

FROM MY DIARY



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Chapter 1

We have now been home for several years but many of our friends in the churches have urged me to write about our experiences on the mission fields. The following then is not intended to be a history of our mission but rather personal experiences from the fields

My story should perhaps start with a family background: My father was Johan Edward Lindberg. He was born August 24, 1865 in the village of Kisebast, province of Småland, Sweden, and grew up on the family farm. At the age of sixteen he went to Stockholm to learn the building trade. The knowledge he acquired there stood him in good stead later when he came to China as missionary. He found the Lord as Savior when he started attending Christian services in Stockholm, and was baptized on October 23, 1886. He entered Bethel Seminary in Stockholm to prepare for the ministry. While there, Dr. Hudson Taylor (founder of the China Inland Mission) visited the seminary and spoke of the need for missionaries to go to China. This led my father to offer himself for China.

So after finishing seminary he went to London for further studies. On February 5, 1892, he set sail for China, arriving in Shanghai on March 16. Here he bought himself Chinese clothes and started to grow a pigtail, which was the custom for foreign missionaries at that time. It helped to make "foreign devils" look less strange to Chinese who had

never seen a foreigner before.

My mother's name was Anna Holtz, born in Stockholm, November 12, 1869. She became interested in foreign missions through a dedicated Sunday school teacher. She trained to be a school teacher and for five years taught a country school in the beautiful province of Dalarna. There she met Christian friends who led her to faith in Christ and she was baptized in Stockholm on September 10, 1892.

Alice now tells about her parents: My father was Bror Alfred Friberg. He was born in the province of Dalarna on January 31, 1877. There he did his conscription (military training) which was required of all Sweden's young men. He emigrated to the United States in October, 1900. My mother was Clara Maria Peterson, born in Eskilstuna, a city famous for its high grade steel and cutlery. We were three children. I was born in New York City on December 22, 1905, my brother John on February 8, 1907, and my brother Gilbert born in Mamaroneck, NY, September 8, 1908. My mother died in 1910 while undergoing surgery but my father remarried in 1912 to Bertha Allard who also was a native of Sweden. They had two children: Bertil Allan, born March 21, 1916 and Eunice Helen born April 10, 1921.

I had most of my education in Queens Borough, NY and then went on to Teachers Training School in Jamaica, NY. Here I had one year of practice in substitute teaching before marriage in 1928. In 1930 my parents were appointed superintendent and matron at the Elim Park Baptist Home, then in Shelton, CT., but in 1932 they resigned this position and settled in Bridgeport, CT. My mother (Bertha) suffered a heart attack and died on January 1, 1960 and my father passed away on June 5, 1962.

At the beginning of the Swedish Baptist Mission work in Shantung province, our first missionaries were greatly helped by the Southern Baptists who were working in that area, and lived with them in the cities of Tengchow and Pingtu from 1892 to 1894. During this time the first Sino-Japanese war was raging. The Chinese forces were badly defeated by the well-trained and well-equipped Japanese, and these defeated soldiers were fleeing wildly. The United States consul in

Chefoo advised all missionaries to leave the interior for safety on the coast. The gunboat U.S.S. "Charleston" would be sent to a certain bay in northern Shantung province to take on missionaries of any nationality who wished to leave.

Our missionaries (then in Pingtu) decided to take this offer and leave. My father and mother at that time were engaged to be married and it was thought best that they now get married as it would be more convenient for traveling. A wedding was quickly arranged. On February 4 (1895) they were married. An English missionary doctor officiated, having the other missionaries as witnesses. This took place in the midst of feverish preparations for everyone to pack and leave the next day. At the wedding my father was dressed in full Chinese clothes and wearing a pigtail. (He cut this off in 1899). My mother also wore full Chinese dress as all missionary women wore at that time.

Early next morning donkeys and mules with tinkling bells were at the front gate. The women rode in the mule litters. A mule litter is a wooden frame like a stretcher (padded with bedding) and borne by two mules, one in front and one behind. Since the mules don't keep in step the ride is jerky and very uncomfortable, which led one missionary to suggest that it should be "reserved for the devil and his angels." The men of the party rode on donkeys. Eight adults and six children started the gruelling two-day journey to the coast in the face of a cold northwest wind and some snow. Just before midnight they arrived at a village for the night, but they were refused housing, fearing they were Japanese. So they had to retreat to a small village where they were grudgingly admitted. During the night our missionaries heard the Chinese outside the window sharpening their knives and discussing the best way to kill these foreigners.

Next morning when the missionaries arrived at the beach, there was no U.S.S. "Charleston" in sight. And if it came, how could they get on board since the bay was frozen over as far as the eye could see? All looked hopeless. Then at noon smoke was seen on the horizon. It was the "Charleston" and at the same time God sent a strong wind which cracked the ice from the ship right to the landing where the missionaries boarded the steam launch sent to pick them up. Then as the launch pulled away,

the ice closed behind them. It reminded our missionaries of God dividing the Red Sea to let Israel escape from the Egyptians. The U.S.S. "Charleston" landed the missionaries in Chefoo. Here father and mother spent their honeymoon at the Ottaway Hotel. In all this we see how God had led and ordered. From this marriage their five children were born:

Signe, in Pingtu, June 22, 1896

Sven, in Pingtu, August 24, 1897

Sten, in Kiaochow, August 12, 1899

Sigbert (Roland), in Sweden, August 12, 1901 (This was when our family returned to Sweden during the Boxer Rebellion in China). We returned to China in 1902.

Svea, in Kiaochow, August 24, 1903.

Perhaps you have noticed that two members of our family were born on August 12 and three on August 24.

What was the Boxer Rebellion? In June, 1900, the Empress Dowager of the Manchu Dynasty, fearing that the Jesus Religion would corrupt the country, ordered the massacre of missionaries and native Christians. "Kill the foreign devils!" was the order. Anti-foreign hate swept the country. It has been estimated that about 30,000 Chinese Christians (Protestant and Catholic) and about 300 missionaries and their children were massacred. There are many stories of how these noble men and women, boys and girls, stood the test of torture and death. We might think that this would discourage Chinese from accepting Christ, but in the decade that followed, there were more Chinese added to the Church than in the 93 years before this event. To add a personal note: at this time I was a baby and my mother, I am told, took me in her arms and fled, getting away in a fishing boat.

In 1904 my sister Signe and brother Sven were in school in Chefoo, where the China Inland Mission had a school for missionaries' children. Roland, Svea and I were at home in Kiaochow. At this time our mission board in Sweden recommended that missionary work be started in the city of Chucheng, which lies 50 miles southwest of Kiaochow. For the journey there, a large two-man wheelbarrow was hired. This type of wheelbarrow has a large wheel about four feet in diameter, with a two-

foot wide shelf on either side of the wheel for passengers and baggage. One pair of handles for a man in front and another pair of handles for a man behind make it very steady. Having such a large wheel and steadied by two men, the ride is quite smooth and comfortable. This our vehicle was pulled by a horse to aid the two men on the two-day journey. We were four who rode on this.

My mother held eight months old sister Svea in her lap during the whole two-day journey. I was only four years old, but I still remember vividly the droves of young donkeys we passed being driven to market -- and wishing I had one. We arrived in Chucheng safely on May 5, 1904 and settled in a plain Chinese house. This house was soon improved and became our home.

The city of Chucheng is very ancient, having existed since the days of China's great sage Confucius (500 B.C.). Confucius was born in Shantung province and has his grave there. In our time the city had a population of 40,000 and in the whole county over half a million people lived in 1,968 villages. The population is made up mainly of rich land owners and poor peasants. A Chinese Christian commented, "The rich are too proud to become Christians and the poor dare not for fear of their landlords." It might be of interest to know that Confucius' son-in-law Kong-yieh was at one time mayor of Chucheng. Our mission has had work in the village of Kin Hsien Tsun where some of Confucius' descendants live and some of them have been our church members.

Now to come back to our house. Soon after we had moved in, we heard that the house was haunted and had been uninhabited for over ten years. Dr. Arthur Smith of China once wrote, "It has been fortunate for Christian missions that there have been haunted houses in China for otherwise it would have been impossible to buy houses in some places." So when my parents first moved into the house with us three healthy children, the neighbors felt sorry for us, believing that we would soon take sick and die. After a while they noticed that we continued to thrive. Our neighbors, like other animists, believed that if they put our clothes on their children it could protect them from the workings of evil spirits. Women from the neighborhood started to visit my mother, bringing gifts of eggs and fruit, and begged for our worn-out clothing to put on their

children. This also gave my mother opportunities to witness to them of the Savior.

At the time I was growing up in China, all Chinese males wore pigtaails, but it was not something they chose themselves. In 1644 the Manchu dynasty's first emperor Shun-Chi ordered all Chinese men to wear a pigtail as a sign of servitude. At first many refused but all barbers were ordered to report them to the authorities. Those who disobeyed were summarily beheaded. When at last China threw off the Manchu yoke in 1911, all Chinese were ordered to cut off their pigtaails. Students were the first to comply and I remember helping to cut off some pigtaails. Older men cautiously delayed taking this step.

Women all had what was known as "bound feet." At the age of six or seven, girls would have their feet bound tight and forced into tiny shoes. Sometimes the bones had to be softened with hot oil. In some cases the bones of the foot have been broken. Girls were told that the smaller their feet, the more desirable husbands they could expect to marry. This awful and painful custom dates back about a thousand years. Although the Chinese government tried to discourage the practice, it was chiefly Christian missionary action that helped to do away with this "fashion." A Mrs. Archibald Little in Shanghai worked untiringly to promote the abolition of foot binding, and even composed literature in both verse and prose to popularize the movement. Women who confessed Christ and desired to join the church were required to "fang-gua", i.e., unbind the feet.

Our first baptism in Chucheng was held in 1905. An old woman by the name of Li had the courage to take this important step in front of her heathen acquaintances. Friends and relatives tried to discourage her, warning her that she might drown. One other was also baptized on this occasion, a young soldier in the Imperial Manchu army.

Our first day-school for boys was started on September 18, 1905 with just four pupils. At that time education for girls was unknown and it took courage to take the first step in this direction. On February 16, 1914 my mother opened the first Chucheng girls-school since perhaps -
- creation. These schools grew in time to involve hundreds of boys and

girls. Many of these have made out well in life: professor Rui-Yuan Siu, to mention just one. Professor Siu, a 50-year-old scientist in microcirculation systems, has been named "Woman of the Year" in China. Her scientific achievements have received notice in various parts of the world including the United States and Sweden. She openly acknowledges her faith in Christ.

In time the work in Chucheng was blessed with some good national workers, pastors and evangelists. One of these was Wang Ting-kieh. We sometimes called him "Simon the Leper" because he was afflicted with leprosy. His face was somewhat disfigured from this disease and I remember so well that when we had communion he would bring his own cup so as not to risk infecting others. Brother Wang was an artist as well as a man of God. If the day was rainy and he couldn't go out to witness for his Savior, he would stay home and paint large Bible posters in color to use in preaching: pictures of The Prodigal Son, The Good Samaritan, The Lost Sheep, etc. One rainy day he composed a hymn which was often sung in church. Another evangelist was Liu Shi-tien. He was a converted peddler who sold cloth and in his sermons he would sometimes show how he used to give customers short measurement.

This openness made a great impression on his heathen listeners and demonstrated what it was to be born again and to live an honest life. He was a man of prayer and also memorized whole chapters of the Bible. Another man, Brother Uh Min-shi became a good pastor. His cousin Uh Bao-de I especially loved and admired. We sometimes traveled together on preaching tours. His Christian character and his life of prayer made me feel very humble. He had a strong influence on my life. For work among the women, our Biblewomen were very effective in instructing women, very few of whom could read.

In 1911 Miss Matilda Persson joined the missionary staff in Chucheng. She came as a licensed midwife, trained in Sweden. She was active in evangelism among the women, but her main work was in providing medical help to people who came to our mission station for various complaints. She was often called out to distant villages in difficult maternity cases. In 1921 she started an orphanage for girls. Baby girls, not wanted by their families, were often thrown out to die, or

were left at our doorsteps. These she took in and cared for. Besides good care they received Christian schooling. Some of these girls became believers and were baptized. Miss Persson was affectionately called "Mother" by her girls.

In September, 1906, I started school in Chefoo (a port city in North China) where the China Inland Mission had a school for missionaries' children. The teaching staff came from England. I remember still very vividly my mother, wearing a sun helmet, taking me by the hand and leading me past the watchman's hut into the school and introducing me to the head teacher, Miss Blackmore. As early as in kindergarten, among other things, we had to write a letter home every week. These always began with : "My dear Mother (Father). I hope you are quite well." I still have some of these saved as souvenirs. I am now very thankful for this training we got in letter writing for it has helped me all my life. My second school year was called Transition. I remember that during one lesson on animals, a small Korean pony (belonging to one of the day students) was brought into the classroom to wander among the desks so we could pat it. This made a great impression on me - a horse lover all my life. Our next class was called Lower I and the next Upper I, and then I was through with "Prep School", as it was called.

In 1910 I entered the Boys School. On finishing Prep School at age nine or ten, boys went to the Boys School, girls to the Girls School. There was no co-education at that time. This was for the sake of the Chinese who did not regard it as proper for boys and girls to be in the same classroom. Even in our church in Chucheng men and women sat separately and could not see each other. The Boys School rooms and dormitories were frightfully cold in winter. There was no heat in our bedrooms and we had to keep a few inches of window open during the night. In the winter mornings, ice in the wash basins had to be broken before we could wash. For sports we played cricket and soccer. Each year there was a "long run" which I usually went in for. In summer I liked to go to the Bottle Rock down at the beach and run my clockwork boat.

During those early years that we attended school in Chefoo, we went home to Chucheng for both the summer and Christmas holidays, but

later we went home only for the Christmas holiday - December and January. How we looked forward to going home for Christmas! We counted the days and when we heard that our steamer was coming in to Chefoo harbor, our excitement knew no bounds. The steamer took us to the port of Tsingtao, a 24 hour voyage. Here we boarded a train for a four-hour ride to Kaomi. At Kaomi my father would hire a mule cart to take us the forty miles overland to Chucheng. The "road" was simply cart tracks between the fields, rough and often muddy, sometimes with deep ruts. Rivers had no bridges but had to be crossed on foot. The cart had two large wheels, shod with iron. It had no springs, of course, so thick bedding on the cart floor was necessary for a bit of comfort.

These journeys were exciting, starting before dawn, riding on top of the baggage or walking ahead in the stillness of the moonlit morning. At a village inn we would stop to enjoy steaming millet, noodles or meat-filled dumplings. Thirty miles a day was enough for the mules. In the inn yard they would be rid of their ill-fitting harness and roll themselves in the dust to relieve soreness. The first day would bring us two-thirds of the way and we had to stay overnight in the village inn. The room for guests would have mud floor and a mud brick "kong" on which we all slept. A "kong" is a sleeping area bounded on three sides by the walls of the room. Typically, it is about three feet high, and measures eight feet across from wall-to-wall and six to eight feet out from the wall. In winter, the heat from the cooking wok circulates under the hollow "kong". Of course we had to have our own bedding with us. The room would be unheated and the ceiling festooned with dusty cobwebbs. Through the paper-covered windows we could hear outside the tinkling of the tiny bell which was attached next to the mule's jaw. As long as the bell sounded, the cart driver knew that the mules were eating and he would try to catch some sleep. But when the bell stopped ringing, we could hear him outside in the yard giving his mules more fodder. When Mary and Joseph with baby Jesus were in the inn in Bethlehem I think it must have been something like this. I like to think it was.

Early in the morning we would be up, shake the dust and bugs out of our bedding, have a simple breakfast of steaming noodles, and be on our way. When we were only two or three miles from home, we boys would

leave the slow-going cart and rush ahead home to greet Mother and look around everywhere to see what was new. Here is where I lived my childhood years and although I have lived in many places since, I always think of Chucheng as home.

I also have some vivid memories of life at school in Chefoo. The school was a strictly Christian school, operated by the China Inland Mission. It was patterned somewhat after the British "public school", but what in America would be called a private school. Most of the students were children of British missionaries and just a few of us were of other European nationalities. Our teachers in the Boys School were all men. The moral standard among the students was very high. If an inquiry was made concerning some misconduct, the guilty student generally owned up. Corporal punishment was often used in those days. I remember on one occasion some of us were in a nearby sweet potato field that belonged to a Chinese farmer. One of the boys had dug up a sweet potato and was gnawing on it. He was observed by one of the masters. A few of us schoolmates were with him, so we were caught "at the scene of the crime." We were taken to Mr. Alty's study. The boy who had actually stolen the sweet potato was to be flogged, and we others were lined up along the side of the room to witness the flogging and take warning. This boy was made to bend over a chair and given six sharp whacks across his bare buttocks with a six-foot Malacca cane. He took it bravely but he carried those black and blue marks for many weeks. We, of course, felt the agony of having to witness his punishment and this incident remains clearly in my memory after these seventy years.

Flogging was the severest punishment meted out, and I can only recall this one instance during my six years in the Boys School. This may seem to my readers as cruel and excessive punishment, but we have to remember that the China Inland Mission was a Christian institution doing church work among the local Chinese. If word spread among the members that missionary children were stealing from the fields, it would negate much of their ministry. This case had to be dealt with in such a way that it would not happen again, and I don't remember that it ever did.

Strict as our masters were, they were nevertheless missionaries among the Chinese, but also dedicated to the physical and spiritual

welfare of missionaries' children. The following incident happened a few years before I entered school. Our school was situated close to the beach where sometimes stray dogs roamed. One day as class was in session, a stray dog from the beach came into the classroom. Mr. Norris, the master who was teaching, saw that the dog had rabies and ordered all the boys to quickly vacate the classroom through the windows, while he stood at the door warding off the dog with his bare hands. All the boys got safely away but he himself got bitten and died of rabies some days later. In those days there was evidently no known antidote for rabies. I remember going with some others to visit his grave. What this master did shows what kind of teachers we had.

As our school was so near the sea, swimming and boat-racing were popular sports. In the Boys School, every boy had to be able to swim by the time he entered second form (fifth year). Those who couldn't were taken out in a boat to deep water and thrown overboard. A few seniors were in the water to help and see that no one drowned. I learned to swim this way and three years later I competed in a two-mile race in the open sea. I have already mentioned that on our athletic field we played cricket and soccer (football, as we called it then). In summer one or more ships of the U.S. Navy would call at Chefoo port for recreation. The men from these ships came and played baseball on our field. This was a new game to us and we watched it with interest. Another novelty for us was to hear English spoken with an American accent. Sometimes the band from one of the ships would invite us on board for a band concert. This was greatly enjoyed. Another happy time was when we celebrated Empire Day on May 24. King George V was the reigning monarch at that time. The day was celebrated with field games, sports and picnic food.

I finished school in 1916 and my father helped to get me an office job with Cornabe, Eckford & Co. in Tsingtao. This was a British import and export company. The First World War was still going on and at one time we received an order to supply the Allies in Europe with 100,000 Shantung coolies (laborers) to dig trenches on the western front. We recruited and equipped these and shipped them to Europe. There were some missionaries who went with them as chaplains. I have heard that after the war some of them married French women and stayed in France, others on their way back to China stopped in Canada to do farming. How

many eventually returned to their homes in China we do not know. Our company also received an order to buy up 10,000 mules for the war effort. These were shipped to Mesopotamia for the British artillery fighting the Turks.

Chapter 2

In 1918 I decided to go to Sweden - to the land of my forefathers, but since the seas were infested with German U-boats, my parents tried hard to dissuade me. But I was bent on going. I came first to Shanghai and got a temporary job in an architect's office. On Muirhead Road lived a retired Swedish missionary lady who kept a boarding house for seamen, and here I got my room and board. At this boarding house I met a man who said he was a stranded Danish sea captain, but he later confided to me that he was a German prisoner-of-war who had escaped from Siberia. We both wanted to get to Europe, but with the war going on, it was difficult to get passage. He had no money and I had very little, so one night we tried to stow-away on a ship bound for Europe, but that failed. (He later turned up in Sweden where I met him.) There was now nothing else I could do but to buy a ticket on the last steamer out of Shanghai at that time, the "Empress of Japan", bound for Vancouver. There I took a train over the Canadian Rockies to New York.

By this time my money was almost spent, so I got myself a job on the S.S. "Stockholm", due to sail to Gothenburg. I was assigned to the steward's department in the first class and spent my days from five o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening cleaning lounges and washing dishes. The reason for these long hours was that we did not have a full crew on account of the war. On one occasion I went out on the windy deck to throw a pail of dishwater. I'll remember never again to

throw dishwater against the wind. On my first day I was assigned the job of cleaning all the toilets. It happened to be my nineteenth birthday and the birthday I remember best.

A few hours before the "Stockholm" sailed from New York, U.S. officials came on board to check passengers and crew for possible spies or runaways, I imagined. One officer went through my one and only trunk and happened to find the bottom spread with an old piece of German newspaper that I had come across when I packed in China. I was immediately arrested and taken off the ship, then up onto the elevated train to an office where I was interrogated. I told the officer who I was and where I came from and he soon understood. Other officers in the room, however, seemed to be uncertain about me, but when these happened to step out of the room for a moment, the understanding officer motioned to me to get away quickly. I had noted carefully the way I was brought there, so I dashed up to the elevated train and got back to my ship just as they were beginning to take away the gangway. As I dashed to get onboard, a guard with fixed bayonet tried to stop me and ripped my shirt, but I got onboard anyway. I felt relieved and safe when I saw the Manhattan skyscrapers finally disappear on the horizon.

In due time I arrived in Gothenburg. On the ship one of the crew members befriended me, and suggested that since he was familiar with the town, he could contact a couple of girls, buy a bottle of liquor, and we could together rent a room somewhere. This rather frightened me and I wondered what I was getting into. As we walked down one of the streets we saw a sign, "Room for Travelers." We went in and a man showed us into a room and we put down our suitcases. Presently a woman came in to wish us welcome. She said, "This is the sexton's apartment of the Second Baptist Church of Gothenburg and I am the sexton's wife." When my companion realized that he was in a church he quickly picked up his luggage and disappeared, so I was relieved and happy to be saved from following his plans. The sexton's wife now asked me my name and where I came from. I told her that my name was Lindberg and that I had come from China. When she heard that, she said, "Could you be the son of missionary Johan Lindberg in China?" "Yes," I replied. She then informed me, "When your father left for China in 1892 he was commissioned from this church." At that time I was not a

Christian, and I felt that I could run my own life. But now I was like Jacob when he fled from his brother Esau, and on the way had a vision of a ladder reaching up to heaven and hearing God speaking to him said, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." This kind sexton's wife was like a mother to me. She cared for me until I could get a train to Stockholm where I had an uncle and an aunt.

During the train ride to Stockholm I was fascinated by the beauty of the Swedish countryside - the woods, the gardens and the red farm houses with white trimmings at the corners. On arriving at the Central Station, I checked my trunk and then carried my two heavy suitcases to Vestmannagatan 42 where my uncle August, aunt Maria and their two daughters lived. There was no elevator in this building so I carried my two suitcases up to the fourth floor and rang the bell beside the door marked with the name "Lindberg." My 15-year old cousin Mary opened the door cautiously and asked who I was. "I'm your cousin from China," I said. On hearing the word "China" she slammed the door and I heard her bolt it. None of my explanations could induce her to open, so I said I would be back in the evening when uncle and aunt come home. I carried my two suitcases down to the street again and to kill time until six o'clock, I drank coffee in several places. When I came back at six o'clock and rang the door bell, they opened immediately and all of them welcomed their own flesh and blood from China. This incident became a standing family pleasantry.

My uncle and aunt took me in to live with them and this was a great comfort to me as I was unfamiliar with the country and its customs. However, young people adjust to new life quickly and I got myself a job as a draftsman with "Elgström & Sons" - shipbuilders. (While I was in China I had taken a correspondence course in drafting.) My brother Sven had come to Sweden about four years earlier and was studying electrical engineering. I was also planning to go in for engineering, and attended an evening school in preparation.

At this time the deadly Spanish flu was raging throughout Europe and millions were dying. I came down with it too, and came very close to death. When I was at the most critical stage, my uncle suggested a cure for me, a cup with half hot tea and half brandy. I gulped it down - it

burned like fire - and I broke into a heavy sweat, the fever left me and I felt well. Later I came to realize that if I had died then I would have been eternally lost because I still was without Christ. Some time later Jesus graciously saved me. I shall ever praise Him for that.

The company I worked for had a shipyard on the island of Stora Essingen in the Stockholm archipelago, and we were experimenting with building barges of reinforced concrete. While getting my engineering studies at evening school, during the day I was at the shipyard getting my practical experience. We had a number of carpenters working with us building the forms for the barges. As I worked with these men every day, I was shocked at the swearing and filthy language they used. I had never been exposed to such before. One carpenter by the name of Johanson seemed to take special pleasure in harassing me with his foul language and relating his escapades with wine and women. As I was hearing this every day, the following thoughts came to me: these men, if they died now, would not go to heaven but to hell. I don't consider myself one of them, yet since I am not on Christ's side, I must be on the same side as they are. If I died now I too would go to hell. This realization woke me right up. Just think of spending eternity in hell with Johanson and his friends! I came to realize that, as there is no middle ground, I was just as lost as they were.

Back in my room I dug out the Bible that my mother had sent with me. I read, thought and prayed. In the quietness of my room I prayed God to have mercy on me, to forgive my unconcern and indifference, and to accept me. The many promises in His Word assured me of salvation and of my name being now registered in heaven. For me it was a complete revolution in my life - in interests, in purpose, and my life goal. I shared my experience with my aunt who also came to accept Christ, but my uncle was hard set in rejection of God. Kind as he always was to me he would "have nothing to do with religion." This he maintained to his dying day.

I started attending the Bethel Baptist Church in Stockholm and when I applied for baptism, two deacons from the church visited me. They not only helped me to understand the Christian life, but they also influenced me for life. I was baptized by pastor John Johansson on

Pentecost Day (June 1) 1919.

I was now nineteen, and being a Swedish subject, I had to report for conscription (the draft). After being physically examined, I was assigned to the infantry, my regiment being the Svea Life Guards. There were several other regiments stationed in Stockholm and every day at noon a squad of soldiers from one of these regiments, headed by a band, marched to the Royal Palace for the changing of the guards. I feel proud to have participated in this three times.

At our regimental barracks we slept twenty to a dormitory. I realized that if I did not from the start show that I was a Christian, it would be harder for me later, so the first night, before getting into bed, I knelt down to pray. While praying I kept my head covered by both hands, as I expected, at any moment, to have a heavy muddy boot thrown at me. To my surprise the room became quiet and from that first night the boys accepted me. Sometimes I was called on to conduct evening prayer for my platoon. Every day we had rigorous drill and exercises. We never rode in any vehicles, military or civilian. During maneuvers we marched all day with 60 pounds of equipment and pitched tents for the nights, and tried to sleep in spite of mosquitoes. This term of military training lasted only six months and, on the whole, I enjoyed the experience.

In 1920 I started my theological training at Bethel Seminary in Stockholm. I received credit for English and some other subjects which saved me one year. Greek was one of the courses stressed in the curriculum. My call to missions was very clear to me. When I left China in 1918 I had no care or concern for the spiritual condition of the Chinese, and that was the time I had no concern for my own soul. Now having the joy of salvation, Christ's call to "go into all the world and make disciples" was only a natural order to obey. Furthermore, I knew the Chinese people and their language. How could I refuse? During all the vicissitudes of missionary work on the various fields, I have never had to doubt God's call to me.

Life at Bethel Seminary at that time was different from seminary life in the States. We all wore business suits to class. Some even wore "Prince Alberts" which were given them by former students who had

outgrown them. All rooms were individually heated by wood, and we all had to take turns splitting wood down in the basement. Food was plain, good and plentiful. We paid no fees. Everything was free. One thing at seminary was not permitted. We were not allowed to get married while in seminary. However, one student got married secretly. When the dean, Colonel Broady, heard of this breach of rules, the student was called into his office and severely scolded, but since the marriage was consummated there wasn't much the dean could do but to say to him, "Well, I'll forgive you this time but don't do it again." I thank God for the dedicated instructors we had in seminary. They have been an influence all through my life. I enjoyed my four years in Stockholm, the beauty of the city, its culture, and above all the Christian fellowship.

Besides Stockholm I got to see other places in Sweden. During the Christmas season each year we seminary students were assigned to various church districts in the provinces. In 1920 and 1921 I was sent up to Bollnäs in the province of Hälsingland. Besides the churches, meetings were sometimes held in the homes of farmers where it was warm and cozy, with the aroma of coffee and barnyard. These were pleasant and homey meetings. To get from one farm to another generally meant walking a mile or two in the snow or occasionally getting a ride in a one-horse open sleigh. My time in this part of Sweden has left me with lasting pleasant memories.

When I had finished my studies at Bethel Seminary, my plan was to go to the United States to study medicine and be able to go out to China as a medical missionary. I arrived in New York on the S.S. "Drottningholm" in September, 1922 and the Jacobson family, members of the Swedish Baptist Church, very kindly invited me to live with them. Their church was not far away, and there I found a church home. Columbia University was recommended as a good school for me to get my pre-medical training and I continued there until I found it too expensive, so I transferred to the College of the City of New York. Tuition here was free and I graduated with a B.S. degree in 1927.

In those days it was possible to work one's way through college, and the good Lord opened the way for me. During the summers I got various jobs. One summer I was in upper New York State, riding a

motorcycle from farm to farm selling road maps. At other times I worked on construction sites or loading trucks. However, what I needed most was a steady part-time job that would carry me through school. I had applied several times at the college employment office for a job, but there was never one for me. My funds finally got so low that I pawned some of my belongings and for several days lived simply on plain bread, and water from the faucet.

One evening I was reading the Prophet Malachi, the third chapter, about Israel neglecting to tithe, and suffering want. I was convicted for not tithing the little I had. I promised God that very evening that I would start to tithe with the next money I received. At the next prayer meeting at church, a kind lady slipped a five dollar bill into my hand. At the following Sunday service I gave a tenth of this in the offering. Next morning I got an unexpected telephone call from the college employment office saying that they had a job for me. For the rest of my time at college I had this evening job at the East Side Settlement House on East 77th Street. I have sometimes seen stickers on cars that read, "If you love Jesus, honk!" I once saw a far better sticker which read, "If you love Jesus, tithe. Anyone can honk!" God provides for us when we put Him first. Matthew 6:33.

At this time I was living uptown near Columbia University. Each evening I would take the westside subway down to Columbus Circle, walk 59th Street along Central Park and then to East 77th Street. After ten o'clock at night I would go the same way home. Streets were safe in those days. We seldom heard of street crimes. I found that by spreading my college course through five years with this evening job I was able to finish without debt or having to borrow money. Looking back I can see how the Lord has so wonderfully led.

Now I inquired about entering the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but found that the fees were far beyond anything I could manage, so I had to give that up. However, there was a one-year medical course for missionaries given at the National Bible Institute in New York, and I enrolled in this. The course was given mainly by lectures, but we did get some practical training at the nearby Roosevelt Hospital outpatient department. This training came in use later in China.

Not all my time and interests were taken up in studies. At the Baptist church I found my life's companion. Her name was Alice Marie Friberg and we were engaged on April 8, 1928. I had now lived in the United States long enough to be eligible for American citizenship and on July 5, 1928 I was naturalized. Our wedding was held at the Swedish Baptist Church in New York City on July 14, 1928 at 8 p.m. Alice's family, of course, lived in New York and I was fortunate to have my parents and sister Svea also present as they were on their way through to Sweden for furlough. Our pastor, Rev. C.A. Segerstrom officiated. Bridesmaid was Edna Quinzel, Alice's close friend. My best man was my brother Roland. Flower girls were seven year old sister Eunice and her five year old cousin Gudrun Berg. The reception was held in the lower auditorium of the church, and about 250 guests joined us for the happy occasion. An orchestra composed of Christian friends enlivened the occasion with their beautiful music. The next day we set off on our honeymoon to Bear Mountains on the Hudson River, driving our old Buick touring car. We also drove across the Hudson River to see the famous West Point Academy.

Before going on to China, we had to visit Sweden in order to meet our Mission Board and do some deputation among the churches that would be supporting us. We sailed from New York on the Norwegian liner "Bergensfjord" and arrived in Bergen, Norway. This was a pleasant voyage in every respect, and for us it was like a second honeymoon. From Bergen we took the train to Stockholm, arriving on August the ninth, where we met my brother Sven and other relatives. Here we were kindly invited to stay with a family that had lived in the United States a few years and had been members of our church in New York. They had a delicatessen store, so we fared sumptuously. During our time in Sweden we were able to visit the provinces of Östergötland and Dalarna where Alice had relatives. In Värmland we met my brother Sven's fiancee, Ruth Johansson, and her family.

Before leaving for China, the Mission Board had a farewell service for us at Bethel Baptist Church in Stockholm, and we were formally commissioned by the laying on of hands. We left Sweden on the 29th of November, 1928, and boarded the German ship "Trier" in Hamburg for

passage to China.

This voyage took us through the stormy Bay of Biscay, through the Straits of Gibraltar, across the Mediterranean Sea to Port Said. Then we steamed through the hot Suez Canal, saw Egyptians riding their camels along the banks, and then on through the warm water of the Indian Ocean to Bombay. Up until now, Alice had not felt like eating much, but in Bombay the chief steward was able to buy fresh corn on the cob and Alice picked up appetite for this which she always relished. Our voyage continued up through the hot Strait of Malacca to a port on the south coast of Taiwan. Here we had to stay a couple of days and I remember that the weather was very cold and dismal.

Chapter 3

Finally we sailed up the China coast to our destination Tsingtao, ending a nine weeks voyage. We arrived here just when our missionaries were gathered for their annual conference, so we got to meet all our co-workers on our China field. I remember that the burning question at that conference was whether or not the mission should register its schools with the government. The Chinese Government required all schools (even mission schools) to register, and this would mean starting each school day with a moment of silence and bowing before a picture of Sun Yat-sun (the Father of the Chinese Republic). The Sun Yat-sun Memorial Ceremony was a means of developing the national spirit. Some of the missionaries felt that this was a small concession to make; others felt that it bordered on idolatry, so the arguments were at times a bit heated.

After the conference, we proceeded to our mission station in Chucheng, and got settled in the big house close by the city wall. To set up house we needed some furniture. Here there was no furniture to be bought. It had to be made. We called in a local carpenter and showed him pictures of furniture in a Montgomery Ward catalogue. We only had to tell him which kind we wanted and he went ahead and made it for us. This took time: he had to first buy and fell the needed trees, cut them into boards by hand, season them in rain and sunshine, and then do all the work with hand tools.

One of the first important matters to take up was language study for both of us. To be sure, I could speak the colloquial language I had picked up as a child, but we needed to learn to read Chinese. We engaged a learned gentleman, Mr. Li, as our teacher. I remember that when he arrived near our front door each morning, he would announce his arrival by a loud clearing of his throat. Language study and the caring for our first child occupied us during this year.

Our first child, Dorothy, was born here in Chucheng on July 13, 1929. There was no hospital in our city but we were fortunate to have Miss Persson, a Swedish midwife, to deliver our baby.

In January 1930 we attended our missionary conference. We had just returned home and the political situation throughout the whole province seemed very peaceful. However, on the morning of February 20, about five o'clock, we were startled by the sound of rifle fire which kept up all morning. Everyone wondered what all this meant, but no one dared to go outside. Early rising is the custom in China and at six o'clock (4 to 5 o'clock in the summer) the streets look like rush hour in New York, but this morning all that could be seen was soldiers hurrying along the city wall. Our house happened to be situated right next to this wall, so that our dining room was only about 100 feet from the firing line, and when the soldiers on our section of the wall fired a shot, it sounded as though it was fired right in the room. Some of our windows we had to barricade with bricks to keep out stray bullets. In spite of this, one went through the window post of our bedroom and stuck halfway in the door opposite. It served us very conveniently as a peg for hanging clothes.

This rifle and gun fire kept up day and night until August with the exception of two pauses when efforts were being made for a peace. The firing was worst at night, for then the enemy would creep up to the city wall in the dark and throw up ladders to scale the wall. Those on the wall would open fire on them, and anyone who managed to get far enough up would have his fingers or hands chopped off with large knives.

Naturally, this heavy fighting day and night brought a great number of wounded to our clinic. Although the defending army had its own medical unit and the city ran a dispensary, the most serious cases were

always brought to us. The sights we saw during those days were beyond description. On rainy days when the blood-soaked ground would collect into pools of red water, our clinic yard looked like a butcher house floor. God gave us the strength however to stand over putrid sores all through the hot summer months without contracting any of the diseases with which Chinese soldiers are so infected. Here is where I made good use of the training I got at Roosevelt Hospital in New York. I had to extract bullets from many of these poor soldiers, and we had no anesthetic. We were not able to help all the cases brought to us, but most of the wounded got help. I wondered if some of them didn't get well in spite of me. However, I had an experienced Chinese male nurse to help me. Sometimes we had to call in Miss Matilda Persson for help. I admired the patience these Chinese soldiers showed as they waited to be treated, also their thankfulness for whatever we could do for them.

During such a long seige, food naturally became a serious problem. We planted every nook and corner of our yard with potatoes and other vegetables, and although we could not get meat for many weeks, we learned that appetizing food could be made without it. Instead of fat, we had to use peanut oil. We stripped leaves off our trees to keep our milk goats alive, but when we could get nothing more for them we had to butcher them.

It seemed this war would never come to an end. Every day we had to listen to the firing and yelling of the men on the city wall. It was even risky for us to be out in our own yard. Two nights we had to spend in our cellar with baby Dorothy. We picked up 70 to 80 bullets in our garden, besides pieces of shells and hand grenades. One day when Alice was sitting on the porch steps with little Dorothy in her arms, a bullet struck the ground just two feet from them. Alice was very brave and calm during those days. Four shells landed near our chapel, one damaging the roof. One also landed in our yard, but fortunately did not explode.

On the morning of August 10, we woke up to find that the enemy outside the city had withdrawn and two of the city gates were slightly open so people could come in with food and other supplies. The feeling of relief and relaxation cannot be described. After a few days the soldiers who had held the city these six long months were drawn off to help their

allies on the southern front. We found out later that all this sudden change was due to the defeat of the northern forces along the main front, and soon brought an end to the present civil war.

Our joy was short-lived, however. When the city soldiers left, it was immediately captured by a band of about 600 bandits who had been waiting for this opportunity -- and the gates were again closed. Then the original attackers of the city came back, broke in through the east gate and chased the bandits into our section of the city. For two days there were no shots fired, but we guessed that the government soldiers had cornered these bandits to put an end to them, and were making plans so that none of them could escape.

August 22nd was the most terrible day of the whole siege. At about noon, the bandits were attacked from all sides. Rapid firing of rifles and small arms together with cries and shouting filled the air. The bandits soon realized that they were hopelessly outnumbered. Throwing away their rifles and ammunition belts and tearing off their uniforms, they fled along the wall outside our yard in utter panic to find hiding places in the people's homes. Chinese bandits wear uniforms to make people think they are regular troops, but they have civilian clothes in readiness underneath in case they have to flee.

We were crouched in a corner of a room that faced the city wall. Presently, soldiers came around shouting that we must open our gate. Our yard is enclosed by a high wall, but we dared not go out in case they were bandits who would rush in for shelter. They kept on shouting for us to open, and then they fired four shots through our solid wooden front gate. While we were still crouched in the corner, we heard them say that they would get up on ladders and shoot down on us from two sides. We now realized that we were in a very dangerous situation. If we did not do something quickly, we might all be shot where we were. I opened the door to go out and let them in, but one man was already on top of the wall and when he saw me, fired his revolver at me but missed. I then shouted to them through the window that if they would stop shooting we could all come out. Before putting out my head again, I prayed God to protect me while I went to open the gate. This He did, and we all came out into the yard.

On opening the gate, a bloodthirsty-looking gang of about ten men pushed their way in, armed with rifles, revolvers and big knives and ordered a thorough search for bandits. They searched our whole house and found none, but walked off with three pairs of shoes they took a liking to. There is a common proverb among the Chinese: "You don't use good iron to make nails, nor good people to make soldiers."

Our little baby, who was lying sick in dysentary, was in the bedroom all this time and Alice immediately picked her up from the crib before they might throw her out in order to search the crib for hidden money, which they think we foreigners have so much of. After leaving us, they went to the neighbors and did the same thing, but most likely with less ceremony than with us, as they show some respect to foreigners.

While this was going on at our home, three groups had been into our clinic where the worst cases were still lying. These patients were pulled off their beds, and had all their money and clothes robbed from them while pistol shots were fired over their heads to frighten them into giving up all they had. The rooms were completely looted and our Chinese assistants frightened almost out of their wits. Note, this was all done by regular government troops, out to punish bandits. It was a day of terror we can never forget.

During the next two days, soldiers went about from home to home rounding up bandits who might still be hiding, and in fact, any young man who could not give a satisfactory account of himself was bound and taken away. About four hundred bandits, and doubtless many innocents, were taken to a large pond behind the Confucian Temple, lined up and mowed down by a machine gun squad. Soldiers then came with their big knives and put an end to those not yet dead, and then, dead or dying, they were all shovelled into the pond and covered over with earth. This was the end of the siege. Everyone was relieved that so many bandits were exterminated. They had been roaming the countryside for months, robbing and burning villages and carrying off people for torture or ransom. Truly, the wages of sin is death.

We now faced happier days. God sent us seasons of refreshing. In the 1930's, God visited North China with a deep spiritual revival. This revival was given by God in answer to fervent prayer. In various parts of our province there was a strong consciousness of weakness, defeat, lack of power in one's own life and in the life of the church. Some Christians started privately or in small groups to pray, to study the work of the Holy Spirit, and to seek His fulness. God began to deal with individual missionaries and nationals. This resulted in heart searching, deep conviction of sin, confessing and getting right with God and with one another. What followed was joy and power in both life and in witnessing.

This spirit spread to our own mission station and the Fire kindled many hearts among us. Our Chinese Christians felt an intense need for prayer, and invited us missionaries to special prayer meetings with them. When I arrived at church at six o'clock the first morning, I found that our Chinese had just ended their prayer meeting and were going home. Some of them went home to continue to pray. Here, too, was conviction of sin and a deep-felt need of a closer walk with God. God was already beginning His gracious work of revival among us.

About this time we heard that Miss Marie Monson, a Norwegian missionary who had been greatly used by God in other mission stations was coming to us for a week. We prepared for her coming by prayer. There was no campaign organizing, no advertising or "special numbers." Church members and our national workers were simply invited to attend a week of meetings. Being a young missionary at that time, I was very interested to observe her way of working, but I remember how ordinary everything seemed on the outside. The meetings had not the least bit of sensationalism. The singing was the usual singing of the congregation. Miss Monson herself was a quiet speaker, and spoke Mandarin in a simple, unassuming manner. However, we could see and sense that she was depending upon the promises of God in a remarkable way, and especially upon the promise given in John 16:8. "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

Her messages carried tremendous conviction. Her theme for the whole week of meetings was: "Ye must be born again." During the first half of the week she explained that merely being baptised or being a

church member, teaching Sunday school, being a preacher, pastor or even a missionary was not necessarily proof that one was born again. One by one she knocked away the false props many had been leaning on. Even old church members began to look puzzled. At the close of every meeting she would stand at the door and ask each one, "Ni chung sheng liao mu yu?" (Are you born again?) Many, especially among our evangelists and older members, resented this question and became very angry. "What right has she to ask an old evangelist like me!" "Who does she think she is anyway?" Some of those under conviction would try to escape through a back door. Then there were some who would come to her room after the meeting and beg to know how to be born again, but she would reply, "No, I won't tell you. You are not ready for it. You are not fully broken down yet." She had the wisdom not to pick unripe fruit. This was a good lesson for us missionaries.

During the second half of the week she spoke on the positive side - what it was to be born again. Everyone listened with rapt attention. You could hear people's breathing. Sincere repentance, confession, and genuine faith in the finished work of Christ was taught and explained from God's Word. What joy and peace filled the hearts of those dear people when they understood and accepted God's conditions for being born into His Kingdom! These conditions had been taught for years, but people needed to be reawakened, and examine themselves. Hearts were now full of thanksgiving. Those who had earlier wanted to scratch out her eyes would now gladly give her their own eyes.

What were the tangible results of this revival? Under conviction of the Holy Spirit there was a cleaning up of the past life. Unbelievers could see a great change in the lives of the Christians. There was open confession of sins committed. For example, household articles "borrowed" years ago were returned to the owners. Things stolen from the mission were restored, lies and false dealing confessed, and restoration made. One murder was confessed. In one village, three brothers, members of the church, had such a hatred for one another that each carried a revolver for self protection. Church members now prayed earnestly for them. Then at one evening service, all three of them came in, walked to the front, and each laid his revolver on the communion table and embraced each other. When things like this happen you don't

need to advertise meetings -- like on the Day of Pentecost.

The revival brought joy. Haliluya, zan mei Chu! (Hallelujah, praise the Lord!) was heard everywhere, both outside and inside the church. There was witnessing and Holy Spirit power to do it. These Christians now revived went everywhere preaching and witnessing. Not only our employed workers but our laymen too witnessed personally to friends and relatives. During the winter months our Christian farmers formed evangelistic bands, and taking along their own food supply, preached from village to village. In one large village of 3,000 inhabitants next to our field, so many people turned to Christ that the two breweries went out of business and had to close.

This revival prepared and fortified the Church in China for the war years with Japan and the communist take-over that came later. God knew what was coming. The effects of this revival were still strong when we left China in 1949 and we see it still going on now where God's Church is still growing and flourishing today.

In the spring of 1932 I was visiting one of our new outstations which had been singularly blessed during this great spiritual revival. As I was saddling my horse one morning preparing to set out for home, an elderly farmer came up to me and said, "Pastor, won't you please come to my village for a couple of days?" I told him that I had already spent several days in these villages and that I wanted to return home. But his entreaties were so persistent that I felt I ought to go with him. As we set out I invited him to ride my horse, but he politely and persistently refused so, according to Chinese etiquette, I being the younger, had to walk too. Along the seven mile road he told me his life story:

"I was a sorcerer in my former days and made so much money that I soon acquired a good-sized farm. Then I took to opium smoking and became an addict for twenty-eight years. In order to satisfy my craving, I began to sell off my farm until I had almost nothing left. About two years ago, a young relative of mine came home from Peking where he had been attending a Christian university. He had been won to Christ there in school, and came home full of zeal, and started to witness to everyone about his new found joy. Many of our relatives believed, and finally,

after much intercessory prayer on my behalf, I came to realize my sinful state and my need of salvation. In fact, I was so convicted of sin that I wept, prayed and fasted for several days. I accepted Christ as my Savior and received also the joy and comfort of the Holy Spirit. We Christians would assemble every day to read and study God's Word, but we came to be so persecuted by the heathen that we had to go into a cold wind-swept ravine in order to worship in peace. One cold winter day, a number of us went down into a gully to be baptised and we had to first break the ice over the pond. After this I became more bold, and decided to make a clear open declaration of my faith before the whole village. I brought all my books on sorcery and fortune telling (which were worth a considerable sum of money) and piled them up in the village square, and burned them in the sight of everyone. The opium I gave up all at once, although friends warned me of the danger of such a procedure. But the Lord performed a miracle not only in my heart but also in my wrecked body. I felt no ill effect from the sudden change and you see, pastor, how well I can climb these hills. This is why I refused to ride your horse so I could demonstrate to you what the Lord has done in me."

And to be sure, though an elderly man, he seemed to have the endurance of youth, for I found that I became quite short of breath trying to keep up with him, up hill and down dale.

After a two hour walk we reached his village and a special meeting was announced for the evening. About an hour after sunset the little village meeting house was packed with Christians and heathen. On the large "kong" (family brick bed) sat more than a dozen women. This group of about twenty Christians has no pastor or trained leader, but they all take their turn at leading the service and anyone who has received some truth from a reading of the Word shares it with the others. Of course, this evening I was invited to teach. They had many questions about spiritual things, and took part in discussions. The meeting continued long into the night and after we had retired to sleep on the ten-man "kong", questions and discussions went on until past midnight -- so keen was their interest in the things of God. I myself received such a blessing to be with these Christians.

This revival has influenced the church life in several ways. There

has been a revival of singing. Until the revival, harmonious and hearty singing was almost beyond the hope of even optimistic missionaries. The Chinese Christians now enjoy singing and are not content with singing only the old hymns but have composed many new ones. Even passages of Scripture are sung to the tune of some native melody.

The spirit of prayer has grown strong in church and home. It is quite common for all to pray at the same time. Although somewhat distracting and bewildering to those unaccustomed to this form of public prayer, it has doubtless helped many of the more timid members to conquer their self-consciousness, and taught them to pray boldly and distinctly.

There has been a deeper sense of sin. It has been thought that this did not exist in the psychological make up of the Chinese, but the revival has clearly shown the fallacy of such a supposition. This has been the work of the Holy Spirit (John 16:8). Christians have been awakened to their responsibility to testify to non-believers and especially to those of their own household.

Now to come back to our family life. During the long siege in 1930, we were not able to get the variety of food we needed, so Dorothy had developed rickets. When we were finally able to see a doctor in Tsingtao, he prescribed violet rays which she was able to get in this German hospital, and then with nourishing food she soon recovered.

Our first son Gilbert was born in this hospital on October 1, 1931, and our second son Edward was born there on July 26, 1935.

In November 1935 we came home to Bridgeport, CT. on our first furlough after having been away for more than seven years. We lived with Alice's parents, the Fribergs, on Iranistan Avenue. Dorothy started school in Maplewood Grammar School, but Gilbert and Eddy were still too young for school and spent their days enjoying life in a new country and among relatives.

In June 1936 I boarded the old S.S. "Aquitania" for Sweden to visit our mission's churches there since we were under the Baptist Union of

Sweden. While in England I had to wait two days for a ship to Sweden so I took the opportunity to visit the famous British Museum in London. I browsed a whole afternoon and saw many ancient and famous objects, and among these many ancient manuscripts in Greek and Latin.

I thought the most interesting manuscript was the "Codex Sinaiticus", bought from Russia for a hundred thousand pounds. It was written in the fourth century and the manuscript was in excellent condition. It is in two volumes and contains a little less than half the Old Testament and all of the New Testament. Codex Alexandrinus lay beside it and is thought to be one of the three oldest and most important manuscripts of the whole Bible. Among old Bibles I saw also the oldest complete Bible in the English language. This was translated by Wycliffe and his assistants in 1380-1384, and is not translated from the Greek or Hebrew texts but from the Latin Vulgate. Each page is beautifully decorated and the first letter of each chapter is a work of art.

What especially interested me was a Harmony of the Gospels written in Chinese by Jesuit missionaries in Canton in 1737-1738. This manuscript was carefully studied by Robert Morrison, the great missionary pioneer to China who arrived in Macao in 1807. It is wonderful to think what our beloved Bible has gone through. Jesus assured us, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

On the "Aquitania" I had an interesting experience. One day some of the Jewish passengers planned a synagogue service, but found themselves short one man. Since such a meeting requires at least ten men, I volunteered to fill the need and I was gladly accepted, given a hat to wear, and I enjoyed hearing the familiar psalms being read.

On arriving in Sweden I was able first to spend some days with friends and relatives. My brother Sven had a summer place not far from Stockholm, and I was invited to spend a few days there. One of the truly enjoyable experiences in Sweden is to sit out in the garden and have coffee. In the six months I was in Sweden I was able to visit many churches and bring them the latest news and needs from our work in China. On my return trip to the United States I traveled on the "Queen

Mary" from Southampton

It was now time for us to return to our mission field in China and we boarded a Norwegian freighter in San Pedro, California. These ships give excellent service. When we were about two days from Japan we ran into a typhoon. Waves dashed over the bow, things tumbled about in our cabin, but our captain brought the ship safely into Moji harbor in Japan. Here we had to transfer to a smaller steamer that brought us to Tsingtao. From there we proceeded to our home in Chucheng. One of the first things to do was to take Dorothy to Chefoo to start school. Gilbert started two years later.

Chapter 4

At our annual missionary conference in 1937 we were assigned to the Kaomi field, and we soon got ourselves settled there, but we were soon to experience Japanese occupation. On January 10, Japanese forces landed in Tsingtao (our seaport only four hours away by train), and four days later we saw them from our window coming into Kaomi -- troops, weaponry, horses and wagons. To secure protection for our mission I went at once to see their commanding officer to inform him of our mission. Our city was now under control of the Japanese forces but out in the country, where we had thriving churches, bands of Chinese guerillas were more or less in control.

People were aware of Japanese atrocities and therefore many, especially young women and children, came to seek refuge in our mission compound. It was important to see that no suspicious or dangerous characters came in. We arranged Bible classes for these refugees, distributed Scriptures and taught them hymns. Here at headquarters we tried to keep services going, but at times they had to be cancelled. The school work too was often disrupted. Even with many hindrances we were able to baptise many new converts. At one time we baptised 44 men and women.

Out in the country, evangelism went forward with less hindrances. In spite of Japanese troop movements and guerilla activities, we found the country congregations fearless and active. At our church in the

village of Wangwu the members, on their own, held a two weeks Bible class for training young women in Bible knowledge, hymn singing, and hygiene. Tent meetings were well attended and we were able to baptise many. In the village of Chuma we baptised 34. People confessed their sins openly and wept over them. While we thanked God for the good harvests in these villages, the devil was also active. In some places we found people visiting our groups to spread false doctrine. Our members were warned to look out for them.

In one of our larger country churches we had a stormy annual meeting. One of the members was an evangelist who lived a life unworthy of a Christian and, on top of that, he had a son who was a member of a bandit gang. At this meeting the son suspected that his father would be dismissed from serving as a paid evangelist. After the meeting, as I sat eating my lunch upstairs, the son came in, pointed a huge pistol at my head and said, "If you fire my father, I'll shoot you." I replied, "That is up to the church." I wanted to get home that night so I rode my horse another way in case this young bandit might try to ambush me on my usual route. This was an incident engineered by the Enemy of God's Church. There were other life-threatening situations that are natural and can be expected in such troublesome times.

Our Kaomi mission had several outposts in the west part of the country. It was time again to visit our Christians there after the Chinese New Year. In those turbulent and dangerous times it was hard to find a man willing to carry baggage and the man who accepted this job was arrested on his way to us. He was suspected of being a spy by the guerillas, but just as they were preparing to torture him by pumping water into his nostrils, a headman in the village pleaded for him and he was released. Now since he was to go on ahead with my baggage, I furnished him with my visiting card and a Swedish flag. (Visiting cards are highly respected by the Chinese). He arrived without incident.

I set out on my horse a few hours later. At eleven o'clock I arrived at our outpost Maku-Chwang. It was a joy to meet old and faithful members who had on their own just concluded twenty days of revival meetings in their village. As there were so many people sitting out in the sun warming themselves, I held an impromptu meeting right there on

the street. Later, during our meal, my baggage bearer (who is a heathen) said to me, "I feel that my recent experience is God's warning to me that I should repent." I took the occasion to tell of God's infinite love for him and his need of salvation. After bidding farewell to our members I mounted my horse to ride to Chu-ma.

When I came near this walled village, I dismounted and led my horse through a short stony ravine that leads to the village gate. Just as I emerged from this ravine and was only a stone's throw from the gate I was startled by a loud shout, "Halt! Who are you? What do you want?" When I looked up I saw a row of men on the village wall with rifles pointed at me and hand grenades raised to throw.

For a moment I stood paralysed by this unexpected and threatening situation. To turn or to move would certainly have brought fire. I raised my hands to show that my only weapon was a riding whip and I shouted to them who I was. For a few seconds it was dead quiet. Then someone on the wall called out, "Don't shoot, don't shoot! It's our pastor!" After a few seconds rifles were lowered. I walked to the village gate. They opened and I found myself among friends. (The reason for this circumstance was that they had been expecting the Japanese that day.) In the afternoon I went visiting our members in their homes. In our conversations all seemed to express the same feeling that it was time for everyone to come closer to God in the days we have left.

Before we leave Kaomi, let me mention three small incidents to show some travel difficulties that we often ran into. One day I drove to Kiaochow to have my annual accounts audited. After this was completed, I set out for home at 4 p.m. Half way, my battery suddenly gave out and I had to hire a cow and a donkey in a nearby village to pull me home. This towing job cost \$1.50. I reached home at 7:30 p.m. hungry and cold but thankful. On another occasion my car got stuck in deep mud and I had to hire an ox to pull me out. On horseback I never got stuck in mud, and never had battery trouble. One day our whole family took a trip to see our fellow missionaries in Kiaochow, but it took two and a half hours to cover these 15 miles because of deep ruts in the road. And then we happened to come behind a column of slow-moving Japanese army wagons.

At our annual missionary conference in February, 1939 it was decided that we should build a missionary residence in Jihchao (a city 55 miles south of Chucheng) and take up work there. Until this house was built and the countryside peaceful and safe, Alice and the children should stay in Kaomi, which is on the railway line to Tsingtao. In March I engaged a man by the name of Yua to go with me, to cook and care for my house while I would be coming and going, managing the building of the new house or be out in the villages preaching.

One of our other missionaries had earlier been to Jihchao and bought a suitable property inside the walled city. The building our mission already had there in Jihchao was outside the city walls and too small. I tried to buy suitable lumber locally, but found it better to buy it in the big port city of Tsingtao and have it shipped by sea. This part of the work went well, but getting and carrying the right kind of money to pay carpenters and masons was a problem. Our city and countryside used Chinese national currency, but along the railway and in Tsingtao where the Japanese were in control, a new Japanese-approved currency had to be used. Anyone caught there with Chinese national currency would be arrested. One day as I was boarding the train for Tsingtao I was checked and arrested for having 20 cents wrong currency. I was warned and released.

How to smuggle out the needed money from the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank in Tsingtao and bring it down to Jihchao took a little planning and risk. On one trip out of Tsingtao, I hid a wad of \$2,000 in the tool kit of my motorcycle. On another occasion I bought a potted plant, filled a plastic bag with bills and hid it down in the soil. On yet another occasion we had our baby with us and when we saw the Japanese guards coming, we stuffed the wad of \$2,000 in his clothes.

Our first job was to tear down some old delapidated buildings and clear the ground for the new missionary residence to be built. Day by day and bit by bit the new house of brick and stone was completed. During this time the Japanese were fighting Chinese guerillas out in the villages, but even then I tried to keep visiting our village Christians, and also try to enter new areas.

On May 11, 1939, my sister Signe and her companion Bible woman Mrs. Lou came to Jihchao to help for a month, especially among the women. We were living in the house just outside the city wall. On June 7, Japanese planes flew over and bombed a nearby outdoor market where thousands of people and animals were gathered. After the planes had left I went to see what had happened. I remember seeing a man with his head blown clean off as if chopped off with an axe. There was devastation all around. These planes kept coming back to drop bombs on the people who would return to pick up the injured.

On June 13, we were awakened early by the sound of planes bombing the surrounding villages, and this continued all morning. At half past one o'clock it was our turn. Seven planes suddenly flew over us and dropped their bombs at the same time. The crash was deafening -- bricks, tiles and glass came crashing down. When I realized that I was still alive, I looked out and saw the whole city in flames. I advised our people to leave at once. After they had safely got away, I gathered up the mission account books and important papers so I could bring them out in case the house caught fire. Our house was enveloped in smoke and sparks from neighboring houses. Only twelve feet from our neighbor's burning house we had a horse and two goats in the stable.

While two planes kept circling over the city to see that no one rescued anything, I ran under cover of the thick smoke to see what had happened to our new property. Here, together with some neighbors, we pulled the straw thatching off the roofs so fire wouldn't spread any further. People in the city fled, leaving behind starving dogs. Most of the people lost all they had. Later, with money sent from friends in Sweden, we were able to help a few families.

We had so much to thank God for. None of our people were injured, nor was our house badly damaged. Our heathen neighbors told us later that during the fire they saw "something like wings, as of an angel, stretched over our premises." This was something unusual for heathen people to say, people who generally never speak of angels. The night following this ordeal we slept with our clothes on. As soon as we could get transportation (men and wheelbarrows), my sister and Mrs. Lou left

for their home in Chucheng. Even during these frightening days we tried to keep contact with our Christians and hold meetings as far as possible.

On Sunday morning, July 30, 1939, I set out for the village of Hsia-Yuan by motorcycle to have morning service with our members there. At Fu-tuan I carried my motorcycle over the river and then rode through the village. Just as I was well beyond this village I ran into a hail of bullets fired from bushes on the side of the road. Before I could pick up my motorcycle from the ground I was faced by a man who seemed bent on shooting me right there, but his rifle evidently jammed. Others came running and surrounded me. I was thought to be a Japanese, and with their bayonets they prodded me along the road back to the village. Nothing seemed to convince them that I wasn't a Japanese. I told them that Japanese looked like them, not like me. The situation began to look really desperate. I prepared myself for possible execution and committed my soul to God's care. The only thing that worried me was that my family would never get to hear what really happened, and the circumstances.

While I was still being held with bayonets at my back, their commanding officer came running, saw his men holding me, and ordered them to leave me alone. He then said to me, "You must be a missionary. I was once wounded while fighting the Japanese and a man like you cared for me and healed me." He then ordered one of his men to make some tea and invited me to drink it in his "office" -- a raincoat spread out under a tree. He apologized for the incident and advised me not to go any further south as they had men stationed all along the way, expecting the Japanese. I took his kind advice and returned home. On the way home I thought to myself: how little we know just how and when God uses what we do to bring blessing to someone else. How important then is everything we do. I don't know who that other missionary was, but what he did to a wounded soldier worked to save my life.

To enjoy a change from such experiences, I went to Kaomi to be with my family for a while. A few days later I boarded a motor launch to return to Jihchao. This is usually just an overnight run. My luggage consisted of a cooking stove, a motorcycle and a puppy. I had supper before boarding the ship and expected to have breakfast next morning at

Soon after I arrived home in Jihchao I went to visit our church members in the village of Ho-Kwan. In spite of war and travel dangers, the members had faithfully continued to meet and to witness. We baptised a few new believers and then gathered for communion and a church meeting. However, one of the old members, after having been warned several times about his opium smoking, gambling and fortune-telling had to be excommunicated.

November 8 was a day of thanksgiving and joy. I was able to move into the new house. It had been completed without any accidents or injuries. However, I moved into the house too soon. The masonry was not fully dry and I soon developed rheumatism in my back and shoulders. In Tsingtao I had a German doctor treat me, but with no effect. Later some Chinese friends said to me, "For rheumatism you should wear cat skin next to the affected area." This inexpensive treatment appealed to me. I bought a piece of cat's fur and had a tailor sew it onto an old vest with the fur toward my back and shoulders. I wore this day and night for a few weeks and I was completely cured. It has never recurred. One day I met my German doctor and told him what I had done. I expected him to instantly ridicule such crude treatment, but he thought for a moment and then said, "These Chinese are clever. Cat's fur gives off a high degree of static electricity, and you have had static electric treatment."

In my travels in the country I used bicycle, motorcycle or horse, as the road conditions permitted. I have always loved horses, but in those troubled times it became more and more dangerous to ride a horse -- from a distance one could be mistaken for a military person and be shot at. I remember one close call I had. In China it is the custom for a gentleman, on entering a village, to dismount from his horse and go through the village on foot to show respect. This I did in one of our villages, but when I came out from the village gate and prepared to mount my horse, rifle fire came from across the fields. I stood still, held up my hands to show that I had no weapons, but the bullets kept coming. Now I had nothing else to do but to jump onto my frightened mare and, in a hail of bullets, ride off at full gallop across the fields, through a cemetery, until I came over the hill and was safe.

At the close of 1939 I decided it was best to get rid of my faithful Mongolian mare. When I was in Kaomi, I met a man in a bicycle shop who said he knew an officer who would like to buy my horse. When I got home, a Chinese officer with five bars on his sleeve was waiting for me with \$160 (Chinese currency) and he took the horse and the saddle. Poor Gilbert cried to see the horse led away and I felt pretty choked up myself.

In 1939 our new residence was completed and now we needed to repair, rebuild and enlarge the chapel in the east suburb where we had been bombed by the Japanese planes. Attendance had been very good at our meetings and so many women were attending that we needed the help of Biblewomen. Finally our repairs were done, and on Sunday, June 16, our enlarged chapel was dedicated. In spite of the troubled and dangerous times, preaching and teaching had gone on at all our mission's various stations, and last year a total of 400 people were baptised. Besides the regular meetings in the city and outstations, I had taken every opportunity to preach (impromptu) to market crowds in the villages, standing on any elevation I could find to serve as a podium, often on a dunghill or from horseback.

The political situation was becoming more and more unsettled and we were told that all Americans should evacuate and return home. In Tsingtao most American women were leaving, we were told. Even before this (1940) the Japanese authorities in our town were no doubt wondering what we planned to do. On the street I often ran into an important-looking Japanese gendarme and he would always glower at me. He sometimes inquired about my activities, and I think he very much wanted to take over our mission property. One day my helper Yua came in frightened and reported that the gendarme with two bodyguards had come, and wanted to see me. I said, "Make some tea and invite him into my study." When I came in, the gendarme looked very stern, but I smiled and invited him to have tea. Instead of accepting my invitation he suddenly shouted an order to his two men, who immediately fixed bayonets and closed in on me. Then the gendarme drew out his sword, pointed it at me and said, "You are an American spy!" I told him that I was a missionary, and come to tell the Chinese people about the true God. I also quoted Christ's commission given in Matthew 28, but he drew

interesting happenings, and some amusing incidents from the early years of our mission.

Following this celebration, Alice and I took a ship for our home in Jihchao. On December 5, we left home for Tsingtao to do some Christmas shopping, and expected to return home in two or three days. However, we never knew that we were never to see our home again. While we were in Tsingtao shopping, the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor (December 8) and our country was now at war with Japan. Japanese guards stood everywhere. In spite of appeals, we were not permitted to return home. Here we stood empty-handed! We took in at Mrs. Walther's missionary home. A few days later we had to report to the Japanese authorities and receive armbands with the letter "A" (American). One day we were happily surprised to receive two suitcases of our things that the Swedish missionaries had been able to get out from our home in Jihchao.

Each day we were allowed to go out in town for two hours. All foreigners had to wear armbands. On Christmas day, the Wallers and the Wilsons who lived next door, came and sang carols for us. One problem now was how to spend our time. For my part, I was able to buy a Chinese Bible and I read through it, looking up any characters that I did not know, and practice writing them. On Easter Sunday we were permitted to attend a Church of England service at Iltis Huk, which was very uplifting for us.

During this same time, there were about 300 missionaries' children at school in Chefoo, and were now held by the Japanese. In May we were informed that, through the good offices of the Swiss Government, we were to be repatriated, so it was necessary to bring our three children to join us in Tsingtao. The Japanese authorities granted us permission to do this, and on June 2, I was able to bring them safely to Tsingtao.

We were thirty-six lucky Americans who boarded the "Tsingtao Maru" on June 11, and arrived in Shanghai the next day. Here we were taken to the Columbia Country Club and lodged in the bowling alley. The building had been long neglected and was in a deplorable condition. Mosquitoes infested the camp indoors and outdoors. We were given a piece of netting to cover our faces with when we slept, but that didn't

stay on, of course, so we were badly bitten during the night. One day Gilbert, while playing, fell into the stagnant green water of the swimming pool.

All the war news we received at this time was depressing and humiliating. Japan appeared victorious, capturing one place after another. Finally after our six months internment we were put onboard the Italian ship "Conte Verdi" for the voyage home. This was on June 26, 1942. Both Alice and I had contracted some kind of fever in the Columbia Country Club which kept us in the ship's hospital most of the way. This ship brought us to Mozambique in southeast Africa. Here we were exchanged for Japanese internees who had been brought from the United States, and were being returned to Japan.

We were then put onboard the MV "Gripsholm", which brought us to Hoboken, N.J. Alice's brother, Bertil, who pastored a church in Newark, took us home for the night. Next day we proceeded to Bridgeport where Alice's parents took us into their home on Norman Street.

It was now August 1942. Being back in the States and away from China, we had no longer formal connection with the Swedish Baptist Mission, so it was necessary for me to find employment. I was fortunate to get a job at the Bullard Machine Company as a time keeper. In 1943 our pastor at the Baptist Temple, Rev. William Backlund, went into the chaplaincy and I was called to be interim pastor, a position I held for one year. Although the war was still going on, I was hoping to get back to China.

Chapter 5

In June 1944, at the annual meeting of our Baptist General Conference, God led us to take a new and important step. It was voted to launch our own Foreign Missionary Society, and we were appointed its first missionaries. However, as the war was still going on, how could missionaries be sent out to China? God worked in this situation too. In 1945 Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek applied to our government for twenty Americans who could speak Chinese, to serve as liason officers with his government, and I was chosen as one of these.

We were flown out to China (via India) in May 1945. I was assigned to a contingent to serve in Chungking, which was China's wartime capital. Our job was to enlist young Chinese men who could speak English more or less well and train them as interpreters to serve with the U.S. Army. We had one other such school in Chengtu. After a six weeks training course, the students who graduated became captains in the Chinese army. At these graduation exercises it was Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek who personally handed out the diplomas to each graduate while a brass band played the stirring national anthem. I remember especially one occasion. The Generalissimo delivered quite a long address and then proceeded to hand out the diplomas. As he called each student's name, the student would respond by raising his fist in the air and shout "Yu!" ("Present!") As he hands the graduation diploma to the student he is expected to look the Generalissimo in the eye. One

student (perhaps out of shyness) kept looking down. The Generalissimo stood and looked at him a while and said, "Aren't you with me?" There was death silence in the hall -- we all wondered what would happen. Finally the student looked up, and was handed his diploma.

After this graduation ceremony we liason officers had an opportunity to meet and talk with the Generalissimo. He was a well-built man, prim and neat in his uniform. When he spoke Mandarin we could easily understand him, but when he spoke privately his speech would fall back into a Che-kiang accent.

Even we who trained these interpreters were not forgotten by the Generalissimo. When the war ended we were each given a decoration for having served China in wartime. It was the "Cloud and Banner" decoration, an ancient medal given to generals for meritorious service. When the war ended we liason officers were all in different places so this decoration had to be mailed to us.

During our time in Chungking, we who had been missionaries took opportunities to preach the gospel and witness to these interpreters. Several of them were won for the Lord and baptised in the Yangtse River.

On August 10 we heard the exciting news that Japan had surrendered unconditionally. The Chinese went wild with delight and danced in the streets. We were treated as heroes and people even hugged us -- a very un-Chinese thing to do. Before everyone left for home and country, the Generalissimo arranged a Victory Celebration. American and Chinese generals, high officials and other V.I.P.s were invited -- and even we. The communist leader Mao Tse-tung was also invited. He sat at a small round table by himself and I took the opportunity to go over, shake his hand, and sip some tea with him.

Soon after the Japanese surrender, I was sent down to Shanghai to contact the interpreters that we had trained in West China and to demobilize all those who were no longer needed by our armed forces. While in Shanghai I had the opportunity to meet our fellow missionaries, the Lindstedts. They had been living here all through the war. One evening I went with them to attend a service at their Russian church and

I was impressed by the love of these Russian Christians.

In September I arrived in Nanking with Dr. Frank Price to find suitable housing for the Foreign Affairs Bureau. Defeated Japanese soldiers were still roaming the streets looking just as proud and haughty as ever, but the Chinese treated them very kindly in spite of the horrible atrocities the Japanese had committed when they were in power.

In October I took a trip to the province of Shantung to visit our former Swedish Baptist Mission field. I was able to leave Shanghai by U.S.N. seaplane and the crew very kindly flew me over the city of Jihchao where we had once lived and worked. We circled over the city twice and saw the house that we had built there in 1939. My first day was spent in Tsingtao, and in the evening I met several of the Americans who had been under house arrest with us in 1942, and had later been interned in the Weihsien camp. They were now free. Next day I visited our Swedish missionaries in Kaomi and many of our Chinese Christians. Since I was still in Chinese army uniform, the city office sent a small detachment of cavalry to escort me to the railway station when I left. Next day (Sunday) I was in Kiaochow -- the city of my birth -- and preached at the morning service, but in civilian clothes.

Back in Shanghai I now applied to be transferred to Tsingtao to serve out my last four months with the Chinese Foreign Affairs Department. While in Shanghai I was given a horse by a friend who owned a stable. I was overjoyed to be the owner of a beautiful chestnut gelding, and I hoped that I could use him on the mission field. It was near Christmas (1945) when I was able to get passage to Tsingtao on a small 360-ton steamer, the S.S. "Hai-Tsing". This ship lay berthed on the other side of the river from Shanghai, and although there was ferry service for passengers, how could I get a horse over? When the ferry pulled up to the landing on the Bund, I got my horse "Charlie" on to this crowded ferry simply by an encouraging smack on his rump. He stepped on board without fuss and stood quietly among the passengers. On the other side of the river also I had no difficulty in getting him on board the steamer. This small steamer had just one large cabin for all first class passengers, Chinese army officers and their wives and concubines all crowded in with me. Other passengers were quartered below deck.

It was Christmas Eve. U.S. destroyers anchored in the river were all decorated with colored lights and gave a Christmas setting to the scene. The Lindstedts had very kindly invited me to spend a Swedish Christmas Eve with them, but I didn't dare to cross the river again because, according to the captain, the ship was to "leave at any time." Although I was very disappointed not to be able to be with the Lindstedts, I was happily surprised to have a package from home delivered to me on the ship. This contained an assortment of food that was well needed because the ship did not leave for several days. The captain made a try to steam out of Shanghai one day but soon decided to go back because we carried a cargo of ammunition and gasoline, and we found ourselves in a mine field. A funnel or a mast here and there sticking out of the water showed that some ships hadn't made it out. After almost a week on board we finally succeeded in getting out into the open sea. It took two days for this tiny steamer to reach Tsingtao and we ran into a storm the second day. Waves dashed over the bow. That was hard on poor Charlie who was tethered behind the forecastle. Although humanly speaking we had everything against us -- a dangerous cargo, a total of 187 passengers, shortage of food, on a small and old steamer, God watched over us and we reached Tsingtao safely on December 31. In Tsingtao I took in at the government liason officers hostel, and had Charlie stabled and cared for by a Russian veterinarian. New Year's Day I spent recuperating.

Tsingtao is the city where our Baptist General Conference planned to start its China mission. This coastal area in Shantung province was ceded to Germany in 1897 for 99 years as indemnity for the murder of two German Roman Catholic priests. At that time it was just a barren coast with only a fishing village on it. The Germans very quickly developed the area into a modern city and seaport with harbor for ocean-going ships and a railway running deep into the province to develop its resources. It now had a population of over 400,000. In 1914, during the first World War, it was taken by Japan, but later returned to China.

Soon after arriving in Tsingtao, I set about to find and secure property for the mission. The thousands of Japanese who had been living in Tsingtao were now being repatriated. Among the properties they had

to leave was a Presbyterian church building. After some difficulty I was able to take it over, and eventually bought it for 27,000,000 Chinese national currency (U.S. \$8,000) together with its organ and furniture. One night a group of Chinese school teachers got into the building. They had planned to start a private school, but I prepared padlocks and the next morning when they left the building for a while I shut them out by padlocking all the doors, and employed a man to be there permanently as watchman. Since the teachers knew that they had no right to the building they finally left us alone. While I was locking the doors, about twenty street wanderers stopped to see what this foreigner was doing. I took the opportunity to speak to them on John 3:16. So this was, in a way, our first meeting.

Regular meetings were soon started. At our first such meeting, U.S. Marine Bernard Holmquist attended. This made him the first conference member to enter the church. Bernard later married Doris Rinell, daughter of our Swedish Baptist missionaries Oscar and Hellen Rinell. We were very fortunate to be able to engage Mr. Su from Chefoo as our national co-worker. His wife and children encouraged neighbors to come to church. We became busily occupied with Bible studies, Sunday School and street preaching. We spent one day each week to do house to house visitation.

At this time people from towns and villages came to Tsingtao, fleeing to escape communist harassment and possible death. Among these were quite a few Christians, some of them very dedicated and experienced. These not only attended our meetings, but helped us in the work. One of them was a retired rear admiral of the Chinese navy who had a Japanese wife, and it was she who led him to Christ. Weekly preaching, teaching and house visiting bore fruit, and we hoped soon to organize a church.

On April 15 (1946) my parents and sister Signe arrived in Tsingtao from their mission station in Chucheng, and were on their way to Sweden for retirement. They had been in China 54 years. They also helped me by preaching and teaching in the church. Since I was alone, I was happy to have them with me for nearly four months. This time went by so quickly.

On August 4, they were able to get a steamer for Shanghai and there they boarded the Swedish freighter "Bali" for Sweden. Their voyage home (via the Suez Canal) took two months, but they enjoyed it. They settled in Stockholm where my brother Sven and family lived. Here they were able to spend a few quiet years with relatives and old friends. Mother passed away on November 27, 1952, and Father on May 6, 1961. Sister Signe then moved to a retirement home, but in 1981 she suffered a severe stroke and had to be taken into a convalescent hospital where she passed away on June 11, 1986. My brother Sven died in 1975 and brother Roland in 1980. My younger sister, Svea, died in Peiping in 1931. I am now the only surviving member of our family of seven.

Now to come back to the mission in Tsingtao. On May 1 (1946) my one-year contract with the Chinese government ended and I was now a free civilian. Each week, brother Su and I went visiting in people's homes and thus made many contacts. Some of them resulted in people accepting Christ. In order to encourage whole families, we started a Sunday School which brought together 74 children the first Sunday.

In September the Lindstedt family arrived by Lutheran plane from Shanghai to work among the Russian people here. Unfortunately, in March (1947) they had to leave for the States because of Rev. Lindstedt's health. The Shadrin family, our missionaries to the Russians in Manchuria, arrived in Tsingtao for a visit, and we were thus able to get acquainted with them.

In time I was very happy to be able to welcome Dale and Alma Bjork and their baby Lois, fresh from language school in Peiping. They soon got well into the work, and this was a great encouragement not only to me, but also to our Chinese. During this year my brother Roland, representing the Pocket Testament League, spent several months with me.

On July 20, 1947, we organized our first church with seven men and three women, and soon after this we baptised 54 new believers (exactly 27 men and 27 women) at the German Beach. At our church organization service some of our former Swedish Baptist and Southern Baptist friends came to rejoice with us. In July I started services at the

U.S. Marine Base just outside Tsingtao. These meetings were generally well attended by our service men.

On March 10, 1948, an ammunition dump blew up not far from our church. Windows were all blown out and for several Sundays we met with a cold wind blowing on us. We were able to take this fairly well since we never had any heating in the church anyway, but our benches vibrated with people's shivering.

During 1947 and 1948 I went three times a week to read the English Bible with Tsingtao's Mayor Li, but he was no doubt more interested in learning English. However, it gave me many opportunities to explain God's dealings with nations and emphasize His desire that all men should repent and be converted.

In contrast to the ministry in the mayor's beautiful residence, there were others who needed special attention. Our church was located not far from the Tsingtao docks and harbor. Thousands of people known as coolies lived in the area. They loaded and unloaded ships, pulled heavy carts like animals, and many were rickshawmen. Whenever they came by our church I would invite them in. These people, in spite of their outward appearance, are polite and considerate of others. They would say to me, "No, we cannot go in. You have such nicely dressed people in your church and if we went in and sat with them, our lice and fleas would get onto them." How thoughtful! I have always felt drawn to this class of Chinese people. They were the kind of people I knew best when I was growing up in China. I can speak their language and they understand me. Why should these people be barred from knowing the way of salvation just because they have fleas! "I'm going to start a mission especially for people with fleas," I said to myself. But how was I to get a building for these dear people? We prayed about it. Then one day a man came to me and said, "I own a storefront four blocks away but some soldiers with their wives have illegally forced themselves in. If you can get them out you can have the place for a mission. I went there, put on an official look, and told the soldiers that they were illegally occupying the premises. They promised to leave, and they were out by noon. The building was then cleaned, painted and put in order with a pulpit, benches, and a beautifully lettered sign outside: "Rickshawmen's

Mission" and the words, "Come unto Me all ye that labor." On Easter Sunday (1948) this mission was dedicated to the glory of God and the salvation of those who are heavy laden. Two hundred packed the place, including delegates from some of the Tsingtao churches. The crowd outside that couldn't get in was so large that a policeman had to keep the street open to traffic. At almost every meeting the place was crowded, with many standing outside, pressing their noses against the window panes to see and, if possible, to hear what was going on. People other than laborers also attended. Our two church pastors, also Dale Bjork and I always took part speaking. It was thrilling to address these people and note their keen interest in the reading of the Bible and the messages.

In this ministry we sometimes got interesting reactions. When an old woman was told that God created man out of "the dust of the earth" she said, " I can quite believe it because every time I wash I find that some of this earth comes off in the water." One of our hearers went home and told friends, "God took a rib from the first man that He created and made the first woman. For this reason every man has one rib less than a woman, and if you don't believe it I invite every man to count his ribs when he undresses tonight." At one meeting our evangelist was explaining the difference between the human nature and the spiritual nature. He said, "A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit. A crabapple tree will not yield large juicy apples. For instance, a foreigner begets a foreign child and a Chinese begets a Chinese child. When I first saw missionary B's baby, I noticed that it was an American baby -- blue eyes and a big nose -- just like its parents. Isn't that wonderful! Now, however good a Chinese might be he can never beget an American baby; all he can expect is just a Chinese baby. So then, however good a heathen might be he can only beget heathen conduct. You must be born again with a divine nature before you can hope to bring forth spiritual fruit." (About the "big nose" I should explain that Chinese feel that all foreigners have big noses. No insult was intended.)

These services at the Mission and the contacts we were able to make with people were blessed by God. Many came to know the Savior and put their trust in Him. I remember speaking to one of them when many people were thinking of fleeing to south China to escape the advancing communist army. I asked him, "Are you planning to leave?"

"No," he said. "Well, aren't you afraid the communists will harm you for being a Christian?" I asked. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "Pastor, I am not afraid. I'm ready to die for the Lord Jesus."

Quite a few Russians lived in Tsingtao. They were Russians who had fled from Russia or Siberia, and were referred to as White Russians. Among these I met a woman who was a Christian, Mrs Vinogradova. She could speak English, so we started weekly meetings for the Russians, and she was my interpreter. Some of the younger Russians could speak Chinese so I was able to get more personally acquainted with them. I also became acquainted with a Russian cossack, Colonel Savich. He told me that the communists in Russia killed his father right before his eyes, and this led him to take up arms against the communists in Siberia. He commanded a body of cavalry to harass them. In Tsingtao he made his living by giving riding lessons. I gave him a Russian New Testament and he told me one day that he had accepted Jesus as his Savior.

In January (1949) I received word from our mission headquarters in Chicago that they wanted me home to help in the office. However, I wasn't happy to think of leaving just at this time. Our Chinese were beginning to fear the arrival of the communists and they wondered what we were going to do. What about the church property, the preaching ministry, the Rickshawmen's Mission? What about the Shadrins, our Russian missionaries living in Tientsin where the communists were shelling the city? We could just commit all these problems to the Lord in prayer. I went to see some of our people who had been very active in the church, to encourage them to stand firm in their faith in the days ahead. One young woman, Miss Chen, who taught Sunday school said to me, "I am willing to die for Christ if need be, and I hope I will not lose courage."

Other people had problems too. During these hectic days, 265 displaced persons of sixteen nationalities (mostly White Russians) were put on board the U.S. LST 854 to be distributed in America, Australia, Argentina and France. I went down to the harbor to say good-bye to my friends Colonel and Mrs Savich and others that I knew. What human tragedies lay ahead for these people! The Savichs eventually came to New York and I corresponded with the colonel until his death. I also

wondered about the future of my four-legged friend Charlie. What shall I do with him? No more pleasant morning rides! Dale very kindly offered to take him, and had a stable made for him. I clipped his mane for the last time, had him reshod, and took him to his new home.

On February 10 I was able to secure passage home on the U.S.S. "General Anderson". As many residents were beginning to leave Tsingtao, law and order was starting to break down. Refugees and the poorer people were cutting down park trees for fuel, and pilfering from vacated buildings. We had to keep close watch over our own premises. My house "boy" Yua at that time made a statement that I have never heard any other Chinese make. He said, "I don't know what kind of people we Chinese are. Americans come to fight for us, give us aid and feed the hungry, and yet all we can do is to steal. I am Chinese but I honestly think we deserve all our suffering." This man first came into our employ many years ago, an excellent worker, but a heathen without any interest in spiritual things. I prayed for him for 16 years, and one day I heard him joyfully thanking God for salvation. "Men ought always to pray and not lose heart."

On February 6 I served communion to our members for the last time, and took the occasion to encourage them to stand firm and not deny their Lord when the communists take over Tsingtao. The following Sunday was my last Sunday with them. After the service all the members flocked around to say good-bye, and several wept. I thanked God for the Christian love and harmony in the church. It was very touching to see their expressions of love. They all, on standing foot, asked me to greet all our churches at home.

The "General Anderson" sailed at 11 p.m., February 14. We arrived in Japan on the 17th. I visited the big bronze Buddha in Kamakura. It stands over 40 feet (Buddha sitting). On February 21 we passed Iwo jima on our starboard side. One man on board our ship had fought on that historic island. Mt. Surabashi stood on the southern end of the rather flat island. It was on this island that Old Glory was raised by the four Marines. Next we called at Guam and took on 180 passengers. In Pearl Harbor we saw where the Japanese made the sneak attack in December 1941.

On March 10 our ship sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge. I boarded a train that evening for Chicago. Here our mission secretary Rev. Walfred Danielson met me. Next day I reached home, Bridgeport, CT. What a joy to see the family again after an absence of four years! The very next day we witnessed Dorothy's capping at the Bridgeport Hospital School of Nursing.

Chapter 6

In May (1949) I was invited to attend a meeting of our world mission's executive board. Mr. James Luckman, who was unknown to us at that time, came with a suggestion that our conference should take up missionary work in Ethiopia. Let me interject something here: when we as a family arrived in Mozambique, east Africa, on our way home from China in 1942 and I saw the black people there, I prayed that God would open a field for our conference in east Africa, since China was now closed. So when Mr Luckman made this suggestion I almost popped out of my skin. God has heard my prayer! After further discussions and planning it was decided that Brother Luckman and I were to proceed to Ethiopia to explore the possibilities for work there. Mr. Luckman had worked in Ethiopia before, knew the language and the situation. I was to represent our conference.

We set about at once to secure passports, Ethiopian, British and Egyptian visas, and to get cholera and typhus inoculations. Passage was booked on a ship of the Isthmian Line. Mr. Luckman bought a Dodge Power Wagon in Boston for use in Ethiopia and we drove it down to New York. Here it was delivered to our shipping agent. On August 17th we boarded the S.S. "Steel Apprentice" at Columbia Street Pier, Brooklyn, got settled and then telephoned our Conference headquarters to say good-bye, and report that all was well.

On August 26 we passed Gibraltar on our port side and Africa on our starboard. Wednesday morning (August 31) we awoke at four o'clock and found ourselves in Port Said. We reported to the security police on board in our pajamas, and then were told that we could go to bed again, but we stayed up. They took our passports and told us that we could not leave the ship until some person or agency could guarantee that we have tickets out of Egypt. An Egyptian who worked for the agent of our steamship line secured for us a guarantee from his office and we got our passports back.

We took a carriage to the railway station and after getting settled on the train, we paid off our Egyptian escort -- a rather pleasant young chap in immaculate suit and red fez. The train ride was pleasant except for sand blowing in through the open windows. Our train followed the Suez Canal for some distance. In the steamer convoy proceeding through the Canal we saw our ship, the "Steel Apprentice" and we waved to one of the passengers we knew, and we believe he saw us. On arrival in Cairo we were taken to the Continental Savoy Hotel and after washing up we went to see about plane tickets. Although our agent had neglected to make reservations for us we were able to secure plane tickets for ourselves and cargo rates for all our baggage on the same plane. We also bought cards and wrote home. Got to bed at eleven, dead tired, but we thanked God who opened doors for us and made our journey prosperous. We met many friendly and helpful people.

September 1. We were woken up at 4:45 in order to catch the plane. Had breakfast at 5:30 and then set off in two taxis with all our baggage. At the Farouk Airport both government and airline officials showed us every courtesy and made our way easy. Here we were, Ambassadors of the same God as Moses and Joseph were -- but under what different conditions! Not far from the ancient pyramids we boarded an Egyptian Airline plane, piloted by three Americans and served by a charming young hostess who had an Egyptian father, an English mother, and spoke beautiful English that she learned in a mission school in Cairo. A small two-engined plane, with twenty passengers, carried us upward, and headed for Asmara in the former Italian colony Eritrea. When we were well up, our hostess brought me a cup of coffee and then said, "If you look down and toward your left you can see Mt. Sinai." I looked, and sure

enough, away in the distance I could see through my binoculars part of the rugged Sinai desert and Mt Sinai, and I tried to visualize the vast multitude of the Israelites and their animals winding their way in that inhospitable land. No wonder the children of Israel were often "discouraged." A little later we could see the Red Sea, and as we came further south, the country appeared more green and fertile, and after seven hours we glided down on the Asmara airfield. We were taken to a former Italian hotel since we were through passengers. Asmara is a neat, clean and well laid out little town.

Next morning we were woken up early, had breakfast and taken down to the airport. As we flew over Ethiopia we began to see fields, villages and towns, and finally we landed in Addis Ababa -- our destination. After a brief inspection by the Customs we put up at the Ras Hotel. After lunch we went to the Bank of Ethiopia to open an account. We also registered our cable address "Genconfer." Later in the afternoon we went to call on Mr. Immanuel at the British Embassy, a friend of Mr. Luckman. Mr. Immanuel speaks French, Italian, Swedish and English (with a Scotch accent).

Sunday, September 4, turned out to be a very interesting and memorable day. Ten o'clock found us in the old chapel of the Swedish mission for the native service in Amharic. In this compound the indigenous church was building a large new church and the Emperor had contributed \$30,000. The benches were to come from Sweden. This service was led by their native pastor. Very cute and clean boys and girls sat by the altar facing the audience. The members of the church played organ and violin. Several Swedish and Norwegian missionaries were present, but only as guests. Some of these Norwegians were former missionaries from China, and were taking up work south of Addis Ababa. At the five o'clock English service Mr. Luckman preached. After this we went to the Swedish service at the Bibel Trogna Vänners Mission. There were about twenty persons present, including the Swedish Chargé d'affaires and his family.

After this service we met Dr. Hylander who was supervisor of medical work in the whole country. We had him to the hotel for supper and afterwards, in conversation, he gave us a good insight into the

mission situation in the country, the attitudes of the government, also what kind of medical work could be started and in what part of the country. We also studied the map until 11:30 p.m. This information was a great help to us.

On September 6 we went to the American Embassy to register, and on the 8th we were invited by the American ambassador, Mr. Merrill, for lunch. His majordomo, Mr Dou, was Chinese, and was at the table with us. I addressed him in Chinese, to his great surprise and delight. Next evening Mr. Immanuel and his wife Ababa had supper with us and we discussed how to approach the government and what to present for their consideration and approval. In the morning of September 14 we called on the Emperor's private secretary to present our proposition for work in Ethiopia. He received us graciously and showed interest especially in our plans for the medical and printing ministeries. The secretary spoke excellent English, having been educated in the Swedish Mission and then in England. On his windowsill was a wooden cross with the words "Lead Me." This was an encouragement to us. On Thursday Mr. Immanuel privately brought us the welcome news that "the Emperor will receive you tomorrow morning at 9:40 o'clock." What an answer to prayer! When we first arrived in Ethiopia, people told us that we might have to wait weeks or even months to see the Emperor. So from the start we took to pray and pray, and God answered us.

To tell of our reception by His Majesty the Emperor I shall let Mr. Luckman describe it, which he has done so well:

"Yesterday afternoon we received word from the office of the Private Secretary of His Imperial Majesty that we were to be at the Palace at 9:40 in the morning, Friday September 23.

"Arising early this morning we had a real session of prayer. Then breakfast and back to our rooms to change into our cutaways. After giving each other several careful once-overs we proceeded to the Palace. There an assistant secretary led us through the palace gates where we were met at the palace steps by the aide-de-camps to His Imperial Majesty. We were invited to take seats in the spacious front hall of the palace while we waited for the completion of the previous interview.

"Then suddenly the friendly Private Secretary, Ato Tefere Werk, stepped into the hall and beckoned us to follow him into His Majesty's presence. As we walked beside him he reminded us that we were to bow three times as we entered, once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room and finally just as we were presented. As we stepped into the spacious living room we observed His Majesty standing in front of a beautiful divan. He extended his hand to Sten as he stepped forward to greet the king and then he shook hands with Jim. Then the secretary beckoned us to seats to the right of His Majesty.

"Though the Emperor is fluent in both English and French, he addressed us in Amharic through his interpreter. He inquired first about our arrival and impressions in Ethiopia. The Emperor evidenced a real interest in Christian things throughout the world. Sten did not miss the opportunity to convey the greetings and best wishes of the mission board and the demonination and also assured the ruler of our constant prayers for him and for his people.

"In this connection he inquired if we had any particular districts in mind. We named AMBO as the first place, as the most convenient place to begin. He said this would please him and added that his grand-daughter lived there and would assist us. The Emperor also assured us that he would assign a man to help us locate a place. Then we further suggested the district of BALE, in southeastern Ethiopia, near GHINNER and GOBA. This was also graciously approved by His Majesty.

"We could have made the palace ring with Hallelujahs when the Secretary informed us that His Majesty was pleased to grant our request.

"In answering a number of the Emperor's questions about China, Sten assured him that for many years he has been interested in the development of Ethiopia and had prayed much, though he had never dreamed that he would have the opportunity to visit the country let alone be so graciously received by its Ruler. He said that it was Jim's interest in and love for this country that had brought about this visit and had also given him a deep love for this country. His Majesty also expressed real appreciation to Jim for the article regarding the Eritrean situation

which appeared in the NEW YORK TIMES about a year ago.

"About this time the Secretary turned to Jim and told him it was his turn to speak and in Amharic. Imagine the jealous feeling of the "Chinaman" when he heard his colleague carry on a fluent conversation in the Imperial tongue, which greatly delighted His Majesty.

"We took leave of His Majesty stepping backward and bowing three times in the same procedure which we followed when we entered.

"With hearts overflowing with thankfulness to our Father who doeth all things well, we returned to the office of the Secretary where we were assured that the necessary papers, for our trips to the suggested places, would be ready on our return from Asmara with the truck.

"From there we hurried back to the hotel for a time of thanksgiving on our knees before sending you a cable. Having now secured His Majesty's personal approval, we are already recognized as a mission in the land and the General Conference is INSIDE ETHIOPIA -- PRAISE THE LORD.

"On Tuesday we plan to go to Massawa to take delivery of our truck from the steamship and drive it back to Addis. Then we must visit the Ambo and Bale Districts, make the necessary contacts with the local officials, see about property and such matters, then return to Addis for permits from the various ministries involved.

"We are now in a position to advise the candidates for Ethiopia to start winding up their commitments at home and start on preparations for their journey to and work in this newly won field of missionary endeavor of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Baptist General Conference of America. The Ethiopian Mission of the Board is a glorious reality. Triumphantly in Christ:

Sten F. Lindberg
James A. Luckman

Here ends Jim's well-written article and report.

What we had to do now was to repack our belongings for our trip back to Asmara to take delivery of our Dodge Power Wagon that would arrive at Massawa, a port on the Red Sea. We tried to get a good sleep but hyenas were howling all night. On Tuesday, September 27, we left for Asmara by plane. More than half of the passengers were turbaned Moslems on pilgrimage to Mecca. The air in Asmara felt so refreshing and balmy, like autumn in North China. Rev. Hagner, a Swedish missionary stationed there, kindly drove us to Massawa in his jeep. As we left Asmara at an elevation of 2,371 meters it felt much dryer and hotter by the time we reached Massawa at sea-level. Water was for sale in bottles.

On arriving at this port we found that our Dodge was already in the warehouse and to our delight it started up on its own battery. Massawa is a dreary, dry port on the Red Sea, roasting under a desert sun. Yet British officials there carried on their work faithfully and uncomplainingly, and in one house I saw a Catholic nun teaching a class of Arab children. After a hot, sweltering night we got up at five o'clock and left early before the sun rose too high. We saw several groups of baboons along the way. As we started to ascend, it got cooler and cooler, and finally we were "home" again in Asmara. Here we bought two drums of petrol and other supplies for our motor trip to Addis Ababa the next day. On October 11 we were up at four o'clock and drove to the Market Police Station where we had been promised we could join their convoy for protection. After some waiting we were told that there would not be a convoy that day, so we set out alone after having prayer. Rev. Hagner came to see us off. This dear brother had been a great help to us. We drove as much as we could each day, stopping at local inns for the night.

In some places we climbed up to 10,000 feet and drove through several tunnels. On October 14 we arrived safely in Addis Ababa after having driven 696 miles over steep mountain passes. Two days later I took a plane to Djibouti to meet Mr. Danielson and his party who were passing through on the S.S. "Fabricator." It was a happy meeting and so encouraging for me to meet them. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Danielson there was also Mrs. Merchant, Arlene Jensen and a Presbyterian lady, Miss

Watson. I went with them back to their ship where I had a short conference with Mr. Danielson concerning our plans in Ethiopia and Eritrea that needed early decisions. I left him my copy of the proposal to His Majesty's Government and he seemed very pleased with its contents. We also discussed the problems of candidates and the securing of property in Ambo. I took the opportunity to bring up a personal request. About the time I would be returning home via Amsterdam it would be close to the time of my mother's 80th birthday. Would it be all right for me to stop off in Stockholm to see her? Mr. Danielson replied, "You certainly should gladden your mother with a visit."

Here in Djibouti there are said to be over a thousand Frenchmen and their families and many of them seem to spend most of their evenings sitting on the sidewalks sipping beer.

I came safely back to Addis Ababa after a bumpy flight. On October 21 we visited the Minister of Public Health. He was very keen that we should start a hospital in Ambo and he was impressed with our plan for a mobile medical unit. The Crown Prince heard of our mission and his mother the Queen hoped we could establish a hospital in Dessi, her native place. The Lord was opening up fields of activities for us.

One Sunday, at the Swedish church, I met the man Landama Godo, who was given 420 lashes by the Italians for not worshipping the Virgin Mary. He was thrown into prison to be executed but was now free because when the jailer was ordered to release a certain prisoner, he let this man go by mistake. After coming out, he took to studying other languages by mixing with the people. At this time he was preaching the gospel in four native languages and pastored several Wollamo churches.

On October 25 we set out early for our drive to Ambo, one of the places we had mentioned to the Emperor. When we reached Ambo we drove straight to the Governor's office. He had already been informed about our work so he took us around to see the town. His title is "Dejasmach" and he is the great-grandson of King Johannes. He first took us out to see one of the hot springs, but while there someone broke a beehive and hundreds of bees swarmed out, attacking cattle, donkeys and people. We all had to flee, covering our faces, and the bees didn't

show any respect for the Governor. Then we went to another hot spring and saw people bathing. In one corner of the pool a man was washing his wife.

At one o'clock he brought us to his residence where we were introduced to his wife, Princess Aida, who is grand-daughter to Emperor Haile Selassie. She had been educated at Cambridge and spoke English fluently. They had us for lunch which was part European and part Ethiopian. The governor and governess were delighted at the prospect of having a hospital and a mobile unit in their town. He said he would start right away to prepare buildings for this.

We drove home without a stop on the way because we had an appointment with H.R.H. the Crown Prince at 6 p.m. Mr Ato Immanuel came to take us to the Prince's palace in his car. As soon as we reached the palace we were ushered in. We bowed low and shook hands with the Crown Prince, a well-built, handsome man. After bidding us to be seated he told us that his mother, Her Imperial Majesty, wished us to operate a private hospital for her in Dessi, her native city. The Empress would supply the buildings, residences and equipment for a 30-bed hospital if we would supply the American staff of one doctor and two nurses. Although this was a closed Coptic area, we would be free to preach the gospel in the hospital compound. We would now have three instead of two fields: Ambo, Bale and Dessi. I felt pretty tired this evening -- up at five o'clock and making two royal visits.

On Saturday, October 29, we took another trip to Ambo. On the way we stopped and ate our lunch and drank our ginger ale under some trees. At 4:30 we were received by the Governor in his office and he took us to see a house for our planned hospital. We were invited to stay over night at the palace. Jim and I spent a comfortable night, but on getting up and trying to open the door of our room to go to the wash room, the lock suddenly snapped shut, and could only be opened from outside. Our royal host and hostess were at early church service so we sat reading our Bibles for nearly an hour before a servant came, heard our knocking, and opened.

After having breakfast with our host and hostess we went to the

proposed hospital site, took pictures and measured the building as well as the grounds. On our way there we met a man suffering from elephantiasis and a woman with leprosy. How the people here need a hospital! We couldn't do more than just give them some money for food. After lunch we went to the palace to say good-bye to our gracious hosts. This was a quiet Sunday afternoon and we drove home leisurely. From today it seems that our Mission has taken more concrete form and we couldn't back out, even if we wanted to.

November 2, 1949 was the nineteenth anniversary of the coronation of Their Imperial Majesties and we had been sent an invitation to attend a reception at the old palace. At nine o'clock we took our cameras and went to St. George's Church where Their Majesties were to come and worship. Here a huge crowd had assembled, waiting to see them. Village chieftains mounted on colorfully caparisoned native ponies trotted by. After waiting nearly an hour, Their Majesties' approach was heralded by a splendid troop of mounted guards on large Australian horses. They looked extremely smart. Very soon Their Majesties came in a black car which had a cross on top.

We now hurried home to change into cutaways for the noon reception. In the reception room all our names were checked and then we lined up for going to the palace hall. Finally we entered a long hall. At the far end, under a canopy topped by a large crown, stood Their Majesties in front of their thrones. We bowed on entering, then midway, and finally bowed low, first before the Emperor and then before the Empress. We then walked over to the other foreign guests on the Emperor's right. All the Ethiopian dignitaries were on the left side. There were about two or three hundred representatives of the diplomatic corps, missions and other organizations. The British Ambassador stepped forward, bowed to Their Majesties and read an address in English. This was then read in Amharic translation by the personal secretary, and finally the Emperor's reply was read. This was followed by a brief cocktail party. We went out, first bowing, and walking backwards. Crowds on the street showed that the Emperor was truly loved by his people.

This part of our mission was now completed and it was time to

return home to report to our mission board. We flew from Addis Ababa at 7:30 a.m. on November 5 and arrived in Asmara at about 10:15. We were off again and arrived in Luxor. Here it was quite warm. On the plane I had time to straighten out my last accounts, read some Chinese and study a little Italian. At 5:15 p.m. we were in Cairo and signed in at the Heliopolis Palace Hotel. Being now in Egypt I was very interested to see the pyramids. We came first to the largest which is 480 feet high, but we also saw eight others. There were horses and camels there for hire so I picked a brown Arabian mare, Jim rode her two-year old colt, and we raced each other around one of the pyramids. Afterwards I galloped up to the Sphinx and stood wondering at it. Next day I took a bus which toured "Old Cairo" for one hour. I saw the famous Mohamed Aly Mosque, a huge walled-in complex of buildings and palm trees. That evening I witnessed the most gorgeous sunset I had ever seen - sailing boats on the Nile, the whole western sky in a golden light, throwing a tint on the pyramids and palm trees. This picture I have carried in my memory and is as vivid now as then.

On November 8 we left Egypt from the Farouk Airport at about midnight and arrived safely in Rome 6:15 the next morning. Mr. Luckman continued on the same plane, but I boarded a KLM plane for Amsterdam, arriving there too late to catch a plane for Stockholm, so I was put up at the Park Hotel. I got to bed at 8:30 but had to get up at two o'clock in the morning to catch a four o'clock plane for Malmö, and then from there a train to Stockholm. The Swedish landscape looked so clean and neat compared with what I had been seeing these last months.

When I stepped off the train at Stockholm's Central Station there was my father, sister Signe and other relatives waiting for me. We took a taxi to Klippgatan 15 and there my mother was waiting. When they left China in 1946 I thought that I would never see them again in this life, so this meeting was an unforeseen joyous event and we had a lot to talk about that evening. Next morning I took a walk alone to revisit some of the places I knew, and to reminisce. In the afternoon father and I went to see my uncle August who was in the hospital suffering from rheumatism. He and my aunt had been my second parents when I first came to Sweden as a stranger in 1918. Saturday, November 12 was my mother's 80th birthday. As the custom is in Sweden we got up early to

sing for her while she was still in bed. Father, Signe and I sang the much loved hymn, "Blott en dag..." A little later my brother Sven and his family came. He made a little speech for mother and presented her with a gold broach. At noon we were at Sven's home. Relatives, old friends, former missionaries, and several pastors came to celebrate the day. Some of these made speeches and recalled events from mother's 52 years of ministry to China's school children, as well as to some of the perilous incidents experienced during those years. Mother was always a faithful, quiet worker and she deserved all the praise that was given her.

On Tuesday, November 15, I had a flight booked for New York. When we said farewell to each other we realized that we would not meet again on earth, but with a full assurance of being together in the glories of heaven for ever. I arrived home to Bridgeport the next morning and it was a joy to be together with the family again after having been separated since August 18.

Soon after arriving home I was given the opportunity to attend the Executive Committee meeting of our mission board and give a report on the Ethiopian fact-finding mission. This was warmly received. Candidates for Ethiopia needed to be considered prayerfully. The urgency of a doctor's family for Ethiopia was high on the agenda. At the full board meeting in Chicago on December 7, Mr. and Mrs. Luckman were present. At this meeting it was also decided that I should try to return to China via Hongkong.

On Easter Sunday (1950) I sailed from San Francisco on the troop ship "General W.H. Gordon." In Honolulu we took on 975 Japanese passengers for Yokohama and Okinawa. I went ashore in Okinawa and walked along the pier which was lined with old rusty tanks and landing barges from the war. The Japanese passengers were given a formal welcome and reception by American officers and native leaders. Many speeches were made, followed by deep bowings. After watching this for a while I went and sat down by the sea and thought of home and loved ones.

On May 6 I arrived in Manila where Andrew Nelson and Irwin Bjelland were at the ship to meet me. From here I was to see how I

could get back into China, and in the meantime take opportunities for service among local Chinese. There were four Chinese churches in Manila that were fully self-supported, and one partly so, and I was invited on several occasions to preach in Mandarin. The younger people generally understood Mandarin, but for the older folk someone interpreted Mandarin into their home dialect. Some days I would visit Chinese shops, give out tracts and speak to the people. In May I was asked to help at the YMCA camp in the cool mountain resort of Baguio, to work with 80 Chinese boys and girls. On several occasions I spoke over DZAS radio, which had a wide ministry.

In June we were expecting a cable from Mr. Danielson regarding the choice of Cebu Island as a field for our mission and, as it seemed that my getting back into China was proving impractical, I was expecting a new assignment for myself and family. On the 24th came the cable reply: "Unanimous board decision re Cebu and Japan for Lindberg." This came as a great relief for me.

In July Andrew Nelson, Irwin Bjelland and I boarded a ship for Cebu. We made two exploratory trips to towns at the northern end of Cebu Island and we even looked at property. In one town we gave out 175 Gospels of John. After looking over this island with my fellow missionaries, I took a ship back to Manila alone. There were about 100 pigs lying tied up on the front deck, and we had a distinct head wind. I took opportunities to speak to some of the passengers on the importance of salvation and especially to a young dance instructor and his girl friend. On my return from Cebu I was extremely happy and thankful to God for His leading in our mission. Here I was also informed by the American consul that my entry permit for Japan had been approved. I was also fortunate to get passage to Japan on the "General W.H. Gordon" that brought me here.

Chapter 7

On August 3 we docked in Yokohama and I was fortunate to get through the customs without having to open anything. Japanese officials are very efficient, understanding and polite. After a while our missionaries Francis Sorley and Harris Youngquist came and took me to the Kanda YMCA, where I got a room. There I met my old schoolmate and fellow missionary from China, Egron Rinell, and together we had the joy of meeting Dale Bjork who had just come out of communist held Tsingtao on the "China Clipper." He had with him some of my belongings that I had left in China. This was very thoughtful of him. During the rest of the day we listened to the news he brought from Tsingtao: the general situation, the arrangements made for our church there, our two pastors, Hsu and Kung, my house-boy Yua who was baptised by Dale before he left, but sad to hear of my horse Charlie that had to be destroyed.

On September 4 we Japan missionaries took a train to Yamanaka, a beautiful spot at the foot of Mt. Fuji, to hold a conference to discuss our work and methods in Japan such as language study, how to reach the people, especially adults, and how best to present the gospel, purchase of mission property, vehicles, and how best to work toward an indigenous church. The need to open a rural field was also discussed. Our four-day conference set the tone for our future work. I now took up the study of the Japanese language again in earnest, and at the same

time preached occasionally through an interpreter.

September 10 was a red-letter day for our Japan mission. We went out to a creek at the Japan Bible Institute and Francis Sorley baptised our first ten converts. How we prayed that these first believers would grow to become pillars in the Church of Japan! Overlooking the creek and the fields was the home of a well-known Buddhist priest. He performed the "last rites" for warlord Tojo who was sentenced to death by our government for war crimes. After the baptism we all went to Nerima for our first communion service (sitting on the tatami floor). I closed the service by giving the benediction in Japanese for the first time.

In October I was called home to help at Headquarters in Chicago. When we were on our way to the airport in Tokyo our car developed mechanical trouble and no sooner had we got out of the car to see what was wrong when a bright young Japanese stepped up to us and said that he was a mechanic and offered to help us. He soon jacked up the car, crawled underneath, and had it fixed. He refused to take anything for his work. This is what the Japanese are like. He came as one sent by God at this crucial time.

At our Chicago Headquarters there was a lot of foreign correspondence to read and answer, and decisions to be made regarding matters on the field. For the next few months I was visiting our churches, telling about our mission fields and the need for prayerful support.

Our mission board now formally assigned us to Japan, to join our other missionaries already there. We had to leave our children at home. Dorothy was working at Bridgeport Hospital and Gilbert had entered the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York. Edward was in high school and it was recommended that he finish in Toccoa Falls, Georgia.

According to my diary, on June 1, 1951, Alice and I arrived in Seattle and boarded the M.V. "China Mail" for Japan. At one point on the voyage we were in sight of the Aleutian Islands. We arrived in Yokohama on June 14, where Francis Sorley and Harris Youngquist were there to

meet us. Rooms were reserved for us at the Kanda YMCA in Tokyo. On our first Sunday we attended our mission's church in Nihonbashi in the morning and in the afternoon we were at Chapel Center for a concert, after which refreshments were served on the lawn. We also got good news from home. On September 15 our daughter Dorothy was married to Kenneth B. Goodsell in our church in Bridgeport.

We started language study at the Naganuma Language School which was held right in the YMCA. As part of our language course about 40 of us students were taken on a trip to the famous beauty spot Nikko, high up in the mountains. Two of our teachers came with us to explain what we were going to see, so that we would benefit from our experiences there. The word "Nikko" means "Sunshine" and that is a most fitting word for the place. We stopped for a while at the beautiful Lake Chuzenji and saw the falls where the waters of this lake pour into a valley below -- a drop of over 300 feet. For the night we stopped at a typical native hotel. Maids met us at the entrance to give us slippers and put away our shoes. In the evening we gathered at low tables for "sukiyaki", the famous and popular Japanese dish of beef and vegetables, where you sit on the floor and cook the meal as you eat it.

Before leaving Nikko we were taken to see the famous and most gorgeous temples and shrines of Japan. The color combinations were exquisite. We had never before seen such beauty in architecture. No wonder the Japanese have a saying: "Never say 'kekko' (splendid) until you have seen Nikko." Although I admired the beauty of these temples I was very conscious of the pagan atmosphere. I went with the thought, O that the True Light from heaven would so enlighten Japan that Nikko would become only a museum for what has been! With this daily prayer I gave out as many gospel tracts as I could while there.

As I mentioned earlier, at our missionary conference in Yamanaka there was a strong feeling that we should find a rural field where we could plant churches. Glen Swanson and I were appointed to explore this possibility, and Mr. Ayabe went with us as guide and advisor. Our first night was spent at a well recommended native style hotel. We slept well on the tatami floor but next morning as we were having our Japanese breakfast, which always includes bean soup, Glen spilt his bowl of soup

in his lap. Charming kimono-clad waitresses rushed to his rescue and wiped him clean. I think Glen rather enjoyed it. This incident has become a source of merriment ever since.

With maps in hand and with as much information as we could get on the church situation in the cities and towns of Wakayama prefecture, we visited several areas. Officials at the various town offices gave us useful information.

Let me describe our visit to just one of these towns -- Kinomoto. We checked in at a native hotel, took the Japanese bath where you first wash yourself clean outside the tub, and then go in to soak and relax in well-nigh boiling water together with your party. If you complain of the high temperature you are considered a "sissy." After this ordeal we put on a light kimono and seated ourselves on the tatami floor to eat our meal from a table about 18 inches high. One morning we were given pickled plums which were said to be good for cleaning out the system -- and it did just that.

Now we needed to meet the mayor of the town, to pay our respects and inform him of the purpose of our visit. We first went to the town office but we were told that he was still at home. At his home we were ushered in, and as we met the mayor we went down on all fours, with the palms of our hands flat on the floor and our faces between our hands. The mayor greeted us in the same way. This is the custom when gentlemen meet for the first time in such situations. Then as we sat at the low table, the mayor's wife brought in tea, and as we talked and sipped our tea, she knelt beside us, fanning us while we drank. We told the mayor that we had come to visit his honorable town to tell his people about the living God who has created the world, including the beautiful islands of Japan. We asked him if he would kindly accept us and help us to secure needed facilities. He said that he welcomed us, and would do his best to help us. We were so surprised at having our request so willingly granted that it must have shown on our faces and he said to us, "I welcome you to my town because you are the first Americans I've met who have shown respect for our Japanese customs and etiquette." Today we have a church in this town. We have all felt that Wakayama and Mie prefectures have been a good choice, and that God led us.

In Tokyo we didn't finish our required language course, but we continued it here on the rural field and took the examinations in Kobe to get credit for it. It was felt that we should proceed to Wakayama soon and get things started. The town of Shirahama presented itself to us as a place that needed the gospel. This is a resort town with hot springs and many hotels. The name Shirahama means "white beach" because the sand on the beach is so white that it looks almost like snow.

When we first arrived here in April (1952) we knew nobody but I went first to pay my respects to the mayor. He received me kindly. I asked him if he could help us find a house that we could rent or buy. He led us to a regular Japanese house with a small garden. The price asked was U.S. \$1,500 and we bought it for the mission to be our home. We lived in this house until 1969 when we retired. By this time real estate prices had risen so high that it fetched U.S. \$20,000 for the mission when we sold it.

The house needed to have some changes made before we moved in. The floor that was covered with tatami mats had to be taken out, and wooden flooring built in permanently. Renovation inside and outside had also to be made. While this was being done we lived across the bay in a native hotel in Tanabe. Finally on June 16 (according to my diary) we were able to move into our new home and get settled. We had never lived in a house like this before, but we soon became adjusted and felt very much at home.

We needed now to meet the people of the town and make acquaintances, so almost every day I walked streets and alleys giving out tracts and making contact with people in homes and shops. During these days we got some cheery news from home. Dorothy's first child, Robert Gregory, was born on July 17. In Shirahama we soon became acquainted with an elderly Christian gentleman, Mr. Kitani, and I was able to engage him as my language teacher. Besides the required Naganuma Course which I read with him, I had him also help me with my preparation for each week's sermon in Japanese. Later I learned letter writing in Japanese and this has enabled me to keep up correspondence with our members.

Mr. Kitani introduced us to a Christian woman, Miss Asahina, who lived at the local hospital taking care of her sick parents, and arranged it so that she could be our Bible woman. She was a great asset to the work, not only with the Sunday school but she sometimes even did some preaching. With her help we started our first Sunday school on November 2, 1952, with 95 children. According to Japanese custom, boys were seated to the right and girls to the left. At this first meeting we taught them the hymn "Jesus loves me, this I know," the golden text for the lesson and also the Lord's Prayer. We were very encouraged by this good beginning. On the next Sunday we had 140 who came to Sunday school and on the following Sunday 200. There was at this time no organized church in Shirahama.

During these days we heard from the family in Sweden that my mother was very ill with bronchitis and a severe heart attack. On December 4 an aerogram brought us the sad news of her death.

In December we started to prepare the Sunday school children for Christmas. This would be something new to them. Unlike Chinese children, Japanese children learn to sing quickly and well. This is no doubt because they are taught music in school.

On Sunday, December 14 we had our first service for adults. About eighteen persons attended and I read my first prepared sermon in Japanese. It lasted only 15 minutes, so Miss Asahina gave a message to fill out the meeting time. After these meetings people like to stay on and learn to sing the Christian hymns. Although we spent a very quiet Christmas by ourselves this first year, the excellent Sunday school Christmas program and the encouraging adult meetings brought us Christmas joy.

New people have been coming to the adult meetings and they have been buying Bibles and hymn books. This is usually a sign that they are really interested. Our first regular prayer meeting was held in our home and the new believers all came. Miss Asahina, our Biblewoman, prayed first -- after that no one prayed. Afterwards I said to her, "Do you know why nobody prayed after you prayed?" She said, "No, I don't know why."

Then I explained, "You are an experienced Christian. You know what to pray for and how to express it. In other words, you prayed so well that none of the new believers dared to pray for fear of losing face. I suggest that at the next prayer meeting you pray a very short and simple prayer." At our next prayer meeting she did this and the others started to pray, and they matured week by week. Ever since, our prayer meetings have been well attended and they all pray. This has been the strength of the church.

Shirahama had its own daily newspaper, the "Shirahama Times." I knew the editor and I asked him if I could contribute a weekly column of Scripture. He was heartily in favor, so each week I supplied Scripture for the column called, "Inochi No Pan" ("Bread of Life").

The climate here is warm and humid in summer so houses become easily infested with white ants. We had to have our house treated for this. In June and July when it rains almost every day things mold badly. One summer my violin became unglued from the high humidity.

A Japanese gentleman by the name of Hiram came to attend our meetings. He had operated a hotel in Denver, Colorado. His first wife died there and he now came back to Japan to find another wife. Mr. Hiram was a dedicated Christian and his presence at our meetings proved a great encouragement to new believers. One evening he gave a stirring personal testimony which gripped the hearts of the people. It was the kind of message they needed to hear from one of their own.

At this time we were also helped by a Miss Nagase who came from Tanabe just across the bay and taught our Sunday school by flannelgraph. This was something new and it caught the interest of the children. A popular Japanese method of teaching children is by "Kami-shibai" (picture drama). The parts of a story are pictured on separate pieces of cardboard. As the teacher holds it up and tells the story (which is printed on the back and she can read off) she shows the corresponding picture. This "Kami-shibai" method has been used for centuries by itinerant story-tellers. We have used it all through the years because it is Japanese, they understand it, and it is so simple that almost anyone can do it.

Sunday, July 12, 1953, was a red-letter day for us -- it was our first baptism in Shirahama. Before going down to the beach we had a short devotional service with our four new converts: Mr. Chiba (an engineer), Mr. Imazu (a factory worker), Miss Nakamatsu (a high school student) and Miss Nakata (student, and at a beauty contest two years earlier was chosen as "Miss Shirahama"). At the beach we read Scripture and united in prayer. Miss Nakamatsu walked with me into the sea smiling, but I saw Miss Nakata kneeling on the beach crying and I thought she was fearing to take the step, so I went back to encourage her. I asked her, "Are you afraid?" "No, no, I'm so happy," she answered, and followed quickly into the water. Mr. Chiba thanked me while walking with me into the sea. All four expressed their joy of salvation and for this occasion to express their faith. This was something remarkable since none of them had ever seen a Christian baptism before. Following the baptism we went straight home to have our communion service. Our first-fruits had now been gathered -- and our first baptism in Shirahama. This may seem a small harvest, but we have found Japan quite different from China. The Japanese mind seems to be much slower to grasp Christian truths than that of the Chinese.

On July 14 we celebrated our silver wedding anniversary by going to Kawakyu Hotel for our noon meal. In the evening of this warm July day we took the round-trip ferry ride and brought sandwiches from home, which we enjoyed on the cool upper deck. However, following these recent happy events we got sad news from home. Our daughter Dorothy's husband Ken Goodsell was killed in an auto accident. We were not in a position to leave for home and we could only grieve and pray. In all our years of missionary work in China and Japan we have never been able to be with our families at home whether for funerals or weddings. Travel in those days was not as fast and convenient as today.

One afternoon as I passed an auto repair shop I saw a table placed out on the street in front, stacked with bottles of "sake" (Japanese rice wine) and fruit, and a priest was conducting a ceremony. Behind him stood four men at attention. After several chantings and prayers, the priest walked around a taxi cab, throwing over it what looked like rice. I was told that the cab had been in an accident running over a boy and that

the vehicle was now being purified. Afterwards I gave gospel tracts to the four men who received them gladly -- but the priest disappeared.

This summer there was a severe flooding in the Gobo area where one of our missionaries, Miss Elsie Funk, was living. We heard that hundreds of people had been swept away and power lines were down. It was impossible to get any specific news about Gobo from the police office. This was on Sunday but we announced an evening service as usual, although we didn't expect many to attend. Our lights were out but we lit candles. God surprised us by sending us more people than usual. Among them were three geisha girls from a public house across the street. Two of these girls bought Bibles. With the many candles burning it looked and felt like Christmas, so we even sang a Christmas carol. When things look discouraging God sends encouragement. Increase our faith, O Lord!

It was not until Wednesday of that week that I could get a train for a short distance and then onto an over-crowded bus to where the railway and highway bridges had collapsed. Locomotive, cars, trucks, lay on the river bed. Here I took a sampan over the swollen river and waded barefoot through the mud and water in the streets. Passersby warned me that there was broken glass in the mud so I managed to buy a pair of Japanese "cloven-footed" rubber shoes in a nearby store.

When I arrived at Elsie's house I found her well and safe, and we all got busy shovelling out mud which was two to three feet deep in some rooms. Water had risen five feet in the lower floor. Finally I had to think of getting back the same way I had come. On my way both coming and going I gave out a great many gospel tracts. When I arrived home I wired to Chicago and to Tokyo to report on the situation.

In Shirahama there is a famous spot known as Sandanbeki. It is a high cliff overlooking the sea from which people jump onto the rocks below to commit suicide. When Japanese meet with a problem or a situation with which they cannot cope they commonly consider suicide as a way out. For instance, when parents refuse to allow their son or daughter to marry the one of their own choice, the two young people who are in love with each other may decide to unite their lives in death by

jumping together off a high place. Shirahama has attracted mostly such cases because Japanese like to die in a beautiful place. When we first came to Shirahama, it was said that about two hundred people committed suicide at this cliff every year. It was such a common occurrence that it was not mentioned in the local newspaper. However, one case did get mentioned because, for the first time, one person survived the fall. Police row to the base of the cliffs every few days to pick up bodies.

Mr. Hirami, the Christian gentleman from Colorado, wanted to do something about this situation. He had a large wooden cross made, painted it white so it could be clearly seen at night because that is the time the young couples generally choose. We are told that at the edge of the cliff the young lovers will drink a cup of wine, tie themselves together with a red sash and then jump. We have stood at the edge of this cliff and looked down to the rocks and water 200 feet below, and it is really scary. Mr. Hirami erected the cross close to this spot with a sign: "Stop! God loves you." and there is a telephone with a number to call. He had the joy of seeing several saved by the cross.

In more recent years, Rev. Emi, the pastor of our Shirahama church, has taken up this mission in a big way. Fortunately, there are less suicide cases now at this spot, but Mr. Emi has been able to help several would-be suicides. For this unusual ministry he has been written about in Japan's newspapers.

One day when I was at the Shirahama railway station to meet some friends, a young couple had just committed suicide in the hotel across the street, and were still lying in the room with a red sash tied around them. I took this opportunity to give tracts to the bystanders and counselled them to bring their burdens to Christ.

A seventeen year old girl who had at one time attended our Sunday school committed suicide by jumping off a 100 foot cliff into the sea, and a week later her body was washed up on the beach. Some of her school mates said that she committed suicide on account of failure at school -- this is common in Japan -- others claim it was due to her drinking father who objected to her church attendance, and this brought on a nervous breakdown. She had left a note wishing a Christian funeral.

Her sorrowing father now came to us to ask if we would conduct a funeral for her in our church, which we did and several of her school mates attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Tanimoto were among our earliest acquaintances in Shirahama. She came to our home for a while to brush up her English in preparation for going to the New York World's Fair that year to demonstrate Japanese Flower Arrangement. A few years later when I was visiting them I found Mr. Tanimoto in bed, having difficulty breathing, choking from phlegm in his nose and throat. After praying for him I asked his wife if there was anything else I could do for him. She said that if she could only get a live carp she would have a remedy for him. Mr. Kitani, my former teacher, was the only one she knew that had a pool full of carp (a fresh water fish) but, unfortunately, she was for some reason not on speaking terms with him, so I went and asked him for just one live carp -- begging him to give it "for Jesus' sake." She got it, killed it with a knife and smeared the blood on her husband's throat and chest. After about seven hours he broke into a great sweat, his breathing eased and the phlegm was gone. Next day I went to see him and found him resting comfortably. Mrs. Tanimoto, besides being a teacher in flower arrangement, was also a teacher in the traditional Japanese Tea Ceremony.

Although the Japanese are Buddhist in thought and theory, in the daily practical life the family lives according to Confucianism. Confucius taught observance of the Five Relationships (pronounced Go-Hon in Japanese and WU-Luin in Chinese). These relationships are:

- 1) The subject obeys the Emperor,
- 2) The wife obeys the husband,
- 3) The children obey the parents,
- 4) The younger children obey the eldest brother,
- 5) Relations between friend and friend.

In our church we encourage the young Christians to marry only a Christian. They themselves usually desire this and we are sometimes asked to find such a Christian partner for them, but their heathen parents have their own plans for their children's marriage where

material or social benefits are all important. Young people are expected to obey their parents in every respect according to Confucius. If they refuse to obey, they are strongly censured as unfilial and a disgrace to the family. If the young Christian defies the teachings of Confucius and the plans of the parents, he or she will not be held in good standing among relatives and in-laws, which is so important in Japanese society. Some of our Christian young people have given way, and wandered away from church fellowship. Others, we are happy to say, have stood boldly for what the Bible teaches and have made out well. If all our young Christians in Japan would marry Christians, what strength and unity we would see in our churches!

Divorce is not a common practice in Japan and before the coming of the Americans following the war, divorce was rare. A few years ago one of Japan's leading newspapers interviewed a number of housewives. "Are you satisfied with your husband?" "No," most of them replied. "Then would you prefer someone else's husband?" was asked. "No, we wouldn't. We might get someone worse." Their wise and realistic approach could well be considered here at home.

In April, 1963, we had our first church wedding. The bride was Miss Nakamatsu, who also was the first-fruit of our work. The bridegroom, Mr. Yabu, first came only to learn English after the close of our evening services but he soon took a greater interest in the Bible and in a young lady who sat across the table. Since they wanted to have a fully Christian wedding we encouraged the church to arrange it, which they did so well. Pastor Iino officiated and Mrs. Iino made all the arrangements, dressing the bride, decorating the church and planning the refreshments. We only entertained with organ and violin music.

In all our years in China and Japan I can think of only one occasion when I was actually begged by someone to come and explain the way of salvation. We were having meetings in the village of Kurisugawa when a girl came to me and said, "There is a couple living in the village of Nakagawa who have heard that a missionary visits this area regularly and they wish you to come and tell them how to be saved. Right away I got on my motorcycle with this girl riding behind to show me the way to this remote mountain village.

On arriving in the home of the couple, Mr. and Mrs. Maeeda, like Cornelius, they invited their friends to come in to hear the Word of God. After several visits they told me that they now understood that they were sinners before God, had repented, and put their faith in Jesus who bore their sins on the cross. They also asked to be baptised in front of neighbors and friends -- but where could we find enough water here in the mountains? God provided. A typhoon in August turned the gully just below their house into a raging torrent. Here was now water but I feared that none of us could hold our footing in such turbulent water. However, they begged to have the baptism. It was all I could do to stand firmly on the slippery boulders and bring them through without having them swept away. It went well and they came home rejoicing. The Maeedas have been growing spiritually ever since. They now live in Shirahama where they are the pillars of the church there. When they were still living in the mountain village, the whole family would take the two-hour bus ride in to Shirahama to attend our prayer meetings. Their two daughters are also believers and so is now the girl who first showed me the way to the Maeedas.

In Shirahama an old man would be seen daily walking the street below our house. He was crippled and walked with a cane in each hand. Whenever I met him I would stop to chat with him and invite him to come to our meetings. One evening he turned up at church and told us, "The other day as I was walking along the street my eye caught sight of a booklet lying on a pile of rubbish. I picked it up. The title of the booklet was, The Gospel of John. I took it home and read it through twice and pondered over it daily, and I have now put my faith in Jesus who died for me, even for one like me." (Some weeks before this I had been giving out Gospels of John in the shops and homes, and this copy that was picked up was certainly one of these.)

Mr. Mizukami was a well-read man but his wife had left him because he was too crippled to work. His two sons also disowned him because of his condition. He lived in one room of a house provided by the local government for the poorest. Rats could be heard running back and forth under the floor and above the papered ceiling. Into his room he gathered the children of the neighborhood and had Sunday school for

them. I would be with him only to teach children Sunday school songs. On one occasion he was telling the story of Joseph in Egypt making himself known to his brethren. He told it in such a dramatic way, and with such emotion, that the thirty or so usually rowdy children that packed his room sat with wrapped attention. It was so quiet that we could hear the rats running on the papered ceiling above us. I myself was so carried away by his description of the scene that I felt I was right there in Egypt.

One day Brother Mizukami showed me a long letter that he had written to send to a man condemned soon to die in a Japanese prison. This man had already turned to God in faith and regarded his death sentence as just. Brother Mizukami wrote this letter to encourage him in his faith and to bring him comfort.

Brother Mizukami was faithful in church attendance. Even when it rained he would come, although it took him two hours to walk from his room, and since he needed both hands for his canes he couldn't hold up an umbrella but came wet and smiling. As he grew older and weaker he could not take care of himself and he was assigned to the old people's home in Tsubaki where I conducted monthly meetings. Here he witnessed faithfully to his fellow residents. At the very end he suffered from cancer and as he lay dying his last words were, "Yesu, Yesu, Yesu." I expect to meet him in glory.

One day I took a few of our junior high Sunday school girls to visit the Christian Museum that Rev. Masuzaki had established in the town of Minabe. This is a highly prized collection of relics from centuries back when Christianity was forbidden in Japan. These girls heard of the museum and wanted to see it. On arriving, Rev. Masuzaki gave us a devotional talk while we all sat on the tatami floor and he explained in detail what these articles were and how they were used. One of these was an old weather-worn wooden notice board that had once stood in a village, warning people about Christianity and ordering people to report to the authorities the presence of any missionary or Christian believers, and offering a reward for such information.

Then he showed us the FUMIE. This is a metal plate with the

impression of a cross or head of Christ on it. Villagers were called out to tread on this plate as a sign that they were not Christian. Anyone one refusing to do so would be taken away for torture. A man might be hung upside down with his head over a cesspool, or have to sit cross-legged with a millstone on his lap until he collapsed and finally died. Women and girls might have their finger nails pulled off with pliers.

In another room we were shown a picture depicting the crucifixion of the twenty-six martyrs in Nagasaki, carried out in those days. Even their names were given and could be read. The oldest man was 65 years old, the youngest a boy of twelve who was offered pardon because of his youth, but he refused it. Our girls were both impressed and horrified at what they heard and saw. This gave them some idea of what Christians have had to suffer for their faith and what it can cost to be a Christian. At the conclusion of this display we all joined hands in a circle and sang, "Must Jesus bear the cross alone?"

In May, 1955 our evangelist Mr. Taniyama and I took a trip to Hongu, an unevangelized village up in the mountains. We drove along a beautiful winding road that followed the river all the way. Hongu had a population of about one thousand, and in the evening we went out to distribute tracts and Gospels to the whole village. No one knew of any Christian living there but we were told that thirty years earlier a young Christian couple had visited the village to tell about Christ. "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few."

A few days before Christmas I went with my former language teacher to visit his native village. I was invited to speak to the village school on the meaning of Christmas. Holding up a Bible I asked, "How many of you have ever seen a Bible?" Not one of them had. They told me that I was the first missionary that had ever set foot in their village. "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few."

Until we could find the needed laborers for these unevangelized fields, we looked for more opportunities close at hand. Shirahama had a hospital, and we first made ourselves known there by going through the wards to speak to the patients. This led us to be invited to conduct regular services and Bible studies. Patients and nurses have attended

regularly and expressed appreciation for our ministry. Some have found salvation in the Great Physician, and one of these is now pastor of one of our churches.

In my diary I have January 1, 1956 recorded as the birthday of the Shirahama Baptist Church. At 2 p.m. our six resident members and about 30 Christians and friends from neighboring Tanabe and other places assembled in the community hall. Three of our nine members were living elsewhere and could not attend. Our evangelist Mr. Taniyama led the organization service. Rev. Kawamura from Tanabe brought an inspiring message. Missionary Francis Sorley from Gobo read a message to the church. Mrs. Yabu, our first baptised member, read the church covenant and announced the name of the church. The church consisted of only nine members and was weak in finances, but they started at once to look for land for a church building. However, it was not until October in 1961 that they were able to find a small plot of land near the hospital, and broke ground in June the following year. The simple frame building consisted of the auditorium on the main floor and the parsonage upstairs. Our first meeting here was on November 4, 1962. This was a great day for our small church. Rev. Iino was the first pastor but he resigned a year later to take up work in Tokyo. In April, 1965 Rev. Emi came to lead the church, and has been the pastor ever since.

Since young people in Japan are more responsive to the Christian message than older people, we emphasize Sunday schools. For some years we had as many as eight "Sunday" schools going every week in town and villages. Some of these had to be taught on week days in the evenings.

A great boost to our Sunday school work has been the yearly camps. We try each year to have a well-known man at these camps. The daily routine of classes, games and sports helps to unite the young people who come from our various churches. We rise at six o'clock, then all assemble in front of the flagpole and stand at attention while the Japanese flag is raised. This is followed by calisthenics. After announcements have been given we all go to clean our rooms. Meals are plain but good. Curry-rice is a standard Japanese dish and we foreigners like it too. I remember that at one camp, breakfast was fully Japanese

style: a bowl of rice and a raw egg to break over it, with pickled seaweed as an appetizer, and then plain green tea. For classes everyone is expected to bring his Bible. Bible study and the learning of hymns are all taken seriously. At the close of the hot, muggy day we assemble for evening prayers, after which everyone races to the Coca-Cola machine -- if there is one.

Japanese children have taken to celebrating Christmas with great enthusiasm. Like American children, they look forward to it all year. I am referring to children who have had some connection with Sunday school. Since we had Sunday schools in several villages we had to have Christmas services for all these children who eagerly look forward to the day. In most places the children even planned and decorated the room and prepared the refreshments. In one Sunday school a girl wrote a Christmas play and had the class present it. In most places they try to have a Christmas tree and dress it with decorations they themselves have made. On Christmas day in Shirahama the church holds a more elaborate celebration. The candle light service is very impressive and devotional. After this we have the social time with refreshments, cake and coffee which all Japanese enjoy. There is exchange of gifts, games, Bible quizzes, and opportunity to get better acquainted with one another.

Christmas is well known throughout Japan. At this season "decoration cakes" can be bought almost anywhere. In the large department stores it looks and sounds very much like Christmas at home in the States. In the large display windows there are Santa Clauses, sleds and reindeer, a manger with straw but I don't remember ever having seen a Christ child in it. To us this may all seem very superficial and disappointing, but I still think it is good in that it at least brings the event of Christmas to the masses of Japan. From there they can be more readily taught the facts and the message God has for them.

Although we tried our best to bring the Christmas message and spirit to our Japanese, we did also celebrate by ourselves to bring back home memories and atmosphere. Alice did her best to get hold of Swedish hardtack, cheese, ham, sardines, pickled herring and sausage. Sometimes we got fruitcake from home. These were also precious times for us personally.

In 1964 we were home on furlough again. It was good to be back with the children and take part in their activities. One day we visited the United Nations in New York and we were shown the many interesting departments in this prestigious place. Later in the day we went to the McCauley Mission and Gilbert played his cello -- his debut! A few days before my 65th birthday John and Ruth invited us all for a family reunion on their lawn so we could all be together after a long separation.

I had long hoped to visit Sweden once more while I still had relatives there. In August I boarded an SAS plane in New York. Gilbert and his family came to see me off. After a pleasant flight, and stuffed with Swedish food, I arrived safely at Arlanda Airport, north of Stockholm. My brother Sven's family were still living out at their summer place Kummelnäs. One of the true pleasures in Sweden is to have coffee outdoors, and this we had several times in beautiful and restful Kummelnäs. Back in Stockholm I sometimes went by myself to revisit and reminisce on the old familiar spots from my earlier years in Stockholm. One Sunday my sister Signe and I went to attend morning service at a Lutheran State Church. The priest preached an excellent sermon on Matthew 6:33: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." However, the attendance was very poor, but at the close of the service a brass ensemble from the Navy Band played beautifully from a balcony in the church. After this service we went to the Royal Palace to see the changing of the guards, which brought back memories of the three times I myself had taken part in it. The procedure was still the same as then, but the uniforms were very different.

After lunch at an open-air restaurant near the Palace we went to the cemetery to see our parents' grave and placed a bouquet of flowers on it. As we stood there we recalled their many eventful years of dedicated service in China.

One day we drove to Mariefred and visited the famous Gripsholm Castle which is a veritable art gallery of paintings of Sweden's kings and queens, sixteenth and seventeenth century rooms and furnishings. I commented on the fact that the royal beds looked very short and I was

told that in those days people practically sat up when they slept.

Perhaps the greatest attraction in Stockholm at that time (and even now) was the 64-cannon battleship "Vasa" that capsized and sank on her maiden voyage close to the Royal Palace in the year 1628. It was only recently discovered by an amateur diver, and the king took an interest in having it raised. It is now housed in its own museum together with all the relics that were found in it. It is thought that the ship capsized because it did not carry enough ballast.

I went to see my old church, but it was no longer where it used to be. A new and modern church building now stands in another part of Stockholm. When I was there on Sunday morning it was so well attended that I had difficulty finding a seat.

Just behind the Royal Palace is the Music Historical Museum. I was very interested to see all the many ancient wind and string instruments. One room was the Jenny Lind Room where much of her memorabilia was on display.

In Uppsala I visited the famous Uppsala Cathedral, an awe-inspiring house of worship. The grave of Dag Hammarskjöld was nearby, heaped with fresh flowers every day. Uppsala is also famous for its university.

One evening I shall never forget. Relatives invited me to the celebrated 18th century Drottningholm Palace Theater for a concert. This theater still had all the original seats, and behind the stage the rigging and pulleys from that period were still used. The members of the orchestra were dressed in 18th century costume with wigs and all, and played 18th century music. Everything served to create a delightful 18th century atmosphere. This pleasant visit to Sweden and relatives ended on September 21, but then it was also good to be back with my family in Bridgeport.

On Gilbert's 33rd birthday we went to hear Jascha Heifetz give his last violin recital at Carnegie Hall together with the celebrated Russian cellist Gregor Piatagorsky. The hall was so crowded that we got

standing room only.

After many good times with family, friends and churches, it was time to get back to Japan for our last term of service. On October 12 (1964) we were on board the S.S. "Michigan" steaming westward. Soon after the sun had set, a full moon was making a bright reflection across the water. After a pleasant voyage we arrived in Japan, and home again in Shirahama. But we were disappointed to find pastor Iino and family just leaving to take up a new work outside Tokyo.

We had to now pick up the work by ourselves. This last term we went modern -- we bought a refrigerator for ourselves and a Datsun light van for the work. Up until now I had used motorcycle. I had a P.A. system installed in the van so I could broadcast messages as I stopped in villages. The hospital meetings were started up again, as well as the village Sunday schools, and now with the Datsun van I could take people with me. It felt so good to travel in a warm van instead of facing the biting wind on a motorcycle. The climate in Shirahama is quite temperate along the shore but it can sometimes turn quite cold. In February it was 35 degrees in our bedroom which has no heating.

On April 1, Rev. and Mrs. Emi and daughter Machiko came to work with us, and this was much needed help for our expanding ministry. During our years in Shirahama we have had many visits from our Conference churches at home but I would like to mention just one in particular. In November we had the joy of a visit by three of our friends from our Bridgeport church -- Harold and Lillian Forsberg and Myrtle Berglund. They were on a tour of the Far East.

At one time we had the privilege of attending a conference of Swedish missionaries in Gotemba. On our way there by train several Swedish missionaries joined us, and we sat conversing in Swedish. Across the aisle a number of Japanese students listened very attentively to our conversation. After listening for a while they said to each other despairingly, "After all our studying of English we still don't understand a word." They evidently thought we were speaking English. When I told them it was Swedish they looked relieved.

Most of these Swedish missionaries had previously been in China. Their reports at this conference indicated that they had been quite successful here in attracting people to their meetings -- something which we were less successful with at the beginning. The distinguished baptist missionary Dr. Axling (of Swedish descent) was the guest speaker, and we were greatly helped by the advice and suggestions he gave us from his many years in Japan. One year he came to us in Shirahama for special meetings and our Japanese were charmed to hear a missionary speak such perfect Japanese. He was famous for his impeccable Japanese manners and his excellence in the use of the Japanese language. It is said that Japanese pastors try to imitate his use of language. What a model for missionaries!

Off the southern end of Wakayama peninsula lies the island of Oshima (Big Island) where we had a group of Christians. In 1967 I was assigned to take over the work there. It meant a long train ride to Kushimoto and from there to take the ferry. Coming back at night it could sometimes be rough, but I remember that at other times the ferry ride could be absolutely enchanting -- a full moon shining on the smooth sea, and the gentle throbbing of the engine. Back at the Kushimoto railway station I had a long wait for the night train to take me home so I spent the time reading my Japanese Bible and read right through it on those trips. One time as I sat there reading, a Japanese woman who had been sitting on the other side of the waiting room came, placed her suitcase close to mine, and went into the ladies room. Coming back she calmly picked up her suitcase and left. I wondered for a while why she did this. Well, if she had left her suitcase where she had been sitting it could easily have been stolen by someone. Putting it next to mine would make people think it was mine. A shrewd precaution!

We have had tent meetings in Oshima and other places but they have not always brought the expected results. Perhaps our best one was in June, 1958 when we pitched the tent in Shirahama. Francis and Marian Sorley from Gobo came to help and our church members were active in advertising and inviting people. At the close of these meetings we could thank God for blessing us with 25 decisions. After the campaign when we came to dismantle the tent early in the morning we found a young man lying unconscious behind the portable organ with an empty pill box

and a cider bottle beside him. We contacted the police and they took him to a private hospital nearby. He recovered and we sent him home. Later we received a letter of thanks from his mother.

In Japan, like in China, we made great use of gospel tracts. Whole villages could be introduced to the gospel through systematic distribution. However, during one five-year term I gave out 80,000 tracts in town and villages, walking uphill and downhill to reach every home, inviting people to read them carefully and, if possible, to attend our meetings. This brought to us just one, Mr. Mizukami whom I have already written about. He was a shining trophy of God's grace, and has influenced many. We are to be faithful and persevering, and leave the results to the Lord of the harvest.

There were also many personal needs that had to be taken care of. Every year we had to go to Kobe for our required physical check-ups, and sometimes to the dentist. This meant getting up very early in the morning to take the earliest train for the four-hour ride to Kobe, do what we had to do, and be back the same day. At home in Shirahama, Alice walked each morning to the various shops to buy food for the day and then cook on a very primitive stove. This was, of course, physically tiring. All our laundry she had to do by hand, a little every day. We lived in a Japanese house which we enjoyed, but it could be quite hot in the summer and cold in the winter, but we kept well during all those years, and when the time came we found it hard to leave.

It was now September 1969, and we were getting close to the time when we must leave Japan for good. There were sayonara meetings for us in both villages and town. In September our fellow missionaries had a farewell party for us at the Osaka Christian Center. After lunch there was an interesting program and we were presented with gifts, among them were two albums of nostalgic letters and photos. On Sunday the 14th of September the Shirahama church had a farewell for us. Almost every person or group gave a personal greeting. We were deeply moved by their expressions of love, and we thanked God for these dear people.

September 23 was a national holiday and delegates from our Wakayama churches gathered in Minabe to organize a district church

association. It was also a farewell for us. Afterwards Mrs. Matsuzaki (wife of Rev. Matsuzaki who had the Christian Museum there) invited Francis Sorley and me to a formal tea ceremony, using a cup said to have belonged to Confucius. At our last Wednesday night prayer meeting every one who could came to attend. When the meeting was over, a time of social fellowship followed because this would be our last prayer meeting together. We got to bed quite late, and six of our out-of-town members stayed over night in the church so they could see us off the next morning.

At last the day had come for us to leave Shirahama and these people we have come to love. We were up at five o'clock and put all our hand baggage in the van and drove to the ferry landing where our high school students take the ferry to school in Tanabe. Our church members soon arrived. We chatted, sang hymns and prayed, after which we shook hands with each other. The high school girls then boarded the ferry and we waved to them as long as we could see them. Many of our people were in tears and we ourselves found it hard not to break down.

We drove to Osaka, took the train, and arrived in Yokohama to board our ship the "Oregon Bear" for home. To our surprise we were told that the ship was to first sail down to Kobe -- the area we had just come from. Anyway, it was pleasnat to step ashore in familiar Kobe and visit some of the nostalgic places. Finally, on October 1 we set sail for the United States. About four hours after leaving Kobe we skirted the coast of Wakayama and sailed close to Shirahama. With binoculars we saw again, but for the last time, the familiar places where we had spent seventeen happy years. Finally the last familiar place was out of sight and we went down to our cabin to get settled. After these years of study, adjustments and labor we leave Japan for good. God has given us strength for each day and by His working we leave behind us a self-supporting church.

Chapter 8

After an uneventful voyage we arrived safely in San Francisco. Our son Gilbert, his wife and their three boys came on board to welcome us. We stayed with them in Belmont for about three weeks and during that time we visited many interesting places, including the Yosemite National Park. One occasion that made us feel proud was to attend a concert given by the Peninsula Symphony Orchestra and see our son Gilbert playing in the cello section.

During our time here there was one problem that caused us a nagging concern. We had written to Bridgeport about getting us a place to live, and even when we boarded the plane we didn't know where we were going to stay -- and with all our baggage! Daughter Dorothy and her husband met us at Kennedy Airport and drove us to 447 Maplewood Avenue in Bridgeport. Here we found all our relatives (except Eddie) assembled and with a table set for supper and here was the furnished apartment for us. This was arranged through the kindness of our friends Carlton and Selma Soderholm. How our Heavenly Father provides!

Soon after arriving home the Women's Missionary Society of our church had a shower for us. We were given many useful things for our new home and also a gift of money. On the following Sunday morning we were welcomed home by the church. In the evening I gave a report on our work in Japan and especially Shirahama. Although we were now home

from the mission field, our term of service with the Mission would not be completed until August 1970. While Alice and the children lived in Bridgeport, I was out on deputation visiting our churches. But Alice was able to accompany me to the churches in Florida. Here we had an opportunity to visit my brother Roland, his family and other relatives. Then in June I was privileged to have a part in our annual conference in San Diego and renew acquaintances with many old friends.

After the annual conference I visited our son Gilbert and his family in San Francisco. One afternoon we all went to Candlestick Park to watch a game between the Giants and the Dodgers. The score was 8 to 6 in the Dodger's favor. This was the first time I had ever attended such an event. In China I was taught to play cricket and soccer.

In these deputation travels I visited not only churches but also several youth camps. Here I met young people who were deeply interested in spiritual things and in living lives pleasing to the Lord. Camp fire meetings were often thrilling experiences as boys and girls told of what God was doing in their lives. "Miners" camp held at Eldora, Iowa in August (1970) brought to a close my deputation ministry. I had spoken 223 times, and Alice had been able to be with me at some of the meetings.

In Bridgeport the Beacon Light Mission was ministering to children in the poorer areas of town and especially to black children living in Father Panik Village. This was a mission field right here at home and I joined the work for about one year. We were kept so busy during those months that I had no days off except Christmas and New Year's Day.

When we had opportunity we enjoyed going to hear concerts, especially violin recitals. One evening friends invited us to Carnegie Hall in New York to hear a recital by the celebrated Russian violinist Leonid Kogan. He was generous with encores and he received generous applause. At one time during the playing there was quite a commotion in a rear gallery and we heard later that search had been made for a bomb. It was found and removed.

In the fourteen years that followed I conducted monthly meetings

at three convalescent homes and also at the Goodwill Industries. Another area of service was with the Swedish Welfare Association. I also had the opportunity to lead regular weekly Bible classes with the many Cambodians living in Bridgeport.

In June 1971, we bought a Dodge Dart sedan and it served us well until September 1986 when we entered Elim Park Baptist Home, and had no more need for it. In this car we took enjoyable trips which leave us with many happy memories. Other happy occasions were the high school graduations of our grandchildren and the birth of great grandchildren. We had the joy of witnessing the marriages of two of our grandsons, one in Wheaton, Illinois, and the other in Wilmington, Delaware. In 1973 Alice's sister Eunice was married in Bridgeport. And in 1984 our youngest grandson was married in Stratford, CT, at which I officiated.

After having been separated from family and friends for so many years, Christmas could now be celebrated as in earlier years when we had our children with us. Swedes like to meet for early morning Christmas worship. The Salem Lutheran Church in Bridgeport arranged such services ("julotta") every year, and for want of a Lutheran priest I was often asked to conduct these services in Swedish. This I did for eight years.

July 14, 1978 was a very special day for us -- our fiftieth wedding anniversary and we could celebrate the occasion with our whole family.

We are now residents of Elim Park Baptist Home in Cheshire, CT. Here we have a room together and feel at home in the Christian atmosphere. I now look back with thanksgiving to the Lord for His leading in my life and for the many dedicated Christians who have influenced me. He has kept us as a family safe during the dangerous and frightening times and all the strenuous days. These have been daily reminders of God's faithfulness. There has been joy in serving Jesus, and the results we leave with Him.