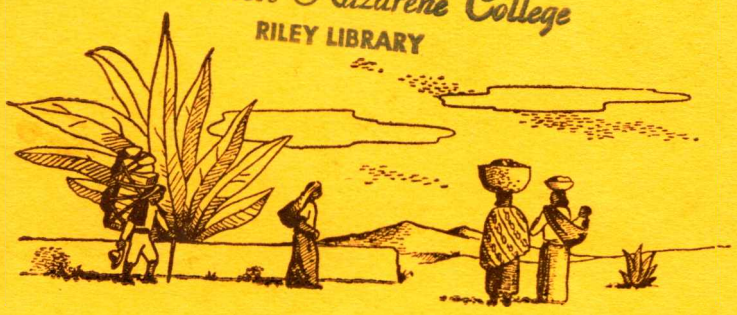
Richard Simpson ANDERSON

PIONEER MISSIONARY TO CENTRAL AMERICA



Russell and Margaret Anderson Birchard

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by

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PREFACE

Only as we neared the end of this brief biography did we begin to realize how far short we had come of communicating to our readers the fragrance of devotion, breadth of evangelical love, and faithfulness in labors of Richard Simpson Anderson.

Living again the long hours of suffering that led to his final separation from his earthly tabernacle, we remembered how self-effacing and uncomplaining he had been. The patience he manifested under agonizing pain was a revelation to those who remembered how punctual, how exacting, how impatient with himself he was in the fulfillment of his obligations. Yet when the grim reaper came near, he did not complain but only nestled deeper in the sweet will of God.

Conscious of its many shortcomings but with the single hope that through its reading many may glorify our Father in heaven, we give this brief narrative to you, dedicated to the memory of one whose years leave no regrets, for they were lived in the effulgent light of the fullness of the Spirit.

In His glad service,

RUSSELL AND MARGARET ANDERSON BIRCHARD

TEZULUTLAN, THE LAND OF WAR, BECOMES THE LAND OF PEACE

Let us turn history's clock back four and a half centuries. Spiritual night is still dark and chill, but a faint glow gives hope that the dawn of the Reformation is nigh. Savonarola has but recently suffered martyrdom. Luther is but a lad in his teens. Columbus has only recently discovered the new world. In the very heart, at the center between the two great continents, is the location for our story in middle America.

Deep in the mountainous heart of Guatemala a new spring day dawns. Flowers and ferns, drenched with dew, shine in verdant splendor as a blazing sun mounts over tree-covered peaks into an azure sky.

Birds trill lilting melodies. Deer graze on rocky mountainsides and peace reigns. Flowers paint the woods with bright colors, which seem to be reflected in glorious plumage of tropical birds. Bright-green parakeets, red, yellow, and blue macaws, and the ever-present steel-blue blackbird all rival but cannot surpass the rare quetzal, whose crimson breast, emerald crest, and gorgeous, yard-long tail adorn him above his fellows. And because he refuses to live in captivity he came to symbolize that love of liberty which characterized the natives of that land.

In scattered, grass-thatched huts appearing on the mountainside, (for these aborigines had not yet learned to live in town) women grind their corn on three-legged, curved stones over which they push, with rhythmic strokes, a long stone which fits their hands. This moist mass of boiled maize they deftly form into thin cakes to be baked on a clay griddle over an open fire. Other women sit on mats bracing their weight against an improvised loom supported at one end by a

post or tree and upon which they weave intricate figures on waists and shawls. Their menfolks are busy cleaning their fields for burning, and the planting of beans and maize soon to follow. They will prepare a big feast of wild turkey or wild pig, but before they plant they will fast and perform painstaking rites and make offerings to their gods. They worship evil spirits, propitiating them with their sacrifices, for they fear the spirits and are careful not to offend them.

Here live the Kekchi, Pocomchi, and Pocomam Indians. From whence they came no one knows for certain. Hidden in the depths of their jungles are temples and stone statues that speak to us of an advanced civilization. Their science, as expressed in sculptured steles, reveals a profound understanding of times, seasons, and something of astronomy. Their traditions speak of the beginning when the gods warred one against the other in the heavens. Many of their secrets still remain to be revealed.

The peaceful life of weaving and grinding and planting and worshiping is interrupted by disturbing rumors. News of a strange, tall people with pale faces, wearing glittering coverings and bearing shining shields of metal, are heard through traveling merchants—news of men mounted on strange fourfooted animals on which they ride like the wind.

It is said that already many Indian tribes have yielded to these foreign people to become their slaves, and that those who have not yielded have died for their temerity and their womenfolk have been violated and enslaved.

The Spanish conquistadors! Aflame with lust for gold, fortune hunters, plundering and robbing, burning homes and murdering the inhabitants! Enslaving all who survive and placing them under tribute! Compelling the pagan Indians to submit to Christian baptism at the hands of the Fathers who accompany the adventurers of Spain! And having conquered their way to Tuzulutlan,

they presume to vanquish also the Kekchi and Pocomchi. Tuzulutlan is the land of war. These tribes have never been conquered. Here the Spaniards have found more determined resistance than elsewhere. Months of struggle, war, and privations do not bring them closer to victory. The Spaniards retire, bloody and defeated. Tuzulutlan cannot be taken by force of arms.

What the soldiers have failed to do the church proposes to do by other means. In a Dominican convent four friars cast lots to determine who of them shall be the first to attempt the conversion of these unconquered ones. The soldiers will be retired. Spanish authorities agree that the people will not be made slaves. The Spaniards are forbidden to enter the territory for five years. If the expedition is successful, tribute will be applied in a reasonable way. That is the plan. The lot is cast and one of the friars takes his leave of his companions. As he goes his lonely way, the remaining three lift their prayers for his success.

Their plan was simple. Teach the songs of the church to Indian merchants of already conquered tribes. Teach them the story of the Cross. As they travel unrestricted among these Indian people, let them sing the story, in the hills and in the valley, wherever people are found. Their plan worked. The Kekchi and Pocomchi heard and finally permitted the friars to enter and baptize them in the name of the Church of Rome. Such was the success of this "evangelistic" effort that Tuzulutlan—the land of war, the mountainous region of "the unconquered ones"—was christened "La Verapaz" or the "province of the true peace."

It was one of these friars, Bartolome de las Casas, who founded the imperial city of Coban. He was a university graduate who came under the influence of the preaching of certain Dominican friars, whose message caused him to leave worldly pursuits and dedicate himself to the

church as a friar. As the conquest which he accompanied advanced, conquered lands were divided and slaves were apportioned to people in the favor of the officials; and De las Casas received a large piece of land and numerous slaves. But he could not preach, as others did, while he held human souls in bondage. He liberated his slaves and gave himself to the defense of the Indian peoples from their heartless Spanish masters. He become the first priest to be consecrated in the new world.

He was offered by the church a munificent bishopric in Peru, but this was refused to accept a similar but poorer place in Chiapas, Mexico. Because of his defense of the Indians many of his clergy abandoned him. Even as he preached, a continual stream of pamphlets and books flowed from his pen, many of them designed to save the Indians from their cruel conquerors.

In efforts to awaken the people in Spain to the unhappy state of the Indians and for other purposes he made a dozen voyages across the Atlantic, each of which would be hailed as an exploit today. In one of his books he accuses the Spaniards of having slain forty million Indians, a figure considered excessive but revealing the cruelty of their Catholic majesties and their officials.

In the midst of all these activities, De las Casas found time to teach the children to read, to catechize and baptize thousands of Indians, and to write one of the most complete histories of the times of the conquest. Barnes, in his book, *Two Thousand Years of Missions Before Carey,* says of this Catholic missionary: "If all his successors had been like him in Christian character and in missionary spirit the New World would have become the 'new earth' under the new heavens of which Columbus so fondly dreamed and wrote."

Unfortunately De las Casas' successors were not his type; and, while there is no doubt that his influence was marked, the Romanist system which he represented

was decadent and powerless to save the people from their sins. Romanism could substitute images of their saints for the pagan idols worshiped by the Indians, and could subjugate with their arms and propaganda the unorganized aboriginal inhabitants of the new world. However, the empty ceremonies and degenerate human doctrines of Roman Catholicism were not capable of regenerating the race nor even maintaining intact Romanist forms and practices. Idolatrous Romanism formed an illegitimate union with pagan polytheism, and the result was a bastard cult fostering ignorance, superstition, demon worship, and witchcraft.

Tezulutlan—the Verapaces—was to be the scene of action for nearly half a century of another missionary, Richard Simpson Anderson, good and faithful servant.

A GREAT DOOR AND EFFECTUAL BEGINS TO OPEN

The blessed work of evangelical foreign missions had its beginning in the republic of Guatemala with the colportage work of one Fredrick Crow. This man, disguised as a traveling merchant, introduced quantities of Bibles wrapped in bolts of cloth which were packed on the backs of mules. For a time he was able to dispose of a good number of these Bibles, but not for long because the authorities, defending Roman Catholicism as the recognized state religion, soon confiscated his books and escorted him from the country.

Discovered by a Catholic who was himself beholden to the Catholic monarchs of Spain, conquered by Catholic soldiers and Romanist priests, Guatemala had been for nearly four hundred years under the domination of a foreign Pope and subservient to Rome.

When in September of 1821 the colony declared itself independent of Spain, there was still included in that

declaration a statement "that the Catholic religion, which we have professed in previous centuries and will profess in the coming ones, shall be conserved pure and unchanged, maintaining alive the spirit of religiousness that has always distinguished Guatemala, respecting regular and secular ecclesiastical ministers and protecting them in their persons and properties."

Half a century later, the president of Guatemala, General Justo Rufino Barrios, found himself obligated by necessity to expel from the territorial limits the Society of Jesuits because their political intrigues were obstructing his progressive policies. Immense sums of money and extensive properties were held by ecclesiastics and their power was tremendous.

The story is told that General Barrios was caused much trouble and perplexity by priests who made use of the confessional to foment political opposition. It is said that he had in his employ an American woman to whom he complained of his difficulties. She, like Naaman's servant, made a very useful suggestion.

"What Guatemala needs," said that wise woman, "is freedom of worship." The idea appealed to that great liberal patriot. He began at once to investigate the possibilities of establishing freedom of worship to all people, without distinction. What was needed, very naturally, was the establishing of evangelical religion as well as Romanism. How to accomplish this was another problem.

The same year in which Richard S. Anderson was born on November 30, 1882, General Barrios made a visit to the United States of America. He traveled by horseback to the point now known as Puerto Barrios in his honor, where he took ship for New York, and at the same time designated the point where Guatemala's largest seaport was to be established. Before returning, the General contacted the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Board and requested that they send missionaries

to Guatemala because he desired to establish freedom of religion in his beloved country. So it was that in 1886 the first evangelical missionary arrived in that Central American republic. His passage and expenses were paid by the government of Guatemala, and for more than a year he was provided with a personal bodyguard for his protection and that of his home. It is said that this missionary was offered his choice of any Roman Catholic church edifice in the country, which offer he wisely refused, thereby avoiding serious disturbances.

Thus it was that Guatemala became an open door and effectual for evangelical missionary activity. Schools were established to which leading officials in the capital sent their children. In this way the lying propaganda and intense opposition were canceled at their source by the good influence of evangelical teaching. Fruits of this teaching are to be found in the liberal attitude still shown by the authorities toward our evangelical work.

Twenty years after the voyage which President Barrios made, from that practically uninhabited point of land, Richard and Maude Anderson disembarked at a thriving port. Large quantities of bananas, coffee, and cabinet woods were exported from it and manufactured goods were received in the country.

BEGINNINGS AND PREPARATION OF A MISSIONARY

Richard Simpson Anderson first saw the light of day on November 30, 1882, in Laurens, South Carolina. He was the fifth son of John Anderson, a respected farmer; and a grandson of Doctor David Anderson, of Scottish ancestry, who in addition to his medical practice worked a plantation with slaves which he owned. It was

our privilege to know one of these slaves who served on Great-grandfather's plantation. This Negro mammy at the mature age of 113 years well remembered the old home and loved to tell how kind and considerate the Doctor was. The old, white-haired colored woman insisted that she and her people were better off in the service of Doctor Dave than later when freed and at liberty to go their own way.

John Anderson was a hard-working farmer who found it something of a struggle to make a living for his seven children on the rolling, red clay hills of his small farm. His wife, Margaret Agnes Ray, was of Irish extraction. By her capable judgment and good management she ably seconded his efforts at maintaining the family.

Each parent had had the advantages of a "fair" education. They were both members of the Presbyterian church, God-fearing, hard-working, and highly esteemed citizens of their community. M. Agnes, as she was called, was a tidy housekeeper who took personal pride in her appearance and, although an early riser, never left her room until she was fully dressed and made presentable for the day.

Richard spent a very happy childhood in company with his five brothers and one sister. He engaged in all the numerous activities of a normal boy living on a farm. The days were full of work as well as play, and evenings after supper were never-to-be-forgotten hours when his mother, who loved music and bequeathed that love to her children, would seat herself at the piano and gather her own and the neighborhood children around her for hymn singing. Such was the influence of this godly mother's firm piety and humble devotion that three of her sons became holiness preachers and the entire family was highly respected in the community.

Some incidents which happened in his childhood might be of value in reflecting some light on the character of this man whose life's activities we are briefly to trace.

One day Mr. John Anderson noticed that four or five of his highly prized young apple trees had an apple or two on each tree. Knowing the affinity that exists between growing boys and green apples he said:

"Now, boys, you see these apples. I don't want you to pick a single one. I want to see how good they are going to be, so I want them left on the trees to ripen."

A few days later, when Rastus and Bert, two colored boys who often came to play with Dick, were walking through the orchard, Rastus, like the tempter, said:

"Dick, diden' youall's pah say no one was to pick dem apples?"

"That's right," said Dick.

Then Rastus moved closer and whispered confidentially: "But youall's pah diden' say nothin' bout jes gettin' up dea and tasten' dem apples. Da ain't one bit ob hahm in jes gettin' up dea and tasten' 'um. He say, 'Musn't pick 'um!"

After considerable debate with his boyish conscience and more persuasion from Rastus, Dick permitted himself to be hoisted on the shoulders of Bert and Rastus and proceeded to sample several of the most attractive of the apples, being very careful not to break the stems. The children returned to their play. The day passed and then evening and bedtime came. Dick retired to his bed, and his conscience went to bed with him and still wanted to argue about those apples. Vainly he tried to quiet that nagging voice. Sleep fled from his eyes and he had no rest nor peace until he arose, slipped into his father's room, and there confessed about the apples. With his father's pardon and blessing, he slipped back into bed and slept the sleep of the justified.

A Narrow Escape from Death

Through the woods on a rolling hillside farm, three overall-clad boys stood looking intently into the heights

of a tall pine tree. Ray, the oldest, had a hobby of collecting birds, alive or dead, and birds' nests. Louis had just discovered the prize of the afternoon—a large crow's nest in the very top of a tall pine.

Without hesitation Richard (or Dick, as he was affectionately called) took hold of the trunk and began to climb. Reaching a lower limb, he swung himself over it and was soon rising higher and higher, breaking off a dead branch here and there and testing each in turn, until he was almost hidden in the dense pine needles. The scolding crows threatened loudly, then flew away, and Dick climbed on upward until the trunk diminished in size and the ascent became extremely dangerous. Still he was not deterred by danger. He reached high overhead and caught the nest in one hand. As he did, his weight broke the limb, and boy and bird's nest crashed through extended limbs, which would detain them, heavily to the ground.

There, breathless and unconscious, lay Dick. Louis and Ray, their hearts cramped with fear, worked anxiously to bring him back. After what seemed an eternity, Dick groaned and opened his eyes. His fall, broken by branches, seemed not to have seriously injured him; so, assisted by the others, he returned to the house. A kindly Providence doubtless had spared Richard S. Anderson because God had a plan for his life, a plan which it shall be our pleasure to see developing as we go on.

A CALL TO REPENTANCE AND ANOTHER CALL

As the boys grew to manhood they found plenty of work to do in the varied activities of farming. Not only were their muscles taxed and their physical powers developed, but their ingenuity was often put to the test as they repaired farm machinery, shod the draft animals, and tinkered in the farm shop.

Richard attended public grade school, working on the farm after school hours and during summer vacations. There were cows to milk and chores to do morning and night, and long days were spent in the cotton and the corn.

When he was seventeen years of age, one fall day a large tent was pitched in Laurens and many, attracted by curiosity, stayed to hear what was to them a new doctrine. The era of national camp meetings for the promotion of entire sanctification, begun thirty years earlier, was developing into a great movement. The Spirit of God was on the move searching out places large and small where sincere, God-fearing people longed for liberty from the bondage to carnality. Thus the Lord had sent one of His choice servants, Rev. Seth C. Rees, to hold a meeting under a tent. These meetings were attractive to Richard's mother and family. Her heart was hungry for more of God's grace, and as a result of attending these meetings she received the blessing of entire sanctification.

Young Dick Anderson could not long resist the convincing messages and the power of conviction which the Holy Ghost brought to bear upon him. Nor did he care to resist. His heart, too, was hungry and after a brief struggle he found his way to an altar of prayer, where his burden was lifted by the nail-pierced hands of a risen Saviour, and he stood forth to testify that the load of sin was gone.

In this same series of meetings a little later, Dick sought and obtained the experience of entire sanctification. Whether before or after he received the experience we are not certain, Rev. Roy G. Codding, who at that time had already spent a term of service on the mission field, gave a series of missionary addresses. To the ardent heart of this newly converted young man the missionary's message made a deep appeal. The glorious opportunity of making Christ known to darkened minds who had never heard, and the conviction that the heathen who

die outside the fold of Christ the Saviour are eternally lost, brought forth from the willing heart of this newborn child of God a great desire to enlist for foreign service in the legion of the King of Kings.

Already the divine plan for Dick Anderson was swiftly taking shape. For a few brief days he considered the cost and on New Year's Day in the year 1900 he definitely consecrated himself to foreign missionary work. From that time forward all his plans and efforts were directed to the fulfillment of this vision and call.

From the time of his conversion, Richard gave his time to the Lord's work, leading prayer meetings and preaching wherever opportunity was offered. His brother John Law, two years older, converted at about the same time, was, like him, zealous for the work of the Lord. Realizing the need for better preparation, they looked about for training and were providentially directed to a school known as Altamont Bible and Missionary Institute in Atlanta, Georgia. After two years this school was transferred to Columbia, South Carolina, under the auspices of the Oliver Gospel Mission. A cousin of Richard's, Nichols Holmes, was founder and for many years president. The institution finally became known by his name and still functions.

Here, as a means of helping with his expenses, Richard taught music, giving instruction on the mandolin and guitar. He and his brother, John Law, were very happy studying enthusiastically and entering as often as possible into evangelistic services. This happiness, however, was cut short by the sudden grave illness of his brother. Every means used for his recovery proved unavailing, and in a few days the family was saddened by his death. He was a young preacher of great promise and his sudden death not only left a great void in the happy Anderson family home, but also impressed Richard with a vivid realization of life's seriousness and deepened his determination to invest his own life as dearly as possible.

The missionary call which had come to Dick Anderson revealed its genuineness in his zeal to do evangelistic work wherever opportunity offered. He traveled with Blacksmith Evangelist J. A. Williams for a time, taking his turn at the services. During the vacation months from the Bible school he also traveled in tent meetings with his oldest brother, Rev. W. Ray Anderson. God gave them many wonderful revivals.

From the time of her sanctification in 1899, Richard's mother had been a faithful witness to the experience of holiness. Her three preacher sons, too, preached the doctrine and lived the experience and this soon brought them into reproach among those who did not have nor believe in this higher Christian experience. After some months of bearing reproach and being misunderstood they were excluded from the church of which they were members. Thus God was providentially leading them out, that He might bring them into the ranks of the holiness movement.

IN WHICH TWO DESTINIES ARE JOINED

From the day the Creator took special pains to provide an ideal companion for the first man, there is little doubt that He has taken greatest interest in the mating of His ministers. By mysterious methods too intricate to follow, the lines of human destiny are so interwoven by divine providence that, with a bit of patience and attention to the Lord's indications, and the application of some good common sense, it should be possible for saved and sanctified young people to find helpmates who will stand the tests of real life and weather whatever storms may trouble their matrimonial seas.

This choice of a life's companion for one who has heard God's call to foreign service is of infinitely greater moment, for many a promising missionary has failed to

fulfill his or her calling because of a companion who for one reason or another was unable to stand the strain of missionary life.

Annie Maude Watson was born in the community of Graycourt, South Carolina, August 19, 1882. When she was but a small child her parents, Adolphus Clyde Watson and Euphrates Rebecca Entrican, moved to the town of Greenwood, where her father engaged in the general mercantile business. The Watsons were Methodists and A. C., as he was known, was from its beginning an ardent sympathizer with the holiness movement and, as his circumstances permitted, a loyal supporter of the promotion of the doctrine of entire sanctification. He was a man "given to hospitality," and his home was always open to itinerant preachers and evangelists for as long as they cared to stay. He was an industrious merchant and businessman whose only fault was a heart so full of the milk of human kindness that he could never say "No" to any man, black or white, who needed groceries or clothing on credit. A. C. Watson wanted his children to have the advantages of a Christian education in a spiritual atmosphere. Annie Maude was providentially led to attend the Bible and missionary training school in Atlanta already referred to.

Self-help opportunities were offered in order that students of limited financial resources might work out a part of their expenses. Thus it happened that the tall young preacher from Laurens on occasion was found working at some common task with Annie Maude Watson. The number of students was not large and religious services, classes, and evangelistic efforts in the community brought the students together as one large family. Thus they came to know one another; and, being the kind of young people they were, their mutual spiritual interests, common purposes, and missionary vision drew them into a friendship that was strong and true, founded on profound respect the one for the other.

The days in the Bible school were full of varied activities. Long before daylight prayer might be heard as students sought an interview with their Lord before their busy day began. Then it was necessary for those who worked in the kitchen to rise early and have the biscuits baked in time for an early breakfast. Whether Richard made the biscuits or whether Annie Maude made them has been debated, but they both worked in the kitchen; and it seems that, as they worked together and found their companionship so agreeable and their vocations so similar, it was only natural that they should continue to work together for God in Guatemala.

While they were attending school, an uncle of Richard's, Rev. Conway G. Anderson, was working as a missionary in Zacapa, having been sent out a few years previously by a missionary band. Through knowledge gained in correspondence with Uncle Conway, Richard was providentially directed to that field.

Spring of 1904 found them finishing their Bible school training and receiving their diplomas. Already plans were being laid for embarking upon their missionary career. A holiness missionary prayer band, of which there were several in the Southland, had interested themselves in Richard, helping him some with his school expenses. Now they undertook his support, thrusting him forth as their extended arm into Guatemala.

The summer months passed quickly and, in August, Richard and Annie Maude were married at her home in Greenwood. Busy days were spent in gathering together equipment and making last visits to loved ones and friends. Less than three months later, during which time they also engaged in several camp meetings, they took the train for New Orleans, and on November 10 sailed for Guatemala.

Richard once observed that November was in his life an important month. "Born in November, born again

and sanctified in November, came to Guatemala in November, lived in Zacapa until the next November, arrived in Coban the fourth of November, and furloughed home November, 1908."

FAITH AND PATIENCE TRIED AND PROVED

The Andersons found their first voyage a rough one. They did not enjoy many of the tasty meals served on board. A tropical hurricane, coming in from the West Indies, threatened shipping and wrought destruction along the coast. Passing Belize they saw scattered remains of buildings and debris from the storm.

It was with great gratitude to God that they set foot on solid ground in Puerto Barrios in the early morning, five days after sailing.

Tropical Guatemala had changed little since Columbus had discovered this area on his last voyage. Now our missionaries were to discover it anew. Puerto Barrios was the chief port town of the republic of Guatemala. It was built on piles because of the low, swampy nature of the place. The principal buildings were the railroad station, homes for railroad employees, steamship company offices with rooms for their men, and government port offices. Small shops, cafes, and saloons made up the majority of commercial establishments.

The general aspect was uninviting to our newly arrived missionaries. Drainage canals bearing a variety of garbage were the habitat of innumerable fiddler crabs which moved sidewise toward their burrows as one approached. Huge toads, gorged on abundant insects, hopped lethargically from before their feet. Puddles of rain, remaining from the recent storm, made walking difficult.

It had been arranged that Uncle Conway would come down from Zacapa on the train to meet them, but the

heavy rains had washed out the right of way; consequently Richard and Annie Maude found themselves strangers in a strange land. They had disembarked before having breakfasted and, not being able to speak Spanish, they found it hard to make their way around. As they waited for their baggage to be unloaded and sent to customs, they stood consulting together over this new and unexpected difficulty. Swarms of mosquitoes, apparently anxious for a taste of "white" blood, settled upon them. What to do was a serious problem. They lifted their hearts to the Lord and asked His help, and before long found someone who could talk a little English. With the meager Spanish they had been able to acquire previous to coming, they soon learned that in Livingston were to be found a few believers, fruit of the evangelistic efforts of their friends, Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Butler. They decided to go and seek them out. They learned also that a motor launch would be leaving for Livingston shortly. As soon as their hand luggage was through customs, they made their way to the landing and secured passage for Livingston.

After a long hour's trip over the bay, still tossing with swells from the previous night's storm, they rounded the point and entered the broad mouth of Rio Dulce, where to their right they could see amidst swaying fronds of coconut palms the palm-thatched, bamboo houses and the red-roofed warehouses of the town. Here was the port terminal of the Verapaz Railroad, where the company maintained barges and paddle-wheel steamers to connect with their twenty-eight-mile, narrow-gauge railroad. From here were freighted downriver the lumber, coffee, and bananas produced in Alta Verapaz. Here was a haven in the home of Belitian colored people, Mr. and Mrs. William Reneau. They spoke English and had been saved a year or so previous to this time. Mrs. Reneau prepared them bread and butter and tea and, since this

was their breakfast and dinner too, they remembered it as the best bread and butter they had ever eaten.

Here they learned that many of the colored people spoke English, and since they had not been able to contact Uncle Conway they decided to remain there for a time. They rented a small house and started their housekeeping with two broken chairs, two borrowed cots, and a borrowed plate, knife, fork, and spoon for each of them. One week later Richard returned to Port Barrios to secure what few things they had brought with them and transfer them to Livingston. When he arrived in the late afternoon, he sought means to get the heavy boxes up to the house. There was no dray to be had, nor even a wheelbarrow, and he was able to get only a box or two moved before the warehouse was closed for the night. To add to their difficulties, the next morning when he returned for the remainder he found that the early morning boat had by mistake carried upriver the box containing their dishes. That meant another week's delay before they could set up their kitchen.

They succeeded in getting the house cleaned and opened up a room for services, which they began at once. Meanwhile Richard got together his tools and made a bed. They had purchased a mattress and springs in New Orleans, but the ship company lost them and never paid for them. After a few services had been held, interest was such that they considered remaining there for a brief time. The people urged them to do so. But they had occupied their rented quarters only a few weeks when the owners requested that they vacate. So they moved, repeating the scrubbing and repairing and setting to rights. It is hard to say whether it was with a desire to disturb the services held or whether it was because the houses after being cleaned and tidied up looked so much more inviting that their owners decided to take them over, but the fact is that during the first two months

in Livingston they were required to move three times and each time to house-clean a different place.

Notwithstanding these minor troubles they busied themselves about the Master's business. Several souls were saved, and the missionaries themselves became so engaged in their work and so interested in the people that, when after a few months Uncle Conway did get through on the railway and came for them to accompany them back to Zacapa, they were loath to leave. Some considerable persuasion was needed to get their consent to leave Livingston.

LIVINGSTON AND ZACAPA, POSTGRADUATE COURSE IN MISSIONARY PREPARATION

Livingston, in northeastern Guatemala, was named for an American from Louisiana, whose criminal code the country adopted many years ago. A natural port on the broad, placid mouth of the Dulce (Sweet) River gave promise that this might become the most flourishing port of Guatemala. But shallow approaches and shifting sand bars made the loading of deep draft ships a difficult process of first loading barges and then transferring to larger ships. Promising plantings of bananas in the lowlands and developing of high grade coffee plantations in the mountains offered possibilities for a railroad which in its beginning was projected to reach Coban; but deadly malarial mosquitoes swarming in jungle swamps, torrential rains, and mountainous terrains dampened the enthusiasm of the contractors and only twenty-eight miles was completed.

Livingston remains much as it appeared at that time, a sleepy Carib town, populated in the majority by Negroes from Belize and Jamaica and native Caribs who, fleeing from the Spanish conquerors centuries ago, came along the coast and, finding this place fitted for their occupa-

tions of fishing and planting, had settled there. The Caribs are said to be descendants of barbarians who were very fierce and warlike and addicted to cannibalism. They have become so mixed with the colored race that one finds difficulty in distinguishing between them. Their language seems to possess traces of both American and African origins mixed with English and Spanish. However primitive this people may have been, they showed a taste for beauty when they chose that point for their home. It is a bluff overlooking a deep, wide stream.

These Carib people are of a fierce and indomitable spirit. Some years ago two Carib young men went across the bay to British territory, where they purchased some articles which were dutiable and therefore contraband if not passed through the port. They sought, on returning, to land on an unpopulated beach but to their surprise were accosted by a policeman, a Ladino (Spaniard), who immediately placed them both under arrest. But since they were some distance from the port by land the policeman ordered them to put out to sea in their dugout canoe and paddle him around to Livingston. Out in deep water where shark and barracuda infest the waters, something happened.

Perhaps the canoe tipped "accidentally." But that policeman was never seen again. It is said that the two Caribs fled to British Honduras and that ended the incident. Such incidents of violence are not unusual.

The people live from hand to mouth, fishing on bay and river and cultivating plantains, yams, yucca, bananas, and other food crops. Among them are found some artisans, carpenters, and boat builders; but the majority are fisherfolk who prefer fishing all night, sleeping most of the day, and carousing at every opportunity.

To the new missionaries the lives of these people were a never-failing source of interest and amusement. While Richard gave his attention to conjugating ten thousand

Spanish verbs, his feet resting on the veranda which overlooked a high bluff toward the broad river, just below him to his right could be seen the drying racks where eviscerated denizens of the briny deep were split, salted, and hung to dry in the hot sun.

Since the process of drying occupied several days, it was needful for one if not two men to stay near by to keep cats and dogs and buzzards away from the drying fish. The young missionary often found his attention escaping from his language study to the scene below him.

To the uninitiated, the odor of salt fish drying in the sun creates a violent aversion for all time to come to anything wearing fins and scales.

Some days after the flies had had opportunity to blow the fish, it would be necessary to demaggotize them. Considerable attention was given to this important detail. Too, the fish, smelling to high heaven, invited numbers of bald-headed old birds all dressed up in full-dress evening clothes with swallowtails and grey spats to come to the banquet. These fellows, who are unofficially called the "Board of Health" in Guatemala, would fly down and snatch up a side of fish and hop off with it. One of the guardians, sizing up the situation, would toss a rock or shell with deadly design at the buzzard, which, if hit, would drop his prize and fly away. Then the side of fish would be restored to its place on the rack. Perhaps the memory of these scenes might explain the reason why Richard Anderson could seldom enjoy his meal when dried fish was served.

It was to the people of Livingston that the Andersons gave their first months of missionary endeavor. They were having success and souls were being saved. However, when the tracks were cleared and Uncle Conway was able to come for them, he made it very clear that their first task as missionaries was to get a working knowledge of Spanish.

The city of Zacapa, in the department of the same name, is a midway stop on the International Railroad of Central America between Puerto Barrios and Guatemala City. Being some distance from sea winds and in the heart of a low arid region, the rocky cobblestones with which the city's streets were paved reflected the sun's blazing heat that bore down unrelentingly and fairly dazzled one with its glare.

The houses join one with the other fronting on the street with only a sidewalk's distance from the front wall to the rough, stone street. Windows and doors open onto the street. Within, the houses are built with rooms joining around the four sides of an open patio or yard, usually planted in flowers or fruit trees.

Here, as in all Guatemala towns, the Roman church occupied a place of special prominence and entered profoundly into the customs, thinking, and activities of the populace. Greetings, salutations, inquiring as to the state of one's health, all brought into use phrases and expressions which served to indicate how completely Romanism permeated the lives of these people. They awakened to the clamor of bells calling them to mass. They were not even free to think as they pleased, but must make known in the confessional their inmost thoughts to men who presumed to judge them in the place of God.

Even places of secular business must be inaugurated with the blessing of priest or bishop, must be well sprinkled with holy water, in the midst of pomposity and display. It was customary to give to such establishments the name of some apostle or even the Godhead. The name "the Divine Saviour" was a favorite; also "La Trinidad," or the Trinity. But when one was confronted, as he went to purchase a few pounds of beef and chopped-up bones, with the imposing bold lettering, "The Meat Market of the Holy Spirit," it seemed as though presumption had reached the proportions of blasphemy. Like Paul in Athens, the hearts of Richard and Annie

Maude Anderson were deeply stirred and heavily burdened.

In Zacapa they gave full time to study of the Spanish language. They had previously taken a course in Spanish while in the Bible school, but they found it necessary to study seriously in order to master the language.

At first it seemed that work on the field ought to be going forward faster than it was, but they found that with all their efforts they were not able to speed it up much. After years of experience it was their conclusion that as a rule it is a good thing for new missionaries to hold steady and move along slowly as they learn the language and begin to know the people better.

After six months on the field, Richard began to preach a little. He said of this experience that he was not sure that his messages were a help to the listeners, but they certainly were to him a tremendous blessing and encouragement. It seemed almost like the opening of a safety valve. While he was unable to do extensive preaching, he gave out tracts and endeavored to talk to individuals, but he found that they showed but little indication of understanding.

Although the days passed swiftly, it seemed that the time when they would be able to make proper use of the language was long in coming and they were impatient to enter more actively into the work.

The climate was tedious and trying. There was a sameness about the seasons or lack of seasons, there being only two. It was winter whenever it rained and summer when the sun shone, which was most of the time in that desert area of infrequent rainfall.

The heat was the most trying of all. They soon learned to do as the natives did—rise early to work in the cool of the morning, then after lunch take a siesta. They found that a nap, which seemed to them at first to be a concession to laziness and a waste of time, was a neces-

sity on a hot afternoon. Health and efficiency demanded it. All the business places observed the siesta by closing from twelve noon until two or three in the afternoon. Toward evening the people would leave their homes to stroll in the park or would place chairs on the narrow sidewalks and sit conversing, passing bits of news and gossip and telling endless anecdotes, to which the Spanish language so beautifully lends itself.

While Richard might have found himself at a loss for words in those first few months, he was never at a loss for a story. Whether with a group of friends, in a tension-filled discussion in the native district assembly, or in the mission council meeting, his well-timed and pointed stories would raise a roar that would clear the atmosphere and often turn a difficult problem into easy solution.

So it was the custom of the missionaries to join these neighbors, enjoying their late afternoon conversation and, whenever opportunity offered, direct the conversation toward matters of spiritual concern. They were possessed of a passion to evangelize anyone and everyone with whom they conversed. Yet their zeal was blended with an acute sense of propriety as they lovingly presented the gospel to all whom they met.

CONSECRATION IN THE CRUCIBLE

Perhaps the gravest trial met by the young missionaries was an epidemic of yellow fever that laid them low and swept away some six hundred souls that season in Zacapa. The origin of "yellow Jack" was not then generally known. Doctors Reed, Carroll, and Agramonte had only recently completed their experiments in Havana, and means of isolation and treatment were not yet understood.

Bitten by the Stegomyia Fasciata mosquito, the young missionary wife first began to complain of headache,

an irritable stomach, then chills and a high fever with pains in the head, back, and limbs. Other symptoms appeared and, after a few days, jaundice. Richard, too, was stricken and the two of them found themselves bedridden and helpless with no other missionaries to help or counsel them.

Their Uncle Conway Anderson had gone a few days earlier to a neighboring town some miles distant on the railroad. As soon as it became evident that the town was in the grip of a serious epidemic, the entire place was quarantined and no one allowed to enter or leave.

Richard tried to prepare some food and to care for his desperately ill wife until he too became so ill that he could no longer arise. It was while they were in this state of illness, weakness, and fever that the tempter came around to talk things over. He began by asking Richard if he was still sure the Lord had called him to be a missionary. The suggestion was made that, if he were really called, the Lord would not have allowed such a severe time of testing; at least He would have allowed only one to be sick at a time. Then Diabolus went on to say that, since they were decidedly out of the Lord's will, they had been caught in this affliction and would doubtless end their missionary careers before they had well begun, away from friends and in a foreign land.

Richard soon recognized these as suggestions of the devil. As he cast these discouraging thoughts out of mind and began to praise God because they were still alive, the Lord brought to them a kindly neighbor woman, dona Catalina, who lived several houses away and who had previously worked for them.

Seeing their circumstances, she brought them a bowl of soup, which was all the food they had had for several days. Even this ray of hope seemed extinguished, however, because the husband of dona Catalina sickened with the same disease and she could not come to help them.

She did, nevertheless, speak to their next-door neighbor, dona Carmen, who offered to bring them milk daily and prepare broth for them. The milk was left to curd because there was nothing Maude craved more than the whey of the curded milk. With this attention, Richard passed the crisis of the fever, but his wife took a turn for the worse.

Her pulse slowed and her fever rose, while her jaundiced condition became more general, her skin clammy, and her pulse feeble. Richard rose and literally dragged himself about, trying to care for her. As he saw her sinking lower and it seemed that her condition was hopeless, he could only commend her and himself to God.

Meanwhile the plague was spreading into almost every home. While some natives had become immune through previous infection, death was a daily visitor throughout the town. All public meetings were prohibited. Quarantine was enforced everywhere, and the police were charged with collecting the corpses within three hours after death. This they did, passing from street to street with litters and oxcarts, entering bereaved homes and bearing away the dead to the cemetery, where they were interred in common graves unmarked and unidentifiable.

The long, sleepless nights were almost unendurable. Fever-wrought nerves and weakened bodies sought in vain the luxury of oblivion. In the distance could be heard roosters crowing, marking the watches of the night. Dogs barked and burros brayed, all of which prevented sleep. But the sound that most distressed Richard was the sound of heavy wheels on cobblestones as the police and their oxcarts went about collecting the dead. From time to time a profound silence indicated that entrance was being made at some neighboring home and another victim added to the load en route to their last long rest.

It was not an imaginary fear that struck like a dagger at Richard Anderson's heart. Would he recover only to

be left alone in a strange land? Would he also worsen and die, leaving a beloved companion to her own resources? Would both succumb to the ravages of the dreadful sickness and thus terminate the missionary career upon which they had so recently set forth? Many times, as the death cart came near and passed by, the tempter whispered into the ear of the burdened missionary:

"This may be the end. You may be on that load next time the cart passes down this street. They may come for your wife (and unborn child) next trip. You surely were mistaken in thinking that the Lord wanted you to serve in Guatemala. Had you stayed in America you could have preached like your other preacher brother without all this sacrifice."

But each time it seemed that faith would be tried beyond human endurance he would call on the Lord, and immediately the comforting presence of God's Spirit would flood his soul with sweet assurance and peace. And with peace would come sleep for his fever-racked body.

Through the goodness of God both were spared and, after weeks of debility and suffering, were able to get about and continue their studies.

MULEBACK OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO THE IMPERIAL CITY

Within a few weeks Rev. Conway Anderson returned from El Rancho and, having had correspondence with Rev. J. T. Butler regarding the extensive field and wide opportunities to be found in the Verapaz region, a decision was made that Richard and Maude should go into the interior to Coban, in the mountains of Alta Verapaz.

Due to the yellow fever quarantine the railroad had suspended services for several weeks. After packing their belongings in preparation for travel over the moun-

tains, they awaited each day news of renewal of train service which would take them to that station.

Rumors were rife that trains would be running shortly, but to their direct inquiries only evasive information could be obtained. After some days of waiting they felt that they were losing valuable time. They rented pack mules for their baggage and saddle animals for themselves and, after a most difficult time of tying and trying, started out on the thirty-five-mile journey across the desert to El Rancho.

Their journey over the hot, dusty desert road was continually interrupted by loosening of the load on the pack animals. Unfamiliarity with pack saddles and the bulky nature of their equipment made it necessary to stop every few minutes to repack, which added considerably to the weariness and discomfort of the journey. They carried a small table, knocked down, a small wood stove, and a couple of trunks, in addition to what was carried in their saddlebags.

Annie Maude had ridden only twice before and was quite unprepared to guide her mount or defend herself from the roughness of the ride. Choking dust rose in clouds from the pack animals driven before them. As the sun rose higher it bore down with unrelenting fury. The still air vibrated with the shrill, piercing crescendo of cicada locusts, and before them the reflected heat of the sun shimmered in ascending waves.

Their uncomfortable situation was not in the least relieved when a distant "toot" from the direction of the railroad indicated that at last trains were running again, that one more day's patience would have permitted them to make at least that day's journey in the comfort of a train.

A long day's journey, broken about noon for a lunch carried in their saddle pockets, finally found them, dusty and tired, plodding into the town of San Agustin. Here they found friends whom they had known in Zacapa

and they stayed for two days, preaching at night. Brother Butler, who had come down to El Rancho to meet them, came on over to San Agustin to accompany them back to El Rancho and on to Coban.

With someone to help with the loading and tying of packs, they found travel easier. Arriving at El Rancho, they crossed the Motagua River and started the ascent which was to take them over five ranges of mountains before reaching Coban. The roads were unimproved cart roads, thick with dust in the lowlands and filled with rocks in the mountains. Cactus and century plants in varied shapes and sizes abounded. There were few trees except a mesquite now and then, and in the towns and by streams some acacia or locust trees. Fall flowers were blooming in a profusion of yellow and lavender. The rainy season had passed, and already the earth was beginning to brown with the parching sun.

Before them stretched a panorama of rolling barren hills, which had the rounded appearance of Indian mounds. From a distance they seemed to have a series of terraces interwoven like basketwork, on their steep slopes. As they approached nearer they found that these were really cattle paths worn in the hillsides as the animals grazed, picking at the sparse grass. Fences were built by cutting organ cactus and planting the stalks close together. This in turn grew to form a barricade against which no animal wanted to throw itself. Pigs and goats were controlled by putting a forked stick over their necks and tying a horizontal crosspiece at knee height so as to impede their walking and also keep them from getting through holes in the cactus fence.

They were impressed with the poverty of the people. The houses were built of perpendicular poles for walls, like a fence of pickets driven in the ground, under a roof of cane leaves, or palm, or occasionally of crude burnt-clay tile. Every house had one or more half-starved hogs, several dogs, and half-naked children, none

of whom seemed to have had a bath for some time. Here a daily afternoon wind raised the filth and dust of swine and cattle and swirled it high, covering everything inside and out of their houses with dirt. Small wonder that the children were dirty. How the missionaries' hearts were moved, going out in compassion to these underprivileged people! No doubt their vision even at that time foresaw the chapels and missions that in the years to come were to serve as centers of light and holy fire to those communities.

Passing Marajuma and Morazan, they began the long ascent that would take them over the mountains to San Jeronimo. Soon they were entering forests of scrub oak and pine. A bit higher they found the trees increasing in height. Pines fit for lumber, cypress, sweet gum, and many other trees covered the mountainsides. Here the rainfall was heavier. The going become more difficult because the narrow cart road would be churned into a trough of clinging yellow or red clay into which the struggling mules would thrust their legs halfway to their knees. In places the road had been partially paved with stone. This was slippery and dangerous for the mules, as well as their riders, especially where the road circled a steep mountainside or led beside a deep canyon with a rushing stream roaring beneath them. Here a loose stone, a slip of the foot, or an incautious step would have precipitated mule and rider into the rocky depths below. Traveling over such roads required a special brand of courage for those unaccustomed to the mountains.

As each day's journey was ended at some wayside house or village, they gave thanks for safety from accident and harm; each morning found them invoking divine protection and journeying mercies.

So they passed San Jeronimo, an Eden of irrigated cane fields and a center of distilling where sugar pro-

duced from cane was transformed into the Devil's Dew, rum, famed throughout the republic for its potency.

They passed Salama, capital city of the Department of Baja (lower) Verapaz; then began the ascent of Cachil, where, as they reached the summit, they looked back upon the unrivaled beauty of the Salama Valley, with the Indian villages of San Miguel, Chicaj, and San Gabriel in the distance.

Then rounding the crown of the mountain, they faced another broad slope covered with forest from which was wafted a cool, moist, pine-scented breeze, in strong contrast to the dry, parched mountainside just passed.

Down the slope and up another mountain, Kililaj, from whose crest they looked down on the valley of Santa Rosa. Another mountain and another valley, Pantin, Purulha; then on to the divide where the Polochic and Cahabon rivers have their sources, and the Tactic Valley spread before them. Another day brought them to the Imperial City, Coban, which was to be their home for more than forty years.

The Andersons were welcomed to Coban by Mrs. J. T. Butler, or Lena, as they learned to call her, and to a meal of food served American style, which made their arrival there all the more agreeable to them. Also among those who greeted them were a small number of believers already won to the Lord by the Butlers. Following the long, tedious journey, how good it was to make themselves at home with their friends! After a few days of surveying the situation it was decided that the Andersons should make their home with the Butlers for a few months until a suitable dwelling could be obtained for them. Here they were soon settled and giving their attention to the study of Spanish and to learning the customs of the people.

Coban, as capital of the Department of Alta Verapaz, is the center of a mountainous agricultural area, devoted principally to the production of coffee. It was founded by

a Spanish friar, Bartolome de las Casas, but is said to have derived its name from the fact that a Spanish soldier arriving there desired to know the aboriginal name of that area, from an elderly Indian whom he met in company with his young daughter. Pointing to the ground he asked in Spanish, "What place is this?" The Indian, misunderstanding, thought reference was made to the skirt which the girl was wearing, and answered, "Lin-Coban," which means, "My daughter made it." The soldier thus applied mistakenly to the place the name Coban, which it has since carried.

The city of Coban is known as the Imperial City in the land of perpetual springtime. It is located at an altitude of approximately five thousand feet, which is favorable to heavy rainfall, which in turn is adaptable to coffee growing. The finest coffees of the world are grown in and around Coban. As capital of the department it is the center of fourteen principal municipalities or towns and many small villages, all of which maintain communication with the center. Thus it seemed a logical place for the Andersons to locate. It is in the heart of the Kekchi Indian area, the Indians making up about 80 per cent of the population.

A comparatively small per cent of Ladinos or Spanish form the ruling class and jealously guard their superiority. A few foreigners, the majority of them Germans, settled in and around Coban, some as merchants and others developing coffee plantations. There were a number of Americans, some of whom were friendly to the missionaries and the gospel.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS IN EVANGELISM AND CHRISTIAN HOMES

During the first few years, Rev. J. T. Butler and Rev. Richard Anderson made frequent trips on foot over

the mountain trails to towns and villages and coffee plantations, distributing the Scriptures and talking to the people about the claims of Christ. Much going up and down, on rocky trails and through deep mud, made travel difficult and put their physical powers to a severe test. They might have saved themselves greatly by traveling muleback, but in house-to-house visitation a mule is just a time-consuming extra to feed and care for, and too often is apt to be stolen by thieves or, with rope cut, let roam by those who want to make trouble. For these reasons the missionaries often traveled on foot.

On many occasions they would reach a town footsore and weary from a long, hard trip, to find that no one would give them lodging. They were speckled birds. Ignorant people, naturally suspicious, were quick to believe the stories started by the priests that the Protestants were wicked people who were there to damn their souls. They were made to think that they were doing God service by disturbing the missionaries in any way they could.

In such situations it would be necessary for the two missionaries to do as the Indian merchants do when evening comes. They would get permission to sleep on the open porch or corridor of the town hall or alcaldia. After heating their thick tortillas, of corn ground on a stone, beside the coals of an open fire and boiling water or coffee to drink, they would eat their evening meal. Then each would take his blanket and roll himself up in it with his head toward the wall and his feet to the street, in company of half a dozen Indians doing likewise. There they would try to bring sleep to their eyes, which, despite their uncomfortably hard beds, was not often hard to do because they were very tired.

But the cold, damp atmosphere and hard beds could not dampen the enthusiasm of these messengers of the Master. At such times it was their custom as darkness settled to have a little devotional service of their own.

If others were present, their procedure might be revised somewhat; but they would usually sing for their own encouragement "I've Found a Friend in Jesus," which was Richard's favorite song through the years. This and others such as "At the Cross" were sung, to the accompaniment of a guitar. People would gather from all directions to hear these two white strangers singing by the firelight. When a crowd had gathered, the missionary whose turn it was to bring the message would preach to the people. Both would testify. Their messages and testimonies to a salvation which would deliver from sin and give peace and joy and victory were all new to these people who had been born and lived all their days in the darkness of pagan Romanism.

After the meeting there were often inquirers who would want to know the way of salvation. Occasionally there were those who were wise in their own conceits who wanted to argue the question. At other times there would be someone more interested in the loaves and fishes. The question might be put something like this: "Your explanation of your religion sounds very attractive. I would be glad to take my place at your side, especially so since I am beginning to doubt the truth of the established church and the sincerity of the priests. Now just how much would you pay me to join your religion?"

Often among those who stayed to listen after the message, or to buy a Bible or New Testament, would be one who would be moved upon and really concerned. Then there would be more private conversation as he would be instructed more perfectly in the way of faith and the path of right. They were little interested that any should follow for the loaves and fishes but, like the eager fishermen that they were, if there was a nibble of spiritual concern they were ready to stay in an effort to make a catch.

It was on one of the earlier trips that Richard walked over one hundred miles carrying his pack. While a test

of strength and stamina, these trips set the course for Richard's future missionary endeavors, for he could not be long in the presence of anyone without inquiring as to his spiritual condition and endeavoring to lead him to the Lord.

During the first few months the Andersons were in Coban, regular services were held in the Butler home. A good many of the better educated people of the town attended and some were converted. Later a room which opened on a public street was rented for services. When considerable opposition began to heap criticism and ridicule upon these services, many ceased to attend. It was apparent that coming to a private home carried less reproach than entering a public building dedicated to evangelical worship.

About four months after the Andersons settled in Coban, their home was brightened by the birth of a little girl, Agnes Rebecca, on Valentine's Day. This brought new joy to the home and was added reason to give thanks to a loving Heavenly Father.

While missionary activity consists in the maintenance of many institutions established for promoting the work, it is doubtful if any institution can compare with the missionary home for breadth of Christian influence and height of moral character. Wherever Romanism has held sway, fornication and illegitimacy, as its consequence, characterize the social scene. In Guatemala there were prevailing reasons why this should be ever more marked. The Spanish conquistadors lost no time in taking to themselves Indian women. Their example has been followed by others who later came to exploit the wealth of natural resources. Most Germans came as young men, unmarried. They needed someone to make their tortillas and took to themselves Indian women. Later when they had made their stake and were able to support a wife they brought over German women, in many cases to live in the same house with the Indian concubine.

Such a condition, while frowned upon by polite society and by church officials, found little in the preaching of the church nor in the lives of its priests to discourage it. It needed evangelical Christian family life to set the example. The establishment of a home, where holy love reigned, where perfect confidence characterized the relations between husband and wife, where the spirit of Christian appreciation and love for one's fellow man was immediately felt, was the first step in making an evangelical impact upon the country of Guatemala.

The Butler and Anderson families were the type to make this impact extraordinarily effective. The fact that four of the seven Butler children later became missionaries and that two of the six Anderson children also are missionaries testifies to the kind of homes that produced them.

The same principle prevailed with respect to the national workers. As the gospel entered a town, usually it was by means of a rented house to provide a home for the worker and family. Prayer meetings, Sunday school, and neighborhood meetings were started in the worker's home. As interest grew it was customary to provide larger quarters, either in a larger hall separate from the worker's home or by building a chapel to which the growing congregation could gather for worship. It was the holy example of the Christian home that served as a foundation for the later church organization. To those who have never known anything but an evangelical background in a nominally Protestant country, the importance of this home atmosphere is difficult fully to appreciate.

To the present time in Latin America the majority of converts have been won one by one, through the spoken testimony and righteous living of people they have known, also through prayer and repeated contacts by visitation and exhortation, until barriers of Romanist

superstition and sinful vice have given way to persuasion and gospel light has dispersed the darkness.

The Andersons believed that they should set an example as a family in church attendance. That meant 100 per cent, unless some member of the family was too ill to go. This not only involved some preparation and planning, polishing of shoes and parting of hair; but when the family was to go to some distant point, it meant shoeing and saddling of animals as well. Too often the smaller children had to remain at home.

There were times when it would have been easier to leave the baby, especially when they knew that flu and colds were epidemic and that affectionate women would make over the baby and plant kisses on her cheeks and lips. Worse still, these same women could not understand the parents' aversion to such demonstration and would be offended if their attention were called to the unhygienic aspect of the practice. Ofttimes to show their appreciation for the parents the people would take the baby's hand and kiss it with great show. The missionary mother, remembering where babies' hands usually go, would then grasp the little hand and hold it tightly until home was reached and soap and water lavishly applied. In keeping with their purpose to cultivate real devotion in their children and at the same time set an example to the nationals, the whole family attended church. Since they usually arrived a bit early and the second seat from the front not being too much in demand, a row of fair-complexioned missionaries' children was always to be seen there, and woe betide the one who mishaved. Judgment would catch him for sure when he got home.

PREACHING BY THE PRINTED PAGE

Soon after opening the work in Coban, Rev. J. T. Butler had begun to edit a small Spanish, evangelical

paper, believing that this would fill a great need in getting the message of full salvation to the people. Since he had no shop nor equipment, he had to depend upon printers in the capital. Because they were unsympathetic with the message, and by nature dilatory, he was greatly handicapped by delays in getting delivery on his monthly paper. After considering the need for a printing press and having the Andersons there to look after the work, the Butlers returned to the States on furlough, to rest and to obtain some printing equipment.

Meanwhile Richard and Annie Maude carried on the services and continued visitation and evangelistic work. The first brief popularity of the "new religion" had somewhat worn off, especially as far as attendance upon their services in the public rented room was concerned. Those who had at first shown an interest had been tested, and their sincerity as Christian disciples had not stood up too well in the face of persecution.

It was in their faithfulness to the grind of the daily routine that the missionaries demonstrated the kind of material of which they were made. Like water wearing away a stone they, by their continual efforts under the blessing of God, were to wear down opposition, establish a reputation for regularity and stability, and build a lighthouse to which the lost and shipwrecked mariners, adrift on life's sea, might be guided to safety.

During the Butlers' absence the Andersons held the services regularly, and it quite often happened that they and little Baby Agnes would be the only attendants. While some might have said that it was useless to hold a service, it was their practice to go ahead just as though there were a hundred present. Richard would play the organ and they would sing together, then pray, and finally he would preach just as earnestly as if he had a full house. If their hearts sank with discouragement, they did not let on, but they did grasp at any straw of encouragement that they were able to see. They took

courage when the preacher could look out into the night and see a row of bare brown feet, where the shaded light of the flickering kerosene lamp caught them in its reddish glow. This also indicated that out beyond those Indians there would be others, listening unrecognized in the darkness to a message new to them. This message told of a Christ of love who saved by grace and not by way of Mary, nor by the works of penance imposed by men. As the service would close and the missionaries neared the chapel door to leave, they would hear the sound of running feet as the people fled in every direction to avoid being recognized in the light of the lantern. Opposition, ridicule, and persistent persecution of each convert made the price of discipleship high; and when the cost was known, fewer were willing to take the way. The year soon passed and the Butlers returned from furlough.

With them the Butlers brought two new missionaries and a small job printing press. Miss Augie Holland, who had worked at the Benson Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee, came to teach the missionaries the art of printing. She found two alert and determined apprentices, but alas! someone in the States, in an endeavor to save shipping space, had dumped all the type together. Several sizes of the same style and various styles of type were all dumped into one box. So two missionaries, each burning with a desire to get the gospel out to the people by means of the printed page, found themselves obligated to cut lumber, make boards of suitable size and thickness, build type cases, and sort the type out of the mixture they had received.

They were so anxious to get out their first number of the paper that they sorted some type, set up what was sorted, then turned to sorting again. That was indeed a shouting time when they had the first issue set up and printed and ready to put into the hands of the people.

This paper, called *El Cristiano,* or *The Christian,* continued to be published for forty-two years. Two years later a little periodical called *La Juventud,* or *Youth,* was given a start and after a number of years was merged with *El Cristiano* when this became an eight-page monthly in 1920. *Rayitos de Luz,* a weekly Sunday-school lesson leaflet, was later published. Interest in the paper grew and, as more and more copies were needed and other items such as tracts and songbooks were printed, the printers were compelled to seek better and more adequate equipment. This need was made a matter of prayer and the need placed before the prayer bands who were supporting the work. A small notice had been placed in the *Way of Faith,* a missionary paper published in Columbia, South Carolina.

In answer to the notices and prayer requests, the Lord put it into the hearts of His people to help with the printing work. Small contributions came in gradually and, after correspondence with a Mrs. C. Newsome in the Hawaiian Islands, she sent one hundred and twenty-five dollars, by which means they were able to purchase a hundred pounds of ten-point type and a thirty-inch guillotine for cutting paper. This was a great help to their efforts because they had been greatly handicapped for lack of type to get out the four-page paper which they desired to publish.

It was about this time that Richard began to suffer with pains in his right side. This continued with greater or less severity for some months and made him to feel that an operation might be necessary. Time for them to furlough was fast approaching and, as the rainy season was nearing its close in the early spring of 1909, arrangements were made to return to Puerto Barrios and take ship for New Orleans.

Now there were two more than had been in their family when they entered the country. Agnes was three and Margaret would soon be two. They were too big

to carry on horseback all that long journey and too small to ride alone. The problem was solved by employing Indian porters who would carry the little girls in cagelike chairs on their backs. What few things they were taking back to the States with them they packed in trunks and sent ahead on oxcarts to the railroad station at Pancache, sixty miles down the Polochic Valley.

On a bright morning, damp and glistening from an early shower, the little girls were seated in their chair cages and the Indian carriers adjusted rope loops under the short legs of the cages, tying them to a wide rawhide strap with braided ends, which they placed across their foreheads. They lifted their burden so that it rested on their backs and hips. The babies faced backward toward the trail. They planned to travel together, although this meant that they would have to go slowly so that the Indians could keep up. Gradually the horses drew ahead of the porters, but with an occasional backward look Father and Mother went along confidently. What was their surprise, however, to look back and find that the Indians and children were nowhere in sight? They quickly turned about and retraced their steps, but the little girls were nowhere to be found. They continued on in the direction from which they had come until they were sure that, had the Indians turned back, they could not have reached that point. They turned about and finally discovered a short cut where the Indians had turned off the main road. They could not follow with their horses, as it was too steep, so they continued on the wider cart road. After an hour or so of anxious search they finally came to the Indians. They had set their charges down upon a grassy spot beside the road to await the parents, whom the little girls had missed. They were crying, and the Indians were endeavoring to distract them with wild flowers with which they had almost filled little Margaret's compartment. She wailed until she saw her father and mother riding up, when her

tears were quickly changed to smiles and the party continued on its way.

All day Indians and horses sloshed through the muddy road and toward evening came to a private home where they were granted a place to stay. Making up the evening meal of what they had brought and supplementing it with tortillas hot off the clay griddle over the fire and some black beans from a clay pot near by, they seated themselves on wooden blocks around a low table, lighted by a tallow candle. After grace was said, little Agnes took a long look at the smoke-stained rafters, the mud-chinked walls, the straw mats on the floor, and with a deep sigh which nearly extinguished the candle said, "Poor me, haven't got no more home!"

Little Agnes' feeling was in a measure echoed by the rest. What later was remembered with smiles at that time brought a lump to their throats and tears to their eyes, for they were going to the States to try to find relief from continuing attacks of appendicitis, and only the Heavenly Father knew what was in the future and whether those little ones would again have the kind of home they were at that moment remembering.

Three days of traveling brought them to Pancajche, the railroad station, where they were made comfortable by the agent and spent a good night. Next morning they were up early to repack and prepare themselves for the trip on the train and down the river.

About ten-thirty in the morning the children were thrilled by the distant whistle and "Chuff, Chuff" of the diminutive locomotive as it drew its train of mixed freight and passenger cars up to the station. The colored man at the throttle and the native crew soon had the incoming freight unloaded and downriver freight placed in the cars. Meanwhile it was necessary to load the tender with slabs of wood from stacks along the right of way. Soon the passengers were loaded and traveling through the jungle.

As the train traveled slowly along, its average speed being slightly under ten miles an hour, the entire family was enchanted with the green valley and the haze-enshrouded mountains on either side. The river which they were following broadened and deepened perceptibly as they traveled along. Interspersed in the dense tropical vegetation were small fields of corn, where the river canes and Coroz palms had been burned off to make a clearing. As they neared Panzos they passed through large plantings of banana.

The train took them directly to the wharf, where they were to board the motor launch next morning for Livingston. There beside the river, which was mostly hidden by growth of river canes, the stay would have been unbearable because of the swarms of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, had it not been for the screened quarters maintained by the railroad company in an overnight guest house. There they were made comfortable and about daylight next morning boarded the launch. In the few minutes needed to make final arrangements and load baggage all the passengers went to fighting mosquitoes, which settled in swarms upon them. These were soon left behind, however, as the launch put out into the river.

The river was fairly high, so that danger of grounding on ever-present sand bars was minimized. Huge trees along the banks towered above the surrounding jungle. Here gathered in family groups on large horizontal limbs were brown and black monkeys, busily scratching fleas or feeding on fruits and berries. Occasionally the mating call of the female would resound through the jungle like the roar of a lion. Cranes and egrets would rise ahead of the boat, taking flight. Cormorants and kingfishers or martins would fly low over the surface of the water, seeking fish. Huge lizards in green or gray would climb the steep banks of the river to hide in the vines and brush; and alligators, sunning themselves on sand bars at fre-

quent curves in the river, would waddle clumsily on their short legs to take refuge with a splash beneath the surface.

With all this entertainment there was time to have a serious talk with the pilot about his soul and to get tracts into the hands of other passengers. Passing out of the mouth of the Polochic the boat entered Lake Izabal, Guatemala's largest lake. Soon they were stopping at El Estor (Spanish for "The Store"), where the English had in early times kept supplies. From here they passed by San Felipe, where they could see remains of an ancient walled fort built for defense against pirates who made the lake their hide-out. Leaving the lake and entering the Dulce River, they soon reached the high, perpendicular cliffs that rise up from the river. Their heights were crowned with large trees and vines from whose roots hung moss, like curtains. The whole scene gave the effect of constantly changing rooms or chambers as the river turned from one direction to another. At each turn they met new views of awe-inspiring beauty and grandeur. From these palisades it was only a few minutes' ride to Livingston, where they were again made welcome in the home of their friends, the Reneaus.

A few days' delay, while arrangements were made for sailing from Port Barrios, and then they were on their way home. Their hearts leaped with anticipation as they thought of renewing acquaintance with old friends and seeing loved ones again. They were especially anxious to report directly concerning their work to their parents, who had so lovingly and loyally supported them, and to the prayer bands. An uneventful voyage and a night's train ride brought them home.

FURLOUGH AND SUBSEQUENT EXPANSION

One of the chief reasons for their first furlough in 1909 was Richard's health. Often he suffered pain in the

abdomen, which he was led to believe might be appendicitis. However, after an examination by doctors in the States he was told that he did not have appendicitis; and, since the change in climate and work and treatment seemed to improve his condition, he did not insist on an operation.

A further reason had been the need for obtaining a new printing press. The foot-powered press was inadequate for producing a paper of the size and in the quantity demanded. After considerable shopping around, a power press with a four horsepower gasoline engine was obtained. Payment in part was made and notes given for the remainder to be paid within a year.

July 4 was a memorable date, for on that Independence Day Charles, the third child, was born. He was the only child born in the U.S.A. and for years prided himself as being the only American among the children. Later, after preparing himself in fulfillment of his youthful vow to become a medical doctor and give his services to needy Guatemalans, this pride was humbled because due to his foreign birth he was not permitted by the medical association to enter and practice medicine in Guatemala. But that is getting ahead of our story.

Plans were made for returning to their mission field. The heavy press had to be dismantled and packed securely, for it would have to be transported in oxcarts for many miles over unbelievably rocky and mountainous roads. In the late fall the Andersons went by train to New Orleans and thence took ship for the second time to Puerto Barrios and Coban. Their journey was uneventful, and soon they were welcomed home by the Butlers and national friends.

This was a time of enlargement. Mrs. Anderson's sister, Eula Fay Watson, returned with them to establish a day school. The engine-powered printing press was soon set up and running. For lack of skilled typesetters,

Richard was required to spend a great deal of time in the printing office. There was quite a demand for Spanish gospel literature, and soon they were mailing the *Christian* to points throughout Central America, north to Mexico and California, and south to Argentine. For a number of years theirs was the only printing press in Central America dedicated to the production of gospel literature. While the two missionaries Butler and Anderson rejoiced to see the glorious gospel seed going out in greater quantity, they were concerned about the payments soon to come due on the notes which they had signed.

Their efforts were supported on the faith basis, several mission bands having pledged to aid in their support. But the twenty-five dollars monthly which each missionary received was insufficient to care for families' needs, and this additional expense was not provided for. Their support, meager enough at best, was not too constant.

The subsistence of the missionaries' families was plentiful if very simple. Richard had provided himself with a small grist mill which was powered by pulleys attached to the gasoline engine of the printing office. Thus he was able to grind corn for meal and hominy grits, and wheat for graham flour. Corn bread with cane syrup and hominy grits with gravy formed a substantial part of the meals. The missionaries endeavored to plant small gardens, which in certain seasons produced well but due to the almost constant rains could not be depended upon all the year around.

The need for funds to pay for the printing press had been made the subject of earnest prayer, and had been communicated also to readers of several holiness missionary band periodicals. Meanwhile weeks passed and the time for payment was fast drawing nigh. They were asking for $500 with which to finish payment on the new equipment.

One afternoon Richard left the printing office and started to do a little gardening. He was down on his

knees weeding some seedbeds when John T. came by from the post office and, tossing a rather soiled and insignificant looking letter toward him, said, "There, read that." Richard looked at the stamp and the handwriting in pencil and said, "It's a miracle that letter ever got here at all." Yes, it was a miracle—a miracle of answered prayer and a miracle of Christian devotion, for that letter had been mailed in the Hawaiian Islands by a devoted daughter of the King of Heaven and contained a check for the amount of $1,000. God had heard and answered prayer, and His servant had heard His voice and supplied a great need.

That one thousand dollars is still working. Not only were the missionaries able to finish paying for the press, but they also purchased a small lot adjoining the Anderson home on which there was a shack. Here they housed the printing press. Also they were able to purchase paper and supplies and keep the flow of tracts and gospel periodicals going out to Latin America.

One morning a few years later Richard started for the printing office and met the printers rushing out the door. They shouted, "The roof is falling in." Sure enough, one of the main beam supports was cracking. The tile roof was just at the point of coming down when the missionary quickly snatched a stout pole with which he propped up and saved the roof. Woodworms had eaten out the heart of the beam. A friend who was visiting Coban at that time learned of the near accident, went home, and interested some good women friends, who soon sent money with which the new building for the printing office was erected.

The printing office continued to provide about a million and a half pages of holiness literature annually until 1947, when the Nazarene Publishing House assumed the publication of the *Herald of Holiness* in Spanish. Only the day of reckoning will reveal how much those devoted

missionaries accomplished through long, laborious hours of setting up type, reading and correcting copy and proofs, and distributing the printed "preachers."

INFLUENCE OF PRINTING WORK

Throughout the years numerous incidents have occurred to demonstrate the influence of *El Cristiano*. It was in 1906 that a letter came one day by Indian carrier from a village three days' journey to the north. The writer was a Spanish man who had learned the missionary's name from *El Cristiano* and who wanted more literature. He had somehow obtained a copy of Matthew's Gospel and through reading that and the paper had been converted. He was sixty-three years old. He declared that, reading his Gospel and *El Cristiano,* he had faith to believe that his wife and three children would be converted. He was sending an offering "so that others who are in darkness might receive the light as I have received it" through the paper. It was the missionary's delight to write this man a good warm letter, gather together a good lot of tracts and other literature, and send him a complete Bible by his Indian representatives. Months later, as he was preparing to preach, the missionary was interrupted by visitors. He invited them in and found that here was his friend Rufino Juarez and his little boy. Both were ill and pallid with anemia due to malaria and hookworm. They had come to meet the missionary and attend to some errands and were delighted to know the man whose messages he had been reading. Their hearts burned with spiritual fellowship as they exchanged experiences and talked of the things of the Kingdom.

In later years the family of Don Rufino moved to Coban. One of the little boys, still so short that he had to have a stool to reach the type cases, was employed in the printing office. Due to his intense application he learned to do fine work. The old gentleman worked at

different trades and positions about town for a number of years and served the Lord. His time came to depart this life and Richard visited him in his sickness. On the last morning before he passed away, he was propped up against the wall seated on his cot, and as the missionary bade him good-by he said, "If I don't see you any more here, I shall be waiting for you up yonder." It was one of the choicest hopes of Richard Anderson that he was someday to meet those to whom he had ministered. Of this incident he said, "This kind of thrill in a missionary's life really counts for something."

One day the editor received a letter from a young man, son of a Baptist pastor in a neighboring republic of Central America. It read: "Upon receipt of the fifty copies of *El Cristiano,* I at once fold them and mail them to principal people among my friends and acquaintances, to the printing establishments and public offices, and I always send a copy to the president of the republic. I greatly need 100 copies."

Another letter from Mexico said: "I take pleasure in informing you that a man from Carzo, Chiapas, came here to sell goods and happened to lodge in my house. He had with him a paper called *El Cristiano.* I read it and found in it the way of salvation. I was a great drunkard and committed many other sins. But, thanks to God and *El Cristiano,* I am saved now and want to ask that you please send me a few copies of the paper and some tracts to give out among my people. I shall take great pleasure in working for the Lord in this way."

There is no way to estimate the influence of such a labor among a people in many cases isolated from cities and modern influences, with little to read and few diversions. The papers were read and reread and passed around. On one occasion on a visit to an isolated community in the northern department of Peten one of the missionaries was asked to visit a woman dying with cancer. It so happened that she was the wife of the

mayor of the town. In her hour of pain and trial she had called for the missionary because she had read *El Cristiano* and had believed in Jesus. In prayer and song she found relief from her suffering and a few days later died victoriously.

As editor and manager of the paper, Richard was responsible for its distribution or circulation. He was constantly on the lookout for new communities into which he might send the paper and tracts. Often he found someone who, even though not a Christian, was willing to receive and hand out a few copies of the paper. In the vast jungle area of Peten where for years there were no Christian workers, except in the dry season evangelistic campaigns, the paper went ahead and prepared the way for subsequent evangelism. In later years when a missionary or worker entered what he considered a new field, prejudice was already broken down and the way opened to a certain extent by "the Christian" who had gone before.

While true to the doctrine and experience of holiness, the paper was edited so as to avoid sectarian differences and was simply a preacher of the Word of God. As such it was acceptable in other fields and denominations.

The persistent patience of those early pioneers in printing is still bearing fruit.

EFFORTS AT CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

A great need was seen for providing primary education for the poor as well as for those who could afford to pay well for it. At that time the national schools were sadly neglected. The better families of the town were anxious to have their children in an establishment where they would be well taught and at the same time enjoy the protection of a high moral atmosphere.

In 1910 Mrs. Anderson's sister, Eula Fay Watson, was sent to Coban by the Southern Pentecostal Union and it was arranged to open a day school for girls. It was Richard Anderson's task to make the official arrangements, obtaining permission and recognition by the school authorities, and to see to its furnishing.

Great interest was shown in the opening of the new evangelical day school. It was the custom to open the school year with an official visit by the governor of the department, the president of the local board of education, and their secretaries. These, in company with the military authorities and the band, would pass from school to school inaugurating the year's activities with a brief ceremony, speeches, and an inspection of the establishment.

The day for the opening came with many of the better class Spanish people bringing their squirming, wriggling youngsters. Together with the missionaries they waited a long time for the governor to come and officially open the school. When it seemed that the delegation would not be coming that day, they heard in the distance the "Umpah! Umpah!" of the bass horn, the booming of the big bass drum, and the shrill notes of a clarinet as the band rounded a corner and headed toward the school.

With considerable ceremony the party was made welcome; and after a brief ceremony in which a minute was written in an official book of Acts and signed by all, the girls' school was officially opened. Among the first teachers employed were Cristina Ponce and her sister Ophelia, daughters of a general who for a number of years was governor of the department. Cristina is still employed as teacher.

Two years later in 1913 Miss Carey Casey and Miss Willie E. Barnett came out to assist in the schoolwork. Miss Casey started a boarding department. The Pente-

costal Mission of Nashville, which was carrying a major part of the Andersons' support, was asked to supply funds with which to subsidize the school and take up the slack where tuitions paid by students were insufficient. This they did for a time, but because of the fact that missionaries engaged in the schoolwork were representing several different holiness bands, there was no real united effort at supporting the school, nor was it possible to organize it properly. As a result there were times when there were no funds, as each group expected the other to take a larger part in its support.

This lack of responsible organization was the chief weakness of unorganized holiness missionary effort. It was felt in other departments as well and was a serious obstacle to any extension of their efforts or advancement in any particular department of the work.

For lack of sufficient support the school went along for some years at a poor dying rate. Finally two of the missionaries went home on furlough and did not return. Miss Willie Barnett continued her schoolwork until about 1915. Mrs. Anderson took over the direction of the girls' school when Miss Barnett went home, and served until Miss Eugenia Phillips came in October of 1917. Miss Phillips added new life to the educational work and was a great help in preparing the Anderson children for further education in the States. She spared no pains to make the school spiritual and a real asset to the mission.

In February, 1921, Miss M. Cox took the direction of the newly opened boys' school. A year later Rev. and Mrs. Ira L. True took over and served until they were transferred to Peru. Rev. E. Y. Davis came and took direction for one year, returning to the States because of Mrs. Davis' delicate health. After they left, Mrs. Anderson supervised the boys' school for three years, until 1928, when Miss Eugenia Phillips became Mrs. Wm. Harvey Coats and they moved into the boys' school and took over the directorship of that institution. Miss Neva Lane

took the girls' school under her care. She had previously had charge of the boarding department since 1923. Under Sister Coats's capable leadership the combined boys' and girls' schools made a definite contribution to the work of the mission. In 1932 secondary work was added.

The Nazarene Bible Training School was born in the Nazarene schools in Coban, being run in connection with the same for some time. It was formally organized in 1923 by Miss Sarah M. Cox. Others who have had part in teaching in or directing this institution are Rev. J. D. Scott, Rev. Ira True, Miss Eugenia Phillips, Miss Bessie Branstine, R. W. Birchard, and Rev. Harold E. Hess. Whenever his other obligations permitted him to do so, Richard Anderson had a class or classes in the Bible Training School.

Thus the schools, which seemed a burden from the very beginning, have had an essential part in the development of the work of the church in Guatemala. Notwithstanding the meager support that they received at times, they turned out a group of graduates inspired with high ideals, a good percentage of whom continued their studies to become teachers, lawyers, doctors, engineers, or planters. Whether in the halls of congress or in some less prominent place, they speak with appreciation of those early days in the evangelical school.

When in recent years the revolution of 1944 opened the way for extreme conservatives to attempt an amendment to the constitution which would have restored to the Roman Catholic church the old exclusive prerogatives of the state religion, there were sufficient alumni from the Nazarene and other evangelical schools seated as members in the Constitutional Convention to overrule the conservative faction and preserve freedom of worship to the republic of Guatemala.

Thus educational efforts, put forth at great cost in strength, sacrifice, and inconvenience, have brought forth

fruit unforeseen and of inestimable value to the cause of Christ. While it must be admitted that spiritual results were sometimes disappointing, heaven will reveal the final reckoning and we believe it will have been worth while.

Many children have been saved and sanctified in our schools. These have gone out to marry, establish Christian homes, and serve the Lord. Like lamps set up in a dark place, they stand out wherever they go and help to point the way to Christ, the only Saviour.

THE ANDERSONS BECOME NAZARENES

As recorded in the brief history of the Church of the Nazarene, a group of people who believed in and experienced the doctrine of entire sanctification had held a convention in the year 1898 at which was formed the Pentecostal Alliance, later known as the Pentecostal Mission.

Rev. J. O. McClurkan for many years directed the destinies of this group, inspiring them with a zeal for missions and promoting support for missionaries in various parts of the heathen world. Some of these devoted missionary prayer bands of the Southland had supported Richard and Maude Anderson and the work in Guatemala since its beginning, having previously sent out Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Butler in 1903 and Conway G. Anderson in 1901. Later in 1906, Miss Augie Holland and Miss Effie Glover came out supported by the Pentecostal Mission.

After some considerable discussion and mutual adjustments between the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene and the Pentecostal Mission, a union was effected at Nashville, Tennessee, February 13, 1915, by which the missionary work of the McClurkan Mission became a part of the Church of the Nazarene.

Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Butler were on furlough at that time. Correspondence directed to them was lost and as a

result, in the course of time, they were not taken into the Nazarene church and began working for the M.E. Church South in Texas, later returning to Central America under another mission.

As a means of acquainting the church with the work already existing in Guatemala, Dr. H. F. Reynolds made a tour of this field. It was Richard's happy privilege to meet him at the port of entry and conduct him over the field. His untiring missionary zeal and kindly, courteous spirit found a warm place in the heart of the entire Anderson family. He was a most agreeable traveling companion. He could "take it and like it." Such an attitude was necessary to visit the mission field successfully in those days. Towns were separated by distances requiring a long day's ride. Accommodations were very ordinary. Travelers slept on board beds or on the floor. Long days in the saddle were concluded with extended evangelistic services which left the preacher and missionary weary, worn, and sore.

The Anderson children had a pony that was easy-gaited and gentle, qualities much to be desired by those unaccustomed to riding, and this they gladly loaned to the good Doctor. Perhaps because of this a mutual interest sprang up between the Doctor and the children. They greatly enjoyed his visit and never forgot him.

In later years, when in 1919 the family was home on furlough, some practical members of the General Board expressed themselves as believing that for economy's sake the older children (ages thirteen, twelve, and nine years) should not return to Guatemala but remain in the States for their education. It was good Doctor Reynolds, perhaps remembering that Guatemala home, who favored the children's returning with their parents until such time as they should be more mature and prepared to separate from the famliy. Those three years under the parental roof were of untold value in character formation of the children. Dr. Reynolds is remembered with the

deepest affection by them all. His visit and recommendations meant much to the progress of the work.

New Missionaries and Enlargement of Work

Assumption of the Guatemalan field by the Church of the Nazarene was followed immediately by planning to reinforce the missionary staff. From the time the Butlers furloughed in 1914 until 1917, Richard carried forward the work alone, Annie Maude having charge of the girls' school at that time, thus laying a double burden upon them.

He supervised the printing office, pastored the Coban church, superintended the field work, and built a substantial chapel in Coban. He labored from daylight to dark. Constant supervision of the building was necessary, and by personally standing by he was able to build a church capable of seating two hundred and fifty people at a cost of around eight hundred dollars. Some of this amount was donated by the natives, a part by the Washington-Philadelphia District through Richard's friend Rev. R. E. Bowers, and a part was contributed by his own mother, who out of her meager savings endeavored to help as much as she could.

Richard always felt a peculiar sense of responsibility for such money. Not only did he firmly believe that every cent should be applied according to the wishes of the donor, but he also felt that he was under obligation to work extra hours with his own hands and put forth every effort to see that every cent contributed should do its full part in accomplishing the end desired. Whether purchasing materials, paying for labor, or by his presence encouraging consistent effort on the part of the workmen, he was constantly intent upon saving every cent possible for the cause of Christ.

It was such a sense of personal stewardship that held him to the task in these days when, on many occasions,

suffering from nausea and pain from chronic appendicitis, it would have been easy and justifiable to have laid off work.

R. S. Anderson's load was somewhat lightened with the coming in April of 1917 of Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Franklin and Miss Eugenia Phillips, the former having previously acquired the language, entering immediately into evangelistic work, and the latter taking charge of the girls' school in Coban in January of the following year. In March of that year the Franklins moved to Salama in the Baja Verapaz Department. Throughout the years since 1912, when James V. Reid and James M. Taylor had visited the field and had provided support for Tito Hernandez, an evangelist, some evangelistic work had been done. Quite a few had been saved. Now Rev. Franklin began to organize these believers into church groups. A property was purchased in the heart of Salama, large enough to house the missionary family and at the same time provide a place for services.

The new chapel in Coban was dedicated on September 2, 1917, with several baptisms. Later that fall a visit was expected from Rev. C. Warren Jones, then pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Spokane, Washington. This was a season long to be remembered. A series of earthquakes caused sleepless nights and widespread destruction.

Rev. C. Warren Jones arrived in Coban the day after Christmas. Plans had been made for visiting the congregations in San Pedro and Caquiton, where they held Christmas services and gave out presents to the people who came. The day before Christmas had been devoted to giving a breakfast to the prisoners in the Coban jail. On the twenty-seventh a dinner in honor of the visitor was given to about one hundred interested people of the city. The end of the year found the missionaries and believers in a watch-night service. That night Richard closes his diary with these words:

"This has been a good day, a good month—a good year, thank God!"

A SINGULAR VICTORY

The new year 1918 began with a series of meetings with C. Warren Jones preaching and Richard interpreting. Interest was good and quite a number prayed through to victory. At the close of these services a special victory was celebrated in the baptism of a recent convert who had been saved at the advanced age of eighty-one years. She was Dona Eusebia Sierra v. de la Cruz, mother of a large family.

Dona Eusebia was the staunchest of Roman Catholic women. She was untiring in her service to the church. It was her duty and privilege to launder the linens and starch and iron them gleaming white and to dress the Virgin and the saints for the feast-time processions. Her implicit faith in the images seemed not in the least daunted by the discovery that in some cases the images consisted of beautifully sculptured hands and feet and a pretty face supported beneath their wrappings by rustic poles or unplaned two-by-fours. Loyalty to her religion and fanatical defense of her faith produced in her heart an aversion to the gospel preachers and missionaries. She had named her only son Francisco Javier for the renowned Jesuit missionary, and for her the church was the central point in her life about which all else turned.

Her son, Don Javier de la Cruz, was a good carpenter. He was married and had one or two children—the oldest, a little boy named for his father. Like men of so many Catholic homes, Javier was a drunkard. He was a dangerous man when under the influence of liquor and given to beating his wife, Dona Magdalena, and making life unbearably hard for her. When she had put up with his increasing brutality as long as she could, she decided

one day to run away from him and seek employment by which she could support herself. She was running away from him when she passed by the missionary home, where an afternoon missionary prayer meeting was in progress. In some unexplained way she found herself irresistibly drawn to enter; and after some word of greeting and talk with her, the women prayed with her and new hope and joy came to her heart. She felt that she could return to her husband and her home. Now she began to pray for her husband. She told him of a new joy and peace that had come into her heart and, although she had to suffer, she was not the same Magdalena. It was some weeks later that she was able to gain his consent to accompany her to a regular service. He had taken a drink or two, but when the invitation was given he made his way forward for prayer. Richard helped him in prayer and instructed him in the way of salvation, then went home and wrote in his diary of his doubts that a man in a half-drunken condition would really be saved. But as time went on Javier and Magdalena proved that they had been saved. They seldom missed a service nor an opportunity to testify to the wonderful grace of God. They immediately began evangelizing their own family.

When Javier approached his mother on the subject, Dona Eusebia was horrified to learn that her son had turned "heretic." She used every tactic to dissaude him from his purpose to be an evangelical believer. She would lock the door in his face, leave by the back door as he entered the front, and appear too busy to talk to him, all in an effort to escape his words of exhortation and gospel truth. He was just as persevering as she was stubborn in her opposition. One day as she was boiling a pot of black beans over an open fire, Javier entered. As he greeted her courteously and inquired about her soul's salvation and began to press the gospel claims, she reached her hand toward the fire, seized a blazing, yard-long

stick of firewood and chased him from the house and off the premises, forbidding him ever to return.

Dona Eusebia was advanced in years. Shortly after this incident, she slipped and fell heavily, fracturing her leg and pelvis and for many weeks was unable to move from her bed. Javier very naturally paid no heed to her injunction never to return and soon was visiting her at every opportunity that his work would permit. He prayed for her and solicited the prayers of the missionaries for his mother. The Andersons visited her faithfully, and after many weeks the glorious light of gospel truth began to drive away the darkness and superstition. There in her home she yielded her heart up to the Saviour. What a day of rejoicing that was for Javier! He could scarcely wait the day when his mother would be able to go to the chapel and testify to the grace of God. As she gradually improved, he was one day able to lift her from her bed and carry her in his arms to the new church. From then on he was often seen on his way to church with his mother in his arms. It was one of these occasions that Richard was privileged to baptize the aged mother with several others at the close of one of Rev. C. Warren Jones's services.

MISSIONARIES IN JAIL

After a time of visiting the churches in the Verapaz Departments, Rev. C. Warren Jones planned to return to his pastorate in Spokane. It being necessary for him to pass through Guatemala en route to Port Barrios, in order to secure travel documents, and since Miss Phillips also needed to go to the capital on matters of official business, it was arranged for Rev. Franklin to accompany them to El Rancho and to the train.

They traveled the long, mountainous road four days to reach the railroad station, only to learn that no trains

were running nor was there prospect of their running for several weeks. Heavy earthquakes had destroyed a great part of the capital and damaged the railroad right of way. They would have to continue their journey on muleback. They had rented animals from place to place, expecting to take the train. Now they hired other animals to continue their trip. The earth tremors continued night and day. On one occasion they counted fifty-two tremors in one night, which did not give them time nor inclination to sleep. The party picked its way along the railroad, past landslides and boulders, toward the capital city, from which reports were coming of widespread havoc and destruction.

There were dozens of persons in the same situation. Some were able to rent horses or mules and others walked on foot, carrying their bundles of clothing and food on their backs. Two long days brought them to a town called Fiscal, where they found lodging with several other groups. Next morning after about the scarcest breakfast they had ever eaten they were settling for the mules because, having reached a point only a few miles from the city, they expected to continue on foot. To their amazement and disgust they were being charged for rent of mules which another party had employed but had abandoned without paying their hire. The owner of the mules demanded that the missionaries pay for them, believing perhaps at first that they formed part of the delinquent group but determined to make them pay whether or not. While Mr. Jones would have been glad to pay and continue his journey, J. D. Franklin absolutely refused to pay a cent. Thinking that he could force them to pay, the owner of the mules had a warrant issued for their arrest. The authorities with soldiers and muzzle-loading muskets came and, without waiting on ceremony, conducted J. D. Franklin, C. Warren Jones, and Eugenia Phillips to the village jail.

It was a situation extremely difficult for all of them. No jail is a pleasant place, least of all in Guatemala. Their dark, windowless cell, ventilated only by the square openings in the heavy wooden grating which was the door, furnished with only a backless bench, was the habitation of various kinds of flees, bats, rats, and other vermin. The condition was not improved by occasional rumbles and ripples in the earth's surface, nor were the prisoners reassured by the armed Indian soldiers who guarded their only exit, at the outer door of the patio toward which they looked. A half-inch pipe sending a stream of water into a cement tank was their source of water. They sent out for something to eat and took turns trying to rest on the backless bench. After what seemed an unending night, dawn came to find C. Warren Jones standing outside at the water tank, cleaning and polishing his shoes and washing the sweat and dirt from his celluloid collar. He was ready to go. Their delay did not last much longer. Mr. Franklin was able to make the judge see that he was not responsible for another man's chicanery, and before long they were set free to continue on foot toward the capital.

They traveled along the railroad tracks, which in some places were covered with boulders which had been thrown down by the quakes. After what seemed a long distance of walking they came to a canyon where the railroad trestle spanned a deep, steeply banked canyon. This railroad bridge, the highest in Guatemala, was famed as a suicide leap. To descend and cross the stream below was next to impossible. To cross the narrow structure with the possibility of an earthquake striking at any moment caused them to hesitate. Midway on the bridge they might be thrown from its dizzy height. At all events they decided to cross. With great caution and sometimes on hands and knees, they finally made the crossing and, weary from the long trip and nervous strain, they entered

the rubble-cluttered streets of the quake-destroyed capital.

In later visits as general secretary of foreign missions, Doctor C. Warren Jones oftentimes mentioned his first visit, inquiring by name for nationals he had known and maintaining a vital interest in people to whom he had ministered.

AN ENTRANCE IS GAINED IN A DIFFICULT PLACE

The town of Tactic was the halfway stop for the missionaries mounted on horseback or afoot, en route from Coban to Salama, the capital of the Baja Verapaz Department. After a long day's journey rest was sweet though the accommodations were simple. The Andersons were very desirous of establishing a preaching center in this place. While the people of the town had no special objections to offering the missionaries lodging, there was a determined resistence to the planting of evangelical work there. So prayer was made that the Lord of the Harvest would open the place to the preaching of God's Word.

The town is located in the heart of an elongated valley, walled in at either side by rather steep mountains, which have the appearance of the patchings on a crazy quilt, because of cornfields and bean patches planted on steep slopes. A river whose full, swift current is fed by abundant rains flows toward Coban, on its way to join the Polochic and Rio Dulce.

Before an auto road was built, cart roads were either rocky, uneven, semi-paved stretches where the going was passable or long sections of deep yellow mud into which horses and mules sank to their bellies and through which carts were dragged by means of two or three extra ox teams which accompanied the oxcart trains for that purpose.

Dominating the public square was the Roman Catholic temple, and scattered throughout the town were located the *cofradias* or small chapels belonging to individual brotherhoods within the Romanist congregations. Many images were kept in these chapels and they became centers for numerous feasts celebrated during the ecclesiastical year.

To the same extent that the Romanist temple dominated the public square, Romanism held sway over the customs and thinking of the populace. Complete ignorance of anything evangelical left the way open to darkest depths of superstition. Condemnation of the evangelical missionaries by the priests led to all kinds of conjecture and rumor. Every sort of foul rite from invocation of the devil to eating of their dead was attributed to the missionaries and their converts. Naturally the people entered into an arrangement to oppose the mission and not to sell food to its workers.

The conversion of Don Javier de la Cruz and his wife Magdalena, and the subsequent faithfulness they demonstrated, brought them into prominence as workers. Javier had continued working at his trade of carpentering and for a year or so gave as much time as possible to preaching. From the time of their conversion they had tithed their small income, also corn, chickens, and whatever came to them.

Javier was employed as a worker in 1917, with an allowance from the mission. Before that, Magdalena had been employed as a Bible woman. Javier went with Simeon Lazaro, about that time, to the northern department of Peten, where they had a very difficult time and where he contracted malaria, which seriously distressed him for a long time.

In 1918 the De la Cruces were named to go to Tactic. They were to find need for all the determination they could muster. The people were persistent in boycotting

the services, refusing to sell food to the workers and using every means of discouraging them in their new field.

After some months of effort two people were saved. This was a real encouragement, but there was no further break until in February of 1920, when little Javier, their boy who had always been small, sickened and died. Javier, Jr., had been a faithful little Christian and loved to sing and testify. Now that he had died, his passing gave opportunity to the people of the town to learn for themselves how the Protestants buried their dead. Many people came to the wake for Javier, Jr., and the grief-stricken father recognized that as a precious opportunity to give the gospel to the assembled townspeople.

Out of a broken heart he told the wonderful story of salvation from all sin. After the preaching, neighbors were requested to close down the coffin in preparation for burial. And next day many accompanied the family as they laid away their little boy. Whereas among the unsaved the custom is to drink away one's sorrow, Javier de la Cruz, notorious for his previous drunkenness, now found such evident comfort in the Lord that he did not need liquor. By his attitude in the face of death, he testified more effectively than his preaching. The people were convinced that what had been told them of the Protestants was false. They went away to return again to hear the preaching of the gospel.

Among those present, and the one who had been most impressed by the funeral of "Javiercito," was the mother of a large family, Dona Victoria de Cantoral, who with her friend Dona Julia de Garcia had attended the funeral out of curiosity. They had heard and believed that the evangelicals ate small children, that they ate their own dead.

As they returned from the funeral they said one to the other: "It is evident that we have been misinformed. Someone has lied to us. If they will lie to us about one

thing, it may be they are lying about some other things we have believed." As time went on, this doubt increased until one day Dona Victoria went to the priest and asked, "What about this new teaching?" The priest, a sincere man, said, "Daughter, the evangelicals are right." From that time forward she attended the services and before long was wonderfully saved.

It was as a result of these efforts that on January 1, 1929, it was possible to organize the Tactic church with twenty-nine full members and nine probationers. This was victory for the gospel that was to stand throughout the years.

The two women who before their conversion had been the principal ringleaders of the Romanists now became faithful Nazarenes. Though they suffered much and lost their material goods, they stood out faithfully for the gospel and died victoriously at a ripe age.

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

The winter of 1918 and spring of 1919 found Richard suffering from a stomach ailment that did not seem to respond to such treatment as he was able to procure from doctors in Guatemala. Later he had infectional jaundice, which persisted for a long period and was very hard to overcome.

During and after the war foodstuffs, especially imported articles such as flour and oatmeal, were very high. One day after he was convalescing he craved some soda crackers and, since he had an errand at the store to exchange a check, he inquired the price of a pound of crackers. When he learned that they cost $1.30 a pound he decided that was too much to pay and went home without them. His weakness continued and, while he made every effort to keep at his work in the printing office, on his treasurer's books, and in superintending the

work of the mission, he was scarcely able to drag himself around. It was this continued illness that prompted him to request a furlough for medical treatment.

On March 29, 1919, they left the field for their home in Greenwood, South Carolina, where they were pleased to find a new house prepared for them by Mrs. Anderson's father, Mr. A. C. Watson. Shortly thereafter they both submitted to surgical treatment. The operations were successful and their recovery swift. Richard thus put an end to something like eleven years of intermittent suffering from chronic appendicitis, which had made extensive travel on the mission field not only difficult but extremely dangerous.

During the time of this furlough, Rev. J. D. Franklin in Salama and Miss Eugenia Phillips carried on the activities of the mission.

In the fall of 1919, Rev. J. D. Scott and family came to Guatemala and settled in Coban. He later went to Guatemala City when he was appointed superintendent of Nazarene missions in Latin America. His coming brought to an end a long period, since 1906, in which Richard Anderson had served as superintendent of the Guatemalan work. When they now returned from furlough, it was possible to extend the work and intensify their efforts in certain fields.

In 1921 the missionary staff was further enlarged with the coming of Rev. and Mrs. Robert Ingram, Rev. and Mrs. Ira True, and Miss Neva P. Lane. This trip was not without incident.

Arriving in Puerto Barrios and completing their business with port officials, they engaged passage for Livingston in a launch, planning to go to Coban by way of the river and railroad. They were late in starting and darkness found them outside the bar in the entrance to the Dulce River. The captain miscalculated the distance, got his lights confused, and ran hard aground on the sand bar.

Rising winds and waves threatened to capsize the boat as it was rolled from side to side.

Inside, with boxes and baggage tossed about and the boat threatening to capsize every moment, the missionaries thought for several hours that their end was about to come. They prayed earnestly, and the Lord of earth and sea and sky heard their cries. Their faith was strengthened as the boat was gently lifted from the sand bar and they were able to proceed safely to the landing. With thankful hearts they continued their journey toward Pancajche on the next mail boat up the river.

There Richard met them with animals and they were soon located in Coban. The Ingrams within a short time moved to Salama, when Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Franklin were compelled to return to the States because of his ill health. He died there not long after.

Miss Neva Lane survived that first trying experience in the launch to give twenty-eight years of much-appreciated missionary service to the Guatemala field in the Coban schools. More recently (1950), when her services as a music teacher were desired in Peru, she flew there to give a term of service in the Nazarene Bible school.

With Rev. and Mrs. Ingram to look after the Baja Verapaz work, it was possible for Mr. Anderson to give more time to visiting the congregations.

Quite a number of them had been organized into churches, but the national brethren were woefully ignorant of anything like parliamentary procedure and the most simple church organization. For a number of years an effort was made to visit each congregation on the days when they held their monthly board meetings, with a view to helping them with their problems, teaching the stewards their function in assisting to raise the pastors' support, and steering the churches away from pitfalls and difficulties.

In this connection we give the following from a letter Richard wrote to his beloved pastor, Rev. H. H. Wise, Nashville, Tennessee.

"Our home duties have been arranged so that we can get away to other towns and churches practically every week-end. Mrs. Anderson, Edward, and I get around to many places and do a little supervising and a lot of general pastoral work. The churches are trying to support their pastors, and I try to get around each month to their board meetings. These are very interesting, especially the two churches where the majority of the board members are Indians.

"In San Cristobal, the Indian brethren have their wives come along to the board meeting to help discuss the matters that come up, and so the wives may vote. Some of these Indians do not speak nor understand Spanish, and they take turn about telling their fellow members of the board what has been said or suggested; then they take time for a general discussion in their dialect of whatever matter is before them. They made pledges toward support of their pastor, and it is encouraging to see them bring in their money or corn or other things that they pledge. At our last short revival with them some five men and boys promised two days each a month to engage in evangelistic work—giving out tracts where possible and speaking to people personally about their souls' salvation. This is already in effect, and we feel that if we can get such a burden on all our people an abundant harvest of souls is not far off.

"In Purulha they usually have their board meeting just after a night service, and most of the congregation remains to see and hear what goes on. The secretary is a young Indian brother and so is the treasurer. These boys are doing their work well. It would surprise you to see how accurately the minutes are kept. The treasurer brings me his book for inspection.

"In this congregation is an old man who was educated in music for service in the Romish church. His violin was in a deplorable condition. Rev. and Mrs. Ingram had it fixed, so he can help in the services. It is remarkable how God has raised up talent in the different native congregations, to carry on His work."

Another matter that demanded constant supervision was the construction of chapels to house the growing congregations. Richard with the help of national carpenters built the chapel in San Pedro. With the help of his eldest son Charles he also constructed the chapel in San Juan Chamelco, which has since been enlarged four times to accommodate a growing Indian congregation.

In Perils in the Wilderness

Traveling with animals was not always without danger. Mules are sometimes a bit unpredictable, as Richard discovered one day when he had forgotten his camera. As he returned with it he passed near his mule, which turned and gave him a wicked kick in the region of his watch pocket. The watch was ruined, smashed beyond repair, but fortunately Richard received only a painful bruise. He mounted and went on to fill his appointment.

Auto travel, which was beginning to be popular in the States at this time, had yet to be introduced into the outlying departments of Guatemala. When the first car was introduced, it was necessary to dismantle and reassemble it according to road conditions. When it did arrive in Coban, it was a curiosity to all and a frightening new kind of monster to the horses and mules.

One day as the Andersons were starting for one of the outstations mounted on their animals, the car came snorting up, frightening their animals. Annie Maude's horse reared and lunged to one side, throwing her to the stone-paved street, where she landed head downward. She lay in an unconscious heap in the path of the on-

coming car. Fortunately the car was stopped in time, but it was considerable time before she was able to recover from the strains and painful bruises received in the fall.

Some forty miles from Coban the village of Lanquin is located, deep in a rugged valley and approached by some of the most difficult and dangerous roads in the country. It is also the location of what has been called by experts one of the largest known limestone caverns. On a trip to this town, traveling alongside a precipitous bank, Richard's horse suddenly stepped into a hole beside the trail and fell, catching his leg and bruising it severely. Half sliding, half falling he went over the brink after the disappearing animal. With fear and dread Charles, his traveling companion, hurried to see what had happened. What a relief to find his father on his feet, holding the horse with a firm grip and gently guiding the frightened animal back toward the trail!

It was with considerable reason that such travel was invariably prayed over before departure and punctuated with prayer as they went along. Through it all God's good hand was over them and delivered them. In one year Richard reported that he had ridden 1,500 miles horseback, had built two churches, preached 105 times, conducted 25 prayer meetings, had some 75 people at the altar, married two couples, directed the printing work, getting out a half million pages of gospel literature, helped look after things in general, pastored the Coban congregation, and last, but possibly not least, had served the mission as district treasurer. "Thank the Lord," he said, "for the privilege of doing a little something for Him and His." Year in and year out such activities were carried forward, to the end that the nationals themselves might finally become self-supporting, self-directing churches.

The years passed quickly and swift changes were taking place. More and more cars were taking the place

of saddle animals. Interest was being awakened in auto roads. The Ingrams furloughed in 1928 and returned with an auto. When the Andersons went home in 1929 they too purchased a car. It was christened "Dona Eliza," their idea of the Spanish version of "Tin Lizzie," for it was a Ford. It had to be brought down on the ship, transferred to a barge at Livingston, to a flatcar at Panzos, and on to Pancajche, where a truck road had been opened to Coban. The roads were hardly as good as the missionaries thought they were, nor as bad as they were classified by Dr. J. B. Chapman when he came to visit them in 1932. He said that the missionaries considered a road good if it was found to be passable. He himself found considerable room for improvement.

In Perils on the Highway

Travel by car on the mountainous roads of Guatemala turned out to be quite as dangerous as horseback travel had been. The roads, blasted out of the steep mountainsides, paved with stone, were very narrow and ofttimes steeper than the cars were able efficiently to negotiate. Bridges were narrow and many unpaved sections of the road were impassable in bad weather.

The Andersons were not deterred by danger, nor did they desist from their church visiting plans when the rainy weather made going hazardous.

On a Friday afternoon they left Coban in company with a young woman from the Bible training school, to drive to Purulha, some forty miles distant, for a week-end meeting. All went well until they reached the side road that was to take them some six miles up the valley to their destination. About two hundred yards off the main paved highway was a bridge. Recently built by a half-breed Indian who had no knowledge of autos, this bridge was made by laying round poles, six or eight inches in diameter, lengthwise across a narrow creek, then filling

the chinks with stone, and covering the whole with sod to keep the rains from washing away the dirt. There was no wall nor railing. The width of this so-called bridge gave a margin of approximately eight inches on either side of the car. With great caution this bridge was safely crossed. But a few hundred yards beyond there lay before their eyes a long stretch of deep tracks in mud which they considered next to impassable. After careful calculation of their chances of getting through to their destination, it was decided to turn back to another town and have services there.

In order to return to the "highway" it was necessary to back up, because the narrow road provided no room for turning. So with great care Richard backed the Ford up to the bridge and checked carefully. Yes, it was all right; he had eight inches of margin on either side. But as he continued to back up, the sod and stones gave way and the car turned turtle as the left hind wheel went off the bridge. The car landed wheels up with the missionaries and passenger all in a heap in the top of the car that had suddenly become the bottom.

Mrs. Anderson called out, "We are not hurt, we are all right"; but it took her some time to extricate herself from the awkward position in which she found herself with all her considerable weight resting on her head! Although she did not recover that night from the pain and nervous shock, she was better next day. As the car fell, a large branch of a tree had been thrust through the fabric top, narrowly missing Richard's head and passing through the spokes of the steering wheel. Again the Lord had saved them from serious hurt.

A few blocks distance from the scene of the accident there lived a family of German Swiss people. They kindly offered shelter for the night, while believers from the Purulha church stood guard around the overturned auto.

The authorities soon came out from Purulha and word

was sent by a passing car to Rev. Ingram in Salama, who came the next day with his chain hoist. With the aid of about thirty Indians, they were able to set "Dona Eliza" on her feet (wheels) again and return to Coban.

LEAVING THE HOME NEST

The education of their children had been from the beginning a serious problem to the Andersons. It had seemed most convenient for the girls to have their first classes in the Spanish school under their Aunt Fay Watson, later under others who took charge of the school in Coban. As they looked forward, however, to further studies which they would have to pursue in the United States, they faced the necessity of making up what they lacked in foundation studies in English. They had always spoken English at home, but since their stuides had been in Spanish they reasoned and calculated in that language.

Just previous to their 1919 furlough, it had been necessary for Miss Phillips to teach them to read in English in order that they might study a year in the States. They were able to do this by taking a summer school course upon their arrival. Returning to the field, Agnes and Margaret had been preparing for high school. Miss Neva Lane, at Rev. J. D. Scott's request, had been sent out to teach the missionaries' children. With Miss Lane, Miss Sarah M. Cox, Rev. Ira True, and Miss Phillips the older girls took their high school work in preparation for college; for, although they were uncertain as to how they would be able to maintain themselves and pay their way, they felt that it was God's will that they should prepare themselves for whatever plan He might have for them. They believed that a provident Heavenly Father would care for their needs. Miss Phillips was due a furlough in 1923 and, since Agnes had finished high school and Margaret lacked two years, it was decided that they

should accompany Miss Phillips when she returned to the States.

This was the hour toward which much counsel and preparation had been given. It was no simple matter to send teen-age girls away with the realization that they were leaving not to return until, education completed, they might possibly come home at their own expense. Relatives in the homeland could have offered homes to the girls while they studied in local colleges of other denominations, but they wanted the advantage of Nazarene influence and doctrine. They settled upon Olivet Nazarene College as their choice.

The weeks previous to their departure were busy ones. Clothing must be prepared, the choice made of things to be taken, trunks packed and sent ahead by Indian carrier. The party going to the capital would be a large one since Charles, their oldest brother, would accompany his father on the trip and Miss Phillips was taking with her three Spanish girls.

Long days were occupied in repairing saddles, shoeing horses and mules, gathering together necessary equipment for the trip of five difficult days.

The day for their departure arrived and Richard Anderson was up before dawn, saddling the animals and making last-minute preparations for leaving. Then a good substantial breakfast, their last at home as a united family, and that never-to-be-forgotten last family worship hour when Father took the precious Word and, choosing the ninety-first psalm, read with faith and feeling God's wonderful protecting promises. Then having in mind the girls' material needs, he turned to Psalms 37:25,

I have "not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Again he sought out a priceless promise from which they were to derive comfort through the years of absence, Psalms 34:7,

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

Then he spoke briefly and tenderly of giving God first place, stressing the fact that if the girls would seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness He would take care of them. After invoking heaven's blessing on the departing daughters and for the party soon to leave, asking protection for the mules, and laying his heart burden for the work in general upon the Lord, they arose from their knees and made ready to leave for Guatemala City.

Bidding Mother and the younger children a tender "good-by," they mounted and were off. The trip was uneventful, though long and wearisome. After the first day of fairly level going the road became mountainous. Long climbs under a tropical sun, on panting, sweating, struggling animals, to reach the crest through a narrow mountain pass, with indescribable panorama extending itself below them; then the tedious descent as the mules, a step at a time, hesitatingly picked their way toward the valley below!

Their first night was spent comfortably in the mission at Tactic, the second in the station in Salama with the Ingrams. But from there onward they spent the nights wherever a place to lay their blankets was afforded. On the fifth day they rode into view of the capital city, extending itself the length of a beautiful valley surrounded by rugged mountains and dominated by majestic volcanoes.

That evening they found lodging with missionaries of the Presbyterian mission, and Richard prepared for the arduous task of completing travel arrangements in as brief time as possible.

From Guatemala City the girls took the train for Port Barrios, where they found passage in a United Fruit boat for New Orleans. With eyes bright with anticipation

and eager hearts, they made their way toward the fulfillment of their desires for a college education.

The years which the General Board had graciously allowed the girls to remain with their parents on the field since 1919 had been wonderfully worth while in preparing them for this step. Nevertheless it was with some concern that Father and Mother awaited word of their arrival at Olivet Nazarene College and of their establishment and progress in that institution. Never a week passed that a letter bearing home news and parental counsel did not go to the girls in school.

The scene of leave-taking was repeated a year later when fifteen-year-old Charles went to finish his high school and to live with Richard's sister, Mrs. George Bailey, in Clinton, South Carolina.

Charles went with the high purpose of preparing himself as a medical missionary. Some years previously he had witnessed the dire need for adequate medical work, when a native woman employed in the school had been thrown from her horse, suffered a compound fracture, and days later died from lockjaw. Again he had seen his friend, an American boy, suffer a broken arm and had watched a drunken doctor try to set it several times without the use of anesthetic. There he had determined that, no matter what the sacrifice, he would become a surgeon and return to minister to the needs of suffering people whom he loved and appreciated.

In 1929, when at home on furlough, the family was again divided when Elizabeth and Catherine remained at Trevecca Nazarene College in Nashville, while the Andersons returned to their work on the field.

It seemed that, hard as leave-taking of homeland and loved ones had been when they went out to the field for the first time, these separations were infinitely harder to bear. Even so, as they had heard God's voice and followed hard upon doing the will of the Lord, now

they recognized that this too was a part of His plan; and, leaning hard upon Him, they gave themselves with increased devotion to their missionary task.

Only Edward remained with them. The years passed quickly, and in June of 1935, only a few months after Margaret returned to Guatemala to engage in missionary work, Edward Richard also left home to pursue further studies in Eastern Nazarene College.

"THIS ONE THING I DO"

Richard Anderson considered preaching the Word his chief calling. While he was obliged to give attention to many and varied activities, some of which he would have preferred to leave in the hands of others, he was happiest when preaching and gave to it his best in study, preparation, and delivery. The early morning hours usually found him at study or devotions before breakfast, and many times when his daily interruptions were many he would awaken at two or three o'clock in the morning, get up, and give those uninterrupted hours to study.

He was loath to go unprepared into the pulpit and, although he was undoubtedly in command of the best Spanish, he was constantly on the stretch for correctness of grammar and diction. His love and reverence for the Word of God and his love for souls brought him to the pulpit with a seriousness of purpose and burden which invariably gave weight to his message. At the same time an innate sense of humor was so constantly present that, like seasoning to food, it gave zest and enjoyment to those who were privileged to hear him preach.

The illustrations which he used were chosen from a seemingly endless store. Many were brought forth from memories of his youthful days among the colored people of his Southland home, others out of a fund of experiences on the mission field. All these he used with a definite

purpose in bringing home his message to his audience.

On an occasion when all the principal Central American mission fields were represented in a great Inter-Mission Conference, he prepared a paper on "Co-operation and Unity." This theme would ordinarily have led toward some sort of united church on the order of World Council of Churches, with consequent neutralizing of salient doctrines and limiting of individual initiative. Such was not Richard Anderson's idea. After defining "co-operation," he indicated the principal task of the Church in which all have a part, that of evangelizing the entire world under the leadership of the Holy Spirit. "The first co-operation," he said, "ought to be with the Holy Ghost. He is Teacher and we are pupils." Then he pictured a scene familiar to all, a burro being guided by his rider down a mountainous trail. Said he, "The feet of the rider ought to be in the stirrups while the feet of the burro should be on the ground. The minute the burro wants to be the rider is when trouble begins. When the pupils usurp the place of the teacher, it is time to close the school."

On the same occasion, when treating of union, he said: "Organic union is accomplished when the larger body consumes the smaller. The big fish swallows the little one. This kind of union is not desirable among Christians of this era. It is pleasant to see animals eating together, but it is ugly to see them eating one another." Such common illustrations had an appeal that caught the ear of all present and served in a measure to slow down a tendency toward participation in a movement that might have been detrimental to the work in Central America. Yet his paper was written with such apparent good humor that none could take offense.

As the number of missionaries on the field increased, the responsibilities of the work were shared more and more as work was assigned to each one. But there were

two tasks which fell to Richard throughout his missionary career. These were editing and directing the publication work and serving as mission treasurer. This burden he did not lay aside, except on furlough years, until he died.

As Editor of "El Cristiano"

The ministry of the printed page had engaged his attention with an unshakable appeal. To preach continuously a message that kept on repeating itself and which, although contradicted, just kept on preaching appealed to him. Even while on furlough in 1919 and in 1929 he kept the printing office staff supplied with the monthly editorial.

The printing was one of his principal interests, and he took pride in regularity of publication and correctness of information. He was careful, too, that all that went into the publication should be unbiased, fair, and true to fact. There was nothing so offensive to him as pretense and hypocrisy. He could not stomach half truths and insincerity. Sometimes the frankness with which he stated his case offended certain people even as it was appreciated by others.

El Cristiano was "his baby," his pride and joy, and as such was responsible for numerous headaches from time to time.

One of these brief tribulations resulted from an item which appeared in the paper after he and Rev. Robert Ingram had made an evangelistic trip to the Department of Peten. On that occasion it so happened that the bishop of Alta Verapaz and Peten was also traveling in the northern part of his diocese. The paths of the Most Reverend and the missionaries crossed a number of times. In fact, for a time they followed the Romanist clergyman from place to place. The weather was excessively hot and humid; and, while the missionaries limited their indulgence to lemonade, the Bishop

quenched his thirst in refreshments calculated to contribute to his good feelings, and it was evident.

In a certain isolated village the missionaries arrived to find the populace bitterly complaining that the Bishop, notorious for his grasping avarice, had entered the church and had taken with him a number of silver pledges and gold necklaces from off the "miraculous" image of that particular church. These pledges, or *"prendas"* as they were called, were small representations made of molded silver of things which they had desired the image to grant them, especially prayers for healing. If a man had a foot injury he would have a silversmith make him a foot, which he would hang upon the image. If someone was ailing at the stomach, he would have a torso made. If a heart or head was aching, the pledge would be in the form of the organ or the part for which healing was desired. In an area where medical attention was practically impossible to obtain, this image had gained quite a reputation for healings and the number of pieces pinned to its clothing or hung around its neck was considerable. As the value of these things increased precautions were taken: the church was kept locked and it was kept in good repair, to keep some unscrupulous individual from plundering the image. The sight of so much silver and gold was more of a temptation than the Bishop, already a bit irresponsible, could stand. He appropriated the pledges and took them with him. The populace was impatient and angry at the Bishop, whom they felt had exceeded his rights.

Upon his return, Richard inserted a brief notice in the forthcoming number of *El Cristiano* in which he observed that the people of this Peten village had expressed their disapproval of the Bishop's having removed the pledges from their church. Now the fat was in the fire, for the stir caused in Peten over the Bishop's action was not to be compared with the wrath of the Catholic population of Coban, who all came to the defense of their

bishop. Some took it upon themselves to circulate a leaflet demanding that the heretic Anderson apologize and retract what had been said. Another group circulated a list of signatures declaring their stand with their prelate against the Protestants.

Immediately there was great demand for the particular number of *El Cristiano* that had carried the notice. It was customary to print nearly a thousand extra copies for distribution as tracts, and these were quickly exhausted. The injured bishop communicated with Richard through a mutual friend, desiring that he print an explanation maintaining that he had taken the pledges to sell and his purpose was to improve the church, which was in a bad state of repair. This the editor agreed to do.

The explanation was printed the next issue, but this only served to place his Reverence in a worse light. Certainly it caused some people to hate the evangelicals more, but it also highlighted a weakness in the Catholic religion and did not lessen one bit the respect of many for the editor of *El Cristiano.*

Serving as Mission Treasurer

As treasurer of the mission Richard was faced with many duties. In the beginning of the work it was rather a simple matter to receive the money sent for their support and make it go as far as possible. Whether large or small, a strict account was always given to those in the homeland.

Keeping accounts, however, was but one of many duties, which took much time from actual evangelistic and religious work. Guatemalans have their own ideas of efficiency, of expediency and procedure. Matters of business which in an American office might be handled by a single government official are in Guatemala passed from one to another double-checking official until time is consumed and patience exhausted. Usually it is neces-

sary to make out some sort of petition on stamped paper and await its approval by the proper official in the capital city. If your business involves a decision to be made locally, you are usually requested to return at a later date, and you may have to go back from three to three dozen times before your matter is attended to. One missionary friend of another denomination tells how he planned to build a fence in front of his home and wanted the proper office to indicate the width of the street and the proper location for his fence. After visiting the officer in charge of this matter something like a hundred times, he became discouraged and decided that perhaps it would be less trouble to force the issue and build the fence toward the middle of the street, removing the fence to its proper location when they protested. This he did. But he waited in vain for them to protest, and the fence stayed where he built it.

Thus the mission treasurer found much of his time given to making payments for taxes, making of declarations, representing the mission officially before the local government in matters related to the schools, printing office, and civil and legal matters.

When it became generally known that he was treasurer of the mission, innumerable people, who have the idea that all Americans are wallowing in money, sought him out to obtain loans, which of course they did not get.

But of all the trouble encountered perhaps the one that was most distressing and tedious was the problem of adjusting the fluctuating exchange value of the Guatemalan money to the comparatively stable American currency.

For many years Guatemala made use of "pieces of eight," meaning pieces or pesos of eight reals each. Silver about the size of a silver American dollar from many Latin American countries circulated freely. Guatemala stamped much of it with her own die and it passed for

currency, whatever its origin might have been. Then paper money gradually came into use. As inflation gradually lessened the value of this type of money, the day came when sixty-one Guatemalan pesos were needed in exchange for one American dollar. Checks mailed to the mission treasurer had to be exchanged for local money. Handling sixty to one meant endless counting and handling of this money. To buy a pair of shoes one needed nearly a shoebox full of bills. Excessive handling of so much money soon caused the peso notes to become worn pieces, ragged and torn, and because it was money and the worn pieces were not recalled for cleaning nor replacement, on many occasions the mission treasurer was called upon to spend long, tedious hours patching together filthy paper money which he loathed to handle. Ofttimes it came to his hands having been previously patched with everything from copal Pom, a pungent resin used as incense, to beeswax and chewing gum.

It was necessary, beside all this physical inconvenience, to keep books in Spanish, presenting his books regularly to be officially stamped and taxed, and at the same time to report regularly in English to the church at home. When time came to pay the missionaries they would be asked whether they desired their income for that month in a check, in U.S. currency, or in Guatemalan pesos, and he would then endeavor to prepare their money as they desired. His was a service and labor of love for Christ and the church at home. His idea of responsibility for missionary funds is summed up in the following paragraph.

"This is Christ's money, laboriously collected, contributed with prayer, given in the spirit of Jesus Christ to evangelize the world . . . . sacred funds, every cent of it. It should be spent very conscienciously with a deep sense of responsibility not only to the church but to the divine Bookkeeper who will one day open the books and audit

our accounts. Never allow yourself to fall into the wicked error of growing reckless in expenditure because 'the board pays for it.' The board pays for nothing. It is the church that does it and that with consecrated funds as holy as if entrusted by the wounded hand of the Master himself."

In matters pertaining to his office as treasurer he was careful to act as the servant of the Mission Council, disbursing only such funds as were ordered by the body and in the manner indicated. With all the many tasks that were his he never allowed his book work to get behind, even though it were necessary to arise in the wee hours of the morning in order to work when he would not be interrupted.

REINFORCEMENTS RECEIVED

One of the most evident needs on any foreign missionary field is for medical assistance to the poor and to residents of outlying sections. This was especially true in Guatemala, where throughout the years bitter, hopeless experiences had pointed to the urgent need for doctors and skilled nurses.

Annie Maude Anderson had suffered the experience of sitting beside the bed of a friend in childbirth and watching her die because the doctor was on a drunk and took no interest aside from brief visits in which he was full of assurances that the patient would be all right.

They remembered with sorrow a young man friend of Charles's who had been thrown from his horse. His back was broken and, without relief from his pain, he had been allowed to die like an animal. There was also the time when a young mother employed by the mission had been thrown from her horse, suffering a compound fracture which became gangrenous and resulted in her death,

leaving three orphan children in the care of the missionaries.

Such impressions made it only natural that both parents and children would feel a lively interest in supplying this crying need. Charles, the eldest boy, decided early that he would become a surgeon. He studied as far as possible in Coban, then journeyed alone to the States, where he made his home with an aunt and attended school. By means of sacrifices on the part of both parents and children he was able to finish medical school at Emory University at Atlanta, internship at Bellevue in New York, and service in the U.S. Marine Hospital in New Orleans. But the dream of serving as missionary in Guatemala was rudely interrupted. The Medical Society in Guatemala was drastically opposed to any more foreign doctors and, while there was no law to prohibit their practicing if they secured their registration, the board of examiners made it most unpleasant and impossible for them to gain their desired credentials. Charles was the only child of the Andersons born outside of Guatemala. He was thus excluded from practicing there.

In view of this need the Andersons were very happy when Miss Bessie Branstine, a registered nurse, came out in 1926 and soon established an infirmary. She had come independently but with the approval of the General Board, because of the lack of funds. In May, 1930, she was taken on as a regular missionary and her work became a part of the missionary work of the Church of the Nazarene. She was a zealous, consecrated missionary and did splendid work, which the local doctors recognized highly. They brought many cases for operations to her, where they could be assured of good nursing care. Miss Bessie took an active part in the work of the mission in the Bible school and other activities.

In 1932 she returned to the States for furlough. She later resigned her relation as missionary and afterward

returned independently to the country and married Rev. Frederico Guillermo. He is an outstanding pastor and evangelist on the Guatemalan District.

In the interval, the infirmary had been kept open by employing national nurses, and it was this establishment that Margaret took over upon her arrival in Coban.

Meanwhile Margaret, their second daughter, after finishing college at Olivet, had studied nursing. She received her diploma from the School of Nursing of the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, where she served as supervisor for a time, transferring later to Nashville, Tennessee, as supervisor in pediatrics at the Vanderbilt University. During this time her two sisters Elizabeth and Catherine were attending Trevecca Nazarene College. Meanwhile she was helping Charles through his medical studies and gaining valuable experience which she was to find useful in the years to come. In all these years away from home in Guatemala she had not forgotten the needs there for nurses, nor was she allowed to forget. The need was too great. Throughout the years since she and her sister Agnes had arrived in Olivet Nazarene College almost ten years before, she had had a vital interest in foreign missionary work, visiting churches, speaking to societies, and promoting missionary interest. While in college she took part in a great missionary pageant. Taking part with her was a young preacher who at that time had not yet received a missionary call. But a friendship, begun in those school days, continued throughout the years; and when that young man did hear the Lord's call to lands beyond they were not long in seeing that God had plans for them which they might well work out together. Application made to the missionary board was favorably considered, and plans were made to sail for Guatemala as soon as permission could be obtained to reside in that country. On June 15, 1933, Rev. H. H. Wise pronounced the words that made them one.

She had resigned her position in the hospital and, with her husband Rev. Russell Birchard, went to his pastorate in Illinois. A few weeks later they transferred to the Pittsburgh District and a pastorate in a newly organized church.

Meanwhile efforts were being made to obtain permission to reside in Guatemala. This was a difficult matter. The missions had been placed on a quota basis, allowing only a certain number of missionaries to enter the country. The quota was filled and there was no desire to supplant experienced missionaries with new and inexperienced ones.

Richard Anderson made every possible effort to gain permission for Margaret and Russell to enter. Finally friends in Coban circulated a petition which returned with many signatures requesting that Margaret be allowed to reside in Coban to help the people in a medical way. This petition was granted and thus, outside of and above the quota, they were granted admission to the country.

On September 23, 1934, Richard Anderson again found himself in Port Barrios, this time to welcome his daughter Margaret to the field as a missionary. It was a dream come true and brought great joy to the hearts of both. After a few days at the Port, they went by rail to El Rancho, where Richard had left the car, arriving about two o'clock in the afternoon.

While the men folks went to get the car from the shed behind the hotel and purchase some gasoline, they left Margaret to look after six-months-old Mary Margaret, who lay kicking and smiling in her basket on top of the pile of baggage on the station platform. Unlike most Guatemalan babies, who usually are born with heavy black hair, the baby was so light-complexioned that what little hair she had seemed invisible and immediately she became an object of curiosity to everyone, old and young. Children ran to their near-by homes and brought little

brothers and sisters to see the white baby. At one time there were forty-two people staring at her, and many wanted just to touch her white skin and see if she were not a doll.

That night was spent with the Ingrams in Salama, where many of the believers came to welcome the new missionaries. The baby was again a curiosity. Many remarked, "Poor baby, she doesn't have any hair."

After breakfast the party continued on to Coban, stopping at several stations to greet workers and believers, many of whom were new to Margaret. Soon they were entering by auto the city from which years before they had left on muleback, and in but a moment or two she was greeting her mother and found herself back in the home where she was born.

It had been Mrs. Anderson's idea that, since they had seen their daughter only one time for five weeks during eleven years, they would fix a room in their home where the "children" could stay, so as to get acquainted with the new son-in-law and especially with the new grandbaby. But, alas! there were patients to be seen even before the first meal was finished. So after a day or two, the Birchards began settling in a couple of the rooms of the dispensary and Margaret commenced her work.

For seventeen years there had not been a baby in the mission. So to all the missionaries as well as to her grandparents little Mary Margaret was a center of interest. Her grandfather wrote as follows:

"The coming of Margaret and Russell has brought new joys to us as a mission and especially to the Anderson family. The grandbaby gives life new sunshine. She is a dear little thing and is the center of attraction wherever she goes. The contrast between her and the native babies is very marked. She is so fair and clean and the others are not. The baby and the newly painted Ford attract many fingers."

Mrs. Catherine Anderson Burchfield, a missionary in Peru, sends us the following regarding her memories of her father:

"My personal experience was that I hardly knew Papa, or else had forgotten much about him during the years we were in the homeland in school. But when we had the privilege of visiting my parents on our way to the mission field, we were able to spend some very happy times together, and his advice and counsel have meant much to me down through the years.

"Papa was usually busy about mission business and had little time for home life, but there were happy times we spent together as a family and heard him tell about the things he did when a child. He would also tell us interesting stories or experiences he had had on his recent trips of visitation. He seldom took interest in affairs in the kitchen, for he considered Mamma competent for that job. But one time Mamma went to Lanquin two days' journey on horseback to help out in the Christmas services, and Papa stayed home with Edward, Elizabeth, and me. We had not native help at that time, and the burden of cooking and keeping house was ours. Elizabeth, being the eldest, felt her responsibility and importance and was going to do the cooking while Edward and I did the rest of the work. But for some reason or other she could not get the fire started. She worked hard at the job but to no avail. Finally we had to call Papa and he, being an expert, soon had the fire going and helped get things in order for the meal. He did practically all the cooking, but made us feel that we were doing it too.

"We were never given lavish gifts by our parents at Christmas time nor for our birthdays. They gave us practical things and gifts that had meaning for us. I remember the last Christmas we had at home before going to the States to school. Papa, with his faithful Indian

helper Salvador, had made a lovely leather suitcase for us. In my suitcase he put this note, 'I hope this suitcase will be of service to you for many years as you journey here on earth, and may the Christ who was born on that first Christmas morn be your Guide to that City where this suitcase will not be needed.' That suitcase meant much to me and is still in use.

"When Oscar and I landed at Port Barrios, Guatemala, en route to Peru, Papa was not well and could not be at the port to meet us. He and Mamma waited for us in Salama. He had had an attack of kidney stones from which he suffered much. When we arrived we found him much improved and he drove us to Coban. He was very jovial and spent much of the time visiting with us, showing Oscar his workshop, some of the various phases of the work, and taking us out to some of the outstations to give my husband a taste of missionary activity.

"The month we spent together has meant much to both of us down through the years, for that was the last time we were with him . . . . He told us about the work and gave us advice, when we solicited such from him, regarding the work we were entering. Being a veteran at the job, he could tell us things that proved invaluable to us in later years. One of the evening pastimes was listening to the radio and eating oranges. He liked them very much. Because they were very inexpensive, we did not feel conscience-stricken if we ate as many as a half dozen or more at one sitting.

"Papa was a man of much prayer and this, I believe, was the secret of his success in missionary work. There is no harder field to work in the propagation of the gospel than the fields that have been saturated with Catholicism. The progress in these fields is slow, but he had patience and trusted the Lord to give victory over the hardest circumstances met on the field.

"He was strict, both with the family and with the church. But these characteristics are the ones that have made him oustanding in my esteem. As a child I would have liked to do things my own way; but since I have grown up, I have been able to understand the reasons for his insistence that we do things the right way.

"Papa's letters were always full of good advice for us. While we were in school and the battle seemed hard, and when as young people we were tempted to give up and not finish because of adverse circumstances, he wrote: 'Trust in the Lord for help. We are so far away from you that we cannot counsel you on your problems, but remember that God has a plan for each of your lives and He will direct you in that plan if you are willing to take the hard things along with the easy ones and let Him guide you. He will see you through victoriously.'

"On one occasion when things were going hard and we were ready to give up our work he wrote:

" 'If God, and not man, has placed you in the work you are in, you must stay on. But if man has placed you there, circumstances will work things out for you. The wheat remains but the chaff is taken away with the wind. Pray much and be sure you are doing what God would have you do.' Needless to say, we did pray much and waited upon the Lord, and He worked everything out for us in His own plan."

It was Richard Anderson's custom to write his children a general letter each week. A copy went to each one, and to reach them it was at times necessary for the letters to go to far countries. Edward's ship was touching ports in the seven seas. Charles was in England serving as consultant in a number of military hospitals. Catherine and her husband were in Peru, while Agnes and Elizabeth were in the U.S.A. Because his letters reveal him better than a description, we are inserting one of them.

COBAN, November 5, 1943

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

After mission council met we got a few matters lined up about the place and on Thursday, with the Stanfields, went to La Tinta. The road was fine and we had a beautiful day for the trip, but it began raining in the evening and rained all that night, but not very hard, and we thought nothing special about it, but as we were coming back on Friday, the river was very muddy and rising fast so we hurried up to reach Tactic for dinner. But we found the road blocked with water and poles and stones. We sat an hour waiting for the river to go down but it did not, and finally a truck came down the way and they got the poles and stones out of the way so we could cross the river and come on to Tactic.

We had planned to be there for the Friday night meeting, but after eating dinner we decided that we had better come on into Coban. At three o'clock we started out, but found the road some three miles out of Tactic three feet under water and had to return to Tactic. It rained all that night and two or three days, and the river rose to unheard-of heights and washed out the road and brought down landslides, and we were in a fix.

We were very thankful to be where we had beds and could get food. There were about 300 slides between Tactic and Coban. After 8 days Bro. Stanfield and I started home on foot. We walked about nine miles and met the horses sent from Coban. Mamma and Mrs. Stanfield remained in Tactic. Mamma is there yet. The road may be open in a few days. The Stanfields wanted to go to Salama, so Russell and he took horses and went back to Tactic and I sent word for Mamma to come home on the horse, sent her riding clothes, etc., but she refused to do it, and they got in the Ford car and went to Salama and brought the Hesses back with them to Tactic.

Russ and Hess came on to Coban on the horses and Mamma and Sister Hess are in Tactic. From another heavy rain the road continues to tumble, so I wonder when Mamma will get here. A big lake formed over the road at Santa Elena this side of Santa Cruz and they are building a road around it. That will take some days yet.

We received letters from Agnes, Charles, Elizabeth, and Catherine, and are surely glad you are all well and getting on nicely. We are all well and things are doing fine considering. We are not suffering for lack of food. A good many houses were washed away in Coban, San Pedro, and other places along the river. Twenty or twenty-five people were drowned at different places. I have not been able to find out just how many. Others were hurt by falling

rocks, slides, etc. Since writing the above, Russell, Brother Hess, Carl, and I walked out two miles on the road to see the latest slide, which is really a cave-off that took three-fourths of the road. They are filling it in and it will take two days more.

We are praying for each of you. Love to all,

PAPA

I MUST WORK WHILE IT IS DAY

After thirty-five years of unstinting labors for the Master, Richard Anderson undertook what was the major building project of his long missionary experience. For a number of years the need had been felt by missionaries and nationals alike for a suitable central building which would be capable of housing the annual district gatherings. For some years before, the camp-meeting services had been held in three separate groups: one for the children, one for the Quecchi Indian services, and the principal service in Spanish in the Coban chapel, where overflow crowds were received on the corridor of the adjoining missionary home. The need had been recognized and repeated request had been made to the General Board for assistance to build. In 1939 the general secretary for foreign missions requested an estimate of the amount necessary to build such a center. This estimate was soon forthcoming in the amount of $5,000. It was finally agreed that if the field would make up the amount of $1,500, the home base would provide the remaining $3,500.

In the spring of 1941, Dr. C. Warren Jones visited the field and looked over the possible sites and it was agreed to build the church at the back lot of the boys' school, in order to make use of these facilities for the camp meeting. Next in order were the plans for the building. The missionaries were asked to submit suggestions and, after much discussion and planning, it was agreed that the church should have the form of an "L" about eighty by fifty feet with a section twenty-five by twenty-five feet cut out of the corner toward the street.

With war making demands upon materials, it was decided that it would be advisable to purchase at once the sheet-iron roofing and nails for the building. This was done immediately by advancing money from funds on hand. Almost at once the price of zinc roofing advanced ten cents a foot in price, and within a short while it was not available at any price. Nails were also purchased before they advanced in price.

Having stone available on the mission property at Caracol pasture, it was decided to build with limestone and lime mortar. Steps were taken at once to contract the lumber necessary from two different sources. Materials were gathered and preparations for laying out the ground plan arranged for.

On the twelfth of July, 1941, a fitting ground-breaking ceremony was held under the presidency of Rev. Robert C. Ingram, district superintendent. It was a time of praising God, and several who had been present in the inauguration of the old Coban chapel twenty-five years before were present. After a suitable passage of scripture had been read, prayer was offered for the success of the project and for the protection of the workmen. It was hoped that the building might be roofed in time for the annual camp meeting in March, 1942.

The difficulties involved in such an undertaking can be appreciated only by one who has known some of the problems of procurement met on a project demanding large amounts of material. A thousand hundredweight sacks of lime had to be obtained, not by a telephone order to be delivered by freight car or truck, but a thousand deliveries by Indians carrying a sack on their backs. Each sack had to be weighed, or the purchaser took a chance on being short.

A thousand and five hundred cartloads of stone had to be pried and broken from a mountainside, loaded into oxcarts, brought to the building site, and unloaded. Eight hundred cartloads of sand had to be ordered from various

individuals, received, an account kept, and then paid for. Seven thousand and five hundred burnt brick, three thousand and six hundred planks and boards, all had to be purchased locally and controlled. Three thousand and five hundred feet of sheet-iron roofing, three hundred and fifty pounds of nails, eighty gallons of wood preservative, and three hundred and thirty-six panes of glass had to be purchased in the capital or locally.

All this beside many other items had to be paid for and a strict accounting kept. Richard transferred a young man from the printing office to attend to receiving these materials and keeping account of them.

Construction problems, such as depth of foundation, thickness of walls, use of bastions, supporting of roof, all had to be worked out in long hours of study and calculations. There was no architect's blueprint nor specifications. Ofttimes unforeseen problems presented themselves and demanded a solution before work could proceed next day. At such times the light in Richard's office would burn late and long before day next morning. With prayer and persistence a solution was usually forthcoming.

On choosing the site for building it was thought that a good foundation might be taken for granted. When excavation was begun, however, it was found necessary to go down nine or ten feet before solid soil was found, and in some cases it was necessary to start the foundation at a depth of twelve feet. Bastions to support the wall were planned and laid in the foundation. The wall was thirty-two inches in thickness at the base, tapering to twenty-four. The greatly increased depth of the foundation made it necessary to provide more materials and labor, all of which threw the original calculations out of balance and increased the total cost.

The building scene was an inspiring sight with oxcarts arriving and unloading, men digging the foundations,

others receiving heavy stones, lifting them by means of a tripod and chain hoist and lowering them carefully into place. Other men were busily engaged in carrying mortar from the boxes where it was mixed and allowed to stand until ripe.

Here and there as though in perpetual motion could be seen the tall figure clad in overalls, checking dimensions, settling an argument between masons, encouraging by his presence a little more activity at some point, and always on the lookout to avoid some careless act by some unthinking workman that might result in injury to his men.

As the walls rose higher it became more and more difficult to place the heavy quarter-ton stones in position. Richard finally invented a type of derrick by which it was possible to lift the heavy stones with ease and safety. When time came to raise the rafters, this derrick was extended so as to lift into place the long heavy units, thus saving hundreds of man hours, yet doing the work with a degree of safety that prevented any serious accident.

From the very beginning it was hoped that means might be found by which the roof could be supported without posts in the auditorium. After considerable study and taking of measurements, heavy timbers were procured and built into a single rafter with a seventy-foot span. This required a week, during which time it rained and drizzled constantly, soaking the timbers and making the enclosure within the walls slippery with mud. The weather did not improve much on the day when it was necessary to raise the rafter into place. With much prayer and looking to God for help and protection, apparatus was adjusted for raising the giant rafter, which weighed approximately two tons and which would have crushed anyone on whom it fell. Numbers of long guy ropes were adjusted and firmly tied. Some forty men were on the

job that day. By noon all was in readiness. Midafternoon saw the huge rafter, with its iron truss rod in place, rising slowly, inch by inch, as Richard ordered the men pulling on the blocks and tackles to haul away. It was a tension-filled moment when a rope suddenly snapped; but the others held, and Richard Anderson's instinct always to play safe once more paid off. Finally the rafter hung above the points on the walls which it was to span. Gently it was lowered and swung into place. The fervent "Praise God!" was echoed by the workmen's *"Gracias a Dios,"* as the giant rafter was secured by others of smaller size.

From this point onward the matter of roofing the building went forward smoothly. When March of 1942 arrived it was possible to hold the camp meeting in the new church building, although much work was still lacking to finish the project. Fourteen windows had to be built and fitted into the outside walls. Seven outside doors also had to be made.

The entire building had to be ceiled, a division built to set off the smaller auditorium from the larger for meetings of the church auxiliary societies, and the walls finished inside and out. With all this and more, when the next camp-meeting time arrived and with it General Superintendent and Mrs. J. B. Chapman, the building was ready for dedication. On February 28, 1943, with fitting ceremony and in the presence of a full house, Dr. Chapman in a masterful address dedicated the new church to the worship of God.

As a feature of the dedicatory program, the people of the local church in Coban had prepared a marble tablet on which was inscribed their expression of gratitude for Richard Anderson's sacrificial labors in providing a suitable church house. It was accompanied by a printed, framed testimonial of appreciation.

To the recipient, for whom any public manifestation in his favor was an embarrassment, all this was hard to take. The stone tablet bearing his name was to him a

premonition of something that he did not like to mention and, although it was set in the wall at the rear of the church, there were some who wished that the idea had not been carried out in that way.

The platform was banked and the front windows were adorned with flowers of every description as friends from the city sent congratulations and floral offerings for the occasion.

Due to the fact that the construction plans had needed revision and because of increased building costs, the original estimate of cost on the building was increased something over a thousand dollars. This was provided through the General Board. Because Richard had practiced every possible economy, had superintended, contracted, and worked with his own hands, it was possible to provide at a minimum of expense an unusually permanent church building capable of seating an estimated twelve hundred people. God had blessed the efforts of the church and builder, and answered prayer, and a monument of His faithfulness stood forth in masonry and stone.

With his attention given to purchasing materials, supervising construction, and paying the men, Richard had still other matters demanding his attention. He directed the printing, looked after matters pertaining to the spiritual work on his section of the field and, with his wife, continued to a certain extent the week-end evangelistic and visitation work to which they were accustomed.

He had an apparently unlimited capacity for work and a zeal that would not let him slacken, but there was a limit to his strength.

The constant attention to this building program added to other duties made a heavy drain on Richard's physical reserves. While imperceptible to those who did not know, his physical strength was breaking down. After his suffering for some weeks with a condition that did not re-

spond to such treatment as he was able to obtain in Guatemala, it was recommended that he take a leave of absence and place himself under the care of specialists in the States. Doctor Charles Anderson was now a captain in the Medical Corps of the United States armed forces. The leave of absence was kindly granted by the General Board, and once again Richard and Annie Maude went home seeking better health. Through the kindness of officers and friends of Charles, a thorough examination was made of Richard's trouble and treatment begun. The rest and change doubtless had most to do with his recovery at this time, and after three short months he returned to his work in Coban.

THE NIGHT COMETH

The war years, from Pearl Harbor on, were a time of great concern to the Andersons as they were to all the missionaries. Charles, the eldest son, was now a major in the armed services. Edward, their baby boy, was an engineer on a United Fruit Company ship. When the facilities of the shipping companies were placed at the disposition of the armed services, Edward roamed the seven seas and only occasionally was word received from him. Censorship limited the information they were able to obtain.

Prayers for their boys, for Catherine, who was now Mrs. Oscar Burchfield, a missionary in Peru, and for the other children rose like incense around the family altar. When evening came, after full days of labor, an effort was usually made to get the news on the radio, and there was a brief opportunity to visit with Margaret and Russell and their children, who often came to spend a few minutes with them.

Separation from their children had seemed a sacrifice. Not to be able to enjoy all of their grandchildren caused them a bit of sadness, but they seemed especially to enjoy

Margaret's babies when times of getting together were possible.

The war situation was beginning to reverse and hopes of victory were beginning to swell. Charles, now a lieutenant colonel, had been sent to England as consultant in radio therapy and X ray, in which he had specialized. Word came from Edward of how God had delivered him when his ship was torpedoed, and his alternate in the engine room had been killed just five minutes after he had been relieved from duty. This deliverance was a special reason for thanksgiving, for Edward was the one member of the family who was not saved. How their hearts went out in prayer for him!

This period on the field was a time of construction. Rev. Ingram in Rabinal was building a new church. Richard and Russell went to Tactic to lay out the ground plan and start excavation for a new church building in that place. At Tamahua a church was under construction, along with many other churches on the district.

After the church at Coban was completed, it was thought well to provide a building with Sunday-school classrooms which at the time of district gatherings could serve as a dining room. This building was located directly behind the new church and completed an arrangement by which the people from the district could find lodging, a place to eat, and a place to worship all on the same grounds.

Plans for this building were laid about mid-December, 1944. Men were put to work preparing lumber and other materials. Shortly before Christmas Richard and Maude with a friend of many years, Miss Rosita Dieseldorf, went to La Tinta to hold the Polochic Zone camp meeting. En route they passed through Tactic, where Richard bought an oxcart to facilitate transportation of building materials, but which needed some repairs before it could be used. In La Tinta they rested what time they could

between services and Mr. Anderson was glad to get away from the heavy load of responsibilities he had carried for several years. Early one morning as he was getting up he tripped over the hammock and fell backwards, painfully injuring his back. He continued to suffer considerable discomfort but drove back to Tactic, where they stopped to put the oxcart in working order. All day he worked trying to get an iron tire fitted to one of the wheels. With few tools and no blacksmith shop or forge, he found it difficult and still he worked on until darkness overtook him, forcing him to work by candlelight. Next morning he was up at four o'clock hammering away at the tire because he had so much awaiting his attention at Coban when he returned. So the days passed, but the pain in his back did not give him any rest. Driving the car became torture. He attended the district assembly, held that year in Salama, and suffered intensely as he tried to attend and give his best to the assembly.

He sought medical help locally and was told that he was doubtless suffering from rheumatism. Treatments for rheumatism did not relieve his sufferings. Those who were most intimate with him began to realize that this was no trivial pain that was sapping his strength. Still he felt that he could not get away from the building work and his other duties. Rev. Ingram had made a trip to Nicaragua and was there making an exploratory study of that area. Russell had been named to give his time to evangelism and found himself in the distant Department of Peten.

Margaret and Anita, the Birchards' second girl, had been in Guatemala for operations. Before leaving the hospital, concern about her father's condition had impelled Margaret to arrange that Doctor Ainslie, long-time friend of the Andersons, who was stationed in a naval hospital in Nicaragua and coming home for furlough, should see her father. She returned to Coban on Friday and arranged for him to take the plane the following Monday.

The Coban church was without a pastor and the platform committee had asked Richard to take the two services on Sunday. Taking his text from Paul's last letter to Timothy, he talked about heaven until the congregation was moved to tears. It was a service long to be remembered. He made no special reference to his own suffering and pain and might not have been conscious of how near he was to the end of his race. No one dreamed that those were his last messages to a church he had served so many years.

A Most Difficult Decision Is Made

As he stood before the penetrating eye of the X ray, it was found that everything seemed to be normal, until a side view revealed that one vertebra in his spinal column was gone. Crushed, dissolved, or destroyed—no one could say which; but it was gone. His excruciating pain was caused by a binding and pinching of the spinal cord.

What had seemed to be but a painful injury, for which relief should be forthcoming, was discovered to be a damage from which little hope of recovery could be promised. Doctor Ainslie immediately informed Margaret of her father's condition, indicating that he should by all means go for treatment to specialists in the States. The trouble was apparently a gradual destruction of the vertebra which might yield to treatment and prolong his life for a matter of six months or a year. So Richard Anderson returned to Coban to decide what should be done. What a difficult choice was left for him to make!

He had great faith in prayer. Had God not touched him many times before? Would He not spare him to continue the heavy tasks he was doing for love of the Kingdom? His need was made known and prayer was requested for his recovery. The Coban church set aside a special service to pray especially for his healing.

An immediate decision needed to be made as to whether an effort should be made to put him in a plaster

cast and take him to the United States for treatment. It was that, or recognize in his condition the inevitable hand of an all-knowing Providence and let him remain among the people whom he had loved and served so long. How valuable a few words with Doctor Charles would have been in those hours of uncertainty, but he was in faraway England under orders and could not counsel them except for his letters, which came in due time!

Finally Nurse Margaret and her father and mother talked the matter over together. Although he did not know that cancer was eating away his spinal column, he preferred to remain among the people he loved in Guatemala. And so it was decided. Whether some other choice might have brought a different ending is problematical. The die was cast, and before more than a few days had passed all hopes of moving him had faded.

As realization of Richard Anderson's critical illness came to his wife and daughter and the missionaries in Coban, it was considered necessary to get word to District Superintendent Ingram, somewhere in Nicaragua on a survey trip with Rev. Harold Stanfield. Margaret sent numerous telegrams advising of the seriousness of her father's illness, but it was not until two weeks later that a message reached him.

Russell had been assured a few days previously that he might continue his evangelistic trip, when for a few brief days Richard seemed to be better. Now it was necessary to wireless him a message that the missionaries requested his immediate return because of his father-in-law's grave illness. In a far-off corner of Peten, planning a trip to the primitive Lacandon Indians, Russell received the telegram at the same time that word reached him of the sudden death of the President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He immediately closed the revival meeting he was holding, and next morning at daylight crossed the Passion River in a dug-

out canoe, and struck out across the jungle trail for the nearest airplane landing field. He found a truck providentially provided at Subin River and that afternoon reached the air strip at La Livertad, where again the Lord had provided in a marvelous way a plane, just ready to take off with a load of chicle. After a sack of chicle had been removed, the missionary was soon loaded in its place and flying toward Guatemala City. Arrived in the capital, sweat-begrimed, smudged from smoke of a jungle forest fire, he was met by a long-time friend of the Andersons, Mrs. Hempstead, who offered him her passage on the plane next morning.

While others realized the seriousness of his condition, it seemed that Richard had hopes of soon recovering and continuing his work. He continued to interest himself in the building, and almost every day the mason in charge and carpenters would come to report progress and to receive further instructions. Not only did he give directions as to the plans for the building, but to those who were unsaved he spoke of their spiritual need and exhorted them to get right with God. Numbers of visitors both saved and unsaved came to see him, and he missed no chance to urge the unsaved to repentance and the believers to greater activity in the service of the Lord.

As his strength was sapped more and more by his illness and pain, he became more concerned about the work, so that day and night it was his constant burden. To workers who came from a distance to visit him he appealed that they should put forth greater efforts toward the evangelization of the unconverted and the extension of the Kingdom.

During the long nights, when drugs no longer could give him relief from pain, he would be heard going from place to place on the district in his prayers for the workers. As the days wore on into weeks, he failed rapidly and his voice was no longer strong. But one day his

friend the lawyer came by to visit him and to finish a matter of business that had been pending. After a few words of greeting the family was amazed to hear again the clear, strong voice of the evangelist as he exhorted his lawyer in no uncertain terms to a life of righteousness in God. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene, and about the last show of strength manifested.

Through the long nights there was one who was ever at his side. The wife of his youth, companion in labors, mother of his six children, and loyal, faithful, devoted helpmeet, was tireless in her efforts to relieve his suffering and give him every attention. Three nurses alternated in attending him, but his wife stayed by his side. All that medical science afforded was utilized to alleviate his pain. Margaret was assisted by Miss Rosita Dieseldorff, who as a young woman had believed through their ministry and had prepared herself by study in the States to serve the needy as a nurse. Senorita Leonor Ventura, a national graduate nurse, also stood faithfully by.

One afternoon, when it seemed that the end could not be far away, Margaret sought a moment's relief from the strain by going out to their garden spot. When she returned it was just a little after five o'clock—quitting time, the hour when Richard dismissed the men and laid aside his tools. That afternoon, just as the old clock in the tower struck five, Richard Anderson, faithful servant of God, laid down his tools forever and closed his eyes with a sigh, never to open them again in this world. His day had ended; his race was run. A crown was waiting and he was gone. It was May 17, 1945—forty years since his coming to Guatemala.

Across the river and up a sloping hillside to the south of Coban is a silent city, the last resting place of thousands of Indians and Ladinos alike. Innumerable times, from that sad morning when in the early days he had sawed out a pine coffin for the twin baby of J. T.

Butler, to the end of his ministry, Richard had accompanied the earthly remains of believers and friends to their interment. Now high on the hillside overlooking the scene of almost a half century of ardent labors, loving workmen prepared a sepulcher.

Although not usually permitted, special authorization by the governnor was given to hold the memorial service from the newly constructed Central Church. Large wreaths and floral offerings covered the simple wooden casket, placed before the altar. Some five hundred people from all walks of life gathered as if drawn together by a common bond. Catholic and Protestant sat together to pay tribute to one whom they had learned to appreciate as a friend, even though differing in their beliefs.

Rev. Robert C. Ingram, district superintendent, took charge of the service, giving a few fitting words of introduction and reading the ninety-first psalm. The hymn "Nearer, Still Nearer" was sung by the congregation, prayer was offered, and Rev. and Mrs. Harold Hess sang "Good Morning Up There." Two national brethren, long associated with Richard, Rev. Don F. Javier de la Cruz, one of the earliest converts, and Don Isidoro Lopez G., foreman of the Nazarene printshop, paid tribute in simple, heartfelt words to their friend and missionary pastor. A double quartet sang "Glory for Me," and Rev. Ingram gave a brief message. Then the congregation sang what had been Richard's favorite song, "The Lily of the Valley." After a closing prayer, six men lifted the casket to their shoulders, led a solemn procession through the streets of the city and up the long road to the cemetery. From time to time volunteers paired off and took the places of the pallbearers. Saved and unsaved, believers and unbelievers, all sought a brief opportunity to honor the missionary. Many whose fanaticism was notorious, many who had bitterly opposed him in his efforts to turn the city to righteousness, followed his remains, heads covered in mourning black or reverently uncovered.

Thus was closed the earthly labor of one of God's faithful stewards. Of those earnest souls, called unto holiness, bearing reproach, separating themselves unto God, and going out unto the uttermost parts of the earth with only the backing of small groups of holiness missionary prayer bands to lean upon, several were gathering in the heavenly home. Less than a year before, Miss Augie Holland, who had come to teach the young missionaries Butler and Anderson how to print the message of full salvation, had slipped away to be with Jesus. Only three weeks before that, Mrs. Lula Ferguson had given her final missionary testimony and taken her last journey. And now as loved ones had waited for God's death angel to come for Richard, a telegram came announcing the triumphant victory over pain of Mrs. Magdalena Butler. Together they had gone out with tears, bearing precious seed; now they were returning again, bringing their sheaves with them. What they and other valiant souls like them, supported by the Pentecostal Mission, and later by the Church of the Nazarene, have meant to a world lost in sin, only the final accounting will reveal. But in the words of a large proportion of the many telegrams that came to Mrs. Anderson on that sad occasion, it is said:

"Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

These words are engraved on a simple stone memorial that marks the last resting place of Richard Simpson Anderson. There beneath the bluest sky above earth, where perpetual springtime fills the air with fragrance of perennial flowers; there among hundreds who on the glad resurrection morning will arise to call him blessed, he awaits the trumpet note that shall call him forth to hear from his loving Lord,

"Well done, Richard Anderson, good and faithful Servant."

Richard Simpson Anderson