



ESCAPE FROM DEATH

By Rose Slaybaugh

PREFACE

WE have traveled many thousands of miles—all the way from Los Angeles, California, to Oshawa, Ontario; from Bellingham, Washington, to Key West, Florida, and across to Havana, Cuba—to tell of the wonderful way in which God has worked in our lives.

We've been urged by hundreds of people to put our story into a book, and now the time has come to do so. We do it with the hope that our testimony will greatly glorify our heavenly Father and will build confidence and faith in His goodness and power in the hearts of all who read it. Perhaps this testimony will help some who have become discouraged or careless, and bring them back into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

In this story we would like to tell you how we became Christians after the death of our only child. We want to tell you of the struggles we had, of the opposition of friends and relatives and even the clergy. Anything we write is not done maliciously against anyone personally or against any group of people or denomination. That is not the purpose in telling our story. But we must tell it just as it happened, or it would not be our true experience.

R.S.

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CHAPTER 1

TRAGEDY AND AWAKENING

WHEN Roy and I were married, Roy was everything I wanted in a husband; he was good, kind, and thoughtful. But I think I was just a little disappointed after the honeymoon, for when I asked, "Darling, don't you think we should start going to Sunday school and church now?" he smiled a little and said, "Rose, you run along to Sunday school the way you're used to doing; but, you know, Sunday school and church are for women and children. No real he-man goes to church."

He was right at the height of his career. He was a wrestler. I suppose the world would call him a roughneck, but he was a good one, and I loved him.

Roy and I were fortunate to have been born of Christian parents. His mother and father were strict Methodists; mine, strict Baptists. I cannot remember the time that I was not taken to Sunday school and church. I think I was born a church member. Roy cannot say that, however, because after he reached the age when a boy is too old to spank and be made to go to Sunday school, he believed he had all the religion he needed. He thought he had finished his Christian experience. But not I. I had always been a worker in one department of the church or another. When I was just a slip of a girl, I was a teacher of the little ones. First I taught in the kindergarten division, then the primary; and when I grew older, I was given a high school group. For many years I was the teacher of those boys and girls.

This was not because I was a student of the Scriptures, for I was not. But I think I knew about as much about the fundamental teachings of the Bible as the ordinary churchgoer. Many times I stood in the classroom and looked at the picture of Daniel in the lions' den that hung on the wall, and wondered, How did he ever get into that place? Why was he in there? Did he ever get out of it? It never occurred to me to read the story in the Bible. We had never had a Sunday school lesson dealing with it or heard a sermon preached about it.

In a few years our home was blessed with a tiny baby boy. How we loved that precious little bundle of life, our own little son! We named him Jack. We didn't need anything more. We were so completely happy that we didn't want anything else in the world. But this was not long true of our little one. He was growing and beginning to ask questions. He would often ask, "Mom and Daddy, can't I have a little brother and sister like Mildred across the way?"

Well, we had to find a little one that needed a home. About this time I was called to sing at the funeral of a young mother who had died suddenly, leaving her husband and three little children—two girls and a boy. Oh, how I wanted that blue-eyed baby girl! Later we got acquainted with the father, and I asked him if we could have little Shirley. He did not want to give his children away, and he did not want to separate the girls. Lorraine was two years older, and a sweet child. To our great joy, we were able to arrange with him to take both of the girls.

Now our family was growing rapidly—one boy and two girls! We were all happy together, especially Jack. He loved the girls as though they were his own sisters, and was always concerned about them.

Soon another little girl came into our lives. She was older than the other children. I practically sneaked her in through the back door. When Roy came home the day she arrived, he asked me about her—who she was and where she came from. I told him, "Oh, just another little guest."

"Well," he said, "Rose, can't you be satisfied now? Three girls and a boy! After all, I do have to make the living, you know."

We should have had a dozen! We had such fun together! (The girls are all married now and have homes of their own.)

Did I send these children to Sunday school? No, I didn't send them; I went with them. On Sunday there was usually a late breakfast, and after breakfast, a scramble to the front porch for the "funny papers." Each little one would seize a sheet and settle down on the living room floor because they had to hurry and exchange so they could read all the sheets before we had to leave.

Presently I would look at the clock. "Now, darlings, we must hurry. It's almost ten o'clock, and we mustn't be late for Sunday school."

In each little hand was placed a penny. Those pennies did not always reach their proper destination, for right down on the corner was a grocery store where penny candy was sold. The children just swarmed around that corner every Sunday morning on their way to church.

After the services were over, we would hurry home. Then it was the children who were hurrying me. "Oh, Mommy, Mommy, hurry! Look what time it is! It's almost two o'clock, and we mustn't be late for the show."

This time in each little hand was placed ten cents. Sometimes the children would beg, "Oh, if we could only have two dimes today! There are two shows and we'd like to see both of them. If one is just awfully good, couldn't we stay and see it over again?"

I thought the moving-picture theater was the finest place in the world for children. I did not know that we were sending them to the devil's playhouse, but surely God has forgiven us for that, as well as for so many other things of which we were ignorant.

And what were mother and dad doing all Sunday afternoon? At home reading the precious truths in God's Word? Ah, no, far from it! We either had friends come in or were guests in their homes. All afternoon and away into the evening we were playing cards. That is the way we honored the Lord.

Life went on in this careless way until God took a hand in our affairs. By this time our son was tall and handsome and twenty years old. We were living in Moscow, Idaho. One day Jack complained of a slight pain in his throat and the back of his neck. I called the local doctor. After examining Jack, he said, "This isn't anything for a local doctor. Hurry him to Spokane. I'll call the specialists, Dr. Sprowl and Dr. Joseph Lynch. I'll have a room ready for you in the Sacred Heart Hospital."

We hurried Jack there the same afternoon. The doctors were waiting for us. They soon diagnosed Jack's case and came and told us the dreadful news that Jack could not live. He had cerebral meningitis in its worst form.

We couldn't understand what they were talking about. This happening to us! No, not to our Jack! He had never been sick a day in his life aside from the diseases of childhood.

Special nurses were placed on his case. Among them was a young man who was given the duty of placing hot compresses on Jack's eyes and ears. His name was Waverd Lamb, and he was the same age as our son. Waverd was a real Christian. He was not only taking care of Jack's physical needs, which was, of course, important; but, even more so, he was helping Jack with his spiritual needs. He was a true witness for Christ, telling Jack all about the wonderful plan of salvation and the love of Jesus. Soon he was praying with our boy.

Waverd told us a few months ago, when we had dinner with him in his apartment in Los Angeles, how he used to slip his Bible under the tray and cover it with a napkin in order to read it to Jack. At the time we didn't know that all this was going on in Jack's room.

Near the end Roy said to me, "Rose, Jack is dying. Shouldn't someone pray with him?"

I answered, "Roy, I never really have been taught to pray. Couldn't you pray?"

"Rose, after all, you should know how," he said. "You are the church member of the family."

Although we had been reared in Christian homes, neither Roy nor I had ever heard our mothers or fathers pray aside from offering the blessing at the table. Now had come the crucial time in our son's life. If ever Jack needed praying parents, it was now, but how utterly we failed him! The only prayer I taught our children, the only prayer that I had ever been taught, was the childish prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." But God never fails anyone. He placed Waverd Lamb in the room with Jack during that week.

Almost a week passed. It was Wednesday night. Waverd was in the room a long time. We knew Jack was slipping away from us rapidly and had but a few hours left. Finally Waverd came out and held the door open for us to go back in. He could see that Roy and I had been crying. Our hearts were just crushed and broken. As he held the door open for us, he said, "Folks, I wish you wouldn't feel so bad about Jack. He is going to be all right. I'll remember him again in my prayers tonight."

I said, "Young man, what did you say?"

"I'll remember him in my prayers tonight."

"Why, young man, what kind of church do you belong to?"

"I'm a Seventh-day Adventist."

All I could say was, "Oh." I had never seen a Seventh day Adventist before. We had heard about these people and how strange and peculiar they were supposed to be. But here was one of them, a young man who knew how to pray, and who was praying for our darling. It did not make any difference to us what church he belonged to—for he knew how to pray.

It was Thursday morning. Jack was asleep. All the pain was gone. The doctors came in and said, "Don't disturb him. He will waken during the day." Toward evening he started moving around a little bit. He opened his eyes, and as he did so, he looked at a beautiful picture of the boy Jesus opposite on the wall. Jack looked at it for a while, and then said, "Dear Jesus." Then he looked up at us and said, "Oh, please, please, turn to Christ."

I said, "Yes, darling, we will."

He said, "Thank you, Mom. Now I must kiss you good-by." I reached down and kissed him, and Roy reached down and kissed him, too. But Jack reached his hands up and said, "Oh, Dad, I must kiss you on the face again."

He seemed to be worried about his father, for his father never went to Sunday school and church with us. Then he closed his eyes and went to sleep, and it was all over. He will rest until the Life-giver calls him again.

When our son died, life went out of us also. What was there left for us to live for? All our plans, all our hopes, had centered around our son. Why couldn't we lie down and die with him? But we had to go on living the best we could.

CHAPTER 2

THE MISSING BIBLE TEXT

WE moved back to the farm. One evening Roy and I were sitting in front of the fireplace, talking things over. He said to me, "Rose, now I'd like to be a church member. I'd like to go to church with you. I'd like too do what Jack asked us to do, and I want to be a real Christian."

I said, "Roy, so do I. What church shall we join?"

"It doesn't make very much difference which church we join," he said. "They are all more or less alike. But I do want to join a church that believes in baptism by immersion. I do want to be baptized the way the Bible teaches, the way Jesus was baptized."

I said, "All right, how would the Christian Church be?" Roy said that would be all right, so I called the minister of the large downtown Christian church in Spokane, told him who we were, and asked if we could be baptized and join his church. He said he would be happy to have us do that.

"Next Sunday morning you be in church, and when I give the invitation, just walk down the aisle, and I'll meet you and ask you a few questions."

He called up later in the week and said, "We are going to make that baptism Sunday night. Next Sunday is Easter, and our choir is singing a cantata; we would like to combine the two."

We were there Sunday evening, sitting in the back row. After the music the minister gave the invitation, and Roy and I stepped out alone and walked down the aisle. He met us and shook our hands, asked us a few simple questions, and we were baptized while the congregation was singing. Then we came back and signed our names together in a book. Now we were both members, and happy.

The minister did not ask us about our characters, our habits, nor did he give us any instruction in the Christian faith. He did not tell Roy that he should stop drinking and smoking. He did not tell us that we should stop our movie-going, our card playing, and our dancing. He told us nothing whatever about Christian living.

But I think we fooled that minister just a little bit because we went home and started studying the Bible. We had a beautiful Bible, just as pretty and new as it was twenty-five years before when Roy had given it to me as a gift. We did not use that Bible every day; we couldn't let it lie around the house carelessly. We had to take care of it. It was always placed up in the bookcase on a shelf. Whenever I would entertain the Ladies Aid society, or when the pastor would call, I was always proud to present that beautiful Bible. The minister would open it and read a verse or two, and then it was put away for safekeeping. Once in a while the children would get it down and look at the pictures, and I would say, "Oh, no, no, honey, not this pretty book! If you want to look at pictures, you have your picture books and comic books." I would take it away from them and place it high out of the reach of their little hands.

But now we got the Bible down, this beautiful new Bible, and started opening the pages, many of which had never been opened before. Have you ever heard of anyone quarreling about a Bible? I do not mean really quarreling, but when I had it, I would be reading something interesting; and Roy would say, "Rose, don't you think it's my turn to have it for just a little while?" Then he would tell me by the clock just how long I had had it. I would hand it over to him and sit and watch the clock; and pretty soon I'd say, "Come on, honey, hand it over. It's my turn to have it." Reluctantly he would hand it back.

We soon put a stop to that though; we bought another Bible. But that didn't help much. No, I would be reading something interesting and say, "I didn't know this before," and Roy would say, "Rose, come, see what I've found in mine." I'd say, "Honey, if you knew what I'm reading here, you'd close yours and come and see what I've found."

What do you think we were looking for? We wanted to read with our very own eyes just what the minister had said at Jack's funeral—that he went right straight to heaven, and that he was there waiting day by day for mother and dad to join him. The minister said he was up there singing with the angels and praising God. He had also said, "Take the shape of the grave; it's the shape of a doorway. Jack passed right through that doorway and went straight to heaven."

Another minister calling on us and trying to console us in our grief said, "You shouldn't feel so bad about Jack. You should feel good over the whole thing. Why," he said, "you are the parents of an angel!"

For many years I had done professional singing and playing for funeral homes. I guess I have listened to literally hundreds of funeral sermons by pastors of different denominations, and they all preached the departed ones right straight up to heaven. I don't know that any ever went down, regardless of their character. I do remember a poor man in Moscow, Idaho, who committed suicide. The preacher didn't say where he went—whether he went up or down. He just left him hanging in space. I was so indoctrinated with that belief that the moment it was all over in Jack's room, I rushed out and down the corridor, threw open the doors, and went out on the balcony. I wanted to see Jack's spirit ascend toward heaven. I didn't know what I would see, but I thought I was going to see something. Hadn't we read an illustrated magazine article just a short time before about a man's photographing the spirit leaving a body? But I didn't see anything, not a thing but the cold stars, shining above.

When we started studying the Bible, we started reading it just as a little child reads his first primer. We didn't know where to find anything. We had to search for what we were looking for. Did we read anyplace that Jack went straight to heaven, and that he was waiting day by day for mother and dad to join him up there? Did we read anyplace that he was up there singing with the angels and praising God? Or did we read anything to lead us to believe that we were the parents of an angel? No, we didn't find anything that even sounded like that. But we found verse after verse telling us Jack was asleep in the grave, waiting for Jesus to call him. We read such scriptures as Ecclesiastes 9:5: "The living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything," and Psalm 115:17: "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence."

We were a little disappointed, but the Bible is true. God never makes any mistake, and He knows what is best for us. In looking for these scriptures, we found many other things that we didn't know were in the Bible before.

One evening Roy looked up from his Bible and said, "Rose, every time I open my Bible, it doesn't make any difference where, from the very beginning all the way through the New Testament, I read something about the commandments of God."

I had noticed that too. Roy asked, "Rose, what are the commandments of God?"

"I don't know, honey, unless they are the Ten Commandments. I don't know that God has any other commandments."

"Well," he said, "just what are the Ten Commandments?"

"Why," I said, "you should know what the Ten Commandments are! Everyone knows what they are. You're not supposed to lie and steal."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I know that, but I'd like to read them. Where are they in the Bible?"

I said, "I'm sure I don't know, but we'll find them."

By this time we had discovered that the concordance could be a help to us. We soon found where the Ten Commandments were. Perhaps I read a little faster than Roy did, for I found something about halfway down the list that I didn't want him to see. He asked so many questions! He was always asking me questions that I couldn't answer, and I didn't want him to see this. I tried to call his attention to something else.

He said, "Sh, don't say anything, honey. I'm reading something I never knew before."

So I turned back and read it again.

"Why," he said, "Rose, I never knew before that the seventh day is the Sabbath!"

Well, I just did not want to talk about that.

He said, "Is Sunday the seventh day of the week?"

"Of course not There's the calendar. Sunday is the first day of the week; Saturday is the seventh."

"Well," he said, "this doesn't make sense to me. Here it says plainly that the Sabbath of the Lord thy God is the seventh day of the week, and we worship on Sunday, the first day of the week."

Then I thought about what I had been taught, and said, "Roy, you know that was changed."

"Changed? When?"

"Oh," I said, "at the resurrection of Christ" It had been taught to me that way all my life.

"Is there a scripture authorizing the change?"

"Of course. There's scripture for everything."

"Where is it? I want to read it." "It will be easy to find."

"What does it sound like?" Roy asked; "I'd like to read it now."

I said, "It goes something like this: 'In commemoration of the resurrection of Christ, the seventh-day Sabbath was changed to Sunday, the first day of the week, and now it is called the Lord's Day.'"

"Oh," he said.

Back to the concordance we went.

Roy said, "What shall we look for first?"

"Let's look up all the scriptures that mention the first day of the week."

We found them, one by one. We found eight or nine different places. When we had finished reading them, they hadn't helped us one bit.

Roy said, "They don't have anything to say about the change of the Sabbath."

We searched all evening for that text, and we couldn't find it. Roy was working out in the fields at this time; and as he left early the next morning, he said, "Rose, if you don't do anything else today, find that scripture for me! I want to read it."

I said, "Don't worry, honey; I'll have it for you." And I didn't do very much else that day but read and search feverishly. I knew that I had to produce that scripture, or else. Roy came in that evening from work. After supper he helped me with the dishes as he always did, and then we went back to study. He sat down at his side of the table, opened his Bible, and said, "Rose, where is the text? I've been thinking about it all day. Where is it? I want to read it."

I said, "Roy, I couldn't find it."

"You couldn't find it? Well, did you look?"

"Honey, I haven't done very much else. I've hunted all day for it, and I can't find it."

He looked straight at me and said, "Rose, do you mean to tell me that you really don't know where this scripture is?"

"No, Roy, I don't know."

"Well," he said, "do you mean to tell me that you have been going to Sunday school and church all your life on Sunday, the first day of the week, when the Bible plainly tells us here that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I've got to say to you is that you're a fine Christian! You've been at me for over twenty-five years to go to Sunday school and church with you, telling

me where I was going if I didn't go with you, and you don't even know why you have been going on the first day of the week!"

I said, "No, Roy, I don't know why."

"We're going to find out. I want to know."

"How can we find out?" I asked.

We both hunted, we read, we searched; but we had no one to help us.

"We'll get someone to help us," Roy suggested; "you have many minister friends in the city."

I did know several ministers because of my contact with them in funeral work.

"We're going to invite one of your friends and his wife to come out and have dinner with us some night," Roy continued; "I want him to find that scripture for me."

CHAPTER 3

A SEARCH FOR TRUTH

Can you imagine my surprise when my husband suggested to me that we entertain a minister in our home? That had never happened before. My mind flew back to when I was a little girl, and mother and father had invited the old Baptist minister for dinner. It was a very special occasion. What preparations! The whole house had to be renovated. My mother was always a neat housekeeper, but for this occasion the curtains all had to come down and be washed and stretched. The woodwork had to be scrubbed. Do you remember your grandmother's heavy white bedspreads? They all had to be scrubbed on the board and ironed. A day or two before the dinner, mother said to me, "Now, honey, couldn't you run upstairs and straighten up all the old shoes?" I wanted to say, "Mamma, surely the preacher's not going up there and look at our old shoes!" But we didn't talk to our parents like that in those days.

When the day finally arrived, mother started in on us children. I had four brothers. They were all good children, but they were rascals. She started in, "You will remember your table manners today. Don't do this, and do do that." There were many more don'ts than dos,

So we invited one of the ministers, and the invitation was accepted. I told Roy, "Honey, pick the biggest, fattest red hen out there. After all, this is the first time we have ever entertained a minister in our home, and we want to make an impression on him."

The minister and his wife came, and after dinner we went into the living room to spend the evening. As I was seating our guests, Roy casually picked up the Bible, stopped in front of the minister, and said, "You know, Rose and I just joined the Christian Church."

"Yes," he said, "we heard, and we are happy for you."

"And we're starting to study the Bible, but there are so many things we don't understand and so many things we can't find, especially one text that we have been looking for. Could you please find it for us?"

He reached up, took the Bible out of Roy's hand, and said, "Why, yes, Brother Slaybaugh, what is it? I'll find it for you in just a moment"

"Will you find the text authorizing the change from worship on the seventh day to the first day of the week?"

The minister, very much puzzled, looked at Roy a moment, turned red, started to squirm a little, then closed the Bible, and placed it on a little table within reach. Then he looked over to the fireplace and said, "What a beautiful deer head you have up there!"

We hunted and fished all the rest of the evening. We never did get back to the Sabbath question; and when our guests were gone, Roy turned to me and said, "Rose, did I say something wrong to that man?"

I said, "No, you didn't say anything wrong to him. But, after all, Roy, it wasn't entirely his fault. We just started telling about our hunting and fishing trips, and he was telling about his hunting and fishing trips. Don't worry, we know a lot more ministers. We'll ask another one to come in."

"Well, we surely didn't get very much out of that chicken, did we?"

We did ask another minister, and another, and another, until the chicken coop was almost empty; and still we didn't know anything. They gave us many answers to our question. For instance, one of them said, "Why, Brother Slaybaugh, we all admit that Saturday is the Bible Sabbath, but why be so technical?"

Another: "You mean the Ten Commandments? Why, the Ten Commandments were done away with. They were nailed to the cross. We are living in modern times."

Another: "You mean the Ten Commandments! We don't keep the Ten Commandments. That was Moses' moral code for the Jews."

This went on until I was becoming alarmed about Roy. He had faith in these men. Finally, as one was leaving one night, he said, "Rose, what in the world is the matter with these fellows? Why does everyone that we have had out here give us a different reason for breaking the Fourth Commandment, and for not keeping the seventh-day Sabbath? At least, why don't they all get together and give the same reason?"

I said, "Now, Roy, we're not going to be hasty in this. There's a reason, and we're going to get to the bottom of it. I would like to invite just one more."

"Who is it?"

"I'd like to invite the minister from the Methodist Church here in Deer Park. I've met her and she's a fine Christian lady."

"A lady! A lady minister?"

I said, "Yes, a lady minister."

Disgustedly he said, "Rose, if these educated men can't tell us such a simple thing, what do you expect of a woman?"

"Roy, please may I invite her? Perhaps I can talk to her a little better than to the men."

"All right, if it will make you feel better."

So we invited this minister and her helper. Another poor chicken got it in the neck. Then after dinner the same question: "Can you please help us find what we are looking for?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll be glad to. What is it?"

Roy asked her to find that scripture. She held the Bible in her hand and said, "Brother Slaybaugh, you could search this Bible from cover to cover, and you couldn't find such a scripture. There is no such text in the Bible."

"Well," he said, "then please tell us this: Is Sunday the Sabbath?"

"Oh, no," she said, "Sunday isn't the Sabbath. Saturday is the Bible Sabbath. Sunday is the Lord's Day."

"Well," he said, "it doesn't make sense to me."

"You know, the Sabbath was changed," she said.

"When?"

"Oh, long, long ago. Many hundreds of years ago. So long ago it's almost forgotten."

We were glad she said "almost forgotten." I said, "Please tell us, who is responsible for the change?"

Very hesitantly she said, "I have heard that the Catholic Church had something to do with it, but don't you worry about that one minute. You just go right on attending church every Sunday morning, as you are used to doing, in Spokane, and come and worship with us on Wednesday evening at prayer meeting."

We could hardly wait until those ladies were gone. I looked at Roy and said, "What do you think of that?"

"That's the worst one we've heard yet."

"Don't you believe it?"

"No," he said, "I don't believe it. I don't believe a word of it. I don't believe anyone on this earth—I don't care who he is, what church or what denomination it is—I don't believe anyone on this earth would dare to change one of God's laws."

I had to do some fast thinking. I said, "Honey, if such a thing has been done, we'll find it in history. We'll find it in the history of the early churches."

"That's right," he said.

So down to the city we went, to the library. We told the librarian what we were looking for, and asked her if she could help us. She said, "I know just what

you are looking for. So many people have been in here recently asking for the same thing."



Earnestly searching for truth, Roy and Rose Slaybaugh consulted many books at the library.

She took us around a corner and brought down several large volumes, one after another.

I said, "Surely this must be plenty."

The lady helped us find what we were looking for. She turned the pages, and there we read with our own eyes that what the lady minister had told us had really happened. What were we to do now? Was there any church in existence that still honored God's commandments?

We had a big job. We started searching and reading doctrines of the different churches. One by one the creeds had to be put aside, until finally we were reading the doctrines of a people small in number who believed in the Bible and the Ten Commandments. They believed in honoring all of the Commandments, even the fourth one. They even believed in keeping holy the seventh day of the week. Who were they? No one else but the Seventh-day Adventists.

We kept on studying. How did we study? When Roy would think I had fallen sound asleep, he would quietly steal out of the room and close the door; and then I would wait for hours, until one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning.

Sometimes I would put a robe on and go to where he was sitting. The room would be blue with smoke, and he would be puffing away-first cigarettes, then his pipe, and then a cigar. There would be a pot of coffee brewing-strong black coffee. Occasionally by his side there would be a glass of beer. There he would be sitting, poring over the Bible and learning the truths of God.

CHAPTER 4

BROTHER JOE'S VISIT

MY Mother came to visit us about this time. As she opened her suitcase, she laid out three little books. She said, "Rose, I brought these along. I thought perhaps you would like to read them."

I said, "Mother, where did you get these books?"

"I have been attending what they called a tabernacle meeting in Yakima," she said. "There was a little bookstand at the door where they sold books and Bibles and other literature. The last night I was there the lady in charge asked me if I wouldn't like to have some of their books. They were only three for a dollar. I said to her, 'Pick me out three you think I will enjoy reading,' and these are the ones that she picked out for me."

I asked, "Mother, what denomination were those people?"

"Oh," she said, "I heard that they were Seventh-day Adventists."

"Mother, you should know better than to bring anything like this into our home! We're having enough trouble as it is."

How frightened we were of the truth! How prejudiced, and yet we were searching for light. I put the books away, but it seemed that somehow they were always laid back on the table.

By this time Roy and I had read the Bible through together. We had come to the Book of Revelation, and we had read about the seven last plagues and a battle called Armageddon. We couldn't understand it at all. As I was putting the little books away one afternoon, I noticed the name of one of them, *On the Eve of Armageddon*. I showed it to Roy that night and said, "Roy, look. What do you suppose Seventh-day Adventists would know about the battle of Armageddon?"

"Well," he answered, "I don't know, but let's read it. We'll be careful."

That night we started. I would read a chapter, and every time I came to a scripture, Roy would look it up in the Bible to see if it was there. Then he would read a chapter, and I would look up all the scriptures. We finished the book. How did Seventh-day Adventists know so much about all these deep Bible prophecies? How could they make the Bible so easy to understand?

"Rose," Roy said, "what are the other books?"

"Here they are: *Prophecy Speaks* and *The Marked Bible*."

We read them. Now we were learning something! We wondered where we could get more books like these.

I said, "I know where we can get them. At John W. Graham's in the city. They have a large book and stationery store four stories tall"

"Are you sure they would have them?"

"Of course they would have them," I said.

The next time we went into the city we took a list for we had found on the flyleaf of one of the little books names of others which sounded interesting. We had picked out eight or ten. As we were driving into the city, Roy said, "Now, Rose, while you're shopping, be sure to go to Graham's and get the books so we'll have something new to study tonight."

How disappointed I was when my little list of books was handed from one clerk to another! They looked up and down, under and over, and they couldn't find them. Finally the head clerk was called.

"Why, of course we have them," he said "We must have just sold all we had on the shelves. Let me have that list. I'll go down in the stock room and bring them up "

I waited. Soon he came back. He too handed me the list and said, "I'm sorry, lady, we must have just sold out; but you come back in a week or ten days, and we'll have a fresh supply."

As we were driving home, Roy said, "Did you get the books, honey?"

I said, "They didn't have even one of them."

"Oh," he said, "I'm sorry. I was just hoping we'd have something new to study tonight. But I know what we can do. Why can't we send to the publishing house and get them?"

As soon as we reached home, we looked to see where these books were published and found that it was in Takoma Park, Washington, D.C. We didn't send for only eight or ten; we wrote and told them to send all they had

I wish you could have seen what came! We were right in the midst of harvest. Roy went down one noon to get the mail and brought the big box of books home. We opened it, and he declared a holiday. He said, "Let the old wheat rot out there; we're going to learn something!" We handed books out by the handful to our hired help. There were books all the way through the kitchen, the dining room, the living room, and clear out onto the front porch!

A few days later Roy came in and said, "Rose, if I don't get more help, we'll never get this crop harvested." We had a large harvest that year. Help was scarce, for many of the young men were in the army. "I just wonder if Joe could come and help us."

Joe is the oldest brother in the Slaybaugh family. He lived with Mother Slaybaugh at Pomeroy, Washington. Joe agreed to come and help us.

We were glad to have him come, for more than one reason. He was a church member and one of the deacons in the Pomeroy Christian Church. We knew he

would bring his Bible and be a wonderful help to us in our study. But when we asked him about some of the things we had been studying, he looked at us and said, "I believe, Roy and Rose, that you're going crazy over religion. You're becoming regular fanatics. Why can't you be satisfied? Just because you've lost Jack, don't lose your minds over religion!"

Roy said, "How can we be satisfied when we're learning so many things that are not right in the churches, and so many new truths from the Bible? Joe, why don't you read just one of these little books, just any one of them, and learn something yourself?"

"Oh, no," he said. "The Seventh-day Adventists might fool you, but they'll never fool me!"

Joe always read his Bible before breakfast. He'd sit in the living room every morning and read his Bible. One morning a few days after this happened Roy called me and said, "Rose, come here and see what I see! Joe is nipping at one of the little books that we bought."

I walked to where he was and said, "Joe, isn't it wonderful!"

He threw it down on the floor and said, "It's nothing but an old Seventh-day Adventist book! Rose, I wouldn't have it in the house if I were you."

But the next morning Roy called me and said, "Rose, come and see what that old rascal is doing now." And there he was with his Bible open, holding it up with a little book hidden behind it so we couldn't see it.

Again I walked in. "Joe, isn't it wonderful?" I asked.

He didn't throw the book on the floor this time. He just grunted a little bit and didn't say anything.

Something "went wrong" out in the field that morning. While the tractors were stopped, Joe walked across to where Roy was working and said, "Roy, I've been thinking about it. I'm afraid they're right."

Roy said, "Well, I'm not afraid of anything—I know they're right. But I don't know what we're going to do about it."

At this time a lady who was attending the Washington State Teachers' Training College at Cheney, Washington, was a visitor at our house every week end. She was a real Bible student and could quote Scripture "by the yard." We asked her about some of these things, and she said, "Be careful, it sounds like Adventism to me, and you know what a dangerous sect that is."

I said, "Oh, yes, we know." But actually we didn't know anything about Seventh-day Adventists.

That lady never said a truer thing in her whole life. Adventists are the most dangerous people in the world. If there are those who don't know the teachings of the Bible and don't want to know them, they had better not have anything to do with Seventh-day Adventists. But if there are those that do want to know the teachings of the Bible—all of it, literally, just as it is written, just as God left it for us, without being changed by human minds and hands—then they had better get

acquainted with their Seventh-day Adventist friends, neighbors, relatives, or ministers and start studying with them.

One morning mother opened our daily paper, the Spokane Spokesman-Review, and there on an inside sheet was a picture of a young man. She said, "Rose, who is this young man?"

I looked and said, "I'm sure I don't know, Mother."

"I'm sure I've met him someplace," mother said, "but I can't place him."

I looked at the picture. At the bottom of the picture was a name, "Evangelist R. H. Nightingale."

Suddenly mother exclaimed, "Now I know who he is! "

I asked, "Mother, where did you ever meet this young man?"

"Why," she said, "he was the young minister who was preaching in the tabernacle in Yakima, Washington."

"Do you mean where you bought those books?"

"Why, yes."

"Well," I said, "then he must be a Seventh-day Adventist."

"I suppose he is."

I looked at the picture again. He looked like a fairly bright young man, but one can't always be too sure about newspaper pictures. I wondered why his picture was in our paper. Then we read that he was coming to Spokane to conduct a series of meetings.

CHAPTER 5

TWO MOTHERS-IN-LAW

Mother Slaybaugh came to visit us at this time, so we had both mothers with us. What a controversy went on in our home, and in our hearts!

Our mothers started in on us, both of them. "Why can't you be satisfied? Why do you want to trouble yourselves with all this?"

Mother Slaybaugh said, "I've been a Methodist all my life, and I intend to be the rest of my life. Methodism's good enough for me."

And then my mother said, "Yes, and I've been a Baptist all my life, and I'll be a Baptist the rest of my life. The Baptist Church is plenty good enough for me. I brought my children up that way. I don't know, Rose, why you want to fool around with anything like this."

It was a struggle! Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I said, "Now you two grandmothers come here. Mother Slaybaugh, you sit here, and Mother, you sit here. Now I'm going to ask each one of you a question, and if you can't answer it, I don't want to hear anything more."

Perhaps that wasn't the right way to talk to mothers, but sometimes I think they need a little help, too.

I looked at Mother Slaybaugh and said, "Mother, give me just one reason why you are a Methodist. Tell me just why you are a member of that church."

"Why," she said, "I don't know, Rose, unless it's because all my friends have always belonged to the Methodist Church."

I said, "No, Mother, not that kind of answer. Please give me a Bible reason for belonging to your church."

She looked at me and said, "Why, I don't believe I can tell you."

I said, "All right, Mother, we'll not hear anything more from you concerning this!"

My mother was cringing a little, and I turned to her and said, "Now, Mother, I want you to give me just one reason why you are a Baptist, and why you reared us children in the Baptist Church."

"Rose, you can ask the strangest questions."

"I don't think it's strange," I said. "You can ask me a dozen questions, one after another, about why Roy and I decided to go all the way with Christ and walk in all this new light that we have received and I'll open the Bible and give you the answers. Now, Mother, I just want one Bible answer. Why are you a Baptist?"

Mother said, "Rose, I can't tell you why. I don't know."

"All right, Mothers, from now on let's just all study this thing together, shall we?"

Harvest was over. The grain was all in the granary. Roy and I were alone. As we drove into the city from time to time we noticed that at Mallon and Monroe streets a building was being built. It was going to be a huge one. Soon it was finished. We wondered what such a large building would be used for. Then a sign went up,

"Spokane Tabernacle, Bible Auditorium; Speaker, Evangelist R. H. Nightingale." I couldn't stand it any longer. I said to Roy, "Do you suppose we could sneak into that place some night? I must see what a Seventh-day Adventist woman looks like. I want to see how she dresses."

Roy said, "I'd like to see what they look like myself."

We drove into the city that same night. We parked our car in the shadow of the courthouse just around the corner from the auditorium, and then we looked this way and that way to see if anyone was watching us. We need not have worried, for no one was paying any attention to us. People by the hundreds were going into the auditorium. We were pushed along with the crowd down the aisle to seats eight or ten rows from the front, right on the aisle.

"Why," I said, "Roy, look at all the people in here! This must be something good!"

I kept looking back at all the fine-looking people. I said, "Roy, do you suppose they have all come out of curiosity as we did?"

He said, "Rose, I don't know, but if I were you, I wouldn't stare quite so much."

"But," I said, "I don't see any queer, peculiar-looking people."

"I was thinking the same thing."

Soon the services started. A lovely young lady stepped up to the piano. We weren't interested in her. She couldn't be one of them. She was just a musician that had been hired to come and play the piano for them, we supposed. Soon a tall, handsome young man came out and started to direct the music. We weren't interested in him either. He was just another one of the musicians that had been hired from the city. But soon another tall, handsome young man in a white suit stepped out. We recognized this man. His was the face that we had seen in the paper. There was something wrong here. He looked intelligent!

We forgot all about looking for strange, peculiar looking people when he started to preach. We had never heard such a sermon.

Before leaving home that evening, Roy had said, "I'm going to get each of us a notebook, and you take down every scripture the minister quotes, and I will too. If I miss one, you'll get it; if you miss it, I'll get it."

No one was going to fool the Slaybaughs! How busy we were writing scripture after scripture!

That night as we drove home I preached to Roy all the way; Roy preached to me. I didn't hear one word he said; he didn't listen to one word I said. As soon as we reached home, we compared our Bibles and notebooks, looking to see if all the scriptures that this young man had used in his sermon were in the Bible. We found them there, every one of them.

Night after night we went back to the tabernacle, but still we didn't see any peculiar-looking people, but, oh, the wonderful, wonderful truths that we were learning!

Finally I said to Roy, "I guess the only way that we're going to get to see any Seventh-day Adventists is to attend their church sometime. Surely we'll see some there."

We'll never forget that first Saturday morning that we put on our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes to go to church. Roy should have been out in the field working. I should have been scrubbing, baking, and cleaning-getting ready for Sunday.

We were there in plenty of time, but almost two blocks before we reached the corner where the church was located, there were cars parked on either side of the street. "Roy, look!" I said. "What do you suppose is going on in this neighborhood?"

"Well," he said, "it looks to me like there's been a fire up here."

Ah, yes, there was a fire there—one that water can't quench. We drove on past the church and a block and a half farther before we could find a place big enough to squeeze our car into. Then we started toward the church. Just before we reached the steps I slipped my hand through my husband's arm. "Honey, let's sit right by the door, so we can get out if it gets too bad."

"All right."

"There's the preacher!" I exclaimed. He stood at the top of the steps in a dark suit. As we came near to where he was standing, he stepped over to us and extended his hand. "Good morning, friends; we're happy to have you with us this morning," he greeted, making us feel very welcome.

Just then another man stepped out from the door, and he too called us "friends." He started to apologize, "I'm sorry, folks, I don't believe there's another seat left, but come in. Would you mind sitting in these two little folding chairs right here by the door?" He handed us a hymnbook and we sat down.

I nudged Roy a little and said, "Just what we ordered, right here by the door."

We looked at that large congregation. I think that church seated six or seven hundred people, and there wasn't a seat empty. What were all these people doing up here this Saturday morning? We couldn't imagine that they had come here to worship. The place where we worshiped every Sunday morning in the downtown church seated fifteen hundred, but there was generally only a little handful of people present.

"Roy," I said, "there must be something special going on here. Perhaps they're having a wedding."

He started to get up, saying, "We'd better not stay."

"Sit down. They won't know we're here." (I love weddings!)

But there was no wedding. I looked at all these people and said, "Roy, look!"

He said, "Rose, look at all the fine men. Look at the young men, look at the old men."

"Men, nothing. Look at the ladies. Look at these fine, well-dressed ladies."

What a surprise we got that morning! One thing we noticed above everything else was the atmosphere of reverence in this church. There was no whispering. Everyone was sitting quietly, some reading the Bible, some with their heads bowed.

We shall never forget the first sermon we heard there, "What and Where Is Heaven?" The minister used more Scripture in that one sermon than we would hear, I dare say, in a year's time in the church we had been attending every Sunday morning. I don't mean that the sermons at our church weren't good; they were all good. The minister would read a verse of Scripture, then take a few words out of it, and build a beautiful story around it. But this was direct from the Bible. Here were people worshiping the way we hungered to worship. If we could come to this church and hear such sermons, how wonderful that would be! This was what we were longing for, and we had found it in a Seventh-day Adventist church!

CHAPTER 6

THE PASTOR TRIES TO ANSWER

Roy said, "We're going to put a stop to all this. We can't go on like this any longer. There must be a reason why thousands and thousands of people all over the world worship on Sunday, the first day of the week. There must be a good reason. We'll find it yet. As soon as we finish our lunch, Rose, you're going to that telephone booth and call our minister."

Why hadn't we gone to him for help before? Perhaps because he was a very busy man. He was not only pastor of a great downtown church, but he was also an officer in four or five of the civic clubs in the city. He was the president of the ministerial association. He had more weddings and funerals than any other minister in the whole city. In short, he was one of the most popular ministers in the city of Spokane. Could we bother such a busy man with so simple a question as "Who changed the Sabbath?"

"He's going to give us a little of his time," Roy said.

"He'll straighten us out. No," he said on second thought, "he isn't going to just tell us like these other ministers have, but he's going to open the Bible and read a scripture that says that we, with thousands upon thousands of people all over the world, can deliberately break the Fourth Commandment every week and please God."

I called him. He said, "You know, Saturday afternoon is the busiest time of the week for me."

"But," I said, "it's very important, and we'll take only a few moments of your time."

"All right. Come over to the church. My secretary is in my study, and she will let you in."

The secretary seated us in two chairs in front of the minister's beautiful, highly polished, mahogany desk. Not a thing was on it but a beautiful Bible. Soon the minister came in and sat down in front of us. "What is it now?"

I said, "Just a moment and we'll be gone, but we've come to ask you for help."

"Well, what is it?"

And then Roy asked him. He pointed to the Bible and said, "Would you please open the Bible and find us a scripture authorizing worshiping on Sunday, the first day of the week?"

The minister became angry. He couldn't speak. He turned white. He pushed himself back from the desk. When he had his back turned to us, he said, "You've been talking to some Seventh-day Adventist; that's what is the matter with you."

I said, "That is hardly fair. We don't even know any Seventh-day Adventist to talk to."

After he got control of himself, he sat down and preached to us for over two hours, and the more he talked, the more confused he became and the less we knew.

"The Ten Commandments?" he said. "We don't keep the Ten Commandments any more; they were nailed to the cross at the time of Christ's death on the cross."

Roy said, "Then you mean that we can go out and lie and steal and do all these things?"

"Oh, no," he said, "you can't do those things; it's the Fourth Commandment that you don't have to keep any more. We're living in New Testament times. We're not under the law; we're not living according to the Ten Commandments. They were done away with."

"Why," he said, "do you know that most Christians worship on Sunday? The majority is always right."

But what had we read in Deuteronomy 7, beginning with the sixth verse? "For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hash chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth. The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people." And in the ninth verse, "Know therefore that the Lord thy God, He is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love Him and keep His commandments to a thousand generations."

Then I asked, "Do you say that we don't have to keep the Commandments any more?"

"Why, of course not."

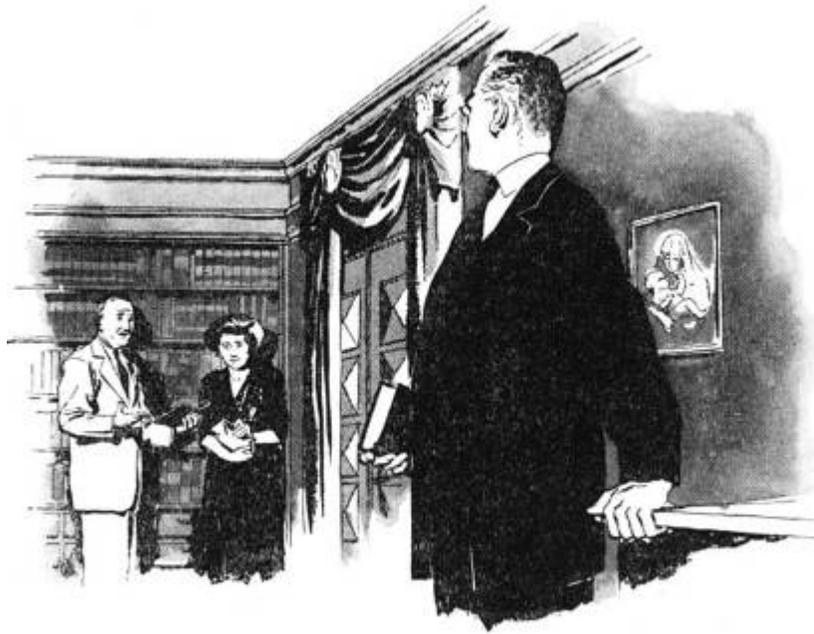
"But," I said, "what does this mean in Ecclesiastes 12:13? The wisest man in all the world wrote these words: 'Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.'"

"Oh, well, Mrs. Slaybaugh, you're reading now out of the Old Testament! We live according to the New Testament."

"All right, what about John 14:15? Jesus said, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments.' And in 1 John 2:4, 'He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.'"

He looked at me. "Mrs. Slaybaugh, you ask too many questions. The trouble with you people is you've been reading too much. You've been studying too much. You're taking these things too seriously. Now," he said, "if you must read the Bible (and he turned to a small portion in the center), here are the Four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Read these, but don't take them too seriously, or you're going to get yourselves into trouble."

Roy stood up. "Thank you," he said. "We'll be going now. But before we go, would you please tell us who these people are whom God is speaking about in Revelation 14:12? He's calling somebody 'saints.' Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."



The minister slammed the Bible shut and said,
"I can't do anything more with you people!"

The minister didn't answer him. Then Roy turned a few more pages to Revelation 22:14. He put his finger on it, and said, "Please tell us who these people are whom God places a special blessing upon, for it reads, 'Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.' "

With that the minister slammed the Bible shut and said, "I can't do anything more with you people! You're bound and determined to take the Bible literally. You can't do that! Do you know what you would have to be if you tried to live according to the Bible just as it is written?"

"No," Roy said, "what would we have to be?"

"Why,' he said, "you would have to be Seventh-day Adventists, but who wants to be a Seventh-day Adventist!"

We thanked him and left, and never again did we go back to that church. But every Saturday morning found us in the Seventh-day Adventist church. We were there in plenty of time, too, so that we didn't have to park our car way down the street, or sit in those little folding chairs by the door. We were right down in the front where we could listen and learn.

After several weeks of attendance, we said one morning at the close of the service, "Pastor Nightingale, may we please join this church?"

"We'd be happy to have you. But there are a few things you must learn first."

"Oh," I said, "we know everything now."

"Yes," he said, "I know. But we'll come out and give you some Bible studies."

This Seventh-day Adventist minister was a busy man. He was holding meetings six nights a week. He was pastor of a large church. But he was not too busy to come out to our home regularly and give us Bible studies.

One Wednesday after Pastor Nightingale had been with us all afternoon, he said, "Next Friday night you're going to be baptized with that large group that's going to be baptized right there in the tabernacle."

We were so happy we could hardly wait. As he was leaving he looked at Roy and said, "Brother Slaybaugh, you look like a man that doesn't use tobacco. You don't smoke, do you?"

I laughed right out loud. "Smoke, why he smokes like a steam engine! He should have been made with a pipe up the back of his neck. He smokes all the time."

"Oh," he said, "I'm sorry. The men in our church don't use tobacco; they don't smoke."

I sympathized with Roy. I could be baptized, but he couldn't. Why, he wouldn't even look natural without his old pipe.

Do you think he was fooling Pastor Nightingale? Not one moment! There was his smoking stand, and ash trays were everywhere. Our whole house smelled like a smokehouse. It was obviously apparent to the pastor.

I felt very sorry for Roy. He had his mind set on joining the church, and now he was to be left out. I knew he couldn't live without smoking, especially since he lost his son. He missed him so much, and when it seemed that he couldn't stand it any longer, he seemed to get a great deal of comfort out of sitting and smoking.

After Pastor Nightingale was gone I looked at Roy and said, "Honey, I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say to you."

He walked right past me to the back part of the house, and then came back. I was standing by the fireplace. He had a package of cigarettes in his hand. Each of his shirt pockets bulged with the shape of a package of cigarettes. He came into the living room and took out a cigarette. He put it in his mouth, lit it, and stood there puffing away.

I said, "Roy, honey, I don't know what to say to you, I'm so sorry for you."

After taking a few more puffs, he said, "Rose, you don't have to feel sorry for me. Nobody has to feel sorry for me. If this is what it takes, this is what it's going to take." He took the cigarette out of his mouth and threw it into the flames, and then he took the packages of cigarettes and threw them into the fireplace. That was the end of that. Don't think for one moment it was easy though. How that man suffered! He was saturated with poisonous nicotine, but he never touched tobacco again in any form.

Just before Pastor Nightingale left that afternoon, he looked at me and said, "Sister Slaybaugh, there are a few things that you must learn, too."

"Oh," I said, "I don't smoke. I don't do anything bad."

"No," he said, "I know you don't. But there are a few things that—well anyway, I'll be out tomorrow. I'll come out tomorrow early, and we'll have another study."

I wondered what I was doing that was wrong.

CHAPTER 7

A CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT

Tomorrow came. Pastor Nightingale came out early on Thursday afternoon. This time he said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, could we sit up to the dining-room table and have our study there today?"

"Why, yes," I said. I wondered a little bit, because we had always had our studies in the living room. "Come right on into the dining room here."

He said, "Brother Slaybaugh, you sit at the end of the table, I'll sit here, and Sister Slaybaugh, you sit right here between us." After prayer he opened the Bible, read a few texts, and then he said, "Sister Slaybaugh, the ladies in our church don't use any make-up."

I said, "They what!"

"No, they don't use any make-up."

"None at all?"

"None at all."

Well, I wondered what I would look like without it. I didn't use much, but no one ever saw me without a little make-up on. But I looked over at Roy watching me intently, and thought, "Honey, if you can give up smoking, something that really meant something to you, surely I can wash my face!"

So I said, "All right, Pastor Nightingale." And I started wiping it off and trying to clean up. "The next time you see me, I'll have my face scrubbed with soap and water, and I'll keep it that way." Why, there wasn't anything to that!

He said, "I knew you would."

But that wasn't all. He read a few more texts. Then he said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, the ladies in our church don't wear jewelry."

I said, "They what!"

"They don't wear jewelry. None at all."

Now I wondered what I would look like. No makeup, no jewelry; I would feel as if I were just half dressed! But again looking at Roy, I said, "All right, honey, if you can give up smoking, I can give up jewelry."

I looked at Pastor Nightingale and said, "All right, off they come." I reached up and unscrewed the first earring, and the next one. Then I reached back and unfastened a lovely strand of pearls, and as I was slipping a bracelet over my left hand, I looked at my rings.

"Oh," I said, "you didn't mean my rings! You didn't mean these, did you?"

He said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, the ladies in our church don't wear rings."

"Oh," I said, "please, please, don't take these away from me! I've worn them so many years; they've been tokens of love so many years. Please don't take these away from me!"

He looked at Roy and said, "Mr. Slaybaugh, would you love Rose any less if she took them off?"

I reached my hand over to Roy and he slipped them off, for I had said, "If they ever come off, he's going to have to take them off." And as he was slipping them off I started to cry. Don't we women cry over the silliest things? While I was having my little crying spell, Roy got up and gathered together all that junk and carried it to the back of the house. I've never seen any of it to this day.

One time I did ask him, "Roy, what did you do with all my pretty things?" (I had a lot of them.)

He said, "Did you ever hear of the melting pot? They went in for missions—perhaps to save another soul for Christ's kingdom."

The Seventh-day Adventist Church has high standards because they are God's standards. What a privilege and honor it is to be a member of God's church, to know the prophecies of His Word, and to be a member of the church that is waiting for Him!

Later, after we had had a beautiful study on tithing, Roy and I walked out to the granary and looked at the hundreds upon hundreds of sacks of wheat, all neatly piled, waiting to be marketed. We had had a big harvest that year. The Lord surely had blessed in the growing of those beautiful fields of grain.

Roy said, "Look, Rose, the Lord has given all this to us, and He only asks in return, not a half, not a third, or even a fourth, but only one tenth."

Tithing has proved to us to be one of the greatest blessings we enjoy in our Christian experience. It is such an honor to have a little part in helping spread the gospel to others, to be laborers together with God. (1 Corinthians 3:9.)

We were now cleaned up and fit to become members of God's remnant church. We were baptized that Friday night together with a large group, a part of the 165 people who were baptized during the Spokane meetings.

But I almost forgot to tell about Joe—dear old brother Joe!

After harvest was over, he went back to Pomeroy, Washington, and had a "round" with his minister, and he told Joe the same as the ministers had told us. But it wasn't long before he came back to Spokane, and Pastor Nightingale baptized him. He's a fine Seventh-day Adventist today.

Our dear old mothers (our fathers have been dead many years) later discussed the matter of baptism. One said to the other, "Mother, don't you think it's time that we were keeping the seventh-day Sabbath as God has asked us to? All our lives we've been breaking the fourth commandment and teaching our children to do the same."

Roy's mother was past eighty-five years, and my mother past seventy-five, when Pastor Nightingale tenderly helped those two old great-grandmothers down into the baptismal pool. It wasn't many years until they were both laid to rest.

The meetings in the tabernacle closed for a while. Pastor Nightingale was going to have a little rest before he started a second series. But we had work to do. There were many relatives to visit and tell what we had learned. I don't think it was selfishness, for if we have something good, we first like to share it with our loved ones. Today we have fifteen of our own family in the church with us, and several more are studying the Bible. We bought all the Bibles we could get at the tabernacle. First we visited several of Roy's family, telling them what we had learned and leaving them Bibles and other literature. Then we went to my youngest brother's home near Seattle, Washington. We always considered his wife to be the sincerest Christian in the family. She was a church member and very earnest in her religion, so we thought she would be the first one to listen to us.

But she wouldn't even stop her work to listen. My brother, however, said right away, "This is the most reasonable thing I've ever heard."

Finally his wife couldn't stand it any longer and said, "Roy, if you were reading out of the Holy Bible instead of that Seventh-day Adventist Bible, I'd sit down and listen to you."

Roy said, "This is a Holy Bible, a King James Version, just like yours."

"Oh, no, it isn't," she said. "I've read my Bible through several times, and I've never read anything like what you're reading."

I spoke up and said, "Roy, close that Bible and let's use hers."

"Well, that's different," she said, and handed Roy her Bible.

He opened it and again read the same things concerning God's commandments. She had to acknowledge that she had never gotten the true meaning of parts of it before.

Pastor L. W. Halstead and Pastor H. W. Jewkes were holding evangelistic meetings in their home town, so we left them in their care. In six months they, with their daughter, were baptized and joined the church.

From there we drove on over the Cascade Mountains to another one of Roy's brothers. I tried to bring up the purpose of our visit. We wanted to tell them what we had learned about the changing of the Sabbath and who was responsible for it. But they were just not interested. Soon the sister-in-law looked at the clock and said, "Rose, if you don't mind, I'd better start preparing dinner, as we have a roomer and boarder."

"Oh," I said, "anyone we know?"

"No, I don't think so. One of the professors here in school couldn't find any other place to stay, so he is living with us. He'll soon be home, and, Rose, we'd better not talk about religion while he's here."

Just then Roy's brother, coming from the living room, said, "No, folks, we don't want to talk about religion tonight. We think a lot of this man. He's a member

of the Roman Catholic Church. In fact, he studied for the priesthood. We don't want to embarrass him in any way."

Here was the occasion Roy and I had prayed for many times while we were studying alone. Many times we wished we had an intimate friend of that faith that we could talk with. Now we were to meet this man, sit at the table with him, sleep under the same roof; and we had been forbidden to talk about religion!

Soon he came home. After the introductions were over, he went into the living room and turned on the radio for the five o'clock news. It was all about war. When the news was over, he turned off the radio, and I heard him say, "As soon as this war is over, we'll have a few short years of seeming peace, and then we'll go into our third and last war, which will finish with the Battle of Armageddon."

I almost threw the potatoes I was mashing all over the floor! What did this man know about the Battle of Armageddon?

After dinner was over and we were all seated in the living room, the conversation turned to the subject of war. The roomer went on telling of the terrible things that were soon coming upon the world. He didn't hesitate to tell what his church taught, and he seemed to know the meaning of the prophecies of the Bible as we had just learned them. I listened awhile, and then I thought, "I must ask him just one little question." So I watched for my chance. There was a lull in the conversation; then I looked at him and said, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"Yes," he said, "what is it, Mrs. Slaybaugh?"

"My question is a very frank question, and if you don't want to answer it, we'll just forget all about it."

"Well," he said, "what kind of question is it—about religion?"

"Oh, yes, very much so."

He said, "Go ahead and ask me. I like to discuss religions of all kinds."

Out it came. I said, "Do you Catholic people as a whole openly admit that your church changed the day of worship from the seventh day to the first day of the week?"

He sat back and smiled and said, "Didn't you know that? Of course we did."

"Tell us about it," I urged.

He told us all about when it happened, why it happened, and where it happened. He said, "Now, I'm going to tell you something, and it's going to be mighty frank. Did you know that all you Protestants aren't anything but Catholics after all? And you're cheap Catholics!"

I said, "Why are we cheap Catholics?"

"Don't you take the Bible for all your doctrines?"

"Of course we do."

"But," he said, "you don't. Where in the Bible will you find one word authorizing the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week? Saturday is the

Bible Sabbath. Sunday was set aside by our church, and for our church only. But all you Protestants have taken our day of worship. You have no right to. You're cheap in taking our day of worship because you dishonor all of our other holy days and feast days and our masses. Another thing: Where in the Bible will you find the doctrine of infant baptism or sprinkling? These observances were introduced by our church. But almost all of you Protestants have taken up our doctrine of baptism. For over a thousand years after Christ the Catholic Church baptized by immersion. Now I see you're also starting to light candles and set them around. I know, because I attend your churches."

"Did you say all Protestants are doing these things?" I asked.

"All except one little denomination."

"Who could that possibly be?" I asked.

"The Seventh-day Adventists."

I said, "Oh, oh, oh—"

His face turned red, and he asked, "Are you Seventh day Adventists?"

I said, "Yes, sir, brand-new ones."

"I would stick my neck out! I thought you were all Presbyterians. Good for you! Seventh-day Adventists are the only denomination in existence that is living according to the way the Bible teaches. It takes men and women of courage to live according to the teachings of the Bible."

I said, "Brother, if you know so much, what are you doing about it?"

But that's another story, one that we can't go into now.

When Roy and I reached home, we wanted to go out and share our new faith with others. We thought we would like to hold some meetings. We asked Pastor Nightingale about it, and he said, "Go, by all means, with my blessing. You'll have my prayers."

CHAPTER 8

MISSIONARY WORK IN OREGON

Some time later Roy and I decided that we would like to go out alone with the Lord's help to do missionary work. We had always lived inland and had never seen the ocean, so we decided that we would like to go out to the Pacific coast. We leased our farm, stored our furniture, and said good-bye to all of our new friends. We left Spokane the last of February and drove to Portland, Oregon, and then southward. Every little town we came to we stopped and inquired, "Is there a Seventh day Adventist church here?" The answer was almost always "yes."

Finally we were 350 miles south of Portland, at Gold Beach, Oregon, at the mouth of the Rogue River. We asked if there was a Seventh-day Adventist church there and found that there were only two churches, a Catholic church and a Community church. There were no Seventh-day Adventists there.

Roy and I decided that this would be the place to stop for a while. We rented a pretty little house on the north bank of the river. Gold Beach proper is on the south side of the Rogue River. We also bought a small tract of land about four and a half miles south of town.

One day after we had been there several weeks, I said to Roy, "Do you know that we came down here to do missionary work, and we haven't done one thing about it?"

"I've been thinking about that myself. Perhaps we'd better start in; but how shall we start, Rose, down here where we don't know anybody?"

"Let's start today," I said. "I'm going to call on our neighbor that lives across the way."

"What are you going to say to her?"

"Oh," I said, "don't worry about that. I'll find something to say."

We had prayer, and then Roy said, "You run along, and while you're gone I'll be praying for you."

I knocked at her door, introduced myself, and she started to apologize for not calling on me.

"That's all right, we're just a little lonely here," I said. "I just wondered if you have any fancywork books or crochet patterns that you would lend me."

"No," she said, "I don't do anything like that. But come in and sit down."

That was all I wanted. I hurriedly looked around the room to see if I could tell what church they might belong to. On a little table just within reach was a beautiful new Bible. I could hardly keep my hands off it. We talked of this and that, and then finally I reached out and said, "What a beautiful new Bible you have!"

"Yes," she said, "isn't it pretty? Charley just got it for me for a Christmas present. I did have an old Seventh-day Adventist Bible around here, but after Charley bought my new one, I gave it to an old man up the river who had always wanted a Bible. I didn't think it would hurt him. It never hurt us any!"

I said, "Was that Bible any different from this one?"

"No," she said, "not one bit different, not a word different. We used to compare the two."

Then she told me that she called it a Seventh-day Adventist Bible because she had purchased it from a colporteur who was a Seventh-day Adventist.

"Well," I said, "I don't think they're different. In fact, I know they're not different. Are you people church members?"

"I haven't joined any church yet. I haven't decided which one I'm going to join. Charley just joined the Presbyterian Church. He was baptized not long ago."

"Isn't that nice?" I said. "We're just new Christians, and we're studying the Bible. Wouldn't it be nice if we could study it together?"

"That would be nice."

"How would it be if we started tonight?" I asked. "Could you come over tonight?"

"We'd enjoy that."

I said, "You come up tonight, and we'll have a study on baptism." I knew how that man had been baptized. Hadn't I been a member of that church myself at one time? I added, "Bring Midge along with you." Midge was their teen-age daughter.

"We never could get Midge interested in Sunday school," my neighbor answered, "and now she's going to graduate from high school and she's planning to be married. All she can think about is dancing and parties and having a good time."

We had several prayer meetings that afternoon, for we were starting all alone. We prayed that God would send His Holy Spirit to help us to be tactful and give the message in its true light.

By evening we were all ready for them. We had the screen and the projector and a pictured Bible study all ready. After a study from the Bible, we turned the lights out and had one with the filmstrip.

When Roy turned the lights on, our neighbor looked at his wife and said, "Why, Esther, that minister over there didn't tell me the truth about baptism! I haven't been baptized at all! The Bible says plainly that we must be put clear under the water."

Roy said, "Yes, you must be put all the way under the water."

At first it was a little difficult to get Midge interested in the Bible. She had a few studies with us and then gave it up. She was a typical girl, and one of the most popular ones in school. She was planning to be married. She didn't have time for religion. Then something happened. She came up to the house one day and said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, will you please forgive me for treating you the way I have lately?"

"Why, Midge, what have you been doing to me?"

"You know that I have been ignoring you. But would you please give me Bible studies again?"

So we started all over with her. It wasn't long before Midge was baptized. When her fiancé found out that she had taken up religion, he wasn't too sure about marrying Midge. He still wanted Midge, but she said, "You can never have me without my religion, because my religion is my life."

Of course Midge felt bad when she gave him up. She came up and told me about it. I said, "Now, honey, don't feel too bad about this. We'll pray about it, and perhaps the Lord will send another young man into your life."

It wasn't very long before Midge came running up to our little home, all excited. "Oh, Mrs. Slaybaugh, I've met another young man! A brother of one of my school chums! He's just been discharged from the army, and he's asked me for a date. Do you think it would be all right for me to go out with him?"

"Midge, don't come and ask me these things," I protested; "ask your mother."

"Mother doesn't know what I should do."

"Well, then," I said, "I'll talk to you like I would if you were my own daughter. How would that be?"

"That's what I want."

"This young man isn't a Christian, is he?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he doesn't know anything about the Bible. The Bible has never been permitted in his home."

"Midge, what would the Lord say about this? You know in 2 Corinthians 6:14 He tells us not to be 'unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness?'"

"I know that, and that's what I'm worried about," Midge answered soberly. "What am I going to do about it?"

"Dear, he will either drag you down to his level, or you can bring him up to your level. Now how about it?"

Her eyes danced, and she said, "If it's left up to me, I'll have him right where I am. I'll start teaching him what I've learned."

So Midge invited Bud to come to our home, and we started Bible studies with him. He understood readily and took a great interest in the studies. Then he started reading for himself, and it wasn't long before he, too, was baptized and joined the church. Then the two young people were married. In their home in Gold Beach church services were held for a long time.

We continued with our Bible studies. I would call from door to door, inviting the folks to come and study with us. I found many people who were interested in the teachings of the Bible but had no one to help them. Night after night, every night in the week, they came, until we couldn't crowd any more into the house. Then we asked Pastor C. A. Striven, who at that time was president of the Oregon Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, to send us some help. This he willingly did. He arranged for Pastors H. D. Strever and W. D. Blehm and their wives to come and hold meetings.

We secured a large hall over a store building from a Mr. Lieth. It was a nice place, and he let us have the building without any rent. The Lord richly blessed in those meetings, because it wasn't very long until we could organize a little church of eighteen members. This was the kind of work we were doing when tragedy struck our home the second time without a moment's warning.

CHAPTER 9

THE ACCIDENT

It happened on Sunday, August 19, 1945, at about nine o'clock in the morning. Two boys, fifteen and nineteen years old, had left their home near Chicago and started out on a life of crime, which was to end in the Oregon State Penitentiary. They had arrived in Gold Beach, looked the little town over, and waited until the early hours of the morning. They picked out the store they were going to rob, a ready-to-wear establishment. They broke the glass in the door and gained entrance. When they had their car loaded and were ready to go on south, something happened. There was a bakery shop next door, and the baker had come down early to start the ovens. He heard a commotion next door through the partition, discovered what was going on, and gave the alarm. The boys were arrested and placed in jail. They had several guns in their car, and one of the boys had concealed a tiny pistol in his shirt sleeve. This gun was overlooked by the officer.

The following morning the boys held up the sheriff when he went into the jail to talk to them. Taking his car keys and gun, and tying him up and locking him in the jail, they jumped into his car and started south.

The sheriff knew they couldn't get very far. There is only one highway down the coast, with the ocean to the west and the mountains to the east. The boys started south; then they turned around and started north again, soon catching up with a new Pontiac driven by an elderly man. The boys were driving with authority, for there was a siren on the sheriff's car. They drove up behind the Pontiac and sounded the siren. The boys jumped out, ordered the people out of the car, and drove off, leaving the sheriff's car behind. They were now disguised in this second car and traveling north, going toward Gold Beach again.

By this time the sheriff had called a passer-by for help and had been let out of jail. The alarm had been given, a posse formed, and all the highways blocked. The coast highway is very crooked in that section of the country and about thirty miles an hour is as fast as one can drive safely. But right in front of the tract that we bought the road straightens out for about a mile and a quarter, and going north it is slightly downhill. At the end of this straightaway there is a very sharp curve to the right around a ravine.

Some of the officers had already reached the Wiener place, inquiring if they had seen anything of the lads. The Wieners are Seventh-day Adventist friends of ours who had moved to Gold Beach. Just then the boys drove past at a terrific speed. (The officers told us later that they must have been going eighty-five or ninety miles an hour.)

Fred Wimer shouted, "Officer, I don't know who you're after, but if I were you, I'd take after that car."

"No," said the sheriff, "we're not after anyone in a Pontiac. We're after two boys in my car."

Nevertheless, Wimer shouted again, "The way those people are driving, they're going to kill someone." Just then they heard a crash.

While the foregoing events were taking place, "Dad" Wiener had come to our place and asked Roy if he could help them get their power saw ready for work. Roy is always happy to help his friends whenever he can, so he got ready to go, thinking I was going with him.

But I said, "I must stay home this morning and do a little work. I'd like to work in the garden a little while and perhaps do a little canning."

"Well," he said, "I'll run along, and you plan to go with me this afternoon. I'll be home at one o'clock for lunch. You plan your work so you can go with me, and we'll work and visit and have a good time."

I said, "All right, that will be fine."

Since we had become Christians we never started our day's work or journey without first getting down on our knees and asking God's watchcare over us. We had had our worship before Roy got ready to go.

So he left the house. He took just a step or two and came back. Thinking he had forgotten the car keys, I said, "No, you have them."

"Oh, yes, I've got the keys." But he came into the house and said, "Rose, have we had our worship this morning?"

"Why," I said, "yes, don't you remember?"

"Well, I was just thinking about it," he said. "But let's kneel again and ask God to watch over each of us."

So there in our tiny little kitchen we knelt and again asked God's watchcare over us. With this he left the house again. Down the little lane he went to where we parked the car. I watched him as he stood there for several moments, with his hand on the door. Then slowly he turned around and came back up to the house.

I said, "What is it this time, dear?"

He came all the way into the house and said, "Rose, what did you say you were going to do this morning?"

I told him.

He said, "I wish you wouldn't do anything this morning. Come in the living room here, sit on the davenport, and watch the boats down on the river." We had a large window overlooking the mouth of the river. I sensed that he was worried about something.

I said, "Roy, are you worried about anything this morning?"

"No," he said, "I'm not worried about myself, but I never like to leave you behind." We stayed pretty close to one another since we lost Jack.

He had a premonition that something was going to happen, but he thought it was going to happen to me.

"You'd better run along now, Roy," I said, "or we won't either of us get anything done."

With that he was gone. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. As he was slowly driving around the dangerous outer curve I have mentioned, the boys suddenly appeared, driving at terrific speed. They crashed into the front left-hand corner of our car, and those cars just doubled around one another. In our travels all over the United States we have seen many automobile accidents, but we have never seen a car more demolished than the one the boys were driving that morning. It was nothing but a mass of wrinkled metal and broken glass, and yet the two boys managed to crawl out of it. Our car was also demolished. But with Roy it was a different story. He was taken to the hospital, badly injured.

I, meanwhile, was busy all morning. At one o'clock I had lunch ready and was waiting for Roy. Soon some one walked around the front part of the house. I looked through the window and saw it was Vicky Wimer (Mrs. Wimer) and her father-in-law, "Dad" Wimer. I called to them to come in.

"Did you come with Roy?" I asked. "No"

"Well," I said, "he'll be here in just a moment, and then we can all have lunch together."

Mrs. Wimer said, "No, Rose, Roy isn't coming home."

"Oh, yes, he is."

"No, Rose," she said. "Roy got hurt"

"Did he in some way get mixed up with the saw?"

"No, there were two boys who ran into him."

"Vicky, where is Roy?" I asked, frightened.

"He's in the hospital."

"Is he badly hurt?"

She said, "I don't think so; just a little bump on the head."

I knew very well that people are not taken to the hospital with little bumps on their heads. "Wait just a moment while I change my clothes, and I'll go back with you," I said. I felt something was wrong.

"No," she said, "I mustn't wait now, Rose. The bus is due right now and Clyde will come, and I must be there when the bus reaches the station or he won't know where I am." Clyde was her husband, a minister, who was coming from Spokane to spend a few days' vacation on the coast.

I forgot all about Dad Wimer. He walked out and around the house. Hurriedly I changed my clothes. I couldn't wait for anybody to come back and pick me up.

I must get to Roy! I left the house and walked down the little lane. Then I looked back and saw Brother Wiener. I called to him and said, "Come, let's walk on over! I can't wait for anybody!"

He is usually a talkative little man, but this time he didn't have one thing to say. He looked pale and frightened, and we walked along swiftly. It is quite a walk

across the bridge, almost half a mile. We had reached the end of it when a bus passed us, and in just a few minutes the Wimers picked us up.

Soon we stopped in front of the Gold Beach Hospital. As I was getting out of the car, someone said to me, "You may go in. The doctor is with your husband."

Why hadn't they called me before? The accident had happened in the morning, and now it was after one o'clock. During the war doctors and nurses were scarce, and there was only one doctor along that coast highway for many miles. He was an elderly man and was kept busy almost day and night. On Sunday morning he would drive many miles up the coast and then back into the hills to his ranch where he could have a little rest and recreation away from his busy office. There was not even a telephone out there. And that is where he was when the accident happened. His office nurse had to send a messenger to find him, and it was one o'clock when he arrived in town. The nurses did not want me at the hospital until he came.

I watched as they took the bandages off Roy's head. It seemed hours until they were through.



CHAPTER 10

THE APPROACH OF DEATH

Stepped through the door into the small hallway. The first door to the right was open. I looked in. There were three or four beds all made up, but only one patient. He was lying in the bed nearest the door. I looked at him and recognized him as Roy. His head was all bandaged. The bed railings were up, and his hands were tied down to them. At the foot of the bed were his blood-soaked clothes and shoes. There was a man standing by his side, and when I stepped in, he backed away.

I said, "Are you the doctor?"

He was a very quiet man and very deliberate in everything he said. He nodded his head and said, "Yes, I am."

I walked over to him and took both of his hands in mine and said, "Doctor, please tell me, how badly is my husband hurt?"

He said, "Very badly."

"I can see that. But I mean what are his chances for life?"

He said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, you're asking me a very frank question."

"Doctor, I must have a frank answer. There are only two of us, and we're here alone. There are certain things to be thought of and planned."

"Of course you should know," he agreed. "I can't give you very much hope for his recovery. Perhaps one chance in a million."

I wondered how he could be so sure. I didn't think that they had taken any X-ray pictures of him yet. He must have sensed my thoughts when he said, "It's this way, Mrs. Slaybaugh. I just examined your husband's injuries. He has a compound fracture of the skull, and the cerebral fluid is draining out of the left eye and ear. There is no possible way of stopping it."

"Then I must hurry and send for his people," I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "don't lose any time if you want them to get here. By the way, where do they live?"

I said, "Some are near Spokane, others in Portland, and in Seattle."

"Then don't send for them."

"Doctor, they love Roy," I protested. "They would want to be here."

"Mrs. Slaybaugh, you haven't understood what I've told you. Would you want these people to start down here on that long journey and then arrive too late?"

"Oh," I cried, "will it be so soon?"

He said, "Why don't you call one of your relatives and let them tell the others, and we'll wait a little while."

That is what I did. Then I looked over at the bed and asked him if it would be all right to talk to Roy.

He said, "Yes, it won't hurt him one bit, but he'll not hear a word you say, because he's unconscious."

I walked around behind the bed. There were perhaps three or four feet between the bed and the wall, and there was a window there. Roy looked so helpless lying there tied down. First I untied the right hand, and then I wondered how I could get the railing down. I didn't know the mechanism of these beds, but I lifted it up, and down it came. I was just untying the other hand when a lady in white stepped in.

"You can't do that," she warned.

"Why, nurse? Is it necessary to have him tied down like this?"

"What you are doing is dangerous. The first thing he'll do, although he is unconscious, will be to reach up and tear the dressings off his head. That could cause instant death, and I can't take that responsibility."

"Nurse," I begged, "I have only one request to make. Please don't ask me to leave this bedside until it's all over."

She then said kindly, "That's all right, Mrs. Slaybaugh. You may stay as long as you want to. But we must put the railing up, and we must tie those hands down again."

I was glad she insisted, for then I had something to lean over during those long, weary hours I stood there; and it was much better to have his hands tied, for he didn't realize what was going on. The hospital staff took wonderful care of him, and the nurses were all kind to me. That evening they brought in a special nurse for night duty. She stood on one side of the bed and I on the other, and finally morning came. This was Monday morning. Between nine and ten o'clock the doctor came in and said, "I see we still have our patient with us. Now we must do something. Would you like to call in your own physician?"

"Oh, no, our doctor is far away in Spokane."

"Is there anyone else down here you would like to call in?" he asked.

I said, "Yes, there is."

As it happened, we had once spent a week end in Crescent City, California, seventy miles away. We were lonely for church fellowship and had driven down there one Friday afternoon. We called at the minister's home and were invited to spend the night there. During our visit the minister told us about the wonderful doctor there and what a fine Christian man he was.

I said, "Would you please call for Dr. F. M. Stump at Crescent City? We've never met him, but I am sure he's a good doctor, and he's a member of our church."

The doctor said, "Oh, yes, I'll be glad to call him. Dr. Stump and I have worked together on many cases."

He went to the telephone and called and was told that Dr. and Mrs. Stump were out of town and would be gone some time. He came and told me and asked, "Is there anyone else you'd like to call?"

"No, Roy is your patient. Please do everything you can to save his life! Why don't you take him away from this little place out to some larger hospital where you can have better things to work with?"

He answered, "We wouldn't dare move him in his condition. But I would like to have another doctor help me."

Several hours later the door opened, and in walked four professional people, all in white—two doctors and two nurses. I watched as they took the bandages off Roy's head, and when I saw the terrible wound in his forehead and the ear, which had been tucked up in the bandage, I was afraid I couldn't stand it. I had to get out into the fresh air. As I went out, I overheard the nurse saying, "Doctor, what are you going to do with this ear?"

"We'll sew it back on, and then he'll be all in one Piece."

It seemed hours until they were all through fixing him up. They had now taken the X-ray pictures showing the fractured skull and the broken jawbones. The doctor seemed to avoid me as he went out to his car, but I followed him and said, "Please, doctor, tell me, what did you find?"

"Of course, Mrs. Slaybaugh, you should know. As I told you yesterday when I first examined him, his skull is fractured and the cerebral fluid is still oozing out of his eye and ear. There's no way of stopping that. I repaired the wound in his forehead the very best I could. I sewed the ear back on, but don't worry about that. If he lives we can get an artificial ear made for him. They make them of plastic so natural-looking you can hardly detect them from a real ear. Both of his jaws are fractured, but I can fix them. I can wire his teeth together, and they'll grow back quite normal."

He hesitated when he told me about the eye. "Mrs. Slaybaugh, the sight in the left eye is destroyed."

"Do you mean he'll be blind?"

"No, I've examined the right eye," the doctor answered, "and it will be all right. But don't worry about that if he lives, we can have an artificial eye made for him."

I said, "Doctor, we'll get along all right, but what about his mind?" He didn't answer me.

That night they brought him another special nurse for night duty. She did not work at her profession all the time, but always responded to an emergency. Her name was Mrs. Jennie Schneidau. We stood together all night with our patient-she on one side of the bed and I on the other. Toward dawn she said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, don't you have any people? Don't you have any relatives?"

"Oh, yes, especially Roy. He has many."

"Why aren't some of them here? Why are you here all alone?"

I told her the doctor had asked me not to send for anybody for a little while. She said, "I don't care what the doctor told you; you can't go through this thing alone. You must have someone here with you. Go and call someone. Slip down to the telephone office about three blocks down the street and call somebody now, before I go off duty."

I put on my coat and started out. Someone was opening the outer door. I waited a moment, thinking another patient was coming in, but no one came. Again

I opened the door, and then I saw who was there. It was Roy's brother, Joe Slaybaugh, and he wasn't alone. His two sons and one of the son's wives were there. My youngest brother also came about the same time. So I wasn't alone after all.



There was the solution! All I had to do was take that promise as God had flashed it to me.

CHAPTER 11

A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN

Tuesday afternoon Roy was near death. The membranes in his throat collapsed. He dropped his mouth open and started gasping for breath. I said, "Nurse, what's the matter with his mouth and tongue?"

She said, "Didn't the doctor tell you about that?"

"No, he never said there was anything wrong with his mouth." It looked like it was full of coagulated blood; his tongue had swollen so much. It had been severely injured when he was thrown over the steering wheel. Later Tuesday afternoon his fingernails began to turn dark, and his face started to swell. I was praying; with almost every breath I was asking God to please not take Roy away from me. But my prayers didn't seem to reach very much higher than that little low ceiling. Why? How could I ask God to do that which apparently was impossible? It wasn't fair to God. The doctor had told me how critically injured Roy was and gave me very, very little hope for his recovery. I had overheard a relative whispering to someone in the little outer hallway, "As soon as it's all over, I'll drive you home in my car so you can get your family and your car and go back to Spokane with us to the funeral." I also over heard one of the Wimers say, "As soon as it's all over, we're going to take Rose home with us in our car."

The nurse came to me that afternoon and said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, have you thought of the funeral?"

"Oh, no; do you have a funeral home here?"

"We have ambulance service. They'll take him as far as Coquille, Oregon. There's a railroad station there. Just in case you're not able to go along with him, have you told anyone your plans?"

"No, I haven't. Be sure that he's taken back to Spokane and laid beside Jack in the Riverside Park Cemetery." I told her where they could find his dark suit and

a new white shirt in the trunk at home. That afternoon I saw a man polishing a hearse. I knew who he was polishing that hearse for. With all this in the back of my mind, how could I ask God to do that which seemed impossible?

Later that evening the Wimers came in again and asked me to go in their car with them for a drive.

I said, "Oh, please, not now! I mustn't leave him now. He's dying."

"Yes," Mr. Wimer said, "but we'd like to talk to you."

So I got in the car, and when we started driving, I said, "Mr. Wimer, why has this thing happened to us? Why does God treat His children like this? First He takes our Jack away from us, and then we struggle along and find this wonderful truth and come down here to do missionary work. We left our home to come down here to this little town to work for the Lord, and we are winning precious souls for Christ's kingdom. Why does He treat us like this?"

"Please, Rose, don't talk like that. Don't ask anybody that question. No one can answer it. The only thing I can say is perhaps the Lord is finished with Roy's work here on earth."

"All right, I'll try to understand, but please take me back to him again."

As I was getting out of the car Mr. Wimer asked if I had thought about calling some of the ministers and having them pray for Roy and anoint him. I didn't understand what he was talking about. This was one doctrine that I did not understand. I remembered how we used to read about when Jesus was here on earth how He would go about healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and raising the dead. But that was when the Saviour was here on earth. So I didn't understand what he was talking about, and he didn't say anything more about it. I went back to Roy and stood again all night. At four o'clock Wednesday morning I was standing with my back to the bed, looking out of the window into the darkness and wondering why this was happening to us. Wasn't there any help for me? I had a forsaken feeling of being left all alone. I recalled the many promises in the Bible, especially the one in Hebrews 13:5, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Just then a nurse came in with a glass of water and two little white tablets. She said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, will you please take these now?" The doctor had been wanting me to take something to make me sleep, but I had said, "No, thank you, there'll be plenty of time for me to sleep after this is all over." I thought they were the same thing, but she said, "No, these won't make you sleep, but they'll quiet your nerves and buoy you up. The end is near."

The end! A tiny little word—only three letters, e-n-d. We can take a trip; we come to the end of it. But we can go again. This meant something different—the end of a life, the end of the life of my beloved. We had had such a wonderful life together. This would mean the end of everything that ever meant anything to me on this earth.

I thanked the nurse and told her I'd get along without anything. She went out of the room, and I was alone with him a few moments. Something was working in the back of my mind. What was it? What was it that Mr. Wimer had said? Why hadn't I paid more attention to him? He had said something about doing

something, calling in somebody. I turned around, and there in the darkness of that room the answer came to me. "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." James 5:14, 15. It started then to darken and disappear, but brighter than ever it came back with an added line, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." There it was! There was the solution to the whole thing. All I had to do was to reach out and take that promise as God had flashed it to me.

I could hardly wait until morning. I called for Mr. Wimer. He came and I asked him, "What was it you said last night?"

He repeated it to me.

I said, "Hurry, hurry and do it! Roy is dying! We don't have very much time left."

He said, "I'd like to have another minister with me. Shall I send for Pastor Nightingale?"

"Oh, no, he's in Portland. He's ten hours away."

"I would like to have another minister with me," he repeated.

I said, "I know where you can get one. Call for Pastor T. L. Thuemler in Crescent City. I know he will come."

Mr. Wimer went to the telephone and called. Yes, Pastor Thuemler would come about noon.

By noon! Would this little flicker of life last till noon? Then I did some telephoning myself. I called Pastor Nightingale. He had called me as soon as he heard about the accident, to see if he should come or if he could do something. When I reached him, I said, "Pastor Nightingale, would you please have special prayer for Roy during the noon hour?" He said he would. I called friends in Spokane and asked them to do the same thing. Then I called a little group or believers at Eel Rock, California, where we had spent several months.

After making these calls, I went back to Roy, and prayed desperately that God would spare his life just another few minutes. He would almost stop breathing, and then I would press on his chest and he would gasp for another breath. At ten minutes to twelve the doctor stepped in on his way home for lunch. He picked up Roy's hands, looked at the darkened nails, and tenderly laid them down. Then he reached across the bed and patted me on the shoulder, and without a word he went out. About that time a car stopped out in front. It was Pastor Thuemler, here in time. I had not asked permission to have this done, I realized. I had been given many privileges during the days that I was there, and I must not do anything wrong now. I ramp the hallway, turned the corner to the next corridor, and then up to the nurses' quarters. They were seated at the table, eating their lunch. I whispered to the head nurse, "Is it all right? I've called the ministers to come and pray for Roy."

She said, "That's all right, Mrs. Slaybaugh. We can't do anything more for him."

I hurried back. The ministers came in and closed the door. There was Pastor Thuemler, who was going to do the anointing, Pastor and Mrs. Wimer, my brother, Roy's brother Joe, his two sons, the wife of one of the boys, and Roy and I. They walked in and stood around.

"Are there any unbelievers in this room?" Pastor Thuemler asked. "If so, would you please leave." I looked at our two nephews, tall, stalwart men of the world, both of them over six feet tall. But they didn't leave.

He said, "Then we'll all kneel." They all knelt but me. I had something else to do. I took Roy's two dying hands in mine and held them up to God. There was not going to be any ceiling between God and us now. Not a thing between us. If it was His will, He was going to reach down and take these hands that I was holding up to Him.

Pastor Wimer prayed a beautiful prayer. It was a quiet, sincere prayer of faith. When he finished Pastor Thuemler began, "Our Father, which art in heaven." He went on and pleaded with God. He asked God to spare this life that had been consecrated and dedicated to His work. When he came to that portion of the prayer where he said, "And now I anoint thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," he poured the oil over his hand and reached up and touched the only part of Roy's head that was not bandaged.



CHAPTER 12

THE CRISIS

The instant that Pastor Thuemler touched Roy's forehead something wonderful, something terribly wonderful, happened. There was a powerful shudder that started in the hands I was holding, and Roy trembled and shook all through his body. Then everything was still. Elder Thuemler went on praying. I thought, "I must look and see what the Lord has done." I opened my eyes and looked at the hands I was holding, and the darkness was going out of the tips of the fingernails. They were pink and natural looking. Roy had closed his mouth

over his swollen tongue and was breathing through his nose naturally. The swelling had started to recede. First a nose took shape, then a mouth, then a chin, and then a throat as the swelling left.

All got up from their knees weeping. Pastor Thuemler said, "We'll all go out quietly. Brother Slaybaugh is going to be all right." He didn't say, "I think he's going to be all right," but "Brother Slaybaugh is going to be all right."

And with that he reached down and took hold of one of Roy's hands, and Roy gripped it and held it tight. Pastor Thuemler has been with us many times as we have told our story, and he tells Roy, "Brother Slaybaugh, I'll never forget that handshake as long as I live."

He reached around to open the door, and I said, "Please, not yet." And in the presence of those witnesses in that room I held my hand up to God and made a promise: "If You'll only spare Roy's life and give him back his sight and his right mind, I'll devote the rest of my life to Your service. I'll do anything and go any place that I'm ever called to go."

They all left the room. The nurse, Mrs. Humpage, was waiting outside the door. She came in, closed the door, and stood looking at Roy a moment. And what do you think he was doing? He was opening his mouth wider and a little wider until it grew into a great big healthy yawn. At once he seemed so tired.

She said, "I've never seen anything like this in my life." She walked around to the foot of the bed, and again he yawned.



The doctor passed his hand quickly over it, and then he exclaimed, "There's sight in it!"

A short time later the doctor came in on his way back to the office. He looked surprised and a little shocked when he looked at his patient. He did not know anybody had been in that room since he was there last. He did not know that I had sent for the ministers. He looked at Roy a moment, picked up his hands and looked at his fingernails, which were natural now, and dropped them. Then he took the bandage off the eye. I had seen the cavity where his eye had been as they had dressed it from day to day. To me it had seemed as though there were no

eye there. But now there was an eye! The doctor passed his hand quickly over it, back and forth, and then he exclaimed, "And there's sight in it!" He sealed it shut, and out of the door he went.

His office nurse told us later how excited he was when he came back to the office that Wednesday noon. She had worked for him many years, and she told us that she had never seen him get excited over anything. But this time he came into the office exclaiming, "The man's going to live, the man's going to live! And more than that, he's got an eye with sight in it!"

I knew Roy was conscious now. Up to this time he had been unconscious. He opened his eye, the one that wasn't bandaged, and I said, "Hello there, honey."

He said, "Hello." And then he said, "I'm so hungry." He should have said, "When do we eat?" He hadn't had a bite of food since Sunday morning, and this was Wednesday afternoon.

I asked one of the nurses if she'd go across the street and bring us some ice cream. "Make it two servings, and make them big ones. We're going to have a party." I too was hungry. As I was feeding Roy his ice cream, he looked across the ceiling and said, "Rose, where am I?"

I said, "You're in a hospital."

"Oh," he said, "did something happen?"

I said, "Yes, there was a terrible accident."

"Was anyone hurt?"

Was anyone hurt!

"Yes, you're smashed all to pieces," I answered.

"Oh," he said, "I don't feel anything. I don't feel a thing."

Roy has never suffered one moment of pain from all those injuries. The Lord removed that from him. If it weren't for the scars on his forehead and ear, and, of course, our demolished car, Roy would never have known that he had been in an accident. During the first few days we were in the hospital, I asked the doctor, "Just in case Roy should get well, how long will you have to keep us here?"

"Well," he said, "these cases vary. I would say from three to five months."

After Roy finished his ice cream he said, "Now, Rose, I think we ought to go home."

"Oh," I said, "Roy, we're not going home for a long time. We're going to be here for at least three months."

"Well," he said, "if you want to stay, you stay. But I'm going home; I've got work to do."

Later that afternoon he kept complaining about his ear. I asked the nurse if she didn't think she should take care of it. I said, "I don't think it's been unbandaged since the doctor worked on it."

"No," she said, "we haven't touched the ear. I'll call the doctor to come over and take care of it."

Over the telephone he gave her the instructions of what to do, since he was busy. She brought a tray with the alcohol and scissors and cotton, and carefully unbandaged the ear and started cleaning it up, and there was this beautiful ear. Roy said, "Don't ever call it a beautiful ear. People don't have beautiful ears." But to me this is the most beautiful ear on earth because God put it back. Many doctors have told us that if anything more than Roy's ear had grown back, that in itself would be a miracle.

Do you remember another time somebody in haste clipped off an ear? It was Jesus who placed it back so tenderly. I feel that God placed Roy's ear back. It is a constant reminder when I look at it of what God has done for us.

Toward evening the head nurse came to me and said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, do you realize that we don't have a nurse for Roy tonight?"

"Why," I said, "isn't Mrs. Schneidau coming back?"

"No," she said, "she didn't expect to have a patient here tonight. And my car that I have been sending out to bring her in is on another errand, and I have no way of sending for her."

"Well," I said, "my nephew has his car here. He'll drive out and bring her in." This was done. When Mrs. Schneidau came in, she looked at Roy, but didn't say very much. It was about nine o'clock that night before our friends' and relatives left, for we had had a regular jubilee that night, but when they were gone and Roy was asleep, she asked me, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, what has happened here today?"

I said, "What do you mean?"

"Something has happened, because this morning when I left this room your husband was dying. He had been dying all night, and now when I come back tonight, I find him perfectly normal. Something has happened."

I said, "I don't know whether you know it or not; we're members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church."

"Yes," she said, "I heard that, but what does that have to do with this?"

"As such we believe in the Bible."

"I believe the Bible, too. But I don't understand," she answered.

I said, "We believe it literally, just as it is written."

"Well, what did you do?"

"We followed the simple instruction given in James 5:14 and 15."

Wednesday morning when she had picked up all of her belongings, Mrs. Schneidau had come over and put her arm around me and said, "Good-by, Mrs. Slaybaugh. I don't suppose I'll ever see you again, but I feel so sorry for you. I don't usually let my cases affect me in any way, but this is different. You've been so brave all the way through. You're going to go through a terrible shock today."

Now she looked at Roy for a long time, then said, "Do you think it is fair to God to keep this a secret? The whole world ought to know what has taken place in this room; for it isn't because of anything the doctors or we nurses have done that your husband is alive."

I said, "Mrs. Schneidau, if the Lord wants this miracle known throughout the world, He'll have His own way of publishing it."

"Mrs. Slaybaugh," Mrs. Schneidau said, "I wish I knew a little more about the doctrines of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Do you have any literature I could read?"

"Oh," I said, "we have so much at home. I'll see that you get something to read as soon as we get home."

"I don't suppose you have a magazine or a story with you, do you?" she asked. "I left my magazine at home."

"No," I said, "I don't have any time to read anything like that any more."

"I still wish I had something to read tonight."

"Let me look in my purse," I suggested. There, neatly folded, I found a Present Truth. "I do have one of our little church papers."

She said, "Thank you, I'll read it."

I watched her that night as she read it from the beginning to the last word. The next morning as she was getting ready to leave she said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, may I take this little paper home with me? I would like to study it some more. Do you know where I could get more copies like this?"

"I don't know just where," I said. But I knew how. I could ask some of our friends to get some for me. "How many would you like to have?"

"Oh," she said, "I'd like to have ten or even a dozen."

I said, "All alike?"

"Oh, yes, they must be all like this one."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"My mother and family are all good Christians, but they don't know the importance of this," she answered.

"What did I give you?" I asked, wondering.

She handed it back to me. It was "The Seal of God or the Mark of the Beast."

A recent letter from her reads:

"How happy I was to see you today and hear the wonderful response you are having to your testimony of the great healing power of our heavenly Father. Your visit was so short that I didn't get to tell you how thankful I'll always be that I was called for night duty when Roy was so seriously injured, and that I had the privilege of seeing the direct results of anointing and prayer. Then when you told me how you and Roy came into the church, I couldn't help knowing that God

worked in a marvelous way 'His wonders to perform.' The pamphlets and reading matter you gave me helped me to understand the Bible truths. It was hard to go against the wishes of all my family when I was baptized, but how happy and thankful I am that I was, for our daughter Jeannie was baptized last June, and Don, her husband, has promised to attend evangelistic services with her starting next Sunday night. My mother and one sister have been baptized, and I have three other sisters who are studying.

"Isn't it wonderful to feel the great love of our heavenly Father and Jesus when we see the ever-widening circle of people brought into the church through what we felt was a great tragedy at the time? May God bless you both and grant that you may bring many more in before Jesus comes.

Lovingly,

Jennie Schneidau."



After the miraculous recovery of Roy Slaybaugh, many visited the man healed by faith and prayer.

CHAPTER 13

PRAYER OF THANKFULNESS

Thursday morning Roy was sitting up in bed. One of the nurses, Mrs. Humpage, came in eating candy. Roy is fond of candy, and he was hungry. Every time a nurse came in he thought she ought to be bringing him a tray of food, and all they brought him was soup because they thought he couldn't eat anything solid with his jaws broken. What he wanted though was potatoes and gravy! When she came in eating candy, he looked at her as though to say, "Aren't you going to give me a piece?"

She took a piece out of her pocket; she walked across to where Roy was sitting, and I said, "Oh, no, nurse. Surely you wouldn't give him that hard candy! He might try to chew it, and with his broken jaws he will hurt himself."

She said, "Don't worry about that, Mrs. Slaybaugh. He couldn't begin to chew it, but he can suck on it. The doctor is going to wire his teeth together this morning, since he knows now he's going to live."

She walked over and placed the candy between his lips, and Roy ground it to bits. She grabbed her own jaws and said, "I've never seen anything like this!"

They tried to keep Roy quiet. The doctor's orders were to keep him as quiet as possible. The nurses would come in with a hypo and stick it in his arm and send him off to sleep. Just as soon as he'd begin to waken and begin to talk they would come and poke him in the arm again until he fought it off.

He said, "I won't have this any more. I want to go home! "

There wasn't anything left now for the doctor to do but to dismiss us and let us go home. He didn't have to set Roy's jaws. He didn't have to order that artificial ear that he was telling me about. He didn't have to do surgery on Roy's tongue, and he didn't have to order that artificial eye, either.

Roy now has the keenest sight in the eye that was healed. He can read the finest print. Many eye specialists have examined his eye, and they all say the same thing that it is the most remarkable thing that they have seen. Anybody that knows anything about eyes, they say, can see that this is a different eye from the other. The color is brighter and clearer than that of the old eye, and there isn't so much as a scar, although there are many scars on the old eye. It hasn't been very long ago that Roy had to take a test for a California driver's license. He passed the test one hundred per cent. The officer said, "Now we'll see how your eyes are, Mr. Slaybaugh. How far down the card can you read these letters?"

Roy said, "I can read the bottom line if you want."

He thought Roy had been sitting there memorizing the letters, so he said, "We'll just turn this card over. Now," he said, "how far down can you read?"

He said, "I can still read the bottom line, backwards and forwards."

"Why," the officer said, "you have remarkable sight for a man of your age! What can you do with one eye?" He picked an envelope off his desk and covered over one eye.

Roy said, "I can still read the bottom line backwards and forwards."

"You have the eyes of an eagle!"

Roy came home and told me about it. "Rose, it was a good thing that he covered up my old eye, or I couldn't even have seen the cardboard."

Roy was getting more and more restless.

I said, "Roy, we can't just walk out of the hospital! We must wait until the doctor dismisses us properly."

"Well," he said, "why doesn't he do it?"

"Maybe he'll be here tomorrow, and we'll ask him about it."

The next day was Sunday. I knew the doctor would most likely be out on his farm. It was Monday, almost noon, before he came. I met him and said, "Doctor, you'd better dismiss that patient of yours. He's going home."

He said, "Take him home. There's not a thing the matter with him. I don't understand what has happened, but take him home."

The nurse overhearing the doctor said, "You don't mean that, doctor! With the shock he's had it will take days, or weeks, for him to learn to walk."

Roy said, "If they'll only bring me some clothes, doctor, I'll show them I can walk."

"Nurse, fix him up, and let him try his legs," the doctor said.

They placed his robe and slippers on him and then let the railing down. He pulled himself over to one side.

The nurse whispered to me, "You get over on the other side, Mrs. Slaybaugh, and be ready to catch him. He's not as smart as he thinks he is."

But he was! Out into the hall he went, turned to the right, and we never stopped until we reached the nurses' dining room. The table was set for noon lunch. The head nurse pulled out a chair and said, "Roy, sit down with us; have lunch with us out here today." After eating a big dinner, he started back for the door that led down through the hallway to his bed.

The nurse said, "Roy, you don't have to go back to that bed. Come into my living room. Sit down here on the davenport. So many people want to come in and see you. They want to come in and see the man who was healed by a prayer."

Now we could go home, but the nurses begged us to stay one more night. Tuesday morning I had everything packed, ready to go, and Roy said, "Rose, go get the car; we're going home."

Our poor car! I hadn't told Roy about it yet. I couldn't tell him what a wreck it was. But I looked across the street and there was our neighbor, Charley Doneca. He worked at the garage across the street. I called to him and asked him if he would like to do something for us.

"Yes, what is it?"

I said, "Would you like to take us home?"

"Yes, whenever Roy is ready, just let me know."

"He's ready right now."

"Well," he said, "wait until I finish filling this car with gas." Then he stepped into his car and drove across the street, and Roy and I walked out of the little hospital together. When we got home, as soon as we got into the house and closed the door, we dropped down on our knees and praised the God of heaven for what He had done for us, for hearing and answering our prayer, and strengthening our faith!

In the afternoon Roy said, "Rose, I'd like to walk down to the beach. I'd like to go down there and have a prayer meeting."

"Roy, don't you feel weak?"

"I never felt better in all my life," he said.

We walked down, and there by the side of God's mighty ocean we knelt and again thanked Him for His goodness, mercy, and love.



Now I'm going to add Roy's story of what he experienced during the healing:

"I would like to add my testimony and tell you what I experienced during the time of my healing. I will try to give an exact account of it. There appeared at the foot of my bed a heavenly being, beautiful beyond description. It was head and shoulders taller than an ordinary man. I say 'man' because he was masculine-looking. His hair was light gold in color and hung in ringlets about his head. He was clothed in a beautiful white robe which hung in pleats from his shoulders to the floor and gathered at the waist by a golden girdle with tassels hanging down his right side. He gave me a very reassuring look, but I hardly dared look at him. He said, 'I have come to raise you up again.' And with that he reached over and touched me. It must have been just as the minister anointed me, for a great fear and trembling came over me, and I became fully conscious. He looked the same as he did in my semi-unconscious state, but he was so glorious I had to take my gaze away from him. I looked about the room and wondered where I was and why all these people, our friends and relatives, were there, and why they were weeping, but my mind was on this beautiful being at the foot of the bed. I was almost afraid to look back, and when I did, he had disappeared. He must have known that I couldn't take another look, and live. If this being is an indication of what heaven will be like, or what we will be when we have put on immortality and have been changed 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump,' (1 Corinthians 15:52), heaven will be cheap at any price we pay or any sacrifice we must make. Let us all be faithful to the end."

CHAPTER 11

TESTIMONIES OF WITNESSES

I've have many testimonies from reliable people confirming this healing, as well as the doctor's and nurses' testimonies. We also have a set of X-ray pictures taken after the healing, showing what the Lord did. Following are some of the statements made by those who actually witnessed the healing:

"To whom it may concern:

"I have been asked to give a testimonial in regard to the miraculous healing of Roy Slaybaugh after he was so critically injured in a car wreck. It has been long enough since Roy Slaybaugh was injured that I have forgotten some of the details, but I'll never forget the change that took place in his condition in the space of twelve hours. On the evening of August 20, 1945, the hospital phoned and said they needed me to 'special' a case nights.

When I went on duty at 8:00 P.M. I was given the case history. He had been injured the day before. There was a fracture above the left eye extending over and above the left ear. The cerebral fluid was oozing from the left eye and ear. There were cuts on the forehead and the left ear was torn off. These injuries had been repaired, but his condition was very serious, and the doctor gave us very little hope for his recovery. I was with him until 8:00 A.m. Tuesday, carrying out the doctor's orders for administering penicillin, irrigating the eye every two hours, and giving sedatives to keep the patient as quiet as possible. Tuesday night the orders were the same. After midnight his condition was worse-pulse weakening, fingernails getting blue.

When I went off duty at 8:00 A.M. Wednesday, I felt very sure he would not live through the day. I called the hospital at 5:00 P.m. to find out his condition, and they told me to come and that he had improved and they needed me. When I stepped into the room that night, I was shocked and surprised at the change. It was miraculous. There were smiles of hope and confidence on the faces of Mrs. Slaybaugh and her brother, and when I looked at my patient I could well understand why. His color was good, his pulse strong, and he was rational. He knew Rose when she spoke to him. It didn't seem possible. But Mrs. Slaybaugh told me she had called in the ministers of the church and had prayed and anointed him according to God's Word in James 5:14 and 15. This was done during the noon hour, and the change came immediately.

From that time on he improved rapidly and soon needed my services no longer. How happy I will be if my testimony will help people to realize that God is the same today as He always has been. But we must believe His promises enough to ask His help in the name of Jesus. I am happy to give God the glory, for I am convinced that Roy Slaybaugh would not be with us today if we had depended solely on medical science.

(Signed) Jennie Schneidau, R.N."

"After we prayed and anointed Roy in the name of the Lord, I went out to have a little lunch and have a tire changed. This consumed a little more than an hour. When I went back into the hospital, the nurse, Mrs. Floyd Humpage, who

was caring for him, was seated at the window crocheting. I stepped close to her and asked, 'How is Mr. Slaybaugh? Is there any change?' Her reply was, 'Wonderful! He is normal.' I said no more to her, but I have met and talked with her recently in company with another minister, Leo Van Dolson. She gave us a wonderful testimony on the healing of Mr. Slaybaugh. This was marvelous, because when we entered the hospital, this same nurse was swabbing the mouth of the patient, from which was flowing a brown fluid, which apparently ceased when she left the room. May God use this testimony to His honor and glory.

T. L. Thuemler, Minister, Crescent City, California."

"When Roy Slaybaugh of Gold Beach, Oregon, was injured in a highway accident, his attending physician told Mrs. Slaybaugh that her husband was fatally injured and could not live. Mrs. Slaybaugh then phoned a minister in Crescent City to come at once and pray for the restoration of her husband. The minister responded; Roy was anointed, and prayer was offered for his recovery. The response, immediate and marvelous, brought restoration and renewed life, and Roy was soon getting about as usual. This experience aroused much comment throughout that entire section and presently reached our town of Brookings, about forty miles away. Mrs. C. P. Watt, an experienced registered nurse, and I decided to call on this doctor for further inquiry into this unusual experience. We discussed the case in considerable detail. When asked if he considered that prayer had anything to do with the remarkable recovery of the patient, the doctor replied, 'That enters the realm of the supernatural, in which I have had no experience. But from a medical standpoint, Roy Slaybaugh had no right to live, but he did live.'

B. W. Marsh and Mrs. C. P. Watt, R.N."

"In company with Pastor Thuemler, I visited Mrs. Humpage, the nurse on Roy's case in Gold Beach, some time ago. Mrs. Humpage was convinced that Roy's healing was miraculous and stated that she was the nurse that gave him the hard candy. It was also my privilege to visit at a later date with Mrs. Jennie Schneidau, a member of our Gold Beach church, and she told me that she was certain that it was only a miracle that spared Roy's life. She, of course, was one of the nurses that took care of Roy and was converted as the result of that experience.

Leo Van Dolson, Minister."

"I heard the crash; I ran to the scene of the accident and found Brother Slaybaugh slumped over the wheel. I shook him and talked loudly so I might arouse him, but he never moved. His head was bent over like that of a dead man, and most of one ear was gone. We called on Mrs. Humpage a few days ago, and she said, 'Anyone who knows anything about God knows it was a higher power than medical science that healed Mr. Slaybaugh.'

Fred Wimer."

"To Whom It May Concern:

"This is to certify that from August 19, 1945, to

September 11, 1945, Mr. Roy Slaybaugh was under my care at the Gold Beach Hospital, suffering from injuries sustained in an automobile accident. After examining the patient and taking X rays, I told Mrs. Slaybaugh the extent of her husband's injuries and gave her very little hope for recovery.

"His skull was fractured, and the cerebral fluid was coming from the left ear and eye. I told her there was no way of stopping it. The left ear had been pretty much torn loose in such a manner that it sagged down. This was repaired, and it healed in very good condition. It looked for a time as though he might lose the sight of the eye, if not the eye itself, and there was some conversation about an artificial eye if it came to that. I told her if the sight was lost in the left eye, he would not be blind, as the sight was not injured in the right eye; X ray indicated fracture of the left lower maxilla and less definitely of the right but not complete.

"During this time and for four or five days Mr. Slaybaugh was unconscious."

Roy's accident occurred in August. The first day of December of that same year, Pastor Nightingale, who was pastor of the tabernacle church in Portland, Oregon, conducted a special "Slaybaugh" baptismal service. Six young Slaybaughs—Joe's two sons and their wives and two nieces—took their stand for Christ, went down into baptism with their Lord and Saviour, and became members of the church.

*The doctor's name and address are on file with the publishers.

CHAPTER 15

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

The boys who caused the accident were taken back to town, the older one placed in jail alone; the younger boy was put to bed in the hospital with a guard sitting at the door of his room. The first night as I stood at Roy's side, whenever the door was opened I could look down the little hallway and see a man in uniform sitting on a chair with a gun in his hand. I was too worried about Roy's condition to think very much about this, but the next morning when another officer took up the watch, I wondered. I said, "Nurse, what is going on in this place? Who do you have in the next room here?"

She said, "Don't you know? We have one of those young outlaws that almost killed your husband."

I walked down the little hall and looked in, and there on the bed lay a beautiful child. He didn't look fifteen years old—he looked more like a ten-year-old—just a little boy.

"May I go in and talk to him?" I asked the guard.

He said, "No, lady, no one can go through this door."

"I'd like to go in and talk to him," I repeated.

"No one can go through this door. He's desperate."

"That child?"

"That's right, and you can't go through."

The officers were trying to find out who these boys were and where they came from. I would see a group of them go past the door and then I would hear them questioning the younger boy. "Who are you? Where did you come from? What is your name? Who is that other fellow with you? You may as well tell us; he's dead." But he would not talk.

Finally the nurse and doctor went in. He was lying with his eyes closed. The nurse walked over to him. She raised his eyelid and then dropped it and said, "Oh, doctor, isn't it a pity, and he is so young!" At that the boy sobbed out his story and told them who he was and where he came from.

"We have no parents, and that other fellow was my brother."

"Don't you have any relatives?"

"Yes, we have an uncle." He told them where he lived.

The boys were tried and sentenced to penitentiary terms to be served in the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem.

For three and one-half years we tried to get in to visit the boys. But the answer was always the same "No." Roy asked the sheriff if he could drive him to Salem some time when he had business in the penitentiary so we could see them. But he replied, "They won't let you in to see them. They don't receive visitors, and they have them in solitary confinement at present." We were not discouraged and continued praying that the Lord would open the way for us to see them.

In December of 1948 we were working with Pastor H. D. Strever in the Albany, Oregon, district, visiting churches there. It was only twenty-five miles from Salem. We were talking about the boys, and I asked him if he thought he could get us into the prison.

He said, "I can try. Ministers sometimes do have more privileges than most people." Mrs. Strever telephoned the penitentiary. Yes, it was a visiting day-and the hours were two to four. It was just two o'clock when we drove up to the gate in a pouring rain. The gate was closed with a sign on it warning, "Keep Out" To one side was a small brick building from which stepped a big guard. He said, "What do you want?" as he looked us all over.

"We would like to visit the penitentiary," said Elder Strever. And I quickly added, "And we would like to visit two of the boys you have here."

He answered very gruffly, "They don't want any visitors here today. It's raining. The warden doesn't want to be bothered." With that he turned and went back into the small building.

I said, "Elder Strever, he can't do that to us!"

Getting out of the car, Elder Strever said, "I'll see what I can do. I have my ministerial card. It does give me certain privileges." He followed the guard into the little building, and soon he came out smiling. As he got into the car he said, "We can at least get into the prison, but we can't visit the boys. We can't do both."

"Well," I said, "at least we can get into the place. We'll let the Lord take care of the rest for us."

The guard opened the gate leading into the penitentiary grounds. As we drove in we noticed the signs that read, "Lock your car." Carefully we locked the car and walked up the cement steps leading into the building.

Opening the front door, we entered a large room. There were many men in uniform busy going here and there. They didn't pay any attention to us. We just stood there. The first door to the right was open. It had a glass in it with a sign which read, "Warden, Private, Keep Out"

I said to Roy, "I guess it won't hurt to take a little peek at him." Looking in through the open door, we saw a fine-looking man seated behind a desk. It was the warden. He was busy talking with another man. When the man left, the warden came out and greeted us. He said, "And now what can I do for you?"

"We would like to visit the penitentiary and also visit two of your boys here," said Elder Strever.

"Well," he said, "I think that can be arranged. Who is it you want to visit?"

I said, "We'd like to visit the Jones boys."

He smiled when he said, "Lady, we have many Joneses in here. Which ones do you mean?"

"We would like to visit Gordon and Berkley Jones."

"Gordon and Berkley Jones!" he said. "What in the world do you want to see them for? They don't receive visitors. I should say not! Those boys have caused us more trouble than any prisoners we've ever had in this place. They had been here only six months when the younger one escaped with four other young men."

I said, "Please, Mr. Warden, couldn't we visit them for just a few minutes? We want to see them so much."

"My answer is still No! They do not receive visitors." The warden sounded like he meant it. "But," he said, "if you want to visit our institution, we'll be glad to show you through. I'll call one of the guards to take care of you."

"We'd like to see everything," I said.

With that he turned around and went back to his desk, but I was still determined to visit the boys. We had waited for this opportunity so long and were so close to them now. I knew they needed friends. They needed someone to care for them. They needed help, and I was determined to see them if it was at all possible.

The warden turned around and went back into his office. I followed right behind him. As I entered the room, I overheard Roy say to Elder Strever, "We'd better stand here and catch her as she comes out."

The warden looked up in surprise when he saw me standing before him, as though to say, "I thought I got rid of you."

"Do you know who we are?"



"No," he said, "am I supposed to know you?"

I said, "You're going to know us quite well before you get rid of us."

By this time Elder Strever and Roy had followed me into his office.

I pointed to the scars in Roy's head and said, "Do you see this man? Do you see these scars?"

"Yes," he said, "I noticed that he had been terribly injured at sometime."

"Well," I said, "he's the reason that you have these boys here."

He pushed himself back from his desk and walked over to Roy. Carefully he looked at the scars and said, "I don't understand."

"Do you remember a little incident that happened about three and a half years ago at Gold Beach, when the two boys locked up the sheriff there and made their escape, and then crashed into a man's car and almost killed him?" I asked. "Here's the man they almost killed."

"Oh, yes. I'm beginning to understand." Looking at Roy, he said, "I suppose now you want to go back in there and finish them of."

Roy said, "No, I don't want to finish anyone off. But we would like to visit the boys and leave some religious literature with them. We've brought two little books, Steps to Christ and Seeing It Through With God."

"Religious literature! Religious literature!" he said. "We have tried everything on these boys but religion. Maybe you've got something. But on second thought, I don't know what their reaction or their behavior would be in front of a woman."

"Warden, I'm an old woman," I said. "I'm a mother. Anything they would say or do wouldn't have any effect on me. Please, may we just visit a few minutes?"

He got up and walked out of the room. I was afraid I would lose him, so I stayed right with him. He went into a room where the records were kept. Running through the files, he pulled out two large ones of the boys' records. There were the pictures of the young men. Then he walked right past me over to Roy and showed him the pictures and said, "Are these the boys you want to see?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I've never seen them."

I said, "Why, yes, warden, they are the boys we want to see." Hurriedly I opened my purse and took out a picture and said, "See, I have the same picture you have."

"Where did you get that picture?" the warden asked sharply.

I said, "We cut it out of the Portland Oregonian, and had it rephotographed."

He warmed up a bit then. "I believe that you are sincere. I believe that you really do want to see these boys," he said; "but in all my experience, I've never seen any people try so hard to get into this place, when everybody else is trying to get out. But you do want to visit the penitentiary too, don't you?"

"Yes, we would like to see everything," I answered. "I'll call a guard and have him take you through."

And while you're gone, I'll be thinking whether or not it is wise to let the boys up into the visiting room." Then he called for the chief censor, who censors all incoming and outgoing mail. We were introduced to him, a fine-looking man in uniform.

The warden said, "Eddie, show them everything."

"Warden, I'm counting on you," I said, as we left him.

We followed Mr. Hayes, the censor.

CHAPTER 16

AN ASSURANCE OF FORGIVENESS

Our guide took us through block after block of cells. At last we had reached the death chamber. It was a large room. Over to one side was a cell that looked like a cage made for a wild beast with heavy steel bars. Inside was a cot.

He said, "Here's where we bring the men that are to be executed. We bring them up here on a Thursday night. Friday morning at six o'clock their breakfast is brought to them, then they're taken out of this cell and placed in the shower, and then a pair of shorts is placed on them. I'm one of five men who help with the executions. As the time comes for the criminals to be placed in the gas chamber, it takes all a man has in him to drag them out of this cell, screaming and begging for their lives. They've all been young men lately, but when they come up here it's too late."

He continued, "We've traced the lives of these young men back to babyhood, and almost all come from broken homes—their mothers and fathers are divorced, and they were left to roam the streets. They got their early training in the moving-picture houses and from reading the 'funny papers' and comic books. Folks are making criminals out of their children in their own living rooms by permitting them to listen to crime stories on the radio. I know what I'm talking about, I see the results. God pity the children whose homes have television without censorship.

"Many times," he went on, "when these men are facing execution, I've had them ask me, 'What is death going to be like? Where will I be after I'm dead? What is it going to seem like to die?' I believe in the Bible and in a Supreme Being. I believe in God, but I don't know very much about the teachings of the Bible. I wish I knew something about the state of man in death. All I can do is point to that door, and say, 'See that door over there? I don't know what's behind it and neither do you. But Friday evening we'll open that door, and we're going to push you through and pull the door shut, and you'll have to suffer the consequences.'"

"Oh," I said, "Mr. Guard, would you read something if I sent it to you?"

"Yes, I'll be glad to read anything."

As soon as we reached home I sent him a book about the state of the dead. I told him not to send it back, but to leave it there for the inmates to read. His reply to my letter follows:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Slaybaugh:

"I received the book you sent and I want to thank you very much for it. I have enjoyed reading it and will pass it on when I have finished. I am sure that you do enjoy your religion. It is really an inspiration to meet such devoted Christians in these times when you meet so many who are not. It restores your faith in people.

I would enjoy hearing some more about your work and hope that you will come back to Salem soon and pay us another visit.

Sincerely, Eddie Hayes."

We came to another large room. This was the visiting room. It was divided through the center by a long table. On one side the convict sits, and the visitor sits opposite him. There is a partition of glass and a heavy steel screen between the prisoner and his visitor.

"Now we're in the visiting room," our guide explained. Looking down the table he said, "I see the warden has your boys here."

"Which ones are they?" I eagerly asked.

Pointing to two young men, he said, "Do you see those two young men sitting there?"

"Yes; what shall we do now?"



As we sat facing them, the older boy said, "How can you love us after what we've done to you?"

"You and Mr. Slaybaugh go over and sit down in front of them."

"How much time may we have?" I asked.

"Let's start with fifteen minutes," he answered.

"Honey," I said to Roy, "we must make every second count for the Lord. We may never get into this place again."

We walked over and sat down in front of two intelligent-looking boys. They were nineteen and twenty-three years old respectively at this time. They had to sit with their arms folded in front of them on the table, and right behind them was a uniformed guard.

I told the boys who we were. They looked a little surprised. I said, "This is the man that you ran into. No, you didn't kill him; you may be everything else, but you're not murderers."

"Boys," I asked, "did you ever go to Sunday school or church or read the Bible?"

They said, "No."

"Well," I said, "do you have access to Bibles in here?"

"I guess they have them in the library," Berkley answered.

"Boys, as soon as you get back to your cells, have a guard bring each of you a Bible. Turn to the Book of James, the fifth chapter, and read the fourteenth and fifteenth verses. Then you'll know why Mr. Slaybaugh didn't die."

They looked at the scars on Roy's forehead, and then as fast as I could talk, I told them the plan of salvation-the love of Christ, how He gave His life for all of us.

"Boys," I said, "you may have committed one kind of sin which has brought you to this horrible place, but we on the outside of these walls commit other sins. Sin is sin in the sight of God, regardless of how small or large. God has only one definition of sin in the Bible, and it's found in 1 John 3:4: 'For sin is the transgression of the law.'"

Suddenly a bell sounded. The guard touched the boys on the shoulder and took them away.



I told them to find this text and read it. I also told them to read the tenth chapter of John about the Good Shepherd and how He loves His sheep. I told them to especially read the sixteenth verse, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring." Then we told them that we loved them and wanted to help them.

The older boy said, "How can you love us after what we've done to you?"

"But we do, and we're here to prove it," Roy said.

"Would you like to call us Aunt Rose and Uncle Roy?"

"Please don't say that unless you mean it," the younger one said.

"But we do mean it. We've brought two little books for you to read. They're being censored now. They're religious books, Steps to Christ and Seeing It Through With God."

They said they would be glad to read them. We told them we would send more. "And we'll get each of you a new Bible. Would you like to have us come and visit you once in a while?"

With tears in their eyes they said, "If you only would."

"Would you like to have us write you a letter now and then, and would you write to us?" I asked.

"We will if they'll permit it."

On and on we talked. They told us their parents had died when they were tiny tots. We were the first visitors they had had in three and a half years, they said. Fifteen minutes, half an hour, almost an hour passed, when suddenly a bell

sounded. The guard touched the boys on the shoulder and took them away. We promised we'd come to visit them again soon.

Mr. Hayes came then and said, "You must leave now; it's their dinnertime."

When we reached the administration building, the warden was waiting for us. He shook hands with us and said, "You send all that literature that you were telling the boys about. I'll see that it gets to them. I may even read some of it myself. We've tried everything on those boys but religion; maybe you've got something."

We started to go out the door, and he shook hands with us again. I told Roy and Elder Strever, "He's almost overdoing it now." Then he asked us to come back into his office. Opening a drawer, he reached in, picked up a card, and said, "Mrs. Slaybaugh, I'd like to give you my personal card. I want you to use it as a passport. This will get you in here any time if I'm not here. Take good care of it. I don't give my card to very many people. This is the third one I've issued to anyone this year."

"Mr. Warden, may I have a card also?" Elder Strever asked.

"Did you say you were a minister?"

"Yes, I'm a minister of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in Albany, Oregon."

"Well, then, I'd like to have you have my card also." And he handed one to Elder Strever.

He urged us to come back again and visit the boys any time—"Whenever you're in Salem, or whenever you're passing through."

We had an appointment to speak at a youth meeting in Phoenix, Arizona, and also one at the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, California, the first part of January. We didn't have time to write the boys letters before we left, but I sent two pretty Christmas cards. I wrote all over them, inside and outside, under the pictures, every place I could I wrote something, and mailed them to the boys. Then we left for Phoenix. We were gone several weeks, and when we came home, the first place we went to was the post office to get our mail. As we were sitting outside in the car, just sorting out the mail and all the Christmas cards that had accumulated, I said, "Roy, see what we've got here. Here's a letter from Salem, Oregon, from Berkley Jones."

He said, "Open it. Let's not wait till we get home. Let's open it and read it."

CHAPTER 17

KINDNESS WINS

Hastily I opened the letter written on the penitentiary stationery and started reading the regulations at the top of the page. Among them it said, "Limit your letter to one side of one sheet of paper only."

"Roy, they didn't get our cards," I exclaimed.

"Well, Rose, go on and read!" he said, impatiently.

"But down here in larger letters it says, 'If rules are not followed, mail will not be delivered.'"

"Rose, let's read the letter!"

I didn't get very far, for I read, "Dear Aunt Rose and Uncle Roy," and we two silly old people sat there and cried like babies.

"Dear Aunt Rose and Uncle Roy,

"You asked me to use this title, and that is why I am taking the liberty of heading this letter as I have. Gordon and I received your Christmas cards and are extremely grateful to you for sending them to us, as we have no parents and haven't had any letters or cards for some time. You can surmise how much your visit and Christmas cards meant to us, and how we will appreciate any future letters from you. Gordon and I are making billfolds, and we thought you might like a sample of our work. So as soon as possible we are going to send you both one. They are not what you would call masterpieces, for we are just learning and these are our first, so far. I can't quite summon the right words or phraseology to try to convey to you how sorry we were that Uncle Roy was hurt so badly in that wreck, and how glad we are that he has recovered. I am afraid that our 'tongue-tiedness' when you were here to see us might have left some doubt as to our feelings in this matter. But taking into consideration that you are the only people to visit us in so long, and also that you had not held any grudge or bad feelings toward us for the great wrong done you, you can see why we were slightly befuddled, to say the least.

"Gordon will write to you next week, and we will both answer any letters you might send us, although I can't think what we will write about, as there just isn't anything happening in here worth writing about.

But we'll fill the page if we have to mention the weather in every other line.

"I am running short of things to say, so will close for now. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Sincerely yours, Berkley Jones."

In the same mail were the billfolds-one for Uncle Roy and one for Aunt Rose. They were beautiful little billfolds. Berkley said they were not masterpieces, but in a few weeks a masterpiece did come. It was a most gorgeous purse, made of leather, hand-tooled in a beautiful design with sterling silver trimmings.

We sent each of the boys a new Bible, and it wasn't very long before they were asking, "What are all these things in Daniel and Revelation? The animals, etc.?"

So we sent each of them a copy of Daniel and the Revelation, by Uriah Smith. They wrote and thanked us for them, saying, "We received your letters. They are certainly always welcome. We also received the books you sent." Berkley wrote: "We have set a limit of twenty-five pages a day to read in Daniel and the Revelation. I believe that this is better than reading straight through the whole book. I seem to remember things longer, and more of the details are clear this way."

In a few weeks we visited the boys again. After this visit, as we were leaving, I said, "Boys, is there anything more we can do or get for you?"

Gordon spoke up and said, "We're just starved for something sweet."

"Do you mean candy?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, we haven't had any candy for such a long time."

I said, "Boys, as soon as we get home, I'll make you some candy and cookies and send them to you."

"No, Aunt Rose," Berkley said, "you can't do that. They won't permit anything like that to come through."

"How can we get it to you?" I asked.

"When you sell some of our billfolds (we had told them we would sell their billfolds for them) the next time you come in, stop at the counter in the administration building and buy us a candy bar or two."

"You don't have to wait until we sell your billfolds," Roy said. "We'll see that you get some candy this very day."

When we left them that afternoon, we went down to the counter where they sell candy and other refreshments and, oh my, didn't I have fun! I said, "We want two orders just alike," and I started picking out the various "goodies." They had a lovely little cake with white frosting and coconut all over it, wrapped in cellophane. I said to the clerk, "Do you people in here have plenty of desserts?"

"Well," he said, "we have good food, but not too many desserts."

I said, "Do you suppose the boys would enjoy having a cake?"

"What those kids wouldn't do with a cake!" he said.

I said, "Send each of them one like this."

As we were driving home that night, riding along in the dark, we were not saying very much. Finally I asked Roy, "What are you thinking about?"

"I wouldn't wonder if it's the same thing you're thinking about," he said. "I was thinking about the boys. I know where there are two mighty 'sweet' boys tonight."

In a day or two we received this letter:

"When I think of how you and Uncle Roy have befriended us, I often wonder what we have done to deserve such kindness. I still haven't found the answer. I am really trying to tell you how much we appreciate everything you have done, but I am afraid I've failed utterly.

"We received the cake and candy you sent to us, and I may as well confess I got a stomach-ache for being such a glutton. It was kind of a pleasant stomach-ache, though. I want to send a million thanks for the cake and candy.

"Gordon and I are waiting expectantly for your next visit to us. We always look forward anxiously to seeing you again."

We sold some of their purses and billfolds and sent the money to them. We wondered what they would do with the first money they had earned in all these years. Now came the answer:

"Gordon and I are now the proud owners of a typewriter. I feel like a small child who has received some much-cherished gift which he has longed for with all his heart. The typewriter is of fairly ancient vintage, but it works. Gordon and I are studying hard in school now."

Next came the wonderful news that Gordon was to be paroled. He wrote us about it, and we were there when it happened, July 2, 1949. We visited the boys in the morning. Gordon was excited. He was telling us that he'd soon be leaving. At one o'clock we again went back to the prison, where we met the boys' aunt and uncle, who had come from Illinois. We all met with the parole board in the warden's office. First we had a little visit with the uncle, for he was to take Gordon home with him. We told him about Gordon's conversion and that he was taking home a Christian young man now, and that Gordon would want to keep the Sabbath.

The boys' uncle and aunt were fine people. Their uncle said, "I don't know very much about all this, but Gordon is going to work for me, and he can have any day he wishes for his day of worship."

Then Gordon was brought in. He was carrying something under his arm. He came over and put his arm around Roy and said, "Uncle Roy, how can I ever thank you for what you have done for Berkley and me? If it hadn't been for you, we might have rotted in this place."

I asked, "Honey, what have you got under your arm?"

"Aunt Rose, you don't mind, do you? Just now when I bade my cell buddy good-by, and the fellows on either side of us, they begged me to leave my Bible behind. We've been studying it together. They wanted this, too, my Daniel and Revelation, but no one's going to get this. I didn't even want it packed with my belongings."

So we bade Gordon good-by. We have visited him since; he is a fine young Christian man starting his young life all over again.

It was about five o'clock that afternoon when we started to leave Salem, but as we got to the edge of town, I said, "Roy, we must go back and see Berkley before we leave. He must feel awfully lonely."

It was after visiting hours. As we went into his office I said to the warden, "Can you guess what we'd like to do?"

"I don't even have to guess any more what you want to do," he said. "Go on back; I'll have him in the visiting room."

He was sitting there all alone, and he did look lonely. I said, "Honey, the chair next to you looks so lonesome, it looks so empty. We, too, are going to miss Gordon."

"It was my fault that Gordon got into this place. He should never have been in a place like this."

We bade Berkley good-by and promised we'd come and see him again as soon as possible. The next day he wrote this letter:

"July 3, 1949. It sure is lonesome without Gordon. I keep forgetting he is gone, and I look for him in the dining room. Of course he doesn't come through. It's hard to explain my feelings when I think of him. I guess you could call it a happy lonesome feeling. I'm happy that he is free, but lonesome to see and hear him again."

CHAPTER 18

PAROLE AND A NEW LIFE

Berkley was studying his Bible. He was reading all the Christian literature that we sent him. We told him about the wonderful Christian colleges, where our young people study and get their education, and how happy we would be if some time it could be arranged that he could attend one of those schools and continue his study.

At the close of his letter he wrote:

"I have been seriously thinking of what you told me about going to a ministerial college. The more I think of the idea, the more I like it. It would give me a chance to make something out of myself that I could be sincerely proud of. It would also give me a chance to delve further into the subject of Biblical prophecy. The deeper I dig into the subject, the more astounded and intrigued I become with the accuracy of the ancient prophecies, and the more certain I become that no mere human mind could comprehend and so accurately predict forthcoming history without the guidance of some heavenly being."

August 8:

"Now I have received the Voice of Prophecy Correspondence Course. I believe I wrote you this before in my last letter, but I will write it again in case I didn't. I have sent three of the lessons in to be corrected. I was wondering if they had any set rule on how many could be sent in at one time. I could do five or six a week, but I don't know if this is advisable. Where am I supposed to write to apply for the correspondence courses which will make me eligible for college? I was talking to one of the fellows here who had completed a ministerial course of another faith, and he said the main subject you had to know was English."

September 4 this word came:

"I am eagerly looking forward to entering college if I can get the required credits and also providing the parole board is so kind as to grant me a parole, which I certainly hope they do."

We were to leave our home now and go to the East and the South and were to be gone some time. We knew Berkley would not be having many visitors, although Pastor Strever went to see him as often as he could. We asked Pastor Blehm from near by if he wouldn't like to meet Berkley and go in to visit him once in a while.

He said, "Yes, I'd be happy to do that."

He went with us on one of our visits. Berkley was happy to meet him, a young man about his own age a young minister. After Pastor Blehm had talked with him a little while, he said, "Berkley, when you get ready to go over to Walla Walla College, I want to be the one who drives you over. I want to be the one that introduces you to the faculty, to the dean, and to the students."

As we were going home, Pastor Blehm said, "What a horrible place that is, and what a fine young man Berkley is." And then he added, "But you know, he'll never have to thank me for anything I ever do for him. The look of gratitude that came into his face was almost divine."

Pastor Blehm sent him the Walla Walla College yearbook, and he enjoyed it greatly:

November 13:

"Pastor Blehm sent me his Walla Walla College annual, The Mountain Ash. Since receiving it I've done nothing but wander through its pages and daydream, letting my mind take off on flights of fancy.

"I spoke to the professor who is in charge of the school here. He's going to give me a test next week which will finish my high school credits, providing, of course, I pass it. I certainly am looking forward to going to college. So I will try very hard to pass the test."

A year quickly passed by. Then one day this letter came, dated December 17:

"Dear Aunt Rose and Uncle Roy:

"One year ago I met you personally for the first time. Since then I have eagerly looked forward to your visits and letters. What I want to thank you for even more than your visits and letters is introducing me to Christ. This, above all else, is the most priceless gift anyone can give to another, an introduction to Christ, who in turn gives those who believe and are faithful eternal life. I completed the Voice of Prophecy lessons last week, and signed up for the course on Daniel and the Revelation, which they will send me in the near future. The Voice of Prophecy lessons have helped to enlighten me so very much concerning the Bible, which, as I wrote before, had me slightly befuddled. I have interested several others in taking this course, and those who have already received their first lessons are as enthusiastic as I was. The fellows you sent Daniel and the Revelation to have received them and want me to thank you for them. We have long talks about the Bible prophecies and their fulfillment. Most of the people I talk to are amazed at the changing of the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday by the Catholic Church.

"I received the book Bible Readings for the Home you sent me. As I thumbed through the pages I found a message which directly concerns us who are in prison: 'Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; ... be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.' This says in a few lines what would take others many pages and even books to express so clearly and thoroughly. It also explains why Christ has let the devil cast some of us into prison, and it gives the

necessary hope that through faith we also can enter the kingdom of God, though our paths may have many obstacles to surmount. The early Christians gave their lives for the Word of God, so we shouldn't find it too hard being asked to be faithful.

"I am anxiously looking forward to going to Walla Walla College. I only hope for the great honor of being able to study and be a minister of God. In closing I want to thank you again for introducing me to Christ, and also for sending me and the other fellows the many books which have helped immensely, and lightened many lonely hours for all of us. I also want to say that my first year with Christ has been the most satisfying of my entire life, and my intentions are to spend my following years and all eternity for Him and with Him."

Berkley was planning to be baptized, so I sent him a baptismal certificate that he could look over. This is the letter we received June 18:

"I received your letter with the baptismal certificate enclosed, also the three paper-bound pamphlets you sent, for which I want to thank you. I read the baptismal certificate through, and for curiosity's sake I checked again most of the references that prove the doctrines of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Every time I read them I wonder to myself how people, even if they don't know these things, can so grossly misinterpret the Bible to fit the wants and lusts of their sinful flesh. They just haven't given their hearts to Christ.

"I am hoping and praying that I will be able to be baptized. But most of all I hope that it is God's will that I enter Walla Walla College. If wanting alone would make it a reality, believe me I'd be right there now. I had the book Pastor Blehm sent me, *The Mountain Ash*, down from the shelf again last night and was thumbing through it. If I don't watch out, I'll have the pages worn out by so much handling. It seems as if I know each member of the faculty and every student personally, although I haven't seen any of them. I am sure I would recognize them if I met them on the street.

"Aunt Rose, when you asked me if I wanted to join the Seventh-day Adventist Church, I'm afraid I didn't thoroughly explain my views of the subject to you. I always took it for a certainty that you knew I wanted to join. If a person's only ambition is to accept the free gift of God, eternal life through Jesus Christ, and serve Christ to the best of his ability, his first step in this direction after accepting Christ is to follow the Ten Commandments of God, of which the Fourth Commandment is a vital part. If upon checking the various doctrines of churches throughout this country one finds that there is only one church which adheres to the true conception of God's Ten Commandments, there is no other alternative but to join it. We cannot follow nine of the Ten Commandments and discard the remaining one just because it doesn't fit into the present pattern of our lives. At least we can't and expect to have eternal life. God forbid that we hold His commandments in such low esteem."

It was one of the happiest days of our lives when we received word that Berkley had received his parole. On the morning of June 8 we drove into the penitentiary grounds and received "our" boy, for surely he belongs to us, and we love him as though he were our own son. Why shouldn't we? Didn't God give that young man to us? Nobody else wanted him, so we claim him as ours.



It was one of the happiest days of our lives
when we heard that Berkley received his parole.

I had so much pleasure that afternoon shopping with him for new clothes and fixing him all up for school. In the afternoon Roy shopped with him to get his typewriter, and then, on June 9, a beautiful Sabbath morning, we took him to Sabbath school and to church for the first time. In the afternoon he was baptized. We had made arrangements with the pastor of the church to have the baptismal service at the Salem, Oregon, church. It was packed with hundreds of people. Pastor H. D. Strever and his wife had driven day and night from Tucson, Arizona, so that he could officiate at that service. He had been a great help to Berkley, for he had written to him occasionally-as had also Pastor Blehm-and had visited him many times. He had helped to teach him the beliefs of the church.

We had made arrangements for him to enter college, and had talked with the president about it. I had talked with the dean also, and he urged us to be there in time to attend the graduation service. We were there. True to his promise, Pastor and Mrs. Blehm drove Berkley to Walla Walla College in their car, and the Strevers also went along. It was Pastor Blehm, Berkley's new friend, who introduced him to his friends in the administration building, to the dean, and to the students. Berkley enrolled as a student of theology.

When summer school was ended, he came home, to the first home that he could really call his. We had his room all ready for him. He was with us during vacation between the summer session and the fall term. It was just a little hard for us to let him go back to school again, for it had been so good to have our boy with us. He is studying hard now, for he wants to finish as soon as possible and get out into the Lord's work. He was home with us again during Christmas vacation. It was so much fun to prepare for Christmas with all the "trimmings" again. When we gave him his Christmas gift, we said, "Berkley, we wondered, would you like to call us Dad and Mother?"

He said, "I have thought of it many times, and I would like to. But I was waiting until you asked me." So it's Dad and Mom now.

One more letter from Sittner Hall, College Place, Washington:

"Dear Dad and Mom:

"It's been a week since I last saw you, and I think that it's about time I write. Things are beginning to move at a very rapid pace around here now that midterm tests begin tomorrow. I have three book reports and a lot of studying to do between now and tomorrow morning. Each time I come to another test period, I always begin thinking how much I don't know about my subjects, then I begin worrying whether or not I will be able to pass. Somehow or other, though, I always seem to worry in vain. It certainly is wonderful just to be studying in a Christian college. I really don't believe that one fully appreciates what it means to be in such a college unless he has seen the corruption of the world.

Of course, one meets with discouragements, even in a Christian college; but now, when I find myself becoming discouraged, I know where to turn for comfort and guidance. God has never failed me yet when I have turned to Him for aid, and I am positive that He won't in the future. Before I knew Christ and before I decided to follow in the path He had planned for me, I didn't know what to do or where to go for counsel and guidance. I relied mostly upon my own weak, human mind for my decisions, and it never seemed to fail that I would make the wrong ones. Now I never fear making a mistake such as I used to. I just kneel and pray for guidance. And somehow or other my mind is relieved and the way is pointed out by the unfailing Word of God.

"Mom, do you remember when you told me about the woman who asked you if I ever had the urge to go back into that prison? It sounded to me like a very foolish question, and it really was. It could be likened to a man who was walking along the street when he stumbled and fell into an open sewer. If another man came to his rescue and pulled him back into the light of day, would that man turn around and jump back into the sewer again? He knows that there is nothing but corruption down there.

"Well, Dad and Mom, I must close for this time. I am sending my love and prayers along with this letter.

Lovingly your son, Berkley."

We have come to the end of our story. It had its beginning in Spokane, Washington, where our son lay dying, and a young man, a nurse, one who was not ashamed of his religion or of the gospel of Christ, shared his faith with Jack. He didn't have to do that No one asked him to do it. But what if he had failed? What hope would Jack have had in the resurrection? And where would we be today? Out in the world of sin and ignorance and darkness.

Then came the tragedy in Gold Beach. Was that merely an accident? Did it just happen? Then we met the boys. What if we had failed to visit them? Surely God's hand can be seen in it all.

Our hearts should be so filled with the love of Christ that we give ourselves wholly to Him and follow His directions. Our first object should be to save perishing souls from utter destruction. We have a great responsibility to our fellow men. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Romans 13:12. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Daniel 12:3.