



# Toady's Will



A MEDICAL DOCTOR  
WHO SERVED  
GOD AND HUMANITY

MEMOIRS FROM STORER AND WILMA EMMETT

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WHO SERVED  
GOD AND HUMANITY

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STORER AND WILMA EMMETT

Cooperstown, New York, USA

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**Cover Photo:** Bethesda Hospital in Southern Rhodesia, Africa (now Zimbabwe) where Dr. Emmett first served as a medical missionary.

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## PREFACE

 Dr. Storer William (Tody Will) Emmett led a life of service to God and others. Track star, football player, debater, gardener, and musician, Storer turned his focus towards the pursuit of knowledge when he answered God's call to medical missions. His studies took him to the University of Maine and Johns Hopkins University for advanced medical and surgical training before he embarked on a lifetime of world travel, ministering not only to individuals physically, but also spiritually.

Storer's greatest high school accomplishment, however, was courting his childhood sweetheart and bride to be, Wilma Monroe. They married, and together raised four children while ministering stateside and in Southern Rhodesia, Haiti, Zambia, Sierra Leone, and Myanmar.

In the pages of this book, you will find a collection of memories and events as told by Storer, Wilma, family, friends, and ministry colleagues. For the most part, these

## TODY WILL

accounts have been left in their own words, except for minor changes to provide background and clarification.

# 1

## THE BEGINNING

*I*t was a freighter not much different from any of the other ships loading cargo at the docks of St. John, New Brunswick, on an autumn day in 1960. It was not the kind of boat for a posh cruise to Africa, but my husband, Storer, and I [Wilma], with our baby, Bethany, were not headed for a posh cruise. Our destination was a minuscule spot called Borehole 8—a drilled water hole—on the edge of the Kalahari Desert.

Storer was a doctor and I was a teacher. The church organization that sponsored us was small—probably about fifty-five churches—made up largely of poor fishermen and subsistence farmers. We had signed a contract to serve the hospital and school located in sub-Saharan Africa for seven years.





Reaching the dock on time on that departure day had been a challenge. We rented a U-Haul trailer and packed it with medical supplies and personal items. At 2 a.m. we began our journey from our home in Central Maine. We needed to be in St. John by 10 a.m. The route was called “the Airline.” It lived up to its name, with winding roads and steep hills. Our old Plymouth had around 80,000 miles, which was a lot in those days. It also was burning oil by the gallon. Suddenly, we came to a steep hill and the car couldn’t make it to the top without the clutch slipping. It was pitch dark and when I tried to back up the trailer, it headed for the ditch. I found I had to hold onto the brake with all my force.

Finally, another driver came along and he had a chain. Together we were able to haul the car and trailer up the hill. I gunned every hill after that. We arrived at the dock just on time.

Accommodations on the ship were adequate. We were given a fairly spacious cabin. We ate our meals with the captain and the first engineer. The noon meal was often a very ample Scandinavian smorgasbord.

Three weeks at sea awaited us and then a new continent. However, we had no inkling what would happen next. Somewhere, perhaps around the middle of the voyage, I started bleeding from pregnancy complications. Storer

## THE BEGINNING

immediately checked and found there were no adequate surgical facilities on the ship. He said that if worse came to worse, he could pull out instruments from our boxes and do a dilation and curettage (D&C). Finally, Cape Town, the first port of call, loomed ahead. The captain radioed ahead and a taxi rushed us to the nearest emergency facilities. In the operating room, the tiny life that we had thought would begin in Africa ended. We were taken back to the ship quickly, as the sailing time for the next port of call was imminent.

We disembarked in Durban expecting to be met by the South African field superintendent of our church. However, through some miscommunication, no one met us. We then learned we could not travel in South Africa without a visa. We had arrived thinking all we needed was a Rhodesian visa and travel in South Africa would be considered “in transit.”

The ship’s representative sized up the situation and arranged for us to stay at the Concord Mission Home in Durban until he could obtain the necessary permit for us to travel through South Africa to Rhodesia [Zimbabwe]. During the wait on the permits, the director of the mission house took us to visit a number of places. I particularly remember the Indian Market and the Juma Masjid Mosque, the largest one in the Southern Hemisphere.

After about a week, our papers were ready and we were taken to the plane in Durban and flew to Jan Smuts Airport in Johannesburg, where we embarked on a plane to Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. There we were met by our mission director for Rhodesia and his wife. However, we learned we were not going to Borehole 8—at least not right

away. There was to be a missionary convention in South Africa and we were expected to attend.



So, back to South Africa—this time with the proper papers. During our trip to Piet Retif, two important happenings occurred. The church under which I had been commissioned to serve had not ordained me. While I was a medical doctor, I had never received any formal theological training. The Field Council decided it would be advisable to ordain me as we were going to a new area with no nationals trained to the point of ordination as yet. My ordination took place in the Altona church on January 8, 1961. I always felt it a rare privilege to have our African ministers among those who laid hands on me, and that now I was truly a part of Africa, an Umfundisi [pastor].

The second important happening took place not in the church but in the cattle kraal. We were attending a meeting when suddenly there was a loud knock on the church door. Some Africans came rushing in looking for the doctor. The pastor's cow had been eating clover and was terribly bloated. She would probably die without help. I told them that I knew nothing about treating animals. Fortunately, one of our missionaries had grown up on a farm. We went over to the dispensary, found a thermometer case, and cut off the end. The nationals held the cow and

the other missionary showed me where to puncture the stomach. I quickly did so and slid in the thermometer case. Thus the cow was relieved of her gas. The next morning, my patient was out grazing and contentedly chewing her cud. I like to tell people that my first patient in Africa was a cow.

The conference was over, and we returned to Rhodesia. In his journal, Storer described some of the background of the Rhodesian work.



**H**arold and Shirley Kierstead came to Rhodesia from South Africa about three years previously and had started the mission work in what was called the Wankie Special Native Area. Because of crowding in Bulawayo and other cities, a new area was provided thirty miles below Victoria Falls near the Zambezi River Gorge.

Boreholes were drilled every two miles and twenty Matabele families were moved to each borehole and given farmland to cultivate. These people were poor, had little education, and had come from a Zulu tribe led by Mazilikazi who broke away from Shaka, the Zulu despot in South Africa.

Eric and Nina Haywood had followed the Kiersteads from South Africa. During the next year,

Eric had hacked a compound from Rhodesian teak trees, which grow in the Kalahari desert sand. Nina opened the Bethesda Clinic that would become a twelve-bed hospital. Eric also built a house for himself and Nina, and another house for Uta Chase, another nurse, who came to help with the clinic. Our district superintendent in South Africa obtained wooden buildings from an old mining area. These were broken down and sent by rail to construct the new hospital, which was named Bethesda, the House of Healing.

Although our house was not ready, the Kiersteads took us out to see our future home. While we had seen Victoria Falls when we first arrived, we were now seeing a very different kind of scenery. All of the area south of Victoria Falls was deep sand and part of the Kalahari Desert. However, there was sufficient rainfall during approximately four months a year to support a forest of teak and other trees.

Bethesda Mission houses were built about halfway up a gradual hill. The hospital, church, and school were at the bottom of the hill. A short way across the road was a small store. Just beyond the store was Borehole 8. The mission had its own borehole.

I cannot remember clearly when I started to take responsibility for patients at Bethesda. It was probably not until we were able to move out there since the mission was twenty-seven miles from the Falls.

I did not remain idle, however, but soon acquainted myself with the government native hospital in Livingstone. Dr. Braithwaite was the colonial doctor in charge, and I offered to assist him in order to get better acquainted with medicine as practiced in Africa. He had me make rounds on the male patient wards where I took notes, prescribed for the patients, and suggested necessary procedures. Soon I learned how to access necessary resources. It was very good to have established this relationship with the hospital. When I saw patients at Bethesda, I was able to bring them to Livingstone for routine X-rays and consultations, especially with the general surgeon.

There was another hospital in Livingstone for colonials and nonblacks. Two of our children were born there. One of the several attending physicians there was Dr. DeKock. Often when he did rounds on Sunday morning, he left his two pet cheetahs chained to the nurses' station until he was done.

One experience from this period remains vivid in my memory. I had been making rounds in the African hospital around noon when we received an urgent call from the police. While viewing the Falls, a tourist had fallen over the edge of the gorge. Dr. Braithwaite and I rushed to the scene.

It was a hot and humid climb down into the gorge and even hotter climbing back up to the top. It was obvious that the man had died instantly.

I returned with a healthy respect for the danger of the gorge.

After three months, our house at Bethesda was finally complete enough for us to move in. We brought from town items we had been able to purchase cheaply at auctions in Livingstone. Our mission expected us to provide our own household items and a vehicle.

The house had a nice porch and a fireplace. Evenings could be cool in July and August. The sands did not hold the heat of the day. However, it could be quite hot under our corrugated roof during the day. On the day we arrived, Eric Haywood brought in a small woodstove, assuring us that it was only temporary as he proceeded to cement it in. It was still there when we left seven years later.

Later, we would have a Rhodesian boiler. This was an old diesel drum, filled with water and heated over a wood fire. After we had been there a few years, Harold Kierstead was able to obtain an old generator, which gave us a few hours of electric power each night.

Until our bathroom was ready, we shared outdoor facilities with our neighbor, Uta Chase. One day, Uta sat on a hairy caterpillar. Nina spent her noon hour removing the quills. Not long after, Uta received a check from some of our South African missionaries. The lady who sent the check wrote, “This is for your indoor bathroom. We felt sorry for the caterpillar.”

Our only casualty was a flashlight that rolled down the hole into utter darkness. We were glad when our indoor plumbing was completed.

Our refrigerator was an old kerosene one. Those kerosene refrigerators are very trying to one's patience. They would smoke at the most inopportune times and carbon up the chimney as well as the glass which was placed over the mantle. The kerosene tank had to be refilled once a week, usually at the hottest time of day. Moreover, the cooling qualities of those fridges were not very good, but they were better than nothing.

Many have said, "You and Storer were a good team." Storer, of course, was a doctor and a preacher. I took up my role as a teacher. I had a thatched-roof classroom and African students, grades four to seven. I also had animals stop by. Cows stuck their heads in the open window, and a cheeky rooster often came by to check on his domain. At recess, the boys sometimes found a small snake and killed it. They hung it over the rafters above the girls' benches. Many screams rewarded the boys when the girls returned from recess.





On my first day at the hospital, we had an especially ill patient. We admitted her and started the first IV given there. We had no IV pole so we made one out of a stick tied to the bed.

Clinics were held each weekday, except Thursday. On that day, I traveled in my old third-hand Land Rover to a clinic location at Jambezi, about seventeen miles away.

Malaria was a chief complaint, especially during the rainy season. Often patients were rushed to the hospital in our old Land Rover. It was rewarding to see them leave two to three days later fully recovered. A partial list of other diseases included malnutrition, TB, pneumonia, measles, and whooping cough.

My routine at the hospital was to make rounds early in the mornings, sending patients who would need procedures to the OR area. There were a number of patients with bilharzia (also known as snail fever), especially in children from areas where the snails could be found. I also admitted surgical cases including hernias, fractures, and all kinds of lumps and bumps.

Once we had a severe whooping cough epidemic. We were able to save most of these critically ill patients. I remember especially a year-old child we called Hezekiah, as he didn't seem to have a name. He had a number of seizures but finally survived. We heard, years later, that he did well as an adult.

Another child I remember was Nora. She was brought to the hospital very ill with rheumatic heart disease and congestive failure. She seemed to improve with medication. Then the chaplain came and told stories of Jesus. Nora heard, for perhaps the first time, and believed. Soon she was asking to be baptized. However, she was too sick to be immersed. We wheeled her out to the baptismal pool where she was sprinkled, while the nurses gathered around her and sang. A few days later, Nora was gone. A sad case. We failed medically. Perhaps only a heart transplant would have saved her, but these were the days before Christian Barnard. One wonders if Nora would ever have heard about Jesus if she had not become ill and come to the hospital.

Children were not the only interesting cases. Adults brought challenges too. One day a runner came by bicycle for an ambulance. A lady forty miles in the bush was having difficulty in giving birth. On examination, the fetus was palpable just under the abdominal walls and was, of course, dead. She had a ruptured uterus. This is usually fatal for the mother. We took her to the hospital in Livingstone. The British doctor removed the dead fetus and sutured the uterus. In a few days she was back at Bethesda and sent home. About a year later, we learned she had delivered another baby without any trouble—a miracle in itself.

Another obstetrics case I remember well was the sister of our yard boy, Aleck. I had recently acquired a “new” Land Rover from the Forestry Department. In the middle of a beautiful moonlit night, Aleck arrived at the door asking for an ambulance, as his sister at another borehole was in labor. For some reason the new Land Rover refused to start. I knew my old one would start with a crank but was not capable of the journey. I started the old one and told Aleck to get into the new vehicle and keep his foot on the clutch while I gave a push with the old one. He did as he was told and this did the trick—the new Rover started with Aleck behind the wheel. Suddenly, I remembered that Aleck knew nothing about driving a car. I jumped out the old Rover and ran, catching up with the new one just before it would have plowed into the mission fence and a tree. Aleck looked white as a sheet, if that were possible. We made the trip to Simakade and the delivery went well.

One Sunday afternoon, we were called to see an emergency case. A man attending a beer drink at a nearby borehole had been stabbed in the heart by a friend with whom he was playing cards. For some unknown reason the wound had closed off and the patient was otherwise stable. I quickly closed the chest wound and took him to Livingstone. The British doctor there operated at once. He said the blood had spurting to the ceiling when

he stuck his finger into the laceration. He closed the wound and hoped for the best. A week later, I brought the man back to Bethesda and discharged him. I never learned if he went back to beer drinks or card games, but I thought, "With friends like that, who needs enemies?"

Since Bethesda was a fairly virgin forest area, there were many snakes. One afternoon two Rhodesian army soldiers arrived as patients. They had bivouacked near the Botswana border. There, they had been bitten by a black mamba that crawled inside their sleeping bags. They had been given anti-snake serum but their supply was not adequate. I immediately gave them more and kept them overnight. They recovered well. The black mamba is very deadly and a person that is bitten has twenty minutes to live if untreated.

Scorpions were also very plentiful at Bethesda and in the surrounding area. Early one morning the Roads Department vehicle arrived with a man who had put on his overalls and had not seen the scorpion inside them. He had been stung several times and was in great agony. I quickly gave him pain medication and applied kerosene compresses to the affected areas. The scorpion is not usually fatal, but I am told that it is one of the most painful stings that exists.

During the first few months after my arrival, I was confronted on several occasions by relatives of

extremely ill patients with the words, “We know an African doctor if the patient is not better in a few days.” This immediately brought a protest from me, as I knew how ill the person was.

One Sunday afternoon we received a frantic call for an ambulance in a kraal in a rocky area near the Zambezi River. We found an elderly man quite plainly very ill. He was wearing a necklace of unusual carved bones—he was a witch doctor. We found him most cooperative and amenable to our treatment. Needless to say, his presence in the hospital did much to elevate the esteem of the hospital in the eyes of the nationals.

After that, witch doctors sometimes arrived at the hospital with a patient they were referring. They told their patients that there were African diseases and white man’s diseases. If their medicine didn’t work, then it must be a white man’s disease. Their attitude was, “If you can’t lick them, join them.”

Once, I was away from the hospital for a few days, taking continuing medical education courses. During my absence, a very ill patient had died. I overheard one person telling another, “It is too bad Dr. Emmett was not here. He had a lot of experience in that kind of witchcraft.”

At one time a sangoma (witch doctor or highly respected healer) school opened near our Jambezi clinic. It offered a four-month course. When I saw it, I joked I should take the course. Then I would

have another diploma to hang on the wall alongside the one I have from Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Some things that happened are hard to explain. A school teacher was admitted one day, complaining of severe headaches of about a week's duration. The neurological exam was, as far as I could tell, completely negative. There was a rumor he had been cursed. My intent was to check him out and then transfer him to Livingstone.

One morning about 5 a.m. I was out on my porch shaving when I heard a loud, high-pitched cry. I rushed to the hospital. The patient had been sitting on the porch rail and had fallen over the side. He was in cardiopulmonary arrest. I had one of our missionaries drive us to Livingstone while I continued CPR. He was immediately placed in a respirator, but he died that night. His brain was sent to Lusaka for a pathological report. Everything was completely negative. Was he indeed cursed?

When we arrived at Bethesda Hospital, two African ladies had been hired to help with patient care. Later, in 1962, a nursing school was started. *The student nurses wore grey uniforms and the graduate nurses wore blue uniforms.* I usually taught the nurses courses in recognition of diseases, treatment, and pharmacy several afternoons a week.

Once I was called down to the hospital around midnight for a difficult maternity case. The pediatric nurse whose shift ended at 11 p.m. was still there.

“Ma Diliamini,” I said, “why are you still here?” She told me there was an elephant out there and she was afraid to go. After the delivery, I went back home but saw nothing. However, the next morning, elephant tracks going down the middle of the compound were visible. I could never figure out how Ma Diliamini was aware of the elephant. It must have been due to some instinct.

We had no safe place for narcotics at the hospital, so we kept them at our house. One afternoon one of our nursing students, Mara, came to the house to get narcotics. We used to say that Mara had two speeds, slow and stop. The evening before, the missionaries had met on our front porch to plan an upcoming youth convention. Sacks of ground corn had already been placed on the porch, ready to feed the young people. One of the missionaries spotted a puff adder in one of the bags and killed it. Then he threw it over the cement rail of the porch. As Mara stood waiting for the narcotics, she glanced down at the railing and saw the snake. No one had ever seen her move so fast in her life!

Another hospital employee who was very helpful was the cook. We had been given two piglets who we named Porky and Petunia. We had built a pen for them behind our house. Every afternoon before he went home, the hospital cook brought over a pail of cornmeal left from the patients’ meal. The pigs thrived on it. Soon they needed to be sold. Occasionally,

they escaped and rooted in Uta Chase's lovely garden. Every afternoon, there seemed to be a shift in the wind's direction. The smell of the pigs wafted down over the mission. Our fellow missionaries were tempted to file a zoning ordinance. Finally, I was able to make a deal with the secondary school in Wankie to sell Porky for breeding purposes and the butcher said he would take Petunia for sausage.

On the day I planned to take them, I was called to Victoria Falls to be an expert witness in a stabbing case. I took the Land Rover up to the pig pen and asked the cook to supervise getting Porky and Petunia in the back. When I returned, I found that Porky had bitten the cook in the process of getting into the Land Rover. I had to go down to the hospital to sew up the cook's laceration before I could leave.

It was a very hot day and there was no shade in the back. Petunia, at 520 pounds, had been lying on top of Porky all the way to Wankie. When I got there, shortly after noon, Porky was drawing his last breath. I took the pigs to the butchery but found it closed for noon. We took Porky off and cut his throat and left Petunia in the butcher's pen. I called the butcher and told him what I had done. When he paid me for the pigs, I found out Porky was worth more dead than if I had sold him alive to the school.

All missionaries have a few animal stories if they have served long in Africa. One morning we awoke to find we had no water. Soon we learned a



young cheetah had fallen into our water tank and drowned. Every night, our children were afraid that the mother cheetah would come back looking for her baby.

I actually stepped on a puff adder one night. I had been delayed in town and returned to the mission after dark. I parked the Land Rover at the side of the house and stepped up on the front walk to go in at the front door. I had a premonition that there was something on the front walk and jumped back quickly after I stepped on the snake. The puff adder is a slow, fat snake and he missed me when he struck at me. He made a loud puffing noise for what seemed like a long time. I ran to the back door where Wilma gave me a flashlight. By the time I got back to the front door, he had gone.

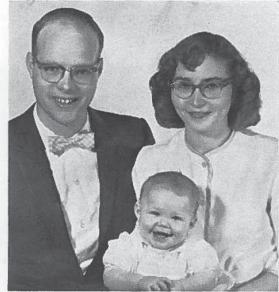
Another time, we found a small snake coiled on the children's tricycle. Fortunately, we saw it and killed it before any of the children sat there. One afternoon when our son was about two, Wilma put him in his crib for an afternoon nap. However, he didn't nap. He kept saying "nunu," the Zulu word for insect. When Wilma went to see what was wrong, she found him playing with a box on his bed. Inside the box she found a little scorpion. While the scorpion sting is not usually fatal to adults, it can be very dangerous for the very young or the very old.

## THE BEGINNING

Personal storm clouds were now beginning to gather in our lives. When Storer was in college, he had worked summers in a pulp and paper mill to earn money for medical school. One day a heavy load of wet logs caused him to slip and fall. That was the beginning of a long series of back problems. Now here in Rhodesia, he was having back pain and sciatica in his right leg. The British doctor in Livingstone recommended he go to Lusaka for back surgery.

Our oldest daughter, Bethany, and I went with him to Lusaka. Our younger daughter stayed with the Kiersteads. In Lusaka, Storer had a laminectomy, a surgical operation on his spine. Bethany and I stayed with a Nazarene family. When Storer was well enough, we returned to Bethesda.

There was an iron bar hanging from a tree by the church that Eric Haywood had built. Each Sunday, it was struck with a small piece of iron. The sound carried for miles, calling the faithful to worship. The people sang in beautiful harmony. The drums were well played too. Often Storer gave the sermon. Many times, just as he reached the climax of his message, someone came running from the hospital. An emergency patient had just been brought in and Dr. Emmett was needed at once.



Dr. and Mrs. Storer W. Emmett  
and Bethany Joy

### REFORMED BAPTIST ALLIANCE OF CANADA

Missionaries to Bethesda Mission  
Southern Rhodesia  
P. O. Box 447  
Livingstone, N. Rhodesia

**PRAY:** For Mission Hospital  
and Medical Ministry  
Storer W. Emmett, M.D.  
Mission Doctor

**PRAY:** For Mission School  
and Teaching Ministry  
Wilma M. Emmett, M. Ed.  
Supervisor of Mission School

*Declare His Glory among the  
heathen,*

*His Wonders among all people.*  
*Psalm 96:3*

The year 1964 was a momentous one for us. Our only son, Bill, was born in August. In October, a nation was born—Zambia. Many things were soon to change.



A donkey had somehow gotten onto the mission in spite of the cattle grids and barbed wire fencing. We awoke one night to hear him munching on precious grass we had brought up from the valley and planted on our front lawn. I ran out and heedlessly hurled an empty paint can that had been lying on the porch. Something let go in my back and I found myself in severe agony with sciatic radiation in my right leg. The pain was so bad, I could not walk to the hospital. I had patients come up to the front porch. I consulted the orthopedic specialist in Livingstone. He referred me to the orthopedic specialist from Bulawayo. He suggested bed traction. This did bring some relief, but my leg was numb in the area of sciatic distribution and there seemed to be muscular atrophy.

My brother, Peter, was in his fourth year of medical school at McGill University in Montreal. He discussed my problem with two of his professors, the head of the orthopedic department and the head of the neurosurgery department. They advised me to return to North America for further study and possible surgery.

I do not recall much about the travel except that the flight was on British Air that went over East Africa

to London and then on to Montreal. I stayed with my brother and his wife before and after surgery. Peter often expressed a desire for an opulent lifestyle. I was happy to forgo this and devote my energies to helping the sick and suffering of Africa and taking the gospel to them.

The surgery was a new procedure lasting about seven hours. It was called radical discectomy. The discs were completely removed between L5-S1 and L4-L5, without any effort to fuse the spine with bone grafts. In about four weeks, I had recovered sufficiently to return to Bethesda.

I was anxious to get back to Rhodesia. On the morning I left to catch the plane in Bangor, Maine, the temperature was 32 degrees below zero. The following morning when my plane landed in Luwadna, Angola, the temperature there was 110 degrees.

The period while Storer was a way in Montreal was a difficult one for me. While there were two other families, I felt alone with three children under the age of six. Our son kept running temperatures and had numerous sores on his scalp. He needed almost constant care.

At night, the sound of constant drumbeats from nearby villages reverberated through my head. The prospect of terrorist activities in our area was a growing threat. The days were long and the nights dreary. It seemed an eternity

until word came that successful back surgery had been completed and that Storer was returning "to his work."

For me, there should have been joy that he was returning. Instead, I sank into deep depression. Storer was deeply concerned. He tried to comfort me in the only way he knew how. Soon the new life that had begun within me brought with her the wonderful prenatal hormones that began streaming through my system. Once more, I found peace, hope, and faith. Our new daughter's name in Zulu would be Temba (Faith), and to me she would always be God's gift of renewal and faith.

Before he left for Canada, Storer had said, "It is my work and I shall return." Later he wrote, "Perhaps one lesson I learned from this period of time was, it is God's work, not mine."

After Rhodesia gained its independence and became the country of Zambia, a great spirit of nationalism took root. Whites could no longer hold government positions. White farmers were forced off their lands. The high colonial standards of health and education were soon lowered.

The closure of the border left our area of Rhodesia without any medical supervision. In about two years all the colonial doctors had left Livingstone. The closest medical facility, apart from Bethesda Hospital, was a hundred kilometers to the south in the mining town of Wankie. This was an excellent private hospital owned by the Anglo-American Coal Company.



I was approached by the Rhodesian government and asked to serve as government officer for this large area of Northwestern Rhodesia. In addition to my missionary responsibilities, I was specifically asked to supervise Victoria Falls Township Clinic for Africans every Friday morning and see private patients at the railroad station on Friday afternoons. I was also asked to be on call for any emergencies throughout this large area. Our mission board agreed and the stipend I was paid went into mission coffers.

These new duties made me extremely busy. I continued my Jambezi clinic every Thursday. Now I would spend most of my day Friday at Victoria Falls. I had to dispense the medicines myself and keep my afternoon clinic supplied with medicine from government medical stores.

My services were appreciated by the people of Victoria Falls. Before we left on furlough in August 1967, I was awarded an honorary membership in the Lions Club. I told my family I could now roar in any room in the house. Perhaps the longest house call I ever made was to see a white farmer's sick children out toward the Caprivi Strip. I traveled 120 miles on that house call. My Fridays at Victoria Falls were very busy. I never knew when I would be stopped by some emergency on my way out of town at the end of my clinic day.

One afternoon, I was hailed down at the police station. A tragic accident had happened on the Zambezi River above the Falls. There was a boat tour that accommodated about seventy people to enjoy game viewing along the shore. The boat stopped at an island in the middle of the river. Tourists were able to get off the boat and walk around the island while waiters prepared tea and cookies.

On this particular day, there was a hippo asleep in the center of the island. It was the duty of the African helpers to scout the island but somehow they did not see the hippo in time. He awakened to find himself surrounded by people and his way to the water was blocked. He panicked and charged one tourist who was in his way. When the police launch reached the island, passengers were standing around the boat. I was taken to see the victim who had been killed instantly. I doubt if the man knew what hit him.

I told the police to take the tourists back to the hotel where I had to tell the wife her husband was dead. The sad part was the couple was from South Africa and had saved for years to make the trip to the Falls.

Another Friday afternoon, I was again hailed down at the police station. A planeload of fifty mercenaries who had been fighting in the Congo was headed for Victoria Falls. They were running short of fuel and were afraid they would not be able to reach the hospital in Salisbury. The airport at

Victoria Falls was still under construction so kerosene lanterns were taken out to mark the runway. While we waited for the plane to arrive, I tried to figure out how I was going to find a place to care for fifty soldiers. Finally, we received word the plane had landed in Salisbury. I breathed a sigh of relief and headed back to Bethesda Mission.

Africa, it seemed, had become a seething cauldron of hate in many places. Now it was about to spill over into the area where we lived.

A group of ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) men came to Bethesda Hospital one day and were handing out flyers urging the patients to rise up against white men. I told them we were a mission hospital, our purpose was to help the sick, and that we took no political position. I asked them to leave. They went away stamping the dust from their feet. It was quietly whispered among the nationals who had watched the exchange that Dr. Emmett's name would now be "on the list."

One evening shortly before we left on furlough, I was called to Victoria Falls to see a sick child. It was about 10 p.m. when I headed home and turned into the four-mile stretch between the main road and the mission. I no sooner turned onto the wood road when I became aware of a heavy cloud of dust. Quickly I braked the car, grabbed my flashlight, and got out. There was nothing there. It was absolutely still, but there was an eeriness I could not explain.



I was tired after the long clinic day and a fifty-mile house call. I decided some herd boy had not properly shut in his cattle for the night and would suffer for it in the morning. Throwing my flashlight into the glove compartment, I spun my wheels into the soft sand track that led to the mission and went home.

A few days later, when I made my usual trip to Wankie with patients, I was invited by one of the doctors in for the ubiquitous cup of tea. "There was a lot of excitement down here this weekend," he told me. "A group of terrorists crossed somewhere in the Zambezi Gorge and made it as far as Wankie. When they started asking where the power lines were, the police were notified." A shoot-out followed and there were now five slain terrorists in the hospital mortuary.

The doctor asked me if we had seen anything unusual at Bethesda. I assured him everything was peaceful and we had noted no activity. It was not until we were home on furlough that we learned what really happened the night I had driven home from Victoria Falls.



It was time to go home. We had served seven years in Africa. Things had happened while we were gone. Our denomination had merged with the

Wesleyan Methodists and then a second merger took place with the Pilgrim Holiness Church. Now we were all Wesleyan. We would not travel home by slow freighters but fly home by Pan Am.

Before we left Bethesda, Dr. Wilbur Zike came from his Wesleyan hospital in Sierra Leone to see us and welcome us into The Wesleyan Church. He also invited us to visit his hospital on our way home on furlough.

We were traveling with our four children. Bethany was eight, Esther was six, Bill was three, and Faith was eighteen months. We first had to go to Johannesburg, as we could not fly out of Victoria Falls due to Rhodesian sanctions. A seventeen-hour car trip took us to Boxburg. It was August and cold enough for frost on the Reef. The next morning, we embarked from Jan Smuts Airport. This flight went up the west side of Africa. We had been on the flight for about an hour when the pilot told us to look down and see Victoria Falls.

We put down at Kinchasa in the Congo. We were escorted off the plane by soldiers with guns. A missionary doctor, Paul Carlson, had been killed in the Congo a few weeks earlier.

When we resumed our flight, we finally landed late in the afternoon in Accra, Ghana. There we spent the night.

The next day we touched down in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, where we had to leave our passports on a

table while we were in the terminal. We stopped in Monrovia and finally touched down at Lumley Airport ten miles across the bay from Freetown.

The next day we traveled up country to Kamakwie, which was an all-day trip over very primitive roads. It was mid-August and rainy season, so the last fifty miles were all dirt and mud. We arrived late in the afternoon and stayed two days with the Zikes. On Saturday, all the missionaries got together for a picnic. On Sunday, we attended the large mother church. On Monday, Marion Birch took us back to Freetown. Tuesday, we flew from Lumley to Accra.

We were to continue to Lagos in Nigeria but due to the Biafran Civil War we had to stay overnight in Accra again. As no planes were allowed to fly out at night, that night we stayed at a posh hotel because it was the fault of the airline we were delayed.

The following day we flew to Lagos. After a long wait, we boarded the flight for Rome. We had a long flight up over the Sahara Desert, passed over Bengazi on the Mediterranean Coast, and finally landed in Rome. Since we had lost a day due to the Biafran War, we decided to spend a day seeing London instead of Rome. It took some time to change our travel plans and we had to run to catch our Air Ghana flight for London. We made a short stop in Zurich and arrived in London in the evening.

The next afternoon I went out to find Westminster Abbey. When I thought I was in the vicinity, I asked

an old man selling papers. He said, "Mind it don't fall on ye." I found the grave of David Livingstone and remembered that the Africans still said he was a man with a heart for the African people.

The next morning, we boarded a bus for Heathrow Airport. We were late passing through customs and immigration. We were finally ushered into a large room full of people from all over the British Empire. As we started down the long gateway to catch our bus to take us to the plane, a lady with a notebook asked if she could walk with us and ask us questions about our stay in London. When we got to the bus, I thought Wilma had Bill and she thought I had him. I dashed back to the waiting room full of people. I tried to think where I had last seen him. I remembered it was Immigrations. I found him there and he didn't even know he was lost. I grabbed him and ran to catch the last bus to the plane.

Our trip across the Atlantic was at least eight hours long and not without incident. As the stewardess served the meals, Faith kicked the tray and sent food spilling everywhere. Esther managed to lock herself in the toilet on the plane and had to be rescued by a stewardess with a can opener.

Our return from Rhodesia had been an ambitious one, taking ten days with four small children. We have often shaken our heads as we have thought about it in later years. Perhaps the most poignant

memory occurred in Boston after having passed through six time zones. The immigration officer looked at Wilma's passport and saw she had been away for seven years. He smiled and said, "Welcome home."

# 2

## THE INTERLUDE

*W*e left Bethesda. We didn't know that this was the end of many things.

In South Africa, we stayed for a few days at Boxburg. It was very cold. Then on to the Jan Smuts Airport to get our plane that would take us back over Victoria Falls in a much shorter time than we had traveled down by car just a few days before.

Our first stop was Accra, Ghana. Then we flew on to Sierra Leone. Because of the mountains, planes cannot land in Freetown. Dr. Zike met us at the airport in Lungi and took us across the bay waters on the ferry to Freetown. We stayed overnight at our mission rest home in Freetown. Two of our missionary nurses were on holiday there and kindly entertained us.

The next morning, one of the ladies asked, "Does your son always have two cups of coffee for breakfast?" Our three-year-old son was already an old pro at mooching

goodies from kind aunties. His favorite African lady looked like Auntie Jemima and cooked for our nursing students. He frequently escaped from his nanny and enjoyed sweet tea, biscuits, and “boy meat” from her generous hand.

After breakfast we headed upcountry on the “bare bones” of a road as it was called by author Dr. Hugh McClaure. It was extremely hot and a very hard drive. On the way, we stopped at Kunsho, our first mission station in the country. There was a cemetery there where early Wesleyan missionaries and their children were buried. Most had contracted malaria and died of the complications. Our early missionaries packed their household effects in a wooden box big enough to serve as a coffin for them. The life expectancy for our missionaries in Sierra Leone at that time was eighteen months. We felt humbled and honored to view the spot of their sacrifice.

The next day, Storer went down to the hospital with Dr. Zike. Our kids played with the Zike kids while Jane Zike and I shared about the joys and sorrows of mission life as doctors’ wives.

On Sunday, we went to the “mother church” and met many nationals and other missionaries. It was called the mother church because it sent out members to start new churches.

The next day, we were on the road again. We went back to Freetown, then Lungi, and on to Nigeria.

The cauldron of hate that Africa had become continued to boil over into war. In Nigeria, it was called the Biafran War. It delayed our plane. We had to spend the night there because no planes were allowed to take off or land after dark.

## THE INTERLUDE

We deplaned under armed guard. Our passports were placed on a table. This is a scary feeling in a third world country. We were taken to a waiting room where the door was locked behind us. We were served cokes and kept there until we were cleared. Only a few weeks before, a missionary doctor, Paul Carlson, had been shot trying to scale a wall and escape from rebels in the Congo. Nigeria had no desire for further incidents like that to occur in their country.

The next day we returned to the airport ready to fly to Rome. Storer checked on our luggage to be sure it would be traveling with us. I sat down with the children. Suddenly, I realized Billy had wandered off. I ran in the direction I had last seen him only to be stopped by a six-foot Tutsi police-woman. "Where do you think you are going?" she asked. "I'm looking for a little blond boy in a blue suit," I told her. Thankfully, she let me pass and I soon found him. The family was now reunited and we were soon on our way.

Now we decided we had lost our day for visiting Rome and instead we would have to fly on to London. We made an O. J. Simpson run to catch the plane for London and soon were on our way again. We found lodgings near Big Ben. I took a taxi to the Scotch House and bought Monroe tartan to make a skirt. Then I watched our brood while Storer fulfilled his wish to visit Westminster Abbey. He asked a man selling newspapers for directions. The man answered in perfect cockney, "Mind it don't fall on ye."

The next step was flying from London to Boston. We gathered our kids and their stuff and headed for the bus to get to the plane. As we left the lobby, a lady joined us. She asked if she could walk with us and ask questions for her survey of visitors to the UK.



When we reached the bus, we realized Billy was missing. This was serious, as flights were at a premium. Storer ran back to the huge waiting room. It was a composite of the British Empire and that day it seemed like they had all descended on the huge waiting room. Storer tried to remember where he had last seen Billy. The thought flashed—customs and immigration. There sat Billy, not aware he was lost. Storer grabbed him and ran for the last bus. They made it to the plane—just barely!

A trans-Atlantic flight can be interesting with four children under ten years old. The sound of the big engines was loud in the toilets, and Billy was too frightened to go there. I had to have him use his familiar little potty at his seat and empty it myself in the toilet in the rear. Esther, meanwhile, had to be rescued by a stewardess from the locked toilet closet and Faith seemed to cry all the way across the Atlantic.

As the Boston customs and immigration officer welcomed us home, I was breathing a big sigh of relief.



We were greeted by family and friends after ten days of travel with four small children. Even the flight between Boston and Bangor had been difficult. It first looked like Bethany and Esther would have to be on another flight. However, they finally found room for the whole family, so we were able to travel together.

My parents were living and teaching in Presque Isle, Maine. Therefore, they allowed us to live in their

home in Milford, Maine, during our furlough year. They also gave us the use of their fairly new Plymouth sedan.

I felt a great need to update my credentials after seven years in Rhodesia. Most of the attending staff at the Eastern Maine General Hospital who had been there during my intern year were still there. They were willing for me to assist in surgery and anesthesia. I was able to go to the hospital nearly every day to attend seminars as well.

The Department of World Missions gave me six months to do this update before I did any Home Ministries work. I was very grateful to the hospital and World Missions for this time to get back into US medicine.

As I recall, the winter in Milford was very cold and snowy. The river froze over and the children and I went down to build a snowman and skate. I believe we also went into the woods and cut down a Christmas tree. The children and I also went out in sub-zero weather to make tunnels in the bank of snow. There was lots of shoveling that winter too.

We had not been home long when a letter came from one of our missionaries still in Rhodesia. I read the letter through once. Then I read it again. By the time I finished, my hands were shaking and cold sweat stood out on my forehead.

The letter said, in part, “Dear Brother, do you remember all the terrorist activity just before you

left on furlough? Well, they finally rounded up the last of the terrorists a few days ago. I think you will be especially interested in their story.”

The letter described how the group of terrorists had crossed the Zambezi Gorge and marched right up through our mission compound to the main road. There they ducked for cover at the sound of an approaching auto. A man stopped, got out of his car, and looked around. The order was given to shoot if he came any closer. The man did not discover them and they did not shoot. He got back into his car and drove down the road to the mission.

After that close call, they divided into smaller groups because of the great clouds of dust their big group was causing. Later, they were rounded up in Bulawayo. The letter closed with the words, “While we slept, the Lord watched.”

I held the letter with shaking hands. The scene came back vividly—the moonlit night, the clouds of dust, the dark, ominous shadows, the eerie feeling of being watched. “Thank you, heavenly Father,” I prayed, “for your watchful care even when I didn’t know I needed it.”

Later in the year, when I was on my Home Ministries (deputation) assignment, I learned something else about God’s care that night. One night as I shook hands after the service, I met a lady I had never seen before. She asked, “Were you in some great trouble on—” and went on to give a time and

date when God had put a special burden on her heart to pray for me. We calculated the difference in time between the US and Rhodesia. The time and date were exactly the moment I stood on the side of the road in Rhodesia, unknowingly surrounded by seventy terrorist guns.



*While we slept,  
the Lord watched.*

Around the end of February or the beginning of March, I received my deputation assignment from headquarters. I was to tour the Wesleyan churches in the Virginia District. Some of the churches were quite small, while others, in the Roanoke area, were quite large. The meetings were usually held in the evenings. Some were well attended with great interest expressed in missions, while others were not.

Usually my day was spent in looking around and moving on to the next church. Some of the pastors took me sightseeing. I was able to visit the Natural

Bridge in Virginia, the Carlsbad Caverns, and travel up the Blue Ridge Parkway during the spring and enjoy the flowering plants and trees.

After several weeks in Virginia, I returned home. Wilma had no car while I was away. She hauled Bill and Faith in a cart across the bridge over to Old Town to do shopping. I found the snowbanks were still very high in Maine.

My next assignment was to travel to a mission conference in Northbridge church in Dayton, Ohio. I joined Henry Ortlip, who had been missions superintendent in Haiti for a number of years. We felt we were doing a good job representing our fields and there seemed to be a good response. However, on the weekend we were joined by a man representing outreach to American Indians. He was a great communicator, and soon everyone had their hankies out. He, of course, received a huge offering, which he generously offered to share with us.

This experience made it clear to me that some missionaries who have a great gift of communication are able to tell their story well when they come home from their field, while others, who have done good work in their field, may not be able to communicate as well and thus not receive the necessary support.

Henry and I joined again in Indianapolis and traveled together. We went on to visit several churches in Kansas. We had a flat tire somewhere

and one church gave us several recapped tires, none of which proved very good.

Then we returned to Indianapolis and got Henry's car. He was returning to Houghton, New York, and I was going back to Maine. He invited me to spend the night with him in Houghton. It was my first visit there and I was able to see old friends from our Reformed Baptist days. L. K. Mullen was living and teaching at Houghton College. His daughter, Shirley, would later become president of the college.

During the summer, a General Conference was held with a merger taking place between the Pilgrim Holiness Church and the Wesleyan Methodist Church to become The Wesleyan Church. This followed the merger between the Wesleyan Methodist Church and the Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada. Thus, we once again changed denominational names.

On my way back to Milford, I briefly visited my mother's brother, Russel Woodard, who lived in Dayton, Ohio. I also visited my brother, Peter, who was enrolled in a three-year MDiv course at Asbury Seminary in Wilmore, Kentucky.

The preceding fall, I flew to our mission headquarters in Marion, Indiana, to discuss our future mission work with the Department of World Missions. Dr. Liddick, the director, informed me that we would not be returning to Bethesda. The South African Field Council did not think it advisable as the area had become very dangerous. A white man

had been killed at a camp near the hospital and our missionaries there had been forced to move to Bulawayo.

I was very disappointed. We had grown to love the people in the area where we had served for seven years and we had every expectation of returning for another term.

Dr. Liddick then asked, “Would you be willing to serve at our Wesleyan hospital in Haiti?” After much thought and prayer, we accepted this as an open door and prepared to go to Haiti.

# 3

## THE HAITI YEARS



It was alike, and yet it was different. The desire to serve God in fulltime medical missions was still strong, but the venue was very different. Livingstone, when we first arrived, had been a beautiful city. There were many flowers and trees sharing fragrances with us. Many were new to us. In the center of the town, there was an aviary with many kinds of colorful birds greeting us with their songs. Port-au-Prince however, seemed to be inundated with people, donkeys, mules, and more people. Beggars crouched with hands outstretched, nearly naked children clustered in the shadows, and there seemed to be dirt and trash everywhere.

Having been born in upstate New England, I had never dreamed part of my life would be spent on a



near-desert island between the two peninsulas of Haiti. However, island living would come later.

We arrived at the Francois Duvalier Airport in the early evening. As I remember, it was already dark. One of our missionary families, the Hartmans, met us. They loaded us and our luggage into a mission vehicle and drove us fifteen miles up into the mountains to Fermathe where our rest homes were located. There we would spend the next couple of days. It was much cooler, but still very humid at Fermathe. It also was a hard place to dry clothes, as you had to walk through clouds to the clothesline.

We had two rest homes situated side by side with a large cistern that collected rain water from the two roofs. This allowed there to be running water in the houses. There was a great view down the mountains and from nearby Fort Jacques, which dated back to colonial times. Fort Jacques was just a short walk from the rest homes, and when we were on vacation at Fermathe, we often, as a family, walked up to Fort Jacques. We explored the old buildings and could always pick up an old Haitian coin or a colonial coin from the vendors.

Since we were replacing Dr. John Edling and his wife, we were going to the Northern Mission Compound at Fauché, Port Margot. Jim Blackburn took us up to the compound in a Land Rover. It was only about two hundred miles from Fermathe to Port Margot, but it took all day to make the trip.

The roads were in deplorable condition. There was only one main road going north out of Port-au-Prince. It followed along the coast of the Gulf of la Gonâve until Gonaives where it turned over the mountains of the northern peninsula across to Cap-Haitien on the Atlantic Ocean. We traveled from Port-au-Prince to Croix des Missions where the road divided with one road leading inland north over the central plains to Cap-Haitien.

As I mentioned, the main road we were taking went along the coast. We passed Source Matelas where there was a Wesleyan church. We next arrived at Arcahaie, which was a ten-mile area under irrigation and quite lush. The mountains came right down to the coast beyond here and for twenty miles there was an arid area before coming to Montrouis. Just a mile before entering Montrouis was the sea house, which was the closest spot for crossing the twelve-mile channel to our mission and hospital on La Gonâve. Saint-Marc, which had been a resort area for colonials, was next in line. From there we crossed through the Artibonite Valley where rice is grown. The road was not paved here, and we learned it is nearly impossible in the rainy season. We crossed the Artibonite River at Pons l'Estere and finally reached Gonaives. The area had little rainfall. This dry area continued for the next twenty miles until we reached Ennery, and climbed over Mount Pilboro where the road went back and

forth in order to make the climb. There were drop-offs of at least fifty feet. The vegetation changed greatly on the other side.

After another eight to ten miles we crossed over the Plaisance Mountains and descended along the Limbe River until we reached the town of Limbe. From Limbe the main road turned right along the north coast to Cap-Haitien. We turned left, however, at Limbe and followed a dirt road into Port Margot. There was a beautiful compound located close to the river on one side and hills on the other side. Turning to the right, the compound road gently went uphill with the single nurse's house on the right. That was followed by a small house that had been built by Brother Bryant who spent six months of the year in construction of churches and other needed buildings. At the top of the hill was another mission house where the Blackburn family lived. From there, the road circled around past the cook girl's quarters and joined the main road entering the compound once again. The doctor's house was in the middle of this circle and that is where we settled. It was an adequate house with three bedrooms. There was porch on the front of the house and a storeroom in the back.

There frequently were rains in the north. Often in the afternoon and evening the weather would turn very hot and humid just before the rain fell. There were perfume trees planted on the compound

and after the rain fell in the early evening, the compound was flooded with their lovely smell. There were also a number of other trees on the compound. Shortly after we arrived, I was given some small Venezuelan mahogany trees, which I planted along the road below the doctor's house.

We quickly learned we had no fear from poisonous snakes in Haiti. As true everywhere in Haiti, the windows all had bars and we had screens over those.

We had two ladies who helped with cooking and cleaning. Our water was obtained from a well on the compound and had to be boiled. The ladies did this every day we lived in the north. There was an old man who came to the compound every week to sell meat. I remember him taking a side of beef out of his horse's saddlebag and cutting off a piece of meat for our cook. There were flies all around where his horse had defecated. Fortunately, the meat was always well cooked before we ate it.

The first eight months we were in Port Margot were difficult for me. The missionary nurses held clinic every morning but there was no activity in the afternoon. I had lots of free time. I was still unhappy we had not been able to return to Africa. I gradually began to learn Haitian Creole, but I was frustrated for a long time by my inability to understand and communicate with the nationals. Jim Blackburn tried to teach us Creole, but he was very busy. I only remember two lessons with him. The

remainder of the time we were on our own and picked up the language as we heard it.

There was an almost tragic incident that happened shortly after we arrived at the compound. We had been given a pressure lamp that burned white gas. This often had to be filled, and often after dark, when the lamp had been burning for a while and was hot. I had gotten into the bad habit of adding more gas without turning the lamp off. One evening after the children had gone to bed, I needed to fill the lamp and mistakenly reached for a can of gasoline instead of white gas. The can of gas immediately erupted into fire and I threw it onto the office floor. The children all came running to see what had happened. I foolishly shooed them back to their bedrooms without thinking they had no way to exit the house. I was able to kick the can outside and no harm came to the children. The only damage was that some office furniture was singed.

Patients were required to pay a clinic fee and to pay for their medicines. The Haitian government made no provision for medical care for its people. The patient fees made it possible for the clinic to pay its workers and to buy more medicine. The mission gave no money to the clinic. The clinic had to pay its own way.

We attended the Port Margot church, which had a large congregation. Their Sunday school was very interesting with a number of classes being taught at

the same time in the same room. I picked up a lot of Creole by studying the Sunday school lessons. French Creole is not a difficult language for English-speaking people, especially if one has had some background in French. This is in contrast to the Bantu languages of Africa. I sometimes would accompany Jim Blackburn to outlying churches on Sunday mornings. We would often journey on horseback.

Brother Bryant was an older man who worked a half year in Baltimore and a half year in Haiti doing building work for the mission. He made his own breakfast before going to work on church construction in Cap-Haitien. He would take a sandwich for his lunch. Then he would eat an evening meal at one of the compound houses. All the children were happy when it was their turn to have Brother Bryant at their house. On Fridays, he would bring popcorn and games. He was sort of a grandfather for them. On Sunday afternoons he had all the mission children over to his house to listen to radio programs and to memorize Scripture. They enjoyed earning money from him for the verses that they learned.

We had a Field Council meeting at Port Margot early in 1969. Among other things, it was decided that both doctors would be stationed at the La Gonâve hospital, and that one of the doctors would visit Fauché for a week of clinics each month. The doctor who had been at La Gonâve for a term would soon go on furlough. I had visited La Gonâve on

several occasions and had helped with several surgeries. Dr. Silvernail had refreshed my mind on how to do hernia surgeries.

Toward the end of our time at Port Margot, I went out on several rural clinic trips with the nurses. Finally, Jim Blackburn and I decided to hold a clinic at Aux Sources, a new church plant. It was decided I would consult the patients and Jim would give out medicine. It was a very busy day and I consulted over ninety patients. Finally at the end of the day, I went over to see how Jim was doing. He told me he had done fine, but a number of patients didn't have bottles for cough or diarrhea medicine. "So," I said, "you were unable to give them their medicine?" "Oh, no," Jim said, "I measured out the whole dose and had them take the whole thing." Jim had never operated a pharmacy before. Years later, when he was registrar at Marion College, I was asked to speak at a men's breakfast at the church Jim attended and told that story on him.

We moved to La Gonâve in early June. Some of our heavy luggage, including the old pump organ that had been the Edlings, had been sent down to the boathouse at Qualili and sent over to La Gonâve by sailboat. We loaded all our suitcases and personal effects into and on top of the mission Land Rover. This process took at least half an hour. Then, with Jim Blackburn driving, we started the long trip down to Port.

Unfortunately, on the day before we moved, someone dropped a bomb on the Palace lawn. The government officers reacted like a swarm of bees. Checkpoints had been set up everywhere. We encountered the first checkpoint at Ennery after we had gone over Mount Pilboro. Jim did not see the soldier manning the checkpoint until he had driven past him. He made us take everything off the Land Rover and checked every bag. It took thirty-nine minutes to get everything back on. Jim decided we would stop before each checkpoint and throw open the doors of the vehicle for inspection. This worked well. We did not have to unload until the boathouse and sent everything over to La Gonâve.

We still needed to go into Port to purchase groceries and other supplies. However, as we approached Port we found one of the rear wheels was hanging on by one bolt. Jim dropped us off and thankfully made it to Mac's Garage. We went up to Fermathe and then went back downtown for supplies. I don't remember how we got back to the sea house. Perhaps the Silvernails picked us up with the Land Rover that was kept at the sea house for town trips.

I do remember coming down the mountain from Fermathe with Dr. Silvernail about that time. The road was winding and narrow with many deep drop-offs at the sides. Dwayne Silvernail was driving and he sensed something was wrong. He



stopped over to the side and we inspected the tire. We started again and had rolled only about twenty feet when the wheel in question fell off. It was miraculous that nothing had happened when we were moving faster. The Lord protected two Wesleyan doctors who might have fallen fifty feet over the side if we had not stopped to inspect the tire.

I cannot remember how we made the crossing to La Gonâve from the mainland on that trip. The La Gonâve station had two motor boats then, an aluminum boat and a cabin cruiser, both with 20 x 40 horsepower motors. These boats were kept locked up in the boathouses on either side. They had to be lifted up on trolleys and wheeled in and out of the boathouse every time we took them out to cross the channel. This was about a twenty-minute procedure on either side. However, it took only about forty minutes to make the crossing on good seas.

Alfred Hartman had built a watchman's house and a sea house on the mainland side. The sea house had a flat roof with an outside stairway leading up to it. There were four bedrooms, a dining area, and two showers. There was excellent swimming and snorkeling with beautiful coral reefs and colorful tropical fish. On the La Gonâve side, the boathouse was in a mangrove swamp. It sat behind a point of land that gave good protection from storms. We occasionally saw alligators and seahorses at the wharf. We rode from the sea house to the compound in

the mission jeep, which at that time was the only vehicle on the island.

There was CB radio contact from the sea house to the mission on La Gonâve and we had shortwave contact with set hours of communication. There was also shortwave contact with the Fermathe guest house. La Gonâve was a nearly desert island located between the two peninsulas of Haiti. It was closer to the northern channel, being only twelve miles across the channel at our crossing point. The length of the island was about fifty miles and it was ten to twelve miles wide. It was barren and rocky. The population at that time was about 60,000. The capital city was Anse-a-Galets and had a population of 3,000. It was populated in the early days by poor beggars picked up in Port and banished to the island.

The Silvernails moved into the single nurse's house and we moved into the doctor's house where we stayed for the remainder of our time in Haiti. The mission compound was laid out in three large sections divided by two main roads. The middle section held the doctor's house, the single nurse's house, the generator, and the cook girl's house. Across the next road was the house where the Hartmans now lived and a smaller house called the Withoun House. Beyond this was a fairly large Wesleyan church.

I was not alone at the hospital for long after the Silvernails completed their term of service and left

the field. Jim and Denise Wierman soon joined us on La Gonâve. He had just completed an internship in medicine and Denise was an OR nurse. They had just married and decided to give their honeymoon year to the mission hospital. No one had told Denise about the dress code in Haiti and she soon found her miniskirts would have to be replaced with much longer dresses. She quickly wrote her grandmother who sent longer dresses. She accepted the change of clothing very graciously.

The Wiermans had an eventful year. On their way to Haiti, they stopped in Puerto Rico and Jim got out of the rented car to take a picture. He forgot to set the brake and his new bride almost went over a cliff.

One night when Jim and Denise were in church, someone broke into their house. When they arrived home they found a machete and a big kitchen knife crossed on the front doorstep. I'm not sure what was stolen but the crossed knives spoke of Voodoo connections. After they had gone to bed, Jim heard a noise outside. He took his machete and went outside to investigate. He discovered the noise had been caused by a cow someone had tethered outside their bedroom window. It was dark, and he tripped over the rope and cut his leg with the machete. He tried to crawl quietly back in bed, but Denise awoke and was frightened when she saw blood all over the bed. Jim had to sheepishly explain what had happened, and somehow the story made the rounds.

Denise soon learned about household problems. She opened a bag of flour and saw weevils for the first time. One day she called Wilma to ask how long it took for Jello to harden in Haiti. Wilma asked what she had put into her Jello salad. She replied that she had added pineapple. Wilma told her it would never harden.

Jim and I worked together well. One night a patient came in with an acute abdomen. Jim asked if I had ever done one of these cases. I told him I had not and asked if he had. He said he hadn't, but Denise had seen several, so suggested we go ahead. The patient did well after surgery and went home a week later. His last name was Mericle and he lived up to it.

After a few weeks, I learned how to operate the motor boat and cross the sea. There was a corn patch high in the mountains behind the sea house on the mainland that resembled a right hand with the thumb pointing upward. Although we couldn't see the sea house from La Gonâve, we could point the boat toward the thumb on the patch of the mountain and direct the boat right to the sea house.

Our Haitian Church Conference was held each year in January. Since the hospital needed one doctor to cover, Jim and I decided to divide our time at the conference. Jim went out early, and our family was to travel by boat and meet him at the sea house. A few days before we were to leave, a "Nordy" (a strong north wind) blew in. On the day we were to

cross, the wind seemed to have died down. I discussed the question with a sea boat captain and he thought it would be alright to cross. It was foolish advice to try to cross with a cabin cruiser. We soon found ourselves in nineteen-foot waves. I slowed the boat down, and, only by the grace of God, we reached the mainland safely. I turned the boat over to Jim and he was able to make the crossing later in the day when the storm had died down.

There were always goats and chickens running around the hospital yard. One day we decided to do a very complicated surgery. All the supplies were laid out and ready when somehow a chicken got into the operating room. The more we tried to shoo it out, the more it flew all over the OR, contaminating all the supplies. We finally managed to get the chicken out, but Jim's face was now the color of his bright red hair. Today it would be much more difficult for a chicken to get in, as the OR is shut and locked and the only access is through the hospital.

There was often a need for blood. Jim gave generously as he had O negative type blood.

When the Wiermans had finished their one-year term and were ready to go back to the US, they decided to take their Haitian mutt named Sophie back with them. They planned to take her into Port and get shots and papers for her. Unfortunately, when they got to the sea house at Montrouis, she ran out into the main road and was killed.

It seemed the Wiermans had met a lot of challenges their honeymoon year. The last incident took place after they got home. They had stored their wedding gifts and had a hard time retrieving them from storage. Amusingly, the name of the place they were stored was spelled very much like the douane, the customs house in Haiti, where people often have trouble getting their possessions into the country.

The first school year we spent on La Gonâve, we sent Bethany and Esther back to Port Margot where they boarded with Dorothy Marville, our nurse there, and Opal Oman, their teacher. Esther was only in second grade, but we felt the children would do well to return to the same teacher they had had the previous year in Port Margot. The children seemed to have a good relationship with Dorothy Marville and decided to call her their vice-mother since even the president had a vice-president. The Blackburns retired from missions about this time so Jonathan Ortlip was the only other school-aged child who remained with them. I frequently made the trip to Port Margot for the monthly clinic and spent time with the children.

Opal Oman did not return after that year. Wilma home-taught the children after that time.

I think it may have been Christmas vacation that Bethany and Esther were returning with me from my monthly visit to our northern clinic. We arrived at the sea house and found a Nordy was blowing. A

shipment of grape Tang and Mom's Cookies had just arrived, as a gift from friends in Puerto Rico. This was all we had to eat for the next two days. Finally, on Sunday morning the sea seemed to have calmed down a little. We radioed La Gonâve that we were coming.

It is always difficult to judge, but as we reached the last third of our journey, the sea got rougher. We took down all the sails and allowed the boat to be driven along. As we neared the La Gonâve shore, we almost capsized the boat—the mast was at a 45-degree angle. Wilma could see all this from the window of our house. She said she did not worry unduly because she knew we could all swim and that we were not too far from shore. Our experience made us appreciate our safety and our Christmas more that year.

It was always warm on La Gonâve at Christmas-time. I can remember sweating profusely as we put up and decorated our silver tinsel Christmas tree in the living room and hung Christmas decorations around the house. Nevertheless, we always had abundant Christmases, and good people from home sent the children a number of Christmas boxes.

Two things we got from the Edlings were their old pump organ and their dog, Max. He was very gentle around the family, and became dearly loved by the children. He lived only a couple of years and was buried in our garden with appropriate funeral

services. However, he must have lived a dissipated life because nationals kept bringing us puppies for several years claiming they were Max's progeny.

I tried to teach Bill and Faith piano lessons on the pump organ. It was amusing to watch them pump away on the organ when their feet could hardly touch the foot pedals.

We had a very good ecumenical relationship with the local Catholic priest, Pere Charles. He would often come to our house and read comic books with Bill and Faith. One night, there was a knock at our door. Two young nurses from Holland had been at the Des Chapelle hospital and had wanted to visit La Gonâve before returning home. They had found no hotels, but we gladly gave them a bed for the night.

The next day, Pere Charles came to greet them, as he too was Dutch. He sat down at the old organ and expertly played "Anchors Aweigh" in their honor. Then, like all experienced missionaries, asked if they would have a little room in their suitcases to take home gifts for him to his mother!

Dr. Marilyn Hunter arrived soon after the Wiermans left in the fall of 1970. She had spent a year on La Gonâve in 1966/67 and already knew Haitian Creole. She had returned to the US to pursue a pediatric residency. She quickly took her place in patient care. We decided she would do the northern clinic one month and I would take the week there the following month. We had a joke that when she came



back I had left her with many recovering surgical cases and when I came back I found the pediatric ward full of very sick children.

When Marilyn had been at the hospital for about a year, she was involved in a rather serious bus accident. She had gone into Port on business with the plan of taking a Haitian bus to Port Margot for the clinic. Her bus driver was racing another bus driver in the Artibonite Valley when her bus tipped over. Some of the passengers were killed and a number were badly hurt. The wounded were all being taken to the general hospital in Port, but Marilyn refused and asked that she be taken back to the hospital on La Gonâve.

Fortunately, our sailboat was on the Montrouis side, as a medical student who was doing a senior elective at La Gonâve Hospital was waiting to join her for the week of clinic at Port Margot. She had a bad gash on her lower leg as well as a number of cuts and bruises. He was able to dress the wound and get her back to La Gonâve by using the boat.

I was first made aware of her accident when the sailboat captain came running up to the hospital to tell us that Dr. Hunter had been in a bus accident and was at the wharf needing to be brought up to the hospital for treatment. We quickly took a gurney down to the wharf to get her.

At the hospital we took an X-ray and found she had no fracture. We put her on antibiotics and frequent dressing changes. Thankfully, no serious

infections resulted, but it was several weeks before she was ambulatory.

Shortly after the accident, a visiting surgeon from Michigan was able to perform a skin graft and suitable closure of the wound. The wound left a large scar, but we were thankful that other than the scar, all turned out well.

Friends of Dr. Hunter came to help. Before they left, their little daughter told Dr. Hunter she would come back and replace her at the hospital when she grew up. And she did. Dr. Kris and her husband have served in Haiti for a number of years.

Whenever he could find free time from his busy hospital schedule, Storer liked to visit some of the mountain churches with Alfred Hartman. One time they arrived at Piki Mebe when a shotgun wedding was in progress. The bride was pregnant and willing. The groom was not. Every time he tried to escape, one of the burly deacons grabbed him and forced him to sit down on a sack of cornmeal full of bed bugs.

When the activities were finished, Storer and Alfred went to find the shack they had been promised for the night. On flashing their flashlights, they saw the walls were covered with bed bugs. Somehow sleeping outdoors seemed a better idea.

One good thing that did come from the trip was that they met a fine young pastor. Later, he became our hospital chaplain.



The Hartmans first came to Haiti in the 1950s as independent missionaries. About the time they were ready to leave for Haiti, Alfred developed paralytic polio. His wife worked with him tirelessly and he regained much of his strength. However, he always walked with a limp and had severe intention tremor. In spite of this, he worked very hard with church construction on La Gonâve. About two years before we arrived, the Hartmans had been accepted as Wesleyan missionaries. Before this, they had supported themselves by returning to the US on furloughs and building and selling houses. By the time we arrived, their children had all left the nest.

During our first term, Alfred decided to build a custom-made sailboat for La Gonâve travel. It was larger than the motor boats and would hold up to twenty people. Seats were built along the edge of the boat and cargo could be placed in the middle. The mission employed a sailboat captain and an assistant to sail the boat for us.

There were other advantages. The boat didn't have to be taken out of the water at each crossing with the sweat and toil that was entailed in such a hot climate. The missionaries could sit back and rest during the crossing, and the sailboat could be taken out in heavier seas than the other boats. The disadvantage was the time taken for the crossing. I have

crossed by sail when it only took two hours, but have been on other trips when it took eight hours to cross because there was a “calme blanche.”

Around the time of Dr. Hunter’s accident, and while the medical student was still with us, Alfred arranged for a large sailboat to cross the southern channel to Petit-Goave for a load of blocks. He invited the medical student and me to accompany him on the trip. We had a good wind and crossed to Petit-Goave in only four or five hours. We loaded the blocks and started back in the midafternoon, but the wind died and it was around midnight when we reached the Port-au-Prince end of the island.

Unfortunately, a Nordy, had started up and we were unable to round the end of the island. We docked the boat at Ti Gonâve, a small island just off La Gonâve, and stretched out for several hours waiting for the wind to die down. We had a 20hp motor with us and finally were able to get around the end of La Gonâve and head along the northern channel inside the reefs, which kept us out of much of the wind.

It was around 5:30 a.m. when we finally arrived at Anse-a-Galets. We were all tired. It had been a long, exhausting trip, but I had a scheduled clinic and went right to work after freshening up a little.

Alfred Hartman was a great builder. One time he took me up a road to the top of the mountain foothills that surrounded Port-au-Prince in the

Carrefour section south of the city. The view of the city and bay from the top of the mountain was spectacular. The mission had been able to buy the land for \$3,000. When our family was leaving Haiti two years later, we were the first guests in the new mission headquarters at Diquini, which Alfred had built.

One thing we enjoyed was going out to the little sandbar to snorkel and swim. Before we had sailboats, it was always a job to get the boat out of the boathouse. On one occasion, as the group sweated and hauled, Faith, who was about four, was standing watching the whole procedure. Someone, in fun, asked why she was not helping. She replied, "Oh, I'm only going along for the ride." Her answer became a classic joke on many occasions. Dr. Hunter especially enjoyed it.

Tony Wolfe came to the island about the same time as we did. He was anxious to find ways to improve the nutrition of the Haitian people. He tried rabbits, but they failed to breed in the heat. He also tried Egyptian fish known for their protein supplementation. That project failed too.

After he had been on La Gonâve for about a year he returned to Michigan and reorganized his project which he called WISH (West Indies Self Help). He returned with his wife, Pearl, and built his own house on property adjoining the mission. He also brought back the idea of putting a small

gasoline motor on a sailboat. This motor didn't take much fuel and allowed him to make the crossing in about two hours.

When Bethany was ready for seventh grade, we decided she needed a chance to study with children her own age. We were able to make arrangements for her to go to the Lottie Cowman Memorial School at Vaudreuil where the OMS mission had a radio station, 4 VEH. I was already doing a TB clinic there during the week I was doing the northern clinic at Port Margot. Thus I was able to see her about every month. Bethany made life-long friends with whom she still communicates.

In those days, earning a missionary salary of about \$4,300 a year, a family of six was unable to think of returning to the US for a vacation. This was compounded by a government requirement that a Permit to Return needed to be purchased, as well as Papa Doc's expensive flight insurance for each member of the family.

We spent our vacations going to our rest houses at Fermathe where the weather was cooler and then returning to the sea house for several days of swimming, snorkeling, and shelling. It was very hot at the sea house and the children and I slept on the roof under a brilliant panoply of stars, while Wilma slept in the sea house.

On some afternoons, Monestime, the caretaker, and I would hike up the mountain across the road

from the sea house. I always managed to get into the poison oak going up the mountains and then developed very itchy vesicles [blisters]. At other times, the family would go along the seashore looking for shells. We obtained quite a collection to bring home with us.

It was probably on our first vacation at FERMATHE that we received word from Jim Blackburn by radio that Virginia Hooker was arriving by plane that afternoon and needed to be met at the airport and taken to La Gonâve. Virginia was a nurse who had already spent a number of years in Haiti and was returning from furlough. The Saufleys, missionaries from 4 VEH were vacationing at the Baptist mission nearby and had never been to La Gonâve, so we invited them to go with us while we picked up Virginia and went over to the island.

It was a beautiful afternoon and a quiet sea. The cabin cruiser made the crossing in forty minutes. However, we had been warned by Alfred Hartman not to attempt a crossing after 3 p.m., and it was already that when we left La Gonâve to cross back to the mainland. The weather was fine when we started out. As we got beyond the reefs headed for Montrouis, we could see a cloud coming up on the Montrouis side headed toward us. It was only a few minutes before it began raining heavily and blowing wildly with a tremendous squall. We could not see more than a hundred yards in front

of the boat and the rain drenched us. I slowed the motors down and I prayed for God's help. I had no idea in which direction we should go to reach the sea house and I was afraid we would swamp the boat. Finally, we sensed we were nearing land, and miraculously, right before our eyes was the hand on the mountain and our sea house came into view. We had traveled almost nineteen miles lost in the middle of the channel without seeing land or any visual landmarks at all. Wilma and the children had been praying at the sea house as well as those on La Gonâve. I apologized to the Saufleys for the rough ride. They were very gracious and showed a very kind spirit when they took Bethany to board with them during the last year before our furlough.

Dad and Mother came to visit us twice during our first term. They joined us at Fermathe for Christmas on one occasion. The real Christmas tree was hard for our daughter Esther as she is allergic and any touch of the needles made her break out. The mold there made her sneeze too, but it was worth it to enjoy Christmas with her grandparents.

On their second visit, we stopped by the road in Arcahaie on our way to Montrouis. Mother was greatly troubled by the extreme heat and fainted. We soon had her on the boat and on our way to La Gonâve where she recovered well.

My brother, Peter, also came to visit us on La Gonâve the last year of our first term. By this time he



had become morbidly obese and was a great source of astonishment to the Haitians. When he arrived at the airport at Port, I was at Port Margot for my week of clinics. Peter knew this and purchased a ticket on a local Haitian airline for Cap-Haitien. Peter was quite chagrined when they charged him for a ticket and a half because of his weight. At the Cap-Haitien airport he picked up a ride on the back of a motorcycle to 4 VEH where he caught up with me.

When we got back to La Gonâve, he was a great favorite, regaling the children with funny stories. He promised Billy one of Sheba's pups as he said every boy should have a dog. Sheba was a thoroughbred black Lab retriever who was expecting puppies about the time of our furlough. Peter enjoyed swimming off the point and snorkeling around the coral reefs.

One Christmas, we were not sure how merry it was going to be. Grace and Jesse Crowder and their sons, who we had known in the Baltimore when I was a medical student, came to visit us on La Gonâve. They kindly took our Christmas lists back with them and promised to send the gifts so they would arrive in plenty of time for Christmas.

Unfortunately, a dock strike happened and it looked doubtful that it would be settled before Christmas. Shortly before Christmas, Alfred found he needed to go to Port on mission business. When he arrived, he found the dock strike had been settled, and he was able to get the packages that

the Crowders had sent. Early Christmas morning, we looked out our picture window to see Alfred's boat coming into the wharf. That year Santa arrived by sailboat not reindeer.

As mentioned before, Alfred took Storer to see the place where he planned to build the new mission headquarters in Port-au-Prince. The Field Council decided that the Ortlips needed to move to Port also. One reason for these changes was the need to help our missionaries with the duplication and inefficient use of missionary time. Both the hospital on La Gonâve and the clinic at Petit-Goave had to send a missionary at least once a month to Port to buy medicines for the hospital and clinic needs.

There was no individual pharmacy where all the needed medicine could be purchased. They had to canvass a number of pharmacies. This often took at least one day. It meant first ordering the medicines, and then returning to pick them up. Thus, the missionary would have to go up to Fermathe and open up the rest home so that they had a place to stay overnight. This problem was true throughout our first term. Having headquarters in Port would give them a closer place to stay.

Another reason was the need to provide a hostel for schoolchildren. At this point, Bethany and Esther, Jon and Danny Ortlip, and Christal Campbell were all needing to attend junior or senior high school. So the Ortlips would become hostel parents for all the missionary children. The children attended Union School, which was located on

Harry Truman Boulevard. Union School had an enrollment of children in grades one to twelve and served missionary children, embassy children, and wealthy Haitian children. The classes were taught in English, as many of the graduates planned to attend college in the US. In those days, Quisqueya Christian School had not yet been opened. Henry Ortlip seemed to know every side street and back alley in Port when he needed to rush the children to school in the mornings.

We were due for furlough in August 1972. Storer had gone back to the US during the time of his mother's death in May. As our furlough time approached, it was obvious we could not manage in the US for a year on the missions' salary of \$3,000. It would be necessary to apply for a year's leave of absence and look for work that would meet our family's needs while raising funds for the mission. Storer's brother, Peter, had taken a position with the Eastern Maine Medical Center in Bangor and encouraged Storer to apply for a position of emergency physician there. He did so and, thankfully, was taken on.



Dr. and Mrs. Storer Emmett, Bethany, Esther, Billy, and Faith

**THE WESLEYAN CHURCH  
DEPARTMENT OF  
WORLD MISSIONS  
Box 2000  
Marion, Indiana 46952**

Returning as missionaries to Haiti  
Field Address: Box 628,  
Port-au-Prince, Haiti, W.I.

Pray for us in our medical work and  
in our ministry with the Haitian  
church.

*Declare His Glory among the  
heathen,  
His Wonders among all people.  
Psalm 96:3*



We had spent four years in Haiti and now we were heading back to the US. Our first stop when we went back was Florida. Brother Bryant had retired from the shipyards in Baltimore and had purchased a farm about four miles from Wesleyan Village in Brooksville, Florida. He had a good garden and a number of fruit trees on his land. He was always busy taking neighbor children to Sunday school at the Brooksville Wesleyan Church. He had promised our children that if we stopped by going to or coming from the mission field, he would pick us up in Tampa and take us to Disney World or any other of the tourist attractions in southern Florida. It was not very expensive to go in those days and we always paid for his gas.

Our next stop was to visit the Crowder family in Maryland. Jesse loaned us a car, and we spent a day exploring the Mall and associated monuments in Washington. We walked all the way from the Capitol to Arlington Cemetery. We also visited the Smithsonian and the memorial to the battleship *Maine*. It was quite a hike and our family was still fairly young.

When we first arrived home, we needed a car. We thought of buying a van, but settled on a Chevrolet sedan, which we bought for \$659. We sold it at the end of our furlough for \$600. Now we needed a place to live.

We placed our names on a list for Capehart Housing. This had been part of air base housing before Dow Air Force base closed ten years before. Until a place opened up, a lady in our church in Old Town let us stay in her house. I traveled to Bangor each day to work.

It was not long before an apartment at Dow Lane was available. Our children attended the nearby Dow Lane School. We had little furniture to begin with. Over the year, we were able to buy a washer, dryer, and fridge. I believe we bought a microwave, which was quite a new item. The Sears delivery man asked what we wanted one of those for. Wilma assured him it was because her husband worked shift work at the hospital emergency room, and it would be very useful to prepare a hot, quick meal.

The children were able to walk to school. Faith started in sub-primary. Billy was in third grade, Esther was in sixth grade, and Bethany in grade eight. We did a number of activities with the children. Bethany and Esther took some ballet lessons and we all attended Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* at Bangor High School. We took the children to swimming lessons at the YMCA. We were active in Sunday school and WYC activities at the Old Town Church. On Fourth of July, we all went to Bar Harbor and Mount Cadillac. I can remember the children wanted to go swimming. The water was very cold! Then we had fresh lobster cooked by the side of the

road and observed Independence Day fireworks. We traveled to Presque Isle to visit Dad on a number of occasions. He had a nice raspberry patch behind his garage that the children liked very much. The children attended Riverside Youth Camp and we all attended Riverside Camp Meeting.

Peter was as good as his word and gave Billy one of Sheba's pups. However, by the time we were able to take him, he was already four months old and had learned some bad habits, especially barking when he was left alone. He was a beautiful dog, a thoroughbred with a pedigree. We gave him the name of Charbon Gro-Neg, which is Haitian Creole for Charcoal VIP. We took him to obedience lessons, which were held each week at Bangor High School. I worked with him a number of hours and he learned to heel, stay, come and sit. Actually, at the end of the year, when he was showed in final competition, he took second place among seventy dogs. I wasn't even able to be there, so Bethany took him for the review. He was funny though, once the lesson was over and we were outside, he would easily forget his obedience and chase a cat up a tree.

During Easter time he wandered into the children's bedroom and filched a huge Easter candy egg. He looked quite sheepish when he came out of the bedroom with the large egg in his mouth. The children took turns walking him. If he saw a cat, he would drag the child right along, tearing

buttons from their jackets. A number of people at the apartments worked nights and slept during the day. One morning the police arrived, checking out a complaint about a barking dog. Charbon was asleep in the living room. When the police came in, he yawned and looked very innocent. I suggested it was probably one of our next-door neighbor's dogs. They left to investigate.

We were never able to leave Charbon in the house alone or he would bark. Wilma had to take him shopping. She complained she had just put her youngest child in school and now a dog! We also took him when we went to church. We would leave him in the back of the car, and take him for a fire hydrant break between Sunday school and the main church service. Early on, he tore up the upholstery of the car and we had to pay close to a hundred dollars to get it fixed. However, I took a newspaper to him when he started a ruckus. I never had to strike him, only threaten him.

When we left to return to Haiti, we found a chap in Guilford who wanted a thoroughbred for breeding purposes. He said he would keep him until we returned. However, Charbon tore up the upholstery of his car a number of times and he finally euthanized him. We were sad when we learned what had happened.

I worked eight-hour shifts in the emergency room. Dr. Winfred Adams was our chief. And of course,

Peter was a doctor there as well. The emergency room was always a busy place and there were usually two of us on duty during the morning and evening hours. However, we worked rotating shifts: one week from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; one week from 5 p.m. to midnight; and one week midnight to 8 a.m. Then we had a week off. I found the swing shift quite exhausting and never really enjoyed it.

I must confess, it was somewhat of a temptation for us to remain in Bangor after our furlough year was completed. However, we felt strongly we needed to resume our ministry in Haiti. Dr. Adams could not understand our decision and wanted me to stay in the emergency room. We found a storage area and moved all our household effects there. Thus, at the end of August, we found ourselves packed and ready to return for another term in Haiti. However, we had negotiated to take only a two-year term this time.

We returned to the doctor's house on La Gonâve and found it much as we had left it. The two roads that divided the mission compound into three sections were the same; there were no closed gates to keep out traffic and people passed by on both sides of our house much of the time. We had been quite frustrated by this during our first term. So we came prepared to build a wall from the hospital gate to our house and behind the WISH property. This wall enabled the doctor's house to have its



own backyard. We also decided that we needed to move the dining area away from the living room and the front door since there were so many visitors. We extended the porch on the back side of the house to form a lovely private patio-dining area and, during the term, I built a storage area behind that. I remember one day, before we closed in the path behind the house, I encountered a young man with a slingshot trying to shoot down some of the beautiful birds that nested in the trees there. I told him to stop because we loved the birds. He rubbed his stomach and replied that he loved birds too. The other improvement that we made was to lay mosaic tile in the living room.

We also brought back a Maytag wringer washing machine, which had a gasoline motor. Wilma washed clothes on the back porch. Billy and Faith loved to climb the flamboyant tree behind the house. There was also an avocado tree. Both have been cut down in recent years, but I planted a flamboyant tree in front of the new guest unit, which now is a large tree.

The hospital work and the clinic work at Port Margot and Petit-Goave continued much as it had. I handled the surgical cases and Dr. Hunter handled the pediatric patients. Nurse Connie Williams was still there and did CYC meetings for Billy and Faith. Edna Taylor had been called home to care for her mother who was ill. Later she returned to help with the Southern Mountain trips we took.

Wilma continued to homeschool Billy and Faith on La Gonâve. Bethany and Esther went into Port to board with the Ortlips and attend Union School. The children at the hostel developed brother-sister relationships. One time the boys hung Esther's big stuffed toy from the ceiling to tease her. There are stories about non-favorite vegetables being secretly spit over the rail at the outdoor dinner table and laces being tied together during prayers. During the time our children lived there, there were many visitors. Once when Betty Ortlip was at the airport collecting visitors, Dan and Jon ran into the house hot and sweaty from playing soccer with Haitian boys. The bathroom was a mess when they finished. When Betty arrived, she invited her guests to freshen up in the bathroom. Bethany tactfully tried to steer them to another bathroom.

As junior hostesses, Bethany and Esther often took guests to the Iron Market to buy gifts to take home. When they finished, Bethany often heard the vendors tell her in Creole that she was a little thief for helping the visitors bargain.

A pastor of one of our Wesleyan churches in Puerto Rico told us about a surgeon, Dr. Stefan Fromm, who attended his church and was interested in helping our hospital with surgery. He would fly over several times a year and help us with a number of cases needing major surgery. I assisted him on a number of cases. On one occasion around

the time that Papa Doc died and was succeeded by his son, Baby Doc, Dr. Fromm came and brought Dr. Robert Orr with him.

After an exhausting two to three days of surgery, Dr. Fromm expressed an interest in visiting the Albert Schweitzer Hospital at Des Chapelles as he had never had an opportunity to see it. Tony Wolfe and I took our visiting doctors across to the mainland by motor boat. We planned to use the old white jeep and take them to the famous hospital founded by Larimore Mellon in the Artibonite Valley. When we got to the other side, we discovered we had forgotten the keys to the jeep. While Tony tried unsuccessfully to cross the wires to start the jeep, the rest of us wheeled out the trolley on the wharf for the purpose of hoisting the motor boat out of the water and rolling it into the sea house. However, someone had removed the block at the end of the pier and the front end of the trolley rolled off into the water, which was at least waist high. After much effort the four of us managed to get the trolley back on the pier and the boat in the sea house. When it was all over, someone joked that we probably should have pushed the trolley out into the water and told Alfred someone stole it!

We radioed over to fetch the keys and Tony asked his wife Pearl to send him another pair of shoes. He had jumped into the water wearing the only ones he had with him. Pearl found it hard to understand

why he needed another pair of shoes. At last, we got the keys and loaded the visiting doctors into the back seat. The old white jeep had seen better days. It had a hole in the floor from which dust and fumes enveloped the passengers in the back seat. We finally stopped for the night at the HELP mission near Des Chapelles.

That night Baby Doc had given the populace permission to punish Papa Doc's Tonton Macoutes, who were dreaded and hated by all people, even the army. Apparently, there was a great deal of shooting going on around the mission all night long. The next morning at breakfast we were asked whether we had heard and were disturbed by the shooting. Not one of us had heard a thing.

We visited the Albert Schweitzer Hospital that morning, then drove them to Port to catch their plane. I asked Dr. Orr if he had enjoyed his sojourn in Haiti. He said he wouldn't have missed it for the world!

One time a group from Puerto Rico scheduled their trip over Thanksgiving and promised to bring turkeys with them. After a number of years of trying to fatten up the bags of bones the Haitians called turkeys, the prospect of the real thing made our mouths water. We happily crossed the sea and took two large vehicles to town to accommodate our guests. As we left, the boat captain reminded us of the

need to cross early in the afternoon because of rough seas in winter. The plane was late. Then other necessary business lengthened our stay in town. Finally, we collected our group and headed for the sea house.

It was nearly four in the afternoon by the time we reached the sea house. The boat captain tested the wind with his finger. He shook his head. If it were just missionaries, he would take us, but he was afraid it would be frightening for the visitors.

Suddenly I was faced with the prospect of feeding and bedding down twenty-six people in a small emergency building. Like an admiral issued orders, Storer took a group to market to buy rice. We had lots of mangoes from our recent clinic trip to Petit-Goave. The children were given the job of cutting them up for a fruit salad. My cook girl, with more faith than I, started boiling water for the rice. I found two big frying pans and consigned my week's supply of ground beef I just bought in town with onions bought just a few hours before. Someone found a couple of tins of tomato soup in the sea house's meager supply. Soon supper was underway.

After we had eaten, one of our visitors, a preacher, shared Thanksgiving thoughts. I don't remember his exact words but I do remember that he said probably none of us would ever have another Thanksgiving like this one. With grateful hearts and a spirit of Thanksgiving, we all found places to sleep.

The next morning, we crossed at dawn under a cloudless sky and a sea as smooth as glass. The turkeys made a wonderful dinner on Friday and, after all, didn't the first Thanksgiving feast last for several days?

Many years later, we met one of the couples who had shared our feast. They had moved to the small college town where we were living. The wife's eyes softened as she looked at me and said, "Do you remember that Thanksgiving night by the sea house?" How could we ever forget?

Little Haitian boys often came to the door selling sea shells, lobster, and fresh-caught fish. I could buy two lobsters, which were really crawfish, as they had no claws, and add them to a potato salad, which made a wonderful meal for visitors. The cost for me was about sixty cents and one cookie.

One day they brought a nice-looking fish. Surprisingly they had cut off the head so one couldn't really tell what kind of fish it was. I had already planned my evening meal so I didn't buy it. They went to the nurses' house next and their cook girl bought it. That night the nurses and all their guests became ill from eating the fish. It was a barracuda, which carried mercury poison from eating small fish that fed on the coral reefs.

For months after, very hot or cold objects were hard for them to handle. Tony Wolfe was the only guest who didn't get sick because he didn't like fish and had not eaten the barracuda.



Our second year was an exceedingly busy one for me. The Hartmans had gone home on furlough and I became missionary-charge on La Gonâve. This involved attending La Gonâve District meetings with the pastors, having an input, and visiting all

the Wesleyan churches on La Gonâve. It also meant seeing to the maintenance needs of the mission compound. Fortunately, I had Tony Wolfe to help me. Tony often went to Port to obtain mission supplies, such as tropigas for our fridges and stoves. If any maintenance project was necessary in the hospital or mission homes, Tony was on hand to help. Gertrude Fulk had also gone on furlough and Wilma and I had to assume the oversight of the Compassion Program projects—seeing that letters were written by the children, taking pictures of the children for the donors, etc.

During that time, I kept up a busy surgical schedule and my other hospital work. A serious problem developed between the church board and the pastor of the Anse-a-Galets church. The national board met and decided that the pastor would retire and move his family to Port. However, it did not look very good for the man who essentially ran him out to take over. Some completely neutral person was needed to take over for a few months until the next year's elections. The National Board felt that a missionary should be in charge of the church during the next few months until everything had calmed down. I was appointed, therefore, to be pastor for that year. That meant overseeing the church committees, giving the messages each Sunday, attending the church meetings, and directing church maintenance. I was really in over my head, and this decision greatly added to my

workload. I held the position for the last five months we were in Haiti. I was finally able to turn it over to Pastor Moise, who had come from the Mebe church at Grand Vide to attend the Wesleyan secondary school. He was a seasoned pastor—the pastor Alfred and I had met a few years earlier at the shotgun wedding at Piki Mebe. He also had had no part in the Anse-a-Galets Church political scene.

I would like to mention a few more things about Tony Wolfe. With his WISH sailboat, he was able to bring diesel fuel from Port and haul it up to the tower with his tractor. He became a favorite with Mme. Duvalier, wife of president Jean Claude (Baby Doc). Unfortunately during those years, he had an accident and was taken to Canape Vert Hospital in Port. He required a blood transfusion and contracted AIDS and died in the early 1990s. After he died, WISH met with World Missions, and it was decided the leadership of WISH would be a Wesleyan missionary.

Levi Troyer was not an educated man. Nevertheless, he had done tremendous work in starting the [Wesleyan] mission on La Gonâve, and many of our church members regarded him as their patron and father. However, he was a micromanager and as the mission grew large, he could not keep his hand on everything. It was decided by the Field Council, before we came, that he should transfer to Petit-Goave after furlough. He was unwilling to do this and returned to Haiti and La Gonâve under the



Allegheny Connection. The Allegheny Connection was formed by a number of Wesleyan Methodist churches in Ohio and Pennsylvania that had broken off from The Wesleyan Church at the time of the merger in 1968. The Troyers located in the mountains at a place called Nan Cafe.

Unfortunately, even though there was a great need for mission work on La Gonâve, they divided a number of the mountain churches rather than seeking out places needful of churches and evangelism. Many of our former churches had been reduced to station status. This was the condition we found when we first arrived. However, many of our church members still considered him their church father.

During our last year, Levi Troyer became mentally ill up in the mountains. As head doctor on La Gonâve, I was requested by the government to go see Troyer, report on his condition, and authorize his evacuation. I was loath to do this, as I did not want our church people to think I was removing their old friend. Fortunately, we had a surgical team visiting from South Carolina. The surgeon in the group was not a Wesleyan. He offered to go to the mountains and help with Troyer's removal. This worked well and a nurse from another group helped by flying home with him to the US for treatment. I understand he recovered fairly soon.

## THE HAITI YEARS

During our last year, it became apparent that our two younger children would soon need to join the older ones in town for their school needs. We asked permission to rent a house in Port-au-Prince. Our plan was for Storer to spend the weekends with the family in Port and the rest of the week on La Gonâve doing clinics with Dr. Hunter.

The Field Council turned our idea down. They felt the problem of sea travel with the ever-present threat of Nordys made such a plan doubtful. Storer might come to Port for the weekend and then not be able to return for clinic duties because of bad weather. We found ourselves in a dilemma. With much prayer, we decided God had closed the door to further service in Haiti at this time and that we needed to return home for our children's education.



# 4

## THE HOUGHTON YEARS



The Houghton years in New York were busy years. I often thought the children should write this part of the story rather than me, however, I will try.

We needed a house. Dr. Prinsell, with the help of Connie Williams who was on furlough at her parents' home nearby, had picked out one they felt would be suitable for a family of six. Dr. Coughlin, who had been teaching at Houghton College, was moving to Columbia College with his family. He showed us around, but I was very inexperienced in purchasing a house; and there were a number of things to check out about the house that I didn't realize at the time. He told me his price, and I agreed to pay it. We went to the county seat in Belmont to initiate the purchase and to Rushford Bank to

arrange for a loan. We agreed to rent the house with the purpose of owning it when everything had been worked out. Dr. Coughlin had already rented out the apartments upstairs, so we had four students living there during our first year.

We returned to Maine to get the items we had stored from our first furlough, and with Dad's help loaded our U-Haul with all our belongings. I remember Dad saying that after we finished loading there was not even room to spit in the truck. Dad and I drove the U-Haul. Wilma drove the car with the children in it. We spent the first night in a motel in Middletown, New York. We traveled Route 17 and the Southern Tier Expressway the next day and arrived in Houghton in the early afternoon. I remember seeing the beautiful purple and white flowers growing along the road, which we were not familiar with in Maine.

With the family settled in Houghton and the children registered at Fillmore High School, I took the car and drove to Baltimore to begin a medical fellowship on September 1, 1975. I pretty much had the run of the hospital with no scheduled activities or responsibilities. I attended many lectures and departmental educational activities. I went over to Hopkins on Saturday mornings to attend Grand Rounds. I tried to spend a week with each department associated with family practice. I was able to attend the Family Practice sessions, often held in the

homes of the attending physicians. I attended First Wesleyan Church, the church we had gone to when I was a resident, located beyond North Avenue in Baltimore. The people treated me very cordially and often invited me to Sunday meals. I also often traveled to Mount Airy to spend the weekends with Grace and Jesse Crowder. On several occasions, I spent several days with Dr. Mercer in his practice in Westminster and stayed overnight with his family. One evening, the pastor of the Wesleyan church took me to a shop selling suit coats and told me to pick out a coat that the church wanted to give me. Evidently, they wanted to help a poor missionary.

I managed for myself, taking a sandwich for my noon meal, cooking my oatmeal in the morning, and buying TV dinners. Of course, I had ice cream for dessert. Every third weekend, I drove home to Houghton to spend some time with the family. I often picked up some roses for Wilma. The family was managing fairly well. Early in September, the students upstairs complained they were so cold, so Wilma had to turn on the heat.

Bethany and Esther, who had gone to a private school in Haiti, wanted to go to a public school. Since Bethany had taken all of the required courses for graduation at Union High School in Haiti, except senior English, it was decided she would combine her junior and senior years and graduate at sixteen. Esther started eighth grade at Fillmore. She had

taken so much French at Union High School that she was able to take her French Regents exam at the end of that year. She was unable to take further French in high school. Wilma had to drive her to Houghton College to take advanced French. She also took other courses, so by the time she graduated from high school, she had accumulated a full year of college credits. As soon as she turned sixteen, she obtained her driver's license and was able to drive herself to Houghton for her courses.

Bill started Fillmore in grade six, but by the time he was in grade seven, he was already in a musical play put on by the Fillmore Senior High School. In high school he was in the honor society and was chosen to be a Junior Marshal the year before he graduated. He joined the Boy Scouts and eventually became an Eagle Scout.

Bethany was always willing to drive Bill down to the church for his Scout meetings. It gave her a chance to spend some time with a Junior Scout leader, Bob Harter.

One thing Bill really enjoyed in his growing up years was the computer. In those days, Houghton College had a huge [common] computer, and Bill used his father's account to login. He had a paper route and each week used a printout to collect from his customers. He also liked to play games on it. He also taught his teachers how to use computers when they were first introduced into the high school.

Faith was nine the summer we moved to Houghton. She was large for her age, and many of her Houghton friends were a year ahead of her. Mrs. Peet, her teacher, felt she was academically able to skip the fifth grade and move into sixth grade the following year. Faith played soccer in grades ten and eleven. She says she sat on the bench most of the time, but I recall attending several of her games and I thought she did rather well. She was also on the school paper the year Esther was editor. She was elected to the honor society in the tenth grade. Faith decided to attend Bethany Bible College during the fall semester of her senior year. The college offered high school classes as well as college classes. Bill and Esther had also taken a semester there. Additionally, she played in the school band as her older siblings had done. She graduated third in her class and then chose to attend Houghton College.

All the children played musical instruments and were in the marching band. We also purchased season tickets to the Houghton College Artist Series, and the children took turns attending with us. I was always very tired after a long day at the office and frequently nodded off listening to the lovely music. Often, I was on call and had to leave in the middle of a performance. We were always careful to obtain an aisle seat for me.

I completed my fellowship at Franklin Square Hospital at the end of the year and began my practice



with Dr. Prinsell at the beginning of January, 1976. Dr. Prinsell had been in practice with Dr. McMillan until his retirement in 1968. Shortly after Dr. McMillan's retirement from Sierra Leone, where he had built the original hospital in 1928, he built a house near Houghton College with the basement area serving as his practice suite. He also wrote books like *None of These Diseases* there. I joined Dr. Prinsell in these offices. I recall praying with Dr. Prinsell on the first morning before we began our partnership. Since Dr. Prinsell was serving as Houghton College physician, he asked me to assume the hospital practice at Cuba Hospital. Cuba Hospital was twenty-three miles from Houghton and was our nearest hospital. I was quite fearful at first of how well I would cope with a stateside practice, but Dr. Prinsell was very helpful and referred a number of patients to me for office surgery. My practice built up, and by the end of the year I was seeing more patients than Dr. Prinsell.

In the summer of the first year, Rev. Thomas Philippe visited us. Dr. Prinsell had been promoting the idea of a nursing home in Houghton. Rev. Philippe had been quite successful in nursing home projects. He proposed building the nursing home on Luckey Drive near the airstrip. He would also build a doctor's office building near the nursing home. He wanted us to transfer our offices to the nursing home area and rent the new office building.

It would be much more commodious, and we would be able to see patients much more conveniently in the nearby nursing home. Another offer Rev. Philippe made was to pay for our family's travel back to Haiti for a short period during the summer of 1976. Our children were all happy for the opportunity to return to Haiti.

Bethany graduated from Fillmore High School in the spring. She felt she was too young to start college that year. She decided to enroll in a one-year Licensed Practical Nurse program at St. Francis Hospital in Olean, New York. It was a difficult year. The main instructor was very negative toward the students once the scholarship money had been received. I went to bat for Bethany and asked a urologist who helped run the program to help. The atmosphere cleared somewhat after he had a chat with the instructor. She still told Bethany she would never make it through college. She did. She earned several degrees and completed a Pediatric Nurse Practitioner degree from Duke University. With every graduation, Bethany always sent an invitation to attend to the instructor at St. Francis, and the instructor wrote back that she had lit a candle for her.

One time when Bethany was in college at Houghton and Esther was taking French courses while she was still in high school, they were able to take a May term course that their professor was giving,

which would take them to Paris. Their professor was from New England and quite frugal with money. It gave him great pleasure to tell the shops Esther was only fifteen and should be charged less. The class were made up of all girls on that trip; as they walked behind the professor to various sights, the Frenchmen stood on the sidewalks and stared, wondering where this man had obtained so much man power!

Bill graduated from Fillmore High School in the spring of 1982. He also decided to live at home and attend Houghton College. He continued his interest in computers. He auditioned for college choir and Dr. Baily, the excellent choir master, accepted him right away, although he shook his head at how small a cummerbund he had to get for Bill's choir outfit. In the fall of 1983, Bill decided to take a semester at Bethany Bible College, which he enjoyed and where he made many friends. In the spring of 1984, Bill transferred to Taylor University in Upland, Indiana. We packed all of Bill's luggage, including sound equipment, etc., in the back of our Chevette. Wilma sat in the back with very little room to move. This was our first visit to Ivanhoe's, an excellent ice cream shop. Once, when we took Dr. Nystrom there, he commented, "On the score of one to ten, their milkshakes are a ten."

Esther majored in education and Spanish at Houghton. In the spring of 1982, she took a semester

in Spain, living with a Spanish family in Seville and studying Spanish. During Easter break, Faith flew to Spain and met Esther in Madrid. From there, they took a two to three week tour of eight different countries in Europe using Eurorail passes we had bought for them. They had a great time visiting interesting places and sleeping on the train at night. In the morning, they would lean out the window of the railcar and buy bread and cheese from vendors at the stations. At the end of their trip, they splurged what was left of their money on a huge breakfast at a big hotel. It was a great experience for them, but if we had known the dangers of two young girls traveling alone on such trips, we probably would not have allowed them to try it.

While Bill and Faith were still in high school, and Esther and Bethany in college, they arranged with a travel agent for us to have a one-week tour of London and Paris as a twenty-fifth anniversary celebration gift. We thought it was exceptional and very loving of our children to organize and pay for this trip unbeknownst to us.

While we were absent on our tour, something interesting happened at home: the exposure of a quack doctor in Fillmore. After Dr. Rose, the Fillmore doctor, died, Fillmore was left with no local physician. The Fillmore people then had to drive four miles to our Houghton office or go even farther to find a doctor.

Fillmore was very happy when they were able to attract a new doctor. He became quite popular with many of the Fillmore people, sort of a “real Joe,” helping to serve drinks at the Fillmore bar, telling mothers they knew better how to treat their children than he did, and slapping many patients on the back at the conclusion of their visit. It wasn’t long before the Superintendent of Schools told Dr. Prinsell that his services were no longer needed, although he had served as school physician for a number of years.

The new doctor seemed rather unorthodox in other ways. He required all sports participants to have an EKG when they came for their sports physicals. He often drove his referral patients to Hornell himself rather than seeking privileges closer by in Cuba or Warsaw. He made no overtures to become acquainted with nearby doctors.

When the student athletes had their sports physicals, our daughter Faith (who was playing soccer) asked Dr. Prinsell to do her exam. He did an EKG to meet “Dr.” Murray’s requirement. Finally, the doctors in Hornell became suspicious of Dr. Murray. They contacted the president of Allegheny County Medical Association, reporting that he did not seem to act like a doctor and did not seem to be very familiar with medical vocabulary. This investigation was unbeknownst to us.

While Wilma and I were on our European tour, Dr. Murray was arrested for fraudulent practice of

medicine. He apparently had some EMT training, but had never been to medical school. It was a great embarrassment to Fillmore that the only student at Fillmore High School who had a valid physical exam and could play sports was Faith Emmet. The Superintendent of Schools apologized to Dr. Prinsell and asked him to return as school doctor. He handled the matter with a great deal of grace and repeated the physicals for all the other athletes.

Storer's years of practice in Houghton included many busy days. He generally left the house around seven in the morning after family prayers. Much of his mornings were spent checking on his patients at Cuba Hospital. By the time he got to his office, he was already triple columned [scheduled]. At noon he took a short break and bicycled home for lunch after getting rid of persistent drug salesmen. When he finished at his office, he had to see patients in the afternoon at the college after Dr. Prinsell turned the job of college physician over to him.

The evening was spent at the nursing home where he served as medical director and checked on his patients who usually averaged about sixty in number. Late in the evening, he relaxed by spreading his newspaper out on top of the freezer in our family room and dipping liberally into a half gallon of ice cream. He always read the funnies first, of course.

Both Storer and Dr. Prinsell did house calls. The hardest for Storer was when the phone rang in the middle of the

night with a college student who had injured himself earlier in the evening at the gym, but now was “in awful pain” and needed to see the doctor right away. One time at Christmas, Storer went on a house call in the middle of a winter storm after calling the Roads Department to clear the road for him. He ended up at Cuba Hospital and found Bethany still working because her replacement had arrived late. She was able to drive behind him, following his tracks in order to get home for our Christmas celebration.



In the first year after joining the practice I applied to take my Board Exams as a family practitioner. Family practice was still a new specialty, and for these two years (1976/77), one could be accepted under the “grandfather clause” without having to take the three-year family practice residency. I qualified on the basis of my year of surgical residency, fifteen years of practical experience, and 150 hours of continuing medical education (CME), which I picked up at Franklin Square Hospital during my recent fellowship there. I took the exam in Arlington, Virginia, and passed.

Since the “grandfather clause” was still recognized for the next year, I encouraged Dr. Prinsell to take the exam, and he also passed. One needed to take the recertification exam every seven years to remain certified. I think I took it three times altogether.

## THE HOUGHTON YEARS

During the years in Houghton, I was a stay-at-home mom for the most part. I did Released Time at Fillmore School once a week with a neighbor, Barbara Saufley, who was a sister-in-law to the Saufleys we knew in Haiti. We used Child Evangelism Fellowship materials, and the Catholic church across from the school graciously allowed us to use their building. I also taught Sunday school and became involved in the children's ministry at Houghton Wesleyan Church. For a few years, I served as district director for the Wesleyan Children's Ministry.

My children appreciated finding me home when they came from school. One day, Faith said, "I hate Wednesdays. You do Released Time, and you are never home to talk to when I come in from school." Bill had a paper route and was always hungry when he came home from school. I always had hot cookies for him before he started his route. Faith helped him with his route and ate cookies too, which she didn't need as much as Bill.

The children were always good about coming right home from school. Often they brought friends. One time, I had bought frozen strawberries I had planned to put in our freezer. When I walked in, I found my kids, plus their friends, enjoying a bowl of strawberries. I bought more!

Storer shared about a bucket list item of Wilma's.





From the time she was an undergraduate at the University of Maine, Wilma enjoyed most, out of her many jobs, working at the Folger Library. Subsequently, she always considered taking an MA degree in library science. The degree was unavailable at the University of Maine.

When we moved to Houghton, she learned that SUNY Geneseo was providing an MA degree in library and informational science. Since the children were either in high school or college by 1979, she decided to enroll in the program at Geneseo. She commuted to her classes and carpooled with Betty Bunt, who was working at the college library, and Carol Brown, a local school teacher whose husband served in college recruitment. Wilma and the other ladies managed a course or two every semester, and they attended summer school.

Wilma decided not to attend her graduation ceremonies, but the children and I were quite adamant that she participate. We felt we had all contributed a lot to her attainment. However, by the time she decided to participate, the hoods for the library science degree were all rented. Linda Doesma, a librarian at the college, loaned Wilma hers. No one noticed it was a Kent State hood.

The graduation included graduates from all the SUNY Geneseo schools and took place in the large Wilson Ice Arena. We all proudly attended, including

my father who was visiting. The mothers of many of the young graduates were handing their children bottles of champagne as well as pinning on a flower as they marched in. The president of the class stood on the platform, snapped the cork off his bottle (which went all the way to the ceiling), poured himself a glass, and toasted the class. Many others followed with bottles popping all over the place. Of course, we had never seen anything like this at a Houghton College graduation.

The class had voted for a popular musician named Harry Chapin as a speaker. He had written a popular song called "Cat's in the Cradle." Although wealthy, he lived a very frugal lifestyle and was killed a few months later when his small car was pulled under a big semi-trailer truck. The date of the graduation was Saturday, May 16, 1981.

Just as an aside, Carol Brown had a beautiful collie who was expecting puppies. Esther very much wanted a puppy for her fifteenth birthday. Unbeknownst to us all, the collie had mated with a German shepherd, and the puppies were a mix. Our puppy, Traka, never really caused us much trouble, except occasionally getting out of his run and having to be chased all over town. I thought of him as kind of a nuisance and not worth very much, but my opinion changed when I discovered he was a great "discerner" of boyfriends. Most of the boys our daughters dated had a good, healthy respect for

him. Also, since his run was behind the garden, no deer or other wild creature ever tried to get by him into our garden or flower beds.

The children all returned to Haiti with us over the Houghton years. Faith went on to her first mountain trip when she was thirteen and accompanied us every year until she was a senior in college. Bill helped put a new roof on the doctor's house on La Gonâve one summer. Bethany and Esther went on at least one mountain trip. I remember them being with me at Chomeil. One evening Bethany went outside to the latrine and knocked the door off the church. Wilma did not return often in those days, but deferred to the children.

In 1977, I arranged with Alfred Hartman to join him on a trip to Bainet on the southern coast of Haiti. Alfred had built a large church-conference center at Bainet. I was to hold a medical clinic for seven to ten days at Bainet. I asked Dr. John Nystrom, a local Houghton dentist, if he would like to make a mission trip to Haiti and join me by holding a dental clinic. John had never been on a mission trip before, but he decided he would like to try one.

Our trip to Bainet from Petit Goave went well. We traveled up the riverbed to Trouin where there was a Wesleyan church and then followed a poorly maintained mountain road, finally descending the mountain to Bainet. It was a long day trip and very

hot at Bainet. We stayed in the church and set up our clinics there. At the end of our time, the nationals asked Dr. Nystrom to return the next year. Thus began the Houghton Wesleyan Church Medical and Dental Clinics, which have been going on ever since, sending a team to the southern mountains of Haiti every year.

One trip in 1984–85, I call the “Year of Lost Luggage.” Murphy’s Law states that whatever can go wrong will go wrong. And it did.

It all started with the windshield wipers. Early one December morning, as we rode the church van to the Buffalo Airport, the windshield wipers quit working, making for near zero visibility in the falling snow on an icy highway. We worried that we would be late getting to the airport and miss our flight.

When we arrived at the airport, we found the plane from New York had not yet arrived because of the bad weather. When they got the ice scraped off the wings, we were able to fly to New York. Again, we found out connecting flight was late arriving at La Guardia, and we were able to catch our flight to Miami and then on to Port-au-Prince.

At Port-au-Prince we came to the realization that, while we had made it, not one of our twenty pieces of luggage had. We were assured they would arrive the next day. With this assurance, we headed to Petit Goave to spend the night.

The next day, some of us went back to town to get the luggage. Nothing came in on the flight that had been

promised. We decided to wait in town for the night flight. When the night flight came in, we were happy to greet Rev. and Mrs. Wayne Wright. I believe he headed up all of our mission work at that time. However, again no luggage, and the Wrights had the same problem.

Our original plan had been to hold clinics Friday and Saturday at a small fishing village, Grand Boucan, on the southern coast of Haiti. It was now late Friday night. The decision was made to send Dr. Hoover, one of our dentists, back to town on Saturday with David Wright to try once more to get the luggage. The rest of the team would head down the south coast to Grand Boucan and try to hold clinics on Saturday and Sunday morning before holding a church service there and returning to Port.

We arrived at Boudin in the early afternoon and found ourselves in the middle of a busy market day crowd. The boat that was to have taken us across on Friday was no longer there. Storer finally located a boat that would row us across to Grand Boucan, wait overnight, and row us back the next day. The next problem was finding people to help us carry our medicine and dental equipment from the market to the boat. After much bargaining, we finally put together a team to help us.

A hot tropical sun beat down upon us for the next three or four hours. Unfortunately, there was no wind and the men had to row the whole way. We finally arrived and set up clinics. Dr. Nystrom worked outside, but with no headlamp and limited instruments, he had to stop at dark. Storer worked in the church building, seeing patients long after dark. Faith and I finished dispensing medicine by flashlight.

Sunday morning, we held clinic from 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Then everything was set up for church. The attendance was small, but Storer preached a good sermon. We trusted that holding clinics and helping with the service by each of us giving a testimony was a help to them.

The trip back was beautiful. The wind lifted the sails and we seemed to fly across the water, racing the pelicans and egrets. Along the way, some sang "How Great Thou Art." It was a perfect ending to our trip to Grand Boucan.

However, when we got back to Port, we found things had not gone well with our luggage that we needed so much for the main part of our mountain trip. Everything had finally arrived on the third plane, but our luggage was the last off the plane and customs did not want to clear them. They were going to confiscate all the bags. Finally, after much talking, they kept three bags, claiming that they were medicine we had no right to bring into the country. Actually, they contained two headlights, needles, gauze, and mattresses. The third contained Dr. Hoover's clothes.

Dr. Nystrom wrote, "We were discouraged because without these supplies, we would not be able to proceed on our trip as planned. We had to realize this wasn't our trip. It was the Lord's work, and He understood the situation more than we did. We needed to put it all into His hands to work out according to His purpose. We prayed for wisdom."

On Monday morning, Storer and Dr. Nystrom went back to the airport again. The bags were on a truck that had just arrived at the customhouse offices. Our team located them, opened them, and identified them. It can sometimes take days to get items through customs, but the team had

only that morning because it was New Year's Eve. The customs office would close at noon and remain closed for several days because New Year's Day is Independence Day in Haiti and thus a big holiday. Storer had to get twenty signatures to get the last bags. He was able to hire a man to help him, and with fluent Creole complained about poor Dr. Hoover who had no clothes to wear. With probable palm greasing by his agent, he made his way from office to office.

They closed the door to the customs depot at noon, but Storer sneaked past the guard and got the last signature. Then, for some reason, they opened the door again. Dr. Nystrom saw the last three bags, reached in, and grabbed them. The team returned to Petit Goave and spent the rest of the day sorting and packing for the rest of the trip.

Dr. Nystrom continues, "The next day, we started out bright and early for the mountains; but our troubles weren't over yet. Several miles up the road, we started to hear a noise in the transmission of the truck. It was not safe to proceed. We got out and walked back to Petit Goave. Another vehicle was obtained, and we were able to hold clinics at Kapen and Elim."

However, Mr. Murphy was not quite done with us. The last night in the mountains, while we were all eating dinner, someone stole the box with the clinic money. This money was designated to help the church that entertained us. After that, some member of the team took care of the clinic money throughout the trip. Faith remembers her husband, Dr. John Fisk, sleeping with it under his pillow every night.

My thanks to Dr. John Nystrom for sending me his material about this eventful trip.



Sometimes excitement began before we even reached the challenges of the patients in the mountains. One cold winter morning, our team arrived at the airport very early to begin our trip to Haiti. One of our dentists, Dr. Victor Brown, an Air Force National Guardsman, joined us from his base where he had been on duty. We all went through customs and immigration and headed for our gate. When we got on the plane, we found people we knew from the Eastern Hills Wesleyan Church in Buffalo. They were headed for a church conference in Florida. We had not been on the plane long when several men came on board and asked Dr. Brown to get off the plane with them. Soon, they came back for the rest of our team. As we exited, the church group said they would pray for us.

Back in the main airport, we found they had removed all our luggage from the plane and had searched through all of the bandages, medicine, and dental instruments we needed for our clinics, as well as our personal luggage. The problem was they had found powder on Dr. Brown's shoes, and when checked, proved to be from an item used to make explosives. This trip took place shortly after the "Shoe Bomber" incident, and they wanted an explanation.

Dr. Brown showed them his military identification and probably his accreditation. He told them there was a team on his base that worked with that



powder and that he had stayed at a house on base with that team. He told them it was possible that powder from their shoes had come off on the shag rug at the door, and his shoes could have picked some up from there. After a long discussion, the men called the pilot of our plane that was being held up for us. They asked him if he felt safe for us to fly on his plane. He very graciously agreed to allow us to reboard. The rest of our trip went well.

Dr. Brown also shared a number of other memories he had of the mountain trips. On one trip, Storer decided to go one Sunday morning to the Doco church, which had been built from funds from his brother and wife in memory of their little daughter who died at the age of three. With one Haitian guide and a donkey, he departed at daybreak for the long, hot trip. He returned after hiking most of the return trip without water. Storer reported that it was a good visit, but he probably wouldn't try it again. Our family wondered if this was the beginning of a long problem with his kidney function.

Another story Dr. Brown related was a trip he and Storer took one Sunday morning to Monbien church. Storer had been asked to preach, but had forgotten to bring a long-sleeved shirt, which was required if one was to preach. Dr. Brown took the "shirt off his back," and a tie too, so that Storer could preach.

Another dentist who often went with us was Dr. Dan Kaufman from Fillmore. He shared, "One of my best

memories of Haiti was the time I helped some Haitian boys repair a basketball hoop and backboard. I told the guys I like the Chicago Bulls team. Two years later, I returned and was happily surprised to see the basketball backboard all decorated. They had painted the whole backboard with the Bulls logo and written my name at the bottom."



The Houghton years were years of romance, courtship, and marriage for our children. Bethany married Bob Harter in a beautiful military wedding at the Houghton Wesleyan Church after he had given her a diamond at the Henri Christophe Citadel in Haiti because he was attending the Citadel, a military college in South Carolina.

One of Bob's groomsmen, Will, took a look at the maid of honor, Esther, and decided she was what he had been looking for. A whirlwind courtship followed. Esther was teaching in Killeen, Texas, near her sister Bethany. Will visited Esther every weekend he could get away from where he was stationed at Fort Monroe in Virginia. He was scheduled for a transfer to a multiservice unit in Fargo, North Dakota, and decided he needed a wife before he made that transfer.

They were married in a Nazarene church in Killeen, Texas, on December 17, Will's birthday. Esther wore her mother's wedding dress. Bill and

I sang “Sunrise, Sunset.” It was very cold in Texas at that time of year. I said Texas was the coldest state I had ever been to.

There were times when, during a moment of frustration with Bill as he tried my patience for some reason, I would shake my head and say, “Bill, you need a good wife!” God answered that prayer when he met Sandy, who had grown up as a missionary kid and understood Bill’s background. She has taken care of him very well since they were married on July 16, 1988.

Faith had a number of romances. I often tease her that, during her college years, she worked her way through the Bible. The first one I remember was David, then came Paul, and finally John, who may have been named after the apostle John who wrote the last book of the Bible. She decided on John, and they were married in the Houghton Wesleyan Church on May 27, 1989.



About 1988, Wilma and I decided that since all of our children were out of the nest, we should return to medical missions; we applied to Wesleyan World Missions. It was decided that we would be sent to Kamakwie Hospital in Sierra Leone where a second doctor was needed to assist Dr. Chuck Pierson. We planned to leave in September

of 1988. Several things occurred that made the move easier for us. My father died. The last goldfish ended up in the pool in front of the hotel in Letchworth Park. Esther's dog, Traka, also died, and when Bill got married, he had taken his cat along to his new home. Thus, the last of all the children's animals were taken care of. We headed for Sierra Leone on the centennial year of the founding of The Wesleyan Church of Sierra Leone. We knew we would need to return to Houghton for Faith's wedding as the date had already been set for May 1989.

We engaged Dick Hallberg to manage our house while we were away for the three-year term. We made Bethany our power of attorney at which she has done very well through the years of our absence.

On our way to Sierra Leone, we had stopped in Germany to visit our children, Esther, Will, and grandson, William. We enjoyed seeing the real castle that Walt Disney had used as a model for the one that serves as an entrance to the Magic Kingdom in Florida. The trip up to Hitler's Eagle's Nest was breathtaking when looking down from it. It was fun dressing little William for the trip to the Salt Mines. The Sound of Music tour was enlightening as to what was real in the film and what was not. We also visited Nuremberg and the Mozart Museum. The tour

## TODY WILL

down around the Lake Country was beautiful and the stop at a little tea shop gave Storer a chance to slip William sugar cubes when his mother wasn't looking!

# 5

## SIERRA LEONE

*I*t was hot. One could easily understand why our early missionaries packed their belongings in a wooden box large enough to be used for their burial if they succumbed to the many diseases that cut short so many of their lives after about fifteen months of service there.

We arrived in Sierra Leone for our three-year term in September 1988, and were met by our Field Coordinators, Don and Joan Kinde. Our plane had come in late and there was a big crowd. The luggage came out slowly, one piece at a time.

At customs, we had a surprise. We found that saying we were going to the Kamakwie Hospital worked wonders. Kamakwie had a wonderful reputation all over Sierra Leone. One of the doctors had even received a high honor, OBE (Officer of the Order of the British Empire), from Queen Elizabeth for her work in eye surgery. Anyway, when you told the customs people you were going to

Kamakwie Hospital your luggage seemed to move faster with no trouble or questions. It was rather different from Haiti.

Finally, we were out of the hot, crowded bedlam of the airport and into vehicles. In the warm, very humid night, we waited for a ferry.

It took three ferries before we were able to find room on one to get across to Freetown. The city is surrounded on three sides by mountains from whence the name for Sierra Leone came, given to it by the Portuguese, which means Lion Mountains or crouching lion. Another interesting thing about Freetown is the big cottonwood tree in the center of town. It is the spot where African-American slaves sang hymns and gave thanks to God for their freedom from the British during the American War of Independence. The tree still stands.

Storer and I went up on deck of the ferry and enjoyed the refreshingly cool breeze on the water. It was 4 a.m. by the time we reached the rest house. It was not as high in the hills as Fermount in Haiti, but it was out of the heat of the city.



The first week was spent in transit. We did our grocery shopping and went to a beach. On Sunday, we attended church at Kissy Grassfield (a suburb of Freetown). It was a large church and had a large congregation. It was the first time I had heard English Creole spoken along with Timne. Creole is the language bridge to communicate among the

many tribal languages spoken there. I must confess I could understand very little of it at that time, even though the basis is English.

We began our journey upcountry with the Kinds. We had fairly good roads for the first ten to fifteen miles to Waterloo. On our way, we stopped for a short visit at Jui where a conjoint Bible School was held. Further on, the road was full of potholes, which made traveling along the side of the road easier than on the road itself. Finally, the road improved a little as we made our first hundred miles to Makeni where the mission headquarters was located.

We had to stop at several checkpoints along the way, but there seemed little difficulty in passing through. We saw a number of villages with fairly large mud block houses. They were very different from the huts of Haiti or Rhodesia. The grass along the side of the road was very tall. There were lots of palm oil trees. This oil is used in all cooking there and also to make beer.

Makeni was a medium-sized city. There were a number of shops, banks, woodcarvers, etc. The mission house had solar power in some rooms. Makeni was situated at the base of a sort of foothill kind of mountain. During our time in Sierra Leone, I climbed the mountain with a young man who was in the Peace Corps.

The plan was for us to travel next to Gbendembu, where our basic level Bible school was located. It



was only fifty miles from Makeni, but the roads were so poor, it took five hours to reach it. After traveling for about an hour, we arrived at Kunso, which had been the Wesleyans first mission station in the country. A number of Wesleyan missionaries were buried there, having succumbed to tropical illnesses.

The Mission Council was meeting at Gbendembu. This gave us a chance to meet all the other missionaries. Kevin Muller was business manager. He and his wife, Jody, lived in Freetown. Phil and Pam Leslie lived in Gbendembu with their three children. Dr. Chuck and Ruth Pierson were there, but they were not going back to Kamakwie. They were headed for Kabala to visit their three children who were in the missionary school there. Liz Anderson was a nurse managing clinics at Makeni. Laurel Maynard, matron of Kamakwie Hospital, and Pam Glenn, another nurse, were there. Mike and Vickie Lehr were also from Kamakwie. Mike was a maintenance missionary and Vickie was a physician's assistant at the hospital. Mike and Janelle Doud rounded out the Kamakwie group. Mike (also called Mo) was also a maintenance missionary, and he and Janelle had joined us from Lutheran Translators.

During the meeting, I was appointed to the music committee, possibly because I had a fair singing voice and they had no other place to put me! We ended our journey to Kamakwie traveling with the

single nurses. The hospital was much as we remembered it from our previous visit with the Zikes. The sign on the peak of the roof read, "From the Most High Cometh Healing." Connected by an open passageway from the front of the building was a large dispensary unit. The dispensary had a covered waiting room area in the front of the building on each side. On the left side was the laboratory, X-ray, and chapel. On the right side was the doctor's clinic and storage rooms. The hospital and clinic buildings were built in 1959 and seemed very spacious in comparison to Bethesda Hospital and our La Gonâve clinic.

Dr. McMillan moved to Kamakwie in 1928 and built the original hospital. These buildings were still standing out closer to the main road and were now used to house missionaries connected to the Kamakwie Wesleyan secondary school.

The hospital compound was quite spacious, extending up a gradual incline beyond the side of the hospital. The first house from the hospital was the doctor's house where the Piersons lived. It was set in a grove of mango trees. It is said that a hundred years ago this was the site of a leper colony and the patients spit out mango pits there, which caused the trees to spring up in that area. Across from the doctor's house was the guest unit, which could accommodate at least two families. Further up the hill behind the doctor's house was a second

doctor's house. That would be our home during our three-year term.

The Gentry family preceded us in this house. They had been on their first term. They brought several early model Apple computers and solar panels, along with school books for their three boys who attended the school where the Piersons sent their children. Dr. Gentry broke his leg during their second year there. Then Mrs. Gentry developed an acute form of hepatitis A. She finally had to be evacuated by helicopter and sent home. Her husband and the children soon followed. The name Gentry in Creole referred to a very rich person, and when the helicopter came for Mrs. Gentry, the nationals stood watching and said, "Yep, the name done full up."

There were several things we appreciated about our house: an insulated fifty-gallon drum had been placed in the attic over the bathroom with a float valve and pipe going out under a solar panel on the roof, which allowed us to have hot showers, and a front room with lots of bookcases. (Often, national schoolchildren would come at night while the generator was running and read books. One boy is now an adult and has continued to be a Christian and is a strong layman in his church.) We also appreciated the skylights and fans. The fan in our bedroom had a timer, which allowed us to go to sleep before the fan turned off. There were also several ceiling fans and twelve-volt fluorescent lights.

Across from us were three single nurses' houses that were joined together around a common dining room, although each house also had its own individual dining room. Behind the nurses' houses was another mission house in which Mike and Vickie Lehr lived. Mike was very clever at maintenance work, and usually could quickly see through mechanical problems. He also pioneered or planted a church about six miles away. Vickie, of course, was very busy with hospital work.

I think Mo and Janelle Doud lived in one of the guest units. He did a lot of maintenance on mission vehicles. He returned in 2004, after the civil war in Sierra Leone, to restore the mission houses and hospital so the missionaries could return.

I benefited greatly in developing surgical skills at Kamakwie. Chuck was a good mentor. I learned many procedures from him. Sometimes, though, it became necessary to consult the books while we were doing surgery. I never could find anything in Chuck's medical-surgical supply room. He seemed to be able to just walk in and find what was needed. After he left on furlough, I reorganized the room so I could find what I needed quickly.

Chuck and Ruth went on furlough after our first year and I became chief medical officer. Shortly after this, Dr. Tom Putnam arrived. I had the privilege of teaching Tom a number of surgical procedures. He became CMO after I left.

Shortly after we arrived in 1988, the National Church celebrated its centennial with activities in Makeni. I marched in the parade with Rev. Y. M. Kroma, the National Superintendent. Rev. H. C. Wilson had recently been elected to serve as General Superintendent of The Wesleyan Church. He and his wife came for the celebration.

H. C. gave the Sunday message at a church in Makeni. A platform had been built with a high-mounted pulpit, somewhat like an old Anglican church. After the service, I smiled at him and said, "It's not like the sawdust floors of Beulah Camp Tabernacle."

During the dry season we tried to go out to the villages for Dry Season Evangelism in the evenings. To get to one of the villages, we had to take a sharp turn and cross a shoulder-high, palmlog bridge. On one trip, the back wheels of the Toyota slipped through the palm logs and we were stuck. The village people were able to help us get enough traction so we could go forward.

The churches often gave us a meal. We kept reminding them that we were just missionaries and they needed to go easy on the hot red peppers they love.

The Romankaneh Clinic was developed in Makeni. I remember attending the dedication of the clinic. I was asked to give the prayer. Sitting across the aisle from me was Ernest Bai Koroma, who was the

president of Sierra Leone and a third-generation Wesleyan.

During May 1989, we traveled home for Faith and John's wedding. John was finishing his first year at Johns Hopkins Medical School. Faith had worked during the year at Hopkins in preparation for starting pharmacy school at the University of Maryland.

Faith had had to do much of the wedding preparations herself since Wilma was in Sierra Leone and was not there to help. One of Faith's friends who was also preparing for her own wedding, said to her, "I wish my mother was in Sierra Leone and not here interfering!"

The Houghton church people gave Faith a bridal shower, which, of course, we could not attend. The wedding was lovely and Mike Walters, who had been Faith's youth pastor, officiated. I think I joined Beth or Bill to sing "Sunrise, Sunset." I sang it at all four of our children's weddings. The reception was held at the Houghton College south dining room and was well attended. We spent the month at home visiting and checking on our house there.

When we returned to Sierra Leone, we were met by our business manager at the airport. He said, "I have bad news for you. Your parrot died and thieves stole your solar panels." The parrot was not ours. We had been keeping it for the Lehr family. We don't know why he died. The solar panels were another matter. At that time, there was very little

interest in solar panels so we were surprised they had been stolen. We found we could charge the deep-charge batteries from the generator to keep our solar system working.

Our national staff at the hospital was small and not well trained. J. B. K. Turay, who had only a sixth=grade education, was chief of the OR staff. The staff were very faithful, though. They all stayed on at the hospital during the 1991–2002 civil war and tended the rebels as well as other people.

While we were at Kamakwie, we traveled monthly to the Medina Clinic. This involved using a car ferry to cross the Kitle Darsey River. The ferry was pulled along the river by a large wire stretched from one side to the other. We had a male nurse there to manage the clinic.

In March and April 1990, we decided to go on a group tour of the Holy Land, sponsored by The Wesleyan Church, as we had never been there before. Mo and Janelle Doud decided to come with us and then go to some course work they had planned in Europe. We had to travel to Amsterdam and then fly to Cairo to join our group. It was quite large, filling three buses. We spent three days in Egypt seeing various relics of the past. We even climbed Mount Sinai. Then we spent the night at Elat on the border with Israel. At that point, we had a problem because the authorities had some question about allowing Mo Doud into the country. Mo was Irish and had a

good Irish name, Doud. However, he was deeply tanned from working outdoors with the mission vehicles. Also, he had very dark eyes and dark hair. His name sounded Arabic to the officials. Finally, they let us enter the Holy Land.

We had a wonderful visit to Israel. We visited many of the places where Jesus walked. On the Sea of Galilee, we ate St. Peter's fish on a boat not too different from the one Peter used in his fishing business. In Jerusalem we stayed at Mount Zion Hotel. It was built on the side of a hill. Far below was the area where trash was burned. It was called Gehenna, which is also a name for hell. Thus we were reminded of how near hell could be!

The elevators in buildings were interesting. They automatically stopped at every floor. One could not just press the floor you might want. Pressing the button was considered work and one could not work on the Sabbath. Also, there were No Smoking on the Sabbath signs, because lighting a match for the cigarette was considered lighting a fire, which was also forbidden in Sabbath law.

We were pleased to find our friends Grace and Jesse Crowder also on the tour. Jesse paid for a change in our tickets so we could fly out of Tel Aviv rather than going all the way back to Egypt. When we left, we had no problem although the officials did ask about our change of departure. However, when Mo and Janelle tried to leave, the change was



questioned and they were held up for several hours. Again, it was because Mo's name, Doud, sounded Arabic to them. By the time they let Mo and Janelle go, they had missed their plane.

At Christmastime in 1990, we took a short leave and spent Christmas with our family in Germany. The trip did not start well. Something was wrong with the engine of our plane and we had to go back to Freetown and spend the night at the Mammy Yoko Hotel. The airline paid for it and gave us first class seats on the plane the next day because they felt it was their fault we had lost a day of our trip. Some other members of the family came on board our plane in Holland. We took Brittany, who was about two, with us in first class to give her more room. Besides Bethany and Bob, Faith got on too, dressed with a bright red bow. We had not been sure she was coming. She said the bow was to prove she was our Christmas present. John couldn't come because of medical duties.

When we reached Heidelberg, we met the rest of the family—Esther and Will and Bill and Sandy. Will was stationed in Heidelberg. We enjoyed a week where we could go out to the base and eat Baskin Robbins ice cream and other American goodies or visit the many interesting German shops in town. Bob and Will, being military men, wanted to see the Maginot Line in France, which was part of World War II. They took Bill and Storer with them while we ladies stopped at the first French bakery we found. We had just one question, "Do you take German marks?"

They said yes so we had a wonderful time choosing French pastries. When the men got back, they found us on park benches enjoying petit fours and lots of other gourmet items.

Storer returned to Sierra Leone while I stayed with Esther and Will to take care of William when their new baby, Wesley, was born. It was a fun time for me to enjoy my little grandson. However, on the day I was to leave, the first Gulf War started and Germany was on full alert. The streets were full of angry Germans blocking the roads. We had to take back roads to get to the airport in Frankfurt. The airport was also on full alert. Planes lined the runways with armed guards everywhere. Each plane was thoroughly searched before being allowed to leave. This was a problem for me as there was only one plane a week from Holland to Sierra Leone. If I missed that flight I would be stuck in Holland for a whole week. When we finally arrived at Schiphol Airport in Amsterdam, I made a mad dash for my plane.

Fortunately, I made it. However, my troubles weren't over. My plane developed engine trouble and we were stuck in Conakry, Guinea, for several hours. Although it is only about a hundred miles from Sierra Leone, it was still 2 a.m. before we got to Lumney. When I finally arrived, Storer, who had been waiting for me, took back roads from the airport because there were no ferries at that time of night. It was early dawn before we arrived at Makeni.



Another exciting incident took place on the streets of Freetown. Students were rioting in support of their teachers who had not been paid for some reason. We had come to town on business and to take care of shopping for supplies. but we found the town full of smoke from burning tires and students with heavy sticks bashing car windows. The police were trying to bring order with tear gas. We decided this was not a safe place for us, so we went quickly back to the rest house and waited for an all clear. That night most of our group decided to go back downtown in search of a fresh fish dinner at one of the beach restaurants. One young man, a student who had come to help church work during his summer break, was still too frightened by the riot scenes to dare to go down with us.

Shortly after Christmas 1991, we received word of damage to our house in Houghton. Our renter had gone away for the college break. He had asked a friend to check the house. However, the friend failed. During a cold snap, the furnace malfunctioned and the baseboard hot water pipe in the upstairs apartment froze and burst. Water had leaked for one to two weeks and was not discovered until our renter returned.

The entire southern part of the house had been destroyed by the water, including the walls, floor, and furniture. Betty Ortlip, our neighbor, rushed

over and took pictures off the walls. Her husband, Henry, took a load of our clothes to the cleaners. Dick Halburg called a plumber to stop the leak and put antifreeze in the pipes, and Bethany, who had Power of Attorney, came to begin insurance procedures. It cost \$15,000 to tear down the destroyed structures and another \$15,000 to repair the building. All was covered by insurance. Bethany also asked for another \$8,000 to replace the furniture. Unfortunately, our renter had no renter's insurance.

We learned about the problem by mail. We could only pray and leave the matter in God's hands

During the last year we were at Kamakwie, one of our lab workers, Simon, and I started churches in two nearby villages. We tried to hold services in each village each Sunday. Sadly, Simon was killed during the civil war. When we returned in 2008, we found our head lab tech, Joseph, was pastoring and both churches were doing well.

We had a very gifted "word turner" at the hospital. She could speak and translate for us in six languages that we encountered in patients coming to the hospital. However, she could not read or even write her own name. Nevertheless, she was able to give a good testimony for Christ in whatever language the patient understood.

Our three-year-term in Sierra Leone was quickly coming to an end. Drs. Romy and Linda Caringal, missionaries who had grown up in the Philippines,

were completing their term at the Zimba Hospital in Zambia. They were anxious to obtain their master of public health (MPH) certifications and further theological training. They had secured an opportunity for training at Yale. The Department of World Missions had no one ready to replace them. We were requested to delay our furlough for a year and cover for them at Zimba. We agreed and returned to the US for a few weeks of debriefing at missions' headquarters. We also checked on our house in Houghton and were astounded to see what a good repair job had been done. Our house looked better than before the flooding!

After that, we headed for our new [interim] assignment in Zimba, to replace Drs. Romy and Linda Caringal.

And then we went on furlough.

It was during that year on furlough that a question arose about the need for doctors in Zambia. In the interim, Storer accepted a family practice position with a group practice in Olean, New York, before returning to Zambia for our last term.

1988—1991, Sierra Leone

1991—1992, Zimba

1992—1994, furlough

1994—1997, Zambia, last term of missionary service

# 6

## ZAMBIA: FULL CIRCLE



Victoria Falls is a beautiful place to see. People come from all over the world to enjoy its wonders. It is famous for its beautiful double rainbow. We too had experienced a “double rainbow” in our lives. We had begun mission work many years earlier on one side of the Falls. Now we were back on the other side of the Falls to finish our last term.

During the time we had been home, we stayed in the newly renovated upstairs apartment in our house at Houghton. The south end of the house had been changed, with new doors opening to both sides of the house from the front door, forming an apartment on each side. Cupboards, a sink, and an apartment-sized stove had been added to the south apartment so we could have a kitchen and dining area. This allowed our renter the use of the rest of the house.

We arrived in Lusaka in September 1991. We were met by Bill Peed, our mission coordinator. We stayed with the Peeds for several days before going down country toimba. I needed to go to CHAZM, as the church health organization representing a united mission voice in Zambia was called, in order to be registered to practice medicine. We also needed to obtain our permanent work permits or visas so we would be allowed to live and work in Zambia.

Finally, everything was in order and the Peeds took us toimba where we stayed with nurse, Eleanor Hunsinger, while getting unpacked and prepared to occupy the doctor's house. The doctor's house had been built in the 1960s during the term of Dr. Hal Burchell. It was basically a good, spacious block house built at the back of the mission compound. It was owned by the hospital; however, it had been rented to nationals working on the roads. It was very dirty and full of cockroaches. We were able to get it cleaned up, repainted, and drains unclogged from cornmeal, n'sima. The house had three bedrooms. We used one, another was a guest room, and the third became my study. The bathroom had an electric hot water heater and the living room had a nice fireplace, which we used in cooler weather. During the winter months,imba Mission could become quite cool, occasionally almost reaching frost temperature at night.imba was located on the Central Plateau at about 3,000 ft.

altitude. Livingstone, on the other hand, was only around 1,000 feet. We felt blessed to have the hot water heater.

*The mission had no boreholes at that time and water for the village was pumped from a reservoir about seven miles to a tower in the center of the town. The water was often very dirty and not well treated. There were times during the day when no water was available. Eleanor Hunsinger kept a bathtub filled with this dirty water so there would always be some available.*

We managed to pick up groceries from Livingstone, or if a trip was being made, from Lusaka. Later, when we were going across the border into Victoria Falls frequently, we did most of our grocery shopping there. Eleanor frequently purchased cream from a dairy in Livingstone. It was so thick that we had to dilute it to use in churned ice cream. Eleanor made wonderful ice cream!

Eleanor was good friends with several of the white farmers in the area. If we were going shopping in town, we would stop at the Bothas who had a farm halfway to Livingstone. We would hold a service, sing hymns, and then spend the night with them. Monica Botha was a Swiss lady who had been a missionary before she married Yani, who was South African Afrikaans.

The Combrinks had a dairy farm about twenty miles off the main Great North Road closer to



Livingstone. Their hospitality was known all over Zambia and they had many friends and visitors. Piet was Afrikaans and his wife was from Ireland. They were devout Christians. We would often spend overnight with them on our way to Livingstone.

Tom and Rosemary Hobson had a large cattle ranch about eighteen miles off the main road at a turnoff about twelve miles north of Zimba mission. They often attended our English vespers service at the mission on Sunday afternoons. Rosemary would often play the piano for the service. She was a Christian, but Tom was not at that time. We occasionally spent a restful weekend at their farm guest unit. In 2008, long after we left Zimba, we received a lovely letter from Rosemary. In part, she wrote, "Tom was baptized on Christmas Day at the Combrinks with about thirty others to witness this wonderful day. We give thanks to our Lord for his saving, and Storer, I'm sure your words, 'Never absent yourself from the House of the Lord' and 'Keep reading your Bible,' were two things that brought him to God. You have had such a great influence on our lives and we thank you for that."

I got right to work at the hospital once the house was cared for. The hospital had never had a resident missionary until the Caringals came around 1986. Previously, the medical work was centered at Jembo. In consequence, we found the hospital very poorly developed and existing as hardly more than a rural

health center. It had a very small maternity ward, a pediatric ward, a small outpatient department, and two large male and female wards. There was also a kitchen and a storehouse. The laboratory was small and poorly equipped, and there was an X-ray and operating theater, which were also very small. There were three or four staff houses below the hospital on the hospital compound. There was also a mortuary.

The staff consisted of two groups who were paid by the Zambian government, since all medical work in Zambia was socialized. The first group was composed of day laborers; some of them had learned the skills in the department where they worked. One of these had become a lab technician assistant; another had learned to take X-rays. The majority of this group was cleaners. The second group was composed of professional staff—trained as lab technicians, X-ray techs, and nurses who worked shifts at the hospital—most of these were licensed practical nurses. We had only one registered nurse at that time. The others in the professional group were clinical officers—usually two attended to the outpatient department (OPD) patients as well as inpatient wards. The clinical officers were trained to diagnose and treat. The hospital at that time had no vehicle and was dependent on the mission vehicle for transporting patients and for travel to our outpatient rural clinics.

The operating theater consisted of two rooms with some standing lights and operating tables. It

was dusty and dirty and had not been in use for some time. The hospital had no theater nurse. Surgical instruments in various functional states were lying around everywhere. I spent many afternoons arranging and cataloguing surgical instruments. I did not attempt major surgery. Any serious cases, including C-sections, were transported about fifty miles to the Livingstone hospital.

After the morning devotional service with the patients, mainly with the ambulatory inpatients and their families who were staying in the Mothers' Shelter behind the hospital, we would do morning rounds in the various wards. I was assisted with the rounds by a clinical officer who would do rounds on wards I did not review that day.

Following rounds and into early afternoon, I saw patients in the doctor's clinic while the clinical officers consulted outpatients and sent serious patients and doctor's follow-up patients to the doctor's clinic. There were usually around twenty patients in the doctor's clinic. The OPD ran around sixty to eighty patients, and the hospital had around fifty inpatients.

Our pediatric patients presented mainly with pneumonia or viral diarrhea-dehydration. The national nurses were very skilled in placing IVs in infants. There were many other problems including fractures, TB, malnutrition, burns, and most sadly, AIDS. Malaria was also a large problem.

The maternity ward witnessed a number of normal deliveries. The complicated ones were sent to Livingstone. Several of our nurses had taken further training as midwives and they did most of the deliveries.



Dr. Emmett in doctor's office in Zimba.  
Note fly swatter and African cloth wall hanging.

The general male and female wards were often busy with very ill patients—infections, and worst of all, AIDS patients. Not much was known about AIDS in those days. At that time, there were no retroviral drugs available and many died or were sent home to die.

We had a number of congestive heart failure cases since there was always rheumatic fever.

Pulmonary tuberculosis was very prevalent, especially because of many with immune deficiency. These patients often had incurable fevers and intractable diarrhea causing extreme wasting; there was not much we could do. Diagnosis was clinical; there were no lab tests. I had not seen any AIDS cases in West Africa so I had not run into this disease previously. Here in Zambia, they even had a World AIDS Day to teach especially children and young people about the dangers. A big march was held every December.

Our lab was very busy doing stool tests for ova and parasites, urine tests, and blood work, which included hemoglobins. Occasionally, the lab tech would do a white blood cell (WBC) test if a WBC counter was available (these were always getting broken), TB slides, sickle cell preps, rapid plasma reagin (RPR) for syphilis (if we had reagent). The lab techs did not draw blood from inpatients. This was done by the nurses. Our X-ray department was mainly used for chest X-rays or broken bones. We were using mainly untrained workers for the X-rays and the lab. The professional staff was usually too busy.

Our nursing staff consisted primarily of practical nurses; our only RN was our matron. These practical nurses were better trained than the ones the hospital trained in Sierra Leone. There were too few nurses. Sometimes we had only two or three nurses

on a hospital shift. Usually there were only two on the night shift.

All patients had to have a family member caregiver with them. The hospital was responsible for feeding the patients, which was usually basic cornmeal with a relish of greens. Sometimes some meat was added. The hospital had to purchase the food from the bed grant provision. One of our general workers served as cook.

One or two of our regular workers were in charge of the records department. The records were poorly kept papers and were frequently lost. Reports to the government were sent monthly. This was handled by the clinical officer in charge. Our medicines were hard to come by. Often we purchased them in Lusaka. We tried to send off six-month orders to IDA in Holland. They shipped medicines at low prices. Unfortunately, it often took three months for an order to be shipped, cleared through customs, and received by the hospital.

I found Zimba Hospital to be poorly organized and administered. There was no constitution and no standard operating procedures (SOP). I had brought with me the constitution and SOP from Kamakwie and I spent considerable time adapting these to Zambia Medical Hospital since I felt there should be coordination between our hospitals. We also adopted the Kamakwie logo, "From the Most High Cometh Healing."

The hospital had a refrigeration unit where up to three deceased patients could be kept. It was often several days before arrangements could be made by the families to pick them up.

At this time, the hospital had to rely on town water, which was often undependable. The water was pumped from a dam about seven miles away on the west side of town. The stream was dammed and a reservoir created. The water was pumped from the reservoir to high waters with the highest point in Zimba. The water was treated with chlorine and was filtered at the base of the towers. I suppose it was safe but, it was often dirty.

I enjoyed working with Mr. Sichombo, who had been appointed by the church to be the medical administrator. I was able to help him develop a number of computer accounts to keep his books straight. He had come from a poor, illiterate family, but he had become an educated man with bachelors and masters degrees earned in the US. He had been given a small truck, and we took supplies of both food and medical supplies out to the Rural Health Centers monthly. While he took care of the supplies, I consulted the seriously ill patients that the clinical officer in charge wished me to check on.

The Rural Health Centers were set up with wards, an OPD pharmacy, maternity facilities, a kitchen, and a lab. They had no electricity at that time. The Wesleyan Church had three Rural Health Centers.

Chabbobboma was located on Lake Kariba. There was once one of our missions there, but it was now under the waters of Lake Kariba because of the building of Kariba Dam. A second one was at Jembo (which had been the hospital). Now only missionaries connected with the Bible School were there. The third was Siachitema only about 50 kilometers from the hospital.

The church at Zimba was located across the railroad tracks at a part of town called Nakowa. This is in the compound where the church primary school is located. The church was a fairly small building. The pastor was Rev. Davidson Mudena. His wife, Mary, was a day worker at the hospital much of the time. We attended there. On some weekends we went to outlying churches throughout the district. The district extended to Livingstone.

It was nice to get back to Livingstone again. It had not changed greatly since we were there in colonial days. However, the town appeared to be quite run down. The beautiful aviary in the park was gone and the birds had disappeared (probably eaten).

My main job was hospital development. I tried to handwrite contacts and grants. Of course, I had much patient care. We hoped we would have short-term mission groups visit us. We did have a team come from Georgia. They were quite a large group and were a big help in many ways. They even brought their own cook. She confided, "They all



worked fine until the grits ran out!” Dr. Bo Cheves and his wife liked Zambia so much they came back and started their own mission work there.

On one occasion, an Indian child from Lusaka was critically injured in an auto accident in the vicinity of Zimba Hospital. We tended her at ZMH, but it was soon evident she needed more care than we could give. We arranged for her immediate transfer to the big hospital in Harare. Unfortunately, her injuries were too great and she succumbed.

The family owned a big store in Lusaka and soon came back to our hospital with many gifts, including money. They were so grateful for our quick emergency care of their child. Money came also from another source and we were able to sink a borehole on the mission and, at last, the mission had abundant potable water.

After that, we used town water only to water our plants and gardens. The mission tried to share the borehole with the hospital and obtained permission to run a waterline beneath the road to the side on which the hospital was located and on to the hospital. Attempts had been made previously to try to sink a borehole at the hospital, but these had failed.

When Romy and Linda Caringal returned, we enjoyed working with them. One thing they accomplished while they were away was to get help in the US for Linda to have a baby. The joke was on them—they had twins. Linda said, “I prayed

for years to have a baby but I never once prayed for twins!”

Romy and I often went jogging together on Saturday afternoons. Toward the end of their time with us, I was beginning to slow down and found it difficult to keep up with Romy.

Romy was very well liked in the community and taught a Sunday school class for the students in the local secondary school. One thing Romy and Wilma did was look for the first mango to see who would win and grab it to eat.

When the Caringals went on furlough, I was left to manage the hospital and be chief medical officer. I complained to headquarters and they sent Dr. Chuck Paine. The Paines had wanted to return to India, but that door didn't open so they went to Sierra Leone. Their coming to Zimba made my work much easier. I was glad to turn the job of Zimba Station over to Chuck the last six months we were in Zambia. He was much better at accounting than I was.

Chuck and I often did surgery together. We had managed to obtain the services of an operating theater nurse who was very good. Unfortunately, she died of AIDS and was replaced by a male surgical nurse who was still there when I left. One afternoon, we found our friend, Piet Combrink, sitting patiently in our doctor's clinic. We examined him and found he had acute appendicitis. We were reluctant to operate on him at Zimba, but he

insisted. We removed his infected appendix and wheeled him up to the mission post-op on a hospital gurney. He recovered rapidly and was able to go home in two or three days.

We still had nearly two years left in our term at Zimba when we received a letter from General Superintendent H. C. Wilson asking me to assume the duties of General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Medical Fellowship (WMF). The formation of WMF had been the dream of World Missions secretary Dr. Frank Birch, but it took more than twenty-three years for his dream to become a reality. WMF's formative sessions took place in Houghton in 1966 with Dr. John Nystrom named as first president. The 1972 General Conference made WMF an auxiliary organization. Dr. Gus Prinsell served until 1996. Gus had served for sixteen years and wanted to retire. I finally agreed and asked that Eleanor Hunsinger manage stateside correspondence.

Sometime during our time in Zambia, Storer developed very painful kidney stones. We made an appointment for him to see a surgeon in Johannesburg and went to Livingstone to get our plane. When we got there, we found the plane full to overflowing with soccer players heading for a big game in South Africa. We pleaded with the airline that Storer was in terrible pain and they finally made room for us.

After successful surgery, we spent a few days with the Vreugdenhils at the Bible school. Storer's brother, Peter, would later teach there. The only thing I remember about the house was the burglar alarm device in their kitchen that had to be shut off if you went in to get a drink or a late night snack after everyone had gone to bed.

We didn't have a burglar alarm at our house atimba, but it might have been a good idea. Our house was burglarized twice. Everyone knew Dr. Emmett's schedule. He tried to visit an outstation clinic each month and our house, which was near the fence and away from the main mission compound, was vacant while we were gone. We felt violated to come back and find the front door of our house forced open and things strewn all over it. Not only were our possessions stolen, but things were stolen from the hospital freezer, which was in our house.

The second time the thieves came, the police caught them. We had to provide the police flashlights to watch for them. Linda Jones had to transport the thieves to jail late at night because the police had no vehicle. When we returned to Zambia several years later, we learned the thieves were still in jail. Storer said, "I thought the term for theft was only two years." "Yes," we were told, "but you were robbed twice so they are in for at least four years."

Customs and immigration had been easy in Sierra Leone. However, this was not always true in Zambia. One time when Storer and I were arriving from the US with our suitcases stuffed with medicines and supplies for the hospital, the customs officials feared we were smugglers. Those were the days when drug salesmen were very liberal with samples. People had also given us

medicine when relatives had died. Also, a local pharmacy had called and offered us medicines they could not sell because they would soon be out of date. There had been a big “pill popping party”—popping the pills out of blister packages—at our home, while our kids and their friends put the medicines into plastic bags. Later, senior citizens helped us with this task.

The customs people put us into separate rooms for questioning. Dr. Chuck Payne had come to get us. He and Storer finally convinced them that the medicines would not be sold but would be given to patients at our hospital who could not afford to pay.

We often did our grocery shopping at Victoria Falls. On a nice spring morning, we headed for town with Mike and Linda Jones and their children. Mike was very good at fixing things at the mission and was probably picking up supplies for his many jobs. The flamboyant trees were in full bloom and the sun was shining brightly on our peaceful drive.

However, things were not peaceful when we got to Victoria Falls. People were crowding the streets, rioting and breaking store windows. It seems there was a rumor that an Indian man was selling body parts of African children as charms. In revenge, the nationals were damaging Indian-owned shops.

We had stopped at the post office because Storer had mail to send out, as usual. One of the Jones kids was playing outside when an African man came up to the car and said, “Go! They may mistake you for Indians.” I ran into the post office and got Storer. Mike retrieved his child and we left town in a hurry. Shopping could wait.

When we had time, we spent a weekend at the nice but inexpensive rest huts at Victoria Falls. Storer liked to jog early in the morning, but had to watch out for elephants that came to the river to drink.

One time Bob and Eva Channey were with us. Bob was to speak at our local Wesleyan church. They were planning to leave on furlough but wanted to say goodbye to the people in this area where they had worked. Bob gave a good message in excellent Zulu. At the end he told the people, "We are leaving for the US soon. I don't know if I will see you again here, but I'll look forward to greeting you in heaven." The Channeys left the next day after the conference. He became ill and died in the Bulawayo hospital on the way to South Africa. He never made it to the US for that last furlough.

Another nice place we liked to go in Victoria Falls was the restaurant there. One time the manager almost fired all his waiters because he thought they were stealing. The sugar bowls on the tables out on the porch kept disappearing. Their jobs were saved when the real thieves were spotted. Monkeys would swing down from the trees, grab a sugar bowl, empty it in their mouths, and then throw the empty sugar bowls in the Zambezi River.

The monkeys that hung around the border crossing between Zambia and Zimbabwe were a real bother. One day, when Storer's parents were visiting, we walked by a bunch of them happily chewing on cookies. When we got back to our open-backed Land Rover we found they had been snacking on cookies we had packed for a picnic lunch!

One time when Storer was crossing the border between Zimba and Zimbabwe and had gone into the customs house

for his papers, a monkey climbed into his driver's seat. A man looked out the window and said, "I wonder whose car has a monkey driver." Storer ran out quickly because the monkey had found the horn and kept beeping it.

Another time when the Federation had just broken up, Storer had another interesting crossing. When he needed to show his passport he couldn't find it. Rather than drive all the way back to our mission, he used mine. The Zambians were new at this and didn't notice it wasn't Storer's passport even though the picture was of me with four children. On the way back, he was stopped. However, all they said was, "This permit is almost expired and needs to be renewed." He said, "Yes, I'll take care of it," and drove off quickly before they saw it wasn't his.

During our last year in Zambia, three of our four children visited us. Bethany and her family wanted to see the Zimbabwean Ruins and other areas of interest. Beth's husband, as a career military man, was interested in the local army and wanted to take some pictures. However, this was against the law. It didn't create a problem for Bob. He simply lined up the whole family in front of the building and took a picture. We enjoyed walking around the Falls. When we talked about it, little Rebekah said, "O, yes! Let's go back to Vanilla Falls." She remembered a great ice cream shop near the Falls.

We also took a trip on the Zambezi River, which gave us a chance to see a lot of game. The day we took the trip was hot and we had had to spend several hours finding a boat. Bethany, her two girls, and I found we needed a lot of drinks to keep us going. When we finished the trip, Storer and Bob complained of being very thirsty. They hadn't known that drinks were included in the tour price.

Faith and John came for a short time. John had spent time at a Brethren in Christ hospital near Bulawayo, when he was in medical school. Faith had also come for a few weeks at that time. When she presented her passport to the customs officer he said, "You don't need a work permit. You were born here." At the hospital, they did not remember John. They had had many medical students and visiting doctors. However, they remembered Faith. They said, "You were the one who painted Christ and the children on the wall of the pediatric ward." Storer was able to get permission to show Faith the delivery room where she was born.

For Esther, it was a thirty-fifth-birthday trip. Storer took her to the Livingstone Hospital where she was born. We went to the Livingstone restaurant where the waiters sang "Happy Birthday" and gave her a cupcake with a candle on top. We also took her family to Kariba Dam and hired a boat to go out on the lake. The boat captain took us to a number of different places so we could see the animals that Esther asked to see along the shores. Finally, he thought we were done, but Esther said, "No, I want my boys to have a chance to fish in Lake Kariba." He found us a good spot for fishing and her older son, William, caught a bream. It was the first fish he had ever caught and the look on his face made the whole trip worthwhile.

Another thing she wanted to do was to go to Wankie Game Park and see an elephant. We spent all day looking for one. We could see dung and tree bark that had been shredded by them, but no elephants. As the day was drawing to a close and we were heading out, we saw a giraffe being chased by several lionesses. However, they gave up the chase, and settled on the pavement with three on each side



of our Land Rover. Our little grandson, Wesley, had complained about how hard it was to shut the windows. When the lionesses arrived, he got his window rolled up in record time. Esther joked she would let him out for a picture. He declined quickly. When they left, we saw right in front of us a nursemaid elephant with a whole line of babies behind her. She flapped her ears and warned us not to get too near to her babies. Esther had at last seen her elephant.



Sometime during the last two years of our term, Liz Anderson was appointed head of Health Care Ministries and Mr. Sichomobo retired. At last, I was set free from book work. Mike Jones was able to bring old hospital beds down from Jembo. That gave us nearly a hundred beds and Chuck Paine and I kept them full.

A short time after we left, we learned that Dan Jones, a man we had met at Zimba, felt called to return as full-time doctor at Zimba. He married a medical classmate who was from the Philippines and they served a number of years as the doctors at Zimba Hospital.

It was 1997 and this was the end of our last term as full-time missionaries under The Wesleyan Church. We had decided to retire from formal mission work. However, this certainly didn't end our dedication to missions, and we made many trips to help out where we were needed.

# 7

## RETIREMENT?

When we finished our last term with Wesleyan World Missions, life continued to be active. For Storer, to retire meant to put four new tires on the car and get going as fast as he could.



In 1997, after returning to Houghton, I began to take over many of the responsibilities of the job of director of Wesleyan Medical Fellowship (WMF). I was fortunate in having Gus Prinsell living close by and available to offer advice and information. He brought me a large box of materials, which included brochures, correspondence, and history that he had collected during the sixteen years he had served as director. John Nystrom, who had served as an officer in WMF since its beginning, also lived in Houghton.

Gus had never purchased a computer and had done all the correspondence without the help of a word processor. What they had accomplished was amazing. However, I sought the advice of our son, Bill, for his expertise in the field. With his help, I soon bought a computer. This helped me greatly with the correspondence.

One of my first tasks was to set up an address database. Gus gave me a long list of addresses. With the help of our church secretary, Patty Stalker, I completed a good starting list of names.

Pam Giles began publishing our quarterly newsletter. However, when she took a new job as nurse teaching instructor at Oklahoma Wesleyan University, she asked to be relieved of editing the letter. As I could not find anyone else to take the job, it seemed wise for Wilma and me to continue to edit and publish the newsletter. Patty was a big help. The newsletter was always well received and seemed a way of uniting our group. We published any news from members and friends. It took a lot of work and time, but the Lord helped us manage.

During the years, we had a good offering response for indigent and national student training assistance funds. When Ed Rose died, his wife gave \$100,000 toward the indigent funds. There were other fairly large offerings. We usually had around 350 members who paid dues each year.

Over the years, I continued to be busy with member correspondence, editing the Wesleyan Medical Fellowship (WMF) newsletter, arranging programs for the local chapter, handling the finances of sending off dues and project payments along with annual reports to Headquarters. All this kept me fairly well occupied.

We led a number of WMF conventions. We started in June 1998 at Indiana Wesleyan University. Our last one was at Louisville, Kentucky, in June of 2012.

Storer and I also took a number of trips during those years. Some were personal, but many were Houghton Medical-Dental trips to the southern mountains of Haiti. After Storer's passing, I asked some members of past years to share some of their memories. Dr. John Nystrom helped greatly by sharing the "Lost Luggage" trip covered in the Houghton Years chapter. Also in the Houghton chapter, we mentioned Dr. Dan Koffman's memories of a trip when he helped some Haitian boys with their basketball needs.

A nice letter from Dr. Victor Brown shared some of his memories. He wrote,

Keeping pace with Dr. Emmett on a hike from one mountain church to the next was quite challenging, even though I was a generation younger. At a sixty-second pause on the trail, Dr. Emmett's humor would push aside the physically taxing heat and rough terrain. "Whatever goes up must come down," he

would say, as the team would dig in again to climb the trail. It was, of course, a twist on Newton's Law of Gravity that we all understood. He kept our spirits lifted with his Maine humor.

"Faces first" was his proclamation as six of us shared a scant basin of water on bath night. The year had been drier than usual, and the water supply was low. We dentists needed most of the water to sterilize our instruments in the charcoal-heated pressure cooker. So, it was faces first as we used one common basin for our men's bath.

Victor concluded,

It has been a life-changing relationship for me with Dr. Emmett. He was a lighthouse figure for me. He was a strong mentor in the health care ministry. I often reflect on our times together and the valued lessons I learned from him. He also had a special friendship with my father, Walter Brown, who for many years went with the team as "Mr. Fix It," as he was a welder and mechanic by trade. Dr. Emmett often took him along on house calls for those who were too ill to get to the clinic. My father too has since deceased.

The Lord brought a true gift into my life when, in 1985, I was introduced to Dr. Emmett. We had many good times of service together. Thank you, Dr. Emmett and thank you, Lord.

Our daughter Faith and her husband, John, had adopted a Chinese child they named Christianna. Later, they decided to adopt a second child from China. When they were preparing to go to China for the adoption of the second child, they invited Storer to go with them and care for Christianna while they completed the adoption process for Alexi. They were traveling with a group of people adopting babies. The group was very happy with the prospect of a family practice doctor with many years of experience traveling with them.



February 7 and 8 we traveled to China. The flight took twelve and a half hours. We arrived around 6 p.m. The time there was thirteen hours ahead of ours. We picked up luggage, met Mark, the representative, and drove twenty minutes to the Radisson Hotel. The next day, February 9, Mark took us for a tour of Beijing. We started at Tiananmen Square. At the other end of the square was the Forbidden City. It was a cold blustery day. We met the bus on that side and were taken to a state-run produce store. I bought Wilma a lovely pearl necklace and a beautiful vase. Faith helped me to pick them out. We also went to the Great Wall of China. John and I climbed to the top.

On Monday, February 11, we flew to Chongqing. We met our guide, Lucy, who gave us an interesting report about the city. There was more travel to the

Holiday Inn. It was very hilly country along the Yangtze River. They grew a lot of rice there. We enjoyed a river cruise at night. The lights from the city were beautiful on the water.

Tuesday, February 12, in the afternoon, the couples went to the courthouse to pick up their children. The orphanage director and an “auntie” brought them out, one at a time. I think Alexi was the last one. Alexi looked like her photo. She had a bad cold, diarrhea, and a fever. She was quite bow-legged. There was a lot of paper work and pictures taken. One of the children was celebrating her first birthday. There was a buffet at the hotel and a birthday cake.

Thursday, February 15, we went to the orphanage and met the director. They had eighty-seven children up to one year old sleeping two in a bed. The children had very little stimulation. The orphanage gave us a nice Chinese meal.

By Saturday, Alexi was eating and sleeping well. She was well recovered from her diarrhea. Christy (Christianna) is still not feeling well. Alexi has a real toothy grin and giggles a lot. She is generally a happy baby.

Once the documents were notarized, we were ready to go to Guangzhou to the American Embassy. There, their passport photos were taken. They also had a physical exam and weight check before they could enter the US.

Saturday, February 22 we said goodbye to the members of the group who were departing for Los Angeles. Then, on February 23, we headed home with the newest member of the family.



We were on our way heading out the door one Sunday morning in early May 2005, when the phone rang. It was our daughter, Esther, calling us from Woodbridge, Virginia. She said, “The tsunami medical relief team from our church is planning a trip to Indonesia in July and can’t find a doctor. Would you be willing to go? William wants to go as part of the work team but he must have an adult relative with him. They will be working with a relief group in Sumatra that would cover most of the costs.”

I had never even given a thought to going to Indonesia with a team. Up to this point, I had been going back to Haiti and Zambia as needed. I told Esther I was interested, but would need to pray about it. The upshot was, I could think of no good reason not to go, so I joined the team. We would be working with a relief group in Banda Aceh in the northwestern end of Sumatra, slightly northwest of Singapore.

Our medical team was made up of three nurses and a pharmacist. We would be going with a work



group of six, which included my grandson. We flew to Medan, the capital of Sumatra. Once there, we met our relief agency. We were told that Banda Aceh Province was solidly Muslim, and proud that they had been the ones through whom the Muslim religion had been introduced into Indonesia. Other religious groups had been allowed into the area only since the tsunami. They recognized Jesus as a prophet, so we could say we were followers of Isa al Masi (Jesus, the Messiah).

This was a moving and stretching experience for me. I had worked in intercultural evangelism but had never had to be careful about speaking openly about Christianity. For years, there had been no way to reach these people with the gospel. Now, because of the tsunami, we were able to come in and demonstrate God's love and compassion.

The work team had not arrived yet but our medical team had arrived intact and we were anxious to go on to Banda and the ministry we had come to do. It is hard to describe the power of the tremendous tsunami with waves seventy-five to a hundred feet high. We passed over a field of mass graves where 40,000 to 70,000 people had been buried.

Our medical team was assigned a different clinic site each morning and afternoon. We saw no critically ill patients but many who were sick. The people were friendly and appreciative of our help. All seemed

anxious to tell their stories. One mother had lost ten children. We often would take time to pray for them in the name of Isa. No one refused our offer of prayer.

At a coffee house, I met a man who was the chief financial officer of the general hospital. He offered us a visit to see the hospital. Many of the patients and staff had been killed. He showed us the walls of the hospital where the waves had been thirteen feet high.

Sunday was a restful day. We had a church service in the relief agency house in the morning. Soon it was time to fly back to Medan. There, William and I visited the palace of a prince that dated back to the 1800s. We also saw a well-kept museum with items from the earliest people to the present.

I guess the things that impressed me most were (1) the tremendous power of the tsunami, (2) the friendliness of the people, (3) the great number of cigarette smokers, and (4) this large unreached population being exposed to the gospel for the very first time. We came away with the firm belief and prayer that in due season God would plant his church in Aceh Province.

Among our personal trips were the ones driving to Maine in the summer. For Storer and me, it was a time to visit the cemeteries where our parents were buried and leave flowers. One year, Bethany decided to come to Maine with us and bring along a whole van of grandchildren: William and Wesley Slauson, Brittany and Rebekah and Ben Keith, who later married Brittany, came with her.

Our first stop was the Governor's Restaurant in Orono. It was so named because pictures or paintings of the men who had served as Maine's governors decorated the walls. As we entered, we found ourselves directly in front of a glass case full of homemade desserts. William was enchanted. I think he drooled all the way to our table. Of course, we had lobster roll.

Next day, we took our flowers and drove to Greenville on Moose Head Lake where my parents are buried, and to the Crystal church yard where several generations of Emmetts are buried. After that, Bethany took the young people and drove to Bar Harbor while we went north.

I don't know what all they did. Probably they stopped at an oceanside restaurant and enjoyed lobster hot from the cook pot, mussels, and other delectable sea foods. They may have driven to the top of Mount Cadillac. When Storer and I graduated from high school, some of our classmates grabbed their diplomas and headed for Bar Harbor. *They drove to the top of Mount Cadillac.* The next morning when the sun's rays struck the first spot on the whole East Coast, they shouted, "Free! Free at last!"

Anyway, whatever they did, they had lots of fun. On the way home, one of the grandchildren commented, "That was the best vacation I have ever had."

## RETIREMENT?

Another interesting trip to Maine that we took with Bethany was the time she brought her camera instead of a van full of kids. Sometime earlier, she had photographed the southern end of Route 95. Now she wanted a photo of where the 95 connected with the Canadian border.

We drove to the border and passed through the American customs station. Then we drove to the point where she wanted to take her photo. It took only a short while, but when we got back to the American customs building, they weren't sure what was going on with us. We insisted we didn't go into Canada, that we had never left the United States. They made us get out of the car, go into the customshouse, and sit in a small room to wait for an official.

After a while, she came. She started with Storer. "All right," she said. "May I see your license." Storer never carried a billfold. His license was kept in the glove compartment of our car with insurance cards and other papers of importance. "I don't have my license," he said. "Well," she said, "Give me your name, date of birth, and place of birth." He told her, "Storer Emmett, September 9, 1932, Crystal, Maine." She wrote it all down. Then, she turned to each of us and again requested licenses. We all complied readily. Then she turned to Bethany, who had been driving, to get an explanation. After some time, she returned to Storer. By this time, he was probably wondering how he would look in prison stripes. She looked at him and said, "You are lucky. I am a local so I know where Crystal, Maine, is located on the way to Island Falls. Oh, and by the way, my birthday is also September 9, but not 1932." Then she said, "You all can go now." We did, fast!

## TODY WILL

During our term in Sierra Leone, we went on a trip to Egypt and the Holy Land sponsored by The Wesleyan Church headquarters. Because of our assignment in Sierra Leone, we didn't have time to finish the trip. The last segment was supposed to have been to Greece and included a boat tour. We had always wanted to complete the trip, and when we heard that David Keith was now in charge of a trip that would include Greece and a boat tour, we decided to go. It also included a visit to Scotland.



Dr. Dennis Jackson, Dr. Storer Emmett, Dr. Esther Laldinthari,  
Dr. Ryan Puia, Wilma Emmett, Dr. Romy Caringal

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We saw Athens, and Corinth, and on the boat tour, we visited the Isle of Patmos and saw the cave where the apostle John is said to have written the last book of the Bible, Revelation.

In Scotland, we saw St. Andrews shortly after Tiger Woods had won the Open Golf Championship. There were still many pictures of his win on the walls. As our leader was David Keith, we, of course had to visit Keith Castle. Like all good tourists, we vied for a good spot to view Queen Elizabeth as she left Balmoral Castle one Sunday morning on her way to church; she gave us all her royal wave. We finished by seeing the Royal Edinburgh Military Tattoo in Edinburgh. It is held every year with participants from all over the Empire. I remember the Canadians came with their horses. I'm not sure if they were part of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

When we traveled home from our first term in Southern Rhodesia, we had hoped to spend a day in Rome. However, an African war caused us to lose a day of travel, so that didn't happen. However, our children didn't forget, and for our fiftieth wedding anniversary they gave us a trip to Italy.

Our daughter booked us the trip with World Wide Country Tours. Because most of the tour members were Midwest farmers, the trip included places of interest to them. Early in the trip, through the Tuscany Hills, our bus turned onto a dirt road leading to a farm with Chianina cattle, one of the oldest breeds of cattle. These Etruscan cows looked more the size of Clydesdale horses. Storer claimed they mooed in English not Italian.

Of course, we visited the usual tourist spots like Florence, Venice, and Verona. Finally, we came to Lake Maggiore. By

this time, late in our journey, many in our group wanted only to stay at the hotel and rest for the trip home. Storer and I chose to go on to Milan to view *The Last Supper* by Leonardo de Vinci. We had to wait our turn in the convent refractory and were given only fifteen minutes to view the painting. What surprised me the most was that a door had been cut in Christ's feet in the painting to allow servants to carry food to the monks in the dining area.

An amusing part of our trip was what happened when we visited the Sistine Chapel in Rome. The guards there took pity on us two elderly people and allowed us to sit in a chained-off area just below Michelangelo's painting of the *Last Judgment*. This gave us a beautiful view of the ceiling and we enjoyed it. The guards told us to be careful not to touch the painting behind us. When we got up to leave, we turned to get a better look at the painting behind us. I believe it was Storer who said, "Why, we've been sitting in hell the whole time and didn't realize it!"

There were many trips made to the southern mountains of Haiti by teams during those years. There was one in the winter of 2009. We went first to the Wesleyan Hospital on La Gonâve where Storer helped with the clinics and perhaps some minor surgeries.

One day, late in the afternoon, a young Haitian man borrowed a motorbike from a friend. I was told, later, it had no working brakes and he had no license to operate it. Suddenly, speeding toward him came another motorbike. There was no way they could pass each other on the very narrow road. In a split-second decision, he abruptly turned and probably did not see the man he hit until too late.

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Storer had been returning from the hospital to the mission compound. His back was turned to the street as he prepared to unlock the gate. He was probably side-swiped by the bike's mirror and he was slammed face down on the sharp volcanic rock. He suffered a concussion, broken nose, broken rib, and a broken tooth. His face was terribly cut from the road's unforgiving surface.

Fortunately, Dan Irving saw what happened and with the help of others was able to get him back to the hospital OR. The resident doctor spent well over an hour suturing his many facial cuts. That night we woke up Storer every two hours. A visiting physician assistant, Diane Busch, checked his vital signs each time.

The young man involved ran away. However, his mother came next day to apologize. Also next day, the community went to work placing several speed bumps in front of the hospital.

As soon as Storer was somewhat recovered, he went back to work at the hospital. At the end of our time there, we returned to the mainland and met our team at the airport in Port-au-Prince. After making necessary preparation, we went on to the mountains. The clinics went well. The weather, however, was very rainy and everything seemed damp. A number of us, including Storer, developed bad colds.

On Saturday, we returned to our mission headquarters at Diquini. On Sunday, we attended a local Wesleyan church. We all gave a testimony. After the service we went to the Hotel Montana for our noon meal. It was a beautiful day and there was an excellent view of the sea from the many big dining room windows in the hotel. After the meal, we



returned to Diquini to sort what things stayed there for next year and to pack our suitcases for the trip back to the US.

On Tuesday, January 12, 2010, we headed for the airport where we cleared customs and headed for our plane. It seemed we had been flying for only a short time when word came from our pilot that Haiti had been struck by a 7.0 earthquake. The Hotel Montana where we had stayed was now gone. I'll have to admit I was relieved that my ailing husband was safely on his way home to get good care.

In November 2010, the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Kamakwie Wesleyan Hospital was held and Storer and I went there to attend. The day before the main ceremony, the hospital staff dressed in special yellow shirts and marched through Kamakwie I and Kamakwie II. All the students from the area schools marched behind the staff, dressed in their school uniforms. Storer wrote, "As I could not walk in the march, Joseph let me ride with him on his motorcycle."

On November 13, the main ceremony was held. The paramount chief (member of parliament) of Sella Limba attended. A representative of the president of Sierra Leone gave a speech in which he said the president promised support for the hospital at all times. He also promised that deliberations with the government to include Kamakwie in the just-launched initiative for pregnant women, lactating mothers, and children under five would be speeded up. The climax of the celebration was the dedication and commissioning of the newly constructed pediatric ward. There was also a special dinner held for the staff and special guests in the evening.

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On Sunday, November 14, there was a special thanksgiving service for the work of Kamakwie Hospital for fifty years. It was held at the mother church. There was lots of singing and Rev. Fred Cromer spoke as the representative of Global Partners.

Another thing we tried to do during retirement years was attend the graduations of our grandchildren. When Rebekah Harter was graduating from college, Storer and I took different flights from Hawaii because Storer planned to attend a reunion at Johns Hopkins while I would go on to another graduation, of Bill and Sandy's daughter, Kendra, in Indiana.

Storer arrived in Hawaii without any trouble. However, my flight was canceled. Fortunately, Faith and John were living in Buffalo and Faith was able to come to the airport for me and take me back the next day. I was routed through Utah and saw the Great Salt Lake for the first time.

We were able to attend some of Rebekah's activities, but Storer had to leave before the actual graduation ceremony. I stayed until Rebekah got her diploma. Then Bethany rushed me to the airport to get a plane and go to Kendra Emmett's graduation.

Meanwhile, Esther picked up Storer in Washington, DC, and took him to Baltimore for his reunion. Possibly some at the banquet wondered about the attractive young lady sitting next to Dr. Emmett. Surely, that wasn't his wife!



As I recall, the Wesleyan Medical Fellowship (WMF) Committee met in January 2011 to discuss disbanding. The majority of the committee made a recommendation to the WMF Executives that WMF be disbanded as a Wesleyan church and join as a subdepartment known as Global Partners Health Network.

Since some of our Executive Committee, including myself, were retiring at the General Conference in 2012, it was decided that the Executive Committee would meet with Dr. H. C. Wilson and Dr. Jo Ann Lyon at headquarters and discuss the future of WMF.

We prepared a booth at General Conference in early June 2012 at Louisville, Kentucky. Dr. Diane Foley, whom we had known as a youngster at Port Margot, had agreed to become the medical ministries director of Global Partners. I tried to acquaint her with the administrative details we had used in WMF and agreed to forward her important WMF documents. We decided to send her the long WMF address database by Dropbox. A number of friends helped us with the booth including Vickie Lehr, Dr. Marilyn Hunter, and Hudson and Lucy Hess.

Wilma and I suspected some mention of our retirement and Dr. Foley's appointment as the new director, but we were not prepared for the magnanimous gift given to us by Global Partners and The Wesleyan Church.

We were escorted to the stage and introduced by Dr. H. C. Wilson. He spoke of our ministries that touched thousands of lives in Haiti and Zambia, and later, my years as director of WMF. He then presented a video, which introduced the new Global Partners Health Network, led by Dr. Diane Foley, to build on the efforts of WMF and expand to new areas of service.

Following the presentation, Dr. Wilson announced that The Wesleyan Church was giving the two of us an all-expense-paid trip to the Bethany Clinic in Myanmar, which had been the recipient of the church's support through the WMF. Someone stood up and said, "They need to go first class!" It was later reported that the audience stood and gave a lengthy and heartfelt applause. We felt very humbled when a special offering was taken to make the first-class trip possible. To say the least, we were greatly surprised, grateful, and somewhat overwhelmed.

Drs. Romy and Linda Caringal stopped by, and we made some plans for the Myanmar trip. Romy told us that Bethany Clinic was requesting sterile bandage supplies. Fortunately, we had quite a number of these supplies, which had been left by donors. We were able to fill four rolling duffle bags to take with us. Headquarters arranged our trip to coincide with a Global Partners trip by Romy and Global Partners executive director, Dennis Jackson.

The back and spine specialist in Rochester had recommended back and neck surgery to alleviate my right sciatic and right arm nerve impingement problem. Bethany felt I should get a second opinion in view of my age of eighty years. The plan was we would spend a week in Hawaii before traveling to meet the team in Myanmar and spend another two weeks with Bethany when we returned from Myanmar. The trip to Myanmar itself would only be ten days.

Bethany consulted a retired neurologist in her church. He examined Storer and then referred him to an elderly neurosurgeon who was a graduate of Duke University. He was Japanese and in the process of retiring and moving to a less demanding practice on Guam. He had also lived in Canada and had been connected with the McGill University School of Medicine. When he found out that Storer was a Johns Hopkins grad, he laughed and said, "We had Osler before you did." Dr. William Osler and three others founded Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. Storer had a painting of them called *The Four Horsemen*.



It was his recommendation that since I seemed to be managing all right in spite of pain and discomfort, the surgery might not help but could

even make my problem worse, especially because of my advanced age. Therefore, I would have little to gain and could possibly worsen my condition. Needless to say, I was disappointed.

We attended the church where Beth and Bob were members. The people there took an offering and gave us nearly \$600 to buy supplies for the Bethany Clinic. We now had five duffle bags!

We next traveled to Korea with Korean Airlines. I noticed when we stopped at the airport in Seoul how cold it was. There was snow on the ground and children getting on the plane were dressed in snowsuits.

Our travel went smoothly until we arrived in Bangkok, Thailand. We discovered we had to obtain our visas for Myanmar there in Thailand. The next day would be a holiday in Thailand and it usually took two or three days to get visas. We had been told we could get the visas entering Myanmar. The only possible flight that could get us upcountry in Myanmar to get us to Kalamyo to see the clinic and attend the National Church Conference would be in two days. We were stranded! We went back to our hotel and emailed Romy who was already in Myanmar. We felt like we had felt many years ago when we disembarked at Durban and found we were stranded in South Africa because we had no visas to allow us to enter Southern Rhodesia.

However, the Lord provided. The next morning our missionaries in Thailand, Rev. Dan and Pada

Merilat, came to our hotel. Pada, who had grown up in Thailand and spoke the language, knew what to do and quickly came to our rescue. She was able to get visas for us within a few hours, after the holiday, and then she took us to the airport and got us on a late afternoon flight to Myanmar. We arrived in time to make the vital two-hour flight to Manderlay and on to Kalamyo in northwest Myanmar near the border with India.

Our first duty on arrival was to take the five rolling duffel bags to the Bethany Clinic. On our arrival at the clinic we met the two Wesleyan Burmese doctors, Dr. Ryan and Dr. Esther, who were operating the clinic with the long time faithful staff. The young doctors seemed well trained in general medicine. Later, they aided Dr. Romy and Storer in consulting a number of interesting cases.

The clinic building was very adequate. There were several consulting rooms and a fairly well-stocked pharmacy. Most of their medicines were purchased across the border in India.

We found the people of Myanmar to be very gracious and kind especially to two old people. Myanmar is generally thought of as a Buddhist country, but the population is also 4 percent Christian and 3 percent Muslim.

The National Conference of The Wesleyan Church of Myanmar was held in a large Baptist church. We were able to attend the ordination of four Wesleyan ministers and the graduation ceremony at the Truth Biblical College and

Seminary. Twenty-two students received their bachelor's and master's degrees. Storer was asked to help confer degrees and they provided him an academic robe. (It was the first time he had worn one since his graduation from Johns Hopkins.) Our stay in Kalamyo only lasted two days because of the limited airline schedule.

We spent the last two days of our time in the country in Yangon, the capital city. We visited the Galilee Orphanage and the Union Biblical Seminary on the outskirts of the city under the direction of Dr. Maurice Liana. The children at the orphanage greeted us warmly and sang for us.

On Sunday we attended a Wesleyan service that was held in a Baptist church. The church service that preceded ours ended with the singing of the threefold amen, which was the usual ending of the service in our Houghton Wesleyan Church. We felt right at home! We also visited the golden Shwedagon Pagoda, a Buddhist shrine that stands 326 feet high in the center of the city. We observed several thousand people milling around. Many were offering prayer to Buddha, bowing before the many statues of him and pouring out water on the images. My heart was heavy for the people of Myanmar.

We left quite early on Monday morning from Bangkok by Bangkok Air, then on to Seoul, Korea, by Korean Air where the service is excellent. In Seoul, we connected with Hawaiian Air to Honolulu. Bethany met us at the airport. She and Bob were living in a nice rented house in Aiea Heights, which had an excellent view of the city below. However, they were purchasing a larger house on the Windward Side of the island. It is not far from the Nazarene church they attend. We were able to go back to the church



and give them a report of our time in Myanmar and the gratefulness of the Bethany Clinic for their gift. While we visited, Bethany took us to many places of interest. We went to the Botanical Gardens, the beautiful beach at Bellows on a military base, and a visit to the North Shore where the crabs were great.

*When William was teaching at the Nazarene Academy, he took us to the Honolulu Museum and treated us to lunch. He even found some sugar-free candy because Storer had recently been diagnosed with diabetes.*

There were some major changes ahead of us after that trip. After forty-nine years of owning our home in Houghton, we had decided to sell and move to Cooperstown, New York. The move would bring us closer to family and to good medical facilities if we needed them.

Before our move, we celebrated another milestone anniversary. While our children did not try to send us on a trip abroad for our sixtieth wedding anniversary (we were too old for that), they did meet with us for dinner at the Glenn Iris Inn in Letchworth Park.

For the occasion, Esther had asked each member of the family to share some special memory of us. They responded in different ways.

Joshua Emmett, Peter's son, remembered a trip he made with us to Haiti when he was sixteen. He said we got on the plane when we were leaving Haiti but because it was overcrowded, he was detained at the airport. When Storer realized what had happened, he returned to the lobby and confronted those who had refused to let Joshua on the plane. Joshua said he had never before seen the level of intensity which Storer poured out on the officials, in fluent

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Creole of course. The infuriated and resolved Storer didn't stop until he got Joshua onto the plane. While Joshua had never seen Storer present such strong resolve, his father, Peter, could have assured him that he had!

Others remembered the annual trips to the Maple Tree Inn for pancakes and wonderful maple syrup produced there. Some mentioned the many hot dog cookouts there at Letchworth Park. William had brought a bag of ginger snaps, remembering the late-night treats enjoyed with Grandpa, especially during the year he lived with us while attending Houghton College.

Brittany Harter Keith wrote, "We will always have fond memories of visiting them in Africa. We played with other missionary kids, ate wonderful chicken dinners made by nationals, and looked for animals in the Wankie Game Park. Most of all, we remember our whole family gathering for family prayers with them each morning after breakfast. They showed us, at a young age, a tangible example of how to keep Christ at the center of a marriage and it is something we continue to share each time we are together. Thank you, Grandma and Grandpa, for being such good examples for us to follow."



# 8

## THE NOW AND EVER AFTER

*I*t had been a good week. On Monday, Lyle Smith, a friend from the church, came to take Storer for a ride around the country roads. He wanted to share places that would be new to Storer, as we had lived in Cooperstown only a short while. It was a beautiful day in high summer when trees and flowers are in full bloom.

On Tuesday, Sue Klosheim, the senior pastor's wife, came with a huge bouquet of many-colored gladiolus from Pastor Jack's garden. Storer had had some nice but small early glads. Now they wanted to share some of the really big brilliant ones they had grown.

Even though he was in great pain from a recent shingles attack, Storer was able to attend the early morning men's Bible study at the church on Wednesday. I believe Dr. Lee Edmonds picked him up and Pastor Jack brought him back.

Thursday, I needed to get gas for the car. Storer went with me. After I filled up, we stopped at the Eskimo Hut

where Storer enjoyed two big scoops of some of his favorite ice creams.

Friday, August 27, started like any ordinary day. Storer woke up, hugged me, and said, "I'm still here." I got up, helped him dress, prepared breakfast, and had family prayers with him. Then he went to his office for private devotions and computer work. I went about my kitchen duties.

About noon, I called him for lunch. He seemed to be coming very slowly, so I tried to help him guide his walker. As we approached the table, he shook his head and said, "I've got to go lie down." Then he fell.

I ran next door to get help from our assistant pastor and his wife. While they were getting him on the bed, I called our daughter, Faith. She told me to call 911. Faith arrived before the 911 team and started CPR on her father.

When the paramedics arrived, she came and sat with me. We could hear the team saying, "He's coding." Finally, they got enough of a heartbeat to rush him to the hospital. Faith and I followed in my car.

We sat in the ER while the team there tried to stabilize his heart. Finally, the doctor came and knelt beside me. He said, "I have tried three times to stabilize his heartbeat. I would like to try one more thing."

The last procedure was performed. The doctor shook his head. He and his team gathered their equipment and left silently. Faith and I said our goodbyes and left to make phone calls to family members and to prepare for the busy days ahead.

It was no longer an ordinary day.

Some of the family came quickly and we were able to make plans to hold a Celebration of Life Service in the

Houghton church on Sunday afternoon, September 3. We tried to find a time when the most members of the family could be present. Our son, Bill, went back home to Indiana to look for a cassette tape he had made of Storer and his brother, Peter, singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which Storer had requested and the family wanted played during the service.

Herb Williams and his grandson, from the funeral home in Houghton, came quickly to take Storer back with them. We were able to plan with him to have a time for viewing at his funeral home the day before the church service.

To prepare for the service, the family began to gather in Houghton. Houghton College very kindly offered us the use of the Alumni House, which is conveniently located just across the street from the church. Many in the community sent food, which Philip and Rebekah, our grandchildren living in Houghton, did a wonderful job of preparing. Others offered housing to any member of the family that might need it.

On the day before the service, viewing hours were held at the Kopler-Williams Funeral Home in Fillmore. Our granddaughter Brittany Harter Keith attended with her younger son, Seth, who was about two months old. During the time of the viewing, Seth was passed from lap to lap. He didn't seem to mind, and the symbolism was beautiful. While we had gathered to remember a life well lived, we also rejoiced in the joy of a new life beginning.

The Celebration of Life for Storer William Emmett, MD, was held Sunday afternoon, September 3, 2017. Our daughter Esther had written a very good obituary that was used in the programs handed out as people entered. On

the back of the program was a picture of the many flowers in Grandpa's garden.

The special music was a duet, "Jesus, Lover Of My Soul." It was sung by Dr. Storer Emmett and Dr. Peter Emmett. Both were deceased as was the pianist, Evelyn Emmett, Peter's wife. Bill had found the cassette! Dr. Judy Congdon was the organist. Storer loved organ music. He had played on many past occasions in our Old Town Wesleyan Church. Some of the granddaughters, Brittany Keith, Rebekah Harter, Kira Emmett Logan, and Kendra Emmett Goldwasser, read the Scripture, Romans 8:31-39.

Jim Blackburn, long time missionary friend from our Haiti years, had been chosen by Wesleyan Headquarters to share a letter from Dr. Dennis Jackson, director of Global Missions. He included not only his own memories, but also some from others with whom Storer had worked.

How grateful I am, on behalf of the Global Partners tribe, the international church leaders, medical workers, and thousands of unnamed recipients of care to share in both the eternal joy and grace-filled comfort that is ours in Christ in the loss of the Reverend Doctor Storer Emmett. How grateful we all are for the man of God and servant of people he exhibited throughout his life.

I leaned into past leadership of Global Partners to draw on their experiences with Dr. Emmett. Dr. Don Bray wrote, "I loved his passion for God, his zeal for missionary work, and his untiring energy, whether it was a late-night emergency or climbing a mountain. Global Partners and The Wesleyan Church has

been wonderfully blessed by the lifetime of service given by Storer and Wilma Emmett.”

Dr. H. C. Wilson, my immediate predecessor, shared these words:

“Storer Emmett was ordained by what was then the Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada (now the Atlantic District) when I was sixteen years old. I have known and deeply respected his dedication to serve “the least of these” across these many years. I was honored to be associated with him in District and Denominational life and to observe firsthand the passion with which both Storer and Wilma gave so freely of their time, skill, and talent to serve the physical and spiritual needs of so many people in so many places. Servant of God, well done!”

My own personal experiences were deepened as we shared together the work in Myanmar—the only remaining medical work that Dr. Emmett had not visited. You may remember that in honor of their missionary service and their tireless efforts in mobilizing workers and leading the Wesleyan Medical Fellowship, the General Conference of The Wesleyan Church in 2012 honored them with a trip to Myanmar. We were participating in a Conference of the church there, but Storer and Wilma were excited to get to the clinic. Upon our arrival, with great glee, they toured the facility—and the special portions of it they had provided and invited others to supply. They—Wilma especially—carefully sorted through the multiple suitcases they had brought of medical supplies,



explaining to the clinic workers not only the inventory but the use of each item and how to organize them. And then to watch Doctor Storer fully engage in patient care alongside the Myanmar doctors. It was a joy-filled experience I will not forget.

My last exchange with Dr. Emmett was assisting him in yet another effort of giving to the mission. One side of the story I had not personally witnessed was Storer's resourcefulness. Rev. Peter Moore, director of the Atlantic District, shared this story.

"Dr. Emmett loved chewing gum. Uta Chase, missionary nurse in Southern Rhodesia, told about having Storer and Wilma in her home for a meal. A good missionary never wastes anything. As the meal began, he quietly dropped his gum in his water glass. That was the way he did most things, quietly, and in a way not to draw attention to himself. When the meal was done, he took a big gulp of water and kept on chewing."

For Dr. Emmett, in all of his work, no matter how difficult or impossible, he simply took a big gulp and kept on chewing. He and Wilma pressed on—and only God can fully measure those who have joined the family of God, experienced healing, and pressed forward with the mission.

Today we all join in affirming God's words: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joys of your Master."

Bethany, then spoke for the children, sharing past remembrances.

I would like to share with you today, who my dad was. He was a gardener much to the consternation of us children, as we were expected to provide slave labor for his exploits with the soil. I can remember, at age sixteen, his gardening ventures including sifting rocky soil on La Gonâve, Haiti. Daddy designed a sifter of fine chicken wire boarded by wood in which we would throw shovels of dirt. An onlooker observing the family at work would have thought we were involved in an archaeological dig. To this day, none of us children care very much for gardening. The gene, however seems to have reared its head in some of the grandchildren, much to my father's joy.

Daddy always left beauty in his wake. Many of you may not have known that he was color blind. I am sure as soon as he entered heaven, he saw many colors he had never seen before. Today, as you leave the service, we invite you to take a packet of seeds as a symbol of Dad's legacy of sowing seeds of the gospel and love wherever he went.

From the time I was a young child, I watched his generosity to others. On many occasions, he would come back to the house from the hospital and ask my mother for money for people who had shared their needs with him.

Whenever I would accompany my dad to outlying churches (some of which were held under trees), I would see him being generous with his words of encouragement to struggling congregations. He would preach a sermon and then hold a clinic for hours after

the service was finished. He was generous with his time too. If you had a pressing need, he would stop, talk, and pray with you, despite the fact he had multiple patients waiting and other demands on his time.

I had a chance to review some of Dad's sermons this week. I want to share with you from his sermon on generosity: "In God's spiritual economy, the more we give to others of what has been given to us, the more we will have." Daddy truly endorsed this concept.

He studied to show himself approved unto God. Dad memorized Scripture all his life. In later years, he would speak of his frustration and disappointment in not being able to memorize Scripture as easily as he had in younger years.

He also continued his medical knowledge, spending hours doing Continuing Medical Education courses. He always carried a unit with him to listen to as he drove.

Recently he studied here at Houghton College about Islam and most recently, a psychology course with Dr. Paul Young. He loved to talk about what he had learned in these classes.

Whenever Daddy was sent by the mission to a new location, he would seek out individuals who could teach him the local language. His goal was to preach as well as learn the hospital vocabulary in the local language. God allowed him to become a linguist.

He loved music in many forms. He would often be called, as a teen, to play the pipe organ for the church service in the Old Town Wesleyan Church. He spent many hours playing his cello. His tenor voice could

be heard in the aisles of any church wherever he was worshiping. He sang in choirs and also had a ministry with his brother and a friend in a gospel male trio.

As we were preparing for this service, we reviewed a taped recording of my father and his brother singing together. We had been told many times by my dad that he could not pick out his voice from my uncle Peter's voice. What interested us children was that all four of us could easily hear our father's voice. This is because we knew the sound of our father's voice and knew him personally. The significance of this experience was not lost on us, as we who love our heavenly Father also know His voice because we know Him personally.

I really admired Dad's strong work ethic and disciplined lifestyle. He would wake early in the morning, regardless of late night calls, to spend time with God's Word and pray. This would be followed by push-ups, sit-ups, and a good breakfast of rolled oats. When he was triple booked at the doctor's office, and time was precious, he would get his exercise by riding his bike to and from work dressed in sports coat and tie.

Dad was a mountain climber. He climbed mountains everywhere he lived. Each time he was in Maine, he would climb Mount Katahdin. Most family members have memories of Baxter State Park. To add extra to his mountain climbing exercise, he would often carry a grandchild on his back.

After burning off all those calories, a trip to Maine would not be complete without multiple stops for ice

cream. Dad's one weakness was ice cream—in any form or flavor.

He loved running and would often run past men half his age. Even when Dad had become lame and his heart weakened, he would still make himself walk down the main Greenough Road in Cooperstown.

No matter how much pain Dad was in during his later years, he rarely spoke of his discomfort and continued to do exercises of some kind. Despite his pain, he maintained his sense of humor.

My dad never knew the word impossible. To him, impossible simply meant an opportunity for creative problem solving.

When I worked with him in Africa at Zimba Hospital, we had a child born prematurely one night. Zimba Hospital didn't have a NICU, so we were faced with the impossible situation of keeping this neonate alive. Many would have rationalized to let nature take its course because of our limited supplies. Daddy, however, put together a makeshift incubator, hot water bottles, and a feeding tube. He instructed the nurses and the mother in the importance of keeping the water hot and had the mother pump her milk, which we placed in the feeding tube. Day after day, I expected when we did rounds in the morning that the little one might not have survived the night. However, the baby did survive and went home with his mother after about two months.

Many times I saw my father face crises with the peace and calmness that can only come from God. When the pin holding the steering wheel together decided to come loose, he was able to stop the Land

Rover on a steep mountain road with deep drop-offs and calmly ask a missionary nurse traveling with us for one of her hairpins. He repaired the steering wheel with the hairpin and we descended safely.

Another time, we found ourselves in the middle of the channel between the mainland of Haiti and La Gonâve in a sudden squall. Despite being in a motor boat with seas more than ten feet high, he never panicked and asked in a calm voice if we would all pray for the Lord to calm the sea. We reached the island without sinking.

He was nearly killed by hidden rebel soldiers who had their guns pointed at his head in Southern Rhodesia. Again, prayer interceded to save his life.

We, as a family, frequently joked that Daddy didn't have just one guardian angel but a whole army of them to keep him safe. I'm sure they are thrilled to have him in heaven making their jobs easier now.

From the time I was a young child, we had family devotions and prayer at the start of each morning. It was different in our home as it was often at 5:30 to 6 a.m. to allow my dad time to check on his patients who were hospitalized. My mother would walk around the house and call up each stairwell or hallway, "Prayers." We would come from all parts of the house and gather on our knees. We children were often barely awake. As a child, when we had guests, and a choice was being made as to who would pray, I would secretly wish for someone other than my dad. When my dad prayed, he never forgot anyone or anything.

As an adult, however, I loved to hear those prayers and took great comfort/solace knowing that when requested prayer, my dad and mom would lift my needs to heaven. He took prayer very seriously and did not appreciate or find humor when one child tied another unsuspecting child's shoelaces together or whispered, "Wake me up when it's my turn to pray."

Living in a home where prayer was second nature, I find myself having conversations throughout the day with my heavenly Father as was modeled for me as a child. I am very thankful for that gift.

My father taught me to cherish family. He spent many hours searching out his genealogy and has left an extensive study of our family roots.

Daddy and Mom would send out a family letter every Sunday via email to let the children know what had happened over the last week and items we needed to pray for in the future week. Daddy always made sure to include my cousins Cathy, Stephanie, and Josh in that email. My uncle Peter had passed away a number of years ago, and Daddy made sure to check on each cousin's family regularly. They frequently stayed with Stephanie's family in South Africa as they were passing through on their way to Zimba, Zambia. When going to Maine, they always made it a point to visit Cathy, and several times a year, Dad would call Joshua. He would share what each cousin was doing and allowed us children to feel a bond with them despite our many locations on the globe.

In talking with Faith, she shared how, recently, she had been praying the following prayer: "I pray if you

choose not to heal him physically at this time (from shingles), please give him a spirit of encouragement and help him finish his race strong." God answered that prayer on August twenty fifth.

*Bethany later noted: When I was notifying family of my father's death, I felt led to contact my second cousin, Dennis. Some years before, my father flew to be at the bedside of Dennis' father, my father's uncle Russell. Dennis attended Dad's funeral and when he left from our weekend together, he shared with me that he had never felt like he had belonged to the family—even after sixty years. He had been adopted by Dad's uncle and aunt when they were in their fifties. For some reason, he never quite made the connection of being their son. He had also reached out to his biological mother, but she refused to see him. At Dad's funeral, being accepted as a member of our family transformed him from an individual with no family to one with an identifiable belonging. My father's passing allowed healing emotionally for Dennis.*

Bethany concluded her eulogy with a poem, "Christ Has No Hands," by Annie Flint Johnson.

After Bethany's eulogy, Rev. Dr. Wesley Oden gave the message.

Then, William Slauson, our oldest grandson, gave his remembrances of Grandpa.

I'm William Slauson, Esther's son. It has fallen to me to explain what Grandpa meant to the grandchildren. There are nine of us, in ascending order of age; Alexi, Christianna, Kasey, Kira, Rebekah, Kendra, Wesley,



William (me), and Brittany. The oldest is twenty-nine and the youngest is fifteen. Some of us are still in school, but those who are not (for the moment) have taken different paths in life: mother, teacher, actress, dietician, accountant, probation officer, and IT professional. We all have different hobbies, interests, ideologies, and passions. But, we are united here today in our love for a man who had a huge influence in our lives. None of us would be the person we are today without his love and support. The high standards he set challenged us to be our best selves, and his life stands as a model to emulate—and a challenge to aspire to.

I remember my grandfather as someone who gave good hugs. Whenever I had not seen him for a while, he always gave me a big rib-creaking hug, although recently, he hasn't been able to get his arms all the way around! He carried me on his back to the top of Mount Katahdin when I was a baby, and in his last years, he leaned on me when he needed support. He was a man who always wanted to do things for himself—a man whose iron will and unshakeable faith allowed him to accomplish remarkable things. But—I remember him as a deeply loving and kind person and someone who was a great certainty in my life. He was a second father to me and I am lessened by his loss.

One thing all the grandchildren remember is Grandpa in his garden. In one of his more formidable displays of will, Grandpa transformed poor and heavy clay soil into fertile earth suitable for growing

things. He once told me that when he was practicing medicine regularly, as he pulled each weed, he would imagine it was pharmaceutical sales rep or an insurance assessor delaying his lunch break. But, I know that creating beautiful things gave him profound joy. Maintaining that garden required a great deal of effort and, as we grew older, we all spent time in that garden with varying degrees of enjoyment. We weeded, moved railroad ties, and trimmed bushes. We laid down tarp, strung deer fences, and harvested zucchini. Some of us managed to get out of gardening by cleaning gutters. I, for one, always loved clambering around on the garage roof spraying bleach on moss and throwing great globs of leaves and pine needles to earth. After a day of work and play, we would have dinner (with ice cream, of course), watch the news, and then finish the day with a movie. Grandpa loved Sherlock Holmes and watching those movies was a continuation of an old family tradition of reading the Holmes books aloud on the mission field.

When I lived with Grandma and Grandpa during my time at Houghton College, I always treasured the sense of comfortable routine at 7373 Park Drive. The traditions that began there are something the grandchildren will carry with us throughout our lives and even beyond as we have children of our own.

A memory all the grandchildren hold in common is going to Letchworth State Park. There were many barbecues, hikes along the Falls, and meals at the Glenn Iris Inn. On the way back, as on most of our excursions, we would stop for soft ice cream at a little convenience

store near the park. Grandpa called ice cream his one weakness and it was rare to see him go a day without it. We all thought it was funny that, despite being an avid gardener, Grandpa was not a huge fan of vegetables. He never said no to ice cream though and it was an integral part of every family dinner. Sharing ice cream with Grandpa created a sense of home wherever we traveled, whether it was sundaes at the family home, fantastic confections at the Governor's Restaurant in Maine, a root beer float in Indonesia, or homemade ice cream we churned at the rest house above Port-au-Prince. I'm not sure why Grandpa liked ice cream so much, but he wasn't the type to think too deeply about those kinds of things. He knew with certainty what was good and bad in the world. And while he vigorously rejected things he believed were wrong, he also enthusiastically embraced the things he loved, like ice cream, music, and family.

Another good memory the grandchildren had was summer vacations at the beach. Grandma and Grandpa were always a necessary part of that tradition, sharing stories, preparing meals, and leading devotions. There was a tree that we all gathered under on Sundays. Grandpa would lead the service for us while we sat in the shade or lounged in the branches. I didn't often see my grandfather preach, but those moments in time echoed the many sermons he gave on the mission field. He told me he often had to go straight from surgery to the pulpit and sometimes his sermon would be interrupted by an emergency at the hospital. But, despite every

obstacle and setback, he never stopped preaching the gospel and modeling Christ in his life.

Our grandparents had always been great believers in education. They overcame poverty to obtain multiple degrees, working difficult jobs to pay their tuitions. Grandpa worked in a pulp and paper factory to earn money for medical school, doing his body terrible damage to follow God's will for his life. Grandma and Grandpa conveyed the value of education to their children and grandchildren, inspiring us to learn and grow as much and as hard as we can. They generously helped each grandchild pay for their education and their investment is already paying dividends as we each enter society well prepared for rewarding careers and lives.

What more is there to say? I could tell you how Kira was inspired to greater heights by Grandpa's stories of vaulting picnic benches in his youth; how Wesley watched in amazement as Grandpa firmly shared his testimony with Mormon missionaries on the street; how I watched him continue to direct surgeries after his hands would no longer hold still. Grandpa ran through life until, having given his all, he could run no further.

There really isn't an adequate way to summarize a man's life, especially one so full and so rich as my grandfather led. Suffice to say that he loved the Lord, his family, and the people throughout the world he was called to heal.

The world is a poorer place without him and I earnestly look forward to seeing him again. I want to

## TODY WILL

close with a snippet of a poem I often heard Grandpa quote: "The woods are lovely, dark and deep, / But I have promises to keep / And miles to go before I sleep."

Grandpa, your journey is done, your promises were kept. Enjoy your rest and we'll see you soon.

The postlude was Toccata from Symphony No. 5 by Widor. The vibrant and thunderous strains from this music that Storer had requested gave a triumphant finish to the Celebration of Life.

As mentioned earlier, our daughter Esther wrote Storer's obituary. The funeral director had requested one for publication in a local paper, and Esther was willing to do it. Parts of her work were used by other publications. She wrote:

Medical missionary and world traveler, Dr. Storer William Emmett, embarked on his final journey Friday, August 25, 2017. Storer, often referring to himself in childhood as Tody Will, was born September 9, 1932, to Storer and Elva Emmett of Crystal, Maine. While he was still a young boy, the family moved to Old Town, Maine, where Storer became very active in community and church life. He joined his first church choir at age thirteen.

High school accomplishments included being a track star, playing on the football team (resulting in his becoming a champion church supper eater for necessary weight gain), participating as a valued member of the debate club, playing the cello in the

orchestra, and earning top academic honor of his high school class. His greatest high school accomplishment, however, was courting his childhood sweetheart and bride-to-be, Wilma Monroe. He and Wilma were married on September 1, 1956.

Storer was saved at a young age and felt God's call to medical missions as a teen. With this focus in mind, he worked toward attending a good medical school and was accepted at Johns Hopkins in 1954 following his bachelor degree work at the University of Maine.

After completing advanced training in medicine and surgery, Storer and Wilma, along with their daughter, Bethany, left for their first missionary voyage to work at a mission hospital in Southern Rhodesia during the Fall of 1960. Dr. Emmett also served as a medical officer for the government of Southern Rhodesia. Soon after arriving in Rhodesia, Storer was ordained by the Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada (now the Atlantic District of The Wesleyan Church) to enhance his opportunities to minister to not only the physical needs but also spiritual needs.

The next missionary voyage took Storer, Wilma, and their four children to Haiti in August 1968. He worked as a doctor and frequently performed emergency surgeries at the Wesleyan Hospital. He also covered the other clinics The Wesleyan Church had there. His other ministries included traveling and preaching the gospel in a number of churches all over the country.

Dr. Emmett journeyed next to Houghton, New York, where he spent thirteen years in family practice

with the Northern Allegheny Medical Group. During this time, he also served as physician for Houghton College. Always having a heart for missions, Storer, soon after arriving, established the Houghton Medical and Dental team, returning to serve the people of rural Haiti on short-term mission trips.

In 1988, Storer and Wilma traveled to Sierra Leone on their third missionary journey. Dr. Emmett worked at Kamakwie Hospital and ministered to the physical and spiritual needs of the people there for three years.

Storer's final missionary journey as a full-time worker for Wesleyan World Missions was to Zambia near Victoria Falls. He had come almost full circle to where he had begun his medical mission work.

During retirement, Dr. and Mrs. Emmett spent several months at a time, serving in Zambia, Haiti, or Sierra Leone as needed. Storer also became director of the Wesleyan Medical Fellowship to encourage and increase awareness of medical missions. His quarterly newsletters were always highly anticipated and enjoyed. In appreciation of his sixteen years as director, The Wesleyan Church presented Dr. and Mrs. Emmett with a trip to Myanmar where he was able to visit and participate in yet another medical clinic, which he had been instrumental in founding.

One of Dr. Emmett's great loves was gardening. He had a garden and planted at least one tree wherever he lived. Storer loved beauty (despite his color blindness) and the creative expression afforded by this hobby. This past summer saw hours of

enjoyment of his flower garden in his new and final home in Cooperstown, New York.

The committal was at the Mount Pleasant Cemetery nearby. Pastor Wes read Psalm 121. He did not know that this was the psalm our family had repeated many times as our sailboat left La Gonâve for a trip across the waters to the mainland.

After the committal, we returned to the church. Dr. Doug Mayhle and his wife, Judy, with their committee, had prepared a lovely meal. The Houghton Church did this for members whose funerals were held at the church. Dr. Mayhle had for a while been part of the Northern Allegheny Medical Group along with Dr. Prinsell and Emmett.

After the meal, the family began to depart. A few members remained behind to close the Alumni House and thank members of the Houghton community for their kind hospitality.



There were many cards, letters, and flowers sent to remember Storer. Two of the ladies who had worked with him in his medical office wrote sympathy notes. Terri Ayers wrote, "He was an inspirational man and one that those who follow behind can be better for knowing." Sandy Blake wrote, "My experiences working with your husband were a blessing to me and to my family."

Others, who had worked with him in the Houghton Wesleyan Church, shared comments. Diane Emmonds, who



shared his love of music wrote, "I will always recall how kind and gentle he was to everyone. Of course, the fact he was raised in Maine made him even more special to me! [Her late husband had been from Maine.] Also, I was glad for his proper diagnosis and treatment of a health issue that had troubled me."

Kevin and Cindy Austin (former pastoral staff) said, "We so enjoyed serving together with him on the Missions Committee. Those 9 years were very special."

Todd and Mary Leach, former pastor and wife at Houghton, wrote, "We so fondly remember our times together in Houghton with both of you. We especially remember the many miles we walked together at the College Gym."

Dr. Shirley Mullen, president of Houghton College wrote, "I am grateful for his many years of service to Houghton College. But, even long before that, for the way both of you helped shape our family's commitment to missions during your Reformed Baptist years."

Several of Storer's colleagues wrote after his passing. One was Dr. Wilbur Zike with whom we visited in Sierra Leone when we left Africa in 1967. "Storer lived a long life well, serving others as long as he was able. You two were a great team."

Another note came from Eleanor Hunzinger, RN, with whom we served in Zambia. She shared, "I remember when Dr. Emmett brought Bill and Faith to see their birthplaces and the side trip to Wankie Game Park. I also remember helping as Assistant director of WMF while you were still in Zambia. He did a great job with that responsibility."

Dr. Tom Putman wrote, "Storer was truly a mentor and role model for me. I am grateful for God's call on your

lives that put you in Sierra Leone with us for 2 years. I learned a lot of tropical medicine and most of what I learned in basic surgery from Storer. He went beyond his duties to help local churches and lay pastors from the hospital staff."

Dr. Chuck Pierson, another doctor Storer worked with in Sierra Leone, wrote, "His life touched so many in so many places. Thank you for the years at Kamakwie Hospital."

Dr. John Nystrom, who was part of the Houghton Medical and Dental Team for many years wrote, "We thank God that he brought Storer into our lives. He was a close friend, mentor, and spiritual inspiration to us. We have shared many memories, laughs, fun, and rewarding times, as well as a few tense and frightening times. He is truly a hero of the faith and will be missed."

His medical partner, Dr. Gus Prinsell, sent a note: "Words are inadequate to let you know how much in so many ways Storer has impacted my life since 1977. Plus his well-lived life for God blessed so many in so many places."

Dr. Calvin and Paulette Shierer, who also went on many mountain trips with us wrote, "So many good memories, walking the hills of Haiti, riding through the creek-beds in a dump truck, helping people in need, and great fellowship. Storer will be missed."

Dr. Ron Yamaoka, who attended a Bible study with Storer in Hawaii shared, "Storer provided the class with so much wisdom and inspiration. We loved him."

Dr. William Jarrett II, one of Storer's classmates at Hopkins wrote, "Sorry to learn of Storer's passing. He had such a smiling, reassuring demeanor and was a loyal and faithful alumnus."

Soon after Storer's passing, I wrote to Dr. David Stevens, director of the Christian Medical and Dental Association to let him know of Storer's death. Storer had been a member of CMDA for many years. Dr. Stevens replied, "One of my staff passed on to me your personal note of Storer's passing to his Heavenly reward. What a wonderful life you both have had in the service of the Lord! I did not know about him being so instrumental in the Johns Hopkins Chapter. [I had written telling of how Storer and a classmate, Dick Lane, had worked hard their four years at Hopkins to start the chapter and keep it going.] You will be happy to know it continues on and has great impact on the lives of students who have graduated and are serving in this country and around the world. Only in Eternity will we know the returns on his investment."

Patti Stalker, the church secretary, put Storer's obituary on the Houghton Church website. In the first twenty-four hours, there were 20,000 pings. She said that was far more than any other subject she had ever put on the church website.

In addition to the church website, Storer's passing was in several publications. The University of Maine under the year 1954, wrote: Storer W. Emmett, MD, '84, of Cooperstown, New York, on 8-25-17.

The obituary from his medical school, Johns Hopkins, was quite different. They wrote, "Storer W. Emmett, '58 of Cooperstown, NY, a devout medical missionary as well as a family practitioner in Houghton, New York, died on August 25, 2017. He was 84. For more than 3 decades, Emmett traveled to the impoverished areas of South Africa, Sierra Leone, Haiti, Zambia, and Myanmar, where

he performed emergency operations and provided general medical treatment while also ministering to the spiritual needs of his patients.”

The *Wesleyan Life* magazine featured a full-page picture of Storer with the words: “Wesleyan missionary and medical doctor passes away. This was followed by a full-page obituary.

Global Partners, formerly Wesleyan World Missions under whom we served for many years, also carried his obituary in its publication. The Wesleyan Missionary Fellowship had his picture and obituary in its Fall 2017 issue.

Dr. Dan Jones, medical missionary to Zambia, sent one of his monthly newsletters. On the front page was a picture of Storer and the words, “Well done good and faithful servant.” Dan wrote, “His was an exemplary role model of a missionary doctor. He served as Director of WMF for 16 years. He helped to fund thousands of dollars to benefit the 3 Wesleyan Hospitals. The first was the Indigent patient drug fund, which assisted the hospitals and rural health centers to purchase desperately needed medications for patient treatment. The second was scholarship funds, which provided sponsorships for members of the national Wesleyan churches to go to school for medical and nursing training so they could help improve the staffing levels at the health facilities. I met him for the first time in November 2001 when I was a resident. He served as my supervisor during a one-month elective rotation at ZMH. His inspiring example motivated me to pursue being a medical missionary.” *I know of at least 2 other young men in a Sunday school class he taught at the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Baltimore when he was in medical school who were likewise so inspired.*

Dr. Scott Addison, director of Global Partners Health Network, the former Wesleyan Medical Fellow (WMF), wrote in a recent newsletter, "As Director of WMF, he was a great communicator, mobilizer and administrator. We are grateful for his passion and influence that has impacted medical care at Wesleyan Hospitals and clinics around the world. His compassion, love, and spiritual shepherding was invaluable to those under his care and remain an inspiration for us who serve today."

The Houghton College magazine for Summer 2018 was filled with pictures and stories of inspiring mentors. It included members of the faculty from the 1950s to the present. However, there was an obituary of Storer on the last page with his picture. While he was not faculty, he had served as college physician. The article mentioned, "While he was working to meet the medical needs of rural Allegheny County, he established the Houghton Medical and Dental Team. Thanks to Dr. Emmett and so many others, the team will make its 40th trip to Haiti this year."

Wherever Storer lived, he planted at least one tree. On the first anniversary of his passing, the family gathered at his last home to accomplish the goal his last illness had prevented. Finally, we had decided on a crab apple tree. Storer had planted two of these in Houghton. Their spring flowering had been a joy to our neighbor, Betty Ortlip, who viewed them from her kitchen window.

Various members of the family helped to dig the hole to plant the tree. When we were done, I read a couple of poems and then we all recited Psalm 121.

Our son, Bill, gave the prayer, but we were not done. John Fisk shared memories from the conclusion of a mountain trip. He said they had climbed on an open back truck. It was raining hard and he and Dr. Nystrom tried to find something for cover. Storer, however, didn't look for anything. He sat on a bench as the rain poured down, enjoying the knowledge of a job well done. At the conclusion, we returned to the house, made coffee and shared memories.

Recently I watched the funeral service of the late president George Herbert Walker Bush on TV. I learned he had a plaque on his lawn in Maine with the letters: CAVU. I believe that now that Storer has gone to be with the Lord, that airman's assurance—Ceiling and Visibility Unlimited—could well apply to him.

Bon voyage, Tody Will. Godspeed.



## APPENDIX

# 1

## THE KIDS

### *The Interview*

*Faith:* So, this is Bill, and Esther, and Bethany, and Faith with Mom on September 1, 2018, commemorating Dad's home-going a year ago. We've just planted a tree with many family members and are now talking about our years with Dad in Houghton and our memories so that Mom will have them for her book about Dad.

*Mom:* Great! Thank you, Faith, for starting us out. I've already received some help with that. Esther just gave me today what she had written, and Bethany—I have received from her memories that she gave at Daddy's home-going service in Houghton, New York. I have also tried to request memories from other people who were important in those years—various things that they did, various places that



they went. We did not record what Faith's husband, John, told us. That is included in the "Now and Ever After" chapter.

One thing I remember is that we all got up for prayers by 6:30 in the morning, and it was not always a happy request when I went around and said, "Prayers, time for prayers." And the children gathered, perhaps many of them with their eyes still half shut, and we all took part in prayer together at 6:30 in the morning, because that was the only time during the day I was sure of having all the family together. And I'm just so thankful that in later years they have continued family prayers in their own homes and are bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

*Esther:* And now the grandchildren too.

*Beth:* And great-grandchildren.

Well, I remember a memory, but it isn't from Houghton. I remember when I was a little girl and if I got into trouble, Mom would send me to the platform where Daddy was preaching, and I'd have to sit on the platform. And I would have to sit there the whole time Daddy was preaching and be good. So, I spent many a time on the platform with Daddy. That was when we were in Africa.

*Faith:* I keep thinking about the one there in Haiti when Daddy was going around and set up all this stuff for Halloween, and there was like flashlights and stuff on the barrels in the closet. I don't even remember it all. I don't know if any of you were there—this memory of Daddy when he was having so much fun getting ready to scare us all in the closet, with the pumpkin . . .

## THE KIDS

*Esther:* Reading *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, reading Sherlock Holmes, and Mom would rattle the pans.

*Faith:* I think that was one of my favorite memories as well, was when Daddy would read Sherlock Holmes to us. And then, when he was older we would watch Sherlock Holmes together. Or a mystery, or *Cadfael*, *the Monk*. You know those are great memories. Wonderful memories. That's something Daddy really, really enjoyed.

*Bill:* This wasn't a Houghton memory necessarily, but when we lived on La Gonève, and one thing that was really special to me was when Dad took the time to help me put together a kite that we had bought and fly it out behind the Delco [generator] house.



Faith and Bethany; Back row, Bill and Esther

©Liferouch. Used with permission.

*Esther:* Yes, I remember that.

*Bill:* We spent the time together putting that together. And the times we went fishing together. That was nice just to get away with Dad and Grampy to go to Quebec and just get away and spend time together. Those were very special times.

*Esther:* Do you remember when he cut his finger with the steel wool?

*Faith:* Yes. I also remember—speaking of Houghton—right before we left to go, Bill and I, to go with him to Zambia and Zimbabwe after we had graduated from college.

*Bill:* That was a special trip.

*Faith:* He cut his finger off on the end while gardening—

*Faith:* And Uncle Gus sewed it back on, and then I think it was his middle finger—he clipped the tip off. And then I remember in Zambia trying to keep it clean for him and changing his dressing and all of that. Eventually it grew back on, but he had no feeling, I think.

*Bill:* One of the things I can add to that too from that trip that was just really kind of cool—and I still have a picture of it—is, we were sitting in the Combrinks' house, I think it was, and Dad was sitting with his back to a window. With the backlighting, I took a picture of him there because you know he had lost a lot of his hair early obviously, so

whenever somebody commented about some issue with his hair being messed up he would say, "Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

*Esther:* I remember that.

*Bill:* The thing was, he had these few pieces of little strands of hair sticking up and they were highlighted by the light from the back of the window and I still have that picture.

*Faith:* That was an amazing trip.

*Bill:* That was a wonderful trip.

*Faith:* Going back there again, I was sharing with somebody recently just how much it had really been a full circle for me and how meaningful it was for me to go back to where I had been born, and I was encouraging them that if they had an opportunity to go back to where they were born—and I hope to take our girls back to China someday—so, I was encouraging this young woman that if she ever had a chance to go back to do it because I said it was so significant for me to go on that trip.

*Mom:* One of the Houghton memories that I have was not necessarily of Daddy, but it was the time Esther went down to Letchworth State Park in the winter and got herself pretty banged up and had to be taken to the hospital. And what so impressed me was the number of Houghton people that called me to see how Esther was. That let me know that they cared about our family there in Houghton,

and that to me was very special, to know that there was that concern and care and love for my family by the people in Houghton. And continuing that thought, Daddy said one time, "I don't mind getting up in the middle of the night and going down to Granny Barnett because that lady prays for my children every day."

*Beth:* I remember when we first went to Houghton, and Daddy decided to put his garden patch in—it was reasonable—but as the years went along, it became more and more of a garden and less and less of a yard. And I remember feeling very distraught when I'd have to go out there and tend his garden.

*Esther:* Our badminton area was taken over.

*Faith:* My favorite memory is from later years when everyone else was gone and I was still there. I would try to mow the lawn or do this or that and I'd always, without fail, run over something. So, I got out of that job. And then I remember, one of my other favorite memories when I was in college, Mom and Dad had gone somewhere—Maine or something—I was supposed to be out watering the garden every night, and it never dawned on me that the little plants in the little greenhouse—you had to open the top to water the plants . . . They were dead! You know Daddy had all these little plants in his little greenhouse, and I didn't think to open it to water them.

*Bill:* Well, along the same line of what Beth was saying, much to my chagrin, at the very beginning when Dad

wanted me to mow the grass it was fine, no problem. As time went on more and more trees and shrubs were planted in the yard and it took more and more time because I had to mow around them, so the time taken to mow was longer and it was like, oh my goodness.

*Beth:* It was like an obstacle course.

*Esther:* But in a positive thing—this would be during the Houghton years, maybe after you guys went to Zambia—how many times he came to our homes and helped us to beautify our own homes. We have a couple of bushes outside that Daddy helped us plant, you know.

*Mom:* And he was so happy when we went to Rebekah's there in Houghton and saw that she loved plants and things growing. It made him feel good to know that some of the genes had been passed along.

*Esther:* Every time a song is played at church, an old hymn, I can just hear Daddy sing. That's when I have my hardest times, is in church. But Dad loved music, and I talked about how he was always playing the piano before church and after church, and I thought about Bill making his stereo throughout the whole house, you know, you did that surround sound thing because he loved his music so much. What a gift that has been that he gave us.

*Bill:* That's another one of my Houghton memories, the number of years that he was dedicated to the Houghton Church Choir. He spent so many years . . . Just such a love

that he had for music and singing and being a part of that ministry.

*Esther:* I can just hear his voice singing . . . beautiful tenor voice.

*Faith:* It's funny because, for whatever reason, I really wanted to spend as much time with Dad as I could so whatever he was doing I did it with him, whether it was gardening, or running, or going on deputation, or whatever it was. And then, going to Haiti, and then I also joined the Houghton choir for a year or two so I could be in it with him and do something with him. I remember that.

*Beth:* I was going to say during deputation one time when I was pretty young, we went to some very rural church in upstate Maine. Anyway, it wasn't a very large church, but I was the only one with Dad, and he had to braid my hair in the morning and he didn't do a very good job, and the lady of the house noticed and she re-did my hair, and he was thanking her for making my braids straight.

*Faith:* Well, once again this isn't a Houghton memory, but I can still remember when you girls were off at boarding school, and when Mom would go for like a women's conference—Bill, remember—we had toasted cheese sandwiches and tomato soup for like dinner and lunch, and we had oatmeal for breakfast, and that's all we ate for a week.

*Bill:* That's all we had—

*Esther:* 'Cause that's all Daddy knew how to cook.

*Bill:* I remember that from the time that Mom got pneumonia in Bangor as well, that Dad had to make supper and so that's what we had, toasted cheese and tomato soup.

*Faith:* I remember watching the boat come in, in Haiti, and being so happy she was back so we could have something else to eat.

*Mom:* Well, speaking of those years, that reminds me of the time—was it Bethany and Esther that got stuck over at Montrouis sea house with their dad and had nothing to eat but Mom 's Cookies?

*Beth:* To this day I cannot eat sandwiched cookies, except for Oreos. Any of the others just turn my stomach. We had so many packages of those cookies.

*Mom:* How many days . . .

*Esther:* Yeah, we were like two or three days before we could cross.

*Beth:* Oh, we were there a while. That's all we had to eat.

*Mom:* And I can remember when you finally got across and I saw that sailboat coming in, and the sail was at a ninety-degree angle and just above the water, and I thought, "Well, they're close to shore and they can all swim, so I'm not going to worry."



*Faith:* Another fun memory, talking about the sailing and the boats and all that, was sleeping up on the roof.

*Esther:* Yes, and all the stars and constellations and the “Southern Cross.” Yeah, and on La Gonâve, we’d go out at night and he’d show us all the constellations. He loved that.

*Beth:* He loved stars.

*Bill:* Another great memory of Dad, and this goes back to Haiti as well, back to when Max was still alive, the dog that we brought down from Fauché, and after that Bootsie too, that he would get up in the morning and run down to the saline and dip in the ocean and then run back. And I went with him a couple times—I had trouble keeping up with him—but at least I went down a couple times with him.

*Esther:* Yeah, he was so disciplined. I mean it was just like even when he was way older and lame, he would still be doing his sit-ups and push-ups as best he could.

*Faith:* Yeah, even the year they were here in Cooperstown, it was not unusual for me to pull in with the car and see Mom and Dad walking down the road here—not very far—but Daddy was out there pushing his “rollator” and he’d sit down for a couple minutes, and he’d get up and push it a little bit farther. He was very faithful with that even when he was in a lot of pain.

*Mom:* And he stopped and talked to people along the way.

*Faith:* He enjoyed people, that's for sure.

*Esther:* I remember that trip up to Maine, and him trying to witness to his cousin Brian, you know. He would share his faith at the drop of a hat, you know.

*Beth:* He also made that effort to go all the way down to Uncle Russell when he was dying. He flew in and Esther brought him down and I met you guys up in the Richmond, Virginia, area.

*Esther:* He was strong, loyal, and tried to keep ties with family, calling Josh [Dr. Peter Emmett's son] a couple times a year.

*Esther:* And then all the trips to the cemeteries over the years.

*Bill:* Every year going up to Greenville and Crystal, Maine.

*Esther:* That was also very important to him—his roots and family ties, and keeping family together.

*Bill:* Showing the graves were cared for.

*Beth:* And he was very interested in his genealogy.

*Mom:* There in the Crystal cemetery, there are quite a few that have been buried that are family members.

*Faith:* Well, another great Houghton memory is Sunday afternoons and running with Traka. Daddy and I took turns and then whenever I needed a paper typed I got stuck having to run Traka for like three weeks. We'd bargain. He'd type my papers in exchange for my running the dog. To this day, I still can't type.

*Esther:* And seeing him ride his bicycle up to work in his coat and tie.

*Mom:* And when we lived in Bangor, every one of the children had to walk the dog, Charbon, for what, half an hour?

*Esther:* Something like that. He used to drag us.

*Bill:* Yeah, I remember losing my buttons off my coat because he dragged me on the pavement.

*Faith:* I remember. I was so bad. I was only six or seven. I'd just let go of him. By the time we caught him, he walked.

*Bill:* Another Houghton memory that I have—it was one summer when I went up to Maine. Dad didn't go this particular time, but I went up to go fishing with Uncle Peter and Grampy, at Uncle Peter's lake house. Prior to that trip, I'd been working with Dad in the yard. He wanted me to chop something and I was using my Boy Scout hatchet; I accidentally slipped and cut my finger. Dad took me up to the office, sewed my finger, and displayed not a sign of irritation that I had interrupted whatever he was doing. Taking care of my finger was more important.

*Faith:* Well, going back to accidents and things, I still remember when I climbed the jalousie windows in Haiti. And I remember Dad looking at me and saying, “Don’t move or say a word! Don’t you dare move!” And I was so scared.

*Esther:* That was when you were three years old.

*Faith:* I was a little older than that. We were down on La Gonâve. I was five or six maybe, but I wasn’t very old, but Dad was afraid that if I moved, I would cause more injury.

*Beth:* I remember falling out of the bunk, hitting a rock, and then having to go get sewn up. And then he was like, “Oh yeah! You can go to school!” I probably had a concussion and he was sending me off to school.

*Esther:* We were never allowed to be sick.

*Faith:* Nope! Never!

*Esther:* Daddy had a very high standard, and he expected his children to meet that standard.

*Esther:* I think that in many ways that was good though. I mean because it helped us to be tough. And then, I’m thinking about his desire to always do his very best in everything and I think that was really instilled in all of us—wanting to do our best. Like his favorite verse, 2 Timothy 2:15, “Study to show yourself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.” I think that he really modeled

that and instilled the importance of that—that we do our work as unto the Lord—to this day—and not for man.

*Mom:* Do you have any memories from working with him in the various hospitals?

*Beth:* I can remember we had a difference of opinion about life, you know. I was one that felt like people should be given the dignity to die as they desired. And he came from the old school where you don't ever let a patient go because it was a sense of failure. And so there would be times when he would refuse to write a DNR, which is "Do Not Resuscitate," order on patients that I felt needed to just be allowed to peacefully go on. And so that was an ongoing issue for us because we came from two different generations and saw life in different ways. I saw death as part of life. And he saw death as failure. So, it was a different opinion on those.

*Faith:* I think that comes too, definitely, from, like, the physician's creed. You know that's just what is ground into them in medical school.

*Esther:* Mmhmm, that their job is to save lives.

*Beth:* And I saw that even when I was working with him in the hospital in Zimba. There was a little one that was not doing well, I think he had tetanus or something. And he actually, you know, had expired, and he tried to bring him back and it was like there wasn't anything to bring back. I mean if they had brought him back, the child would be so

handicapped for the rest of his life. You know, instead of just . . . And I remember saying to Dad, “Why are you doing that? Stop it. Let him go. God has got him in His arms. Let him go.” You know, but it was really hard for him. He wanted to do mouth-to-mouth and the whole CPR thing on a child that would definitely, especially in that location and culture, not have much of a life if they did bring him back. And so, I can just remember saying, “Just leave the child alone.” So, I know that was kind of a little thing that was a difference to us—of how we dealt with people. I know as I was growing up and into my adulthood, even to this day, I allow death to be part of the process of healing. You know, I honor those that pass away. I’m not saying that I think that people should kill themselves or something like that—you know “assisted death”—I’m not for that, but I don’t believe in prolonging life and living on tubes and all of that. I think it’s a waste of money and stuff. And I think Daddy didn’t see it quite like that. He saw it as, “Well, you know they might come back.” And, anyways, so I would have to say in working with him that was probably the biggest difference that we had. He was always revered by all of the staff that he worked with regardless of where he worked. I know in Cuba when he was there, the staff very much revered him. And when I worked with him on the mission field, they did too, you know. So, wherever he worked they were always appreciative of whatever he did, and he did have a great reputation.

*Faith:* I remember when Mom and I were in the southern mountains with him and he made us work till eight o’clock at night, and I was a teenager and it was awful. And, you

know, the dentists had gotten done when it got dark, and we went and found there was no food left or something like that. But I remember being so angry because I just wanted to get done. And Dad just never stopped. He was always very driven, very driven, and he expected everyone else to be too.

*Esther:* Yeah, he pushed always. Disciplined, driven! Exactly!

*Mom:* One thing about when he and Bethany were both connected with Cuba hospital. One night there was a big snowstorm on Christmas Eve, and Bethany was working pediatrics that night, I believe, and Storer got up in the morning to go over to the hospital to do his rounds on Christmas Day and he couldn't get out of the yard. The snow was just piled up so badly, so I think he called somebody in authority and they got the place plowed out enough so he could get out and get over to Cuba and do his rounds. And Bethany was able to follow him home, follow his tracks, so that she could get home too for Christmas, because she was stuck over there until Dad came and she was able to follow him.

*Faith:* Yeah, he drove in some crazy weather.

*Bill:* He also went out in some very crazy weather in Haiti too—took the speedboat out in twenty-foot waves in “Nordy” weather, trying to get across for Conference. I think that one was at Petit Goave. But, that was just crazy!

*Esther:* And even that time that we almost capsized and we shouldn't have been out there. You know, he had an agenda and—

*Faith:* Like you said, his guardian angel was probably very glad to bring him home!

*Bill:* Some more Houghton memories are the times that we had holidays and vacations, and we would go to Letchworth Park. And the times we would throw the football, or play catch, or whatever we did. You know, just fun stuff at Letchworth—those were always great memories. I think even Kendra, my daughter, mentioned from her years coming to Houghton and spending time with Grandma and Grandpa, the fun times going to Letchworth Park. So, my kids remember that too.

*Esther:* He always liked to climb.

*Faith:* Oh, if there was a mountain, we climbed it!

*Bill:* Climbing Katahdin! Climbing the mountain behind the boathouse at Montrois.

*Esther:* The Trestle! Montrois! Fauché! Up through the mountains there.

*Faith:* Yeah, I remember going and running around that track with him at night. He'd say, "Did anyone want to go running with Daddy?" I'd go and run around the track with him.



*Beth:* I know when I had an accident with the car, he never would get upset at me. He'd always want to make sure we were all okay. And he'd make arrangements for somebody to come haul us out of the ditch. And he never got upset at us for having a car accident.

*Faith:* I remember him trying to teach me how to drive the standard, and rolling backwards in the circle down the hill in the little red Chevette. And all he would say was, "Sweet-heart!" I just remember that experience.

*Esther:* And I think I really enjoyed his later years when he could relax a little bit more, and just the times to really talk and for him to share things with us from the family history and things like that.

*Mom:* The year we had William here, he had time enough to sit down and talk with William and I think it was a very special year for us to have him, and for William to have that relationship with his grandfather.

*Esther:* And get into their discussions, and very strong opinions on both sides. William takes right after Daddy with that.

*Mom:* Yes, they had a wonderful time. I'd leave them talking back and forth and go to bed 'cause they went on and on and on.

*Esther:* And you know, very strong and strict things that he believed in.

*Bill:* Another fun memory, or course, is Dad's love of ice cream. Anywhere we went he would find some place to get ice cream, and even after he came in from the nursing home, he'd get the half gallon out on top of the freezer. He'd get his bowl out and a spoon and look at the funnies.

*Faith:* I remember he loved *Quincy*.

*Bill:* Oh yeah, watching *Quincy*. And then, let's see—oh, my kids were mentioning too how much they enjoyed the times we went to Letchworth, and then stopping at the custard ice cream place on the way back. That was always a fun memory. And of course, our trips to Maine—always stopping at Spencer's and Butterfields for ice cream. Those were awesome!

*Esther:* The New Jersey Turnpike! Remember when we were little kids and we used to get those great big soft-serve ice cream cones?

*Bill:* That reminds me also of when we drove up—what's the one in North Carolina with all the scenic overlooks? And Dad had to stop at every scenic overlook on that vacation. The Blue Ridge Mountains? The Blue Ridge Parkway. That was it. The Blue Ridge Parkway. Dad had to stop—"Oh Dad, not another overlook!" "Oh look! An overlook! We need to stop!"

*Mom:* And there were a lot of memories of going up to Katahdin and getting a place to stay overnight.

*Faith:* Do not get my husband started about that last Katahdin trip with cousin Joshua and Daddy, and they went up in the middle of a predicted storm, and they were on the very top, and he said that he thought they were going to die. They were on the Knife's Edge or something and it was like lightning and just awful!

*Bill:* I remember Dad saying it was an awful trip, but he didn't elaborate so I didn't know what he meant by it.

*Faith:* Ask John.

*Esther:* I remember him carrying William up in the little backpack thing we had.

*Faith:* And he carried me up, partly pushing me up the hill, up Mount Katahdin when I was six. And I remember him trying to carry me along. Another memory I have in the southern mountains was that there was one time I was really sick and so I was really washed out and we had to climb over this pretty big mountain called "Bread Mountain" and it was very hot. And so he just took my hand and basically pulled me up over the mountain, you know, very strong! John always says that Daddy was the strongest man he's ever known, in many ways. He said, "Your father is the strongest man I've ever known! In character . . . in many ways."

*Mom:* Well, he probably learned it from his dad who was also a very disciplined man. Even in his old age when he was all alone, after his wife died, he was so very careful

about what he ate, and he walked the back road every day. He would go into the schools and teach them about how he used an axe, how he used that in the Maine woods for earning a living. I'm sure a lot of that is from his dad.

*Esther:* "I puts my shoes on in the morning and I takes them off at night." He was very much a traditionalist. Everything had a place and its time.

*Esther:* The structure, and even in your retirement years, getting up at 5:30 in the morning, going over to the men's Bible study.

*Faith:* Yeah, it's funny that you say that. He died on a Friday, and that Wednesday morning he was at the Bible study, holding his head. And he couldn't even put his head up because of the pain from the shingles—but, he was participating. He was there and he was participating. So, he very much wanted to be a part of anything that had to do with God, you know.

*Bill:* Absolutely! He came from the era of when the church doors were open you were there.

*Faith:* Yes. We were there for every service.

*Esther:* And in Haiti, for three or four hours.

*Bill:* And you were loyal. He was very committed to The Wesleyan Church.

*Mom:* And one memory I have is y'all getting in the car with your shoes and your nylons in your hand to go to Sunday school because it was getting later and later.

*Faith:* It's amazing we were getting into the car, because usually he made us walk.

*Mom:* To Sunday school?

*Faith:* Yes, to everywhere in Houghton we had to walk.

*Mom:* Oh? I remember you getting into the backseat of the car with your shoes.

*Esther:* It must have been winter.

*Bill:* It was that first year I remember them doing that.

*Faith:* But I know usually Daddy just said, "You have to walk."

*Bill:* We would walk down with you when he was in Baltimore studying, I think it was, for a while.

*Mom:* Well, we had to walk because I didn't have a car.

*Bill:* Oh, did we not? I had some vague memory of the car.

*Faith:* But Daddy just never let us use the car anywhere in Houghton. We had to walk.

*Bill:* Or ride your bike. Of course, I used my bike on the paper route.

*Faith:* So did I, and everybody would go, "I can't believe you're out there riding that thing in the snow!" "Oh, it's not a problem. You just drag your foot and it stops."

*Bill:* Yeah. I did. I rode my bike in the snow a number of times, delivering newspapers.

*Esther:* I think people in Houghton, or wherever he was, you know, like the Indonesia group of people, you know, they so respected him and admired him.

*Faith:* He commanded a lot of respect.

*Esther:* They called him the Energizer Bunny. Here he was in his seventies out walking or jogging or whatever he was still able to do at that point. Like we said with that discipline, out every morning.

*Faith:* He always encouraged you to do your very best and try a little bit harder than you thought you could do.

*Mom:* And he was willing to help you with getting your college essays written if you needed to.

*Faith:* Yeah, he typed all my stuff.

*Esther:* And this is to you too, Mom, that all of us are strong in the Lord to this day. He loved the Lord and he wanted

his children to love the Lord, and he was faithful to the Lord he modeled—

*Mom:* It was the focus of our home, our family, yes. And as I have so often used as my soapbox—when I stand before God, He’s not going to ask me how many tribes have you evangelized. He’s going to say, “What about the souls of the children that I entrusted to you?” And I think that’s one of the things that kept Daddy and me focused on trying to help our children grow in the Lord. And thank God He has answered prayer—you are living in Christian homes thankfully with the same person that you married and you’ve done your best to raise your children to serve the Lord. And that’s what God would ask of us.

*Esther:* A memory from Montrois—When we went out swimming and we got the jellyfish or man-of-war, or whatever it was, all over us and we were stinging all night, and Daddy had to read us a Sherlock Holmes one about the lion’s mane.

*Faith:* I remember when I was really pretty small going out with Daddy into the water there in La Gonâve and he would give me piggyback rides in the salt water because the water would make me buoyant. He couldn’t give me a regular piggyback ride because his back was too, you know. In the water he could give me a piggyback ride.

*Bill:* Climbing the mountain up behind the boathouse in Montrois, I had been out swimming that day and had gotten a bad sunburn. I remember him carrying me on

his back with that sunburn, trying to get me up through there.

*Bill looks at his phone, at some notes contributed by his daughter, Kendra.*

Some of the things that Kendra remembers is The Falls and the train trestle at Letchworth. The hot dogs and hamburgers we cooked on the grill. She mentions the zebra rug and the elephant's foot. And then also the trips to Maine when we went to Katahdin State Park and we slept in the lean-to together. She remembers, of course, the figurines in the cabinet and the walks through Houghton College campus. She remembers going to see *The Magic Flute*. . . . And Grandpa's picture collages. Dinner with ice cream, of course. And then watching news with Grandpa in the evenings.

*Esther:* That was the wonderful thing he did with all these collages, you know, the way he documented our memories.

*Bill:* Oh yeah, those were great memories. Wonderful memories.

*Mom:* It's interesting to look at them and look at the kids now.

*Bill:* How they've changed over the years.

*Faith:* Yeah, they've grown so much.



*Esther:* Remember when we had to come home at ten o'clock at night, and then we couldn't watch our show till 11 because—

*Bill:* Oh yeah, we had a curfew. We could go out and play capture the flag or whatever, or sardines with our friends, but only till ten o'clock, and we had to go home. "Sorry guys we gotta go!" Had our curfew.

*Esther:* We had rules. I guess it didn't hurt us.

*Mom:* Well, Bethany was always very good about that—letting us know if she couldn't make it at ten o'clock at night. We got telephone calls. Probably Esther too, I don't remember now. But, I do remember Bethany because when she went to the prom, there was something about your coach turns into a pumpkin at a certain time. Midnight. Reminding her that she had a deadline to get home.

*Faith:* Didn't Mr. Harter drive them?

*Mom:* I think he did.

*Beth:* He did.

*Mom:* Because Bob didn't have a license I don't think at that point. And of course, Bill was in Scouts there in Houghton and Bethany was always very happy to drive Bill down so that she could stay and chat with Bob.

*Bill:* The JASM—the Junior Assistant Scout Master

*Faith:* JASM—I totally forgot about that.

*Bill:* That was what they called him. That's what Mr. Rob called him—called him JASM.

*Esther:* That's so funny. I forgot about that—his JASM.

*Bill:* I remember working on various things with Dad. He usually left a to-do list of things that he wanted done around the yard, and then it was Mom's job to make sure on a Saturday morning that I got up and got moving by what—nine o'clock or something—so that I could get out and do the things around the yard. But then I remember doing things with him too—various projects. One of his favorite sayings was, "How now, brown cow!" as we worked on stuff.

*Esther:* He really cared about people, you know.

*Bill:* Yeah, that's his legacy.

*Esther:* As much as he could, he always wanted to be able to help people.

*Faith:* Very generous.

*Mom:* I'm sure there were many people in that Houghton area who were helped by him.

*Faith:* The other thing I remember was going out with him on house calls. He made so many house calls.

*Beth:* I remember going out with him on house calls, too.

*Faith:* He just—I mean that was amazing how many times he went out and took care of people. He very much was self-sacrificial.

*Esther:* And working as a receptionist, we always had to double- or triple-column him to make sure there was a patient that showed up in that time slot.

*Mom:* By the time he finished his rounds over at Cuba, they had him double or triple columned to see patients in the office. So, he saw a lot of people in that area. And I think people in Fillmore received him well. They were sorry they didn't have their own doctor. But I think Daddy had a good relationship with the Fillmore people. And of course, he would say, "Well I send my kids to Fillmore school," because every one of you went over to Fillmore School and graduated from there.

Well, I appreciate your time and input, and that was very kind of you to get that from Kendra too—her thoughts. How did you happen to do that?

*Bill:* Sandy had received something from her and she sent it to me, so I was reading it off my phone—some thoughts that Kendra had.

*Esther:* I think that he had quite an impression on all the grandchildren.

*Bill:* He did. He really did.

*Esther:* How much they loved and respected him too.

*Bill:* They knew that he loved them.

*Esther:* That special relationship that he had, of course, with William living here and going to Indonesia together. He put up with no nonsense!

*Mom:* Well, William had the whole upstairs, so he really enjoyed that year. If he wanted to he could go down and hang out with the boys, or he could go get a meal at the cafeteria, or he could come home and eat with us. He was always welcome to come have a meal with us. But, as you were pointing out earlier, he and Grandpa are kind of cut from the same cloth. The apple fell not far from the tree. And they both loved to—

*Esther:* Debate. A diplomatic way of putting it.

*Mom:* Yes, indeed.

*Esther:* Oh, his McDonalds! Hey, we gotta say McDonalds!

*Bill:* Oh McDonalds! Golden Arches! We're gonna have a chocolate shake! Gotta have a chocolate shake and a hot fudge sundae!

*Faith & Esther:* Famous Scottish Restaurant!

*Faith:* Oh, and he loved his Coolattas from Dunkin' Donuts!

*Mom:* Do you remember anything about his colleagues, the doctors he worked with, Beth?

*Beth:* Not really.

*Esther:* Dr. Mayle and Dr. Prinsell.

*Bill:* Dr. Prinsell definitely; Dr. Nystrom by association, going to Haiti and so on.

*Esther:* Yeah, they were good friends. I think his partners and colleagues always respected him and what he knew and all his knowledge. He was known as a good doctor. I think he had a pretty good working relationship with them. At that point, Dr. Prinsell was ready to retire so he was happy to have Daddy take over like that. I think he tried to have Daddy not push quite as hard at times.

*Beth:* I think also he tried to give Daddy a break when he first started in the practice. He stepped back a bit so Daddy could make money, so Daddy could earn an income 'cause Daddy was the one with a family with small children.

*Mom:* Gus's kids were already through college and so forth.

*Faith:* And I was thinking too about how, even though Daddy worked really, really hard, he always had his Tuesdays off to be in his garden. And Uncle Gus made sure he had that time off.

*Bill:* Right, had his day off. That was his day of rejuvenation.

*Mom:* Of course, we laugh at his story about pulling up the weeds in the garden and saying this one was that drug rep that didn't let him get home to lunch on time. This was that patient that is chronically late every time she's supposed to get in here for an appointment. And all these other ones as he worked through the weeds. He'd remember those and that helped him to work off his frustration with people.

*Esther:* He was a really good diagnostician.

*Faith:* Yes.

*Esther:* We could call and tell him our symptoms and things. He really knew his stuff.

*Faith:* I know John very much enjoyed talking medicine and doing medicine with him, sharing the medical profession and the alma mater with him; that has meant a lot.

*Mom:* I was sharing with Bill just a bit ago about the different obituaries that have come in since his passing, and the one from Johns Hopkins really impressed me because it's a secular school, but the whole obit was his medical ministry. They very strongly put in the things that Daddy did. They also mentioned that he practiced in Houghton, but the emphasis was on his work in missions, and that surprised me.

*Faith:* Didn't they always have him pray at some reunion? Was that the Maine one or the Hopkins one? They always had him say the blessing.

*Mom:* Yeah, that was Hopkins.

*Faith:* He was definitely known for what he stood for. There was never a question.

*Esther:* His love for God.

*Faith:* One of my funny memories too is when John and I got married, and then we came back and picked up Dad and Mom who were home from Sierra Leone, and Dad had dental work done and so his lip was like swollen out to here. And we brought them down to Baltimore because he had a reunion or something that he wanted to go to for Hopkins. And so, here we were, and John's driving, and there's Daddy with his lip out to here, and Mom and I are in the back seat with cake and all kinds of things from the wedding loaded up to here. We made quite the sight.

*Bill:* Speaking of things piled up around—when Dad and Mom took me out to Taylor for the first time to go to school, and I had my big speakers in the back seat, and Mom was scrunched between them. Poor Mom had to put up with that.

*Mom:* We always enjoyed going out there. We like to go to Ivanhoe's. Yeah, that was wonderful.

*Esther:* Ice cream again!

*Faith:* Yes, the recurring theme.

*Mom:* Well, John Nystrom said on the score of one to ten, their milkshake was a ten!

*Esther:* We all went to Cold Stone Creamery last Saturday. We're always going to have ice cream to remember Daddy.

*Bill:* I appreciate also Rebekah, Beth's daughter, and Philip putting the flowers on Dad's grave. Thank you for working that out. That was very kind of them to do that. Rebekah made such a good choice of the flowers. I thought that was great.

*Beth:* They were Amish.

*Faith:* They were lovely!

*Esther:* Oh, I was wondering where they got them. That meant so much because Daddy always did that for his family over the years. I was like, I can't get to Houghton today, but fortunately Rebekah and Philip were there.

*Mom:* And then Philip sent the very nice pictures. The sunflowers were beautiful. Very lovely.

*Bill:* It was funny because I first got the text because it said, "Hi Esther." And so, I responded, and I thought Philip was trying to text you and Beth. And I saw that it was just Beth and me in the message. And so, I responded



something with your number. First, I said, “Thank you for sending the pictures,” and then he explained that you had asked him to send them on, and during the flow of the conversation I said, “Oh, I understand.”

*Esther:* I know, every time I turned around, I said, “Now send it to Faith,” “Now send it to Beth,” “And send it to Bill too please.”

*Bill:* Yeah, that was great. I really appreciated that.

*Faith:* And they finally got that gravestone fixed.

*Bill:* You know, so many times through this past year, I have just thought it’s still hard to believe that he’s gone.

*Faith:* I found it hardest during the winter. When Mom had gone to Hawaii, and I would come in here, and it was just all the pictures and everything just where Daddy had left it. It was very hard, you know. But once Mommy came back then it didn’t seem so bad.

*Mom:* For Faith, going into the ER, that was just so hard.

*Faith:* Oh, that was just awful! I told John, I said, I still have PTSD (post traumatic stress disorder) over that one.

*Beth:* That’s what Bob said. He said if Faith gets PTSD over having to go to ER with Dad—it wouldn’t be unexpected after doing CPR on him at home before going to ER.

*Faith:* The hardest part though was when he finally died, and seeing him there on the table. They had his neck in a brace and everything—and then, it was over. So, every time I go by the ER, every single time, I think of it. But, it's been so much better now, but it really was hard.

*Beth:* That was one of the reasons why I really wanted the EMTs to get him out of here. 'Cause I didn't want that to be a stigma of him dying in the house.

*Faith:* And he didn't.

*Mom:* And they were so good in the ER. They tried so hard. They did everything they possibly could for him there. And then the doctor coming over and kneeling down beside me, just to sort of comfort me. It was so kind of him to do that. He said, "I've tried three times, but I can't get it to keep going. I've got one more thing I want to try." And so, he got up, and he and his team went back to work.

*Faith:* Well, he invited us to come sit next to Daddy, and then he said, "I'm going to do one more thing. Then there's nothing else we can do. Do you want to come and sit with him while I try?"

*Mom:* So, then the team and the doctor just quietly left us there.

*Esther:* It was kind of like déjà vu while I was driving up last night, you know, 'cause Friday night after work— same thing—around the same time. You know, all of us coming.

*Mom:* But, in retrospect, I can only say with thankfulness that that was what he wanted. He prayed and prayed that he wouldn't have to be in a nursing home for months or years. And the Lord just so graciously took him just the way he wanted to go. It was over in a few hours. Just like that.

*Faith:* And you worked so hard to make that possible for him.

*Esther:* Otherwise he would have been in assisted living or for sure in a nursing home.

*Bill:* If he hadn't had you there to help him and take care of him.

*Esther:* Because he was so lame in the end there.

*Faith:* Didn't he tell you that one of the best things he did was marry you? One of the smartest things he ever did was marry you?

*Mom:* Yeah, he said one of the smartest things he ever did. But, I used to pray every morning, "Lord, keep me well so I can take care of him."

Well, the Lord was good. He allowed me good health to take care of him. And he got around here well.

*Faith:* He did. He really loved this house.

*Bill:* I'm really glad that once he moved here that he did like this house.

*Esther:* Yeah, it was very hard for him because he didn't want to leave Houghton.

*Faith:* He would give a testimony or sing a song for the people in the Cooperstown church. And when he died, one of the families in the church, their daughter was about seven, and when they told her that he had passed away she started crying and she said, "Oh, but he told stories. I loved him. He told stories." Tender heart. A lot of people here were very impacted even during his very short time here. They were very much ministered to by the things he would say and share during testimony time.

*Bill:* Well another—this goes along with some other things we've said—but another Houghton memory is him going down faithfully to the men's prayer meeting on Tuesday mornings. Early morning he'd go down and have prayer meeting with the men. I went down a couple times with him.

*Faith:* And he did it here on Wednesdays. Jack, or Bill, or Lee would come pick him up and take him over.

*Bill:* But, he was faithful. He would go down every week.

*Mom:* Well, Bob has an early morning prayer meeting that Daddy used to go to. What time did that start Beth?

*Beth:* Yup, on Saturdays at seven o'clock, called "Coffee with Christ."

*Bill:* Part of your church?

*Mom:* Yes. And I received, after Daddy's passing, a letter from Ron, Dr. Ron, who also attended those meetings saying what a blessing it was to have Daddy in them to share his wisdom.

*Beth:* Dr. Ron Yakamoko. He is a neurosurgeon.

*Mom:* He goes faithfully to this prayer meeting, but evidently Daddy really impressed him because he was commenting in the letter that he wrote me, how much that meant to him to sort of sit under Daddy's teaching in that Bible study that they had.

*Faith:* It's 4:30. We've recorded about one hour and five minutes, so hopefully that will give you some material—

*Mom:* Thank you. I appreciate it. You've shared some good Houghton memories and have included what Bethany, Esther, and Faith have written.

*The preceding section is a transcript of our family memories and conversation, recorded and written down by Bill.*

## *Other Remembrances*

Bethany shared many memories of her father when she spoke at his Celebration of Life service. She also told me later of one memory that was special to her that took place when we lived at Bethesda. She said that every night her

father took her, the oldest child, to help him shut off the generator.

Esther wrote an excellent obituary of her father. She also shared the following:

Dad—dedicated, disciplined, determined, driven! These words came to my mind as I walked and ran around the track this morning at the beginning of a hot, steamy Virginia day so reminiscent of my childhood in Haiti! Dad loved running and competitive races of many kinds. Watching someone run by on the road, he would always comment, “There’s a sport.” As I push myself to complete another lap or to reach the next landmark goal, I always say, “Come on, Emmett, you can do it!” Dad instilled within us the determination to complete well each race or task God has put before us, no matter how difficult.

Dad’s life verse, 2 Timothy 2:15, reads, “Do your best to present yourself to God as one approved, a worker who does not need to be ashamed and who correctly handles the word of truth,” and the words of Psalm 90:12, “Teach us to number our days,” describe Dad’s dedicated days in Houghton. He would rise very early in the morning, even after being out on a late-night house call, to spend time with God. His dedication to God was always evident and he modeled that important value by having us start out our day with God as well, with early morning prayers prior to leaving for rounds at the Cuba, New York, hospital. Before we received that call for family prayer, Dad would do multiple push-ups and other

exercises. Despite being weary, he was disciplined to keep fit physically. Being so busy with his medical practice, he did not have time to go running every day, so he would ride his bicycle to and from work at mealtimes and back again to the nursing home after another couple of hours of seeing patients at his office. His office was up a very steep hill, so this was an extremely effective alternative to keep him in shape.

One cardinal rule, as I am sure many other doctors' children can attest to, is that doctors' children are not allowed to be sick. Growing up with this philosophy helped us to learn how to be tough. While Dad was reluctant to be our doctor, there were occasions upon which this became necessary.

One winter, not long after moving to Houghton, I went tubing with the youth group at Letchworth State Park. On quite an eventful trip down a slick, icy hill, I hit a bump and went spilling out over the hard, glassy surface, knocking myself unconscious and continuing to the bottom without a tube for protection. I was rushed to the hospital in Warsaw where my father came to my rescue. Fortunately, I survived the incident, but Dad did have to take care of changing bandages on my skinless face and hands for well over a week.

Another time Dad had to "doctor" me was when our furnace malfunctioned. I had slept alone upstairs in my younger sister's room, which, unknown to us, was being infiltrated with carbon dioxide. I awakened in the morning feeling dizzy and not well. In my attempt to go downstairs for help, I fell unconscious at the

door to the room. Fortunately, I was discovered soon after, and Dad carried me to fresh air below and put his good doctor knowledge to work on me.

I could go on and on giving examples of Dad's "doctoring" us, such as stitching up my younger sister after she cut herself trying to climb glass windows in Haiti, and sewing up my older sister's head when she fell out of bed in the middle of the night and cut her head on an ant rail in Rhodesia. There was also the time my brother showed up at the office after wiping out on his skateboard.

I will relate one final incident when Dad had to "doctor" me. Dad dedicated time once or twice a year to continue on with mission work in Haiti during his Houghton years. All of us children took turns accompanying him on these short excursions. I feel this was instrumental in our good adjustment to life in the States and helping us continue to develop empathy and service to others. On this particular trip, Dad and I were on La Gonâve during the Christmas and New Year's holidays. Missing high school in January was always a bonus, though Dad did make sure the homework was completed in lieu of this. There were some other young people there from Michigan on a short-term mission trip during the same time. Wanting to cheer up all these young people who were missing their homes during these special holidays, I decided to make pizza late one night. I was not familiar with the gas stove in the missionary's home where my dad and I were staying. I tried to light the pilot light that was already lit! Needless to



say, there was quite an explosion as the stove blew up in my face! Fortunately, I was not seriously injured except for a bad burn on my face. Dad's parenting skills were severely tried and tested that night as he once again patched me up.

Dad modeled and instilled a strong work ethic in us where we learned to take pride in our work and "to do it as unto the Lord." Although we were doctor's children, my parents did not provide us with an allowance, so we were taught the value of money and how to be independent and self-reliant.

Working in my father's office during the Houghton years provided additional insight into his driven and disciplined lifestyle. While cleaning the office building where my dad and his partners practiced, we would observe him working late on charts and making follow-up phone calls after office hours. Knowing his high standards and expectations, we—my younger sister and I—would thoroughly clean the office each work night.

During college, I also worked as a receptionist in my father's office. The first thing I learned was to double and triple column my father's patient appointments. Surprisingly, the patients were willing to wait. They would request an appointment with him as they recognized his competence and care. His Johns Hopkins Medical School training had made him an excellent diagnostician and physician. His love of the Lord gave him great compassion for the patient's suffering. During those years, Dad was the majority partner, bringing in most of the patients and revenue.

Speaking of grateful patients and clients, one of the best things about being my dad's daughter during those Houghton years were the delicious boxes of chocolates and other goodies he received from drug salesmen and patients. There were always at least two boxes of chocolates under the Christmas tree that made the wait for the presents until Dad got home from hospital rounds almost palatable.

Dad loved music and, despite his busy schedule, became an active member of the church choir. Sunday was not Sunday in our home without Dad playing the piano and singing hymns before Sunday school and while waiting for Sunday dinner. Christian music was played throughout the house on the surround sound stereo my brother created by installing a speaker in multiple rooms. The words of old hymns often come back to me and remind me of Dad. Recently we sang the old hymn "Work for the Night Is Coming" at church and the words of this song clearly spoke of Dad's dedication for kingdom work.

Work, for the night is coming.  
Work thro' the morning hours . . .  
Work, for the night is coming, when man's  
work is o'er.

Dad was a dedicated servant of God, wanting all to come to know and to love his beloved Master during his Houghton years and throughout the many years of his Christian walk.

Faith also shared some thoughts about her dad. She wrote,

I have many memories of my father. From the earliest of these, I desired to spend time with him. Since he was quite busy as a missionary and a physician, it meant that in order to spend time with him, I spent a lot of time doing whatever he was doing. This resulted in adventures in the hospital and overseas. It also consisted of many jogs, hours of gardening, and accompanying him on house calls and deputation travels.

My father was deeply committed to God. I have memories of my dad sitting on the side of his bed at 5:30 every morning reading his Bible and praying before the whole family was routed out of bed for family devotions at 6:30 prior to his leaving for a long day of work, often not returning home before 9 p.m.

My father worked tirelessly. My mother and I would get very upset at him when we were working in the makeshift pharmacies on short-mission trips to the southern mountains of Haiti. The dentists would finish about 5 p.m. when the light started to fade, and enjoy whatever dinner had been prepared. My father refused to quit as long as there were still people waiting to see a doctor, which meant that it was not unusual to see my mom and me closing the pharmacy between 7:30 and 8 p.m. in the evening. By that time there was very little left to eat, which added to our less-than-charitable feelings towards my father's work ethic. Praise God that he forgives our weaknesses!

My father cared deeply about people and enjoyed being with them. I remember him struggling with feelings of loneliness after he and my mom moved to Cooperstown. He longed to be involved with ministry, but his health and crippled body refused to cooperate. He longed for people to stop by and visit, but it takes time to form friendships and God called him home within ten months of his move near to my family and me.

One of the sweetest memories God blessed me with was during the worship services at the Community Bible Chapel where my family worshiped and my mom and dad joined after moving within two miles of our home in Cooperstown. Often, when there was an opportunity given to praise God during a service, my father would take the microphone, and in his sometimes-broken voice, would tell stories or even sing a song in his praise of God's goodness despite his never-ending, sleep-depriving, crippling pain.

My father had a beautiful voice. I cherished and hid memories of it in my heart and mind, especially during our last ten months together. Some other memories are when he would sing with my siblings, Bethany or Bill. He and Bill sang "Sunrise, Sunset" from *The Fiddler on the Roof* at my wedding. John and I were the last of all our siblings to get married, and my three older siblings had had this particular song sung at their weddings, so we had to carry on tradition.

Thinking of my dad's beautiful voice and love of singing reminds me of the number of years he sang in the Houghton Wesleyan Church choir. Once again,

in an effort to spend time with him, I sang in the choir for a couple of years during high school.

My father loved music and enjoyed playing his cello and piano. He tried to teach Bill and me how to play the pump organ that was in our house in Haiti, which matched the description of the same instrument in Laura Ingalls Wilder's books. Much to his disappointment, I was an epic failure. In grade school, I attempted to play the cello, which lasted less than a month. I have the fond memory of my dad teaching my daughter Alexi, as a young child, how to play "Tennessee Waltz" on the old piano he and my mom had in their home in Houghton. Alexi remembers him teaching her how to play the right-hand part of "The Old Rugged Cross" when she was older.

When I think of my father, I feel a bit like the author of the Gospel of John when he spoke of Christ, that if all the stories of his life "were written down, I suppose that even the whole world would not have room for the books that would be written." Definitely a seriously biased exaggeration, but I was amazingly blessed to have been called his daughter and cannot wait to climb mountains with him in eternity!

## APPENDIX

# 2

### THE BACK STORY: THE CRYSTAL YEARS



I was born at home on September 9, 1932, possibly in the evening, in a house, not a log cabin, fairly near Crystal Brook coming from the Island Falls direction. I am told the doctor was very concerned about my mother and thus did not try to get me breathing for several minutes. It is unknown how many brain cells could have died—I might have been a genius!

I don't think I was especially planned or my parents were overjoyed to have a child when I was born. It was the depth of the Depression. My father was working for a dollar a day in the woods. My mother was required to give up her teaching job because of her pregnancy.

I was named for my father who had been named for a Dr. Storer Boone. My father's parents were, I

believe, fairly illiterate, so they spelled his name Stora, which was the way it sounded to the Maine accent. Thus, it sounded like a woman's name. My father sometimes got mail addressed to Ms. Stora Emmett.

When I was born, my parents corrected the spelling. However, even today, people sometimes call me Emmett Storer. When I first learned to talk, I called myself "Tody Will," and that was my nickname during my Crystal years.

I have very little memory of those years. I think I was about one when my parents moved to a house closer to Island Falls. The house where I was born burned down and the site grew overgrown and into woods.

I am told, when I was two, my parents took me to Beulah Camp in Browns Flats, New Brunswick, and to Riverside Camp in Robinson, Maine. Thus began my association with the Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada, which is now the Atlantic District of The Wesleyan Church.

When I was nearly three, my sister, Judith Anne, was born. I have only vague recollections of her during the Crystal years. She had curly hair which was darker than my very blond hair. We also had cats and kittens there. I am told I mauled some to death.

I also remember going out to the barn to help my father milk our one cow and then taking the can

full of milk down to the spring to keep it cold. One time, I patted her calf and she kicked me down into the cow manure.

I also helped my mother churn butter from the cream in the shed. In winter, I helped her hang clothes outside and I enjoyed the fresh smell of the snow.

My father walked ten miles to Island Falls to buy our groceries. When he had a job hauling potato barrels to the railroad station, he took me with him.

In the Crystal church, I learned my first Bible verse. It was, "Take your shoes from off thy feet for the ground on which thou standeth is Holy Ground."





## APPENDIX

# 3

### THE BACK STORY: THE BLAINE YEARS



*M*y family moved to Blaine, Maine, toward the end of July 1937. My father had received a contract through his friend, Joe Leonard, to teach commercial subjects at the Aroostook Classical Institute in Mars Hill. It was his first teaching position.

We lived on the Blaine-Robinson Road. The mountain, Mars Hill, stood in the background behind the house, sort of on the New Brunswick border. When electricity was brought to the house, my parents bought their first refrigerator. We had to go to a neighbor's house to use an old dial phone to make phone calls.

The Blaine Elementary School had two rooms and two teachers. School started in early August in Aroostook County because it was recessed for

several weeks during September and October for potato picking. Thus, I started school when I was still four years old. I walked to school every day. Mrs. Belyea taught sub-primary and first grade. She was an excellent teacher, and I learned to read phonetically that first year.

We attended the Baptist church and an old deacon gave me my first Bible. My mother wrote in the front on the first page, 1 Timothy 2:15, which sort of became my life verse. My mother and I walked down the railroad tracks to Riverside Camp for the services there. I have vague recollections of the old Tabernacle there.

Some have asked when I became a Christian. I remember no specific date. My mother read me a Bible story one day and I told her I loved Jesus and wanted to follow him. It seemed the right and natural thing to do. From that day, I had the assurance that Jesus was my Savior. I was baptized at the age of twelve in the Old Town Baptist Church, and remember how moved I was during Communion services.

We took the Saturday edition of the *Bangor Daily News*. I think it cost ten cents. I enjoyed the colored funnies. Some of the character sayings became family jokes we enjoyed for years. I continue to read the funnies first, even as an adult.

Those two years in Blaine were some of the hardest in my parents' lives. First, my dad's two sisters and his father were burned to death in a

fire. Then I developed gastroenteritis. The doctor in Mars Hill did an appendectomy.

The next day, my sister, Judy, became ill and the doctor took out her appendix. I survived, but Judy did not. In those days, there were no antibiotics or IV fluids. She died after two to three days of what was called acute dilation of the stomach. Today, it is known as paralytic ileus. She was only three years old. My mother was devastated.

As a child, I felt I was to blame because in play, I had jumped on Judy's stomach just before she became ill. When I confided this to my mother, she dispelled my anxieties.

About six weeks after my appendectomy, I developed adhesions and bowel obstructions. I was taken to a larger hospital in Presque Isle where an older surgeon lysed the adhesions and may have resected some of the small intestine. My parents were quite a few years paying off my medical bills.

I remember the night my brother, Peter Allen, was born in 1937. I could not understand why I needed to sleep with my father in another room. In the morning I was greatly surprised to learn I had a baby brother. I went to school that morning greatly excited and telling everyone about the baby. Peter was born only a few months before we moved to Old Town. He was sickly and, I believe, diagnosed with volvulus. This did not require surgery, but my mother had to be very careful of his diet.



## APPENDIX

# 4

### THE BACK STORY: THE OLD TOWN YEARS



We moved to Old Town, Maine, in the summer of 1939. Joe Leonard had preceded my father to Old Town when he became Superintendent of Schools. He gave my father a contract to teach commercial subjects and assist coaching baseball.

We moved into a second-floor rental at 173 Center Street not far from Main Street and the town square. The house was owned by Dr. Martin C. Madden. All the many years we lived there, my parents never paid more than twenty dollars a month for rent.

Old Town was a city of 8,000 when I was a boy growing up. The way the Penobscot River ran, much of it was actually an island, called Marsh Island. Another smaller island adjacent to the northern

shore was an Indian reservation. It was called Indian Island. There was also another small island where many French immigrants from Quebec lived. This island was located on the north side of Marsh Island and was called Treat and Webster Island, but we usually called it French Island.

Old Town was, in those days, mostly an industrial city with a shoe factory, a woolen mill, a canoe factory (whose canoes we have even seen in Sierra Leone) and a pulp and paper mill. There were a number of shops, but no supermarkets yet. When you went to a grocery, you told the clerk what you wanted and he brought it and bagged it for you. There were a number of churches: American Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, and two Catholic churches, one of which was French speaking. We attended the Baptist church, as it was the only evangelical church.

The Helen Hunt School was primarily a junior high school, but I attended second grade there my first year in Old Town as it was close to my home. Later, I attended Herbert Gray School through the rest of my primary grades. My teacher continued teaching me the phonic reading method.

Peter continued sleeping in a crib in my parents' room until he was old enough to have his own bed. Mother stayed at home with us and Dad taught at the high school where he soon became head of the commercial department. The high school was

located on Academy Hill and, as we had no car, Dad walked to work every day. He also coached baseball and ushered at basketball games.

My parents gave me an Elgin bicycle for Christmas during my seventh year. I rode that bike many, many miles over the years—to school and to work during my high school and college years. I don't ever recall having a flat tire.

In my early school years, as I have mentioned, I learned to read by the phonic method. I learned to spell and pronounce words well. This helped me learn phonetic languages in other countries later in life.

I had a friend who attended second grade with me and continued with my class throughout high school. One afternoon after school, we were pretending we were knights jousting with ski poles. His pole hit me in the mouth and knocked out my right central incisor. I ran home, and my mother wrapped my head in a towel and rushed me down the street to the dentist's office. He put my tooth back in place and later did a root canal. However, the tooth did not live and was blackened. He said it would only last two years. However, when I was sixty, I had it removed because of infection. I now have a bridge there, but I do not like it.

After second grade, I walked quite a few blocks across town to the Herbert Gray School for the rest of my elementary school years. When I was in third



grade, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and the US entered World War II.

Soon, we had rationing of sugar, gasoline, and many other items. We were all issued ration books. My dad was in the Civilian Corps. He headed up part of the Air-Raid Protection Service for our town. We had air-raid shelters and often had air-raid drills. Many people planted Victory Gardens of vegetables. On Saturday, all the boys in my class went around town picking up scrap iron. I remember names like Iwo Jima, Normandy Beach, VE Day, and VJ Day from those years.

In the summers, as I progressed through the Old Town school system, my father had a job working for the school department. He mowed all the school lawns, and I helped him with the mowing and the trimming. He also washed all the windows and prepared the classrooms for the fall.

Dad also planted a garden. He rented land from my piano teacher. I think my parents purchased a piano when I was in the fourth grade. The piano had to be lifted in through the French windows by block and tackle and winch.

Dr. Madden, who owned the house, was an interesting person. One whom I would label “a character.” He had begun his career in the “horse and buggy” days. Day or night, he would make house calls. He never refused to see a patient or make a house call. In those Depression days, probably half the people in

the town owed him money for medical care. Before the war, he chewed gum, but it became scarce during the war, so he chewed bandage.

By the time I knew him, he owned a Ford Coupe. He never really learned how to drive. He traveled in second gear and never learned to use the clutch. I often heard him grinding out in the middle of the night on a house call. There was a large, old elm tree just behind the garage at the end of the yard where he parked his car. He sometimes drove through the back of the garage and was stopped by the tree. Then he would have to have the back of the garage repaired.

For all his idiosyncrasies, he was regarded by the Eastern Maine Medical Center in Bangor as being an excellent diagnostician. The local people agreed. While he made no Christian profession, he had a profound influence on my life for his role as a dedicated physician.

His wife continued to live in the big house after his death. When I was sixteen, she kindly traveled with me to Bangor to take my driver's test. I think she was scared half out of her wits by my driving, but I passed with flying colors.

Dad started attending summer school and evening classes at the University of Maine, Orono. It was a long process, but he earned his BA when I was in the eighth grade. During my high school years, he worked on a master's degree in Guidance. I can

remember helping him by correcting papers for him while he worked on his research paper. I think he finished during my junior year of high school. One has to admire him for his effort.

When I was seven, he took me to Bangor to attend the Bangor State Fair. Originally, a trolley ran between Old Town and Bangor, but by the time we moved to Old Town, it had been replaced by a forty-five-minute bus ride. We had a great day. We took rides on the Ferris wheel and merry-go-round, looked at all the animal exhibits, and went up into the stands to watch the horse racing. Then we bought refreshments and I made myself sick on ginger ale. I have disliked it ever since. When we walked back to the bus stop, we found we were too late to catch the last bus for Old Town. Fortunately, Dad recognized some people driving by and we were able to get a ride home with them. It had been a wonderful day!

Another vivid memory was my first Youth Camp when I was eight. It was in a wooded area near Burnham, Maine. It was the first time I had been away from home, and I was very homesick the first week. However, I recovered and had a wonderful time my second week. I was so small and lithe, I was able to do seventy chin-ups and win a contest.

When I was eight or nine, my mother took me to the Home Private Hospital in Old Town for a tonsillectomy and adenoidectomy (T&A). This was

before antibiotics, and many children had T&As to try to keep them healthy. I was rarely sick as a child. I'm not sure what caused some occasional fevers, but when I was in medical school and we were testing in bacteriology class, I learned I had immunity to two or three types of paralytic polio. It was not until junior high that we began to have immunization shots. There were no polio vaccines until I was in medical school. The iron lung was still being used when I was an intern.

We burned wood in our furnace in the basement. I was about eight when I first went with my father and some of his friends to cut wood. It was often very cold—below zero—but the exercise soon warmed us up. It was frequently my job to build a fire at noon and heat water in a pail for coffee. The pail hung on a stick placed over the fire. The coffee had a very distinct flavor from the wood chips floating in it. The trees were felled, piled in four-foot lengths, and measured into cords. Later, the wood would be carried out of the woods by horse teams and taken to Old Town by truck. One Saturday, near Easter, we helped saw the wood into one-foot pieces. Later, it was split, carried by wheelbarrow, and thrown through the basement window. When I was thirteen, I hurt my back doing this and could not stand up straight for a day or two. My parents both had bad backs, so it is not strange I had inherited some of the genes.

My father's friend, Joe Leonard, had a camp at Bottle Lake. Dad would go up to the camp every year, and usually came home with a deer. He would use a 30-30 rifle. He would dress the deer in the woods, drag it out on a sledge, bring it home, and we would hang it in one of the garages. It always was cold enough in late November to keep it frozen. Mother would often serve venison steaks for dinner during the winter. While we had a refrigerator, we did not have a freezer, which would have been needed to store the meat indoors. She and dad would take one Saturday and make mince meat from the neck of the deer. I can remember tasting the mince to make sure it was sweet enough to make the annual mincemeat pies for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

When I was eight or nine, I bought several chickens from the five-and-ten store in the spring. I raised them and we had them for Sunday dinners in the fall. The second year I raised chickens, I had four hens and two roosters. One had a crippled foot, so I called him Cripplelus. He was a real pet. He followed me everywhere. He would frequently get out of his pen and sneak down to Towles Cafe for a handout. He was the last one left and my mother insisted I must be the one to cut his head off. It was a hard thing to do for a ten-year-old, but it was Thanksgiving time and a chicken couldn't live out in the cold any longer. After two blows with the ax,

and my mother giving instructions from the living room window, I managed to cut off his head. When I was in high school, I gave an amusing account of Cripplelus for a speech in my English class and got an A.

There was a small ice cream and hot dog stand on the corner looking down toward Main Street. The ice cream was five cents for a cone and the hot dogs were ten cents. Occasionally, as a treat, I got a French Vanilla cone. Further to the left was Towles Cafe and Morans' Drugstore, which also sold candy. For one penny, I could get seven wrapped caramel candies which I made last as long as possible. To the right of Morans' was the Strand Theatre. We did not usually attend the theatre, as Christians were afraid it would leave a poor testimony. I do remember seeing *Snow White* and a documentary about Mark Twain.

On Sunday afternoons, I often read a book or built intricate castles from blocks. After the Sunday afternoon nap, which was sacrosanct, our family would often go for a walk.

My mother worried because I was so thin and did not seem to be able to gain any weight. She often took me down to Woolworth's Department Store to weigh me on their penny scales. About the time I was in sixth grade, she started buying candy bars to help me gain weight. Peter was so chubby, all he got was a stick of gum.

When I was eleven years old, I started junior high school at Helen Hunt School. It was at this time I became conscious of wanting to excel academically. I generally was of quiet disposition and compensated for my lack of popularity by excelling as a student. In our classroom, the library contained books on our National Parks. Reading them gave me a desire to visit them. As of this writing, I have visited Arcadia National and Mammoth Caves National Park in Kentucky.

I did quite well in gym class. There was a picnic table behind a neighbor's house. In the evenings, I practiced by jumping over it. In ninth grade, we had a Field Day at Victory Field behind Herbert Gray School. I ran the mile and placed well. I also tried the broad jump, and jumped nearly fourteen feet.

When I entered tenth grade at the high school, I went out for football. My father was an assistant coach, and the head coach had played in a semi-pro team in Boston. I remember the first time I put on the heavy shoulder pads and went to practice. It was a lot of hard work and I blacked my eye on at least one occasion. I always wanted to be a big rugged football player, but never weighed over 140 pounds in high school. I ate well, and even was the scourge of church suppers, but no weight gain. I used to say, "Every piece of cake tastes the same after the twentieth piece."

During the seventh grade, I became myopic and had to wear glasses. That meant I could not see well enough without my glasses to play backfield. I broke my left third metacarpal and had to have my arm in a cast for about six weeks. My claim to fame was having my friends write on my plaster cast.

Dad had taught me to use a glove, field grounders, and catch flies when I was in elementary school. I tried out for the baseball team when I was in tenth grade, but, again, because of my poor vision, I could not do well. Thus, I decided to leave that and try out for track in the spring. During my senior year, I placed first in the Penobscot Valley Tournament and won a blue ribbon. I gave the blue ribbon to Wilma, as we were going out together at that time. Unfortunately, when Bethany was a baby and teething, she grabbed it out of Wilma's Bible and chewed it.

I also went out for basketball when I was a junior in high school, but as I was not well-coordinated, I didn't make the team. Later, we had a hoop on the front of Dr. Madden's garage. Peter and I would get a group together and play ball in the yard. It was always a good respite from studying, especially during college years.

In junior high school, we had an excellent English teacher. She taught grammar so well I was able to sail through English Composition during my freshman college class. There were essay contests during high school. During my sophomore year, I entered



the Wilbur Bird contest. My mother found a book on the songs of the birds at the library. I wrote an essay called "The Music of the Birds," which won first place. When I was a senior, the class had to write one called "Old Town, My City." Again, I won first place. I think Wilma won second place. However, I have never enjoyed writing.

When I was in seventh grade, Miss Rounds, who headed up the music department, asked me if I would be interested in playing cello. The school had an old cello I was able to use. My parents made contact with Mr. Habenicht, a German immigrant, who had been concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was now retired and living in Bangor. I traveled to Bangor once a week on the bus to take cello lessons for about three years. Later, I was able to buy a beautiful handmade cello that I used for many years. I carried my cello up to the high school every Tuesday night for high school orchestra practice.

I joined the Baptist church choir at thirteen. My voice had matured early and I was able to sing tenor. I recall sitting in the choir Sunday mornings and being very amused by the ladies' hats. The creations were worth viewing! I also remember Mrs. Monroe coming to church with her daughter, Wilma, who was in my class in junior high school. They always sat near the back, and Wilma had long blond pigtails.

During my thirteenth year, I became church janitor. It paid seven dollars a week, which I sent to my bank account in Island Falls. My parents had started it for me when I was little and they had sold a chicken. I opened up the church on Sunday morning, got the heat started in winter, and rang the church bells. I also opened Wednesday night for Prayer Meeting, which I generally attended.

While I was in the junior high school youth group of the church, I longed to be in the senior high youth group. At twelve, I was able to join the Christian Endeavor group. After about two years, I became president and kept the position all through high school. We had monthly program planning meetings at the senior adult advisor's home. I developed a great deal of planning and organizational skills from these meetings. Wilma also attended, and I believe she was vice president. After the meetings, I walked her to the bus terminal where she took her bus for Great Works.

By the time I was eleven or twelve, I was able to attend the Baptist Youth Camp in Northern Maine, about seven miles north of Presque Isle. It was a time of soul-searching for me. I remember during the third camp I attended, the evangelist asked those who felt called to Christian service to stand. A few of us stood. It was at that time I completely committed my life to God. A short prayer was given and the meeting was dismissed. It wasn't a great

deal, but it was a tremendous influence in my life. That year we flew home, my first plane ride. The next year, my last at camp, a friend and I hitchhiked home. Hitchhiking was safe in those days and it was not hard to get a ride.

After ninth grade, we attended Jefferson Street High School where my father was head of the commercial department. I took the college prep program, so I had no classes from him. I did take one commercial subject, typing. I was the first in my class to type thirty words a minute. Probably my dexterity from playing the piano helped.

I took two years of Latin from Ms. Jorden, an early morning class. She was an elderly lady who had taught Latin and French at the high school for many years. She was a good teacher and Wilma was one of her best pupils. Our senior year, we took French. I made A's, but she was unhappy with me. I took early morning piano classes and arrived at her class late. One morning, she sent me to the principal's office to get a formal excuse to get into her class. She mumbled under her breath, "He'll never make it in college."

We also took the usual progression of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. Our sciences were biology, chemistry, and physics. An Indian boy and I entered the Science Fair, but we did not win a prize.

During my junior year of high school, my father bought our first car, a Plymouth sedan. It had the

gear shift on the steering wheel. I quickly learned to drive and to use the clutch.

In addition to football and track, I quickly became involved in a number of extracurricular activities. In debating, I learned a good deal about thinking on my feet and rebuttal. I also participated in school plays, prize reading, school orchestra, and extemporaneous speaking. I think I was in thirteen extracurricular activities at school one year. I was business manager for our yearbook and learned much about meeting people and the power of persuasion. My junior year, I earned my letter sweater in sports and wore it proudly.

I was always shy around girls, although I admired several from a distance during my junior and senior high school days. When it came time for the junior prom, I decided to ask Wilma Monroe. She had established herself as one of the brightest members of our class and she was an outstanding member of the debate club. We shared the same convictions that it was probably all right to join the other students in the Grand March, but not in the other dancing. The Monroes were living in south Great Works at the time, so I was given the use of the family car to go get her. She had bought a nice gown. I gave her a corsage to wear. She looked quite nice. I also took her to our Senior Hop and we began going together at that time. I never had another girlfriend and I don't believe she ever had another boyfriend.

The high school years were busy years. I came out of my shell a great deal. Although I was class valedictorian, any of the top ten honor students could be chosen by the class to speak at graduation. The class president, valedictorian, and two others were chosen. *They were both Great Works girls. I nominated Wilma and her Great Works pals got her elected.* I recall receiving many awards, and Wilma received several.

In high school, I became more aware of a calling to medical missions. I was impressed by reading about Dr. Hargrove, a Burma surgeon, who used medicine as a tool for evangelism. I also had been influenced by the life of Dr. Madden. I felt that showing my tangible love of Christ through medicine was what He wanted me to do.

The summer following high school, I learned that the pulp and paper mill in Great Works was hiring young college students to do yard work to help them pay college expenses. It was heavy work emptying boxcars of four-foot peeled logs onto a conveyor belt. We also dug ditches, stacked lumber, shoveled, and wheeled wheelbarrows full of soda and sulfur because the mill had both soda and sulfur plants.

One summer, we had to climb to the top of a storage pile and redirect the conveyor belt so the lumber would slide down more readily. When I lifted one side of the heavy slide, my foot slipped on the wet pulp. I felt something “give” in my back.

When I jumped down from the slide, I developed severe pain in my lower back and could not straighten up. I reported this to my boss and he sent me home. I stayed home for a day or two and then went back to work. I was later found to have ruptured intervertebral discs at three levels. This was the beginning of serious back trouble for me.

Dad was working, doing repair work during the summer at the Indian Island School. He hired me to help, and I worked with him for a few hours a day after I finished at the mill. With the two jobs, I was able to put close to \$1,000 in my savings account by the end of the summer.

Wilma and I had become close friends during this time, and I often walked her home after church or youth group. She had also planned to attend the University of Maine, but her parents did not feel they could afford it. She got a job at the campus lunch counter to earn money to start the next year. The campus store had closed for the summer, and they brought cigarettes over to the lunch counter for them to be sold. Wilma caused a bit of a sensation when she asked if she could be excused from selling them. However, her boss, a good Jewish lady with convictions of her own, complied with Wilma's request.

I hit college running. At mid-semester of my first year, I had the highest grades in a class of a thousand. I was highly focused on my studies and had

a good memory. (I don't know what has happened to it!) All students had to take English Composition during their freshman year. If you could achieve an A grade during first semester, you did not have to take second semester. My teacher, Ms. Turner, had to give me good grades as I rarely made a grammatical error on a paper. I had been well taught in junior high. The final exam was largely based on grammar, and it counted for nearly one-half of your grade in the course. My teacher had to give me an A, but she told me I had no flair for writing!

Because the University of Maine was a land-grant college, male students were required to take two years of ROTC. It was not a difficult course, but the army captain who taught it felt no one deserved higher than a B the first semester. I complained and showed him his grade was the only B I got. I was promoted to sergeant during my first year. However, I was demoted back to private when the captain found out I did not plan to take ROTC during my junior or senior year. The Korean War was in progress when I was in college, but I was not drafted because I was taking the pre-med program. I suppose I could have been drafted in Rhodesia, but I was more valuable to them as a doctor.

I took a bus down to the college in the mornings, and took a sandwich for my noon lunch. Wilma often rode the bus with me, and we often had lunch together—especially after she started college the

next year. We often studied together in the library. There were several friends in pre-med who studied with us. One friend, Paul Dinsmore, and I would sometimes tease Wilma by hiding her lunch. I tried to hitchhike home after my classes. The money I saved was given to my mother to buy real butter. I did not care much for margarine.

During my sophomore year, I took Comparative Anatomy. One day in the spring, my professor was lecturing on evolution as if it were an indisputable fact. I asked if it were not possible that so many similarities existed because we had a common Creator. He was quite taken aback. Nevertheless, this opened the class for a lot of debate by fellow students who championed my opinion. I don't think he ever forgave me. However, he gave me a good mark. Senior year, I took philosophy. It was a study of comparative philosophers and I upheld my religious beliefs. Dr. Virtue gave me an A, but he said I would never make a good philosopher.

I was one of two students in the junior class to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa. My key was presented during a banquet. I gave it to Wilma as an engagement present. The Reformed Baptist Church allowed wedding rings, but not engagement rings. As I gave it to her, I said, "Anyone who can afford it could have a diamond engagement ring, but very few would have one of these keys given to them." Wilma accepted it and still wears it on a chain



around her neck. However, I had to borrow it back for the banquet my senior year. I also received a Phi Kappa Phi award. Wilma was elected to the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society and graduated with the highest grades in her class in the School of Education.

In my senior year of college, when pre-meds were applying to medical schools, I developed an interest in attending Johns Hopkins. They were requiring both French and German for entrance. I took French 1 and French 4 the same year. Wilma helped me study, as she had already completed several years of college French. That was usually sufficient study. Later in life, when we were sent to Haiti, I was glad I had studied French.

During most of my semester, I made 4.0 grade point average. I had the second-highest grades in a class of a thousand, and gave the Salutatory Address at graduation.

Going back a little, my brother Peter and I first climbed Mount Katahdin on Labor Day 1950. Many trips followed. When our children were younger, it was a good place for a family vacation.

After my first year of college, Reverend Joseph Moses came to Old Town and started a Reformed Baptist church there. He was able to lease the old Universalist church, which had been closed for a number of years. It was located on Main Street, not far from the city center. He was also able to rent a

house nearby for a parsonage. Since my parents had a Reformed Baptist background, and the situation in the Baptist church had become difficult for them, they decided to join Reverend Moses in his efforts to start a Reformed Baptist church.

There was a lot to be done cleaning and restoring the building. I took over the job as church janitor, which meant getting up at 4 a.m. and starting wood fires in two furnaces in the basement as well as a pot-bellied stove in the church vestry.

The church was organized with nine members; these included Peter and myself. Wilma also decided to join. I remember one evening as we prayed together, she said she received a second work of grace.

During his second year, Rev. Moses started a Sunday morning fifteen-minute radio broadcast on WABI in Bangor, Maine. I often sang and played my cello on the program. It was a busy morning for me. I started the fires at 4 a.m., drove to Bangor and back to teach a 9:30 Sunday school class, and during the 11 o'clock service, I played the organ. The church had an old Tracker organ. I had begun taking organ lessons and practicing on the organ at the Baptist church the summer before. I remember having to go inside the organ several times to repair wires for the stops, and once we had to put a patch on the bellows. Quite a few families began to attend the church as a result of the broadcast.

Unfortunately, Rev. Moses and his family only stayed at the church for two years. We felt they had made great progress with the church and were sorry to see them leave. They were followed by Reverend and Mrs. Hubert McGeorge. The church progressed well under his ministry. He was a great man of prayer. Their daughter, Evelyn, was a very gifted pianist. She married my brother, Peter, after his first year of medical school. During my college years, we formed a gospel trio at the church. Peter, Art Woodard from Beals, and I called ourselves the Emanuelairs.

Beulah Camp Meeting in early July became a very important part of our lives. After we had our own car and the church opened in Old Town, we took Wilma and several other young people to camp meetings with us. Beulah Camp is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful camp meeting sites in North America. It is located on the St. John River about twelve miles north of St. John, New Brunswick. I often stayed with other young men in a cottage near the wharf called the Ram's Pasture. We always came away from Beulah feeling we had been on a mountaintop spiritually. We always enjoyed the Love Feast after the Sunday evening service was over. Many old favorite songs were sung, and you could request anyone to sing.

We enjoyed music. Mother would often play and sing on Sunday afternoon. We would frequently

come up with a duet for church. When I was in high school, we played music on an old Victrola. Later, we purchased a record player that played 78 and 45 rpm records and a later one that played 33s. My parents bought a tape recorder when I was in college. We bought a Wollensak to take with us to Africa.

After all that digression, I need to go back to college memories. I played in the college orchestra during all four years of college. We practiced Tuesday evenings. My father let me borrow the car and Wilma would go with me to study at the library. One night, someone took the car and put 150 miles on it. Dad noticed the additional mileage on the odometer and asked where Wilma and I had gone. I guess someone crossed the wires.

In my junior year, I took voice lessons. The course was very helpful and I learned something about voice placement, which has helped me over the years.

There were no Med-Cats back in the 1950s. One simply applied to medical schools and hoped to be accepted. I considered Dalhousie in Halifax and Johns Hopkins. I finally applied to Hopkins. I received an appointment for an interview in the early spring with a Hopkins doctor, class of 1908, who had retired to the coast of Maine. I recall studying for the interview, but when we arrived, the interview consisted primarily of his reminiscing

about the old days at Hopkins when he had been a student there. Wilma went with me and waited in the car.

It wasn't long before I received an acceptance. It came when I was ill at home with a high fever. My mother called our doctor, who congratulated me when he learned of my acceptance. He made it sound like a great honor. It hadn't yet registered with me that I should be thankful that God had allowed me to be accepted by such an outstanding school.

During that summer, I again worked at the Penobscot Chemical Fibre Company (PCF). By this time, I had been promoted to an inside job of testing and adjusting the PH level in the large chemical production units. The job was better paid and not nearly as stressful as the outside work.

Classes did not begin at Johns Hopkins until early October. At this point, I had scarcely traveled outside of the state of Maine. Pastor McGeorge offered to take me to Baltimore and help me find a place to stay. Hopkins had no dorms for medical students. We were obliged to find a place to live near the hospital, which was located in East Baltimore on Broadway Avenue.

When we arrived in Baltimore, we took Route 40 out to West Baltimore, where a Nazarene church was located. The church was unable to find a room, and it would have been a long commute to the hospital.

Finally, Rev. McGeorge took a phone book and found a Pilgrim Holiness church located near the hospital. He called and found that Rev. and Mrs. Charles Baker had a room available in the parsonage and could give me room and board for fifteen dollars a week. The church was just a mile from the hospital. The following morning, Rev. McGeorge left, and I was on my own in a strange, large city.

The Bakers made me feel right at home. I had a room right over the kitchen. Often in the evening, they would invite me down for pie and ice cream. I think those were the days I began to put on weight!

The church had been started about ten years before, and had developed a close-knit spiritual group with a good outreach to many in the city. There was hardly a service without an altar call and seekers around the altar. They did hold strongly to externals such as no wedding bands, long-sleeved dresses, and long hair in a bun for the women. The men wore no ties, only white socks, and wrist-watches without gold bands. Doris, the pastor's daughter, was a gifted piano player and Rev. Baker played the drums.

One lady in the church, Mrs. Ammons, offered to do my laundry and one couple in the church, the Crowders, came to visit us in Haiti when we were missionaries there. Jesse was building a house for his family and studying at night for a certified public accountant when I first met them. Later, he

became treasurer of the *Baltimore Sun* newspaper syndicate. When I was getting ready to practice in Houghton in 1976, he gave me \$1,000 through his church. Except for a small stipend from my fellowship, we had no income until I was able to begin practice with Dr. Prinsell in Houghton.

I used to study until midnight on Saturday, but completely devoted my Sundays to the church and the Christian Medical & Dental Associations (CMDA) chapter I helped to start at the hospital. If I had an exam on Monday, I'd get up at 2 a.m. and start studying.

By living at the church parsonage, I met many of the Pilgrim Holiness church leaders. I even sang in a quartet with one of the General Superintendents of the church, Reverend Snyder. I also taught a Sunday school class of young men. At least two of them followed me into the field of medicine.

Shortly after my arrival in Baltimore, I walked down to the hospital and made appropriate contact with the medical school. As I remember, the weather was extremely hot and humid during those first few days of classes. Our first semester was spent studying anatomy.

In contrast with many other medical schools, Johns Hopkins did not reveal a student's grades to a student. The philosophy was that of having made a very selective enrollment. Once selected, the school did everything possible to help the student

finish. They felt a student should be free to pursue his special interests in medicine and work in areas of research in a supportive environment. I remember visiting my friend, Paul Dinsmore, who was attending George Washington Medical School in Washington, DC. His school accepted more than they could accommodate, planning to flunk out about a fourth of the class. The students had a great deal of anxiety as to whether they would pass.

I made friends with several of my classmates early in the semester, and we ate bagged lunches together in the hospital cafeteria at noon. Gerhart Duda was a little older and married. He had been a member of Hitler's Youth Brigade during World War II.

Dick Lane was another friend. He was a Christian, a Presbyterian, and a staunch Calvinist. Dick and I joined with four other students to form a chapter of the CDMS. There was no other Christian witness at the hospital even though a huge statue of Christ stands in the lobby. Dr. Howard Kelly, one of the four founders of Hopkins, had been an evangelical Christian.

We met every Sunday afternoon at the hospital. Several faculty members joined us. One was Dr. Newton Long who later became our landlord and, even later, delivered our first child. Ray Knighton, who was then the director of CMA, came and assisted us with CMDS work. I remember him sleeping on a sofa in our little apartment after



Wilma and I were married. In my junior and senior year, I was elected president of our local chapter.

I had no vehicle during my first two years at Hopkins. When Christmas vacation came, I walked down Charles Street and boarded a bus for Bangor, Maine. After the holidays, I rode the bus back to Baltimore.

Christmas was always a delightful time at home. My parents still lived at 173 Center Street. Peter was in high school. Wilma and I found time to plan our future. She was in her last year of college and would teach school in Bangor the next year. She continued to live at home in Great Works. Her mother had severe hypertension and had had a stroke the summer after we graduated from high school, thus necessitating Wilma's working a year before starting college. Her parents allowed her to live at home, but Wilma paid her own college tuition by working at the college and receiving scholarships.

When summer approached and Baltimore began to swelter, I was anxious to return to Maine where the weather was cooler. During the summers of my first and second years of medical school, I worked again at the Penobscot Chemical Fibre Company (PCF) with the chemical units. In the summer between my third and fourth years of medical school, Paul Dinsmore and I did an externship at the Bangor State Hospital, which had around 1,400 mental patients at that time.

Wilma and I decided to be married during the summer between my second and third years of medical school. We were married in the Old Town Reformed Baptist Church on September 1, 1956. Peter was my best man. Paul Dinsmore and Merle Mitchel, a church friend, were ushers. Rose Williamson, a friend of Wilma's and a member of our Baptist youth group was matron of honor. Betsy Monroe, Wilma's niece, was the flower girl. Rev. H. O. McGeorge, assisted by Rev. Charles Baker, performed the ceremony. The Bakers and the Ammons had driven from Baltimore for the wedding. Things were quite simple in those days. The reception was held at the parsonage right after the wedding. My father loaned us the family car so we could take all our wedding presents with us to Baltimore. Our honeymoon was our three-day trip to Baltimore.

Before leaving town, we went quickly to the town hall where we made the official changes to our names. Peter and some of his friends honked us out of town. When we reached Pittsfield, a policeman hauled us over and said we had come within ten feet of breaking the law. I had passed a slow-moving car too close to the railroad tracks. The policeman looked us over, noted the many gift boxes in the back and Wilma's corsage and let us go. So I didn't have to spend the first night of my honeymoon in jail!

I had spent much of the summer studying for my National Board Exams which I needed to take

in Washington, DC, the day after we arrived in Baltimore. I took a bus down and did fairly well on my exams, which took two days. Wilma began teaching third grade at Colgate School in Baltimore County. She took a bus to her school, which was just beyond Eastern Avenue.

We had been staying a few days with the Bakers. However, I learned Dr. Newton Long had a row house on Broadway several blocks below the hospital. He had been unable to sell it but was willing to let us rent the third floor. I had a few days before classes began so I used the time to do some repairs and make us cozy in our new home.

Our first occasion to entertain came soon. The church had an evangelist, Reverend Philpot, who was preaching revival services. He was an interesting man who claimed that in his many years of marriage he had never seen Mrs. Philpot's elbows! He loved fish, but no one who had entertained him for a meal had served any. Wilma made a wonderful fish meal, which greatly pleased him.

I began my third year of medical school with a bang in Obstetrics rotation. One night, I came home very late and found the door locked. Wilma was sleeping and didn't hear me. I had to walk to the parsonage and call her.

The last two years were busy clinical years when our class spent many hours at the hospital and other hospitals in the various rotations through

the medical disciplines. One time, we had a class that ended at 9:30 a.m. at Baltimore City Hospital and we were scheduled to be at a class that began at 9:35 a.m. on the other side of town. When we called this to our doctor's attention his reply was a classic, which I have often repeated over the years when faced with an impossible situation: "That's your problem, doctor."

The hospital, in those days, was laid out in the shape of a U. Under a large dome at the hospital's entrance was a large marble statue of Christ with his nail-scarred hands outstretched and the words, "Come unto me," written below.

We drove home at Christmastime that third year, believing we would be giving the car back to my parents. To our great joy, we found a tag under the Christmas tree that led to the car. My father had given it to us and we used it until we sailed for Africa.

Wilma had to learn to drive in order to get to the university to complete her master's degree in education. There was no bus service to the university when she finished her day of teaching school. One time when we were driving down the Maine Turnpike on our way to Baltimore, a cop stopped us because of her unsteady driving. I have always joked that he stuck his head in the car to see if she had been drinking. He told me to drive and she sulked all the way through New England.

At the time I had completed my third year and was waiting for Wilma's school to close for the summer, the Pilgrim church we were attending decided to relocate. I assisted with the church construction. A neighbor reported me to the police because I was working and had an out-of-state license plate. I told the policeman I was not being paid and that I planned to leave for Maine the next day. He left quickly.

During the first year we lived in the Broadway apartment, we lacked some household items. When Wilma got her first paycheck, we walked down past the Gay Street Open Market to Epstein's Department Store and bought out first bed pillows.

Snowstorms were rare in Baltimore, but during the winter of my fourth year, there was a heavy snowfall, which did not melt for several days. Since Wilma and I were used to snow, on the Sunday morning following the big storm, we decided to walk out Gay Street in knee-deep snow to get to North Avenue and on Bel Air Road to the new church. When we arrived, we found only the pastor.

Baltimore County had little or no equipment to deal with the snow, and Wilma didn't teach for the next week. They were sending milk for babies by helicopter because the big supply trucks could not get into the city. They also lost electric power long enough for freezers to melt food, and people were eating ice cream for breakfast.

Toward the end of my third year, Dr. Long was finally able to sell his row house. We were willing to continue living there, but the new owners wanted the whole house. We moved across Broadway to an apartment complex above a grocery store. Several of my married classmates lived there. As it was above a deli, we battled large cockroaches. It was interesting living on Broadway. I can remember coming home one Sunday morning after being up most of the night with a patient and hearing someone banging on a door yelling, "Open di do, John." It sounded for all the world like the song popular at the time, "Open di do, Richard!" There were tragedies like being thrown out of a third-story window. One patient came to the ER having been stabbed in the heart. When he was better, his explanation was that he had been playing cards all night with a friend when suddenly the friend stood up and stabbed him. There was also the possibility of being stopped on the street by someone looking for an illegal abortion.

Wilma taught third grade in Baltimore County my last two years of medical school. She took a bus to school each day, usually carrying a pile of books. One driver told her to put in student fare thinking she was a school kid. She also started her master's degree in education at Johns Hopkins night school on the Homewood campus. She would complete her degree at the University of Maine during my internship year in Bangor.

In the spring of my fourth year, we had to apply for an internship under the matching program. I traveled with some of my classmates to Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York. I also looked at the University of Pennsylvania. I had done an externship under Dr. Larry and Dr. Laura Weed during my third and fourth years of medical school. I ranked the hospital they served, the Eastern Maine Medical Center in Bangor, high on my list and was accepted there for a rotating internship.

We never knew our class standing, but I know I was not among the first ten. However, I know I ranked very high in internal medicine. Most of my classmates went into academic medicine and research. Dick Lane and I went into missionary medicine.

Our graduation was held out on the quad at the Homewood campus. Those receiving bachelor's degrees sat in the front. Various degree candidates sat behind them. My parents, Peter, and my pastor, Reverend Roosevelt Benson, drove down for the ceremony. We were given our gowns and hoods and seated. The president of Johns Hopkins at that time was Milton Eisenhower. His brother, Ike, was president of the United States. He had invited Prime Minister Harold McMillan of England to be the speaker. Ike and Prime Minister McMillan flew in from DC in a helicopter. I asked a classmate if he knew which one was Milton Eisenhower, as we

were quite a way from the stage. Being a good Democrat, he replied, "The intelligent-looking one."

We had to wait another week for Wilma's school to finish for the summer before we could head for Maine. We were able to pack all our belongings in the trunk and backseat of the car in those days. I had been lifting some heavy items at the new church the day before we left. When I leaned over to pack some pillows, I experienced pain in my back. It was another sign of the back problems I would experience the rest of my life.

Back in Bangor, my rotating internship began July 1, 1958. Dr. Larry Weed, our mentor, had been a fellow and a resident at Hopkins. He was the initiator of the problem-oriented approach. I profited much from this method and used it whenever possible throughout my medical career. Basically, this approach listed all the problems a patient presented and followed them in the progress notes.

Since there were only six of us, we worked long hours often on very little sleep. There was no resident staff so we were able to work directly with the attending physicians and were directly in charge of our patients in the way residents would be.

We each had a room on the third floor of the hospital. We ate in the hospital cafeteria. We were paid \$100 a month with free room and meals. Wilma and I were provided a second-story apartment in the home of the hospital administrator.



If I had a night free, I would call Wilma and she would come to the hospital and get me. One night, around midnight, she was pulled over by a cop for not heeding a flashing red light. She had only a temporary license as she had only recently passed her driver's test. He looked her over, checked the license plate, which had a medical insignia. Shaking his head, he said, "Go ahead. Your dad would be mad if I gave you a ticket."

During two of the winter months, we were on a combined Ob-Gyn, Surgical, and Emergency Room rotation. My partner's father became very ill in Florida, so I was left alone on this busy rotation for several weeks. I delivered babies, assisted in the OR with all my patients requiring surgery, took care of my patients on the wards, and handled the ER patients. There were some days when I only took off my shoes to change my socks. There were times during this rotation when I was literally falling asleep in the patients' wounds in my weariness.

We made rounds each morning with the attending doctor on the service and presented our new patients to them and Dr. Larry Weed. Dr. Weed would carefully review diagnosis and treatment with us. This was especially the case during our Internal Medicine rotation.

During the year, Wilma taught third grade at Fruit Street School, not far from the hospital. She also obtained her driver's license, really out of

necessity in order to drive up to the University of Maine to complete her master's degree in education. I could not find time to take her for her test, so our pastor did. Evidently, the cop who tested her knew she was a teacher and was kind to her. He did not make her parallel park, and when she backed up, he said, "Well, it's so rainy out there, it is hard to see where you are going." She got her license.

Around about March or April, Wilma began to have nausea and vomiting. It became apparent that she was pregnant with our first child, but she continued teaching third grade at Fruit Street School for the remainder of the school year.

I recall trouble with my back during the winter. I noted sciatica in my right leg. This was the first time I was diagnosed with intervertebral disc syndrome. I completed my internship at the end of June. Wilma stayed to complete her master's degree and graduated at the end of the summer at the same ceremony my mother received her bachelor's degree.

I accepted a surgical residency and would be returning to Baltimore. I also had communicated with the Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada that I had a call to medical missions. Initially, I suggested serving in a dual relationship with the Pilgrim Holiness Church as they were looking for a physician to serve at their Jembo Hospital in Northern Rhodesia. I believe there was some correspondence between

the two mission leaders. However, it was decided there was too much distance between where the Bethesda Hospital was being constructed in Southern Rhodesia and the Jembo Hospital for this to be a workable arrangement.

It was with a rather heavy heart that I drove back alone to Baltimore in late June. Wilma would follow when her degree work was completed. It was a very hot time of year in Baltimore. The temperature was over 100 degrees and very humid. I stayed a few days at the parsonage before moving into a second-story apartment near the hospital, which one of the church ladies was renting to us.

Dr. Mark Ravitch had been a chief resident in surgery at Hopkins and now headed up the Department of Surgery at Baltimore City Hospital. He was renowned as a pediatric surgeon. I spent my first three months serving as an assistant resident under his excellent teaching. Dick Lane was also an assistant resident with me. The full program was seven to eight years. I took only the first year, but Dick completed the program.

The following three months, I rotated to the Anesthesia Service under Dr. Peter Safar. He knew I was interested in missionary medicine and took great pains to teach me techniques with ether anesthesia and simple equipment I could construct and use at a mission hospital. I learned to use tubocurarine and to intubate my patients.

It was during this service rotation that Wilma went into labor and delivered our firstborn on December 10, 1959. Wilma was nearly three weeks overdue when Bethany was born. She was admitted to the hospital the day before delivery with early labor and vomiting. Finally, in the evening of the second day, when she was ready to deliver, I had to look around to find an assistant resident to give her a saddle block for the procedure.

We were surprised when Bethany arrived with fiery red hair. She was placed in the nursery with about fifty other babies. However, she was easy to spot. All the other babies had black hair. In Rhodesia, which was a British Colony at that time, she would be called “Ginger Hair.” Dr. Newton Long, who performed the delivery, did not charge us. The hospital costs were free because I was a resident. She was the only baby we had for free.

Wilma was discharged in three days and I took several days’ leave to help her. She adjusted well, but the first few months were difficult because Bethany cried for several hours each evening with colic. Bethany slept in her carriage in our bedroom. I remember coming home exhausted one night when she was just a few months old. Wilma put her on the bed for me to watch, but I fell asleep and the baby rolled off the bed. She didn’t seem to have hurt herself, but she was very indignant and I was chagrined. When she was three weeks old, we took

her to Old Town for Christmas. It was very cold, and I remember my mother taking her quickly in her arms when we arrived. She called her Judy by mistake, my late sister's name.

Bethany did not seem to be gaining weight so our pediatrician took her off breast milk and put her on formula. When Wilma took her off breast milk, she developed a breast abscess. Dr. Ravich himself did the incision and drainage (I&D) surgery. Wilma never attempted to breast feed after that. Our other children were started on old dried milk powder given to our mission hospital.

Around about April or May, it was decided we would go to Bethesda Hospital in Southern Rhodesia when my year of residency was completed. The mission board wanted to know if we had any debts and we were able to tell them we were debt free. I had managed to get through medical school on my savings. Of course, Wilma had been working as well and that added to our resources. We said goodbye to our Baltimore friends, packed all our belongings into the old Plymouth, and headed for Maine. Bethany sat on Wilma's lap or between us. There were no seatbelts in those days.

The family still lived at 173 Center Street. Dad was still head of the commercial department at the high school and my mother was teaching third grade. Peter was in his final year of pre-med at the University of Maine. Wilma's mother was still at the

nursing home in Orono. She was delighted to see Bethany. Wilma's father had died in 1958.

Beulah Camp was very special for us that year. I was asked to bring the message on Foreign Missions Evening during the third week of July. I also spoke at the Foreign Missions Service in the morning.

At the close of the evening service, Reverend Bennett Cochrane, the Foreign Missions director, was in charge of our commissioning service. During the camp meeting, we had been singing the chorus, "God's ways are my ways and these are my people." There were posters of African people on the platform. When giving her testimony, Wilma pointed to one of the posters and said, "God's ways are my ways and these shall be my people." This was very effective and brought a good response from the congregation. Rev. Cochrane mentioned we were the first missionaries sent from Maine, and perhaps the best prepared that had been sent to the field. Later, he joined Reverend H. R. Ingersol, the General Superintendent of the church, in taking part in Bethany's infant dedication.

The plan was for us to spend several months following Beulah Camp visiting the Reformed Baptist churches in Maine and the Maritime provinces of Canada in order to present our anticipated mission work. At that time, there were only about fifty-five churches in the entire denomination and some of them were quite small. However, the Reformed

Baptist always had a strong foreign missions' interest. I believe over 20 percent of the church income went to foreign missions at that time. Even today, the Atlantic District of The Wesleyan Church, which the Reformed Baptist Church has become, is very strong on missionary giving.

As far as our support was concerned, we were covered by Southern Rhodesian government grants. Our mission would receive a yearly grant of 1,000 British pounds for a doctor and 750 pounds for a teacher. These grants would more than cover our missionary salary of \$1,825 a year for seven years. The Reformed Baptist Church would also cover our travel expenses, which would come to about \$1,000 if we went by boat.

We had a good experience, as I recall, traveling from church to church. We took a piece of particle board and covered the back seat so Bethany could play there while we traveled. At that time, we were oblivious to the dangers and Bethany had a great time playing in the back seat. We also had purchased a fold-up playpen in which she slept at night.

One of the first churches we visited was Crystal, Maine. Unfortunately, the pastor's two children had just had the measles and Bethany caught the germs and came down with the measles. Wilma and Bethany had to go back home and remain there until Bethany recovered. I think my dad brought

them to St. John, New Brunswick, in order to rejoin our scheduled itinerary.

As it was fall, almost everywhere we went we were served squash, which is one of my least favorite vegetables. However, when we got to Nova Scotia, we were served some wonderful fish meals. I remember at one home, going down to the dock and helping our host choose the fish—right out of the boat—that we would enjoy for dinner.

After we completed our tour, we spent the rest of our time packing and getting ready to leave for the field. Peter and I went to Portland with a \$1,000 donated gift and purchased surgical instruments to take along to our hospital from a surgical supply company. We obtained some very good instruments at very reasonable prices.

We had no experience in missionary packing. Dad and I spent several days in the church basement constructing fairly large, reinforced boxes. Later, we learned that missionaries often took their personal effects to the field in metal or fiber drums.

There were several postponements of our departure. Finally, we learned we would sail from St. John, New Brunswick, on October 30, 1960, after a farewell service sponsored by the St. John church.

We were ready to go. The next phase of our lives would be in Africa.





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Although Storer was salutatorian in the 1954 class of 1,000 students at the University of Maine, Orono, and a 1958 graduate of John Hopkins University Medical School, in my heart he will always be my “Tody Will.”

—*Wilma Emmett, wife*



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What would cause a young boy from rural Maine—who called himself Tody Will because he was unable to pronounce his given name of Storer William—to become a dedicated medical missionary doctor? As Dr. Emmett and his wife, Wilma, share recollections in this memoir, be prepared to be challenged and inspired as you read how God in His love and faithfulness was at work in shaping, guiding, and growing Storer during his years of service in kingdom work. God had a plan for “Tody Will” and He has a plan for you.

—*Esther Emmett Slauson, daughter*

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