

The Happiness Trail

The story of
FLORA BELLE SLATER

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PREFACE

I have known Flora Belle Slater all my life. One thing about her has always impressed me is her utter joy in serving the Lord. She serves Him out of love, and the river of joy runs on even through dark and trying days. Flora Belle Slater is one of the people whose lives helped to convince me as I was growing up that the happiest place on earth is in the center of God's will.

Children in the intermediate grades and junior high level are going through very important and formative years. Their faith needs to be built up to hold them through stormy days they will face as teenagers. This book has been written for them. I want to share a fascinating person with them. I want to show them that doing God's will and being in His presence is fullness of joy, and that He will show us the right path in everyday situations as well as lifelong decisions.

I wish to express my thanks to Flora Belle for her helpful and tireless cooperation, and to my mother for her encouragement and constructive criticism.

Thou wilt show me the path of life; In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for everyone.

Psalm 16:11

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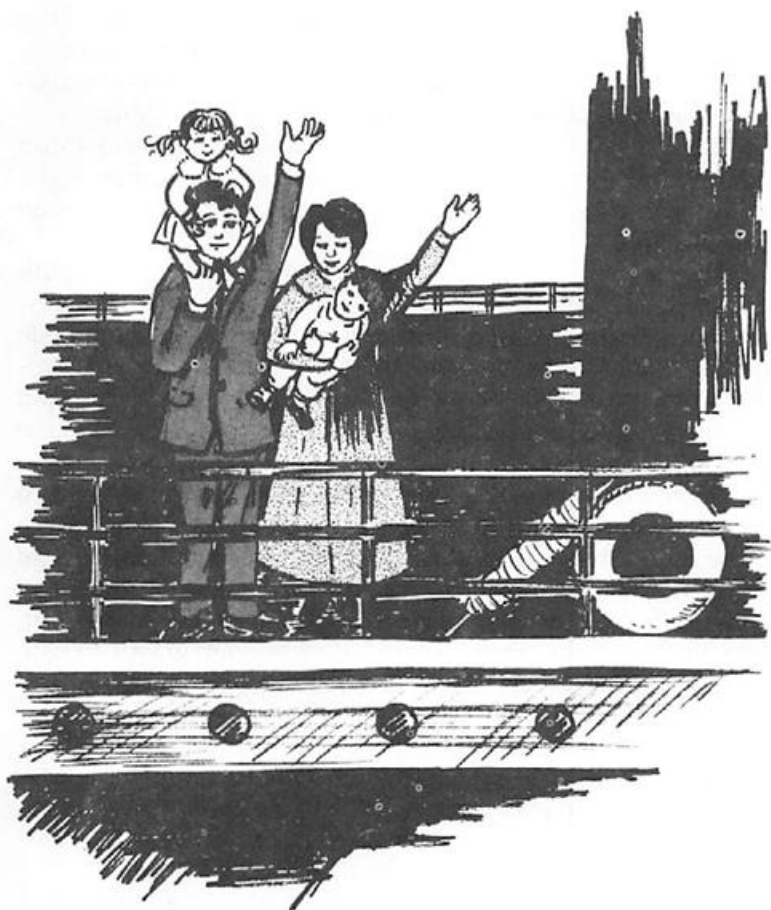
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Chapter 1

The Trail to Africa



Flora Belle's brown eyes sparkled as the ship sounded a last warning whistle and churned away from the dock in New York City's busy harbor. Perched on her father's shoulder, she laughed down at her brother David wiggling in his mother's arms. She waved to the group of people huddled together on the pier. Their breath puffed out in tiny white clouds, and soon they wrapped their scarves tightly around their throats and

walked away.

Flora Belle waved at the tall gray buildings sliding past.

"Look over there," said her father, pointing. Together they watched the Statue of Liberty disappear in the early morning fog. They were on their way to Africa!

Her father gave her a happy squeeze, and she squeezed back. She was too little to understand all the reasons behind the joy shining on his face. She didn't realize that her parents, Charles and Maude Slater, had worked and prayed for this day, that at last they were going to be missionaries to Africa.

She was only four years old. She could feel the deck throb and the wind and sea spray in her face and she was happy. If she could have seen into the future, she would have been even more excited.

After a voyage of many weeks, the ship sailed into a South African port. The Slaters were met and welcomed to Africa by some missionaries. After a short stay in the port city, Flora Belle and her family started the trek inland to the country of Swaziland. They traveled in a covered wagon. The trip was long and rugged, but there were many new and interesting things to see along the way.

Finally, they came to the town of Stegi and decided to build a mission station near there. The place they chose was a gentle rise in the ground. From the top of the knoll they could see many mud-colored huts, called "kraals," dotted here and there on the surrounding plain. To one side was a small forest, and stretching away on the other side was open grassland with tough little bushes and scattered, flat-topped trees. On this small hill Charles and Albert, an African helper and interpreter, cleared the brush and prepared to settle down.

Before a house was built, the family lived under a big canvas stretched over a tall center pole. Maude cooked their meals in an outdoor kitchen. They ate cornmeal mush, some vegetables, and the meat of animals that Charles shot.

Albert and Mr. Schoombie, another missionary, helped to build the crude house. They cut tree branches, trimmed them, and then tied them together with crude rope and vines. Then they plastered these walls of "wattle" with mud to keep out the rain. This was called "daub." They whitewashed the walls and made a neat thatched roof. Then they built a place in which to hold meetings and called the mission "Ebenezer."

With his quick step, friendly smile, and twinkling eyes, Charles went from hut to hut in the villages around Ebenezer.

As he invited the people to visit the mission, he told them to watch the tallest tree on the hill. On the day when they should come to Ebenezer, there would be a white cloth flying there.

Every Sunday, Albert climbed the tallest tree and tied a flag there made by Maude. The people gathered to hear Charles, Maude, and Albert sing and tell about a wonderful God who loved them.

One of the first results of this preaching happened right in the Slater family. They always had family worship. It was a time of reading the Bible and praying together. One day during this special time, four-year-old Flora Belle began to feel very miserable. Her father had talked about sin. He said that sin is disobedience to God's laws. Flora Belle remembered lies she had told her mother, and times when she had disobeyed her father. When it came her turn, she could not pray, but buried her face in her hands and cried until her shoulders shook and the tears ran down through her little fingers.

"Why, honey, what's the matter?" asked Charles and Maude anxiously.

"Oh, Mama and Daddy," she sobbed, "I feel like the baddest sinner in the world!"

Charles put his strong arm around her and said, "Well, why don't you pray right now and ask the Lord to forgive you?"

Flora Belle prayed with all her heart, and soon she looked up with a relieved, happy smile and wiped away her tears. For the first time in her life, she had realized that she needed Jesus.

Charles continued to tell the simple story of Jesus, and life around Ebenezer began to change very slowly and gradually. Soon even the monkeys knew that every seventh day was a special day. They watched the flag flap in the breeze. They watched Charles and knew that his gun never flashed on these days. He did not hunt on the Lord's Day. And so every Sunday, Flora Belle watched the monkeys swinging joyfully out of the trees to steal corn.

Flora Belle loved everything about Swaziland — everything but the snakes! For awhile, her bed was a cot in a small alcove of the house. During this time she firmly believed that a snake lived under her bed. She never crawled into bed, but always jumped in from at least two feet away so her toes wouldn't get under the edge. She never put her legs down over the side in the morning, but sprang out to the middle of the floor.



One day there really was a snake under her bed. It slithered out and Flora Belle shrieked. Maude grabbed little David and put him on the table. After a rousing chase, Charles finally killed the snake.

Everyone had to watch out for those snakes — they were sneaky creatures who had a knack for being where they weren't wanted. One day Charles told Flora Belle she could gather up the eggs their chickens had laid. She was feeling very important as she made the rounds with her pinafore held up for a basket.

She had it almost full and was reaching into another nest. Suddenly something squirmed, and she saw a huge poisonous snake coiled around the nest. She screamed and ran all the way to the house, but didn't break a single egg.

Before the Slaters had been in Africa many months, Charles Livingstone Slater was born. He was a laughing, healthy baby. Flora Belle was so proud of him and loved to play with him. How exciting it was to have a baby brother!

He was less than a year old when a terrible epidemic struck Stegi. It was a disease that infected the eyes, and many people were suffering. Baby Charles and Maude both became very sick. He was teething, and the pain from his eyes and mouth combined made him very weak.

Even though Flora Belle was too little to really understand, she knew that something was terribly wrong. Her father's face was sad and serious. Her baby brother and Mama were shut off by themselves. Flora Belle missed them so much. Everything seemed strange and lonely.

"Daddy," she asked, "when will baby Charles be well? Can't I just go and give him one little tiny kiss, Daddy, just one?"

She asked and asked, but the answer was always, "We hope he will get well soon, dear. We have to be patient. And you can't even give him one little kiss or you will get sick, too."

The days went on and on, and still baby Charles did not get well. One day Flora Belle looked up at her father and knew something had happened. He picked her up, held her very tightly and said, "Flora Belle, I have something to tell you."

He explained how he and Mother had been watching baby Charles very closely. They realized he was getting weaker and weaker. He was not going to get well. Maude was holding him in her arms when the baby suddenly quivered, sighed, and was dead.

Charles turned away and walked to the window. He raised his eyes to the sky. There, even in the African sunshine, appeared a glorious rainbow! He almost shouted, "Maude, look!" But even before she could reach the window, the rainbow was gone.

"It was a miracle, Flora Belle," Charles said. "Rainbows only appear in clouds — this one came in a blue sky. And it disappeared so quickly! I think the Lord put it there to tell us that baby Charles is in heaven. Jesus was trying to say, 'I love you and I will help you in your time of sadness.'"

Charles set her down again on the floor. "Now go see Albert," he told her. "I must make one more thing for baby Charles."

He went out and began to saw boards for a little casket. As he sawed, tears fell onto the wood in bright drops. He prayed, "Lord, You must have a reason for this. Please help the people to understand about the baby. Help them to know that we are only putting his little body in the ground, but that his soul, the real baby Charles, is alive in heaven with You. And Lord, thank You for the rainbow."

When the box for the casket was done, Maude found new, white mosquito netting to line it with. As she worked, she felt as though a heavy, jagged rock were turning in her heart. She dared not cry because of her own infected eyes, so she tried to think of the rainbow. Finally, exhausted and sick, she put the bandages back on her eyes, crawled into bed and began to pray.

Little David was so young that he did not know what was happening. Charles and Flora Belle stood by the casket to speak to the villagers as they came to see the baby.

The villagers were surprised because Charles and Flora Belle were not wailing. The Africans always wailed for long hours when someone died. They shuffled silently through the house, not knowing how to show their grief. Even the Christian Africans did not know what to think.

It was Flora Belle who helped them understand. She looked up at them with glowing brown eyes. "See our baby?" she said. "But this is only his body that you see. Baby Charles is with Jesus, up there," she pointed, "in heaven. Don't wail — heaven is a happy place. Baby Charles is happy — he's not sick."

She repeated her explanation in perfect Zulu for each person who walked by. Some shook their heads wonderingly, and walked away thinking very hard. At last the Christians began to sing, and it was a song of hope.

* * * * *

The baby's death gave the Slater family the chance to teach their precious African friends about heaven. And as they buried little Charles, they said, "Now part of us will always be in Africa." The Lord gave them two more children, Samuel and Eva, during the last part of their stay in Africa.

As the children grew up, Flora Belle and David became real partners. They dearly loved Albert, their father's right-hand man. They liked the way he cooked cornmeal mush, the main African food. Many times they would eat their own mush with

sugar or milk for breakfast and then, as soon as Mother's back was turned, dash over to Albert's to have some of his. He rolled it into a ball and gave it to them to hold. It was warm and sticky in their hands and very good. When Maude tried to put a stop to this because they were really cutting in on Albert's food supply, he said, "Oh, no, please let them come! I love to give it to them."

At the foot of the hill where they lived was a small river. Charles nailed together a long box, made it waterproof, fixed a lid for it, and put it on runners. This was pulled to the river by a big brown ox with long horns and filled up with water for the family's needs. Flora Belle and David liked to sit on the lid and hang on to the box as it bumped and slid down to the river. Albert always led the ox. Once it caught Albert's trousers in its horns and sent him flying through the air. The children rushed anxiously to see him when he landed, but he wasn't hurt. Then they laughed all the way to the river.

There was also a pair of goats at Ebenezer. Charles made a tiny red cart and harnesses for the goats. He hitched the goats to the wagon, and David and Flora Belle drove it around like a miniature farm wagon. The goats often balked or put on sudden bursts of speed, so the rides were always thrilling.

Flora Belle was the most daring of the children. She was constantly searching for new and exciting things to do, and loved to play pranks.

One of her most prized possessions was a sleepy-eyed doll. It was kept on the bottom shelf of a bookcase with glass doors.

One day an old man came to visit. He stomped around the mission with his cane, his face wrinkled and curious. He peered through the door of the Slater house and saw the doll sitting in the cabinet. Grunting in surprise, he opened his eyes so wide Flora Belle could see the whites of them gleaming.

She ran over and picked up the doll to show him, but the old man turned and hobbled away as fast as he could. She was very amazed, and then giggled at the idea of an old man being afraid of a doll.

Her mother shook her head, and said, "You shouldn't laugh at the poor old man, dear. He thinks the doll has an evil spirit in it and he is very frightened."

A few days later, some young warriors strutted up the path that went by Ebenezer. There were six of them, strong and fierce-looking. They were in full battle dress, splendid with their war paint and long, shiny-tipped spears. These were their



best clothes, and they were on their way to a wedding. Since Charles was in the yard, the young men stopped to talk to him.

Flora Belle stood eyeing them. She saw how cocky and brave they acted. Suddenly she remembered the old man and the doll. Slipping away, she ran into the house and brought the doll out in her arms. She walked casually up to the group of men and waited till they glanced at her. Then she raised the doll up. Its blue eyes flew open and stared straight at them.

The men froze for an instant, and then all six stampeded! Little Flora Belle squealed with laughter to see the warriors run, but her father didn't join in the laughter. He liked to pull pranks too, but he had been trying to make friends with those men. The sleepy-eyed doll stayed in the cabinet for a long time after that.

* * * * *

Though the five years in Africa were happy and thrilling ones, they weren't easy — especially for Maude. Once she became so sick that she told her husband how to bury her and what to do with her watch, Bible, and sewing machine. He did not have to carry out her instructions, though, because she got better, but after that she was very weak.

The Slaters decided that it was time to return to the States

for a time of rest and recovery. For a few months before leaving Africa, they lived and worked in the city of Port Elizabeth, in the Republic of South Africa.

Flora Belle and David missed the free, happy life back at Ebenezer. They missed the goats and the oxen and the chickens, and they missed Albert with his balls of cornmeal mush. In Port Elizabeth they had only a small cottage with gray cement steps and hard pavement in front.

One morning while Flora Belle and David sat outside on the steps, the garbage collector's cart rumbled by. They remembered many wagon rides at Ebenezer, and gazed wistfully at the garbage man's beautiful horses trotting down the street. Finally, in a rush of longing, Flora Belle burst out, "Oh, I wish I could be a garbage man!"

Soon it was time to leave Africa. As Charles stood on the steamer's deck and watched the shoreline melt away on the horizon, he thought he would be bringing his family back to Africa in a year. But Flora Belle and David never saw Albert again. They never got back to Ebenezer. There was a turn in the road on God's map for their lives.

The Trail to God's Will

Napoleon, Ohio, was the friendly little town to which the Slater family came as they returned from Africa. Flora Belle had been so young when she left the States that she did not remember what America was like. Now there was much to learn!

For one thing, in Swaziland there had been no spring or autumn, just rainy season and dry season. Flora Belle learned to enjoy the changing seasons, and especially loved the blossoms of springtime.

A few houses away from the Slaters' there was an old woman who lived in a weather-beaten old home. Every spring one section of her yard was smothered in lilies of the valley. Flora Belle walked by those flowers many times. They smelled so heavenly — she had never seen anything like them before. Her fingers ached to hold one.

All the neighbors said, "She's a mean old woman. She won't let you have any flowers — there isn't any use to ask."

Flora Belle kept looking at the flowers, delicate tiny white bells hiding under long shiny leaves. Oh, how she wanted



some! One day she slipped into the old lady's yard and picked three or four sprigs.

When she got home, she wondered, "What is a person supposed to do with stolen lilies of the valley?" Her mother had an old-fashioned organ with compartments on top for storing books. Flora Belle stuck the lilies in a glass of water and hid them in a compartment.

Just as she closed the little compartment with the lilies safely inside, there was a rap at the door. When Maude came to open it, there stood the mean old woman! Her black eyes were like two sword points. Flora Belle flew out the back door.

"Mrs. Slater," shrieked the old woman, "your daughter stole some of my lilies of the valley!"

"What?!" gasped Maude. "Flora Belle Slater, you come here! Now this lady says you stole her flowers. Did you?"

"Why, no, Mama." Flora Belle took a deep breath.

"Humph," said the old woman. "She's not only a thief, she's a liar."

"Well, it's hard for me to believe that," Maude said. "I've always taught her never to lie or steal! Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure." And the old lady stomped away.

Flora Belle went back outside. She felt like she was going to be sick. She had not only stolen, but lied to cover it up.

Meanwhile, Maude began to smell something. "There are lilies of the valley in this house!" she said to herself.

"Flora Belle!"

She came in, slowly, cheeks flushed and head down. Her mother said sternly, "I smell lilies of the valley. Now where are they?"

Flora Belle went to the organ, opened the compartment, and pulled out the troublesome blossoms. Maude got the Bible and read Revelation 21:8, the verse about liars and thieves having a place in hell.

Finally Flora Belle sobbed, "Oh, Mama, I'm sorry. I want to ask Jesus to forgive me."

So they prayed. Then Maude said, "All right now, you're going to take these flowers back."

"Oh, NO, Mama!"

"You are."

"Will you go with me?"

"No, you will take them back."

Flora Belle started down the street, dragging her feet. At last she reached the old woman's house.

"Here. I'm sorry. I really did steal your flowers," she quavered, and held out the wilting, bedraggled lilies in her hot fist.

"You see! A thief and a liar!" snapped the old woman.

Flora Belle turned and fled. She was never tempted to steal lilies again.

* * * * *

In Napoleon Flora Belle went to a formal school for the first time in her life. She had started first grade in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, but became so sick with typhoid pneumonia that she could not go on with school. Now she was eight years old and going to first grade in America.

She was taller and stronger than any of her classmates. She hated bullies. Whenever she saw a bigger boy bothering a small one, she tore into the bully like an angry little lioness. Soon she had built up a reputation. All the bullies were afraid of her, and the little children followed her around like chicks after a mother hen.

In Africa, Flora Belle rode in a goat cart and a covered wagon, watched monkeys, and traveled through elephant grass eight feet tall. In America she went sledding and learned how to roller-skate. Life was always full and exciting.

Her father was gone from home much of the time, holding special meetings in churches. One Saturday morning in early spring he came home unexpectedly, driving a Ford. The children squealed with delight to see him. They were surprised to see the Ford, because in those days the Slater family didn't own a car.

"Why, Charlie, what's wrong? What are you doing home now?" Maude threw up her hands in astonishment.

"I've come for the children," he said, swinging little Eva to his shoulder. "The man with whom I'm staying said to just take his car and come. They are on a big farm, and they're making maple syrup. They want the children to see it."

Almost before you could say "maple syrup," the children were ready and hopping into the car. Snow still covered the ground, so when they got to the farm they rode the sleds that brought in the maple syrup from the woods. Flora Belle also rode a work horse that was so big she could hardly get her leg across its wide back.

She ate maple syrup with the farmer's children until she was sick. Then they said, "We have a cure for that!" and ran for a huge sour pickle. After eating the pickle, she was ready for

more maple syrup. It was an unforgettable day.

* * * * *

Charles Slater had hoped to take his family back to Swaziland after a year in the States. Then the guns of World War I began to boom and it was too dangerous to go to Africa. In the meantime, a call for missionaries came from Guyana (British Guiana) in South America. The Slaters packed their bags and prepared to go south.

Before leaving the country, they attended a camp meeting. Missionaries from many countries of the world had a part in it. Flora Belle loved meetings like these. Ever since she was old enough to think about growing up, she had wanted to be a missionary. She also knew that a person should not be a missionary to a foreign country just because he or she wants to. God has a plan for everyone, and each person must find out what God's plan for his life is.

How do you know what God wants you to do? This was the question burning in Flora Belle's mind. She listened to the missionaries at the camp meeting. They all said God had "called" them to be missionaries. How much she wanted to be "called"!

She decided to talk to the wisest person she knew.

"Daddy," she asked, "how do you know if you're called to be a missionary?" Her brown eyes were very serious, and a little anxious frown puckered her forehead.

His big hand came down gently on her hair.

"Well, dear," he said, "God doesn't speak to everyone the same way. If He wants you to be a missionary, He will let you know. You pray and ask Him about it."

Flora Belle thought, "Oh, I want to be very sure I know what God wants me to do."

On the campground there was a tent where the missionaries, including the Slaters, displayed things from foreign lands. One day Charles asked Flora Belle to stay in the tent to guard these things while a service was being held in another building. She promised not to leave until someone came to take her place.

The ground under the tent had been covered with cinders. Whenever Flora Belle took a step, the cinders crunched loudly. After walking around awhile, she stood by the tables and looked at the displays.

Suddenly she heard a man's voice, clear and firm.

"Flora Belle," the voice said, "I want you to be a missionary."

She whirled around. No one was there!

"Someone must be playing a joke on me," she thought. "I'll catch him."

Darting outside, she ran all the way around the tent. No one was out there.

"What's going on?" she wondered as she went back inside. The cinders crunched as she stepped on them.

Like a bolt of lightning, the thought flashed through her mind, "There couldn't have been a person in here, or I would have heard them walking on the cinders. If it wasn't a person . . . it must have been the Lord!" Her heart began to beat very fast, and she thought it would burst with joy. She wanted to run right out and tell Daddy, but she had promised to stay until somebody came to take her place.

After what seemed like a year, someone came. The moment he stepped inside the tent, Flora Belle said, "Where's my daddy?"

"He's in the dining hall," was the reply.

She rushed outside and dashed across the campground screaming, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" Finally she reached the steps that led down the hill to the building. Just as she got



there, Charles hurried out the door with a startled look on his face. Flora Belle flew down the steps, her long brown pigtails flapping out behind her, and jumped into his arms.

"Oh, Daddy!" she was laughing and crying at the same time. "The Lord called me to be a missionary! Just now! I heard Him speak to me in the tent!"

After she told the whole story, Charles gave her a bear hug and they both cried for happiness.

Later, a lady named Mrs. Cowman asked Flora Belle to help her in the main missionary service. Mrs. Cowman was a missionary to Japan and wrote some very well-known devotional books for grown-ups. She thought Flora Belle should be a missionary to Japan. She dressed her up in a Japanese costume, and told her to stand on the platform and tell everyone about how God had called her in the tent.

Flora Belle's joy was complete. She was nine and a half, and she knew for sure what God wanted her to do. It was perfectly settled in her mind from that day on that she would be a missionary.

The Trail Through Torpedoes



Flora Belle's long, light brown hair gleamed in the sun as she hurried up the gangplank. She could hardly wait for the sailors to hoist the anchors. The Slater family was setting sail again, this time for the island of Barbados, on their way to Guyana (British Guiana), South America.

Barbados was a beautiful island, like a great green jewel floating in deep blue water. The Slaters stayed there for several weeks with missionary friends. Flora Belle and David learned how to swim and became very good at it. Once Flora Belle and David swam with their father from the beach out to a British navy vessel anchored in the bay. The sailors couldn't let them come aboard, so they turned around and swam back.

One day Flora Belle's family and the other missionaries had a picnic together on the beach. Along the shore there were tall, scraggly trees with dark green leaves. Tiny fruits shaped like apples lay scattered under these trees.

Before anyone could stop her, a little girl from the other family tasted one of those fruits. Soon she turned pale, got very

sick, and her eyes began to roll back. The frightened grown-ups gathered around her.

"Dear God," they prayed, "we belong to You and have tried to serve you faithfully. This little girl belongs to You. We don't understand what is happening, but You do. Please touch her. Don't let her die. For Your name's sake, please make her well."

Then they rushed her to the doctor. When they showed him the fruit she had tasted, he gasped.

"Oh, no! It is the manchineel fruit! It contains a terrible, violent poison."

"Don't be afraid, doctor, we have prayed for this little girl," the missionaries said.

"You'd better hope God answers!" replied the doctor.

God did answer. Before very long, she was better and the doctor was amazed. He explained that not only the fruit but the whole tree was poisonous. People never tied their horses or mules under the manchineel trees when it rained. If they did, the water dripping off of the poisonous leaves blistered the skin of the animals.

When the grown-ups brought the little girl back from the hospital and told the children what the doctor said, a thrill ran down Flora Belle's spine. She had seen a miracle, a real miracle!

* * * * *

From Barbados, the Slaters went to Georgetown, Guyana, where they lived for about two years. Their house was built up off the ground like all the houses in Georgetown. Inside, the partitions between rooms didn't go all the way to the ceiling.

Flora Belle and David had great fun climbing from room to room over the walls. On Flora Belle's birthday one year she spent most of the day on the tops of the walls so she wouldn't get spanked.

The yard around the house was beautiful with flowers and many fruit trees. There were all kinds of tropical fruit like mangoes, limes, avocados, and guavas. Not far away the muddy Demarara River emptied into the ocean. Though the children often wanted to go swimming, they couldn't because the river made the sea so dirty.

The Demarara River not only spoiled the swimming but gave Flora Belle one of her most embarrassing experiences. There was going to be a band concert down on the beach. It was a very special occasion, so everyone prepared to wear their

best clothing. People in Georgetown always wore white whenever they wanted to dress up. The laundry process took nearly a week, but the clothes came out snowy clean and starched almost stiff enough to creak.

For the concert Flora Belle put on a lovely dress with a big pink bow. Coming up to her twelfth birthday and big for her age, she liked the way her hair shone against the white cloth. And she was very proud of the pink bow.

The whole family rode to the beach and then walked along the shore near the river toward the band. Once a year, although no one could understand why, the Demarara River spread terrible, slimy, sticky mud onto the sand.

Flora Belle stepped gaily along, feeling very elegant and forgetting that it was the time of year for the mud. It didn't even look like mud. It lay glistening in the sun, slightly rippled like the sand. Someone suggested a race to the water. Never wanting to be outdone, Flora Belle forgot her finery and dashed away.

"Look out!" someone shouted. It was too late. She ran right into the mud. It was like glue, and before Flora Belle knew it, both feet were stuck. She lost her balance and flung an arm out to steady herself. That arm went down in the mud, followed by her hair that swished over her shoulder.

By the time a man nearby held out a bamboo pole and pulled Flora Belle out, she was covered with mud from head to toe. There was no choice but to take her home. She couldn't sit near anyone or she would get them muddy too. The car top was down, and Flora Belle had to stand up by the windshield. It seemed like every person in Georgetown was looking at her and laughing. She was so embarrassed and disappointed that she wanted to cry.

When she got home, Flora Belle walked into the shower, clothes and all. She never wore that beautiful white dress again. The washerwomen did their best, but the muddy stain never came out.

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Flora Belle enjoyed the beach in spite of the Demarara River. When the sea tide went out, it left a very wide stretch of sand. Many times Charles took his children down to the beach to play on this smooth strip uncovered by the tide.

It was late in the afternoon when they came home from one of these excursions, dirty and sweating and laughing over the races they had run. As they walked into the house, Charles



reached for his pocket watch. It was gone!

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed. "I must have lost my watch while we were running out there on the beach!"

Frantically, they all raced back to the seashore. That watch was the kind used by railroad men because it was so accurate. It was valuable, and they *had* to find it. When they got back to the beach, the clouds had already pulled their shades down over the sun, and the tide was creeping in. Soon water would cover the place where they had played.

"Now, children," Charles gathered them around him. "Let's pray about this." They stood in a little circle while he prayed, "Dear Heavenly Father, thanks for the wonderful time we had out here on Your beach. Now You see that I have lost my watch. You know how much I need it in Your work. I couldn't get another one here. You know just where it is. Your eye is on it. Lead one of us to that watch. We have been faithful to You, and we know You will not fail us. We ask it in Jesus' name."

As soon as he said "Amen," they all scattered. Charles started walking and went straight to the watch. Its shiny case glinted in the light of the tropical moon.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "Praise the Lord!"

The children came running, and together they prayed

again to say thank you. This was only one of the many times God answered prayer for the Slaters. Each time, Flora Belle became more sure that He was alive and real and powerful.

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Flora Belle always loved to travel, so she was very happy when the family took a trip away from Georgetown into a different part of Guyana called the "interior." On one trip, they visited a sugarcane plantation.

A river ran through the plantation, with trees growing close and thick along the banks, their branches reaching out over the water. The river was stained by the bark and leaves of the trees. It looked coffee brown, but when Flora Belle cupped some water in her hand, it was clear.

A tiny pier had been built out into the river. The Slater children begged to go swimming and finally got permission. Flora Belle wanted to be the first to swim across. She struck out for the opposite bank. Halfway across, something long and hard and rough scraped under her stomach. A log? No, she had felt it twist. It was a crocodile! Her face turned white and she started thrashing back to the pier.

"Get out, get out!" she screamed to the others. "There's a crocodile in there!" They never went swimming in that spot again.

David and Flora Belle did find a place near Georgetown where they could swim. People warned them about sharks, but they decided to go ahead anyway and make a lot of noise to scare the sharks away. They didn't see any sharks, but one day they found a little crocodile. It was three feet long, and they killed it with sticks and stones.

There was one other time when they met a crocodile. It was night, and they were riding back from a trip into the interior. Suddenly, the car jolted over what seemed like a huge log. They stopped and went back to see what it was. Stretched across the narrow road was a nine-foot-long crocodile.

* * * * *

One of the many friends Flora Belle had in Guyana was a teenage boy who picked coconuts for a living. This boy was quite an artist and loved to draw for the children. He especially liked to do pictures of the kaiser, leader of Germany during World War I, which was going on just then. The kaiser was feared and hated by millions of people, so Stephen made him look cruel, ugly, and wicked. Soon Flora Belle and David were

hating the kaiser, too.

Charles found out about it. "Now look here, Stephen," he said sternly. "My children are not to learn to hate anybody, and I want you to stop drawing those pictures."

That put an end to the kaiser in the Slater house. Flora Belle missed those pictures — they had been so much fun!

Later on, Stephen fell twenty feet from the top of a coconut tree onto the spikes of a picket fence. He was rushed to the hospital, where David and Flora Belle visited him. He was so glad to see them. When they talked to him about Jesus, he accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. Flora Belle left the hospital with her heart singing. The doctors had given Stephen back his earthly life, but she had helped to introduce him to Someone who gave him eternal life.

Another friend the children had was an older lady who happened to be the head cook at the governor's palace. When the governor threw his big parties, she brought them the leftovers. Many times there were whole cakes and gallons of ice cream, an almost unheard-of luxury for the missionary family. They had no refrigerator and no way to keep the ice cream, so it was great fun to see how much they could eat in one night.

* * * * *

After two years in Guyana, Maude Slater became very sick with malaria. In spite of all the doctors could do, she did not get much better. Finally, they said the only hope for her was to leave the country and go back to America to a better climate.

The Slater family packed up again. Maude and the younger children went ahead to Barbados on a passenger ship. Charles, Flora Belle, and David followed with the family belongings on a small sailing ship. It carried mostly cargo and about eight passengers besides the crew.

There were two cabins for the passengers, one for men and one for women. Flora Belle had a top bunk in the women's cabin. On the other side of the wall, her father had a top bunk, too. Between the wall and the ceiling there was a small open space, so Charles could talk to Flora Belle if he needed to.

That first night she climbed into bed with many happy thoughts. She loved being on the boat, and it was great to get to travel with Dad and David. The lapping waves lulled her to sleep.

During the night a fierce wind blew up a storm at sea. The

little ship was battered and tossed furiously. When Flora Belle woke up, she was seasick for the first time in her life. Even Charles was seasick. David felt fine — he was the only passenger who wasn't sick.

"Come on up to the deck, Sis," he told Flora Belle. "You'll feel better up there."

"Yes, but I can't even raise my head," she said. She got worse and worse. "What shall I do?" she thought. "I've got to get on deck." Finally she decided to fall out of bed. The next time the ship lurched, she rolled off the bunk and landed on the floor.

She crawled unsteadily across the room and up the steps to the deck. As soon as the wind hit her face, she began to feel better. After that, she only went down into the cabin at night.

The hurricane raged for days. The wind whipped away many sails and sent huge green waves crashing over the ship. One mast was cracked and anything not fastened securely was washed overboard.

There were hawsers on the deck, huge ropes coiled near the masts. Flora Belle and David got into one of these big coils and when the waves broke over them, they clung to the rope for dear life. If their father had seen them, he would have been horrified, but he was too sick to know.

Flora Belle's long, fine hair became so tangled she couldn't have combed it if she had wanted to. It was useless anyhow, because there was no way to keep out of the clawing wind except to stay down in the cabin and be sick. Flora Belle found her dad's cap and stuffed her hair up in it. That was how it stayed the rest of the voyage.

Once the captain sent three men out to take in the little triangular sails right over the ship's prow. A big wave came up. Instead of cutting diagonally across the wave, the inexperienced crewman who was guiding the ship plowed head-on into it. It was about two minutes before the prow broke through on the other side. Flora Belle watched anxiously, sure that the three men would be gone. But no! There they were, hanging on to the rigging with every ounce of strength.

When they came down they were blazing angry, and so was the captain. They shouted furiously, and the words they said made Flora Belle very glad she was not in the poor crewman's shoes!

One night during the storm, she was in her bunk trying to go to sleep when a sailor cried out, "Hole in the ship! Hole in

the ship!" Charles put his hand over the wall and said, "Flora Belle, did you hear that?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Do you know what that means? This ship may go down tonight. Are you ready to meet Jesus if it does?"

"Yes, Daddy." She put her hand up to meet his, and he squeezed it. "I'm ready."

The ship did not sink that night. Either the sailor had given a false report, or the hole was small and the crew was able to pump out the water. Gradually the wind and rain died down, and the waves were meek again. Everyone began to pull themselves together and look around to see what damage had been done.

The ship's chronometer, a carefully set timepiece used by the captain in calculating their exact location, was thrown off its pattern by the storm. Since it was just a small sailing vessel, there was no radio aboard ship. Barbados was their destination, last in the string of islands that forms a semicircle in the Caribbean Sea. East of Barbados there is nothing but thousands of miles of Atlantic Ocean and finally Africa.

No land had been sighted for days, and the captain did not know where they were. They were lost at sea! He sent a man up to what was called the crow's nest at the top of a mast. From his high perch, the man searched the horizon in every direction for land. At last he shouted, "Land ho! Land to port!" The captain couldn't believe his ears and asked the sailor to repeat.

"Land to port!"

The land was to their *left*! Barbados should have been on the *right*. It meant that the storm had blown the ship past Barbados out into the Atlantic Ocean. If the sailor hadn't seen the land, they would have sailed on and on without coming to land, their supply of food and water getting lower and lower.

When the battered and weary little schooner finally dropped anchor in the harbor at Barbados, there was a happy reunion for the Slater family. Then Maude pulled Charles' big cap from Flora Belle's head, took one look at her hair and groaned.

* * * * *

As soon as Charles arrived in Barbados, he began working to find a ship that would take his family on to America. World War I was on in full force and German submarines prowled the seas, sinking every ship they could. No captain would take women and children passengers. Charles applied through ev-

ery necessary office, but day after day the answer was still "no." The days stretched into weeks and months of waiting and praying.

In Guyana, Maude had taught David and Flora Belle as much as she could. During these months in Barbados, they studied with another missionary girl and her teacher. In spite of school, there was always time for play, and the children went swimming nearly every day. The water was so crystal clear that even when Flora Belle swam out to where it was twenty feet deep, she could still see the bottom.

At last one shipping company agreed that, since it was a case of illness, they would take the Slater family if Charles was willing to accept the risk. It was a wonderful answer to prayer. They packed hurriedly and boarded the steamship *Corona*.

Flora Belle was almost thirteen, but had grown as tall as her mother and looked like she was seventeen. Besides the Slaters, there were ten other passengers, all young men going to join the army in New York. These men and the ship's crew all believed Flora Belle was much older and treated her like a young lady.

The first days at sea were relaxed, and the captain chatted and laughed with Charles and Maude. Then they began to sail into more dangerous waters. Everyone was on the lookout for submarines. The captain ate his meals hurriedly and spoke little.

He ordered everyone to go to bed with their clothes on for the next few nights. They could be torpedoed at any time and might have to leave the ship at a moment's notice. There was also to be a total blackout at night, with no lights at all aboard ship.

The first night everyone carried out the captain's orders as the ship raced through the darkness like a huge black ghost. Maude couldn't sleep. The next morning she said, "Charlie, didn't we pray before we left, and believe that God would take us safely through?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, why should we have to sleep in our clothes? We're not going to be torpedoed. Tonight I'm going to wear my nightgown and be comfortable." And she did just that. Flora Belle and David said they weren't going to disobey the captain and crawled into bed fully dressed, thinking what an exciting adventure it was.

One day when Flora Belle was out on the gunner's deck



hanging up her baby sister's diapers, she saw a puff of black smoke on the horizon. It spiraled upward and then disappeared. When the gunner came up, she told him about it.

"Aw, you're just imagining things," he said.

Flora Belle went down to the radio room. "You know, while I was up on deck just now, I saw smoke on the horizon," she told the young wireless operator. He just grinned at her. Suddenly the machine began transmitting a coded message. The young man's face was drained of its color. He motioned for Flora Belle to close the door to shut out the roar from the engine room as he recorded the news.

"Flora Belle," he said carefully, "if you'll promise not to tell anyone but your parents about this, I'll let you hear what I telephone the captain." Then he told the captain that a ship very nearby had just been torpedoed and sunk. He had picked up its SOS signal.

Immediately the *Corona* swung around and churned southward. Sometime during the night they changed course again and headed back north, zigzagging constantly to avoid being tracked by submarines. The captain became more and more tense. Charles noticed it and as the captain was gulping down his food at the table one day he said, "Sir, I'd like to tell

you something."

"Yes, Reverend?" His words were clipped and quick and a bit gruff.

"Thousands of people have received a prayer letter from us saying that we are coming home. They don't know this ship, but they know we're coming and they are praying. Hundreds of people in Barbados and Guyana know what ship we're on, and they are praying. I believe God will take us through."

The captain's eyes were serious. "Reverend," he said, "I hope God answers their prayers."

After that the Slaters were treated as if they owned the ship. The whole family could do anything and have anything they wanted, and Flora Belle felt like a queen.

The *Corona* spent a week at the island of Santo Domingo loading tons of crude brown sugar for use in ammunition. The sacks in which the sugar came were old and rotten and so much was spilled that Flora Belle's little brothers and sisters played in it like it was sand. She laughed at them as they grew stickier and stickier, then helped scrub them clean, which wasn't quite as much fun.

Rather than head for New York, leave the passengers, and then deliver the sugar to Canada, the captain decided to go directly to Canada. It was too dangerous to enter New York harbor twice. They sailed for St. John, New Brunswick, where the sugar was sucked off the ship by giant vacuum machines.

Although none of the men passengers could go ashore in St. John because they might be drafted into military service there, the sailors were free to visit the town. The young radio operator came back from one of these trips with a small gift for Flora Belle.

"I asked your father to let me take you ashore," he said, "but he refused. So I brought this back for you. It's just something to remember me by."

Flora Belle smiled her thank you, with her heart pounding like African tom-toms. As things turned out, she did get to go to town — with her father.

On Sunday night the captain came to Charles and said, "Reverend, why don't you take your daughter and go ashore? I know you'll come back. They won't draft you." Flora Belle could hardly keep from skipping down the gangplank.

She and Charles walked the streets of St. John, looking for a church. The town seemed deserted. They had forgotten that in North America summer days are very long and though it was

still daylight, everything was closed for the night. Finally they came upon a Salvation Army mission where people were just being dismissed from a meeting. The leader came back to Charles and asked, "You are a minister?"

"Yes," he replied, "I'm a missionary off of the *Corona*."

"The *Corona*?! Man, have you seen the papers?"

"Why, no," said Charles.

The man told the story that had just been in the newspapers. A submarine had surfaced by a fishing boat far out in the bay, and the submarine's captain shouted to the fisherman, "Have you seen the ship *Corona* come in?"

"No," answered the fisherman.

The captain swore and said, "We've followed that ship all the way from Santo Domingo and we cannot find it!"

The Salvation Army leader introduced Charles and Flora Belle to the group. Then everyone joined hands in a circle and sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." For the first time, Flora Belle realized that one verse of the song asks God to "smite death's threatening wave before you." Those words turned over and over in her mind and spread a good, peaceful feeling down in her heart as they walked back to the ship.

When they were aboard once more, the captain sent for Charles to come to his cabin. "Reverend, I have a message to give to you," he said. "My men begged me not to tell you this, but I must. Remember, what we do will be according to your decision. The message is this: 'In view of the fact that New York harbor is so dangerous, we suggest that you send the passengers overland by train from New Brunswick to New York.' Now, Reverend, before you decide, remember that my crew said, 'Oh, don't show him the message, because we know that if the Slaters stay on the ship, we'll get through.' What do you say?"

"Why, we'll stay with the ship, of course," said Charles.

As the *Corona* steamed into New York harbor, the captain broke maritime law by having the entire Slater family standing in the ship's bridge with him. "It is because of you that we got through," he said. Flora Belle felt a twinge of sadness as she said good-bye to her friends. It had been a miraculous, thrilling trip. God had used the Slaters to show every passenger and crew member that He answers prayer, and that through faith in Him, Christians can face any danger with peaceful courage.

The Trail of God's Will

The Slater family lived in Bethany, Oklahoma, for the first year in the States after the eventful trip from Barbados. Then they returned to Napoleon, Ohio, for a short time, and from there moved to McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Not long after they had settled down in McKeesport, a young man named Lawrence Neff, president of the church youth society, asked Flora Belle to give a talk in youth service. She told him she would, and then got very nervous. In Guyana she had taught Sunday school, but this was a different matter! Besides, she was one of the youngest members of the group.

She chose a scripture verse for a text, and with her father's help, made a little outline of what she wanted to say. After much prayer and work, Flora Belle spoke to the youth group



that Sunday. Just before she sat down she said, "Well, I've done my best, and as the Bible says, 'Angels couldn't do better.' " She was sure that was a verse from the Bible and felt very glad that she could end her talk by quoting scripture.

Lawrence Neff stood up and said, "Thank you, Flora Belle, for that good talk. We were just wondering — where in the Scriptures did you find that saying?"

Everyone exploded with laughter, and there was nothing red-faced Flora Belle could do but join in. That was how her first sermon ended.

* * * * *

When Flora Belle was sixteen, she went away from home to high school at God's Bible School in Cincinnati, the same place where God had spoken to her in the tent. She had a sparkling personality and became popular for her friendliness and prank-pulling.

Flora Belle did not always stay close to God, even in a Christian school. For awhile, she neglected her Bible and pushed the Lord into the background. Before long she realized what was happening and prayed for forgiveness. Then God was able to use her again.

One evening some girls ran down the hall to her room in the dorm. "Flora Belle, come quick!" they begged. "Something awful is happening to Lisa."* Flora Belle went with them. There was Lisa, writhing on the floor, screaming and gnashing her teeth. Memories flashed back to Flora Belle. She had seen people act the same way in Africa.

"Girls," she said, "we've got to pray and pray hard. There is a demon working in her."

They knelt around Lisa, placed their hands on her and prayed. Nothing happened. Flora Belle said, "Lisa, say 'Jesus' — just say 'Jesus.' " But she would not. All the girls began to plead with her, "Say 'Jesus,' say 'Jesus.' " It was a long, hard struggle, but finally she whispered, "Je . . . sus. . . ."

Immediately her rigid body relaxed, her eyes lost their wild look, and she sat up and cried a little from relief and exhaustion. Flora Belle and the other girls put their arms around her as they praised the Lord and cried, too.

*Lisa is a fictitious name.

* * * * *

Flora Belle's years in Cincinnati were busy and exciting. She sang in a girls' quartet which traveled nearly every weekend. There were also regular times of personal evangelism in the city of Cincinnati. This meant that all the students at the Bible school went out into the city slums, two by two, and passed out gospel literature. It was not an easy assignment, but it was never boring.

Flora Belle loved these times, even though she went back to her room many nights with an aching heart because of all the sad and needy people she saw. She never knew what she would find as she knocked on the doors, or what situation she would get into. The only thing she knew for sure was that this was God's work and she could depend on Him no matter what happened.

One morning Flora Belle and another girl were going from door to door in an apartment building. The paint was dingy and peeling, and the air smelled of strange food, rotting garbage, and stale cigarette smoke. It was Flora Belle's turn to go to the door, so she knocked. The girls could hear many men's voices in the room, and then the door opened just a crack. A man's face and a gun barrel appeared.

"What do you want?" he growled.

Flora Belle looked at the gun. She felt the hair on her arms prickling with fear. But it was her turn to speak, and she wasn't going to back down. "Well, sir, we don't want to bother you, but we'd like to give you some gospel lit—"

"Forget it. We don't need any. You two girls don't have any business being in a place like this. Don't you know how dangerous it is? Now get out of here and if you know what's good for you, you won't come back." He slammed the door.

The girls tried to walk calmly away, then rushed down the stairs. At the bottom, Flora Belle gasped, "But we didn't give him any tracts!"

Before the other girl could say anything, she raced back up, tiptoed down the hall and slipped some leaflets under the door. Then she ran back downstairs to her trembling friend.

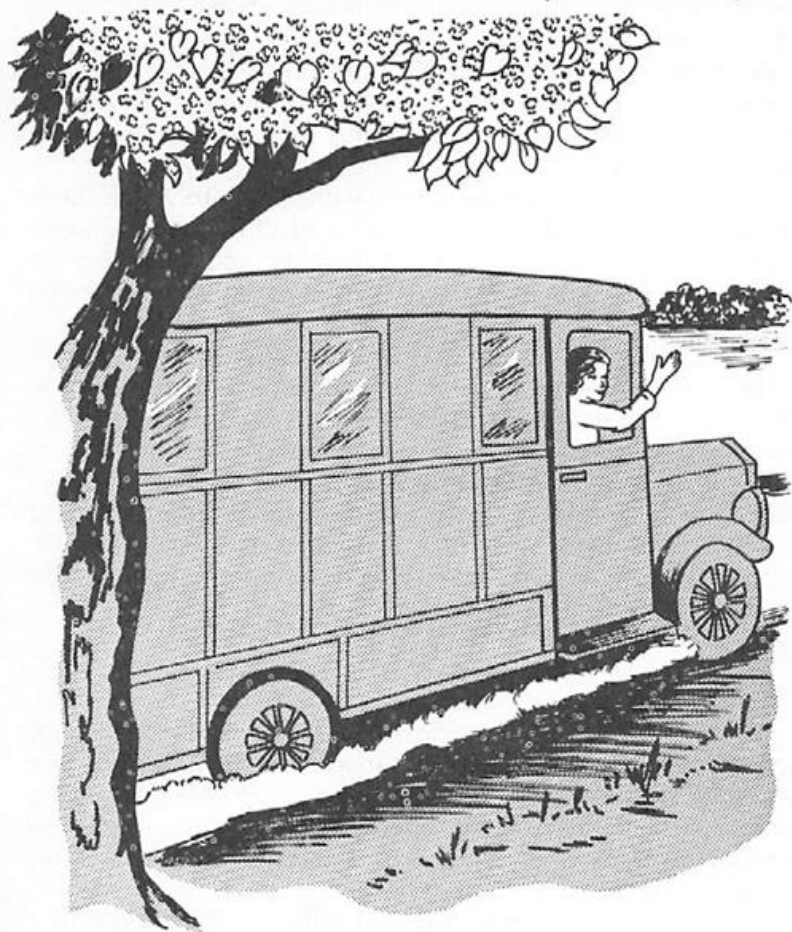
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There were several boys at the Bible school who found Flora Belle's bright brown eyes and happy ways hard to resist.

One year when she went home around Christmastime, one of these boys came to the train station to tell her good-bye. He gave her a box of chocolates. She found out later that he spent every penny he had, even his bus fare, for the candy, and had to walk miles back to school.

She told her parents about him and his chocolates. They talked everything over with her and said, "Flora Belle, you're so young. We think you'll be better off if you don't let any one fellow become really special for awhile — just be friends with them all."

Though she didn't like the idea at all, by the time she got back to school she had decided that her parents were right. It



took a lot of courage to ask the boy not to give her any special attention. She was just going to be a good friend to everyone.

* * * * *

During the summer months Flora Belle traveled with her family to different parts of the country and participated in many camp meetings. Her father was the evangelist or missionary speaker at these meetings, and the children played instruments and sang.

They had a camping trailer before it was ever invented. Charles and a friend built a body onto a pickup truck frame, and made it into a tiny traveling home. The family called it the "house-car." There was a long seat on one side, a sink and cabinet on the other, and a funny little "back porch" that stuck out behind. The "house-car" could sleep ten: Charles and Maude, their seven children, and a girl friend who Flora Belle usually brought along.

People stopped whatever they were doing to watch them drive by. They never rolled through a small midwestern town without making little ripples of laughter and questions — "What was that thing, anyway?" Once a man asked Charles, "What are you, a traveling circus?"

Whenever they came to a river or lake they stopped and went swimming, then traveled on with their wet clothes flapping out the windows to dry in the car's breeze. Early in the evening they would choose a place to spend the night. As soon as they had rested a bit from the journey of the day, they unloaded the instruments (banjo, guitar, trumpet, trombone, and pump organ) and began to play. In no time at all a crowd would gather to spend an hour or two singing along with the children or listening to Charles preach.

* * * * *

After two years in Cincinnati, Flora Belle finished high school and college in a small Christian school in Kentucky. She and another girl named Rebecca Brown composed all of the music used in their college graduation exercises. They also wrote a missionary play that was presented by their classmates during commencement.

Flora Belle spent the next year with her family in Indianapolis, Indiana. She took care of the younger children and

managed the household for her mother, who had never fully recovered from malaria. Flora Belle was like a second mother to the children. This responsibility was not new. She had learned to do all of the housework and child-care before she went to high school. She did such a good job then that, when she was only sixteen, people wanted her to take charge of a church-sponsored orphanage that had around sixteen children. She had decided to go to Cincinnati instead.

The year spent in Indianapolis was not always easy for Flora Belle, but she laughed at the children's mischief, helped her mother spank them when they needed it, and spent another happy summer with them in the "house-car." Then the Slater family moved to California.

* * * * *

In San Francisco Flora Belle met a lady named Mrs. Emsley. She was a well-to-do widow with an upswept hairdo, simple but elegant clothing, and a gentle, gracious manner. Mrs. Emsley ran what was called the Peniel Mission in the roughest section of San Francisco.

Flora Belle lived with her for awhile, driving the car for her and working in the mission. There were other girls who helped in the mission, some older than Flora Belle, but Mrs. Emsley always left her in charge when she had to be gone. Flora Belle had a cool, quick-thinking head and a warm heart. Mrs. Emsley found she could count on her in almost any situation. And they never knew what situation they would face next.

Flora Belle didn't have to pull many pranks to keep life amusing while she worked at the mission. Almost every day something funny happened.

Every evening before the service at the mission, Mrs. Emsley held a street-corner meeting. Flora Belle accompanied the singing on a small pump organ. Just as they finished one lively gospel song, someone tapped her on the shoulder. It was a drunk man. He drawled, "That wash pretty good, lady. Next time, could ya make it a tango?"

Flora Belle nearly fell off the organ bench. She sang along with all her might to keep from laughing as the man danced all alone on the sidewalk through the next song.

Following these outdoor services, there were meetings inside the mission every night. Each girl had one free night a week, and they took turns preaching on the other nights. The

people who attended the meetings were mostly men. They came in every condition — working men, drifters, drunks, homesick sailors, some of them with empty stomachs and all of them with empty hearts.

Flora Belle learned a lot about preaching and working with people. One night there were seven young men in the audience listening to her preach. They sat together on the third bench from the front. As Flora Belle talked, she could see that God was speaking to them. When she had finished, she invited the people to pray, repent of their sins and receive Jesus as their Saviour. The seven young men stood with bowed heads and troubled faces. Flora Belle knew that they wanted to pray but needed encouragement. She walked down the aisle to the young man at the end of the bench.

"Listen," she said. "Why don't you come and pray? You want to and you need to. Besides, every single fellow in this row wants to go forward for prayer too. If you go, they will. If you don't, they probably won't and may lose their chance to get right with God."

He looked at her and stepped out to the altar. All six young men followed him. To Flora Belle it was a thrilling and sacred moment. She found that every time she helped to lead a person to Christ, new springs of joy welled up inside her.

* * * * *

Mrs. Emsley was very unhappy when Flora Belle told her that she wouldn't be working at Peniel Mission any longer. A missionary lady returning to the States needed someone to drive her around the country to her meetings. Flora Belle had promised to do this for six months, so she said good-bye to Mrs. Emsley and started out.

It was an exciting six months. Afterward, Flora Belle decided she wanted to go back to college for more classes. Then one day the Lord said to her, "Flora Belle, I called you to the mission field. Don't you think you've kept Me waiting long enough?"

She dropped her plans of going to school and immediately applied to the church mission board. Soon she was called in for an interview. They decided to send her to Mexico. She was to live in San Ignacio, a dusty little town on the Texas-Mexico border, and work with a lady named Daisy Buby.

At last Flora Belle was boarding the bus for Mexico. She



hugged her father good-bye, and remembered how she had bounded down the steps in Cincinnati to tell him that the Lord had called her. She knew he was glad and proud because she was answering that call. Now she was not a missionary's kid. She was a missionary herself!

As she settled down in the seat for the ride, Flora Belle thought she was the happiest girl in the world. She was following God's path. There was adventure up ahead!

EPILOGUE

There was adventure up ahead. God's path took Flora Belle first to Mexico, then to Puerto Rico, Peru, and the Philippines, where she became known to all the missionary kids as "Auntie Foompah."

Today she is in Indonesia with — guess who! Daisy Buby. The first partner Flora Belle had on the mission field became a very wonderful friend and companion to her. They have worked together for many years.

Wherever she has been, God has used Flora Belle in very special ways. She has showed many, many boys and girls and men and women that knowing God's will and doing it is the happiest way to live.