



Wings for the Word

Stories from the lives of Rolan and Arlene Cornelius,
radio missionaries in Africa and the Caribbean

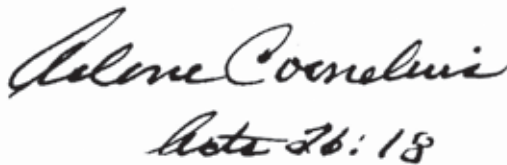
Arlene Cornelius

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*“Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised;
and His greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall praise Thy works to another,
and shall declare Thy mighty acts.
I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy majesty,
and of Thy wondrous works.”*

PSALM 145:3-5



Arlene Cornelius
Acts 26:18

Arlene Cornelius

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*Oh give the winds a mighty voice.
Sing praise to the blessed Name
Of One Who suffered bled and died,
The sinner to reclaim.
Yes, give the winds a mighty voice.
Tell that in Christ there is victory.
He breaks the bonds that claim the soul.
He gives the song of a soul set free.*

William Brusseau

Dedication

This book is dedicated to
my twenty-two grandchildren
and to my twelve plus great-grandchildren.

*“That the generation to come might know them,
even the children which should be born;
who should arise and declare them to their children:
That they might set their hope in God,
and not forget the works of God,
but keep His commandments.”*

PSALM 78:6-7

I pray that each one of them
will trust the Lord as their personal Savior,
will live for the Lord in obedience to His Word,
and will meet me in heaven to live together forever
with our wonderful Lord.

“Granny”

Arlene Cornelius

Reflections

Dad always acclaimed, “Radio is the fastest way to reach the most people in the shortest length of time!” I still marvel at how God worked through many miracles to push His cause forward through my family’s involvement in missionary radio and for the souls that were saved.

All four of us kids were born on African soil while Mom and Dad ministered at the missionary radio station, ELWA, in Liberia, West Africa for 16 years. I was in awe as a young elementary student at how God answered our specific prayer for it not to rain on the newly poured tower base. It was raining where I was at school. It was also raining all around the tower base, but God held back the rain from wetting the tower base itself!

When preparing and gathering supplies for the radio station in Antigua, West Indies, I could hardly believe God’s provision when Dad called a tower man and asked if he knew of a used tower we could purchase for the radio station. The man had just hung up the phone with an order to take down a number of towers and asked Dad, “How many do you want?”

I was out of the home and married when Mom and Dad were led to establish another radio station on the southern Caribbean island of Carriacou, an island off of Grenada. The Communists had set up a powerful radio station on Grenada which Reagan’s troops quickly put out of commission. It was as if God was saying, “This is not the radio station I had planned for these islands. I am sending Rolen and Arlene Cornelius to establish a Christian radio station to proclaim My truth to these islands.”

Read on, my friend, and praise the Lord with us and marvel at God’s hand in all He has done through these *Wings for the Word!*

Rebekah Cornelius Ekberg



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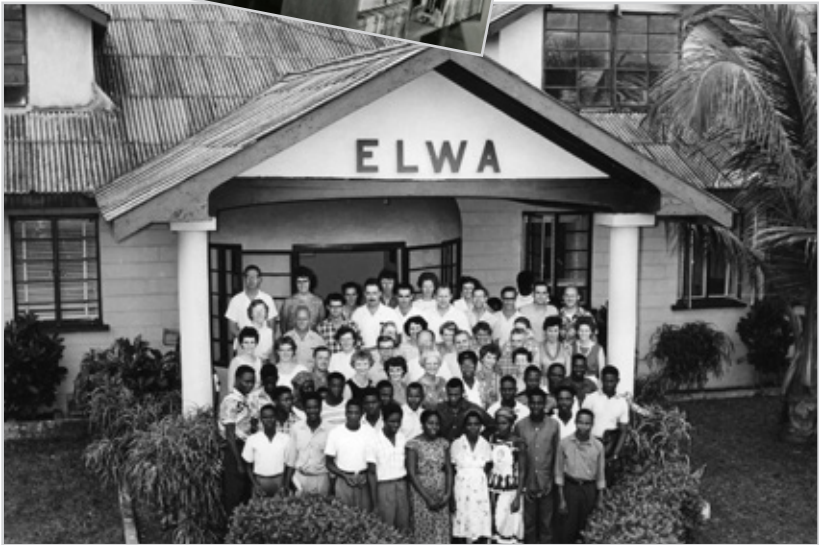
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Part 1 ELWA

LIBERIA, WEST AFRICA



..... Chapter 1

The Little Red Lane

Rolen's Boyhood

Rolen was “born, bred, and buttered” (as he would say) in the heart of the great city of Atlanta, Georgia, on March 12, 1933. He arrived one month prematurely. His mother blamed him for making her miss having perfect attendance in Sunday School that year because he was born on Sunday morning in their little apartment. They lived across the street from the Sears, Roebuck and Company’s big Atlanta warehouse and retail store.

Rolen’s mother delighted in telling stories of his escapades and mischief as a little boy. When he was quite small, he decided to help his mother by rubbing Mentholatum (like Vicks VapoRub) all over the sofa. Another time he sailed his “boats” in the bathtub—the only problem was the “boats” happened to be his father’s Sunday shoes! They had to be baked in the oven to be dried out. When he was a little older, one of his chores was to clean the bathroom, including mopping the floor. He figured out he could save time by putting layers of newspapers on the floor and just removing a layer at a time when it got dirty! Of course, I am sure his mother did not agree with his logic for very long.

When Rolen was about five or six years old, his mother planned a nice birthday party for him and invited his classmates from school. He went along with her to the grocery store to buy refreshments for the party. Included in the refreshments were enough Tootsie Rolls for the whole class. As they were leaving the store, Mother realized she had forgotten something

she needed. She left Rolen outside to watch the bags of groceries while she went back inside. When she returned, she found all of the Tootsie Rolls had disappeared, and he had telltale chocolate all over his face.

“Son, what happened to all of the Tootsie Rolls?” she asked.

“Oh, they all went down the little red lane!” he replied.

More Tootsie Rolls had to be purchased before they went home.

Rolen’s family attended the large Atlanta Baptist Tabernacle in downtown Atlanta. Some of the folks in the church had stories to tell about his escapades there. The church secretary was horrified to find him climbing the outside fire escape stairs several stories above the street. Many years later she said the Lord must have been preparing him to climb radio towers, which he loved to do during our years in missionary radio.

Before either of her children was born, Mother Cornelius was challenged by her Sunday School teacher to begin training her children in the things of the Lord from birth. She began with her daughter, Mary Ann, and continued when Rolen was born a year later. She sang to them about Jesus, prayed with them, and repeated short Bible verses to them from the time they were a few days old. As they grew, she illustrated Bible stories by dramatizing them with teddy bears. Rolen was very small, probably three or four years old, when he realized he did wrong and asked the Lord Jesus to forgive him and come into his heart. Not long afterward his mother overheard him explaining to a little friend how to be saved.

When he was just a boy, Rolen loved to “tinker” and try to fix things. His mother allowed him to take an old alarm clock apart and put it back together. When he was older, he repaired many clocks and watches for people. He was “Mr. Fixit” all throughout his life.

Rolen had a very inventive mind. When he was in high school, during the days when polio was rampant, he put together a miniature iron lung using his erector set and a tin can. He put a doll’s head on it and two small balloons inside the can that represented the lungs. A small motor underneath worked the air inside the can and made the balloons fill and release as

if they were breathing. He made a “window” in the can so people could look inside and see the balloons working. Of course, he had no idea his future wife would suffer with polio six hundred miles away and barely escape having to be put into a real iron lung.

When he was a teenager, he made a large relief map of the area surrounding the Mediterranean Sea depicting Paul’s three missionary journeys. He wired small bulbs at each of the stops he made on his three journeys. The map contained three buttons, one for each of the missionary journeys. If the button was pushed for the first missionary journey, the lights would illuminate in sequence at each of Paul’s stops on his first journey. The second button would activate the second journey, and the third button the third missionary journey.

Both the miniature iron lung and the map of Paul’s missionary journeys were on display for a few years in the science lab at Bob Jones University during Rolen’s university days there. In fact, my biological science teacher demonstrated them to our class when I attended BJU. I did not know who this clever young man was, or that I was destined by the Lord to be his missionary wife someday.

Rolen’s parents prayed for the Lord’s guidance regarding what college or university He wanted their children to attend. They were not interested in sending them to one of the denominational schools, where their faith might be destroyed. One day the music director of their church, Atlanta Baptist Tabernacle, gave his testimony of attending a school which wholly exalted the Lord Jesus Christ. As soon as Rolen’s parents heard that, they asked him what school he attended. When he told them he had gone to Bob Jones University, they said, “That is the school we want our children to attend!”

..... Chapter 2

A Godly Heritage

Rolen's Family

Most of his adult life, Rolen's father, Rolen Lyman Cornelius, Sr., worked with the U.S. Weather Bureau at the Atlanta airport, forecasting the flood stages of rivers. He sometimes walked most of the twenty miles to the airport to work. His father, grandfather, and others in his family were preachers, but he did not follow them in that profession. He was a quiet, reserved Christian and left most of the spiritual training of the children up to his more outgoing wife, though he stood by her in this task. He enjoyed watching baseball games and often took Rolen and his sister, Ann, to games of the Atlanta Crackers. The Crackers were Atlanta's home team until the Atlanta Braves moved from Milwaukee to Atlanta in 1966. The ball field, Ponce de Leon Park, was only a half block away from the Cornelius's apartment. As an adult, Rolen enjoyed watching both baseball and football games on TV when we were on furlough from our mission fields. In fact, he got so excited he would jump up from his chair and shout. When our children and I chuckled at him, he did not believe he did that until we hid a tape recorder behind his chair and recorded his outbursts!

Rolen's mother grew up in a poor home with an alcoholic father. Her family did not attend church, but a Christian neighbor lady took the children to Sunday School and told them Bible stories in her home. As a result, Mother received Christ as her Saviour at an early age. She graduated from Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, "an academic honor society with missions to celebrate

and advocate excellence in the liberal arts and sciences” (Wikipedia). She had a strong desire to be a missionary, but her health did not allow her to be a foreign missionary. She prayed that the Lord would send one of her children to the mission field instead.

Mother began teaching in a public school as soon as her children were old enough to go to school. Since she had a sympathetic principal, she used her years in the public school to teach Bible stories and witness to her students. Some of the students became Christians through her influence and godly life. She taught until the school system required her to retire at age sixty-five. But Mother did not want to quit teaching, so she applied to teach in a Christian school at Colonial Hills Baptist Church outside Atlanta. The school administrator thought she was too old and did not want to hire her until he noticed her Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from her watch band. He suddenly changed his mind and hired her on the spot. She taught fifth grade at Colonial Hills for twelve more years and still was not ready to quit. But the school officials decided at age 79, it was time for her to rest. The school had a banquet in her honor, and many parents praised her for the influence she had on their children. The school staff prepared a big scrap book of remembrances for Mother Cornelius. It included pictures of all the students she had taught and hand-made thank you cards from her students. They told her she was their favorite teacher, and they loved her and would miss her very much.

Rolen’s sister, Ann, was born two months prematurely and was hindered in her early physical development. She did not talk until she started school at age six. As they grew up together, Rolan teased her unmercifully. (He still was a terrible tease even after we were married!) Ann proved her brain was not affected by her premature birth. She earned a Master’s degree with all “A’s” (4.0 GPA) and graduated with honors from Bob Jones University graduate school.

After graduation from BJU, Ann taught for a while in Atlanta public schools. But she was not satisfied; she wanted to serve the Lord more directly. When she heard Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago needed more workers, she showed up at their door offering her services. For forty-nine years, until the Lord took her Home at age 75, she worked in the office and played the piano for the noon-day services for the transients who came for food and shelter.

..... Chapter 3

The Makings of a Missionary

Arlene's Childhood

My parents were working in an orphanage in a small town in central Illinois when I was born in the nearest hospital in Danville, Illinois. I was the first of four girls in our family. Many people thought we were not sisters because we each looked different and had different color hair.

I attended five different grade schools because our family moved often as my father changed jobs. My folks were nominal Christians when I was small, and we attended a liberal church. When I was about five years old, I was concerned about how I could go to Heaven. When I asked my Sunday School teacher about it, she told me to just try to be a good girl, and if my good deeds were more than my bad deeds, God would let me into Heaven. I was not satisfied with that answer. I was worried that I could not be good enough, but no other explanation was given.

When I was seven years old, my family moved to a suburb of Chicago. Our family began attending a very good church in the area, Cicero Bible Church. Dr. William McCarrell was a blessing as he expounded the Word of God in Truth. My parents grew spiritually under his ministry and both received the assurance of their salvation and were baptized.

I loved music and always played around on the piano, so my folks decided to send me to a school of music nearby. It was a wonderful opportunity for me, but I was too young to realize that at the time. I had a friend in church who could play the piano well enough to accompany our children's choir,

and I was anxious to be able to play like that, too. I was impatient when my piano teacher took me through all the basic things a pianist needs to know.

After about two years, even though she gave me some hymns to play along with the secular pieces, she gave up on me because I would not practice the secular pieces and exercises. I just picked out hymns and played them when I practiced. As a result, my parents decided to stop my lessons, and I was not able to take lessons again until I was in high school and could work and pay for them myself.

At age seven or eight, my parents had me baby-sit my younger sisters while they went a few miles away to choir practice at church. While they were gone, I sat down at the piano and lost myself in playing the piano. Meanwhile, my little sisters got into a lot of mischief. When we heard the key turn in the lock, we all ran up the stairs and jumped into our beds! Sometimes there was such a mess in the kitchen my folks knew I had not done my job very well. One time my three-year-old sister had played “cook” and had taken out the cocoa which was strewn all around the kitchen. She was punished by being closed in the dark playroom alone for a while. I felt guilty when I heard her crying because I knew I should have stopped her. Needless to say, my folks decided they needed to hire a real babysitter.

While we were in the Chicago area, I enjoyed singing with the Sunday School Songsters, composed of the children from the primary department of Cicero Bible Church. In order to go to choir practice, I had to take a bus alone to one stop, get a transfer ticket from the bus driver, and use it to ride another bus to the church. On one of these trips, I forgot to ask the bus driver for a transfer ticket. As I waited for the next bus to go home, I realized I had no money and no ticket for that bus. I started to cry. What could an eight-year-old do at a time like that? The Lord Jesus cared about this little girl, and He took care of me. Before the next bus arrived, a lady came to the bus stop. Seeing the tears in my eyes, she asked me what was wrong. When I told her, she said not to worry, and she would pay for my bus fare! What a wonderful lady! And we have a wonderful Lord!

The Sunday School Songsters were invited to sing on the air with the KYB Club on WMBI, the Moody Bible Institute radio station, with Aunt Theresa. (KYB stands for “Know Your Bible.”) I was fascinated with the microphones and cords and procedures of the broadcast; that was my first experience of being on the air. The program was broadcast live, and our families watched from behind a big glass window. A few years before that, I remember wondering where the people were who were talking and singing on the radio. I pulled the big, upright radio away from the wall and looked behind it to find the people! Little did I realize someday the Lord would lead me to work in missionary radio in Africa and the Caribbean!

I was an extremely proud little girl and never wanted anyone to know I did anything wrong. I needed to be convicted of my sins and have the Lord Jesus Christ forgive me and wash my sins away. Our church had a Vacation Bible School when I was eight years old. The teacher in our class needed to leave the classroom for a few minutes and instructed us children to stay in our seats at the table and not talk until she came back. When she left the room, most of the children decided to hide behind the piano to frighten her when she returned. One little boy and I remained at our seats since the teacher had told us to stay there. The other children kept begging us to come with them behind the piano. Finally, I gave in and joined them. But that one little boy stayed in his seat. The teacher returned shortly and was very disappointed in our disobedience. She commended the little boy and said she was going to reward him for obeying her. She opened her purse, took out her change purse, and emptied the coins in front of the boy. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when I saw that! I immediately jumped up and said, “Teacher, teacher! I stayed in my seat most of the time you were gone!”

The teacher replied, “But you did disobey, didn’t you?”

I reluctantly shook my head “yes.” I was caught doing wrong and was convicted of my sin. At the closing program for VBS, the Lord spoke to me about asking His forgiveness for my sins and inviting Him to come into my heart. When the preacher, Brother Paul Levin, gave an invitation that night, I really wanted to go forward to accept Christ, but I was afraid. He walked back and forth on the platform pleading with folks to receive Christ as their

Savior. I timidly raised my hand when he was walking to the other end of the platform so he would not see me. I did this several times until it seemed like a voice behind me said, "Go forward!" I hardly knew when I got up and walked down the aisle of the tent where the meeting was held. Several people were in line at the front waiting to talk to Mr. Levin. When my turn came, he asked me when I was saved. I had come on the wrong invitation, which was for people to make a public profession about being saved before that meeting. When he asked when I was saved, I told him I had never been saved. A kind lady took me by the hand and sat down with me and explained the way of salvation. She put my name in John 3:16 so that I would know God so loved Arlene that He gave His only Son for Arlene, etc. She helped me pray, and I asked the dear Lord Jesus to forgive my sin and come into my heart and thanked Him for doing so.

I was so happy my sins were forgiven! As I walked to school a few days later, the Lord gave me a confirmation of His presence in my life. A large billboard advertising beer was along the street where I walked. It had never meant anything to me before, but that day it seemed like my eyes were opened, and I realized beer was something bad. I knew Jesus had shown that to me! I had a lot more to learn about living for the Lord, but my Christian journey had begun!

A testing time came to our family when I was in fifth grade. We had moved again, and we lived across the street from a cemetery. When my sister and I walked to school, we had to walk through that cemetery, but that did not bother us. However, it seemed difficult for my mother to look out the window and see that cemetery every day. During the middle of the night, my Daddy woke me up and asked me to go ask the neighbor to call the doctor; my Mom was very sick. I did not know what was wrong until later when I was told she had a nervous breakdown and had to go to a sanatorium for a while. We children were taken to our uncle's farm to spend the summer while Mom recuperated. By the time we returned, Daddy had moved us to the little town of Hoopeston, the "sweet corn capital of the world," where he had been given a good job, and we had no cemetery in view.

We attended a good, fundamental church in Hoopeston where the whole family grew spiritually. The pastor involved the young people in wit-

nessing opportunities, like giving our testimonies in street meetings and being involved in outreach services in the Mexican migrant camps. The Lord spoke to me at that church about dedicating my life to Him for full-time, Christian service. As I grew older and grew in the Lord, I enjoyed teaching the children in Sunday School and playing the piano for the services. That was especially enjoyable because I was able to play the piano while my Mom played the organ. Mom loved music and wrote quite a few hymns and gospel songs and choruses. She was also a good example by handing out tracts and witnessing to the mail man, milk man, and whoever came to the house. Those were joyous days in our family, and I thank the Lord for them.

Chapter 4

Polio

The word “polio” struck terror in the hearts of people in the late 1940’s and early 1950’s! Polio was almost at epidemic proportions during those years. My family never expected this dreaded disease to hit any of us. But as a teenager during the summer of 1952, I found myself growing weak and had to sit down often under the counter of the dime store where I worked. When my neighbor asked me to work for her part-time in her boarding house, my left arm gave way so I could not lift it to hang the clothes on the line. A few days later, I was unable to bend over because my back became stiff. As the days passed, I became weaker and had to stay in bed; when I tried to get out of bed, my left leg collapsed. I was unable to bend my neck or lift my head. I contracted a high fever and became delirious. When the doctor came to the house to check on me, he suspected polio and had my parents take me to the nearest hospital twenty-five miles away.

Tests at the hospital confirmed that I did indeed have polio, so I was immediately quarantined. I had great pain as the muscles in my left leg and arm contracted and cramped. My parents were the only ones allowed to visit me, and my mother cried when I asked her not to touch the bed because it caused more pain. A treatment with steam-heated wool cloths was applied to relax the muscles. I praised the Lord for the relief it gave.

While I was still very sick and in quarantine, I asked my mother to mail my application to Bob Jones University. I had already determined it was the Lord’s will for me to attend BJU, had filled out the application, and had put it into an envelope with the ten-dollar application fee before I became sick.

My mother was doubtful I would be able to go to BJU that next year, but she sent the application along with a prayer request for my recovery. The faculty and students prayed for me, and God answered their prayers and the prayers of many others.

One night as the nurse attended to me, I spoke to her, and she immediately ran from the room. I found out later my voice signaled to her my lungs were failing. She called the doctor, and he ordered an iron lung to be put outside my door just in case I needed it. My breathing was checked quite often that night, but praise the Lord, He touched my lungs so I did not need the iron lung. I could hear an iron lung wheezing in and out in the room across the hall from me. Being in an iron lung would have hindered my recuperation.

I do not remember if it was that same night or not ... but during the night I heard the most beautiful singing I had ever heard ... like a tremendous choir singing praises to God. It was a great blessing and encouragement to me. The next morning, I asked the nurse who was playing the radio in the night. I told her about the singing, and she said no one was playing a radio. I concluded I must have been near Heaven and had heard the angels singing!

Therapy began after my time of quarantine ended. One form of therapy was the Hubbard tank—a large kidney—shaped tank filled with warm water. I was lowered into this tank on a stretcher and the water was stirred by “whirl-pool” motors. This relaxed the muscles so the therapist could exercise them and teach them how to work again. I was like a baby who had to learn how to sit, crawl, stand, and walk over the next few weeks. After a while I was able to work a wheelchair alone and take the elevator to the solarium on the top floor. I enjoyed going there to play the piano.

When the doctors examined me after a few weeks, they determined I would need to wear a brace on my left leg because my knee was unable to lock. But the Lord worked a miracle for me, and one day it started locking. I was demonstrating to my other roommates that I could not lift my foot off the bed when suddenly my foot shot up in the air—my knee locked! The doctors conceded it was a miracle from the Lord.

Meanwhile, school had begun, and I was not able to begin my senior year of high school. My teachers kindly sent assignments to me in the hospital. The other children and young people who had polio joined me in the solarium as we all worked on assignments from our teachers. When I left the hospital after eight weeks of confinement, I could walk with crutches. After a few weeks of recuperation at home I returned to school. Since I could not climb the stairs to some of my classrooms, those teachers tutored me after school hours. Praise the Lord, I was able to graduate second highest in my class and could march without my crutches with the aid of a classmate.

I continued to gain strength and, yes, I was able to attend Bob Jones University that next fall, September of 1953. To God be the glory, great things He has done!

..... Chapter 5

Go Ye Into All the World

Rolen was brought up in a good Bible preaching, Bible teaching church, Atlanta Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta, Georgia. Many Bible Conferences were held in the church with some of the best preachers and evangelists participating. Through those meetings and with the encouragement of his godly mother, Rolan was challenged to love the Lord with all his heart and to serve Him fervently. He also attended the Royal Ambassadors camp. It was at one of these camps in the summer of 1948 when Rolan was 15 that the Lord spoke to him about dedicating his life to Him. He surrendered his whole life at that time but did not tell his parents about it until three years later. At that time, he wrote them the following letter:

March 25, 1951
Easter Sunday

Dear Daddy and Mother,

On June 12, 1948, up at the R.A. Camp, the 7 o'clock bugle blew, and all the boys came to the gym, each boy bringing his Bible. This was Evening Vespers. When everyone was seated, the meeting was, of course, begun with prayer. Then a counselor led us in a song. After a word from Glendon McCullough, the boys left the gym, each receiving an envelope from the counselor who stood at the door. Each boy then went to the spot he had chosen earlier in the week, no two boys together. The place I picked was down past the lake, up a red dirt road about 75 yards and off to the right into some woods. Here, by a tall tree, I opened my envelope. In the envelope was a

piece of paper on which was typed five or six Scriptures pertaining to one topic. Under the Scriptures were remarks that clearly showed me how the verses applied to my life. At the bottom of the paper a prayer was suggested with given things to pray for, such as God's Will for my life, missionaries in foreign countries, etc. After the prayer, I heard the bugle blow, Evening Vespers was over, and I started back to camp. Having read the Bible and talked with God, naturally I felt close to Him. When I reached the red dirt road, I seemed automatically to be telling God I'd do anything He wanted me to do in life. A few steps further, I felt a small tug at my heart. It was so small but I couldn't have missed it because I was so near to Him. He was calling me into His full-time Christian service—I've never been more sure of anything in all my life. I think that many people receive this call, but comparatively few have surrendered. I am one of those who said "yes," for I surrendered immediately. I don't know why He wants me, but He called me. I don't even know in what phase of service He wants me; He'll tell me when it's time. I've waited almost three years to tell you because I thought if I soon forgot about it then perhaps, I was not called in the first place. But it seems more and more real to me every day and so I know I have been called, and I thank Him every day that he called me!

Love,
Son

I (Arlene) did not keep a record of the date on which the Lord called me to be a missionary. It may very likely have been the same summer the Lord called Rolen. I was also attending a church camp, but I was 600 miles away from Georgia in Illinois. Neither Rolen nor I had any idea who the Lord was preparing to be our mates and partners in His service. But God knew all about us, and He was getting us ready to serve Him together in the future.

I was thirteen or fourteen years old that summer. One of the pastors conducted a special, closing service at the camp outside around a campfire. We young people were challenged to receive Christ as our Savior if we had not done so already. Those who were born again were challenged to surrender their lives to wholly serve the Lord for their entire lives. If they made this decision, they were encouraged to pick up a stick near the fire and place it on the fire and give their testimony. The Holy Spirit spoke to my heart

and urged me to do this. As I placed the stick on the fire, I felt my heart gladly responding to the Lord in surrendering my life for His service. After the service, I went into the dark woods nearby and knelt by a log and had a special time of dedication to the Lord. As I talked to Him, I told Him I was giving my whole life to Him and was willing to do whatever He wanted me to do and go wherever He wanted me to go. As I stayed there quietly communing with Him, I heard a still, small voice in my heart telling me the Lord wanted me to serve Him as a missionary in Africa. I rejoiced to know He wanted me to serve Him in that way.

Chapter 6

Salt, Pepper, Sugar . . . ?

God Leads Us Together

When I was a student at Bob Jones University, I dated several fellows for special programs and occasions, but when any of them started to get serious, I quickly dropped them. I did not really feel comfortable with any of them. During my sophomore year, one fellow “took charge” while we were on his society outing. During that day together, he announced to me we should go steady; he did not want me to date anyone else. We dated for several months, and he went home with me for Christmas where we were able to get to know each other better. It seemed we were too much alike and didn’t really trust each other, so we broke up after returning to school. I was devastated and went around with a long face. A friend stopped to talk to me one day. “What happened to your smile and your joyful face?” She knew I had just broken up with the fellow who had been going steady with me, so she said, “Friend, it’s not the end of the world! The Lord probably has someone much better for you. Just trust Him!”

My friend’s challenge knocked some sense into me, and I began searching my heart. What if the Lord did not give me a husband? Was I willing to serve the Lord as a single woman? I struggled with this decision for a while and finally told the Lord, “I’m willing to serve you in whatever way you want, Lord, as long as I’m in the center of your will—even if it means that I never have a husband and family.” The Lord flooded me with His peace, and my whole countenance changed into joy and light!

It was probably about this time an incident happened I didn't know about until Rolen told me about it many years later. He was sitting at his assigned table in the dining common when he glanced across the room and saw me waiting tables. As he watched me with my face glowing, he suddenly made an announcement to his table mates. "You see that girl over there? I'm going to marry that girl!" He had no idea who I was or what my name was. But the Lord gave him the assurance I was to be his wife!

As I considered what classes to take that second semester, the Lord led me to take a missions course. The first day in class as we sat waiting for the teacher's arrival, I heard a voice behind me saying in a loud whisper, "Bush! Bush!" Since my last name was Bush, I turned around to see who wanted me. A friend from Hawaii, Tim Costales, said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine. His name is Rolen Cornelius."

I smiled and greeted Rolen as the teacher came into the class. Even though our class was small, the teacher decided to seat us alphabetically, putting Rolen Cornelius next to me, Arlene Bush. I did not pay too much attention to him during the next few classes, but one day I happened to glance down at his notebook and saw my name and dorm room number written there! I was shocked but didn't say anything. Another day he tried a different tactic. When I glanced his way, I saw he was holding his pen between his lower lip and his chin! I thought, "What kind of a guy is this?"

When my roommates heard about Rolen, they said to me, "Did you know that fellow is the same person who did those balancing tricks at our student body fun program?"

"Oh no! Really?" I replied in shock.

At that program, he balanced an open umbrella on his nose while playing "Showers of Blessing" with one hand on the piano and a trumpet with the other hand! He also balanced a butcher knife on his nose while playing "Lord, I'm Coming Home" on the piano. He balanced four Coke bottles on top of each other on his chin without touching them, and balanced a long ladder, a wooden desk, and a bicycle on his chin . . . of course, not all at once! What did I say? "What a character!"

Soon Rolen started walking with me to lunch after our class, to the dorm, to other classes, etc. As I got better acquainted with this young man, I realized I felt completely at ease with him and enjoyed his company. The young men on campus had a custom in those days of writing notes to the young ladies in the dorms to ask them for dates. Rolen started writing notes to me but never asked me for a date. The hall monitor said she always looked for the envelope or whatever came from Rolen because they were always interesting. For instance, one time he drew an airplane on the envelope and put “Airline Bush” across the side of the plane instead of “Arlene Bush.” He drew other interesting things on the envelopes. A little box came from him one night with a rock inside. A small note was included which stated, “I didn’t want you to think I’m taking you for ‘granite.’”

When he signed his name on his notes, I had a hard time reading it and was not sure what to call him. When I asked him during one of our walks together, he said, “My friends call me ‘Corn’ for short but not for long!” He told me he would tell me what to call him when he wrote to me. I looked forward to getting his next note. When it came, it included a list of “names” I could call him: Salt, Pepper, Mustard, Ketchup, Sugar, and Honey! I joined the game by going down the list each day and calling him a different name each time until I came to “Honey!” That one stuck, and we called each other “Honey” from that day until the day the Lord took my “Honey” Home to Heaven forty-one years later.

Rolen did finally ask me for a date to an artist series program. I learned much later he had not asked me before because he was afraid I would say “No!” From that day on, I did not have any interest in dating anyone else.

One of our assignments in our missions class was to write a research paper on a mission board of our choice. My home church was a member of the Conservative Baptist Fellowship at that time, and their mission board was the only one with which I was acquainted; I naturally researched that one. When our papers were completed and ready to be turned in to the teacher, I glanced over at Rolen’s paper. I was immediately impressed and curious. He had a cut-out of Africa on the cover of his paper with a picture of an African inside the cut-out. He also had interesting pictures of Africa and

missionaries in action scattered throughout the paper. “Honey, what board did you write about?” I asked.

He said, “Sudan Interior Mission.”

I had never heard of that mission so I asked, “May I read your paper when you get it back?”

“Sure! I believe that is the mission board the Lord wants me to join,” he replied. He later explained that a missionary from his church served under that board as a Bible Translator in the Sudan, and he was interested in working with him.

Rolen told me one day he wanted me to meet his parents. His father did not like to travel, but his mother boarded a bus in Atlanta and came to Greenville, South Carolina, to meet me. She was such a sweet, Christian lady with a giving spirit, and she brought me a pretty, new dress. I seldom got new clothes so was extremely appreciative of her gift and love. My parents were far away in Illinois, so they did not get to meet Rolan until several months later when they came for his graduation.

Just before Easter, I took a few days off from school to go home and visit my family. Rolan had told me his favorite color was red, so I bought a new, red dress to wear on Easter Sunday. When I returned to campus and was ready to get dressed for the Easter morning worship service, a box arrived at my room with my name on it. It contained a beautiful, big, orchid corsage! Oh, no! I could not wear my new, red dress with an orchid! I gladly changed plans and wore something that looked better with the beautiful orchid. Rolan and I attended the service together, and he told me he had sold his old car so he could buy the orchid for me! Wow! Later that afternoon in the dating parlor, Rolan told me he loved me!

Rolan usually joined a couple of other fellows in ministry in a small, North Carolina town each weekend, but when he was on campus, we spent Sunday afternoons together in the dating parlor. One Sunday afternoon Rolan said, “I have a question to ask you!” My heart pounded because I thought I knew what he was going to ask. He “hemmed and hawed” for a bit and finally looked at me and said, “Honey, what color are your eyes?”

I laughed and told him, “My eyes are blue!” but I felt a bit disappointed. The next Sunday he again told me he had something to ask me. And again, he just asked me a silly question. The third Sunday was Mother’s Day, and he took me to the “Round-Up Room” campus restaurant before we went to the dating parlor. He had ordered steaks for both of us the way he liked them- rare! When I saw the blood on the meat, I just could not eat it! I had never eaten steak in a restaurant and didn’t know I could have sent it back to be cooked more.

Later, in the dating parlor, Rolen again said he had a question to ask me. I thought, “What will he say this time?” This time was different. This time he looked at me and asked, “Honey, will you go to Africa with me?” How should I answer that? He didn’t ask me to marry him ... just, “Will you go to Africa with me?”

Of course, I knew what he meant, but I wondered how I would tell anyone we were engaged if he didn’t ask me to marry him? So, I replied, “How?”

He replied, “Well, as my wife of course!”

You must know my answer! “YES!”

Rolen and I started reading the Psalms together, a chapter each night, whether we were together in person or not. We continued this practice, even after he went to Africa while I finished my courses at Bob Jones University and prepared to join him. Rolen suggested a special verse for us to take as our “together” verse: Psalm 34:3, “Oh magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt His Name together.” We quoted this verse to each other during our wedding vows two and one-half years later in Liberia. It was our motto for our whole marriage.

Chapter 7

This is the Way . . .

Our “Call” to Missionary Radio

Rolen graduated from Bob Jones University in 1955 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Practical Christian Training. Instead of a minor, he took two proficiencies—one of which was radio production. He never expected to use that knowledge but was just interested in radio. He became acquainted with the Sudan Interior Mission (SIM) board through a missionary from his home church who was doing translation work in the Sudan. He learned more about the mission while at BJU. The Sudan Interior Mission sent a representative to BJU to recruit new missionaries for Africa while Rolan was a student. He applied to SIM to serve in the Sudan with his missionary friend doing translation work. He took a course in linguistics during the summer and went to New York in the fall of 1955 to participate in the mission candidate school for six weeks.

I had two more years to complete my major in Practical Christian Training at BJU. One morning in chapel, an announcement was made for those interested in doing volunteer work at the school’s radio station, WMUU, to go to the station and apply. Somehow the Lord impressed upon me that I should go and apply for that job. All the way to the station that afternoon I was “protesting” to the Lord that I did not plan to go into radio work, so I did not understand why He was sending me there. I was given the job of helping Mrs. Barbara Rumminger in the music library, checking music and planning music programs. After a while, the school administration told me I could no longer work at WMUU on a volunteer basis because I

was a “work-loan scholarship” student. If I stayed there, they would have to pay me. I went to Mr. Jim Ryerson, the station manager, and explained the situation. He agreed to start paying me for the work I was doing since they wanted me to stay there at the radio station.

While working at WMUU, I had the opportunity to provide piano accompaniment for a mixed quartet on Dr. Bob Jones, Sr.’s daily live radio broadcast. I soon learned the risks involved in live broadcasting. Each morning before the broadcast, the quartet practiced two songs. When Dr. Bob arrived, he chose one of the songs for us to sing in the broadcast. One day I played the introduction for the song I thought he had chosen, but the quartet started singing the other song! The result was disastrous. We made two false starts before the director came to the piano and turned the book to the song the quartet was singing. We started over with better results, but Dr. Bob was upset with us. After the broadcast, Dr. Bob asked me if it was my fault we made the mistake. I told him I did not really know whose fault it was. But I was humiliated and expected to be replaced as the pianist for the program. That did not happen for the rest of that semester, but I was asked to sing rather than play with the quartet during second semester. It was a great privilege to participate in Dr. Bob’s radio program.

As I worked at WMUU, I realized what a great tool radio was for evangelism and the spread of the Gospel. The Lord gave me a burden for missionary radio. Rolen and I both knew the Lord wanted us to serve Him in Africa, but as far as I knew, there were no missionary radio stations in Africa at that time. I wrote a letter to Rolen in New York saying, “Honey, wouldn’t it be wonderful if the Lord should use us to start a missionary radio station in Africa some day?”

Meanwhile, at the SIM candidate school in New York, a film was shown to the missionary candidates regarding a new missionary radio station called ELWA, which had gone on the air one year earlier in Liberia, West Africa. As soon as Rolen saw that film, he got excited! He knew it was the Lord’s will for us to serve Him there at ELWA. He wrote to me at BJU, in South Carolina, telling me about ELWA, and he believed that was where the Lord wanted us to serve Him. Our two letters crossed in the mail! This was the Lord’s confirmation to us: “This is the way, walk ye in it” (Isaiah 30:21)!

SIM accepted Rolan for the work at ELWA in Liberia when he explained the Lord had confirmed to us that He wanted us to serve Him there. He began deputation to raise his support and planned to take some further training in radio while I finished two more years at Bob Jones University. We planned to get married after that and go out to Liberia. The Lord had other plans for us, however. When Rolan's support did not come in quickly, one of the businessmen in his Atlanta home church told him he would provide all his support! At that time, the support level for a single missionary was about \$300 per month. The missionary team in Liberia asked Rolan to come to the field as soon as possible to help them.

Before his departure for Africa, Rolan came to South Carolina to see me at BJU and bid me good-bye. It was a very difficult parting, as we knew it would be at least two years before we saw each other again. Rolan wrote me later saying he walked all the way from BJU to the train station in downtown Greenville, crying all the way. It was hard for me, too. I actually got sick and did not realize the reason until my roommate diagnosed me as grieving over Rolan's departure. The Lord gave both of us the grace we needed as Rolan boarded a freighter in New York in March of 1956 and sailed for Liberia, West Africa. We wrote each other every day and mailed the letters when we filled up an air form. Communication was very slow, and we anxiously looked forward to the arrival of each letter. I could usually tell when I had a letter from Rolan before I opened my post office box at school. I could smell Africa! No telephone communication was available in those days, but occasionally we would "talk a tape" to each other so we could hear one another's voices. When I was at home in Illinois, we could sometimes talk via ham radio. We made our wedding plans by ham radio . . . so all the world knew our plans!

Even though we missed each other immensely, we both rejoiced in the knowledge God was leading us in His will, one step at a time. We looked forward to the time we would be serving Him together at missionary radio station ELWA in Liberia, West Africa. We served a faithful Lord Who would continue to lead us all the way!

..... Chapter 8

God Always . . .

Yes, God always ... He is always faithful. He is always on time. He always provides every need according to His will. On March 6, 1956, Rolen sent a letter to prayer partners saying:

“Just one hundred and fifty days ago, I took three veteran missionaries to meet a freighter at a pier in Brooklyn. It was thrilling to help them with their baggage, and to wave to them as they passed through New York Harbor. ‘In a few years, I’ll be on a boat going to Africa,’ I thought to myself.

“But the Lord had different plans—wonderful plans—His plans! He has been working out every detail regarding my sailing with precision timing. He not only is supplying all my needs but supplying them on time! My sailing date is set for March 21st on the steamer EBOE. Please continue to pray that if it is in His will, everything will be ready in order that I can sail on that boat.”

As Rolen left the USA and sailed across the Atlantic Ocean to Liberia, he knew he could trust his Lord to continue to meet his needs and the needs of the missionary radio station ELWA. His pastor from Atlanta, Georgia, wrote the following in the church paper, the “Tabernacle Tidings,” in March of 1956:

“I THANK GOD FOR A NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH BACK OF ME, and people who are praying for me,” Rolen Cornelius said as he left Atlanta this week for Liberia, where he will be engaged in the work of missionary radio. So, another Tabernacle missionary goes forth—counting

on our prayers. 'We can reach more people by radio in one day than David Livingstone reached in a lifetime.' And how they need to be reached! 9% of the world speaks English; 90% of the Christians of the world are within this 9%; 94% of the preachers of the world minister to the 9%, and 96% of the money given for Christian work goes to the 9%! Surely, we hear the call which comes ringing o'er the restless waves: 'Send the Light.' May the Lord raise up more missionaries—more men like Rolen."

After arriving in Liberia and getting settled in his part of the ministry of ELWA Radio, Rolen sent another prayer letter to his prayer partners:

Radio Station ELWA
Box 192
Monrovia, Liberia
West Africa
August 1956

Dear Friends,

Because God wants us to do His will more than we could ever want to do it, He leads us one step at a time. Looking back on my life, short though it is, I see that all things have worked together for good. He has led me step by step. Each day I am more convinced that THIS is His perfect will for my life, right here at Radio Station ELWA.

No. I didn't get seasick coming over. Another couple coming to ELWA and I had a wonderful twenty-two days on the ocean. We left New York under a blanket of snow, seventeen inches deep. Give me Africa any day!

It is wonderful to have a part in this 'mighty voice' that proclaims the Gospel to thousands daily. 'Yes, but...what about results?' We received well over two thousand letters during the month of June from listeners writing to request hymns and Gospel songs. Many of these told us of blessings received through the broadcasts, there were those who enrolled in our Radio Bible School, some wanted spiritual counselling, and others put their faith in Christ as their Saviour. And that's not all. I wish you could see and hear the village people rejoice when they hear in their own language the story of Jesus coming through the strange "box that talks." Yes, ELWA can turn any

old radio into a missionary! Paul wanted the Christians to share the blessings of his ministry when he said, “Brethren, pray for us.”

Your missionary,

Rolan Cornelius

..... Chapter 9

Liberia, Here I Come!

After my graduation from Bob Jones University in 1957, I attended the SIM candidate school in New York City. During the six weeks of candidate school, we were acquainted with the history of the mission, given cleaning and maintenance jobs around the old hotel in Manhattan, the mission's headquarters, and were examined by the mission doctor. Because of my history of polio and other things, the doctor told the mission I was a poor risk for the mission field. I knew the Lord wanted me in Liberia with Rolen, but it was a big test of my faith to continue believing that.

I did a lot of praying before the day of my interview with the mission board. The night before the interview, I surrendered my life anew to the Lord and took off my engagement ring as I told the Lord I wanted His will more than anything else. I put my ring back on and went to sleep, trusting the Lord to work out His plan for my life. I praised the Lord the next day when the board members informed me I was approved to go to Liberia and marry Rolen. They told me we would have to be married as soon as I arrived there since SIM had no other mission compound in Liberia where I could stay until the time of our marriage. That was no problem for me!

On the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, Rolen walked along the beach praying for me the night before I met the mission board. He also re-dedicated his life to the Lord, surrendering our marriage and ministry together to the Lord's will. He asked the Lord to give him a sign of His will by clearing the dark, cloudy sky and allowing him to see the full moon. As he sat on the beach looking out over the dark sea, the clouds suddenly parted, and he saw

the big, full moon shining down on him! His heart was full of thanksgiving to the Lord as he headed back to the house and to bed.

Making wedding plans was not easy since we were over four thousand miles away from each other and had very little means of communication. A friend allowed us to talk to each other from time to time by means of a phone patch on his ham radio. Since I did not know any of the missionaries in Liberia, I asked Rolen to choose my bridesmaids, flower girls, and ring bearers. Jane Reed was chosen to be my matron of honor, and her husband Dick would be the soloist. Their two little boys, Jimmy and Johnny, would be the ring bearers. Dottie Coddington would be a bridesmaid; my flower girls would be her little daughter Sharon, and Debbie Ries. Station Director, Ray de la Haye, would officiate for the ceremony, and his daughter, Joy, would be a junior bridesmaid. Rolen chose several of his missionary co-workers to be his groomsmen—Tom Lowe, Henry Hungerpiller, and Al Snyder.

One major part of the wedding plans was missing ... the wedding date! We could not choose a date until I had raised my support, gathered furniture, equipment, and household items, and knew when I could sail to Liberia. I spoke in several churches and was promised a bit of support. One day I received a letter from Rolen's boyhood Sunday School teacher telling me he would take up the balance of my support so I could soon join his Sunday School pupil in Liberia!

Meanwhile, my mother and I were busy sewing my wedding dress and the bridesmaids' dresses. The little Singer Featherweight sewing machine we used was a wedding gift from Rolen's mother. We kept it busy humming along for many hours each day. One day, my mother stopped sewing and reminded me I was scheduled to speak to the ladies at my home church that afternoon. We were already late for the meeting. The ladies were just finishing their business meeting when we arrived, so I started speaking almost immediately. As I spoke to the ladies, I listed several prayer requests, one of which was a request for the Lord's provision of all the kitchen utensils and appliances I would need to ship to Liberia. I noticed all the ladies had big smiles on their faces when I mentioned that request. As soon as I finished speaking, I learned the reason for the big smiles. The ladies started carrying things to me from another room—kitchen utensils, dishes, dish towels, pots

& pans, etc.! They were being used of the Lord to provide the answer to my request! My mother had deliberately delayed our arrival at the meeting to give the ladies time to arrive ahead of me, bringing their kitchen shower gifts!

As I waited on the Lord to provide all my needs, He began speaking to me about some things in my life that needed attention. He reminded me of something I had done against my parents when I was a fifth grader. I had never admitted my sin to them or to anyone else, not even the Lord. He convicted me of this and told me I would not be able to serve Him effectively until I took care of this sin. I confessed my sin to Him and to my parents and was relieved of this burden after all those years. The Lord did not stop there but kept reminding me of others I had wronged. I wrote some letters to right those wrongs. I knew I needed to have a clean, pure life if I wanted to serve the Lord as He wanted.

The mission board told me I should have a commissioning service in my home church before I departed for Liberia. The service was held on December 21, 1957, at First Baptist Church of Hoopeston, Illinois. My mother played the organ for the service, and my three sisters, Pat, Ruth, and Mary sang two trio numbers. My pastor, Arthur Beaty, made a charge to me, and the SIM Deputation Secretary, Stewart McDougall, made a charge to the church and preached the message.

A reception was held after the service to present the bride-to-be (me!) to the folks. I wore my wedding dress since they would not be able to attend my wedding in Africa. It was a difficult time for my mother. She could not bear to help me dress for the occasion. It was hard for her to miss her oldest daughter's wedding in Liberia. She also missed the weddings of her other three daughters since the Lord took her Home to Himself before any of the others were married.

Christmas Day 1957 was the last day our whole family was together. When we realized that fact, we called our photographer friend and asked if she would be willing to interrupt her holiday to take a family picture for us. She gladly obliged, and that picture is one of my treasures. Dad had to return the next day to his work in Chicago, and Pat returned to Bob Jones University before he came home again. I would be in Liberia before we could get to-

gether again, and Mom would be in Heaven when Rolan and I and our baby daughter, Becky, would return to the States for our first furlough.

The Lord wonderfully supplied all the things I needed to ship to Liberia, and the crates were sent to New York City ready to accompany me on a freighter to Liberia. Funds for shipping the crates were provided, but for some strange reason the Lord had not provided the funds for my personal passage on the ship! I asked the Lord about this and soon received the answer by means of a phone call from Texas. The lady on the phone said, “Hello, Arlene, I hear that you are preparing to go to Liberia soon.”

“Yes, I am,” I replied.

“Well, my dear, I am Mrs. R. G. LeTourneau. My husband has a mission project in Liberia, and he is planning to go there very soon. We were wondering if you would like to ride to Liberia with him and some other men in his private plane.”

I was so shocked I hardly knew what to say! “Why, yes! That would be wonderful! Thank you for the invitation!”

Mrs. LeTourneau proceeded to tell me Mr. LeTourneau would soon be in a city near us, speaking at a meeting in a church there. She said I could meet him that Sunday afternoon and fly back to Texas with him, then fly on to Liberia a few days later. I will never forget that Sunday. I went to church with my folks in the morning and gave my testimony in the service. I also sang the song “Only One Life to Offer” with my mother accompanying me on the organ. We drove to the small airport in the nearby city and met Mr. LeTourneau and his pilot, Barney. I was told Mr. LeTourneau’s plane was a converted B-26 bomber from World War II (now called an A-26)! As I said good-bye to my family, I did not know it was the last time I would see my dear mother on earth. It was exciting, yet difficult, to climb on board the little plane and fly away from home and family.

I was allowed to take one suitcase with me on board the little, seven passenger plane. I had looked for the biggest suitcase I could find because I had to take everything I needed for at least six weeks until the ship arrived in Liberia with the rest of my things. Besides my personal belongings, I took

Rolen's shoes, suit coat, shirt, and tie for the wedding, my wedding dress, the bridesmaids' and flower girls' dresses, some wedding napkins and paper plates, and other things for the wedding. I had to bounce up and down on the suitcase in order to shut it! My wedding veil was allowed to come along in a box.

This was the first time I had ever flown in a plane other than a ten-minute air tour of Chicago. We flew to Longview, Texas, from northern Indiana, and I spent a few interesting days at the LeTourneau ranch. From there we flew to Florida where we checked out of the USA and flew on over pretty, tropical islands in the beautiful, blue Caribbean Sea. As I looked down at those islands through a small window at hip level, I did not realize someday the Lord would bring Rolen and me back to these islands to live and help establish two new missionary radio stations!

We arrived on the island of Trinidad in the southern Caribbean around 1:00 a.m., checked into the country, got rooms at the airport hotel, and caught a couple hours of sleep. We took off very early the next morning to fly across Guyana and Suriname into Brazil. We hit some turbulence along the way, and the man sitting behind me leaned forward with a bit of advice. "Just lean back in your seat and breathe deeply, and you will be all right," he said. That man happened to be Dr. V. Raymond Edmond, then president of Wheaton College. Six men were on the plane with me besides Mr. LeTourneau. One of the men had given up his seat for me and was sitting in the cockpit with Barney. The plane had no aisle and no facilities.

Mr. LeTourneau sat in the back seat alone with his drawing board. He worked on drawings of his new ideas for large, earth-moving machinery he manufactured. He had invented electric wheels for his machinery, and it is said he had 299 inventions. He loved the Lord and gave ninety percent of his income to the Lord. Mr. LeTourneau said he could never out-give the Lord. "I shovel it out," he would say, "and God shovels it back, but God has a bigger shovel." He eventually sold his business to the Caterpillar Company.

I was amazed it took two hours flying at four hundred miles per hour just to cross the mouth of the Amazon River with all its deltas. On the other side of the river we landed at the city of Belem to go through immigration.

The officials were unhappy because the pilot had no copy of the plane's registration with him. They warned us we could not leave Brazil until we produced the registration, but they allowed us to fly on to Natal on the edge of the hump of Brazil. We planned to fly across the Atlantic Ocean at that point since it was the shortest route across the ocean to Liberia on the corresponding hump of West Africa.

We had to stay an extra twenty-four hours in Brazil while we waited for a copy of the plane's registration. Some missionaries took good care of us during that extra day, and I got a good taste of life in a foreign country. We were due to arrive in Liberia on Friday but were not able to leave until Saturday. We had no way of notifying the folks in Liberia of our delay in Brazil. Meanwhile, an anxious young man was on the other side of the ocean, sitting at the ham radio for most of those twenty-four hours, calling and listening for some sign of the arrival of "Pappy," Mr. LeTourneau's plane. Of course, he had all kinds of fears about what had happened to us and our plane. What a relief it was when he finally heard Barney's call on the radio, "Estimated time of arrival of 'A-26' in Liberia...."

"Praise the Lord! Thank you, Lord!"

It was an exciting time when we finally touched down at Robertsfield Airport in Liberia after a short stop at Tournata, Mr. LeTourneau's mission further down the coast. As soon as the propellers stopped, Rolan ran out to the plane to greet me! It was wonderful to be together again after our separation of two years!

Chapter 10

An African Wedding

It was March 29, 1958. Rolen and I rejoiced as I disembarked from “Pappy,” and we met in Liberia after being separated for two years! The Lord had been so good to us, protecting us, guiding, and providing to make this day possible.

A Liberian man came out to the plane dressed in ordinary clothes, no uniform, and asked me for my passport. I thought it was a little strange but gave it to him. When he started walking out across the field instead of back to the terminal building, Rolen ran after him and got the passport back. I do not know what the fellow planned to do with it! He returned it without protest.

I had a royal welcome to the ELWA Radio Village campus by the other missionaries and the Liberian staff. Rolen had told the Liberians he was going to marry a “bush” girl, so they were curious to see what this “bush” girl was like. People who lived in the jungle’s interior were called “bush” people! And my maiden name was “Bush”!

I was in a fog from jet lag for a few days as we made the final preparations for our wedding. I stayed with one of the single missionaries while I waited for our wedding day, three days later. One of the first items on the agenda was for Rolen to show off the beautiful, cement block house he had built for us to live in! He already had a few items of furniture in it he had purchased from some missionaries who had returned to the States. I looked

forward to hanging up my curtains and putting the feminine touches on the house when my things arrived from the USA.

The missionary nurse, Bea Barnard, invited us to her home for lunch on our wedding day. She asked me what I wanted to eat, and I said I was too excited to eat but might eat a bit of soup. When I saw her bread-fruit casserole, it looked so delicious I decided I was hungry after all!

I had arrived on Saturday, so Rolen and I could not get our marriage license until Monday. Our wedding was scheduled to take place the next day, Tuesday, April 1, 1958—April Fools' Day! That was Rolen's idea, not mine! Later, when someone asked the date of our anniversary, Rolen would tell them, "April 1st, and I thought it was a joke, but it turned out to be serious!" He was a terrible tease. When we discussed our wedding date by ham radio before I came to Liberia, I begged him to wait at least one more day, but he insisted he did not want to wait even one day more to claim me as his bride! That Monday, we drove into the capital city of Monrovia, ten miles from the ELWA campus. I could not believe where Rolen took me to get our marriage license—the Liberian Department of Agriculture!! We climbed up a flight of rickety, wooden steps on the outside of an old, wooden building to a dilapidated porch upstairs. In a few minutes, an old man came out of the building wearing a bath robe and sat down at a battered desk on the porch. After asking a few questions, he typed the information onto the license and signed it. We gave him eight dollars, and he wrote out a receipt and put it into an envelope. When we opened the envelope later, we saw the receipt was made out for two dollars instead of eight! Oh, well! We had our license and could get married the next day. In fact, the man had told us as far as the government was concerned, we were already married as soon as he handed us the marriage license!

Back at ELWA, the missionaries were all buzzing around, preparing the large, unfinished studio in the radio station for the wedding. The studio doubled as an auditorium for church services. The Liberians had woven large grass mats to hide the bare, cement block walls. The mats were decorated with palm branches and beautiful, tropical frangipani flowers with their exotic fragrance filling the room. The ladies were busy making bouquets for

the bridesmaids. They decorated my little, white, imitation pearl-covered Bible my mother gave me with delicate, pink corraleta flowers resembling miniature sweet peas. I carried that instead of a bouquet for the wedding. The ladies had baked and decorated the wedding cake and prepared other goodies for the reception. The Liberian ladies prepared a big chicken, palm butter, and rice feast for the neighboring villagers attending. They took care of every detail. I did not have to think about anything except getting dressed and getting to the studio.

Our wedding took place at 8:00 p.m., Liberian time. The studio looked beautiful in the candlelight. It was filled with about 300 invited guests including missionaries, ELWA Liberian staff, the diplomatic corps, government officials, and other friends of ELWA. Sophie de la Haye played the organ prelude, and Dick Reed sang the songs I requested, but I did not hear or see any of this. Rolan and his missionary friends were having so much fun behind the scenes they forgot all about picking up the bride and her matron of honor and taking them to the studio! Finally, they realized the bride was not there, and Hersh Ries came flying down the road to get us!

During the ceremony, Rolan and I quoted our marriage verse to one another ... “Oh magnify the LORD with me and let us exalt His Name together” (Psalm 34:3). The whole wedding was recorded and broadcast on the North American Report by short wave to the USA and Canada at midnight that night. It was 7 p.m. in Illinois and 8 p.m. in Georgia where both sets of our parents were sitting in front of their shortwave radios, straining to hear every word. Even though it was not possible for them to attend, at least they were able to hear our wedding the same night!

Rolan and I stopped by the carpenter shop after the wedding to greet the villagers enjoying their part of the wedding feast. They were so busy eating they hardly noticed us. We then went to the de la Haye’s house where the main reception took place. When we could get away from there, we drove down the lane to our new home, and Rolan carried me over the threshold!

We borrowed the de la Hayes’ car for our honeymoon. Rolan had never driven it at night and did not know how to turn on the lights. He finally figured out the lights would stay on as long as he held the switch on the

steering wheel. In those days, most American cars had a switch on the floor to operate the lights. This car had evidently come from Europe.

Rolen had reserved a room for us at the Liberian Institute of Tropical Medicine Guest House. The staff was ready and waiting for us when we finally arrived around midnight. We ate most of our meals there at the guest house but had hamburgers at the airport a few times. Sunday was Easter, and we wanted to be sure to attend a worship service. A little church on a hill was not too far away, so we dressed and drove there. The church was strangely quiet and deserted. We stayed around for a little while, taking pictures of each other and the unique view. Finally, someone came by and told us the church folks had an Easter Sunrise service and then went home, so there would be no other service!

Rolen wanted to show me more of Liberia during our honeymoon week. One day we drove through the millions of rubber trees on the Firestone Rubber Plantation to visit some friends working along the Du River. While there, we rode in a dugout “keenu” to a small village on an island in the middle of the river. The little village of mud huts with grass roofs was spotlessly clean even though the floors were made of smooth dirt. The people kept everything swept and neat. They invited us to stay in their little guest hut, but we declined. On our way back to our guest house after dark, we got lost in the midst of all the rubber trees and were about to run out of gas! We were not sure what to do, but we prayed, and the Lord sent a watchman to us. He had a little gas in the small building where he stayed. He gave it to us and gave us directions out of the plantation! The Lord is good!

We enjoyed our honeymoon but were glad to get back to ELWA and begin our life together in our new home. When we arrived home, we found it well decorated with toilet paper draped everywhere, and the sheets on the bed were pulled short and were full of rice! Our missionary friends had fun while we were gone! While I was cleaning out the fridge a few days later, a parade of missionaries and their families arrived at our door, laden with our wedding gifts and refreshments. We had a fun party together while they watched us open our gifts. Among the gifts was a set of Bavarian China from some of the friends in Monrovia. We also received monetary gifts, some designated to add pieces to the set of china.

Shortly after we were settled in our home together, Rolen pulled one of his stunts on me. I had never seen a lizard before coming to Liberia and was still trying to adjust to my new environment. He found a baby lizard on one of the walls and threatened to put it down my back. I did not like that idea, and I ran from him through the house and over the bed. He would not stop chasing me with the lizard. I didn't know what to do so I started crying (something I rarely do!). Rolen stopped in his tracks! He didn't know what to do with a crying bride. He never chased me with a lizard again.

When Rolen started back to work at the radio station, I followed him around like a little puppy dog! I did not want to get out of his sight! I learned a lot about the variety of jobs he did at the station, in the carpenter shop, mechanic shop, studio building, etc. Soon I was put to work in the English program department, auditioning and editing tapes of English programs before they went on the air. Rolen's main job was to schedule the programs and see that the tapes and records for each day were pulled from the program library and taken to the various control rooms to be aired in one of the forty languages beamed out to four-fifths of the African continent, and into the Middle East in Arabic by short wave.

We praised the Lord together for all He had done for us in bringing us to Liberia and having a part in sharing the Word of God by radio with thousands of people in many African countries.

Part 1 - ELWA - Liberia, West Africa

Radio Village
May 1958

Dear Folks at Home,

"To God be the glory, great things He hath done..."

Here are some bits from my diary:

Feb. 19--Received an invitation to fly to Africa with Mr. R. G. LeFourneau in his private plane!

March 26--Took off from Long View, Texas, at noon and arrived in Trinidad at 12:45 AM the 27th.

March 27th--Eight hours after leaving Trinidad, we arrived in Natal, Brazil, and were warmly welcomed by some missionaries.

March 29--Had to stay an extra day in Brazil to go through "red tape." This is that long-awaited day! I stepped off the plane in Liberia and there he was-- my Honey!!

April 1st--No foolin' about this day! -- Our wedding day! All the ELWA staff pitched in and made it a beautiful wedding which will long be remembered. The Lord has made us husband and wife, and from now on our prayer letters will be written

Monrovia, Liberia
May 1958

Dear Friends,

It was the day after Arlene was supposed to land in Liberia on LeFourneau's plane, and for six days there had been no word. I spent hours every day with three powerful receivers; one tuned to Long View, Texas; one to Tournata (LeFourneau's center of operations in Liberia); and one to Roberts Field. But no word on their plane, the "A-26." And then... "Estimate Liberian coast 1430 GMT... A-26...Over." PRAISE THE LORD!! The plane was safe! In a few minutes it landed safely at Roberts Field, and my Sweetheart and I met for the first time in more than two years!!

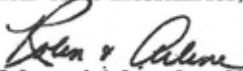
Three days later in our big new studio, we were married. We believe the wedding was a testimony for the Lord. Most of the Liberians had never seen a truly Christian wedding before. And Liberian wedding vows do not include "...as long as we both shall live" or "... 'til death do us part."

Our life's verse which we quoted at our wedding is: Oh magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His Name

TOGETHER.

We spent a wonderful honeymoon week at the Guest House of the Liberian Institute of Tropical Medicine in the Firestone Plantation. When we came back to ELWA Radio Village, we spent a week getting settled in our new home. Now we are enjoying our work together in the programming department of Radio Station ELWA. We are praising the Lord for calling us here to work for Him, and we're counting on your prayers.

Your radio missionaries,


Rolan and Arlene Cornelius

Chapter 11

Rogues in the Night

I stirred in the bed and slowly opened my eyes. It was the middle of the night, and I sensed some movement in our bedroom. We kept a light inside the closet to keep our clothes from molding in the tropical humidity, and it gave enough light in the room for me to see a strange sight. My purse, an African leather drawstring bag, was moving across the floor toward the window! It moved a little bit, then stopped, then moved a bit more and stopped. I tried to keep my eyes glued to it, but I was so sleepy I could not keep my eyes open. We were told later the Liberians had a sleeping powder which they probably had blown into our room through the louvers to keep us sleeping.

The next time I forced my eyes open, my purse was all the way across the room against the lower louvers of the window with a hand reaching inside it from the outside! This time I turned over and shook Rolan. “Honey! Honey!” I whispered. “Wake up! Someone is stealing from my purse!”

Rolan sat up, rubbing his eyes as he looked toward the window. By then the hand was gone. When we investigated my purse, the wallet was gone from it. A long stick had been left part-way through the louvers with a forked piece tied to the end. The thief (or “rogue” as the Liberians called them) used this to pull my purse across the room. Rolan pulled on his pants and headed out of the room to investigate further. We thanked the Lord we had kept our bedroom door locked, or else the “rogue” would have probably come right into the room and could have harmed us in our sleep.

As Rolan walked through the house, he saw the dirty laundry pulled out of the basket in the next bedroom, and some of the clothes had been pulled halfway through the louvers. His razor was on the floor in the bathroom. The box of groceries I had just purchased that afternoon and left on the kitchen counter was gone. The front door had been pried open and was ajar. A casserole dish from the refrigerator was sitting empty on the front porch. Leftover chicken had been in it, so someone had a snack in the middle of his job! Clothes were strewn through the yard and down the beach in front of our house toward the village of King Gray. The rogue or rogues had made a fast getaway! Rolan picked up the clothes he found and came back to the house.

Rolan and I stood in the middle of the living room together. We were visibly shaken. Nothing like this had ever happened to us before. We felt violated. However, the Lord was near with His comfort as He reminded us of the verse in Hebrews 10:34: “For ye . . . took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in Heaven a better and an enduring substance.” We praised the Lord for keeping us safe, knowing He would continue to provide all our needs. We learned a good lesson that night which stayed with us in years to come as we experienced other robberies, both during our years in Liberia and when we were later serving the Lord in the Caribbean islands.

ELWA hired a night watchman to try to eliminate the problem of rogues coming on the campus and stealing from the missionary homes, but the rogues soon learned his schedule of rounds on the campus and did their dirty work in between rounds.

The missionary men finally decided to take turns being on call to help when a rogue was working on a house. Late one night just before we fell asleep, we heard a noise outside our bedroom window. We could see the silhouette of an African climbing on the window with a knife or something similar in his hand.

Rolan quietly reached for the phone beside the bed and called the missionary on duty that night. A little while later we heard the missionary shouting at the rogue, who instantly disappeared in the night. Two mission-

aries had come to try to catch the rogue, but when they saw him climbing on our window, they got excited and starting yelling at him.

Years later the Lord led us to move to a “suburb” of the capital city of Monrovia. We often heard people running past our house in the night yelling, “Rogue! Rogue!” If they caught the thief, they took the law into their own hands and gave him a beating within an inch of his life.

We got up one morning and climbed into our little Toyota Corolla, ready to go to the ELWA campus ten miles away to take the children to school and go to our ministry at the radio station. We were shocked when we realized the car’s windshield was missing! A rogue had come into our carport in the night and cut it out of the car! When we returned home that afternoon, Rolen went to town and bought a new windshield and an alarm to put on the car so we would be alerted if anyone bothered the car again. While he installed the alarm, he demonstrated how it worked to our boys and was having fun testing it out. In the meantime, some fellows at the bar just over the fence were evidently observing everything! Rolen slept in the office next to the carport the next couple of nights so he could hear the alarm, but he did not hear anything, and the car was safe. After returning to the bedroom to sleep for the next few nights, we found the windshield missing again! No one had heard the alarm! Evidently the rogues knew how to do the job so carefully it did not set off the alarm. We realized we had to take more drastic measures. One of our neighbors allowed us to park our car in their locked garage until we had a locked gate installed on the carport.

Though these events were discouraging, we knew the Lord would take care of us and provide our needs. We knew the Lord had called us to Liberia, and we did not intend to leave until He told us to leave. “Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness” (Isaiah 41:10).

..... Chapter 12

The Lord Gives & Takes Away

I awoke with a start from my Sunday afternoon nap on August 7th, 1960. I was 2000 miles away from my Honey in Liberia. Rachel Entz, a fellow missionary, and I had flown from Liberia to northern Nigeria for the births of our babies at the mission hospital in the town of Jos, Nigeria. But what had awakened me? It was not a gentle awakening. I felt jolted, as if I had been in a crash! With a puzzled mind and a pounding heart, I started praying. The Lord put my family back in Chicago on my mind. I prayed fervently for their safety and God's care for them. I kept praying for quite a while, until at last the Lord gave me peace, and I lay back down and slept. Later that evening, I was scheduled to play the piano for the evening service at the mission chapel. After getting up from my nap that afternoon, I walked over to the empty chapel and began to play the piano. The only songs that came into my mind were songs about Heaven. I played one song after another about Heaven and the joys of being there with my Savior. I did not know my dear mother was in Heaven right then.

The next day, Monday, was the day Rachel and I usually went to the ham radio room on the mission campus to talk to our husbands in Liberia. Rachel talked to her husband Lewis for a while. It was then my turn to talk to my Honey, Rolen. We chatted for a little while about what was going on in Liberia and Nigeria, and he asked how I was feeling, as the due date for our little one was approaching. When we finished talking, several other ELWA Radio staff members came on and greeted me, telling me they were praying for me. I thought that was a little strange because they were not usually present when we had these ham radio contacts. However, I dismissed

it from my mind as Rachel and I prepared to leave. Before we left, Henry Hungerpillar, the missionary ham radio operator in Liberia, told our operator in Nigeria he had an urgent message he needed to send by Morse code. Rachel and I decided it did not concern us, so we left. As we walked back to our room at the mission guest house, we wondered out loud what the message was about. I said, "Well, we won't worry about it. If it concerns us, we will find out later."

Tuesday, Dr. Troup, our mission doctor, asked me to come to his office. When I arrived, he said he was concerned about my history of problems with bleeding. I had problems with excessive bleeding when having a tooth pulled or when getting a cut, etc. He said he wanted to do a blood test that required me to be in the hospital overnight. He asked me to come later that day prepared to possibly stay in the hospital for a few days. I agreed and came back later in the day and checked into the mission hospital. During the few days I was in the hospital, Dr. Troup said the blood tests revealed I had a problem with my blood platelets, which probably caused the excessive bleeding, and he wanted to give me a plasma transfusion to see if that would correct the problem. During the transfusion, I went into shock for a while, so the doctor advised me to stay a couple more days. He visited me in my room a few times and asked me about some letters I had received from my Honey. He asked if there was any special news in the letters. I shared some of what Rolan had told me, and he seemed satisfied. He told me I could probably be released from the hospital on Saturday.

Saturday morning, Dr. Troup asked me to come into the hospital library for a consultation. When I arrived in the library and sat down, he told me Rolan was on his way to see me! I was pleasantly surprised but then said, "But why is he coming? Is something wrong?" Dr. Troup said, "I heard that your mother has been in an accident. I don't know the details, but your husband will tell you more. Here he comes."

As Rolan walked in the door, Dr. Troup left the room and closed the door. It was so good to see my Honey again after being apart for more than a month. We embraced each other and sat down. I said, "Dr. Troup said Mom was in an accident. Do you know what happened?"

Rolen explained, “We got a message from Dick Reed’s father, Pastor Reed, in Chicago by ham radio last Sunday evening. He and his wife came up that same road on their way to church Sunday morning. The accident had just happened, and they saw Bibles strewn around on the road so they stopped to see if it was someone they knew. Honey, your Mom and Dad and three sisters were on their way to Sunday School when a drunk man ran a red light and crashed into the passenger side of their car. That’s where Mom was sitting! Mom was killed instantly! I’m so sorry, Honey!”

We sat weeping together for a while, and finally I asked, “What about the others? Were they hurt?”

“Yes, Mary and Pat were thrown from the car. They couldn’t find Pat for a while. She was thrown down into a ravine by the river. Pat has a broken pelvis, a skull fracture, and a broken jaw. Mary has a broken back and a severe concussion and injuries to her head. She is still unconscious. Dad has broken ribs and major gashes in his head and was unconscious for several days. Ruth was the only one who wasn’t hurt. She was thrown into the back of the station wagon.”

I was so overwhelmed with shock and sorrow I could not speak. We just sat there with our arms around each other, weeping, and began praying for my dear family. How I wished I could be there with them at this time, but it was impossible for me to travel in my pregnant condition. Our baby was due in a little over a month. I was so thankful the Lord had allowed my Honey to come and be with me to comfort me. He said our missionary co-workers put their money together to pay for his airfare so he could come and be with me!

As I figured the time difference between Nigeria and Chicago, I realized the Holy Spirit woke me up from my nap that Sunday afternoon at the exact time my family was involved in that accident! How gracious the Lord is to prepare us for difficulties in our lives and to alert us regarding the need for praying for others. In fact, the Lord began preparing me for this traumatic event a few days before it happened. I had been praying, and the Lord and I had an especially sweet time of fellowship together. At the time, I felt like

He was preparing me for something that would happen. I wondered if He was going to take my baby from me. Instead, He was preparing me for the departure of my dear mother to Heaven!

Amid sorrow, the Lord reveals His wonderful grace! Ruth was the only one in the family who was not injured. She had many decisions to make. As she said, "It was an awesome responsibility." But the Lord sent our Uncle Forrest and Aunt Venice to be a great help to her. She had her wedding invitations already sent out to friends and family for her marriage to Bob Koenig less than two weeks later. Uncle Forrest advised her to go ahead with her wedding plans as she needed her husband-to-be at this time especially.

One of Mom's sisters told me later Mom had everything prepared for the wedding. She had even painted the inside of the house for the occasion. She had also called a friend and told her all the plans for the wedding in case she was not there to do it herself! But before the wedding, there had to be a funeral. Dad, Mary, and Pat were all still in the hospital at the time of the funeral, but Daddy was out of the hospital in time for Ruth's wedding. It was not possible to inform everyone of Mom's Home-going before the funeral and wedding, and some of the friends arrived at Ruth's wedding unaware that Mom was in Heaven. It was a great shock to them!

In the afternoon of the wedding day, August 20, 1960, Ruth put on her wedding gown, and she and Bob and Uncle Forrest, Daddy and Pastor Jim Perkins went to our sisters' room at the hospital. As they walked down the hall to the sisters' room, the Nun escorting them said, "God bless you, even though it's not right!" Ruth had to get a special dispensation to have her Protestant wedding in a Catholic hospital; weddings are only for churches! The wedding vows and main wedding ceremony took place there in the hospital between the beds of the two sisters who were supposed to be the bridesmaids in the wedding! Both Uncle Forrest and Pastor Perkins officiated. Mary was still in a coma during Ruth's wedding. She does not remember anything about it. Later that evening, Ruth and Bob went to the church where the guests, including our Grandma and Grandpa Bush and many other relatives and friends were waiting for the remainder of the wedding service. It was a happy/sad time!

Meanwhile, back in Nigeria, Dr. Troup suggested that Rolen and I go out to Miango to rest and recuperate. Miango was a place set up by the mission for the missionaries to take a vacation. They also had a boarding school for missionary children there, Kent Academy. We borrowed a car from one of the missionaries and set out across the barren, plateau road. It was a rough road, and some of the missionaries told us they had dubbed it “induction road.” Apparently, the doctor had on occasion used it for that very purpose when one of the missionary ladies was overdue to deliver her baby! It pretty much worked out that way with me, though it was early for my delivery! However, as we bounced along toward Miango, we were not thinking of that. We were enjoying watching the wildlife along the way. Most notable were the baboons that lived among the rocky landscape and chased each other or just sat on top of a rock and watched us pass. An interesting bird, called the “secretary bird,” lived in that area. I am not sure how it got its name. I think I would call it an airplane bird because it took off and landed like an airplane. It got its feet going until it had some speed, flapped its wings, and took off. When it came in for a landing, its feet started peddling before it hit the ground and kept going until it came to a halt! It was a big bird, three or four feet tall, so it was too heavy to take off and land the way most birds do.

Rolen and I unpacked our suitcases in the small, cement cottage to which we were assigned at Miango. We looked forward to relaxing and enjoying the wonderful food prepared for us in the campus’ main building. The climate was cool and dry there on the high plateau, a nice change from the extreme heat and humidity of Liberia. Beautiful, fresh vegetables and fruit grew well there, and we thoroughly enjoyed them. We had two weeks before our baby was due to be born. However, “induction road” had evidently done its work! We were there only two or three days when my water broke, and we had to pack up and head back to the mission headquarters at Jos.

I was admitted to the mission hospital and twenty-four hours later, on August 27, 1960, our tiny, red-headed baby girl, Rebekah Ruth, was born! She was six pounds, eleven ounces, and looked like a baby doll! The doctor allowed Rolen to come into the delivery room and observe the joyful occasion! I again thanked the Lord for allowing him to be there by my side!

His camera was very busy! He was so proud of his little daughter; he took a whole roll of thirty-six slides in the next few days. Dr. Troup kept me in the hospital for two weeks to recuperate. He wanted to be sure I was strong enough for the flight back home to Liberia.

As we returned to our home with our precious cargo, we rejoiced in the goodness of the Lord. We were reminded of Job's words when the Lord allowed his children to be killed, "... the LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD" (Job 1:21).

Chapter 13

Four Arrows In Our Zivver

Our little red-head, Rebekah Ruth, was a great delight to us as she grew and developed into a sweet two-year-old. We called her Becky. She enjoyed playing with Sonya and Laura Entz, the little girls who lived next door to us at ELWA Radio Village. The Entzes were fellow missionaries at missionary radio station ELWA in Liberia, West Africa. Becky and Laura were born within a few days of each other at our mission hospital in Nigeria, two thousand miles away from Liberia.

The Lord evidently decided Becky needed some competition, so within the next few years He gave us three wonderful boys. Randall Rolan joined the family on November 23, 1962, when Becky was two years old. The Lord was working things out for us so I would not have to travel two thousand miles away for his birth. He called a fine Christian doctor to come help in the ministry of ELWA.

Missionary nurses had been running a small clinic in Radio Village from the beginning of ELWA, but many medical needs of the ELWA staff and surrounding villages could not be cared for in the clinic. Dr. Bob Schindler had plans under his hat to build a hospital at Radio Village, but that project had not yet begun when it was time for Randy to arrive. Dr. Schindler planned his family's arrival so he would be able to assist the Liberian doctor with Randy's birth in the new Maternity Center in Monrovia. The two doctors had to coax Randy to come when my labor stopped ... one doctor pushing and the other doctor pulling! The Liberian doctor told Dr. Schindler, "Pull! His head won't come off!" Randy arrived safely at 8½ pounds, and no

one was more excited than his daddy, Rolen! As soon as Rolen got home, he jumped on his scooter and rode up and down Radio Village, shouting, "It's a boy! It's a boy!"

Gradually ELWA Hospital took shape in Radio Village. One of the missionary ladies was expecting her baby as the hospital was nearing completion. The workers labored feverishly to at least complete the labor room of the hospital in time for the birth of her baby. A couple of months later they had also completed the delivery room and one semi-private room. It was December 12, 1964 —time for the arrival of Anthony Glenn Cornelius, Tony! Tony and I had the privilege of initiating the use of the new delivery room and semi-private room. While I was in the labor room waiting for Tony to arrive, Dr. Schindler and Rolen were in the semi-private room hanging curtains and finishing up a few other last-minute projects so Tony and I could stay there to recuperate after his birth. Dr. Schindler had some new equipment in the delivery room he was anxious to try out with Tony's birth. One of them was a suction machine designed to aid in extraction of the baby in difficult births. My delivery proceeded well, and Tony arrived safely, sucking away on his thumb. When he cried, Dr. Schindler said, "Listen to that voice! I do believe he will sing bass!" That pleased the doctor because he had a beautiful bass voice himself, and he loved to sing! When all was completed, and Tony and I were safely tucked away in the new semi-private room, Rolen and the doctor left us alone! The hospital did not have a nurses' station yet, so no nurses were on duty, although one of them came to check on us once or twice a day. We were not quite alone, though. We could hear the sawing and hammering as the Liberian workmen did finishing work on the general ward wing and kitchen wing. Rolen brought meals to me that were lovingly prepared by the other missionary ladies. He had his hands full for two weeks, keeping up with two toddlers at home, trying to keep up with his work at the radio station, and bringing meals to me. He breathed a sigh of relief when I came home.

In 1967, my sister and her husband, Pat and Jon Shea, talked us into going to a special spot down the beach for a Fourth of July picnic. It was rainy season, but the day was partly sunny, so we headed down the road to the access point to that part of the beach. In order to reach the beach, we had to

“wade” across a lagoon, which turned out to be deeper than we anticipated. Rolen and Jon carried Becky and Randy on their shoulders, and we loaded the picnic basket and jug of juice on a small plastic raft. The jug of juice kept falling off the raft into the water, so we just let it float in the lagoon, tied to the raft. We did not know that action would change our lives for quite a few months to come. Our drink was evidently contaminated!

A short time after our beach expedition, Randy became sick. I was worried about him because he was so lethargic. One of our mission doctors checked him over and was not sure what was wrong with him. Within a week or so, Randy was back to his usual energy and mischief. Soon after that I began to feel weak and nauseated. I thought I had the flu, but I continued to get weaker ... so weak I could hardly walk out of the bedroom. After a visit to the doctor, I was admitted to ELWA Hospital and given an IV. That revived me somewhat, but I still felt quite weak. Some lab tests revealed two things: I had hepatitis, and I was pregnant! Jonathan David was on the way! I grew worse until I was too weak to even pray! I did not know it was possible to be that weak!

Meanwhile, Rolen brought Becky to the hospital, and a cot was set up in my room for her. She also had hepatitis. One after another Tony, Rolen, and Jon Shea were stricken with the disease. Sis Pat was the only one to stay well. She was given gamma globulin to help prevent her from getting hepatitis. She is a nurse, and she took care of us at home when we were well enough to go home. The children recuperated within a couple of weeks, but we adults were sick for several months. Rolen and I were not able to return to our duties at the radio station for four months! The mission sent our family to Nigeria to rest and recuperate at the mission compound in Miango.

In spite of going through hepatitis with me, Jonathan David arrived alive and well at the ELWA Hospital on April 23, 1968. My labor went quickly, and it was a good thing. He was traumatized at birth with the cord wrapped around his neck; he was blue instead of pink when he was born. It took quite a few spanks before the blue turned to pink, and he let out a yell!

When Jonathan was less than two weeks old, he was sleeping in his crib next to our bed. I lay down to take a nap and heard strange sounds coming

from the crib. When I checked on him, he was having difficulty breathing. I quickly called Rolen on the phone, and he jumped on our 3-wheel scooter and flew down the road to our house. We quickly drove the mile to the hospital. Jonathan was gasping for breath as the nurses took him and suctioned his throat to remove the phlegm causing the distress. If we had been just a little longer getting him to the hospital, we would have lost him. We were so thankful to have ELWA Hospital right there at Radio Village! As I praised the Lord for His faithfulness to us, I felt the Lord had something very special for Jonathan to do for Him when he grew up. We dedicated each of our children to the Lord after they were born, but I made a special commitment of baby Jonathan to Him that day.

All four of our children trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior early in their lives.

Becky said, “I praise God for my godly parents who taught me the ways of the Lord and who were great examples of a life surrendered to the Lord and His work. I came to put my trust in Jesus to save me while we were in Africa, when I was about 7 years old. My schoolteacher, Mrs. Anita Draper, took me out of the classroom for being naughty. She had stepped out of the class for a few minutes and told us not to leave our seats. In her delay, some of the children began blowing their papers up in the air. Well, I decided that I would join in the fun. After all, we weren’t talking or getting out of our seats. Just before the teacher returned to the room a gust of wind blew some of our papers out of our reach. I quickly ran to get mine, but before I returned to my seat the teacher walked in the room! I was motioned to come to her, and she took me into the principal’s office! She did not spank me but gently dealt with me about being a sinner in need of a Saviour. I prayed right then and asked the Lord Jesus to save me for I realized that I was a sinner! The biggest smile came over my face and tears of joy streamed down my cheeks as I washed my face in the bathroom before returning to class.”

When Randy was fourteen, he made sure of his salvation at special meetings at our church on the island of Antigua in the Caribbean. Randy said, “I knew I needed to be saved even at a very young age. I can distinctly remember several times growing up—from about 3 or 4 years old—that I saw how wicked and sinful my heart was and how sinful my friends were,

too. I could have entered a life of going away from God like so many of my friends, but God kept drawing me to Him. I tried to be good and do right, but just could not live up to what I knew was right. I prayed to be saved many times because I would sin—lie or disobey. I knew a Christian would not do that, so I reasoned that I must not be saved. Finally, I knew I had to stop going ‘round and ‘round like this and settle it once for all! I did not know if I would go to Heaven or hell if I died. It was in church that the Lord spoke to me very deeply about settling it once and for all. I went forward and Mr. Snyder prayed with me. I confessed my sin to God and asked Him to save me and help me to live for Him. That was a good year—I wanted to read my Bible and the Bible began to open up to me.”

Six-year-old Tony trusted in Christ to save him from his sins after one of my neighborhood Bible Clubs in Liberia in 1971. His misbehavior during the club helped him realize he was a sinner and needed the Lord’s forgiveness. I had the privilege of leading him to the Lord.

Jonathan said I showed him how to be saved, and he asked Jesus to save him when he was five years old in Antigua in 1974.

I praise the Lord all our children continued to love and serve the Lord as they grew up. They all graduated from Bob Jones University and met the Christian spouses the Lord planned for them there.

Rolen and I both praised the Lord for the privilege of attending BJU while Dr. Bob Jones, Sr. was still living. Dr. Bob was careful to keep Bob Jones University faithful and true to God’s Word, teaching us students that we should not compromise the standards of the Word of God in any way. We wanted our children to learn to stand up for God’s Word in the same way and bring honor to our wonderful Lord and Savior in their lives and ministries in the future. So we sent them all to BJU while the same standards were still being upheld there.

I thank the Lord for the four wonderful children He put into our quiver! “As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them” (Psalm 127:4, 5a).

Chapter 14

Ministry at ELWA

Rolen and I thoroughly enjoyed our parts in ELWA'S radio ministry. Rolan was a "jack of all trades and master of none" as he explained to others. But he was actually quite talented in many areas, so he served the Lord in a variety of ways on the ELWA campus. When I arrived in Liberia, he had already designed and built us a cement block house to move into as soon as we were married. He helped with other building projects on campus, including supervising the building of an additional wing on the office/studio building.

Rolan was also in charge of what we called the "traffic" ... scheduling all the programs and their air times. He built carts to hold the records and reel to reel tapes needed in each of five control rooms. We were broadcasting on AM to Monrovia and the surrounding area, and on shortwave from several large transmitters to different areas of Africa. We were broadcasting in over forty languages to four-fifths of the African continent and the Middle East. The languages included Liberian tribal languages (which we aired to the interior of Liberia), French, Swahili, Hausa, Arabic, and many more.

The language programs were produced in satellite recording studios scattered across Africa and in the Middle East. The Lord used local pastors and missionaries to produce programs in their local languages. Eventually Rolan was asked to supervise all of these studios, and he made many trips to visit the broadcasters and give technical advice and encourage those who were producing the programs. His favorite trip was to Beirut, Lebanon, to help and encourage the Arabic broadcasters there. He regretted not scheduling enough time during that trip to also visit Israel, only a two-hour drive

away from Beirut. We praise the Lord for the good response to the Arabic broadcasts and for those saved from their sins as a result. The other language broadcasts also had good responses throughout Africa.

Rolen and I were able to use our musical abilities in the English programs produced in Liberia. We had a fifteen-minute piano and organ duet program we called “Heavenly Harmonies.” Both of us were also involved in playing the piano and organ for the children’s programs. The first children’s program was called “Kiddies’ Korner” and was written and produced by our missionary friend, Aunt Sammie. A sweet, Christian, African lady we called “Aunt Clara” was the storyteller for most of the children’s programs. We used local Liberian children and our “MKs” (missionary kids) to sing most of the songs we used on the programs. Later we had a “live” half-hour program called “Happy Half Hour.” I dramatized Bible stories, African stories, and all seven of the Narnia book series to be used on the programs. Rolan was “Mr. Sound Effects” for those dramatizations. With the use of a Hammond organ in the studio, he could make a lion roar, horses gallop, thunder roll, birds sing, or almost any other sound needed.

We both had a variety of other duties and opportunities inside and outside the radio ministry. Rolan was the English Program Director at one point. I taught piano to some of the “MKs.” I also taught Sunday School and was the Sunday School superintendent for several years in our International Church on campus.

On Sundays, Rolan went to a village a few miles away to share the Gospel with the Liberians there. One Sunday Rolan came home from the village with a little enamel bowl covered with a lid. He handed it to me and told me it was a gift for me from the village people, and they would be offended if I did not eat it. When I gingerly opened the bowl and looked inside, I squealed and almost dropped it. It was full of wriggling white maggots the size of my finger! Rolan laughed at my reaction and told me it was just a joke. One of the Africans had forgotten it and left it in the jeep. I was very relieved to say the least. Rolan loved to play jokes on me and see my reaction!

The Lord gave us the privilege of providing a home for several Liberian teenage girls from the “bush” up-country who needed a place to stay

while they attended high school in Monrovia. The girls became a real part of our family. They helped with the housework and cooking. When they made bread, they put the dish pan on the floor and threw the dough into it over and over instead of kneading it. In their mud huts at home in their villages they had no kitchen with a nice counter on which to knead the dough. This was the way they had learned to knead it, and the bread they produced was delicious. We shared the Word of God with them and made sure they understood the way of salvation. They each made a profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Two of the girls eventually went to the USA. One of them still keeps in touch with me, and I have been able to visit her and her husband several times.

I look forward to the day when we can join our voices in praise to the Lord along with the lives we touched while we served Him in Liberia.

Chapter 15

The Cornelius Emergency Room

Chicken pox, mumps, and measles! It was the end of our furlough after our second term in Liberia. We had three children ages five and under, and they were enjoying “helping” us pack in preparation for our return to Liberia. We were frantically trying to finish packing before embarking on our final month of meetings before our departure, and the children were unpacking things as fast as we packed them! Rolen’s mother came up with a solution. “I will pay for the children to go to a pre-school for three days so you can finish packing in peace and quiet!” It sounded like a good idea to us, but we soon discovered it had not been such a good idea after all.

We were scheduled to furnish the music on the piano and organ at a missions conference at Gull Lake Bible Conference grounds in Michigan. It would have been difficult to fulfill our responsibilities at the conference if the children were with us, so five-year-old Becky stayed with my Dad and stepmother in Illinois. My sister agreed to take care of the boys for that week. In the middle of the week, my sister called us because one of the boys had mumps, and her husband had never had mumps. The children could not stay with them any longer. After the evening service, Rolen drove several hours to pick up the children, as well as my Dad and stepmother who volunteered to watch them at the conference grounds during the meetings.

During that month of travel and meetings, Becky came down with measles and mumps, and both boys had chicken pox and mumps. (Guess

where they were exposed to those diseases!) When we finally arrived at the mission headquarters in New York City to prepare for our flight to Liberia, one of the boys was still recuperating from the mumps. The airline told us we would not be allowed to travel with them until he was well, so we were delayed for two weeks!

When we arrived back home in Liberia, we had much to do to get settled back in our house and into the work at the radio station. The house was crawling with “zillions” of ants, so I put little bottle caps of ant poison around the house to get rid of them. I put one of them in the windowsill in our bedroom behind the curtain, thinking it would be safe from the children there. One-year-old Tony discovered it, however, and I found him licking out the last of the poison from the bottle cap. When I checked the label, I was horrified to see arsenic was one of the ingredients. We rushed Tony to the ELWA hospital emergency room to have his stomach pumped out.

A few days later the boys were racing through the house, and Randy (3 years old) fell and hit his head against the corner of the door jamb and cut a gash in his forehead. Emergency room, here we come again! His cut required several stitches.

We had shipped a new refrigerator to Liberia, and the space in the kitchen was too small for it. Rolen got his hammer and saw and began cutting down the cabinet to make room for it. Meanwhile, Randy decided it would be fun to play with one of the boards out of the cabinet. There was only one problem ... it had a nail sticking out of one end. He was happily swinging it around when we heard Tony let out a scream. When we checked him, we realized the nail had gone into his eye! We rushed him to the emergency room, and upon examination, the mission doctor said he needed eye surgery right away, but our hospital was not equipped for that. Praise the Lord, an eye hospital was in Monrovia, but the eye surgeon had left the country, and a new doctor had just arrived to take his place.

The new doctor was not familiar with the eye hospital yet and did not know where all the surgical tools were kept. An anesthesiologist was unavailable at the time, compounding the problem. One of our nurses at ELWA had this training, so Rolen drove the ten miles back to ELWA to get her. By

the time they returned to the eye hospital, and the doctor could begin the surgery, several hours had elapsed. By that time, the part of the iris pinched by the cornea was dead and had to be removed. One-year-old Tony had to stay in the ELWA hospital with his little hands tied to each side of the crib so he would not disturb the eye. When the nurses came to give him his injections, he did not cry. He just tearfully said, “All right. All right!” Praise the Lord, he can see out of that eye, but his iris cannot control the amount of light entering the eye.

In spite of or maybe because of all these emergencies, my sister Pat believed the Lord was leading her to serve Him in medical missions. When she completed her nurses’ training, the Lord led her to join the medical staff at our ELWA Hospital in Liberia. One of our young engineers at ELWA, Jon Shea, heard she was coming and began asking me questions about her! It did not take Jon long after Pat’s arrival at ELWA to begin getting to know her. Our family was due for a furlough, so I had a heart to heart chat with my sister. “Now Sis, I want you to promise me you will not get married before we get back from our furlough!”

“Get married! What are you talking about?”

“Just promise me that you won’t get married before we get back, Ok?”

You guessed it—we had another ELWA wedding shortly after our return to Liberia.

We enjoyed good family fellowship with Pat and Jon. One Fourth of July we decided to have a picnic together on the beach. As a result of that outing, all of us contracted hepatitis except Pat. She became the family nurse while we recuperated from the disease. We made full use of the ELWA hospital during that episode. The full story is told in “Four Arrows in Our Quiver.”

Jonathan was born at the ELWA Hospital during this term in Liberia. Rolen had hernia surgery, and Randy broke his arm in a scooter accident. To top off all our visits to the ELWA emergency room that term, I sliced the back of my heel on a glass louver and needed stitches the day before we were to leave for our next furlough! No wonder Dr. Schindler said he was going to rename the ELWA emergency room! He said it should be called the “Cornelius Emergency Room”!

..... Chapter 16

M-E-O-W!!

When Rolen and I were first married and had no children, we were kept entertained by a single missionary lady, Jo Stevens from Belgium, who needed a place to stay when she arrived at ELWA. She loved to talk and had many exciting stories to tell about her work with the underground during World War II. After a couple of months, she left to live in her own home. We just sat and looked at each other when she was gone. Jo had done all the talking, and now we had to learn more about communicating with each other!

The house was too quiet, and we wanted something alive around the house. We had a variety of pets while we waited on the Lord to give us children. When we flew to the mission rest compound in Nigeria for a vacation, one of the Nigerians offered to sell us two wild canaries in a homemade cage. I love birds, and especially canaries with their beautiful songs, so we bought them. Fortunately, we were flying all the way back to Liberia in a small mission plane and did not have to deal with commercial flight rules. The canaries were a blessing to us and soon became real pets. When we were home, we allowed them to fly around the house. While we ate our meals, they often sat on top of the chairback at the other end of the table and watched us. But eventually one of them tried to fly through the window and broke its neck. Later, the other one found the door open and took his flight into the jungle behind our house.

It was not long before the Liberians learned we loved animals. When they went hunting and shot a deer, they brought the newborn fawn to us to keep. The children enjoyed feeding the fawn with a baby bottle.

We were in the interior of Liberia at the time where the nights were cool. We thought the fawn might get chilled, so we brought it into the house and made a bed for it beside the kerosene refrigerator. Evidently the fumes from the kerosene flame were not good for it, and it got sick and died. Randy was especially devastated by its death and cried uncontrollably.

The Liberians brought us other interesting “pets.” One was an armadillo which we kept in a cage. He was interesting but not exactly a good play-mate! It was also hard to find enough ants for him to eat, so we let him go to find his own food!

When someone brought a baby pigmy hippo to us, we were really at a loss to know how to take care of him. His skin was dry and cracking, so we filled a wash tub with water and put him in it. We fed him leaves, etc., but he was not doing well, so we gave him back to some of the Liberians. Pigmy hippos are native to the swamps and forests of West Africa. They are interesting but not easy to have as a pet!

We finally got an “ordinary” pet—a cat! Rolen enjoyed playing with him and teasing him. I was glad to have a “buffer” from my teasing husband! We kept the cat in the house except when it needed to go out to do its “business.” One day I let him outside and went on with my housework. Soon I heard a frantic “M-E-O-W” and a loud “Y-E-O-W-L.” When I went to the door, I saw a dog shaking the cat in its teeth. When the dog saw me, he dropped the cat and slunk away into the bushes. I watched the dog closely as it walked away. It seemed a little strange, but I did not see any foaming at the mouth or wild behavior I would have expected to see if it was rabid. When I inspected the cat’s belly, it had two, small holes where the dog’s teeth had held it, but the cat seemed fine otherwise. The holes healed, and we thought that was the end of that story. But, not so!

A week or so later, the cat scratched Rolen’s hand and also scratched some children playing with it. A few days after that, the cat came up behind me and bit me on the ankle. It had never done anything like that before. We soon noticed it was not eating.

One night some of the other missionaries called us to come get the cat because he was acting strangely. Rolan and I rode down the beach road to the missionary's house on our motor bike and collected the cat. I held it until we got home. We wanted to shut it up in the laundry room until we could see what happened to it, but it jumped out of my hands and started chasing Rolan around the yard! We finally captured it and shut it up. The next day our doctor strongly suspected the cat had rabies. He said the only way we could be sure was to keep it in a cage, watch it until it died, and have its brain tested for rabies. He also said since it had bitten me, I would need to get rabies vaccine right away because the animal's saliva is more dangerous than the cat's scratches. Since Rolan and the children had been scratched, they needed to get the injections also to be safe.

When our doctor tried to find rabies vaccine in Liberia, no up-to-date vaccine could be found. The only vaccine available was out of date, but the doctor said I should begin getting that series of injections right away anyway. Meanwhile, he radioed our mission in the USA asking for the vaccine to be sent by air immediately. Before the vaccine arrived, the government hospital had procured some rabies vaccine from Germany which could be given in one injection. Rolan and the children were given that injection, but since I had already begun the other series of fourteen injections, I had to finish that series when the new vaccine arrived from New York. I was very glad when those injections were finished. They had to be given in a circle around the navel, and each one was painful for the full twenty-four hours until the next injection was due. By the end of the series, I was "climbing the walls"! The vaccine affected my nervous system. We were told we would not know for two years if I would actually be immune from rabies. Meanwhile the tests came back from the cat's brain ... it was positive ... the cat did have rabies!

Not long after this, one of our missionaries in Nigeria was bitten by a rabid puppy and eventually died from the disease even though he had been given the rabies vaccine. We praised the Lord for sparing my life! We also praised the Lord for beginning to give us children soon after this experience. We did not need any more pets for a long time!

..... Chapter 17

*Empty Cupboards—
Full Tummies*

“Missy, there’s nothing in the kitchen to cook!” I had just returned home from the radio station in Liberia when Doreen greeted me with those distressing words. Her brother was on the staff at ELWA and had asked us if his sister could live with us when she came to the coast from up-country to attend high school. No high schools were in the interior of Liberia at that time. We enjoyed having Doreen join our family. She was a Liberian Christian teenager and said she wanted to serve the Lord. She usually cooked our supper when she came home from high school in Monrovia. But the cupboards were empty! She was right, we had nothing to cook! She went on, “What will we do? What will we eat?”

“Doreen, we will trust the Lord to give us something to eat. We have not missed a meal yet, and I’m sure the Lord will take care of us now! Just go ahead and set the table, and we will see what God will do for us.” I had no idea how the Lord would provide our need for food that evening, but I was sure He would not fail us. Doreen gave me a puzzled look, but she did as I asked and set the table for supper.

Just before Rolen came home for supper there was a knock at the back door. When I answered the door, one of our missionary ladies stood there. “Arlene, I was wondering if your family could come to our house and help us eat our meal. We had invited some friends from town to come for supper, but they just sent word that something had come up and they are not able

to come. We have everything prepared, and it's too much food for our family to eat alone. Will you please come and join us for supper?"

Doreen heard what the missionary said to me, and her mouth dropped open in disbelief! I must admit that I, too, was astonished at God's abundant provision for our need!

The Lord has been faithful to provide for our family and for the radio ministry in many wonderful ways through the years. He did it so many times and in so many different ways, I cannot begin to remember them all. But I will tell two more stories of His provision for our family while we were in Liberia.

It was time for our scheduled vacation. The mission recommended we take one month each year to rest and recuperate in a little cooler climate. Liberia is six degrees above the equator, and along the coast we received between two and three hundred inches of rain each year. The climate was very oppressive and drained everyone physically. We planned to trade houses with a missionary family from another mission up-country in the jungle while they enjoyed our home on the beach of the Atlantic Ocean. We missionaries in Liberia usually took three weeks for our vacation in Liberia, and six weeks for a vacation in the middle of our term at the mission rest home on the cool plateau in central Nigeria two thousand miles away. This gave us an opportunity to be refreshed both physically and spiritually.

When we went up-country, we had to carry all the food and other supplies we would need for our stay there because there were no grocery stores near-by where we could purchase our food. We had just one problem on this occasion. We had no money with which to purchase our food and supplies, and we were scheduled to leave the next day. "Lord, please help!" We believed it was the Lord's will for us to take this trip up-country the next day, so we asked the Lord to help. We decided I would go to our little store there in Radio Village and shop for the things we needed while Rolan went to the radio station to check the mail to see if the Lord had provided money for us. We were not expecting anyone to send us money, but by the time I had my cart filled with groceries and supplies, Rolan returned waving some cash in his hand! The Lord had done it again! We had enough money to pay

for the groceries and gas for the trip in the car! “Faithful is He that calleth you, Who also will do it” (I Thessalonians 5:24)!

After living in our home in Radio Village for more than twelve years, we longed to have more opportunities to minister to unsaved Liberians outside of our mission campus. By then we had almost seventy missionaries and two hundred Liberians living and working together in Radio Village. We enjoyed most of our interaction with them, but the Lord burdened us with a desire to reach out further. As we prayed about the matter, the Lord spoke to Rolen and me separately, laying it on our hearts to move away from Radio Village and rent a house in the Monrovia area. We would still continue our radio ministry but would be more available to unsaved people. Our co-workers did not think it was a good idea for us to move. They said, “How will you manage? You don’t have to pay rent here at Radio Village, and the rent will be high in town. There will be a lot more expenses there!”

We told them, “We know God wants us to move, so we know we can trust Him to take care of us!” The Lord did take good care of us. He sent extra gifts from friends which covered our rent. He also provided a new car for us—a station wagon. Our previous car was a little Toyota Corolla which was too small to carry our expanding family. Besides our family of six, we now had three Liberian young ladies living with us. Doreen was attending the University by this time, and Lucy and Miriam were attending the high school in Monrovia. Of course, that also meant we had more mouths to feed, and the cupboards became empty more often. But did we miss any meals? No, not at all! One day someone brought us a live goat which we butchered and had meat for the family. Another time Doreen went up-country to visit her family. When she returned, she came bearing gifts ... a couple of live chickens, fifty pounds of local rice, and a large bag of oranges and grapefruit! The Liberians were very generous people. The Lord provided in many other ways as well.

When we moved to the city, we were concerned about the dusty, dirt street in front of the house we were renting. Rolen had major allergies, and the dust would be devastating to him. But again, we had to trust the Lord. He had directed us to this house and somehow, He would take care of Rolen’s allergies. What a surprise we had when we came home from Radio Vil-

lage one day and saw a crew working on the street, laying down asphalt right in front of our house! We did not expect anything like that to happen for a long time to come! The Lord even provides for our health and well-being! Only trust Him! He is trustworthy!

The Lord gave us many opportunities to share His Word with others after we moved to the city ... but that is another story you can read in the following chapter!

Chapter 18

Walk in the Town

Our family's life was drastically changed when we moved off ELWA's beautiful ocean-side campus to the dusty, bustling city of Monrovia! When we arrived in Liberia after our furlough in the USA in 1970, the Lord seemed to give us a restlessness, preparing us for some change He wanted us to make. During this time, we prayed to be used as never before for His glory, and the Lord gave us a greater love and concern for the Liberian people.

The nature of our work in the radio station was such that we seldom met people outside of our ELWA family. None of our ELWA family had lived in the community around us or in Monrovia. We lived, worked, and worshipped for thirteen years right there on our lovely campus ... ten miles from town. We were quite isolated from the mainstream of Liberian life. Of course, we had many personal advantages living at ELWA Radio Village. The houses there were owned by the mission, so we did not have to pay rent ... the school for the children was there on the campus ... it was convenient to our work ... etc. But we were not there just to enjoy the personal advantages. We were there to be an effective witness to the people of Liberia and beyond, and the Lord was showing us this could best be accomplished by living among them. As we prayed about this, the Lord said, "Go and live with the people in Monrovia." He spoke to each of us so definitely, we had no doubt about His will. He used the following poem to confirm His call:

NO FLOWERS, BUT A CROWN (What Christ Said)

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He sent me back;
"There is more," He said; "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And dust is veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town; He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He;
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

—George MacDonald

After looking at several houses in Monrovia, the Lord led us to one which seemed to be just what we needed. It was in a strategic location, too, across the street from a marketplace and at a bus stop. At first, we were told it was unavailable. But miraculously and suddenly it became available. We knew it was the house the Lord wanted us to have. Through the gifts of the Lord's people, we were able to put down six months' rent (\$900.00). Some long-time friends sent word they wanted to send \$50.00 each month, which we could apply toward rent!

Saturday, January 23, 1971, was moving day! We had plenty of good help from our ELWA family ... both missionaries and Liberian co-workers. After we were somewhat settled into our new home, many of the folks from the ELWA family encouraged us by throwing a house-warming party for us.

We were thrilled with the opportunities everywhere around us. We trusted the Lord to give us strength and wisdom in taking advantage of those opportunities. We set up a ping pong table on the porch, and many young people from the area stopped by our house to play ping pong and talk. Several young men came to ask about Radio Bible Courses. One fellow talked to Rolen until 10:30 one night and returned several times to talk about the Lord.

We showed films in our big, front yard every other Saturday night, beginning with sports, health, and travel films, and ending with a Christian film. Usually about 500 people from the area stopped to watch and listen.

I held a Thursday morning, ladies' Bible class, which included American ladies from the Diplomatic Corps as well as Liberian ladies from the area. One of the American ladies was at least nominally a Jehovah's Witness. When we began the class, a widowed ELWA nurse came to teach the class. She brought a wealth of experience since she was a pastor's wife for many years. We saw the Lord work in the lives of the ladies attending the class.

I had individual Bible studies with two of the ladies.

As the Jehovah's Witness lady studied God's Word with me, she realized the Jehovah's Witnesses were not teaching the Truth of God's Word, and she received the assurance of her salvation. She had received the Lord as her

Savior when she was young but then married a man who was a Jehovah's Witness, and she had followed his religion.

A lady from Holland also studied the Scriptures with me. One day when I went to her house to have a Bible study, I carried a plate of cookies to her. She accepted them gratefully, and I was able to use that as an illustration of how simple it is to receive salvation. Just as she had accepted the cookies, she could also accept the gift of eternal life from the Lord Jesus Christ. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John 1:12). When she realized how simple it was to be saved from her sins and to have eternal life, she accepted the Lord just as she had accepted my gift of cookies.

Other opportunities included a Bible Club for neighbor children. Our own children were part of the Bible Club. Eleven-year-old daughter Becky helped by leading the songs. Randy, Tony, and Jonathan attended with the other children. Six-year-old Tony was often a distraction in the Club by showing off and misbehaving. I realized the devil was using him to hinder the other children from paying attention to the Bible stories and the presentation of the way of salvation. I took him into our bedroom after one of the Bible Clubs in which he was particularly bad, I spanked him, and explained to him I thought the devil was using him to keep other children from being saved. I told him he needed to ask the Lord to forgive him and ask Jesus to come into his heart and save him from his sins. The Holy Spirit worked in his heart, and he asked the Lord to forgive him and come into his heart! Praise the Lord, several of the neighbor children prayed to ask Jesus to save them from their sins during some of our little meetings.

Rolen and I worked together to start a weekly radio program called "Sunday School Time." We visited various Sunday Schools in the Monrovia area with our tape recorder and recorded a fifteen-minute program. The program included songs by the children, a Bible story, and a quiz. This was played later on the air and involved more Liberian children in our children's broadcasts.

We did not realize the Lord would only give us two years to minister to the folks in Monrovia. We experienced some very blessed yet difficult times

during those two years. But we knew our times were in God's hands, and He does all things well. He had not yet revealed to us He had great plans for our future.

..... Chapter 19

A Sad Farewell

Many changes began taking place at ELWA in the late 1960's and early 1970's. Unfortunately, the mission changed its long-standing policy of not allowing new missionaries to have a part in making policies for the ministries until they had been on the field for at least a couple of years and gained some experience in the work. Now the new missionaries were immediately allowed to have an equal part with the senior missionaries in making decisions and policies which affected the work. They came with some bright, new ideas; they were not all bad, but many of their ideas did not benefit the ministry. As a result, unwise, detrimental decisions were made. This affected the ministry of ELWA Radio as well as other mission ministries in other countries.

One of the greatest threats to the ministry of ELWA came in the form of an audience survey. In 1971, the mission sent a well-known Christian company to conduct surveys of our potential English-speaking audience in the Monrovia area. The people conducting the survey went out of their way to keep anyone from knowing they had anything to do with Christians, especially ELWA.

The survey indicated many people were being helped by present English programming, but others had turned ELWA off. They said young people demanded a faster moving pace and contemporary music. They also told our ELWA staff we must decide whether we wanted to reach unsaved people or Christians ... it was not effective to try to reach both saved and unsaved at the same time. Of course, we wanted to see souls saved from their sins,

but we also wanted to help teach Christians to know God’s Word and have good testimonies for the Lord. The majority of the staff voted to concentrate our programming toward the unsaved, especially the young people. As a result, the announcers turned into disc jockeys, experimenting with gospel music in folk and contemporary settings including so-called “Christian rock music” (the two words “Christian” and “rock” are contradictory). Some of the Bible-teaching programs were taken off the air, and fast-moving spots of “spiritual truth” were sprinkled throughout the schedule. A new program with “Christian rock” and other contemporary music was introduced. The program was called “New Sound.” Some of the ladies in my women’s Bible study class asked me why ELWA was using that kind of music; I really did not have a good answer. I lamely said, “They think it will reach the young people.”

For many years, a music committee checked all the music to be used on the air but this was ignored at this point in the history of ELWA. During this time, we had an English program staff meeting in which the leader of the meeting was “railroading” the new policies into effect. When a couple of us tried to voice our objections, he ignored us and quickly closed the meeting. The director of the English program department and others went over the heads of the station manager and assistant station manager, Al Snyder and Rolen, and did what they wanted.

Rolen later wrote a letter in which he stated: “Satan launched a vicious attack on Biblical principles in music and message. Missionaries came to us privately and implored us to ‘do something about the music.’ A missionary from another mission told us about being in a taxi with rock and roll playing on the radio. When she asked the driver to change it to ELWA he told her it was ELWA! Then some liberal messages were aired on the AM band which upset me so much that I transcribed them and sent them to our mission’s general director in the USA. Being naïve, I was sure the man would be there on the next plane! However, he delegated the problem to our West Africa director who came a few weeks later.”

Rolen continued, “When we expressed the need for a doctrinal statement for broadcasters to sign, Al (Snyder) and I were asked to draw up a

statement and present it to the Advisory Board when our West Africa director came. I can never forget what I couldn't believe was happening during that meeting. As I presented a very basic doctrinal statement, one missionary after another weakened or eliminated practically every point. It was civil war on a spiritual plane. After listening to the discussions, our W. Africa director dropped the final megaton bomb, which, as far as I was concerned, officially set in motion the destruction of the spiritual ministry, and made it painfully clear that we needed to separate from our beloved ELWA and SIM. Our director's exact words, which have haunted me for two decades, were, 'You don't need a doctrinal statement (for broadcasters to sign).' It was like saying to a ship's captain, 'You don't need a rudder.'

When Rolan came home from that meeting, he told me, "Honey, we have to leave ELWA!"

I replied, "Yes, I know it. The Lord has been telling me that we must leave."

We had enjoyed our work in the radio ministry, and for many years had sweet fellowship with our missionary and Liberian co-workers. There had been some difficult times in the past, but over-all, our sixteen years of ministry at ELWA had been a joy.

We were heartbroken to have to leave this tremendous ministry, which was reaching four-fifths of the African continent in over forty different languages, including English, French, Swahili, Hausa, and Arabic. The radio ministry had so much potential for taking the Gospel to millions of people and giving glory to our God and Father! But now it was dragging the lovely Name of the Lord Jesus Christ into the muck and mire of the world.

As we sold or gave away most of our possessions and packed two or three barrels of personal things to ship back to the USA, our hearts were grieving. Most of our missionary colleagues shunned us. They just did not understand why we were so agitated over the changes in the radio ministry. The only ones with whom we could fellowship during that time were Al and Evelyn Snyder, who stood with us as we opposed the compromise taking place at ELWA. They were also making plans to leave ELWA and return to the USA.

As we prepared to leave our beloved Liberia and ELWA for the last time after sixteen years of ministry there, our fellow missionaries did nothing to bid us a special good-bye. But our Liberian co-workers would not let us leave without a special ceremony of remembrance and appreciation. They asked us to attend a program they had prepared in our honor. Aunt Clara, our African Ma, the storyteller on our children’s programs, presented a gift of a lovely African outfit to me and a beautiful hand-woven chief’s robe to Rolen. Other Liberian friends presented us with gifts, speeches, a couple more chiefs’ robes, and words of appreciation. It was a blessed time that helped us realize our time in Liberia was used of the Lord to bring blessing to their people and others.

When we boarded the plane in Liberia and flew across the Atlantic Ocean, we felt like we had stepped off of a cliff, and we had no idea what we would meet at the bottom. The Lord gave us no indication of His plans for us from that point. “Lord, what shall we do? Do you have another ministry for us?”

Upon our arrival in Boston, a mission official met us and interviewed us. “The mission would like for you to remain with the mission. We can send you to another ministry on a different field,” he told us.

Rolen replied, “Thank you, but we believe the Lord wants us to resign from SIM. We don’t have any assurance that the mission will take a stand against compromise in its ministries.”

The mission official told us we could remain with the mission until the end of our furlough, so our supporters could continue to send our support until then.

Later, one of our pastor friends wrote to the mission, asking about the problems at ELWA. The mission replied problems had been there, but that the two missionary families who had caused the problems had left, and now everything was fine!

As we studied God’s Word and searched for His comfort and guidance, He led us to His instructions to Abram in Genesis 12:1-2: “Now the LORD had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy

kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee: And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." The Lord reminded us He had instructed us to leave our country (Liberia), and He would show us a different land where He would bless us and make us a blessing. Although we had no idea what God had in mind for us, we knew we could trust Him to lead us in the right path.

We knew our first responsibility on this furlough was to visit our supporters and let them know we had left ELWA and were resigning from the mission.

Just before we left ELWA, Rolen and I wrote down the reasons why we had to leave. The following is a copy of that document:

WHY WE CAN NO LONGER SERVE THE LORD AT ELWA:

1. Present programming practices

- Music: Over the objection of many ELWA staff members, other evangelical missions working in and out of Liberia, and many individual African Christians, ELWA aired Gospel Rock, Folk Rock, and worse, for nearly a year until it was finally forced off the air by our radio manager after his return from furlough. (Now this music is getting back on the air.)
- Leanings toward ecumenical involvement in programming. (Announcements; accepting a local church program without thoroughly investigating ecumenical ties, etc.)

2. Present attitudes towards associations with ecumenicals

- No clear-cut stand or specific policy on this for radio programming guide.
- There is a climate of compromise which seems to encourage our dialect broadcasters as well as English programming personnel to use most anything and anyone on the air and say what they want.

3. Present leadership at ELWA

- We have no confidence that the present leadership (especially the General Manager and the Advisory Board) is ready to take a strong stand against the ecumenical movement or that it will take the necessary steps to clean up completely all that needs to be cleaned up in programming and personnel.

4. Lack of whole-hearted co-operation on the part of the General Manager and the Advisory Board with the Radio Manager as he sought to get the devil's music off the air and weed out programs and personnel that are detrimental to the spread of the Gospel over ELWA, while at the same time giving co-operation to those responsible for the music and other wrong programming.

Our hearts are broken as we see the definite swing toward a 'New Evangelical' point of view at ELWA, and its accompanying permissiveness in the areas of music, morals, etc. We are old-fashioned fundamentalists and not afraid to be thus known. Our desire is to be in a ministry that accepts the Word of God as its final authority and is not ashamed to bear the reproach of Christ 'without the camp'.

'...know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God' (James 4:4). 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness: ... Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord...' (II Corinthians 6:14, 17). 'Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to stand ... against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore, take unto you the whole armour of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand' (Ephesians 6:10-13).

Rolen & Arlene Cornelius

June 1972

A Sad Farewell

We sent this document to all of our supporters so they would understand our reasons for leaving Liberia and the Lord's work there. We asked them to pray the Lord would open a new door of service for Him. It was a difficult time in our lives, but the Lord was molding us into His image and preparing us for a wonderful, new ministry! I am anxious to tell you about that, but first I need to tell you the rest of the story of ELWA ... coming up next!

Chapter 20

ELWA Destroyed?

Civil war tore the heart out of Africa's first democratic country, Liberia.

When we received reports and pictures of the devastation at ELWA Radio Village in Liberia, a flood of memories came back to us. The room in which our wedding took place—the first wedding at our beloved ELWA; the children's programming office where Aunt Sammie and I worked happily together; Rolan's program traffic office, and the tape and record library which stored all the music and language programs; the control rooms where we spent so much time; our other office locations; the French and Follow-up Departments; the tech shop where Rolan liked to hang out; the view toward the beautiful ocean front; and the de la Haye "mansion" where we enjoyed so many good times of fun, food, and fellowship. It was hard to believe the sight of the beach front road where all of the coconut palm trees had been cut down, resembling railroad crossties lying across the road. We used to love to watch the sky through those beautiful palms on moonlit night strolls. Then there was the transmitter building with its asbestos roof shattered into thousands of small pieces covering the floor in front of the line of silent giants facing the master control room, with the tall floor fan "presiding" over the debris, depicting the awful devastation of war to the physical plant.

Rolan commented at the time, "Horrible as this conflict was, it was not the first time ELWA was bombed and looted and became a victim of civil war. Twenty years ago, an even more devastating war was fought at ELWA Radio Village, though buildings and equipment were not damaged and only two missionary families were evacuated." It was a spiritual war that we be-

lieved damaged the ministry of ELWA more than physical bombs could ever accomplish.

However, as my sister said, “The real answers will only be available in Heaven... there has been much soul-searching both personally and corporately, regarding whether the destruction was a judgment on the ministries of ELWA... and we have tried to keep our hearts tuned to what the Lord is saying to us. We may never know how it fits His plan, even in Heaven, but we do know He is sovereign, wise, loving, immutable, and ever-present.”

It was 1990, eighteen years after the Lord told us to leave Liberia and missionary radio station ELWA. My sister Pat and her husband Jon Shea and other ELWA missionaries kept us informed regarding the events leading to the shutdown of ELWA and the eventual evacuation of all of the 130 missionaries and their children from Liberia. ELWA had just celebrated thirty-six years of unbroken radio ministry. The missionary staff had been busy making plans for expansion of its many-faceted ministries, including adding programs in 25 more African languages. ELWA was airing the Gospel 250 hours each week in over 40 languages and dialects when it was shut down by Liberia’s civil war.

In 1979 the meeting of the OAU (Organization of African Unity) had been hosted by Liberia. Colonel Gaddafi reportedly asked President Tolbert to stop Radio ELWA transmissions to North Africa, because of the “corrupting influence on youth.” The story continued that Tolbert said since Liberia was founded on Christian principles, he would not do that. Tolbert was dead in nine months—at the hands of coup-makers who seized power until Charles Taylor and other factions forced the end to their regime ten months later in 1990. Gaddafi got his opportunity through Charles Taylor and 200 Libyan-trained Liberian commandos to put a finger in the eye of U.S. interests in Liberia, and incidentally put an end to all of ELWA Radio’s Arabic broadcasts to the Middle East!

There had been unrest in Liberia in 1979 leading to a bloody coup in 1980 carried out by men in the Liberian army led by Master Sgt. Samuel K. Doe. Doe was elected president of Liberia in 1985, and the country was somewhat quiet for a few years, while a war was about to be exported to

Liberia from Libya. The ELWA ministries had continued and SIM church-planting work in Liberia expanded during that time.

All of that drastically changed when Liberia was plunged into a terrible civil war in 1990. Pat and Jon Shea compiled a calendar of events of the war of 1990: (I added some details gleaned from letters and reports from the Sheas, a SIM Special Report on ELWA shutdown, and letters and reports from other ELWA missionaries.)

- December 1989—Former government official Charles Taylor invades Liberia with armed dissidents known as the National Patriotic Front of Liberia (NPFL) to overthrow Doe’s government. Although there are reports of atrocities of war in the interior of Liberia, ELWA continues making plans and moving ahead with projects for future ministries.
- January 1990—President Doe issues shoot-to-kill orders after claiming rebel forces killed 200 people. Amnesty International estimates 20,000 people flee Liberia’s interior to Côte d’Ivoire and Guinea.
- March 1990—Missionaries Tom and June Jackson found shot dead in northern Liberia. They had been serving the Lord in Liberia for 50 years.
- April 1990—British and American Embassies advise their nationals to leave.
- May—1990 SIM evacuates most of its 130 missionaries and 80 children.
- June—1990 UK and U.S. station ships off Liberian coast to evacuate remaining nationals if necessary. The last regular international flights leave Liberia and the main airport is abandoned.
- July 1, 1990—Shooting begins within two miles of ELWA.
- July 5—ELWA Radio is turned off for the first time in over 36 years after being warned that it was likely to become a military target. Refugees continue to stream by the thousands onto ELWA base for safety, including the Sheas from their home at SIM area headquarters three miles away.

- July 22—NPFL forces appear at ELWA. Everyone began fearing stray bullets every day.
- July 25—Shooting around and into ELWA campus results in the deaths of four refugees and injury of six. Warnings of impending heavy assault prompt departure of last ten SIM missionaries and some 22,000 refugees from ELWA. The NPFL agrees to give protection to the convoy of missionaries as they leave. That afternoon the 10 missionaries follow the refugees in nine vehicles, three of them serving as ambulances for 16 hospital patients who could not walk. The patients are transferred to the mining center hospital at Bong 60 miles away.

As the missionaries left, Liberian staff and friends encouraged them:

“Don’t cry for us. God is here. He will take care of us.”

“Maybe God will have to scour this place clean and start over.”

“It’s good that you have to go. Now we will HAVE to depend on the Lord.”

- July 27—While preparing to continue the next day to the Côte d’Ivoire border, five of the missionary men (including my brother-in-law, Jon Shea) are “asked to return” to ELWA by NPFL fighters to activate the radio transmitter for a message from Charles Taylor declaring himself president of Liberia. Later that evening, the five men are released to re-join the other missionaries, and all cross safely into Côte d’Ivoire the next evening.
- July 29—Evidently in retaliation for the broadcast by Charles Taylor, government troops bombard the ELWA campus with rockets, damaging and destroying several houses and other buildings, including the ELWA Press.
- July 30—Government troops massacre 600 people at the Lutheran church in Monrovia.
- August 5—U.S. Marines land in Monrovia to protect U.S. embassy and evacuate Americans. Meanwhile the missionaries evacuated to Côte d’Ivoire now fly from there to their homelands.

- August 23—West African countries send ground and naval forces to Liberia to force an end to fighting.
These forces are called ECOMOG.
- August 30—An interim government is named in exile by West African countries.
- September 9—President Doe is wounded and captured by a splinter Patriotic Front faction, which announces his death the next day.
- October 21—ELWA studio building, power plant, and transmitter building with its five transmitters are burned, possibly by retreating NPFL forces using rocket launchers.
- November 28—All parties in conflict agree to a ceasefire, including Charles Taylor, whose Libyan backing agree it will no longer support him.
- December 4, 1990—Confirmation of destruction of ELWA is received by SIM.

Eyewitnesses confirmed that the ELWA main studio/administration building, transmitter building, and part of the power plant were totally burned...completely destroyed. Except for one drawer of personnel records, not a shred of paper, not a single recording, not a piece of equipment survived in its studio and transmitter buildings. Only 10 houses out of about 50 were habitable. Looters took nearly everything of value—whatever was left after the multiple lootings and burnings over the months of July through October of 1990. The antennas were still standing and the school, gym, ELWA hospital and pharmacy were intact, though mostly looted. All the palm trees had been cut down in search of the edible heart at the top of the tree.

It was reported that at least a quarter million Liberians were killed during the war, which formally ended in 2003. Nearly one million refugees fled Liberia to escape the atrocities and massacres of the Liberian people by power-hungry, greedy men who received arms and ammunition from Libya. There were also half a million displaced people within Liberia. At that time, it was

the largest percentage of population displacement anywhere in the world! Our hearts grieved for our beloved Liberian friends and their families.

A letter was received in December 1990 from one of the refugees who took shelter on the ELWA base which said, "I lived near the ELWA Campus and in July my husband and I took refuge there. The missionaries were very kind to us (I mean all the "refugees"). They (the missionaries) had to leave... but they tried very hard. I just want to let you know that if it were not for ELWA many more would have died. Many found the Lord while they were at your campus."

"God is sovereign. His hand is at work for good," Pat and Jon Shea observed. The 22,000 refugees had been organized into groups by the ELWA staff. Three men were in charge of 17 pastors who had a prayer service in various groups among the refugees each night. The refugees were packed into vacant missionary homes (about 140 people in one house!), the school, gym, clinic, hospital, and pharmacy, and in makeshift lean-tos around every major building and on many front and back porches. It was rainy season, but the Lord was gracious to not allow the usually heavy rain to fall on the refugees.

God cared for His own people during this horrible war. One of the Liberian ELWA staff men was spared from death several times because he was wearing his ELWA shirt. Another staff member was tied up ready for execution and his friend from ELWA pleaded for his life. They refused to save him. The friend left, thinking that they had killed him after he was gone. They put a knife to his throat three times, but still didn't kill him! Later a commandant desperately wanted him killed, but a supervisor said, "No, don't kill him. He's a journalist." Many stories of miraculous deliverances came out of the war.

Perhaps only five of the 200 employed Liberian staff or their families were killed in the duration. Our Lord is surely in control of every circumstance in our lives.

In the aftermath of the war, children were dying from malnutrition and cholera. No four-legged animal could be found in all of Liberia, where el-

ephants, pygmy hippos, deer, and other wild animals roamed the forests before the war. No palm trees were standing at ELWA. People had eaten every part of them that was possible to eat.

In January 1992, after eighteen months' silence—its first silence since ELWA went on the air thirty-eight years earlier—ELWA was back on the air! At the end of 1991, a “new” and much smaller facility was set up right next to the ashes and rubble of ELWA Radio’s original home. An old auto maintenance center and security office was renovated into a small radio station. Local FM broadcasts to the Monrovia area went on the air in English. About 30 missionaries had returned to ELWA in 1991 (including Pat and Jon), determined to do all they could to restore ELWA to its original purpose of teaching the everlasting truths of the Christian faith, as found in the Holy Bible, by the means of radio broadcasting, training church leaders, and medicine.

But ELWA Radio was not the same. There were no Liberian language broadcasts, no broadcasts in the many other languages of Africa and the Middle East. All of the recordings had been destroyed as well as the transmitters to broadcast them. They were not likely to be replaced.

In October 1992 war hit Monrovia again! Five nuns in Monrovia were killed. The American Embassy suddenly advised all U.S. citizens to leave as soon as possible. Twenty-eight SIM staff and 13 children were evacuated from Liberia. Four men felt the Lord leading them to stay to keep ELWA hospital and ELWA Radio operating and serving Liberia. It was two years earlier that the ELWA studios and transmitters had been completely destroyed. The missionaries wondered, “Would it happen again?”

The ELWA side of Monrovia remained relatively quiet while fighting went on a few miles away. The hospital and radio station continued in operation and remained a big encouragement to the local people. November and December were difficult times for the four missionary men who remained at ELWA. By mid-January 1993 ECOMOG had pushed the NPFL away from the city. Most of the 28 ELWA missionaries and their families who had been evacuated in 1992 returned to Liberia. Would Monrovia and eventually Liberia enjoy a time of peace for a change?

The Lord allowed ELWA to remain on the air for about three and a half more years. A shortwave transmitter was added in 1994 to cover all of Liberia, mainly in English. A new transmitter building housed a renovated 1938-vintage 50,000-watt transmitter to upgrade the broadcast services for West Africa.

Then in April 1996 a new wave of war struck, and soldiers again invaded the ELWA campus. Fifty-six missionaries and their children had to be evacuated from Liberia by U.S. helicopters. More soldiers came onto the campus and it was totally looted, including the vehicles. ELWA Radio again fell silent.

As my sister Pat and her husband Jon Shea reported these evacuations in April and May 1996 by e-mail, they concluded with ... “Humanly speaking, this is again the end of the radio facilities—maybe this time of the hospital and other ministries in Liberia as well. But there are no regrets. Every minute we were on the air, every patient we cared for, every church leader we helped train and encourage, is worth what we put into them, and we hang on to God’s promise, ‘...my Word will not return to Me empty...’”

The invasion of the ELWA campus in April 1996 was not the end of the ELWA ministries. Some of the Liberian staff members were formed into the ELWA Management Team. As they consulted with the few missionaries who had returned to Liberia, the radio station again went on the air with a limited schedule on FM in October 1997.

Ron and Pauline Sonius had been stationed in Côte d’Ivoire since their forced evacuation with the other missionaries in 1993. They sent out a Liberia update by email in August 1997 before moving back to the USA. They reported that “the International Church of Monrovia meeting on the ELWA compound was continued after only a few weeks without services. John Tamba, the pastor, reported, ‘The membership has started to swell. There are presently 14 students in the baptism class.’

“One church member wrote: ‘(From the war) I learned that the devil often traps us before we come to realize his strategies. I also learned God wants us to depend on Him for guidance and strength... I learned to take

every situation to the Lord no matter how insignificant it may be. I believe that out of the ashes of this war God will build a strong Church because Liberians are beginning to become mission-minded.... I see the Spirit of God moving with deep conviction throughout this Land of Liberty in a new way. Liberians have been playing with God, but He is turning Liberia upside down to get the Christians serious about His business.’”

The ministries of ELWA were revitalized by the Liberian Management Team, in close partnership with SIM missionaries. ELWA Radio has continued on the air on FM ever since it went back on the air in 1997 and on a small shortwave transmitter since about 2005, with the exception of downtime due to transmitter and other breakdowns while awaiting parts and assistance to repair the equipment.

The greatest trial during this latest time was a fire! On Election Day in November 2011, the radio studio went up in flames. This was the building which had been restored from the old auto maintenance and security office after the destruction of 1990. The ELWA staff along with the Liberia Fire Service fought hard to contain the fire. About two-thirds of the station’s collection of CDs and tapes and a sound mixer were rescued from shelves with only smoke damage. Everything else was a total loss. Thankfully, no one was injured. In spite of this major setback, the staff was able to go back on the air with limited programs and music from the transmitter building (down the road from the studio).

My nephew, Alan Shea and his family arrived in Liberia in January 2012. Alan is a great asset in setting up the technical needs of the temporary station and assisting in plans for constructing a new studio building.

After the fire, James Kesselly, one of the Liberian leaders at ELWA, wrote: “This has to be the work of the devil. Please uphold ELWA before the throne of the Almighty that the devil and all of his agents will be put to shame and that the Gospel will go out with conviction and power to their amazement.”

God is still on the throne and He can be trusted to do all things well!

Part 1 ELWA

LIBERIA, WEST AFRICA



Cornelius family picture



Rolen made a model iron lung



Bush family picture-Arlene top right



*Arlene's 8th birthday-
antique doll gift*



Polio-Arlene escaped iron lung 1952



*Rolen & Arlene met
at BJU*



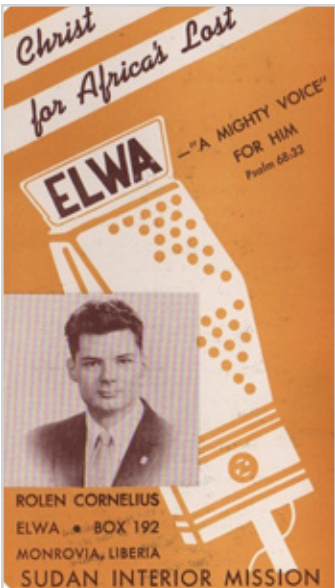
Our parents



Rolen graduated from BJU in 1955



Arlene graduated in 1957



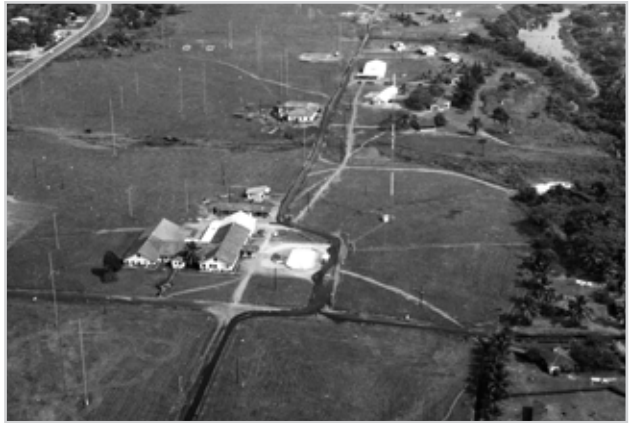
*Rolen-missionary to Radio
ELWA, Liberia*



*Rolen waits 2 years for his Honey
alone in Liberia*



ELWA studio building in foreground, transmitter building behind studio, hospital in the background, Academy to the right, homes along the Atlantic Ocean



*Arial pictures
compliments of
Raymond Delahaye
SIM archives*



African wedding



Rolen built our home at ELWA



Arlene-ELWA editing



Rolan-ELWA control room 1956



Rolan-ELWA program library



ELWA ladies trio-1962



ELWA listeners



ELWA listener



Rolen providing sound effects at the organ-ELWA



*Our transportation
before we had a car*



*Liberia averaged
200-300 inches of rain yearly*



THE CORNELIUS FAMILY



1961



1965



1968-4 in our quiver



1963



1969-on our front porch





Rolen's mother, Ethel Cornelius, visited Africa



Our home when we moved to town-Monrovia, Liberia 1972

Part 2 Caribbean Radio Lighthouse

..... ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES



..... Chapter 21

What Next, Lord?

Rolen and I praised the Lord for the sixteen wonderful years He gave us to share the Good News of salvation over Radio Station ELWA in Liberia, West Africa. Now we knew the Lord had something new in store for us ... what next, Lord?

Because of the recent trends in programming and associations at ELWA, we believed we could no longer remain a part of that ministry without compromising the clear teaching of God's Word. After much prayer, we knew the Lord was leading us to sever our relationship with ELWA and the Sudan Interior Mission as of September 1972.

As we left Liberia and the radio ministry of ELWA, we had no idea what the Lord had planned for our future. We felt like we had jumped off a cliff and did not know what we would find at the bottom. Rolan said he thought that was the end of our ministry as missionaries. Dr. Bob Jones, Jr. had written to us, telling us about an opportunity to teach in a Bible college in Asia, but we did not believe that was God's will for us. Somehow, we believed the Lord still wanted us to be involved in missionary radio, though we did not know how.

Since we were physically and spiritually exhausted from the spiritual battles at ELWA, we needed privacy as a family upon our return to the USA. We prayed and asked the Lord to provide a motor home for us to use while we were traveling and visiting our supporting churches. The Lord answered prayer, and we traveled 6,000 miles within a few weeks, reporting

to the churches how the Lord led us away from Liberia. The motor home was a blessing as we recuperated from the stress of the spiritual warfare we had experienced in Liberia. It enabled us to have privacy for our family. We could also put the children to bed after meetings and drive on toward our next destination.

The motor home became exceedingly small when we completed our travels and parked it, so we sold it and bought an old trailer home in Kampus Kourt in Greenville, South Carolina. It was two old trailers put together in an “L” shape. One part was only 8 feet wide and was the kitchen. We could barely squeeze into the chairs around the table. I liked the “house” because it looked cute with marigolds lining the little sidewalk outside ... and it also had a piano! We had fun squeezing everyone in when my sister and her family visited us ... making twelve of us altogether. The only way we could all eat together was to go to a park and have a picnic ... but we had a good time!

We enrolled our four children in Christian schools in Greenville with the help of Rolén’s parents, and we registered for some post-grad classes ourselves at Bob Jones University. We felt drained from the spiritual warfare we had just been through in Liberia and wanted to “re-charge our spiritual batteries!”

It was exciting to see the Lord beginning to open new doors of opportunity to us. We prayed about several possibilities for service, and the Lord seemed to be narrowing things down to one particular project. There was a real need and a great opportunity for fundamental Christian radio in the English-speaking islands of the Caribbean. Rolén and Al Snyder (ELWA’S former radio manager who left ELWA for the same reasons we did) made a survey trip to the island of Antigua on behalf of Baptist International Missions, Inc. (BIMI). They found the government of the island of Antigua was receptive to the idea of beginning a Christian radio station there. We did not realize it at the time, but the government had just recently changed leadership. The former government would not have allowed us to come and build a radio station, fearing we would be too much competition to their own radio station. (God’s timing is perfect!)

There was much to be done, and we prayed for the Lord’s guidance as we began to prepare for the establishment of the radio station in Antigua. Several couples joined us one evening each week to pray with us about the new Christian station ... Al and Evelyn Snyder, Curt and Barbara Waite, and Ken and Kathy Larson. We definitely needed the Lord’s wisdom and guidance as we made plans together. The Lord led the Snyders and us to join Baptist International Missions so we could partner with them in this venture. This station was intended to cover the entire eastern Caribbean area with the uncompromising proclamation of God’s Word.

We praised God for the unanimous support of all the BIMI missionaries in the entire Caribbean area regarding the need and plans for the new radio station. We felt this was highly significant, and we looked forward to working with these missionaries to build a strong church in that area.

Al Snyder suggested a name for this new radio ministry: Caribbean Radio Lighthouse! We liked it and agreed to call the station by that name. It represented our task: to shine out the light of God’s Word to a world lost in the darkness of sin. Our theme verse was: “Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth” (Psalm 43:3a).

It was estimated we would need at least \$55,000 to purchase the needed technical equipment, and building materials for a studio building with equipment and furnishings, programming materials, etc. We needed a 10,000-watt AM transmitter to give good signal coverage from the Virgin Islands in the northwest to Barbados in the southeast. We needed a good radio tower as well. Where would we get all that money and equipment? We knew where God guides, He provides, so we trusted Him to take care of everything.

One day Rolan felt led to call a friend in Indiana who dealt with towers. When George Alexander picked up the phone, and Rolan explained how the Lord was leading us, George said, “I just got a contract to take down hundreds of towers across the nation. How many do you want?” Wow!

Rolan said, “We only need one!” George offered us a 350-foot tower if we would just come and get it! He also gave us enough steel panels to build the studio building, and he offered to go to Antigua later to supervise the

building! He was hindered from going when his little boy played with some gun powder and was severely burned. But he eventually came and was a great help.

Rolen visited the Greenville Rescue Mission and commented on the nice, commercial-grade carpet they had in their new building. It was the kind of carpet we needed to put on the floor of the radio station. When he asked where they obtained it, they said it had been a gift from a carpet factory. It had come in rolls of ends about four feet wide. They just laid it down on the floor and glued it together. When they found out why we needed carpet, they said, "We have quite a few rolls left over, and you can have them for your station!" Another marvellous answer to prayer!

We praised God for the assistance of Bill Greaves, who was then chief engineer for Radio Station WMUU in Greenville, South Carolina. He helped us immensely with proposed propagation calculations, and he designed and constructed some of our technical equipment for us. He also promised to go to Antigua to help with the installation of the equipment!

The Lord continued to guide and provide for the new radio station on the island of Antigua:

- In August of 1973, our station application was approved by Antigua's government. The government also gave us duty-free privileges.
- Al Snyder flew to Antigua and made formal application for a land site for the station.
- A Christian businessman provided the office furniture needed.
- We received a gift of several hundred dollars' worth of good, used technical equipment from a radio station in South Carolina.
- A gift from a church in Georgia helped us make the down payment on a 10,000-watt transmitter.

There were so many ways the Lord provided for the radio station as well as for our family while we were in the process of getting ready to move to Antigua. Our daughter Becky remembers a day when we had no money to

buy food. The children emptied their pockets and piggy banks, and we all pooled our money together and came up with about sixty cents! We could not buy much of anything with that! As we were sitting around the table, someone knocked at the door. When we answered the door, no one was there, but we found a bag of groceries on the step! We do serve a faithful God!

We also had been praying for the Lord to provide the furniture we needed to take with us to Antigua. We had not been able to ship our furniture from Africa, nor was it advisable. The furniture in the mobile home needed to stay there. We estimated we would need about one thousand dollars to get the furniture we needed. When we reached home after speaking at a church some distance away, we checked our mail and found several checks ... and they totalled ... you guessed it! The total was one thousand dollars!

The Lord continued to meet our personal needs in marvelous ways:

- ❖ A church in South Carolina made provision for our children's education through the Accelerated Christian Education (A.C.E.) program. (We would be home-schooling our children in Antigua.)
- ❖ We lost some support when we left Africa, but the Lord provided some new supporters, and some of our former supporters faithfully continued to support us.
- ❖ Ladies' groups helped supply the children's clothing.
- ❖ The Lord provided tools for Rolen to use for constructing the studio and transmitter buildings.
- ❖ Our outfit was almost completely purchased and packed, ready to go. We even packed up the piano we found in our little mobile home in Greenville.
- ❖ Friends loaned us a 40-foot container in which to store our things until we were ready to ship them to Antigua. (We had no room to store anything in our little "cracker box" home!)

What Next, Lord?

By faith we made reservations to fly to Antigua on November 14, 1973.
The Caribbean Radio Lighthouse was on its way to reality!

..... Chapter 22

Caribbean Adventure

We were ready to fly to the island of Antigua in the Caribbean to help establish a new missionary radio station ... as ready as we could be. With the wonderful help of our friends, Sam and Mary Vause, we had packed a 35-foot Sea Land container with our furniture, car, and other belongings, along with building supplies and the radio tower for the radio station. My good friend from high school days, Pat York, said that her son, Dale, wanted to travel to Antigua with us. We tried to get him to wait until we were settled there before he came, but his parents did not want him to travel alone, so we agreed to let him come along with us. He had a lot of stories to tell when he returned home about a month later!

We moved to Atlanta for a few weeks while waiting for the time of our departure. Colonial Hills Baptist Church allowed us to stay in their mission house near the church. We set up our home school there and began to get in gear for the first project for the children and me in Antigua. The children also enjoyed visiting their grandmother's class at Colonial Hills Christian School a few times.

Finally, the big day of our flight to Antigua arrived—November 14, 1973! We said “Good-bye” to Rolen’s parents and boarded British West Indies Airways at the Atlanta airport. We ran into a snag at the airport in Miami where we had to transfer to another flight to Antigua. The airline did not want to allow us to board the plane because we did not have round-trip tickets. We explained we were moving to Antigua and would not be returning to the USA for several years. Besides that, we had no money to pay for

return tickets! They were not satisfied until we produced the telegram we had received from the government of Antigua stating the Cabinet had approved our application to build the radio station. We were finally allowed to board and breathed a big sigh of relief when we sat down in our seats on the plane.

We soon learned things do not always go according to plans, especially in third-world countries. Our flight was scheduled to leave Miami at 3:45 p.m. and arrive on the island of Antigua at 6:20 p.m. The flight left Miami very late, so we knew we would arrive late in Antigua. We were concerned because we had arranged with national Pastor Atlee King to pick us up ... and his church had prayer meeting that night. We had no way to let him know we would be late in arriving. (We had no cell phone in those days!) As the plane approached Antigua about 10:30 p.m., the pilot announced on the intercom, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a change in our flight schedule. The Barbados airport will close at 11:00 o'clock, so we will be flying past Antigua to Barbados to arrive there before it closes! Then we will return to Antigua. We are sorry for any inconvenience this will be for you."

Poor Brother King! When we finally arrived in Antigua after midnight, he told us he had made three or four trips to the airport to get us. The airline personnel in Antigua did not seem to know what was going on! Nevertheless, it all worked out, and Pastor King took us to the Johnson's little, wooden house where we would be staying. Before we left the States, we had met Jerry and Scharmel Johnson who were on furlough in the USA, and they offered the use of their house in Antigua until we could locate a house for our family.

We crawled into bed at about 2:00 a.m., and when we woke up at 7:00 a.m., we met a lady sitting on our porch! The sweet, Antiguan lady looked at us with a broad smile on her face. "Good morning!" she said. "Welcome to Antigua! Brother and Sister Johnson told me you were coming. I worked for them when they were here, and they said I could work for you! I like to wash clothes, and I do a good job!" This was the beginning of a wonderful relationship with this dear, sweet Christian lady. Miss Maggie became part of our family for all our thirteen years in Antigua, and she did much more

than wash clothes! She taught us to enjoy her delicious pepper pot, fish and fungee, pumpkin soup, and many other wonderful Antiguan dishes.

Almost immediately, Rolen began the rounds of government offices to meet the government officials and to begin the necessary process of getting permits for acquiring land, building the studio building, getting land for the radio tower, obtaining broadcast frequencies, etc. He set out each morning on foot, walking the two or three miles to town and back. Our car was in the container and would not arrive until a few weeks later. The government officials were quite cordial, but they gave Rolen the “run-around” with very little in the way of real results. It was a bit discouraging, but the verses from James 1 we were memorizing in our family devotions encouraged us. “My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him”(James 1:2-5).

Becky (13 years old) met several little girls in the village and “adopted” them as little sisters. Our boys (11, 9, and 5 years old) enjoyed wandering around the village and getting acquainted with the neighbor boys. They found a little, stray puppy trotting around the street by itself and were not able to find the owner. A man saw them with the puppy and told them they could keep it if they wanted to, so they brought the puppy home. We decided to keep him, but there was a problem ... we had no fence around the yard of the little wooden house, so we had no way to keep him in the yard. We ended up putting him on the porch and closing the gate on the porch. We had to keep the front door open to allow more air to flow through the hot house, and of course the puppy found his way inside the house! That was not so nice, because everywhere the puppy went, he left puddles and piles! Guess what we named him? ... Puddles!

We were praying for the Lord to lead us to a suitable house we could rent for our family, and the Lord answered prayer. When we took walks around the village, we looked for a house and found a nice, cement block house with four bedrooms. The neighbors told us how to contact the owner, and we were able to rent it in time to get it ready for the arrival of our

container with our furniture. Our visiting friend, Dale, was a big help in painting the rooms inside the house so it would be ready for us to move into before he flew back home to the USA.

Getting established in another country is no small thing! Clearing customs for the 35-foot Sea Land trailer containing our household belongings and the tower and building supplies was a once-in-a-lifetime experience—we hoped! (We actually had to go through this process many times, and none of the experiences were easy!) Our container arrived shortly before Christmas, and we moved into the house on Christmas Eve. Pastor King helped us move, and as we moved the last of the furniture into the house he said, “The church folks will come and join you for an early Christmas service tomorrow morning!” Well! We surely did a lot of scrambling to be ready for our Christmas morning guests! We had a blessed time together! (Be ready for anything, right?)

We set up one of the bedrooms as our home school. We had begun the school year in Atlanta while we were waiting for our flight to Antigua, so we took up where we left off. I wanted the children to learn as much as they could about their new home on the 9x12 mile island, so I set up a contest with the names of the villages of Antigua all around the wall. I cut out construction paper bicycles with their names on them and gave them points for completing their daily work, good grades on tests, good behavior, etc. They started in the capital city of St. John’s and cycled around the island, visiting each village. We all learned a lot from that contest and had fun doing it!

We praised the Lord for opportunities to witness in our neighborhood. One young lady attended church with us and accepted the Lord as her Savior. We prayed for her Christian growth and strength to resist the many temptations a single girl faced in that environment. We were also concerned about the children in our area. I taught two Bible Clubs in our neighborhood. Sixty children crowded into our living room to sing and learn God’s Word. Quite a few of them prayed to receive the Lord as Savior and were memorizing Scripture and growing spiritually. We also had an adult Bible Class in our home on Friday nights. Antiguan Pastor, Brother Atlee King, did an excellent job teaching the Gospel of John.

We enjoyed the ministry of Brother King, pastor of Galilean Baptist Church in the village of Liberta in the countryside. We helped with Sunday School, music, bus ministry, open-air meetings, and a weekly quarter-hour television program.

Rolen was still making the rounds of government offices, finding officials friendly and helpful. His visit with the Prime Minister was delightful. He assured us the government welcomed the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. The director of the new station, Al Snyder, came down to Antigua for a few days in January 1974. Rolan and Al attended the West Indies Baptist Fellowship Conference in St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, and taught a radio seminar to graduates and students of BIMI's Bluewater Bible College.

Rolan later toured several of the islands presenting the ministry of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse and was well-received. We believed the Lord was raising up Caribbean pastors to make broadcasts and many Christians in the islands to pray for the station. While Rolan was on the island of Nevis, he met Pastor St. Clair Archibald and his wife and family of five boys. Later the Archibalds visited us in Antigua and told us they believed the Lord was calling them to be a part of the staff of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. They moved to Antigua and were a great blessing to the ministry of the radio station. Brother Archibald also eventually started a little church we attended in the village of Jennings near the radio station.

In April 1974, we received word the Cabinet of the government of Antigua approved the two land sites we requested! We expected to complete the lease arrangements in the next few days and begin building! Several specialists planned to come down to Antigua for a few days to help—beginning welding construction, carpentry, plowing in the ground system for the radio tower, preparing for erecting the tower, installing equipment, tuning the transmitter, etc. That was our plan, but the Lord had a different plan!

It was discovered that the approved studio site on Scott's Hill was owned by someone else and was not available to us! We prayerfully looked at quite a few other sites. The Lord led us to a triangular plot for the studio building four miles from the city of St. John's on one of the main roads. Rolan drew a map locating the plot and handed it to the chief surveyor, who later told

his surveyors the “minister” had chosen another plot. The surveyors thought he referred to the Minister of Lands, so they went ahead and surveyed that plot—prematurely! But he was only referring to Rolen! The government soon surveyed and approved the studio site and a site on a salt pond five miles away for the tower and transmitter building.

We were given permission to excavate right away and start actual construction when the lease was prepared and signed. As the grader was landscaping the plot for the studio building, the operator, apparently a Christian, was singing over the roar of the engine, “Is thy heart right with God, washed in the crimson blood, cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, right in the sight of God?” It was wonderful to hear the roar of progress along with the message to which the radio ministry was dedicated.

We applied to a London office for frequency assignments. The office asked all kinds of questions in addition to requesting many forms, applications, and data sheets required for frequency allocation.

We learned just how big a need the Lord would be meeting with regard to electric power entrances. In Antigua, the customer must pay for everything from the main lines on down. The studio would be adjacent to a power line, so it was not such a great need there. But service to the transmitter/tower site was a “horse of another color” as Rolen commented! It was 3800 feet from the power lines and required 19 poles and 2 ½ miles of wire plus, plus, plus! Did the Lord provide? Of course! He promised to “supply all [our] need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus” (Philippians 4:19). We lack nothing with Him! We were “at the bottom of the barrel” with many other needs for building and shipping, paying the rent on the land in advance, paying a lawyer to draw up the lease, etc. But our faithful Lord took care of every need.

August 1974 was an eventful month! Al and Evelyn Snyder and their two boys arrived on Antigua, and fellow missionary, Jerry Johnson, organized a new independent Baptist church in the city of St. John’s, Grace Baptist Church. Galilean Baptist Church and Grace Baptist Church both needed musicians to play the piano and organ for their services, so for several months Rolen and I split up to take care of that need in both churches.

Also, in August, we received the important news from London that 1165 on the AM dial had been assigned to the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse! Without that there would be no broadcasting!

The Lord was continuing to work toward the establishment of this new beacon of Light ... to shine out the Light of God's Word to a world lost in darkness! We praised Him!

Chapter 23

Earthquake!!

God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform! We were learning we should not have preconceived ideas about how He is going to work. We were also learning we had a powerful enemy with which to contend. The “Prince of the Power of the Air,” as the Scripture refers to Satan, was not ready to relinquish the air waves without a fight! We had many battles with our enemy as he sought to hinder and delay the building of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. Even though the Antigua government gave the necessary approval for the land long before, that vital piece of paper called a “lease” was as elusive as a donkey’s carrot on the end of a stick!

Since the government had told us we could go ahead and excavate while waiting on the lease, Rolen painted a sign for the new studio site, and the church folks joined us for a ground-breaking ceremony. We thought we would be able to begin construction within a few days, but such was not the case!

Just when we expected the lease to be signed, we were told that before it could be granted to BIMPS radio station, the mission must be locally incorporated—and this could take six to nine months! However, God answered prayer, and the government decided to grant a temporary lease to Al Snyder and Rolen on a personal basis. This would be in effect until the rest of the “red tape” was finished. This meant we would soon be able to really start building! We praised the Lord and prayed we would have no further delays.

We thanked the Lord that as Satan threw up each roadblock, the Lord knocked it down or showed us the way around. We knew He would accomplish that which He had begun! “*But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!*” (1 Corinthians 15:57).

We had quite an earth-shaking experience early Tuesday morning, October 8, 1974. I woke up about 6:00 a.m. and went to the bathroom. While there, I heard a muffled, roaring sound coming from underground and thought a big truck was passing our house, but the noise continued ... the “truck” did not pass by. Suddenly the bathroom’s tiled floor started heaving up and down, and everything started shaking violently. Rolen jumped out of bed, and the children woke from their sleep with fright. We stood together in the hallway as the walls swayed and rolled. It felt like we were standing in the back of a big truck that was roaring down a rough road. We could hardly stand up! We realized we were experiencing a violent EARTHQUAKE! We could hear things falling all over the house and out of the cupboards, but surprisingly, only a very few items broke.

We had no major damage from the earthquake, but many of the older government buildings, stores, banks, and churches had extensive damage from cracked walls, broken pane-glass windows, some fallen walls, etc. The stores were a mess with broken rum bottles and other goods that had fallen off the shelves all over the floor. Some of the buildings had to be condemned, including two historical churches. The building which was being used by Grace Baptist Church was badly damaged, but we were still able to meet there. When experts arrived on the island, they expected the island to be completely flattened. The earthquake measured 7.4 on the Richter Scale, but the epicenter was under the sea quite a few miles away from Antigua.

There were some spiritual results from the earthquake. It made many people aware of the brevity of life. Many were calling on God, and several were saved as a result.

We praise the Lord for the many good friends He gave to us as we worked toward the establishment of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. It would have been impossible to accomplish this great task without their help and encouragement. Of course, Satan tried to use other kinds of “earth-

quakes” to hinder the building of the radio station. He attempted to block the way of some of our friends and keep them from coming to help us. But our good friend, George Alexander, came and spent a week helping erect the steel building which was to be the studio/office building. Just when George was scheduled to come, his little son had an accident with gunpowder and was badly injured and burned. His sight was in doubt, and doctors said he would have to be in the hospital three months. Much prayer went up for him, and God worked a miracle! Danny was out of the hospital in one week with his sight restored and other injuries healing nicely. He was back in school within two weeks!

We received word from London and Geneva in June 1975 that we were required to be on the air by the end of August or forfeit our frequency! Much work needed to be accomplished before that could be a reality! We asked the Lord for help ... and He answered!

In July, Henry Hungerpiller (our antenna expert friend from ELWA in Liberia) came to help get the tower up. It was the heaviest and tallest tower he had ever helped build ... so it was a great challenge! Heavy winds made the job more difficult and dangerous.

August found all the staff working night and day to get technical equipment functioning properly and the inside work completed in the studio building. We thanked the Lord for the invaluable assistance of special friends who came to Antigua and donated their time and expertise:

- Jim Dickson ... Christian radio technician from Atlanta helped install the transmitter and ground system;
- John Neuenschwander ... from Ohio was a wonderful help with the ground system;
- Bill Greaves and son, Paul ... of the Radio and TV faculty of Bob Jones University performed the delicate task of tuning the transmitter to the tower and helped solve other technical problems;
- Jack Buttram flew Bill and Paul to Antigua with their equipment and pitched in to help while they were with us;

- Ken Larson ... Caribbean Radio Lighthouse staff member on deputation helped with inside work at the studio building for three weeks.

In spite of the earthquake and all the ways Satan attempted to hinder or stop the establishment of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse, we were able to meet the deadline and were on the air with test broadcasts on August 27, 1975!

September 7, 1975 was the big day of the dedication service for Caribbean Radio Lighthouse and the beginning of our regular broadcast schedule. (Even though our enemy, the devil, tried to sabotage this day of joy, we rejoiced in the Lord's faithfulness!) Dr. Tom Freeney, general director of BIML, came to Antigua to give the dedicatory message. The Prime Minister of Antigua, Hon. George Walter, was our special guest. He flipped the switch to turn on the transmitter. Several hundred Antiguan joined us for the dedication service on the front lawn of Caribbean Radio Lighthouse and toured the building after the service. To God be the glory, great things He had done!

The devil did not give up his attempts to keep us off the air. Shortly after we went on the air, he sent another "earthquake" to try to shut us down. A French rock and roll station on the island of Dominica went on the air with 50,000 watts, very near our frequency. We knew this could blanket out our signal to the southern islands. Also, our frequency assignment was still in question. We sent out an urgent prayer request to our prayer partners, and God answered! A few months later Radio Jumbo, the rock and roll station on the island of Dominica blocking our signal, suddenly moved their frequency to the other end of the dial! No court on earth could have made them move ... but God could ... and He did!

A Firm Foundation

As we built the studio building for the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse, we realized it was extremely important to have a good, firm foundation for the building. It was even more important to have a deep and strong foundation for the heavy 350-foot antenna/tower. We put much concrete and steel into that foundation. An even greater foundation was needed for the ministry of beaming out the Light of God's Word to the surrounding islands. We needed a very strong, spiritual foundation for this strategic ministry to ensure that we not become caught in the web of compromise with God's Word.

During our last few years of working with radio ELWA in Liberia, West Africa, we sensed that we were "in training" by the Lord for an even greater task ahead of us, even though we had no idea what that would be. When the Lord opened the way for us to have a part in the building and establishment of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse on the island of Antigua, we counted it a great privilege. Our experiences at ELWA made us realize the great importance of having a strong spiritual foundation for this new ministry.

The Lord used Al Snyder to formulate a good Biblical statement of faith on which to base the ministry. He also used Rolen to write an effective Policy on Associations and Cooperation to help guarantee our not getting involved with compromising organizations and ministries. The Music Philosophy came next, since we knew the type of music we used would make or break the effectiveness of the radio station. Last, but not least, we wrote a Staff Handbook to clarify the standards and practices of the radio staff as we served the Lord together at the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. We believed

it was God's will to ask our broadcasters and staff to read these documents and sign a statement that they agreed wholeheartedly with them and would abide by them in their part of the ministry.

Pray with us that those who carry on the ministry of Radio Lighthouse will not erode this firm foundation, but will keep it standing firm on the Word of God.

(If you would like to read a copy of these original documents or have your own copy, see the appendix at the end of this book.)

Chapter 25

Mischiefs and Mishaps

The radio station project was moving along well. The studio building was up, and Rolen and the other men were working hard to complete the inside work as quickly as possible. The next job on the list was the erection of the 350-foot tower, but many obstacles were connected with that project—mainly the need of electric poles and lines to the antenna site. The electric company kept saying, “Next week!” We were also asking the Lord for strength for Henry Hungerpiller to come supervise that important job. He had recently been ill with shingles.

Meanwhile “down at the ranch” ... I mean on the home front ... things were happening with the family. We had moved across town to a place with a lot of “pluses” ... a big plus was the fact that the house was much nearer to the radio station. Another plus was the big yard. A few other creatures were making their home in the yard a horse, a donkey, a “kid” (baby goat), a dog, and a cat!

The children and I were keeping busy as our one-room school was in full gear. All the children were progressing quite well in their A.C.E. (Accelerated Christian Education) work. We were quite pleased with what they were learning. Every subject was interlaced with Christian values, biblical principles, and Bible study. The Johnsons’ two sons had joined our school, so we had six students at the time.

Our favorite (and only) daughter Becky was a blessing to us and to everyone she met. She used her artistic talents at every opportunity. The

Antiguan girls liked to visit her and learn how to knit, crochet, embroider, etc. She also tried her hand at doing chalk talks. Her first “public” chalk talk was done at the girls’ class I held in our home each week. She also helped teach Sunday School and was involved in winning people to the Lord during church visitation.

Randy enjoyed anything connected with sports. He was a good swimmer and loved to go snorkelling and diving in the sea. He found some beautiful, big starfish ... eight to ten inches across! He cleaned them and varnished them ... even sold one of them to an Antiguan!

One of our neighbors allowed the boys to ride their horse, and Randy and Tony both enjoyed riding. The horse got Randy into a bit of trouble though. The horse went under a low tree to avoid running over a cow lying in the pasture, and a branch of the tree caught Randy in the head. He arrived at home with blood pouring down his back. I could see Randy needed stitches in his head, but Rolen had the car at the radio station. Thankfully, the hospital was only a couple of blocks up the hill from our house, so we walked. Randy had to have five stitches in his scalp without an anaesthetic! Worse than that, he says, were the five penicillin injections he had to have. He proved that to me when he had the first injection. He was feeling weak after the doctor finished sewing up his head. We had to go to another location in the hospital to get the injection and wait in a long line of people needing injections. I told Randy to sit down, and I would stand in line for him. When I was almost at the head of the line, I turned around to call him to come in line ... but there was no Randy to be seen! I could not believe it! Where was that boy?

When I could not find Randy anywhere, I concluded that he had gone home. I walked back down the hill to our house ... and there he was! You can be sure I was not happy with him! “Randy!” I said. “You must have that injection to prevent infection, so come along! We’re going back up the hill and take care of the problem!” Randy reluctantly followed me back to the hospital and was given the injection!

Tony was our frisky fellow! He took after his mischievous Daddy! He was our gardener and liked to help me with our flower garden. He enjoyed the horse, too, but he also liked to ride bikes—that is what got him into

trouble. He swung out a bit onto the highway in front of our house to turn into our gate when a little Mazda pick-up truck zoomed up behind him and hit him. The driver swerved into the fence to avoid hitting him, but Tony got the back of his leg badly bruised. We thanked the Lord for protecting him from a more serious injury.

Then there was Jonathan ... everybody's friend ... always busy. When he was seven years old, he was entertaining some friends in the tree house in our backyard when he had his accident. His grandmother had given him a Superman suit. He liked to put on the cape and pretend he was flying like "Super Man." The boys had tied a rope on one of the tree limbs so they could swing on it. Jonathan decided to come down the rope instead of the usual way, not realizing it had not been tied securely, and down he came, rope and all ... kerplunk! I heard the silent "plop" from inside the house, and my heart stopped! When I went to investigate, Jonathan was lying very still on the ground, his breath knocked out of him. He fell 20 or 25 feet, but we praise the Lord his only injuries were a cut tongue and a "green stick" fracture on his leg—a splintered place on his shin bone (tibia). He had to stay off that leg for quite a while. Rolen made him some little crutches, and he got around fine. We called him "Tiny Tim"!

Jonathan also had some accidents with his bike. One time he skidded on a gravel road, fell, and hit his head. He had a concussion and was unconscious for awhile. The doctor kept him overnight in the emergency room for observation. I stayed with him, sleeping in an outdoor lounge chair, though I did not get much sleep. The room was very dark with unpainted cement walls ... not a pleasant place to be. His "bed" was a bit narrow, and I was afraid he would roll over and fall off. I think the nurse only checked on him once or twice all night. Another time, Jonathan rode his bike down a steep hill near our house when the chain came off the bike. His body skidded down the road, giving him many bad scrapes on his skin. He was quite miserable for a few days.

The Lord's guardian angels had to work overtime with our boys. I wondered at times if I would survive raising three sons! We just rejoiced to know we were all in God's hands. Even the children realized this. We discussed it

with them and mentioned that they could have been killed, and Jonathan said, "That would be all right. We'd get to go to heaven first!"

The Lord used five-year-old Jonathan to lead us to one of our first staff members for the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. He got acquainted with some of the neighbor children and their families. When Rolan mentioned to our family he was looking for someone to do some welding jobs for the radio station, Jonathan piped up, "I know somebody, Daddy! Mike's Daddy does welding!" So that is how we got to know the David family. Later during special meetings at our church, Jonathan invited the Davids to come to church with us. Mrs. David (Jean) received the Lord as her Savior during those meetings. Many months after that, she volunteered to help me grade Bible lessons for our Bible Correspondence courses and eventually joined our staff.

All our children were involved with inviting neighbor children to the weekly Bible Club I held in our home. As many as sixty children crowded into our living room to sing, memorize Bible verses, and listen to Bible stories and God's plan of salvation. Many made professions of faith in the Lord as their Savior. What a blessed opportunity that was!

Chapter 26

Little Lighthouse Club

Little Lighthouse Club, Come and join the fun;
Little Lighthouse Club, It's for everyone;
All the boys and girls will learn of Jesus and His love
In the Lighthouse Club, Little Lighthouse Club.

When the boys and girls up and down the Leeward Islands in the Caribbean heard the children singing the Little Lighthouse Club theme song, they ran to their radios to listen to the songs and stories being broadcast from the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse on the island of Antigua. The Little Lighthouse Club went on the air along with the first broadcasts of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse at the end of 1975. The program started out with Aunty Arlene planning and producing a 15-minute daily program, which later expanded to a daily half-hour program.

Aunty Arlene Cornelius, Aunty Lescil Archibald, and Aunty Gwen Itterman planned, produced, and narrated the half-hour Little Lighthouse Club program and told Bible stories and other stories. We greatly enjoyed using this method of communicating the message of salvation through Jesus Christ alone to the children of the Caribbean.

The Little Lighthouse Club choir was made up of children from the independent Baptist churches in Antigua and the local children's Bible clubs. The choir met every other Saturday for practice and special recording sessions. These recordings, along with the Christ-honoring recordings of the

Children’s Bible Hour choir, made up the backbone of the music used in the program.

By the early 1980’s, we had over 20,000 names in our files of the children and adults who had joined the Little Lighthouse Club and had received their membership cards, a Little Lighthouse Club pencil, a salvation tract, and the first lesson on salvation of our Bible Correspondence Course. Thousands of these folks continued with the Source of Light Bible Courses for children and adults, receiving their certificates from each course. At one point, we were mailing out two mail-bags full of lessons every week.

Best of all, children and adults were being saved through the Little Lighthouse Club’s radio program and Bible lessons. One twelve-year-old girl on the island of Nevis wrote a letter telling us she wanted to become a Christian. After we replied with an explanation of how she could be saved, she wrote back... “I received Christ as my personal Saviour on the 21st December, 1975. Sometimes Satan tries to come back but when he is coming back this is what I do. I sing the song, ‘O Jesus I Have Promised to Serve You to the End,’ and I just shun the devil.... Thank you for helping me to find the way to Christ.”

The programs also challenged and helped the Christian boys and girls. A young girl in Antigua wrote, “I am a constant listener to your Little Lighthouse Club and I enjoy it very much, specially your Bible story which is a very interesting one. It helps me in my Christian life.”

Another young friend in Antigua wrote, “I have been thinking quite a long while to write I hear the Little Lighthouse Club, from the time that the station went on the air. Every night if I am anywhere doing anything, I always run to the clock to see if it is six-thirty. I like to hear the story and the songs. I also like to hear the children’s sweet voices. I am a Christian ... I would like to be a member of the Little Lighthouse Club, please.”

A child on the island of Dominica wrote, “I am eleven years of age and have a six-year-old sister. We both listen to children’s time every night and it’s really a blessing. It was because of all the nice Bible stories that I heard about Jesus Christ which drew me closer to Christ. I am very happy because of this nice station.”

Little Lighthouse Club

A letter from the island of Antigua says, “Thank you for ... that beautiful letter to let me know the way of Christ. I have asked the Lord Jesus Christ to save me from my sins and asked Him to come into my heart. I am asking the members of this club (Little Lighthouse Club) to pray for me.”

A Little Lighthouse Club member on the island of St. Vincent wrote, “I have received your letter and was glad for my Uncle Woolly pin, (in the Wordless Book colors) not only to have him to wear on my shirt, but for his wonderful message. And that he will draw my friends’ attention so I can give them the message ... that they may come to know the Lord as their personal Saviour, too. I enjoy hearing your program on the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. It bless my heart.”

The Little Lighthouse Club aunties prayed that the Holy Spirit would direct them as they planned and prepared the daily half-hour programs, and they also prayed for God to use them for His glory in the lives of the children and adults of the Caribbean islands. The Lord answered our prayers. Jesus said, “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me” (John 12:32).

Chapter 27

*Case of the
Disappearing Purse*

Our family was sitting around the dining room table one evening, enjoying each other's fellowship after supper. I was sitting before a tape recorder on a rolling cart beside the table, editing a tape to be aired on the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. When I glanced up, I saw the back side of a pair of blue jeans disappear through the door into our bedroom! "Someone is in our bedroom," I cried out! Everyone jumped up from the table and ran into the bedroom, but no one was there! The thief had escaped through an outside door in our room. He was a thief because when we checked, my purse was missing! It had been sitting on top of the buffet beside the bedroom door, right in front of my nose. Rolen ran outside to try to catch the thief, but he was nowhere to be seen.

We all sat back down at the table and Rolen asked, "Did you have any money in your purse, Honey?"

"Not much. I only had one US \$20 bill hidden under a flap in my bill-fold," I replied. "But the house keys, car keys, and station keys were in there! We've got to get them back!"

"Yes, we must get those back, but the only way that will happen is for the Lord to work a miracle for us. Let's pray and ask the Lord to do that."

As we all bowed our heads, Rolan prayed, "Lord, You know who entered our house and stole Arlene's purse, and You know where he is right now. We pray that somehow You will cause him to bring the purse back, and thank You!"

After he prayed, Rolan ran to our neighbor's house to use their phone to call the police since we had no phone in our house. When he explained to the police what had happened, they said, "We're sorry, but we can't come. We have no transportation!" Well, that was no help!

Rolan came back home and sat down again. In a few minutes we heard a man's voice calling out, "Hey, man! Hey man!"

Rolan went to the back door and called, "Who's there? What do you want?"

"Come, man! Come get your bag! Come get your bag!"

Rolan slowly walked out to the back fence where a man was standing on the other side, holding out my purse in one hand and a cutlass in the other! "Give me some money and I will give you your bag!"

"You got money already...in the bag!"

"No, man! No money in the bag! No money at-tall"

Rolan suddenly realized the man had not found the hidden \$20! "I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you all I've got!" Rolan pulled out his wallet, took out three EC dollars, and opened his wallet so the man could see it was empty.

"What?? That's all, man? You gotta give me more than that!"

"Sorry, but that's all I have! See? My wallet is empty!"

"Well ... if that's all you got, give me! Here's your bag."

Rolan gingerly handed over the money as he took the purse, with his eyes on the cutlass. He did not know what the fellow would do next. But the man slunk away through the bushes and was not seen again.

Rolen triumphantly returned to the house, saying, “Praise the Lord! God answered our prayer and worked a miracle for us!” As we examined the purse, we saw that all of the keys and the money were still there! Who ever heard of a thief returning the goods he had stolen? In any other incident like this, the thief would have just tossed the purse into the bushes and walked away in disgust! Yes, we have a wonderful God!

Chapter 28

*Where is Rolen . . .
Where's My Honey?*

Rolen drove the four miles out to the radio station in Antigua one Saturday morning to take care of some things needing attention. He told me he would be back home in a couple of hours. Several hours went by, and he did not return. I knew he often found more things to do than he had planned, so I did not worry about it. But when it was getting close to supper time and I still did not see him, I began to worry a bit. Where was he? What was taking so long? We had no cell phones in those days, and we had no land line phone in the house, so we had no way to contact each other. Finally, the car rolled slowly into our yard. When Rolen did not get out of the car right away, I went out on the porch to check on him. "Hi, Honey! What took so long?" I asked. He did not answer but just got out of the car and painfully climbed the steps to the porch and sat down. "What's wrong?" He pointed to his ankle and said he thought he might have broken his ankle! "What happened?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "it seemed like the transmitter was not working right, so I drove out to the transmitter building to check on things." The transmitter building and the 320-foot tower were a couple of miles away from the studio building in the middle of a salt pond which was usually dry, and no road went all the way there. However, we had recently had some rain. "I couldn't drive all the way to the transmitter building because it was too muddy," he continued. "As I walked the rest of the way, my foot slipped into

a hole in the mud and twisted badly. I couldn't do anything but just sit on the ground for awhile. Finally, I was able to stand up and slowly work my way back to the car. I almost fainted so couldn't drive for awhile. And I had to stop a few times on the way home when I felt faint."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Honey," I replied. "Praise the Lord, you got home safely. But you need to go to the emergency room. You'll have to get back in the car so I can take you there."

The x-ray proved Rolen had a bad break in his ankle. After several hours, we were back home. Rolen had a cast from his toes to his knee and was walking on crutches. He was not able to go to work for more than a week.

As Rolen sat on the porch with his foot up on the banister one day, we saw a sad sight. A taxi passed by the house with our co-workers, Al and Evelyn Snyder and their two boys, on the way to the airport. They were leaving Antigua for good. Antigua politics were very hot, and getting involved in it could damage the reputation and ministry of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. Our mission board, Baptist International Missions, had a wise policy regarding missionaries not getting involved in politics in their host country. Al and their two boys had been getting involved in the current election campaign, putting the radio ministry in jeopardy. When BIMI found out about it, they told them it was best for them to leave.

I had another more frightening time when I wondered, "Where is my Honey?" A guest had been with us for a few days and was planning to leave the next day. As we visited with him that evening, Rolen realized he had some things at the radio station he had intended to give the man to take home with him. He got in the car and headed out to the radio station to get them. He did not return at bedtime, so I got ready for bed and waited for him. When I still did not see him after a couple of hours, I went to bed. I could not sleep, though, because I was worried about my Honey. What had happened to him? Did he have an accident? Was he lying in a ditch with no one to notice him?

What could I do? With no phone, I could not contact anyone. We had no near neighbors. Rolen had the car. We had a small Moped bike, but I could not drive it in the middle of the night. I am not even sure the light

worked on it! One, two, three a.m. came and went . . . and no Rolan. I prayed and worried. I decided as soon as it was light enough to see, I would ride the Moped to the other side of town where our co-workers, the Waites, lived and get Curt to go out to the station and see what happened to my Honey! The Moped was not working well, so I had to “nurse” it across town as the day was dawning. I woke up the Waites and explained that Rolan had not returned home all night, and I was worried about him. Curt got dressed and drove out to the station. We left the Moped at their house, and he dropped me off at home on the way.

When Curt finally brought Rolan home, I said, “You were gone all night, Honey! Are you all right?”

“I’m all right,” Rolan replied, “but the car isn’t all right! I couldn’t get it started! I worked on it . . . did everything I could think of . . . but nothing worked! I finally went to sleep in the car. I’m sorry, Honey, I knew you would be worried, but there was no way for me to contact you or anyone else.”

“Well, praise the Lord, you are OK,” I said. “We can take care of the car later.”

“We can trust the Lord in everything, Honey!” he replied. “He has promised to take care of us.”

“Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice” (Philippians 4:4).

Chapter 29

Two Deadly Hurricanes

Fierce 100 miles per hour winds and torrential rains pounded the island of Dominica, about 100 miles from our island of Antigua. The eye of Hurricane David passed right over Dominica. We experienced high winds, toppling trees and electric poles on Antigua. We were concerned about the folks on Dominica since we had missionary friends there and over 700 Little Lighthouse Club members on that island!

Missionary pilot, Larry Galloway, was also concerned about the people on Dominica. After the hurricane finally passed on, he flew his small plane over the island, looking for a spot where he could safely land his plane. As he looked down, he said the once beautiful, mountainous nature island looked like a pig pen! Great devastation was everywhere. The tops of most of the palm trees were torn off, the banana trees (a major export of Dominica) were flat on the ground, the houses were torn up, and landslides were everywhere.

Larry finally found a spot on a street of the capital city, Roseau, to land the plane. After landing, he walked around the ravaged city with the twisted steel of large buildings and crumbled walls of smaller businesses. He looked for someone he could help. He eventually found a lady wandering the streets as if she were looking for someone. He stopped and talked to her and found out she was the wife of missionary Ken Glover. She was looking for her husband but could not find him. She told Larry their home was destroyed, and they were out of pure drinking water and food. She also said their daughter was seriously ill. Larry said, "We need to get you to safety! Come, get into the plane, and I will take you to my friends in Antigua! I'll come back for your husband."

We were surprised when Larry gave us a call from the Antigua airport, saying he had some guests for us. We picked up Mrs. Glover and her children and brought them home and took care of them for a couple of weeks. The little girl was very sick, but she recuperated after getting medication from the doctor. Mrs. Glover was quite concerned that her husband did not know where she was, and she had no way to contact him. I know he was even more concerned when he could not find his family in Dominica! Some of the Dominicans told him a man came in a plane and took his family away. They did not know where they were going! Eventually, Larry found Mr. Glover and brought him to Antigua. After the family was reunited, they made arrangements to fly back to the USA.

SEEDS FOR HURRICANE VICTIMS

We had over 700 Little Lighthouse Club members on the island of Dominica. We knew they must be in need of food, housing, and comfort. As we thought and prayed about what we could do to help them, the Lord gave us the idea of sending seeds to them. We knew most of their gardens were ruined, which was the main source of their food and even money for most of them as they were accustomed to selling their produce. We appealed to our friends and supporters in the USA to send us seeds for these people. Many people responded and sent hundreds of packets of seeds to us, and we forwarded them to the Little Lighthouse Club members. The Lord also provided 500 pounds of seeds through two churches. We distributed these to fundamental pastors in Dominica for their church people. We prayed that the Lord would use these seeds to open the hearts of more people to the “Seed” of the Word of God as it was broadcast over the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse.

Following are just a few excerpts from scores of letters received from Little Lighthouse Club members in Dominica thanking us for their seeds:

DESCRIBING THE HURRICANE

- “This Hurricane is the first I have ever experienced, and I am praying for another one not to come back.”

- “Hurricane David started at 12 o’clock in the evening and finished at about 5 in the afternoon.”
- “During the storm no one could see what was going on around. Everywhere was white.”
- “Our ears were full of wind.”
- “Everywhere looks like a pig pen.”

DAMAGE DONE

- “Our roof was flying in the air like wild birds.”
- “Both rivers met together and wash away our whole garden.”
- “Our bananas were flat down, citrus trees looking as though they were burn down.”
- “When I saw our house roof fly away, tears come out of my eyes.”
- “We have nothing like food and school.”
- “Our home broke down and lost all our things into pieces.”
- “All my dresses went away.”
- “My parents’ garden is mash down but now we have got the seeds.”

TERROR AND DEATH

- “A woman was trying to run with her baby and the wind took the child from her arms and stick the child in a tree. As the woman tried to remove the child a stick came and went into the child’s heart. Oh, this storm was just terrible.”
- “Hurricane David lifted up three children on a galvanize roof and brought them down a quarter mile from their home.”
- “Our family is without a father. He was running to save us when the roof of a neighboring house fell on him.”

THE SEEDS

- “I have no mother and I thank you for the seeds. I can’t say more. Every day I am crying.”
- “I received the precious gift. Now we can plant to give us food.”
- “When I get the seeds, my mother was making her seeds bed, so it was a blessing you sent it.”
- “I am happy for the seeds. I will take good care of it and treat it in the best way I can so that it can bear fruits early.”
- “I am thanking you extremely for the cabbages and beets seeds that you provided.”
- “After this terrible storm, your seeds were very important to me because for the longest time I don’t find seeds in Dominica.”
- “There’s so much to do, but I insist in thanking you right away and all those who contributed the seeds.”
- “I’ll surely make good use of the seeds.”

SPIRITUAL SEEDS SOWN

- “This letter and story have helped me to become a child of God.”
- “Thank you for the seeds. I keep listening to the Little Lighthouse Club, OK?”
- “Thank you very much for the good words in the little book.”
- “I received your letter and the seeds. I love your program very much. I’m listening every day.”
- “I will remember Jesus once more again.”
- “All my papers are gone, so please send me lesson 3 so that I may continue.”

PRAYER REQUESTS

- “Pray for my family. I love them and don’t want them to go in hell. I want them to be with you and me in heaven.”
- “Pray that God will give me strength and courage and faith in order that I may survive.”
- “Keep praying for us until Jesus comes for us.”

OTHER OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

- “Hurricane David gave us a good washing, but God knows best. He wants us to remember He is there.”
- “I am homeless. But one important thing, God always keeps me, and I will never forget Him.”
- “People are saying Christians caused the hurricane. But I am saying it is not Christians, but it has too much bad people in Dominica.”
- “Although David has blown away my home, clothes and food, I am thankful to the Lord for sparing my life.”
- “Hurricane David did us bad in Dominica, but we don’t blame God because He is not sleeping.”
- “We are getting food once a week, just enough for two days. Some are getting more than others.”
- “Things are getting worst every day. The young people are trying to bring in Communist in this place.”

Hurricane David hit Dominica in 1979, but a much more dangerous hurricane hit the island in 2017. Our son, Tony, and his family lived and ministered there when Hurricane Maria hit Dominica full force. It developed into a category 5 hurricane with winds up to 185 miles an hour as it crossed Dominica. Tony told the story of their experiences preparing for the hurricane and during its fury. He said:

Two Deadly Hurricanes

“We used ping-pong table boards to cover two of our most vulnerable windows and a piece of wood to cover another. When the power went out, we could not continue to board up windows... We had put our two dogs in our garage, but as we looked out the kitchen door, we saw that the garage was beginning to give in to the winds. I went out to the garage, let the dogs out, and attempted to tie the roof down with a rope. Not one minute after I returned to the house, the tank for our solar hot water system on the roof came crashing down right where I walked. I wanted to return to the garage to shore up the doors, but thankfully, Martha prevented me. A few minutes later one of the doors blew off the garage followed shortly by the other one. Then the roof went, and it wasn't long before the whole garage was flat.

“...the strongest winds began around 9:00 PM. The sound of the howling wind was relentless, and the gusts literally shook our concrete house. The pounding of my heart only intensified my prayers to the Lord for His protection and for His peace during the storm.

“... In the front room the driving rain was pouring through the boarded-up windows and the front door. Eventually we abandoned trying to keep the floor dry. Still the winds increased until we felt unsafe in the living room. If the roof went now, it would be too dangerous to venture outside to our basement. There are no steps inside the house to the lower level. The only dry room remaining was the middle back room, Emily's room, where all of us except Jean-Luc went to ride out the rest of Maria. Minutes seemed like hours up until this point. In that room Eric (7 years old) told Martha that he was beginning to be afraid. I took my guitar out from under Emily's bunk bed, and we began to sing, “God never moves without purpose or plan.” As we sang, we were reminded that even in this moment we were safe in the hands of God.

“By around 11:30 PM the winds began to subside noticeably, and by midnight Maria had finished her fury on us. In 4 hours, Maria had decimated our formerly beautiful Nature Isle of the Caribbean.

“In the morning our eyes could not believe the destruction. Our yard was littered with debris from at least 4 different structures, and every tree was either down or completely stripped of its branches and foliage. Later that day, I began walking to the villages where the believers from our church in St. Cyr lived to

make sure everyone was OK. That week I walked many miles and over one mountain to check on believers. Thursday was my trek over the mountain to check on a family in the village of Concord. We had heard that a family of 6 was missing from that village. They were a family of 6 so we were really concerned. Praise God, I found them all well, however, their home was destroyed, and their vehicle had been blown into a little stream.”

While Tony and all the folks who were sheltering with them in their home gathered for devotions one evening after the storm had passed, some friends arrived with an unwelcome announcement. The names of the whole family were on a document from the United States’ State Department, stating that they were to be evacuated from Dominica the next morning! They had no plans to leave Dominica. They wanted to stay and assist the folks there as much as possible, but it seemed like the Lord wanted them to leave for a while. Regarding this decision Tony said,

“Sometime during the packing, I heard Martha and Lisa (a local young lady who lived with them) crying together. Martha told her that she felt guilty leaving them to deal with everything without us there to help them. Lisa responded, ‘But Miss Martha, if you go you might be able to help us better.’ Sleep was almost impossible. I believe this was the most difficult thing we had ever experienced: not the hurricane but having to leave the infant churches in this way and not being able to even say “goodbye” to most of the believers. ... It was hard to leave two Christian young men, especially Jean-Luc, a young believer who called us “Daddy Tony and Mother Martha.” He was sobbing, and we were crying with him as we assured him of our love and tried to encourage him to keep his eyes on the Lord.”

We were very concerned about Tony and his family because we had no way to communicate with them, and we did not know if they were safe or not. The first communication we had with them was a text message telling us they had been evacuated to the island of Martinique and were making arrangements to fly back to the USA. Tony and Martha and their family were taken safely to the USA. Tony returned to Dominica a few weeks later and worked with Operation Renewed Hope to deliver relief supplies, help with reconstruction, and provide communications, especially in the area where most of his church folks lived. The entire island was completely devastated.

Two Deadly Hurricanes

The beautiful mountains were stripped of their rain forests, most buildings were severely damaged or completely destroyed, and most electric lines and poles were down. Communications were down as well. Agriculture was wiped out, stripping most of the local people of their means of income. It would take years for the island to recuperate, but the people were working hard to put their lives back together.

We know our God is in control of everything, and He uses storms in our lives to bring awareness of His sovereignty and salvation. We thank Him for what He has done in many lives through Hurricane David and Hurricane Maria.

Chapter 30

Rasta Miracle

Shortly after we arrived on the island of Antigua, I took a walk in the Villa area where we were living temporarily. As I walked and greeted local people, I met a strange-looking fellow. He stopped to talk. He looked a little fierce with the long “dread locks” in his hair, but I was willing to talk. When he found out why we were in Antigua, he told me, “You should smoke the herb!” He was referring to marijuana! He continued, “When you smoke the herb, you will see Jesus!” I witnessed to him for a little while, but he only wanted to tell me how great it was to smoke the herb.

We later learned more about these fellows. They are called Rastafarians or “Rastas” for short. Rastafarians belong to a strange religious cult. They grow marijuana, make their own cigarettes, and smoke them. They say that makes them have the “spirit.” But it is not the Spirit of God they have! An evil spirit comes into their lives and controls them! Not only do they smoke marijuana—they read the Bible! But they usually just read the parts they like, not the parts that could show them how to be saved from their sins. They do not worship God or the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of them worship a god they call “Jah.” Others of them worship Haile Selassie, who “was an Ethiopian regent from 1916 to 1930 and Emperor of Ethiopia from 1930 to 1974 ... among the Rastafari movement, whose followers are estimated to number between 700,000 and one million. Haile Selassie is revered as the returned messiah of the Bible, God incarnate ... beginning in Jamaica in the 1930s. The Rastafari movement perceives Haile Selassie as a messianic figure who will lead a future golden age of eternal peace, righteousness, and

prosperity. He was an Ethiopian Orthodox Christian throughout his life” (Wikipedia contributors, 2019, September 14).

Many of the Rastas had an ambition to go to Africa, especially to Ethiopia. To them, that was their “heaven”! They liked anything reminding them of Africa. That was evidently their motive in breaking into our house while we were gone to prayer meeting one Wednesday night. Rolen dropped the children and me off at the house that night after the service while he returned to church to take other people home. When we stepped into the house, our hearts stopped! The house had been ransacked from one end to the other. Many things were missing ... money that we kept for the church, Randy’s trumpet, our camera, costume jewelry, one of Rolen’s African chief’s robes, some of my African outfits, our African “Tom-tom” drum, Rolen’s Bible, and a dictionary! Other things were missing as well. We compiled a list and gave it to the police. They told us they would let us know if they recovered any of the missing items. The only thing we got back was a dictionary, and someone had written inside, “Rastafari” and “Jah.”

The Rastas grew marijuana in hidden places even though it was against the law to do so. We found out about this in a very interesting way. Our boys, Randy (11), Tony, (9), and Jonathan (5) liked to build “forts” in the “bush,” and when they found a nice “bushy” area near where we were living, they built forts there and had a good time playing in that area. One day they brought a gift home for me ... two clay flowerpots with pretty green plants in them. I set them on the porch and took good care of them, watering them every day. One day, a young man from the church came to visit us. When he saw my pretty plants, he asked, “Do you know what that is?”

I answered, “No, the boys found them and brought them home to me. What are they?”

The young man shocked me when he told me, “They are marijuana plants!”

Oh, No! Here I was, a missionary, growing marijuana right out in the open where people walked by all the time! I imagine the Rastas who had planted them saw them on our porch and had a good laugh! Rolen took the plants to the police, and they wanted to know where the boys found them. They came out to our house and asked the boys to show them where they

found the plants. When they took them to the “bush” where they had seen many more plants like that, the plants had all been pulled up and were gone!

In general, the Rastas on Antigua were antagonistic toward Christians and Christian churches. When our church had street meetings, Rastas walked right through the middle of the church folks and shouted, “Fire! Fire! Babylon!” They also interrupted some of our evening church services by walking by the church shouting and yelling at us. Would these demon-controlled people ever be able to give their hearts to the Lord and have changed lives by the power of God? We doubted it!

Jesus responded to His disciples when they asked Him how rich people could be saved by saying, “Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved? But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, with men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible” (Matthew 19:23-26).

When the Antiguan Rastas heard Haile Selassie died in 1975, they were much calmer and quieter. But some of them insisted he rose from the dead, even though his bones were found near the palace in Ethiopia.

The Rastafarians had a “hide-out” in the mountains of Antigua where they smoked their marijuana (or the “herb” as they called it) and worshiped Jah. They built a little hut to live in for several days or weeks at a time, hiding away from the rest of the world. They cooked their rice with coconut oil (called “Ital”) in a clay pot over an open fire. They used a “cutlass” to cut wood or chop coconuts which they gathered from the palm trees. They ate fish, but they did not believe in eating other meat. These Rastas also had a radio and a Bible. They read the Bible, and listened to the radio, seeking to know the true way to God. They really wanted to know the truth. As they tuned the dial of their radio, they found a radio station that was different from any other station—the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. The things they heard on that station sounded like the truth, so they kept listening.

One day, one of the Rastas named Jerome Martin became very sick and was rushed to the hospital's operating room. The doctor removed his appendix. While in the hospital, he thought he was going to die, so he told God if He would help him to get out of the hospital, he would not smoke marijuana again. He felt God would help him, and He did! When he got out of the hospital, he continued to listen to the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse.

Martin decided to visit his "Rasta" friends in the hills. They had just reaped a field of marijuana when he arrived. Martin decided to take some for himself because he was the one who took care of the plants. When he tried to smoke the marijuana, he remembered the promise he made to God while he was in the hospital—"If you help me to get out, I will never smoke again." God would not let him forget that promise.

While reading the Bible, Martin came across I Timothy 4:1-5. Martin realized this passage was teaching against what Rastas claimed to believe—"Forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats." God used that verse (verse 3) to convict Martin about the Rasta's false teachings. He showed this verse to the rest of the guys, and they all agreed it condemned their beliefs.

The Rastas began searching more earnestly for the truth. They listened to the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse and heard a program called "The Daily Light" by a West Indian pastor on the Lighthouse staff. They were surprised to hear a West Indian preacher teaching God's Word. They decided to write a letter to Pastor Archibald. They chose Erskine to write the letter for all of them. He wrote, "Dear Sirs, we are Rastafarians, but we want to know the truth. We have been listening to you on the Radio Lighthouse, and we would like to know where we can find a good 'Christ-believing' church where we can learn more about God." When the staff received that letter, we rejoiced in what God was doing in the lives of these young men! Several of us Christians from Maranatha Baptist Church visited the village where the Rastas lived and tried to find them but could not. We finally found the home of one of the fellows, and the family said he was in the hills with his friends. The Christians left an invitation with the family for all of them to come to the church.

Rolen and I picked up the church people in our area the next Wednesday night and drove to Maranatha Baptist Church just before it was time for the prayer and Bible study to start. Much to our surprise, we met three fellows sitting on the porch of the Sunday school building, waiting for the doors to open! They were the three Rastas who had written the letter to Radio Lighthouse! But they looked different! They had read in the Bible it was a shame for a man to have long hair, and they had all cut their hair! They listened intently as Brother Archibald preached. The Rastas returned to the church the next Sunday. When the invitation was given that evening, they wasted no time. All three of them went straight to the front of the church, knelt down at the altar, and gave their lives to Christ. They were serious about serving the Lord and faithfully attended all the services, eagerly learning God's Word and applying it to their lives. They stopped smoking marijuana and stopped worshipping Jah. Now they knew that he was not a god. Now they knew the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior, and they knew they were born again and on their way to heaven.

We watched the young men grow in the Lord for a couple of years and felt led of the Lord to invite two of them who had more education to join our staff. It was a joy to see them helping to send out the Light and Truth of God's Word to the eastern Caribbean—from the very station God used to bring them to Himself! They memorized God's Word as they took care of cattle in the fields when they were not working at the radio station, and Martin took cassettes home with him to listen to sermons (especially Dr. Bob Jones, Sr.'s messages) and to keep learning from the Lord. After a while, he believed God wanted him to preach.

When Martin told us the Lord had called him to preach, we suggested that he attend Baptist Bible College on the island of St. Vincent. He wanted to learn all he could so he could serve the Lord better. When he graduated from the Bible college, he returned to Antigua to serve the Lord. Maranatha Baptist Church was now in need of a pastor, so the folks in the church felt led to call Martin to be their pastor. Another miracle! The former Rastafarian was now pastoring the church where God saved him!

God is still in the miracle-working business—four Rasta miracles! **Erskine** was the Rasta who wrote the letter to Radio Lighthouse, asking where to

find a “Christ-believing” church. After he was saved and started working at the radio station, he met one of the Christian young ladies on the radio staff, Beverly, and married her. They now have four sweet daughters.

Vanier was one of the three Rastas who came to the church that Sunday and was saved. He later went to New York to visit some friends. While he was there, he was in an auto accident and was killed—so he is now with the Lord in heaven! We rejoice that he learned the truth about salvation before it was too late!

Vincent came to know the Lord later, after seeing how the Lord worked in the lives of his Rasta friends. He lived for the Lord and was active in another Independent Baptist Church. He also married one of the radio staff girls, and the Lord gave them three children. After his children were grown, he had a heart attack while working in construction, and he, too, is now rejoicing in heaven with his Savior!

Martin continues to serve the Lord as pastor of Maranatha Baptist Church, as of this writing. The Lord has given him a sweet, Christian wife whom he met at St. Vincent Baptist Bible College, and He has blessed them with four wonderful sons.

Yes, God is still in the “MIRACLE-WORKING BUSINESS”! He continues to use the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse to work in the hearts and lives of listeners on many Caribbean islands.

Within a few months of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse going on the air from the island of Antigua in September 1975, we had the joy of picking fruit! We began receiving mail from all the surrounding islands, expressing the appreciation of our listeners to the broadcasts:

GUADELOUPE—“For the first time today your broadcast reached me and is a blessing right in my soul. I wish your daily broadcast will reach many hearts. I listen each day ...”

ANTIGUA—“I’ve been listening to your broadcast, and I’m delighted in each part of its operation. When I am sick, I receive something to help;

when sad, a message to comfort and cheer; lonely, some item pointing me to the sinner's Friend."

ST. CROIX—"Greetings in Jesus' name and praise Him for that Christian radio station in my country. I am an Antiguan in St. Croix, and I always pray to my Heavenly Father that someone would have a Gospel radio station in Antigua, and the Lord answered my prayers. I am enjoying the station very much."

GEORGIA, USA—by skip wave—"You could not imagine how elated I am to be able to inform you that I have heard your station here in Albany (Georgia). I wish that we people here in Albany had such a fine station as the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse, so I would not have to listen to the blaring rock music, country music, etc. Maybe I will get lucky one day and move to Antigua."

MONTSERRAT—"I know that I am a sinner, but I am asking the Lord to come into my heart and wash away all of my sins."

DOMINICA—"I am 11 years of age and have a 6-year-old sister. We both listen to children's time every night, and it's really a blessing. It was because of all the nice Bible stories that I heard about Jesus Christ which drew me closer to Christ. I am very happy because of this nice station."

ST. KITTS—"I want to be a child of God, and I speak to the Lord and ask Him to come into my heart because I know that I am a sinner. I ask my Lord Jesus to come into my heart and wash all my sins away. Pray for me."

ANTIGUA—"Thank you for that beautiful letter to let me know the way of Christ. I have asked the Lord Jesus Christ to save me from my sins and asked Him to come into my heart. I am asking the members of this club (Little Lighthouse Club) to pray for me."

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isaiah 55:11).

Picking Fruit from Neighbors

No, we did not sneak into our neighbors' yards and steal fruit from their trees! The Lord gave us more wonderful fruit than that from our neighbors!

Sure, we will move! When I was a child, our family moved many times so my daddy could get work. As a result, I attended five different grade schools in five different towns, and learned a lot about packing, unpacking, and adjusting to new places! The Lord used those experiences to prepare me for the ministry He had for Rolen, our children, and me on the island of Antigua. We lived in five different houses and communities during our thirteen years on Antigua.

The biggest moving job is moving from one country to another! When we prepared to move to the Caribbean island of Antigua from the USA, we had to collect a house full of furniture, and also acquire equipment for the new radio station including a 340-foot tower, transmitter, office furniture, electronic equipment, etc., etc. All of this had to be packed into "Sea Land" containers to be shipped overseas. We also needed a place to stay on Antigua until we could locate a house to rent. The Lord provided for that need through fellow missionaries Jerry and Scharmel Johnson who were on furlough at the time. They said we could use their house as long as we needed it. Their house was a little, wooden house in the Villa area of the capital city, St. John's.

After several weeks, the Lord led us to a nice four-bedroom house in the same area where the Johnsons' house was located. That gave us enough space

to have a school room, as I was planning to homeschool our four children. While living there, our children became acquainted with the neighbor children and invited some of their families to go to church with us. The newly organized Grace Baptist Church had a week of special meetings at the time, and several members of one of the families came to the services. During the invitation for salvation at the end of one of the services, I felt the Lord leading me to speak to the mother, Jean David, about giving her life to the Lord. In the prayer room, I explained the way of salvation to her, and she prayed and asked the Lord to forgive her sins. During the next few months, her husband and children all made professions of faith in the Lord for salvation. Two or three years later, Jean volunteered to help me grade Bible lessons for our Little Lighthouse Club members, and eventually she became a full-time member of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse staff! Is that fruit? Yes!

After we had lived in the Villa area for about a year, the owner of our house said he needed his house. We found another suitable house on the other side of town on American Road. This house had a large, fenced yard, and we ended up with a neighbor's horse, a baby goat (kid) which its mother had abandoned, a donkey, a cat, and a dog in the yard! While living there, I was able to have a class for teen girls, encouraging them to give their lives to the Lord and to serve Him all of their lives. We did not have a Bible Club because only a couple of children were in this area. But we were able to encourage the only neighbor family in the block to serve the Lord. We have been able to keep in touch with them for quite a few years, and they are still following the Lord.

When one of our missionary families had to return to the USA due to health issues, they arranged for us to rent the house where they were living. It was a very nice house on a hill in an area called Paradise View, and it overlooked the city of St. John's. Again, the Lord sent us to this area for some very special reasons. One of the neighbor ladies had a weekly Bible study with me and made a profession of faith in the Lord.

Our boys met a young fellow their age in Paradise View, Duncan Armsby, who enjoyed playing with them. He also attended my Bible Club and accepted the Lord as his Savior. His parents and two brothers were not born-again Christians, although they faithfully attended the Anglican Church.

Duncan's father, Dennis Armsby, was a refrigeration man, and we called on him to check our air conditioners at Radio Lighthouse. As he was leaving the radio station that day, he remarked, "You know, this is a place of peace!" We sensed the Holy Spirit was speaking to him. From time to time we gave him cassette copies of salvation messages and witnessed to him. Other Radio Lighthouse staff witnessed to him as well.

We invited the Armsbys to come to our home for dinner one day, and as we sat on the porch after dinner chatting and witnessing to them, Dennis suddenly said, "I just thought of something! My name spelled backwards is 'sinned!' I know I'm a sinner and I need to have my sins forgiven!" He did not do anything about it that day, but it was not very long before he had some good news to share. He told us he was trying to sleep one night, and it seemed like he was in a tug of war between Satan and Jesus! He was frightened and finally shouted aloud, "I choose Jesus!" His shout woke his wife, and he explained to her what happened. He was rejoicing in the fact that he was now a child of the King!

That is not the end of the story! Dennis' wife, Doreen, became interested in the Gospel, so I asked her if she would like me to come to her home and study the Bible with her. She said she would like that. We went through the lessons in the Won by One Bible course, developed by Mel Lacock for the Chinese people and translated into English. As we came to the end of the course, Doreen said she wanted to give her life to the Lord and have her sins forgiven! Much rejoicing was in the house that day when she told Dennis she was now a believer, too. The Armsbys left the Anglican Church and began attending Grace Baptist Church where they grew spiritually by leaps and bounds. Eventually, Dennis became the pastor of First Bible Baptist Church and began producing two radio broadcasts to be aired on the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. Those broadcasts are still being aired on Radio Lighthouse and are also on the air on the Harbour Light of the Windwards radio station on the little island of Carriacou, a part of Grenada. The story of that station comes later!

Guess what? There is more to the story of the Armsbys! Several years went by, and our boys went to the USA to study at Bob Jones University. Duncan decided the Lord wanted him to go there, too. While at BJU, our

youngest, Jonathan, and Duncan met two, lovely, Christian girls (twin sisters) studying nursing. Jonathan dated Becky, and Duncan dated Kathy. The girls were identical twins, and Kathy and Becky decided to play a trick on Jonathan. When Becky was supposed to meet Jonathan, Kathy met him instead. They walked and talked together for a few minutes until Jonathan got suspicious. All three of them had a good laugh, but Jonathan vowed he would get to know Becky so well he could never be tricked again. The boys fell in love with their girls and asked them to marry them. They had a beautiful double wedding at Christmas time in 1989 in the girls' home church in North Carolina. Our whole family was involved in the wedding. Rolen and I had the privilege of playing the piano and organ. Randy played the trumpet, Tony and Martha (his wife) sang, and our Becky was Jonathan's Becky's matron of honor. Now we were getting confused with two Beckys in the family!! Becky Cornelius had already become Becky Ekberg, and Becky Harper was now Becky Cornelius!

Now, back to Antigua! We had lived in four different houses in four different areas of Antigua. The Lord had given us fruit in each place. While we were in Paradise View, Becky and Randy had moved to the USA to attend Bob Jones University. We still had Tony and Jonathan with us, but we really did not need such a big house anymore. It seemed like the Lord was leading us to find a smaller house in a new location. He led us to a small house in the little village of Johnson's Point on the south end of the island. The boys were happy with the location because the village was right on the beach, and they could go swimming, diving, and spear fishing almost every day. Even though Antigua claims to have a beach for every day of the year, we had never before lived close to a beach. The village of Johnson's Point had another plus as well. It was half as far to the radio station than the eight miles we had to drive from Paradise View.

The Lord continued to bless the radio ministry of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. We received many letters from our listeners on surrounding islands as well as from Antiguans. Our broadcasters in the USA and the Caribbean were receiving listener letters as well.

One of our broadcasters in the USA received a letter from a lady in Antigua ... and she lived right in our village of Johnson's Point! He told us

about Roslyn's need for counselling, and I looked her up. She lived a short way up the road from us! When I talked with her, I asked her if she would like to do some Bible studies with me. She readily agreed. During the course of our Bible studies, she realized her greatest need was for salvation from her sins, and she gave her heart and life to the Lord and received forgiveness for her sins.

As Roslyn was sitting in our living room one evening, she noticed our yearbook from Bob Jones University and began looking through it. She asked, "Can someone like me attend that Christian school?" I assured her she could. She eventually did attend BJU and earned her master's degree! She grew in the Lord during that time and returned to Antigua to teach in a secondary school. Her burden was to start a Christian school in Antigua, but health issues prevented her from doing so. However, she was able to teach the teen Sunday school class at Maranatha Baptist Church. The Lord also led her to develop a beautiful herb garden which she used as a witnessing opportunity. Busloads of tourists come to see the garden and receive her sweet hospitality, witness of God's greatness in creation, and Christian literature. She has also developed many original herbal remedies, lotions, and other products she sells to support herself.

The Lord gave me opportunities to reach the children in the area of Johnson's Point. We called our Bible clubs in Antigua, Little Lighthouse Clubs. I mentioned this in the chapter about the Little Lighthouse Club radio program. We praise the Lord for the children we were able to reach with this ministry in our neighborhood. A number of the children gave their hearts to the Lord, and we are aware of some still living for the Lord in their adult lives. Only the Lord knows the real results.

Praise the Lord for the fruit He has produced as a result of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse and through our own personal lives on the island of Antigua. We rejoice in all He has done and continues to do in the Caribbean!

Part 2 Caribbean Radio Lighthouse

..... ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES



Antigua



*Visiting
government offices*



CRL ground-breaking 1973



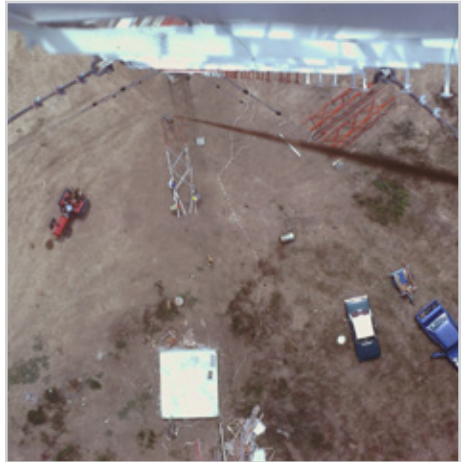
*Miss Maggie became a
sweet part of our family*



Rolen creating blueprints



*Constructing the studio building
& tower*



Bill Greaves tuning the tower





Caribbean Radio Lighthouse building dedication



CRL and surrounding village



Rolan dictating correspondence



CRL at night



CRL staff



Staff member Bro. Archibald & Rolen



Arlene & staff ladies



Lighthouse designed by Rolen



Cornelius family 1977, Antigua



Homes in Antigua



Becky—helping in the office



Randy—at work at the station



Tony and Jonathan with friends



Dishpan hands!



The three "Aunties" for Little Lighthouse Club



Arlene writing scripts



Little Lighthouse Club Choir

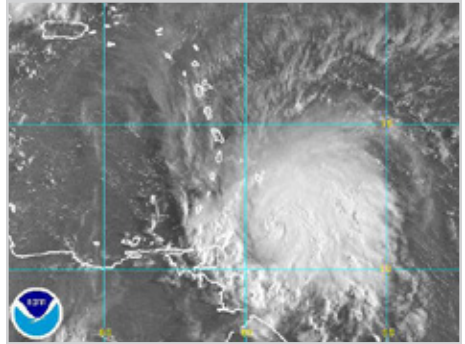


West Indian children





Rolen & Arlene-Antigua 1985



Hurricane



Rolen replacing the light at the top of the tower



Hurricane-church roof gone



Hurricane-scrambled boats



Rasta



Maranatha Baptist Church



Former Rasta-Erskine at CRL



*Former Rasta-Martin
Pastor at Maranatha*



Armsbys trusted the Lord



Neighbor Rosalyn received Christ



Cornelius family 1982



Village homes



Children's Bible Club



Grandma Cornelius visited Antigua



English Harbour, Antigua



Touring the island

Part 3 Harbour Light of the Windwards

..... CARRIACOU, GRENADA



Chapter 32

Revolution

We were praising the Lord for another new opportunity in the Caribbean. The southern Caribbean island of Grenada gave a favorable response in 1978 to the proposal of establishing a new, fundamental Christian radio station there. This new station would reach the southern islands, and, Lord willing, would be built by “ARMS” (Aviation Radio Missionary Service). ARMS was a new mission board formed by several Christian men in Greenville, South Carolina, who had helped us set up Caribbean Radio Lighthouse in Antigua. They had a burden for the southern islands because those islands could not receive a good signal from Radio Lighthouse due to mountain ranges blocking the signal on the south side of most of those islands.

In June of 1979, we heard the sad news of a revolution in Grenada! Communists aided by Cuba staged a coup and overthrew the existing government there. The communist government threatened the missionaries in Grenada, and they all had to leave. Some of the pastors and church members were also threatened. We were heartbroken, realizing this event closed the possibility of building a Christian radio station there . . . but God!

We were quite concerned regarding what we were hearing about events in Grenada in 1983. Some of the more hard-line communist leaders thought their Prime Minister Maurice Bishop was moving too slowly in introducing communist ideals on the island. There was a power struggle, and the Prime Minister and other government officials were arrested and taken to one of the forts. Maurice Bishop was popular with the people, and some of the secondary school students marched on the fort to try to free him. Some of

the students were shot, and others were so frightened they jumped over the cliff and died, according to reports we heard.

Rolen always enjoyed scanning worldwide stations on his portable radio dial at night after he went to bed. In the middle of the night in Antigua, Rolen heard a broadcast from Grenada. The communists were calling their troops to man their stations because the United States was coming to attack them! We laughed because we thought they were paranoid! The USA would not be coming to attack them! But we were wrong. The USA did come early the next morning, October 25, 1983, with helicopters and special Marine forces to fight the communist forces.

We learned later the Eastern Caribbean governments met in a secret emergency meeting. They were afraid the communists were planning coups on other islands, so they secretly decided to call on the U.S. government to intervene and help them. One of the governments at the meeting was sympathetic with the communists, and they betrayed the others and told Grenada about it.

President Ronald Reagan ordered the Marines to invade Grenada so they could protect the more than 1,000 Americans on the island; most of these were students at the medical school. In less than a week, Grenada's communist government was overthrown. We believe God used President Reagan to clear the way for a new Christian radio station on the island of Grenada!

Aviation Radio Missionary Service (ARMS) presented a second proposal in 1985 to Grenada's new government of establishing a Christian radio station there. This was favorably received. We had worked closely with the men involved with ARMS since the beginning of the ministry of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse. Now they asked us to represent them by visiting Grenada and trying to meet with some of the government officials regarding the possible new radio station to be established on Grenadian soil. The following is the letter we wrote to our prayer partners and supporters in March 1986, reporting the outcome of our trip to Grenada.

“Dear Partners in the Lord’s Service,

“The two of us have just come back from a short survey trip to the beautiful, mountainous island of Grenada. Our main purpose in going was to try to meet with some of the government officials regarding a possible new radio station like the Lighthouse to be established on Grenadian soil, Lord willing. ‘Aviation Radio Missionary Services, Inc.’ (ARMS) had presented a second proposal to the government last year (the first one was presented in 1978, shortly before the Communist revolution on the island), and we went as their representatives. We have worked very closely with the men involved with ‘ARMS’ since the beginning of the ministry of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse.

“We thank President Reagan for paving the way for us on Grenada a few days before our arrival! We saw posters all over the island with his picture. The Grenadians are so thankful to the USA for rescuing them. But we have even greater thanks to those who prayed as we went. We surely felt your prayers, as the Lord provided the funds for the trip and guided our every step while we were there. A fine Christian lawyer on the island arranged for a very nice guest house for us and a car to rent. He also gave us very valuable advice during our time there.

“**Tuesday (2/25/86):** We went to look over the radio site which the Cubans had built as a high-powered propaganda station. We understood it had been on the air no more than one month before the U.S. Marines stormed it, putting it out of commission. All the equipment was destroyed except the beautiful 362-foot tower. We thought it might be a good possibility for a future site for the ‘ARMS’ station.

“**Wednesday:** Rolen had a very good interview with the Executive Advisor to the Prime Minister of Grenada, in which he assured Rolen that Grenada is definitely interested in the new station. He said they need ‘spiritual reinforcement’ after all they’ve been through, but cannot give an official ‘OK’ until they formulate their media policy.

“Later, while having dinner with a pastor and his wife, she began to tell us about her recent trip to Grenada’s ‘sister’ island, Carriacou. As she described the little island, both she and her husband suggested that it might

be a better location for the new station. Both the topography of the island of Carriacou and its location would make for more efficient radio propagation and would more effectively reach the surrounding islands and northern South America. An idea! Was it from the Lord?

“Thursday: Rolen called the Executive Advisor and asked what he thought about our considering Carriacou as an alternate site for the radio station—if he would encourage or discourage the idea. He said he would definitely encourage it. Then he told Rolen that the land for the Cuban radio site was in dispute and could be held up in court for a long time. He said both he and the Prime Minister were from Carriacou, and if we asked for a Carriacou site, it would probably move quickly once we have the initial ‘OK’ from the government. We felt the Lord wanted us to visit Carriacou before going home, so we changed our flight schedule to include two nights in Carriacou. We also called and arranged for a room in a small hotel there. When our lawyer friend heard about the possibility of Carriacou, he also encouraged it, and gave Rolen the name of a Grenadian senator who lived there and was in charge of Carriacou affairs.

“Friday: The Lord gave us several verses in Deuteronomy chapter one which say, ‘... you have dwelt long enough in this mount ... Turn ... go into the hills ... Behold, the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee. Go up and possess it ... fear not, neither be discouraged ...’ And 2:31: ‘... Begin to occupy!’ We took a twenty-minute flight aboard a small 9-passenger plane to Carriacou in the afternoon and checked into the little ‘Mermaid Beach Hotel.’ What a surprise to find out that the lady who manages the hotel is the wife of the senator with whom we hoped to speak! God still guides!!

“Saturday: We met with the Senator in the morning, and he was very pleased with the idea of a radio station on Carriacou. He even suggested a spot of land as a possible site. We asked a taxi driver to take us on a tour of the island, including the suggested site. As we walked around the site, Rolen said the soil was perfect for a good ground system. Later in the day the Prime Minister of Grenada came home to Carriacou for the weekend. Although he was too tired to talk to Rolen, the Senator told him about the project and said his reaction was favorable!

“**Sunday:** We flew into St. Lucia and enjoyed services and fellowship with a fine fundamental pastor and his people. We met several Little Lighthouse Club members who attend his church. We have about 5,000 Club members on the island of St. Lucia! The Pastor told his folks there that he has been praying for a long time that there would be another station like the Lighthouse closer to them. Our signal gets into the Windward Islands, but is very weak and spotty, fading out altogether periodically.

“Home again in Antigua Sunday evening ... and rejoicing in the Lord’s goodness and His guidance and provision all the way! We know we can trust Him to continue to lead regarding a new ‘Lighthouse’ for the Windward Islands!”

Chapter 33

Next Tuesday!

When Rolen and I returned to Antigua after our survey trip to Grenada, we began praying in earnest about what our part would be in the establishment of a new fundamental Christian radio station on that island. As we prayed, the Lord increased our burden for that new ministry. We believed He wanted us to resign from Baptist International Missions, Inc. (BIMI) and the ministry of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse and join with Aviation Radio Missionary Service (ARMS) to help them establish the new station on the island of Carriacou, Grenada.

We returned to the USA and visited our supporting churches, informing them of the possibility of a new radio outreach from the tiny, thirteen-square-mile island of Carriacou. They were excited about that opportunity and agreed to pray with us for the Lord's guidance and provision.

Meanwhile we waited and prayed, looking forward to word from the government of Grenada regarding their approval of the new radio station. After a few weeks, Rolen called the Grenada Prime Minister's office and asked how things were going regarding the approval of the radio station. The assistant to the Prime Minister said, "Well, we are still in the process of formulating our media policies. The Cabinet meets each Tuesday, and we will get to your request soon."

We waited several more weeks, and Rolen called again. The answer was, "The Cabinet had so many items to discuss, we were not able to talk about

your request yet. Next Tuesday we will surely see about your proposal ... next Tuesday!"

When the men of ARMS heard about this, they decided we should get together for special prayer on Tuesdays. So, every Tuesday Jack Buttram, Pastor David Yearick, Bill Greaves, Rolen, and I met together to pray for the Lord to move the men's hearts in the Grenada Cabinet to discuss the radio station and give us the approval to come and start building.

Our son, Randy, started joining us for our Tuesday prayer times as well. He believed God wanted him to be a part of the radio project. He had just graduated from Bob Jones University with a degree in broadcast engineering and married Sharlene Isaak, daughter of Dr. Al Isaak of the science faculty of Bob Jones University. Randy was getting some good experience by working at radio station WMJU in Greenville, South Carolina.

Our supporting churches and friends were continuing to pray with us that we would soon have approval for the new station. One of our former friends in Illinois called us one day to suggest a plan to learn more about what was going on in Grenada. Dean Puzey told us, "I have a six-passenger plane—a Cherokee 6. Why don't I fly you down to Grenada to talk to the government in person? Maybe that would help them decide to give you their approval soon. We could also approach other island governments about the possibility of stations in their areas."

We believed the Lord led Dean to make this offer, so we gratefully accepted. Our son Randy and his wife Sharlene traveled with us as prospective staff members for the new radio station on Carriacou. Randy would be the engineer for the station.

We had a sense of God's leading and direction in every step of the trip. We left Greenville, South Carolina, on January 21, 1987, and flew to Grenada with overnight stops in Florida, Haiti, and Antigua. We had a good visit with the senator in charge of Carriacou affairs. Carriacou is Grenada's little "sister" island, twelve miles north of the main island of Grenada, and we believed it was God's chosen spot for the new radio station. The senator was again very cordial, telling us he was keen on the establishment of our Christian radio station on his island. He said he had discussed the project

Next Tuesday!

with the Prime Minister of Grenada, who promised we would have the official answer to our proposal by Easter! The senator was confident the answer would be “OK!”

While we were on Carriacou, we looked for a house to rent, and the Lord provided us with a large, wooden-frame house. It would be ideal in helping care for work crews planning to come help build the new station.

During our visit to Grenada, Rolen was also able to meet the Minister of Communications, and he said he was one hundred percent behind the project for two reasons: 1) He knew it would benefit the country; and 2) it was something for Carriacou (“where nothing ever happens”).

The Lord used the trip to confirm to us that Carriacou was the place of His choosing. Although we did not have the governmental confirmation in hand, we did see the Lord’s hand quite clearly leading in that direction in many details. We also had the encouraging words from the senator for Carriacou and Grenada’s Minister of Communications that we would have firm word by Easter or before. The trip also showed us the other islands were not interested in having a Christian radio station in their countries.

Easter came and went, and we still heard the words, “Next Tuesday we will surely be able to discuss your project and let you know of our approval.” Meanwhile, the Lord continued to encourage us by providing for the new station: some equipment, volunteer crews, some finances, and several families interested in joining the staff.

In November 1987, we wrote to our prayer partners:

“My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD’ (Isaiah 55:8) ... If we had ‘our way’ we’d be in Grenada by now, but the Lord had other plans ... ‘His way.’

“His way’ was for us to spend the summer helping a small, Christian radio station in the Marshall Islands in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. What beautiful, friendly people! We grew to love them, and we miss them since we left. Rolen got some good experience in antenna maintenance in a high temperature, high humidity, and salty breeze atmosphere. He also

helped with the program schedule, personnel, etc., at the radio station. Arlene worked with some of the young ladies, helping them get Marshallese children's programs recorded and getting as much Marshallese music recorded as possible.

“His way’ was for us to go back to the USA in September to help Mother Cornelius. She would be 85 on November 18th and had come to the place where it was not wise for her to live alone. We brought her from Atlanta to Greenville, SC, to live in a very nice assisted-living home. That was not easy as she had lived in Atlanta for 58 years. It was hard for her to leave friends, her church, and the ministry she had there, but the Lord gave her a new opportunity to serve Him in the Greenville area.

“His way’ also included a trip to Rhode Island for a few days to help Arlene’s dad after the unexpected Homegoing of her stepmother. Regarding Grenada, ‘our thought’ was perhaps it would be good for us to go down there the first of the year (1988) and work on the permission from that end. A government official there had encouraged us to do that. But the Prime Minister advised us by phone to wait a few weeks before making travel plans. Apparently, the local Grenada radio station case was to come up in court soon, and he still wanted that settled before proceeding with our proposal.”

Our letter continued: “We believe Satan is working to hinder and delay the establishment of a fundamental radio voice in that area. We need your URGENT, FERVENT PRAYERS that Satan will be defeated, and the Lord will open the door to Grenada and Carriacou without further delay! We know the Lord is in control, and we are trusting Him to bring this about in His perfect time. We want ‘His thoughts’ and ‘His ways!’”

The Lord gave us assurance of His will regarding the radio station in Grenada during a Sunday school class at Hampton Park Baptist Church. The Bible lesson was about Paul when he was on his way to Rome as a prisoner. The ship was ravaged by a terrible storm at sea, and everyone had given up hope of being saved. God sent an angel to assure him that everyone on the ship would be saved. Paul told the others on board, “Sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me” (Acts 27:25).

Next Tuesday!

We also believed it would be even as God had told us ... He wanted a fundamental Christian radio station to be built on the little island of Carriacou. But time went on with no word from Grenada.

We asked our supporting churches and friends to set aside a certain Sunday to pray specifically for the Lord to move the hearts of Grenada's Cabinet members to consider the establishment of the radio station and give their approval very soon! We claimed the verse, "The king's heart is in the hand of the LORD, as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will" (Proverbs 21:1).

Within a very short time, we received word from Grenada's Cabinet: "The Cabinet has considered your proposal to establish a Christian radio station on the island of Carriacou. Your proposal has been approved!" AMEN!! We praised the Lord and immediately began to finalize plans to move to Grenada.

NO MORE "NEXT TUESDAYS"!!

Chapter 34

Rat Race & Bat House

When Rolen and I received word from the Grenada Cabinet that they had approved our proposal to establish a Christian radio station on the island of Carriacou, we immediately began preparing to move to Grenada. We began loading a 40-foot container with the equipment, the sections of a 280-foot tower, a small truck, building supplies, and personal effects the Lord had already provided.

The container was shipped to Grenada, and we flew to Antigua on June 3, 1988. We were met by the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse staff and taken to our little home in the village of Johnson's Point. Our dear Miss Maggie was waiting for us. She had cleaned the house for us, but it did not stay that way very long!

We started organizing and packing the next morning. The "rat race" had begun! Rolen went to town and bought lumber for crates. He also arranged for a 20-foot container to be brought out to Johnson's Point so we could pack our things in it. The ship was scheduled to sail to Grenada with the container three weeks later. We would never have made it without the wonderful help of our son Jonathan (who flew in from the USA on the 11th) and the Radio Lighthouse staff. They all worked hard to help us get everything packed and loaded into the container while Rolen built crates for our furniture, etc. It was an exhausting time—up at 5:30 a.m. and working until midnight, but the Lord helped us, and we made it in time for the container to sail with the ship! Praise the Lord!

June 15th—we were on LIAT (Leeward Islands Air Transport) all day until we reached the little island of Carriacou. We “island-hopped” from Antigua to Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, and on to Barbados. In Barbados, we had to claim our baggage and pay to have it rolled out to the street and into the other side of the terminal where we stood in line at the LIAT counter for over an hour and paid overweight again! We barely had enough time to get a drink and sandwich and go to the gate to get back on board the SAME PLANE! In Antigua, they told us we could not check our baggage all the way through to Carriacou because we would be changing planes! We flew on to Carriacou via Mustique and Union Island, arriving in Carriacou at 3:45 p.m. When we checked with Immigration in Carriacou, they gave us one week to stay on the island. The young man said Rolen would have to fly to Grenada to get an extension of time.

Ours was the last flight into Carriacou for the day, and the customs agents had already gone home. We were waiting for them to clear our baggage which was still on the cart, but when no one came to examine it, we just picked it up and loaded it into a taxi and went to town (Hillsborough). We found Senator Bernard Bullen and got the house keys from him, went “home” to the big, old frame house and began unpacking and getting settled. The taxi returned to take us to supper at “Camp Carriacou” (now called Cas-sada Bay Resort). Camp Carriacou had been where some of the Cuban soldiers had camped during the revolution. The food was good at the “resort,” and the price was reasonable. We slept well that night, although the breeze almost blew us away!

The next day we caught a bus to town to buy groceries and set up a personal bank account and an account for the radio station, the Harbour Light. We were told we would have to give them a letter of introduction from a respected person there on Carriacou. Mr. Bullen was happy to do that for us! We had two pieces of mail waiting for us at the post office. One was a cassette tape of a service from Hampton Park Baptist Church, so we used that for our church service on Sunday.

While we were in town, Rolen called our friend Mr. Bailey in Grenada, to check on our container from the USA. He said the container had arrived

on the 8th, and he wanted Rolan to come over to Grenada on Monday to help with the details of customs!

Saturday, I washed clothes by hand ... no washing machine available yet! That was in the container from Antigua. We received some surprise guests ... two friends from Antigua (Heidi and Charlie) came to spend the weekend with us! Company arrived before we had been in Carriacou three days! They came to attend the funeral of their boss in Antigua, a native of Carriacou. (We learned later most “Kayaks” ... as people in Carriacou were called... wanted to be buried back home in Carriacou.)

Charlie cooked Sunday breakfast for us ... an Antiguan breakfast with salt fish, cucumber salad, and hot bread ... before we had our “church service” by listening to the tape from Hampton Park Baptist Church. Heidi and Charlie went to the funeral, and we all relaxed Sunday afternoon.

We asked Charlie and Heidi how they had slept the night before, and Charlie said, “We were terrorized by the bats!”

“Bats!?” we said. “We didn’t know there were any bats in the house!” (More on that later!)

Monday morning, Rolan, Heidi, and Charlie took the bus to the Carriacou airport at 5:30 a.m. (pre-arranged) and flew to Grenada. Heidi and Charlie stayed at the airport in Grenada since they were on their way back to Antigua. Rolan took a taxi from the Grenada airport to Winterest Guest House, had breakfast, and then went to town with Mr. Bailey. They first visited the Cabinet Secretary who called the Ministry of Finance and Immigration. Neither of them had received the communications she had sent days before. She gave the men a sealed copy of the duty-free approval to take to the Ministry of Finance. The lady in the finance office told them to come back at 3:00 in the afternoon! She said she could not see them before then.

Rolan and Mr. Bailey worked on port clearance. The port manager was quite helpful, allowing them to proceed with import entries, but he informed them the truck would have to be cleared separately. He allowed them to take the duty-free approval to be photocopied for him, so they made an extra copy for the ARMS board. While Mr. Bailey went to meet a

cruise ship, Rolen went to the Botanical Gardens government offices to see the Lands Officer because he could inform him which land in Carriacou was government land. Rolen was told the office was at the top of a steep hill in the Tempe area. After a hot dog and a bit of rest, he climbed the hill only to find out the man was not in. He also found the office of the Minister of Works, but the minister only came to the office on Thursdays and Fridays.

Mr. Bailey returned and met Rolen at the Ministry of Finance at 3:00 p.m. as instructed by the lady there, but she had not returned. The clearing process stopped right there, except they did get a customs officer at the port to evaluate the truck, which he could not see—it was still in the front of the container!

Tuesday morning the “rat race” continued! Rolen went first thing to license and register the truck, which had to be done before it could leave for Carriacou. He had to pay tax, although it was “duty free.” He also had to pay for the license, inspection and registration, as well as insurance. The licensing department had not received the duty-free approval from the Cabinet, but a messenger finally brought it to them. All of this took until nearly noon.

The next thing on the agenda was to get the container released by the shipping company. The agency in Grenada for the U.S. shipping company had not received the original bill of lading, and they would not release the container until they had that in hand. Rolen decided to call the shipping company in Jacksonville, Florida, and ask them to give authority to the local company to release the shipment. Rolen was put on hold for 10-15 minutes and then told that the lady would call back; he waited one and a half hours for her call. He then ran through a heavy downpour to another office where a lesser official said she had called them, but they must wait for a Telex she was sending! Rolen explained the urgency of needing to unload the container onto the *Eastward* (ship) that afternoon before customs closed, so it could sail the next morning. Finally, the big man stamped the OK for the release on the strength of the phone call. Rolen and Mr. Bailey rushed over to the port with the release, only to find out we owed over \$400 USD for storage fees on the container, which had arrived two weeks previously! They also wanted money to truck the container to the wharf, but Mr. Bailey threw up his hands and told them about all the fees we had paid already. Time was

running out, so without delay they drove the container over to the ship and began unloading, finally!! All the men on board the ship helped, including Mr. Bailey and the ship's captain. Everything was loaded onto the ship by 6:00 p.m. except our little pickup truck, which they parked at Mr. Bailey's company overnight. They went back to Winterest Guest House tired but with the load on the ship, ready to sail the next morning. Rolen praised the Lord for His help and strength to get through the "rat race" of the day!

Wednesday: Rolen had to take the truck insurance to the licensing department and do something about immigration. Our one week was up that day! The Chief Immigration Officer had not received the Cabinet OK (sound familiar?), so Rolen called the Cabinet Secretary again. She was shocked immigration had not received word. She said she would call them, so Rolen walked back to the Immigration Office on the opposite side of the Carenage after talking to the captain of the *Eastward*. The captain had told him the ship was to leave at exactly 10 a.m. Rolen watched across the bay as the crew loaded our truck onto the ship. At 9:40 a.m., they still had not received word from the Cabinet Secretary, so a nice, friendly immigration officer began writing up a two-week extension for our stay. At 9:45 a.m., the *Eastward* blew its horn. The officer worked on Jonathan's passport first and at 12 minutes to 10:00, the messenger from the Botanical Gardens (two blocks away) shuffled in with the envelope from the Cabinet Secretary. It seemed like they took an eternity to read the short note. At 9:50 the horn blew again! They nodded their heads approvingly as they read and stamped in our passports:

“THE CONDITION UNDER WHICH THE
HOLDER WAS ALLOWED TO LAND
IN GRENADA ON
15TH JUNE 1988
IS HEREBY VARIED TO PERMIT
THE HOLDER TO REMAIN IN
GRENADA
AS LONG AS HE REMAINS INVOLVED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN RADIO STATION
ON CARRIACOU.”

Praise the Lord! That was a better status than we could have hoped for!

The horn blew again. It was 5 minutes to 10. Rolan thanked the immigration officers, threw the passports in his attaché, ran full tilt all the way around the Carenage and boarded the *Eastward*, which immediately pulled away!! Whew! Are you tired from reading this account? I am tired from writing it!!

Rolan enjoyed a pleasant voyage for the twenty-eight miles up the coast of Grenada and on out into the open sea toward Carriacou. One spot was rougher than the rest of the journey ... a spot which the Grenadians call “Kick-em-Jenny”! The captain explained that the Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea came together at “Kick-em-Jenny,” and there was not room for them both! However, we later learned an active underwater volcano is at that spot! When we flew over that area another time, the volcano was stirring the water up and boiling! The ships were instructed to sail five miles out from that spot. The fishermen joked about catching boiled fish!

The captain told Rolan the charge for carrying the contents of a 40-foot container was usually \$10,000 EC (about \$4,000 USD), but he would let us have it for \$8,000 EC (about \$3,000 USD). This included labor at the wharf on both ends.

The *Eastward* landed at the Hillsborough Jetty on Carriacou 3 ½ hours after leaving St. Georges, Grenada. The “duty-free” permission along with lists had somehow already arrived on Carriacou, so landing the shipment was not a problem. Three big truckloads and two trips with our little Ford truck got everything to the front yard of our house. We were careful not to open anything until the customs officer could come and inspect everything. Rolan could not find him that afternoon, so he went to his office Thursday morning. He was a friendly man. “I’m glad that a Christian station will be built on Carriacou,” he said. When Rolan told him we built Caribbean Radio Lighthouse in Antigua, his face lit up with a big smile. He said, “My daughter and some nieces correspond with the Little Lighthouse Club.”

When Rolan asked the customs officer about coming to our house to inspect or validate the shipment’s contents, he seemed embarrassed. “That won’t be necessary at all. There’s nothing to worry about. You don’t need to

pay duty... just a stamp fee, which is 1.5% of the value: \$544.40 EC (\$210 USD).”

We were very glad our son, Jonathan, could come to Carriacou with us. He was a great help unloading the trucks, putting things in place in the house, organizing things, etc.

We were slowly getting things in their places in the house, getting the HARBOUR LIGHT office set up, etc. During all this, we fought the battle with the rats and the bats! These long-time inhabitants of the old house were not easily evicted! The bats flew in and out of the upstairs at night (there were no screens at first) and “terrorized” our first guests when they were with us. They hardly slept the first night because they had closed their windows, and the bats did not know how to get back out. They kept flying around the room above their heads! They were probably flying around our heads, too, but we were so exhausted we did not know anything about it!

After that, Mr. Bullen had one of his men fix screens for the windows. The screen in our bedroom closed over the outside hole where the bats were accustomed to living, and in their confusion, they started pouring into the open ventilation window above the bedrooms. The bedrooms were full of bats searching for their home! They could not get back out because of the new screens in the windows. When they got tired of flying around, they collapsed on the floor, on the bed, or wherever! That night and the next, Jonathan put on gloves and captured nineteen bats by hand, killed them, put them in plastic bags, and carried them out to the trash barrel! Rolen and Jonathan worked until midnight closing all the holes in the wooden wall that they could find so no more bats could get in.

In the middle of the night, Rolen jumped out of bed and switched on the light. He frightened me! “Honey, what’s wrong?” I asked sleepily.

“Two bats decided my pillowcase made a nice place to sleep!! They started to move and woke me up!” he said.

Some of the bats were trapped inside our bedroom wall, but we were not about to re-open the hole to let them out! More would just find their way back. Several bats died inside the wall after unsuccessfully fluttering and

chirping, trying to get out. We had a “nice” aroma to put us to sleep at night! We knew it would eventually clear. After getting the ventilation window closed and repairing a crack in our window, we knew of no more bats coming into the house.

Meanwhile, the “rat race” was pretty much in evidence, too. The rats stole the cheese out of the traps without getting caught. When we got some rat poison, they carried it off to another part of the house but still seemed to be around ... sampling the food, chewing the Tupperware, etc. Finally, I went into the kitchen one morning and saw this cute, little, round, gray thing sitting on top of the kitchen counter with its tail curled around itself! It was still alive but evidently not able to run away, so I guess the poison was doing its work. Rolen got the broom and killed it. Needless to say, I thoroughly scrubbed the counter with Clorox!! We hoped we were winning the war.

Meanwhile, the old house was beginning to look and feel more like home as we put up curtains, etc. When the shipment from Antigua would arrive with the rest of our furniture, we would be able to finish getting settled. We thanked the Lord for all His help and strength in the “rat race” during this big move.

Before we had been in Carriacou very long, we received some good news from Jack Buttram, the president of our mission board, ARMS. He told us two couples had fulfilled the application requirements of the board and had been approved as appointees to the staff of the Harbour Light: Walter and Linda Robinson and our son Randy and his wife Sharlene Cornelius! They would be visiting churches to raise their support and then come and join us in Carriacou! Praise the Lord!

Chapter 35

Like Precious Faith

When we first arrived in Carriacou, we met the Jamaican pastor of Carriacou Evangelical Church. He and his family had been on Carriacou for one year. He invited us to attend his church, so we did attend for a couple of Sundays. They had a praise service with a good message by a layman. A couple of people had tambourines which they used with the choruses but not with the hymns. The pastor announced that their church would be co-operating with the Pentecostal church for a series of meetings. Rolen and I looked at each other with an understanding glance. We knew this could not be our church home. The pastor told us with his own lips that they were compromising. Though we longed to fellowship with the Lord's people, we had to be careful about establishing relationships, especially as we began the ministry of Harbour Light radio.

Did this little, 13-square-mile island have any good fundamental churches? We learned that many churches were here. The Catholic church was the main church on the island, with a small Catholic church in every village except "behind God's back," which the locals called the area over the ridge on the Atlantic side of the island in Mt. Pleasant and Grand Bay villages. A Methodist church, Church of Christ, Jehovah's Witnesses, Seventh Day Adventists, and the "Spiritual Baptists" (who speak in tongues, deal in witchcraft, pray to the dead, etc.) were also there. We knew we could not fellowship with any of those churches. We prayed and told the Lord there surely must be some folks here who had the same "like precious faith" as we had! "Who are they, Lord, and where are they?"

Meanwhile, we enjoyed listening to services on cassette tape from Hampton Park Baptist Church in Greenville, South Carolina. Our hearts still longed to worship with local believers of “like precious faith.” One Sunday afternoon we decided to get better acquainted with the island and perhaps find a church by driving around the island. We could also keep our eyes open for some suitable land to be the home for Harbour Light.

We drove through the main town of Hillsborough, around toward the north end of the island, and through the village of Windward. This village was known for its boat building. Many of the people there were descendants of Scottish settlers and were of lighter skin than the other inhabitants of Carriacou. Rolen liked this area, as there was quite a bit of marine activity there, and he thought it would be a nice area for building the Harbour Light.

As we drove around the eastern Atlantic coast of the island, we found ourselves driving through a “wilderness” and past a crumbling cemetery. Some of the graves had been placed near the sea many years ago and were now being washed into the water.

We finally came out of the “wilderness” into another small village, Mt. Pleasant. We wondered why it was named Mt. Pleasant? It surely did not look pleasant at that time in the dry season! A couple of nice, cement block houses were there, but most were small, wooden houses. As we drove through the village, we saw a lady walking up the road in fine, Sunday clothes. We stopped and asked her if she was coming from church. She said, “No, I just came from a graduation.”

“Is there a church in this area?”

“No ... well, the priest comes to the school once a month.”

“But no church here?”

“No ... oh, there is a little Gospel Hall up in Grand Bay.”

“Where is that?”

“Just continue on this road until you come to a road going up the hill.”

That's Grand Bay village. The church is up there.”

“Thank you very much! We will try to find it!”

We did find the little Gospel Hall on Grand Bay Ridge. It was almost time for church that Sunday evening, so we decided to wait in the car until someone came and opened the building for the service. We waited until nearly 8:00, but no one came to open the church! The sign above the door said they would have a service at 7:00 on Wednesday evening, so we decided to come back on Wednesday.

Wednesday night we visited the church, called a Gospel Hall (Plymouth Brethren—not United Brethren) up on the ridge at Grand Bay (the village next to Mt. Pleasant). We found the simple service very refreshing, and the people seemed to be of “like precious faith.” Only four adults and three children attended besides us, but we enjoyed the fellowship. They sang two familiar gospel songs, a cappella. They had no instruments in the church. We did not know if they did not believe in it or just did not have anything to use, but no tambourines or handclapping, etc. The leader of the assembly was Brother Isaac, and a blind man, Stephen Cox, shared a good Bible study from Matthew 16. He definitely knew the Scripture, and everything he said was exactly what we believe. Bro. Isaac invited Rolen to say a few words, so he shared our purpose for being on Carriacou. They did not seem to know much about radio but seemed happy about our desire to spread the Word of God in this area. We planned to visit again on Sunday morning and evening.

On Sunday, July 17, 1988, we attended the Gospel Hall in Grand Bay again for both the morning and evening services. In the morning they had communion. They did not offer it to us, perhaps because they were not sure where we stood spiritually, but after the evening service, Brother Isaac asked to speak with us. He wanted to know what church we came from and more about us. We also found out they would not compromise. He mentioned the “Logos” ship visiting Carriacou. They went to one service and did not like what they heard so did not go again or cooperate. They asked if we knew about the Pentecostal church in Hillsborough with many more people than their little assembly. They asked if we did not want to attend there. We told them we did not believe like the Pentecostals and could not fellowship with

them. They seemed pleased to hear that. It was amazing to them that we came all the way over Top Hill to their tiny group but understood when we told them they were the only ones we had found who had like precious faith. Rolen gave Bro. Isaac a copy of the ARMS brochure, and he appreciated our stand.

The next Wednesday evening we again attended the Gospel Hall for prayer meeting. After the service, Mr. Cox, the blind man, wanted to speak with us. He told us Brother Isaac read the ARMS brochure to him, and it sounded all right to him, and we were welcome to fellowship with them. He asked Rolen if he would bring the Gospel message Sunday evening in his place, and Rolen said he would.

We took part in the communion service the following Sunday morning. They have communion every Sunday, and it is the main part of the service. They have a short message, much prayer, and sing a couple of hymns. Some of the hymns were unfamiliar to us but were very good, based solely on Scripture and Bible doctrine. The “brothers” asked Rolen to share something from Scripture in the evening service, which he did. He told about Zacchaeus’ encounter with Jesus Who 1) sees us; 2) knows us; 3) wants us; 4) loves us! Good message! It was “broadcast” to the village via loudspeakers! They had their own “broadcasting station” right there in the little village of Grand Bay. God used it to share the Gospel with neighbors who would not come to church! Several were saved in later years as a result!

Two Brethren evangelists visited Carriacou and spent some time with us at our house. They shared some of the history and beliefs of the Plymouth Brethren with us. Some Brethren missionaries from Northern Ireland came to Carriacou about eighty years before and established the Gospel Hall. The believers were later helped and encouraged by fundamental believers from England. They have continued to hold high standards according to the Word of God. They believe in baptism of believers by immersion after salvation and believe in eternal security. They believe in separation from the world and from unbiblical relationships. We found their doctrines are biblical and the same as we believe as fundamental Baptists! The main difference is in their church government. They have several elders as the leaders of the assembly of believers and not pastors. They are independent, not associated

with or members of any organization. These men strengthened our knowledge that we had truly found folks of “like precious faith” in Carriacou!

As we continued to work out the details of getting land for the Harbour Light, and as we explained the project to the two brothers at church, they became more excited to see what God would do. Brother Isaac told Rolen they had been praying for twenty years that the Lord would do something spiritually for Carriacou, and they believed the Harbour Light was God’s answer! He asked Rolen if we had the money we needed to build the station, and Rolen told him, “No, Brother, we have no money yet to build the station, but we know that God wants the station built, so we are trusting Him to provide all that we need.”

A few weeks later, Brother Isaac asked Rolen to sit down with him after the service. He pulled an envelope out of his pocket and handed it to Rolen. When he opened it, Rolen gasped in surprise and joy. The envelope contained two checks, one in the amount of \$3,000 USD and the other one for \$5,000 USD!! Brother Isaac explained he had called the Carriacou Christians in New York and told them about the Harbour Light and that they must all get behind this project! A group of the Christians sponsored a bus tour to Philadelphia and sent the proceeds to the Harbour Light. The other check was from one Christian lady from Carriacou. These funds were what we used to begin building our first building—the transmitter building!

We had a contract to rent the “bat house” for one year, and the year was almost up. We wanted to move because we were still having trouble with the bats! We would also like to live closer to the Gospel Hall and to the land that seemed to be God’s choice for the home of the Harbour Light. It was difficult to find a suitable place to rent. A few empty houses were around, but they were not available. They were furnished and owned by people in other countries, working until they were able to retire and move back to Carriacou.

The folks at church also wanted us to be closer to them. Brother Isaac contacted his relatives in England and told them about us and our project. They owned a house right there in Mt. Pleasant and agreed to let us rent it if we did not mind their staying with us a few weeks when they came back to

Like Precious Faith

Carriacou for vacation. That house was a great blessing to us as we took care of many teams who came to Carriacou during the next few years to help us build the Harbour Light. The Lord had wonderfully answered our prayer for finding dear saints of “like precious faith” on the little, 13-square-mile island of Carriacou!

Chapter 36

*Carriacou—Land of
Many Reefs*

Our new home is Carriacou—a tiny but beautiful 13-square-mile island—located in the southern Windward Islands of the Eastern Caribbean. It is just 240 miles north of South America’s coast and is part of the tri-island state of Grenada, Carriacou, and Petite Martinique. This little island gets its name from the fact it is surrounded by reefs in the beautiful, blue sea. Carriacou is one of a chain of small islands stretching from St. Vincent to Grenada called the Grenadines.

The people on Carriacou are friendly and helpful. We have enjoyed getting to know them. Most of them are descendants of slaves from West Africa, but some are a mixture of African and Scottish descent. Many of these folks are exceptionally skilled in boat building and have supplied local wooden ships to carry supplies throughout the region. They live in the northern village of Windward. The Western coast of the island is of British influence, and the southern part of the island has some French influence. The southern part is where we lived the first year we were on Carriacou.

Most of the villages on the island were made up of small, wooden houses, but construction of larger, cement block houses has occurred in recent years. Retired Carriacou people or those who anticipate retiring from jobs abroad built these beautiful, large houses. Every village has at least one rum shop which also sells a few groceries. “Kayaks” (as Carriacou people are sometimes called) love their rum, and plenty of it is available at every event on the island.

In order to reach Carriacou from other countries, you need to fly to the main island of Grenada and then board a boat to sail the twenty-eight miles north to Carriacou. In the 1980's and 1990's, the only boats available were the locally-built wooden boats which took 3-4 hours to reach Carriacou from Grenada. Now, more modern and faster ferries are available and reach Carriacou in about 2 ½ hours. The alternative means of transportation is a small, eight-passenger plane which flies between Carriacou and Grenada in twenty minutes.

As time went on, we learned more about the interesting culture of this little island.

February 7, 1989: It is Grenada's Independence Day, their 15th Anniversary. Each Parish on the main island of Grenada and on Carriacou and Petit Martinique had celebrations on different days last week. Saturday was Carriacou's turn, with school children marching through town in their school uniforms to the Catholic church for an ecumenical service, then marching back to the community center for a program. After we had a phone call with daughter Becky in the USA, we went to the community center. We just missed Prime Minister Blaize's speech but were in time to see the famous Carriacou "Big Drum Dance." It is "transported West Africa"! Several African-style drums were playing, and about eight ladies dressed in colorful costumes were performing African-style dancing. Of all the Caribbean Islands we have seen, Carriacou seems to have held on to their African culture more than most (including witchcraft, etc.).

This is also carnival time on Carriacou and Petit Martinique. Yesterday was called "Old Mas." We heard a lot of activity all night on Sunday. Before daybreak, we heard small groups going down the street toward town, playing horns, blowing whistles, and singing. The men were dressed in old shorts and shoes and were plastered with grease (old motor oil), making them look shiny black. They wore hats with horns—it reminded us of the "country devils" (witch doctors) of Liberia! Their custom is to grab people and rub grease on them! We thought that part was over for today's "Sweet Mas"—the main day for carnival. Most everyone went to town, but we took our usual morning walk here in L'Esterre village up "La Pointe" to a spot overlooking beautiful Tyrell Bay and "Hurricane Bay" where yachts often

sheltered during storms. Oyster beds were also there in the mangrove. It was early in the morning, and the bay was dotted with sleeping yachts and sailboats.

On the way back down the hill, one of those “oily” men met us and tried to frighten us, but we had already decided to stop and visit a sick, diabetic lady. He followed us, and Rolen talked to him. After a few minutes, he left and did not rub his oil on us!

March 12, 1989—Sunday a.m.: This is Rolen’s 56th Birthday! As we awoke at 6:00 this morning, we heard the ringing of bells and singing in the street in front of our house. A small procession led by two men in long, black robes came by. Another man was carrying a lightweight wooden cross. The only words we could understand from the singing was “We don’t know,” “We don’t know,” over and over. They surely “don’t know” our Savior, the risen Christ of Calvary! We found out later they were some of the “Shaker” or “Spiritual” Baptists of Carriacou who are deeply involved in witchcraft and demonism. The folks on Carriacou do not know any other kind of Baptist, which is why we do not call ourselves Baptists here. They have the wrong idea of what a Baptist is. After a few years of education via Harbour Light radio, perhaps they will learn what true Baptists are. But we are mainly concerned they learn the Truth of Christ and real salvation by grace through faith. How they need the Light of Christ in this dark place.

Soon after the “Baptists” marched by our home, the Catholic procession began—folks dressed up in their fancy clothes on their way to Mass. (Most of the Village of L’Esterre turns out for Mass.) It has been good for us to live in L’Esterre awhile and learn more about the needs of these people.

A friend from the island of St. Vincent told us in former years when someone on St. Vincent was vexed with someone, they would threaten them by saying, “I’m going to Carriacou for you!” They meant that they would find an “Obea Man” (Witch Doctor) on Carriacou to work a spell against the person. This was extremely frightening for the person!

One of the Christian “brothers” of Grenada said the Harbour Light is an answer to twenty years of praying by the Christians here on Carriacou and Grenada for the Lord to enlighten the spiritual darkness of Carriacou.

He said, “You are not on Carriacou by chance—God sent you here!” Amen!
We know it is true—and we have a solemn responsibility to follow His direction in this project and all our doings here for His glory.

Chapter 37

Home for Harbour Light

We needed a home for the Harbour Light! Where could we find land on this little island of Carriacou to build the new radio station? Rolen was able to visit with Prime Minister Blaize in his home in Carriacou from time to time and discuss the plans for building Harbour Light. Mr. Blaize was quite interested in the project and encouraged us in many ways. He suggested that Rolen meet with two Agriculture Officers to find land ... so we would know which was government land, and which was private land.

The two Agriculture Officers were very helpful. They showed Rolen two possible government-owned land sites for Harbour Light. One was in Harvey Vale on Tyrell Bay on the south of the island. Rolen liked that area because a great deal of marine activity was there, which fit the theme of the Harbour Light. Unfortunately, that land had more disadvantages than advantages.

The other land was at Tarleton Point in Mt. Pleasant, over the ridge from the main town of Hillsborough. The locals said this area was “behind God’s back”! I guess they thought God did not care about them! The land looked like a good possibility for Harbour Light. Private land was on the north side, but the government still had about fourteen acres on the south side. It was wide, open country with road frontage, and the land sloped down to the sea where the edge was a 10-20-foot cliff, but part was a sandy beach. It was good pastureland, sloping on down maybe 600-700 feet from the road to the water.

A hill was at Tarleton Point at about 125 feet in elevation. Rolen asked the Agriculture Officer about the hill, and he said it was government land as well. We went up to the top and walked around ... it revealed BREATHTAKING BEAUTY! We could see all the way through the Grenadine islands to the larger island of St. Vincent about sixty miles to the north! What a sight! Looking the other way, we saw a beautiful, panoramic view of the villages of Mt. Pleasant and Grand Bay spread around the bay.

Local, neighborly advice was: "Deal with the government regarding land business, not private parties." They knew private parties could get us into family disputes, but the government advice should be more straightforward. We appreciated the advice. This could avoid problems with the land in the future.

July 18, 1988: Rolen met with the Prime Minister to show him the map of Tarleton Point and the parts he had marked off as the land we wanted for Harbour Light. The Prime Minister invited Rolen to meet him and the men from the Ministry of Agriculture and Lands and go with him to inspect Mt. Pleasant school renovations that afternoon, and then proceed to Tarleton Point to look at the land there. God was at work!

When we went to Tarleton Point with Mr. Blaize that afternoon, a large, black cloud was overhead, and it started to rain, but the Lord held the rain back long enough for the Prime Minister to see the land from the car while Rolen showed him the map. He told Mr. Blaize we would like to put the studio building(s) on top of the hill, with the transmitter building at the bottom, and the antenna(s) in the more level area.

The Prime Minister asked the men from the Agriculture Department if that was all Crown Land, and they said, "Yes."

He told Rolen, "You should be able to get a lease from the government for sixty-six years. Write up a proposal for the land you need, and it can be presented to the Cabinet."

A few days later, we went out to the land where Rolen did some measuring and put some stakes on top of the hill to mark where we would put the buildings. Rolen talked to several men who mentioned the names of

landowners in the area, and the name of Sidney Cayenne came up several times in relation to the hill!

One of the men at the Agriculture Office in town called Rolen into the office and introduced him to a man from the Lands and Surveys Office in Grenada and explained what we were doing. The man (who was in Carriacou for only a few hours) said, “You don’t need to talk to more people—just make an application to the Lands Office and ask for what you want! We have all the information about ownership of lands in the register there.”

He asked to go out to the site with Rolen and asked more about our project. Rolen explained that we wanted to build a Christian radio station. The man was pleased with the project. He said to Rolen, “You should make application to the Lands Office, and I will personally research it for you. If you can get a letter of application ready for the Chief Technical Officer of Lands and Surveys in Grenada, I will take it with me on the plane at 5:00—research it and find out who owns what land at Tarleton Point.”

That had definitely been the week for land: we had found everyone—even the government officials—so very friendly, cooperative, and eager to help. The Lord was certainly opening the way before us! We knew people were praying for us and this project—even the people at Gospel Hall in Grand Bay! God was working!

We were supposed to find out more about the land on Monday, but Rolen was not able to speak with the man at the Lands Office in Grenada by phone. Finally, after many tries, he succeeded in contacting him and was told they needed more time and to call him again on Thursday.

We were not able to accomplish much toward the land that next week. The men in the Lands Office were not available. Much of their work took them into the field. Also, it was “Regatta” time in Carriacou, a sort of mixture of “sailing week” and carnival, though not as bad as carnival. They had sailing races with different classes of boats and some other interesting activities such as donkey races, greased pole contests, coconut boat races, bicycle races, and tug of war.

Meanwhile, we were told that a man from Grand Bay village had gone to Tarleton Point to the land he controlled there and pulled up the stakes we had put on the top of the hill. He had made a complaint to the Agriculture Department. Rolen went to him and confessed to putting the stakes there. When Rolen asked him if he had the land documents, he said, "No, I do not have the land documents. The family has them, and they are overseas. But they own the land from the sea to the road, including the hill."

Well, that answered our question about the hill at Tarleton Point. The office of Lands and Surveys in Grenada confirmed the hill was not available!

August 1988: Still no progress on the land. The proposal/request was before the Chief Technical Officer of the Lands and Surveys Office. He was currently on vacation, and no one else could do the job!

While he waited on more information about the land, Rolen sanded, primed, and painted the tower sections which were laid out on the hillside in the back yard. He worked on them each day between trips to the telephone office for business calls. We were not able to get a phone, so he had to go to the telephone office in town to make calls. The neighbor children were curious about what Rolen was doing, and they came each day and sat on the retaining wall to watch him. I usually made popcorn each afternoon and shared some with them. They really enjoyed that! I planned to start a Bible Club with the children, but the devil put a stop to that. When the local priest learned who we were and what we had come to do, he forbade the children to come to our house anymore.

However, one 14-year-old boy, Leborn John, came often to visit with us. He enjoyed sitting in our living room and reading a Bible story book. We spoke to him about the Lord, and he was especially interested. When the Gospel Hall had special meetings, we invited him to go with us. He had never been to that side of the island ... just six miles over the ridge! An invitation for salvation was given at the meeting, and he responded and gave his heart to Christ. He grew in the Lord as he studied our Bible correspondence courses after the Harbour Light went on the air. He became like a son to us and lived with us for a while. He later married a local, Christian girl and eventually became an announcer on the air at the Harbour Light for a few years.

Rolen was in town one day when he had to shelter under a roof from a downpour of rain. He found himself there with another man who introduced himself as Mr. DeRoche. He was the new senator of Carriacou! He asked Rolen, “Do you have land yet?”

“We are awaiting word from the Lands Office,” Rolen replied.

“It is taking too long!” Mr. DeRoche commented. “I will be at a meeting in Grenada next week, and I will speak for you.”

Dhan Lalsee, our Christian lawyer in Grenada, paid us a visit. He gave Rolen some good advice regarding steps to take after the land was approved. He said, “You will have to submit complete building plans to the LDCA (Land Development Control Authority). I suggest you work through a Christian contractor in Grenada who is accustomed to working with LDCA.” Rolen wrote the contractor and sent some preliminary drawings. A few days later, an article was in the newspaper about LDCA requirements which said the land could not even be cleared until we have the building permit. (That was the Lord’s timing to give us information we needed.)

There continued to be delays in getting our land proposal to the Cabinet. Rolen wrote a letter to Dr. Bob Jones III in February 1989:

“Here is a special prayer request: pray that the Lord will overcome the hindrances toward our getting the land needed for the station. The government is very cooperative and favorable, but there seems to be one delay after another. The man who was to present our land proposal to the Cabinet became ill just before he planned to do so and has been ill ever since then ...about two months. We know that cannot stop the Lord from fulfilling His purposes, but He does work through prayer. One year ago, we asked folks to join us in a Day of Prayer for the government approval of the Harbour Light radio station, and in a few weeks, we received Grenada’s OK! Now we need concerted prayer again for the release of the land needed for the station. As we establish a “beach-head” in enemy territory, we realize anew that we are involved in spiritual warfare, so please pray!!”

God was at work, in spite of delays, even when we could not see progress. The Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture and Lands

gave Rolen a message on the phone that she would soon be in Carriacou and would like to see the land while there. She was quite well-informed regarding the Harbour Light and seemed to be very influential. She came to Carriacou a few days later, and we met her at the airport at 6:00 a.m.—we met her again at noon and took her to Tarleton Point. She said she did not see any problem with our getting the land. Rolen asked if she had any idea when it would be presented to the Cabinet, and she said it should be within two to three weeks, and we should hear about it within a month. She said we would hear from her. We were praying the Lord would protect all concerned from Satanic attack.

Before long, the Christian contractor from Grenada flew over to Carriacou on the 6:00 a.m. flight just so he could look at our land and be able to advise us regarding construction! He said our engineers should draw up our plans, and he would put them through the LDCA—a great answer to prayer. He said, “All I need to do is initial the plans and turn them in. They consider plans once a month in the order they are received.” He had a good name with them. The Lord was still working! Rolen thought he would have to make many trips to St. George’s in Grenada to talk to government officials and others, but the Lord brought them to Carriacou instead! Better yet!

March 2, 1989: Rolen just “happened” (by the Lord’s direction) to stop in at the Agriculture Office in Carriacou. (He had planned to wait until the next day, Friday, to see if there were any messages from the Permanent Secretary.) When he asked about that, the receptionist said, “No, there is no message from her ... but by the way, the assistant to the Lands Officer in Grenada is arriving in Carriacou today and wants to see the land and determine the acreage!”

Rolen later commented, “After I picked up my teeth, reinserted them, dust and all, and was able to communicate again, I gained pertinent information concerning his arrival, how long he would be here, etc.”

Rolen met the assistant Lands Officer at the airport when he arrived. No one else was there to meet him, so he appreciated Rolen taking him where he needed to go. Rolen took him to the site at Mt. Pleasant the next morning. He gave the Assistant Lands Officer the Tarleton Point map and

site plan, which he appreciated. He saw no problem with that site for Harbour Light.

He said, “I will make up the report on Monday, and the Permanent Secretary will present it to Cabinet the next day, March 7th, or on the 14th.”

When Rolan drove the Assistant Lands Officer to the airport that afternoon, he said, “The Permanent Secretary is eager to see this settled very soon, and she’s the one to contact Government surveyors to come and survey the land. You will probably get a long lease arrangement with an option to renew.”

Everyone who had heard of the Harbour Light of the Windwards asked us, “How are you progressing?”

Our usual answer was “It’s coming, slowly but surely!” The length of time it was taking to get the land business settled was a testimony in itself. Now folks knew we were going through all the right channels to establish the Harbour Light, so we praised the Lord for “taking His time” to give us the land.

We were praising the Lord for answering prayer regarding a discrepancy in the amount of land the Cabinet first approved for the Harbour Light. Another request had to go to the Cabinet for their OK for us to have 4.6 acres of land instead of the 2 acres they originally allowed. We soon received the official letter telling us the Cabinet “agreed that the arrangement required for the tower system and the office and studio buildings will be defined in a Plan ...for an area not less than four acres.” Praise the Lord! Without that amount of land, we could not have built the station!

June 1989: we received word the Cabinet had approved our land! After the Government survey team came and surveyed and evaluated the land, the Cabinet said we would be granted a lease for the land at Tarleton Point for sixty-six years!

However, the Chief Lands Officer did not agree. He said they never make up a lease for more than thirty-three years! Shortly after we sent him a copy of the Cabinet document stating the Lease should be for sixty-six

years, he became extremely ill and was unable to draw up the lease. His assistant was given the job of drawing it up, and he set it up for sixty-six years as the Cabinet had approved! God has His ways of getting His will accomplished! All Cabinet decisions had now been made concerning the land and the lease.

We received another big answer to prayer on November 27th, 1989, when we received the final approval of the building plans by the Land Development Control Authority! This was a giant step forward!! We had one more step to go before we could begin building, as far as we knew—the preparation and signing of the Lease Agreement by the Governor General, the Queen’s representative in Grenada.

The lease was now in the hands of our Christian lawyer in Grenada. He looked it over and made sure everything was in order before turning it over to the office of the Governor General for his signature. The Chief Lands Officer told us there would be no problem in getting the Governor General’s signature because his wife was the Governor General’s secretary, and she would take care of everything! A few weeks after our lawyer presented the Lease Agreement to the office of the Governor General, the secretary called the lawyer back to correct some items she thought needed to be changed. After making the corrections she had suggested, he returned the document to her. Soon he received another call from her saying the lease was still not satisfactory. This happened several times until our Christian lawyer told us, “There is nothing wrong with that lease! I cannot do anything more to satisfy that lady. We must just leave it in God’s hands and PRAY!”

We certainly did pray and asked our friends and supporters to pray with us! Does God answer prayer? Yes, He does! After many weeks, the lawyer received a call from the Governor General’s secretary. “Why haven’t you come to collect that lease for the Harbour Light?” she asked.

“Is it ready—has it been signed by the Governor General?”

“Yes! Come and get it!”

Thank you, Lord! You are surely in control of all things! Harbour Light has a home!

Chapter 38

Tall Preacher

One of the most vital parts of the establishment of the Harbour Light radio station was the erection of the tower which would radiate the radio signal from the transmitter. We needed to erect a 160-foot tower to do this job and had a used one shipped to Carriacou in our first shipment of equipment for the station. The tower needed to be cleaned and painted before it was erected. Rolan worked for many weeks at this job. The 20-foot tower sections were lying on the ground in the back yard of our house in the village of L'Esterre. When we moved over the ridge to the village of Mt. Pleasant, we also moved the tower sections to the radio station site there.

We needed someone with experience in erecting towers to come and supervise its erection. The Lord had already spoken to a man with this experience who was willing to come and do that job. Rolan met John McPherson after a meeting at Faith Baptist Church in Greenville, South Carolina. John said, "I would be willing to come to Carriacou and help you erect your tower. In fact, I will also be glad to buy the tools and equipment needed for the job and bring them with me." We praised the Lord for this answer to prayer.

We asked John to allow us to purchase some of the equipment he brought down for the erection of the tower. He suggested we give the equivalent amount to Grand Bay Gospel Hall for new hymn books. Rolan told Bro. Benjamin Isaac the good news, but the next day Brother Isaac said, "It is more important at this time for Harbour Light to have the funds than to use them for new hymn books at the Hall." That has been the attitude of these good folks at the Gospel Hall in Carriacou from the time they first heard

about the establishment of the Harbour Light. We thank the Lord for them. We also thank the Lord for Bro. John McPherson, whose expert assistance in putting up the tower was indispensable and invaluable.

John arrived on the island of Carriacou on May 27, 1990. In addition to Rolen, our son Randy, and two “regular” hired laborers already in Carriacou, a missionary’s son, and a recently converted “Rasta” from Grenada came for four days to help us. They all did their parts very well.

On Monday morning, May 28th, John started building the tower. It was a beautiful, sunny day. This was another indication that the Lord was with us in its erection. We had beautiful weather the entire time John was in Carriacou. Just after he left, we had stormy, rainy weather which turned the dry ground into very sticky mud. When the perseverance clay gets wet here, it is like trying to walk on ice. So, we thanked the Lord for good weather when we needed it.

John and two others pushed up the first 20-foot section of the tower as three fellows held the ropes. Then they lifted it up carefully onto the base insulator. After aligning the “stub,” John climbed it and attached the erection fixture near the top of one leg. The load line was fastened to the cable grip on the rear of our jeep. Then with the jeep they pulled up the second section, and John bolted it in place. The first set of guy cables at the 40-foot level were attached and pulled out to the anchors where they were connected, and the tower was again aligned with the transit. It was now 40 feet tall! The men repeated this process four times so that at the end of the first day the tower was 120 feet tall. Everything went smoothly.

While the men worked at the tower site the next day, I was busy in the kitchen at home preparing lunch for them. From time to time I picked up the binoculars to watch the progress on the tower erection. Our house was one mile from Harbour Light and in view of the tower site. I continued cooking, and suddenly my heart skipped a beat. I knew something was wrong, but I was afraid to look. I quickly breathed a prayer for the fellows. When I finally looked out at the tower, I saw all the men on the ground, standing around the tower, looking down. I thought, “Oh, no, Lord! Someone is hurt!” I could do nothing except pray as I anxiously awaited their return to the house.

When the men came home for lunch, they were a sober bunch. Rolen told me what happened.

“We figured we could get up the three remaining sections and bolt on the beacon by noon. The first pull went well, taking the tower to 140 feet. At about 11:00 a.m., we began the next pull with the 140-160-foot section. I was inching the jeep on down the hill and watching Randy for signals when it all began to happen!

“The higher we went up, the further the fellows had to go out from the tower with the tag line. Randy was calling ‘Further out! Don’t let it hit the tower!’ Then he began yelling, ‘Get out of the way, Richard!’ At the same time, the balance of the load line on the jeep began spinning the spool around wildly behind my driver’s seat as it unreeled! All the time Randy was yelling, ‘Richard, leave the cable and get out of the way!’ I looked up backwards from the jeep and saw the 20-foot section plunging to earth! It had missed everything in its downward path, but now it was on a collision course with the lower guy cable! Unable to do anything, we all watched as it bounced off the insulator of the 40-foot guy cable, skidding down on top of the insulator, the cable grip, and 15 feet of guy cable, catching the next guy grip before jumping off and hitting the ground! From John’s vantage point at 140 feet, the section had almost reached up to him.”

John chimed in, “I couldn’t believe my eyes when I saw that section begin to descend, although the jeep was not moving! I watched speechlessly as it missed the guy cables at 120 and 80 feet, but then as it headed toward the lowest guy cable (40 feet), I was afraid it would hit it, break it, and the other two guy cables would pull in the opposite direction and pull the tower down, taking me down with it! I was sure it was all over.”

Rolen continued, “As John watched, the section hit the lower guy cable, shaking the whole tower as it skidded down the guy cable before jumping off to earth. No one was injured! John climbed down the tower... and we all thanked the Lord for taking care of us in a very dangerous moment.”

Rolen later continued the report to our mission board, Aviation Radio Missionary Service. “At once we began investigating for the cause of the

failure. We discovered the load line had slipped out of the cable grip on the rear of the jeep. Although we were not completely satisfied with the arrangement, it had worked for the previous six pulls. But now more tension was being added each time we pulled a section higher.”

John and Rolen checked out everything on the ground and on the tower before any further work was done. Meanwhile, the fellows began straightening the section which had bent in two different places from the fall. They made some adjustments of parts that had taken the brunt of the falling section, and by four o'clock in the afternoon, they were ready to pull up that 140-160-foot section the second time that day. John climbed up to receive it, and they began very slowly and carefully to lift it up to him. A few minutes later John called, “That’s perfect. Hold it right there.” After bolting it in place, they pulled up the last of the guy cables for the 160-foot level, attached them and pulled them out to the anchors where they were secured. The sun was setting behind Top Hill as they drove home late that afternoon, thankful for the Lord’s protection.

John pointed out, “If a section falls and hits a guy cable, especially the bottom one, the tower usually buckles and comes down, killing anyone on it and endangering the lives of those on the ground.”

Clearly, it was the Lord Who kept the usual from becoming an awful reality.

What a day! So, what did the men learn? Rolen said, “We learned that we needed to strengthen the tie point of the load line at the jeep. We learned that both the tower and its rigging were much stronger than any of us imagined. But more importantly, we learned our Lord is strongest of all, a very present help in trouble, and is always watching over His own and caring for us all, and it is He Who wants His Voice established right here in Carriacou.”

As the men went out to the antenna field on Wednesday, they were a little quieter group, conscious of God’s protection, and more cautious as they pulled up that top 20-foot section to 160 feet. They praised the Lord as John bolted on the top beacon 180 feet above the ground. The following night, they lit the beacon with the generator. Quite a few people saw it for the first time and told us so. One Carriacou man’s description of the tower —“It’s

magnificent!” There it stood, tall and beautiful, and silent. Soon it would be connected to a transmitter and would be sending out His Voice, and that a Mighty Voice, ... radiating the magnificent Word of God!

Chapter 39

Abandoned Baby

“Whose baby is that?” asked the nurse in the Grenada General Hospital.

Another nurse answered, “We don’t know! The mother just disappeared before we were able to get any information from her!”

That sweet, baby girl had been abandoned by her mother in the hospital when she was born. Since the hospital staff had no way of knowing anything about her, they sent her to the children’s home there on the island of Grenada. But God knew all about that abandoned baby, and He had big plans for her. He cared for her in a wonderful way. Since she had no name, the staff of the children’s home decided to name her Francina, perhaps in honor of St. Francis of Assisi. She had no surname because they did not know who her father was.

When Francina was three years old, a wonderful, Christian lady from Grand Bay Gospel Hall in Carriacou took her home to live with her. She trained little Francina to know and love the Lord. She grew up helping in the home, gardening, and taking care of the sheep and goats. The neighbors often commented how much she looked like another girl in the next village. It was finally decided her father was a man in the TB hospital in Grenada, so at last she had a surname: Bristow.

When she graduated from secondary school, the government sent Francina to the island of St. Vincent to train for six months to teach pre-primary children. When she returned to Carriacou, she taught in the pre-primary school for eight years.

Francina attended the Gospel Hall with her adopted mother and her family, and a blind man in the church led her to the Lord as her Savior when she was 16. Brother Steven Cox preached on Isaiah 45:22. “Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God and there is none else.”

Francina shared her testimony: “Being a young lady, I knew the things of this world couldn’t save me, so I looked to the Lord Jesus Christ to save me from my sins, and He did. I obeyed the Lord in water baptism at the age of 17 years. I was very shy, so I didn’t tell anyone of where I stood. That meant I was afraid to tell my friends about what the Lord had done for me. I was afraid to tell anyone of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. Psalm 40:2 says, “He took me out of the miry clay,” and today I am glad the Lord took me out of the miry clay and set my feet on the rock to stay, and this rock is the Lord Jesus Christ. I am stayed upon Him, I can depend on Him, and I can put my trust in Him. Without Him I realize I can do nothing, and today He has established my goings. I personally must let Him have full control of my goings, and I must let Him lead me always in everything I do or say. I have failed Him a little in that. Although I grew up in a Christian home, I knew I was born in sin, and sin is like a horrible pit. I needed the Lord to save me. There were many temptations in life around me, but the Lord was able to keep and guide me for His glory and service.”

Francina continued her testimony, “My adopted mother went to be with the Lord when I was at the age of 21. Then after being the only young believer in our church, I decided to travel to the United States, but I was stopped by God because when I went for my visa in Barbados, I didn’t get it. That same year, 1988, a couple came to our church, Mr. Rolan Cornelius and Mrs. Arlene Cornelius. Our church became a little livelier since Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius both played the piano and started bringing people to our church. The assembly began to grow. They also became everyone’s parents, so everyone called them, Mama C and Papa C. And I can tell you, I have them as my real parents too.”

When we first started attending the Gospel Hall, we did not see Francina. She had gone to Barbados to try to get a visa to travel to the USA. When she returned to Carriacou and came to church, we were impressed with what we observed. Even though she was the only young person in the

little assembly, she was very faithful to church and to the Lord. Most of the young ladies in the community had boyfriends and lived immoral lives, but not Francina. She kept herself unspotted from the world. We watched her for a while. As we got more acquainted with her, we believed the Lord wanted her to join us as our first Grenadian staff member. We asked her to pray about working with us. After praying about it for a while, she told us she believed it was God's will for her to join with us!

She said, "After teaching pre-primary school for eight years, I felt the Lord was leading me to be part of the Harbour Light Radio Station. So, I left teaching and started serving the Lord at Harbour Light. I have not one day regretted the Lord's leading in my life. I thank the Lord for His leading each day. I learned what good music was as I was drifting away in my Christian life, and I was able to get back on track with the Lord. Where I was afraid of telling others about the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, I gained boldness; Mama C helped me with that. We had Bible club once every week. I also started doing Bible lessons with children in the Caribbean."

While we waited for the Harbour Light buildings to be built, Francina and I worked together in the little office we had at home. We set up the files for the record/music library and organized the Bible correspondence school. Caribbean Radio Lighthouse on the island of Antigua had been receiving many applications for Bible lessons from our part of the Caribbean and sent them to us.

The more we got to know and appreciate Francina and her sweet, Christian testimony, the more we loved her. We told her, "Francina, we want you to consider yourself our daughter!" So, we "unofficially" adopted her as our daughter!

One day, a nice-looking, young, West Indian fellow appeared at our door, asking permission to court our "daughter." We learned he was a fine Christian with a good testimony. His name was Richard Little, and he worked in the kitchen and dining room on a little resort island nearby. As we got to know him better, we gave him our permission to come and see Francina in our home. It wasn't long before we had a party in our home to celebrate their engagement as he gave her a ring in our presence!

Meanwhile, Francina had been trying to find her own mother. The former Grenadian Prime Minister from Carriacou, Mr. Blaize, was assisting her. Finally, he told her he had located her sister in Grenada. She was overjoyed to meet her sister who told her who their mother was. When Francina met her mother, she realized at last why her mother had abandoned her so many years before. Her mother was not in her right mind and unable to care for a baby. When Francina and Richard's wedding day drew near, she brought her mother from Grenada to Carriacou to witness their wedding. Several years later, she brought her mother back to Carriacou to live with her and her family for the rest of her life.

Richard joined Harbour Light staff a couple years after he married Francina. They have both been a great blessing to the ministry of Harbour Light!

Francina says, "The Lord blessed me with a godly husband, and four lovely kids followed. Three of them are saved, and the last one professes to be saved and wants to get baptized. We have two boys and two girls. The Lord also provided a home for us, and we were able to move in Christmas Eve day 2014. It is not quite finished, but we are continuing to trust Him to finish it for us. Isn't the Lord good? Right now, I am quite busy doing Bible courses with many children and older folks in the Caribbean, producing the Joyful Woman program with Arlene Cornelius and Sharlene Cornelius, and producing the Captain's Kids program with Mama C. I am doing whatever my hands find to do for the Lord, for I have so much to thank Him for."

Francina continues saying, "Today we are burdened for our children that they would not turn their backs on God but live for Him. We are also burdened for other young people. Pray for our children and for my husband and me as we serve here at Harbour Light that the Lord would continue to make us a blessing, and we would not be weary in well-doing, but continue to do whatever the Lord wants us to do willingly."

She finishes stating, "If you would have told me at the age of seventeen that I would be involved in a ministry like Harbor Light Radio Station, I would have told you, 'No.' I enjoy everything I do here, and I can tell you we are thankful to God for helping us follow His leading in our lives. He has worked in our lives, my life, and is still working in our family's lives."

Abandoned Baby

Yes, God had great plans for that wee, abandoned baby girl! And He has great plans for you if you trust Him as your Lord and Savior and live for Him!

Chapter 40

Station in a Container

The Lord began to wonderfully provide for the needs of the Harbour Light radio station as Christians prayed and gave. But the devil was determined to launch numerous attempts to hinder, spoil, afflict us, and even attack our very lives. However, God was in control. It was His desire to see Harbour Light built, equipped, and on the air, piercing the devil's domain with the arrows of His Word.

Several men from Hampton Park Baptist Church in Greenville, South Carolina, worked hard to help us load a 40-foot container with supplies and equipment to be shipped to Grenada for the radio station. We rejoiced to see all the Lord had provided. Almost an entire radio station was packed inside that container:

- ❖ Two steel buildings donated by a Christian contractor
- ❖ Other building supplies to finish the interior of the buildings
- ❖ A beautiful, new Nautel 5,000-watt transmitter (a small airplane had been donated by a Christian businessman in Pennsylvania, and the sale of that airplane provided the \$40,000 to purchase the transmitter)
- ❖ 2 control boards, built and donated by Randy's broadcast engineering professor, Bill Greaves
- ❖ Computers, tape machines, and other electronic equipment

- ❖ Used office furniture, and much more was inside that container!

The devil's delays and hindrances began as soon as the container was shipped from Miami, Florida. It was scheduled to be transferred to another container ship in Jamaica and then brought to Grenada.

- ❖ We heard they had trouble with a crane in Jamaica when the ship was off-loading there, so it was delayed another week before it finally arrived in Grenada.

The clearing of customs and loading of all those valuable building materials and the transmitter onto a smaller ship to take them from Grenada to Carriacou is another story.

- ❖ It took two entire days for Rolan and our son Randy to secure a release from the local shipping agent since Federal Express had lost the original bill of lading.
- ❖ Torrential rains in Grenada occurred most of the time they were unloading the container contents into the ship to be taken over to Carriacou.

Praise the Lord, customs went smoothly as Harbour Light of the Windwards was beginning to be known.

- ❖ During the four-hour (28 miles) voyage the next day to Carriacou, they sailed through several rain squalls and rough seas, especially as they passed by "Kick-em-Jenny," the undersea volcano.
- ❖ Arriving late in Carriacou at a time when no trucks were available, it took them several hours of hard work to unload the materials from the ship onto the Hillsborough jetty without the use of the ship's crane, which was not working. The approximately twenty tons of materials and equipment almost completely covered the entire pier.
- ❖ When our jeep broke a spring on the way to the jetty, and our pickup truck had two flat tires and no spare, we all realized getting everything brought over the ridge to the transmitter building that night was not to be. The men covered as much as they could with the ship's

tarps, and our Grenadian volunteer, Daniel Ross, said he would sleep on the pier that night to guard the materials.

- ❖ It rained several times during the night, and twice potential thieves came. Someone came in a boat around midnight, and a couple hours later someone else backed a truck out to our things on the pier. In both instances, they looked things over, but when they saw Daniel, they left.
- ❖ When heavy rain fell during the night, we woke up crying out to the Lord, “Help, Lord! Protect our things on the dock!”

Early the next morning (after going to bed exhausted and waking up tired!), Rolan organized a couple of large trucks to haul the loads over the mountain.

- ❖ Again, we had wave after wave of heavy rain. Because of the rain and mud, the heavy trucks could not get any closer than a quarter mile from our transmitter building. Rolan hired two, small, 4x4 pickup trucks to ferry the loads from the main road, down the hill to the transmitter building where the men packed them in.
- ❖ The inclement weather, heavy seas, and multiple handlings caused some breakage and spoilage, but the men thought for the most part they could work around those.

Praise the Lord the transmitter came through in perfect condition!

- ❖ The pickup trucks were not able to stay the whole day and complete the transfer of goods to the transmitter building. They had other jobs to accomplish.
- ❖ The steel panels for the buildings were still up on the road. Randy brought the little jeep and hitched our small trailer on the back to haul the steel panels down the hill. The load was so heavy, it caused the jeep to start sliding in the mud toward the brow of the hill. Leborn John, our young, former neighbor, jumped into the jeep and slammed on the brakes. He stopped the jeep, but this caused the

trailer to swing around, narrowly missing slicing Rolen's neck with the sharp steel panels sticking out of the back.

In getting everything together for that container in the USA and dealing with the heavy work back in Carriacou before the container arrived, Rolen found himself in great pain for several weeks and was in bed most of the time. Then his right leg became numb. He saw an orthopaedic surgeon in Grenada who said he was almost sure it was a slipped disc. He said Rolen needed a CT scan, and they did not have the facilities or equipment for that in Grenada. The doctor recommended that Rolen go to the States, get it checked out thoroughly, and have surgery if needed. The CT scan in the USA proved that Rolen did have a slipped disc or herniated disc. But the neurosurgeon did not think he needed to have surgery at that point. Praise the Lord!

Despite Rolen's physical problems, he and son Randy were able to pour the concrete for the floors of the office and studio buildings. Then two friends from Illinois came and helped them put up the steel walls and roof panels, and we were able to lock both buildings.

Even though the Harbour Light was not yet built or on the air, the Lord was already beginning to bless the ministry through the Bible courses. The Caribbean Radio Lighthouse in Antigua asked us to take the new names of Bible course students which they were getting from our area in the southern Caribbean. They gave our address to these new people, and over 400 students began studying the Word of God with the Source of Light Bible courses from our office. Two young people had written back to say they had received the Lord as their Savior as a result of the first lesson and the letter explaining the way of salvation which we had sent to them. Praise the Lord for leading Francina to work with me in the office at home to take care of these students.

Rolen summed up this battle with the devil over "the radio station in a container." He said, "We could literally WRITE A BOOK on what we've left out. Suffice it to say, the devil ferociously fought us every step of the way, but the Lord God of Hosts overruled in every instance. We were constantly aware that we were in the midst of a vicious struggle between the forces of

darkness and the forces of Light and felt the prayers of God's people at that time. We have never seen anything quite like this before. Satan knows that the Light and Truth of God's Word will soon be going out through the air, through his domain, and he hates that prospect. But praise the Lord, 'greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.'"

Chapter 41

On the Air

Praise the Lord for all He did to establish the Harbour Light of the Windwards radio station on the little 13-square-mile island of Carriacou, part of the tri-island state of Grenada in the southern Caribbean. Victory does not come easily, but God is in control of His work, and we could trust Him for victory over the evil one every day! We were not on the air yet, but that accomplishment was getting nearer all the time.

Many teams of men from various fundamental churches in the USA came and gave us a boost with the building projects. (Our friend, Wayne Camfield organized and led at least twenty-three teams to Carriacou through the years to help us.) They left us much closer to our goal of being on the air with scheduled broadcasts by the first of December 1991. The electronic installations were interrupted for a short time while Randy and Sharlene were in the USA for the birth of their second child, Mary Charlotte. Little Mary was born two months prematurely, and Randy was needed by his family. But the little “preemie” did well, and Randy was soon able to return to Carriacou to complete the engineering phase of construction.

Amid all of this, we received word that our dear Brother Benjamin Isaac of Grand Bay Gospel Hall had gone Home to be with his Lord while in New York for medical attention. He was the one who told us the Christians in Carriacou had been praying twenty years for the Lord to do something spiritually for Carriacou, and they believed Harbour Light was the answer to their prayers. Their prayers were close to being answered, although our prayer was

that Brother Isaac would be alive to hear its first broadcast. His funeral gave an opportunity for proclaiming the Gospel to many in Carriacou.

Also, Rolen had to go back to the USA to have surgery on his neck. This time tests revealed two more herniated disks in his neck with spurs on them. It had been affecting both arms with loss of strength and movement and a lot of pain. The neurosurgeon had to remove both damaged disks and replace them with bone from his hip. We were praising the Lord that the surgery was successful, and he was able to return to Carriacou and supervise the continuing work in the establishment of Harbour Light.

By November 1991, Harbour Light's office building and studio building were finished, inside and out. The equipment for both buildings was in place. Our carefully-selected family of broadcasters was not yet complete, but the Lord had already given us some wonderful men of God to preach and teach His Word over the radio station. The beautiful new 5,000-watt transmitter was ready to put the broadcasts on the air. There was just one big problem! We could not go on the air without 3-phase electricity to run the transmitter!!

The local electric department had assured us they would be able to supply us with 3-phase power, but they were having problems with their equipment and had not been able to take care of our needs other than to give us single phase electricity. We realized the only way we could get 3-phase power was to provide it ourselves. This meant we needed to buy a 35-KW, 3-phase diesel generator. We asked our prayer partners to pray with us about this need, and the Lord wonderfully answered prayer.

We had a time limit on the procuring of the generator because we wanted to include it in the container that Walt and Linda Robinson were shipping to Grenada with their personal items. They were almost ready to move to Carriacou to join the Harbour Light staff.

A practically new 35-KW Cummins diesel generator miraculously became available just before the Robinsons' container was packed. The Lord quickly provided the funds for its purchase, and it was the first thing to go into the container. The Lord had graciously answered prayer ...we now had 3-phase power for the transmitter!

In December of 1991, Rolen wrote to the friends of Harbour Light:

“Dear Friends of the Harbour Light,

“**Testing time!** One evening in late October as the generator was producing the long-awaited three-phase electricity, the control room was operational, and the transmitter and antenna-tuning unit were hooked up and tuned up, we said, ‘Hey, let’s give it a try!’ So, we sent out several test broadcasts over the next couple of weeks and received reports from Dominica, Trinidad, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, and other points. The reports repeatedly described our signal as ‘loud and clear.’ PRAISE THE LORD!

“**Testing time!** On the 7th of November as the generator was running, a hose blew off, a coolant level sensor failed to shut it down automatically, and the engine overheated. Upon examination, Walt and Randy found extensive damage to the used diesel engine. But praise the Lord, a brand-new engine had been ordered for the generator. Many of the funds had already come in for it. Meanwhile, the Lord made it possible for us to borrow a generator from a friend here in Carriacou until we could get ours going again. We were now on the air with a limited schedule 6 to 9:30 a.m. and 6 to 9:30 p.m. We praised Him!

“**Testing time continues!** The month of November brought 18.5 inches of rain with its problems! Walt had a motor scooter accident on a rainy road and ended up in a big cactus plant with over 70 needles in his side and arm. Then Randy had an accident cleaning mud off his motorcycle chain and cut off the ends of two fingers, losing half an inch off his ring finger. My wife, Arlene, had her turn a few days later when she slipped and fell on the muddy path down the hill to our house. She suffered a fracture on her ankle bone and ended up on crutches with a cast on her ankle!

“Satan also has been following the establishment of the Harbour Light with ‘interest.’ He, too, monitored our test signals ‘loud and clear’ as we broadcast the Word of God and a lot of beautiful Christ-honoring music. The prince of the power of the air despises having

his dark domain invaded with God's Light and Truth. The defeated foe fights on. But no battle -- no victory! This is spiritual warfare. How wonderful to know we are on the winning side!

Lighting the Harbour Light ... Rolen Cornelius"

In January 1992 Rolen wrote: "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory.' Yes, getting on the air the first of December was not easy! Satan saw to that. But we claimed a 2500-year-old promise the Lord made to Jeremiah (1: 19): 'They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.' The Lord was with us, is with us, and shall be with us."

The new diesel engine for the generator arrived on Carriacou on Christmas Eve, and Walt and Randy installed it the day after Christmas. We were "on the air"! The Christmas music was so beautiful and Christ-honoring. Harbour Light was a wonderful Christmas present for the people of the Windward Islands. And it was their first time tuning to a station they could hear clearly in this area where all the messages and music were consistent with God's Word. Several expressed their appreciation for programming they could trust. Some implored us to maintain our high standards.

From Guyana, South America: "Last night as I was turning my radio to find a Gospel station, I picked up your broadcasts loud and clear."

Georgetown, St. Vincent: "May God enable you to stand firm to the fundamental music and teaching of His Word. Please don't depart from it."

Diego Martin, Trinidad: "HARBOUR LIGHTS OF THE WINDIES have supplied a very real need in my life. I stumbled on your station recently and I have been overjoyed."

Kingstown, St. Vincent: "HARBOUR LIGHT is the loudest signal on my AM band. The Christian radio stations are now playing anti-Christian music. There is a great need for a station which will not swerve from the principles of Truth as taught by the Holy Spirit in the Word of God."

Harbour Light of the Windwards was officially dedicated to the Lord's service on May 31st, 1992. Rolen shared the event with our friends.

“A tropical wave was pushing toward the Windward Islands. We had been praying for good weather for that Sunday afternoon for the dedication of the Harbour Light. The ceremony had to be held in our parking lot outside the office building. The Lord answered prayer and gave us good, dry weather with a weak, hazy sun.

There were a good number of folks from New York, South Carolina, St. Vincent, Grenada, and many of our friends here in Carriacou who came for the occasion. Around 350 people attended.

As the Prime Minister was away, our good friend Senator John G. DeRoche represented the government of Grenada. His informative and inspiring speech was very much appreciated. Two duets and a solo made up the beautiful musical package. Several shared some remarks. Dr. Dave Yearick, senior pastor of Hampton Park Baptist Church of Greenville, South Carolina, delivered a challenging message on the ‘Harbour Light,’ and then the Senator's wife cut the ribbon.

It was a good time of giving glory to the Lord for raising up this ministry. We broadcast the dedication ceremony live, and the Grenada television crew came and filmed the event.

Three faithful servants of the Lord were honoured during the ceremony as the main buildings were named for them.

- The first building constructed was named the ROSE V. ‘WINNIE’ NOEL TRANSMITTER BUILDING. Originally from Grand Bay, Carriacou, our dear “Sister Winnie,” living in New York, continues to be a tremendous supporter and encourager.
- Brother Benjamin Isaac, whom I call ‘Mr. Harbour Light,’ was a constant inspiration, informing many near and far of what the Lord was doing here. The BENJAMIN ISAAC OFFICE BUILDING is named in his honour. Brother Isaac is now with the Lord.

- Brother Cox's fervent prayers and interest have been such a blessing. The STEPHEN COX STUDIO BUILDING, named in his honour, is also a hub of much activity. Both Brother Isaac and Brother Cox faithfully served the Lord many, many years at Grand Bay Gospel Hall here in Carriacou, the only fundamental witness on this island when we first came here.

The Lord continues to send us excellent programs, and the response is very encouraging.

P.S. Wondering about that tropical wave? It passed over Carriacou the very next day (the first official day of the hurricane season), dumping 2 1/2 inches of rain on Harbour Light!

But the Light was not dampened or darkened at all.”

We serve a faithful, victorious God! He is the One Who put Harbour Light “ON THE AIR”!

Chapter 42

Tragedy?—No! A Miracle!

Just seven, short months after Harbour Light of the Windwards went on the air on the little island of Carriacou, we faced a major crisis. Rolen wrote a report of what happened:

“On July 16, 1992 late Thursday afternoon, my son Randy, 29, chief engineer at Harbour Light, made the usual visual check of his climbing belt and climbed 55 feet to the top of his ham radio tower behind their house in Top Hill, Carriacou. After fastening the lanyard around the tower and gripping the smooth pipe tower with both hands, he slammed back hard several times to test its strength. It felt firm, so he worked about a half hour on an antenna. Randy was seconds away from finishing the job when suddenly he realized he was fading away from the tower! He reached, but it was too far away! Now pitching backwards, head down, plunging toward the earth 55 feet below, now striking the ground incredibly with both feet, then slamming down on his left side! Angels were guiding that descent!

“At first, Randy thought it was a bad dream, but then he saw himself on the ground and realized it was NOT a dream. His legs would not move, and at first there was no feeling below his waist. Village people came running, but he had the presence of mind to warn them not to touch him, knowing he must have back injuries.

“As I was on the air at the radio station, Sharlene called staff member Walt Robinson and Arlene, Randy’s Mom, and they got to the scene quickly. Doc-

tors Ram and Layne were called and quickly decided Randy had to be flown to Grenada as soon as possible. I interrupted a program and made the first of several pleas for people with cars to drive immediately to the airport and light the dark runway with their head lights. We've been told that never has Carriacou seen such a large turnout for such previous occasions. Miraculously, 45 minutes later the little islander aircraft was landing just as the cars were organized on each side of the runway. Randy, strapped on an ironing board, was loaded in the plane and, accompanied by Sharlene and one of the doctors, made the 25-minute flight to Grenada.

“Daniel and Sherma Ross met the plane at Point Salines International Airport in Grenada (now called Maurice Bishop International Airport) and followed the ambulance to the government hospital. Doctors Singh and Dragon did their best with limited equipment while Randy continued to experience intense pain. The Schaefers and Mathenas, missionaries in Grenada, along with the Rosses were so encouraging and kept us informed every few minutes on new developments.

“On Friday, Arlene and I each spent six plus hours on the phone trying to arrange a stretcher flight on a commercial airline as soon as possible, all to no avail. Meanwhile in South Carolina, Sharlene's parents and others were praying and planning.

“Late Friday night, just as the doctor was visiting Randy in the ward in Grenada, word came through from Mrs. Isaak, Sharlene's Mom, that Dr. Bob Jones III, President of Bob Jones University, had ordered the university's jet to fly to Grenada the next morning and take Randy back!! Early Saturday afternoon, just as the ambulance and convoy pulled into the airport, the university's jet was landing! Perfect timing again! On board, in addition to the pilot and co-pilot, were Jack Buttram, president of our mission board who navigated, and Randy's youngest brother Jonathan, a paramedic! Jonathan just graduated from paramedic school—second in his class—and Randy was his first patient! The crew, along with Randy, Sharlene, Caroline (3), and Mary (1), took off about 3:30 p.m. After being delayed by US Customs in Puerto Rico for two hours (they didn't believe it was a medical emergency and at first refused to come out and check the plane!), they arrived in Greenville, South Carolina, at 1:00 a.m. Sunday—barely in time to

save Randy's life. A group of family and friends, including Jonathan's wife, Becky, an RN, went to the emergency room at Greenville Memorial Hospital, where Becky works, and spent the remainder of the night while Randy went through X-rays, CT scans, and other tests.

"Randy sustained multiple injuries. Bones in both feet were broken, both ankles shattered, a broken bone below the left knee, the left knee joint severely injured, and both bones in the left wrist broken. In Greenville it was discovered he had internal bleeding, and they prepared for emergency surgery. Later, it was determined that the bleeding had stopped (God at work!), so the emergency surgery was cancelled. The impact injured his liver, bruised the spleen, collapsed his left lung, crushed two vertebrae in the lumbar region, and pinched or injured some nerves. Nevertheless, Randy is in good spirits, is in the Trauma Intensive Care unit, and has undergone the first operation today (July 21, 1992) on his left arm and left knee joint. He probably faces spinal surgery on those crushed vertebrae and more surgery on his feet and ankles.

"In everything give thanks.' Everything? There are so many things for which we have given thanks in Randy's terrifying experience, and the list grows with each report! His head and neck could have been involved in the impact. They weren't. He could have been moved wrongly. He wasn't. He could have flown commercial and reached the States too late. He didn't. And on and on and on ...

"We immediately alerted friends for prayer. Even many total strangers called from various islands, praying on the phone and encouraging us. Special prayer meetings for Randy were organized on Carriacou, Grenada, Barbados, St. Vincent, Antigua, in South Carolina, New York, and perhaps others. How we appreciate the love and concern of so many.

"Randy's miracle has brought us all closer to the Lord and to each other and caused us to re-dedicate our lives anew to God's will, the safest place in the world. I'm told that preachers are always looking for sermons. I'm always looking for sermonettes for station breaks. A couple of days before Randy's fall, I saw the following in the Gospel Fellowship Association's fine paper. '...for the Christian, safety consists not in the absence of danger, but

in the abiding presence of Christ.’ Some have told us recently that ‘Someone’ was looking out for Randy, or that there was a ‘guiding hand,’ etc. We know, however, that it was the abiding presence of Christ lovingly permitting and protecting, for ‘nothing happens to a child of God but what first passes through the mind of God.’ Several West Indians have encouraged us saying, ‘Where you cannot trace, you can trust.’ What a God we have, the great Creator of the universe and our loving Savior, and what a privilege He affords us to trust Him—in everything!

“So, what of the future? Of course, that is in God’s hands. The medical people tell us that Randy should be ‘fit as a fiddle’ in a few short months—long months for him. He’s chafing at the cast already! A prospective staff member says that when Randy returns to Carriacou, he will no longer call him Randy, but Lazarus!

“I climbed Randy’s tower this morning to secure the drooping di-pole torn down when he grabbed whatever he could at the time, burning both hands. When I looked down from the place where that belt failed, it really made me sick. That was a long way down! (*It was more than the height of five stories on a building!*) Our son Randy was spared, but we owe our all to Him Who ‘spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all.’ God bless you.

Rolen Cornelius”

Randy was in intensive care for one week. During that time his lung reinflated, thanks to a chest tube; his left leg was repaired with pins, plates, and screws; and his left wrist was fixed. After his liver was healed enough, he spent a second week on the surgical trauma floor and another week on the orthopaedic floor of the hospital and had surgery on his feet. Instead of having back surgery, the doctors decided to put Randy in a body cast. The surgery would have severely limited his lower lumbar flexibility. He was very thankful that the precariousness of his liver kept them from performing that surgery. Three weeks after entering the hospital (almost dead), he was transported by ambulance to the home of Sharlene’s parents, Al and JoAnn Isaak, for further recuperation.

Randy went to church on a stretcher and was later given a special reclining wheelchair. He visited several churches in the area, thanking them for their prayers and giving his testimony. The bones were healing, and the casts were removed (except the body cast). He had nerve damage in his right foot which was severely injured.

This was Randy's testimony regarding his fall: "As I opened my eyes, I couldn't help but peer into Heaven and say, 'whatever you want to do with me, LORD, is fine.' I still feel that way now. The sweetest thing about those days was the knowledge that my brothers and sisters all over the world were praying for me . . . praying to our Father in Heaven who hears and answers the call of His children. . . . From the instant I opened my eyes (on the ground), I knew that He had ordered that step. I didn't ask why—I didn't need to. I was trained well. My dad drilled into me the fact that being in the center of the Lord's will was the safest, happiest, most exciting place to be. He often said that it was safer to be in the middle of cannibals if that was where God wanted you than to be in the safest place you can imagine. Of course, he was well trained, too—my grandmother says the same thing."

In December (5 months after he fell), Randy was walking! The doctor removed a pin from his right foot, enabling him to begin walking. He was instructed to continue wearing the body brace for several months more. But that did not keep him from traveling. In January 1993 (6 months after he fell), John McPherson accompanied Randy on a trip back to Carriacou to take care of some needed engineering projects and complete a new slide presentation to use during the rest of his time in the USA. He arrived in Carriacou wearing his body cast and using crutches, but by the time he returned to the USA a few weeks later, he had shed the cast and crutches. How we rejoiced to see the miraculous progress he had made with the Lord's help in answer to prayer!

Randy and Sharlene remained in the USA for a few more months while Randy continued to recuperate. There was another reason for staying there. Shortly after Randy's fall, Sharlene discovered she was pregnant! On Easter Sunday, April 11, 1993, baby Anna-Helen Renee was born. They decided to make their time in the USA into a mini furlough to present the ministry of Harbour Light to their supporting churches and others.

Randy and his family were in the United States for almost a whole year while Randy recuperated. He had three operations, his left lung was working again, his spleen and liver healed well, the two “exploded” vertebrae healed while he was wearing the body cast, and he was almost as good as new! No wonder our friends in Carriacou and Grenada called him “Lazarus”!

We praised the Lord for His goodness when Randy, Sharlene, and their three little girls returned to Carriacou in June 1993 to resume their duties as missionaries with Harbour Light radio. To God be the glory, great things He has done!

One of our dear listeners in St. Vincent told us:

“May I suggest to you that Randy’s fall is not just an accident but is retaliation by the evil one against the messages that come over that station.”

Rolen admitted, “There is a price to pay for operating on the principle that whatever goes out over this transmitter must be consistent with the Word of God. We’ll not change, though! After all, we’re ‘more than conquerors,’ and as many West Indian friends have reminded us over the phone and in letters, we’re not going to have victory, we already have it!”

Our friend in St. Vincent also told us:

“Believe it or not, brother, you all are wrestling against spiritual wickedness in high places, but who is as great as our God?”

God’s plan does not have tragedies, only miracles!

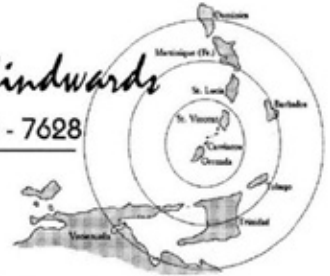
..... Chapter 43

Silly Centipede

☼ Harbour Light of the Windwards

Carriacou, Grenada, West Indies (809) 443 - 7628

November 1994



Dear Friends,



*Into our power house sneaked a centipede
Who inadvertently did a dastardly deed.
Between contacts it found its niche
In the generator transfer switch.
Then POW!! ...the now "late" centipede
Had caused a late sign-on indeed!*

Rolen wrote: "Well, I'm going from 'bad to verse,' but all that to say that we're working the bugs out of the equipment! Early one morning about 5:50, when staff member Leborn pushed the remote button in the control room, the new generator started as usual, but the transmitter did not come on! Randy rode out to the radio station and checked things, and sure enough there seemed to be a dead phase in the NEW generator! To save time, he cranked up the old generator and got us on the air immediately.

"A little later that morning after checking several things, he determined that the problem was NOT the new generator, but it was in the transfer switch. During a music slot in the programs, we announced we'd be off the air a few minutes while we looked things over. When all went silent, Randy opened the transfer switch box and there was a CENTIPEDE! Its body

stopped 460 volts from passing through one set of contacts! He removed the well-flattened centipede, and we signed back on the air within minutes.

“An interesting thing happened while we were off the air. Two people called long distance to say they were praying for Harbour Light, and that we would find the trouble quickly and be back on the air. There are many in our audience who are so thoughtful and prayerful as evidenced through their many letters and frequent calls. No wonder the Lord is using Harbour Light as He does.

“But this is a solemn reminder that when we allow ‘small things’ to come between us and our Lord, the fellowship is easily broken, and we are rendered powerless.”

This is also a solemn reminder that “little centipedes” can creep into our lives and come between our fellow Christians and us. One of our most difficult trials in the ministry of Harbour Light came when these “small things” grew into bigger things between a few of our co-workers and us. We had a staff handbook and other documents which explained where Harbour Light stood regarding the standards of God’s Word. Every staff member was required to sign a statement saying they heartily agreed to these standards and would abide by them in their personal lives. After happily serving the Lord at Harbour Light for a few years, some of the staff began to chafe under these standards and tried to get us to lower them. When we did not agree, they left the ministry. This was a grief to our hearts, but we knew those standards were from the Lord, and we would not compromise. We did not quit the work God had given us to do; we just kept on keeping on doing what God sent us to Carriacou to do. As a result, the Lord blessed many people and used His Word to change their lives.

The Lord continued to open the way for Harbour Light to add “Wings for His Word” to fly and be broadcast to the Windward Islands and beyond. Even though our adversary, the devil, continued to try many tactics to prevent God’s Word from going out over the airwaves, many of our listeners rejoiced in His lovingkindness! We, too, had rejoicing hearts as we spoke to listeners on the phone and read their wonderful letters. I am sure you, too, will rejoice with us as you read these great testimonies of God’s grace at

work in many hearts of listeners to Harbour Light radio.

- ❖ **FROM A FAITHFUL LISTENER ...** “Thanks to the radio ministry, my vacation was well spent. It was a time of refreshing, listening to the Harbour Light Christ-centered programmes. There was never a dull moment as I tuned in to the Harbour Light. There is one outstanding theme from the Harbour Light—the Great Gift of Salvation and exalting the Lord Jesus Christ. The uncompromising preaching enabled me to differentiate between ‘Churchianity and Christianity;’ between a spiritual edifice and a mere organizational structure. I returned to my job more relaxed, rededicated, and I searched my own heart as to whether my Christian life centers around an organization or a Person—the Lord Jesus Christ. I likened my vacation to a four-week sabbatical, more rewarding than hectic activities in the past.”
- ❖ **CARRIACOU ...** A man gave his testimony at church and told how he was saved after listening to the program Miracles. He and his family are faithfully coming to church and are growing in the Lord.
- ❖ **ST. VINCENT ...** After listening to the Harbour Light—the Prayer Time and The Anchor of Hope broadcasts in particular—a man called to ask us to pray for him and his business. He said he needed God in his life. After several months of corresponding with him by letter and by phone in which the plan of Salvation was repeated over and over, he finally trusted Christ as the “only Way.” Even over the phone, we could detect the change in his life. He called again later to say the money he formerly used for rum he was now giving to the Lord by supporting Harbour Light.
- ❖ **CARRIACOU ...** “The Harbour Light is such a blessing that my mouth cannot open wide enough to praise God for it. I am a regular listener to the Harbour Light of the Windwards for more than a year. Your radio station brings light and cheer to all who listen and heed the Words of God.”

- ❖ **TRINIDAD** ... “Your radio station is a blessing to the Caribbean. I have been listening to the Harbour Light for a little more than two years now, and I have not found it dull once since that night I came across your station by coincidence, or so I thought, but today I know it was the Holy Spirit guiding my hands to turn to something better.”
- ❖ **BARBADOS** ... “I am praying constantly for all those who are involved in making the day-to-day functioning of this radio station possible. Most of all I give God thanks for it. My life as a Christian has been greatly enriched since I discovered this radio station. There is not a day goes by that I’m not tuned in.”
- ❖ **TRINIDAD** ... “Greetings to the entire Staff and management of my dear beloved station, Harbour Light, the station in which I get my spiritual food in songs of praise and the Word.”
- ❖ **CARRIACOU** ... “Harbour Light has been a blessing to my soul. God bless the day that the voice of the Gospel has been anchored in Carriacou. I listen to the station morning, noon, and night. I saw I was lost. I invited Christ into my life. I must say I got saved.”
- ❖ **ST. VINCENT** ... “As the music teacher at the Baptist Bible School, I am particularly concerned about the music trends of the day and am thrilled that there is finally a Christian station in the area I can recommend unreservedly.”
- ❖ **TRINIDAD** ... a pastor writes, “Thanks for keeping us alive in Trinidad. The programming is heavenly.”
- ❖ **GRENADA** ... “I believe most Grenadians are very aware of this wonderful station by now. I will have my radio tuned in and someone will pop in for some water because I live right on the main road ... such a person will ask where this nice music is coming from! I will say, ‘Harbour Light in Carriacou. Tune in 1400.’ It makes me very happy to tell someone. This station is a blessing to many hearts who are longing to know the Lord Jesus.”

- ❖ **TOBAGO** ... “Every morning when I put on my radio, my life is changing day by day. When you all speak about the Lord, someone is changing their way of life.”
- ❖ **BARBADOS** ... “Please pray for my unsaved family. Your radio ministry is helping me to live closer to God. Therefore, I refuse to live a defeated life because ‘greater is He that is in me than he that is in the world.’”
- ❖ **ST. VINCENT** ... “You are truly giving Light to a dark world, and you have enabled the Light of the Gospel to reach me whilst I was yet in darkness.”

Coupled with broadcasting the Gospel over the air, the Harbour Light uses the printed page to follow up what goes out over the air in the form of tracts and Bible lessons. In 1994 we had 3032 students actively taking these lessons. Here are some excerpts of letters from Bible students.

- ❖ **TOBAGO** ... “I am writing to you because I still don’t understand the way of salvation. I also need help about many things....”
- ❖ **ST. VINCENT** ... “... something in this lesson amazed me. We had a study on Christ coming and what will take place. God is truly a great God. I love doing Bible courses, and I’m looking forward for the next course.”
- ❖ “This note is to let you all know that I have asked the Lord Jesus to come into my life and to save me from my sins. And I am asking you all please to continue to pray for me....”
- ❖ **GRENADA** ... from a housewife in response to the Anchor of Hope broadcast: “I listen to your program every morning on the Harbour Light of the Windwards, Carriacou, Grenada. I find your discourses very interesting and informative. I am a ___ and as a result many things you say are new to me. As a matter of fact, throughout the day and until 9:30 p.m. at night there are many speakers of your faith, I believe, because you all say the

same thing. I must say here that many of my questions on biblical subjects have been answered as a result of listening to you and the various speakers of that wonderful Christian radio station.”

“... you all say the same thing.” Did you catch that? The Lord has blessed us with a small but carefully selected family of broadcasters proclaiming only that which is consistent with God’s Word. Thus, the Harbour Light speaks with one voice. People are responding to this uniform, harmonious, and powerful “thus saith the Lord.”

We may have large or small “centipedes” troubling us in our Christian lives, but we have a mighty God Who can “squash” them or allow them to bring glory to His Name! We must trust Him to do His will with those nasty “centipedes,” and not allow anything to come between us and our Lord.

Chapter 44

Quiver—Overflowing

“Lo, children are a heritage of the LORD: and the fruit of the womb is His reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed ...”
(Psalm 127:3-5).

The Lord blessed our “quiver” with four wonderful children ... all born in Africa! (See story in Part 1, chapter 13—“Four Arrows in Our Quiver.”) Rolan and I praised the Lord for our children and for His leading in their lives. All four of them made professions of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ when they were quite young. But how has He led them in the years since then? I believe it is time for an update on God’s work in our family!

The children began their schooling at ELWA Academy on the campus of ELWA Radio Village in Liberia, West Africa. (ELWA was the assigned call letters of the radio station.) When we moved to the island of Antigua in the Caribbean to help build Caribbean Radio Lighthouse, I began teaching the children in our homeschool. We kept the children with us in Antigua until they finished their first or second year of high school and then sent them to Bob Jones Academy in Greenville, South Carolina, to finish high school.

Becky (Rebekah Ruth): Becky shared her testimony of God’s work in her life as she grew up:

“We lived in Africa until I was 12 years old. My family had to leave that radio work due to compromise in that ministry. It was a hard thing to do,

but I knew it was the right thing. At the age of 13 just before our family left America to serve the Lord in Antigua, I dedicated my life to the Lord to go anywhere and do anything for Him. I tried surrendering my life to the Lord privately at the age of 12 when I was at camp, but I finally gave up my pride and walked down the aisle at my grandma's church, The Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta, Georgia. We would be leaving America soon, and I wanted to be a missionary myself and not just a MK (missionary kid). I was overjoyed once again in VICTORY!

“God answered my desire to be a missionary. I was able to help Mom start a Bible club in our backyard when we moved to Antigua. I led the singing and taught the younger children in another room. Later, I taught Sunday School, went on visitation, participated in the youth group, and helped at the church in every way I could.

“When I was 14 years old as the radio station was being built in Antigua, I was able to help Mom with the Bible correspondence school which was housed in our home. After the station was on the air, the Bible correspondence school was moved to the radio station, and I still had school to do. The Lord burdened me to do my schoolwork in three days and work at the station two days. I did light office work and reel-to-reel editing. I loved every minute of it and enjoyed being a part of the ministry God called us to and working alongside my dear parents!

“While attending college, the students were challenged during a mission's chapel to surrender to go anywhere to serve the Lord. As I walked across the bridge of nations on the campus of Bob Jones University and viewed all the different flags from all over the world, I was more than willing to go anywhere. Well, except when my eyes fell on the American flag. I really was not willing to stay in the USA. God worked in my heart, and that day I surrendered even to stay in the States, if that was indeed what God wanted.”

Becky was the first to leave the nest. It was not easy to say good-bye to her at the end of our furlough and return to Antigua without her. She graduated from Bob Jones Academy and attended Bob Jones University, earning her Bachelor of Arts degree in 1984. While at BJU, Becky met a fine, dedicated, Christian young man, Keith Ekberg, from New Jersey. Keith

was interested in missions, and that thrilled Becky's heart. The Lord confirmed to them that it was His will for them to serve Him together. They were married after graduation. The Lord blessed them with four beautiful daughters, adding these grandchildren to our "quiver"!

Becky and Keith spent six months in Antigua as furlough replacements for other missionaries. While there, Keith started a Bible study radio program on the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse called "The Bible Speaks." Keith also had a burden for training Christian young men for leadership in the local churches. The Lord helped him begin an evening Bible Institute held at the Maranatha Baptist Church in Antigua.

Becky said, "We had planned to go back to Antigua after completing the six months as furlough replacements, but the Lord had other plans. Our second daughter was born with spina bifida and needed to be near medical care. But even then, the Lord used that time to prepare us for future work for Him. Keith continued his radio broadcast." (These radio programs became the basis for some of the Bible Correspondence Course lessons in a later ministry.)

Becky continued, "We cared for my grandmother in a nursing home until she went Home to be with her loving Lord. We thought now the Lord was going to thrust us out to serve Him. But no, He had more for us to learn. A few months later our pastor, Mark Minnick, preached a message on Abraham and Isaac and placing everything on the altar. I told the Lord that I had placed my all on the altar. He immediately reminded me I had not placed my desire to be a missionary on the altar. 'But, Lord, that is something I want to do for You!' That day I placed even my desire to serve the Lord on the mission field on the altar.

"After Dad's homegoing in 1997, the Lord moved us to go to Carriacou to assist in the work in any way we could. Keith's health did not do well there so we were not able to return to Carriacou after serving there for three and a half years. While we were in Carriacou, Keith continued with his radio broadcasts and manuscripts. I typed his radio notes into booklets. He also wrote helpful topic pamphlets and Gospel tracts. Little did we know the Lord had great plans for those radio notes and Gospel tracts."

When they returned to the USA, God opened the door for Keith and Becky to head up a fruitful Bible correspondence school ministry, Faith Ministries, when the missionary who had begun that work went Home to be with the Lord. Keith was able to add his tracts and make his radio notes into five more Bible correspondence courses. Becky reported, “How exciting it has been to see the Lord grow and use this ministry right here in our own home! When we took on the ministry, it had dwindled to about fifty students. Now we have several thousand who have enrolled in our courses and seventeen volunteers who help us with the ministry. We had desired to train others for the ministry. Now we are training people from around the world through Faith Institute of Biblical Studies by mail and online! TO GOD BE THE GLORY!”

Randy (Randall Rolen) enjoyed electronics and set up his own little radio studio in his room at home in Antigua. When he was 16, Rolen allowed him to begin broadcasting as an announcer on the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse on Saturday mornings. When he attended Bob Jones University, he majored in broadcast engineering and looked forward to serving the Lord in missionary radio somewhere in the world, as the Lord would lead him. However, the Lord tested him regarding this desire.

When we were on furlough in the USA when Randy was 15, he was excited about going to a Christian school and having Christian friends. But he was shocked and hurt when one of the teachers told him most of the students listened to rock music and did many sinful things! At home, standing in our driveway, the Lord spoke deeply to him. Randy shared this with me, “I told the Lord I did not want to live a life like that. I wanted to be something for Him—to do something for Him! I did not want to be a Christian like those young people—professing to be Christians but living another life. I told the Lord I was all His. I said, ‘Lord, I give you myself. Use me in Your service—do with me whatever You want to do with me.’”

Randy continued, “My life had changed when I was saved at 14—I had a love for God and a desire to know Him. But at 15, when I dedicated my life to Christ, my life changed in the way I thought and lived my life. I now had a definite reason for living. I began asking the Lord what He wanted

me to do. It was not long before I knew He wanted me to follow my parents' footsteps in missionary radio. But as I was about to finish high school, the Lord spoke deeply to my heart again. He seemed to be asking me to preach instead of being a missionary radio engineer. I was confused. I 'knew' God wanted me to be a radio engineer and work in missionary radio, but now I was very unsettled. Did God want me to give up radio engineering and become a preacher?! After a few days of a deep struggle, I was sitting on a bench under a tree. I finally said—out loud—'OK, Lord! If you want me to change my major, I will do it.' Immediately, I KNEW God did NOT want me to change my major! I laughed out loud! The Lord was testing my heart to see if I would do anything He wanted me to do—as I had promised at age 15. And that is still my deepest desire at nearly 57 years old.

"My heart's desire is to go on with God until the end of my life on this earth and then throughout all eternity. I pray God will help me to love Him more and more each day. I pray that God will fill me with His Spirit, anoint me by His Spirit to accomplish all His will for my life, and consecrate me in every part to Himself. God has loved me so much that He gave His only Son to save me. He has provided everything I have ever needed—both physically and spiritually. How can I not love Him and serve Him with all my heart?!"

After graduation from BJU in 1986, Randy married Sharlene Isaak. The Lord opened the door for him to get experience in Christian radio and broadcast engineering as he worked at the university's radio station, WMUU. As Randy and Sharlene asked the Lord for guidance regarding His place of service for them, the opportunity to build a radio station on the island of Grenada became a possibility. They believed the Lord was leading them to become involved in that project. At that time, Rolen and I were beginning to see the Lord open the way for Harbour Light of the Windwards to be established on Grenada's sister island, Carriacou.

Randy and Sharlene arrived on Carriacou with their little one-year-old, Caroline, in 1990. Randy was a tremendous help with the building of the radio station. The devil did not like to see that ministry prosper, and the Lord allowed him to try to take Randy's life when he fell fifty-five feet from

his ham radio tower in 1992. (See story in Part 3, chapter 42, “Tragedy?—No! A Miracle!”) But God spared his life, and he became the manager of Harbour Light of the Windwards when the Lord took his dad to be with Himself in 1997. Randy has done a great job, with the Lord’s help, of keeping the “Light” burning and upholding the standards of God’s Word in the programming of the radio station. Sharlene is Headmistress of Harbour Light Christian Academy, which was founded to educate the ten children the Lord has given to them, as well as to reach out to train local children academically and in the things of the Lord.

The Lord used Randy and Sharlene to expand our “quiver” with ten more grandchildren! It was a special blessing to us to have these grandchildren right here with us on Carriacou! Not many missionaries have that privilege!

Tony (Anthony Glenn): Tony said, “I do remember being sent out of Bible club and being punished for misbehaving, then praying to receive Jesus as my Savior. I don’t remember the communication of the Spirit of God, though, to my spirit until around the age of 12 or 13. At that time my struggles with understanding my changing body and desires escalated, and the by-product was an inability to control my emotions, causing me to lose my temper often. During this time, I doubted my salvation constantly, thinking I was the worst sinner ever. I was fearful of not being saved so I prayed often to be sure. The one thing I remember vividly is the clear working of the Spirit of God in convicting me of my sin and giving me a growing hunger for God.

“When I was kicked out of homeschool at age 14, the Lord and I had a lot of time to communicate. He taught me that my need was Jesus not merely external change. Jesus wanted my heart, and I could do nothing to change myself. I needed to trust Him completely. This ministry of the Spirit of God gave me confidence that I was a child of God. Did that take place when I was six or some other time? It really does not matter. What does matter is that I am His, and He is mine. I know that beyond any doubt, and the Spirit keeps drawing me to my Abba, Father.

“At the age of 15, at the Wilds camp, under the preaching of Phil Schuler, I surrendered my life to full-time service to Jesus. I knew that meant God wanted me to be a missionary, and my desire was to minister to the youth of the Caribbean, initially, I thought, in Antigua.”

After graduating from Bob Jones University, Tony and his wife, Martha (Snoddy), began preparing to serve the Lord in the islands of the Caribbean, with the island of Antigua in mind.

Tony said, “About a year after beginning our deputation meetings, Dad wrote me a letter asking me to consider ministering on the island of Dominica. Later I received a letter from Pastor Hutson Challenger inviting us to come to Dominica and see if that is where God would have us serve. In the summer of 1992, with Jamie a toddler and TJ a baby, we set foot on the island of Dominica for the first time, and God immediately gave me a love and desire to serve Him there. On January 12, 1994, we arrived in Dominica to begin serving the Lord through the ministry of Lighthouse Baptist Church and Christian Academy. After 25 years, that love and desire has only increased.”

Tony and Martha worked with national pastor Hutson Challenger and his wife Louise at Lighthouse Baptist Church and Academy in the Carib Indian territory. Tony worked with the young people in the church, and he and Martha both taught in the little school. As the school grew, Tony directed the construction of a new school building. The area is strongly Catholic, and the work was difficult, but the school enabled them to reach into the hearts and lives of many homes in the area.

After working with the Challengers for several years, the Lord gave Tony a burden for the village of Marigot, about eight miles from where they were living and working. Marigot is rife with spiritism, demonism, etc., and is a very difficult place to share the Gospel. However, the Lord has enabled Tony and Martha to start two small churches on the island. The little building the church in Marigot was using collapsed during Hurricane Maria in 2017 (see story in Part 2, chapter 29, Two Deadly Hurricanes), and the church folks dispersed to other places. The little assembly in Kalinago

(Carib territory) met for 5 years in a temporary building in Tony's yard. They now have their own land and continue to prosper spiritually.

The Lord has blessed Tony and Martha with eight wonderful children (four boys and four girls), and Martha has homeschooled them. (Eight more for our quiver!)

Tony says, "Very often, I thank God for the privilege of being His servant here in Dominica, though even more often I feel undeserving. I thank God He has the power to redeem me from my sins and to use a broken and weak vessel, struggling with my old man every day, to live and share the pure and life-giving Gospel of Jesus Christ with my precious Dominican brothers and sisters. And I praise Him for the privilege of actually seeing the power of the Gospel redeem and transform lives for God's glory."

Jonathan David: Jonathan entitled the report on his life as: "The life story of Jonathan Cornelius...in a nutshell...because I'm just a nut." He definitely inherited his father's sense of humor more than any of our other children, although they all have some of it!

Jonathan continued: "I am the youngest of four children, born and raised a missionary kid by my two godly parents. Some of my earliest memories are those of our family having Bible time in the evenings together. I especially enjoyed a set of books on animal characters and how we could learn from their character traits.

"These early examples and exposures to the Gospel led me to understand at an early age that I too was lost and in need of a Savior. Sometime when I was around 5 years old, my Mom helped me pray and ask the Lord for forgiveness of my sins and to accept Him as my Lord and Savior.

"What was a missionary kid going to do when he grew up?" Many times, people would ask me this question over the years. The answer changed quite a few times as well. At one point I wanted to be a preacher, taking after the great preachers of the past, such as C. H. Spurgeon.

"I have always enjoyed helping others and have had a hard time saying 'no' to anyone in need. Somewhere in the family archives is a picture of me,

in diapers, ‘helping’ my mother clean out the cabinets. Through my adolescent years I developed a reputation of being the ‘Band-Aid’ boy. I always seemed to have a small first-aid kit around. It was about this time I thought I might become a firefighter, but by the time I was entering high school, I had my sights set on going to medical school to become a doctor.”

When it was time for Tony to leave the nest of our home in Antigua, Jonathan could not stand to be left as the only child at home. He and Tony had done everything together, including swimming and diving in the beautiful, blue Caribbean Sea almost every day. Jonathan begged us to allow him to leave home, too. He was only 14 at the time and was too young to live in the dormitory at Bob Jones University to attend Bob Jones Academy. He was the “idea man,” and he came up with a plan.

“Mom and Dad, I could live with Uncle Bob and Aunt Ruth in Indiana and go to the Christian school in their church!” Ruth was my sister, and her husband, Bob Koenig, was the principal of that school. We knew Jonathan would receive good, Christian training in their home, and he would enjoy working with the horses and would be helping with other chores as well. We prayed much about this idea and believed it was God’s will for Jonathan to live with Ruth and Bob for one year before moving to BJU to attend the Academy.

It was very difficult for me to let go of all my children, even though I had told the Lord I would “hold my loved ones loosely” so He could take them and use them according to His will. The Lord finally took me to a verse in Psalms that helped me to let my children go and trust the Lord to work in each of their lives and keep them in His care. The verse is Psalm 84:3: “Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.” I could lay my young in a safe place... “even Thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.” I laid my children on His altar and was at rest! The Lord would take care of them!

Jonathan reported: “I graduated from Bob Jones Academy in 1986 and began working for the university’s Public Safety Department that summer. Bud Rimel, a godly man who was the Chief, soon had a lasting influence on

my life's direction. It was under his training I became an emergency medical technician during my freshman year as a pre-med major at Bob Jones University. I thoroughly enjoyed the work and was soon bitten by the EMS (Emergency Medical Services) 'bug.' I continued my pre-med degree while working an average of thirty-plus hours a week as a Public Safety Officer for BJU. Sometime during my junior year, my academic advisor, Dr. Voght, suggested that perhaps my calling was in the pre-hospital arena.

“So, I had a choice to make, continue down the MD course and stay in school another ten years, or stay with pre-hospital care and become a paramedic. By this time, I had already been thinking of returning to Antigua to work as an emergency room physician. In the end the decision was simple—where am I needed the most? I knew Antigua had doctors, and I knew Antigua and the Caribbean did not have much in the way of pre-hospital care systems or emergency medical systems. I felt the Lord was leading me in the direction of EMS and Antigua.”

The Lord provided a sweet Christian nurse, Becky Harper, to be Jonathan's wife. (Yes, we have two Beckys in the family!)

Jonathan said, “I met my wife Becky during Bible Conference in 1986. She was studying to become a nurse at BJU. Later when things were getting serious between us, my Dad commented that I ‘must have taken a turn for the nurse!’”

Jonathan and Becky were part of a beautiful, double wedding at Christmas time in 1989. The other couple in the wedding was Becky's twin sister, Kathy, also a nurse, who married one of our boys' good Christian friends from Antigua, Duncan Armsby. Duncan and Kathy moved back to Antigua shortly after the wedding. Jonathan and Becky remained in Greenville, South Carolina, while Jonathan completed his degree at BJU.

Jonathan reported, “In May of 1992, I completed my paramedic training at Upstate EMS in Greenville. We had already been talking with Kathy and Duncan about the need for emergency medical services in Antigua and began to correspond with Antiguan officials to explore the possibility of working for the Antiguan government.

“Three years later in the summer of 1995, the Antiguan Minister of Health invited us to move to Antigua and work for the Ministry of Health as a paramedic. Many of our friends and some of our family told us we were crazy to make such a big move. All we had was a verbal invitation over the phone. There was no written contract between the Antiguan government and me. Yet we felt this was the Lord’s leading. We sold what we could, packed everything into a 20-foot shipping container, and headed to Antigua.”

Jonathan and Becky arrived in Antigua on September 2, 1995...just two days before Hurricane Luis arrived—the most powerful hurricane to hit the Eastern Caribbean. They were temporarily staying with Duncan’s parents whose house was badly damaged in the hurricane. They had to shelter in the crawl space under the house to escape injury from flying debris as the hurricane continued lashing the island for thirty hours.

Jonathan continued, “The immigration official at the airport gave us 48 hours to stay since we arrived on a one-way ticket. I promised to speak to the Minister and have it sorted out. When I finally was able to speak to the Minister, he said, ‘Don’t you know there’s a hurricane coming? Don’t worry about it. We will take care of it later.’ Later turned out to be three months later.

“This was the beginning of what is now known as the ‘Antigua & Barbuda Emergency Medical Services.’ I worked for the Ministry of Health for three years. I answered emergency calls 24x7, established policies and procedures, and trained the new staff. Towards the end of the three years, I was experiencing debilitating, stress-related, migraine headaches.

“The Lord provided the relief I needed by opening the door to work in the Fire and Security Department for the Antigua Air Station in Antigua. This was a USAF, contractor-operated, satellite-tracking facility. I was sent to the U.S. for seven weeks of fire school to become a firefighter, and I spent six years working for the fire station.

“Back in 1996, I approached the organizers of the Antigua Sailing Week to offer my services as a paramedic to the regatta. They were very happy to have medical coverage on the water supporting the event. They also put

me in touch with the Classic Yacht Regatta to help them with coverage as well. This started yet another direction in the Lord's plan which put me into marine search and rescue (SAR) as a paramedic/firefighter. Just over a year later, I participated in an aerial search for two missing Antiguan off the island of St. Lucia. While the wreckage of their half-sunken boat was found, the couple were never seen again. This incident led to the formation of the Antigua & Barbuda Search and Rescue (ABSAR) by Julie Harvey Esty.

"In 2000, Julie left Antigua and turned ABSAR over to me to continue as best as I could. The Lord continued to work and bless in these efforts. ABSAR today is an internationally recognized SAR agency providing SAR assistance to the northeast Caribbean for over twenty years. I am privileged to be a part of this organization that has helped thousands of Antiguan and visitors alike.

"In 2015, Becky's mother was diagnosed with stage four lung cancer even though she never smoked a day in her life. Becky returned home to North Carolina to help care for her mother for six months until the Lord saw fit to end her suffering and take her Home to Heaven. Becky's mother's passing changed our responsibilities, and we began to see the Lord shifting us back to North Carolina and away from Antigua.

"We have been living a difficult schedule since then with me in Antigua six months of the year. Some people asked, 'Why not just drop Antigua and stay in North Carolina?' The best answer I can give comes from the example of my Dad. I remember him telling a story from Liberia. He had a talent for repairing mechanical watches and clocks and had specific tools for these delicate jobs. He just could not bear to tell people he could not help them when he knew he had the God-given talent and the tools at his disposal. When he saw his watch repair was taking away too much time from the missionary radio work, he made a hard choice and threw his tools into the sea. Unfortunately for me, most of my tools are in my head. I have spent over three decades of being on call, responding to emergencies, and helping those in need. The Lord has given me the tools and the strength to do His will in my life. It is hard to let go and turn away from those who are still crying 'help us' when I still have the God-given talent and tools to make a difference."

The Lord has given Jonathan opportunities to be a good testimony to people who sail to Antigua from around the world and are not being reached in any other way. While Becky was in Antigua, she also had a loving ministry to children and their parents as an office nurse for a German lady pediatrician who was working on Antigua.

Jonathan concluded, “I have always seen that the task God gave me is to live a godly example before those who might not give Him a chance to work in their lives, while giving them a second chance to make things right with Him. I still see this as my calling even as Antigua is fading from God’s will in my life. I look forward to God’s next chapter for me.”

In God’s providence, He has not seen fit to give children to Jonathan and Becky, but they are content in His loving will.

Let’s see now. We have said our quiver is full and running over! Is it really true? Our four children are all married and have given us twenty-two grandchildren. Six of those grandchildren are now married and so far, they have added twelve great-grandchildren to our quiver. How many is that altogether? I will let you figure it out! I know that is not the end of the additions unless the Lord returns before He gives us more! We are greatly blessed, and I praise the Lord for His mercies. I pray each one in our quiver will surrender his/her life to the Lord and be a great blessing to many others.

Chapter 45

Papa C

Papa C was a man who was loved by many people. Most of all, he was loved by his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ and God the Father. He was loved by his parents, Rolen Lyman Cornelius, Sr., and Mary Ethel Vaughn Cornelius. He was loved by me (his wife Arlene), and he was loved by almost everyone he met. He wasn't always called "Papa C." His parents named him Rolen Lyman Cornelius, Jr. They called him "Sonny." I called him "Honey." And he said his friends called him "Corny" for short but not for long!

It was many years later, after we moved to the tiny island of Carriacou, Grenada, that folks began to call Rolen, "Papa C." We had begun our life together in the country of Liberia, West Africa, working with a Christian radio station, ELWA. After sixteen years with that ministry, the Lord sent us to the Caribbean to help establish a new Christian radio station, Caribbean Radio Lighthouse, on the island of Antigua. After thirteen years with that work, the Lord sent us to the Windward Islands in the southern Caribbean ... to Carriacou, Grenada. It was God's purpose for us to help establish another Christian radio station, the Harbour Light of the Windwards.

By that time, we were in our fifties and had become grandparents! As we became acquainted with many of the Christians on both the main island, Grenada, and on Carriacou island, we became good friends and enjoyed sweet fellowship with them. One young, Christian businessman often stayed with us when he came from Grenada to do business in Carriacou. He and some of the local Christians regarded us fondly as their parents and began to call us Papa C and Mama C. Rolen made many trips to town on

business and became acquainted with many of the local people who were known for their friendliness and helpfulness. They enjoyed him and also began to call him Papa C.

Rolen worked very hard toward building Harbour Light, especially at the beginning before anyone else had come to Carriacou to help. While gathering construction materials, he ordered one hundred bags of cement. The truck driver helped him remove the bags from the truck but did not stay to help put them inside where they would be safe from the weather. Rolen was carrying each 100-pound bag one by one into the lower level of the house. I knew it was an impossible job for him to accomplish alone, so I set off walking through the village to find someone to help him. It seemed all of the able-bodied men were gone to other parts of the island. The only man I found was drunk. I did not know what else to do so I begged him to come and help. He did what he could, but he was not able to help very long.

Rolen continued to work like that until our son, Randy, (along with his wife, Sharlene, and their little one-year-old), arrived to lend a hand. Rolen suffered from injured vertebrae in his neck and back from earlier activities, which were compounded by the strenuous construction of Harbour Light. We praised the Lord for the teams of men who came from churches in the USA to help from time to time. But Rolen's condition continued to deteriorate. He finally had to return to the USA and have surgery on his neck to repair the injured vertebrae. He had other physical problems at times as well. In 1995, he had a stroke, and we had to return to the USA for a couple of months of rest and recuperation.

In December of 1996, we decided we should take some time off and visit our other two sons and their families on the islands of Antigua and Dominica. Rolen enjoyed riding around Antigua with our youngest son, Jonathan, a paramedic, as he dealt with medical emergencies. We had a good time spending Christmas with Jonathan and his wife, Becky.

After Christmas, we flew to the island of Dominica to see our son, Tony, his wife, Martha, and our grandchildren there. Rolen had a grand time playing with the children and "teasing them to death"! They loved every minute of it! They called him "Pop-pop"! All this activity wore us out, and

we looked forward to a week of complete rest on the tiny Grenadine island of Bequia (Bek-wee), just off the coast of St. Vincent, before heading back to our home on Carriacou (also in the Grenadines). The Grenadines are a chain of beautiful, small islands between the larger islands of St. Vincent and Grenada.

The small, eight-passenger plane landed on a tiny airstrip on the edge of Bequia Island with the sea on one side and a steep hillside on the other side. Several men from the little Gospel Hall (called the Way-side Chapel) met us as we landed. They loaded us and our baggage into a small vehicle and told Rolen, “We announced a week of special meetings at the church this week with you as the speaker!” Both our hearts sank! We were very much in need of rest, especially Rolen. He was not physically able to hold a week of meetings in their church. It was a tradition for a visiting “brother” to preach to the little Gospel Halls in the Caribbean. Rolen begged off, explaining he had a stroke recently and was not able to preach for a week, but he agreed to preach for their Sunday morning service.

We stayed on Bequia Island with a sweet, Christian lady who was a faithful listener to the Harbour Light. She was extremely gracious, but the week did not turn out to be a restful time. A couple from the church was anxious to take us sightseeing around the island every day and take us to the local restaurants. We enjoyed their fellowship but did not get much rest.

At the end of the week, the small plane picked us up and flew us to the southern end of the chain of Grenadine islands and to our home on the thirteen-square-mile island of Carriacou. A pile of mail was waiting for Rolen, and he spent the next couple of weeks answering some wonderful letters from our listeners.

As he opened one letter, Rolen wrote, “I just opened this letter from a listener in the Republic of Trinidad and Tobago, dated the 23rd of January 1997.

‘Dear Friends at Harbour Light,

1996 has been my most eventful year. It was early in that year while trying to get acquainted with a new stereo my son had given me for my Christmas 1995,

when I stumbled on your station and have been listening to it since. I was around Christ for as far back as I can remember, having been brought up in Sunday School and served in all the offices of the church, but I never touched the Saviour until I started listening to your programmes and, praise God, I was born again.'

“Here was a lady who thought she was saved. She was ‘around Christ’ for a long time but never ‘touched the Saviour’ until she ‘stumbled’ on the Harbour Light and heard the Truth of the Word from our faithful broadcasters! Now she has been born again by the Spirit of God! Near Christ, as she discovered, was not enough! She had to be IN Christ!”

Rolen happily answered this lady’s letter as well as many other letters from our listeners. At last one day he announced to me he had answered all of the letters, and his desk was clean! There was just one letter left on his desk which he wanted me to read before he put it in the mail.

In between letter writing and other duties at the radio station, Rolen was busy with some special carpentry projects in the workshop. He had an “order” to fulfill for our eight-year-old granddaughter, Caroline—Randy and Sharlene’s oldest daughter. He had already made a play kitchen for her, complete with wooden stove, sink, and refrigerator (including wooden ice trays!). Now she said she needed Papa C to make her a doll house just the right size for a little doll she owned. We decided our other grandchildren should not be left out, so he was making a similar doll house for Tony’s children. (He had already made a doll house for Becky and Keith’s girls.) He enjoyed this kind of project and worked hard to make the doll houses special with tiny wooden shingles on the roofs and circular staircases going up to a second story. When he finished the carpentry, he brought them home, planning to paint them and glue carpet on the floors.

I noticed my Honey looked especially tired that day. When I offered to drive home, he insisted he was all right, and he could drive. A few nights before, he had complained about a severe headache in the back of his neck and talked about visiting the doctor, but he never went. He woke up early the next morning and seemed to be fine. Randy came and joined him on our porch, overlooking the Caribbean Sea, the airport, and the little town of Hillsborough. I will let Randy tell about that morning:

“The day started very typically. My dad and I met on his porch early in the morning for our personal devotions. We often talked of spiritual things—thoughts on our Bible reading or things for which we were praying. I left a little later than usual because of our conversation. It was Grenada’s Independence Day, February 7th, 1997.”

When we had a holiday on the island, our family usually worked the shifts at the radio station so the rest of the staff could have the day off. I planned to go to the station with Randy that morning and stay to work the afternoon shift so Rolan would have the vehicle to come for his evening shift. He planned to stay home the rest of the day and work on the little doll houses.

After Randy left, my Honey and I had breakfast together. Rolan usually ate very fast and left me at the table to finish my breakfast. But it was different this morning. He ate very slowly and did not finish his food. I asked if he was all right, and he said he was OK.

A little later I received a phone call from one of the elders of the Gospel Hall. He said, “Mama C, will you sing a solo at our banquet tonight?”

“Oh, I was planning to work the announcing shift at the Harbour Light for a while tonight so Papa C could go to the banquet. He usually works when we have that and misses it.”

“Well, tell him he can sing for us instead!”

I chuckled, “He says the only way he would sing would be if he could sing with a choir of ten thousand!”

The elder laughed, “Then tell him he can sing with the angels tomorrow!”

My heart skipped a beat as I said, “I will tell him what you said.”

When I told Rolan what the elder said, he seriously replied, “Did he really say that?”

As I washed the dishes and prepared to go to the radio station with Randy, I had a chat with the Lord, “Lord, should I stay home with my

Honey today instead of going to Harbour Light?”

The Lord said, “No, you go. This is between My child and Me!”

Randy takes up the story from there: “A little later on, my mom and I went to the station where I worked the control board until 1:00 PM. My mom took over at 1:00, and I left for home and lunch. I decided to stay home for the afternoon to help my wife, Sharlene, with chores and the baby. About 5:00 PM, my mom called to say my dad had not come to work and was not answering the phone. She asked if I would go see if he was home. I rode up the road to their house right away. When I reached the house, the kitchen door was open, and the radio was playing. I called for Dad, but there was no answer. I went in the house calling—no answer. I knocked on his bedroom door. I could hear the radio playing, so I knocked louder. When I received no answer, I opened the door and saw him lying on the bed like he was taking a nap. I knew immediately the Lord had called him Home to Heaven. However, I went over to him—called him—no answer; touched him—his body was cold. It was true—he was in the presence of the Lord Whom he had loved and served. I wept on his chest. I would miss him! What would I tell my mom?”

I did not need for Randy to tell me what happened because the Lord had already told me while I sat in front of the control board as one of the programs was playing. I said to the Lord, “You have taken him Home, haven’t you, Lord?” In His grace and love He had prepared me for this moment earlier in the day.

Randy continued, “My parents were married and served the Lord in West Africa at a missionary radio station for sixteen years. There, all four of us children, my two brothers (Tony and Jonathan), sister (Becky), and I were born. In the early 1970’s, we moved to the West Indies where the Lord raised up Caribbean Radio Lighthouse on Antigua. In 1988, the Lord called us (my dad and me) to Carriacou where the Lord raised up another Christian radio station—Harbour Light of the Windwards. Dad had forty-one years of faithful, fervent, and fruitful service in missionary radio. We had a thanksgiving and praise memorial service for his life and service for the Lord, as well as a 5th anniversary celebration for Harbour Light, on Thurs-

day, February 13. Following the service, we placed his body in Grand Bay Cemetery in Carriacou in anticipation of the coming of the Lord.”

It was a tradition on Carriacou for friends and loved ones to stay with the bereaved the first night after a loved one died to give them comfort. Some of the ladies from Gospel Hall came to be with me and to offer me their love and comfort the night the Lord took my Honey Home. I appreciated their love and thoughtfulness very much, but I mostly needed the Lord Himself to comfort me. I told them I would be all right, and they would not need to stay with me. I told them I wanted to be alone with my Lord. No one can give sweet comfort and peace like our dear Lord Jesus. I spent many hours in the next few weeks searching for verses in the Bible dealing with comfort and God’s presence.

Why did God take my Honey away from me? I found one answer in II Corinthians 1:3 and 4: “Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforts us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted of God.” He allows trials in our lives so we can experience His loving comfort and be able to encourage others with that comfort when they are going through similar trials.

Why did God take my dear husband away and leave me as a widow? I found the answer in Isaiah 54: 4 and 5: “Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thine husband; the LORD of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called.” He is a sweeter Husband to me than any earthly husband could ever be! He drew me close to Himself, and I found myself talking to Him about every detail of my life. Even though those verses have their primary application to the nation of Israel, I believe the Lord intends for us as individual widows to find comfort in His promises to Israel and to us personally.

As I thought about the joys my Honey was experiencing in the presence of his dear Lord, this poem and song was a great blessing and comfort to me:

FINALLY HOME
Just think of stepping on shore
And finding it Heaven,
Of touching a hand
And finding it God's,
Of breathing new air
And finding it celestial,
Of waking up in glory
And finding it HOME!
F I N A L L Y H O M E !!

When I returned to the USA to fulfill the furlough Rolen and I had planned to take that year, the Lord gave me further sweet comfort through Christian friends. Mrs. Jesse Boyd of Mount Calvary Baptist Church in Greenville, South Carolina, met me after one of the services, and told me, "My dear, the Lord Jesus takes special care of widows!" That was a great blessing and encouragement to me! I was especially dependent on the Lord during that furlough as I visited our supporting churches in the Mid-west and the Southeast of the USA. I had never driven more than one hundred miles alone before, but my Savior was with me and sustained me, even when I was frightened and nervous as I drove thousands of miles alone! What a faithful "Husband" He is!

Less than a year before the Lord took Rolen Home, he had comforting words for a dear listener who had also lost her husband. He wrote: "The loss of a loved one, especially a life's partner, is a very grievous thing. If he knew the Lord, 'absent from the body, present with the Lord!' But we are still human; we are still in these bodies of clay. We sorrow not as those who have no hope, but we do sorrow. God understands. God knows best. He does all things well. I'm praying that the God of all comfort will wonderfully comfort you so that you will be able to comfort other ladies who lose their mates or other family members. II Corinthians 1:3 and 4 are for you. Someone said, 'It is amazing to see what God can do with a broken heart if you give Him all the pieces.'"

As Rolan comforted that dear friend, I am also comforted by the Lord! His Word became dearer to me than ever before. As the Lord spoke to me through His Word, I listed the Scriptures that became my comfort and joy. I am listing them here for any widow reading this who needs that same comfort and joy. We can be sure God keeps His promises, and He has promised He will never leave us nor forsake us (Hebrews 13:5). But His promises are only for those who belong to Him. If you have never repented of your sins and surrendered your life to the Lord, now is the time to do that. Then you will be His child, and He will be your comfort and joy, and you will live with Him forever! See John 3:16 and Romans 10:10-13.

**REJOICE IN THE LORD—HE IS COMING AGAIN AND
WILL BRING OUR SAVED LOVED ONES WITH HIM!!**

I Thessalonians 4:13-18

GOD'S SPECIAL CARE OF WIDOWS:

Exodus 22:22-24 No one to afflict them... I will hear their cry

Deuteronomy 10:18 Judgment of fatherless & widows

14:28, 29 tithe of increase given to...widows, stranger, fatherless

16:10, 11 rejoice in feast...with family & widows ...

24:17 not take a widow's raiment in pledge

27:19 God defends the widow

Job 29:13 cause widows' heart to sing for joy

Psalms 68:5 God a judge of widows

Proverbs 15:25 Lord ... establish border of the widow

Isaiah 54:4, 5 Thy Maker is thy husband

Jeremiah 49: 11 Let their widows trust in Me

Zechariah 7:10 Oppress not the widow

RESPONSIBILITIES OF WIDOWS:

- I Timothy 5:5 widow...trust in Lord/continue in supplication & prayer
- 5:10 known for good works
- 5:11-13 warnings to widows (esp. younger)
- 5:14 younger widows marry
- Titus 2:3-5 older women teach younger

EXAMPLES OF BIBLE WIDOWS:

- Naomi & Ruth Book of Ruth—God’s leading and provision
- Widow of Zarephath I Kings 17—took care of Elijah, the prophet
- Widow in debt II Kings 4:1-7—God’s provision
- Anna Luke 2:36-38—Prophetess saw the Messiah
Served in the temple, fasting and praying
- Widow of Nain Luke 7:11-15—Jesus raised her dead son
- Widow who gave her all Luke 21:2-4 & Mark 12:41-44

Chapter 46

God's Great Faithfulness

“Jesus never fails, Jesus never fails! Heaven and earth may pass away, but Jesus never fails!”

Over the span of more than sixty years of ministry in missionary radio in three countries, the Cornelius family cannot tell you of one instance in which our wonderful Lord has failed to provide our every need, whether it be spiritual, physical, financial, or any other need! He has kept His promise found in Philippians 4:19, “But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

As son Randy says, “The Lord has provided so much and so consistently it is hard to talk about just some of God’s provisions.”

I have already shared many ways in which the Lord has met all of the needs of the ministries and our family in Liberia, West Africa, and Antigua and Carriacou, Grenada in the Caribbean. But I would like to share a few more special ways He has taken care of the Harbour Light and our family on the tiny 13-square-mile island of Carriacou, Grenada.

At the time of this writing, we are celebrating the 30th anniversary of the Harbour Light of the Windwards radio ministry. In all of those years, the Lord has faithfully provided the monthly cost of fuel for the generators, the annual land lease and property insurance, the office expenses, local staff salaries, broadcast equipment, as well as physical and many other needs.

Many times the need was great, and we had no idea how it was going to be met. But we learned our God is faithful in answer to prayer, and He has His faithful children who are in tune with Him and willingly share what He has given them in support of His work. We have also learned He is especially creative in the ways He provides!

Randy remembers one time in prayer meeting when we were earnestly praying for money to pay for fuel (which generally cost over \$2,000 USD each month). After prayer meeting, he went in his office to open the mail, and in that mail was more than enough to pay for the fuel! "Before they call, I will answer," the Lord promises in Isaiah 65:24!

Recently, we were praying for the Lord to provide the money to pay the land lease before its due date the end of September. On the 27th, we received a gift of about half of what we needed. Randy said, "I prayed, 'Lord, there's half of it! Will you provide the rest, please?'" The next day another gift for the same amount came in from the same individual who gave the first half! The remarkable thing is these gifts came from a streaming listener. This was not the first time she had given large sums of money because of the tremendous blessing the programming had been to her heart in a ministry of encouragement during difficult days in her life due to health problems.

Since Harbour Light is located directly on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, our tower became very corroded and needed to be replaced. The Lord unexpectedly provided a replacement tower through Caribbean Radio Lighthouse, the station we helped establish on the island of Antigua. While Randy was on a trip to Antigua, the folks there heard of our need to replace our tower and gave us all we needed for the AM tower and for the FM which they had bought as scrap metal from the BBC.

Sometime later, the Lord laid it on the heart of a Christian lady listener in Barbados to give a house to the Harbour Light. She eventually sold it and gave us the proceeds. From that gift we were able to give Caribbean Radio Lighthouse a large amount in appreciation for their gift of the tower. That money also kept us going through an exceptionally difficult time financially and spiritually and was used to greatly bless our local staff families as well.

Another Christian lady right here in Carriacou gave her house to the Harbour Light during a particularly difficult time. She wanted to give it to us while she was still mentally sound so she could defend her decision to her extended family instead of leaving it to us in her will. She has no children for it to go to, and she did not want extended family using it for a “party house” after she passed away. She remains in it until the Lord takes her Home. Randy said, “The Lord continues to use this gift to encourage me that this is a future provision for the Harbour Light—if He has provided for the future, how much more will He provide for the present?! Years earlier, as I rode my motorbike past this house, the thought came strongly to my mind that that house would belong to the Harbour Light one day. I did not say anything about that thought, wondering if it was indeed from the Lord. But now I know it was from the Lord!”

Randy also shared how the Lord has taken care of his family of ten children. “Our family has seen the Lord provide a new pickup truck (back in 1991), two borrowed motor homes for furlough use, and a bus (15-passenger van)—all in direct answer to prayer. Many times, we were without food, clothes, gas, and other specific things, and the Lord graciously provided these things. For years, we would pay the bills (at that time we were paying the salaries of the teachers out of our own ‘pocket’), and there would be very little, or nothing left for groceries. The Lord always took care of us and taught us He does provide our daily bread.” The Lord often used a dear Christian brother on the main island of Grenada who sent boxes of local produce on the boat to our staff.

We joined Randy and Sharlene as they prayed for more than a year for the Lord to provide a house for them to rent for their family. It was very difficult to find a suitable house available in Carriacou. Empty houses were on the island, but they were not available. Their owners were living in the USA, Canada, or England where they found jobs. They built “retirement homes” on family land in Carriacou and often came back for vacations until they retired.

Rolen and I believed the Lord would eventually have us build a house on Carriacou, but we did not have any land or money to do so. However, the Lord knew how to provide land and a house that would take care of

our need, as well as the need of Randy's family! A dear, Christian man from Carriacou living in New York donated land to us so we could build a house! Rolen intended to draw up designs for the house, but the Lord took him Home to Heaven before he could do so. That job was left to me, and as I drew plans, the Lord impressed me with the fact that the house should be large enough to include Randy's family as well. The Lord provided funds to begin building through some inheritance money that came to me. He also provided work teams from churches in the USA to come and do much of the construction, along with a local contractor. We built as the Lord provided, and it took five years to complete the project. The house has two main floors and a small apartment on the lower level. It is built down the side of a steep hill and overlooks the Atlantic Ocean and the Harbour Light one mile away. The land and house have been deeded to our mission, Aviation Radio Missionary Service, so we call it the Mission House. I live on the main floor, and Randy and his family live downstairs. The Lord does provide!

The Lord has not only provided our needs financially and materially, but He has also faithfully taken good care of us physically. (See God's care for our little "preemie" grandbaby and Rolen's neck surgery in the story titled "On the Air" in Part 3, chapter 41, and also the story of Randy's miracle fall in chapter 42 of Part 3 titled "Tragedy?—No! A Miracle!")

God took good care of me when I had a stroke in 2002. I could not get the help I needed in Carriacou or Grenada, so my daughter Becky travelled with me by plane to the USA. We were delayed a few days by a tropical storm which raged through the islands, but we eventually reached Greenville, South Carolina. I was admitted to a stroke unit in the hospital in Greenville. I was not able to move my left side. As I lay there in the bed, the Lord wonderfully ministered to my spirit. I praised Him for the more than fifty years of almost normal use of that leg since I had polio when I was a teenager. I was able to softly sing "I Am Thine, Oh, Lord, I have heard Thy voice, and it told Thy love to me. And I long to rise in the arms of faith and be closer drawn to Thee."

When my Christian doctor visited me a few days later in the hospital, he got excited when I was able to barely move my leg. He jumped up and shouted, "Praise the Lord!" The hospital staff was not sure I could be helped

with therapy, but since I was able to move a muscle in my foot, they agreed to try. One of my therapists was especially helpful and worked hard with me to get me mobile again. By the time I left the hospital about two months later, I was able to walk with a walker.

As my left leg gradually strengthened, I could use a quad cane to get around. That made it possible for me to go back to work, producing children's radio programs at the Harbour Light. Eventually I was able to get around at home with a one-point cane, so I thought I could use the one-point cane at the Harbour Light as well. I found out differently before the end of that first day. It was my day to work on the control board, announcing and putting on the new programs. While each program was playing, I worked in the studio next to the control room, planning and producing new Captain's Kids programs. Suddenly I realized the on-the-air program was coming to an end. I needed to get back into the control room quickly to make a station break and start a new program. I jumped up, grabbed my one-point cane, and hurried into the hallway. I lost my balance and crashed to the floor. I knew I had done something to my hip but hoped it was not broken! I was able to walk to the car with my granddaughter's help and drive home. Then the pain began, and I was not able to put my weight on that foot. Our local doctor came to the house to examine me. When he heard I had walked on it and driven the car, he said my hip could not be broken, but to let him know if I still could not put my weight on it in the next couple of days.

My paramedic son in Antigua, Jonathan, heard about this from his brother Randy. He called me and asked if that leg just flopped to the side, and I said "Yes!" He said, "That means your hip is broken!" He told me to tell the Carriacou doctor about that. We had no x-ray equipment in Carriacou, so I was taken by ambulance to the dock and carried on board a ship bound for Grenada. At a private hospital in Grenada, x-rays revealed my hip was definitely broken. After many hours of checking with commercial airlines to get a flight for me to the USA, the only airline that agreed to take me on a stretcher was Air Jamaica. I had to pay for nine seats on the plane to hold me on the stretcher! Jonathan travelled with me to Atlanta, then on to Greenville, South Carolina, by ambulance. The Lord wonderfully helped, and I had hip replacement surgery the next day. After several weeks

of physical therapy, I was able to return to Carriacou and continue working at the Harbour Light!

A couple of years later, my left leg began to stop working for me. My knee would not lock. Another trip to the USA revealed I now had post-polio syndrome. I was fitted with a whole-leg brace, which enabled me to walk with a quad cane. Again, I praised the Lord for His faithfulness. Although I was more limited, I could still get around and serve my Lord at the radio station! God is certainly able and willing to meet our every need!

The Lord provided the first transmitter for the Harbour Light through the gift of a small airplane. We were able to sell the plane and pay \$40,000 for a 5,000-watt transmitter. After 27 years of faithful service on the air, that transmitter needed to be replaced. Randy reports, "Another amazing provision for the Harbour Light radio ministry was a replacement transmitter which came to us via the government station in Grenada. That 10,000-watt transmitter was purchased by the government with standby capacity and placed in service in Grenada. But within a short time, the company decided to terminate AM transmissions because it was not profitable. The transmitter was barely used and placed in an air-conditioned closet in their studio building. When I heard they were not broadcasting on AM anymore, I inquired about their transmitter because I knew it was a high quality Nautel transmitter. They told me someone was interested in it, and it was not for sale. A couple of years later, I inquired again and was told the same thing. Late in 2018, when I was struggling to keep our now 27-year-old transmitter on the air and at full power, I was impressed to call about the transmitter in Grenada again. This time they told me they had not sold it, and they were about to put it on the international market. They told me to make an offer, which I did, and a price was happily agreed upon—which was a fraction of what it was worth. We did not have one dime toward the purchase price, but the Lord provided all the funds to purchase it within two months!"

One of our most faithful listeners in Barbados wrote to Harbour Light expressing her praise to the Lord for allowing her to "accidentally" find the Harbour Light on her radio. Rolen (Papa C) received her letter before the Lord called him Home to Heaven. In his answer to her letter he expressed the philosophy of broadcasting which the Lord gave us before we went on

the air. He said, “Your finding the Harbour Light was no ‘accident,’ but an ‘incident’! The Lord directed you to AM 1400! You see, our philosophy is that everything that goes out over our transmitter must be consistent with the Word of God, both in message AND music. The Lord put us here for serious Christians, like yourself. We believe in ministering, not entertaining; in giving what people need, not what they merely want; in substance, not froth. Time is too precious for the shallow.”

Even though the way has not been easy, the Lord has faithfully provided every need, including the stamina to keep on keeping on, doing the Lord’s will as He led us every step of the way. Missionary Hudson Taylor once said many years ago, “Depend on it. God’s work done in God’s way will never lack God’s supply.”

I agree with son Randy as he said, “The Lord has provided strength in hard times, wisdom in spiritual battles, encouragement in discouragements, and delights upon delights in doing His will!”

**“It is of the LORD’S mercies that we are not consumed,
because His compassions fail not.
They are new every morning:
GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS”**

Lamentations 3:22, 23

Part 3 Harbour Light of the Windwards

CARRIACOU, GRENADA



Rolan & Arlene Cornelius arrived in Grenada and Carriacou in 1988



Grenada thanks USA for rescuing them from Communism.



Radio station in a container



Carriacou



Shipping from Grenada to Carriacou



Benjamin Isaac & blind Stephen Cox | Grand Bay Gospel Hall-Carriacou



Flambouyant tree in Carriacou



Carriacou, Petite Martinique & Grenadines



Fishing & boat building in Carriacou



Carnival in Carriacou



Conch shell

Sunset over Hillsborough Bay, Carriacou



Mount Pleasant, Carriacou



*Rolan & Arlene Cornelius
overlooking Mt. Pleasant*



Harbour Light Campus, Mount Pleasant, Carriacou



The tall preacher reaching the Grenadines and beyond!



*Construction of the office
and studio buildings*



*Work teams with
Rolen-Many were led
by Wayne Camfield*



Studio & office buildings completed



Harbour Light on the air

*Arlene and Francina
recording for Captain's
Kids radio program*





*Broadcasting the
Word of God*



Rolen, Director of the Harbour Light



*HLW Staff
Arlene Cornelius*



*HLW Staff
Randy & Sharlene Cornelius*

*Randy later became Director
of the Harbour Light*



HLW Staff-Richard & Francina Little



*HLW Staff
Leroy St. Jean with wife Roxanne*



HLW listeners



Randy Cornelius fell-55 feet from top of ham radio tower



Cessna Citation II from BJU evacuating Randy



Randy with his paramedic brother Jonathan in plane



Keith & Becky Ekberg & family 2010



Randy & Sharlene Cornelius & family 2008



Tony & Martha Cornelius & family 2010



Jonathan & Becky Cornelius 2008



*Rolan's Homegoing to Glory
Febriary 7, 1997*

*Rolan & Arlene
took this prayer card picture
the day before the
Lord called Rolan home.*



Cornelius family at Rolan's Homegoing 1997



Arlene with her kids

*Left to right:
Jonathan
Becky
Randy
Tony*



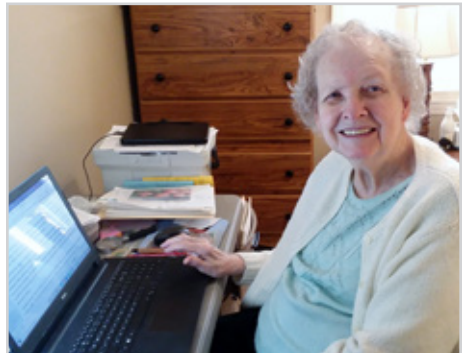
Arlene with Rolan's sister Ann Cornelius and her sister Pat Shea



Arlene & grandkids



Children's Bible Club in our home & teaching ladies Sunday School Class



Mission house built with teams led by Wayne Camfield

Arlene-finished writing book November 2019



*"to turn them from darkness to LIGHT"
Acts 26:18*

*Pray for Arlene Cornelius
~ Carriacou, Grenada*

Appendix

Documents regarding ministry standards used in the establishment of the Caribbean Radio Lighthouse on the island of Antigua, and Harbour Light of the Windwards on the island of Carriacou may be read or downloaded.

Go to the website: www.harbourlightradio.org.
Select “About Us” and “Where We Stand.”

If you would rather have a printed copy sent to you, write to:
harbourlight@spiceisle.com or send a letter to:

Harbour Light of the Windwards
Carriacou, GRENADA

“Radio is the fastest way of reaching the most people in the shortest length of time.” I heard my father, Rolan Cornelius, speak those words on many occasions. God called my dear father and mother to be pioneers in Christian missionary radio. They began their ministry in the 1950’s in Liberia, West Africa; then God moved them to the Caribbean, to Antigua in the early ‘70s, and finally to Carriacou, Grenada in the late ‘80s.

My parent’s biblical philosophy of Christian radio is summed up in my father’s words to a listener shortly before my father died. He wrote “Everything that goes out over the air from our transmitters must be consistent with the Word of God – both in message and music. We believe in ministering, not entertaining; in giving people what they need, not necessarily what they want; in substance, not froth. Time is too precious for the shallow.”

Through the means of radio, many thousands of lives have been touched with the Gospel of salvation. Countless hours of Bible teaching for careful, obedient Christian living have contributed to a true knowledge of Christ and real spiritual growth in the lives of many listeners. Most of them would not have been reached without the miracle of radio and the lives of my father and mother who were willing to follow the Lord’s call on their life and obey God’s word, no matter the cost.

Now after a span of more than six decades of ministry in missionary radio in three countries, my dear mother has declared that “the Cornelius family cannot tell you of one instance in which our Lord has failed to provide our every need, whether it be spiritual, physical, financial, or any other need. He has kept His promise found in Philippians 4:19. “But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in Glory by Christ Jesus.”

Truly, God has greatly used radio to give “Wings for the Word!”

Randy Cornelius
Director of Harbour Light of the Windwards