

My Memoir:

God fashioned our days before we existed—Psalm 139.16

**By Teresita Lacson Lampe, Ph.D.
Professor Emerita, Chemistry
Georgia State University – Perimeter College, Clarkston Campus**

Before Christ (Me! Me!)

I was the last of thirteen children. Seven brothers died before I was born, leaving me with one brother and four sisters: Adoracion (“Manang”), Aurora (“Owa”), Fe, Jose (“Toto”), Hermenia (“Moret”), then there was me, “Inday Sit”. I was the youngest and spoiled one, but the rod was never spared from me. My growing up years were unlike yours; we had to make our toys, enjoyed swimming, climbing trees, going to the rice fields and riding water buffaloes. Was I happy? I guess so. No big personal decisions had to be made with all my older siblings always telling me what to do.

I have very vague recollections of World War II. I thought it was fun riding on Papa’s shoulder to find safety every time Japanese planes flew over where we lived. Also, each of us had clothing, some foods, and other necessities in a pillowcase that served as a knapsack. We moved around quite a bit. Our family never saw a Japanese soldier as we moved further and further away from towns and cities. We moved back to Talubangi after the war.

I remember we had a monkey pet. Where this was, I cannot recall. My father had two bamboo poles as posts connected by another long bamboo pole. This allowed the monkey to move around. He was a friendly pet. He used to pick lice from us. One day my friends and I gave him a banana dipped in human feces as a joke. He became angry and very mad at us. From thereon, we missed our lice picker and friend. We could not even come close to him.

I was about 4-5 years old. We lived in Talubangi, a suburb of Kabankalan, where my oldest sister, Manang Doring taught kindergarten and first grade. I attended the afternoon session so I had time to spend playing and swimming in the river until

lunchtime. Some people had their bath, washed clothes, and some cattle had a good dip during hot days. And, further down, crocodiles were sighted quite often. We enjoyed swimming, jumping off the bridge, and crossing the river back and forth. There would be a scream from the crowd letting us know crocodiles were being sighted. We were having fun ignoring the danger.

After lunch, my friends and I would be together again walking to school. My sister was my kindergarten teacher, and half of my friends were in her class as well. On the way to school, there was a house far from the road where some people thought “witches” lived. We would run as fast as we could until we reached the school.

We did not have toys and games purchased from the store, like in America. We made our own. My friends and I liked to play a game called Sungka, which is like Mancala. But we did not have a wooden game board with marbles. We dug holes in the ground and used small stones. Another game we played was like bowling. We used empty cans and rolled rocks to knock them over. Instead of puzzles, we made our own puzzle game by pulling a piece of bark off a tree trunk while the other kids had their eyes closed. Then they opened their eyes and tried to find where the piece of bark was taken from. Sometimes, one friend would use their finger to “write” a message on another friend’s back, and they had to figure out the message. We also played a game like “hacky sack”, where we would wrap a round object in a piece of cloth and tie it on top, then we would see how many times we could kick it before it hit the ground. Whoever kicked it the most times was the winner.

There were no street lights, so when the sun set, kids did not play outside their homes. But when there was a full moon, the streets

would be filled with kids playing and parents walking and visiting.

I had very little responsibility at home. I guess it was because I was the youngest. I enjoyed school. I was always in section A, the brightest group. When it was reading time, I always volunteered to read. My classmates and teacher/sister were impressed. However, my sister was a bit suspicious, and she suspected I was memorizing the pages that were to be read that day. One day, my sister skipped ahead a few pages for reading that day. I volunteered as usual only to be embarrassed; I had not memorized that far. My punishment was to kneel by the door on beans for a few hours. It was terribly embarrassing as my friends teased me as they passed by. And when I came home, some more punishment from my father awaited me.

When fourth grade came, we had to go to another school. We were in the afternoon session; we had time to swim and play in the river in the morning. We usually took public transportation to school in Kabankalan, but opted to walk back home, weather permitting. The road leading home ran between two sugar cane plantations. The sugar cane was good to chew on if we were hungry. We had fun chasing one another or having a race again.

In high school, my group of friends and I would leave school for lunch and go to the sugar cane plantation and then be late returning back to class after lunch. My friends would get in trouble, but I never did. Maybe it was because I was always helping them with their schoolwork, and I always made good grades, and also many of the teachers were my relatives.

There was only one movie theatre in Kabankalan, and it only showed movies on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. No students should be at the theatre on Friday, because they had classes. But my friends and I left school one Friday and went to a movie.

There were a lot of absentees that day, so the principal suspected we were at the movie theatre, so he went there, turned on the lights, and saw us there. We were all caught.

The owner of the theatre was my mother's cousin, so I was allowed to see the movies for free, but my friends could not see the movies because they did not have the money. I would watch the movies over and over until I had memorized them, then I would go tell my friends about the movie. My favorite movies were the Tarzan movies with Johnny Weissmuller.

My goal/purpose in life, from high school on, was popularity and fame - not in sports or beauty contests, but academics. I received a lot of praise for my academic accomplishments. Yes, I was very popular, and I was flying high with pride. Four students each year competed for the two highest honors of valedictorian and salutatorian. My senior year, I was very disappointed that I did not get the highest honor, valedictorian. My last year was a disappointing year.

As a graduation gift, my only brother Jose brought me to spend all summer in Sindangan, Dipolog (Mindanao) where he worked as an engineer. I got to know Pingping and her family. They prepared meals for us almost every day since I was no "cook" at the time. I was already in college when my brother some months later married Ping.

My first two years on scholarship were spent in a two-year college in Iloilo, University of the Philippines (UPIC). This was not as far away from home as Manila. The first year, I was able to go home on weekends and be back for school on Monday. I was surprised to see the valedictorian of my high school senior class at UPIC. We became friends and no longer competitors. I was really happy that she was there as I was getting homesick. But then, she left without finishing the semester. After two years in

UPIC, I transferred to the University of the Philippines in Manila, stayed one year and then transferred to finish my Bachelor of Science in Chemistry from a private university, Adamson University. Leah, also a transfer student, became my best friend.

Parental Faith

As I was brought up, going to my mother's church was mandatory. My father was Protestant and my mother was Catholic, but the children were raised in the Catholic faith as per agreement of the marriage. I knew there was a God who sent His son, Jesus, to die for the sin of the world and that He was coming back. I learned there was a hell and heaven. Looking back, I learned quite a bit about God from my mother's church. However, it was just head knowledge. God was not even a part of my future plan in life. My father read his Bible daily and his life seemed peaceful, different from my mother, my siblings and mine. I was wondering what was in the Bible. We were not allowed to read the Bible back then. But I promised myself to get a Bible once I left home, away from my mother and maternal relatives who were the pillars of their religion in my town.

When I left home for college, I did get a copy of the New Testament and started reading it. I attended one church after another but did not find what I was looking for. So, I stopped going to church all together. There was no longer the eagerness and desire to read the Bible. What is next? I pursued Academia again. In 1958, I graduated with a Bachelor of Science in Chemistry, took the government board exam and scored in the top ten. I was flying high again with pride. I taught two years in a university in Manila. I thought, "This is it." But again, it was only temporal elation! Ah, going to the USA will definitely make me accomplished, fulfilled and happy.

USA Bound

The next move was an adventure that took me to the USA. Why USA? It was very prestigious to get an education/training from the USA. It was a dream come true when I got my visa for two years in 1960 under The Exchange-Visitor Program. I was on cloud nine and full of pride again. I thought I had really made it. My best friend, Leah, would join me later.

I was on my way to Boston and very excited. Arriving at Logan airport, the family who was supposed to meet me did not show up. My luggage was lost, and I was told it might be on the plane coming from New York at 9:30 P.M. I waited for the plane to arrive hoping that my luggage was on that plane. It was getting dark, no place to go, and luggage was lost. I knew I was in big trouble. I called the hospital where I was to train to see if I could get the address of some Filipina nurses working at the hospital. I was given an address in Cambridge. I found a taxi and gave the driver the address. He must have noticed my desperation and felt pity for me. After telling him my situation, he agreed to take me to Cambridge. He turned off the taximeter and only took \$5.00 for the trip. The ladies took me in. He made sure I was safe with them. What a gentleman!

My luggage did not show up until months later. What a sad situation to be in. I was no longer as eager to stay in the country, but I did not have any way to go back home. My expectation of happiness turned into disappointment, loneliness, fear, and insecurity. I became more unhappy and miserable each passing day. I would have gone back home but my PRIDE would not allow me to do that and besides, I had no return plane ticket. Outwardly, I may have appeared happy but there was a struggle going on inside of me. I had never been this miserable up to this time.

Jesus Saves

One Sunday morning, seven months after arriving in the U.S., I decided to go to a church. The pastor was just ending his sermon. The last few statements caught my attention when he said that people are looking for happiness and fulfillment in life through religion, education, travel, money, friends, family, etc. He continued to say that Jesus is the only one who can bring fulfillment and happiness in this life. He came to forgive and give life with a purpose to those who ask Him to be their Lord and Savior. I realized then, that I was seeking fulfillment and happiness in things. I asked God to forgive me of my pride and to make me the kind of person He wants me to be. I did not know the ramifications of that simple prayer, but I know God met me that day. I left the church with God's peace and a new beginning. I was a new person, born again.

I started attending a Bible study led by the preacher's wife. The Bible, for the first time, was making sense to me. I was regularly attending church and the college career group. However, when the pastor and his wife left the church, I stopped going to church and went back to my old ways.

In the fall of 1962, I completed the two-year exchange visitor program at Mass General Hospital. My two-year visa expired, and it was not renewable. The only option was to go back home. My father suggested that I should pursue my graduate studies since I was already here in the U.S. I knew it was impossible to get another type of visa. He suggested that I apply to many colleges and universities. He would pray along with his church. I did what he suggested, but the question was still the visa. I left it with God. I would be willing to stay or go back home. What a relief when the last university where I applied, Wayne State University in Detroit, MI, made a concession to allow me to take graduate classes and also offered a teaching assistantship but only

for a year. I knew my stay completely depended on God. Before the end of the year, I talked to every professor in Chemistry and Biochemistry at Wayne State about my case. A few did not have extra funding and were not taking new students. My visa was the hindrance. However, there was one more professor to approach. His name was Dr. Boyle, and he had an M.D. and a Ph.D. I had taken classes from him so he knew a little bit about my academic pursuit. I talked to him regarding my visa situation and my financial needs to continue my studies. What an answer to prayer when he took me in as one of his graduate students without any hesitation. He had just received funding for his research projects. He worked out my visa, and I even received a stipend for the research projects toward my Master and Doctorate programs. Before receiving the stipend, I was very poor financially, living on Special K cereal many days and never turning down an invitation for a meal. God is good.

At Wayne State, the foreign students were often invited by different families to have a meal at their home. At one of the homes, I was asked if I would like a drink of coke. I did want a drink, but according to Filipino custom, I did not say yes the first time they asked. I was expecting to be asked again so that I could say “Yes”, but that never happened. Everyone was drinking coke except me. I learned that in America, I should say “Yes, please” right away. This was one of many lessons I would learn about American customs versus Filipino customs.

Research

I was very grateful for the opportunity Dr. Boyle gave me to study and work under him. I believed it was God working through him. I took it as a mandate from God and that I had to do my very best to finish quickly and head home. I worked hard, staying late at night. There were times I spent the whole evening.

I had an alarm clock to wake me up when I needed to tend to my work. I was driven to finish as soon as possible. I received my Master's degree in 1964 and my Ph.D. in 1966. I finished both degrees in 3.5 years and without any debt. To God be the glory!

Discipleship

There was a church on the Wayne State campus within walking distance of the apartment I shared with three other graduate students while working on my graduate degrees. I started attending that church. The Sunday school teacher of the college group was Larry Rorem. He and his wife did not fail to invite us to have lunch with them each Sunday. Finally, my friends and I accepted the invitation. They were interested in reaching international students with the gospel and helping them grow spiritually. They started a Friday Bible study at their home which was well attended. They also prepared good food for the starving students. The four daughters, Ruth Ann, Beth, Gail, and Mary were as hospitable as their parents. Many weekend nights they gave up their beds for us to spend the night. They considered us part of their family. We saw God's love in this family. How grateful and thankful I am for this family who continued to be my family for years.

Degrees on the horizon: Meeting Wes

I had finished all the classes, and I was just waiting for the BIG QUALIFYING Written Exam for the doctorate degree. I already earned my master's degree in 1964. It was at the Student Mission Conference in Urbana, Illinois in 1964 that I promised God to serve Him with or without my Ph.D. With God's help, I passed both the written and the oral exam. With no more classes to worry about, I now had some time to socialize. Friday night was Bible

study at the Rorems and another Bible study in my apartment. One day, a Christian friend on campus introduced me to Wes, who had just come back from Europe with Operation Mobilization, a student oriented mission group. He was interested in meeting international students. This was a casual one-time meeting, I thought.

Knowing Wes

Months later, there was a newspaper clip with pictures of Ken and Wes. They needed help to distribute invitations of their crusade in a local high school. I recognized Wes. I checked with my friends to see if we could help out in any way. We did. After the crusade, Wes came to visit me more often. He worked part-time as an engineer in the morning and had after-school Bible clubs in different public schools. He was also helping with the youth in his church. I started going with him to the Wednesday night prayer meeting at his church. We saw each other more often, and I got to know him as a friend who loves the Lord. He joined the group that met at the Rorems for Bible study. My spiritual parents and Wes seemed to get along well. There were times when Larry and Wes took a good long walk just to talk. Both were engineers, so they had some things in common. Also, Wes had finished his Seminary/Bible Degree and Larry was very knowledgeable of the Bible. They had plenty to talk about. I believe Larry, as my spiritual father, wanted to know Wes better.

I was all dressed up for our first date, high heels and all. We ended up at the Laundromat washing, drying, and folding his clothes. It was a very unusual first date. But I was able to observe and learn about the real Wes. There was no pretense. I learned of his love for the Lord and desire to serve Him all his life. That was my goal as well. After months of praying and discerning God's will, we talked to the Rorems about our plan to

get married. They had been praying for us also, that we would be sensitive to God's leading. With their blessings, we decided to marry. The Rorems planned everything for the wedding. My father in the Philippines also gave his blessings.

Wedding

We got married on December 18, 1965. Two adjunct professors, women who worked with my professor-adviser, took me to get fitted for a nice expensive wedding gown. The Rorems and some members of the church did all that was needed: reception, church decorations, flowers. No invitations were mailed. We personally invited relatives, friends from Wes' church, my church, and my university colleagues. We received so many gifts that we gave away many because our studio apartment had no more space to keep them. Wes' parents were very kind to store some at their house.

My advisor allowed me to take off work/research for our honeymoon trip to South Carolina. We visited our missionary friend in Greenville, SC. It was a cold winter drive. The car had no defroster, so it was my job to keep the windshield scraped of frost. We were driving through Pennsylvania on Christmas night, on our way back home. Restaurants were closed so we ended up at the Greyhound Bus terminal eating hot turkey dinners. It was a blessing celebrating Christmas as husband and wife.

Additional Blessing: Post Doctorate Stipend

When we came back from our trip, my advisor asked me if I could help a graduate student with her research for six months until my graduation. Since it was a post doctorate position, I actually received an additional stipend, which is not something I

expected because I was still finishing my own dissertation. God was blessing us financially. The next big step was writing my dissertation. There was no word processor available at that time, and I typed very slowly. What a challenge! Thankfully, Wes took over the typing using an electric typewriter. He had to type and retype pages where corrections were made. I submitted my dissertation on time. In June of 1966, I received my Doctor of Philosophy in Chemistry/Biochemistry. God did the impossible for us. Not us but Christ!

Operation Mobilization Preparation – A Lesson in Trust

Soon after my graduation, we prayed and sought God for the next move. Operation Mobilization came to mind, since Wes had been with this group. Operation Mobilization required that our funding for the plane tickets (\$1000) and living expenses while with the group came through prayer and faith alone. But I wondered, why pray when we already had the money for the plane tickets? I had a Ph.D., couldn't I work and earn the funds needed? For me, it was a test of my willingness to live by faith. After reading all the books and listening to audio messages, I was convinced that the Lord had more lessons for me about trusting Him. At this point in time, I was pregnant with our first child, and Dr. Boyle had also made an offer for me to stay and work for him. Doubts crowded my mind. Questions and doubts...what if...? Wes and I prayed and prayed. How soon I had forgotten how God took care of me at Logan Airport in 1960, provided a professor for my degrees, worked out my visa situation, and how He brought a godly husband into my life. Was \$1000 too much for God to supply? God had to remind me how He supplied what I needed in the past. He is the same God: "For I know Him whom I believed and am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Timothy 1:12). We had trusted Him

in the past. Had He ever failed us? Could I trust Him? Great lessons of faith were still to come. God provided the funds.

Operation Mobilization: Venice, Italy

After a month long conference in Brussels, Belgium, we had a team for Venice, Italy. This was just for the summer when students from Sweden, England, USA, Finland, Australia, Ireland, etc. spent their summer off to work with OM. Having a mixed team (co-ed group), we needed to rent two apartments, which would be very expensive. Venice was an expensive city to live in, but even more so during summer months because of tourists and visitors. But God provided us a place right in the hub of Venice within walking distance of St. Mark Square, where people would hang out to enjoy the music and other social activities. We stayed in an old church, and we were allowed to use two floors for free. One floor was for the fellows to sleep, as well as storage space for Christian literature, Bibles, tracts, etc. The top floor had a kitchen, dining room, study room, girls' bedroom, and a bedroom for Wes and me. In the morning, after breakfast and devotions, the team went out to give free Christian literature and Bibles. I stayed back to prepare meals for the team because I was pregnant. The church was used only on Sundays, and the rest of the week there was no one in the building. This was the very first time I was completely alone for long periods of time, and to make things worse, it was in a strange place with no telephone in case of an emergency. I overcame the fear and anxiety of being left alone by reading and memorizing God's Word. That was a summer to remember, and many lessons were learned such as living with young people from different cultures, overcoming fear and anxiety through memorizing God's Word, preparing meals for a group, being a wife, and soon to be a mother. We met several people from other parts of the world.

Our team handed out Christian readings, made friends, and invited some to a Bible study.

The church where we stayed was by a canal where people enjoyed their gondolas during high tide. At low tide you noticed what was underneath the water and the odor was unpleasant. After Venice, we went back to Bolton, England, to work with a team in the office and bookstore, and waited for John's birth.

Birth of John: Bolton, England

John was born in Bolton, a Teaching Hospital. After long hours of labor pain, John came in to this world. It was a Sunday morning at 5:30 when I was admitted to the maternity ward, each separated with a curtain. Husbands and relatives were not allowed in the maternity ward. About 6:00 P.M. on February 5, 1967, John Wesley was born weighing 7 pounds and 12 ounces. Wes was allowed to be with us then. I stayed 3 weeks in the hospital because of an infection. One thing that I appreciated about the hospital was that babies stayed in the nursery all night long. Last feeding was at 6-7 p.m. and back with the mothers about 6:00 in the morning. It was a blessing to be able to sleep uninterrupted through the night. I had an infection, but God healed whatever it was.

When I was released from the hospital, a wealthy Christian family invited us to stay at their home. We stayed in their house for a week, they spoiled us a bit, and we had a good rest. We had hot tea in the bedroom before breakfast. Wow, what a treat! We thank God for this family, who also supplied us with coal through the winter months for the fireplace, foods, and other necessities. God supplied all our needs.

The apartment we lived in was without hot water, without heat, and the bathroom was outside the house. In the morning before Wes left to work with the team, he would start a fire in the fireplace for us to be comfortable enough all day. At bath time for John, I had to boil water on the stove and add cold water to bring it to room temperature. This was done in front of the fireplace. At night, since there was no heat in the house, John wore three layers of clothing and we covered the crib with a blanket. He slept through the night as trained in the hospital. Our son, John Wesley, became famous among the healthcare professionals, neighbors, and friends because of the famous English preacher and evangelist, John Wesley, who founded the Methodist Denomination. It was an experience never to be forgotten, and I thank God for teaching me lessons that otherwise I would have missed.

After John's birth, we attended our second conference in Brussels for students/families with Operation Mobilization. We learned there that we would be on a mixed team heading to Rovigo, Italy, and we met a woman named Annika from Sweden who would also be on our team in Rovigo. We did not know it then, but Annika would become a lifelong friend and sister.

Operation Mobilization: Rovigo, Italy

John was about 5 months old when we went with our OM team to Rovigo. A pastor, who was converted from being a catholic priest, provided housing for the team. Our family stayed in a one-room house on the property. The rest of the team stayed at the pastor's home. They had a grape vineyard and trees with beautiful changing colors during the fall season. Wes would take John on his shoulder and walked through piles of fallen leaves. It was a fun time for them. John did not have a playmate his age but had

plenty of adults to play with. His favorite friend was Annika. The other girls helped out some, but Annika became his favorite.

John knew the tune of Old Rugged Cross as it was his bed time song. One morning he climbed out of his crib and fell into our bed still humming. Pastor and his family were very fond of John. They watched him for me when I went to the market to buy food for the team. One day, Janice and I went to the fresh fish market and an eel wiggled itself off the table and fell right at our feet. There was a big scream from us. After that, each time we went to the same market, people teased us and asked if we wanted to buy some eels.

Annika and her husband, Rolf, and their three children have visited us here in the U.S. twice with their children, Johann, Peter and Maria, and two other times by themselves. We are still in contact with them. We thank God for the friendship that began in Rovigo, Italy and continues to this day.

At the end of the summer, students returned to their homeland unless they decided to stay for another year. From Rovigo, we went to Cremona, Italy with another mixed team.

Operation Mobilization: Cremona, Italy

Our team rented a third floor attic apartment with no heat and no hot water. This was another challenge. After devotions and breakfast, the team would leave to give out Bibles, Christian books, and make contacts to invite to Bible studies. Because we used a wood burning stove for cooking, I had to start lunch right away. In our bedroom, there was another wood burning stove that kept us warm and comfortable. Before lunch, John usually took a nap while I was in the main room cooking. One morning, I believe the Lord led me to the bedroom to check on John. It was

not my routine to check up on him at that time. What a big surprise! Smoke filled the room. I hurriedly got John out safely from the room. Was that a coincidence that I checked on John? No, God prompted me to check on him. We thank God for His protection.

We got to know other occupants in this building and neighbors. In the afternoon, the ladies gathered in the courtyard to socialize and help each other wash and prepare the freshly picked vegetables. Evening meal was a big one for these families. After naptime, John and I joined them for an hour or so. They talked and made motions that John seemed to understand. This was also a good time to learn some Italian. John daily looked forward to be with his “nonnas” (grandmothers) as there was always a treat for him. It was a very memorable year for us. We made many friends from the area and contacts from door-to-door evangelism.

Our plan was to go to India after John’s birth. Wes would take classes in a college/university and still work with the team. We were just waiting for Wes’ visa to board the OM ship heading for India. However, his visa did not come in time before the ship left. We were disappointed, but we acknowledged that God is all knowing. We look back and thank God. Some day we may know why.

We remained in Cremona with a smaller group this time, working with a church. It was during this time period that Wes got very sick. The doctors could not diagnose what was causing him to lose weight. Also, I was pregnant with our second child. We decided to head back home so Wes could see specialists for his health problems and stay until the baby was born. We left all our belongings in Italy as we planned to go back after the baby was born and Wes’ health issues resolved. However, our plan to go back to Italy did not materialize. Was it our plan or God’s plan? We prayed and waited on The Lord for the next move.

We missed the church, team members, and our Italian friends. We thank God for the lessons we learned while waiting on Him. God's ways are always for our best. God showed us that we can depend on Him to supply our needs as we trust and obey Him. It was an experience to remember, living and working together with Christians from other parts of the world. God is not finished with us yet... more lessons and teaching from our God!

Back from Europe: With Wes' parents

Wes went to different medical specialists but received no specific diagnosis of his situation. We did not know what was causing his weight loss. Wes' parents welcomed us back. But with a 2-year old son and expecting another one, we knew our stay with his parents was just a temporary one. They never complained, but we knew our stay was taking a toll on the new carpet, new curtains, new furniture, etc. It is plain common sense that Wes needed a job to support our growing family. We did not have a car or house, and our second baby was due to be born soon. He went for job interviews and was hired as an engineer. It was a good paying job. This was a relief for his parents and me. He was to begin working that Monday. His mom and I had everything ready for his first lunch at work. His parents were elated, and I was too. They even offered a down payment for a car.

We never expected that our plan could change in one day. We went to church that Sunday morning, and I was uneasy and troubled about the sermon. I thought it was purposely for us. I did not share this uneasiness with Wes, but God was also speaking to him. We did not talk to each other about the morning sermon. However, the evening sermon brought some more doubt and questions about Wes taking a job. I did not want to initiate the conversation. Coming home from church, Wes was bold enough to open the conversation about the sermons that day. I was quiet and listened. I imagine he expected a scream from me. Instead, with a

smile, I shared the same conviction. We thanked God for revealing it to us independently. The next courageous step was to tell his parents. Were they happy about it? No. They thought we were not thinking rationally.

8 Summit Street Apartment (Ypsilanti), Michigan

We felt God was directing us to work with students at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor and Eastern Michigan University in Ypsilanti. The two universities are a few minutes away from each other. We had God's peace to move but no car and no place to live. We would go by faith, trusting God to supply our needs as He did in the past. We would do what He was leading us to do as long as He provides our needs. He had never failed us before.

Neighbors of Wes' parents had a VW for sale. It was in pretty good condition. The van was priced at \$150 but he gave it to us for \$100. We packed the van with all our things and drove toward the Ann Arbor-Ypsilanti area where the two universities are located. We found a cheap apartment, walking distance from EMU. The owners were Christians; they did not require a damage deposit. It was \$150 a month and we could pay every two weeks. We gave them \$75 for the first two weeks leaving us \$25 for gas and frozen foods. Weeks later, we had all that we needed for the apartment, rent money, utilities, and food. We thanked God for the car, housing, and all the material blessings. He supplied what we needed as we trusted and obeyed Him.

Dan was born at the University of Michigan hospital clinic. What a luxury it was, after my experience in England! With no insurance, each time I went for a check up, they would ask when all these bills would get paid. My response was, we are trusting God to have the money by the time of delivery. At 4:05 pm.,

February 15, 1969 a healthy baby, Daniel Joel, weighing 8 pounds and 4 ounces, was added to our family. We stayed 3 days in the hospital and paid the bills in full. We thanked God for supplying our needs, and we thanked God for the new addition to our family. We also had our first dog, a Border Collie named Laddie. John was happy to have a dog to play with. Laddie was an amazing dog and was John's protector. Anyone coming close to John would make Laddie bark. When Dan cried, Laddie would come and gave me a nudge.

John Diehl came to Ypsilanti to work, and was looking for a room to rent. Wes met him at Eastern Michigan University campus while giving out tracts to the students. He mentioned he was looking for a room to rent. Wes asked me if I would be comfortable having a stranger rent the other room. It was a godly encounter with John. and we took it as from the Lord. He was a dear brother in the Lord and a great help to us. Another godly encounter was with Dave Davis, a student at EMU who later joined our team to reach out to students.

EMU (Eastern Michigan University): Pine Grove Students' Housing

Wes, after praying and seeking God for the next move to reach students with the Gospel, took classes for his master's degree in English Literature. What an opportunity to share the gospel to his classmates and professors. As a student, we were also able to get a cheaper apartment at Pine Grove Students' Housing. God again opened the door for us to rent the only basement apartment right on campus. We applied to rent with a baby, a toddler, and our friend John. They allowed us to have John live with us. This was God's providence again. Pets were not allowed in the students housing so we had to find a family for Laddie. We asked Bill and

Jean, Wes' brother and his wife, if they would take him. Thank God, they were gracious to take John's friend, Laddie.

God also provided a one-year post-doctorate research position at the University of Michigan. This was a help financially, and it was also a big help for Wes because I had access to check out textbooks from the university library for longer periods. We only had one car, so Wes would take me to the University of Michigan and pick me up in the afternoon. The boys were with Wes until time to pick me up. One day, I was waiting for my ride so I called home. My driver had been home but had forgotten to pick me up.

Student friends took turns watching the two boys while Wes was at school. One day when I came home, I saw a bruise on Dan's face. I thought it was just rough playing in the playpen. John later mentioned that Dan fell off the bed when he was left alone. Linda who used to live with us at our Summit Street apartment took over watching the boys. I was thankful when I finished my one-year commitment to do research.

Was it luck or God making a way for us? The apartment was facing a field where the children can play when there were no PE classes or some other school activities. One day, John and Daniel were playing in the playpen. John had his breakfast and seemed fine. I was busy cooking and cleaning but happened to check on them. It was a good thing because John had turned blue with high fever. He was having a convulsion. It so happened there was a PE class in front of the apartment. I opened the door and screamed for help. The Physical Education instructor was able to stabilize John. Some students stayed with Dan while we took John to the emergency. This was the second time John was spared; the first time was from the smoke in our bedroom in Cremona, Italy. How thankful we are for God's protection and provision.

John sometimes played with his neighbor friend named Bobby, who was about his age. One day it was suppertime, and we could not find John or Bobby anywhere. Within walking distance of our apartment, there was a fieldhouse where the Pistons would practice, and we thought to look there. Wes walked over and sure enough, there were John and Bobby watching the team practice. When John saw his dad, he said “Uh-Oh”.

While living in our Pine Grove apartment, John had three imaginary friends. Dan was too young to play with John at the time, so each night, John pretended to call his imaginary friends on the phone and asked them to come and play with him in the morning. Morning came, he would open the door and told his friends to come in and have breakfast with us. He would play with them, Mlocmloc, Mlamlam, and Tippi. When Dan was about two years old, John’s three pals said good bye, and there was no more mention of them. John now had Dan to play with, just two years difference in age.

Our apartment was a basement apartment with a cement walkway in front, which led to the campus. The walkway had many large trees overhead that provided shade for the boys when they played outside. One day, just after they came indoors from playing outside, a large tree fell and landed in the spot where the boys were just playing. Once again, God provided protection.

Another time, John and I were driving our VW stick-shift van to pick up a friend. While sitting a red light, we were hit from behind. This was before the days of carseats for kids. John flew forward and hit the windshield. An ambulance came and took us to the emergency room. He was fine, but after that incident, every time he rode with me he would ask, “Can I sit on the floor in case we have an accident?”

Back to 8 Summit Street house with nine students

Wes finished his degree, so we moved back to the same house in Summit Street where we first rented the top floor. This time we rented the whole house with nine students. The fellows lived upstairs and our family lived on the first floor. Some students drove to the University of Michigan. Students attending EMU walked to school. Our rented house was walking distance to the university. The students prepared breakfast for themselves. Those who needed to take lunch to school prepared their own sandwiches. The EMU students usually came home for lunch. We all ate supper together, and I did the cooking. There was a long picnic table for the students and a small table for our family. Students took part in the clean up. Believe me, there was no food left over each supper. Students usually had their Bible Study with Wes in the evening when everyone was home. It was a blessing to see fellows of different ethnicities and backgrounds live together in harmony.

A friend had parked his broken down car at the end of our driveway. The two boys and I usually stayed home in the mornings. Each morning, weather permitting, the boys pretended to have a church service. Dan was just starting to talk. Both stood on the hood of the car, an antenna of the car served as the microphone. John was the preacher, “repent for the kingdom of God is at hand.” Next, it was Dan’s turn to lead the singing, “trust and obey” with his baby talk. Our house was next door to a daycare, and the daycare workers were amused as they listened to them each day.

Daily, students on their way to school passed by our house. John and Dan played in front of the house and gave out tracts to the students. There was a halfway house not too far from us. A former retired professor lived there and every day she passed by our house on her way to the college library. She refused to even

look at the boys and refused to take the tract. One day as she was passing by, I heard John tell Dan, “Here comes the lady who never looks at us or takes our tracts, let’s stone her.” “Ote, John,” (“Okay” for Dan as he was just learning to talk.) I overheard them gathering stones. I opened the window and warned the boys, “Better not”. They dropped the stones, and I warned them never to throw stones at anybody.

Rebekah joined our family while we had the nine students in the rented house on Summit Street. We did not have health insurance. When asked how we planned to pay, I told them we would have all the money to pay for the delivery and hospital stay. I usually gave my testimony about how God provided what we needed in the past, and I assured them we would have the money then. At 12:00 midnight, November 23, 1971 at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, Ann Arbor, our princess, Rebekah Lacson, was born weighing 7 pounds and 13 ounces. Three days before Thanksgiving Day, we came home from the hospital. The students went home for the Thanksgiving break. Wes’ parents, aunts, and other relatives brought Thanksgiving dinner for us. The students gave us a baby food shower when they came back from the break. What a joy to have the BIG FAMILY back together after Thanksgiving break.

Near the end of one year, Paul, one of the students living with us, was going to be gone for a period of time and asked us if we could take over his janitorial job at a big church/school. This was a good opportunity for us because we could make a little extra money, but the three kids would have to come along with us. So John helped us work, picking up trash, while Dan stayed with Rebekah in the playpen.

At the end of the year, students graduated or transferred to another school. Since we did not need as much room, we moved back to the second floor apartment, the very first apartment we

rented. Three girls lived with us then, as well as a blind Ph.D. student named Joseph Varghese. The girls were a big help with Joseph, and they also helped us by babysitting. While giving out tracts at the university, Wes met an EMU basketball player, Ken McIntosh. He and his girlfriend had a three-year old daughter, Kourtney. They asked us if we could keep Kourtney every day while they were at school. Ken related to us later that it was in one of our Bible studies that God spoke to him to get right with God. Ken was drafted later by the NBA after he finished college. He came by with a nice gift for us. We enjoyed them as friends, and Kourtney became a friend to John.

One of the girls who lived with us, Charlotte, took John across the street to mail a letter. He pulled away from her hand and was hit by a car driven by an elderly couple. Thankfully, they were driving slowly because it was a residential area. This resulted in another trip to the hospital for John. He had no injuries.

John wanted to have another dog, an Alaskan Husky. We told him we did not have the money to buy one, but we could probably get him a free “husky” puppy. He insisted to pray for a Husky. Wes checked the newspaper daily for a “husky” pup. What a surprise when, advertised in the newspaper, was a one year old Alaskan Malamute free to a good home. Wes called the owner right away and John was elated to have his prayer answered. Wes and John went to get the real Husky, Alaskan Malamute. What a joy to see John’s prayer answered. What a boost to John’s faith! There is nothing impossible with God. John named his pet and playmate: SAMSON.

We were looking for a church to call our home church, where we can minister. God led us to a small Christian and Missionary church in Ypsilanti. Wes helped out with evangelism and at times preaching. We were happy serving the Lord in this church. We fit in nicely with young parents and their young children as

playmates for our three. One Sunday morning, the preacher announced he was moving to another city. It was not a surprise as they had been praying for it. Wes was then asked by our District Superintendent to be an interim pastor until they found a new pastor. When the new pastor came, a few weeks later, Wes was asked again by the District Superintendent to be an interim pastor of another church in Wayne, Michigan as the pastor was retiring. We accepted the new challenge but it was quite a drive from Ypsilanti to Wayne, especially, with three children to get ready for Sunday and Wednesday prayer service.

Wayne Tabernacle: Our First Church, Wayne, Michigan

Before long, the church in Wayne voted and asked Wes to be their new pastor. This was a neighborhood church in a huge building. People walked to church. The founder-pastor, Brother May retired, but he and his wife continued to attend the church. He was a mentor-pastor to Wes, and we thank God for him. They helped us bridge the gap relationally between the old membership and us. Membership of the church was few, mostly retired and three young families with young children. Our children sat with me at the very back pew during the services, as there was no children's church. John and Dan were told to write something about the sermon. Rebekah and David just had to tell something about the sermon since they were not in school yet. It was a training to be quiet and listen. They did well with only a few trips to the basement. Brother May was the song leader, and his wife was the pianist. Though the salary was only \$35 a week and leaving campus ministry, we knew this was the right move.

The parsonage, 5055 Newberry Street, Wayne, Michigan, was walking distance from the church. The house had two bedrooms, one bathroom, and a sunroom. John, Dan and Rebekah had one bedroom and we had the other. We prayed for friends to help out

in the ministry, and God answered our prayer. John Diehl (our former house-mate from EMU), John Zimik, who had just returned from OM in Europe, and Dave Davis who had graduated from Eastern Michigan University. They all volunteered to help with door-to-door evangelism inviting neighbors to church. What a team the Lord had provided! We converted the sunroom into a bedroom for them. God brought neighborhood people to church. Our Sunday school grew and we had a children's ministry, youth choir, junior church, and Assistant Pastor with no salary.

With \$35 a week, how were we able to feed our family and the fellows living with us? We trusted God to supply our needs. Some days, we found bags of foods outside our front door. Money came as we needed it. Our first Christmas at Wayne, our family was invited to share a Christmas Celebration in Toledo, Ohio. After the celebration, the children were asked to go to the stage and see what was under the tree. What a Christmas surprise! Under the tree were gifts for the whole family. The children were now beginning to see HOW GOOD GOD IS. The same church invited us again when I was pregnant with our fourth child. They showered us again with gifts, baby food, and diapers. We thank God from whom all blessings flow.

David Paul was born at 9:45 A.M. weighing 8 pounds and 5 ounces at Wayne County Hospital on July 6, 1973. The same question was asked each clinic visit. The same answer: we will have the money by the time of delivery. We thank God for this new addition, a healthy baby boy. He stayed a few days in the hospital because of jaundice; the medical team called him "pumpkin" because of his skin.

Later, Wes was out of town for a week, and I was home with the children. David, 18 months old, had been playing with our husky dog, Samson, and had a fall. Also, the flu was going around in the neighborhood. That evening, David had a high fever, and was not

himself. I thought it was the flu or possibly a concussion from the fall. Eleanor, the wife of our assistant pastor, suggested we take him to the emergency. Being a nurse, she knew the symptoms were not that of the flu or concussion. They took a spinal tap and discovered it was bacterial meningitis. He was given intravenous antibiotic immediately. When I left the hospital around 11:00 that evening, I was told that by morning if he still had fever, they would change the antibiotic. We called the elders to pray for him and Wes hurried home from Cleveland, Ohio to be with us. At 6:00 the following morning, I called the hospital to check how David was. The nurse said the fever left him that evening. It was definitely an answer to prayer. A spinal tap was taken, and it was free of bacteria. That morning the doctor had his round with his students. He told his students that it was an unusual case, and that the child's mother said it was a miracle as people prayed the whole night. To God be the glory, great things He has done! Before his hospital stay, David could utter very few words. His sister, Rebekah, was his interpreter at home. When he came home after some days stay in the hospital, he had learned to talk. A blessing in disguise, because GOD is GOOD!

Rebekah and David always played together. When I was busy cooking and cleaning, I had them in a playpen together. Rebekah liked to help me give David a bath in our kitchen sink. One day, they were both in the playpen, and Rebekah decided to give David a bath. She found some orange juice and started pouring it on David's head. He was enjoying licking the juice until I heard a scream. Some of the juice got into his eyes.

John and Dan were already attending school just a few yards from home. John would take tracts to school and gave them out to his friends and teacher. One day, the teacher told him not to bring tracts to school again. The teacher wanted a conference with me about the tracts and why John interrupted her about Santa Claus. At the conference we discussed how we told the children the truth

about Christmas, and that the tracts were all over the house and he must have taken some to school.

Sometimes after the evening service, our friend Royce brought pizza or Kentucky fried chicken for the family. It was a treat for every one. The children looked forward to Royce's visits, and once they heard the loud sports muffler from afar there would be a shout, "Uncle Roy is coming!"

One day, our family was invited to watch Paul Anderson, a world champion Christian power lifter. It was held in a huge auditorium. During the intermission, a big scare came upon us. Rebekah, about 5 years old, wandered away from our group. There was a huge crowd and we panicked. We prayed for protection and guidance to find her. It was a big relief when a friend found her crying looking for us. We thanked God for His protection.

The church was going strong as people continued to come. However, Wes, Dave Davis, and John Diehl missed working with students. What is the next move? We began to pray for a church opening close to a college or university. Some weeks later, we got a call from the District Superintendent asking if Wes would candidate for a pastoral position in Lansing, Michigan. This small church was just 5 miles from Michigan State University. After almost 5 years at the first church in Wayne, Michigan, we were ready for the next move. Lansing Bethel Alliance Church called Wes to speak as a candidate for the position. We trusted God for direction and He guided us.

Lansing Bethel Alliance Church: Second Church

We were excited to work with students again. What a surprise, the Sunday Wes preached as a candidate, there were no students, only a pianist who was a teaching assistant from Michigan State

University. I was very disappointed as I was expecting students, especially international students. They could ride their bicycles to church. The university is that close but no students? After meeting with the church leadership which consisted of relatives and extended families, they thought they could offer us \$100 a week. Becky, the well-respected spiritual leader of the group agreed, “Nothing is impossible with God. Let us believe that God will supply our needs.” Was this the direction from the Lord? The church and parsonage were paid for. We just wanted to be sure it was God’s next move for us. With peace in our hearts, we followed His leading, and Wes accepted the position.

In 1976, we moved to Lansing, Michigan. Soon, John Diehl, now married, moved into an apartment near the church. David Davis, also now married, moved to Lansing. Doug Warner, Becky’ son, joined the team to reach students. They went dorm to dorm and shared the gospel with students. The housing for married students was more welcoming to the visits. International students began attending our church. Some students from Nigeria, Venezuela, Senegal, Taiwan, South America, Sierra Leon, Japan, South Korea, Philippines, even Saudi Arabia became friends of the church. Many internationals received Christ as their Lord and their attendance on Sunday mornings was such an encouragement. During praise time, international students praised God in their own languages. Marvin Lynch, who had been a student at Eastern Michigan University, now got a job at Michigan State University as head of the Human Resources. He is a gifted piano player, and served in the leadership of the church. The church was well integrated racially, academically, socially, and by age. We had farmers, businessmen, students, Ph.D.’s, the Superintendent of the Michigan School of the Blind, and more. Families got involved in the ministry. We were not a homogeneous church racially, academically, or socioeconomically, but we were united in our love for God. The

church was growing in number and reaching people. The uniting Person is Jesus!

The children attended a Christian school earlier but later transferred to public schools. We had a car pool taking them to Christian school and back. With our four children participating in sports and piano lessons, we had to ask help at times from friends for transportation. David started playing tag football at age 5-6. He played offense, defense, and special teams. No wonder he fell asleep in the car before we reached home. No pizza then as he slept through the night. John, 13 years old, and Daniel, 11 years old wanted to have a paper route. The subdivision behind the church and the parsonage was an upscale neighborhood. We had the papers delivered to the house, and mom had them ready after school for their route. John took one section and Dan did the other. When they got involved in sports, the delivery schedule changed to mornings. They had to be up early and ready to deliver the morning papers before school. It was a good experience for them to have extra spending money for clothes and shoes, apart from our allotted budget for them.

Lansing was a great place to raise our family. The parsonage, 2620 Lake Lansing Rd., was next door to the church. Wes had his office in the church. The church parking lot separated the church and the parsonage. It was ideal for our young children to play, ride their bikes, and other activities. The parsonage had two bedrooms upstairs, a finished basement, and one bathroom. We used the church bathroom as needed. We converted part of the basement area of the house into bedrooms for John and David. David had a bunk bed adjacent to the laundry room. We had our bedroom in the basement as well. The main floor had the kitchen, dining room, living room, bathroom, and two bedrooms that Rebekah and Dan occupied. Rebekah shared her room with a Japanese student named Miko for a while until Miko got married to her fiance, Steve. We enjoyed Miko's cooking, especially

sukiyaki, which she prepared in a wok. Others stayed in our home at different times, including Royce, Doug, and Gary. Our kids were accustomed to having other people living with us. International students were often invited for meals. Sometimes they would bring some of their own food with them, and we were able to taste recipes from many countries.

Dan bought a car to fix. He was about 14 years old. He saved up from the paper route to buy the car. When he got his driver's license, his friends from the neighborhood got a free ride here and there. One night, some friends spent the night at the house. It was awfully quiet upstairs, Rebekah was already asleep and so was the rest of the family. Dan's bedroom, where the boys were supposedly sleeping, was well made up as if there were bodies under their sleeping bags. But I knew they were not in the house because Dan's car was not at the parking place, and I knew they had used the sliding door to go out. Coming back, they turned off the engine and started pushing the car up. They left the sliding door unlocked to enter back in the house. But to their surprise, the door was locked. They were asking each other "who left the door locked?" I unlocked the door, and you should have seen their faces.

John and Dan were always looking forward to a huge brand name tennis shoe sale in the Armory. They would stay overnight by that place to be first in line to buy expensive shoes and sell them for a profit. Then they had some extra money to buy what they wanted. We had a budget for the children for what they needed but not what they wanted.

The children enjoyed their pets: a German Shepherd Spike, David's birthday gift just before we moved to Georgia, Buddy a black mixed breed stray dog that followed the boys home after their paper route, and Sam, our Alaskan Malamute. Rebekah also had cats: one or two devoured by Sam. Winter and snowy

months were fun times for the children and Sam. Wes would take the children on a sled ride with Sam pulling.

Behind the parsonage was fertile land for strawberries, green beans, carrots, corn, potatoes, etc. It was a lot of work, weeding, picking, and preparing them for canning and freezing. The whole family helped out. We did a lot of canning and freezing. We gave away some to the neighbors and church members. We learned quite a bit about living off the land. It helped us with our budget and taught us to work together as family. The children learned discipline, patience, and work ethic.

On Sundays after lunch, the children, one at a time, would go to the office and, on the computer, take their memory verse test. As time went by, some of them found it was easier to cheat the computer program than to learn the verses. Summer months, they had more Bible lessons. They learned how to type and had some Greek lessons from Wes.

I tried to help married students with their preschool children while they were at school. I did all that needed to be done in the morning, and then I would be home to have lunch with Wes. I made sure I was home when the children came home from school. Papers were prepared for the boys' route. After school, the parsonage served as an after-school center until parents picked them up. Many times, Dan's neighborhood friends hung out at the house as well. All of the kids in the house were boys except for Rebekah and her good friend, Amy, whose parents were also from the Philippines. Rebekah and Amy took piano lessons together weekly. They were always asked to compete at the Olivet Piano Competition Festival, and they did well and had fun. Amy's mom and I were also good friends, and we took the girls to their lessons and competitions together.

In the summer months, we would take trips to the library, lake, or pool during the day. Sometimes there would be six of us, the four kids, Amy, and me, packed into our small red Datsun, which had a rust hole in the floor. We did not have a luxury vehicle, but we had fun together.

During this time, there were a lot of refugees coming from Cambodia, Viet Nam, and Laos. Our church became involved in helping these refugees get settled in the U.S. I would drive to downtown Lansing, usually with at least one child accompanying me, and I would spend time with different families, drive them to the grocery store, social security office, or various errands. They showed their gratefulness by preparing huge platters of their favorite cuisine, and we loved it too. The kids' favorite was the small Cambodian egg rolls.

Sometimes on Friday nights we would have family court which was fun. The children would take their cases to court against each other. Pop was the judge. They could call witnesses to testify against each other. Mom had to testify whether the event happened and who was at fault or not telling the truth. David usually was "bought" out as a witness by his siblings before court time. Whoever was found to be at fault lost part of the Friday night treat.

Another activity we enjoyed as a family in the summer months was our chess tournament. The children can pick their pairs and time of the day to play. Somehow, David always chose to play against mom at 5:00 in the afternoon. He won each time. Mom's brain was half-functional at that time of the day, but David was also a good player. It was a fun time for the whole family.

Summer activities also included canoeing, camping, and backpacking in the north woods. Wes and the children built a canoe. Rebekah and I opted to stay home on canoeing trips as the

canoe can only hold a few people. On backpacking trips to Michigan's Upper Peninsula, each of us had a backpack including our dog Sam. Wes and I carried tents, food, and cooking gear. The children carried their own tents, water canteens, clothes, etc. On one of our hiking and camping trips, David caught his first fish from the Mosquito River on the shores of Lake Superior. He was yelling and screaming. We thought he was in danger. He was just proud to catch his first fish. Mosquito River was named after the swarm of these creatures in that place. I read that mosquitoes did not like the smell of garlic so I made garlic necklaces for each one of us. No mosquito came close to us! But we all smelled garlicky when we left Mosquito River. Can you imagine going to a restaurant with our smell? We were out of food, hungry, and no other recourse but the restaurant. Pardon us!

On one backpacking trip, up and down the hill, we got lost on our way home. Wes followed the map instead of our compass. It was getting late in the afternoon and our water canteens were getting low. There was no camping site and no fresh water. The only option was to go back where we came from and retrace the path, this time with our compass. Moses had his trouble leading the Israelites. Wes had his with the five.

Some summers, we spent a week at the Christian and Missionary Alliance's Beulah Beach on Lake Erie in Ohio. It was a fun week, meeting up with old friends, and a spiritual retreat. They usually had good speakers in the evening. The children enjoyed swimming or getting into our small sailboat with Wes. It was a family time with togetherness, lots of rest, and reading during the day. John and Dan would wake up early each morning to be first in line when the store opened. By the end of the day, the children would be exhausted. One evening, after the service, Dan was missing. He was too tired to walk back to our cabin and we found him asleep on the sidewalk.

One year while in Lansing, we planned a trip to Missouri for a Lampe family reunion. John had just gotten his driver's license, and he had received a car from our good friends, Lou and Gail Tutt. He and Dan wanted to take a last minute trip to the mall before we left for the trip. We waited and waited for them to get home, then we received a phone call from the hospital. They had been in a car accident. John had a broken nose, and Dan was having class cleaned from his arm. We got a late start on our trip, and John and Dan were black and blue.

We were in Lansing for 10 years and we enjoyed being there. John graduated from Eastern High School in 1985, Daniel in 1987. John attended MSU one year and decided to join the Marines and later graduated from Georgia State University. Dan went on to graduate from MSU.

We had a family problem: Wes' Dad was living alone in Florida after Wes' mother died in 1982. Wes tried to help his Dad from Michigan and it became very time consuming and expensive driving back and forth. We prayed for God's guidance. Dad did not want to leave Florida. Our prayer was answered when the District Superintendent called Wes to ask if he would consider candidating as a pastor of a church in Gwinnett County, GA. We came and met with the leadership and members of the church. They unanimously voted to call Wes as their next pastor.

Snellville Alliance Church: Third Church

We moved to Georgia in May 1986. Dan was a junior and still had another year of high school. He did not want to leave his school, and we made the very difficult decision to let Dan stay with his good friend, Paul's family in Lansing. We met with Paul's parents and they were happy to have Dan stay until he finished high school. We thanked God for this provision. For me,

it was one of the worst times of separation ANXIETY I ever experienced. Leaving my family in the Philippines was another one. But, God's grace is NEW each day to lean on.

This church did not have a parsonage. We had two options, to rent or buy a house. We decided to buy a house that is affordable. On one of our trips to Florida, we had a realtor line up 10 houses to check out on the way home. The church helped us secure a loan on one of houses that day. We settled on a tri-level house in a sub division in Grayson. It was a nice neighborhood. It had three bedrooms on the second level, and two bathrooms. In the main level, there was a nice sized kitchen, a living room, dining room, a sliding door to go out to the backyard. The walkout basement had another bedroom, a bathroom, laundry room, and a huge living room. Both backyard and front areas were good size acreage. This was a much larger house than our house in Lansing, and we all enjoyed the extra living space. With Dan in Lansing and John in the Marines, there were only four of us then. We lived in that house, 2501 Falcon Ridge Dr., Grayson, GA for 11 years.

We were looking for a way to supplement our income. A Christian friend was delivering papers but had to quit in the middle of her contract, so we took over for half a year. I drove while the kids slipped the papers into the mailboxes or threw them in the driveway. We did this every afternoon except Sunday, when we delivered in the morning before church.

I did some substitute teaching in the science departments of three local high schools, including the school where David and Rebekah attended. I thought the kids would not like me to work at their school, but they did not mind. Their friends liked it when I was their "sub". This was my first step toward using my degrees professionally.

In 1993, Dan, his wife Liz, and baby Tori, moved from Michigan to live with us. Dan had just graduated from Michigan State University with a Bachelor's degree in education with a dual major in science. He was looking for a teaching position here in Gwinnett County. A friend suggested Dan call a high school that may have an opening. Dan called the number given him but instead by mistake called the number above or below it. The principal was surprised that Dan found out about the opening already as he had not yet posted it. God Knows. Dan got the full time teaching job. Praise God for His working power.

Dan had been teaching for a couple of years when he developed a bad knee. The diagnosis was cancer. The doctor recommended amputation. That Sunday, Dan came forward in the church to pray for healing. During the operation, the doctor changed his recommendation and suggested keeping an eye on it, and that amputation was not necessary at this point. God brought healing to Dan. God can do anything! He was healed and was spared from the amputation. Be still and know that our God is the Healer. We thank God for His mercy and love.

In 1993, Wes' dad, Reuben Lampe, finally moved in with us. I was teaching full time by then, and Wes had to be in his office at church daily. Dad was left alone on weekdays, so Wes transferred his office to our basement to be with Dad. That did not work well. We talked to the children to ask if their Grandpa could live with either Rebekah or Dan. Wes' mom made us promise before she died that we would not put Dad in a nursing home. We honored that promise. Rebekah was a stay at home mom at the time so she took Grandpa Reuben until she went back to school. After Dan's family moved from Michigan, Liz got a part time job but gave it up to care for Grandpa Reuben. Instead of paying the nursing home, we paid the children. This was a blessing and a huge help to us all. We knew Dad was loved and cared for, and he did not have to be alone. He had his grandchildren, great grandchildren,

and their pets to keep him company. We thanked God for families.

The membership of the Snellville church was mostly young families and a few retirees. They invited their friends to church but somehow they were not comfortable with Wes' preaching. The building was another problem; it did not look like a church. Invited friends did not return. Wes' vision was to meet the neighbors and invite them to church. The church was in a neighborhood, and it made sense to invite neighbors to church. A few neighbors came and joined the church. Some took up leadership in the church. The church continued to grow with some new leadership. However, a few original members started to leave. Those that stayed worked with Wes to reach out to the neighborhood, especially the children. Wednesday night was children's night. Many came and some brought their parents. The church was growing and we needed a larger building. It was suggested to build a multi-purpose and less expensive building; one that could be used as a gymnasium, Sunday school classes, social events, and children's ministry on Wednesdays. Some of the original group did not like the idea. They wanted to borrow from the bank to finance a building that would look like a traditional church. Wes wanted the church to first pay off the present building. The idea did not settle well with some of the original members. So, there was another exodus. There was no longer a united voice. After much prayer, in 1996 Wes and I decided that he should resign for the sake of unity.

The year of 1996 was a year when our family went through some very difficult times emotionally. We left the church in Snellville, Wes' Dad just passed away, and we were having family problems. But through it all, we came out stronger in our Faith in Jesus. We learned to trust God for His promises. We learned to trust God and His Word.

We started attending a sister Alliance Church in Rockdale County. Grayson was far from this church so we decided to find a house closer to this church. A realtor friend found us a house. We moved to 3930 Brittan Glade Trail in 1997.

We got involved in rental properties as per the advice from Joan, our realtor friend. We had 6 rental units but it took a lot of time in maintenance. Also, some renters were not paying regularly, and we did not have the heart to evict them. One family owed us \$5,000 and some other renters owed us almost that amount. We were not the landlord-type, so we decided to sell the properties. Soon after we sold, the housing market took a nosedive. God spared us and even gave us a good profit. God is good!

Academic Pursuit: After 24 years

After all the children finished high school, the Lord worked a miracle to get me a teaching position in 1991. I had been a stay at home mom for 24 years. Friends and relatives keep reminding me, I was getting older. Age might be a factor with job applications. I applied for a part-time position at Georgia Perimeter College (which was called Dekalb College at the time) for a semester. It was an adjustment, coming back to the field of Chemistry after being away for many years. But I was thankful for the help from the Department Chair and other colleagues.

Just before the end of the fall semester, the Chemistry Department Chair, Dr. Johnson, approached me to ask if I had applied for a tenure tract position. I was not aware of it, and I was not looking for a full time position as yet. She said the deadline to apply was the following day. I did not have my resume, references, etc. that were needed. She said if I was interested, she would call Human Resources to use the papers I already turned in for the part time position. As suggested by my boss, I applied for

the position, but I did not expect anything. It was a nationally advertised position so what was my chance? What a surprise when I was called for an interview. I did a teaching presentation to the members of the committee. Out of the many interviewees, five names were sent to the HR for the three positions. The first two positions were taken right away. The third position was offered to the two other applicants but they already accepted jobs somewhere else. What a big surprise when I was called to have the last position. Did God want me to take this job? I did not have the 2 years of recent teaching experience that was required for this position. Why was my name even included in the five names sent? I was hired as a tenure tract chemistry instructor in September of 1991. It was definitely God working on my behalf. I could not thank God enough for the many blessings He brought my way. I did not need to understand how I got the job. God did it for me. I was 53 years old when I was hired full time. Is there any thing impossible with God? All things are possible with God according to HIS WILL. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

My biggest handicap at my new job was the use of computers. In the past, I had only used computers for games, especially PACMAN. My colleagues were patient enough to help me. And the IT had training sessions for computer “dummies”!

John left the Marine Corps and continued his college education at Dekalb College where I taught. He later transferred to Georgia State University where he majored in Mathematics. Rebekah followed the same path, attending Dekalb College then GSU and majoring in Mathematics. David also attended Dekalb College then transferred to Toccoa Falls Bible College. He majored in Intercultural Studies and graduated Magna Cum Laude. We thank God for the four children God allowed us to raise and train in HIS WAY.

The campus where I taught had the most international students compared to the other Georgia Perimeter College campuses. I was so concerned with the success of my international students that I wrote a Laboratory Manual to meet their needs. Another reason was because it cost much less to purchase. Two colleagues helped me with the publication.

During my time at GPC, I volunteered to tutor refugee kids from Viet Nam, Cambodia, etc. in an after-school program at one of the local refugee locations in Clarkston. I helped them with their assignments in any subject they were having difficulty. I really enjoyed helping these kids.

My earthly awards as I obeyed GOD: Outstanding Faculty Award in 2007, NISOD National Teaching Excellence Award, Spring of 2008, and Professor Emerita when I retired in 2010. I had enjoyed teaching, not just the academic part of it, but meeting students of different backgrounds and cultures. I learned from them as well. Students came to my office to talk about “MY LIFE”, my testimony of how I became a born again Christian. I posted it in our home page that had a link to my college web page. Students had access to our daily devotionals, Christian news, family news, and pictures.

I believe God placed me intentionally in that job. I had freedom to talk about the Bible and what I believe. In my office, Tracts and Gideon Bibles were available to those who asked. We had prayer at times in my office. God opened many opportunities to talk to my International students and cultural Christian students about my faith in Jesus. My office served as a lunchroom with my colleagues. There was a very good working relationship and friendship with my colleagues. I thank God for the opportunities He has given me to serve Him, Students, and the College.

Christianity is not a religion but a relationship with God through Jesus Christ’. John 3:16 says, “ For God so loved the world that

He gave His only begotten Son that, whosoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.” Jesus said, “I am The Way, The Truth, and the Life, No man comes to the Father but by Me”, John 14:6

Wes also taught 4th grade at a Christian School for 10 years. He enjoyed it so much but retired before me so he could begin building our house on some acreage we bought adjacent to Dan’s and Liz’s property in Danielsville, GA. In 1998, a sister Alliance Church got started in Athens, GA. The church was located at the UGA campus area. We began attending this church, commuting from Brittan Glade to Athens, GA every Sunday until our house in Danielsville was finished.

I was 74 when I retired from teaching. I was honored by the presence of Georgia Perimeter College president, Dr. Tricoli at my retirement party. I miss teaching, the students, campus, friends, and colleagues. But it was God’s time to retire from teaching chemistry. To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven (Ecclesiastes 3:1a).

MY TRIBUTE, (by Andrae Crouch), was sung by a colleague at my retirement party.

*How can I say thanks for the things, You have
done for me?*

*Things so undeserved yet you gave to prove your
love for me.*

*The voices of a million angels could not express
my gratitude.*

*All that I am, and ever hope to be, I owe it all to
Thee.*

*To God be the glory, to God be the glory for the
things He has done.*

*With His blood He has saved me, with His power
He has raised me,
To God be the glory for the things He has done.*

*Just let me live my life and let it be pleasing to
thee, and if I gain any praise, let it go to Calvary*

*With His blood He has saved me, with His power
He has raised me,
To God be the glory for the things He has done.*

Amen and Amen!

Retirement: Danielsville, GA

We moved from our Brittan Glade residence of 13-14 years to 25 Double Branch Rd., Danielsville, GA 30633 in December 2010. We had the frame built for us. Wes and David finished the house. David's wife, Elvira, and grandkids helped paint the exterior. Wes built all the cabinets from the lumber we have. Wes also built our big barn with some help from the grand kids. The barn is used to store the different tools for building and woodworking. A portable saw mill was added later, and it has been a huge help.

Before retiring, I had a long list of things to do. Was God in that list? I thought, I had more time to do other things than teaching. Was God in it or was it my plan? God knows me better than I know myself. In May 2011, five months after retirement, I was diagnosed with a stage I breast cancer. Why? Who am I to question my Creator, the all-knowing, loving, God. He loves me. He knows what is best for me. The cancer was caught very early on. After much prayer, seeking God about what to do, we decided I should have a mastectomy. I stayed overnight at the hospital with no pain at all. The surgeon left me with a pain pill

prescription. I thank God, I did not have to use them. The cancer was gone, and I did not need any radiation or chemotherapy. God is good! All the time HE IS GOOD. His Word sums it all. Romans, 8:28,29 “All things work together for good to them who love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose. For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestine to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first born among many brethren.” I am learning and will continue to learn God’s ways and not my ways. I depend on Him daily for His grace, mercy, and faithfulness.

On January 17, 2012, I fell off the bleachers at Dan’s gymnasium. Wes had a church meeting so he could not go to the game. Jake drove me to the gymnasium early to watch the Junior Girls’ Basketball Varsity play. The bleachers and the rails were not yet up for the game. I just assumed the bleachers were already in order. I stepped down without the rail. I rolled down the steps. Many tried to catch me. One fellow, no one knew who he was and I could not find him later, finally caught me almost at the last bottom row. God sent that fellow to protect me from the fall. I had just had my mastectomy surgery, it would have been a disaster. I had just had cataracts removed the first week of January 2012. God protected me from that serious fall. What other unknown circumstances, by His mercy and grace, had He protected me? God knows all things and we can trust Him! Trust and obey Him.

December 18, 1965 Wes and I got married. December 5, 2015 our children and their families surprised us with a big celebration. Even with my inquisitive personality, I had no clue about it. They invited friends from way back. Scott and Marianne Studebaker (Lansing Bethel Alliance Church, Michigan), now living in California came all the way to Georgia to help the children cover up the celebration. It sure was a huge SURPRISE when international students were also invited. We thank God for

the 50 years of the “two” becoming “one” in HIS SERVICE. We thank God for our children, their families, and friends for their love and prayers. God gave us four children and presently the Lampe population has grown to 27 family members: twelve grand children, four great grandchildren and more to come!