I was walking in the steps of some marvelous character—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, Samuel, David, Elijah, Elisha, John the Baptist, Jesus, our blessed Lord, Peter, and Paul. I cannot say I was there *when* it happened, but I can say I was there *where* it happened.

Of course, my study of Palestine as well as my travels in Palestine are very limited. I note only a few things that may be of interest to my readers. Israel, Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan together as nations have an area of about twice that of the state of Missouri; while Palestine covers only a very small area. It is about eighty miles wide at the widest place and about forty miles wide in the narrowest part, and only about one hundred sixty miles long. It is about one-eighth the size of the state of Missouri. One does not think of Palestine being so small when all of the events that have taken place in it are taken into consideration. However, when we recognize that for four thousand years it has had a prominent place in world history, we can readily see why so many important things are connected with her history.

There were four things in connection with Palestine which I noticed particularly. First, I NOTICED THAT IT WAS A LAND OF RELIGIONS. Almost everyone has a religion of some brand, but this is not so strange when one realizes that three great religions of the world vie with one

another for place and prominence in this very small land—Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans claim certain rights and are struggling for a dominating position in the Holy Land.

The Arabs have control of the eastern portion of Jerusalem, which includes Mount Moriah, the historic place where Abraham demonstrated his faith by his willingness to sacrifice his son Isaac. It was there that he found God never faced emergencies but always had an answer for every problem. The ram that Abraham finally sacrificed instead of his own son was there, caught in the bushes by divine appointment. On this same Mount Moriah, Solomon erected the Temple of the Lord which was so dazzling in beauty and which God filled with His glory when Solomon made an end of his dedicatory prayer. The Mohammedans have a sacred shrine, the Dome of the Rock, erected on the same ground where Solomon's Temple stood in its splendor. Mount Calvary, Mount Olivet, Bethlehem, Bethany, and many other sacred places are also in the area under Arab control.

The Mohammedans are zealous to the point of fanaticism. I was in Jerusalem at the opening of the month of Ramadan, which is the great annual Mohammed feast for Lent. During this month, which is their hottest, a loyal Mohammedan neither eats nor drinks from sunup to sundown. The Moslems endure untold suffering from thirst during the heat of the day. The fast of the day is over with the setting of the sun, and then the feast begins. They fast all day and feast all night.

The Christian church in Palestine, largely represented by the Roman and Greek Catholic churches, is a far cry from the live, growing, joyful Church of the first century. My heart was sick as I noted the weak, anemic sample of the Christian religion in the very area where the Son of Man once walked among men and worked His astonishing miracles, where the Pentecostal fires so burned in the hearts of early Christians that they went everywhere

telling the glad story of redemption. Today the historic places and the sacred spots are enveloped in a mercenary atmosphere which robs the area of much of its spiritual influence for Christianity.

The Jews hold the western section of the city of Jerusalem. They have erected nice modern buildings, and the area reminds one of a modern city in the United States (No. 3, picture section, opposite page 32). Business, commerce, and world affairs seem to fill the minds of the unorthodox Jews. I fear that God and the religion of the orthodox Jew have but little place in the minds and hearts of most of the Jews that have emigrated to Palestine in the last ten or fifteen years. Perhaps Israel presents as many handicaps to the Christian Church as any other country in the world.

Second, I NOTICED PALESTINE IS A LAND OF RAGS. The drawing of the boundaries of Israel was considered by her adjoining neighbors as being unfair and in favor of the Jews. When war precipitated between Jordan and Israel, Jordan lost even more territory to Israel, necessitating that thousands more Arabs, Armenians, and Syrians move from their homes or live in the shadow of constant fear of night raids which left death and destruction in their wake. Many thousands fled from Israel, taking of their possessions only what they had on their backs and what they could carry, leaving stock, property, houses, and their furniture to be confiscated by Israel. Consequently all about the borders of Israel are to be found refugee camps which have been set up to care for these fleeing people. There in the poorly equipped camps, men, women, and children live amid unimaginable poverty and human suffering. I saw Arab and Armenian women in ragged, patched clothing that beggars description—torn, flapping tents, small flocks of scrawny goats, flies, naked children, and men with sullen faces and eyes that spoke of hunger and hate. There were beggars everywhere with their hands out for a few pennies.

The farming area back from the border on the Jordan side generally was unpromising. I saw donkeys and little oxen hitched to small plows that were being dragged through the dry dust and gravel and guided by thin, brown, dehydrated Arabs and leaving only a little, shallow, crooked furrow behind. Here they planned to plant grain of some kind, hoping that at harvesttime they would get more than the seed back in return for their labors. It all looked hopeless to me. At the close of the day the roads were filled with women coming to Elisha's Fountain or Jacob's Well for water. They carried old gasoline or oil cans, jars, goat skins, and other containers and would return to the refugee camp with water for the night and for the next day. Silently I thanked God for Jacob and his deep well and for Elisha and his grip on God that enabled him to perform a miracle three thousand years ago that was still working—cool, sweet, sparkling water from a fountain that was once salt and unfit to use.

Third, PALESTINE IS A LAND OF RICHES. I know that to say Palestine is a land of riches after I have said that it is a land of rags may seem a paradox; nevertheless Palestine has her riches. She is rich in *sacred things* and *holy places*. No land in the world has more. God's promised land to Abraham's unborn posterity, David's throne, and Solomon's Temple, every hill and valley made sacred by the footprints of the world's greatest men!

Rich in *history* and *marvelous events*—the birth of Christ, His sacrificial death, His resurrection, His ascension, Pentecost, the birthday of the Church! Nothing in world history is of such moment. In this land miracles were performed. Here David proved that God and a boy are more than a match for a giant and his armor-bearer. Here swollen streams were crossed without boat or bridges. Walls went down before the blast of rams' horns. Here the sick were healed, devils were cast out, and the dead were raised to life again.

Palestine is rich in *material things*. The Dead Sea alone, with minerals and chemicals collected from the soil of the valleys and the rocks in the mountains, by the wind and rain of centuries, constitutes one of earth's great depositories of riches. Any nation that can establish claim to the Dead Sea has her financial security guaranteed for centuries to come. The rich, fertile fields redeemed by irrigation are already a great factor in the riches of Palestine. Great orange groves, grape vineyards, and then too Palestine has her banana belt!

It is also rich in *future possibility*. Over twenty-five million trees have recently been planted, with plans laid for future plantings with the hope that the mountains and hills will be reforested and the weather conditions will be so changed that Palestine will be like the Garden of Eden someday. Oil wells are being drilled, and new fields are being tapped, thus promising that someday commerce and transportation will be taken off the backs of camels and donkeys and placed on fast cars and huge trucks.

The fourth thing that I noticed in my brief survey of Palestine is that **IT IS A LAND OF REVENGE**. I have never been anywhere else where the keen tensions of hatred and ill will seemed to fill the atmosphere as they do in Palestine. The age-old feud is still on. Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, and Egypt compass Israel on the north, east, and south. The Mediterranean is on the west, giving Israel access to the waterways of the Near East. The ill will and jealousy existing in that area of the world could flame overnight into a conflict of far-reaching proportions. Lines can be drawn, associations can be formed, and allegiances crystallized that will make Palestine a source of constant turmoil. The Arabs will not give another foot of territory without a fight. Israel wants more territory and feels that God's ancient promise entitles her to that territory. If she can get it without a fight, well and good. Even if it takes a fight, Israel will not be satisfied until

her borders are enlarged. So down underneath all that is said or printed, the spirit of revenge boils and seethes. A certain cartoon gives a fair picture of the conditions in Palestine. The cartoonist showed a great Arab soldier with his back against the back of a great Israeli soldier. Their feet were braced, and they were pushing against each other. In his hands each had a machine gun. The title of the cartoon was "Perpetual Emotion."

With all of these things which I have noted about Palestine's being a land of religion, rags, riches, and revenge, I saw some things in our Nazarene missions and in the communities surrounding them that make me feel that Palestine is also *a land of possible revival.*

CHAPTER VI

Jordan

Rev. Samuel Krikorian, the district superintendent of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, was anxious for me to see his field, and at the same time see some of the places that have become sacred to us all through Bible history. I arrived at Jerusalem on a Saturday afternoon. As soon as we had eaten a very tasty meal at the Y.M.C.A. Hotel, Brother Krikorian and Brother DePasquale took me on a short tour to the Field of the Shepherds. This without much question must be the very field where the shepherds were watching the temple flocks the night Jesus was born. Those shepherds had delivered many sheep to the Temple for sacrifice and had heard many things from the serving priests concerning sacrifices and the implications that attended the offering of the lamb upon the altar. They were doubtless God-fearing men who spent much of the night watches conversing about their religion and their God, who had studded the skies with the millions of stars. I tried to visualize them quietly watching their flocks one night, and then their reaction and surprise when the brightness of God's glory shined all about them and the angel said unto them,

Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from

them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

Standing there in the Field of the Shepherds where two thousand years ago the shepherds heard the wonderful announcement, I felt my heart strangely stirred. I sensed I was walking in their steps as we resorted to a cave which is in the field. The cave is quite large. A flock of two or three hundred sheep and their shepherds could find shelter there from the winds or cold rains. As we prayed in the cave, I felt that the Lord was not far away.

We left the Field of the Shepherds and went directly to Bethlehem, which was perhaps not more than a mile away, and into the Church of the Nativity, which is supposed to be erected over the birthplace of the Saviour. We went underground to the area that is reported to have been used as a stable, and there we were directed to the place of the manger where Jesus was laid in swaddling clothes twenty centuries ago. There we found some Catholic priests trying to get a picture of a big plastic doll lying in a wooden manger half filled with straw.

In a little while we left and returned to our hotel. There far into the night I thought: My Christ is not a Babe in the manger, nor a Boy in the Temple, nor a crucified and buried Saviour, but a resurrected, ascended, interceding, living, triumphant Christ. I know Him. He knows me. I love Him. He loves me. What a glorious fellowship for one so unworthy as I!

Early the next morning I heard the Mohammedan crier calling people to prayer. Within a few minutes we were dressed and on our way to Mount Olivet for sunrise. As I took several pictures of the rising sun, I thought of the Sun of Righteousness, who had broken the power of gravitation and had ascended on high from the very ground upon which I stood, and I breathed a prayer telling Him that He could turn the clouds into His

chariots and come riding back again any time that seemed good to Him. My heart was ready to give Him a glad welcome. We went from Mount Olivet to Bethany and to the cave from which Jesus called Lazarus to life, and from there to the Garden of Gethsemane and saw the old, gnarled olive trees that were like those among which Jesus had prayed. From there we went to where we could see Golgotha, the Place of the Skull. I visualized the Saviour as He climbed the lone, gray hill. I saw Him as they stripped Him of His seamless robe and brought forth a soiled purple robe and put it on Him. They crowned Him with thorns and placed a reed in His hand as a scepter and bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him as King of the Jews. They spat upon Him; they plucked out His beard. I turned away, my heart sick, as I realized why Isaiah had said He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

We then turned toward Joseph's New Tomb, walking in the footsteps of the consecrated feet that bore Him there for burial. We sat, we stood, we knelt at this sacred spot where kind hands had placed the body of Him who had triumphantly endured the worst that men and devils could do to Him. Here was the spot where three worlds—earth, heaven, and hell—saw the sonship and the saviourhood of Jesus Christ forever authenticated; where He seized the keys of death and hell and took them from the devil by force, broke the king's seal, rolled back the stone door, declared with a voice that made the mountains tremble, and made other graves to burst asunder, that He was alive and alive forevermore. With full hearts and weary feet we turned back to the Y.M.C.A. Hotel, where we had a light breakfast and a prayer and a little rest before we went to the morning service.

Brother Krikorian's feet seemed light as he led us through the narrow, dirty streets of Jerusalem. The streets were lined on either side with tables and counters displaying gifts, fruit, and bakery goods. Amid the shouting

salesmen, dirty and naked children, loaded burros, lean, mangy dogs, flies, and strange, nauseating smells, I heard muffled singing in the distance. Brother Krikorian went through a gate and beckoned us to follow. We walked into a clean area, through some doors, and into a small, clean chapel filled with happy Nazarenes. They waved their hands, shouted, and sang. We were in the Church of the Nazarene. What a contrast from the dirty streets through which we had just passed and the sad-faced people we had just seen! Here we saw the redemption which was purchased on Calvary, not ten blocks away, two thousand years ago, being demonstrated. Seventy-five people saved, sanctified, clean, happy, singing Nazarenes, the fruit of the gospel!

I had a good time preaching to this happy group of Christians. The building in which we were worshiping was a rented property. Located only eight or ten blocks away across no man's land on the Israeli side, we own a splendid church property that has a nice chapel, several Sunday-school rooms, and an apartment in which some loyal Nazarenes have lived for years, who featured so much in saving our property from confiscation and destruction during the war between Israel and the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan. Upstairs over these rooms there is a nice, modern apartment in which our missionaries, Brother and Sister Alex Wachtel, and their two children now live. It is unfortunate that our Nazarene church building is on one side of the line and inaccessible to the Nazarene congregation which is on the other side. However, the people are optimistic, and Brother Krikorian hopes for a good building for his people in the not too far distant future. Brother Krikorian interpreted for me. He was wonderful. He had a great spirit. I think he must have added a lot to what I said, for the people shouted until I got happy. I had about forgotten that I was the preacher when Brother Krikorian turned to me and waited for me to start him off again. Our pastor there in

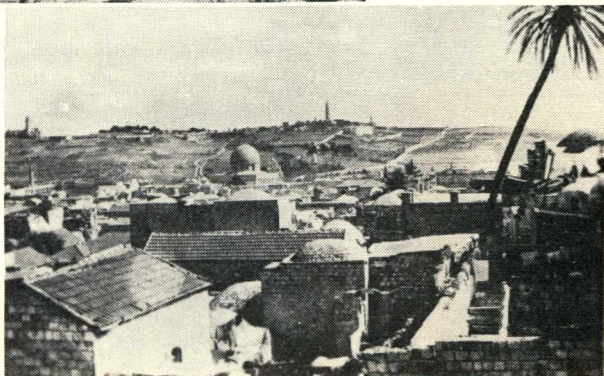


No. 1 Above:
British Isles
Assembly



No. 2 Left:
Missionary Home
And Bible School
Florence, Italy

No. 3 Right:
General View
Of Jerusalem



No. 4 Right:
Church and
School
Amman, Jordan



No. 5 Below:
Nazarene School
Damascus, Syria

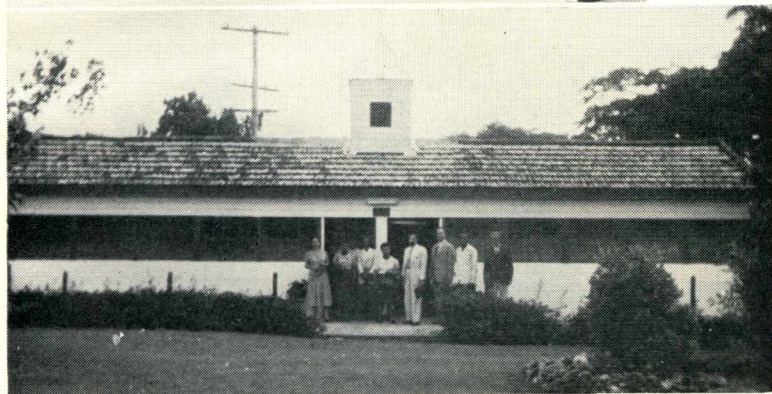


No. 6 Right:
Nazarene Bible School
Beirut, Lebanon





No. 7 Left:
Students
And Faculty
Beirut, Lebanon



No. 8 Above:
Bible School
Cuba

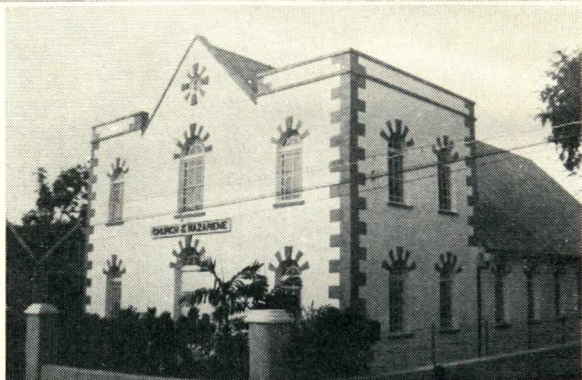


No. 9 Left:
St. James Church
Port of Spain,
Trinidad

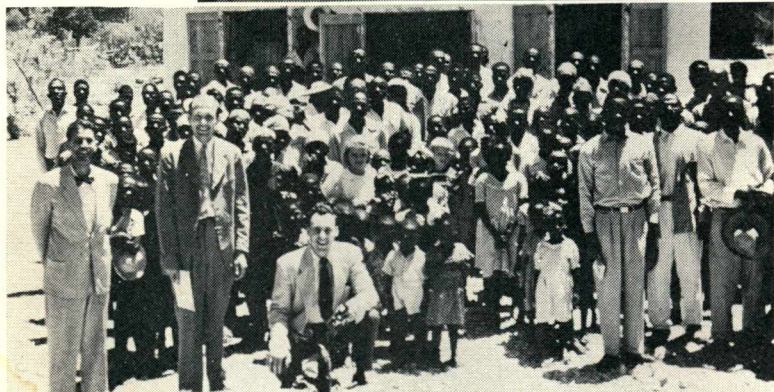


No. 10 Above:
Students
Bible School
Trinidad

No. 11 Right:
Hill Memorial
Church
Barbados



No. 12 Below:
Church and
Congregation
Northern Haiti



Jerusalem is a fine spiritual fellow, and he seemed delighted with the service.

I went to my hotel room grateful that, amid all the form, ceremony, and pagan practices of all the religions in Jerusalem (the so-called Christian church included), we had the Church of the Nazarene with the high-grade leadership and the joyful religion of the heart that I saw demonstrated that morning. It was then that I prayed earnestly for "Mr. General Budget" and for "Miss Alabaster Box," trusting that their future would be delightful and prosperous.

After lunch and a little rest we loaded everything into Brother DePasquale's wonderful "Oakland First Church" Chevrolet and pulled out toward Amman, the capital of the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, which is about fifty miles away from Jerusalem. The young king of Jordan had been along the highway only a few days before. I saw signs, bunting, wreaths of paper flowers, and many indications of special preparation for the coming of their king. Then I thought of John the Baptist, who had gone all out to prepare the way for the coming of his King, preaching, warning, and calling men to straighten the crooked paths, bring down the high places, and build up the low places, and thus make a way for Christ. John got some co-operation, but his loyalty and fearlessness cost his life when he was only a young man. Personally I want to prepare a straight, smooth, and wide road over which my King can travel to reach and meet the need of my heart and the hearts of my loved ones and friends. We reached Amman and went to the home of Brother Krikorian, where Sister Krikorian and their daughter and son had gone all out to provide a wonderful meal for three hungry preachers.

In Amman we have two Nazarene churches: one, an Armenian congregation which has an excellent building that has a combination equipment for church, day school, and Sunday school, and is sufficient to care for a large

crowd and will meet their need for many days to come; the other one, an Arab congregation that was worshipping in a small rented building. Plans had been laid for these congregations to meet together for the Sunday night service. Brother Thahabiyah was with us that evening, also Brother and Sister Russell from over at Zerka, about thirty miles away. The building was packed that evening. The singing was excellent, and my message was interpreted in both Armenian and Arabic. Brother Krikorian presented it in Armenian, and Brother Thahabiyah gave it to the people in Arabic. My fine sermon was all chopped up by the constant interruptions of these two brethren. I finally decided I had better just lift up the important things in my sermon and forget a lot of the things that really did not matter. I was a little surprised when I discovered that I had so much in my sermon that could be left out and not really hurt it much. At the close of the message a number found their way to the altar, both from the Arabs and the Armenians.

I noticed that one man with whom Brother Krikorian was dealing was greatly moved upon. He cried and prayed earnestly, and Brother Krikorian dealt faithfully with him. The man arose from the altar happy in his new-found religion. Brother Krikorian told me that the man had attended the Nazarene Sunday school when he was only a boy in tender years. The truths that boy had received over twenty years before had stuck to his heart, and he had never been able to shake them loose. Now this night he, a prominent goldsmith, who had been burdened for years, found his way to a place of prayer and was beautifully converted. I thought all of our Sunday-school teachers should take courage and carefully plant gospel seed in the hearts of their pupils, being assured that the good seed will never spoil, but in due time after sunshine, rain, and shadows, that very seed will germinate and bring forth conviction and conversion long after the

Sunday-school teacher has moved away or gone on to heaven.

Several young people came to me in the service and told me that they had felt a call to special service and were inquiring about a training school for preachers and Christian workers. In Amman we have about two hundred in Sunday school or day school. This is a strategic center, and Brother Krikorian is to be highly commended for the wonderful property he has been able to provide for the Nazarenes in Amman at such a modest price (No. 4, picture section, opposite page 32).

The next day following the wonderful service we had in Amman, we drove over to Zerka, a distance of about thirty miles, and had a nice visit with Brother and Sister William Russell, our resident missionaries there. Brother Russell has a very fine organization of teachers and young leaders. They had about one hundred seventy-five in their day school, with many of these in the Sunday school and Sunday services. We have an excellent property here, which includes a splendid home for the missionary and visiting workers. The church building has been erected to serve as both church and school, a very nice chapel for worship, and a number of rooms for classes. A nice playground for the children has also been provided. All of these are enclosed by a strong wall, which gives our church, school, and missionary home privacy and some protection. Within that wall it seemed like a little oasis in the midst of a great desert. My heart was thrilled as I noted these fine boys and girls who had come in from the community round about. They were under the influence of these Christian teachers, learning lessons, songs, and choruses during the day; and then about 4:00 p.m. they hurried away to their respective places of abode, maybe only a mud house, a shack, or even a tent. They all seem proud to be in our school and to wear their blue uniforms which the mission provides for them for a very small sum. It will take the judgment

to reveal the far-reaching influence of the lives of these children who are being trained in our mission stations.

I met with the national workers in the afternoon and urged all of them to give their very best to God and the church, and emphasized that they were our representatives in these fields, and that all of us were depending upon them. In the evening service I preached to a large crowd of people who came in from Zerka and the surrounding communities. There were several hands raised for prayer. No one came to the altar at the time of the call, but afterward several were at the altar and prayed through in a wonderful way. I noticed one boy about twelve years old who was praying so earnestly, seeking to be converted. He was barefooted and had on a faded blue shirt and knee trousers that were ragged and frayed at the knees. He had big dark eyes, high forehead, black hair, and pretty, white, even teeth. The boy was wonderfully converted, and arose to testify with his face aglow with the joy of the Lord. I had a feeling that this boy would make a great contribution to our church in the tomorrows. Some of the workers were sanctified that evening, and we all felt that it was a very important meeting. We drove back to Amman for the night and stayed again in the home of Brother Krikorian.

CHAPTER VII

Syria

The next morning Rev. M. A. Thahabiyah, at that time the district superintendent of Syria, and Rev. Don DePasquale and I started for Damascus, Syria, one of the oldest cities in the world, which was about one hundred fifty miles away, leaving Brother Krikorian to meet us in Beirut, Lebanon, later in the week. Syria is not a large country, only about fifty-four thousand square miles, with a population of a little over three million. Without difficulty we crossed the line into Syria and arrived in Damascus and went directly to the home of Brother and Sister Thahabiyah for dinner. Sister Thahabiyah and her daughter Laurice had provided an excellent meal. After traveling over the miles in the heat, we were in a mood for a good dinner. After dinner and a little rest, Brother DePasquale took me to the hill overlooking this ancient city. Across the sky line of the city I saw fifty or more Mohammedan mosques with their lofty minarets piercing the sky. Our missionaries are expected to generate spiritual life amid these tombs of spiritual death. God give them grace for this tremendous task!

Damascus is really a beautiful city with many comfortable homes surrounded by beautiful trees. Here in Damascus, I saw what was reported to be the house of Naaman, the leper. The river of Abana flowed right by his house. As I looked at the clear waters of this beautiful river, I could easily see why Naaman had rebelled against dipping himself in the muddy waters of the river Jordan when he had left such a wonderful river at home. He did not realize that it was not the color of the water that made the difference but rather his obedience to God's instructions given by the old prophet.

I went to the house of Ananias on the street called Straight. I stood not far from where the scales fell from the eyes of Saul of Tarsus. I thought of the marvelous transformation that came over him that day. This Damascus Road experience, where the heavenly light blinded him, was matched only by the Straight Gate experience, where his eyes were opened when Ananias prayed. The Damascus Christians were convinced that he who had come to persecute had been mightily awakened by the Spirit. For he had remained to pray and then went forth to preach and teach Christ with even greater strength and spirit than that with which he had opposed the Church. No wonder Paul emphasized that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new," when he had received such a wonderful experience himself. It was my privilege to stand by the wall over which the disciples had lowered Paul nearly two thousand years ago in a basket in order that he might escape the wrath of his new-made enemies. The judgment alone can reveal the weight and value of the ministry and influence of the great Apostle Paul upon the destiny of the world. Personally, I think that Ananias, who prayed for him in Damascus; the unknown rope holders who lowered him in a basket over the Damascus walls; and the faithful, courageous, radiant Barnabas, who stood by Paul in Jerusalem and went to Tarsus, sought, found, and brought Paul back to Antioch, will all receive high honors when rewards are handed out in that great day.

I visited our Syrian and Armenian schools (No. 5, picture section, opposite page 32) in Damascus, where we have a total of about four hundred students. I also met the teachers and carefully noted the overcrowded conditions in which they were working. The Syrian school sang songs in my honor and presented me with a lovely bouquet of flowers. Rev. M. A. Thahabiyah had been the district superintendent for many years. He and

his family had worked hard trying to build the Church of the Nazarene in this very difficult country. The effect of the Nazarene missionary in this Moslem country is slowly but surely paying off, as is evidenced by these hundreds of boys and girls we have in our schools. We also have a fine group of genuine Nazarenes who are loyal to our church and her doctrines. I was very pleased with the Armenian school and their reaction toward the program of the church. They received my message with apparent appreciation. There was much feeling among them as they presented me gifts and assured me of their prayers. Both of these congregations were forced to worship in the same building. This made it very difficult because of the timing for hours of service and classes. One evening I preached to both congregations. We had one hour's service for each. The room was filled with anxious, hungry-hearted people in both services. There were about twenty seekers at the close of the last service.

The over-all view of our work in Damascus at the present time is encouraging. Property has been purchased, and both our Syrian and Armenian congregations are now nicely housed. The schools are doing excellent work. Upon the retirement of Rev. M. A. Thahabiyah, Rev. Don DePasquale became the district superintendent for this great, needy area. Under his intense evangelistic program, new sections are being opened around Damascus. Another new church has been organized.

We visited our church and school up in the beautiful Bludan village, where the church building with school equipment was nearly finished. The property is excellent for this area, and there we have an organized church. There are about one hundred ninety in the school, and the Nazarenes are finding their way into the hearts of the people for miles around. I preached in the evening service to about one hundred fifty people, and there were several seekers at the altar. We returned to Damascus to spend the night. While in Damascus I visited in the home of

Rev. Don DePasquale and his lovely family. I greatly enjoyed their kindness and fellowship. Brother DePasquale pointed out many interesting places in Damascus, all of which reminded me that I was walking in the steps of great and good men of the yesterdays. In 1860 over six thousand Christians were massacred during a Moslem uprising. Christians have sealed their faith with their blood in almost every land, and Syria is no exception. God bless our faithful missionaries who labor in these difficult fields.

CHAPTER VIII

Lebanon

The morning following the service in Bludan, Brother DePasquale, Brother Thahabiyah, and I left by car for Beirut, the capital city of Lebanon. Lebanon is a very small country, having an area of only thirty-four thousand square miles, with a population of about a million three hundred thousand. Much of it is high and mountainous, with quite a plain and agricultural area along next to the Mediterranean Sea. We had no trouble in crossing the line between Syria and Lebanon and arrived in Beirut along in the afternoon. This was a wonderful drive from Damascus. For many miles Mount Hermon, which is a little over nine thousand feet high and in the Lebanon Mountains, was in constant view. There are a number of other peaks in this range of mountains that are over eight thousand feet high. The Mediterranean Sea was in view for the last ten or fifteen miles of the journey. A little over 50 per cent of the population of Lebanon is classed as Christian—Maronite, Greek Orthodox, and Greek Catholic. The most of the remainder are Mohammedans. At the time I was in Beirut we did not have a Nazarene church, though there were several Nazarene families in the city.

Dr. Krikorian, an M.D., has a fifty-bed hospital nicely located in a high area of the city. He is a brother of Rev. Samuel Krikorian and is a high-grade Christian. He opened the outpatient room in the hospital for us to have our Nazarene service. A fine crowd gathered and listened very attentively. One man sought Christ at the close of the service.

Rev. Samuel Krikorian took us to the location which had been purchased for the Bible school and missionary home (No. 6, picture section, opposite page 32). I was thrilled with it. We stood with bared heads and looked out across the Mediterranean Sea at the ships coming and going. To our left, two or three miles across the valley on a high elevation, the American University of Beirut was in full view. With heads bowed we prayed God's blessing upon the proposed school program, buildings, teachers, and student body. I saw them all through the telescope of faith. We then had nothing but the bare ground. We now have our Bible training school and missionary home in Beirut. Our location is excellent, and our buildings are adequate to care for forty or fifty students. We now have about twenty in attendance (No. 7, picture section, opposite page 32). Rev. Donald Reed, who has charge of the school and also preaches in the newly organized Nazarene church in Beirut, is doing a splendid work. The Bible school will serve the students from Transjordan, Syria, and Lebanon. With a group of our own trained young preachers, the progress of our church in all of these countries should be much better than in the past. If we could have had this school twenty-five years ago, our work would have been far ahead of what it is today. We have fond hopes as we face the future.

While in Beirut, I met a number of the relatives of Brother and Sister Krikorian. They are a wonderful group of people and hold Brother and Sister Krikorian in the highest esteem. I feel certain that they will give every assistance to our church.

Downtown in Beirut, Brother Krikorian and I were sitting in the parked car, talking and waiting for Brother DePasquale to run an errand, when I heard a noise just outside the open car window. I turned my head and there, not more than six inches from my nose, was the stub hand of a leper beggar. He was reaching in for a small gift.

Brother Krikorian said, "He is a leper. Roll up your window." I have never rolled up a window faster.

Some may smile at my fears, but I must confess that the dirty stub fist of the poor man did not look or smell good to me. I was glad when Brother DePasquale returned and we moved on.

The day following our visit to Beirut we turned back toward Jericho by way of Damascus, as the Nazarenes were planning for a baptismal service at the river Jordan and wanted me to be there for this great occasion. We left early and drove all morning through the intense heat. We stopped at Zerka for lunch with the Russells and then on to the baptism. We arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon. The heat was almost unbearable as we approached the Jordan River. There we found some cars and buses that had brought about seventy-five or eighty people for the baptismal service. They were all gathered at a place on the riverbank where they thought it most proper to baptize people.

It was here that the children of Israel had crossed, dry-shod, into the land of Canaan under the rugged leadership of Joshua. Here was the place Elijah had smitten the waters with his mantle, and the water parted hither and thither. At this same place Elisha had parted the water when he smote it with Elijah's old mantle, and this is reputed to be the very place where Naaman, the leper, dipped himself seven times to secure his healing from leprosy. Here also in this very spot is where the multitude crowded to hear John the Baptist and be baptized of him in the river Jordan. At this same place Jesus came one day to be baptized. I stood there thinking of events in the past centuries, and I was reminded that I was walking where the great of yesterday had walked.

About that time Brother Krikorian confronted me with a problem. The twelve- or thirteen-year-old boy who had been converted over in Zerka a few days before, and by whom I was impressed, had come to the baptismal

service. He had prayed nearly all night the night before that he could make his public confession of his conversion and be baptized in the river Jordan.

It is not the custom to baptize a new convert immediately following conversion, but six months' or a year's probation is given to teach, give counsel, and be assured that the person fully understands what is involved in being baptized. The problem was, Should he baptize the boy then or make him wait the six months or a year?

I suggested to Brother Krikorian that he talk to the boy himself. This he did, and in about ten minutes Brother Krikorian returned with tears running down his noble face. He said: "Dr. Vanderpool, I wish we had a thousand like him. He has been wonderfully converted and tells me that God has called him to preach. We will go ahead and baptize him today."

It thrilled me to know that the Church of the Nazarene has a teaching and preaching program in the foreign fields that is so plain and clear that young boys and girls can find their way to definite conversion and joyful Christian living.

I had been there only a few minutes when I saw an old Arab standing in the heat with a red turban on his head, and he was wearing an overcoat. He had several days' growth of beard on his rough, furrowed face. There was a long scar on one side of his face. I was about to take his picture, thinking from his appearance that he was a raw heathen; but by the look in his one eye I thought he did not want me to take his picture, so I just snapped a picture of the river Jordan, and he got in the picture just the same. A little later when we were singing "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," I turned to see who was singing so joyfully, and saw the old Arab singing with all enthusiasm possible. His mouth was open wide; he had only two teeth, and they did not match. Upon inquiry I found that he had been converted about eight years. The missionaries declared that he was

a most conscientious Christian, observing all the rules of the church, was a faithful tither of every dollar he received from his little farm and from his flock of goats. I am certain he was a great inspiration to all who knew of the transformation that had come into his life. He was reported to have been one of the hardest men ever to ride across the desert.

One lady was baptized whose husband did not want her to be baptized, though he did give his consent before she came to the river. After he arrived at the river, he grew angry and forbade her to be baptized. The last I saw of him, he was much incensed at what had taken place.

When we left the river, we came to Jericho and drove through the city and came near the place where Jesus had healed the blind man. I thought of Zacchaeus, who was converted after he had climbed the sycamore tree to see Jesus. We passed the place reputed to be near the inn where the Good Samaritan took the man that had fallen among thieves and had been robbed and beaten. I remembered how Jesus found me robbed by Satan and bruised by sin. He brought me to the place where spiritual riches were restored and healing was brought to my sin-sick soul.

We drove on to the plains of Dothan and came to the pit into which Joseph's brethren had cast him because of their extreme jealousy. There I remembered they tore his coat of many colors to shreds and dipped it in a goat's blood to deceive Jacob into believing that wild animals had destroyed his son. These cruel brothers had intended to permit Joseph to perish in the pit, but about the time they were ready to leave him there, they heard the tinkling bells of some traders' camels as they came across the desert on their way to Egypt. They took Joseph up out of the pit and sold him to these traders. I could visualize little Joseph not more than seventeen years old, bound to the back of one of the trader's camels. Tears

were running unbidden down his boyish, dust-covered face. The heartlessness of his brothers as they watched him go away into a life of slavery was enough to crush him, but leaving home, father, and younger brother, Benjamin, was almost more than he could bear. I thought of the faithfulness of God to one that dares to obey. Years went by, but in due time God brought him out of prison and made him prime minister of the greatest country in all the then-known world, and he became the great provider for Egypt and for his own brethren. As Joseph moved on to do the bidding of God, in due time God met him at the crossroads and healed all of the hurts that cruelty had imposed upon him. And don't forget, God humbled the wicked brothers. Here at this pit I renewed my vows to God and determined anew that I would press on and rely upon God to meet me over the hill at the crossroads in His own good time.

We came to Jacob's Well, and I drank from the same well from which Jesus drank that day as He sat upon the curb of the well and requested water from the Samaritan woman. I thank God that the same kind of "springing well" which He promised to the woman of Samaria is a symbol of the new birth which He gave to me one day, as He slaked the thirst of my soul and left me with a well of water springing up into everlasting life. I thought of what Jesus said to His disciples when they returned and were surprised that He talked with the Samaritan woman. The disciples were looking too low, so He said, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." I tried to get a mental picture of the crowd that came from the little city of Sychar, all aroused by the burning testimony of the woman to whom Jesus had given a "springing well" experience. Her attitude and outlook on life were so changed that her acquaintances were convinced that she had received something real.

They were anxious to see the Individual who could make such a wonderful change in a person. These Samaritans from Sychar constituted a portion of the white harvest field which Jesus wanted His disciples to see.

We traveled northeastward for about two hours and came to Nabulus, where we secured an officer of the Jordan Army to be our guard as we went on to the ruins of the ancient city of Samaria. Everyone that saw our guard with his machine gun gave us respect. Dim outlines of the walls of the city are visible; walls and pillars of ancient palaces lie in dust and ruins. Some of the marble pillars lack four or five inches of being round, having been worn by the winds and drifting sands of the ages. We found some Arabs winnowing grain on the spot where the ancient city of Samaria once proudly stood. I saw a huge, deep reservoir walled with stone. It was in a fair state of preservation though doubtless two thousand years old. I looked out across the plains in every direction from the ancient city site and thought of all things that went in to make it secure against its enemies in the ancient days. Actually it was an impregnable fortress; yet it fell before the enemy. I was reminded of what the Psalmist said, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The safest place to be found for any man, city, or nation is in the will of God.

Upon returning to Jerusalem we visited the Wailing Wall of the Jews. I thought of the thousands who had come there to wail and pray for the restoration of Israel. I was reminded of what was said at the crucifixion, "His blood be on us, and on our children." The desolation of Israel will not be lifted until officially Israel confesses her crime against Jesus. The return of the Jews to Palestine is not the restoration of the Jews. Many of the Jews who are returning to Jerusalem are atheistic and are prompted to return, not from humble religious convictions, but rather from national pride and a desire for world recog-

nition. Greed and bigotry are in evidence. Restoration cannot precede repentance.

Upon our return to Jerusalem we got permission to visit what is reputed to be Solomon's stables. These are located under the Temple area and connect with tunnels running out through Solomon's quarry. Everything was very interesting, whether these were Solomon's stables or not. We refreshed our minds with one of the historic statements concerning Solomon's greatness, "And Solomon's provision for one day was thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal, ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and an hundred sheep, beside harts, roebucks, and fallowdeer, and fatted fowl. . . . And Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen. . . . And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt." Though I hated to think of it, I knew that, before his life was over, Solomon had allowed other gods and willful sins to rob him and cloud his name with shame. I have a feeling that the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes marked the awakening of King Solomon. I hope to see him someday upon the plains of light. When the day was done and we were in our room, we had a good season of prayer and then held a council concerning the Church of the Nazarene in the Holy Land. We retired with a feeling that God's good hand was upon our church and that fruitful days were ahead.

CHAPTER IX

Israel

Next morning after bidding farewell to Brothers Krikorian, Thahabiyah, and DePasquale, we crossed the border from Jordan into Israel. I had strange feelings as I walked down the street, crossing no man's land, carrying my suitcases, and knowing that the guards of Jordan were watching me as I left and that the guards of Israel were watching me as I approached, and remembering that very few days went by that someone was not killed somewhere along this border by trigger-happy guards. I was kindly received by the custom officials, and my passport and visa were quickly honored. In only a few minutes I was shaking hands with Rev. Alex Wachtel, our missionary in Israel. We took a taxi to his home, where I met Sister Wachtel, who is a very charming lady from Oklahoma. After a little visit we had a tour of the property in Jerusalem. It is well located and very valuable, is within a block of the King David Hotel, which is the best hotel in all of the Near East. Brother Wachtel had the property in excellent condition. The apartment in the second story of part of the church building makes a nice home for the missionaries. Mrs. Wachtel provided a splendid dinner for us. We talked over plans for the future and had a good prayer, then bade Sister Wachtel good-by.

Brother Wachtel and I started to Nazareth, where he had hoped to open a Nazarene mission and later on organize the Church of the Nazarene. We traveled through the valley of Megiddo and looked at the wonderful fields of wheat. I have never seen fields that seemed more productive. Under the intensive farming of the Jews

this valley is now dotted with flourishing Jewish colonies. There is no question about the ability and advancement of the Jew above surrounding nations. The Jews have been educated in countries from which they have come. In the foreground of Israeli activity are high-ranking educators, scientists, engineers, and agriculturalists. Everywhere we traveled we could see the marks of able leadership supported by an unlimited capital. City streets, buildings, and highways are all modern, making the cities and buildings in other Near East countries look antiquated. Harnessing rivers, reclaiming deserts and swamps, threading the country with electric wires, and opening new oil fields seem to be an obsession with the Israeli nation.

On our way to Nazareth, Mount Carmel was pointed out to us. I was thrilled as I thought of the triumphant events that took place on that mountain under the heroic faith of the prophet Elijah. There God answered by fire, and the enemies of God were silenced. Elijah's God still lives. He still answers by fire when conditions are met. I thought of my old friend, Charles Maxson, of Walla Walla, Washington. He has gone on to heaven now, but in his day he had a place of prayer on a high hill on his farm. He called his place of prayer Mount Carmel. I resolved to have a Mount Carmel somewhere and visit it often.

I saw Mount Gilboa in the distance and remembered that there before my eyes was the spot where sin had caught up with a man who said, "I have sinned," but did not quit his sin—King Saul, straight, a head taller than his fellows, humble, chosen, anointed, and Spirit-touched. No man ever had a better chance than he, but he failed God and the people. He jealously "eyed" David, drifted from God, sought the witch of Endor for guidance, and finally, circled by his dying sons, he died by his own hand, a disappointment to God and all who knew him.

I prayed God to help me to hold steady and warn those who might be tempted to drift.

In the heat of the afternoon we arrived at Nazareth and went directly to the place pointed out as Joseph's carpenter shop. We went in and looked around. I thought: Here Jesus helped Joseph; perhaps He sanded the rough places on the ox yokes and made them perfectly smooth. Doubtless Jesus had seen the sores on the necks of the oxen caused by rough, galling yokes, and He did not want any ox galled by an ill-fitting yoke. Maybe that is one thing that gave rise to His statement, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." I thanked Him that day for the rest He gave me when I came to Him. I can truthfully say, "His yoke is easy, and His burden is light." Doubtless Joseph also built houses in the Nazareth community. I am certain he always insisted on a good foundation and argued that it was folly to build upon the sand. The boyhood experiences by Jesus doubtless gave rise to His message concerning the wise man who built his house on a rock and the foolish man who built his house upon the sand. As I walked the streets of Nazareth, I had a feeling that I trod near where Joseph walked, maybe with little Jesus astride his shoulder, and where Jesus ran and played when a little Boy. Yes, I must have walked in their steps!

After spending some time in Nazareth and thinking how wonderful it would be for the Church of the Nazarene to be established there, we turned our faces northward toward the city of Tiberius and to the shores of the Sea of Galilee, breathing a prayer that God would help us and open doors in this country where every door seems closed. When we came in view of the Sea of Galilee, my heart was strangely stirred. I looked at the waters which featured so much in the life and ministry

of Jesus. Jesus knew the best fishing holes in the sea, and also He knew where fish could be caught with gold in their mouths. Jesus had walked on its waters to His disciples in their distress. Her waters became docile and calm when Jesus said to the wind, "Be quiet," and to the waves, "Go back to bed." The waters of the Sea of Galilee seemed sacred to me that day. I saw fishing boats tied to the shore that I suppose were no better than the ones that Peter forsook nearly two thousand years ago.

Across to the north I saw the ruins of what was once the flourishing city of Capernaum. There are now only a limited number of houses, and apparently not many people live there. Once Capernaum was the home of Peter and a place which Jesus often visited and where He had at least two great revivals, the last one being precipitated by the healing of the palsied man who was brought to Him by four faithful men.

For an evening meal Brother Wachtel and I ordered fresh fish right from the Sea of Galilee. We picked out two nice fish which were on ice, and they were broiled and placed before us. I shall never forget that evening meal eaten out in the open on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. I thought of Jesus on that same shore broiling fish for His tired disciples who had toiled all night and had caught nothing. Not far from where we were eating, a little boy was trying to catch a fish. He had no fishing rod, just a little hook and about ten feet of line. He would throw the line out as far as possible, perhaps four or five feet, into the water and pull it in and then try again. At length his efforts were rewarded, for he brought in a fish about eight inches long. I was looking directly at him when he made the catch. His face was lighted with joy and surprise. He must have been about the size of the boy who gave Jesus his lunch to feed the multitude.

We drove over to Capernaum, which was only a few miles away from Tiberias. There with the shades of night beginning to settle about us, I got my last view of this

beautiful sea. We made our way back to the south and west and came about eleven o'clock at night into Tel Aviv, where I planned to take the plane about midnight. There I bade farewell to Brother Alex Wachtel, and he turned back to Jerusalem to apply himself to the task of getting the language and looking after the interests of the Church of the Nazarene in the land of many barriers. At the last minute my seat in the plane leaving on the scheduled flight was given to the Israeli secretary of finance. About two hours later I boarded a plane for Alexandria, Rome, and on to London, where I arrived about eight hours late. Here I found Mrs. Vanderpool anxiously awaiting my return.

We left England just five days before the coronation of the lovely Queen Elizabeth. Everybody seemed thrilled at the approach of this wonderful day. Millions of dollars was being spent in decoration and in preparation to do honor to the young queen. Personally I liked it. Why not? Queen Elizabeth may serve for forty or fifty years if Jesus tarries. Why not do her honor? The Bible says, "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour." I may be different, but I was thrilled by President Eisenhower's inauguration when he can serve as president only eight years at the longest. Why not honor the queen, who can serve for life? Honor shown to worthy people is a compliment to ourselves.

Mrs. Vanderpool and I left London with a feeling that we were leaving a great crowd of loyal Nazarenes and wonderful friends. The Maclagans, Tinks, and others sang farewell songs to us as our train pulled out of London headed for Southampton.

CHAPTER X

Cuba

At Miami, Florida, we boarded a beautiful passenger plane that was poised like a great bird ready for flight. Soon we heard the smooth-running motor that told us that all was ready to go. The ship took gracefully to the air, and we were away for Havana, Cuba. In a short time the city was in full view, and a beautiful sight it was as we circled about in preparation for landing. Beautiful hotels, government buildings, and school buildings, together with the spreading residential areas, were inspiring in their beauty. We saw the Lyle Prescott family and the John Hall family standing on the second-story platform of the beautiful airport building. With them were several of the Cuban pastors and Christians. They were all waving us a glad welcome. In a short time we were through customs and shaking hands with our fine missionaries and Cuban Nazarenes.

Cuba lies south of Key West, Florida, about ninety miles and is the largest of all the islands of the West Indies, having an area of 44,206 square miles with a population of over five million. Havana is the capital city and has one of the finest and safest harbors in the world. The royal palm tree is seen everywhere. The average temperature is 75.6 degrees, and the average rainfall is 40.6 inches. Sugar and tobacco represent the chief exports of Cuba, while among many other products are molasses, coffee, pineapple, citrus fruits, cocoa, and coconut.

The language is Spanish, though English is widely understood.

Children from age seven to fourteen are compelled to go to school. The predominant religion is Roman Catholic. Not far from the center of the city of Havana, I saw an orphans' home where hundreds of unwanted children find food, clothes, shelter, and training in the Catholic religion. On one side of the high wall that surrounds the orphanage is a small wooden door opening upon the street. Here unwanted babies may be brought day or night, the door opened, and the baby placed upon a turntable just inside the door. The table is turned, a little bell is rung, then the door is closed, and it is good-by to the child forever. The effort to shift responsibility has been made. Maybe the unwed or the unfed mother can have a new try at life. I turned away from the cold, gray wall and the little wooden door sick at heart as I visualized the tears and heartbreaks that had been about that door in the past fifty years. I prayed God to have mercy upon a poor old world that is headed toward the judgment.

Our church has been in Cuba but a short time in comparison to other churches, but splendid progress has been made by our missionaries. Brother and Sister Lyle Prescott have given themselves completely to the establishing of the Church of the Nazarene with her doctrine, vision, and program. I really marvel at what has been done. Of course, Brother and Sister John Hall have given wonderful help in carrying on the work, and now Brother and Sister Ardee Coolidge have joined the Cuban forces to build the Kingdom. We have a great field for our church in Cuba. We have secured a splendid headquarters and district center property located just out of Havana on a main highway. City buses and hundreds of cars pass our property daily, affording a splendid opportunity to advertise our church. We have a new, all-purpose chapel finished at the extremely low price of only \$5,200.00. The careful planning of our missionaries together with the donated labor on this building has saved our church several thousands of dollars. It was my

happy privilege to dedicate this forty-by-sixty-foot chapel amid the rejoicing of the people. It is here that several splendid camps have already been held with scores of people finding their way to the Lord. We have a number of Cuban preachers now that have the real Nazarene swing in their preaching and manner of conducting a service. I marveled that Brother Prescott had done so much so well in such a short time.

Brothers Prescott and Hall and I left early one morning for a tour traveling by car about a hundred miles southwest of Havana. We came to a thickly populated area in and near Pinar del Rio. This seemed to be a key spot for our church. We have some converts and interested people in this area. Here we prayed and asked God to open the door for the Church of the Nazarene. On this tour we saw great fields of sugar cane, coconut groves, and tobacco fields. Much of the plowing is done by oxen. This is especially true with the smaller farms. On this trip I saw for the first time a group of hog boys, men on horseback driving a herd of hogs to market. I was amused when one man who was trying to head off one runaway hog jumped off his horse, seized the hog by the tail, turned it around, and headed it in the right direction, then got back on his horse and came along smiling. When driving in the city of Havana or any other city of Cuba, automobile drivers approaching the intersections begin to honk their horns, claiming the right of way. The fellow with the loudest horn seems to go first. We arrived back home without accident, which to me was almost a miracle.

It was our privilege to participate in several services, one of which required a drive of several miles. When we arrived, Brother Hall was there ahead of us, and a nice crowd had gathered. The little portable organ was soon out of the car and in the front of the room and ready to go. There was some wild jukebox music blaring not far away. I thought we would never overcome that, but you would

never guess what big music Lyle Prescott could get out of that little organ. When he got started, I knew we were on top. Everything was perfect until when I was preaching I used the words wood chisel in an illustration, and Lyle interpreted it "bedbug." I did not know any better, but a number of the people were amused.

One evening we were driving to an area about twenty miles from headquarters to dedicate a lovely little church which Brother Hall had erected and where he had charge as pastor. On our way there the lights of our car burned out, leaving us on a very narrow road in dense darkness. A lantern in the trunk of the car and a match in my wife's handbag saved the day. With Lyle sitting on the car radiator holding the lantern, we slowly made our way into a village. I don't think it helped Brother Prescott's ministerial ego any, but he was afraid for me to do it, lest I fall off. A good-natured taxi driver, interested in our church, took us to the meeting without charge, and we left the car for the lights to be fixed. On our way back home after the service, the Cuban police stopped us and checked every passenger. They were making all buses stop and were searching the passengers for firearms. The police were very courteous to us and let us go on in a few minutes.

Today we have in Cuba nearly two hundred members besides those who are on probation. We have about a thousand enrolled in Sunday school, and in our Bible school (No. 8, picture section, opposite page 32) there are twenty enrolled. We have thirteen church buildings, six missionaries, and fifteen national workers. Brother and Sister John Hall are working heroically now to launch a church and open a new area within about a hundred miles southeast of Havana. Brother and Sister Coolidge are doing pastoral work and assisting in the Bible training school. The future for our church in Cuba is bright.

CHAPTER XI

Trinidad

The great airplane gracefully landed at the airport just out of Port of Spain, and in a few minutes I was greeted by Rev. Ray Miller, the district superintendent of our work in Trinidad. He drove me directly to the mission property, which is about eight miles out from Port of Spain in beautiful Santa Cruz Valley. Here we have our Bible training college and our missionary headquarters and missionary home located on a thirty-five-acre plantation.

The climate and surroundings here are as fine as can be found anywhere on the island of Trinidad. The boys in the training school work on the plantation for an average wage per hour and in this way help to finance their own training. The crops of nutmeg, coffee, cocoa, et cetera, are sold and the returns used in connection with the school. Brother Miller had just finished erecting a splendid hurricane-proof, all-purpose tabernacle on the headquarters grounds. This building will be used for graduations and special services in connection with the training college and also serves as a place of worship for the local church which is being organized in the valley. This building was secured at a very reasonable price. Brother Miller understands construction and is a master in securing the co-operation of others, including businessmen in Port of Spain and the local men who could give of their time. A lovely new church building has been erected in Port of Spain, where Rev. Wesley Harmon, one of our fine missionaries, was the pastor (No. 9, picture section, opposite page 32). This church is well located and will seat about five hundred people and will be adequate for our

work for several years to come. It was my delightful task to dedicate both the new tabernacle and the new church.

It was indeed a pleasure to meet with Rev. and Mrs. Ray Miller, Rev. and Mrs. Wesley Harmon, Rev. and Mrs. Howard Sayes, and their families and talk about the work they are doing. We had some wonderful times of fellowship together. They all seemed like one big, happy family working together to build the kingdom of God; and now since I was there, Miss Ruth Saxon has been added to the list of missionaries.

The Bible training college in Trinidad is set up with the idea of training preachers and workers from Barbados and British Guiana. I met the student body in the school (No. 10, picture section, opposite page 32), twenty-five splendid young people. Eighteen were from Trinidad. I met several who had graduated from the Bible college. They certainly reflect the splendid training they have received. One of them entered a very difficult field, and he and his lovely wife went to work in earnest to build the Church of the Nazarene. A vacation Bible school captivated the town in which he was preaching. Over two hundred were in attendance. When the school was over, the children were praying prayers, singing choruses, playing games, and telling everywhere how much they liked the Nazarene preacher and his wife. One church which had been organized for over three hundred years tried their first vacation Bible school in an effort to offset the influence made by the Nazarene vacation Bible school; however, they lacked something. The school closed, a complete failure. I saw the church with cross lifted high above the treetops. Two buzzards were lazily roosting on the cross in midafternoon. I thought of something dead. The reader may draw his own conclusions. Three months later the pastor of that church resigned, gave up the ministry, and entered politics. The young Nazarene preacher continues to make progress. He was present in Port of Spain with about seventy of his people

for the dedication of the new church. Other graduates from the college are giving good account of themselves.

The island of Trinidad is just off the north coast of South America and is the most southeasterly of the West Indies islands. It has an area of a little over eighteen hundred square miles with a population of about one million. There are about two hundred thousand Indians, thirty thousand white people, while the rest of the population is colored. Trinidad abounds with unexploited possibilities. Here is to be found the great asphalt lake covering about one hundred and twenty acres. Asphalt has been taken from this lake and exported for many, many years. The supply there seems to be inexhaustible. Oil in abundance has been discovered and is being processed and shipped to various countries. Tropical fruits and flowers flourish wherever given root. Beautiful orchids are here in abundance. Port of Spain is the capital city and is rapidly increasing in population. The principal airport of Trinidad is located just out of Port of Spain.

I was privileged to be in Trinidad over Palm Sunday with our missionaries and people. This was a thrilling day for me. We drove from the Bible training college and missionary headquarters in Santa Cruz Valley eight miles out of Port of Spain into the city, where the people were gathered by the hundreds for the Palm Sunday service in St. James Church of the Nazarene. The Millers, Harmons, and Sayeses had everything in readiness for a great day.

The new church, which had been officially opened on March 14 by the colonial secretary of Trinidad, was large, clean, and had a seating capacity of about five hundred. The front of the church was decorated with palms, ferns, poinsettias, lilies, and twelve other kinds of flowers, which grow so profusely on the island. All had been brought in loving memory of Christ's triumphant march into Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago.

During the Sunday-school hour there were over five hundred present. I looked into one of the departments which occupies a room twelve by twenty feet. There were 180 little folk jammed together. They sang with such enthusiasm that they almost upset the singing in the main auditorium. Following the Sunday school, a baptismal service was conducted in which 19 were baptized, and 20 adults were taken into full membership as well as 42 received on probation. The afternoon service was attended by representatives from 9 different outlying stations. These stood to be counted and made some contribution to the service either by scripture reading, singing a song, or giving a sacred reading. This large new church was dedicated amid the shouts of grateful people. Between five and six hundred heard my afternoon message. The evening service was blessed of God in a special way. The church was crowded. After a great song service, praise meeting, and an evangelistic message, over twenty were at the altar seeking the Lord, most of whom seemed to be happy finders. We got back to headquarters and to a good bed, feeling that Palm Sunday in Trinidad had been a full day.

In Trinidad we now have about three hundred church members with eighty more on probation. Two thousand are enrolled in the Sunday school, and there are twenty-nine enrolled in the Bible training school. There are seven missionaries and twenty-seven national workers all working together with the feeling of assurance that a wonderful harvest for Christ and the church is in the near future. Rev. Prescott Beals, veteran missionary from India, has made and is now making a fine contribution to our work in Trinidad. His wonderful spirit, prayer life, and years of experience have enabled him to supplement the splendid work of Rev. and Mrs. Ray Miller, also seasoned and well-trained missionaries. Everyone who knows Rev. and Mrs. Prescott Beals holds them in high esteem. I traveled with Brother and Sister Miller over a

large portion of the island of Trinidad, looking at a number of places where Brother Miller plans to plant new churches. Some of them are in strategic places and are at this writing already active. Brother and Sister Howard Sayes are doing a great work in one of these places.

Our church is well received in Trinidad, and every place we have gone we have had a good hearing. We have eight church buildings in Trinidad with several parsonages.

I bade the missionaries good-by and boarded the plane for Barbados with the feeling that I was leaving behind as loyal a group of Nazarenes as I had ever seen.

Recently, Mrs. Louise Chapman has conducted some wonderful conventions in Trinidad.

CHAPTER XII

Barbados

I left Trinidad for Barbados with a prayer that God would give me journeying mercies and make me a blessing to our people in Barbados. I arrived at the Bridgetown airport on schedule and was warmly greeted by Rev. and Mrs. James Jones and Rev. and Mrs. Lawrence Faul and their lovely families. Barbados is a beautiful little island, most eastern of all the British West Indies islands. It has an area of one hundred fifty-six square miles and is located three hundred miles from Trinidad. It is about eighteen hundred miles from New York and twenty-one hundred miles from New Orleans. Barbados is called "Little England." It is one of the most densely populated areas in the world, having two hundred twenty thousand people or a little over fourteen hundred population per square mile. Property is extremely high in price. A suitable place for a church building is very difficult to find. The climate on the island is ideal. The chief products are sugar and cotton. Molasses and rum are manufactured. Most of the exports go to Canada, while most of the imports come from the United States. English is the language used. Most of the people are black. The island has a good school system, and the literacy is high. The highways are fair, and almost every square mile is accessible by automobile. Tourists are attracted from all over the world by the famous beaches and the colorful scenery in Barbados. There are scores of churches and independent missions at work across the island.

Our church has been operating in Barbados for about thirty years. We have over one thousand Nazarenes on the island and over one hundred on probation. The

Sunday school has over two thousand enrolled. We have twenty-nine church buildings (No. 11, picture section, opposite page 32), several of them badly in need of repair. There are several parsonages, and we have a splendid headquarters property nicely located, a home for missionaries, and some buildings used for classes and offices. A sturdy, all-purpose, termite- and hurricane-proof tabernacle is being erected on the headquarters property. It will be used for district assemblies, camp meetings, district conventions, and also for vacation Bible schools and Bible classes. One room will be used for storage of tents and other district equipment. It will accommodate eighteen hundred or two thousand people when opened to its full capacity. This will be a great help to the district, since we have no building large enough for district gatherings with room for guests and visitors. Especially will it make a great contribution to the camp meeting, since hundreds of outsiders have desired to attend the camp, but there never has been room.

Brother James Jones is doing a splendid work as district superintendent. Sister Jones is making a wonderful contribution to the work. Brother and Sister Faul are carrying on in a splendid way. The Jones and Faul children are wonderful little soldiers for Jesus.

I conducted the Twenty-third Annual District Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene in Barbados and noticed how nicely everything was organized. The pastors' reports were good. These reports would have been much better if the pastors could have given full time to their pastoral work. Most of the pastors labor part time and do not have opportunity to visit or study enough to give the church their best service. Each church is being urged to do its very best financially in order that the pastor may give full time to the work as soon as possible.

During the assembly we called for the deaconesses' reports. One old deaconess dressed in white stood up to give her report. Her face was shining, eyes fairly

sparkling. She motioned for two ladies to stand. When they stood, she turned to me and told me how she had worked during the year trying to win these women to Christ, telling of her visits, her prayers, her invitations, and her kind deeds. Then at last what a privilege to see them converted from a life of sin, and she explained how she presented them at this district assembly as evidence of service and tokens of victory for Christ and the church. I thought if every pastor and every deaconess around the world would bring their converts for each year to a district assembly and present them when they gave their reports it would be a wonderful sight. However, for some it would not be so pleasant, for they would be empty-handed with not a convert to present. Then I thought of that day when we will all stand before the great King. How tragic to be empty-handed then, with nothing to show for a life lived here in the world under the shadows of the great possibilities of divine grace! What can we say when our hands are bare and empty?

Following the district assembly preparations were made for a great Easter Sunday service, and what a wonderful day it was for everyone! We came to the Easter Sunday morning service with nothing to do but baptize converts, receive members, preach the gospel, and worship God in the beauty of holiness. Everyone seemed to be in the right spirit for a great day. There were 940 inside the building by actual count. Many stood at the front door and at the windows along the sides of the building. With songs, shouts of praise, and earnest exhortations, 67 people were baptized and 84 received into full membership. The spiritual tide rose higher and higher and reached a tremendous climax as a thousand strong they sang "He Arose." Their faces reflected a clear understanding of what Easter means to Christians—life! Life through Christ! Both young and old caught the spirit.

Brother and Sister James Jones and Brother and Sister Lawrence Faul are to be highly commended for their splendid leadership. These missionaries understand and love their people. From Nazarenes in Barbados the Easter offering ran over \$3,000.00. Coming from such limited means, such an offering can scarcely be matched anywhere in our church. In the morning preaching service, waves of holy joy swept over the people. Though the whole morning program ran over three hours, no one left, as far as we could tell. Pastors and people alike received a mighty lift from the Spirit. The afternoon service was another season of spiritual blessing. Nearly a thousand people were present. The twenty-five pastors and about twenty other licensed preachers left the assembly Easter Sunday afternoon declaring their loyalty to Christ and the church and their determination to go after the lost with greater earnestness than ever before. Certainly Easter Sunday marked a great day to Barbadian Nazarenes. I thank God I have lived to see and have part in such a glorious day.

Brother James Jones lives in the Washington House. This is the inn in which George Washington is reputed to have stayed when he was in Barbados visiting a sick brother. The house is not much. The walls are nearly two feet thick and made of dirt. They are badly washed and eroded outside and cracked in a few places. The woodwork inside is badly affected by termites, which are everywhere in Barbados. Trucks and city buses pass it every day. It is very noisy for a dwelling. There is no privacy from early morning until late at night. I was there when it was very hot. The only ventilation came through the window that opened on the busy street. The mosquitoes were so bad that I slept under a mosquito netting. This cut off part of the little breeze that came through the windows but did not shut out the noise that rolled in from the street. After a few nights I was ready to recommend that we sell the Washington House and get

something more suitable for Brother and Sister Jones and their family.

I saw practically all of our church buildings, some of which have been recently destroyed by a terrible hurricane. Others of our churches have been badly damaged since I was there. Frame buildings cannot last long, though they may be built on piers five or six feet high. The termites have a way of finding the floors and underpinning of the church. Then, being built on these piers and standing up in the air expose them to the high winds which come so frequently in Barbados.

The missionaries and I made a trip to Sam Lord's castle, which was built by a fabulous privateer. Unbelievable stories of his wealth and wickedness have been told. There were some old trees near the beach which we were told marked the place where Sam Lord used to hang lanterns to lure ships close enough to land to run them into hidden rocks. Then he would take his men and board the ship, kill or imprison the crew and passengers, and rob the ship of its cargo before it would finally break to pieces on the rocks. What a picture of Satan with his lures trying to persuade men into perils, rocks, and shoals that will wreck their lives and throttle every hope of escape, leaving them with robbed and blighted lives! From the wealth that Sam Lord gained by robbing, he built this mansion that is today known as Sam Lord's castle. It is now remodeled into a hotel and is surrounded by gardens and flowers that are breath-taking for beauty. The lobby and dining room abound with relics, antiques, and articles of historic value. We ate, talked, and fellowshiped together amid quiet surroundings. I was thrilled to see tired missionaries have a few hours apart from ever-present responsibilities.

That evening I committed the Joneses and Fauls and their lovely families to God, and bade them farewell and boarded the plane for Trinidad. It is not easy to leave consecrated missionaries on the field, knowing that they

face tremendous odds in trying to build the kingdom of God. Personally, I have heartily wished that I could remain a while and give assistance wherever possible. Every Christian in the homeland should lay himself out in earnest prayer for our consecrated missionaries around the world.

In less than two hours my plane was preparing to land at Port of Spain, Trinidad. Brother Miller met me at the airport, and in a little while we were welcomed at the mission headquarters, where a good bed in a quiet room awaited me.

After a short night's rest we went back to the airport, where I was privileged to have a lovely breakfast with the Millers, Harmons, Sayeses, and their families. We bade them farewell, and I boarded the plane for San Juan, Puerto Rico, where I met Brother and Sister Hampton and visited with them for about two hours between planes. We ate together, had a short prayer, and I was on my way back to Miami, Florida, and home.

On this ten-day trip to this area of our mission fields, I felt again that I had seen and had walked in the steps of Christ-touched missionaries.

CHAPTER XIII

Haiti

I made my first trip to Haiti in the fall of 1949, arriving by plane in the afternoon. I scanned faces closely as I came into the customs office, looking for a Mr. Egan who was to meet me. I had never met him before, but I soon located him holding the *Herald of Holiness* in his hand. I knew it must be Brother Egan, for who else would be in Haiti lifting high the *Herald of Holiness* when I came into the airport?

He greeted me warmly and introduced me to several friends. He took me directly to a hotel where he had made arrangements. The hotel was an old palace in which one of the kings of Haiti had lived many years before. They told me that they had killed the king and cut him in nine pieces and buried him in nine different places in order to be assured that he would not come back to life again. The hotel was very primitive and was operated on the European plan, room and board for one price. The room was only a makeshift. The bed was very poor; a quart wine bottle filled with water and corked with a piece of rolled-up newspaper was provided for my drinking pleasure. Water pouring out of the end of a small pipe about seven feet above a cracked cement floor in a small room provided the shower for the fifteen guests staying in the hotel.

The food was impossible. The cooking was done in the open air amid clouds of flies, and served in an open dining room with dogs and chickens vying for the crumbs. I lived on hard-boiled eggs, hard toast, and Haitian coffee for five days and left Haiti eight pounds lighter and feeling fine.

Haiti is a beautiful country—mountain and ocean views, trees, flowers, fruits, and midnight skies. But here people are what you would expect from ignorance, witchcraft, voodooism, and a pagan Roman Catholic church.

Haiti covers an area of ten thousand seven hundred square miles and has a population of over three million. It occupies the western third of the island of Hispaniola and is located between Cuba and Puerto Rico. Mountains, the highest attaining an altitude of about nine thousand feet, compose about 80 per cent of the entire territory and are flanked by fertile plains. The mountain slopes and these plains constitute the agricultural area and almost the sole source of Haitian wealth. Coffee, sugar, bananas, sisal, cotton, cocoa, and mahogany are the chief exports. Ninety per cent of the people are pure Negro, while about 10 per cent are mulattoes, mainly from the early French colonists, who mixed to some extent with the Africans. The number of resident foreigners is small; however, they represent an important part of the merchant class.

There is freedom of religious worship, and there are a number of Protestant churches; however, the Roman Catholic church enjoys a special position and receives a subsidy from the government. French is the official language of the country, while Creole is the unofficial language. This is a combination of French, Spanish, and English with tones and modulations coming from the Negro.

General Superintendent H. V. Miller first made contact with Brother Egan and a small group of independent people who requested the Church of the Nazarene to adopt them. I was in Haiti on this first visit to meet with this group and to lay plans for the advancement of the work. I traveled by taxi into communities in and around Port-au-Prince and contacted small groups whom Brother Egan presented as being part of his group. I preached in three of these communities to a people who

were attentive and received my message with apparent interest. I preached five times in Port-au-Prince and had charge of a baptismal service in which thirteen candidates were baptized. Later they were received into the church with great joy.

In one of these services my message was interpreted three times, Spanish, French, and Creole. I don't know why they did, for it all sounded alike to me. I was so bewildered that night that when one person spoke to me in Creole I said, "I no understand English." The fellow just looked at me and went on his way. I hope he did not understand English.

I got so homesick during those few days that I was actually thrilled one morning when I heard a rooster crow in English. He was on the property of the United States Embassy. I got a new sense of what our missionaries must endure sometimes by way of loneliness. I drew consolation from the fact that I was there on a mission for our church, and I am sure that the feeling that they are ambassadors for Christ is one thing that supports our faithful missionaries as they endeavor to carry on in the lonely fields where they labor.

In Haiti I saw poor, ignorant, broken, and blighted humanity at its lowest depths. I saw men in rags straining under heavy loads. I saw them pulling or pushing old, wobbly-wheeled carts loaded with hundreds of pounds of wood, sugar cane, bundles of chicle, or bunches of green bananas. The streams of perspiration glistened on their black skins as it ran down their faces, necks, and shoulders. They looked weary and sad as they stood by their carts or under their loads.

I saw hundreds of women clad in patched dresses made of rough cloth; their dresses came a little above the knees; their feet were bare, or in wide-spreading sandals. These women are beasts of burden, carrying loads in bundles or baskets balanced on their heads, loads so heavy that they would stagger a sturdy burro. I could

not lift a large basket of fruit and vegetables which one of the women had been carrying on her head. After she had sold a few avocados and a bunch of carrots, two men lifted the basket while the woman stooped a little to get her head under the center of the basket. She straightened up under the balanced load and walked away. I saw her later a mile down the road. With steady stride she was moving toward the city four miles away. Many of these women chant as they walk, if they do not have pipes or joints of sugar cane in their mouths.

I saw scores of naked children from three to eight years of age who looked at me with open-eyed wonder. Seven of these children came and stood under the palm-leaf arbor where I was preaching, and looking up at me they seemed to say, "I was naked, and ye clothed me not; I was hungry, and ye fed me not." My heart was moved with compassion toward them. I saw children like these everywhere. The streets and roads were lined with people—moving people, old people, young people, children, poorly clad or without clothing. I know most of them were hungry, and worst of all, they are without Christ. They are coming and going, coming and going—coming from where I know not, but going on into eternity.

After these five days of contact with the broken, sin-blighted natives of Haiti, I turned my face homeward, sick in my heart from the sad sights that I had seen. I realized that it was imperative that we give some support to the new Nazarenes in Haiti, but I felt that by all means we should have a missionary couple there to get the language and teach the people our doctrine and church government and also be able to give us reliable advice as to plans for future progress.

Our church was fortunate to find Brother and Sister Paul Orjala, gifted, consecrated young people with a call to the mission field. After prayer and consultation, this young couple were sent to Haiti and were on the field

within a year after my first visit. In a very remarkable way Brother Orjala surmounted the language hurdle and in a short time was preaching in Creole and carrying on the business of our church in French. He made friends with other missionaries and church groups, and in a short time our church had an excellent standing in the country.

After two years' absence from Haiti, I returned, to be met at the airport by Brother Orjala. He was driving a four-wheel-drive jeep, which furnished sturdy transportation. We went immediately to the comfortable missionary home which Brother Orjala had rented. What a change from the makeshift hotel room which I had had on my first visit! Sister Orjala provided a dinner which was fit for a king. I found Brother and Sister Orjala untiring in their efforts in Haiti. Plans were all arranged for a service in the church in Port-au-Prince and a meeting with the pastors of the area and also a jeep trip to the northern part of the country.

Early on Sunday morning after breakfast, prayers, and with a lunch prepared, Brother Orjala, Brother Egan, and I climbed into the little jeep and headed toward Gonaives, a hundred miles away, where we planned to be for the morning service. Brother Orjala and the little jeep proved more than a match for any problem which we met. I say, "Hats off to Brother Orjala and the little jeep!" We arrived about 11:00 a.m., tired but ready for service. The building was crowded to its capacity. The people had come for the preaching service. About twenty little children all crowded around our feet as we sat on the platform. Every little girl had on a small white straw hat. The children looked up at me, and their eyes followed every move I made; but from them there was not a word or a move of the hand or the foot. I marveled at their patience and wondered who had trained them. A great crowd of young men and young women were present. They gave rapt attention. I saw tremendous

possibilities for our church in this fine crowd of young people. An excellent group of older people seemed happy to hear my message. I felt that this church should give us a great open door to all northern Haiti. Brother and Sister Conder are our missionaries up in this area now and doing a splendid work. (No. 12, picture section, opposite page 32.)

After greeting the people and visiting a little while, we ate lunch and headed back toward Port-au-Prince. We saw hundreds of pigs, goats, and dogs. There were numbers of poor, scrawny cattle, little horses, and burros. The gardens were all fenced by planting cactus about them. Almost everything that was not tied up wore a yoke which was a forked tree branch fastened to the neck to keep it out of the gardens. I was amused to see little pigs wearing yokes. I saw hogs tied up with ropes around their necks just as we would tie up a calf. Naked, half-starved children and poor, overworked, sad-faced women were to be seen almost everywhere.

We did not get in home until hours after dark. As we drove through the dark, I was made to feel more than ever that Haiti is a land of darkness. Nearly three million colored people! It is definitely a land of *dark skins*. Modern conveniences such as running water and electricity in the homes are scarcely known outside of the larger cities. Miserable little huts are dimly lighted with small candles. As we went through the valleys and over the hills, there were many, many little villages and hundreds of Haitian huts. Only a bare few had any light at all. It is a land of *dark huts*.

Eighty-three per cent of the people of Haiti live in rural sections of the country, and until recently very little was done to furnish educational facilities outside the larger cities. Hence, a large percentage of illiteracy prevails in Haiti. I saw a number of new, plain school buildings in the little villages and communities. These buildings are the expression of an awakened people who

are on their way up intellectually today. However, today it can be said that Haiti is a land of *dark minds*.

Voodooism, in which is found a blending of witchcraft, spiritualism, and Roman Catholicism, holds hundreds of thousands of Haitians under its subtle influence. In many instances the voodoo priest is the lay representative of the Catholic church. Demonstrations of the wildest fanaticism are to be found in Haiti. Spiritual darkness there is as dense as anywhere in the world. It is truly a land of *dark hearts*.

Dark skins, dark huts, dark minds, and dark hearts make up the black background for the dark picture of Haiti. There is nothing to be done about the dark skins in Haiti. The government is endeavoring to make reasonable advances in modern improvements, and has on an educational program, so that in time the dark huts will have electricity and the dark minds will be enlightened with a degree of education. The gospel of Jesus is the only light that can remove the darkness from the human heart. The Church is the custodian of that light. We now have six missionaries in Haiti: the Orjalas, the Conders, and the Alstotts. All are gifted and consecrated.

As I have traveled outside the United States, in Britain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Trinidad, and Barbados, I saw the footprints of the great and good who have labored in these fields in the yesterdays. As I walked in their steps, I marveled at their accomplishments through grace.

In Cuba and Haiti, I did not see footprints of great missionaries who have invested their lives for Christ and the Church in centuries past, but in these two mission fields and in every land I visited where we have mission stations I have seen distinctly the clear, firm footprints of our own godly missionaries who labor today by the power of the same grace that supported the great and the good of the yesterdays.

I found the large, deep footprints of a rugged character who has served in every one of our mission fields. Every missionary sang his praise and pointed out churches, chapels, schools, hospitals, dispensaries, missionary homes, cars, trucks, station wagons, jeeps, mules, and little ponies, and declared that if it had not been for him the whole missionary enterprise would have vanished long ago. One missionary whose wife is now strong and well declared that if it had not been for the generosity of this rugged character his wife would now be lying in a missionary grave.

I saw also in many fields the small, firm footprints of what seemed to be a tireless character. Upon my inquiry the missionaries informed me that she was the alert assistant to the rugged character that had made the large, deep footprints I had seen in every field. I wanted to meet both of these characters but was informed that they worked out of their Kansas City office and that I could get better acquainted with "Mr. General Budget" and "Miss Alabaster Box" by contacting Nazarene Headquarters.

I count it a privilege and an honor to have journeyed in our mission fields and to have trod in the paths made by the great and good of the yesterdays. I shall never be the same after having felt the far-reaching influence of their heroic lives and measureless consecration.