

Rose, Darlene Deibler

[Speaker 2]

Perhaps one to two million people, and I trust the Lord will bless it, as those of us who live pretty comfortable lives hear what it's like when you really give your all to the Lord.

[Speaker 3]

This is a woman that walked very close with the Lord. We're calling the program, I Will Never Leave Thee. I think the reason for that title will become very clear to our listeners as they listen through this tape.

[Speaker 1]

There are many of you here tonight that don't even remember World War II. And I'm sure that those who do remember could never believe as I could not have believed that within just a matter of two months after Pearl Harbor that the Imperial Japanese Army and Navy could have taken Hong Kong, China, Vietnam, Laos, Thailand came down the back door into Singapore and that within those two months they were making their inroads in the Dutch East Indies. I had been a missionary in New Guinea.

I had walked over the trail from the south coast into the interior. My first husband was the first missionary that ever went into the heart of the western half of the island. And I waited a year and a half before they gave me permission and I joined my husband in the interior, crossed 14 mountain ranges, and I shall never forget that first day when I came to the top of the mountain range and saw below me the first of the villages among these precious Kapauku people, Stone Age people who had only been discovered just a year or so before.

And I remember the carriers saying to me, Ega, Niwe, quickly now, let's go. And I finally got to the top of the mountain and they were so excited because they realized that we really were human beings just as they were and they wanted us to hurry and get there not only because we were novel being people from the outside world but because of the fact they realized now that all of the things that my husband had told them about God who loved them and his son Jesus Christ was available to them too. Before they had always said, but if Jesus loved you, he didn't love us because we're just human beings and your spirit beings. But after I recorded their folklore moving across the mountains, I've realized that all of these people believe that the known world is that pocket in the mountains there where they live, that people die and their spirits go over those mountains and because we came from the other side of the mountain out of the spirit world to them and no one of the early groups who went in there had a wife, none had children, so if they weren't spirits, how did they come into existence in the first place?

And that's a natural question for them too. And so they decided they were going to kill some of the Dutch people from the government post and if the spears went through them, they would know that they were spirit beings if they didn't die. But if they died, then they would know that they were human beings.

And a government party was ambushed by a group of our natives and in self-defense, the police had pulled up their guns and killed seven of our people and things were very serious. So it was either they bring women into the interior or they get more police or they abandon the post in the interior. And here I was and these carriers with me knew that we were

human beings just like they were and I came to the top of the mountain that day and I looked down and I saw the people coming out of the gardens and rushing up the mountainside to greet me.

Half your crowd goes, the other half says, so you get. And I was so excited. I was running down the mountainside to greet them and I was waving my hands and the tears are running down my cheeks.

And I said, I'm home. I'm home. And for 43 years, that was home to me.

And those were my people. And as I came up there, everybody rushed up to me. Everybody gave me a gift.

Everybody gave me the same kind of a gift. It was a roasted sweet potato. I had my arms full.

I finally sat down on the side of the mountain. They poured them into my lap and around me. And I just then one of the carriers tapped me on the shoulder.

He said, Mama, Kapaga Edupa is coming. The chieftain of this village is coming up. And I saw this older man with a bunch of arrows and his bow in his one hand.

He stood up in front of me and he looked down at me and then he looked up on the mountainside. My husband was coming down the mountainside. I had these very heavy boots like the field police wear with the cat's claws on them because of the broken bottle limestone.

He was wearing the same kind of boots and I knew what was going through his mind. I had heavy leggings on to protect you from the the leeches there. When you get into your camp at night, you took off your leggings.

You went over your legs with iodine or matches to get the leeches off. And he was wearing the same kind of leggings I had on heavy khaki trousers. So did he.

I had a heavy khaki shirt with long sleeves. So did he. I had a big rain hat he had on an Australian Army hat.

And he looked down at me and he said, Akiyama, are you a woman or not? I said, yes, I am. He said, they turned down their lower lip.

He said, Bill, you're not. I said, yes, I am. And one of the carriers who was on the trail with us, he came and tapped me on the shoulder.

He said, Mama, let your hair down. I've let my hair down many a time before the people, literally, that is. He said, Mother of mine, indeed, you are a woman.

No man ever had hair like that. So it must be a woman. And from that moment on, I walked into their village and into their hearts and they walked into mine.

And I was so thrilled when the day came and I could tell them that God so loved the world in their language. And then the day came when we came back, we had made trips into the

outer reaches of this tribe of 60,000 people. And when we walked into camp that night, we heard that Holland had been invaded and Holland had fallen within five days.

And that day when we had stood and heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed, we knew that it could not be very long before we would also be involved very personally in this war. And we watched as the boats came down the Makassar Straits. Instead of coming into the port of Makassar, where all the fortifications were, they came in a place in the south coast on the island, on the beach at Brombong.

There wasn't a shot fired. They just walked in and just took over the place. And of course, we waited for them after they made their landing on the eighth day of February.

And finally, they came up and they said that we were prisoners, that we were to, at the present time, not have contact even with the natives around you to get food, nothing. If you're ever seen off of this property, you'll be shot on sight. The men were badly beaten.

And then they said, we're leaving you now. We will be back again. The second time they came back was Friday the 13th of March.

They said, we're going to take the men somewhere else to imprison them and the women are to remain here. And I ran into the house when he said, go and get some, no suitcases, but get some of your husband's clothes. And I ran into this little house and I grabbed up a pillowcase and I put in some of his clothes and his Bible, a notebook, and a pen.

And then as I came out, one of the officers was motioning for me to come. I ran over to the Jaffrey house. Dr. Jaffrey was in his bedroom with one of the officers. He said, now what is wrong with this old man? And I said, well, and I began to enumerate the things that were wrong with him because Dr. Jaffrey had been very ill. I said, he was in a coma on the coast just before you people came.

And I said, he has a heart condition. He also has a kidney condition. And I went on to name all of the things that were wrong with him.

And he said, well, anybody that needs all the medicine that man needs is not going to last very long anyway. So he'll just stay here. Just tell him he doesn't need to pack.

Well, I knew that the only thing Dr. Jaffrey was using was saccharin. And I couldn't understand what all this medicine was that he was packing. And so after they had gone, I went in to see him and I said, Dr. Jaffrey, what was all this medicine that he said you were packing there?

He said, I realized that if they took us out of the mountains, they must be going to take us down to the coast. And he perspired profusely. He loved Otoclone to put on his handkerchief and to mop his face with.

That was what he was packing. And that officer thought that it was medicine. But you know, that was God just keeping that man with us.

We needed a man there on the property. And I've often thought how God brings to naught all of the machinations of the enemy. And so I then I ran out after telling the officer all the things that were wrong with him.

And I ran out and I saw that that Mr. Diver was already in the truck. And I ran up to it and I had to him the little bundle of clothes and things. And I thought they could have at least waited till I could say goodbye to him.

They'd already started up the motors. And he looked down at me and he said, Honey, just remember one thing, dear, that God said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. And I'll tell you tonight that I really thought there were times when my God had left me and forsaken me.

I never saw him again. That day we realized what we were there. And that we were going to have to make some kind of gardens.

We were going to have to find some way to keep alive. We had among other things to contend with rats. One of the things that I have said, if I ever had time, I'm going to write a book on the rat and I could tell you so many stories about rats.

I've had rats always in my missionary life and in the Bali Valley where we were among the cannibals and I was adopted by the chieftain as his daughter. We had rats in there that weighed 30 pounds. That's a rat.

They were true rodents. We were there for about a year and finally they came and said that they we were living in much too much luxury. They're going to take us somewhere else.

So they took us five kilometers farther into the interior and then they pointed across a valley and up on the mountainside. There were some crude shacks over there and they said, now you're going to go over there and there are many things about those months there that I have blocked out of my memory. The Lord brought to my recollection some of the things that happened.

But the things that I remember most about it is seeing the faith of a man like Dr. Jaffrey. You know it wasn't until I was writing this book that I realized that that flashlight of Dr. Jaffrey's and those batteries that he had lasted for over two years and never once did they go out. There was no way to get new ones and Dr. Jaffrey needed that flashlight and I said to him, how is it that they have never discovered your flashlight?

He said, when I hear them coming and we would always sound the alarm. Everybody knew when they were coming and he said, I just go up there and I lift up my pillow and I put that and my father's watch under there and I say, Lord, these things are meaningful to me. I need that flashlight and this watch they don't need.

That was my father's and I put the pillow back down on there. And you know, watching those soldiers when they would come, they just loot the place and they would always come to Dr. Jaffrey's bed. They'd grab the mattress at the foot end and throw it up over that pillow and then they would look for something that might be hidden there and then they never lifted up the pillow and Dr. Jaffrey would come in conscious that they'd be there. He would

put down that mattress, he would lift up the pillow, put his watch back up on the little stand beside the bed. I saw the man of faith that he was. Those were very precious experiences to me and the time when he stood at the end of my bed there and I had been out working in the garden, I thought it was a sunstroke and I've had a very high fever and there was no way they could get it down.

And I remember Dr. Jaffrey standing at the foot of the bed and he had his hands on the iron bedstead and he just looked up without even closing his eyes. He said, Lord, it's difficult to be sick at any time. But he said, especially in this time of war and when these soldiers come, he said, would you keep them away as long as Darlene is sick in bed?

And you know I was in bed for six weeks before my fever finally came down and never once did any soldiers come to that place. And I said that the day I got up and I had dressed for the first time and gone out, the alarm went off and said soldiers are approaching. I said, Dr. Jaffrey, couldn't you have just said six months out of six weeks?

After we had been there about six months, they came and said we're going to take you somewhere else and intern you. We packed up a few things. We were only allowed to take three other dresses beside the one we wore, so I put on all the clothes I could get on.

I was within six months of furlough when the war came, so I knew my clothes wouldn't last very long. And we went from the place where we were staying there across the mountain over to the village of Molino where the Dutch people had been interned. And that night we slept in a church.

We put the older people up on the benches in the church and we slept down underneath on the floor waiting for the trucks and the trucks were beginning to pull in at dark. And then just as it was just getting light in the early morning hours, we heard them start to rev up the trucks and everybody was beginning to move. And I can remember lying there and thinking, often he thinks I hear his footsteps stealing down the paths of time and the future dark with shadows brightens with the hopes of blind.

And I thought, Lord, couldn't you just come back today? And always there was there, even in the darkest of the days, the realization that God was there and things became bright again. I remember that day as we got into those trucks and they were just stake beds and there wasn't even a tailgate on there, so the younger one of us joined our arms together so that we could make a cordon around the older people in the center of the truck bed and there was one up on either side that held on to the cab so that we wouldn't be thrown out because with all of those people that they loaded into the back of these trucks, they drove just as fast as they could and around the corners and we were just sure that there's somebody was going to be thrown off of that truck or the whole lot of us were going to go on down the mountainside, the hundreds of feet below you could see the valleys down there.

But by the time we finally got to the coast, they pulled up into an area that they had been making into an internment camp. We looked and saw these great long barracks that were about a half block long and they said this is where you're going to be staying. They divided us up into groups.

The Dutch people in most of the barracks and then all of the foreigners were in the one barracks and I was chosen, I think perhaps because of the fact that I was fluent in Dutch and also Indonesian as well as English and I was head of this largest barrack in the camp. We called it the Heinz Barrack because we were almost 57 varieties. There weren't many nationalities that weren't represented there and yet being so many people from so many different areas of the world, God just brought us together and I'm sure it was because every night I called them together and we all came up to the front of the barracks and I read God's Word to them and then we had prayer together and there were out of those that gathered with me there, those that came to know Jesus Christ and could thank God for that war because they came to know him as Lord and Savior. We had to have people to work and fulfill all of the jobs that were given us by the Japanese. We were providing for their army that was gathering in around us.

We were between two of their largest airfield. We made their uniforms. The older women knit socks for them.

We worked in rice fields and mud up to our hip and of course in the mud so that we've got these terrible tropical ulcers on our legs. I've built roads for the Japanese, worked out in the sun, days on end, felling trees. We worked on the Kuli gang, those of us who were young and strong.

We moved up to the back of the trucks. They hurled the big bags of rice and sugar on our backs and you grabbed the ends of the bags and you walked away with it or else. There were many times when I thought my legs were going to crumble under me and yet I said, God just help me to get this to the storehouse so I can throw it off my shoulder and then you turned around went back again.

We had, among other things, that we raised for them pigs. We had a large pig pen that had a beautiful cement floor that had to be kept clean. We had to cook three meals a day for those pigs.

The camp commander went out into the jungle or out into the villages nearest. He shot dogs, brought them in. We skinned the dogs, cut them up, cooked them with the stems of the banana plant so that these pigs could have three hot meals a day.

When the garbage came in from the coast, from the officers there, we always gave it the finger test. You went through it like this and if it didn't fall between your fingers it was big enough to eat. And we ate the dog's livers when he found out that we were eating the livers.

It doesn't taste any different from cow's liver. We were told that if he ever caught any of us eating the dog's liver that he was going to beat us up. We knew that he could because he had just killed one of the men up in the men's camp before he was brought down to our camp.

And so we were very careful that we weren't caught getting the dog's livers. Some of the other things we carried back, hid them inside of our clothes so we could carry them back and have them for the kitchen for those that were in the hospital and those that were very ill. With the pigs we got flies and with the coming of the flies by the aliens into the camp we had to kill, in spite of all of the other work we had to do, we had to kill flies and you were

sometimes called up to his office and he made you count the flies, lay them out so he could see that everybody had a hundred flies a day.

And in spite of that there still were just billions of flies. We got dysentery in the camp and of course the flies carried the dysentery everywhere. You couldn't sit down and eat your food, flies in it, and you kept going like this all the time you were eating.

They brought in, sometimes we had sufficient food, sometimes we didn't. We said we never skipped any meals but we sure postponed a lot of them. But when they brought in these fish boy we didn't take anything off of them and we didn't take anything out of them.

And I can remember Mrs. Presswood sitting next to me and she said, you know darling I could eat the head of that fish if it didn't look up at me so pitifully. I said I long since lost my pity for here and I gave her a piece of the tail of mine and she would give me the head of hers. The only thing you can't eat about a fish is the pupil of the eye.

It gets to be just like a hard little BB when it's cooked. And if you were cooking porridge you were up at four o'clock in the morning and stood there at this great big paddle and cooking in a 55 gallon drum. This one day it just tasted so good it tasted just like it had bouillon in it.

But when it got daylight so that we could actually see what was in our plates, there were hairs that were surfacing and finally the tail of a rack turned up and some feathers and we realized reconstructing what must have happened during the night. There was a ledge right up above the drum for the porridge and you soaked your rice during the night. And they must have been struggling there, the rat trying to get the bird and both of them fell into the drum and drowned and so they got cooked.

But we had so many people down with dysentery that finally there were 500 people down with dysentery and the rats in our barracks they were just bamboo mat walls with mud floors and during the rain there was just mud constantly there and double-decker bamboo racks on which we slept. And I've even had the the rats eat my mosquito net and get into bed with me. And so now you know about these other rats too.

But I can remember one night when I awakened and I could look down where my toes were. I was on the upper rack and there was a an opening between the wall and the the roof, the grass roof. And the moonlight was showing me that there was a big rat coming right up my blanket toward me.

And I quickly pulled my feet up and I sat up and I yelled for Miss Kemp who was down below me to please pull my mosquito net out at the end, the head end, so that I could get the mosquito net between me and that big rat that was in bed with me. And finally she got it out, pulled it out. And when he made his, and he was just frantic, he was as frantic to get out of that bed as I was to have him get out.

And he was just going around and around me and I was just watching this rat going around there and trying to get the covers pulled up around my back. And finally she pulled this out and I pulled it over my head and got it between me and him. And then I slid down the pole and I got a club and I went back up after him.

But he made his escape by this time. We had them to latch on to the toes and fingers of children that got their hands up at the mosquito net during the night and were sucking the blood out of the children's extremities. When we had those that were down dysentery and they could smell death, we finally came to the realization we had to set guards over them during the night hours to keep the rats off of them because they smelled death and were trying to get at our patients.

It was a difficult time then. Those of us who were young were doing two and three jobs a day, running from one place to another. And it was in the fall, in November of 1943, when Mrs. Joustra, who was the Dutch head under the Japanese camp commander, came over to the barracks this morning and she said, Mrs. Deibler, I want to talk to you for a few minutes. I thought about the work and so we talked about it. And I said, I still have a number of young women here who are very helpful and if anyone's sick they just fill in. And so we were doing two and three jobs a day and I said, if there's anybody else that can't make it during that day, well then we can call on these young women here and I also am available.

And finally she just stopped in. She said, but I really didn't come to talk to you about the work. She said, your husband up in the camp in Pari Pari, which was a hundred kilometers to the north of us, has been very ill.

And then she stopped and I saw the tears in her eyes and I grabbed her shoulders. I said, Mrs. Joustra, you don't mean he's gone? She said, yes, he died three months ago up in the camp in Pari Pari.

It was one of those moments when I thought my Lord had left me. I was like every young person. I was waiting for the day when the war would be over and I could go home to New Guinea to my people.

And I just turned around and I went to the only one I knew to go to and I said, God. Immediately he answered me. He said, did I not say to you, my child, that when thou passest through the rivers, I would be with thee.

And through the floods they not overflow thee, neither should the fire kindle upon thee. I turned away and I said, Lord, all right. I learned in those days that there's a peace that cometh after sorrow of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled, a peace that looketh not upon tomorrow, but calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

The peace that lives not now in joyous excesses nor in the happy life of love secure, but in the unerring strength the heart possesses from conflicts won while learning to endure. It's a peace that is in sacrifice secluded, a life subdued from will and passion free. Tis not the peace that over Eden brooded, but I am in Gethsemane.

And I can tell you tonight, beloved, there is a peace through the comfort of the Holy Spirit that nobody can understand until you pass through it. And no, we had had women who were taken away from our camp by the Kempeitai. Some of them returned.

Some never came back again. Those that did return never talked about what happened to them. I ran up into the office, and there was a table there in the center of the room, and

they were walking around me, and I tried not to learn Japanese because it was better, they thought, that you learn Japanese in order to spy on them.

Languages have come easily for me, but I tried not to learn it. I had certain commands I had to give in Japanese, and that was all I knew. And all I could understand was when they were laughing and poking fun at me, and it was America.

And finally, one of them stopped, and he put the paper out in front of me. He said, Is that your name? And I looked at it.

I saw Darlene Deibler written on the paper. And I said, Yes, sir, I am Darlene Deibler. And he said, What do you know about Morse code?

I said, Sir, I don't know a thing about Morse code. I have never learned it. And he said, You go over and he said, Get another dress and come back.

We're going to take you somewhere else to. And he said, We'll see how much you know about Morse code. So I ran back.

I grabbed my Bible and another dress and came back. And I got into the car, was taken out of the camp, taken down to the city of Mecosa, which I knew well, having lived there and worked there before. And I saw that they were pulling up in front of what had formerly been our native and sane asylum.

And I just cried out, Lord, why must I go through this? Wasn't it enough that you took Russell? And so sweetly, my Lord answered me.

He said, My child, whom I love, I chasten. I said, All right, Lord. And then I remembered the last words that Dr. Jeffrey had ever said to me when they took him away from the camp. He leaned down over the tailgate of the truck and he said, Lassie, whatever you do, be a good soldier for Jesus Christ. And as I followed the guard up to the office, all that I could think of was God make me a good soldier. And I said, Lord, if I ever come through this and I anybody in America ever hears about these days, I don't want them to be ashamed of me as a fellow American.

They grabbed my Bible. The first thing they said, You can't have that book. You'll be sitting in there reading that book and not thinking against about your evil deeds against the Imperial Japanese Army.

And then the guard put his bayonet on his gun and he turned and put it into my back and he started putting me running me through this first cell block. And I followed across the courtyard. And then I saw that they were he was moving me up this row of cells.

And when he stopped in front of one of the doors, I looked up at the door and written on the door in Indonesian with chalk was Orang Ini Mustimati. This person must die. And I knew I was in death row.

I went to those hearings. They said I had been an American spy. They said they had evidence.

A Chinese fellow came in. He had confessed to them that he had seen me in the jungle with a radio having contact with the allies that I had been reporting on plane movements, on troop movements. And I said, But I have never been in a jungle with the radio.

I have never done those things. I didn't realize what a sensitive spot that was right there between your eyes. And he had such large fingers and he was very strong.

And when he would flick me there until I felt like my my head was going to burst. I caught a glimpse of myself one day walking by one of the windows and I saw I had two large black eyes. They used judo chops on you.

And I thought my neck was broken many a time. But I never shed a tear before them. But I'll be honest with you tonight.

When I got back to that cell and they locked that door, I wept buckets of tears. I just throw myself on the floor and I would just sob and sob. And I said, God, I can't go through another one.

I just can't. And he'd always come and say, But my child, my grace is sufficient for you. And I'd sit up and as I felt the Lord's presence there with me and then I would begin to sing.

And I knew then why God had laid it to my heart two weeks before I was brought down to this prison. In Streams of the Desert, there was a poem I would begin to sing. He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater.

He sendeth strength when the labors increase. To added affliction, he addeth his mercy. To multiplied trials, his multiplied peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance and our strength is failed ere the days have done. When we reach the end of our hoarded resources, Father's full giving is only begun. His love knows no limit.

His grace has no measure. His power has no boundary known unto men. For out of his infinite riches in Jesus, he giveth and giveth and giveth again.

By this time I was very, very thin. When I came into the cell, I had dysentery. I knew that.

But I had not gone into the hospital because we had to have these younger people. We had to do the extra work that was there to do. And the first day they threw in a plate, a tin plate that had some rice on it with a little bit of sugar at the top.

And I was so upset. I couldn't eat it. So he came and grabbed it again.

And he said, Well, if you don't like sugar, you'll never get it. Then when they realized I had dysentery, they took me off of the whole rice and put me on rice porridge. That was something else.

And when they put that first plate of porridge in there and there was no sugar, no cream with it, I looked down at it and I thought, I saw all this white stuff on the top. And I said, Oh, joy, somebody knows I love fresh grated coconut. And I picked it up and I got over to the

door where I could see from the light coming in the transom, it wasn't coconut, it was worms.

It was just filled with worms. And I remember thinking, Oh, boy, that's a new experience. And I'm going to shove them all up on the side of the plate.

And I was picking these worms out and I had them all around the plate. And of course, with the dysentery, in came these big blue bottle flies. And they just lit on that plate and right there.

And they were eating those worms. And I thought, Now, that's no good. If they can eat the worms, so can I.

And I could thank God. I honestly could thank him for that plate of rice porridge, worms and all, because I knew I could have been there without anything to eat. And one day I had climbed up because I was having an attack of malaria.

And I got up to the transom above the door and I was hanging on there. And I had one foot on the doorknob and the other foot over on the windowsill. And I was hanging there and I was trying to get air on my face because of the terrible fever from the malaria.

And I saw, I could see the courtyard there. There was an overhang of the roof, so nobody could see me, but I could see them. And I was so fascinated to see other women.

And most of them were native women there just for minor misdemeanors. And they were allowed to walk around that courtyard in the afternoon. And I saw this one woman, and every time she saw the guard go that way, she went this way.

And then when she heard him click his heels and stop and make his turn, she stopped dead. And she was edging off toward that, the fence that was at one end of the courtyard. It was covered with Honolulu creeper.

And I watched her, and there she was down there next to that fence. And he turned around and he went that way. And through that Honolulu creeper came a hand, and on that hand was a big bunch of bananas.

And seeing those bananas, oh, I wanted anything to eat. I could smell those bananas. I could remember the taste of bananas.

Oh, I wanted a banana. It was like a physical hurt within me. And I got right down off that door, and I got on my knees, and I said, Lord, I'm not asking you for a whole bunch of bananas like she has.

Could I have just one banana, Lord? And I said, please, Lord, don't think that I am not grateful for this rice porridge. I really am.

And I'm sorry if I ask for a banana, and you can't get a banana in here to me. And I really didn't see how God could ever get a banana in there. Sometimes when the ships were in, they brought in the officers, and you were put out on display.

And you had to be sure you made a proper bow at a 45-degree angle, and then had a 90-degree angle. And if it wasn't pleasing to them, you went right down. And I was waiting, because I heard, my ears became very sensitive to sound.

I knew the guard who always wore the tennis shoes. I could tell officers, because they wore beautifully, highly polished boots. And they would always kick the gravel.

And they were coming across the courtyard, I could tell there were officers coming. And I had just skin and bone by this time. And I said, Lord, I need strength to be able to stand up here and to make my bow properly when that door opens.

So you help me now, Lord. And the guard came, and he got the wrong key in the door. And so I sat down for a minute.

I was so weak. And I could hear officers talking out there. And finally, he got the door open.

And I stood up very rapidly. But there, standing in the doorway, was the camp commander, the Japanese camp commander from that other camp from which I had been brought down to this prison. And he was smiling.

And it had been so long since I had seen a friendly face, since I had seen anyone smile. I was so excited. I just clapped my hands.

I said, Oh, Tonya Maji, so pretty. I said, Mr. Yamaji, it's just like seeing an old friend. And the tears came in his eyes.

He turned and he walked right out of the cell, never said a word to me. For a long time, he talked to those other men who had been trying me. I don't really know what he said.

But I think he was telling them about the day when I heard that Russell was dead, had been dead for three months. And he called me over in the afternoon hours. And he said, I just wanted to talk to you.

And he said, you know, this is war. I said, yes, Mr. Yamaji, I understand that. He said, you know what you heard today, many women in Japan have also heard.

I said, I understand that too. And he said, you're very young. He said, someday the war really will be over and you can go back to America and you can marry, you could go dancing, you can go to the theaters and forget about these awful days.

And I said, Mr. Yamaji, may I have permission to speak to you? You always ask permission first. And he motioned for me to sit down on the chair on the other side of his desk.

And I sat down there and I said, I just want to tell you that I don't sorrow like people who have no hope. I want to tell you about somebody I came to know when I was nine years of age back in Boone, Iowa, in America. And the Lord gave me the most beautiful opportunity to lay the plan of salvation before that Japanese officer.

I knew from that moment on that man was my friend. And I really believe that God did a great work in that man's heart. And I believe that's what he was telling those men there that day, because their heads kept getting lower and lower.

I believe he was pleading my cause. Finally came back into the cell and he looked down at me and he said, oh, you're very ill, aren't you? And I said, yes, Mr. Yamaji, I am. And he said, I'm going back to the camp now. He told me later he spent three whole days going from office to office before he finally got permission to come in to see me. And he said, I'm going back to the camp.

The women are all wondering about where you are, what is happening to you. He didn't tell me at that time that they had, these men had sent word back to the camp that I was dying of tuberculosis, said we'll never return her to camp because she's dying of tuberculosis, not wanting them to know that I was going to be beheaded. And he said, I'm going back now.

Have you any word for the women back at the camp? And I said, yes, Mr. Yamaji. When you go back, would you tell them that I am all right, that I am still trusting in the Lord?

And I said, they'll understand and you'll understand, Mr. Yamaji. And that man nodded his head and he walked out of the cell. He was gone just as soon as that door was locked and I heard them walk away.

It hit me. I hadn't bowed to any of those Gestapo men. I thought, Lord, why could you not have helped me to remember to bow to them?

Just as soon as Yamaji's gone, they're going to come and get me and take me back to the hearing room. But please, Lord, I don't want to go through another one of those. And then I heard the guard coming and I knew he was coming for me.

And I stood up and I said, Lord, I need strength to walk to that hearing room. But when the door went open, the guard walked in and he just laid them all out on the floor. Do you know what they were?

Bananas. I sat down and I counted them. There were 92 bananas.

I don't know what you would have done, but I pushed those up in the corner just as far from me as I could get them. And that wasn't very far because I don't have much character. And I said, Lord, I have no right to eat those bananas.

I said yesterday, I was telling you there was no way in the world you could even get one banana into me. And you know, so sweetly he came and he said, Oh, that's what I delight to do. The exceeding abundant above anything you ask or think.

We live like poverty stricken people when God owns the cattle on a thousand hills and all the silver and gold is his. Just because of our unbelief. And the day I, and the Lord began to speak to me through three phrases of a verse, the first chapter of first Corinthians that says who delivered and doth deliver, he will yet deliver.

And I say, Lord, I know. I thank you that you have delivered me from the loss and in death. And I am free, even though I'm a prisoner here, I'm free, I'm free.

And he would come right back who delivered and doth deliver. He will yet deliver. And I said, Lord, how could you ever get me out of this place?

On that day, they, they came, they said, the guard said, we're going to take you somewhere else. And just as we got to the road, I knew that to go back to the other camp where the women were, that I would turn left. We didn't, we turned right, went right up to the Gestapo headquarters where the executions took place.

They gave us the last meal. I, uh, the other man who was the brains of the team that had been trying me, he stood in front of me and he had the great sheaths of paper that he had written on. He always was just out of my, my line of vision.

So I could, impressions on his face, but he could watch my face. And he said, you've done this and you've done this and you've done this and you've done this. And he said, you are worthy of death.

And he drew his finger across his throat and he slapped the hilt of his sword. And he started to draw that out. And when I saw that sword coming out, I just cried out, Oh God.

And I felt like my blood had turned to jello. And at that very instant, when that sword was coming out, that man, I heard cars coming from all directions and the brakes would screech and they start to yell before they had jumped out of their, out of the Jeeps. And they were running inside of the office and there was ceramic tile on the floor and they were running in all directions.

And they yelled for this man and he went into the office and then he was in there quite a while. I could hear their voices in there and talking rapidly and they were excited. I don't know what happened.

I only know that somehow in the providence of God, he spared this unworthy person. He grabbed me and he took me out and he slammed me into a Jeep and put two bottles of wine in my lap and said, those are for Mr. Yamaji. And that Jeep started down that road and we were going like we were being pursued.

But we got back to the camp and just as we were going through the gate and I thought I'm going to be free of them. And he reached forward and he grabbed my arm and of course I would just skin and bone. And he nearly broke my arm.

I had all I could do to grit my teeth and say, God, don't let me scream. Don't let me scream. And he said, if you ever, ever tell anybody anything that happened to you, I'll get you the next time.

Oh, fear came over me. I knew that he could. And he said, you will never come out the next time.

Finally, I came back to the barracks. Oh, the fear that had been on me. I was so afraid.

My mind was going, fear is of the devil. It was like a physical cloak on me. One day I knew after having spent six days and I didn't dare sleep at night, at night I would lie there and I would go through the scriptures I had memorized.

And I would just cry to God to spare me, keep me from losing my mind. And finally I went out and I walked on the grassy plot back behind the area where we ate. And I said, God, I've tried with everything that was within me to keep my mind.

And I said, I need sleep now. I'm not well. And I can't go on like this.

And I literally threw my arms out. I said, I'm gone. I'm gone.

I'm gone. It was just like arms went underneath me. And I began to sing a song written by Dr. A.B. Simpson. It says, underneath thee, oh, how precious you have not to mount on high, but to rest upon his promise and a trustful resting lie. And I saw it. I've been trying to reach up to God.

I've been trying to commend myself to God. And when we've done the best that we can, we're still unprofitable servants. And the arms went underneath me and billows of peace just rolled over me.

And all the fear was gone. The fear of going back under them, these men again. And God just filled me with his presence.

We'd had bombings the year before. We had dug our own slit trenches so that we could have some protection. They were bombing the airfields.

Shrapnel was flying into the camp. And no matter whether it was raining at night or not, we had, as soon as the alarm went, we heard planes in the distance. We had to get out and we had to get into those ditches.

And many is the night when I stood with an improvised spear that my boys had made for me, the boys that were there. When I speak of my boys, these were the young men who were from the families that were there in the barracks over which I was head. And they'd made this spear and I would watch for mad dogs because we had mad dogs coming into the camp.

The Salavez is known for rabid dogs, rabies everywhere at certain times of the year. And we had some that were bitten by them. There was nothing to give them.

All you could do was just lock them in a shed out at the edge of the camp and wait for death to come. Horrible, horrible death. We had lost more being bitten by the mad dogs when did to the bombings.

And we had not had in all those years any letters, Red Cross packages, no pamphlets, nothing. We were locked away within that camp. We didn't know what was happening in the outside world.

And one year and two years and three years, and we were coming to our fourth year. And I remember that one day when just about noon, we saw a plane, a lone plane coming out of

the east. And as it came down over the camp, it was low enough so that we could see American insignia on the side.

And a boy was flying that plane. And then where he dropped, suddenly dropped over our camp one of the auxiliary gasoline tanks. I felt angry.

I thought, how dare you do that with all these women and children here? How dare you drop that over us? But I think he was trying to warn us that they were coming the next day.

But none of us got the message. We didn't know where the Americans were. We came to the place where you thought I'll spend the rest of my life in this camp of two acres square behind this barbed wire and the moat on the outside of the barbed wire.

And then the next day we looked and we saw suddenly that there were many planes coming. They were moving out of the east and they were coming toward our camp. And everybody got out there and stopped their work and we dropped our shovels and our picks.

And we looked up at all these planes coming, beautiful double fuselage planes. We'd never seen them before. P-38 Lightnings.

And suddenly there were silver things coming from the backs of the planes. And some were yelling, canned goods. And I said, no chocolate bars.

And others were saying, no, they're pamphlets. And we were all yelling something. And then we heard the whistling of the bombs and we knew we were burned over that little camp of two acres square.

They laid 5,000 incendiary bombs. Just minutes, everything was going up in flames. I ran, I jumped into the ditch where we were supposed to lie when there were bombings.

And the minute my feet hit the bottom of that ditch, the Lord said, you borrowed a Bible from that little Chinese woman. I said, that's right, Lord. I have no right to let it burn.

And I jumped out of the ditch and I ran to the barracks. It was burning. And I grabbed that Bible off of my upper rack and I came out and I saw that they finally had opened the gate so we could get out of this burning Holocaust.

And I ran to the gate with others and we went through it. We got down there and here we were just in a beehive of Japanese soldiers. There were 138,000 soldiers around that camp.

We didn't even know they were there. They had their machine guns set up and they yelled, T-Door and you T-Door. They just turned on you with their guns with the bayonets fixed on them and you just threw yourself out on the ground.

And they were running over the tops of us to get to their machine guns. And they began to machine gun the planes. And of course, the planes just turned around and came down and they strafed us with machine gun bullets.

And I dropped my head onto my hand and I said, God, if at the end of this day anybody's alive, it will be a miracle. When the last of the planes had gone and the dust, the sound of

the planes was no longer audible. And I could see that all of these things that had been burning had stopped burning and there was smoke coming up out of the camp.

And I thought, Lord, I'm alive. It's a miracle. It's a miracle.

I finally found Mrs. Presswood. I said, let's go back up to where our barracks was. Maybe we can find our tin cans, our spoons, something that has been preserved even in the fire.

We got up to where the barracks had been. And nobody knew that I had my bride's book sewn inside a native mat. How it happened, only God knows.

But when that barracks burned, it fell backwards. The beds came down. The mat burned away and must have been the wind that blew the bride's book open.

And there in the center on that beautiful black page was this brilliant gold ink standing out of the certificate. And I looked down at it and the sun, the last rays of the sun was making that gold to shine. And I said, Lord, that was the only thing I had left.

Couldn't I just have that? And the minute I touched it, it just completely disintegrated. I said, that was all I had.

And he said to me, my child, that's what I want to do with you. I want to make you like pure gold, even if I have to take you through the fire seven times. I stood up and I said, all right, Lord, I'm available.

I saw that the lady in the barracks, head of the barracks next to me was crying. And I went over to her. I put my arm around her and I said, please don't cry.

She said, my mattress burned. I said, oh, yes, everything's burned. But we have much to thank God for.

We're still alive. She said, but I didn't leave it in the barracks. I grabbed it off my bed and I took it out and I threw it in the ditch where you always lie.

I walked over to that ditch and right there where I had been lying was the ashes from her mattress and the casing from the bomb. I stood up. I walked away.

I've never known such awe in the presence of my Lord. And I said, Father, it wasn't that woman's Bible you were concerned about, was it? You knew that was one way to get me out of that ditch.

I said to God, whatever days you give me on this earth from now on, I want you to really know that it all belongs to you. They took us up into the jungle. They had known this bombing was coming because they had prepared very crude soldiers up there.

They came back again three days later and they bombed us with shrapnel bombs. And then one day they called at the camp and they said, and this was two weeks after peace was signed, they told us that the war was over. I couldn't imagine leaving the camp.

I didn't know where I was going. And they allowed me to go up and act as the interpreter for the Japanese and the Allied officials. Because I knew English, I knew the Indonesian, the Dutch.

And Mr. Yamagi had dismissed the other man who was a translator and he took me in to help. And through this, the Australian major gave word to the American boys who were on the coast. And out of 300 that were reported there when the war started and they were taken prisoner, only 97 of those boys survived.

And they had rigged up a little radio and sent out an SOS. And it was picked up by an American plane that went over. And those American planes were coming in and they were ferrying those boys out to get them to medical help.

And this major said, there is an American boy who's going to come up and see you. And I'll never forget the day. And we had had, after the bombing, we had about one comb for nine people and livestock was plentiful.

And I just cut my hair off just real short because as far as we knew, the war would go on for years yet. And I was a mess. My feet, of course, we had never had shoes in all those years and that was good for strengthening our feet.

But when this boy came in and he was an American boy and he was very well-dressed, gotten clothes from the Americans who were ferrying them out. And he said, I understand there's an American girl here. And someone pointed me out and I felt so embarrassed because he kept looking at my feet and they weren't all that dirty.

And I was so embarrassed. I sat down on the edge of this little hut and I pulled my feet up underneath me. And he said, don't you have any shoes?

And I said, oh no, we haven't had shoes, but that's all right. I said, that's good for your feet. He said, I'm going to get you some shoes.

I, he said, I, I guess I must tell you, I'm, I'm an American boy and my name is Tom Sawyer, is Tom Sawyer. And it was just on the tip of my tongue to say, yeah, I'm Becky Thatcher. I didn't know if he had a sense of humor or not.

So I thought I better not say that. So I said, yes, I am an American girl. He said, yes, I heard you up here.

He said, do you have anything that you really need right now? And I said, we need food for our children. Then they said, all right, we're not supposed to take any women and children.

If I had not gone with these boys the next year, I would still have been in that camp because there was no provision made for moving those women out of that camp. They said, well, we'll take you on the last plane load. We'll hide you and we'll get you across to Borneo, Balikpapan, and then on up to the Palawan Islands and then to Manila.

And somehow you'll be able to get home again to America. I remember that day, the 19th day of September, 1945, when I stood there and I was getting into a little boat to be rowed out to the plane that was there in the harbor. And I thought as I rowed out to that plane,

Lord, here I am going home widowed at 26 with not a thing in the world that I could call my own.

Got to Balikpapan in South Borneo. They took us to the hospital immediately and they said, is there anything special you'd like to have? And I said, I'd like a shower.

We had so little soap and so little water. And I said, I would like to have a hot shower. Could we have a hot shower?

And so they said, oh yes. Well, I didn't say hot because I didn't think anybody had hot showers anymore. But they took us there and there was hot water and we just had soap and it smelled nice.

And we just showered and soaped and then we'd rinse and then we'd soap some more. And I don't know how long we were in there until we heard a sound of a knock on the door and said, girls, we have tea ready. See, this was an Australian camp.

We have tea ready for you and if you want a shower later on, you're going to have another shower. So we sat down at the table. I tell you, it was an unusual experience to be using a knife and fork.

Again, we have Welsh rarebit and it just tasted so delicious. And then that night we got into the hospital. I was taking 18 different kinds of vitamins and medicine at every meal.

I said, I'll need food after I get this down. But they decided we needed our hair properly cut and then they gave us a permanent. And I ran over to the place where I wanted to go.

I sent a telegram home, said, I'm coming home alone at Russell's with the Lord. And I waited for news to come from my family in America. And I would go into the post office and the young man was there.

And I said, have you any mail today for Darling Dabler? And he would look. He said, no, I'm sorry, there's nothing here.

And I went back day after day. And finally, one day he just said, boy, I don't know why somebody wouldn't write to you. I was so embarrassed.

I didn't go back again until the day before they were going to ship us out. They kept us almost a month there until they felt we were strong enough to go home. And then I ran back that day and I said, do you have any mail for me now?

And he looked again. He said, no, there's nothing for you here. And we got on that ship.

We were 23 days coming home on the Clip Fontaine. We were just within spitting distance of the shore of San Francisco. And they came out over the loudspeaker and said, just pull her out again.

Everything is full. Take it on up to Seattle, Washington. And everybody was moaning and groaning, oh, this beautiful city.

And I said, I don't know anybody out in California anyway. I've never been there. And I said, this is known territory to me.

I'm glad to even stay on this ship for another three days. And then we pulled in here to Seattle, Washington on Navy Day, the end of November 1945. And that night they deloused us.

And then the next morning they started to process us. And I remember when these people who had become friends of mine during the trip home were leaving and their families were coming. And I went out and I crawled.

We were sleeping three deep in hammocks out on the deck. And I crawled in under those hammocks and I suddenly realized Dad and Mother are gone too. That's why I have not heard from anybody.

And I said, Lord, you took Russell. Did you have to take Mother and Daddy too? And so sweetly he said, You can still trust me, my child.

I got up and I said, Lord, I need to find a Red Cross woman. I need to get some money or something to get back to Iowa to trace anybody from my family that might still be alive. And I came around the corner of the deck and there was a Red Cross woman and I latched on to her.

And I said, Now, wait a minute. I said, I'm a POW. I said, I haven't heard anything from my family for over four years.

And I said, I guess maybe they're gone, but I would need to get back to Iowa. Maybe somebody from the family's alive. She said, Honey, what's your name?

I said, Darlene Deibler. She said, I've been on the ship all morning looking for you. I have three telegrams and they're all for Mother and Dad.

But you know, oh, I thank God that he didn't let me meet that woman until I had met him. And I knew that even if Mother and Dad and the rest of them were gone, I could still trust my Lord. You know, it's wonderful that God brings you to that place where it's faith without trappings, just faith in the testimony of a person that you've walked with for all these years, that even I think maybe in a measure, it was like Job said, even though he slay me, yet will I trust him.

Because I knew the character of my God. I opened them up. Mother said, We moved out to Oakland, California in 1943.

We knew you were on the ship. We tried to get over there. And when they took you out, we can't get to Seattle in time to meet you, but we're sending money.

And it's at Western Union. Now you go and get that and then you get a ticket and come down to Oakland, California, and we'll be here to meet you. And you call us collect as soon as you can get to a telephone.

I got to a telephone, you know, I've said so many times tonight, the Lord spoke to me and people say, How do you know it is the Lord? I think this is the best illustration I could ever use. I had not heard my mother or father's voice for over eight years.

But when that telephone went up, that receiver on the other end down there in Oakland, California, and I heard someone say, Hello, darling. I knew it was mother. Nobody ever said my name like my mother did.

That's the way it is with my Lord. When he says my child, I know it's my Lord. And I listen.

She told me my brother just gotten in from Germany on the east coast. The first thing he asked his mother be any word from darling. She said, I know she's on a ship and she's on her way up to Seattle, Washington.

And so I went to the train station to get a ticket to Oakland, California, after collecting the money Western Union. And when I told him that I wanted to take it for Oakland, California, he said, My dear, he said, Don't you know a war's been on? He said, only army and navy personnel travel.

And my heart just collapsed with me. I said, No, I didn't know that. I said, I'm a POW.

I just got here. And I said, I'm trying to get to Oakland, California, because my mother and dad are down there. He said, Oh, I've got lots of tickets for people just like you.

And I was in business again. And then I went back to the ship to collect my things. And, you know, they'd given us coats from the Red Cross that came from another area, era, another time.

And I noticed that everybody who had a coat on, on the streets there, they nap was very short and it was very smooth for material. So I got back on the ship and I went to the captain. I said, I'd like to borrow your razor.

I gave my coat a shave. It looked pretty good after that. Then I got on the, I got on the train and I sent a cable to, I sent a wire to my mother and dad from Portland.

I thought I better tell them when I'm coming in. And I said, kill the fatted calf. I love you, darling.

And I'm arriving at 1130 tomorrow morning. And my mother, my father told me this. He said, mother heard the telephone in the middle of the night.

I didn't realize, you see, I'd been really out of it for so long that they, when you send a telegram, it goes right straight through. And it was in the middle of the night. And dad said, mother went to the phone and I could hear her say, what?

And then there was silence and she said, what? Oh, and she put the phone down and she ran in and grabbed my father and she said, she's all right. She hasn't lost her sense of humor.

And they were, the woman who was reading it to her kept saying, kill the fatted calf. Love, darling. She knew the lost was found.

The wanderer had returned home again. And there they were. Oh, a great group of people from the church there.

I didn't know any of them. So I was just looking for two faces. I was looking for mother and daddy's face.

And I remember when I put my arms around them, I just sobbed. I said, oh, there were so many days. I thought I would never, ever see you again.

And then as I held them tight, I thought, you know, if this is wonderful, meeting your loved ones you haven't seen for such a long time, what is it going to be like when someday those clouds will part asunder and Jesus will be there. I was a little girl, just 10 years of age when I said in the missionary conference, the closing service, and they were calling for those that would give their life to go wherever God sent them. It was all geared toward our high school and our college young people.

But somebody knew that the second seat from the back was a little 10 year old brown haired girl. And I felt a hand on my shoulder that night and I turned around and looked and there was no one there. And I knew it was my He said to me, my child, would you go anywhere, no matter what it costs?

I was so thrilled to think that God even noticed me with such love and adoration in my heart. I looked up into his face that night and I said, Lord Jesus, I would go anywhere for you, no matter what it costs. I understand something of the cost beloved, but I don't even think about that anymore.

I'd go anywhere for him. I'll tell you why tonight, because the compensations are so tremendous. I wouldn't trade places with any of you tonight.

Those were not terrible years. They were the sweetest years that God ever gave me because then he taught me that he would never leave me nor forsake me. I heard him call, come follow.

That was all. My gold grew dim. I rose and followed him.

Oh, beloved, who wouldn't follow if they heard him call?

[Speaker 3]

And with that, we come to the end of three days of broadcast dealing with the testimony of a wonderful woman called Darlene Rose. At least that's her name these days. And doctor, there were so many thoughts that went through my mind as we were listening to these final minutes from her testimony.

I was thinking about what her parents must have been experiencing during those four years. You know, we've heard her side of the story, but to have watched their side of the story would have probably been just as fascinating.

[Speaker 2]

I'm sure it was, Mike. And I'm sure her parents had a remarkable faith of their own. Just from this glimpse that we get from Darlene, you can sense it.

You can feel it. After all, they hadn't had any contact with their daughter for four years while she was a prisoner, and she had been away from home for over eight years altogether. Being the father of a daughter and a son, I know that being separated from those kids for almost a decade would be very, very difficult.

I admire these parents just as much as I do Darlene.

[Speaker 3]

I thought I saw a tear in your eye, too, when she talked about having that conversation with her mother on the phone and hearing her voice and knowing immediately who was speaking when she just said her name.

[Speaker 2]

I'd give all that I own to have another conversation with my mother. That's what I was thinking about. That's going to have to wait till we get to heaven.

But the analogy of the Lord calling Darlene's name moved me, Mike, because just like Samuel in days of old, when the Lord spoke, she recognized his voice.

[Speaker 3]

I remember Bob Benson saying, and I think I've shared this on the broadcast before, that it means so much to us to say the name Jesus. But think what it must mean to him to say our name, because he has shown his love in such a great way toward us. It must have tremendous meaning to him.

[Speaker 2]

That might be, Mike, one of the most incomprehensible facts of the Bible, that it tells us that God loves us and cares for us as individuals. It is so difficult to perceive that, to believe that the God who created all that majesty that's up there above us, the heavens and the earth, that speak of his wonder, that he could care about me, that my name could be important to him, that if I ever face what Darlene did, lying there, as we heard yesterday, in a prison cell with dysentery and malaria, expecting to be executed at any time, and to hear him speak and call her my child.

[Speaker 3]

It is really difficult to comprehend that kind of love. It takes a special kind of person to commit themselves to the missionary life, doesn't it?

[Speaker 2]

You know, Mike, when I was a kid sitting in church services, pastors called us to the mission field. They asked if the Lord could use us there, and there was a lot of talk about the call. It was seen at that time as a specific responsibility given to a person by God, that only he could call a person, but that when he called, you would know his voice.

Now, I don't hear that as much anymore, and I wonder if there are as many young people now who feel that responsibility. But Jesus did say, go ye into all the world, including New

Guinea, and preach the gospel. And I just wonder if the church is not emphasizing the mission, the call to missions, as it once did.

You think of Darlene at 19 years of age, leaving her parents, leaving her friends, leaving her country, and going to a place where they'd never seen a white woman before, and subjecting herself to all of the diseases and all of the insects and the heat and the humidity and all the inconveniences of jungle life, and yet being willing to do that. Are we so soft, so comfortable today that young people are not hearing that call and are not being reminded of it by the church? If we're talking to pastors now who have not in recent months mentioned the need for missionaries, it might be time to do it.

[Speaker 3]

Have you ever come to that point in your life, and I know you have, where you have just completely broken before the Lord and surrendered everything to Him? I have, Mike, a few times.

[Speaker 2]

And you know, it often comes associated with adversity. You know, there's something about prosperity that leads you to think you can do it on your own. It's only when you are broken before the Lord, when you have no resources, that you're willing to submit your will.

I don't know why that is. I've mentioned before on the broadcast here that it absolutely amazes me that there are more Christians in Eastern Europe than in Western Europe. There are very few pastors.

One pastor who may be inadequately trained by Western standards may be trying to handle five or six churches. There's very little in the way of support, and even in the absence of Bibles, there's more Christians in that environment than there is in Western Europe, where all those resources are available. There is some total dependence on God, and being absolutely unable to make it on your own, that draws you to Him.

And I feel that here in the United States, and perhaps in Canada as well, we're fat, figuratively speaking. We have it all. We have seen it all.

Bill Gothard has been to our town 14 times. Billy Graham has been there 18 times. There are seminars on every corner, and I'm not knocking those things.

Those are wonderful resources, but there is something about being in the situation that Darlene Rose was, where her bread, her sustenance every day was a gift from God that draws you to Him. And I think, Mike, this is what Jesus was saying when He said it's more difficult for a rich man to go to heaven than it is for a camel to go through the eye of the needle, because there is something about affluence. I mean, even those in our listening audience who are struggling the most are affluent compared to where Darlene Rose was at that time.

There's something about feeling like you can do it yourself that puts a barrier between you and the Lord.

[Speaker 3]

I don't know if I explained that well, but that's what I'm hearing when she's speaking. And we're not wishing adversity on anyone so that they'd go through that experience.

[Speaker 2]

Although the kind of revival that I long for in the Western world, where people fall in their faces before God and admit their sin and turn back to Him, will not occur, in my opinion, until major reversals come, until there is that dependency on God again. You know, I think to expect people in good times to make that kind of turnaround is not very likely.

[Speaker 3]

The Lord has promised that we will have difficulties. We will go through trials, but He's also promised that He will be there. And if we have that assurance deep within our souls, as Darlene did, there is no greater personal strength that we could have.

[Speaker 2]

You know, Mike, I've always been interested in history. I think you know that. We've talked about historical events many times.

Right, because those are the highlights of human experience. And I have thought, if I had an opportunity to go back and witness a particular historical event, what would I like to see? When would I like to have been on the scene as an observer?

Perhaps that moment when John the Baptist baptized Christ. Oh boy, wouldn't that have been wonderful? Obviously, Mike, it would have been incredibly meaningful to have been there when Christ was crucified.

Even though that was the most horrible moment in human history, the awareness that He was dying for me would have made that an unbelievable experience. Gettysburg, Normandy, I would like to have been on the scene at some of the major battles that took place. But in that context, I was thinking the other day that I would probably select an event that others might not think about.

Do you remember in the Old Testament, actually in the book of Nehemiah, and I have it here in front of me, the eighth chapter of Nehemiah, where the children of Israel have been through the exile, and they have had horrible experiences there. And many of them died in captivity, and many of them were still slaves. And a remnant was allowed to return to Jerusalem.

And they were so excited to be back in their land again. And Ezra discovered the scrolls in the temple. And he called the people together and began reading the scrolls.

Let me read from this chapter. This is very meaningful to me, and I would have enjoyed being there on this occasion. When the seventh month came, and the Israelites had settled in their towns, all the people assembled as one man in the square before the water gate.

They told Ezra the scribe to bring out the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded for Israel. Now, they'd been separated from the law for a long time. They hadn't had an opportunity to read it.

They had been exiled. And now they're going to find out what God wants of them. And he's going to speak through the law of Moses.

So on the first day of the seventh month, Ezra the priest brought the law before the assembly, which was made up of men and women and all who were able to understand. And he read it aloud from daybreak till noon. And he faced the square before the water gate in the presence of the men and women and the others who could understand.

And all the people listened attentively to the book of the law. And it says in verse five, Ezra opened the book and all the people could see him because he was standing above them. And as he opened it, the people all stood up and Ezra praised the Lord, the great God.

And all the people lifted their hands and responded, Amen, Amen. And then they bowed down and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground. And the Levites, and he names them there, instructed the people in the law while the people were standing there.

They read from the book of the law of God, making it clear and giving the meaning so the people could understand what was being read. And then Nehemiah the governor, Ezra the priest and scribe and the Levites who were instructing the people said to them all, this day is sacred to the Lord your God. Do not mourn or weep for all the people had been weeping as they listened to the words of the law.

And Nehemiah said, go and enjoy choice food and sweet drinks and send some to those who have nothing prepared. This day is sacred to our Lord. Do not grieve for the joy of the Lord is your strength.

You see what was happening there, Mike. They had gotten away from the law. They had forgotten it and they assembled themselves together and they stood in reverence before the Lord.

And Ezra began telling them what God wanted of them. And as they heard and as they understood, their eyes were open and they saw their sin and they saw the misery of their circumstances and they saw how far they had drifted from the law. And they began weeping and they fell on their faces before God in repentance, asking for his forgiveness.

And there was a time of great mourning. And then as God does, when you come before him in that way, he spoke through Ezra and through Nehemiah and said, don't mourn and don't weep. This is a sacred day before the Lord.

I would have enjoyed being there, Mike, because I long for that horrible. We have gotten so far from the law. We've gotten so far from the standard of this book.

And I think we've we've even forgotten it. I see people who call themselves Christians who supposedly see nothing wrong with killing the unborn child. They see nothing wrong with living together out of wedlock before marriage, with adultery, with the other things that have become so common in our culture.

And I long for the word again to become real for people to read it and study it and reverence it and realize the gap that has opened up between their lives, their behavior and what God wants and for that repentance to take place. And it may be, as we were saying before, Mike,

that an exile will be necessary, either physical or symbolic for people again to say, read the word to us. We stand in reverence while it's being read and we weep as we see how we have grieved God, how we have disobeyed him and how far we've gotten from it.

I tell you, that means a lot to me. And not only would I like to have seen that in Nehemiah and Ezra's day, but I hope someday to see it here. And I tell you, the faith of a woman like Darlene Rose stands as a model for us, seeing what she went through and not losing her faith.

You know, we whine and we complain for the minor frustrations of every day. The car won't run or we're having trouble paying the bills or the other relatively minor stress points that we go through in this day and time are nothing compared to being afflicted, cut off from home, in her case separated, in this life at least, from her husband who died. And to be physically ill, lying in a cell designated as part of death row, and to hold on to her faith, that speaks to me today.

And just maybe it might speak to some of our listeners.

[Speaker 3]

I have never been quite able to figure out why the Lord constructed us the way he did, so that adversity almost always is necessary to sensitize us to the things that are of the greatest importance.

[Speaker 2]

Well, we have a selfish streak in us that if our needs are met elsewhere, we don't look to God and depend on him, and that's when we get into trouble. You know, I would like to call us to prayer, corporately and individually, at this time, both in the United States and Canada. Revival comes out of that kind of commitment to prayer.

It does not begin by political campaigns or by special programs or plans. It begins on our knees before the Lord. And if there could be 100,000 or 200,000 or 300,000 people who would take this suggestion and devote a little time each day or even each week to pray for our country and our people, and not just praying for prosperity and the things we usually think about, but asking people to pray specifically for revival, especially those prayer warriors who are out there who really know how to get ahold of the Lord, to pray that we would, as a people here in the Western world, fall on our faces, as did the Israelis at that time, and weep before the Lord and then enter into the joy of the Lord as he forgives us from our corporate and our individual sins.

[Speaker 4]

And we come to the end of this Focus on the Family cassette. If you'd like to help us spread the word to your area about our broadcast, we have a perfect way of helping you do that. It's with a packet of what we call giveaway cards.

Each of these cards is the size of a business calling card with a place to write the station, day, and time that the broadcast can be heard. A packet of these cards is free of charge when you write to us and ask for giveaway cards. Our address is Focus on the Family, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 80995.

And thank you for listening.