

January 27, 1953.

Caja 23
Calle 16
Sec 3

RIDING AND ROPING

To our dear children, Helen, Donald, Margaret and Cleland:

This is the second week. ~~I dedicate this book to:~~ I notice just now in Mother's New Testament she has the following from VINET "Perhaps to suffer is nothing else than to live deeply. Love and sorrow are the conditions of a profound life." ~~John 1:9~~ ^{John 1:9} "One who claims to live in HIM ought personally to live the way HE lived." "The calm, the poised, the hopeful DELIGHT in Prayer", S.S.J. "He (the Holy Spirit) will make known to you what will eventually" He will take from what is mine and announce it to you", John 16 12f, Verkluyt version. Mother, at sea, up in the air, in tourist courts, hotels and in her room at home, always spent a half hour of Bible study and prayer, in which she mentioned by name each of you and your children, that you might live and lead your children as Jesus lived, that you might like HIM go through temptations and overcome the tempter.... thru spiritual, mental, physical strength, protection, wisdom, guidance. As she told me only a few days ago in reference to her work with girls in FIPR "I set my face like a flint in order to do what I knew to be right". Mother always thanked God for her children one of whom is now with her THERE. "Dear children, let us not be loving and tongue, but in deed and truth. In this way we shall become fully aware that to the truth we owe our lives, and in HIS presence our hearts shall be at peace", I John 3:18f. God's greatest gift to me was your Mother. Our lives were pledged Christmas week 1900. We then and there lived for God and man with our whole strength, heart in devotion and love to HIM and for HIM who had brought us together. We kept no secrets from the other, except one during her last days of suffering. I placed a pewter tea pot (which she prized very and in which I wanted to prepare some fresh tea which she asked for) on a hot stove to keep warm only to find the pedestal half melted off. She had and was suffering so much that I could not add this to her burden. Our wedded life since May 17 1905 has been a triumphal upward service for God and man to the gates of Heaven into which she passed at 7:50 P.M. in Milley Hospital, room #3. I saw her take her last breath and kissed her Goodnight, as her soul departed. Jesus ~~llegó~~ y con EL Mother partió. While I am lonely terribly so yet I am not alone. ~~And~~ For this I am writing you something that only Mother and those who have read the story in full in my RIDING AND ROPING for correction have shared. No doubt many others have had similar experiences, but the following resulted in my perseverance and in Mother setting her face like flint.

The Trinity is made up of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit. The Father takes the place of a father to us, the Son the place of a brother and the Holy Spirit the place of a mother to us.... who directs, consoles, leads and teaches us. The Holy Spirit does thru the Bible and Prayer and our experiences of life with HIM, as our counsellor.

The Holy Spirit has definitely taught me and led me into the right way at four distinct times when I without Him would have lost my way.

First time in January 1893. In a dream to convince me right and wrong by appearing in the clouds above my tent while camped with Charlie, keeping watch over the 3,000 sheep by day and night. The face of Moses appeared in the clouds and said: "Thou shalt be punished for the sin thou hast committed". This was CONVICTION.

Second time while a student in Park College Academy about the year 1897. In my dream I was walking on the rye tracks in Parkville. A man appeared and asked me to follow him. He showed me the MO river which flowed a half mile wide by the depot. It was filled with black, white, red and brown children floating down stream up to their arms in the whirling stream. They were laughing, happy and singing... thousands of the children covering the face of the river. He said: "This is the kind of people among whom you will work to educate and develop for Christ." He took me back up to the RYR sidetrack and showed a very long flat car on which were two big draft horses, hitched up to a block of Gold about 18" x 18" x 5', pulling hard but scarcely making headway, all the time the flat car was going down grade away from where the horses were headed. He said to me: "These represent the men of wealth whom you are to get to give you money for your work among the children you saw."

2 Page. to our children.

After this he took me to the lower end of the Depot, picked up an old umbrella the covering of which was rotten and torn and said: "This umbrella represents what you are today. It needs new covering and much work done on it before it is ready for use. It also represents the hot sun and rain through which you are to travel" as he gave me the umbrella frame and suddenly disappeared. Exactly what mother and I found in Puerto Rico in 1906.

Third time came when at midnight I was riding alone from Salinas near Guanica and nearing the farm of Antonio Christian. I had just left a meeting in the home of a fisherman, Pedro

at Salinas where about 150 children with their parents had assembled at dark to see the new missionary. They asked me to teach them how to read and ~~w/ll~~ write so as to read the Bible. This made a tremendous impression on me for these children were only a few of the thousands in that district just like them without schools. I was praying as I rode along the road and asked the Lord to help me find the man who could do it-- suddenly from above a clear voice came which made me shudder as it said, "YOU, you are the one to do it". See Riding and Hoping for a fuller account of all these three and of the

Fourth Time which occurred Saturday morning about 9 A.M. January 24, 1953. For weeks I had gladly but sorrowfully closely attended Mother trying to get back her accustomed health. We prayed together so long as she could pray and then she pled with me to pray for her since she could not pray--and then the end came, and I felt my strength fading away. There was not anything that anyone could do--the separation was too great. I was weak and worn. I ~~had~~ ^{had} well all the Bible promised connected with death. Mother and I had often in recent weeks talked it all over as we had done in previous considerations of that dreadfully happy day. I laid me down on my bed and was not asleep but with eyes shut I drowsed, flat of back. I too felt that I was on the brink-- certainly a change was imminent. I was praying God for His help. Then about half way to the ceiling over my bed

Eunice appeared with a soft, glistening white, downy blanket held between her widely extended hands over me. Her face was the most radiant with joy.... her eyes shone so full of happiness and victory...her face with no signs of pain...her hair was covered with a wreath of flowers.... said: "Willie, Dear, ~~this cover is to keep you from slipping and falling~~" My eyes opened when I felt the blanket she dropped on me.

This is the fourth time God has sent a special revelation to me over the past 60 years. All four strengthened me to carry out what HE wanted me to do for Him and man. By this, I shall print our two books and found the Pan American Clinic. Then go home. J. WILL HARRIS