

**I Want You to Go to  
MEXICO**



**Opal Mackey Kelly**



# **“I WANT YOU TO GO TO MEXICO”**

**By  
Opal Mackey Kelly**

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## Preface

Many people, through the years, have asked me to write a book of my experiences in Mexico, saying, they felt it would be an encouragement to many to have more faith in God.

I have prayerfully considered that which would please the Lord, that which would show forth the workings of God in and through the incidents whereby He could be glorified, doing it as unto the Lord.

“My soul shall, make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.” Ps. 34:2.

It is my prayer that the book may prove a blessing to those who desire to be in the center of God’s will.

Authoress,  
Opal Mackey Kelly

Note: In all my years in Mexico as a missionary, my understanding of “Christmas” giving was exchanging gifts, though I felt it would displease the Lord to go overboard and spend too much. Just 2 years ago, God gave me full understanding of giving as unto the Lord, to those who could not give back.

Please consider this as you read the articles on “Christmas”. “Christmas”, so called, started in the Catholic Church and means Christ-mass. We, as saints surely wouldn’t want any part in that.

The day called “Christmas” is Christ’s Birthday so, why not give to Him?

February, 1986

## Forward

Several people have asked me to tell the story of my life in writing this book, but I do not feel that is necessary, so I will give here, a short regime of my former years, which I feel is sufficient.

I was born, the third of three children to Mr. and Mrs. Lorin M. Mackey, in Clarkston, Washington, October 18, 1916. I was a healthy baby for 8 months, at which time, I was accidentally poisoned and didn't eat solid food until 4 years of age.

When 10 years of age, I read the book "Elsie Dinsmore". She was about 8, but had such firm convictions about living for God and all the way through the reading, I said to myself, "That's just the way I want to live." Prayer is the sincere desire of the heart and though I didn't realize it then, the Lord heard my prayer and led me to the "Elsie Dinsmores" in this world, "The Church of God".

I was married to Earnest L. Kelly, at 22, had 2 sons and had been saved a short while when the Lord saw fit to take my companion from this life. Although my love for him was deep, I said a complete "amen" to the will of God. I was 46 years of age when God called me to Mexico.

Authoress,  
Opal Mackey Kelly





## **How This All Began**

About six years before my call came to go to Mexico, I had taken about 3 months of Spanish, never thinking I would ever get to go to Mexico, but hoping I could. The Lord knew my heart and answered in His own time.

I was working at Baptist Memorial Hospital in Oklahoma City, and though making the exact amount I had for some time, it began falling short of the expenses from month to month. I was not paying on anything more than I had been, but, try as I would, I could not make it cover my expenses. I was really perturbed about it. I was quite young in the Lord and didn't understand His workings. When I was almost in desperation, a couple from our home congregation came by and hearing of my plight and seeing that my nerves were on edge, they suggested I go to a small house near the chapel for a few days.

After I was there about a week, this same couple came by and offered to store my furniture so my expenses would not be so great until I could decide what was best to do. Now, I thought, surely things would begin to shape up. They did not. I wasn't paying rent, neither was I paying much for utilities as I had been, but, still my money just wasn't enough.

Later, the same couple came and asked if I would house-sit for them while they took an extensive trip. They said they would be

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gone from two weeks to three months. I mentally gave them two weeks. “. . . Without faith it is impossible to please him [God]; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.” Heb. 11:6.

The twelfth day I was there, I was startled awake at 5:00 A.M. with the words, “I want you to go to Mexico.” They were like the hand-writing on the wall, they were so plain.

I fell on my knees and said, “Oh, Lord!” It scared me. The first thing I thought of was, “What will I do with my five rooms of furniture?” The Lord answered thus: “You won’t need those where you’re going.” I said, “Alright, then I’ll give them away.” I then thought about the new car I was buying. I had paid sufficient on it to feel I had gotten the good of that which I had paid. I asked the Lord what I should do with it. He said, “You won’t need that either, it’s too low.” I decided right then to get rid of it, too. I packed all of my things that I had there at the house, and got ready to leave, so that I could be ready when the folks came in. At 7:50 A.M. they came in. I thanked the Lord that He had sent them home so I could go to the little house and start sorting and packing. When I told them the Lord had called me to go to Mexico as a missionary, the lady said, “I surely am glad He called you and not me. We just came from Tijuana and I saw all I wanted to of that.” I told her of the love the Lord had given me for the people in Mexico and she was glad, but was glad He had called me instead of her.

As soon as I got off work, I began sorting and packing, asking the Lord where each article should go. The things that He knew could be used in Mexico, He had me put in separate boxes.

When He first called me, I had written to Sis. Opal Wilson, but hadn’t told her I was called to Mexico.

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I had a two-week vacation coming up August 31, and by the time I heard from Sis. Wilson, the Lord had shown me to give them my notice of resignation so I could go to Mexico by September. I wrote a second letter to Sis. Wilson telling her of my call and asking when it would be permissible to go. When I received her letter of welcome to the Mexico work, she said that all the women workers were out at that time but they would be going back in September. Isn't that just like the Lord? "... Before they call, I will answer; and while they . . . speak, I will hear."

My little Falcon would not accommodate the five large boxes of things I had for Mexico. Hearing that the Print Shop knew of a company that would take things to California free of charge for me, I made contact with them through Sis. Marie Miles. When she called them she found that they no longer made a run to California. I was a little discouraged at that but as I was leaving, she told me there was a minister and his wife who were planning a trip to California soon and maybe they could take at least part of them. When I contacted them I found that their son had asked that they pick up his four-wheel trailer and take it and they were wondering what to put in it to keep it from bouncing over the roads. They could take them all and did.

That is the way the Lord worked for me to begin my mission work in Mexico. I surely appreciated the call of God and the way He worked for me to go. My younger son drove me to California in my Falcon and brought it back to my older son who took up the payments on it. One of the workers took me to Mexico that Saturday.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." Ps. 37:23a.

## **God Was Working Out His Purpose**

Ten days before I went to Mexico, having sorted all belongings and distributed those not needed, I went over to the pastor's house. I had a luncheon appointment with a girl with whom I had worked. The pastor's wife and I did several things together and the time slipped away. It was raining and as I hurriedly ran out the door, I slipped and fell on the marble slab at the base of the steps. I caught all my weight on my left wrist which brought tears. An elastic bandage was provided so that I could meet my appointment. While we were eating, the girl asked me what was wrong with my hand. It was quite painful, but I explained to her that I was trusting the Lord and it would be alright. By the time I returned to the pastor's house, my hand was navy blue from lack of circulation. He examined it and said it was definitely broken. He asked me what I wanted to do about it. I desired to go home and pray. He asked that we have prayer before I went. While we were in prayer, the Lord spoke to my heart and told me that as I was entering a life of faith, this would be a good time to start completely trusting Him, without the aid of man. When we rose from prayer I stated my decision. The pastor said, "Well, I felt that was what you would do, but I wanted you to get it from the Lord. Let's pray now that the Lord will heal it and not let it hurt you so bad. You need a healing touch."

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The Lord did touch it. When the worker and I got to Mexico, we had service in Ojos Negros, then in La Huerta, an Indian Reservation. We had that service under a pomegranate tree. There was one long bench there. I sat down on one end of the bench and there were three Indian women on the other end. The legs of the bench were set in from the end. For some reason, the three ladies all got up at the same time. That end of the bench went up and I went down and caught all my weight again on my left wrist. Needless to say, it brought tears again.

The worker said, “Sis. I’m sorry this happened but believe the Lord has a purpose in it. See that elderly lady coming up the road to service? She has been trying for three weeks to get me to take her in to Ensenada to a doctor concerning her broken wrist and I’ve been trying that long to get her to trust the Lord. Shall we pray for you?”

I was glad for them to pray. They did, and the Lord instantly healed that wrist, even to the point that I could draw water with both hands out of the well after we arrived in El Alamo, and wring clothes when we did the washing. I surely do thank the Lord for the healing of my wrist.

Six years later, I was called on to pray for the same elderly lady in La Huerta. She recognized me as I went in the door, saying, “You are the one whose wrist the Lord healed in answer to prayer.” She believed He would heal her of the flu, answering prayer and He did.

“Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.” 1 Tim. 6:12.

## **Illness on Arrival in Mexico**

In the P.M. after service in El Alamo, the following conversation ensued:

Worker: “Sis. Opal, maybe you ought to get your things together now, because we are getting ready to leave.”

Opal: “Why, I didn’t come down here to leave, I came to stay.”

Worker: “But, you don’t know the language, how are you going to manage to stay here by yourself?”

Opal: “I came to be a missionary and, when am I going to start?”  
The worker finally assented. She was going to leave me alone, but the Lord did not plan for me to be alone that week. Not long before the worker left, a pickup came over from Santa Catarina and let another worker out. She had a suitcase with her so I believe she had planned to stay by herself in El Alamo that week. We both felt the Lord knew what He was doing and the worker who was leaving felt a lot better not having to leave me alone though she was concerned that neither of us knew the language. We had a method book, a dictionary and plenty of food so we felt we could manage.

As soon as the workers left I fell deathly ill, apparently from the meat we had eaten at noon. We later learned that it had been hanging outside and had had green flies all over it. The worker was so kind

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and took the best of care of me. The sickness lasted 2 ½ days. During that time, the following happened:

One neighbor came, offering herb tea, and though I let her know I appreciated it, I was fully trusting the Lord. One neighbor, who was there at the time and could speak a little English explained my decision. The neighbor who had offered the tea went out the door as though she'd been shot at. Her husband came the next morning offering to get anything we needed from Ensenada including any medicines we might need. (He could speak a little English, too). We explained our decision and he left. By that time I felt the Lord might take me. I said, "Well, Amen, Lord. I don't understand why You would bring me to Mexico to die, but if I can glorify you more in death than in life, I do say a full Amen to the will of God."

It was Tues. P.M. before I could retain any food. That gave new hope and we began to pray more earnestly for my healing.

Wed. noon when the worker went over to Rosa's, she asked her if we were going to have prayer meeting that night. She had told her we couldn't because we didn't know any Spanish. Immediately, the Lord began to deal with my heart about having service. This was our conversation:

Opal: "Why did we come to Mexico?"

Worker: "To be missionaries."

Opal: "Well, when are we going to start?"

I felt that any effort we made to have service, the Lord would honor. When I suggested this to the worker, she said: "I think we'd better go to prayer." I was in agreement. We prayed. While we were in prayer, the Lord showed me that we could use the prayer Jesus

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taught His disciples to pray, and read it out of our New Testament. I knew then He wanted us to have a service.

When we rose from prayer, I opened my Bible or rather the Lord did. I said: "Oh, here is a good Scripture." I began reading it and found that at the end was the prayer the Lord had shown me to use. On interrogation, the worker said she couldn't read the Scripture, lead the singing, etc. I admitted I couldn't either, but I knew the Lord knew perfect Spanish and by His help, it could be done. I remembered that the worker who had left had said at the beginning of service: "Vamos a cantar." Immediately, everyone got a hymn book. I knew that must mean, "Let's sing." She then said: "¿Qué número?" and everyone began looking for a number. That meant, "What number?" After the first song, she said: "¿Qué otro?" and that meant, "What other number?" The Lord showed me I could say those, so we did have service. As I walked over to the chapel, the thought came to me, "What can I use to dismiss them?" The Lord spoke so sweetly to me and said: "Use the last verse of one of the Epistles." For example: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

The Lord did bless the little service. I don't believe He would have done so later, when we knew Spanish, but He helped us to use that which He had given us at that time.

That day the Lord made me able to walk a block to the house of the neighbor who had offered the herb tea. I needed no words. She was astonished. Praise the Lord! "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. One thing . . . will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty Lord, and to inquire in his temple." Ps 27:1-4



# **Crossing the Line**

## **God's Blessings in Crossing the Line**

“. . . Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

One time I had quite a load and had stopped to pray that the Lord would help as it was His work. When I got to the line, a man knocked on the cab and said to go and park. Another man looked at the inspection sticker on the windshield and said, “Oh, let her go on, she carries a good license.” I never did understand what he meant by that, but I knew the Lord had used him to help me get across.

Another time, as I relate in another article, I had bought a kitchen range that was both propane and wood. It was terribly heavy. I also had a sewing machine on the pickup. The man called me over to park, told me to lock my pickup and go with him. I knew if I got to the office I would have to pay duty on both of them, so I began to pray. I said, “Mister, I’ll go with you in just a minute but may I tell you something first?” He agreed, so I told him I had bought the range as a gift to some dear friends and that the sewing machine was to help me teach the women to sew. We started to the office, (I was praying all the way), when 2 other inspectors met us and asked what the trouble was. The man explained to them what I had told him.

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They stood for quite a while, then said, “Well, in that case, just let her go on.” I did thank the Lord for seeing me across the line again.

One time I had 33 boxes of clothing in the camper. When I arrived in San Diego, a lady said she had 7 garbage bags of new clothing for me. She brought them out and I put them in. She then brought 2 boxes of canned food out. I had to break up the boxes, chinked the cracks between boxes and got all the food in. I did have quite a load. I prayed before arriving at the line, as always. A man stopped me and said, “You’ve just got too many things.” I said, “Well, I don’t have any motors or machines, but you are welcome to go through the load.” He had already told me to go over and park. I got out and went to the back. He looked through the back door and commented several times that I just had too many things. He stood there for some time. Finally, he said, “Go get in.” I got in and he said, “Go on.” I said, “Over there and park?” He said, “No, go straight ahead, but you’ve just got too many things.”

“Consider the work of God.” Eccl. 7:13a.

### **Getting Kitchen Appliances to Mexico**

A large refrigerator and a kitchen range had been given to the work for anyone who would need them. Some of the workers said they would take them down as they took me home. One was fluent in speaking Spanish and was our speaker when we arrived at the line. Without realizing what she was doing, she pretended she didn’t know but very little Spanish as she was very afraid of the officials. I knew right then we would not go across, for the Lord will not work over anything untrue. They sent us back. We stayed close to the line that night and in the morning, a call was made to the line concerning the load. The person answering said they didn’t want them there as appliances could be bought in Mexico. We got help in tying down

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the load and the same person had made contact with some who knew the main official on the Mexican side. He went and got us a permit to take them over and all we had to do on arrival at the line was present the yellow slip signed by him. We went straight through. One worker had told us that even if we passed the line, we would not be able to pass the other Inspection Stations, but the Lord got us clear through. How we did thank Him. These had to be stored until we had living quarters built in the chapel in Ojos Negros, but were there for use when that was finished. How we thank the Lord!

“But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” Phil. 4:19.

### **Seventeen Doors in Mexico by Faith**

While I was home on vacation once, a family that was getting ready to build a new home, told me that they were tearing down their huge old house, and that they wanted me to have the 17 doors of the house to take to Mexico. I didn't know how I could possibly get them to Mexico, but I knew if the Lord wanted them down there, He would see that they got there. I contacted the transport company which had been taking clothing to Mexico for us for years, and they were perfectly willing to take them providing we only sent about 3 at one time. My son, who was helping me with them, didn't know they said that, and the man that helped him with them suggested he just take them on down there while he had them on the pickup. He did, and when I got to the Missionary Ranch (a place where things could be sent to be picked up), all 17 doors were there.

Every time the Lord provided something like this for the work, I felt He had not provided them for me to be turned down at the line. I went to prayer and told the Lord all about them. I pled for Him to help me get them down there. I told one of the other workers about

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them and asked him if he would help me. He didn't have a bit of faith to think he could get through the line with half of the doors. He loaded 8 into his pickup. We got ready to leave and he said, "If they turn me down at the line, I'll meet you at Safeway." I remonstrated with him for his lack of faith. He said he guessed he was like a woman in his congregation. She needed to walk across a canal on a narrow board. She squatted down and was creeping across. Someone called to her and asked her if she didn't have any faith. She said, "Well, I have faith in the Lord, but not in the board." He said he had faith in the Lord, but not in the men at the line. He met me at Safeway. He took the 8 doors back to the ranch. I began to tell him I'd see him later, and he asked where I was going. I said, "through the line." The Lord did get me through the line with 9 doors and I returned later and took the 8 doors in. The Lord is wonderful to His children, but we must have faith.

"Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works." James 2:18.

### **God Continues to Bless in Sauzal**

I had just been to San Diego to have a friend there work toward getting me a Delayed Birth Certificate as I had never had one. I thought I might need it some time.

On the way in from Tijuana to Ensenada, I had never been stopped, regardless of how much of a load I had. This time they stopped me at Sauzal, about 6 miles out of Ensenada. I did have quite a load.

The first thing he asked for was my driver's license, then he asked for my Birth Certificate. I got everything out of my purse that would help to identify me as I didn't have the Birth Certificate as

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yet. I said it all in one sentence, “I don’t have one, but I do have these.” It didn’t look as if it would help, but I was praying.

Finally he said, “Are you one of the Hallelujahs or of the Gospel missionaries? I told him I was of the Gospel. He looked at the papers quite a while, then said I could go on. Praise the Lord! He took care of His work once again. “O give thanks unto the Lord: call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.” Ps. 105:1.

### **Crossing With a Sewing Machine**

Two of us co-workers were in San Ysidro, just ready to cross the line after we filled her Chevrolet passenger car with gas. The attendant said, “Where are you going? That car surely is low in the back.” We told him we were going to Mexico. He seemed to think we wouldn’t make it through with such a load. He just shook his head when we left.

Before we had left Pomona, we had dismantled a sewing machine so it could be put in the back of the car. Otherwise, the car would not accommodate the machine. We went on to the line after prayer, and didn’t have a bit of trouble. They waved us right on through. We knew the Lord had done it for us and gave Him thanks. “I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.” Ps. 104:33b.

### **Six Fryers**

The same 2 workers were ready to leave San Diego once when one of a family of saints gave us six fryers. He put them in a half-bushel basket and we put them at the co-workers feet in front.

Before we got to the line the live fryers made quite a noise. We felt that unless the Lord undertook, we would not be able to pass the line with them, so we stopped and had prayer. We never tried to hide anything, but we didn’t volunteer anything as it was their job to look

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at the loads. We got to the line and the chickens didn't make a sound. The Lord let us know that He had gotten us across again by letting the chickens squawk terribly again about one block beyond the line. We were so thankful He was mindful of us once again. We dressed the fryers the next day and put them in the top of the refrigerator (propane) freezer for later use. "Can he provide flesh for his people?" Ps. 78:20b. Yes, assuredly, He can and did.

### **Twelve Live Hens in a Coop**

We same 2 workers were notified to come by to see the same family who had provided us with the fryers. This man had a coop and 12 hens he wanted us to take to Mexico. We told him that unless the Lord undertook, we wouldn't be able to cross with them. He was insistent that we take them.

We had prayed earnestly and when we got to the line, the man who was checking our car passed us through, but one of the other men knocked on the back of the car before we left and said, "What do you have in that coop?" We told him we had 12 hens but were going to dress them the next day. He hesitated, then passed us on. How we did thank the Lord. "I will greatly praise the Lord with my mouth: yea, I will praise him among the multitude." Ps. 109:30.

### **A Very Large Load**

Many boxes of clothing had come in for Mexico before I left Pacoima Camp Meeting. The workers had already asked me if I would take the food down for the El Alamo camp meeting and I had brought quite a load from Oklahoma.

When I started to load the 2-seated pickup the next morning, Bro. Smith came to Sis. Vera's and said, "Sis. I wish I could load that truck for you but I need to be at work, but if you'll let me know when you have it loaded, I will come up and put a tarp over it."

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There were several huge square boxes to load and then many from that size on down. I began to ask the Lord how I, alone, could get them into the pickup from the ground. He made it so simple that I had the entire pickup loaded in just a little while. He told me to put boxes of graduated sizes at the back of the pickup to make steps, then just turn the boxes corner to corner and by lifting a little, the boxes would be put up on the pickup bed. I was through loading the entire pickup in a short while and called Bro. Smith to come.

When he saw the load, he said, “Why, Sis. do you know what they told me 2 weeks ago at the line? They told me not to even show up with a load like this.” I said, “Well, that’s alright. They didn’t tell me that.” He said he would be praying but his faith just didn’t take it in.

I still had to put the food on at Pomona. When I drove up in the worker’s yard, she ran out and asked me where I thought I was going.

I told her to Mexico. She said she didn’t know where I was going to put all the food. She brought it out and as I had left all the space in front from the seat to the heater, and the five spokes to the spare tire, we were able to put 100 pounds of flour, a case of tomato sauce, a large box of lard, in front then the 100 pounds of beans in 20 pound bags, each in a spoke of the spare. The back was entirely full, all between the seats up to the window and on the back seat were full, then the front seat from me to the other door plus the pickup bed being full.

As I left she made the identical remark that Bro. Smith had made and I gave her the same answer as I gave him.

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As usual, before arriving at the line, prayer was offered. I always told the Lord that this was His work, not mine, and if He didn't want those things in Mexico, I didn't either.

Even before arriving at the Emigration Office, an Officer was out in the street and acted very angry, telling me to go up and park behind a large red truck at the curb. I did as he asked. Three young Officers came running out and said, "Where do you think you're going? What have you got on this load?" I began to tell them I was going to teach school on an Indian Reservation that year and I had brought quite a few school supplies, plus used clothing, a little bit of furniture to put in my living quarters, etc. One of them said, "Well, what are you going to do with all that food?" I told him we were going to have quite a gathering soon, and we would need it.

He stood there a few minutes (it seemed longer to me), then said, "Boys, move those markers down there and let this lady through." I could hardly see to drive for the tears of thankfulness to the Lord. "I will give thee thanks in the great congregation: I will praise thee among much people." Ps. 35:18.

### **A Surprise Crossing**

Two of us workers were pulling up to the line after prayer. The man at the line took one look at us and said, "Are you with the Smeet (Smith) group?" We told him we were and he passed us right on through saying, "Go on. You people are doing a lot of good. We can see that the standard of the people where you work has raised since you've been working there." How we did thank the Lord. "I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations." Ps. 57:9.



## **Crossing With My Son**

The time the 18-year-old girl had a burden for the Indians on the Reservation and went down with us, we really had a load.

My son had built the side-rails very high in order to accommodate the load I needed to take from Okla. He and his wife were taking me back that time.

By the time we had loaded all of the belongings of the girl and bought groceries, the girl had to sit on my lap and the groceries on her lap.

When we arrived at the line after prayer, I told my son just to do whatever they required of him. I had to get out too, because he knew no Spanish.

The man came running out of the office on the American side. After quite a lot of conversation, he let us go saying, it was just as well that we would because they weren't going to let us go through the Mexican side, anyway. We got to the Mexican office and an Officer ran out there too. He asked my son to untie the tarp on one corner and it was so full he didn't want to go to the trouble to go through it and let us go on. We thank the Lord for it all. "I will praise thee for ever, because thou hast done it: and I will wait on thy name; for it is good before thy saints." Ps. 52:9.

# **El Alamo**

## **Camp Meeting Announcements**

One time after camp meeting in El Alamo, we met some of the Indians from Santa Catarina. When we asked them why they didn't come to the camp meeting, they said they knew nothing about it. I decided the following year when the Lord sent me down to prepare for the camp meeting, that, by the help of the Lord, each of them would have a written announcement of the meeting so it would give them ample opportunity to come. One Saturday morning, I left early in the special two-seated pickup to drive over the desert from one ranch to the other, ending up in Santa Catarina. I took water with me but had no idea I would be gone so long or I would have taken food. Having driven 70 miles in the desert and giving out many announcements, I got back in nine hours to the edge of the airplane runway in El Alamo and the right rear tire blew out. It was almost sundown because El Alamo is in the shade of the mountain called Besnaga, and the sun sets early. On getting out and walking to the house, I shed tears of gratitude that the Lord had permitted my getting so close to the house (about 1 mile), before the tire blew out. I was able to walk to the house before dark, praise the Lord! "Thou hearest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee." Ps. 31:22b.

### **Three Catholic Boys**

At this time, there were only about 4 or 5 families in El Alamo. I felt 7:30 would be a good time the next morning to contact someone to fix the tire. When I got to the Cotas, (a Catholic family), the three boys were leaving in the car. I asked them if they would consider going out and fixing the pickup. They said, “Why, Sister, that’s where we were headed. We saw your pickup last night as we came in, and we felt you would need it repaired.” How I did thank the Lord for His protection over me. Coyotes were closer than people at that time, but God gave me the protection and help I needed.

After the boys took the pickup to fix, Bro. Smith came in. The boys brought the pickup back repaired, and charged \$0.36 for three patches they had put on. Isn’t the Lord wonderful? “And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” Is. 65:24.

### **God Protected Even in Little Things**

Before going to El Alamo to prepare for camp meeting, I had had my last 7 teeth extracted and had gotten a plate I was barely able to wear. I had seen that there were very few papers with which to start fires so had emptied all out of my purse into the kindling box, including the papers wrapped around my former dental plates. I decided later to pressure some meat so I could eat it, and got papers out of the kindling box to start the fire. Later yet, I thought of my plates and figured I had burned them. I went to the box and down in the left hand corner below all other things, were my plates. How I did thank the Lord for keeping them for me. By the help of three pieces of tarred roofing paper, in the place of wood I wasn’t able to chop, I was able to bring the pressure up on the cooker and cook the meat 40 minutes. I was never able to even get it up to pressure again.

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The Lord lowered a blanket of His presence over me at that time, and I surely did appreciate it.

Another blessing during that time was that the 12 ½ lbs. of ice we had bought for the Styrofoam ice chest lasted for 5 days, even with chipping off of it. The Lord gave me the thought of lowering the cooked meat into the center of the well in order to keep it cool. How His presence was there in every corner of that place. I surely was grateful to Him for all.

Still another blessing was that of drinking water. The workers had never drunk the water from the well on the lot. We had always depended on getting drinking water from Luis Mesa who lived a block from there. It was summertime and he and family were on their ranch, 8 miles out in the country and had told the workers they weren't coming in. I prayed earnestly that the Lord would make it possible for me to have drinking water. The following morning, I saw Luis Mesa and family come into town, so I went down and by figuring some, found I had enough containers to hold 25 gallons of water. How I did thank the Lord. "I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel." Ps. 16:7a.

### **The Tarantula**

Some workers and family had taken me down to El Alamo. He drove the pickup and I rode with her in a small car. After they left about 8:30 P.M. I sat on my cot and was reading the Bible. I caught sight of something out of the corner of my eye. I flashed my light on it and it was a tarantula running up the wall at my side. I didn't have anything with which to kill it but a butcher knife, but procured that and tried. I cut off two legs, but he escaped below the floor. At 9:30 P.M. the worker family returned having forgotten the children's books under the seat of the pickup. They decided to stay until 4:00

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A.M. and the only place to sleep was on mattresses on the floor. I began to pray silently that the Lord wouldn't let the tarantula come back up from underneath the floor. The workers didn't know about it and I felt it wisdom not to mention it. Thank the Lord, He protected them all night. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

### **God's Teaching Method**

One time after I had been teaching the children in El Alamo on Sundays and they had not been retaining it as I felt they should, it really burdened me. I just cried to the Lord. I felt, "Well, why are we here? What are we doing here if we can't get something over to them that they can retain?" I prayed earnestly to the Lord to help me to know what to do, or for a better way of teaching them. One of the other workers was there with me at the time, but she knew nothing of my burden.

During the week while I was praying, the Lord just seemed to show me a complete new method of teaching the children, but I didn't say a word about it. I wanted to try it out as I wanted to be sure it was the Lord giving it to me. I went over to the house on Sunday morning, got all the children together, and started teaching them by this new method.

When we got back to the chapel, of course, the children always sang some choruses before the congregation, but that day, for the first time ever, the worker said, "Well, Sis. Opal, maybe the children would like to tell us something about their lesson." I don't know if she were wondering if the children were getting anything out of the lesson, or if she thought that would be encouraging to the children, but that was the first Sunday she had ever asked that. I said, "Well, I believe they would." I brought them up to the front and began to

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ask them questions. I could hardly finish my question before one of them, or maybe all of them, would be answering it. They would be repeating it just like we'd had it in our lesson. That was really an encouragement to me. They had retained that entire lesson and oh, how I did thank the Lord. This isn't the last of the story.

That was time for the Assembly meeting in Pacoima, and after service, the worker left for that meeting. I felt impressed to stay and keep services going. After she left, the enemy came and contested everything I had taught the children that morning. He said, "Oh, this is just a holdover from Sectism. This isn't God's method at all, it's just Opal's method, and it's nothing at all that the Lord has given you." I went to the Lord in tears. The Lord knows that I didn't want any of Opal in the lesson, nor in my teachings. I told the Lord I just wanted Christ, saying, "Oh, Lord, help me to know this is Your method."

Monday and Tuesday passed, then that evening I was singing some English hymns and all of a sudden, in the midst of them, there came a little tune to my mind. It just kept repeating over and over in my mind between the English hymns. I thought, "Well, where did that come from?" It was a lilting tune. I grabbed some music manuscript paper and began to write down the notes to that little melody. (That had been one of my hobbies before I went to Mexico, when teaching music in the States). After I finished writing the tune, and was checking the melody to see if it were correct, putting in the tempo, the words of the lesson of the previous Sunday came to me in a way as to fit the four-line chorus. Following is the meaning of the words in English, though they do not rhyme, but they do in Spanish: "The Lord made the whole world in six days, and afterwards He rested; He sent His Son to bring salvation to everyone that He made." The Spanish words follow: "El Dios hizo todo el

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mundo en seis días, y después, El descansó; Y mandó a Su Hijo a dar salvación a todo el mundo que El hizo.”

After He had given me this, I began to realize what the Lord was doing. He was answering my prayer to give the witness that this was His method. How I did thank Him. I cried tears again, but they were of joy. From that time on, the children began to retain their lesson so much better, almost repeating the lesson as I would finish teaching it. I knew this was from the Lord as I hadn't been in Mexico very long. I had never had any of the past tense in Spanish and this chorus used the past tense. I was still a little doubtful as to it being perfect. One day when I was over at Santa Catarina I sang it to a native worker and asked him if he thought it was alright. He said it was not only alright, but it was perfect. I know the Lord did that to encourage my soul and I did thank and praise Him for every bit of it. “And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord?” Ex. 4:11.

I will here relate the method the Lord gave me. Maybe it can be a help to someone with a similar problem.

This was a complete new method of teaching, so I felt impressed to teach the lesson of the Creation. I would put a sentence on the board in Spanish, such as: [God created the world in six days]. I had a little pointer with me and I began to point to each word, asking them to repeat the words as I pointed to them. Then, after they repeated them once, I would erase a couple of words, asking them to repeat them again as I pointed to where the words should be. I continued in this manner, erasing, and pointing, until I had erased all the words, but pointing to where they had been. They could repeat the entire sentence. I would go on to the next sentence

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and do likewise and, thus, they learned the entire lesson from memory.

### **God, As School Teacher**

One time in El Alamo, one of the workers had brought back a lot of dried apricots to give out to the Santa Catarina Indians. She asked me to go with her that day to distribute them. As we left the Reservation, we passed the School house. She said, “Oh, Sis. wouldn’t it be wonderful if we could come over here and live? You could teach the school and could have services.” I said, “Well, I don’t have any pleasant memories of the work here, but I won’t close my heart to it. I’ll open my heart to the Lord and whatever He wants me to do, I’ll be glad to do.” As we arrived back in El Alamo, I went right over to the chapel and went to prayer. I began to tell the Lord, thus: “If you want me to go to Santa Catarina, you will need to make me willing to go, and help me to know your will.” I hadn’t been in prayer but just a few minutes when He showed me He did want me to go. I said, “Oh, Lord, now give me the desire to go.” While I was yet in prayer, He showed me a great mercy He had extended to me once, and through that mercy, why couldn’t I have mercy on the people in Santa Catarina? It made me willing to go right away. I told Him I felt so inadequate. He said, “Yes, you are, but I’m not, and I will give you daily such as you need to teach that school.” He did just that. I didn’t know very much Spanish then, and it all had to be taught in Spanish. The school was up to and including the third grade, but their children are taught history, civics, etc. in the third grade. It was really a hard thing to go over there and teach school by myself. My co-worker did teach the small group of those just learning the alphabet, etc. but I had the responsibility of the larger children. As I wanted to keep their interest up in reading, arithmetic, etc. I prayed sometimes as I walked home from school, asking Him



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for a new method by which to present the material for the children the next day.

I would tell the Lord at night to please make a new method plain to me and I didn't have much Spanish, so to please give me the Spanish with which to explain it. I had never taught school in English, and this was entirely new. I let Him know how completely dependent I was on Him, but believed that He would see me through. In a matter of minutes, He would give me a complete new method for teaching the next day. I would just start trembling, and say, "But, Lord, I don't have the Spanish to tell them about it." Immediately, He gave me the Spanish as though I were already in the school room, explaining what I wanted them to do the next morning, and that we were going to do something different that day. The Lord was so good to give it to me to encourage me. When I explained it to the children, they would get out their notebooks and start to work. I could hardly believe yet that they actually understood. I would check their notebooks in passing and see that they were doing exactly as I had told them. The Lord did give me daily such as I needed just like He promised me before I ever went there. It was real precious to me to be teaching and to know that the Lord was the teacher. When I had told Him I felt so inadequate, He said, "That's why I want you to go. I'll be the teacher. All you have to do is be an empty vessel, and I will fill it." I was thankful to Him for His presence, His leadings, His keeping power, and for giving me the ability to teach for 2 or 3 years. The children learned readily, and I surely did thank Him for all. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." 2 Cor. 4:7.

### **The Shoe Store**

One time when I went back from my vacation in the States, I had quite a few things to get across the line. A young lady was

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burdened for the Indians in Santa Catarina. She went back with me at that time. An American couple had bought 80 pairs of new shoes in lots of women's, children's, and men's sizes. We had them ricked in the pickup and when we got home, we sorted them out according to size, and re-ricked them. We had an ambulatory shoe store. We went with it around El Alamo, Santa Catarina and in between, not to sell shoes, but to give them out to the people. There were many to whom were given shoes that had perhaps never had a new pair. It was a joy to us to see them so happy. We thanked the Lord for providing them, and for the consecrated couple, willing to use of their means to supply them, and the Lord for having used them in this way. We are sure the Lord blessed them, for He says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." Luke 6:38.

### **Glad to Share With Others**

One time when two of us girls were working in El Alamo, Bro. Smith, his sister and her husband all came in for service. We had put two pieces of steak in the oven to smother before service. As Bro. Smith parked the pickup and got out, he handed us a large package and said, "This is very mature beef, so be sure you cook it a long time, for if not, it really will be tough. We thanked him, one of us put it on to brown, and added it to the steak already in the oven.

When service ended, dinner was ready for all. We knew they would have to eat somewhere, and we were glad to share what they had brought in. When we all finished eating, Bro. Smith said, "That was a delicious meal, but now remember, when you cook the beef we brought today, be sure to cook it a long time as it will be tough if you don't. One of us said, "Was it?" He looked astounded and

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said, “Oh, you didn’t. Why, I didn’t intend for you to use that today, but it was so tender I could cut it with my fork.” We all had a good laugh. We enjoyed sharing what the Lord had provided, praise the Lord! “And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.” Luke 6:31.

### **Embroidery**

One afternoon, three workers decided to go visiting in El Alamo. In our round of visiting, there was a family who had 5 girls. They ranged in age from 10 through 17. The limit of schooling to be had in that part of Mexico is third grade. The four oldest of them were using their time in doing embroidery work. While at their house, they seemed pleased that we wanted to see their work and brought out all they had done. No mention was made of the cloth on which the work was done. It was all they had. We complimented them on their accomplishments.

I had only been in Mexico a few months. I had never gone anywhere to visit alone as I didn’t feel I had enough command of the language, as yet. Remembering the embroidery work, and needing a couple of gifts for the other workers, I asked the Lord to help me. I set out for Piccini’s house. I took my Spanish-English Dictionary with me. I didn’t even know that “bordado” meant embroidery. I learned the word as I walked. After a short visit in which I referred to my Dictionary a few times, I asked about the “bordado”. I explained that I would not be anywhere to buy gifts for the other workers and had need of two. Again all their work was brought out and selection was made of two pieces. I paid them the amount needed and began to mention leaving. All at once, one of the girls brought another piece of embroidery and laid it on my lap. As I had already seen it, I looked at her wonderingly. She said: “I want you to have this for Christmas.” This girl’s pattern was

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followed by each of the other three. I went home with six pieces of embroidery—four to be mine for Christmas.

Some might think that because the work was done on shabby material it would lessen the value of the gift. No, quite to the contrary. When I look at them, I am reminded of the real love that was shown by those in poverty, because they wanted to have something to give. This was the work of their own hands which redoubled the value to me. “She hath done what she could.” Mark 14:8.

### **Christmas Gifts**

Where the Missions are, there is much poverty in Baja California, Mexico. Those who love the Lord, have a desire to give of that which they do have, as well as receive what the workers have for them. This is an admirable trait. Only those who have been touched by the Gospel experience it to any degree.

One of the girls in the congregation at El Alamo had so very little of this world’s goods. She was the eldest of 10 children. The father didn’t live at home. The workers often marveled at the way the mother was able to keep the mouths of all her little ones.

We had been preparing treats for the children at Christmas time. We had gotten them into sacks for distribution. Christmas morning there was a tap on our door. There Margarita delivered one of our most memorable Christmas gifts—a Hershey candy bar for each of us. We could not suppress the tears as we thought of the sacrifice she must have made to be able to give “the workers” a gift for Christmas. It was a gift which will long be remembered.

We were reminded of the widow’s mite. “And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a

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certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.” Mark 12:41-44. “For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” 2 Cor. 8: 12.

### **Please Help Us!**

#### **(Forward)**

Do you appreciate your everyday blessings as they come from God’s bountiful hand? Is it possible that we, as Americans, take our blessings too much for granted? As you read the following, compare the description of conditions with those of your own, including Bible salvation, above all.

One morning about 11:00 in El Alamo, a coworker and I were making a dress for a native worker’s wife, when two Indians from Santa Catarina knocked on the door. They immediately made known the purpose of their coming, asking us to take them and all of their families to Arroyo Leon as a sister-in-law of one of these men had died. A jeep pickup was being used in the work in El Alamo for gathering up the people for services and the Indians desire was that we take all of them in the jeep; otherwise, only those who could go via burro would be able to go and that would take precious time, as Arroyo Leon was 65 miles distant.

We changed clothing, putting on every warm garment we could find as we knew it would be necessary, to stay over-night. We put enough food together for the period of time which we thought we would be gone, and were on our way in a short while to pick up the

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other members of the families east of Santa Catarina, and soon again on our way to Arroyo Leon.

About 30 miles South and East, after passing through Llano (Yano) and El Rodeo (Rowdayo) there was a steep decline into Valle de la Trinidad (Valley of the Trinity). This is a narrow valley between two mountain ranges. There is quite a lot of cultivation in Valle with irrigation, but it is hardly ever without much dust in the air, and is always windy. We went East in the valley for about 15 miles, then turned South again through a canyon, between mountains. For several miles of typical Baja desert with many kinds of cacti lining both sides of the road, plus the Mexican mesquite bush, we turned every conceivable direction over very rough and rocky roads. Almost as far as one could see, there were mountains of pure rocks of all shapes and sizes.

Before telling of our arrival there, I would like to tell a little about the 13 months-old baby boy who rode on his mother's lap in the cab of the pickup with us. These people have not known the cleanliness of a home such as we have here in the States, but live in poverty and filth. This child had beautiful large brown eyes, coal-black hair which probably never had been shampooed. He wore only a little tee shirt which is the custom of the Mexicans and Indians until boys are about 3 years of age. His bare brown feet were encrusted with dirt, even on top, and were wrinkled as the flank leather of an animal.

After about 4 ½ hours of driving, Sam, husband of Raymunda in the seat with us, knocked on the cab and told us we would all have to walk the rest of the way, which was between a quarter to a half-mile. The co-worker drove the jeep off the "road", parking in the midst of a clump of mesquite bushes. On alighting from the jeep, each of them picked up a small package, a little clothing tied in a

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scarf, a quilt, a bottle of coal-oil, etc. and carried it as we all went to the house. There were several steep inclines and declines before coming in sight of the house. On coming over the top of the last “colina” (small hill), we saw horses tied, and several of the boys who had ridden them sitting around talking. We came next to the “enramada”, which was their open-air kitchen, though used the year-round. It was built of uprights at the corners, which were tall slender tree trunks between which had been placed stalks from the Mescal cactus, about 2 feet apart, and between them, fine willow branches, close together, tied at intervals of one foot with the skin of the Yucca cactus. This was done when they were green and as they dried they shrank, pulling the stalks and branches closer together. From about waist height up, the kitchen was completely open, then the roof was made up of over-lapping desert grass with the grass still intact to a sliced-off bulb root. Inside the kitchen were some poorly constructed shelves on which were a few broken dishes and granite pans which lacked most of the granite. In the center, the “range” was made of adobe bricks and an old car top on which to set the vessels of food for cooking. A wood fire was built inside of this and the smoke escaped through the open-work of the room. Tortillas were laid directly on the car top for cooking.

We stepped through the door which was neither tall nor wide enough to admit us without bending over and going in side-ways. We stood inside the door as some few of the family of the dead woman spoke to us; others were talking, others crying. As Raymunda, sister of the dead girl, entered the door, her mother began to chant and cry and Raymunda did the same. This chanting was repeated over and over while they stood or bent over the body, smoothing some of the folds in the clothing. None of the men ever chant—just the women. After about 40 minutes, Raymunda sat down on the floor (ground) weeping. No matter how many were

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chanting, and sometimes there were 12, each chant was different in tone and rhythm. The grandmother's chant was the only one which made a real tune, minor, and had a definite rhythm.

Several Indians were seated around the corpse and talked quite a bit in Pai-Pai after which the grandmother got up and greeted us and another Indian woman got us a bench together. (This was the only piece of furniture in the house). As we sat there, I began observing all that was going on around us and the contents of the house. It was built just like the kitchen except that the walls were solid though they were not more than 4 ½ feet high at the outer walls, rising to about 6 feet high at the center where there was a center post. Each of the two rooms were the same. The back room had a half-door way, the door being a gunny sack. Mud was packed for several inches up the side walls to keep out rain, etc. The entire house had a dirt floor. Actually, the only other piece of furniture (?) was a mattress in the back room. In the center of the front room was an open fire on the ground and in the night when it was quite cold, (it sleeted a little), the fire really felt good. The smoke escaped between the patches of grass on the roof. No one had ever bothered to sweep down the silt from the fire which had formed in drapes over the entire center of the ceiling. Through a narrow passage-way was the other room, another fire in the center of the floor and a sister of the dead girl laying on the mattress, dying of the same disease. The co-worker went over to talk to her about her soul the next morning. Her expression didn't change and she seemed as a stone, hard and cold, toward the Gospel. She died 2 days later.

About sun-down while they ate their rice and tortillas, we went up to the jeep and ate of the lunch we had taken. We took our own food as we didn't know from what disease Juanita had died. Later, we were thankful we had, as she died of Tuberculosis.



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This family had no silverware, but used their tortilla for a plate in one hand and pinched off pieces of it by means of which they conveyed the rice to their mouths, which they did very gracefully. Some of the smaller children were afforded some broken plates, and during one meal, one of the little boys had his rice on his plate and had put the tortilla on the *ground* beside it, at which time a little mongrel dog ran by and grabbed the tortilla. The little boy jumped up, reached out, grabbed the dog by the leg, retrieved his tortilla and *ate* it. We are a blessed people.

We chose an empty corner in the room with the corpse, placed an over-stuffed cushion which we had taken with us in the corner, two quilts on the ground from the corner each direction, then taking off our coats, we went to bed putting our coats over us for cover. I prayed: "Lord, you know I don't sleep too well on a good bed, and I know if I sleep tonight, it will be You who gives me sleep." We slept, praise the Lord! There were at least 12 Indians, some men, some women, sitting on the ground around the room talking, some sleeping, the corpse on one side of the center post, the log fire on the other. About every 2 hours, they would waken us with chanting after which we would sleep until it started again. It was already known that all were definitely Catholics and did not desire help in spiritual things.

About 11:00 P.M. a reader came in and many took part in the "mass" for Juanita. One could almost feel the presence of the enemy of honest souls, as it pervaded the room.

The only bed we saw in the house was the one the dying girl was on, then we saw another mattress standing along the wall. Five children, among them a 4 months old baby, were put in a corner of the same room with old clothing for both bed and cover. This was within a small square on the ground. The baby wakened, crying, and

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since he had never had a taste of milk and there would not be any more rice-water until after “desayuno” (breakfast), he cried for 3 hours or until he cried himself back to sleep.

During the night, on awakening, besides the sound of chanting, we could hear the eerie sound of a dull saw, which several of the men were using in the making of the casket. Friends had provided 1' x 12's and they worked all night and up till 11:00 A.M. finishing it. Measurements were taken by two of the men, over the body, with a string, for length, width, and depth. The cover was made separately, and nailed on after the body was put in. When the casket was finished, the women made up a cooked flour paste and covered the entire outside, including the lid, with white material, making a black cross on either end possibly with ashes mixed with the paste.

About 1:30 P.M. the other men (taking six-man relays), returned from digging the grave. It had been necessary to pick-axe the entire grave as it was in solid rock. This was on Tuesday and they had been digging since about noon Sunday.

From time to time, different members of the family had raised the sheet and thrown a garment on the corpse. These were their choices of clothing to be buried with the body, one being rolled up and put under her head.

On arising from bed the next morning, we experienced another rather unusual ritual. Each of the women and girls got on their knees with their backs to the grandmother and she cut their hair straight across the bottom, wrapped it all up together in one cloth and put it beside Juanita to be buried with her. We later learned that their belief was that if their hair was cut, the spirit of the dead girl, if it returned, could not get such a good hold to drag them to death.

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After the casket was completed, they seemed at a standstill—waiting for something. As this was my first such experience, I asked my co-worker what they were waiting for, and she said, “probably for us to go outside.” We did, and the Indians immediately began tearing out a corner of the house, brought the casket in, placed the clothing, package of Juanita’s hair which they had already cut, in one place, and the package of hair belonging to the women and girls in another, placed her body in and nailed the cover down tight. During the process of this, we slipped back in and watched the proceedings as they were so different from our own. All the women were chanting.

We then walked up to the jeep and soon we heard them coming, the grandmother still chanting (this didn’t stop again until the body was in the ground, a period of about 3 ½ hours). The casket, tied to two rafters by a rope, was carried on the shoulders of 6 men. It was their custom to walk all the way to the cemetery, so we had intended to follow the procession in the jeep, but this time they came up back of the jeep and placed the casket in it for as far as the jeep would go. They had said the cemetery was about a mile away. We drove about 3 miles, then Sam knocked on the cab and said: “Turn here.” There was no road but he said to turn anyway. We did and drove about another mile, zigzagging around the cactus and mesquite bushes until we could go no further. They proceeded the rest of the way as they had come out of the arroyo from the house.

Before finishing the story, I would like to say that we returned 2 weeks later to take Raymunda back to Santa Catarina and about 2 miles before the destination of our first trip, Sam said: “Turn here.” There was no sign of a road, but we went between cactus and mesquite for some time then it was plain to see that the rest would be made on foot. The family had waited for the death of the other

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girl; the night she died, they had burned their house to the ground (so that the spirit could not find them) and moved about 2 miles and were living under some bushes in the open.

Before, they had had a lovely spring of water for their needs, but here, even in the spring of the year, they were living by a tiny spring which was only a trickle. This had to be their home even in the cold, until the *girls* built another house.

After the burial, we left for home in El Alamo, eating of the little bit of candy we had left for food, arriving about 10:00 P.M. with grateful hearts that the Lord had seen fit to draw us to Himself, give us salvation through His Son, permit our being Americans, with comforts of a home and many more such blessings that would be beyond numbering.

Though our mission in Mexico was to save souls, on finding those who did not desire salvation, this was a privilege the Lord granted us—a way to show His love to the people. “Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.” Is. 32:20a.

### **“Grandma”**

One Sunday morning in service, we sensed that one dear little old lady was in much pain, by the wincing of her face. Prayer was immediately offered for her and she received temporary relief. This lady had always felt a responsibility for her grandchildren’s behavior in Sunday School class so she had always gone with them to class. As I was teaching the children at that time, I was facing her in class as in the general service. Again, her face showed much pain. All went to prayer in her behalf and soon she received another touch from God. After the morning preaching service, the impression came to anoint and pray for her. (These people don’t know God’s instruction to His people to “call for the elders, etc,” as they have

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not had Bibles and many of them cannot read). The driver was asked to take her home first then return for the rest of the people.

Each Sunday, the driver left El Alamo at 6:00 A.M., returning about 10:00 for service. It was necessary to make an 80-mile round in order to pick up all, then this round was repeated and he returned about 4:00 P.M. How many of us would sacrifice our entire Sunday to be in service 2 hours? God knows our hearts and can read our innermost thoughts.

Later in the afternoon we drove out to see “Abuelita” (little grandma), then went back Monday afternoon. She hardly recognized us Monday, she was in so much pain (she had cancer).

When we returned Tuesday she was up and out in the yard. Her daughters said that after prayer was offered Monday afternoon, she hadn’t had any more pain and had slept all night. Praise the Lord! She never did have any more pain. She lived seven weeks after that. Her body was wearing away and the cancer kept growing, but *without* pain.

A trip was made to see her almost every day until she passed away and each time she would point heavenward and say that’s where she was going. Even after she had not strength enough to speak and it seemed she hardly knew anything, she would point up and try to mumble. She never did show anything but a sweet spirit to anyone and I believe we shall see her in heaven if we are faithful. “What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?” Ps. 8:4. “He will bless them that fear the Lord both small and great.” Ps. 115:13.

### **Grandma’s Burial**

A visit had been made to see Grandma in the afternoon and it could be seen that without a touch from God she would soon go to

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be with Him. Sure enough, about 5:30 P.M. one of the daughters and the son-in-law came to the house asking if we would take one of them to Ensenada (about 65 miles) for a death certificate. We went immediately, arriving in Ensenada after all doctors who were still in town, could be contacted. We found a motel (the only one with a vacancy) and retired for the night. This was a single motel with one bed for the daughter, her little girl, my co-worker and myself. We paid twenty pesos (\$1.60) for it. Though it surely was not the latest nor the cleanest, it was an accommodation for which we were grateful.

During the time the death certificate was being procured, Enrique (Henry), the son-in-law was making the casket out of some lumber, bought some weeks before. It had been bought to make chapel benches but my co-worker made the remark at the time that she wondered if we were not bringing home casket material as Grandma was very ill then. The lumber mill was about 80 miles away, so it had been an all-day trip.

The next morning after our stay in the motel, the hunt began early for a doctor who would sign a death certificate and certify that Grandma had died from natural causes. One doctor wanted \$20 for cab fare to El Alamo and back, but later, one was found to whom Grandma had gone 2 or 3 years previous and he was able to verify that she had cancer, so he signed the certificate. The Lord was good to help us locate this man, also to help him to remember the case.

On the return trip several stops were made to gather wild flowers (there was one other bouquet brought by Luis Mesa from town).

Grandma's daughters had expressed their desire for a Christian funeral, so on our return there was quite a bit to do. Everything was in readiness to go to the cemetery by about 4:00 P.M. Grandma's

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body was still lying on a bed when we arrived. Henry had the casket finished except for covering it with material. A flour paste was made and you would be surprised how pretty the casket looked after a piece of large yellow and coral plaid material was pasted over it. Her body was placed in it and Henry nailed down the cover (also covered with material). Using the jeep pickup for a hearse for the second time that week, we started for the cemetery. There were 5 cars in all in the procession.

The casket was lowered into the grave by means of ropes, then Sis. Rosa Marquis read John 14. “What a Friend” and “Rock of Ages” were sung, a few remarks were made, prayer offered, then the boys and Luis Mesa began taking turns at the shovels until all was complete. The wild flower bouquets were placed on either side of the head of the grave.

The following Sunday when we went out to the girls’ house, taking some paper flower wreaths we had made, we picked up the family and the wooden cross marker, and did the finishing touches to the grave. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.” Eccl. 9:10.

## **Santa Catarina**

### **Waiting on the Lord**

All of the workers had come out for the California State Assembly Meeting. At the end of that time, all of the workers and their co-workers were returning to the field. I had rather dreaded coming out as my co-worker was a young 18-year-old girl, and I was afraid the girl's parents would not permit her to return with me. Such was the case. I shed a few tears when I saw all the workers and co-workers returning and there was none to return with me. I went in earnest prayer and got the witness that the Lord was going to provide me a co-worker. I testified to the people at Pacoima that the Lord had given me the witness and I believed the Lord would do just what He said He would. I told them I believed that at that very moment the Lord was dealing with some soul to go with me. When Sis. Vera Forbes and I arrived at the house, the phone rang. It was one of the workers. She said that a lady in Rosarito was burdened to go and help in the work in Santa Catarina and could I come by and pick her up. I surely could and did. How Sis. Vera and I did rejoice and thank God. This co-worker and I worked together for 6 weeks, enjoying every minute of it. At the end of that time, she felt she needed to return to Rosarito. We did appreciate the blessings of the Lord while we worked together. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications." Ps. 143:1a. "O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt



thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things.”  
Is. 25:1a.

## **Goats' Milk and Cheese**

When two of us were together in the work, we went over to El Alamo every Saturday, taking the Indians to buy their provisions as we had always done. There were some people living midway between El Alamo and Santa Catarina on a goat ranch. The lady of the house was saved, and every Saturday she wanted to give something to the Lord. She decided she would give us some goats' milk. They don't test their animals in Mexico and we were a little leery of drinking the goats' milk. We neither one cared for goats' milk, anyway, but she had been hurt over some other things by some workers, so we just felt we had to take it. We felt we could find some use for it, and did. We had a real nice cat at that time and she was a good mouser, so the goats' milk was easily used to provide food for her.

For the reason that this family lived half-way between El Alamo and Santa Catarina, we felt it necessary to stop each Saturday on our way over, then again, on our way back. Sometimes she needed something from the store in El Alamo and sent some of the children with us, or went, herself.

One day we came by there and she said, “Oh, girls, how would you like to have a nice cool cup of goats' milk?” We had already seen the chickens and the cats drinking out of the crock out of which she was dipping the milk, the same day. We knew that she habitually did this, so we couldn't honestly say ‘yes’, so we answered, “Well, you can pour me one.” She poured it in a cup that had at one time been white. It was one of those heavy restaurant mugs, but was *so* dirty, it didn't look as if it had ever been washed. I said silently,

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“Lord, help me to drink this goats’ milk and get it down without stopping,” so I just downed it as quickly as I could. Of course, by our drinking it so quickly, she asked if we cared for another cup. We said, “Oh, no, that’s plenty.”

She had told us that when we went on vacation, she wanted to give us some goat cheese. We had seen her make this, and we knew that she never washed her hands, regardless of what she had been doing before she made it. When she finished making it, it was about the color of aluminum. It had black specks in and through it and, of course, we didn’t know just what they might have been. We came by there 2 weeks later when we were leaving for our vacation. We were in a hurry, and came by there at 7:00 A.M. She said, “Oh, girls, I wanted to send some goat cheese home to your families, but I don’t have it ready. “My husband just came in with the milk. We said, “Oh, that’s alright, we don’t need to take the goat cheese.” She said, “No, I want to send it. If you have something else you could do, could you come back by in a couple of hours and get it?” We did have some things to unload in El Alamo, so we did come back and get the cheese we didn’t want so we wouldn’t hurt her as some others had done.

As her husband was still milking and straining the milk through a dark gray rag, it was a bit hard to give permission for her to pour us a cup, but the Lord gave us each grace to drink it once more.

We really did thank the Lord for not letting the cheese or the milk hurt anyone, and for His care over us. In all things it was necessary to do on the mission field, He always gave grace. “And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.” 2 Cor. 12:9a.

## **My Three Guards**

While I was staying there alone, I needed to go to Mexicali. I stayed a few days and as I came back through Ensenada, I was just exhausted and felt like I just could not go on home. We had an awful road to go over. I really didn't feel free to put money into a motel either, so I began to think what I could do. One other time (of which I will write later), when some of the workers were forced to stay there overnight, we had gone to a construction project. There was a night watchman there and I felt safe to park there. We were parked under strong lights and so, this time, I thought, "Why don't I just go back to the construction project and sleep?" I was to meet someone the next morning, anyway, and take them on home. I went to the construction project, prepared me a bed in the front seat and slept. I hadn't been asleep but just a few minutes, when I awakened to 3 flashlights in my face. It didn't scare me at all for I had prayed earnestly when I parked there that the Lord would protect me and I felt He was doing it. I raised up and there were 3 policemen standing by the car, (Mexicans). They said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "Well, I was just awfully tired and I need to go on to Santa Catarina tomorrow morning, I felt I just couldn't get a motel, so I just parked here to sleep. I thought there was a night watchman here, so I would be safe." They said, "Well, that's just fine, but roll your windows up real good, lock your doors, and be real careful." They left, and I slept there the rest of the night. The Lord just kept His hand over me the whole night. He even sent me 3 guards. I do thank the Lord for all. "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." Ps. 34:4.

## **The Children's Christmas**

One time when I was helping teach the children, we wanted to give them something for Christmas but didn't have a lot to do with.

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We prepared them each a pencil, a small sack of popcorn, a little bit of candy and an orange apiece. That was just all we had to give them. The next year, after I had been home for vacation in the summer, and my children had heard what few things the children had down there, what few toys they had, how poor they all were, it touched the heart of my younger son. I surely appreciated his concern for those children.

Before Christmas came around again, he and his wife sent enough magic slates, paddle balls, pencils, marbles for the boys, jacks and balls for the girls, and lots of candy and nuts. It brought tears to the eyes of the children. This was probably the best Christmas they had ever had in their lives. The Lord uses even those who are not saved sometimes, and I did thank the Lord for all this, and grateful that, even though my son wasn't saved at that time, he and his wife were willing to sacrifice enough to send them. I did appreciate it as a blessing from the Lord. "I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing." Ezek. 34:26b.

### **God Protects From an Explosion**

One time some former workers came in. It was Wednesday and when it came time for services, the parents said they could go and get the people. They did, but their son stayed to help me prepare things for service. While they were gone, he took the gasoline lanterns outside and filled them. We had a gallon of gasoline in a glass jug from which to fill them. This was winter and there was a roaring wood fire in the kitchen stove. The boy brought the lanterns back in, then returned and brought the gasoline in. Just as he came through the door he hit that glass jug on the door casing. It broke and gasoline ran all over the kitchen floor. We grabbed newspapers and put on the floor to soak up the gasoline and got them outside as

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fast as we could and the Lord did not permit an explosion, though the gasoline was very near the fire. It even ran under the stove. We surely did thank the Lord for protecting us. I knew the boy didn't do it intentionally and it was really our fault for having gasoline in a glass container. To my knowledge, the parents never knew he did it. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

### **A Lesson in Patience**

One year, I lived alone for 6 weeks. I wasn't at all afraid. There was quite a bit to do and the Lord made me able to do it. I would get up on Sat. mornings and take all the people to El Alamo who needed groceries. It was 15 miles and it took an hour one way because of the roads. When we got back, I would cook up some things for Sunday.

Sunday morning early, I would go to my rock for prayer, meditation and read the Word, in order to have the message ready for the people and would leave about 8:00 A.M. to go and get them. It took about 2 hours to gather them up. The people that came usually filled the school room which we were using for services.

One morning I went to Escondido. When I drove up, I figured they knew why I was there, so waited in the pickup for them. That morning I waited quite a little while and no one came out to go to services. There were several children playing outside, so I called to one of them and asked him if his mother were going to services. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't know."

Opal: "Well, would you go ask her?"

Boy: "Why, sure, I'll ask her." He ran in the house and asked his mother if she were going. I was waiting for him to come back and tell me whether she were going or not, but he came back and

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started playing again. Finally, I got his attention again and asked him, “Is your mother going to services?”

Boy: “No, she is not going.”

Opal: “Well, is your aunt, who lives down under the hill going to go?”

Boy: “I don’t know.”

Opal: “Would you mind to go and see if she is going?” He came back soon and started playing again without having told me, yes or no. I waited 40 minutes. Finally, I called him over and said, “Is your aunt going to go?”

Boy: “Yes, she’ll be here in a little while.”

In a little while all the children that were out there playing, plus the aunt, got in the back of the pickup and went to services. Evidently I needed a big lesson in patience that morning. “But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.” James 1:4.

### **Benita**

On going to get the people for service one Sunday morning, a stop was made at Rincon where the question as always, was asked, “Can you go to services today?” Benita, the mother of some of the young people in the congregation answered in the following manner:

Benita: “Is Brother Smith there?”

Missionary: “He wasn’t there when I left.”

Benita: “Well, I’m not going then.” It was like a slap in the face as I had not been preaching very long.

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I talked to Benita concerning her need to be in meeting to pray for whoever was preaching. She admitted she had never thought of that. She still wasn't thoroughly convinced, so missed out on a good message and service. Bro. Smith was there when we returned. Benita was very faithful after that, to be in service there. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." Heb. 10:25.

### **God Taught Me a Lesson**

I always felt I just had to have 4 mornings to get a message together to preach.

The same trip to pick up the people was made on Wednesday nights as on Sunday, then on Thursday morning, to me, was the time to go to my rock for prayer, especially to pray for a message for the following Sunday.

One particular Thursday morning, no matter how serious prayer was offered, nothing was given. It was hard to understand, but the thought came that maybe the Lord was going to send in someone else to preach that Sunday. Friday morning was the same. The thought was enlarged that the Lord was going to send in someone to preach. Friday night, I took down very ill from some canned chili, eaten earlier in the day. Before the night was over, walking was impossible. It wasn't frightening, but under this condition, no one could be informed of the condition there in the mission house as I lived alone. Prayer was offered again and again for the Lord to heal.

Being too weak Saturday morning to go to the rock for prayer, prayer was offered in bed, still not getting a message. Saturday afternoon a neighbor came over and later notified someone that I needed help.

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When the trip was made to El Alamo for groceries for the Indians that day, I had to get one of the Indian boys to drive, and as Bro. Smith had taken my pickup out to repair it, the one I had was his, so that doubled my responsibility. I felt under these circumstances that I *must* go, even if I couldn't drive.

We notified a girl in Llano on our way over to El Alamo that we would like to pick her up as we went back so she could help me. The feeling was still uppermost that the Lord was going to send someone in to preach that week-end.

At 3:30 A.M. Sunday, I awakened abruptly. The Lord wakened me with a full message, all the Scriptures with which to deliver it, and in 1 ½ hours everything was in readiness for the whole service. His lesson was precious. He wanted to get over the thought that He was not limited to a certain time, nor did He have to have 4 mornings through which to reveal a message.

By meeting time Sunday morning, I had been healed and was well able to go get the people (a 2-hour trip), lead the singing, do the praying, the preaching, dismiss the service and take the people home. As the last song was sung, strength completely left me, thereby showing the power of God even more. The Lord gave back the strength needed when it was time to return the people to their homes.

It surely was with a grateful heart that another week on the Mission was started, as the Lord had made Himself known in such a wonderful manner. It gave new strength to realize His nearness anew. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Ps. 81:10b.

### **How God Gives Strength**

A co-worker and I were teaching school on the Indian Reservation. We would teach all day, then I would be *so* tired. I



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wasn't very well at that time, and it seemed as though I would about drop into a chair or on the bed because I just didn't have much strength to keep going. My co-worker still just seemed to be fresh. She would say, for instance, "Well, Sister, let's go and get a load of wood." It seemed almost more than I could do to even get in the pickup to go up to Espinosas' and get the wood. This family had a large number of children and the man drank. His wife had asked us to please give them provisions in exchange for the wood to protect the security of the family.

We gave them \$3.50 worth of provisions in exchange for the wood, and that would be all we could possibly put on the Jeep pickup. It was piled up almost as high as the cab, so you know that prices were a little bit different to what they are now.

I felt it just wasn't right for the co-worker to do all the work, so I would go and try to do my part of loading the wood onto the pickup along with the rest. When we got back to the house, my co-worker was still full of life, just like she had been all day, and I was just about exhausted, but I didn't say a word. We would go to the back of the pickup and throw off the whole load. As she would see that I was tired, she would ask me to go to the house and get the broom. I never did tell her how hard it was for me to do even that, but I could barely make it. She would grab the broom when I got back before I had a chance to try to help, but I had to let her have it as I was so exhausted, anyway. This went on that entire year while we were together.

The following year, she didn't go back to the Reservation, and I was there alone. When I was in Pacoima for Assembly meeting, I felt definitely that I should be anointed and prayed for, so I went to the altar for that purpose and believed that the Lord was going to hear prayer. The Lord surely heard prayer and answered. He gave so

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much strength that I could go and teach school all day and not be tired.

I recall, especially, one evening I came in and thought, “this is the evening I am supposed to get a load of wood. Well, I’ll just go and get it.” It didn’t enter my mind about being tired. I repeated just what we both had done the year before, even to throwing off the whole load, and sweeping the back of the pickup out. I realized that the Lord did this for me in answer to prayer when I especially needed it and I did thank Him for it all. “He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.” Is. 40:29.

### **Are You Really Saved?**

I was ill all of one week. I felt so bad because I hadn’t been able to do anything for the Lord that week. It seemed that I did so little, even when I was well, so I was praying and crying to the Lord and asking Him what He would have me to do. I was beginning to recuperate, and get up a little. He told me, “I want you to talk to everyone who comes to your house today, about the Lord. Ask them if they are serving the Lord.” I was perfectly willing to do this.

The first one that came was the policeman of the Reservation. I was painting some examples for the children’s lesson for Sunday School, so when he came in, he wanted to know what I was doing. I explained it to him, and said, “By the way, are you serving the Lord?” This was a wicked man. He was a gambler as well as a drunkard. He answered, looking right straight at me, “Why, of course, I’m serving the Lord. Of course, I love Him, of course, I’m a Christian.”

Opal: “Are you really saved?”

Policeman: Why, sure, I’m saved.” There was really nothing I could do for him because he felt he was alright. There were four

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people who came to see me that day, and every one of them answered me in the very same way. To one lady, I said, “Well, then why don’t you come to services?” She shrugged her shoulders and said, “Oh, I don’t know.” It seemed never to have entered her mind to come. Neither did she ever come to services while I was there.

The next week, I prayed, “Lord, you see and know that the Scripture tells us to go out into the highways and the hedges. What is the meaning of this Scripture? We can’t just go out and grab people and make them come to services, so, what do you mean by this?” It seemed like He brought it to my mind this way:

I had a hectograph at that time. It was my only means of printing. I had used it for drawing pictures to go with the children’s lessons, but had never used it for printing anything. The Lord seemed to impress me to print the Sunday School lesson for the following Sunday on the hectograph and run off 30 copies. It was the lesson about Judas Iscariot, preceding the Easter season. The Lord had me put in a few heart-searching Scriptures at the end of the lesson in order to let the adults read it and get something from it. I prayerfully prepared the entire lesson. Some of the questions at the end, were: “Are we denying the Lord? Are *we* betraying Christ? or are we really and truly living for Him?” Judas had walked right along with Jesus for 3 years, yet he wasn’t a true disciple.

I asked the Lord what to do with the 30 copies. He said, “This Sunday, when you go and get the people for services, I want you to take a copy of those to every home on the Reservation. After that, they will have the Word of God in their hands and from then on, you’ll not be responsible, but they will. You will have done all you can do.” “She hath done what she could.” Mark 14:8.

## **God Gave the Victory**

One time while on the mission field, try as I would, doing what the Lord wanted me to do, it seemed I couldn't please the person with whom I was working. Every day, it was a constant trial to me as everything I did was criticized by this person. Sometimes, I was not given anything to do and I would have to spend my time doing something of my own. I knew the Lord had sent me there, for He had shown me that place before I ever went to Mexico. I knew I was where He wanted me to be. I knew I was in His will. The Lord knew that I was willing to do anything I could do, but wasn't permitted to do it, so I just had to bide my time. I had a place of prayer away from everyone. I would go there every morning at 6:00, pour out my heart to the Lord, asking Him to help me to be able to have grace on board for every circumstance, help me to know better how to humble myself and do everything pleasing to Him, regardless of what this other person did. I asked Him to help me to be given something to do, and help this person realize the need of my having something to do to help. I would get temporary victory and would go back to the place of our labors. It would be just like it had been the day before. This went on for months and I was just bending over backwards, it seemed to 'eat humble pie' so to speak, but it seemed that I couldn't please this person, no matter what I did.

In desperation, I wrote back home to my confidant. I explained the complete situation to her. I told her I surely needed help. I needed counsel as to what more to do because I had done everything I knew to do. I told her I had not been able to get a lasting victory.

I wrote the letter on Friday, then found out Saturday there was a man going to the closest city, so I took my letter to him to mail. (Remember these days, as they are significant later on in the story.) Sunday, we had services and helped what we could, then on Monday

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night, after a day very similar to all which had passed, one of the workers came in and brought mail. This was just 2 days after I had sent the letter. Ordinarily, our letters were in the mail for 1 or 2 weeks before arriving, then the response would take an equal amount of time to return. The worker gave us our mail and I had several letters. On the bottom was a letter from my confidant.

When I began to read her letter, I began to cry, because right there in my hands, was the answer to the letter I had sent only 2 days before. My confidant had written to me on a Friday night. She said, “Oh Sister, I don’t know what your trouble is, but I do know that you must be in some kind of trouble because the Lord woke me up in the night tonight and though I don’t know what it is, He does, and I’m just going to tell you what He has told me to tell you.”

The Lord could have given that to me, but He saw fit to do it in a more miraculous way, that I could not doubt His workings. As I read that letter, and the answers to my queries, how I did thank and praise my precious Lord for hearing prayer and burdening someone 1300 miles away, that they might send me the answer.

God is everywhere and oh, how I did thank and praise Him for everything. I felt this was a real special blessing and through this letter, I got the victory. In another couple of weeks, I received another letter from my confidant saying, “Well, I’ll write to you, but I believe you already have your answer”, and I did because she had written, and I had received it just 2 days after I had written for help. I do thank and praise the Lord for it all. “And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” Is. 65:24.

## **Are You Going to Pray for *Me*?**

When I was teaching school on the Reservation, I had several boys of good size that were quite mischievous. One of these boys' names was Ruso. He had done several real annoying things throughout the school year and I had even had to whip him once.

Of course, some people think that when one whips a child, it is because you don't love him but the Word says in Prov. 13:24, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." It works the same way with those whom we are teaching. We love them, and that is the reason we want them to do right—for their own good in the future.

It was necessary to close the school early that year, unexpectedly, so the last day, I decided to utilize the time of the children's art period to talk to them. I began to tell them about the Lord showing me definitely to close the school that day, then ended up by saying, "There is one thing I want you all to remember above everything else. Regardless of all you have learned in school, in arithmetic, reading, spelling, penmanship, art, civics, history, or whatever, I desire you to remember, along with your Bible stories, choruses, and prayer times, that wherever you are, or whatever you are doing, the sisters (meaning the resident workers at that time), are praying for you and for your salvation." They all said they would; but a look of surprise came onto the face of Ruso, and he said, "Are you going to pray for *me*?" He seemed to say in that one sentence, as the tears came into his eyes, that he was sorry for all the mischief he had done. "Yes, Ruso, we will be praying for you, too." He seemed so pleased, and the look in his eye, though he couldn't form the words, seemed to say, 'thank you.' The Spirit of God will never let him forget it any and every time he thinks about us or hears our names.

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Jesus said in Matt. 9:12, “They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.” Ruso had more need of our prayers than some of the others.

### **A Week-End of the Unexpected**

“Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.” Ps. 37:3, 5.

We workers were sitting at the table, each doing her own work. It was 8:30 P.M., Friday. There was a knock at the door. A man of the Reservation was asking if we would take his wife to Ensenada to a Sanatorium. As it was not our custom to use our time nor truck for any trip to a doctor, we told him we couldn’t go. In a short while he returned with the Indian Chief. He explained that the trip was to obtain blood transfusions only and no medicine. We decided, since this involved a second life, and after prayer, that we would go. There was much quick preparation to be made. We packed the truck from the floor to the level of the back seat so as to make a comfortable bed. It was quickly improvised for Herlinda (Air-linda) and Josefina sat at one end holding Herlinda’s head in her lap. The co-workers and a young girl sat in front and there were 8 Indian men in the back of the 4-door pickup. (We later learned that all officers of the tribe with others as witnesses went, in the event that she would die).

It had rained all day, and normally we needed 4 hours to arrive in Ensenada. The roads were slippery and though we didn’t realize it then, it would be 6 hours to Ensenada with cargo and the truck not in the best working order. We were to make the entire 65-mile trip in low gear, both for the sake of Herlinda’s comfort and the mud. Since we were leaving the Reservation at 10:00 P.M. that meant we would arrive at 4:00 A.M.

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About the only sound along the road was Herlinda's groaning, or the Indian men carrying on a conversation in Pai-Pai. All else was quiet, except the motor in low gear. The road included many steep hills and curves both to and from Ensenada. The Lord surely was over us in all of those—with only one headlight working.

On our arrival at the Sanatorium, the husband of the sick lady gave us money for a motel for the rest of the night.

After we left the Indians there, we decided to find a place under lights and sleep for a couple of hours in the truck and save the money he gave us for breakfast. I later told him but he wouldn't accept the change. We parked by a construction project and tried to sleep. The Indians had asked us to be back by 9:00 A.M. and we needed to eat yet. (Our breakfast consisted of scrambled eggs, served with lettuce and tomato salad, re-fried beans, tortillas, and hot sauce).

After we had slept, eaten and arrived back at the Sanatorium, we learned that Herlinda was so low that we needed to wait. Meanwhile, we were praying. (The evening before, we had gone to her house and prayed for her and felt the Lord heard prayer. The Indians have not known the Lord as we have. They are learning, little by little, to trust Him, but their faith couldn't seem to take this in).

We waited a good part of the day when the husband came out and said: "Sister, Herlinda is so low the doctor says we must bring her parents here as quickly as possible. We don't have any way to go unless you take us."

They lived in Mexicali which was a 6-hour drive. I leaned heavily on the Lord for strength to go. By 10:00 P.M. we were in Mexicali, had eaten tacos and cold drinks and were on our way back to Ensenada with Herlinda's parents. I bought some chicharrones



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(pig-cracklings) to eat so I would be sure to stay awake. I continually said: “Please talk to me,” as that also helped. (I had actually slept only 30 minutes that morning at the construction project). By the time we got outside of Mexicali, I said: “Margarito, will you please drive? I believe I’ll lie down in my sleeping bag in the back of the pickup and try to sleep.” We had just come over the Rumorosa, a high summit, with only the one headlight, and it veered off to the side. It had been done by pure moonlight. It didn’t enter my mind to ask Margarito if he had a driver’s license. We got along fine, and even though I didn’t sleep, I did rest.

As we were coming into Tecate, a Policeman came up with siren turned on and red light flashing. After much discussion, I realized that Margarito had been driving without a license. We went to the Station, though we had already told the Officer of the need to get Herlinda’s parents to Ensenada. He handed me 3 tickets; one for \$16 for Margarito driving without a license, one for \$20 to me for permitting him to drive our vehicle without a license, and one for \$3 for having just one headlight.

As we left the Police Station, (he didn’t require immediate payment), I felt impressed to go back in and ask if an emergency trip would not make a difference. He said: “Está bien conmigo si está bien con el Jefe.” (It’s alright with me if it’s alright with the Chief).

Co-worker: “Where is the Chief?”

Policeman: He’s at home in bed.” (It was then 1:00 A.M.) As soon as he finished his paper work, he put us workers in the patrol car and took us to the Chief’s house. Needless to say, we prayed earnestly all the way. After much knocking and conversation between him and the Chief, (we were praying), the Chief completely dismissed all charges but said that *I* must drive. Praise God for being mindful of His children!

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Cracklings and conversation helping again, we arrived once more in Ensenada at 5:00 A.M., thankful to the Lord for His goodness. After taking the Indians to the Sanatorium, we parked out in front of a friend's house and slept a couple of hours.

In all that trip, we either had to keep the truck in low or high gear, for if we got it in second, we couldn't get it out.

At 9:00 A.M. Herlinda was much improved, though she needed to stay in the Sanatorium and rest, and we were ready to start back to the Reservation. Our Police Chief was with us, so I asked him to take the wheel after we got out in the country. I got in the back again, and tried to sleep.

We encountered Brother Smith in the road after the Police Chief had forgotten and put the truck in second gear. Bro. Smith advised us to go back via El Alamo (an extra hour's trip), and trade cars. He wanted me to leave ours with Luis Mesa in El Alamo to work on when he could return with parts the following week.

It was raining again, so we were glad that the rest of the trip could be made in a closed car.

We arrived in El Alamo and received some sad news. A little 6-year-old boy whose mother came to Church services, drowned in their well while she was gone to service. The taco he had been eating was found with one bite taken out of it.

This brought up a new situation. It was necessary to get the Police Chief home so he and the Indian Chief could go back as the boy's mother was an Indian woman, originally from the Reservation, and they needed to fill out all papers.

Many and varied are the experiences of our missionaries. Many of them take in much more than bringing forth the Gospel message.

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Still, our main objective is to point them to Christ. God blessed us in many ways as we look back over the whole trip. He went with us all the way as is His promise to His trusting children. Praise His Precious Name! “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” Heb. 13:5. “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way.” Ps. 37:23.

### **The Indian Boy’s Funeral**

“Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love . . . serving the Lord . . . Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.” Rom. 12:10a, 11b, 13, 15.

As soon as we arrived home from the full weekend trip, the Policeman began asking us to take him and the Chief back to El Alamo, saying: “We have no other way to go.” I told him we couldn’t go anymore until we had some rest. He then asked us to loan them the car. I told him the car didn’t belong to us but to the work of the Lord. It really wasn’t ours to loan. We would have to stand good for any damages but, due to the nature of the trip, permission was granted and we put it in the hands of the Lord. We could go no further.

They left saying they would only be gone about 30 minutes. We knew the trip over and back alone would use all of 2 hours.

Due to being so tired, my thinking evidently wasn’t too clear. They had no more than left, than I realized I’d left my purse in the car. This was 6:00 P.M. Due to their helping to take the body from the well, they didn’t return until 1:00 A.M. In the meantime, many were my thoughts.

I could almost see the Indians pulling my purse out accidentally as they left the car. I had been keeping it on the floor by the driver’s

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door. Every cent I had in this world was in it. Much to my surprise, when they returned, the Policeman handed me my purse from the trunk of the car. I really thanked the Lord for His care through this man's carefulness.

At 7:30 A. M. Monday, the men were back to borrow the car for another trip to El Alamo. My co-worker wouldn't disturb me, knowing I'd gotten to bed so late. I hadn't had but 2 hours sleep since Friday morning at 6:00. I heard them arguing with her so I got up. I told them of the responsibility I'd felt the night before for the car. We just couldn't let it go again. As I knew the other workers would stand behind our decision, I did not fear the threat of the Policeman to tell them. He and the others got very angry—none of these claimed salvation. I had told the Lord our problem and left it in His hands.

The Lord knew the condition of our bodies. We saw no way out but to take the men, but the Lord didn't let the car start, even with a change of battery. The Indians finally gave up and left. Shortly, we saw them go over the hill in a truck. They *did* have another means of going and the Lord kept us from having to loan the car *or* make the trip. How we did thank Him! That afternoon the car started with no trouble.

By the next morning, there were about 4 inches of snow on the ground. We knew that Felícita (Fay-lee-see-tuh), whose boy had drowned, would be on the Reservation in an abandoned adobe house. We went over to see if she had everything she needed. The body of the boy lay on a table in the back room, covered with a sheet.

Several were standing around a fire in the yard. They had nothing at all to eat, so seemed to appreciate our offer of food.

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My co-worker had put on a pot of beans to cook early that morning. She made tortillas and Spanish rice also and all was appetizing to them as this is their kind of food.

On the second visit, Felícita asked me to come in and pray. All attendants stood around the table during prayer. While there, the following observations were made: Many hours since the death had been spent making paper flowers, as there was a profusion of them covering the sheet. There were 4 candles burning, one at each corner of the table. Each time one almost burned, another was lighted in its place. When the body was taken from the house, the candles were placed on the finished grave. This is a custom which originated with the Catholics years ago.

Felícita is a timid woman *and* an Indian. I knew unless we asked her, there would either be a Catholic funeral or none at all. I mentioned it to her after prayer, about a Christian Funeral. Her face lighted up, she cried, hugged me, thanked me and said: “Sí, Hermana, como tú lo quieres.” (Yes, sister, as you desire it). Within our own hearts we knew God could have His way. We earnestly prayed that hearts would be touched. Many would be there who never came to services. Though it was our first Funeral message, the Lord was faithful. Preaching was made easy and God blessed. We leave the results in His hands.

The men had tried to make a trip to Ensenada for a casket. Due to the snow, they couldn't get through. Together, they made one from lumber.

After the service at the house, 4 men shouldered the casket for the march on foot to the cemetery. It was about a mile away.

Cruz (cross), one of the school boys, aged 11, was in the lead. He carried the cross marker for the grave. There were several

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already at the grave when we arrived. Permission had been granted for another short service.

Many of the past villagers are buried there. Felícita's husband and others walked with her to look at other graves while preparations were made to lower the casket. As she returned to the grave, she fainted as she realized they had already nailed down the casket cover. As she came to, she screamed, falling with her arms entwined about the casket. She was pulled back and her husband tried to comfort her. It was a touching scene.

Cruz, at times, seemed to be a serious boy. Now, I observed him looking down into the grave, crying a little. God saw those tears and He alone knows Cruz' heart. I earnestly lifted a petition to God in his behalf.

Many, steeped in tradition, threw a handful of dirt in the form of a cross on the casket after it was lowered. The men then took turns with the shovels until the grave was filled. They saved back all the rocks. The custom there is to stay until all is completed. The finished grave is a mound of rocks with large ones for a border. The marker is placed toward the head of the grave, anchored with rocks. One wreath of home-made paper flowers was put around the top of the cross. Looking from any angle, the cemetery is filled with mounds of rocks and crosses.

In this same cemetery also are buried in one common grave, no one knows how many people. They were made slaves of the Catholic Mission there 2 or 3 hundred years ago. An outline around this which is about 50 or 75 feet across, is very clear.

This boy's burial was completed about sundown. By the time we reached home, it was almost dark. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Job 1:21.

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### **“You Are Going to Be There”**

One time during my first 4 years in Mexico, Bro. Smith came in that weekend and said, “Oh, you know what, Sister? I just bought some lots in Ojos Negros, and I’m going to build a chapel there.”

While he was saying that, the Lord just put a thought in my mind and said, “Yes, and you’re going to be there.” I never did think any more about it.

Bro. Smith had already planned to live there and be a resident missionary in Ojos Negros, then he could contact all other Mission Stations from there.

Three months before I got my second call to Mexico, Bro. Smith was very ill. The night before he passed away, which was Christmas Day, I was going back to Guthrie from Oklahoma City. I was earnestly praying for Bro. Smith, asking the Lord to raise him up if it would be His will.

The next morning the news came to me that Bro. Smith was gone. As the news came, the Lord said, “See, I told you you would be in Ojos Negros.” “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.” Ps. 37:23a.

### **My Fall From the Pickup**

“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.” Ps. 23:1, 4, 6.

I left Sis. Vera Forbes’ house on Wednesday. Staying over in San Diego that night, I arrived in El Alamo the following night. I was able to rent a room in El Alamo the next morning as there were

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workers in the Mission house and I didn't want to interrupt their routine.

I needed some bedsprings, beds, etc. especially to accommodate the Americans who would be coming to the camp meeting. The worker's wife warned me that the Indian Chief was mad at me because I had not left the key to the house in Santa Catarina with him. (I knew the Indians had the requisition that we were to leave the key, but I also knew that they had stolen things from us every time we were gone, so I intentionally disregarded their regulation). The furniture I needed was in that house. In the P.M. I drove over there (15 miles) in the special-made 2-seated pickup. On the way over, I stopped and had prayer. I asked the Lord to help me eat humble pie when I met the Chief. I had to go to his house to tell him I wanted in the house, even though it was our house. Indian Reservations have different regulations than the Mexican villages. He wouldn't even shake hands with me. He kept his hand held behind him. After some persuasion, and asking forgiveness for disobeying the Indian regulation, he said he would go with me to get the things I needed. We first went to the School and got a table and a few chairs. He took me to the storeroom and showed me where 2 or 3 rolls of barbed wire had been taken and he said it was my fault, as I had not put a lock and hasp on the door. Bro. Smith had already told me he would accuse me. I told him that I had left instructions with the Policeman to put a lock and hasp on the door and he said he would do it that day, so it really wasn't my fault. He seemingly agreed. I also told him that I thought it was a terrible thing that after having been taught by all the missionaries for 8 years not to steal, that they were still doing it. (He agreed with that, too).

Every time I mentioned to him what I needed, he said, "Well, you can have that but you can't have anything else." I reminded him



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that some of the things I desired were things we had borrowed from Bro. Smith and they needed to be returned. He would repeat what he had said, each time. We had stood the mattress up by the wall in the house and intended coming back to lay it on top of the springs. We took the springs out, but they lacked just a little bit of laying on the floor of the pickup with the tail-gate shut. I said, "Chief, if we climb up behind the cab, we can lift up on the springs and they will ride on that ledge just under the window." We did. He must have pulled up harder than I did, because the next thing I knew, the springs had made a lunge at me; there wasn't enough room for us both, and I was falling backwards. I saw the ground coming up to meet me. My glasses came off and had one of the lens out of the frames, but they were not broken. Of course, I passed out on hitting the ground. When I became conscious I was praying in Spanish, saying, "Oh, Dios, ayúdame, ayúdame, por favor, ayúdame." (Oh, God, help me, help me, please help me). (I later asked the Lord why, when I became conscious, that I was praying in Spanish since it had been 2 months since I'd been on the field. He said, "If you had been praying in English, the Chief could have thought you were cursing, but he understood Spanish.") The Chief came over, took me by the arm and started raising me up. He got one shoulder off the ground and I screamed with pain. I pled for him to let me stay where I was for a short while. He went and got a neighbor. He came over and put his hands under my arms, lifted me to my feet (with screams), stood me up at the side of the open back door of the pickup, and said, "Now, see there, you can just climb right up into the pickup. I fell over almost in a faint again. Neither of those men could drive, so they went and got a third Indian to drive the pickup over to El Alamo.

With all due respect to the Indians, they had never taken care of anyone who had fallen, and though they did their best, when they

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got me in the pickup, my back was to the outside of the seat. Every time I would reach up to hold myself on the seat more firmly, the back of the seat would fall over on me. This was endured for an hour's ride to El Alamo over very rough and rocky roads. When they took me out of the pickup, one of them got on one side and one on the other. They stood me up and dragged me in the house to a bed, (with more screams). I had thought if I could just get in a bed I would be alright. That's where my trouble started.

Later in the evening when the worker came in, he and his wife let me know that they would be glad to take care of me there, but things were so inconvenient for them, I felt it better to return to the States. Also, I felt I should consider my family as I was critically injured. He said if I were going to the States, he thought we'd better go then, (9:00 P.M.). Luis Mesa was there so I asked him please to have them lift me with a quilt and not to turn me to my right side. I'm telling all of this to show you how wonderful the Lord is, in spite of all the obstacles. When they got me in the pickup, my back was again to the outside. The brother would have to stop and pull me to the front of the seat, often. We went to the line and the brother made a call, then we came back to Rosarito, a distance of about 160 miles in all. When we got to the line, the brother asked permission to go across and make the call. Though the man hesitated for quite a while, he finally, in answer to prayer, let us go. When the brother contacted Brother Smith, he said he would send someone with a camper to Rosarito and they should arrive about 8:30 A.M. It was then about 5:00 A.M. I had already been on the seat of the pickup for 8 hours, but I felt that it would be better to stay there.

When we got back to Rosarito, I begged them to let me stay in the pickup until the pickup and camper came, which would save them from moving me an extra time. At 11:00 A.M. they had not

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gotten there yet, so two men insisted on moving me in the house. They did (with me screaming).

When the pickup arrived, I thought how wonderful to be in a bed, but since my body couldn't stand to be twisted, it was not possible to get me to the bed. They laid me on a mattress on the floor. They turned me to my left side and I held on to the mattress so I wouldn't turn back over on my back, until we arrived in Pacoima, at Sis. Vera's (133 miles).

As soon as Sis. Vera was told that they were bringing me there to be nursed, she completely cleaned the room I had left and changed the furniture to a hospital bed and things needed for nursing. (Everyone else had asked, "What will we do with her?" Sis. Vera said, "Why, I know what we will do, we'll put her right back in her own room.")

When the men started to get me out of the pickup-camper, I asked them if they had a piece of plywood the size of the mattress. They did. They slid the mattress out onto the plywood and I hardly knew I had been moved. One girl there was a nurse, so she bathed me, then all gathered in to sing encouraging songs and have prayer.

When I began to relax, I really began to have problems. I saw that Sis. Vera was going to need some help, so asked her the next morning to call my elder son. As soon as his wife answered the phone and realized I had been critically hurt, she said she would come. She did come, and sacrificed by leaving her husband and 2 children at home. They all made a huge sacrifice in my behalf by her coming and I surely appreciated it and asked the Lord to bless them. She was a perfect nurse for me for 15 days, and as far as I know, she had never nursed anyone before. She and Sis. Vera spent much time in prayer in my behalf when the pain would be so severe, as well as 3 brethren in the Church.

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I couldn't stand for anything to touch my right side for 2 weeks, and it was necessary to turn me with a sheet about every 3 minutes for the first 5 days. I sat up alone in 2 weeks, walked with crutches in 3 weeks, and without them in 3 weeks. I would like to say that I know this would have been an impossibility had I been under the care of a doctor, but we are serving a mighty God who has all power. He alone, healed me. I left Sis. Vera's in 8 weeks almost a well woman. How I did thank my Lord for His mercies and goodness to me.

In 16 weeks, I was able to resume a full day's work on the field, though the Lord had permitted my going to the field in 8 weeks by having two

co-workers with me. (When it was decided that I could go to the field, I had the impression to go to a Mission and ask a worker if she could come over and stay with me in Rosarito until I was able to do a full day's work.) I told the Lord that if this impression were from Him, would He please cause her to be willing to go. Several other people had tried to get her to leave there while it was such hot weather, and she had refused, feeling that she must just suffer it. The Lord helped me to drive to her place. She ran out to meet me. When I asked her to go, she said the Lord had already been dealing with her about going, so I could be in Mexico. Praise the Lord! He always works at both ends of a situation.

We went back to Pacoima to get all my things. Another worker had come back from her vacation, so they both went and stayed with me for 8 weeks, or until my 50th Birthday.

I had thought on our trip out to Pacoima for me to be taken care of, that I might go and have x-rays, but the Lord spoke to me and said, "You have been teaching divine healing and the Mexican people will not understand that you are now accepting medication.

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They will say, “She taught us to trust the Lord, but she went to a doctor,” so I said, “Amen, Lord, live or die, I will trust You.” I’m so glad I trusted Him all the way because I could truly say, “The Lord healed me,” praise the Lord!

One time during my period of recuperation, Sis. Vera received a phone call from a friend of hers who was a nurse. Sis. Vera: “I can’t talk long as I need to get back to my patient.” That aroused the curiosity of the nurse. Sis. Vera told her what had happened to me.

Nurse: “Sis. Vera, you’d better get that woman out of your house. I *know* she is paralyzed from the neck down and she will die in your house.”

Sis. Vera: “I wish you could see her. She’s anything but paralyzed. She’s constantly moving with pain.” The nurse did come one day and asked me how I felt. I said, “Well, of course, I have felt better, but I thank the Lord that I feel as well as I do.” When she went in the other room she told Sis. Vera she had never seen anything like it. She had charge of the wing of the hospital where all patients on that wing had fallen. She said that every one of them were paralyzed from the neck down, and that some had been there for 3 or 4 years. She had especially watched me moving every part of my body that I could move and I didn’t know she was observing it.

Later, one time, I was at Sis. Vera’s, loading the pickup and a pickup drove up. I spoke to the person but went on about my work. I was in a hurry and was running in and out of the house with more of my things. I excused myself and went on working. Sis. Vera said, “Do you know who that is?” It was the nurse, and she answered, “Well, I know it is the same woman who was in bed that time and I have just been marveling at the way she is getting around. Why, she is running.” I believe the Lord used this to convince her He is a

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mighty God and has all power. “God is my strength and power: And he maketh my way perfect.” 2 Samuel 22:33.

### **The Lord’s Protection on the “Rumorosa”**

Sixteen weeks after I had fallen backwards out of the pickup, I was fully able to resume a day’s work. 2 co-workers had been staying with me for about 8 weeks in Rosarito to enable me to stay in Mexico. It came time for one of them to return to her Mission Station. The other one had decided to stay in Rosarito with me. It was my 50th Birthday.

That morning, we had prepared a good lunch to take along with us to take the co-worker home. All we lacked was a drink and potato chips. We needed to go over the “Rumorosa”, a high pass. Just before we got to the pass, we saw a little store. We had planned to eat lunch soon, so that was a good place to get our pop and potato chips, though 3 people were not needed to carry them.

I was sitting in the middle, so when a worker got out on either side of me, I just moved over to let them both in on the driver’s side when they returned. It was still hard for me to get in and out of the pickup.

When they left, I didn’t know the door on my right had only been closed to the first catch. None of us remembered that it had. The girls returned and handed me 2 open bottles of pop. We started out and by the time we had reached the first curve going Left, the door on my right came open, and I jumped to the left. I didn’t even spill the pop. One of the girls grabbed my wrist, the other one my waist and held on to me until the pickup was stopped.

I told them then that I was sure there were jagged rocks all the way down the mountain on that curve, and had I fallen out, they wouldn’t have had to wonder what to do. They would have just

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started making me a box, as I probably would never have known what hit me after the first rock.

My nerves gave way and I cried and cried, thinking how near I had come to death, and thanking the Lord for caring for me through it all. I wasn't able to eat lunch, but they were and did, then we went on to the Mission Station.

The enemy would like to put an end to the lives of the Lord's workers. He doesn't want anything accomplished for the Lord, and he would have been only too happy to have caused me to be killed that day. The Lord did not permit it and I do thank Him for all. "And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God; for they shall wisely consider of his doing. The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory." Ps. 64:9, 10.

## **Rosarito**

### **“Take Up Thy Cross and Follow Me”**

After I had recuperated from my fall out of the pickup, and could resume my duties, the Lord made it possible for me to stay in Rosarito, by sending 2 workers to be with me as I have written in the last 2 articles. I had never liked Rosarito, but I began to seek the mind of the Lord concerning where He wanted me to work, before the workers left.

A brother had come by and asked me to pray about going down and keeping the work going in a valley so he could begin Missions further away. The place he wanted me to go had been my favorite place to work, so I desired to go, but I wanted to do the will of God. It came to me that it would really be a cross to stay in Rosarito.

I earnestly went to prayer and laid Rosarito and the valley on the altar. As I finished praying, the Lord asked me what song I was singing in my mind. It was “Take up thy cross and follow me, I hear the blessed Saviour call; How can I make a lesser sacrifice, when Jesus gave His all?”

I had my answer. I stayed in Rosarito.

The Lord blessed my efforts there, and I thank Him for the grace He gave me to go through the trials I had while there and I appreciate His leadings. “Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will



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come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.” Matt. 16:24, 25. “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.” Ps. 37:23.

### **God’s Blessings On Writing for Him**

One time I had a real heavy burden for 4 months to write articles for the Lord. A means of making several copies was needed so the material could be distributed to all the mission Stations through the area. I prayed earnestly during those 4 months for the Lord to help me. I had been saving all the money I could so that I could perhaps get a Mimeograph. I felt definitely that the burden was from the Lord.

One Sunday morning, I was lying across the bed crying and praying to the Lord concerning it, when some workers came in with mail. They usually came either Sat. night, or early Sun. morning, and this was about 11:00 A. M. I was crying out of the deep of my heart, “Lord, if this burden is from You, please supply me with the \$30 I lack to get a Mimeograph, and supply it from someone who knows nothing about my needing one.” I had a shell given me, but it seemed so expensive to have it repaired and parts put in, that I didn’t feel it was worth it. The 2 couples back home that knew I had it, didn’t know I needed a Mimeograph.

At the instant that I had finished saying what I had to the Lord, the knock came on my door. It was 3 workers. I read the mail they brought while I fixed dinner and they slept. There were 8 letters in all, and in the very last one was a check for \$30. This came from one of the two couples that thought I already had a Mimeograph to use.

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All of the time I had been praying for one, I had been telling the Lord I didn't want to be selfish and that one of the other workers needed one just as bad as I did and would He please supply her with one, too. After the co-workers returned from a Mission Station where they had gone to have service, I told them what had happened, so we planned to write up a form letter Monday, get the Mimeograph Tuesday in San Diego, and copy off the letter. Having been given a 10% discount, we bought one and started home.

I called my elder son to tell him the good news as he had known for some time that I had the burden to write. Instead of his being elated, he was disappointed as he had found out he could get me one at the factory with a much larger discount. The girl was with me for whom I had prayed to have a Mimeograph also, and she realized that this was the way the Lord had of supplying one for each of us, and mentioned that I let my son go ahead and get me one. It worked out that my son didn't let me pay for mine, so the funds paid for the second Mimeograph were saved toward a Spanish Typewriter.

Within about 4 months, the Lord supplied the field with 3 Mimeographs and a Spanish typewriter, as a person back home had us send the shell back to the factory and it was repaired and sent back. It was given to the lady who had originally given me the shell. How we did thank the great God we serve. "I cried to thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made supplication." Ps. 30:8.

### **God Gave the Answer**

One day when we had service, the Lord had given me a definite message for the people. We'd had our song service, prayer service, and it was time for the Word. There was a couple there who had 13 children. They were in service that day, and just about the time I was ready to get up and preach the message, this man got up.

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He went to the pulpit and began to tell the people: “Now, it’s just fine for women to sing, do personal visitation, teach the children, and more, but they can’t preach. It is not the will of the Lord for them to preach.”

I knew from where this teaching had come and knew who had taught him that. I also knew that it was not of the Lord. I knew the Lord had given me the message for the people that morning. I sat there and prayed: “Now, Lord, You know all about this and You are able to take care of it.”

Right in the midst of the man’s speech, his own wife spoke to me aloud in the service and said, “Sis. how do you feel about this?” He had to stop talking, so I got up and said, “The Lord gave me a definite message last night for the people here today. I want to ask this man something. ‘What am I to do with the call that God has given me to preach the Word? The Lord Himself called me to Mexico to preach His Word and if I’m not obedient, then, how will I stand before God? I have to be willing and obedient to the Lord to preach the Word here.’ ”

I sat down, and this man said, “Amen”. He sat down and I got up and preached the message. I knew the Lord worked that out for me and for the work, and thanked Him from the depths of my heart. “If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land: But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.” Is. 1:19, 20. “. . . I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation . . .” Ps. 40:10.

### **The Duststorm**

A lot of my things were still in El Alamo when the Lord showed me to stay in Rosarito so we workers went to get them. As we

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returned (about 1:00 A.M.) a huge dust storm came in. We could hardly see the road.

We were terribly tired as we had made the trip in one day, plus loading all my things. We barely could see to walk to the house from the pickup. Also, the coarse sand that was blowing was stinging our shins terribly. Being so tired, we didn't think to look around the house and see if there were any windows open, and when we got up the next morning, there was about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch of dust in every dish in the cabinet. We had to take all of them out, wash and dry them, plus all our unloading of my things.

We had to completely clean the whole house, but the kitchen was the worst. The dust storm lasted 2 days and nights. It surely was a bad one. Every time we had to go out for anything, we had to go together to keep from getting lost. We were afraid we would get out and not be able to find the house.

The part of this story that was such a blessing was that El Alamo was about 130 miles from there, and the Lord permitted us to get back just about 5 miles from Rosarito before the storm hit. We did thank the Lord for giving us a safe trip and getting us back that close to home before that happened. "Blessings are upon the head of the just." Prov. 10:6a. "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." Nahum 1:3. "Who is a God like unto thee?" Mic. 7:18a.

### **The Lord's Care for His Little Children**

One day I began to think about the Scripture, "Obey the laws of the land". I wondered if I should even be having services. I knew the Lord had sent me to Mexico, but this was a question in my mind. I decided to go to town and talk to the Police Chief about it.

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The Chief wasn't in so I talked to the Sheriff. The Lord impressed me to ask, "Would it be alright if we had services?" He shrugged his shoulders and said, "It would be alright with me." I said, "But what about the law?" He suggested my talking to the Chief. The Chief did the same he had done. He suggested I go to Tijuana and talk to the Emigration Officers. When I did, they told me they were not the ones to give permission on anything in Mexico, but those in San Diego would.

My co-worker and I went on to San Diego.

The receptionist was very cool to us when we asked if it were possible to have services in Rosarito. She had us to wait until the Chief returned from lunch. By that time, we saw that we were in a dangerous place. We began to pray.

When the Chief returned, he called my name. I went in and when I put the question to him, he motioned to a young woman. She came up and said, "If it were ever possible, each of you would have to have a permit, and that would require a trip to Mexico City, and would cost you each \$80 for each six months." She came up closer to me, shook her finger in my face, and said, "*Why don't you just forget it?*" I thanked her and we left the office.

As we went through the door, the Lord spoke to me and said, "You let this alone; I put you in Rosarito and I will take care of you." We did, and from then on, we never did even get a passport. The Lord took care of us and His services. We surely thank the Lord. It was probably the enemy who had suggested about the law but the Lord came to our rescue, thank the Lord. "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Ps. 91:4.

## **Obeying the Lord**

A worker came by the house and informed us workers of a camp meeting to be in session starting the following Saturday.

As I went to prayer, the Lord burdened me with the “Teachings and the Practices of the Church of God”. I was impressed of the Lord that He wanted them in the camp meeting. I couldn’t imagine why He would want them there, as most of the people in camp meeting were not saved.

He told me that I should translate them so as to be readable to the Spanish people. I felt very inadequate to do it, but began, prayerfully. I knew the Lord would help me. The Lord did help me to be able to do it all by noon, and as the girl next door did all my correcting and would be home at 1:00 P.M. I was ready to have her correct them.

The devil always likes to hinder all he can when something is being done for the Lord, so that day, she didn’t get home until about 5:30 P.M. I was waiting, so I could re-type it, put it on stencil, run it off on the Mimeograph, get them dried, folded and ready to have for the camp meeting the next morning.

After corrections were made, the stencil cut, company came in.

I said, “Amen” in my heart to the will of God. The company stayed until 9:00 P.M., then I ran them off and had them ready for drying and folding by 10:00 P.M. that night.

I still didn’t understand the Lord wanting them in a camp meeting, but I tried to be obedient. I went to the camp meeting the next morning and laid 150 copies of the teachings on the altar and announced that they were there for any who desired them.

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The worker who had informed us of the meeting, looked askance at them, but didn't say anything. I had been obedient and left it there.

The following Tuesday night, during time of prayer requests, a man in the Rosarito congregation arose. He and his family had been attending the congregation only a short while, but had gotten saved in another part of Mexico before coming there. He said, "I have been wondering for years if the Lord truly had a clean and holy people in the world, that were actually called the Church of God. I have never really known that until the Lord, through His providence, furnished me with a copy of 'The Teachings and Practices of the Church of God,' when I came to the camp meeting Saturday. As I prayerfully read them and all the Scriptures, I realized that the Lord did have a pure and clean people, and that I had found them. I am so happy to have found God's people, and to be able to worship with them."

I rejoiced because I had listened to the Lord and had been obedient to Him.

The next day, the informative worker came to me and asked my apologies for the attitude he had had when I first brought the "Teachings" thinking I had really had a brainstorm. He realized through the testimony of the night before that God had impressed me to do it. "And they said, All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient." Ex. 24:7b.

### **Saved From a Car Accident**

During the camp meeting of which I have spoken, I was taking a carload of people to the camp meeting every day from Rosarito. I was driving the 2-seated pickup which belonged to the work. The pickup was always full of people. We entered a long bridge where there was no chance to back up because there was a car behind us,

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when a pickup entered the bridge from the other end in the other lane. Just as he entered, the hood of his pickup came up before him. Instead of slowing down or stopping, he just kept coming, even though he couldn't see where he was going.

We were hemmed in. He was coming over to our lane and did until he was directly in front of us. We were praying, and the Lord stopped him just as he got a few feet in front of us. How we did thank the Lord, and we all had a testimony when we arrived at camp meeting that morning. "Thou shalt keep them, O Lord." Ps. 12:7a.

### **The Flood**

We had had a new roof put on the chapel and the living quarters not long before the flood came. With the flood, had come up a huge strong wind.

When Bro. Smith put the roof on, instead of taking off the old one, he decided to put the tar on the old roof then put 3 layers of new roofing over that. He felt it would not have to be roofed again for a long time that way. That night, the wind got in under the edge of that old roofing and just laid back a large triangle of roofing on the northeast corner of the house. The water just poured in, especially over the window. We workers had swept that water for 6 hours to keep the house from flooding.

We decided there must be a better way, so we ended up channeling the water from over the window via a shower curtain, into a no. 3 tub, then we would just empty the tub when it was full. We were thankful that the Lord had given us a way to stop sweeping all night.

At that time, Ruben, (a member of the congregation) came to the door and asked us to go help him get his family out of their house. They lived right on the coast.



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All their clothing was in boxes and they were just floating right out the door.

We did go, but on the way, as he decided it would be better to go and get the Police to help, we went to town instead of to their house.

We were later stalled on main street having gone through a lot of high water, but as soon as the sparkplugs were dried out, and Ruben said he would come over later, we returned home.

When the Police did go to help, all had to come out on foot, as no one could get there in a vehicle to bring them out. Ruben and several others came to the door. All in all, before the night was over, there were 11 refugees taken in that night. Ruben, his wife, and 3 children stayed with us for 3 weeks before they found them another place to live. They were very congenial people, and not moochers. They did what they could to try to pay their way.

One day while I was in my room, Leonor, the wife, came to the door and said, "Sis. Opal, do you like fish?" I said, "Well, it isn't my favorite food, but I eat them." She went to the door and bought some fish from a man who had been carrying them all day in a basket on his head, in the sun. I didn't say a word. I let her buy them, and didn't even come out to see if she were getting them clean, as I thought perhaps she wasn't, so stayed in my room until they were on the table.

After thanking the Lord for the meal, I looked up and there were all those fish looking me in the face. In answer to my query about them, Leanor declared the heads to be her favorite piece of fish, and ate the heads of all the fish on the platter, also saying that the eyes were the most delicious part.

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I managed to sit down and eat some fish, and thanked the Lord for the grace He gave us to do things like that. “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” Heb. 13:2.

### **God Takes Over in a Hard Situation**

One of my friends back home had asked me to get her a large floor vase like one I had gotten for a gift once. I was out visiting all the families of the congregation one day and parked by a Curio Shop to look about the vase. It was a little past noon.

When I returned to the pickup and started the motor, I was checking forward and back to see if I had clearance to pull out when I saw from the back that a car was headed into me. It hit the pickup on the driver’s side, right by me. It was one of the members of the congregation who hit me, but had done it to dodge having a head-on collision with another car. He bumped into me, sent my pickup over to bump into another car, then as my pickup came back it landed on top of the front end of the man’s car. The pickup had to be jacked up 4 times to get his car out from under it.

The impact of it brought about 200 people quickly. Everyone was concerned and thought that I had been hurt. I slid across the seat and got out on the other side. I was only shaken up, thank the Lord. I’d had the window-glass down on my side so, in the impact, the squares of safety glass almost glanced across my face as they passed in front of me.

The Police came right away, and began to ask who was the cause of the accident. I really didn’t know. The Mexican man began to explain that he hit me to avoid hitting another car head-on. An American woman was driving the other car. The man explained that the American woman was the cause of the accident. She didn’t like

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that, but they did find a bottle of wine in her car, partially drunk, so they really gave her a hard time. The outcome was that she was to pay each of us enough to fix our cars.

I had company at the house and asked the Policeman's permission to go back home. He said, "Oh, no you don't. You're the only interpreter we have and you are going with me to the Police Station. (It was Saturday and their regular crew was off, then too, the couple I had been pushed into were Germans and could barely talk English, and nothing of Spanish). The interpreting lasted 3 ½ hours. We were all three given a check so that we could fix our cars. We went to San Diego early Monday morning and cashed them, in case the lady would try to stop payment on them.

Then started a search for a door for the pickup. Finally, one was ordered from San Francisco by air. It was necessary for me to go to Tijuana every other day for 8 days, staying and waiting for the pickup to be pounded out, and the door to be put on. I surely did thank the Lord that it was no worse than it was. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord. He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust." Ps. 91:1, 2.

### **My Back Doesn't Hurt Anymore**

One morning as we were busy about the work of the house, there was a knock at the door. It was Leticia, one of the teen-age girls in the congregation, carrying her little brother in her arms. She was 14 and had the care of all of her little brothers and sisters.

The little boy's back was raised up in blisters from a burn which he had received in getting under foot of Leticia while she was cooking. He was crying pitifully and Leticia's immediate request was that we pray for him. We went right to prayer, with hearts

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aching for him and the entire family. We earnestly looked to the Lord to heal the child and while praying, the little boy stopped crying, and as the amen was said, he looked at us with tear-stained face, but with a smile, and said, “Mi espalda no me duele mas.” (My back doesn’t hurt anymore).

How grateful we were that once again the Lord had heard prayer in behalf of one of His little ones and had reached a healing hand to him. Does not the Word say, “And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him”? Let us ask in faith, believing.

### **Leticia**

I would like to tell a little more about Leticia. Before they left the house that day, she told us some about the family and I would like to pass it on to you:

“My mother is in jail. She stole a baby out of the Hospital Nursery because her baby was born dead. She will be in jail for 6 years. She wants to come to church when she gets out of jail. We are living with my older sister, who doesn’t love us, so we can’t stay long. What shall we do? Please pray for all of us.”

That spring, Leticia gave her heart to the Lord in the camp meeting at La Misión.

This is just one of the many who need our prayers and help in Mexico.

“But whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.” 1 John 3:17, 18.

## **Teaching a Teacher to Teach**

There was an awful lot to do with all the preaching, teaching, leading the singing, etc. plus going and picking up the people, visitation, etc. and many other duties including my burden to write and distribute literature to the people.

I talked to Sis. Esquers about teaching the children. She said she would be glad to but she didn't know how. I went earnestly to the Lord and asked Him how I could teach her, so she could teach the children.

The Lord gave me a method right away by which I could do it. I had a roll of white paper about 3 inches wide. He showed me I could write off each sentence in the story and cut it off at the end of each sentence. By numbering them, we would have them in the order of the story.

All the children were gathered together and as Sis. Esquers glanced down at each sentence, she could tell it to the children. We put some questions at the end of each story so that the children could answer them, thereby learning the story. We were grateful to the Lord for giving us a method by which someone in the congregation could help in the service. Later, she got where she could do the writing of the sentences, number them, and read them off, so she was a real help to us at that time. "As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the Lord is tried: he is a buckler to all those that trust in him." Ps. 18:30.

## **A Message On Obedience**

It was necessary that I do the preaching every Sunday at the time of which I am speaking. I had been given a message by the Lord on "Obedience", and felt definitely impressed to get up and preach the message.

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About the time service started, several workers came in. We had our service about 3:30 P.M. The sun went down early. As we went in to the service, and I knew one person there that was against women preaching, I began to get queasy about getting up and delivering the message. We had had a Sunday School lesson, and it had been quite lengthy. The sun had gone down and it was beginning to get a little bit dark. I knew that we could light kerosene lamps, and go on with the service, and I could get up and preach the message.

The enemy caused me to think that we had been there so long, and people were tired, and they didn't want to listen to a message, too, and I let the opportunity slip by. We sang a hymn and offered an invitation.

While we were singing, I guess I had a heart attack. I had to sit down, and was hurting all over. I felt like I might not be here very long. Some of the workers dismissed the service and began to pray for me. They propped me up in bed, and brought me something to eat. Finally, I confessed to them that I felt like I knew why I had a heart attack. The irony of it was, that the message was on "Obedience". The Lord had mercy and did undertake for me and in a few days, I was back to my normal self.

I was so sad because I hadn't obeyed the Lord, that I began to pray and ask the Lord how I could redeem myself for that which I had lost the opportunity to preach this message. The Lord began to reveal to me how I could write this message down, put it on the Mimeograph, and send it out to every Mission Station. I would not only get it to the congregation where I was, but to others round about. He showed me that it could actually reach farther this way than to have only preached it.

I immediately began to write the message.

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I was encouraged the following week-end when Bro. Smith came in. He read the message, and said, “Why, Sis. this is rich. I’m going to take this with me.”

He did take it with him on his full round of Mission Stations that he made every week-end. As he came back by from El Alamo, Santa Catarina, and the Valley, he said, “Sis. I have something to tell you. It should encourage you.

“I got to one of the ranches between here and El Alamo, went in, and was going to have service with them, like I always do, but you know, I didn’t have inspiration no. 1. to give them anything out of the Word of God. I said, ‘Well, I’ll be back in just a minute.’ I went out to the car and got that message that you had given me about obedience. I got thoughts from that, read to them from the Scriptures, and it seemed real precious, and a real blessing to the lady and her children. I just thanked the Lord for it, and wanted you to know that because I felt it would encourage you.” “For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.” 1 John 3:20.

### **Explanatory Note**

What you have just read concerns all of the first 4 years the writer was in Mexico.

On coming to the States at the end of that time, the Lord laid it on my heart to translate literature to be sent to all Mission Stations and to Spanish-speaking countries, such as Mexico, Central America and South America.

At the end of the 2-year period, many articles were left prepared for printing. The following article was the start of my second call to Mexico and the things wherein the Lord blessed. I trust it, as the former, may prove a blessing and an encouragement to the reader.

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I desire to emphasize that where I, me, my, and mine were used it was necessary for clarity of the article and not to exalt self. God gets all the glory for what was accomplished, as He does for all that was accomplished in the first 4 years.

Thank you for your patience with a beginner in writing.

The Authoress,  
Opal Kelly



## **Ojos Negros**

### **“Such as I Have, Give I Thee”**

In Sunday morning service, the minister preached on the message from Acts 3:1-6 where Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer and met the man sitting in the gate of the temple who asked alms of them. Peter looked on him and said, “Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee.” That was March 30, 1969. Somehow during the service I was touched by this message and the Lord seemed to be talking to me through “Such as I have give I thee.”

I went home from service and went to prayer. I had felt so inadequate when I was in Mexico the first time. I still felt inadequate to do the translating and I felt inadequate for anything the Lord would call me to do.

It seemed throughout that message, He kept reminding me, “Well, yes, you are inadequate, but ‘such as I have, give I thee.’ ” I could give out that which I had. I just cried out to God, and He called me to Mexico again. He showed me then that He wanted me to go, but He didn’t tell me when.

I went back to proofreading and translating, but I was terribly nervous. I had my call to Mexico and was anxious to go, but the Lord hadn’t shown me when to go. I felt unable to settle down.

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I would proofread, but it seemed I could hardly stand to do it. I will confess I began murmuring and complaining about my proofreading.

One day when someone knocked on the door and brought me some more proofreading, I went back in the house, and cried. I thought, “Oh, if they bring me another piece of proofreading, I think I’ll scream.” The Lord reproved me and showed me He wasn’t a bit pleased with the way I was acting.

I went to Him in tears, and asked His forgiveness for murmuring and complaining. I told Him that I wanted to die out to my own desires and do what He wanted me to do, contentedly, as He’d shown me He wanted me to stay in the Print Shop and do proofreading. I went back to proofreading.

I had already proofread all of the “Faith and Victory” for that month, and Sis. Dorothy Wilson was putting it on the Linotype.

It wasn’t very long until the next month and I started working on it again. I went over to Sis. Marie and said, “Do you have some things that you want me to proofread for the “Faith and Victory?” She said, “Yes, I have all of it right here.”

I took it home, proofread it all by copy, that she gave me. I took it over to Sis. Dorothy and said, “Do you have some more ready?” All I had done had seemed almost as nothing. She said, “Why, Sis. Opal, that’s all of it. That’s the whole ‘Faith and Victory’.”

How I did thank the Lord when I realized that He had taken me at my word. He knew that I had the desire to be content there. He had made me content, and as a result of that, He had made my proofreading so light I hardly knew I did it.

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I waited through the months of March, April and May before the Lord let me know when He wanted me to go to Mexico. He showed me that when the group left to go to Ojos Negros camp meeting, which was the first camp meeting ever held there, that I could go along. He also showed me that He wanted me to take a Mexican friend with me who had gotten saved. I told her to make plans if she could go. The Lord provided the funds for us both. We rode with some other people and went to the camp meeting.

When we arrived, we began helping to prepare for the camp meeting which started 3 days later.

I surely learned a lesson in patience while I was waiting for the Lord to show me when to go.

He is so good to those who will trust Him. “He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.” Ps. 91:4a.

### **After Camp Meeting**

The Lord had already shown me before I left Guthrie that He would have me stay in Mexico for the summer. I didn’t think I would stay any longer than perhaps, July and August. I went out with some of them from the camp meeting to lay in a few needful items.

I knew that at the last of the camp meeting they were rushing around to try to get away, but I didn’t really notice what all they were doing.

A sister in the Church and her husband took me back, but they were in a hurry and could only take me as far as the barn. I had been staying in the barn with 3 other sisters. Pancho Gomez and some of his workers took me and my things in to the chapel the next morning.

As soon as we opened the door of the chapel, I saw the conditions there and I could almost have turned and run. Just as soon

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as they were gone, I went to prayer. I said, “Now, Lord, just don’t let me take these things into my heart and don’t let me get upset over them. Help me to straighten and clean it up.” There were 119 large adobe blocks, which had been apparently thrown from the door. I gathered them all up and started stacking them in one corner. I hadn’t much more than started when one of the little neighbor girls came up. She said, “Sis. Opal, what are you going to do?”

Opal: “I’m going to live here in this building.”

Neighbor girl: “Well, it rains in terribly.”

When Bro. Smith had built the chapel he had left an opening 6 inches wide all the way around the chapel at the ceiling. I guess he did it for circulation in the summer, but, of course that made for circulation in the winter, too. Even at the time I was there, it was real cool.

It got cold at night. It would get so warm in the afternoons we’d think it wouldn’t be cold that night, but by the time the sun was going down, it was getting cold.

I started straightening, and the Lord did help me. I stacked the 119 blocks, about the weight of 4 of our bricks together, in one corner. I put them in rows so they wouldn’t warp. I decided I would have to live in the middle of the chapel as the neighbor girl said it rained in all around the edges.

By borrowing 19 apple boxes from Pancho, some benches that we had used during the camp meeting, and a pulpit stand, I was able to make furniture for a bedroom, kitchen and office.

I would go out before 8:00 every morning and cook on the wood stove, sufficient for the day. That’s the way I started living there in the chapel. All the workers had advised me not to live in the chapel,

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but I had no choice. I was not physically able to walk from anywhere in the village to the chapel when it was service time, so I did move into it. It was not because I was stubborn, but because it was the only thing I could do.

I had no way to lock the chapel during the day if I had to leave it for any length of time. I didn't even go and visit for quite a long while for this reason.

Washing, rinsing, and hanging clothing in the chapel were all done with 2 5-gallon buckets and a rope. Usually, we had a West breeze, and the clothing would dry well. In this way and place, I began my missionary duties. "And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people." Acts. 11:26b.

### **Robbed**

I decided one day that I would try to go and visit. I felt better than usual. I took my Bible, wired the door shut, and went.

When I returned, the chapel had been broken into. I had a little office secretary that sits on a desk and has about 15 tiny drawers in it for office supplies. Nearly all the drawers were open and empty. My flashlight, all my markers, pens, even one expensive one which had been a gift, were gone. It was quite obvious from the things that were missing that it was children who took them.

I went over and visited with some neighbors and they said, "I know who broke in the building and took those things." I tried starting to find out about it and get my things back, but I decided that it was just better to leave it alone and take joyfully the spoiling of my goods, so I didn't go any farther.

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I didn't go down there to accuse people or to cause them to hate me, but I went there to try to get them to love God. I knew that if I should find out something about them and try to press charges or anything against them, that would just cause bad feelings, so I felt it better to drop it. I went back to the chapel, went to prayer and asked the Lord to have mercy on them and I believe that He dealt with their souls. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. 28:13.

### **A Burglar Outside**

After I had been living in the middle of the chapel for about 3 weeks, I still hadn't had a chance to have service, as no one would come.

One morning I decided I would wash, and it seemed like I really had a burden of prayer on my heart all day long. No matter what I did, I would quit every few minutes and go to prayer. I realized that night why it had been that way.

About the middle of the morning, I heard some footsteps outside. Of course, I had the door open. It was summer and in the daytime it got pretty warm. I went from the washboard and shut the door, finished the washing, hung the clothes up, but I didn't empty the water. I sat down and read some. There was a large crack under the window on the West. I could see a man standing beside the little car. He was trying to see, I guess, how he might get into it. After his thorough search all around and inside, he went back and sat down under a window at the back of the chapel. I kept the door closed just to be safer, and didn't open it until 6:00 P. M.

When camp meeting had finished, one of the workers had left a small camper-shell out at one corner of the chapel on the other side.

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As I look back on the situation now, I believe the man must have gotten inside of that and slept the rest of the day.

All afternoon after I'd finished the washing I was reading the book "Availing Prayer." Every mention made of a new way of praying, I would go back to prayer and pray earnestly in that way. I was open for the Lord to teach me better how to pray. I really had the burden of prayer on my heart all day. I had the last season of prayer about 8:00 and retired.

The Policeman of the town had told me he would come up each evening and check everything and see if all were alright. He said he would knock and I would know it was he. This night, I began to see the light of a flashlight all around the doors and windows. My first thought was the Policeman, then I realized he hadn't knocked. I finally decided it was the man I had seen that day. He tried every way he could to try to get into the chapel.

I admit I was afraid. I had a kerosene lantern burning, but I was quite alone. There was no way to let anyone know he was out there. I knew he knew I was inside as the car was there. He must have been drunk plus being a drug addict, because I don't know how many times he jumped to try to catch hold of a board that extended out of the open gable. The Lord did not permit him to make it.

One time he was at the car. I said, "Lord, please don't let him get in that car." About that time he walked over to the door of the chapel. I said, "Oh, Lord, send him back to the car. I'd rather he would get in the car than in the chapel." He did go back to the car and stole the spare tire and the jack.

I asked the Lord how I could warn him of the evil he was doing. The Lord said, "Sing to him."

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At this time, I had the whooping cough and was whooping hard every night. I said, “Lord, if this thought is from You, make me able to sing clear through a hymn without whooping, and calm my voice or it will tremble.” I don’t believe I’ve ever, before nor since, been able to sing as clearly and without whooping until I’d finished the hymn. I would whoop then, and start singing again, using my flashlight and kerosene lantern for light. I sang 5 hymns such as, “Sin can never enter there”, “The Love of God”, “Lost Forever”, etc. in Spanish. The man never did get in the house, but this went on for 4 hours.

Needless to say, I didn’t sleep even after he left. Since I was feeling better by then, I moved back out to Pancho and Celia’s the next day and lived in their barn for 5 months. At the end of that time, some workers came in and built some partitions in the chapel and put a ceiling over the rooms so I could move back into the chapel. I really did thank the Lord for His care of me. “For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Ps. 91:11. “His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.” Ps. 91:4b.

### **Camp Meeting, Beginning of a Year’s Work**

I had no idea the Lord would have me stay beyond the summer. I realized after a while, I had actually not completely surrendered to His will, but was not conscious of the fact. As soon as He showed me I hadn’t, I did, and was shown to stay on through the year.

There were no facilities at that time for a resident worker, so, after the burglar was outside the chapel 4 hours, I moved out to Pancho and Celia’s barn. I lived there for 5 months.

I desire to interrupt this story with something that happened while I was living in the barn.



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There were some men working to deepen Pancho's well and I respectfully spoke to them each morning as I went to Celia's kitchen to fry my egg, but had not talked to any of them.

One morning, there was a knock on my door at the barn. An elderly man stood there, seemingly perplexed. He said, "Lady, I would just like to know something. Why is an American woman living here alone in this barn?" I'm sure it did look a bit unusual. I smiled and said, "Well, I'm a missionary and we don't have resident quarters built in the chapel yet, so I'm living here." He immediately began the following conversation. Ezequiel Sanchez Villa: "Lady, I'm a Catholic, but the Catholics are doing all kinds of wicked things, even killing people, and I don't want to live like that. I've been watching your life and I want just the kind of life you are living."

Opal: (This is what I was always waiting for). "Would you like to be saved?"

Ezeq.: "Yes, but I don't know how."

Opal: I'll be glad to teach you the way to be saved." I began to explain the plan of salvation to him and the tract "Make it so plain that I can get hold of it" came to my mind. I began relating the story of the young soldier to him, and explained that that was the way to get saved. He did get hold of it and said, "Well, why can't I just get saved right now?"

Opal: "You surely can. Let's kneel down right here (he was standing outside my door) and the Lord will save you."

Ezeq.: (looking all around), "Don't we need an image of Jesus or Mary to kneel to?"

Opal: "No, that's just what we don't need." I got my Bible and

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read Ex. 20:3-5 to him, letting him realize that we should not bow to anyone but God, and he said: “Well, is that in the Bible? I surely didn’t know that.”

We knelt there, he outside the door, and I on the inside, and the Lord gloriously saved him. When he rose up, his face shone.

The next morning he came to work early and came out to the barn and knocked on the door. When I opened the door he said, “Here, Sister, is a pomegranate I want you to have.”

Opal: “Oh, that’s too much.”

Ezeq.: “No, the man who gave me that, gave me 2 and I want you to have one. I got up this morning and prayed, asking the Lord to forgive my sins and came to work.”

Opal: “Maybe I didn’t make it plain to you. You never have to ask forgiveness for sins anymore unless you fall into sin. They are all forgiven. The Lord has put them into the sea of forgetfulness for ever.”

He was overjoyed to hear that and went on his way to work.

I was wishing I had a Bible to give him, but thought I had only one. The Lord spoke to me and said, “Look in the bottom of the case you keep your songbooks in.” I did, and there was a Bible. I gave it to him and he said: “I’m sure it’s wonderful, but I can’t see the letters.” Later, the Lord made it possible to get him a large magnifying glass with which to read. On opening his Bible after getting the glass, he said: (like a child with a new toy), “Oh, Sister, I can read every word.”

He came to the barn the next day and asked if I could write out everything I’d told him about the plan of salvation. He wanted it to send to his loved ones.

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The last account I had of him, he had gone back to Zacatecas, his home State, living apart from his family and had found 2 men who were interested in the Gospel. I sent him literature until, once it was returned.

Now, back to my story of the year's work.

At the end of the 5 months in the barn, one of the workers said, "Well, we can't get Opal to go home, so we'd better build some living quarters in the chapel for a resident worker and she can have a place to live." Earlier, some of the workers had thought the Lord had not sent me to Ojos Negros, but my call was too clear, and they didn't daunt my faith. At that time, they built in partitions for 2 rooms at the south end of the chapel.

After moving into the chapel, I began to try to have services every Sunday, and do personal visitation. Chuy Valencia, one lady in the area, came to service one day and put in a special request for her husband to find work. He had been without work for 3 months. The following day the Lord found him a job through a man coming to look for him. After that, Chuy's husband told her to continue going to services with the American woman as he knew that Church was the true Church and she did and was later saved. How merciful is our God. "... Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth . . ." Matt. 22:16.

### **Note**

It is rather difficult to separate story from story without going back a little, at times. Please bear with me.

### **Living in the Barn**

The car I had when I moved to the barn (4½ miles out in the country), would only run when one's foot was on the floor-board. I

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packed all my things in the car and went out to Pancho's farm and store. He and his wife had invited me to come there to live for as long as I desired and I decided to take them up on it. The roads are terrible, but the Lord helped me to get over them and to the store. As I started to turn in at the store, I took my foot off the gas and the car died, making it possible for it to stop at the bottom of the little hill.

After the 2 rooms were cleaned, with all the boxes etc., I had used in the chapel, kitchen cabinets, shelves, etc. were made for both rooms.

The platform on top of some blocks of wood became the table etc. I was quite comfortable when the weather wasn't so hot that the corrugated iron roofing ran me out to the car for the day. "He is my refuge and my fortress." Ps. 91:2.

### **The Fire on the Hills**

One day while I lived in the barn, there was a fire over on the hills West of us. It started about 20 miles away, then came steadily toward us. At that time, the weather was so hot I could hardly stand the heat in the barn, so I'd take my Bible, songbook, paper, tracts, typewriter, water, and a lunch and stay in the car from 8:00 A.M. until 6:00 P.M. As the fire came nearer and we all realized we had no way of escape from it, everyone was frightened.

Pancho, Celia, and her sister, asked me if I were praying about it. I said, "Yes, but if you'd like, I'll call Pacoima where they are in camp meeting for an agreement of prayer. They all agreed. One hour and a half after I called, the wind direction changed and the fire went down between 2 hills and turned toward the South. Pancho told me many times they knew who did that and that it was in answer to

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prayer. (They are Catholics). They even told their customers that God changed the wind direction and kept us from being consumed.

The next morning, we could see the fire coming around a mountain very close to us. That was the morning the Lord began to deal with my heart about staying in Ojos Negros for the year. When I had fully consecrated to stay, He gave me a peace beyond understanding.

About that time, Digna, Celia's sister, came to the car and asked me if I were praying about the fire. I had such peace, I answered, "Well, yes, but even if it comes and consumes us, I'll just go to be with the Lord, so it doesn't make any difference to me."

Digna: "Yes, but what about us? I know our prayers don't go any higher than our heads and we're not ready to die."

I told her I had been praying, and would continue to pray. The fire was close enough that ashes were blowing in the car. About noon, some men came with a water-tank-truck and put it out. We were thankful that the Lord used them. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Ps. 91:7.

When the fire was first seen coming across those mountains toward us, the Lord impressed me to write an article—not about the fire on the hills, but, should it come and consume us, where would we go? I also wrote about the eternal fires of hell. I made 32 copies and told the Lord if He really wanted me to do this, to cause Celia to be willing for me to hand them out to her customers. She being a Catholic, I knew it would be God who would cause her to be willing.

I went to the store and said, "Celia, I want you to read something, then I'd like to ask you a favor. Immediately on reading it, without waiting for my question, she said, "Sis. Opal, why my

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customers need this, I wish you could give one to each of them.” I knew it was the Lord, and I did just that.

### **Spending the Day With Celia**

Many days of the first few months there were spent in the car, but a few times, I spent the day with Celia.

The particular day of which I’ll speak, I prayed, meditated, read, wrote articles and letters, etc. there, and ate 2 meals with the family. I had insisted on doing the dishes, but Celia wouldn’t let me.

About 5:00 P.M. she had several customers in the store, so I got up and did the dishes. As I did them, a real heavy burden came down upon me for Celia and Pancho, her husband. I can’t explain why, but I couldn’t even talk above a whisper. I don’t believe I had ever had a burden as heavy, up to that time. I must have looked pale as Celia asked me what was wrong. I couldn’t tell her.

I finished the dishes with a heavy heart, then I started home to the barn. Celia didn’t want me to go but I insisted, even though I could not talk aloud.

I fell on my knees in tears as soon as I reached the barn. It seemed I could pray for no one but Celia and Pancho. I had several seasons of prayer throughout the evening, then another before retiring. The Lord gave me a good night of sleep.

Pancho had told me I could sleep with the door open, and I had, many times, but, somehow, I was impressed to close the door that night.

The next morning, after my morning devotions, I took my egg and bread down to prepare my breakfast. (They didn’t want me to light a fire in the barn because so much hay was stored there).

When I walked in, I gave them the usual greetings of the

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morning and Celia began to cry, and said, “Oh, Sis. Opal, you have no idea what we went through last night. Four men broke the South window, climbed in, came to the bedroom door and threatened Pancho’s life if he did not give them all our money. They even threatened to burn the house down. Pancho gave me a pistol and he had his rifle. He told them he would put the money on the floor and our guns would be pointed at the money. The first to reach to get the money would be shot. (These people know nothing about trusting the Lord instead of using firearms). The burglars climbed out the window, jumped over the fence, and didn’t even take the change in the cigar box we keep on the counter.”

I reminded her of the burden that had fallen on me the night before. They both realized the Lord had been merciful to them to keep them from being robbed, in answer to prayer.

God wants to answer prayer, and we surely were grateful to Him for protecting Pancho and Celia and for keeping them from being robbed. When the Lord shows a mercy like that, then the people to whom He shows that mercy, are accountable to Him for their lives and souls. They need to get right with God and live for Him. To my knowledge, neither of them has made his peace with God. Pancho has passed on, but Celia is still there. “And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” Matt. 21:22.

### **Ninety Black Widows**

When I returned to the chapel from Pomona, (I’d been gone a week), many black-widow spiders had taken up residence there. It was always a necessary precaution to look underneath anything I desired to pick up. They were seemingly everywhere.

One night I awakened and was so thirsty, I felt I could hardly wait to get to my gallon of drinking water. I turned on my flashlight

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and there, hanging low, directly over that edge of the bed was a black-widow spider. I killed it, then started to get up for my drink and realized I wasn't even thirsty. I knew the Lord had wakened me to kill that spider. Many similar situations were encountered during the 3 weeks I lived there.

When Pancho and workers came to move my things out to the barn, I warned them concerning the spiders. Inside the box springs, adobe bricks and benches that had been my bed, we found and killed 20 black-widows. I counted the first 90 I killed, plus about 50 other spiders. I surely appreciated the Lord's protection over me. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." Ps. 91:5a.

### **Seeking The Lord for a Message**

When the workers had finished putting in the partitions at the chapel, I moved back in. During the time of their building, 2 of us workers did the cooking and from time to time, had to move everything in the kitchen from one place to another, including all our Purex bottles of drinking water, and the bottle of Purex.

I received word that some of the workers were coming the following day to bring a crippled girl to work with me.

I thought if I had a pot of beans cooked and some cookies made, it wouldn't take long to finish a meal for them.

I sorted the beans, washed them and put them to soak. I began making cookies, but I had to make so many substitutions in them, I began to wonder if they would even taste like cookies. (One doesn't just run to the corner store down there). I baked the first of the cookies and felt I'd better taste them to see if they would be alright. When I eat anything sweet, I immediately desire to swill water. I took a bite of cookie, I had my mind so much on how the cookies were going to taste, I swilled ¼ of a large glass of pure Purex before



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I realized what it was. I induced myself to vomit, then got in the car and drove 4½ miles to Pancho's to the only phone in the area. I was praying earnestly, but needed an agreement in prayer. I called the first number I could remember and asked the saints to pray.

By the time I returned to the chapel, I felt well enough to finish baking the cookies, wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen. As I moved the pot of soaking beans to wipe off the cabinet, a very strong odor of Purex met my nostrils. I had unknowingly put the beans to soak in pure Purex. Needless to say, I threw the beans away.

I was able to go to sleep on retiring, but awakened about midnight, singing, "He will care for me" and "God will take care of you". Also, the Lord brought to my mind the Scripture, ". . . If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them . . ." Mark 16:18.

Early in the afternoon before I sorted the beans, I had earnestly been seeking the Lord for a message. I had my message but I believe that was the hardest way I ever was given one. "God's care for His trusting children" was my message. As the Lord brought numerous situations in the Bible concerning His care over them, I began to think I could preach a series of messages on the subject. I then asked the Lord which ones He preferred that I use.

When the workers brought the crippled girl, they didn't have time to stay for a meal, so we ate cookies.

I was reminded of the Scripture: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Matt. 24:35.

### **God Is Good to My Co-Worker**

One day the crippled co-worker and I went to Pancho's store. At that time, we had a large German Shepherd dog we called "Lobo" (Wolf). We had taken him with us. We went beyond the store to buy

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gas and as the co-worker came back toward the store, Lobo raised up and put his paws on her shoulders. He was just glad to see her again, but it was so unexpected, it knocked her backwards and her head hit an anvil sticking out of the ground. It made a gash about the size of a nickel in the back of her head. We rushed home, went to prayer, cleaned and bandaged it as best we could in her hair, and the Lord wonderfully undertook.

She had had a headache all day. By the time we got back to the chapel, her headache was gone. We asked the Lord to protect her from blood-poison too. That place began slowly closing and gave her very little pain after that day. How we did thank the Lord and we had a testimony to give the Catholic people the next time we went to the store. “And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” Rom. 8:28.

### **The Mocking Bird and the Sparrow**

Bertha, a 14-year-old girl whom the co-worker had befriended, came over one day to get the worker to teach her to read.

I felt since they were both young, they might enjoy the privacy of the home that day if I would work elsewhere.

Early that morning, I had been reading in the “Faith and Victory” that 4 or 5 people had gotten saved at another Mission Station. Immediately, the enemy said, “Yes, and what are you doing? You’re not doing anything here or some would get saved here, too.”

I knew in my heart that I was doing all I knew to do, but went in tears to the Lord and told Him all about it.

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I gathered my writing materials, Bible, songbook, etc. up, got in the little car and went north of the chapel under a mesquite tree for the day. I'd left lunch prepared for the two girls and took mine with me.

In the afternoon, while I was there, a Mocking bird came and perched in the mesquite tree and oh, he did sing so sweetly, looking down at me now and then. At 4:00 P.M. I went to the chapel, and as I got out of the car, there was a Sparrow on the corner of the house singing, "Chirp, chirp, chirp." The Lord immediately spoke to me and said, "The brother at the other Mission Station may be the Mocking bird, and you the Sparrow, but their songs are both alike to me." How I did thank the Lord for His mindfulness of me and to encourage me in this way because He knew I was doing my best. He also gave me, "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not," 2 Cor. 8:12. Later, He opened my Bible to Ps. 102:7, "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top." I hadn't even realized this was in the Bible.

### **An Odd Funeral**

One day after Chuy had been coming to service for a while (whose husband had gotten work), we saw a pickup pass the house with a wooden cross in the back and Chuy's niece holding it. We decided to go out in the country and see them and ask if there had been a death. There had. One of Chuy's daughters had lost a 21-day old baby with pneumonia. We read a little from the Word, prayed with them, and started to leave. Chuy came to us and said, "Evelia (mother of the dead baby), is not herself today, would you come back tomorrow and have a little funeral for the baby?" I told her we surely would. It was rather an odd funeral, as the baby had been buried 2 days, but we went with a prayer on our hearts that what we

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gave out to them would comfort the parents' hearts. Both parents attended the service with arms around each other. Later, the mother was saved and a real worker. "Oh, death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15:55, 57.

### **The Peoples' Responsibility**

For a while, we had no way to go and pick people up for service. House to house visits and invitations were made, but no one came. One Sunday morning I had such a heavy burden I felt I just had to have a service. I prepared the chapel, went in at the time of service and had a regular song service, prayed, arose and preached the message the Lord had laid on my heart. As far as I know, not a living soul heard the message but myself, but I believe the people will be accountable for it just the same as they had opportunity to hear it and didn't avail themselves of it. I left it all in the hands of the Lord. "Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul." Ezek. 3:19.

### **Three Ladies Saved**

Evelia and Lupe, her sister, started coming to service with Chuy. They all seemed very attentive.

One day after service, Lupe came to me and said, "Sis. my mother, my sister and I are ready to get saved, but we want to know more about it. Could we come over some day this week and talk to you about it?" I was overjoyed. That's what I'd been waiting for. I told her they could come any day. They came Monday.

Chuy and Lupe wanted to repent of their sins right then, and got up from prayer gloriously saved. Evelia said she wasn't refusing, but

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wanted to be sure, so she would never turn back. In 2 weeks, she got saved, too.

This turn of events in the work was an encouragement to my soul, as before that, the only one who had gotten saved was a man working out at Pancho's on the well. He was not a resident of Ojos Negros and had left for his home in another State. "The keeper of the prison . . . said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Acts 16:27, 30, 31.

### **Bible Study**

Soon after this we started a Bible study for the 3 members of the congregation. They had never read the Bible before, so were not familiar with the order of the Books. That was the first thing I had them learn so they could always find the references mentioned. "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

### **The Ordinances**

About the first question Lupe asked, was when could they be baptized? This opened the way for us to know what our first Bible Studies should be.

It was needful for me to make a trip out to the States, and on the way I was praying concerning the Bible Studies we were planning to have. The Lord brought "The Bible Chain of Truth" to my mind through which they could be made very clear, so I began translating it from a loaned copy while I was in the States.

Since Lupe had asked me about baptism, I translated that chapter first, then the other ordinances followed it.

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As I taught the ordinances of the sacrament and footwashing, I told them, if they were in complete agreement, we would follow through with a service. The 3 were all in agreement with both ordinances, so we had a service of both.

I would like to tell a side story right here, the witness of the Lord to me that He was leading me in this direction. In all the time I had been in Mexico, and clothing had come in, there had never been anything in the clothing which could be used as a long towel in feet washing. Just after we decided to teach this lesson and have the service, with some clothing that came in, was a terry-cloth valance which was the exact length of our towels at home, used for that purpose.

I surely did rejoice, for it is a blessing when you know for a surety that the Lord is leading and blessing.

When we finished the service, I said, “You just ought to be in a camp meeting some time and in these services. They are 2 of the sweetest services of a camp meeting.” They said, “Well, why can’t we have a camp meeting?” I told them I would pray about it. “I will instruct thee

and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.” Ps. 32:8.

### **An Explanatory Note**

Since I’ve mentioned camp meeting, I will go ahead and tell you all the Lord has impressed me to about them.

Authoress

### **Plans for a Camp Meeting**

I began to pray and ask the Lord what He would have us to do. He definitely impressed me to go ahead with plans for a camp

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meeting. At this time, I had \$4.50 in this world. I said, “Lord, if you want us to have a camp meeting, please send the funds from a source that knows nothing of our thoughts for a camp meeting.

In 2 days, I received \$90 from just such a source. I banked it in my account and went ahead with the rest of the preparations for a camp meeting.

We planned the camp meeting to start on July 5. The July 4th week-end preceded it, of course. I didn’t think about that when I went to San Diego and Tijuana for the provisions.

The Treasurer of the Congregation in San Diego didn’t have enough cash with which to cash my check for me. One member went with me to the Safeway Store. The assistant manager said, “Oh, no you don’t. I’m not about to stick my neck out like that.” I said, “Well, what shall I do?” and I just stood there and was praying. He stood there a little while and then said, “Well, I’m going to stick my neck away out and cash your check.” How we did thank the Lord. I hadn’t intended buying provisions in San Diego, but he had done us such a great favor, I bought all I could from his store.

I returned to Tijuana to the wholesale places for the rest and went home with all the provisions for a camp meeting for 6 days for \$85. It was more than enough, even though we prepared 3 meals a day for from 75 to 125 people everyday. “Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” Mal. 3:10b.

### **How God Worked and More Were Saved**

One year, I had such a burden that more people would be saved before the camp meeting.

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Some Americans came in and the woman preached. I prayed all during the service that some would yield their hearts to the Lord, but none did. We don't always know when the Lord is going to answer our prayers. He doesn't forget them.

At that time, there were plans in Baja California for a 500-mile race on the Peninsula, beginning in Ensenada, going South 250 miles, then returning. The prize to the winner was \$25,000 American dollars. At that time, that was 312,000 pesos. That week when I went to the Lord for a message, He brought me the thought of the race. He had me put an announcement of the race on the board, then change it to the Christian race, with the regulations almost the same, and the prize, eternal life. He had me make a comparison all the way through and tell them that even though that was a lot of money, still, one day it would run out, but the prize for the Christian race would never run out.

We announced an invitation hymn and began to sing. I looked up from my hymn book once, only to see all the people milling around. There were 4 saved people in the service and 7 women who were not yet saved. I was real disturbed because I thought they had misunderstood me, and thought they were dismissed. I didn't look up again until we finished singing the hymn.

When I did, all the 7 women were at the altar. That's just what I'd been praying for and the Lord had dealt with every one of them. I asked, "Ladies, did you all come down here to be saved?" They said, "Yes, we did, but we don't know how to pray."

I began asking the Lord what He would have me to do. I'd been waiting for so long for this very thing and now, what could I do? The Lord showed me immediately to ask them if I prayed a penitent prayer as though I were getting saved, could they all repeat it and it be as though it were from their hearts? It seemed as a safety valve



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to each of them. They said, “Oh, yes.” That’s what we did, and they all got up with faces shining and salvation in their hearts.

Now, we had 12 people saved before time for the camp meeting. How we did praise the Lord for all ways He had worked. We had a praise meeting on dismissal. It surely was an encouragement to me to press on and work harder. “And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.” Acts 2:47b.

### **Cleaning the Lot**

Before camp meeting each year, we always cleaned the lot and would rid ourselves of things that had accumulated throughout the year.

The particular year of which I speak, we decided to get rid of a lot of old broken concrete blocks, plus all the other debris. We filled barrels in the pickup and piled things all over the inside of the camper. We had been filling an old abandoned well, but we had about filled it up.

The boy who was helping us said he knew a good place to dump the trash. I had him go with me to do it as he was able to do it much easier than myself and knew where the place was.

My co-worker decided she would stay home, and it was perhaps better that she did.

It was about 5:00 P.M. when we left to dump it. There was no road to the place where he told me to turn, and the land looked a little soft,

but he insisted it would be alright. The place he had told us about was out of sight of the road. We went and he did a good part of the unloading.

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When we finished and got ready to leave, the three-quarter-ton pickup went down in the soft dirt to the axle. We tried to dig it out. When we got all dug we could, we got in and I tried to drive out. It wouldn't budge. I happened to think about my father telling me if there were no other way to get out when stuck, to rock the car, or pickup as this was the case, and then while it was rocking, to put my foot to the floorboard. I have never driven any vehicle as I drove that pickup that evening. It was beginning to get dark and my co-worker didn't know where we were, neither was there a way to let her know. We would have had to walk about 7 miles home, then return on foot to get the pickup later. I began rocking the pickup—fast—and finally, with a great lunge, we came out.

I could later see how it must have seemed to this boy to see me rocking the pickup like that, but hadn't understood his laughing at me all the time I did it. How we did thank the Lord for getting us out and back home. Needless to say, we never did dump anything there again. “. . . The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.” Luke 18:27.

### **Getting Branches for the Brush Arbor**

One of the boys in the village told us that there was no use in going clear to La Huerta for branches. He could show us where to get them much closer to the chapel. Four of us went to get them. An American brother was at the house, but was working on his car and had asked me in the early morning if he could borrow my jack.

There was no road to the place we went after going about 5 miles North of Ojos Negros. He just told me to turn. I said, “That looks pretty soft.” He declared it to be safe, so I turned.

As we parked the pickup, it went down to the axle on one wheel. We had no jack. One of the brothers cut down a tree with his

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machete and with a large rock, made a jack. This was after several trips on their parts to different ranches to borrow a jack. While they worked, some of us went and looked around for a solid place to turn around. We found a place not far from there where water had stood for a long while, then when it went down, it left a hard surface.

When they had the pickup jacked up sufficiently I floor-boarded the gas-feed, then we started out. The pickup started to move, but went down to the axle on the other side. They repeated all procedures, then I put my foot to the floorboard and we went to the solid place, turned around, and headed out—fast. We made it home, but without branches.

We made our 3 regular trips to La Huerta for branches for the Enramada (brush arbor). We did thank the Lord for getting us out of the soft earth again. “. . . God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.” 1 Cor. 10:13. We felt that this time, the Scripture even applied to natural things as well as to spiritual.

### **Alone to Prepare for Camp Meeting**

Every year when it came time to prepare for the camp meeting, it seemed I had help. Sometimes the ladies in the congregation helped, and sometimes some of the workers in other Mission Stations came.

The particular year of which I am speaking, I was completely alone to prepare for the meeting. I was so susceptible to flu in the winter, I had begun to take my vacations in the winter time, and had only been on the field 3 months when it was time for camp meeting.

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Somehow or another the Lord must have given me a warning that things would be that way, for I felt impressed as soon as I got back, to start preparations for that camp meeting.

The house, chapel, and lot all needed to be in good order for the starting of said meeting. The year before, though beans were rationed such as, 9 pounds per family if they bought groceries and 4½ pounds if they didn't, the Lord had made it possible for me to buy 100 pounds no questions asked. I knew He had worked it out. It was a surprise even to all the ladies in the congregation.

This year, as I was not leaving after the camp meeting, and would not need beans as others did when they had stayed to keep services going for me, it seemed when I was praying about the provisions for the meeting, the amount of 60 pounds came to my mind. I realized the Lord wanted it that way because it would be a saving. I proportioned the rice the same way, and on down the line for all the provisions.

We had plenty of food for the camp meeting and 2 cups of beans left after the meeting.

The Lord surely knew what He was doing. I did thank Him for it. We served anywhere from 70 to 125 people, 3 times a day, and with the provisions we had, we had plenty, and not too much left over.

Some came from other Mission Stations, some from the States, and a couple who had befriended me. They helped out by bringing things that made more of a variety to our meals. We did thank the Lord for all. “. . . Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.” Luke 16:9.

## **Burden for the Blind Man**

One little 3-year-old girl always had a burden for anyone in need, physically.

One time, before a blind minister got there for our camp meeting, I had the girl cover her eyes until she couldn't see, and told her that was the way it was to be blind and that the blind man was that way all the time.

She carried a heavy burden for "el cieguito" (the little blind man). When he got there, he wanted her in his arms and asked me to have her pray for him. He appreciated her burden for him.

Her mother later married, (this child was born out of wedlock), and they moved to Tijuana. I lost them and have not seen them since. I trust they will make it to heaven. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Gal. 6:2.

## **You Can't Outgive the Lord**

We were in need of mattresses for the camp meeting to come and I needed to make a trip to Pacoima, Ca. Several there gave us quite a bit of clothing to take back and when we were ready to leave, one of the ladies in charge said, "Sis. would you happen to need some mattresses?" I told her we surely did. They jammed 11 cotton mattresses in the camper on top of all the clothing and quilts and the Lord saw us safely across the line. We had sufficient mattresses for all who needed them.

After the camp meeting, I began visitation again and found one family who was sleeping on coil springs with a quilt thrown over them. The children were sleeping on gunnysacks on a concrete floor. Needless to say, I went home and got them several mattresses. As I saw the like need in homes, I would give them away.

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The enemy said, “Now, what are you going to do for mattresses in the coming camp meeting?” I didn’t answer him, but told the Lord He had supplied when there was a need and would again.

Two weeks before the next camp meeting, I was in San Diego and picked up some boxes that had been left for me at what they call the “Christian Haven Ranch”. As I began to leave, a man whom I had never met before came up to me and said, “Who are you and where do you work?” I told him and he said, “Would you have a need for any mattresses?” I told him I surely did and he said to take them all and what I couldn’t take, I could come back for. I got one of the native brothers to bring his pickup out too, and we picked up a set of double box springs, a set of three-quarter springs, and 15 hospital, plasticized mattresses.

When we got to the line, the main man at the Emigration Office ran out and told us just to turn around and take them right back where we got them. We both backed up to our pickups and stood there. I’m sure the brother was praying. I surely was, as I knew the Lord had given them to us. The man went on to inspect other vehicles and when he returned, he said, “Well, go on, go on, go on.” We went right through with all those helps for the camp meeting. This is the reason I have entitled this “You can’t outgive the Lord”. How we did thank Him for all.

The Lord gave me the following Scripture in reference to this: “Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.” Luke 6:38.

## **Camp Meeting Away From Home**

About 25 of the congregation wanted to go to a camp meeting, being held about 240 miles from there.

We went in 2 pickups, one of them carrying most of the luggage, and bedding.

The man driving the second pickup had never driven but one road 55 miles long, since he had learned to drive. When we got to the Rumorosa, the Lord spoke to me and said, “Stop and tell him to put his pickup in second gear for the descent. The road on the mountain pass was only a 2-way, 2-lane road. By this means, he went down safely. We returned the same way, in second gear, after the camp meeting. We did thank the Lord for the safety of both pickups, all the people, and God’s mindfulness of us on the road. “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.” Ps.32:8. We’re so glad that He is mindful of us in natural things as well as spiritual.

## **The Lord’s Workings**

For some unknown reason, at least to us, for the first 2 days of a camp meeting, none of the other workers came in to help.

My grandson and I went at 7:30 A.M. to La Huerta to get the people. It was necessary for me to do the leading of the singing, praying, and preaching of the message, then go to the kitchen and cook, taking the people home at the end of the day.

Some friends came in, who were not of the Church. They were limited as to what they could do to help. The second morning, the woman came in and said, “Sis. I just don’t understand why your workers have not come in. (They were Pentecostal people). One of us could get up and do the preaching, but you would have to interpret and that would be harder on you than your going ahead and

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preaching.” I told her I felt the Lord knew what He was doing and I would leave it all in His hands.

It was revealed to me later why the delay had been made for the workers to come in. Had they been there, these people would have felt free to preach, I would have to have set them down, they may have been hurt to the place we could never win them; as it was, they saw it would make it harder for me, so they kept their seats.

I did thank the Lord for working as He did to keep the work clean and for the strength He gave us to keep on until such time as He permitted the other workers to come. The day the workers came, this couple had to leave, so all worked for good. “And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” Rom. 8:28.

I want to relate a special blessing during the first day of this meeting.

Evelia stayed at noon and made the tortillas and helped with the dishes.

That evening, after having such a full day, I asked my friends if they would consider taking the people home to La Huerta. I didn’t think

of offering them the pickup (I guess I wasn’t thinking very well, from tiredness). He said, Well, my pickup and camper would never make it over those roads,” so we took the people home.

I was *so* weary, and on the way back from La Huerta, I thought, “Oh, what am I going to fix for supper? My friends are there and are going to expect to eat.”

When we drove in the yard, she called out, “Supper’s ready.” I don’t think I’ve ever been so glad a meal was ready. Those were the



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best tuna fish sandwiches, pineapple and cookies I ever ate. I surely did thank the Lord for her consideration of us.

When we finished supper, I was heading for the bed when one of them said, “Let’s all go outside and visit.” We did—until 10:00 P.M. I felt I needed to consider them too, and besides her preparation of supper, they had furnished about half of the provisions for the camp meeting.

### **God’s Protection Over the Services**

Some people from Ensenada, who were of a sect church, had visited us a short while before the camp meeting, and said they were coming to the camp meeting. I immediately felt that there was a danger that they really would come and try to take over the services. The older man of the group was a minister, and we didn’t feel we could give over to that in service. There are too many babes in Christ, and many who are not saved, for them to get poison along with the Word. After being burdened all evening and night, I needed to leave early to go and get all from La Huerta and the others we picked up every day, so I told the workers I would like them to meet me in the chapel at 7:00 that morning. I had seen this protection manifested in National Camp meeting, and I felt, if need be, one of us might have to enter the pulpit while the last song was being sung. I asked the Lord to help me do my part concerning it.

I went after my people and as I was returning to the chapel, these sect people drove in. I breathed a little prayer again that the Lord help us. This was the Mission Station where the Lord had placed me, and I felt responsible for the things that would go on in the meeting.

I had written down a few Scriptures on “Humility” a day or so before, and while we were in prayer, the Lord told me to go in the

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house and get them. During the last song, the Lord showed me to go to the pulpit. I said, “Lord, you surely will have to give me a message as I don’t have one.” He had me to open my Bible and begin reading those Scriptures. As I read them, He gave me a message on “humility”.

In obedience to the Lord, the protection we desired was granted. I committed all into His hands. We did thank the Lord for His Spirit that guided the entire service. “Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.” Matt. 7:20.

### **God Took Care of a Hard Situation**

One day during Bible study, a man who had been in service a few times, came in the front door with a guitar under his arm. I immediately began to pray to know how to handle the situation. The Lord impressed me to close the service with a song and prayer without giving time for testimonies, songs, texts, etc. After we dismissed, he came directly to me and said, “Why Sister, why did you close the service? I was going to play my guitar and sing.” I explained to him that we didn’t feel that anyone could worship the Lord with anything made with hands, and that was why we didn’t use an instrument in our services. We believe in making melody in our hearts to the Lord. He was very nice about it and said he hadn’t known that.

At that instant, the Lord brought to my mind that when my boys were small and I had to take something away from them that was dangerous for them to play with, it was much easier to do if I offered them a harmless toy in its place. I immediately said, “We are getting ready to have a camp meeting. Why don’t you come over some night after service with your guitar and play and sing out in the brush arbor while the young people make the tortillas for the next day?” He

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seemed just like a child with the toy. He left completely satisfied. We did thank the Lord for taking care of the situation for us. “Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.” Eph. 5:19.

### **Five Young People**

One day I had company and we were eating our noon meal when there was a knock on the door. There stood 5 young Americans. They were surprised when I opened the door. They asked, “What are you doing here?” etc. I explained to them that the Lord had sent me there as a missionary. They wanted to come in and look around. They went through the house, chapel, and grounds.

As they left, they said, “Sis. is there anything you need? We can get anything for you that you need.” I graciously thanked them, but told them I didn’t tell my needs to anyone but the Lord. They insisted, but I did too. They shook their heads but said they would like to come and stay a week-end with me. I said, “Well, week after next starts our camp meeting. Why don’t you come then?” They said they would and did.

On their return, they wanted to bring in some food they had brought and were astounded when I showed them where to put it in the storeroom. They asked me where I got all the provisions I already had. I repeated to them that I had told the Lord about our needs and He had supplied them. They brought in about 6 boxes of unusual and expensive foods, then 6 boxes of clothing.

These young people were from a sect church, but they got out of the car asking what they could do to help. They worked the entire time they were there, even to helping make the tortillas for each day.

One of them insisted that some of us go with him to take the people to La Huerta the first night so he would know from then on

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where to go and we wouldn't have to go. He went and got them and took them home as long as he was there.

Before the camp meeting I had been praying for the Lord to supply me with some extra money to partially reimburse all the visiting ministers for their sacrifice in coming. When this group of young people started to leave, they knocked on my bedroom door and wished to speak to me privately. They said, "Sis. we would like to help in the camp meeting." I said, "Help? That's all you've done since you came." They finally told me that they had taken up an offering for the camp meeting and wanted to leave it with me. It was \$80 and there were 4 visiting ministers, so that was used for the purpose for which God had answered prayer.

We trust that the young people also got some truth while there. They were very considerate. They didn't try to take over in service. They just sat and observed.

The last afternoon they came to me and asked me to gather all I could out in the brush arbor as they wanted to leave their testimonies. "By their fruits ye shall know them." I had to leave those young people in the hands of a just God. He surely had used them to help the camp meeting in many ways. "For he that is not against us is on our part." Mark 9:40.

### **Workers Who Didn't Know How**

One year on my return to the Mission Station, I stopped at the house of the people who had kept services going in my absence. They said, "Oh, Sis. we weren't expecting you so soon. We were going to go down this week-end and clean the house before you returned." I said, "Oh, that's alright, I can do it."

When I arrived, I could hardly believe that they had lived in those rooms as they were. The bench that was in the kitchen for

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Ordinance service just before I left, was still straight across the middle of the floor, the 14-gallon water tank was in the middle of the floor on top of a rug which had been quadrupled under it. The water had leaked into it and it was molded, etc. I almost cried, but went to prayer instead.

On touching my knees to the floor, the Lord spoke to me and said, “I never have required you to do anything you didn’t know how to do.” I got up and said, “No, Lord, you surely haven’t.” I had the victory. I began to clean it all and with a song.

The next day Evelia came over to help and had the same trial. I had her quit and I explained to her the trial I had had the day before and how I had gotten the victory. We had prayer and went back to work, both of us singing from our hearts. We did thank the Lord for helping us and giving us the victory. The mother of the family of workers who had kept services going, was reared with servants and had never done any work in her life until she had married. They just didn’t know how. “He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.” Mic. 6:8.

### **Note**

I would like to say that even though there were some visible results in our camp meetings, we would always have liked to see more. The Judgment Day alone will reveal the actual spiritual good that was done. Whatever was accomplished, we give God the glory and it was worth every effort put forth in each one. We do thank the Lord for all.

Now, we’ll return to the regular work in Ojos Negros and how the Lord blessed in many and varied situations. “For the Lord loveth

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judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever.”  
Ps. 37:28.

### **The Church of God Standard**

There are a few other church buildings in Ojos Negros. It seems that each of them think they have to entertain people to get them to come to church. All of them have playground facilities, and the children of the village go over there and play all day right up until service time, then after service, they play the rest of the day.

Several people of the village told me if I would put in some playground facilities I would have more people, especially more young people, but I told them if that were the only way I could have more people, I would never have more, as I didn't believe in lowering the standard of the Church of God to gain numbers.

One of the young boys goes and plays all day at one church. He made a remark to one of our workers that he was going over there to have a good time, but if he ever got in earnest about his soul he would come up to the Church of God. He knows and sees the difference. “And he [Christ] is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence.” Col. 1:18.

### **Recording the Lord's Messages**

One day after service, when the people had been taken home, I came back to my room and it seemed the Lord just spoke to me right out of heaven. He said, “I want you to record the message you have just preached.”

Though I didn't understand His motive, I wanted to be obedient, so I did that. When I finished, I said, “Lord, now what would you have me to do with it?” He answered, “I want you to take it to the

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homes of the people who didn't get to come today and play the recording for them." As I did it, I realized it as an opportunity to get the message even to the men of the home, plus the women who had not gotten to come to service. The Lord laid it upon my heart to do this each week for the rest of the year. "And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Luke 14:23.

### **Robbed of a Propane Tank**

One time while at the Mission Station, my co-worker and I felt the Lord would have us to be in Pacoima for the Assembly meeting. We asked a couple on the way out if they would go in and keep services going while we were away. They were so anxious to return home when we returned that they wanted us to take them right then. We were very weary, but we went.

We didn't like to make a trip out for just one thing, so we thought it a good time to go on to Tijuana and buy some Bibles and literature to distribute and use, and thought, surely the Mission would be alright alone just overnight.

We had several stops to make the next day so didn't get home until about 9:30 P.M. As we drove in, we noticed a pipe sticking out of the kitchen wall, and our propane tank was gone, also the dog dish. (The dish was a green plastic which I had gotten here and there were none like it anywhere there).

Shortly after this, we went to visit a family of burglars who had come to services at times.

They had an extra propane tank for sale, and inverted on the cabinet, was the dog dish. We didn't want to openly accuse anyone, so the Lord seemed to burden us to write an article "The Lost Tank" in which we told the people we loved them and did not want anyone

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to have to answer to the Lord for having stolen the tank, so if it were returned the same way it had been taken, no questions would be asked. We copied it on the Mimeograph and distributed it to every house in the village. At this writing, we have had to leave it with the Lord.

The tank was never returned, but I believe it was an opportunity the Lord gave them to get things straightened out between them and Him.

The Proprietor of the Propane Company there came by one day and asked me if I knew who had taken it. I told him I was pretty sure I did.

He wanted me to tell him who it was so he could have them arrested. I said, "Mister, the Lord didn't send me down here to put people in jail, He sent me to get them out of the jail of sin." He looked at me rather strangely, shook his head and left. (He was a Catholic). "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." John 16:8.

### **The Kitchen Range**

One time while I was home on vacation, my son asked me if I would be interested in a kitchen range that was half wood and half propane. I had a real nice range, but I told him that one of the native brothers and family had been looking for one just like that. The ones he had priced were \$70. The one my son's neighbor had was \$15. We bought it and put it in the camper. The men that loaded and unloaded it said it weighed 500 pounds. When I returned to my Mission, it wasn't convenient to take it to the brother, so I left it in the pickup because it was so very heavy to unload and reload. It got off the boards it was on and began rocking, and could have been a



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real hazard to my people when I went to pick them up, so a group of us decided to take it to him after service one Sunday.

This was the last day of the year. After everyone was taken home by a native brother in his pickup, we left for the valley, 53 miles away, and at that time, there was no paved road. They were in the process of paving it and there were ever so many detours. They always told one where to get off the paving, but never gave any indication of when to return, and it was easy to get off the road.

We left about 6:00 P.M. We didn't have any food with us as it wasn't a very long trip. I had predicted making it in about 5 hours, according to the conditions of the roads.

I drove, as the native brother didn't have much experience in driving. About half way there, we took a detour and didn't find our way back. We drove a long ways and back on several roads, and nowhere on any of these roads did we see a house. This went on for about 2½ hours. We all were getting weary. Finally, at long last, we came to one house where only the women were at home. No manner of pleading on the part of any of us would bring them to the door, for fear, I guess. We could hear them stirring inside. We drove another hour before we found another house. A man there directed us to the right road toward the Valley, where we were supposed to go. Quite a bit of the road still lay ahead.

We got there at 5:30 A.M. and since I had not driven this road for a long time, and at that time of the morning too, we were lost again. I had been driving so long too, and was getting to the place of exhaustion. After another 3 hours, we found the brother's house, but they were not home. A neighbor I knew, crawled in a window and let us in.

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It was terribly cold that morning and the wind was really blowing. Some other men came over and, by the way of boards for ramps, they were all able to unload the range.

We then tried to cook something but there was no propane. One of the men went home and brought us back some hot tamales, and those with a little popcorn we found, and a little candy were our breakfast that morning.

As we stood talking, the house just seemed to move and tremble. I seemed to be the only one who noticed it, and it was finally decided it wasn't the house, but my tiredness. We were all weary and tired, but the house was so cold that I knew I couldn't go to sleep for the cold, so we decided to start back home with me driving. It was another 5 hours of driving, if we didn't get lost.

When we arrived, I went straight to my bed and slept, as I was completely exhausted. Though I asked the worker's wife not to waken me to eat, in one hour, she came and wakened me.

While I was eating, the brother said that he didn't have a driver's license yet, and if they stopped him in Ensenada, going home, the police would take all of their birth certificates and all other important papers which they had with them. I realized he was trying to tell me something but my mind was almost a blur so I didn't realize what it was. He was saying, in so many words, that I would need to take his wife and children home so the girls could be in school the next morning. He wanted us to start then.

About the only things I remember of that trip to their home were that I had my eyes on the road, my hands on the steering wheel, and my foot on the gas.

We arrived at their home (55 miles) and I was ill for 3 days from the ordeal. Surely the Lord had His hand over the pickup and us

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during that trip. I really thank the Lord for keeping His hand over me for the 22 or 23 hours of driving before I really had a chance to rest. “For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.” Ps. 91:11.

### **Bible Lessons at Estero Beach**

About 30 of the congregation went to Estero Beach, about 10 miles South of Ensenada which was 40 miles from the Mission. They are so poor I knew they would not have wherewith to take lunch, so I prepared the lunch. It wasn't beans and tortillas, but sandwiches, cheese, crackers, a drink, potato chips, etc. plenty to make out for one day.

We all went wading in the morning. The waves were pretty high and strong, but we enjoyed it. We went in and I taught them 4 Bible lessons such as “Jesus walking on the sea”, “Peter taking the tax money out of the fish's mouth.” etc., all sea lessons. We ate lunch, then I asked if anyone wanted to go back out and wade. (This is one of my favorite enjoyments). Two ladies, one young girl and I went back in to wade. We were holding hands to be able to withstand the force of the waves better. The young girl was to my left and caught the brunt of the waves. When we jumped the wave, she came down with all her weight on 2 of the toes of my left foot. I did not want anyone to know it, so I said, “Well, I believe I'll go in.”

Sister Chuy had seen the look on my face when her granddaughter had come down on my toes and said, “Sis. did I hurt you?” I said, “No”, and we started for the sandy beach. By the time we got there and to the pickup, my foot was really hurting. I had to take my shoe off and couldn't put it back on.

I was sure 2 toes were broken. They were, as I found out later. One of the girls knew how to drive, but didn't have a driver's

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license, so I had to drive the 40 miles home. I practiced changing gears with my left heel on the clutch, before I turned the motor on. I delivered all the people to their homes and went on home.

This was 10 days before that year's camp meeting and I couldn't wear shoes during the entire camp meeting—only thongs one could wear with hose.

The Lord has a purpose in all things. The only thing I could think as a reason for it happening was that I got to testify I was completely trusting the Lord when one member of the congregation suggested I go to a rubbing doctor who lived there close.

One 3-year-old girl, Flavia, always carried a heavy burden for anyone who was hurt or ill. Her mother said before they could even eat a meal after that day, Flavia asked them all to wait, she was going to pray, and when she prayed, she always prayed for the healing of the “pata” de Hermana Opal, (Sis. Opal's foot) only a pata is the leg of a table. It was amusing to us, but she was very sincere about it. “And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received tribute money came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay tribute? . . . Jesus saith, . . . Lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, that take, and give unto them for me and thee.” Matt. 17:24, 27.

### **A Hard Lesson**

One time when I was deathly sick with the flu, I disobeyed the Lord in calling the States for help in prayer after God showed me He wanted to heal me in answer to my own prayer. I surely suffered the consequences. Knowing the Lord is faithful to give other opportunities, I was sure He would do that for me, and it came in a very unexpected way. With your permission, it will be necessary to

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repeat a happening in my childhood which helps to bring about the following testimony.

When I was about 6 years of age, my brother passed by me swinging a bucket and got so close that the bucket-ear caught on a wart on my left elbow, tearing it off to the skin on one side. My father finished cutting the wart off with his knife. For fifty years there was no wart there. Now for the testimony:

While in the States during the summer of 1973, the wart began to grow. I really began to suffer with it, but the Lord showed me He didn't want me to reveal to anyone that I had it, not even my own mother, my confidant, nor my sons. It protruded quite a bit so that I would hit it often on something. One time during this time, my confidant was making me a dress and wanted me to try it on. I asked the Lord to make me able to keep that side away from her that she might not see my elbow. He did that for me to help me be obedient to Him. Later, I hit it and knocked it about two-thirds off. It had become necessary by that time to wear 3 or 4 corn patches one on top of the other on it. It became hard to bandage due to having knocked part of it off, so it was hit even more frequently. It bled often, and burned like fire. I had heard that a person shouldn't irritate them, but it protruded so much, especially since it had been knocked off.

During the next bath, I cut it all off with a razor blade. It grew back to full size in just 2 days. I prayed earnestly about it and actually prayed more for grace to go through it. It was necessary during this time to help lift something quite heavy, and though it almost felt as though my arm would be pulled off in the process, I felt I couldn't say a word and please the Lord, and He helped me to go ahead and do as was necessary.

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It seemed as though there were roots from it wrapped around the elbow, also reaching to within 3 inches of the wrist and shoulder. The roots felt like so many claws. Anytime it became necessary to use the muscles in that arm, my arm would burn terribly. A trip to San Diego became a must and all driving had to be done with the right arm, also, the sun shining in at the window on my arm made it burn. The devil painted some dark pictures concerning it for 6 months.

One day as I was bathing, I happened to touch it and realized it was just about half the normal size, and the next time, it was completely gone, praise the Lord!

He had tried me and proved me, but thank the Lord, this time He had seen me through and I was so glad I had been completely obedient. I know it was a miracle from the Lord and I surely thank Him for it.

I could hardly wait for the next service time to come. I wanted to testify to what the Lord had done for me. Some of the sisters started crying, but all rejoiced with me for what the Lord had done. "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable." Ps. 145:3.

### **A Threat to Catalina**

Catalina's mother had died when she was about 2 years of age. She said that her father had always been so good to write to her, but suddenly, she didn't understand it, regardless of how much she wrote to him, he would not answer her. It had been 2 years since she had heard from him.

She had met her cousin in Ensenada who had gotten a telephone call from Catalina's father. She told Catalina that if she would quit going to the Church of God she would get all the letters and even

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money that she wanted. Catalina's father and cousin were both Catholics.

He had told the cousin that he didn't want to talk to Catalina, only to her husband, Martín because he was the head of the house and the one to rule the house. His message to Martín was "Never let Catalina go to services over there with that American woman again."

The next Sunday when I went to get her, Martín wouldn't let her go. She doubted then that she would ever get to go again.

She was getting well established that it would not have surprised me any Sunday for her to get up and preach a message, so it just broke my heart. I had to submit it to the Lord, and did. I prayed earnestly about it.

The next Tuesday I went to get her, anyway. Martín came out to the car, saying, "Sis. we need some help." He explained that before they married, Catalina had lived with another boy and her first son was by this boy. Now, the boy had let them know that he was coming to get his son, and if they didn't let him have him, he would kill them both. He asked that I take Catalina and the children home with me for a few days and that from then on when I had service, Catalina would be there.

I was so glad they realized that their real help was coming from the Lord. They knew where to call for help. We prayed together and committed it all into the hands of the Lord. That man never did come. The cousin had made the call telling them of the threat, and I actually believe she made it up to try to scare Catalina because she was coming over there to services. Catalina realized that the Lord had been very precious to her and that's where she came for help. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Ps. 46:1. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh

my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.” Ps. 121:1, 2.

### **Preaching on the Church**

One of the members of the congregation moved to Ensenada after the camp meeting. On my second visit to her, I saw that she lived next door to a small church. When I asked her about it, she said she couldn’t go along with them as they played tambourines and clapped as they sang. She had testified to them that we sang in the Spirit and made melody in our hearts to the Lord. She also testified that she was already saved and had been a regular attendant in services in Ojos Negros in the Church of God.

The final outcome of all this was that they wanted her minister to come and preach a message to them. The Lord gave me a message on the Church for that night.

This group told us that they were coming out of sectism and didn’t know what to call themselves. She had told them, “Well, then you should be the Church of God.”

Even though I had many reverses during the day, the Lord made it possible for me to be there at service time. This lady and I felt the Lord would have us sing “The Blameless Church” as a special. The people sat strangely quiet. During the message, there were lots of amens, but I was not invited back to preach anymore. It is their responsibility what they do with the message. I left all in the hands of the Lord. “Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins.” Is. 58:1. “Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; . . . his blood shall be upon his own head.” Ezek. 33:4.



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### A Letter

One day after services, one lady asked me if I would stop at the little store and let her call for her mail before I took her home. She had a letter alright, but it had not been postmarked, and her address was in the upper left-hand corner. She opened it and someone was trying to tell her not to come up to the chapel for services, but if she needed help, all she had to do was pray to a dead saint and she would get what she asked for.

I said, “We have some enemies right here in this village. This letter has come from right around here.” I told her it was just a trick of the enemy.

She, as a babe in Christ, answered wisely, “I have known that the Church of God had the truth, but now this has really proven it to me for sure and I’m living just the way the Lord wants me to and I’m going to services just where He would have me to go.” I did thank the Lord for revealing this to her. “Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.” 1 Pet. 5:8.

### Christmas Giving

One time before Christmas, I was doing the regular routine of work, doing whatever the Lord would lay on my heart to do. In the midst of the time, I was preparing some gifts for all the families, too.

Of course, I spent some time in their preparation. One night in the midst of preparations, it seemed I was being reproved for spending so much time on the gifts. The Lord seemed to show me, “I didn’t really send you to Mexico to make gifts for the families. I just want you to bring the Gospel to them.”

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He brought a thought to me through a Scripture in John 21:1-14. He said that even though He did not send them fishing, (that was not the commission God gave them), He helped them to catch their fish. He showed me through that He was going to help me to finish my project, but He didn't want me to do it anymore. I was never guilty of doing it again. I gave them a few articles, but I didn't spend hours in making gifts.

### **“Eternity”**

One time, a couple had come in to keep services going while my co-worker and I had to be gone to San Diego for a few days. They also stayed a few days after we returned.

One morning when I awakened, I had the song “Eternity” on my mind. I asked the Lord why I would be singing an invitation hymn on awakening. He told me if I would go out in the pickup, He would give it to me in Spanish. I told the folks to go ahead with breakfast as I had something to do out in the pickup and would eat later.

Immediately on getting out my notebook, the Lord began to quote me the song in Spanish and all I did was write it down. In less than 30 minutes it was complete. I went in the house and asked the man to read it and tell me what was wrong with it. (It was hard to believe I could have it right in such a short time, even though I knew the Lord had given it to me).

He read it and said, “Why, where did you get it? It's perfect.” I told him that the Lord had just then given it to me.

How we did rejoice and that song has been used in services many times as an invitation song in services in Mexico. The Lord was mindful once again of the spiritual needs of the people in Mexico and we do thank Him with all our hearts.

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Later, this song was sung in 4 parts (quartet) to be sent out on the tape line so that others may also learn it and have it reaching out to more souls. “The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us.” Ps. 115:12a.

### **The Transport Company**

I would like to thank a Transport Company for their help for thirteen years of taking clothing to Mexico, if it were known to them that it was for a Mission Field. The Company has literally taken thousands of pounds of clothing that were brought to my door from all parts of the States for distribution in Mexico. The clothing was delivered to San Diego, then free of charge to within 2 miles of the Mexico line. The Lord made it possible to get us across the line with it. We thank the Lord, all who have contributed clothing, and the Transport Company for their cooperation with us through all those years. “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.” Ps. 37:23.

### **Clothing Distribution**

At one time, since I had a large chapel, I had invited all the other workers to permit all the clothing to come to me there, then as they were sorted, they could be divided equally among the workers for distribution. One time, I had seventy-eight boxes of clothing to sort, divide and distribute. The Lord showed me a simple method by which I could do all of this. My mother had given me a little grocery cart and I would fill it, go to the front of the chapel and toss things into the 40 seats in the chapel, according to the kind of article it was. This saved many a step. It was possible to sort about 30 boxes in one day by this method. It was better to get all done between meetings as there are some people who would come and stay until they got some if they knew it were there.

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If a visitor came to the house, I would close the chapel door and visit or help them in any way I could, then when they left, I would go back and sort.

When all was in readiness, our part was loaded in the pickup according to the families in the congregation, and distributed before the next meeting. As I had sorted them, I would hold up a garment and ask the Lord who could wear it and when the families got their boxes, they said that everyone in the family had something and it fit. I'm not good at all on sizing, but the Lord knew their sizes, and He would show me where to put each article. I did thank the Lord for the way He helped me and gave me strength to do it. "The Lord will give strength unto his people." Ps. 29:11a.

### **The Birth of Catalina's Baby**

Before Catalina's baby was born, the Lord showed me He wanted me to be ready at a moment's notice to go and get her and bring her in to the Clinic, so I told her and her husband.

One night about 1:30 A.M. Martín called to me from the window. I immediately went out and got Catalina, a distance of about 3½ miles one way. We awakened the doctor and all went to the Clinic. You, perhaps, would not think it much of a Clinic. It furnishes nothing. One has to take his own rags, quilts, olive oil, cotton, bottle, etc.- everything.

The Clinic was a concrete block building with concrete floors. It hadn't had a fire in it for heat all winter and this was January 11. As things were needed that she had not brought, I would make another trip to the house for them. The chapel and living quarters were only a few blocks from the Clinic. They didn't furnish meals either, so breakfast was brought to her from the house.

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Going back a little, when we arrived at the Clinic, the doctor said, “Catalina, I really feel sorry for you as there is no way to heat the delivery room.” Immediately I went to the house for the gasoline lantern to, at least, give her the inkling that she was being warmed. I got back and was praying for a quick delivery when I heard, “Wah!” I went to the door of the delivery room and the doctor asked me to come in and clean the baby up and dress him. His nurse had just walked out on him the day before. If you had ever gone over the roads in Ojos Negros, you would hardly believe that Catalina went home 12 hours after the baby was born, in the pickup, having carried the baby to the car and sitting in the seat with me. We did thank the Lord for taking such good care of all.

I have told all of this in detail for the following purpose:

Later, I was visiting a family of people of which the father had formerly worked with us as a co-worker. They had known that Catalina was to be confined and asked me about her. I related the account to them as I have you. On finishing, the father began to remonstrate with me, telling me that that was not the work of the Lord at all and I was not to do any such thing for anybody. He told me in no uncertain terms, though I had known it to be the will of the Lord.

I left shortly after that and could hardly see to drive for the tears. I knew the Lord had shown me beforehand to do as I had done, and I’m human. I could hardly wait to get to the house to go to prayer. I ran in the house and fell on my knees. Just as I did, the Lord spoke to me and said, “He’s just a man.” I said, “Well, he surely is.” I got up with the victory without prayer. I was so glad the Lord was my Judge. He tells us that in 1 Cor. 4:4, “He that judgeth me is the Lord.”

### **Three Semi Trucks**

When I descended the Rumorosa one time, I was on the inside. There were 2 Semi-trucks coming toward me, one overtaking the other, and one behind me. I had no where to go and knew that without the help of the Lord I could be crushed, as the Semi overtaking the other was entirely too close to do it safely. I stopped. The Semi behind me stopped, and the overtaking Semi barely missed me as he cut back in after overtaking the other one. How I did thank the Lord for His protection and care.

Before I had gotten to the Rumorosa that day, a large long potato truck, loaded with red bricks, overtook me, whipped back in, nearly running me over the cliff. I did thank the Lord for His protection through both. “Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you.” 1 Sam. 12:24.

### **A Precious Bonus**

I had gone out after Catalina for Bible study, but she couldn't come. I was rather disappointed and was praying as I returned to the chapel. As I happened to look to my left, there were two little owlets sitting on the ground. I stopped and immediately realized I had scared them. They reminded me of little soldiers. Each would quickly turn his head toward the other as much as to say, “What are we going to do? We can't fly because we can't see in the day time. What kind of a monster is that we hear, anyway?” I began to talk to them but that seemed to scare them even more. I don't know at the times they quickly turned heads toward each other simultaneously. They never did move and I talked to them quite a little bit. I needed to go on and have Bible study, so left them as I had found them, but I felt it was a precious bonus from the Lord. He knew I needed a little encouragement. Many times He uses some of His little

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creatures to encourage us. “I am like an owl of the desert.” Ps. 102:6b. I feel I know pretty well how they felt, for, on occasions, I have been perplexed, hardly knowing what to do.

### **Angels Unawares**

I had preached a message on Sunday from the Scripture the Lord gave me in Hebrews 13:2, “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” I had instructed the people to try to recognize guests as angels, especially if they interfered with what their original plans were, and submit to be willing to entertain them in love.

I had received a letter from a dear friend saying she and her family wanted to visit me while they would be down that way on a vacation. I was elated, as she and I had worked together once on an Indian Reservation.

I met them in San Ysidro, at the line, and they followed me down as I knew they would have trouble finding me otherwise.

When we drove up to the house, a man who lived half-way between El Alamo and Santa Catarina came around the corner of the house. He said they had been there quite a while; their baby had just gotten out of the hospital and they wanted to stay all night and go on home the next day.

The first thought that came to me was that they didn’t know English, and my company didn’t know Spanish, and they would just ruin our visit. The company could only stay one night.

Immediately following this came the Scripture from the Sunday message, “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” I began thanking the Lord for their coming, and the Lord made both their visits a blessing to all.

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As I took my company out to the edge of town to start them on their way, I also took the couple to get a ride on to El Alamo. The Lord surely blessed in all and we surely do thank Him. Within ourselves we couldn't have accepted the Spanish couple as "Angels Unawares". Sometimes when a minister preaches a message, he or she doesn't know how he himself might be tried.

I might add that the Lord knows what we have on hand, but permits us to be tried and proven that we might be able to know ourselves wherein we are short, also giving us opportunity to more fully know from what source our grace comes.

### **Chata's Desire**

As I was doing up the work of the house, someone knocked at the door. It was Chata and she came asking me to teach her to read. When she had opportunity to go to school, she had to miss so many days, she hadn't learned much, she said.

The Lord had given me a teaching method one time, using the Bible as a text book. He brought this to my mind, so that's what I used. I gave her an assignment, after giving her some charts made, using the vowels before and after the consonants. She was to look these combinations up in John 1.

That was the only lesson I ever taught her. She really wanted to learn and worked diligently with what was given her.

About a year and a half later she stood up and read the 23rd Psalm almost perfectly. I was in tears; I was so grateful to the Lord for teaching her to read via His own method. "That which I see not teach thou me." Job 34:32a.



## **Alejandrina**

About the last year I was on the field in Ojos Negros, a grandmother of some of the neighbor children came over every night and slept at my house as they were so crowded. She had been sleeping (or rather lying) in a three-quarter bed with a child at her head, one at her feet, and one on either side of her. She was a Catholic.

She had been working for a lady in Mexicali; she had asked off in order to be in the camp meeting, but had been refused.

Later, the Lord worked it out for her to come. She got saved in this camp meeting. She had been a Catholic for 67 years. She made the remark to me that she had wanted to be saved for a long time and that she had known when she spent the night at my house, that many times I was praying for her when she came to the door.

She obtained work later in San Diego and I called her as I came through there. Her sweet words to me were, “Sister Opal, I’ll be praying for you.” She had never been able to say that before and how it melted my heart in gratitude to the Lord for being mindful of her and saving her soul. “The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel . . .” Ps. 115:12.

## **The Result of an Accident**

This was the year that we had quite a few problems in and among the members of the congregation.

One day I went to get one of the ladies and she came running out of the house saying, “Sis. I’m not only not going to service today, I’m never going again,” shaking her finger in my face as she said it. I thanked her and drove on for the next lady. I spent all the time on the road in prayer.

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Two days later this lady was in a car accident and when she finally humbled herself, she told me that the second she hit the ground and her face was cut so badly, she thought of what she had said to me. The Lord dealt with her heart.

The Lord impressed me with the Scripture found in Rom. 12:20, 21 “Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.” I took her some soups and juices, and had prayer with her. She couldn’t look me in the face, but later, she did humble herself and reconsecrated herself to the Lord. We did thank the Lord for all His dealings in and through this case. He brought her even closer to Him through the accident. Rom. 8:28 is still true. “And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”

### **Another Proof**

Lupe and her family had some friends living in Ensenada. The man of the family was at the house one day and Lupe was reading her Bible. He at once began to ask her where she went to services. When she told him, he said, “You’d do very well to go over to the Jehovah Witness’ meeting, the Baptist’s, or even the Nazarene, but don’t *ever* go back to meeting with that American woman.”

He gave her a Jehovah Witness Bible, so after he left, she began to read the Scriptures in that Bible. She came to me and said that it was just like reading another language. She didn’t understand a thing in it. She laid it down and picked up the Bible we had given her and the same Scriptures were very clear to her. She said this had proven to her that this *was* the right way, and she was even more interested to obey its teachings after that. How we did thank the Lord

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that He taught one of His babes in Christ to know the difference between false and true.

About this time she had a dream, also. She dreamed she had a statue of the Virgin Mary up in her room and though she was praying to God she was tempted to look out of the corner of her eye at the Virgin, at times. The Lord spoke to her and said, “The Virgin is just made of stone and cannot hear you. I will hear and will answer.” Thank the Lord for also revealing to her the falsity of Catholicism. “And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.” Is. 30:21.

### **Teaching Rosario**

A crippled lady who had 5 children, (now has 7), came to services for a while, went to the altar, and showed much interest in the teachings of the Bible.

I went out to visit her and to teach her a Bible lesson after her husband had refused her coming to the services. The Lord impressed me to teach the lesson of the Trinity. I brought out the Scripture concerning the wise men and they presented to Him gifts and told her that so many people were leaving Christ out and praying to Mary. Even though she was a highly favored woman, she was just human, dead and buried, and though Christ died and was buried, He rose again.

When I finished, instead of her being the docile person she had always been, she rose up, and with her finger pointed straight at me, told me in no uncertain terms that she had prayed to Mary all of her life, and she was going to continue to. I didn't stay long as I saw I was irritating her, but I left with a heavy burden on my heart for her.

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Later, the Lord showed me to translate a book a sister in San Diego had loaned to me, “My Lord and I”. It is so clear on getting a real Bible experience instead of having a profession. It is good for saint and sinner.

The next year, the Lord impressed me to use it in Bible study, and as it had not been printed as yet, the Lord provided funds to have it zeroxed so that each family in the congregation could have a copy. Later yet, 2,000 copies of the book were printed at the Print Shop in Guthrie for a nominal sum and have been distributed clear into South America as well as Central America and Mexico, itself. I thank the Lord for all. “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?” Heb. 2:3a.

### **Maria Elena and a Refusal**

I had a neighbor girl who had typhoid fever and when she left the Hospital the doctor told her to eat lots of vegetables and fruits. I knew the family was very poor and probably couldn’t give her the needed foods, so I went over. As soon as I asked her to come and stay with me, it didn’t take the mother but a few minutes to get her ready to go. She lived with me 5 months. I felt the Lord would have me to do it and it gave the girl an opportunity of being saved, but as to my knowledge, she never has availed herself of it.

While she was there, an American man came to the door and being surprised that an American woman answered the door, asked me what I was doing there. I explained to him my reason for being there. He could speak very little Spanish, was giving out clothing and asked me the favor of having a religious film shown in the chapel that night as that was the largest building in the village at the time. I told him I didn’t agree with those films because possibly the man depicting Christ had had several wives, and was possibly living

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with a woman who was not his wife, and he could not show Jesus to me. He didn't get mad, but, of course, he did not like being refused.

He offered us clothing, but, not wanting to be obligated to him, we refused, saying, we had had a lot of clothing given us and perhaps someone else could use it to better advantage, which was true.

He left but came back to the camp meeting and asked the same favor. I told him he already had my answer, so he left shortly.

I believe the Lord would have us to keep the work clean. We cannot add anything to The Church. The Holy Spirit will continue to lead and bless if we are faithful to follow the teachings laid out in the Holy Word of God. "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." Ps. 73:1.

### **Gencio**

Gencio was a 112-year-old man of La Huerta. He had been a cowboy all of his life and possibly had never been over 30 miles from home.

He was very ill and called for us to come and pray for him. My co-worker and I went up, sang some, read the Word, expounded a little on it, and prayed with him. When we would sing, he would raise his hand in testimony that what we were singing was true in his heart.

The first time we went, we took him a dish of bread pudding. We asked for a spoon so that he could eat it right then, as we felt he might not get it otherwise. He barely touched the pudding with the spoon and tasted it, then, it almost looked like the spoon was just making a circle from the bowl to his mouth, he ate it so fast. The poor man had probably never tasted anything but beans, tortillas, and sopa (a macaroni-tomato dish). We began taking him a pudding

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each time we went to visit him. He surely did enjoy them and they were good for him.

It seemed that God had saved him at the 11th hour. It was precious to us. He would tell us about dreaming of a most beautiful place and then being disappointed when he would awaken in his same old bed. That bed was filthy and so was he.

One time as we were preparing to go see him, the Lord seemed to speak to me and say, “Take Gencio that beautiful pink blanket with the painted flowers on it.” I was so glad because, even though he might not live long, he could have the pleasure of having a clean blanket next to his body for a short while. My co-worker also took him a wool-filled quilt.

After prayer, I said, “Gencio, we brought you some bedding. Would you like to have it on your bed right now?” (The ones he had on the bed were black and slick with filth). Yes, he wanted to use them right away. He got to enjoy them 6 days before the Lord took him. I believe the last dream he had, he stayed in that beautiful country he had spoken so much about. I believe if we are faithful to the Lord, we will meet Gencio in heaven. I believe that the Lord desired to give him just a little pleasure in this life before his crossing, as he surely had had a hard life. We do thank the Lord for all He did for him after He saved him, and for the privilege to be used of the Lord in bringing a little pleasure to him as well as the Gospel. “I was sick, and ye visited me.” Matt. 25:36b.

### **Amparo**

As I have said in another article, I was so susceptible to flu, and when I had such a bad case of it in San Diego one time, my son, by phone, suggested I take my vacation in the winter and even suggested I come home while there in San Diego.

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I felt I couldn't leave then as there was a lady in Ojos Negros just ripe for salvation. I wanted to be faithful to her, so I told him it might be a while.

I got home Sunday night after the flu, and spent most of the night in prayer and meditation. I went out the next morning to see Amparo, the lady who was just ready to get saved.

While sitting there waiting for the men to leave for work, the enemy shouted loud, but I knew the Lord was in my going, so I didn't let the devil bother me. After the men left, I asked her what she planned to do that day. She had planned to wash, but said she could do that another day as she saw I had my Bible with me and she was anxious to hear what a Bible study would bring forth. She showed much interest in it as it was the plan of salvation and how to obtain it. When we finished, she said, "Well, Sis. Opal, why can't I just bow on my knees right now and ask forgiveness of my sins? I believe the Lord will save me now." I was very happy that she desired to do it then as it would have been dangerous for her to have put it off until a later date.

We bowed at the side of her bed, and she poured her heart out to God to forgive her, and believed that He did. She got up gloriously saved.

One of the members of the congregation was a dear friend of hers and was just ready to start preaching, so I left the responsibility of seeing that this girl receive whatever instructions she needed while I was gone, with this friend.

She gladly accepted it and helped her through the time that I was gone. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6:2b.

## **Keeping The Work Clean**

The world knows nothing of making wrongs right, but as saints, it is our privilege.

Once, some workers and I had run out of gas out on the road and we borrowed a syphoning hose from one of the men in the village and told him we would try to return it the next day.

Time passed and the hose had not been brought back, even to the village. We kept forgetting it.

I felt a responsibility to get it back to its owner, so when we kept forgetting it, I priced them in Ensenada. They were sold by the foot. I asked for 11 feet of hose. The man who sold it to me was curious as to what an American would want with a syphoning hose. I had to tell him it was to return one we had borrowed.

When the sale was completed, he marvelled at the doing of it and asked me where I lived. I got the opportunity to tell him that I believed this was what would please the Lord. He just shook his head and said that no one else would have done it. I believe that any child of God would have done the same thing. I felt clear then that we had fully pleased the Lord. “My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.” 1 John 3:18.

## **Called to Pray for a Catholic**

While I was living in the barn, I went into the store and Celia said Pancho was ill. These were Catholics. He called to me to come and pray for him. I was glad to.

Later, they gave us permission to have services in their kitchen-store for their family and workers. We did, and left the results of those services in the hands of the Lord. “Blessed are ye that sow



beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass.” Is. 32:20.

### **Catalina’s Diligence**

The Scripture that was fulfilled in this was, “Prov. 4:23, “Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.”

Catalina had written me that she wasn’t going to be able to go to the camp meeting that summer because before they had moved from Ojos Negros, they had run up a bill at the grocery store, and now, her husband said he wasn’t going to pay it. Catalina knew that if she were to return to Ojos Negros, the owner of the store would ask her to pay her bill. She wanted to, but having 5 small children, she didn’t see any way she could earn money to pay it.

Before I had gone on my trip, I was riding in a car with 3 other ladies one day. One of them asked me if there were any special need in Ojos Negros besides the actual camp meeting to pray about. She insisted I tell her if there were. I told her about Catalina’s plight. She immediately gave me \$20 for Catalina.

Arrangements were made that some of us go to see Catalina after I arrived in Ojos Negros. I told her on arrival that I wished to speak to her privately. She said, “Well, I have something to talk to you about, too. I don’t know how the Lord is going to do it, but this morning in prayer, He witnessed to me that I would get to the camp meeting and that my bill would be paid.” She had been taking in washing and had saved \$10 toward the bill, but that was all she had. I had not mentioned the money to her. I gave her the money then that was sent for her and she almost shouted. The amount given her with the \$10 paid her bill.

It did my heart good to see someone so young in the Lord, so diligent about matters such as these. She said she knew that if she

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didn't get that debt paid, it would put a blight on the work and she wanted to do her part in keeping the work clean. I would that there were more like her.

### **Jehovah Witnesses**

There were several Jehovah Witnesses that came to my door many times. One man tried to have a Mission there once, but failed and left.

My refrigerator was in need of repairs and when I notified the Company in Ensenada, they sent out a man who was a Jehovah Witness, to repair it. He saw a Scripture hanging on the wall and that started him out. He said, "Don't you know that every time you get in the pulpit, you sin? Your cat has a soul. I'm going to come back out here Sunday, and we will sit down over a pot of coffee and I'll prove to you that the devil is your god," etc. He was a very obnoxious person. I had never seen the man before, but every time he would make another statement, he would hit me with his elbow before he would speak. I was praying for the Lord to give me something to put him to confusion so he would let me alone. The Lord was faithful to do it.

I began to ask him what he would do with the Scripture in Luke 16:19-31? When I read it to him, he just shook his head as he knew it was Scripture, that it really happened, and as I told him, it wasn't a parable. He soon left with the promise of returning Sunday.

As soon as he was gone, I went to prayer. The Lord showed me that I could meet all his arguments with the tract on the "Jehovah Witness Religion versus God's Holy Word" and He would help me translate it.

Before Sunday, it was fully prepared and several zerox copies were made of it. He didn't return, but later when the Jehovah

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Witness Religion began to get a hold in Ojos Negros, every member in the congregation of the Church of God was armed with a copy of the tract.

One member used it shortly after that against them and they never did return to her house. We thank the Lord that He prepares us for onslaughts of the enemy and arms His people against false religions. “. . . Take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.” Matt. 10:19.

### **God Takes Care of His Own**

A friend of mine in the home congregation sent me \$10 every month I was in Mexico. One month I received a letter from her, saying she just couldn't send the \$10 that month as she felt the Lord had laid a burden on her heart to give it to a certain person in the States. That was quite alright with me and I wrote answering her just that way. I was looking to the Lord to supply my needs and I knew He would.

The person to whom she sent the \$10 had never sent me any money since I had been in Mexico. That month, this person sent me \$10. I thought this was real precious because this way, 2 persons received a blessing instead of one. I thanked the Lord for taking care of my needs. “Blessings are upon the head of the just.” Prov. 10:6a.

### **A Move to Ojos Negros**

Each Sunday before services, I went out in the country to pick up an expectant mother who couldn't otherwise have come. She lived about 5 miles from the chapel.

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She kept telling me as I would go there that she wished they could move to Ojos Negros. She had very little hopes of it because her husband was so set against it.

It wasn't long after the baby came that they moved to within a block of the chapel. In the meantime, she had gotten saved in the camp meeting that summer, and she was where she could be in service every Sunday, and she was very happy that the Lord had worked it all out so that she could be.

One day when I visited her she testified as to how it happened:

“My children and I went to prayer every night on our knees right in the presence of my husband. We just pled with the Lord that He would work it out some way that we could be in Ojos Negros, that we might be able to be in services. I believe it began to work on him. He would come in every day and say, ‘Now you just don’t need to think that we are going to move to Ojos Negros. That would be the last thing we would do. When we get where we can, we are going right back up to my daddy’s ranch (4 miles further on out from there). We are going to build us a house right up there.’ We continued to bow in prayer every night, whether he was in the house or not and prayed to the Lord for Him to work it out for us.

“Right out of the clear blue one morning, my husband came in from outside and said, ‘Begin packing. We are going to move to Ojos Negros.’ How we did thank the Lord that He heard prayer in our behalf.”

Later she said, “I can’t tell you even, how the lumber was provided to build our house. It just began to come in. People just brought it from here and there, and before we knew it, we had enough to build our house.”

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At first they only built 2 rooms. Later, they built on a couple of rooms and then she has a little wash house. We were really thankful to the Lord that He worked this out for Adelina and her children. “Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.” Eph. 6:18.

### **Adelina**

I think it would be well to tell one more thing here about Adelina.

She told me one day that she would like to be in every service, but it seemed that every Sunday a house full of company came and she had to stay home and cook dinner for all of them. She was willing but felt her need of services.

I told her she needed to be more bold for the Lord. I advised her to invite them to come with her, but if they refused, to tell them she would be back after while, she was going to services. The next week, the same thing happened and she spoke to her husband of what I had advised her. He said, “You just do that.” She did. She came on to service without them as they were not willing to come. I thanked the Lord for her having the boldness to do it. I believe the Lord blessed her for it. “Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.” Acts 4:13.

### **How God Gave Needed Love**

Some people, who had robbed a lot of people, knocked on our door one day. They wanted us to take them to Ensenada. I had heard that they had 2 sick children, so I knew why they wanted us to take

them. We couldn't do that. They then asked to borrow the car. I told them they wouldn't get 2 blocks without putting a hole in the oilpan as the car was so low, and we also had a regulation not to loan cars. I asked about the children and we offered to pray for them. They left and we went to prayer, but couldn't seem to get our minds off of the children.

We went over to pray for them. When we walked in the door, there were the floral-top box springs they had stolen from us. I silently said, "Lord, just give me a love for them, anyhow. These children need to be healed."

The Lord did just that. We prayed for them and the Lord healed them both. We knew the Lord had given us the love to cover their stealing from us; otherwise, He would not have worked. How we did thank Him. ". . . If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. 12:20, 21.

### **An Inviting Fence**

The lot is about 125 feet square and a fence was needed, especially as they have free range in Ojos Negros, also the young people of the village would drive completely around the chapel at night.

When we first began praying about the fence, the Lord showed us He wanted us to have a fence, not that would keep people out, but that would invite them. He showed me not to have any barbed wire in the fence as that repels people as well as animals.

I had gone out in the country and bought some posts, and because they were for the work of the Lord, the man, though a sinner, let me have them for 16¢ apiece, – 24 of them. A brother

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from the States was there at that time and said if we would get the fencing, he would put up our fence while there.

The only fencing sold in Ensenada was 3 ft. high and the brother had said not to get anything less than 4 ft. They wanted \$224 for a 100 ft. roll in Ensenada and said that I could not get across the line with 4 ft. fencing, because they couldn't. We went on to San Diego.

The husband of a member of the San Diego congregation knew how to get things, and where the best place would be, so we went to him. He made arrangements for us to pick up 5-100 ft. rolls. We saved about \$100 per roll over the price in Mexico, including the discount for Missionaries. We also bought 15 gallons of white paint and tinting for it.

We had known that a person had to pay duty on paint, but when we got to the line the man pulled us over and said, "That's really going to cost you." He repeated this several times. We began to wonder if we had saved on the price only to be charged an exorbitant duty, but said nothing along that line. I did tell the man that there was a man in Ojos Negros waiting for us to get home so he could put up the fence and we would like to go as soon as possible. I asked him about how much he thought the duty would be and he repeated that it was very high. He said, "\$3.00 per roll. He said nothing about the paint. I paid him the \$15 and he let us go on. Oh, how we rejoiced that it was no more. We knew the Lord had worked again. Only then did the thought come to me that the brother had said the posts were 4 ft. I began to wonder if we had done the wrong thing. When we asked him, he said he meant after they were in the ground, so all was well. The reason I had been so concerned about it was that the store where we had bought them had a sign up saying, "No returns and no exchanges."

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Different times when workers came in and we mentioned the fence we were going to put up, they insisted we put up about 3 barbed wires above the hog-wire fence saying, otherwise it would be torn down. I knew what the Lord had shown me and held out not to put barbed wire fencing over the other. I told them after I was gone if they wanted to do that it would be alright but I needed to obey the Lord. At this date, May, 1983, the fence is still standing. Only one corner where the children have climbed over it, is partly down.

A short while before that, we had received a generous offering from a congregation. We knew when it came that there would be a large expense of some kind ahead, as the Lord does not send money in indiscriminately, but for a special purpose. When we went to prayer concerning it, this is what the Lord showed us to do.

If we wait patiently on the Lord He will work. How I do thank Him for all He has been, all He is, and ever will be to the work. Our place is to be faithful to Him, then we can depend on His promises and He will work. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." Is. 1:19.

### **Ear Infection**

During the last part of my stay, I had a terrible ear infection. This just throbbed night and day for about 5 weeks. Several in Ojos Negros had gotten ticks in their ears, and I thought that might be what I had, so I went to the village doctor to see, telling him that I wanted no medication. He didn't find anything, and wouldn't charge me anything as I wouldn't let him do anything for me, he said.

Also, when I was in San Diego, I went to a friend of mine who was a doctor and had him look for a bug. I had told him that I didn't want any medication and when he finished, he said, "Now, Opal, I



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don't want to cross your convictions, but I could put a couple of drops of this liquid in your ear and the infection would be cleared up in 2 days." I thanked him, but firmly refused. I wrote to them later and testified to them that the Lord had completely healed my ear and I was so glad I had not let him put anything in it, as now I could give all the glory to the Lord. I didn't receive a response to my letter. I was so glad that I had fully trusted the Lord for I learned so many precious lessons through it all. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him: if we deny him, he also will deny us." 2 Tim. 2:12.

### **Leaving the Field**

When I had the bad ear infection I just could not concentrate on any kind of paper work as the pain was so intense. I was going ahead with services, and I didn't feel I could sit around the rest of the time, so I asked the Lord what He would have me to do. I knew nothing at all then about coming home in a few months to stay.

It came to me that things were left in a mess in the storeroom after the camp meeting, and it would not take much concentration to clean and rearrange that, so I went at it.

Without realizing what I was doing, I began to say to myself, about everything I picked up, "I'll take this and I'll leave that." I suddenly realized what I'd been saying, and I went to the Lord and said, "What is the meaning of this? I'm not going anywhere." I stopped and had a good season of prayer. When I went back to work, I began to do the same thing. I went back to prayer again. By that time, I began to think the Lord might be wanting me to leave the field.

I said to Him, "Lord, if you want me to leave the field, make it clear to me, and if not, take this thought of leaving and taking away

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from me. The third time I went back to work, the same thing happened until I finished the storeroom.

It then came to me concerning the young people who had been there one day to stay all day. They had said they could come back in 2 weeks and help me as they could see there was a lot to do. It seemed the Lord impressed me that the young people would be left in charge of the work when I left. I wanted to be sure it was all from the Lord, so I said, "Lord, if you cause the children (as I called them), to come back voluntarily within 4 weeks, I'll feel that you really want me to go home, and for them to have the work here. If they don't come within that time, I'll feel you want me to stay."

All but 2 days of the 4 weeks passed and they didn't come. That day, a lady who had moved away from Ojos Negros came with her 4 children to stay over for services on Sunday. She liked my cat so well, and I was wanting to get rid of him, that I told her I would take her home Monday morning and they wouldn't have to go on the bus. I did this, not thinking that Monday was the day I'd planned to go get the young people.

I did take her home, then, as I returned, I thought I might just go on to the Valley after the children, but I was so tired, I felt I needed to go by the house and rest a few hours first. I did that and when I drove up in the yard, one of the young people ran out in the yard. They had come voluntarily on the last day of the 4 weeks which meant that the Lord wanted me to leave the field.

I didn't tell them what the Lord had revealed to me. I did suggest to them that they be praying about staying there while I went on my vacation. They were very willing.

One day soon after that, one of them came to me and said he had the strangest feeling. He had a real heavy burden for Ojos

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Negros, and he didn't understand it as that was where the Lord had placed me. I understood it perfectly, but I still didn't tell them anything.

From then on, we were not separated except for 3 days, before I left the field. They came to me and said they felt the Lord wanted them to move to Ojos Negros, so I moved them there. When they told me that, I told them I had known since that first day they came, that they were going to be there in the work and I was going home. He said, "Why didn't you tell us?" I said, "Because I wanted you to get it from the Lord."

The Lord taught them through me about the work that was included in the work in Ojos Negros. We do thank the Lord for it all, because when we do the will of the Lord, then we can be blessed of Him. He is blessing there in the gaining of souls for the Kingdom and here in the printing and sending out of Spanish literature. The Lord made it possible as long as I was there for us to go to the Valley and have services twice a week, and the children are continuing to do that at this date. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." Is. 1:19.

## **Cars**

### **My First Car in Ojos Negros**

I was without transportation when I got back from Pomona until one day during the time I was living there in the chapel those three weeks.

A native brother and his nephew drove in one morning and said, “Sis. I bought you a car, and it’s in Rosarito. Would you like to go get it?”

Of course, I did. I had \$6.00 in my purse, and that was every bit of the money I had in the world. I got ready right away, got in the car and we started out.

On the way out I got to thinking: “Now, this brother’s wife has been ill, (she had to call him home from camp meeting in Monark Springs, Mo. and he had to fly home). I know he was probably given some offerings at the meeting, but likely as not, he hasn’t had very much money with which to buy a car.” I began to pray, “Now, Lord, You help me to accept the car that he has bought, saying ‘amen’ in my heart to it and take it home.” Oh, when I got to Rosarito, saw the car and tried it out, I surely was glad I had prayed, but the Lord did just that. He helped me to say an amen in my heart.

The brother came out, took me and showed it to me and said, “I’ll get the keys and you can try it out.”

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As I started away from the house, I saw the blue smoke literally pouring out the back of the car and knew that meant it was using a lot of oil. I drove it a couple of blocks, came back and he said, "It runs real good, doesn't it?"

Opal: "Well, it runs." That was just about all I could say, because I knew that it didn't run well.

I left there about 5:30 P.M. and I had about 110 miles to go. I hadn't driven over the road from Ensenada to Ojos Negros for about 4 years.

The brother had told me there was an extra quart of oil in the floor in case I needed it. I got 15 miles down the road and the oil-light came on. I got out by the side of the road and, of course, had nothing with which to open the can of oil. I got the trunk open and there was a half-bushel of turning light signals. I pounded the can so long it had to get a hole in it with one of them. The oil began to dribble into the tank. It was getting a little bit toward dark by then, and just about the time I finished, a couple of Mexicans drove up from the other direction and said, "Do you need some help?" Opal: "No not a bit, thank you. Everything is fine."

I got in and drove another 15 miles and the oil light came on again. I was about 25 miles from Ensenada. I said, "Lord, you see me out here. There are no Filling Stations until I get to Ensenada and I don't have any more oil. Please help me to drive to Ensenada with the oil light on." The oil light was the only thing on the dash that worked. There was no way to know how many miles one had traveled, how many miles per hour one was going, how much gas a person had, whether the motor was hot, or anything.

I got to thinking when I was passing through the town of Rosarito maybe I'd better get about 20 pesos of gas (\$1.60). I was

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quite limited on my money and thought that ought to get me home. On down the line when I saw it was using so much oil, I thought, What if it's using that much gas? I won't get home on \$1.60 worth of gas. Maybe I'd better get another dollar's worth of gas in Ensenada and a couple of quarts of oil." The Lord helped me to get to Ensenada with the oil-light on and to a Filling Station on the far side of town. By the time I left the Filling Station it was about 8:00 P.M.

I'll go back a little. Before I got to Ensenada I went through some mountain passes and a real curvy road. There is quite a steep incline on one especially. Just as I started down that incline, the car came out of gear. I really pumped for a brake. It was really zooming down that road, but I finally got it back in gear only to have it slip out again. From there until I finally got to Ojos Negros (about 55 miles), at 9:15 P.M. I had to hold the car in gear with my right hand and drive with my left.

Oil was 25¢ a quart, so I had gotten two put in, and one more because I thought I might need that even before I got home.

I got to a place in the road where there are about 5 different roads going in different directions and I stopped and had prayer. I said, "Lord, you know that I don't know the way to Ojos Negros anymore. It's been so long since I've driven over this road that I don't know which one of these roads to take and which one of them will get me to Ojos Negros. Please help me."

The Lord spoke to me and said, "Take the widest road." From there on I did, and made it to the store of Pancho Gomez.

I had a bad cold, so I thought, but it turned out to be whooping cough. I bought one egg and a potato and made me a potato salad

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which lasted 4 meals because I had no appetite. I made it home safely and very grateful to the Lord.

The next morning I rushed around to get my work all done up. I thought, “I haven’t had a car to go visiting, and now I do have, so I’m going to go out and start the car and see if it’s alright. If it is, I’m going to go and visit this afternoon.” I started out. I went to the first house which was 2 blocks away from the chapel and went to see Martha. When I finished visiting, I went out and tried to start the car and it would *not* start. Nothing I could do would make it start. She said, “Well, just leave it out there and when my husband gets home, I’ll have him look at it.”

I walked on up to the house and when he got home from work he said, “Martha, what’s that old car doing out in front of our house?” She said, “Sis. Opal brought it from Rosarito last night. Something is wrong with it and she can’t get it started. I told her you’d look at it and see what’s the matter with it, and you’d let her know.”

He stayed out at the car quite a while and pretty soon he came in, and said, “Martha, I’m sorry, but I just don’t believe you. Sis. Opal nor any one else brought that car from anywhere. Why, it doesn’t have a drop of oil in it, it doesn’t have a drop of water in it, the top of the oil tank is over on the battery, and the voltage regulator is loose and hanging down about 6 inches from the ground with a wire loose.”

She said, “I can’t help what you say. Sis. Opal brought that from Rosarito last night and she drove it down here today.” He finally came up and asked me if I would sell it. I said, “It really isn’t mine to sell. It was given to me, but I’ll ask the owner about it.”

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The next time the brother came through, I told him I'd had some trouble with it (I didn't tell him how much). I told him I was offered \$40 for it and he said, "You'd better take it." I sold the car and gave him the money. That was my first car in Ojos Negros. Who got me home from Rosarito? Surely, I knew it was God. "O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him." Ps. 34:9.

### **The Studebaker**

I had a little Studebaker which was given to me by a lady in San Diego. All the upholstery was burned out, the windows wouldn't close, but the car did run and I could do my errands within town and even pick up some people for services when it was time.

I went to Ensenada one time in it and really thanked the Lord for getting me home as the road was terrible, and it would have been very easy to get a hole in the oilpan.

One week I had six flats. One of the neighbor boys offered to fix my first one. I didn't have any confidence in him as he and his family had stolen several things from the Mission Station, but I didn't have anyone else to do it, so I let him.

The next day I had another flat on the same tire where he had sold me a tube and put it on. The man who repaired it said the tube was much too large for that tire, and had gotten pinched thus causing the flat.

This was about how my whole week went. There was no white gasoline for the lantern that week, I barely had enough propane to get by with, didn't have any coal-oil nor was there any in town to buy; the water barrel outside was down to about 2 inches of water for that week, and I had less than one gallon of water to drink. This was just a trial of faith, but at the time, I began to wonder what had gone wrong that I would have so much all at once like this. I had felt



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all along that the Lord had a purpose in it and that there was something He was trying to get to me.

It was nearing the time for me to come home for a time, but it looked like there was no way I could come, even though I was very weary and worn.

I opened my “Streams in the Desert” to that day, (June 2) and read it. “For Abraham, when hope was gone, hoped on in faith. His faith never quailed.” Rom. 4:18, 19. It was a wonderful encouragement to me at that time. Through it, I got ahold of faith and knew that the Lord was going to work out something.

In 3 days, one of the workers drove in and wanted to know if I would like to go to Oklahoma. She didn’t even want to wait until morning as it was so much cooler to drive at night, so I was ready and packed in 1½ hours to go home for the summer, even leaving a family to keep the work going.

I surely did thank the Lord for working this out. He even worked it out for me to sell the little Studebaker before I left as I knew if it were left there, it would be stripped and no good to me, anyway. The Lord is so good to His trusting children. “And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” Is. 65:24. “Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

### **The Green Pickup**

The summer I had sold the Studebaker, I began to pray concerning a pickup for the work there. Each time I prayed that summer, the prayer for the pickup was always included.

One day during the summer I went to my brother’s cabin to rest a few days. I was notified that I was to call back on a long-distance

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telephone call, and did. I didn't recognize the number or place. A young man asked me if I had any better transportation than I had had when he visited Old Mexico. I told him I didn't. I hardly knew this young man, but he was in the Church. He asked me if I would be interested in a '62 three-quarter ton Ford Pickup. I began praying immediately for I didn't have the money to pay for it. I asked him if it were in good condition. He said his father was a mechanic and had put it in excellent condition. I kept praying that I would know how to answer the boy as I didn't know what he had in mind. I finally asked him how we could work out payments on it. He said, "Sis. Opal, there are no payments. I'm giving it to you. I bought it for you."

I cried right into that phone, for the Lord had answered my prayer. It was real precious to me as no one but the Lord knew that I'd been praying for a pickup.

The boy asked me if I would be in the Norman, Okla. meeting. (He lived 500 miles away). I had plans to cook for the workers in that meeting. He said he would bring the pickup to me in three weeks while the meeting was in progress. He did, with his motorcycle in the back, then rode it back home.

How I did thank the Lord for answering prayer in behalf of the transportation problem in Ojos Negros, also being mindful of me.

On Saturday, after receiving the pickup, I ordered a special-made camper for it as it had a narrow bed. I had \$2.50 to my name at the time. The man said it would be ready on Monday. I told him I would pick it up. Monday came and I had the \$200 dollars required to pay for the camper shell. They had come in offerings in those 2 days. This was further proof that the Lord was supplying for the work. I surely did thank Him. "For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye

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seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.” Is. 64:4.

### **Leaving The Pickup**

The next year when I was getting ready to come home for vacation, I needed to leave someone there to keep services going. I needed to leave the pickup as it was needed for picking up the people though I didn’t know with whom I could leave it as there was no one in Ojos Negros, of the congregation, who could drive to go get them.

I presented the thought to a native worker about my teaching him to drive. He was 59 at the time. I was always careful to take one of his girls or his wife with us while I was teaching him to drive as I desired to do it in a way that would be pleasing to the Lord. The Word says, “Abstain from all appearance of evil.” 1 Thess. 5:22. He had learned to drive sufficiently well by the time of my vacation to leave the pickup with him.

### **The Blue Pickup**

Once when I got home for vacation, my mother suggested that she wished we could pool our money and buy a little car to run around in. I didn’t tell her I couldn’t have done that with the saints money for the work. It was impossible to do, anyway. I told her I wished I could find someone in the Church that was getting ready to trade pickups and buy the one they were going to trade in for the amount the company would give them.

In 1½ hours I received a telephone call from a person who said his father-in-law was getting ready to trade pickups and would I be interested in a ‘67 one-half ton Chevrolet pickup? I knew it was an answer to prayer as I had just stated wanting that very thing. He said the man was in the Church and was being offered \$900 dollars for his pickup and they would resell it for one thousand dollars. He said,

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because it would be for the work of the Lord, he wanted to knock off \$300 and let me have it for \$600.

At that time, even that looked impossible, but I knew the Lord was in it so said yes. No one else knew anything about it.

A few days later, a lady in my home congregation asked me over for the night. She asked me to pray with her concerning the selling of her dishwasher. I agreed to. She said as I left the kitchen that she had an ad in the paper for the week-end and when she sold it she wanted to give me the money. I resisted that, but she insisted she had planned for some time to do that.

I left for the week-end and when I returned, my mother said I was to call this person and she had good news for me. I already knew what it was, but called her. She said the first person that came to look at it took it for what she had asked, (\$150). She gave it to me and by then I had gotten \$150 in offerings too. That made one-half of the payment for the pickup.

Shortly after this, there was a minister's meeting in Guthrie. A Sister with whom I had worked on the mission field was at the meeting and begged me to return home with her after the meeting. I told her I was just too tired, but appreciated her wanting me.

The morning she was to leave, the Lord woke me up at 3:30 A.M. and talked to me thus: "Get up and do everything you need to prepare to go home with this Sister, as I want you to go with her." While I was on my knees in prayer I told the Lord I didn't want to go because when I went to a new place, I didn't know why, but everyone seemed obligated to take up an offering for the work or me and I didn't want them to do that. He said, "You take your hands off; this is my plan." I said an amen to the will of God and got up and got ready. While I was yet in prayer, though, the Lord called the

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name of a particular town 3 times. When the Sister awakened, I asked her if that were the place a generous offering had come from once for the work and she said it was. I felt immediately that the congregation in that place had a right to know what had happened to that generous offering, and I felt that place would be on the itinerary of my trip.

I still had to have a ride. When the folks came for the Sister, I asked the driver if there were an extra seat. It worked out that a Sister had desired to go back with them but couldn't so I was given her seat in the car. I had already told the Lord whatever He worked out, to go or stay, I would say "amen". This was His way of my getting to go.

On the way down, they asked me to speak to their congregation the following Wed. night. On Sunday night, we went to another place and the Sister and I both spoke, then Monday night I spoke at still another place.

No one knew about my buying the pickup, but when I left there, I had the pickup paid for.

When I arrived at the place the Lord had mentioned, I was given 3 services. They decided to take the morning offering, add enough to it to make \$400 and give it to the work. I cried and said, "If you're sure the Lord wants you to do that, I am buying a pickup and with your offering and your permission I would like to put a camper shell on the pickup and use the rest for a refrigerator as I haven't had one in running order for 2 years." They were very pleased for me to do that.

I came home, got the camper shell, and had \$150 left.

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Two carpenters followed me back that year, and they used the rest of the money for repairs on the chapel and the putting in of 2 windows in the living quarters.

I said to the Lord, “I have been without a refrigerator for 2 years, I can go 2 more. A couple of brethren came in shortly after that and one of them said, “Sis. would you like to have my refrigerator?” I didn’t know what to say as I had no money left. I said, “For how much?” He said, “I don’t want anything for it only to bring it down and hook it up.”

He did, and it is still in running order for the workers as of May, 1983. It is marvelous to me to even read back over all this and realize how very intricately the Lord worked in every phase of getting these for the work. I surely did appreciate it as from the Lord.

When He works in our behalf, it makes us more responsible to be faithful to Him and to the work. I prayed earnestly that He would show me more to do and give me strength to do it. He was faithful to do that. He impressed me to give the green pickup to the brother who had kept services going in my absence. “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.” Ps. 32:8.

### **The White Pickup**

Quite a group of us, including some guests, left after our camp meeting to come to Oklahoma. Several desired to attend the National Camp Meeting and did.

After the camp meeting, one of the native brothers planned to buy a pickup to drive back to Mexico. He had such a handicap because of the language barrier, that I decided to try to help him. I made a call to someone back here concerning their own pickup for the native brother first, but he said it had been a lemon ever since

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he'd had it. He said, "Why, I thought you had a good pickup." I explained to him why I had called. It seemed the Lord was impressing me to let the native brother have my pickup for a nominal sum, as it would be easier for me to buy a pickup than it would him. The man on the phone said, "Well, we had planned to help the brother buy a pickup, so if you let him have yours, we'll help you buy one. I'll start trying to find one."

When I returned from National Camp Meeting, I was told that there was a brand new '73 pickup awaiting me in Okarche. All I had to do was go pick it up and finish paying it off. Three of us went up and I drove it back.

The home congregation put quite a lot on the pickup, then put a camper shell on it. By the time I had the papers, I owed \$1012 dollars on it.

Later, a brother in the Church wrote that he would pay the loan and I could reimburse him that year or whenever it was convenient to do it, without interest. Isn't the Lord good to His trusting children?

During the next year when I went to San Diego, I got the pickup tuned up once and when I went to pay the bill, the man said, "Say, how do you drive that pickup, anyway?" I told him that I felt it had been provided and I just needed to drive it. He said, "That's the hardest pickup I ever tried to drive."

The next summer, the pastor of the congregation found why it was so hard to drive. The power-steering worm had been put in, but the power steering had not been added, thus making it doubly hard to turn. The congregation put in power-steering for me before I returned to the field. Then I had to be careful, as it turned with one

finger. “But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the Lord.” Ps. 115:18.

### **Four Wide Radial Tires and Rims**

As a general rule, I made a trip to San Diego about once a month. One particular time, though I usually did the laundry the first thing on arriving in town, I just left it to do the next morning. The Laundryman’s son opened up. I had seen him a time or two, but didn’t really know him.

While I was doing the laundry, he came over and started a conversation. After the usual greetings, he said, “What do you do in Mexico?” When I told him I was a missionary, he said, “Oh, you know, I might have something that you could use. I looked at your pickup and it’s just like mine. Are you needing some wide radial tires for that pickup?” I hardly knew what to say, as I really didn’t need them at that time. I had planned, Lord willing, when the time came to buy tires, that I would buy wide radial ones.

He said, “They are on the rims. I gave \$31 dollars apiece for the rims alone. I just didn’t like that kind of tire, so I went and got me some others. They’re stacked in my garage and when you do need them, just tell me, I’ll bring them over and put them on for you. They have a 40,000 mile guarantee and I’ve driven them perhaps 10,000 miles.” I asked him how much he wanted for them and he told me he didn’t want anything, he would just give them to me.

I knew that the Lord worked in all.

A little later a native brother came by and had had 3 flats getting to my house. He wanted me to go with them to San Diego to buy tires and on the way, we had another flat. I went and talked to the man who had offered the tires to see if it would be alright with him



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if the native brother could have two of them. He was agreeable so we put them on.

Later, when I was ready to go on vacation, I was ready for the other two tires. We loaded them in the camper so when I got home, I could buy 2 and have 4 good radial tires.

That was the year that my grandson had flown to San Diego and had come down to our camp meeting in Ojos Negros. The second night of our trip, we parked at a Filling Station in Grants, New Mexico and slept in the camper.

When the day-man came to work at 7:00 A.M. he said, “Lady, did you know you have 4 or 5 bald spots on one of those tires on the back? How about me putting it on the rack and checking them?” I told him I had two good tires in the camper. He changed the tires and charged very little. When he finished, he said, “Lady, did you know there were three nails in those two tires? You surely are fortunate that you were not out on the road.” I told my grandson that we were not fortunate but blessed. We surely did thank the Lord that He had provided the tires, then helped us to be in a place where they could be put on with no trouble and very little expense.

While I was at home, my pastor’s son called and said he had seen a sale on radial tires. One was \$69 and the second was \$1. I went right down and got them put on. God surely looks after His trusting children. “Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end.” Eph. 3:20,21.

## **In The States**

### **God's Leadings and Protection**

On our trip to the interior of Mexico, in the Valley of Santiago, we were planning to go to a ranch.

At this particular time, my heart was real bad. I told the group they could go ahead, but I just couldn't go. It was decided, unless I could go they couldn't either, as I was the only interpreter there. I didn't want to keep them from having a service out there, so I went, anyway. The vehicle was a carry-all with a high back seat. The driver drove very carefully, but lying on the bed they had made for me, my entire body hit the top of the car twice on the way out there.

After starting the service, I began to feel more and more ill. I passed the word along that if any of them intended to testify, please do it, as I just had to go to the car. (I didn't know it then, but this was planned by the Lord, Himself). After the testimonies, I got one of the girls to go with me to the car. When we got clear of the rock fence inclosing the ranch, we were surprised to see that about 25 men were gathered around our car. As we came up, they backed up, but began to close in again after we were in the car. The car could not be locked, and every cent I had was in that car. We had all left our purses in the car. I told the girl not to act afraid, so we just sat there and talked like they weren't even there.

Presently, her little brother came out to the car. I had him go and tell his daddy to come as soon as he could. These men had gotten up to the car and were rocking it. Shortly, the rest of our party came and with them one lady who had been saved for 26 years. She asked our prayers for all her children.

Since that time we have been sending literature to them at the ranch, and in 1980 I received a letter from her son, who at that time was interested, but not saved. He said, that through the literature and our visits, he and all his brothers and sisters, and many others on the ranch had gotten saved, and were asking for more literature as they wanted to work for God and try to get some others saved, too. We surely did thank the Lord for His protection over us and our belongings and the opportunity the Lord used to save some. “He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.” Ps. 91:15.

### **The Lord Working to Save a Few**

A worker in the Interior of Mexico had services in Calzontzin for a number of years, but it just seemed the people didn’t want the Gospel. I don’t believe there was even one soul saved. He had walked around the country house to house and finally found one couple who wanted to serve the Lord. He went there and had service with them. They came in at times for services, but at the particular time that we were there, she had a new baby, and wasn’t able to come, so we went out to her house and had services.

They really seemed to appreciate the service that day and the fellowship was precious. We had a nice meal with them then went to a Tarascan village and had another service. They were lovely people but so very poor. They had boards on rocks for benches. We had a real precious service there. We surely need to hold them up in

prayer. They are really trying to live for the Lord. “And on the sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither. And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, . . . whose heart the Lord opened, when she was baptized, . . . she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house.” Acts 16:13-15.

## **A Mango**

While we were on our mission to the Interior of Mexico, we went to see Celia’s mother. Celia is the one in the store in Ojos Negros. We had a service with her, then went on up the street. There was a little old wrinkled lady sitting in the doorway of a small house. She looked old, wrinkled and dirty. Evidently, the family was all out working for the day and had left her there alone. We handed her a tract, then returned and gave her a large red mango. I don’t believe if we had given her \$1,000 it could have pleased her more.

She took it in her hands, pulled it down and hugged it to her breast, saying, “*A MANGO?*” It seemed beyond her comprehension that she was actually going to be able to eat it herself. That really touched my heart. I thought, “How little it takes to satisfy these people, and how very much it takes for us. Lord help us that we might not require so much to be satisfied.” “Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith.” Prov. 15:16. “Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Prov. 15:17.

## **Living by Faith**

While at home on vacation from Mexico one time, I went to visit a dear friend by faith. I’d had no way of knowing whether a visit could be made her or not. The Lord showed me to go on, and

just as He is always faithful to His trusting children, when I arrived and called her, the Lord had gone before me. All was well worked out for us to have a good visit.

When the Lord showed me to return to my field of labor, I had no idea where He wanted me to work. I had heard the doors were shut to us in the place I had labored the year before.

While wondering concerning this, the Lord said, “You went to see your friend by faith, can’t you go to California by faith?” I answered, “Yes, Lord,” and began right away to make preparations for leaving.

My son and wife were taking me back. None of the workers knew we were returning at that time.

On our arrival in California, the question was asked, “Sis. where do you plan to work this year?” At once, I began to explain that I came back by faith but was willing to go anywhere the Lord wanted me to go. We all talked for some time, then had prayer. After prayer, I asked what places were open for resident workers. As the vacancies were named, the name of the place where I had labored the year before was mentioned. Immediately, it rang a bell in my heart. I quickly told all that I knew God wanted me back in Santa Catarina.

On learning of my decision, I was told that there was an 18-year-old girl who also had a burden for the Indians there. She was called right away and arrangements made for us to pick her up.

God was faithful as always, and when we arrived He began to bless in all our undertakings. It always pays to trust Him who promised to go with us to the end. “Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for he is faithful that promised).” Heb. 10:23.

## Quite an Ordeal

(Since the beginning of our stay together began in the States, and that which happened when we arrived happened right after the former article I believe it is well to insert it here).

My son and wife could only stay overnight in Santa Catarina. We had over 100 miles to go to get there after we left the line.

When we arrived on the Indian Reservation, we had to get the key to our own house from the Chief of the tribe. When we arrived at his house, he said the Policeman had the key and he was down in the Valley, working. That meant that some of us would need to go to the Valley (about another 30 miles) and it was down a very dangerous and steep, single-lane road. I told my son he and the Chief could go and get the key, but soon realized that my son couldn't understand Spanish, neither could the Chief understand English so I had to go with them.

We left the girl and my son's wife at the school house until we should return.

If I remember correctly, we got down there just fine and got the key. As we came out after climbing the steep incline, we had 2 flats. It was nearing sundown by then.

The son of one of the members of the El Alamo congregation came along and took the Chief to El Alamo to get both tires fixed as we had only one spare. My son and I waited for their return.

When we finally got back to Santa Catarina, we stopped at the school house to pick up the girl and my son's wife, then on to the house.

The 2 girls had had quite an unusual visitor while we were gone. One of the Indian ladies who knew they were there, came over for a

visit. She couldn't talk English, neither could either of the 2 girls talk Spanish, so they all just sat there and looked at each other and smiled. They did, at least, have some food they could open and eat. We had a bottle of pop apiece while in the Valley, but all were glad to get where we could cook and eat.

I surely hated to see them leave the next morning. We had a large 500-gallon tank up on a hill that made our house modern for 3 days, if we went down the hill and started the gasoline pump, then went back and shut it off when the tank was full. This time, when we started the pump, the water poured through the tank and out. There was a huge leak toward the bottom of the tank.

After the children left the next morning, my co-worker and I thought we would see what we could do about the tank. The Lord brought to my mind the way my mother used to pull a rag through a hole in the dishpan until it wouldn't pull anymore. My co-worker climbed up and I had her drop a large folded towel down into the tank. We got ahold of it with a wire hook and pulled it until we could pull no more. After going down and starting the motor, the tank filled up with very little leakage, and the towel lasted 5 weeks. How we did thank the Lord. "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works." Ps. 9:1.

(Now back to other happenings in the States).

## **Contacting New People for God**

After one camp meeting, a group of us left for the Interior of Mexico where we gave out thousands of tracts and had several services.

I returned via Oklahoma City, where I spent 6 days with my mother, flew to San Diego, got my pickup, did all the washing from the camp meeting, then returned to Ojos Negros and went to work.

Literature and tapes are still being sent to several who were contacted on that trip. May the Lord continue to bless.

We thanked the Lord for the opportunity to contact new people and get the Gospel to many we couldn't otherwise have contacted. The Judgment Day will reveal what has been accomplished as His children obey Him. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

### **A Warning Via the Wind**

When I was returning to the field (for my last year in Mexico, though I didn't know it then), I returned in a terrific wind. Facing directly into the wind, even with my foot to the floor-board, the pickup wouldn't get above 40 miles per hour.

When the wind was at the side, it felt that the pickup would go off the road in spite of all I could do. Much of the time I'm on the road, I pray, and during the 2 days of battling the wind, I said, "Lord, are you trying to tell me something? Is it that this year is going to be a pressing year? Is it going to be the hardest year that I have ever had in Mexico?" He didn't answer me directly, but that was the impression that I got and it surely was true.

It seemed that every way that I turned, there were reverses. I plodded and pressed on and the Lord did undertake for me many, many times, but it was really the hardest year I'd ever had while there. Through all, the Lord saw me through the year and encouraged me. I felt that those 2 days were sort of a prophecy of the year to come, and it was fulfilled. "For the wind was contrary. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14:24b, 27.



## **The Break-In**

As I began the tape ministry and began to translate the messages of the Sermon on the Mount, I did some of it while I was on vacation.

I was staying in a small trailer at the side of the chapel; I left for the night on Saturday and when I came back, realized the trailer had been broken into; my typewriter, suitcase, transistor radio, and 2 albums of pictures had been stolen. The pictures were the only things that could not be replaced, and the Lord knew that.

Those pictures were found, a familiar face seen in them, a call made, and those pictures were returned to me 13 miles away from where they were thrown out of a car. I did thank the Lord and felt I needed to be obedient to Him in taking the spoiling of my goods joyfully. He helped me to do that. He later made it possible for me to buy a better Spanish typewriter. Rom. 8:28 is still true. I believe the way we accept His dealings and the things He permits to come our way, have a large bearing on our growth in Him. “And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” Rom. 8:28.

## **“I Love You”**

“For the Father Himself, loveth you,” John 16:27.

The Lord doesn’t promise a bed of roses, but He does promise grace to bear the hard things.

In 1977, when I was going to Ojos Negros, for the camp meeting, it took me 3 days to drive out.

The second day at noon, I stopped at a Rest Area to eat my lunch. I had gone to the right side of the front seat to eat and forgetting how close I was to the curb, when I got out to go back

around the car, I caught my foot on the curb and fell. I caught my weight on my left elbow. My first thought was a broken arm.

Of course, I began immediately to pray. It wasn't broken, but I couldn't clasp the steering-wheel with the left hand for about 1½ hours, try as I would.

The sweetest part of all was, as I walked to the back of the car to go to the driver's side, the Lord spoke these words to me, "I love you."

Never had I heard sweeter words than those. There I was, miles from anyone I knew, but the Lord was there with me. As I drove on down the road, I could hardly see to drive for my tears, but they were tears of joy for the presence of the Lord and not for the pain in my arm. I began thanking the Lord for letting it happen as a reminder to me that, regardless of where I am, the Lord is there with me and loves me. "For the Father Himself, loveth you." After the 1½ hours, my arm didn't hurt anymore, praise the Lord!

## **The Tape Ministry**

After a group of us went into Mexico proper, in the summer of 1974, we decided that there were several workers and people who wanted to distribute the Word of God to the people, and by the help of the Lord, we would start a tape ministry.

Since that decision, and since the pastor of my home congregation was preaching several messages on the Sermon on the Mount, we thought that would be a real good fundamental start for our tape ministry.

All 17 messages were translated and put back on tape in Spanish.

The Lord has been blessing the efforts in this direction. We are sending them to 10 different places now, as of May 1983 and are praying that they will reach out to many people. The different workers who have tape recorders can take and play them for other people and get the fundamental teachings of the Bible to saved and sinner, alike.

There is a group of Americans, some former workers, who have gathered together and sung and recorded most of the songs in the Spanish hymnal. One of the group is putting a hymn or two before these messages, then one following the message and sends them to the 10 places, thus helping many people to be able to learn the hymns they aren't familiar with, and it gets more of the Word of God to them. We desire that this ministry be a real blessing to many souls.

Since this article was written, a young man has recorded a good part of the Spanish Hymnal in quartet form for use, both on the field and in the tape ministry. We thank the Lord for consecrated workers who give of their talents to the furtherance of the Gospel. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Eccl. 9:10.

## **The Lord's System**

The day came when I left Mexico for good and was not going back as a missionary. I started in the Spanish printing work, and sending out the literature I had mimeographed, to addresses I had picked up through the years. A file was made of the addresses so a record could be kept of each thing sent to them. Sixty-five addresses were the number the Lord blessed with which to start. I knew nothing at all concerning preparation and distribution of literature.

The Lord gave the system by which preparations could be made and helped in the distribution of all. How I thank Him. “Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.” Ecc. 11:1.

## **Managing Spanish Literature Preparations**

I felt *so* inadequate to manage a print shop in Spanish. The Lord showed me that as it had been in Santa Catarina teaching school, when I felt so inadequate to teach, so would it be in printing. He has been supplying such as I needed for which I truly thank Him. “But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.” 2 Cor. 4:7.

## **Some First Translations**

When the Lord first impressed me to translate some messages from English into Spanish and put them back on tape, the process was one of about 6 to 8 hours, as the only way I knew to do it was to write the entire message down in English, translate all to Spanish, and by the help of my Spanish Bible, to read it off and tape it with the accompanying Scriptures, later taking notes on it, to get it ready for printing.

Later, learning by doing, and by experience, the Lord made me able to cut one step out at a time and listen to the message in English, put it on tape in Spanish while making notes in Spanish that would enable it to be printed. This last process only took about 2 hours. How I did thank the Lord for teaching me, little by little, to accomplish more in a shorter time.

Everything I know today about preparation for printing was taught me by the Lord, as I knew absolutely nothing concerning it when the Lord showed me to come off the field and begin this work.

He has given me a filing system for the tracts, for the addresses, with a record of material sent to each, etc. Many tracts are stored in my kitchen right now which, in time, I hope to be able to send through the mails to all Spanish-speaking countries. Many have already been sent at this writing. Each time a tract is printed, 2 or 3,000 copies are printed and stored until used.—written about 1983.

I would like to say that since I have all the literature preparation materials in my own home in Okla. City, it seems I can accomplish so much more in less time. I originally came here to care for my aged mother, but since that time, she has passed on, and the Lord is blessing my work here.

I want to be faithful to the Lord in this until He shows me to leave it to more competent hands. “Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass.” Is. 32:20.

### **“My Friendly Trip to Mexico”**

#### **Forward**

Several people, including workers and former workers, plus other friends, have asked especially that I relate the following story in my book. All of the workers termed it:

### **“My Friendly Trip to Mexico”**

When Bro. Smith passed away, several of us flew to California for the funeral.

Later, a native brother was having trouble with his car, so some former workers loaned him theirs.

Several people had asked me to get some things for them if I went to Mexico, so, these people said if I went down on the bus maybe I could drive their car out.

One person asked if I would please bring back the cancer medicine a relative of hers needed. Some asked me to get them some smooth round rocks from the beach. Still another wanted me to get her a large floor vase, so I decided to go down on the bus and bring all these things back in the car.

I had stayed over night in San Diego, eaten breakfast at 8:30 and left.

On the bus, my seat-mate was an elderly woman. She asked me why I was going to Mexico. I told her I had been a missionary down there and needed to make a trip down for some things. She was wearing the attire of the world and smoking. In the process of our conversation, I had the opportunity to speak to her concerning the preparation of her soul to meet God. She said, "I don't want to hear it. I'm having a good time. Don't even mention it." I didn't say anymore until we got off the bus to go our separate ways when I asked her please to remember the words I had spoken to her and received the same answer as before. How sad! There are millions just like her in the world.

I had quite a time getting the car from the house of some workers, but finally did. I then began to try to find all everyone wanted and did.

I felt I didn't really have very much and the things I had wouldn't be hard to cross with, so I committed all to the Lord and went on to the line.

The emigration officer asked me what I was bringing from Mexico. The following conversation ensued:

Opal: "Well, I have these rocks, this vase and this medicine."

Officer: MEDICINE? *GET OUT OF THAT CAR!*"

## I WANT YOU TO GO TO MEXICO

Of course, I complied.

He began to question me thus:

Off.: “Who is the medicine for?”

Opal: “It belongs to a relative of a friend of mine.”

Off.: “Where does your friend live?”

Opal: “In Guthrie, Oklahoma.”

Off.: “Where does the relative live?”

Opal: “In Twin Falls, Idaho.”

Off. “To whom does the vase belong?”

Opal: “To a friend of mine.”

Off.: “Where does *this* friend live?”

Opal: “In Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.”

Off.: “Well, to whom do the rocks belong and where do they live?”

Opal: “They belong to several friends back home in Guthrie, and Oklahoma City.”

Off.: “*Well*, this car does belong to you, doesn’t it?”

Opal: “No, it belongs to some friends.”

Off.: “*Well, where do these friends live?*”

Opal: “In Montclair, California.”

By that time, he had fully ransacked the car and was taking me to the office and he was *mad*.

## I WANT YOU TO GO TO MEXICO

I thanked the Lord that He permitted the man behind the desk to be kind. The first man turned my purse upside down on the counter and was asking where everything came from.

The second man said: “Why don’t you let her come back here and sit down? She looks tired. You are tired, aren’t you?” I answered that I was and took the seat he offered. He offered me a drink of water and I suddenly realized I hadn’t eaten anything since 8:30 A.M. It was then about 5:30 P.M. I had wanted to finish getting all my friends’ things together before I ate, but it had gotten later than I realized.

The second man began to fill out some papers. He said, “I’m sorry, Mrs. Kelly, but I’m going to need you to help me by answering some questions. You do understand that we can’t let you take the medicine across?”

Opal: “No, but it’s alright.”

When I first saw the papers, he said, “Now, don’t let that word ‘illegal’ scare you.”

Opal: “Well, it does. I didn’t know it was against the law to cross the line with medicines.”

Second man: “I believe that and it’s a good thing I do, because if I hadn’t, you would already be in jail (Tijuana Jail).”

All the while he was filling out the papers, the first man was over in the corner talking to 3 or 4 other emigration officers, saying, “I’ll tell you, that’s the worst I ever heard,” then he repeated what had passed between us. I know they sound terrible, but they are every one true.



## I WANT YOU TO GO TO MEXICO

The Lord kept me very calm through it all until I got back in the car to drive away. My knees and limbs, so to speak, went to water. I could hardly put my foot on the gas I was so weak.

As soon as I found a phone booth, I called a number I knew from memory and asked for an agreement of prayer. The Lord so quickly came to my rescue, I felt wonderful before I left the phone booth. I went next door and ate a good evening meal. Praise the Lord! “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.” Ps. 34:7.





