

CAROL GISH

*Touched
by the
Divine*

THE STORY OF

BARRY GISH

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TOUCHED BY THE DIVINE

The Story of Fairy Chism

by
Carol Gish



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CHILDHOOD DAYS

ONE COLD January day at the turn of the century, a baby daughter was born to young Mr. and Mrs. Omar Chism of Booneville, Ark. This blue-eyed, curly-haired child was christened Fairy Steele Chism.

From old southern families on both sides of the house, Fairy received a rich heritage at birth. On her father's side, her great-grandfather Chism had been a country doctor in the early days in Arkansas. He had built the first house between Fort Smith and Little Rock. This old log house remains today a poignant reminder of those dangerous days when it served as a shelter from warring Indians in much the same spirit as its builder, Dr. Chism, served the medical needs of those hardy pioneers. A country store and a few houses gathered about to keep the log house company, and this historic spot eventually came to be known as Chismville.

It was Great-grandfather Chisholm who became weary of writing the silent *hol* in the Scotch name and simplified the spelling to Chism.

Fairy's grandfather, Colonel B. B. Chism, was for many years a leading lawyer in the state of Arkansas, serving for a number of years as secretary of state.

Fairy's mother's family were also pioneers in Arkansas.

Great-grandfather Sadler homesteaded on the site which became Booneville, Ark., before the Rock Island Railroad ventured that far west. When the railroad eventually passed through this frontier area, Grandfather Sadler sold a part of the old homestead for the railroad right-of-way.

Grandfather Sadler, in true pioneer fashion, moved farther west as new territories opened. For many years he served as a government appointee in the Indian Territory—later the state of Oklahoma. The lure of the West carried him finally as far as Idaho. His glamorous stories of that territory later encouraged his son-in-law, Omar Chism, and family to make the long trek to the great Northwest.

Grandmother Sadler "was a devout Christian and devoted to the Master's cause," wrote the editor of the *Booneville Democrat* at the time of her death in 1902. He further described her as he first knew her when he came to town in 1875 as a "green, gawky country boy, unkempt, uncultured, and unlettered," in these words: ". . . a beautiful young matron, educated, cultured, and refined . . . an inspiration . . . counsellor, adviser, and friend." Such was the woman who chose the name Fairy for her new granddaughter.

The new baby was equally fortunate in her selection of parents. Her father was a man of great personal charm, generous, kind, and sympathetic by nature. A man more devoted to his family would be hard to find.

Although Omar Chism was not a Christian for the greater part of his life, still he was a man of high ideals who loved the Church of the Nazarene and who was greatly concerned that his family and friends serve God. So intense was this desire that once he left his job and made a train trip to the bedside of a dying friend to urge him to make peace with his Maker—though at the time he was not a Christian himself. Later, on his own deathbed, he got back to the Lord and left a message for his darling Fairy in Africa that he would meet her at the "Eastern Gate."

Fairy's mother was a woman of intelligence and deep piety. She attended Gallsway College at Searcy, Ark., one of the oldest colleges in the state, but because of the illness of her mother she was not able to graduate. However, the fact that she attended college indicates that she was an unusual young woman, for in those days only the very exceptional young woman went to college.

But of greater import in the life of her baby daughter is the fact that Fannie Chism, when a young girl, had given her heart to God. Highly significant also is the fact that she had always wanted to be a missionary. At that time and in that locality, however, there was no way open for a young woman to offer herself to serve as a missionary. But this sacred, unfulfilled desire seemed to have been born in the heart of her first child, Fairy, who cannot recall when the idea of becoming a missionary first came to her—although she does not remember that it was ever suggested to her by her mother.

The touch of the Divine was apparent in the life of Fairy Chism from her earliest years. Even as a child she was drawn to sacred things. Her father insisted later in her life that before she could walk she crawled to the Bible. He recalled also that even as a tiny youngster she was careful not to tear "God's Book."

Fairy's mother taught her to pray as soon as she could put words together. She began to explore the stories of the Bible as soon as she was able to read. By the time she was 13 years of age she had read the Bible through, beginning then the practice of reading the entire Bible each year.

Although Fairy loved God and tried with all her heart to live as a Christian should, still she was a willful child, demanding stern discipline at times. Her mother recalls that her younger sisters—Lida, Addie Logan, and Marie (who died at three)—required only one strenuous pitched battle of the will, but Fairy was different. Each time she set her will,

another battle was staged. "Fairy used to be a stubborn little piece of humanity," her mother said in later years.

Believing with Susanna Wesley that obedience to earthly authority is the foundation for loyal, loving allegiance to God, Mr. and Mrs. Chism always demanded and ultimately obtained respectful obedience from their daughters, thus laying a secure foundation for God's work later on. As a result, all three girls became Christians early in life; for when they came to God they were able easily to accept His will without question, and consequently were not given to backsliding.

Fairy made the first public declaration of her choice of a career when she was in the first grade. When asked to stand, as was the custom with new pupils, and tell what she wanted to be when she grew up, mischievous little Fairy announced firmly, "I'm going to be a missionary." Although she was alone among her playmates in this ambition, never for a moment did it occur to her that life could offer an alternative.

The touch of the Divine is evident when we realize that Fairy had never seen a missionary before she was eight years old. Then one wonderful day when she was in the second grade the teacher announced that school would be dismissed early so that the children could go to the Methodist church to hear a missionary speak. Fairy was in ecstasy! Now for the first time in her life she would get to see what she was to be!

Fairy, in her little red dress, listened with rapt attention. Never once did she take her eyes from the missionary's face.

Suddenly Fairy heard the missionary say, "Now I want a little girl and boy to come up to the front and let me dress you like the Chinese children dress." Fairy wished desperately that she might be chosen, but hardly dared hope for such a miracle.

After what seemed to the little girl an interminable

pause, the missionary looked straight at Fairy and said, "I'd like *that* little girl in the red dress to come up here on the platform."

With wildly pounding heart she found her way to the front, where the exotic Chinese garb was draped about her. And her joy became almost too great to bear when she discovered that her favorite little boyfriend had been chosen to be dressed as a Chinese boy!

Fairy's interest in the black race dates from her childhood. It was when she was 10 that the Chism family answered the call of the pioneer spirit and moved west. As Fairy told her friends good-by, she promised them that the next time she saw them she would be on her way to the mission field. True enough, the next time she saw them (in 1928) she was on her way to Africa.

It was during the journey to northern Idaho, a trip of seven days and nights by train, that Fairy experienced a compelling interest in a colored woman who entered their coach after they had crossed the Mason and Dixon line. Impelled by an intense interest in the woman who symbolized for her the masses beyond the sea to whom she would one day go as a missionary, Fairy asked permission to go and sit in the vacant seat beside the woman. Her wish was not granted, but Fairy, realizing the futility of begging, hit upon a substitute plan. Never before had she been so "thirsty." Again and again she found her way to the end of the coach to "get a drink." Each time as she approached "the seat" with its vacant place to which she felt drawn, she slowed her pace in order to prolong the delightful experience as long as she dared. And each time she earnestly hoped that the black woman would look up, so that she could smile at her, for a smile was all that she was allowed to offer to this woman whom she wished to befriend.

Fairy always felt an intense sympathy for those less fortunate than herself and was constantly seeking ways to

help others. She also possessed a sense of humor which sometimes proved her undoing. This streak of fun often led her to tease her younger sisters. Again and again mischief-loving Fairy tormented her sisters until they went weeping in protest to their mother. Later the ability to see the funny side of a dark situation was a delightful characteristic of Fairy the missionary—a boon to those who labored with her in Africa.

SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

WHEN FAIRY was 13 years old, the touch of the Divine became very real to her. God used Fairy's mother and two revival meetings to bring her to a living knowledge of himself. The first meeting was held in the Methodist church in Wardner, Ida., the family's church home. As Fairy and her mother trudged home from the service one snowy night in January, she was startled by her mother's question: "Fairy, don't you think it's about time to give your heart to God?"

Stunned and perplexed, the little girl answered, "No." But with an aching heart she began to ask herself, What is it that makes Mother think I'm not a Christian? Afterward, however, she recognized God's leading, for He had simply used her mother to prepare the way for His voice three months later.

Very distinctly God's voice came to Fairy during a great union meeting held in nearby Kellogg by the Stevens Brothers Evangelistic Party from Canada. Hundreds were led to accept Christ during this meeting; but had there been no other conversions, what a difference that meeting made to thousands who have been touched by the ministry of Fairy Chism, both in this country and in Africa!

The first night that God spoke to Fairy in the meeting she felt that she was the worst sinner that ever lived. But when she saw that only adults were going forward to the altar, she allowed her extreme timidity to keep her from going.

What an unhappy night that was for the awakened Fairy! It was snowing as the little family walked home together. Seeing the great pines on all sides with their burden of snow, she thought, That's just like my heart—all burdened down. Then she prayed: "Dear God, if You'll let me go back to church tomorrow night I promise to go to the altar."

Fairy sat between her parents at the meeting the next night. As the invitation was given, her heart began to beat furiously. It was time to keep the vow she had made to God the night before! Looking up at her father she said, "Come, Papa, let's go." But he shook his head. Turning to her mother she said, "Mama, I want to go."

"Go on, honey," her mother answered, scarcely able to conceal the joy she felt, for she had long prayed for this moment.

Pushing past half a row of people, Fairy made her way down the long "sawdust trail" of that big tabernacle and knelt at the long altar. Almost immediately an altar worker knelt at her side. "Your father wants you," she whispered. Now what can that mean? Fairy thought to herself. She had just left her father. What could he want? Obediently, however, she got up and went back to her father, who now stood weeping with bowed head.

Before Fairy had time to ask questions, her father put his arm around her and said, "Come on, honey, we're going." So father and daughter, so much alike in native endowments, went down to the altar together.

Kneeling before Fairy, an altar worker quoted these beautiful lines: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise

cast out." That wasn't hard for Fairy to believe. She had come to give herself to God after He had shown her that she wasn't a Christian. Now that she had obeyed Him, of course He would not cast her off; and since she had already determined to be His till death, without any reservations, the matter was settled. It never occurred to her that one should expect hilarious feeling—it was simply a transaction of business between herself and God.

Soon her father sprang to his feet shouting. The faces of all seemed to Fairy to shine with a supernatural glory. But although she didn't *feel* any different, she wasn't disappointed because she believed that God had made her His own child. At the close of the altar service, Fairy, along with the other penitents, was called on to speak. She was so frightened she could hardly breathe, but she said, "God has saved me tonight and I wish you would let Him save you too." Her first sermon at the age of 13!

When the Chism family reached home that night, Father opened the Bible and said to Mother, "You've taken my place all these years at the family altar. Now we'll have a united Christian home." Then he read and prayed as the family knelt together. To Fairy it was almost like heaven.

When the rest of the family went to bed, Fairy didn't go. The thought of *really* being a Christian was so tremendous that she wanted to talk about it to the Lord alone. Kneeling by the rocking chair near the old heating stove, she began to tell Him how glad she was to be a Christian. Then things began to happen. An overwhelming sense of blessedness poured over her. The chair began to rock and Fairy was on her feet in an instant walking around the room in wonderment. *Is this* what it is to be a Christian? Oh! Oh! It was more wonderful than she had dreamed.

In spite of her timidity, Fairy was always ready to testify to what God had done in her heart. One Saturday morning during the meeting in which she was converted, Fairy

testified to a group of two or three hundred children. When she sat down, the leader, Rev. Harold Stevens, said, "That little girl will go far with the message of salvation." How does he know I'm going to be a missionary? she thought to herself.

During these early years Fairy received a gift which was of untold blessing to her throughout life. The Sunday school superintendent of the Methodist church in Wardner offered a prize to the child who would bring the most beautiful bouquet of wild flowers to Sunday school. Always a lover of mountains and flowers, Fairy accepted this challenge with keen delight. As the mountains rose almost from the very streets of the little mining town in northern Idaho, she roamed their steep sides with pleasure, hunting out the shy blossoms in secluded spots. Her joy in the lovely blossoms would have repaid her for the trouble, but in addition she won the prize: a leather-bound copy of *Daily Light*, a devotional book of scripture from whose pages God was to speak to her many times in the years that followed.

In 1916 the Chism family moved to Asotin, Wash., where they lived for a year. Who knows but that this move was necessary for Fairy to hear Miss D. Willia Caffray, well-known Methodist evangelist, preach on holiness?

From her conversion Fairy had experienced an insatiable thirst for more of God. Being very shy by nature, she sighed for more power for her own living as well as for helping others. As she heard Miss Caffray preach, Fairy thought: *There it is! That's it exactly!* I've always felt there ought to be something more. She could hardly wait for the sermon to finish in order to seek that experience herself.

Although Fairy sought that morning, she did not touch God. But she had heard the message and she did not stop seeking until she received the Holy Spirit in His fullness.

In the meantime, the Chism family moved to Moscow, Ida., in 1917, to be near the state university. Naturally they

moved their membership to the Methodist church of that little city. There Fairy and her sisters enjoyed the fellowship of a large group of young people who befriended them immediately. In fact, a short time after their arrival, Fairy was elected president of the Epworth League.

During that summer God sent several ministers of the Church of the Nazarene to Moscow for home mission campaigns. The first to come were Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Gibson, who found rooms in the Chism home during their stay in Moscow. Fairy was intrigued at once by their radiant smiles. They seemed different from others she had known. She was deeply interested in Brother Gibson's description of the contrast in his life *before* and *after* he was sanctified. She became a constant seeker for this blessing, in spite of her pastor's urgent request that she not go to the altar at the tent meeting.

Fairy failed to find her heart's desire during the Gibson meeting, but shortly after it closed, Rev. J. T. Little came to town for another campaign. She continued to seek holiness through this meeting and also in the next campaign, held that fall by S. L. Flowers.

During this meeting Fairy became so desperate for the experience of holiness that the enemy was able to take advantage of her earnestness. One Saturday morning while she was working in the variety store where she had part-time employment, the question came to her bewildered mind: Are you willing to be a *fool* for Christ's sake? If so, will you prove it by getting on your knees and praying in the store? So distraught and earnest was she after months of fruitless seeking that Fairy decided to become a fool if God required it. She felt that she must wait till the store was full of customers for best results.

After supper the shoppers began to arrive in greater numbers. When she felt that a sufficient number had gathered to prove to her satisfaction that she was a fool, Fairy

knelt behind the counter and began to pray in loud desperation.

As she prayed she sensed that the store had become very quiet. Everyone was whispering but Fairy. As if drawn by a magnet, the people gathered around the kneeling girl. Then she heard someone whisper, "I think you'd better get a glass of water." The shock of the cold water they threw on her nearly took away her breath, but Fairy prayed on as if oblivious to her surroundings. Then another whispered, "You'd better go get her mother." Still Fairy prayed.

When her mother came, she knelt beside Fairy and began to talk quietly to her. Fairy was praying too hard to be diverted at first, but finally she heard her mother saying, "If the Lord had intended to sanctify you here tonight, He would have given you the blessing by now. Let's go home and pray." The mother's quiet reasoning prevailed.

Together mother and daughter rose from their knees and walked through the wondering crowd out of the store. Fairy felt their eyes upon her almost as if in physical contact as she retreated. All the way home a new suggestion kept coming to her mind: You didn't get through tonight, but you will if you'll pray in the big high school auditorium when all the school is assembled. (Fairy was a senior that year.)

The news of the prayer meeting in the store soon reached the ears of the Nazarene evangelist. Early the next morning Brother Flowers called at the Chism home and explained a number of things to the confused girl. Fairy, in her characteristic way, went all out in an effort to correct her mistake. She told the people not to blame her actions on God, nor on the Church of the Nazarene—but just on herself. Nevertheless it was rumored about that Fairy Chism had lost her mind. She had gone crazy over religion!

The following summer, in 1918, a Rev. Beebe came to hold a meeting for the struggling Nazarene congregation.

Although Fairy felt a deep indebtedness to the Church of the Nazarene, she somehow had a revulsion against actually becoming a member. Though she felt God was leading her in this direction, she earnestly hoped she was mistaken, for the congregation was made up mostly of elderly, poor, non-university people. Worst of all, there were no young people.

During this campaign Fairy went to the altar one night about nine o'clock, determined to settle it forever. Five hours later she came to the end of her struggle. Looking up through her tears she said, "O Lord, if *You* want me to go to heaven with this crowd—if I *never* see another young person—all right, I will go with them!"

The floor beneath the altar was wet with her tears when Fairy rose to her feet. "Brother Beebe," she announced, "if you will take me into the Nazarene church, I want to join Sunday." Little did she or anyone else present that night realize what a momentous step Fairy Chism had taken. Walking home by herself two hours past midnight, Fairy felt that she was indeed alone. But God had made the way clear and she would follow Him.

Slipping quietly into her room, hoping not to awaken the household, Fairy turned on the light and her eyes fell instantly on her precious *Daily Light* which she had received for her bouquet of wild flowers in Sunday school several years before. Opening the book to the readings for that day, her heart lifted as she read: "By faith Abraham . . . called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed." This was the key verse for the day—in bold, black type.

These words and the similar ones which followed burned themselves into Fairy's heart as if God had spoken to her aloud. There could be no doubt in her mind now that He was guiding. She glanced at the second page for the day and found God's reason for leading her to the Church of the Nazarene: "Give thanks at the remembrance of his holi-

ness," also in bold type. "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy."

It was clear as sunlight to Fairy as she read. God was leading her out of her church into the way of holiness. She did not know she was stepping onto a path that was to lead her ultimately to Africa.

While Fairy was reading these verses from *Daily Light*, her mother, wondering what was delaying her, came into the room from her adjoining bedroom.

"Why are you so late, Fairy?" she asked.

"O Mother, I'm going to join the Nazarenes Sunday. God has told me to. Just see here in my *Daily Light* for today."

Mrs. Chism was not surprised at this, for she had been facing the same issue and struggling against it for months herself. Instantly she made her decision. "I will join with you." It was like music to Fairy's ears.

The next morning the younger sisters, after some discussion, decided to cast their lot with Fairy and their mother.

That Saturday afternoon Fairy went to the Methodist parsonage and asked her pastor for their church letters. He was kind but firm in his refusal. He could never grant his members letters to *that* church. He warned her that she would be casting away her chance for future usefulness by this move. He urged her to wait until she graduated from the university, promising to assist her in further study in Chicago after graduation.

Fairy was loath to go against the wishes of her pastor, whom she loved and revered, but she knew that God had spoken.

The next day Fairy was scheduled to speak at Epworth League. At the close of the service she resigned the presidency, telling that group of loyal young friends with whom she had enjoyed such happy fellowship that she felt that God

wanted her to join the Church of the Nazarene. Almost in a body her Methodist friends followed her to the little tent, where they witnessed one of the most important steps of her life—joining the Church of the Nazarene, on profession of faith, along with her mother and two sisters. The date was July 28, 1918.

COLLEGE DAYS

THE NEXT step in God's plan for Fairy's life came soon. A dear friend, Mrs. Fred Samm, a devout, cultured, charter member of the Church of the Nazarene in Moscow, told her about Northwest Nazarene College at Nampa in the southern part of the state. This small church school had been started in a sagebrush clearing a few years before by Mr. Eugene Emerson, a Christian businessman who had dreamed of a Christian college for the training of young people in an atmosphere conducive to the development of the Christian virtues.

Fairy had fully expected to enter the state university that fall, but her desire for the experience of perfect love had by now eclipsed the desire for a university education. Where better could she expect to find this coveted experience than in a holiness college?

So Fairy went to NNC in September, 1918. Like the man who sold everything in order to buy the pearl of great price, she made everything else secondary as she began to seek the baptism with the Holy Spirit. She went to the altar on the first Sunday morning of the school year and again

that night. From then on when an altar call was made, whether at church or in a chapel service, there would be at least one seeker if Fairy was at the service—and she always was.

In October the "flu" epidemic struck the college. Louise Robinson was head nurse, and Fairy was delighted to be on her staff. Although almost all of the school was down at one time or another, not one death occurred as a result of the epidemic.

During the entire school year Fairy's first concern was to be sanctified. She took only part of the regular college course in order to have more time to pray. She sometimes sought out people known for prayer and had them pray with her, hoping each time that it might be her time for victory.

Fairy prayed so constantly that when she went home for the Christmas holidays her mother gently remonstrated with her over the condition of her shoes. The toes were worn through! "Fairy," she said, "can't you pray in some way so as not to wear out the toes of your shoes?" But her father came immediately to her rescue, although he himself was not a Christian. "Now, Mother, you just let Fairy alone. I'll buy her all the shoes she can pray through!"

Feeling that she was such a hard case, Fairy had given God a year in which to sanctify her. Yet as the college year was drawing to a close she still did not have the victory she so earnestly sought. In desperation she vowed never to eat or sleep again until she had prayed through. For three days and nights she prayed, being joined the second day by another hungry seeker.

Dr. H. O. Wiley, then president of NNC, became concerned over the girls and sent Mrs. Anna Steer, the wonderful matron of the girls' dormitory, Louise Robinson, Fairy's dearest friend, and others to help them pray. In only a little while such glory came down that Fairy could not remain on her knees. Walking around the room with hands raised in

her characteristic way, she kept saying: "Is this the Holy Ghost?" But in a short while she was again in darkness because of doubt.

On the last Sunday night of the school year Fairy knelt at her familiar place at the altar. That night, however, was different, for Louise Robinson knelt by her side and Rev. J. T. Little just across the altar from her. Fairy was encouraged. She felt that surely she would find victory that night, for Louise Robinson and Brother Little were the greatest pray-ers she had ever known. How good God was to let them both pray for her at the same time! But in vain. After two hours Fairy went home—the school year was ending and she had not been sanctified.

As she walked slowly home that night she talked to the Lord: "If *they* can't pray me through, I guess no one can. I'm sorry; I've done my best. I didn't want to be lost, but here I am."

The pungent odor of sagebrush, which she loved, came through the open window that night as Fairy knelt by her bed. "Lord Jesus, I've done all I know to get sanctified. Everybody's prayed for me and it doesn't seem to do any good. It seems I can't get the experience. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, so I'll have to go to hell; but when I meet You, I'll tell You that I really did my best to find heart holiness. However, I do love You with all my heart and will serve You as long as I live. Simply to know Your will, will be to do it."

Just there the prayer was interrupted. Into Fairy's heart there came a sweet rest and peace—a sense of cleansing and complete fulfillment. Later she described her experience: "I was so bent on struggling to die out to self and sin. I wanted to be *so* sure. And it took all of that struggling for me to get to the end of *trusting in my own struggling and in the prayers of people. Doing, doing* was ended. The merits of *His doing*—the precious shed Blood—dawned on my un-

worthy heart. Ah, the work was done! Because of Calvary and that alone, the Holy Ghost had come, June 2, 1919."

* * *

Since the Chism daughters no longer expected to attend the state university, the family moved to Spokane in the summer of 1919. Here Fairy found employment for the summer as elevator girl for the Sherman-Clay Music Company in order to earn money for her second year at NNC.

The manager was pleased with Fairy's work, and about a month before time for the opening of the fall term he asked her if she would consider staying on as assistant cashier. He explained that the cashier was to be married the next year and he wished to train Fairy for the place. She thanked him generously for the offer but explained that she expected to return to college in about a month. The manager was kind and agreed that the decision was wise.

About two weeks before the opening of school, as Fairy was praying in the attic, God told her distinctly that she was to let Lida go to Nampa instead. Fairy would supplement what her parents could pay on Lida's expenses from her own summer earnings. She would stay on and work at the music store if there was still a place for her.

The next time the manager stepped into the elevator, Fairy explained to him the change in her plans, asking to be allowed to remain as elevator girl. The manager was glad to have her remain but insisted that she become assistant cashier, although he had already hired someone for that place. Fairy protested in vain. She must assume her duties as assistant cashier the first of the month.

But God had other plans for Fairy. On Sunday after Lida left for Nampa, the pastor, Rev. C. Warren Jones, announced that Fred and Kittie Suffield would be conducting a brief series of meetings in the church. After the service

the first night, Mrs. Suffield came to Fairy and said, "I feel that you should go to Nampa to school."

Very positively Fairy answered, "I went to college there last year, Mrs. Suffield, but I'm not to go this year." With a loving pat on the shoulder, Mrs. Suffield suggested that Fairy pray about the matter.

That night as Fairy knelt beside the bed she saw plainly that God had not told her to stay away from Nampa, merely that she was to send Lida. Could it be that He wanted them both there?

The next evening Mrs. Suffield spoke again to Fairy about going to school. "Last night," she told Fairy, "when we went to our room my husband said, 'Kittie, did you see that girl who sat on the second seat? Don't you think it would be nice for us to send her to Nampa?' I laughed and told him of my conversation with you." So it was arranged that Fairy would also go to Nampa—if she could be released from her job.

What on earth could she say to the manager who had been so kind? Of all the muddles, this was the worst! He would probably think she was crazy. Such thoughts nagged Fairy as she went to work early the next morning, hoping to find him in the office. There she mustered courage to tell him of the unusual offer toward her education for that year. However, she told him that since she had promised to stay she would stay if he wished, since she believed in keeping promises.

Mr. Hammer, a wiry little man with graying hair, sat for a moment behind the big desk and looked with interest at the slender, trembling girl before him. Then quietly getting to his feet, he placed his hands in his pockets and with a searching look said slowly and with great emphasis: "Miss Chism, man proposes; God disposes. You take the first train to your school!"

Fairy could hardly believe that she was hearing the

austere Mr. Hammer, head of that great establishment, talking about God with such a perfect understanding of the situation. She managed to gasp, "Why, Mr. Hammer, who ever told you that God had anything to do with the matter?"

"Do you think," he replied slowly, "that you have worked for three months in this place without my recognizing the kind of religion you have? You have the kind of religion my old Methodist mother had." Never before had Fairy said anything in his presence about religion.

Giving Fairy a note, he sent her to the office for her pay. In the envelope she found not only the money which she had earned but a generous gift from the manager as well.

THE CALL TO AFRICA

THAT SECOND year at NNC was an outstanding one for Fairy. She roomed with Louise Robinson, and many wonderful times they enjoyed together. During that year Fairy and Louise, along with five other students, prayed all night for seven nights that God would visit the campus in an unusual way. A marvelous revival broke out that ran on for six weeks—a forerunner of others like it which would take place in India and Africa in years to come. For among the students that year were Prescott Beals, Bessie Littlejohn, Ralph Cook, the Carl Mischkes, Pearl Wiley, Lulu Williams, Myrtle Mangum, Ira Taylor, G. Frederick Owen, Leota Grebe, Ira True, E. E. Martin, Jim Short, and others who became missionaries abroad or ministers in the homeland.

Fairy's first call to assist in a revival meeting came from Lewis Hall, student pastor at nearby Marsing, Ida. (Lewis was the brother of Mrs. Samm, who had first told Fairy about NNC.) It was a weekend meeting and the other helpers were Louise Robinson and Bessie Littlejohn (later Mrs.

Prescott Beals). Fairy, as a rule, was never at a loss for something to say, but she recalls vividly that in the first service in which she spoke she said everything she could think of in the first 15 minutes. Louise Robinson came to her rescue and finished the message for her.

A man who attended the services gave each of the girls \$5.00. How rich they felt! Fairy put hers in the church offering. The feeling that she had got the money under false pretenses, along with the conviction that any money obtained for preaching was sacred, moved Fairy to use it only for the Lord's work.

Money was scarce at the college during these years. The faculty and students of necessity joined together to pray in coal during the winters. Sometimes faith was low—and coal accordingly.

The college had an unusually active foreign mission band in those years, as might be expected considering the names listed above. Fairy used to hear students talk of being "called" to the mission field. She had witnessed struggles at the altar and had seen young men and women rise with tear-stained faces and declare with trembling voices that God had "called" them to the mission field. Fairy could not for the life of her understand why they should weep over such a glorious privilege as being sent to a foreign country as an ambassador for King Jesus.

But what was this "call"? She had none. The awful fear that she could not be a missionary without a "call" began to haunt her during waking hours and trouble her in her sleep. She had planned since early childhood to be a missionary and felt that she'd rather die than accept a second choice for her lifework.

So Fairy began asking God to give her a "call." For many months she waited for an answer. Finally she changed her prayer. "If You don't tell me not to go," she prayed, "then I will think You mean I *can* go." As time passed she

became assured that God had definitely called her but not in the same manner in which He had called others.

* * *

In 1920, Addie Logan, the youngest Chism daughter, was ready for college and the family moved to Nampa. It was toward the close of that summer that Fairy suffered the only serious illness of her young life. Her body had become dangerously weakened from prolonged fasting in order to learn the will of God for her life while at the same time she had kept up a strenuous work schedule in the apple orchards. Typhoid laid her low and for many weeks the outcome was uncertain.

Finally all that family and doctors could do proved insufficient, and hope of her recovery was abandoned. The physician told the sorrowing family one morning that Fairy would slip away sometime that day.

Fairy had been unconscious for hours, not knowing when the doctor made his last call. While her loved ones were grieving over the untimely approach of death, Fairy stood outside the gate of heaven. She told later of that experience. Jesus came out to her for a moment, then returned. Fairy was glad to be so near heaven, but the disturbing thought flashed to her mind: But I haven't got to Africa yet! I don't want to go to heaven without going to Africa!

As she waited outside the gates of pearl, she felt positively that within the walls they were discussing whether or not this was the time to bring her home. If they should decide to take her now, Jesus would return for her. Long she stood outside heaven, but finally opened her eyes once more on earth. To the weeping family she said, "Don't cry. I'm going to live and work for Jesus."

A long time later Fairy learned of the prayer vigil of her pastor, Rev. J. T. Little, whose life and ministry had

meant so much to her both in Moscow and at Nampa. When Mr. Little had heard that Fairy was approaching the end, he shut himself in his room, telling his wife that under no condition was he to be disturbed. For hours he pleaded with God and came out at last with the answer that Fairy would live. Sadly his wife answered, "But Fairy is already dead." (A student had circulated the doctor's report that Fairy would likely not live through the day.)

"No, she cannot be dead!" was his positive reply.

"Yes, they say she died about noon today."

"Then if she did, she will come to life. She will live and preach His Word," he said with the confidence of unshakable faith in God.

The next day the doctor came to the house again to see the patient. He was amazed. "I have never seen a case like it—sure and certain signs of death had set in yesterday." Then to Mrs. Chism he confided, "There is something about this case that I don't understand." Perhaps no one but Brother Little quite understood. It was he who had wrestled in prayer for Fairy during the long hours of the day that Death came for her.

THE OPENED DOOR

FAIRY GRADUATED from NNC with majors in psychology and sociology, but she declares that her real major was the life of Dr. H. Orton Wiley. His life profoundly affected her during school years, for she felt him to be the embodiment of holiness.

During her college years Fairy was involved in many school activities—social, literary, and athletic—but her main interest was in the religious life of the campus. Particularly active after she received the Holy Spirit in His fullness, she often had calls to speak in schoolhouses and small churches in the Boise valley. Her supreme desire as she approached her final year was to be sent to Africa as soon as she graduated, for her dear friend Louise Robinson was already there.

During her senior year her pastor, Brother Little, felt that Fairy should be given a preacher's license. Although Fairy demurred at first, having a prejudice against women preachers as well as a feeling of unworthiness, she finally consented. Nampa First Church recommended her to the district assembly and the license was granted.

(Fairy will never forget the look on Brother Little's face as he listened to her report to the next district assembly. He had watched the spiritual growth of his protégé since the

home mission campaign that he had conducted in Moscow in 1917. His face was wet with tears as he listened, with justifiable pride, to her report.

(During that assembly the committee on orders and relations, learning that there was a slight possibility that Fairy might be sent to Africa before another year, voted to waive certain requirements for ordination. Consequently Fairy was ordained by Dr. H. F. Reynolds in Buhl, Ida., in June, 1923.)

Meanwhile, as graduation time had approached it seemed less and less likely that the church would be able to send her to Africa right away. There was a distinct possibility that no new missionaries would be sent out for at least a year, so Fairy decided to accept a school that had been offered her. However this plan, as well as every other plan she had considered for the future, seemed displeasing to God. All of the other graduates of her class were making definite plans for the future, but Fairy alone stood without the slightest idea of which road to travel. But one Tuesday night soon after school had closed, she prayed desperately for God to show her what He would have her do. As clearly as if He had spoken in audible tones, Fairy heard Him say: "Walk in the open door."

The next day Fairy walked on air. God would open a door for her! She was fairly bursting with curiosity as to where the door would lead and when it would open. She went to prayer meeting that night, and after the service as she was praying with seekers at the altar, someone tapped her on the shoulder and motioned for her to come to the back of the church. It was Dr. A. E. Sanner, the superintendent of the Idaho-Oregon District. Almost in a daze she heard him say, "How about taking the pastorate at Halfway, Ore.?"

While Fairy tried to recover from the shock sufficiently to register her protest against women preachers—and worst of all, women *pastors*—she heard him continue: "I didn't

intend to ask you. As a matter of fact, I had planned to go over and close the church soon. It's a hard place. There just didn't seem to be anybody to send them. But when you walked down the aisle tonight, the Lord said to me, 'There's your pastor for the Halfway church.'"

Quietly Fairy told Brother Sanner that she would pray about the matter. Yet she knew that the door had been opened! That night she prayed again by her bed—just 24 hours after God had said, "Walk in the open door"—and all she could see was the door to Halfway, Ore., standing ajar.

The next morning she phoned Dr. Sanner that she would take the church, and on Friday she boarded the train for the little eastern Oregon town.

* * *

The lone passenger alighted at Robinette, Ore., where the railroad ended up against the mountains which towered to the sky. From there she would have to take the stage. A clean-faced, good-natured, fat man invited Fairy to share with him the driver's seat of the stage. The inside was already loaded with hardware, boxes of all sizes and shapes, and what not—including her baggage.

Up and up into the gray-brown, barren mountains the narrow, winding road climbed. Now and again the girl could look down hundreds of feet into the chasm below, where wound the silvery thread of the Powder River. How easy it would be for the stage to slip off that narrow ledge of road cut into the rocky side of the mountain! But Fairy was not afraid. Life to her was tame without a dash of danger—and the bigger the dash, the better she liked it.

After three hours of breathtaking mountain scenery which charmed the passenger—danger and all—the stage pulled over "The Sag" (as Fairy learned to call the southern

foothills) into Pine Valley. This beautiful spot, named for the trees that once covered the valley floor, was protected on three sides by the timbered mountains, while to the north towered "The Granites"—gray-blue and forbidding—high above the timbered hills below.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," thought Fairy.

Entering the little town of Halfway, lying in the center of the protected valley, the driver drew up before a small cottage nestled behind a picket fence. From the doorway a frail-looking, gray-haired little woman, bent with life's span, came slowly out to the stage. Her sweet face looked from her son, the driver, to the passenger in mute questioning.

The slight figure climbed to the ground and made her own introduction, since there had not been time for word to precede her.

"I am Fairy Chism." She almost stumbled over the words. "Brother Sanner has asked me to come over and help you with the church."

Wonder and delight warmed the little woman's face as she welcomed the slip of a girl who had come so unexpectedly to be their preacher. Could such a little girl preach? And so pretty too! she thought.

After a brief visit in the front room, the lady showed Fairy to the tiny room just off the kitchen, which was to be her home for a time. With trepidation she watched as Fairy hung her coat on a nail behind the door. There were other nails for other clothes. Will this young girl from the world out there be satisfied with my poor home? she wondered.

Fairy took everything in with a quick glance: the bed with a decided sag in the middle, the single, straight-backed chair, a small mirror over the table—this was the room that God had provided for her and she loved it. She almost glimpsed a halo about the meager furnishings. For although Fairy was a girl of artistic tastes who loved beautiful things, her insight was sensitive to beauty unseen. She smiled ten-

derly into the eyes of the woman who stood watching her in evident uncertainty.

"This will be just wonderful," Fairy said with unmistakable sincerity.

And her hostess drew a deep breath and whispered, "Thank You, God."

That evening the man of the house returned from work—a good man who had served the Lord for over 40 years. Together they shared the simple evening meal on the kitchen table with their guest.

After supper Fairy slipped out to take a walk. Up the dusty road that ran past the house she went. Only about a block away she found her church. It looked more like a schoolhouse she thought—and such it *had* been years before.

The door opened without the need of a key. She found herself in a long room. At one end stood a table (her pulpit!), an old organ, a few benches, and a stove with a long pipe that extended across the room to find an exit in the far wall. To the side of the room were some odd pieces of unchurch-like furniture, and on the floor were large greasy spots which had evidently been scrubbed in vain. That part of the room looked as if it had had garage history—which indeed it had.

The sad-looking building had lived a life of uncertainty and change. Fairy made some mental notes of what might be done to bring about a few more needed changes in its appearance. She could easily have been tempted to discouragement: her church didn't look like a church, and she wasn't a preacher! But within her slight frame there burned a love for God and a desire to help people—as well as the venturesome spirit of the pioneer which was her birthright. Fairy went to sleep that night well content with life beyond God's open door.

The next morning after Sunday school the new "preacher" took her place behind the table. Wondering

glances followed her every movement. The little congregation saw a slender girl of medium height with a mass of brown hair curling about her fair face. Her eyes were large and blue, and when she smiled she was beautiful. Although she was a college graduate and in her early twenties, she certainly didn't look her age.

That night there was a big crowd out to hear her, for word had spread through the countryside that "the Nazarenes have a little girl for a preacher." And the people were not disappointed when the little preacher opened the Bible and spoke to them. From that first day God blessed her and removed all timidity, giving her a joy and an anointing of soul which she had never before experienced. Fairy loved the friendly mountain people at once and, needless to say, they took her to their hearts.

The next six weeks Fairy was almost too happy to keep her feet on the ground. She could hardly ask God for things, for her petitions ended in praise almost before they were begun. Often she shouted and praised God as she walked up and down in her small room or in the church. It seemed that every atom of her being echoed and reechoed, "For this purpose came I into the world." In spite of her former prejudice against women preachers, she was decidedly happy and satisfied.

Fairy received two offers to go to other places during those first months at Halfway, but so sure was she of God's leading that she was not tempted to leave. Human voices never affected Fairy when they seemed to be in conflict with the voice of God.

After a few months Lida, Fairy's younger sister, came to Halfway to share a one-room apartment and help for a while with the church work. With the help of five of the church women, they painted the church inside and out—no easy task for women. Fairy would not allow the others to paint the high gables, since there was danger that the long

ladder might slip and dash the amateur painter to the ground. Needless to say, God heard the prayers of those others and protected their pastor while she was perched high on the slender ladder vigorously wielding a paintbrush.

God wonderfully provided for Fairy's physical needs. Food was sure and plentifully provided. Even clothes were not forgotten. One day as Fairy knelt in prayer a knock called her to the door. Standing before her she saw one of the faithful women of the church with two lengths of beautiful dress goods: a gray voile with a design of pink roses, and a white linen. "I thought you might like a new dress," Fairy heard her say as she put the lovely material into her arms.

As the friend left, Fairy with bursting heart ran back and knelt on the spot she had left a moment before. "Lord, I knew that You would feed me, but I didn't know that You would clothe me too!"

Fuel for the difficult winters presented a serious problem in Halfway. But even fuel was provided in a marvelous way. One day Fairy used the last stick of wood in cooking the noon meal. Then hitching the horse to the buggy, she spent the afternoon calling. The last visit took her to the home of a church family who insisted that their "preacher" stay for supper. Afterward they would go to the midweek prayer service together. Evening chores made them arrive at the church about 30 minutes late.

In the meantime the other members of the congregation had assembled, and there was great speculation as to their pastor's absence. She had never been late for church before. Finally a group of them went across the street to the little house which Fairy was occupying at the time through the kindness of a woman who was to be out of town for several months. After looking through the four rooms in vain, one practical man suggested that maybe a piece of wood had fallen on her and straightway he went to the woodshed to investigate. What he saw there made him forget for a mo-

ment the missing girl. "Why, she hasn't a stick of wood!" he exclaimed to the waiting people.

Soon the latecomers arrived and the prayer service was held. Afterward the kindhearted people scolded their little preacher for not letting them know that she was out of wood. Those who lived near went home and brought her an armful of wood immediately. The next day a whole load arrived. God had provided. And it was not the last time God sent her a load of wood.

Halfway is the oldest and largest town in Pine Valley, which extends about 15 miles among wooded mountains. One by one Fairy opened preaching points in schoolhouses throughout the valley until for a while she was preaching somewhere every night of the week. Carson became a permanent preaching point. A horse and buggy was loaned to Fairy for those trips and, although the temperature sometimes dropped to 30 degrees below zero, she never missed a Friday night at Carson. (In winter, sleigh runners replaced the wheels on her buggy.)

More and more the people in the valley called upon Fairy to bury their dead, marry their young, and visit their sick. The borrowed buggy took her far and near until her heart embraced the whole valley of about 2,500 people. And the people loved the girl preacher. Toward the end of her second year among them, the townsfolk circulated a petition, unknown to her, requesting that the district assembly not take away their preacher. This petition with pages of signers was eloquent testimony to the love the people of Pine Valley felt for their pastor.

APPOINTMENT TO AFRICA

DURING the third year in Halfway, about six months before assembly time, as Fairy was praying for Baker, another struggling little church about 60 miles away, God told her that she was to go there as pastor at the close of the year. It was a secret from God which she shared with no one. The town and church people of Halfway promised to buy her a new Ford if she would stay on with them. Her reply was always the same: "If God tells me to stay I will gladly stay, even without a new car. But if He says for me to go, then I must obey Him."

Before the assembly, several calls came from other churches with the offer of good salaries. One offered \$200 a month and an eight-room furnished parsonage. All offers were politely but firmly refused. Finally, on the last day in Halfway before she was to leave for the assembly, a letter from Baker came. Would she become their pastor? They would endeavor to raise \$5.00 a week for salary. No parsonage was mentioned.

Of course Fairy accepted the call to Baker. Had not God told her six months before that she was to go to Baker? She was able to live comfortably on \$5.00 a week. She rented a four-room house at \$10.00 a month. She bought food, fuel,

paid utilities, and many months was able to save enough to send \$5.00 to her friend Louise Robinson in Africa. God amply provided for all her needs.

Sometimes her faith was tested. One time there was not a cent to pay the rent, which was due the next day. Fairy was meticulous in caring for her obligations when they fell due. So on this particular evening as she prayed earnestly, Heb. 6:10 came to her: "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister." She retired that night in full assurance that He would not forget that the rent was due on the morrow.

The next morning a knock summoned the little pastor to the door. There stood Mr. Dyke, a friend and regular attendant, though not a member of the church. Pressing a \$10.00 bill into Fairy's hand, he said hurriedly, "You may need this," and was gone before she had a chance to thank him properly. But Fairy was not surprised at all.

There were difficult problems in Baker. Halfway had seemingly presented none—just a tremendous challenge. But in Baker, Fairy learned that God is the Source of all wisdom. She discovered that God directed in miraculous ways one who diligently sought His leadership. She learned in a very personal way that His name is "Counsellor." She had a chance also to prove that holiness really works. It could be recommended without hesitation as the antidote for all ugly feelings and actions to which one is subjected by those whose hearts are warped and twisted by the carnal nature.

Nearly two years of fruitful service in Baker were terminated by a commission to Africa. This is how it came about. Louise Robinson by now had been in Africa for seven years. At the annual African missionary council meeting of 1927 she told the council that she could no longer carry on without help, and asked that they request the mission board to send Fairy Chism out to the station at Endingeni (*En-din-*

gen-ee). The council agreed to send the request to Kansas City, and Louise herself wrote Fairy about the action.

Fairy was elated over this turn of events but she decided to keep the news a secret until it became a reality. For through the years, the word that "Fairy Chism is going to Africa" had assumed some of the monotony of "Wolf! Wolf!" in the story.

To her great surprise, a few days after receiving Louise's letter she received a postcard from her mother saying that she had had a great time praying on Tuesday and that she was saying "Amen to the will of the Lord whatever it means." (Through the years, Mother Chism had made it a habit to arise about four-thirty in the morning for prayer and Bible study.)

Fairy was curious and replied immediately, asking her what she meant. The truth of God's Word that "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him" was revealed in her mother's answer. She explained that she had been in her prayer closet for her regular devotions on Tuesday last. As she went around the world in her petitions, she was led to halt at Africa. Deep in intercession for the work of the church there, she came to know that *He* who had called her child to that field was now ready for her to go.

Knowing that there were insufficient funds in the church at that time for sending out recruits, yet being convinced that God had spoken, Mrs. Chism cast about to see what she had that might be converted into transportation to Africa. The new car they were about to purchase came to her mind. They could get along with the old car. Father would agree. Having nothing more to give, herself, her faith took hold upon God for the support of her daughter on the field. She wrote Fairy that she was confident that God would help her to "believe in" her support month by month. She advised her to begin to make preparations to go at once.

When Fairy's reply reached her mother, telling of the

turn of affairs, Mrs. Chism was delighted. Wonderful are the ways of God and sweet are His secrets!

The mission board met in the fall of 1927 and Fairy's appointment to Africa was made without delay. The appointment was conditional, however, subject to improvement of her blood pressure. When Fairy's doctor had made his examination, preliminary to her appointment to Africa, he had discovered her blood pressure to be dangerously low. "Girl, you are going entirely on nerves," he said. "I could not believe your blood pressure—I've taken it three times! What do you eat?"

Fairy assured him that she always had enough to eat, yet in her heart she knew that she hadn't always eaten what she needed. For four and one-half years she had bought no meat nor fresh fruits unless she happened to be entertaining guests (which meant very infrequently). She had lived on dried foods and starches—both cheap and filling! Only by so doing could she have sent money to her dear missionary friend, Louise Robinson. At once she improved her diet and the blood pressure rose obligingly.

The Baker church members were torn between sadness and joy as they received word that their beloved pastor was being sent to Africa. One evening they gathered in the little home of their minister and presented her with saddlebags, the first item of her equipment. The Baker paper carried an announcement regarding the appointment. In part it read: "Miss Chism is a prime favorite here, and the best wishes of a host of friends will go with her on her perilous undertaking."

For a brief period of a few weeks after her giving up the Baker church, District Superintendent Sanner asked Fairy to supply the church at Burns, Ore. Although there for only a short time, she learned to love the people of Burns, and through her 20 years in Africa they frequently sent parcels to her.

When the matter of Fairy's going to Africa arose, her friend Brother Little asked her if she *had* to go to Africa as a missionary to save her soul.

"Why, no, Brother Little," she replied.

"Well, then, why don't you stay in the United States and evangelize?"

"Oh, no. I think I could easily save my soul and work for God in America. But the thing I've lived for all of my life is to become a missionary—it's my lifelong ambition."

"Well, all right," he replied. "I'll do anything in my power to help you get to Africa." Then he raised his finger and with a typical J. T. Little smile prophesied, "You will never die among the black people of Africa. You will come back and evangelize among the white people before you die."

So sure was Fairy that he was mistaken that she let the words sink deep into her subconscious mind, where they were forgotten for nearly 20 years.

In June, 1928, Fairy's mother and her sister Lida accompanied her to Columbus, Ohio, where the General Assembly was in progress. Sadly Mr. Chism had told them good-by in Nampa, his work not permitting him to leave. Imagine Fairy's surprise when she saw him standing in the door of the church that next Sunday morning in Columbus—a wide grin on his face. Nudging her mother and Lida over, Fairy made room for him by her side.

Those last days together were precious to the little family. But the week was all too short, and soon the crowd of relatives and friends were gathered at the station at 2:30 a.m. to bid the missionaries farewell. (Rev. and Mrs. William Es-selstyn, also bound for Africa, were leaving on the same train.)

As the "All aboard" was called, the three young missionaries hurried toward the train, and the high, steel gates clanked shut behind them, leaving friends and family

behind. But before they had reached the train they heard the sound of hurrying feet. Turning, they saw Mr. Chism coming toward them in a dead run. Behind him followed the whole crowd of friends.

Boarding the train, the Esselstyns left the bottom step for Fairy, where her father reached her and took her in his arms once more. In a moment the train began to move, and Mr. Chism ran alongside until its speed prevented him from accompanying his child farther.

Not until Carl and Velma Mischke came to Africa two years later did Fairy know how her father had been able to "crash" the closed gates. Velma told Fairy the story: "After the gates were closed, your brokenhearted father paced up and down behind the steel bars with tears streaming and hands upraised, crying, 'O my baby, my baby, my baby!'

"Silently the guard unlocked the big gates and let your father in for a last good-by."

Love had found a way to come to Columbus (in spite of work), and love opened closed doors for Mr. Chism as it opens closed doors today.

The missionaries sailed for Africa early in July, arriving in Capetown on July 25, 1928.

A MISSIONARY AT LAST

FAIRY WAS somewhat disappointed at her lack of emotion as she boarded ship for Africa. Having read of the wonderful elation which other missionaries had experienced on walking up the gangplank, she was disappointed to discover that it was just an ordinary board walkway. Perhaps the exuberant feeling will come as the ship begins to move, she thought. But as she watched the home shores recede in the distance, she was as calm and unmoved as if she were on an overnight cruise.

A few days later Fairy understood this situation. The seasick ordeal had eased somewhat, and she stood by the rail gazing at the world of water that stretched in seeming endlessness in all directions. These beautiful words came to her mind: "At home in the will of God."

Why should I expect to feel different? she asked herself. I'm not changing my home—merely my surroundings!

Even Africa didn't seem very different to Fairy as she scuffed the ground with an inquisitive toe and murmured, "This is actually Africa at last."

From Capetown she and the Esselstyns went to Johannesburg by train—a trip of about 1,000 miles. As the train was pulling into the station, Fairy spied Louise Robinson

and her heart joyously whispered, Dreams *do* come true—when God directs! “Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.” How good to be with Louise again, just 10 years to the day after Fairy had joined the Church of the Nazarene! How wonderful to be guided by the touch of the Divine!

Fairy and Louise arrived at the Endingeni station at midnight. Fairy’s first impression was of whitewashed, grass-thatched buildings and the fragrance of tropical flowers. The next morning she explored more extensively. She found that everything was immaculately clean. (It would be, where Louise Robinson lives, she thought to herself.) She was thrilled by the luxuriant growth of tropical flowers, the names of which she must certainly learn; the tall, graceful eucalyptus grove not far from the buildings; the mountains in the distance that reminded her of home. Indeed, Fairy felt at home at once in Endingeni—meaning “Land of Need.”

Endingeni was indeed well named. The economic, educational, and—most heartbreaking—the spiritual needs of the people were constantly before the missionaries. Almost at once Fairy assumed her share of the burdens which had become too gigantic for the others to carry alone. She was immediately put in charge of the girls’ school, though she insists that she learned vastly more from her pupils at first than they were able to learn from her.

She also became pastor of the church at the mission station. For long months, of course, it was necessary for her to preach through an interpreter—a situation which in itself was a serious trial to the eloquent Fairy. But the church work was a great delight to her: the preaching, the counseling, the visiting, the praying. Each day began with a visit to the prayer hut before dawn. There she prayed for the divine touch throughout the day, that she might represent Jesus—interpreting Him to those who knew Him not.

In addition to these regular responsibilities, Fairy be-

came chief assistant to Miss Robinson, who was head of the station. Her duties were legion. She might suddenly be called upon to preach a funeral or to pull a tooth. She might be asked for advice or for money. She might be called in the night to assist a national mother in childbirth; she might find it necessary to go borrow a boy with a dog to catch the wild animal that was stealing the precious chickens. But these were days of blessed fulfillment to the young missionary.

When Fairy's baggage arrived at Pigg's Peak, 12 miles away, 36 of the national girls walked over and carried her belongings back—in bundles on their heads. What excitement for girls and missionaries alike! Louise was a great help in unpacking—in fact she could hardly wait to see and touch the things from home. (She had been in Africa eight years.)

The joy of Alice, who had cooked for the missionaries for years, was unbounded as she caressed the new pots and pans and other kitchen items, gifts of kind friends in the States.

Fairy moved into her new home as soon as her things arrived. The little hut was about 15 feet square, made of sun-dried, adobe bricks plastered over with mud, with a concrete floor. The inside walls were also mud-plastered, rough and uneven. The two small windows were two and one-half feet square with a four-pane glass covering.

Fairy soon made it homelike with packing-box furniture—cretonne-covered—for cupboard and washstand. She hired a man to build two tables: one for study and the other for a dressing table. Above the latter, a mirror was hung on the uneven wall.

The roof was made of grass, coming to a round peak in the center and looking for all the world like a gigantic Mexican hat. A path led up the hill about 200 yards to the mission home and dormitory where Miss Robinson and the schoolgirls lived.

Here in her little hut Fairy studied Zulu by night by the

light of a kerosene lamp. Impatient to be able to communicate with the Swazi, Fairy made the language her first concern. Soon after her arrival, she committed a breach of missionary etiquette as a result of her passion to get the language quickly. The Jenkinsons had arrived from the most distant African station, Gazaland, to visit the Peniel Station (later named for Harmon Schmelzenbach). Fairy, as usual, was down in her hut studying Zulu. Finally Louise sent for her to come and meet the visitors. She came, visited a few minutes, asked the visitors how long it had taken them to learn the language, and then excused herself gracefully (she thought) and returned to her hut and to her Zulu.

After the Jenkinsons had left, Louise explained to Fairy that such unceremonious conduct was inexcusable and intolerable on the mission field. Fairy accepted her friend's helpful suggestions in fine spirit; but as she went to bed that night she prayed that God would help her, not only with a new language, but also with a whole new set of rules of etiquette.

The new missionary found also that she must change her tastes in order to "fit." On her first visit to a "white" home she and Louise were offered a cup of tea. Politely but firmly, Fairy refused, simply because she didn't care for tea. Louise signaled to Fairy over the head of the hostess that that wasn't acceptable behavior. But still Fairy didn't take tea. On the road home Louise remonstrated with Fairy: "You must *always* take tea in the homes."

"But I don't *like* tea!" Fairy replied with some spirit.

"That's no reason—it doesn't influence the matter at all! It's the height of discourtesy to refuse a cup of tea over here."

Henceforth Fairy drank tea—and learned to like it.

Louise Robinson Chapman, in her book, *Africa, O Africa!* (which she dedicated to Fairy), tells the story of Fairy's struggle to get the language quickly. She said that she "fair-

ly ate and slept with her grammar." By Christmastime she had become so desperate that she shut herself in her hut, determined to fast and pray until God should give her the gift of the Zulu tongue.

After Fairy had missed several meals, Louise investigated, thinking that she might be lonesome or homesick. At first Fairy refused to tell her friend the trouble. Finally when Louise refused to leave till she found out, Fairy stood in the middle of the whitewashed hut and, with streaming eyes and hands raised heavenward in the dramatic gesture so familiar to her friends, cried: "I am tired of *doing* nothing and of *saying* nothing. God gave people the gift of language on the Day of Pentecost and I have determined to have the gift of Zulu before I leave this hut!"

Fairy was always reasonable, however, and Louise was soon able to convince her that, if she studied faithfully the customs, the language, and the people themselves, by the time she knew enough about them to bring them God's message, she would surely be able to speak their language. Fairy accepted her friend's suggestion, for which she has been forever grateful, and in time became very proficient in the language.

Another difficult hurdle for the young missionary was music. She insisted that she had no musical talent. After seeing the part that music plays in the lives of the Swazi, she felt utterly unqualified to work among them. She could not sing! But perhaps God would perform a miracle for her. If not, she felt that unless He would give her an additional supply of grace she might as well return to America, a failure. So Fairy prayed for a miracle. But while she was praying one day, she remembered Paul's experience. He had sought a miracle, too, regarding his handicap. God hadn't performed the miracle for which Paul had prayed, but He had given him sufficient grace to glory in his infirmity. So Fairy prayed for grace to endure her handicap, and God answered

her prayer. The tantalizing "Oh, I wish I could sing" was gone. The touch of God brought healing and peace.

One of Fairy's most embarrassing experiences occurred soon after her arrival in Africa. Very early one morning a runner came from a kraal nine miles distant, asking for someone to come to preach the funeral of one of the national Christian men. Since Louise was away, it was up to Fairy to go. She and three of the schoolgirls set out at four o'clock in the morning, arriving at the kraal about four hours later. Fairy declares that her feet were only six inches from the ground as she took her first donkey ride that day. Sometimes she was forced to dismount and pull, while the girls from behind beat the donkey up or down very steep mountains.

The African huts are built extremely low, with no windows and only a small opening on one side for a door. Fairy had never entered one of these huts before but, getting down on hands and knees, she crawled through the opening in true African fashion. Getting to her feet in the dark room, she was at a loss as to what was next expected of her. She couldn't understand a word that was said, and she felt overgrown and awkward standing there in the middle of the floor.

In the semidarkness she discovered a mat on the floor at one side of the room. Thinking to get out of the way, Fairy found her way to the mat and sat down. No sooner had she seated herself than she was startled by a mad clatter of excited ejaculations, accompanied by wild gestures and horrified eyes fastened upon her. Then one of the girls who could speak some English said, "Daughter of the King, you are sitting on the dead man!"

Fairy wished for one horrible moment that the earth would open and swallow her on the spot. But a missionary must go on, and later she prepared the body for burial and preached the funeral, using as interpreter one of the girls who understood and spoke very simple English.

As she and the girls climbed the mountain on their way home after the funeral, the girls suddenly disappeared. Fairy soon found them in the tall grass by the trail rolling with laughter. (Their self-control had been perfect up to that moment.) She peered down at them, her brows arched in amazed question. Then one of the girls said, "O Daughter of the King, we never saw anything so funny in all our lives!"

THE MISSIONARY RECEIVES A NAME

IN HER desperation to learn the language, Fairy decided to visit a national family where she would hear no English spoken. So she went to visit for two weeks in the home of Pastor Simeon and wife at an outstation about nine miles from the main station. At the end of a week, one of the schoolgirls came by on her way to a revival at "Crippled Daniel's" church. Of course, Fairy determined at once to go along; so they got the old donkey out and were on their way. The Nkomaxzi (N-koh-*mak*-zee) River, in flood, blocked their path late in the afternoon. The nationals said it was impossible to cross at that season.

"But couldn't we find some swimmers who would take us across?" asked the dauntless Fairy. Something had to be done. It was too late to go back; to sleep in the huts in the vicinity would be inviting death, since these unknown heathen were not to be trusted.

"We'll just sleep on the bank of the river and wait for the water to go down," Fairy decided.

"Oh, no, Daughter of the King. This is malaria season!" the girl countered. •

As they stood by the raging torrent, a dejected pair, a passer-by inquired as to their difficulty. On learning of their urgent need to cross the river, he told them of two men in that locality who feared neither men nor devils. They would probably swim them across.

So for a shilling each (about 25 cents) the two men piloted the girls across the dangerous river one at a time. Grasping the "passenger" by the arm, a man on each side, they swam the turgid river, dragging the girl between them after her feet could no longer touch bottom. Wet but triumphant, the girls made their way to the revival. (Their clothes dried on the way!)

In the meantime one of the girls from the mission school arrived at the home of Simeon to bring Fairy's mail from the States. Simeon told her that Fairy had gone to the revival across the river, adding that she had said she would swim. (Fairy had casually remarked that she *could* swim!)

When Louise Robinson was told that Fairy had gone to the revival across the river, she was deeply concerned. She realized that daring Fairy would likely wade into the mad stream and would undoubtedly be drowned. Louise and the girls spent the night in prayer for Fairy—in case she was still alive.

The meeting at "Crippled Daniel's" church was progressing nicely when a messenger arrived one day with disturbing news. There was a man on the other side of the river, he said, shouting for someone to help on an errand of mercy. Would he go down to the church and see if the new missionary was there? Fairy's conscience smote her as she listened. She knew that somehow word had filtered back to the mission that she had gone to Daniel's church—with that raging river to cross. At once she and two of the girls prepared to return to the mission in order to relieve Miss Robin-

son's fears as soon as possible. Not daring to cross the river again at that point, they decided to go the long way around and cross on the ferry. At daybreak they set out by donkey and traveled all day and far into the night. Finally Fairy asked the girls how far they had yet to go. Only then did they confess that they did not know. They were lost in the black night in the African veldt!

On and on they stumbled. Finally one of the girls joyously exclaimed, "Oh, there is a field of mealies [corn]! Don't you see that black place?"

Fairy was convinced that no night had ever been blacker. But she laughed and said, "If you can see anything blacker than all the rest of the blackness, you can see better than I."

After a closer look the girls reported happily: "Yes, it is a field of mealies, and it belongs to a Christian!"

"How in the world do you know it is the field of a Christian?" asked Fairy in amazement.

"Kuyakanya" (koo-yah-kahn-yah; "It shines" or "It is evident"), they replied. "It is taller than other mealies, and it is planted in rows!" (The heathen scatter their seed; the Christian Africans learn to plant in rows.)

Further investigation proved that the girls were right. The group spent the remainder of the night in a friendly kraal about seven miles from home among Nazarenes—members of the Endingeni church. The following day as they were completing their journey, Fairy mused over the words of the girls the night before: "'It shines' in the inky blackness of a starless, moonless African night that Christ has come to Africa. The *corn* declares that He is here!"

When Fairy got home that morning, she did not receive the scolding that she felt she deserved. Louise did let her know, however, how shocked she was that Fairy would dare to go down to the heart of the bushveldt at the height of the fever season. Furthermore, she expressed fear that Fairy

might have picked up malaria and that the dreaded black-water fever might yet result.

Fairy did not take the matter seriously at first—had she not gone in ignorance of the danger, not in cold presumption? However, when the shocking news came three days later that Daniel's mother, who had visited the meeting along with Fairy, had developed blackwater fever and died in a few hours, Fairy became concerned. She learned also that she, as a newcomer, was much more likely to contract the fever than Daniel's mother.

"There is always a first time for everything," she admitted. "If I should suddenly die, there are a few things I'd want Mother to have; the rest—not many things at that—would be for Louise."

Accordingly, Fairy went down to her hut and opened the lid of her steamer trunk; she would pack it for her mother. As she bent over the open trunk this thought came to her: But you always pray about things. Reproved, she left the trunk and went to her bedside to pray. In a few moments God spoke to her in almost audible tones: "I am the One who is taking care of you." Greatly relieved, Fairy got up at once, her heart singing with praise as she shut the trunk. How comforting is the touch of the Divine! Not a sign of the deadly mosquito's work appeared.

Although Fairy would brave an angry, swollen river when there was a revival going on on the other side, or a dark night alone in the African wilderness, there were some things of which she was frankly afraid. One day she was graphically describing for the schoolgirls her trip through Kruger National Park (a government game reserve). She was disappointed, she said, in the lions—just huge cats lying by the roadside.

With widespread arms she was describing the big, passive-looking beasts, when suddenly she froze and stared in frank horror into one corner of the room. The next instant

she jumped up on a box screaming, "Kill it! Kill it!" Louise Robinson feared at once that it was a deadly green or black mamba—a snake whose bite brings death in a few moments. Quickly she called some boys, who, after a few excited moments, came forth bearing proudly aloft for all to see—a little dead mouse!

When a new missionary arrives at the station, the nationals begin immediately to search for a name for him. They watch his mannerisms, his disposition, his physical characteristics. Soon after Fairy arrived, the nationals began to talk among themselves about how she ran everywhere she went. They insisted (with tongue in cheek, of course) that if she stepped into a puddle of water she left dust behind. Coming home from a revival in an outstation, the girls declared the new missionary *ran* up the big mountain. Fairy, of course, knew nothing of what they were saying. In church services God often blessed her until she gave vent to her emotions in shouts, being unable to express herself in Zulu. The girls talked among themselves: "She even runs in church!"

Finally, one night, the girls hit upon a name for the new missionary. Fairy, who had been sitting alone in the living room of the mission home studying Zulu, as usual, heard the girls beyond the mud wall shout out: "*Nainyoka!*" (Nah-*een-yoh-kah*). She understood that cry—"A snake!"

Rushing into the girls' sleeping quarters, Fairy yelled, "Where?" With heroic intent she dashed up to the head of the procession of girls. She could see no snake. Suddenly someone shouted, "There it is!" In a flash Fairy retreated to the rear of the line. Her instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself.

The girls burst into simultaneous laughter. Two of them killed the snake while the rest yelled and laughed, enjoying the excitement. Then one of them said to Fairy, "Your name is *Majubane* [Mah-joo-*bah-nee*—a runner." The brave girls who came out with the dead snake at that instant

were introduced to *Majubane*—Fairy's name from that night on.

The African name for each of the missionaries is used commonly by the nationals. Never was Fairy called "Fairy" and only rarely "Miss Chism." Often she was called *Nkosazana* (N-koh-sah-zah-nah, "Daughter of the King")—the name used for any unmarried missionary woman. Since leaving Africa, Fairy has received a letter from King Sobhuza II (Soh-boo-zah) in which he addressed her as *Majubane*, the name he used in conversation with her while she was in Swaziland.

One day Fairy was passing a heathen kraal about 35 miles from the station in an area little touched by Europeans. She could see the nationals moving about behind the grass screen, and as she passed she heard one say softly to another, "Who is it?" "*Majubane*," came the answer. She was to discover later that the heathen far and near knew her by that name. The missionaries love to be called by their African names, for it seems to bridge the natural gap between them and their African friends.

It was toward the end of Fairy's third year at the Schmelzenbach Station that she was given a second part of her African name. In that spring, Louise Robinson was furloughed. Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Penn, seasoned missionaries and very godly people, were placed at the station to assist in the work. But dire needs elsewhere made their transfer imperative. Miss Dora Carpenter, who the nationals said was "like Jesus," came to Endingeni to take care of the medical work, and she was a great help.

But even with such able assistance, the burdens of the mission were gigantic. Fairy had to teach every hour during the school day in addition to supervising the national teachers. She had to oversee the farming, for as much food as possible must be raised on the station. She was pastor of the local congregation with its multitudinous demands. There

were eight outstations to be supervised. Differences among the people must be talked over and settled. *Izindaba* (Ee-zin-dah-bah), as this is called, could not be hurried. And there were 25 girls not long out of heathendom to be mothered. In addition to the regular duties, Fairy had to supervise the building of the new girls' home—a tremendous undertaking even for a seasoned missionary.

These responsibilities, after a time, began to weigh so heavily upon Fairy that she awoke about three o'clock every morning to face the day's demands. Realizing that at this rate she could not expect to hold out until Miss Robinson should return, Fairy arose one day at the usual three o'clock hour and cried earnestly to God for help. How marvelously He came! Before dawn that morning she had the assurance that God would give her strength and wisdom for every need. From that place of prayer Fairy went forth to the demands of the task, confident that the touch of the Divine was hers.

From that day things seemed to run almost by themselves. Ludia (Loo-dee-ah), the African woman who worked in the big fields with the girls, said she had never seen the crops go in so fast. With the African's characteristic exaggeration she said, "It seemed as if the kernels of corn jumped out of the hands of the girls and raked the dirt over themselves." A cow was killed and a great feast was held to celebrate the completion of the planting.

Revivals broke out in the outstations and God visited the main station with a time of spiritual refreshing. It was evident that no human power or leadership was responsible. The power of the Holy Spirit was clearly felt. One day in church Lillian announced, "Her name is not only Runner, but Runner in the Gospel—*Majubane Wevangeli* [Way-van-geh-lee]."

Fairy felt unworthy of this beautiful name which her African women had felt impressed to give her. But she was

grateful to God, for she knew that "they that wait upon the Lord . . . shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Fairy knew that without the divine touch her efforts would have been meaningless.

THROUGH MANY DANGERS

THE DEATH of Harmon Schmelzenbach in May, 1929, when Fairy had been in Africa less than a year, made a profound impression upon her. Harmon Schmelzenbach and his wife had pioneered the work among the Swazi almost 20 years previously. It was two years before he had made his first convert. But his heroic, selfless ministry through the years had laid the foundation of the flourishing mission station which was later named for him.

Harmon Schmelzenbach passed away about two o'clock in the morning after days of intense suffering, leaving behind a sorrowful little band of missionaries, including his faithful wife and six children. Dr. Hynd prayed for those left behind, that God would help them as they attempted to shoulder the burdens just relinquished by the heroic pioneer.

After the prayer, Fairy walked outside and stood in the bright moonlight under the spreading avocado tree and prayed: "O God, give me just a little portion of the spirit of this great man of God and friend of the Swazi who has left us. Give me the heart of a real missionary." Today there are

scores of Swazi who would testify that God answered the prayer of the young missionary that morning before dawn. The touch of the Divine has been evident in her life.

There are times when real danger threatens the missionary. Fairy was never one to be easily frightened; but one night, only two months after arriving in Africa, she was genuinely frightened. That afternoon she had been called to help a sick woman about a mile away. Seeing her inability to help in the case, Fairy had returned to the station and asked Louise, a skilled practical nurse, to see what she could do. Her efforts also proved insufficient, and at sunset a runner was sent to Pigg's Peak to bring Mrs. Esselstyn, a trained nurse.

After staying with their patient till midnight, Fairy and Louise returned to their beds to snatch a little sleep before Mrs. Esselstyn should arrive, perhaps near daybreak. Some time later Fairy was awakened by the sound of a turning doorknob. (She was sleeping alone at the Schmelzenbach house while they were on furlough.)

As she glanced at her luminous-dial watch Fairy thought to herself, Two-ten. Mrs. Esselstyn has come very early. The sound of the doorknob came to her again, this time more violent. Mrs. Esselstyn would not do that, she thought uneasily. Glad I locked the door! (Often she did not bother to do so.)

Then she called, "Mrs. Esselstyn, Mrs. Esselstyn." When she received no reply, she began to be afraid. Her limited knowledge of Zulu permitted her to ask further: "Who are you? What do you want?" But the only answer was increased violence at the door. Her vocabulary for such an emergency exhausted by now, Fairy lay in bed, trembling with terror. For a moment there was silence; then at the other door the same desperate attempt to force entrance.

Just then Fairy's mind turned to the Bible, as it did so often. "Except the Lord keep the house, they that keep it,

keep it in vain," came clear and comforting to her heart. It was as if God had spoken the words especially for her. (The words are not exactly like those in the Bible, but the ones that came to mind were reassuring indeed.)

After a second try at the front door, there was silence. He will come to the window next, she thought. Only a frail netting screened the small window and a gentle push with the finger would break it. And even if the window had been closed, it was lockless and weak—it could easily have been raised. For a moment she thought she saw in the darkness the outline of a small, black object slightly above the windowsill. Was he peering in? Suddenly it jumped. It was the cat! Now she was sure that the persistent nocturnal caller was at the window; it was he who had frightened the cat, of course.

"Lord Jesus, receive my soul," she whispered with eyes tightly shut as she waited an eternity, it seemed, for death from the window. But nothing happened! "Except the Lord keep the house . . ." At last she was forced to declare, "The Lord *has* kept the house! Blessed be His name!"

Almost stiff from fear, Fairy sighed, "No more sleep for me tonight." As if in answer, she heard the assuring words: "He giveth his beloved sleep." Ah, the sweetness of the rest that calmed her fears. The divine touch brings rest.

At four-thirty Fairy was awakened again—this time by a knock. "Is that you, Mrs. Esselstyn?" "Yes," came the familiar voice. Day was beginning to dawn as Fairy, Louise Robinson, and Mrs. Esselstyn went hastily to the hut of the sick woman. There the efficient nurse saved the life of a black mother who rejoices today over a tall young son who lives because a plucky missionary rode horseback through midnight hours to bring relief to the suffering.

That night's experience was significant for Fairy. She learned that God could "keep the house"—*and her too!* She rarely experienced fear after that.

Louise Robinson once described the multitudinous duties of the missionary as follows: "Canning, cooking, pulling teeth, marrying and burying people, making an occasional coffin, going with storks to get a few babies, planting, cleaning engines, keeping books, writing letters, running to the dispensary and outstations. . . ." Fairy soon had a chance to try most of these activities. On one occasion a Dutch farmer wanted her to pull an aching tooth, to which he pointed with a straw. Fairy "hitched on," and after a while the tooth came out. The man rubbed his jaw for a moment and then surprised Fairy with this comment: "I'm glad to have that one out; but now, please, get the one that is aching."

One of Fairy's early sermons in Zulu is remembered as a classic by her friends. She read her text: "The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night." The Zulu word for "coming down" being similar to the word for "coughing," and "thief" being very like "wild beast," in her faltering Zulu, Fairy's text read: "The day of the Lord is coughing like a wild beast in the night." Her Zulu vocabulary being limited, she quoted the text over and over with great earnestness.

Louise Robinson (Chapman), in her book, *Africa, O Africa!* elaborates on the incident as follows:

A coughing wild beast in the night is a dreadful picture to a Swazi child, and the sight of those little Africans listening to their missionary telling them what was coming remains with me yet. I told her she should have called an altar service, for surely when the Lord begins to cough like a wild beast in the night, it is time for little Swazi children to repent!

In spite of encouragement along the way, sometimes Fairy was almost tempted to despair of ever reaching the people in their own language. On one occasion she was preaching to a little group of Africans at a kraal. They

listened with rapt attention as she poured out her heart in great freedom. Now at last they are hearing me preach in their own tongue, she said to herself with a thankful heart. Imagine her dismay when an old man, whose attention during the message had been most flattering, approached her as she concluded and said, "Daughter of the King, does that gold tooth hurt when you bite with it?"

Conquering the language was not the only hurdle which confronted the young missionary. In the early days mules and donkeys were the chief modes of transportation. Sometimes they were tractable, but at times they lived up to their reputation in a most disconcerting manner. "Coffee" was Louise Robinson's mule—an obstreperous animal which Fairy longed to ride. Louise was fearful of the consequences, but finally relented, admonishing Fairy to hold the reins tightly.

Louise arrived as Fairy was preparing to mount in front of a gallery of admiring nationals. As Fairy waved an airy good-by to the "grandstand," she let the reins loosen; and Louise, to her horror, saw Coffee just ready to take a nip out of her back. Fairy saw too—the mule with teeth bared and ears flat. She shook her finger at him and said in mock seriousness, "Coffee, you naughty mule!" Coffee swung around and planted his hind foot in Fairy's stomach, landing her over in the middle of a bamboo bush.

Conditions were not good in north Swaziland during 1935. Fairy wrote home graphically describing the dark unrest:

"Oh, the darkness and helplessness of heathenism! It is so black; oh, so black!"

There had been a tremendous stir about the countryside over the murder of several people quite near the mission, she wrote. It was the black business of heathen "medicine." Missing members or organs of the murdered bodies were undeniable evidence. When the witch doctor

gives specifications for "medicine," he always indicates the kind of person from whose body the parts must be taken: a little boy, a big girl, a young man, an old woman, a very black person, one of a lighter shade, etc.

Although the missionaries had never heard of a white person's being killed for this purpose in Swaziland, yet their African friends would not allow them to go anywhere alone.

At another time Fairy wrote:

Never since I have been in Africa have I felt the power of heathenism and darkness as I have lately. For two weeks I was so haunted day and night with something worse than death that I felt most peculiar. At night I was often too uneasy and distressed to sleep or was suddenly awakened by the most uncanny, awfullest something. I know full well that it was not fear of physical death. I awoke feeling a heaviness of heart that is indescribable and a fearfulness far worse than that of bodily death. It was the power of heathen darkness oppressing us.

It was during the same year, 1935, that Fairy felt that God would have the school to set aside a month for special efforts in soul winning. In connection with this, God gave her a prayer plan. It was for each Christian to give Him a tithe of his time in prayer during that month.

Fairy knew that many of the pupils already spent close to an hour every morning before dawn in private devotions. They could add to that the lunch period—when they would fast. That left about an hour to be found somewhere. She realized that they all worked hard in the fields before and after school and seldom got over six hours of sleep as it was. But she decided that those who wished to do so could get by on one hour less sleep for one month.

Fairy suggested the plan at the Sunday service. Then she asked all who felt that God would have them give Him a tithe of their time for one month to kneel in their places.

In a few moments, almost the whole congregation was kneeling reverently before the God they loved. Soon soft, audible weeping was heard. God drew very near as He viewed their offering of rest and sleep laid on the altar of sacrifice.

What a glorious month that was! Often the girls prayed much longer than two hours and a half. The usual Friday chapel testimony services were blessed indeed. Often 15 to 18 girls stood at once waiting to speak. They told how God was meeting them.

Each weekend the girls and Fairy went to an outstation for special services. There, too, the power of the Holy Spirit was mightily manifest. One such service lasted until three in the morning and even then the girls were reluctant to go to bed. "We want to stay here," they said. "This is like heaven."

HOME ON FURLOUGH

IN DECEMBER, 1935, the *Other Sheep* carried this brief announcement: "Sister Fairy Chism, laboring in Africa, has been furloughed because of emergency illness. She will be home as soon as steamships and railroads can bring her."

That terse announcement gave no hint of the tremendous struggle within the heart of the missionary as the prospect of returning to America confronted her. It was the hardest thing she had faced since arriving in Africa. After receiving word that she must be furloughed, she prayed most of the night, begging God to promise to let her return to Africa within a year. As she prayed she saw Jesus and the African—side by side. (For years Jesus and the African had been inextricably tied together in her thoughts.) As she continued to pray, the African grew smaller and smaller until finally Jesus stood alone, and these words came to her: "And . . . they saw no man, save Jesus only."

Then Fairy could write home:

I've loved Africa with a passionate and all-absorbing love these years because it was His will for me, but He is infinitely more to me than Africa. So I arose with a joy untellable, with a perfect willingness to retrace my steps, with an implicit faith that I'll return if He still needs me in this dark land. And if He doesn't want me here, neither do I want to be here.

As Fairy was preparing to go home, one of the girls in the school, Lillian Bhembe, wrote a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Chism, expressing for the other members of the school and the Endingeni church their appreciation for their missionary. The letter, which was reprinted in the *Other Sheep* of June, 1936, said in part:

Dear Parents:

I am with shame and pain of heart because of your child, who came from you with a young and beautiful body; her hair was pretty and curly. But now when you see her she does not have the body she had when she came to Africa. Your child is very, very much hurt because of the heavy work which we people of Africa have put upon her. It has taken the blood of this person. She has worked day and night she working for our souls and bodies. She has shown us the way which goes to heaven. . . .

She has made her life a bridge where many Swazis have crossed and where they can continue to cross even until they reach the Lord Jesus.

She has been the mother of orphans. . . .

She has cared for them all with patience and kindness. She has clothed them until their needs no longer appeared. . . . The needs of their hearts she has met. We have eaten [or partaken of] rich soil (I mean your child); hence we should blossom forth as a tree sends forth beautiful green leaves when it grows in rich soil. . . .

You gave her to us, and now she comes back to you worn and given out. We return her to you that you again make her to live, and that you again send her to us if our great Father wills. . . .

May the Lord bless you with a great and beautiful portion in the kingdom of heaven because of your child who has worked and carried so many heavy things among us, us of Africa.

Good-by, parents, who are blessed indeed.

It is I—one of the plants who has taken from her, and who has green and beautiful leaves (in heart) because of your child.

Fairy sailed for home by way of Australia in late De-

ember, 1935. At the beginning of the voyage, she was desperately ill with a complication of malaria and seasickness. After she recovered, however, she enjoyed the trip to the full. In Australia she met again a former friend of NNC, Mr. Ed Klindworth, who with his wife entertained her with rare hospitality while she waited eight days in Sydney for the boat to the United States.

Fairy not only enjoyed a delightful trip home with a chance to see many interesting parts of the world, but she felt that God used her to be a definite help to several strangers along the way. She was even asked to conduct a service on board ship, which opened the way for her to tell many of the way of the Lord.

After a restful month on the water, her boat docked at Los Angeles in late January, 1936. She was surprised to be met there by her family and a number of friends.

The furlough was extended to two years because of the need for further rest. When she was able, Fairy traveled among the churches, visiting 32 districts. She endeared herself and her beloved Africa to the people wherever she went.

RETURN TO SWAZILAND

AS FAIRY prepared to return to Africa, she wrote:

Good-by, friends! The furlough is ended. . . . The period of rest has been most pleasant and I am greatly benefited because of it. Contact with our people at home has meant that which is wholly unspeakable. Yonder I had become so engrossed in the African that I was "thinking black." . . . Now a coat of "white" has been applied. How blessed and wonderfully sweet has been the fellowship with people here! Infinitely more than any and all of the gifts with which I'm returning do I prize the memories I'm carrying back.

The returning trip was not altogether delightful. Fairy admitted that she was "a miserable sailor." Writing of a fellow traveler, Fairy said:

Yesterday she came tripping up the stairs and with a smiling face declared, "Oh, we had the grandest lunch! Everything was simply lovely!" There sat poor me, foodless, looking at the guilty waves, dashing high. Always I struggle up several times a day to the deck, which is supposed to possess marvelous healing charms for the afflicted passengers. I try to lose myself in a book or in conversation, but invariably I am forced to make a sudden departure for the regions below. . . .

But time will pass and I am happy to know that Africa lies beyond the billows' foam. The discomforts of the voyage will seem nothing when I get to the end of the way, for *there* I shall find my beloved *Africa*.

The welcome at Endingeni made Fairy soon forget the trials of the voyage. She was met at the port of Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa, by Miss Robinson, Dr. Hynd, and Rev. and Mrs. Mischke at sunrise, March 28, 1938. They drove to Stegi, where the boys of the school serenaded them that night. The next day as they drove over the last ridge before Endingeni, a breathtaking sight met their eyes. The road was lined with neatly dressed girls and a few boys, each holding a palmlike leaf in one hand and a flower in the other.

As the car drew near, four of the young people rushed forward and, brushing the dust from the road with their palm leaves, cried, "The child of our people has returned!" This term of great respect and love among the Swazi meant that Fairy was considered one of their very own.

Then the two lines held their palms aloft and threw their flowers in the road as the car passed slowly beneath the "triumphal arch." Seeing inside the car as it passed, the girls began to jump up and down excitedly, saying, "It is she! It is she herself!"

Of course there were speeches of welcome and gifts—dishes of peanuts, eggs, bundles of fresh corn and sugarcane, pumpkins, chickens, grass mats, trays, African bowls, soap, matches, candles, African brooms, and money totaling \$6.25—mostly in 1-, 5-, and 10-cent pieces.

Fairy's joy at returning to Endingeni to work again with Louise Robinson was no less than that demonstrated so well by the welcoming nationals and missionaries. Immediately she resumed her duties as pastor of the church, grown now to over 200 members, and director of the school with an enrollment of 135.

Throughout her life Fairy had been sensitive to the touch of the Divine. Especially was her heart ever open to divine suggestion. On one occasion, however, she did not respond as readily as was her custom. It was concerning the matter of offerings among the national Christians. When Fairy first went to Africa, the offerings were taken the first Sunday of each month. These occasions used to trouble Fairy very deeply. To see the people bring so much from their poverty was almost more than she could stand. Often they put in the only coin their hands had handled during the month. Those who weren't fortunate enough to have money (and generally those who did had made something with their hands and walked miles to sell it) brought milk, potatoes, corn, or a part of their scanty wardrobe.

Sometimes, after witnessing some particularly touching offering, Fairy would groan inwardly, "O God, this is awful!"

One day as she prayed alone in her little mud hut, God began to talk to Fairy. "I want the people to bring an additional offering," He said. "I want each one to bring the thing he loves the best." For the only time in her life Fairy thought God was cruel. She pleaded for the people, but God did not relent.

Fairy thought of the dress she liked best. The girls said that "it loved her very much." In a second she prayed, "Yes, Lord, You can have that dress. I don't mind at all. But, oh, oh, *please* don't take away a pretty dress from a destitute Swazi!"

For the second time in her life Fairy did not want to obey God. (The other time was over joining the Church of the Nazarene.)

The next Sunday, Fairy brought the message. She said only what she felt she *must* say in order to obey God. They got out early *that* day!

The following Sunday was offering day. If other offer-

ings had filled Fairy's heart with compassion, this one broke her heart. The table was piled high with the one most prized possession of each of God's Endingeni children. Everyone participated.

The girls helped Fairy and Louise carry the offering to the mission home. Wrapped in a cast-off piece of paper they found a pink dress. Fairy knew it had belonged to Juanita. Turning to her in an attempt at being casual, Fairy remarked, "I see you have put in your pink dress, Juanita."

"Yes," she answered, "but I didn't want to give it. Last Sunday God pointed it out. But I asked Him please not to take it. I promised Him my very best school dress. All week I was troubled about it. On Friday I went to my box and took it out! I did not look at it—I was afraid to. I wrapped it in this paper and said, 'There it is, Jesus; You can have it.' I was still very sad. It's the only Sunday dress I ever did have, and I'll never have another one. My mother worked a long time and bought the material, and I sewed it."

The dress loved Juanita, thought Fairy. No wonder that she loved it—the one and only dress of a lifetime.

Juanita continued, "My heart had much pain until I dropped it on the table. Then God dropped into my heart such a blessing that I seemed to lose my feet. I felt as if I was floating along through the air. I was so happy I looked up and said, 'Jesus, if I had another pink dress, I would give it to You, too.' I see the dress now and *I don't want it.*"

Fairy learned a lesson. Silently she lifted her heart in prayer. "O God, forgive me. I see, I see! I'm ashamed for ever feeling sorry for people bringing their most prized possessions to Jesus."

A few months later Fairy received a box from Mrs. H. J. Bean of Red Deer, Alberta, containing, among other things, a dress length of red rayon with Juanita's name attached. (Mrs. Bean had heard about the offering.)

When Juanita was given the material she said, "God

didn't need to give me another dress." Then thoughtfully she added, "But it's just like Him."

"No doubt she dropped on her knees on the dirt floor to thank the God who had asked for her pink dress—the God of the red dresses," said Fairy later. "There is only one color a Swazi prefers to pink. That is red!"

As a result of Fairy's deputation work in the homeland, a sum of money was available for a special project. What should she do with it? There were so many needs clamoring for attention. She decided, finally, to use the money for an electric plant for the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station.

There were several reasons for this choice. For one thing, light for the large tabernacle where services were held was an acute problem—especially when nearly 1,000 crowded into it at camp meeting time. There was also a distinct need for better lighting for the pupils in the school. More and more there were complaints of eye trouble and headaches, due largely, she was convinced, to poor lighting for study.

So Fairy bought the electric plant, which was installed at great saving by Brother Edwards, missionary from Bremersdorp (now Manzini). As the missionaries ate their first meal in the mission home beneath an electric light (which penetrated even to the corners!), there suddenly burst a mighty chorus of song from outside the window. The people were singing "Wonderful Story of Love." There were 200 of the nationals, but it sounded like 500.

The missionaries sent the crowd to the tabernacle to wait for the lighting ceremony there. They were singing lustily in the darkness when the missionaries arrived. Then in silence and utter darkness they awaited the great moment. Brother Edwards threw the switch and the place was flooded with light. What amazement, wonder, excitement, and gladness!

"The place where Harmon Schmelzenbach's donkey

wagon came to a halt 30 years ago is now lighted with light like the sun," the nationals said.

There followed a service of praise to God for lights like the sun and thanks to Brother Edwards for wiring the houses and installing the plant. Then the nationals showed their gratitude to Brother Edwards and his wife in a tangible way by gifts. It was a most impressive service. *If only the people at home who made this possible could witness this scene tonight!* said Fairy to herself.

GOOD TIMES AND BAD

IN A LETTER to the *Other Sheep* in 1938, Fairy painted a dramatic picture of the growth of the Nazarene work in Africa. From her schoolroom window she described the "springy October day." (The seasons are reversed in the southern hemisphere.) "There are lilacs blooming on Harmon Schmelzenbach's grave," she wrote, "and I am overwhelmed when I think of the changes that have come about since his donkey wagon outspanned on this spot."

She then gave a soul-stirring contrast:

Thirty years ago there was not a Nazarene; there were only three missionaries; there were no stations, no buildings, no camp meetings, and almost 100 percent illiteracy among the Swazi.

Today, 30 years later in Nazarene Africa, there are 6,000 church members (children included); there are 28 missionaries and 8 main stations (3 with several large brick buildings); 150 outstations with mud or stone buildings, and a number of stone churches with tile roofs. Nearly 6,000 Nazarenes walk to camp meeting annually; there are hundreds who have been in our mission schools, and a great army are now enrolled.

Behold what God hath wrought!

The phenomenal growth of the Nazarene work in

Africa is not only a credit to the dozens of consecrated missionaries who have labored there during the past years, and to the faithful national Christians, but especially to the pioneers who began this faith work and laid the foundation so well. God bless the memory of Harmon and Lulu Schmelzenbach, who shared the bitter struggles of those early years.

Louise Robinson was furloughed in 1940. In her absence, Fairy was put in charge of Schmelzenbach Memorial Station and its 20 outstations. During this period she took keen delight in continuing the plan for the building of an indigenous church—a self-supporting, national-directed church. Local “annual church meetings” were crystallized and organized on the foundation which Louise Robinson and other missionaries had laid. It was a great joy to Fairy to see the people grow in capacity for management and responsibility.

Of outstanding importance, Fairy felt, was the spirit of revival among the churches. The national pastors stressed prayer continually. If for a time no converts were made, the pastors would gather their people to the church for a night of prayer. Of course, God answered prayer and the heathen were reached. If difficulties arose among the members of the church, the pastor often called them all in for a night of prayer. If, as they prayed, a difficulty would loom up before them, they would go outside and talk it through, then return to pray.

There was an intensive campaign of visiting among the heathen kraals—personal evangelism at work. Fairy had never been so busy, but the work of the outstations was fruitful and encouraging.

Miss Irene Jester had come to the station in 1938. She was given charge of the school and church—the work Fairy had done since her arrival. Not only was Miss Jester an excellent teacher, preacher, and bookkeeper, but she was

also the "handyman" on the station. Fairy admitted that she was helpless when it came to fixing things, but she found a wonderful "fixer-upper" in Miss Jester. She put screws in their places, nailed boards, and repaired machinery. She even kept the car (when it arrived) in running order except when a major difficulty arose. (Miss Jester was later to become head of the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station.)

* * *

The missionary's burdens may often be lightened by thoughtful gifts from the homeland. "France," a horse, described as "gentle, yet high-spirited," was a gift to Fairy from friends in America. Her delight in the change from mule riding was aptly described by letter: "The joys of galloping (where trails permit) over the road on the back of a strong-bodied, swift-footed, and willing-to-go horse with a lot of endurance can be known only by one who has jounced wearily along on the back of a stubborn and often ill-tempered mule which refused to be beaten into a decent gait."

Fairy loved animals and usually owned a pet or two. She wrote her friends in 1940: "You could never guess what kind of a Christmas gift is perched on the back of the chair next to me, eating a banana. A monkey! One day a woman came with a baby monkey they found clinging to the dead body of his mother, who had been killed for stealing mealies from the gardens. Miss Davis bought him for 50c."

Fairy, who has always loved pets, became greatly interested in the little humanlike creature and fed and petted him. He soon adopted her and followed her everywhere. Only a chain kept him from church. During the Christmas tree festivities, Jaco (as he was called) came running to Fairy

wearing a little red felt jacket and cap. Around his neck was a bright card that proclaimed that Jaco was a Christmas present from Miss Davis to Fairy.

Jaco was devoted to Fairy. He would watch for her from the roof and then run to meet her. He liked to pick hairpins from her hair, and when she brushed her teeth he would perch on her shoulder and try his best to wash his own beautiful set on her toothbrush. He even allowed her to pull his long incisor teeth. He was sorrowful but patient during this ordeal, which he would not have tolerated from anyone else. He knew that Fairy loved him.

But Jaco was also a great torment. He hid in the dispensary one day and threw a bottle of medicine at a nurse who disliked him. He was wont to steal into the banana hut (they raised bananas on the station) and feast until he was discovered and banished. Sometimes when visiting missionaries arrived, Jaco would snatch the car keys and retreat to the roof, from which safe vantage point he would dangle them over the heads of the astonished guests. Finally he became such a pest that—well, he disappeared.

Fairy had another pet which Louise Robinson Chapman tells about. It was a lamb which was procured from a sheep farmer. "It drank up all our milk," wrote Mrs. Chapman, "followed her to school and all through the house, parked in my office, and ate up all the houseplants; but when it devoured a bed of carnations, all the household got up in arms and Fairy gave the little sheep to another farmer."

* * *

Late in 1942, Fairy wrote about *Ismangaliso* (Ees-mahn-gah-lee-so, "wonderful thing"), as the girls named the three-quarter-ton Dodge truck which was purchased through the kindness of Mrs. Chapman. "It is an untold blessing. . . . Transportation is simply impossible and the joy of having

a truck of our own is unspeakable. Most of the trucks of this type have been sent up north for war purposes and people said it was impossible for us to get one. But nothing is impossible to our God. How we praise Him!"

* * *

Fairy's father died in the fall of 1942. He got back to the Lord on his deathbed, having spent years in a backslidden state. The last line he wrote was to his missionary daughter. Mrs. Chism sent Fairy a long cable giving details of the death and including his word to Fairy that he would meet her at the "Eastern Gate." World War II was on, and the message aroused the suspicion of the censors, who cut out most of it. All that reached Fairy was the curt statement of his death. It was three months before she received the glad details of his triumphant passing.

When Fairy received word of her father's death, the Swazi sympathy was spontaneously and beautifully expressed. One by one the district leaders came to offer condolences. For days people came. Some walked many miles; others wrote letters or sent runners 30 or 40 miles to make known their regret and sympathy.

One day a large group of women—the Endingeni women—came in a body. Fairy invited them into the girls' sitting room, where they silently and respectfully seated themselves on the floor. Ruth Gama, Harmon Schmelzenbach's first convert, began to speak for the crowd. She told of their unspeakable sorrow that Fairy's father should have slipped away while she was on the other side of the world ministering to unworthy black people. Majubane knelt beside their grass mats and ministered to them instead of standing beside her own father in his last days. *They* heard her voice, but *he* could not. On and on she talked. When she had finished she said, "Now, Daughter of the King,

we have a request. You always pray for us, but today we ask to pray for you."

What a prayer that was! Fairy wrote concerning this event:

All missionaries who have lost a loved one while on foreign fields know the sympathy of their people—how deep, understanding, and sweet it is. I truly felt that while I was away from home, I was at home. In my own native land I could hardly have received the sympathy that was mine among the dear Swazi. One goes to Africa and Africa comes to one. Ah, ah, dear dark Africa; how wonderful is *light* Africa, our children, your children, His children!

* * *

Although our missionaries have a way of underestimating the dangers and hardships to which they are inevitably subjected, nevertheless they are sometimes in real peril.

On one such occasion Fairy was to return home in the truck alone after having moved a national preacher and his family to a new location. Her plan had been to arrive at the home station before dark, but her plans were always "subject to change without notice." When she was finally ready to start homeward, it was already dark and, to add to the problem, the starter refused to work! The Africans pushed the car until it started, but the first time that Fairy shifted gears the lights went out. The car ran 100 yards or so downhill before they went on again. So Fairy decided that she must shift gears while the car was still going downhill in preparation for the next climb.

All went well until she struck a rough place. The lights went out again. Fairy eased the truck along for a while, but apparently the incline was not steep enough to get the lights on again. Then the machine came to a dead stop. It was 7 p.m. by her luminous watch, and it had begun to

rain heavily. Fairy reconciled herself to the fact that God, in His providence, was going to allow her to spend the night in that lonely place.

There were no kraals near, and she was in a locality where people had been killed for "medicine." But Fairy lay down on the seat and went to sleep. About midnight she awakened; the rain had stopped. She thought of the words of the song, "Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go," and went back to sleep. At daybreak she awoke and got out of the truck to see just where she was. She found the wheels completely off the road and within two feet or less of a precipice! God had taken care of her, indeed.

Another dangerous moment was the time that Fairy's mule lost its footing while they were attempting to climb a slippery embankment. Down, down he slipped till his feet came to a stop within two or three inches of the edge. Miss Jester, who was in an advantageous spot to view the near disaster, was frightened more than Fairy. When the mule stopped, Fairy eased herself off and led the mule back up the path.

* * *

Living in Swaziland, Fairy came to love and appreciate the British through her contact with government officials and others. On several occasions she met royal representatives, and on one occasion, the king and queen of England themselves. One of the meetings with the king's representative involved embarrassment for Fairy; but, as usual, she made capital of her embarrassment.

It was while the girls' home was being built that a representative of the king of England visited Swaziland. His message that he planned to visit the mission had gone astray, so that the distinguished royal visitor with some of the

high officials of Swaziland arrived unannounced. Louise Robinson (Chapman) tells the story:

It was Saturday morning. Fairy had been working in the garden with the girls. Her clothes and shoes were covered with dirt, and she decided to wash her hair before she changed. As she was finishing the process, her guests arrived and found her in most unlovely attire. She sent them up to the new buildings, a few hundred yards from our old quarters, and ran into the home, brushed her wavy hair, gave it one twist, grabbed her best shoes and hose, donned a pretty yellow ruffled dress, ran up another trail, beat the visitors to the new building, and stood on the porch to receive them, looking like a fairy. Then the honored guest said feelingly, "That's the quickest change I ever saw." Everybody laughed, and years later when someone visiting England was talking to this man, the only Swazilander he asked about was the little missionary who made the quick change.

Fairy's most thrilling contact with English royalty came in March, 1947. When she received the gold-embossed invitation, she could not believe, at first, that it was really for her. It read:

*To have the honour of meeting
Their Majesties The King and Queen
and Their Royal Highnesses The Princess
Elizabeth and The Princess Margaret
His Honour the Resident Commissioner
and Mrs. Beetham
request the pleasure of the company of
MISS F. CHISM
at a Garden Party to be held at Goedegun
at 2:45 p.m. on Tuesday 25, March 1947*

R.S.V.P.

Government Secretary (Royal Visit)

Mbabane

There was also a card which read: F. CHISM, TABLE 5.

When Fairy was fully convinced that the invitation was actually hers (her name appeared three times!), she jumped up and down like a happy child. In less than 10 minutes she had told everybody on the station about it. *Majubane* (the runner) indeed! News of the royal visit had been in the papers for months, and Fairy had resolved to drive near enough to catch a glimpse of them as they passed. But to receive an invitation to the garden party—that was beyond her wildest dreams!

What to wear became at once an all-absorbing problem. Gallantly to the rescue, the other missionaries were generous with both finery and advice. The crowning glory was a big straw hat—a lovely garden hat fit for a royal garden tea party.

"We never saw you look like that before!" exclaimed the excited missionaries and the Swazi girls who turned Fairy this way and that to see every detail from every angle.

Finally the day arrived. With her finery carefully packed in boxes and the back of the old truck crowded with Swazi, Fairy got into the old Dodge truck, which by now had seen rigorous duty for six and one-half years over the horrible roads of Swaziland. It was dented and unsightly; it rattled, and one door refused to stay shut. But it would take them to see the king! Upon arrival it would be hidden from sight!

About 50 miles from their destination, Fairy stopped for petrol (gasoline). Recognizing the mission truck, a missionary from Bremersdorp, Paul Hetrick, started over to exchange greetings. When he caught sight of Fairy's face he began to laugh.

"What in the world is the matter?" she asked.

"Don't you have a looking glass?"

"No, not here."

Producing his own, he held it up for her to see. She

laughed when she saw her face—black with the powdery dust of the road. Only the whites of her eyes and the red of her lips were not covered.

"This will all wash off," she insisted. "Just wait till I get on those beautiful clothes and no one will know I ever looked like this."

Ten thousand Swazi saw the royal visitors that day. After being greeted officially by the dignitaries of government, the king spoke to his people. Then there were many decorations and citations and among the recipients was our own Dr. Hynd, who was honored by the C.B.E. (Commander of the Order of the British Empire) citation.

Afterward came the tea party. Fairy rode with Dr. and Mrs. Hynd, and twice their car was stopped by police for examination of their invitations. The car was parked at last inside a gate in the space reserved for those who had been able to pass police inspection. At still another gate, table tickets were required.

When Fairy finally stepped through the last gate, she felt shy and ill at ease. Then she heard her name called and was pleased to see Mr. Harold Steward, their own British magistrate, who lived 12 miles from their mission station. It was to him that she had gone with all legal problems that touched the nationals. Mr. Steward was like a father to the Swazi. He had been extremely helpful to the missionaries, sharing their burdens and helping in their responsibilities. At once Fairy felt at home in the strange crowd.

Tea with milk, in the British fashion, beautifully decorated small cakes, and chocolates wrapped in silver paper were served. It was all delicious, but Fairy was too excited to pay much attention to the food.

After tea, the king and queen and the princesses mingled freely with the people. She was impressed by the beauty and graciousness of the queen and the smiling, but sad, lined face of the king.

There is the man whose shoulders bore the weight of the British Empire, Fairy thought to herself. Then, characteristically, she was reminded of Him who bore the sins of the world, the King of heaven, whom she would see someday.

FAREWELL, AFRICA!

FOR SEVERAL years before Fairy said farewell to Africa, she felt that God was preparing her for some profound experience. The blessing of God was so overwhelming for long periods of time that she wrote her mother that she believed He was getting ready to take her to heaven. She became convinced that at least her life as a missionary in Africa was drawing to a close. Describing this growing conviction, Fairy said:

It seemed to me that the very leaves of the trees whispered their good-by to me as I walked along the trails I loved so well. The rocks shouted their farewell; the little mountain streams, forded so many times, murmured their parting message. The big Nkomazi [*N-koh-mah-zee*] River, so often swollen to turbulency by the great downpours in the tropical summer season—so often crossed by ferry and once on the back of a swimmer—thundered its final message as I passed back and forth.

The day died so many times as I crossed the ferry. As I watched the gorgeous sunsets, I'd say to myself, Yes, it's like my day in Africa; it's dying; but, like the river sunset, it is painted in such colors that I couldn't have wished it otherwise.

At the time of the council gathering in 1946, through the providence of God, Fairy gave her farewell message to the missionaries (though at the time she did not know it was farewell). Before the council, while praying earnestly for the meeting, Fairy felt that God gave her a message. When she arrived at Bremersdorp (Manzini), to her surprise, she was not on the program; the new men missionaries were scheduled to speak. Fairy felt that if God had actually given her the message on her heart He would provide the time for her to speak, so she did not mention her impression to anyone. The next day, after the schedule for the services had been posted, a member of the arrangements committee came to Fairy and said that there was some dissatisfaction regarding the service arrangements, and it had been decided to abandon the usual children's meeting that year. Would she take the service?

Fairy agreed without comment. Describing that service, she said later, "Now, what I said at the service was of no import, especially. God just came, that was all. At the close of a simple message we all went to prayer, and for two solid hours there was such a spirit of intercession that prayer was continual."

Back at the home station a few days later, stirring a cake in the kitchen (for a government official was coming on the morrow), Fairy heard God's voice as if He had spoken audibly: "*Loku benkubavaleisu kwako abafundisi*" ("That was your good-bye to the missionaries").

Fairy was so startled she stopped dead still, a cup of flour suspended in midair. "What?"

Then these words came: "*Ubavalesile ngezwi lokho lokugcina*" ("You have farewelled them with your last message").

Fairy was mystified. What did it mean? The new recruits had only recently come; the older ones had not been furloughed. Then she remembered that a general superin-

tendent was due to come in 1947. Of course, none of the missionaries spoke when they had such a distinguished visitor to minister to them. Then she thought she understood. She could not hope to remain in Africa till the council of 1948—they would make her go home before that. (Eight years had already passed since her last furlough.)

One night in 1947 as Fairy drove the truck down in the bushveldt on a dark night, there flashed upon her mind as if on a screen a figure with a glistening eye and a holy smile, and she heard again the prophecy which her pastor, Brother Little, had made 20 years before:

"You will never die among the black people of Africa. You will come back and evangelize among the white people before you die."

A few months later, as Fairy was preparing to return to the United States, the king of Swaziland, Sobhuza II, drove from his royal kraal, 70 miles away, to tell Fairy good-bye. It was a most unusual tribute. As his black car, beautiful and expensive, drove out of the gate, God whispered, "I have let Swaziland say good-bye to you from the king down."

A little while later, at the close of the annual Bible conference, God spoke definitely to Fairy again about leaving Africa. She had been speaking on evangelism. As she came to the end of her message, she challenged the African Christians to carry the message to foreign tribes if God should so lead. That was probably the first time the Swazi had heard the call to become foreign missionaries. Slowly, deliberately, and significantly they came forward, one by one, until the altar and the front seats were filled with preachers and their wives. Brother Esselstyn prayed a fervent prayer at the close of the blessed altar service. Fairy recalls one sentence of that prayer: "Father, I thank Thee that I have lived to see this day." God whispered to Fairy, "And I have let you see it before you leave."

Before Fairy left the service that night, she spoke brief words of farewell. "My Swazi people, I am an unworthy servant of God who has lived and prayed and labored among you these years. Now God is shifting me elsewhere. I don't know where or why. Carry on. You have many missionaries here to help you. We'll live 'all out' for God and souls, and I will 'meet you in the morning.'"

As Fairy left the building that night, something lifted from her heart—that something that had held her hard and fast to Africa—the burden of Africa! She felt lighter, freer, easier. When she knelt by her bed that night, she realized that the wonderful chapter on Africa in her life was closed. All that remained was for her to pack and go. That viselike grip that had held her there all those years was released.

For weeks, the people of Swaziland, as is their custom, came to speak last words of love and appreciation to their departing missionary. It became almost impossible for Fairy to find time for necessary packing. The last five days she arose at 2 a.m. and worked till the first visitors began to arrive about five o'clock, in order to be ready for departure on the scheduled date.

The last evening, after a farewell supper with the other missionaries, they knelt for a parting prayer. When it was over, Fairy appeared at the door, suitcase in hand, ready to leave. As if at a signal, a multitude of black people rose to their feet from where they had been sitting on the grass for hours in patient silence. That last mute expression of their love was almost too much for Fairy. She tried to make a dash for the waiting car, but did not reach it. Samuel Dhlamini (*Dla-mee-nee*), with whom she had worked for so many years, stepped forth with extended hand.

"Daughter of the King, the last handshake."

"Good-by, Samuel; bring all the souls you can. I'll meet you in the morning."

Then came the ministers and their wives, the teachers,

and others. Their warm hands! So many times they had ministered to Fairy in various ways. Their big hearts! How she loved them! They were her people. Often they had called her a Swazi, and never had she felt more complimented. Their broken voices uttering last farewells!

Her own voice, now trembling, was audible: "My people, my people! God bless you, and you, and you. Love Jesus only. Give Him all. We will meet again. The morning comes. Work! Work! Good-by, good-by, *bantu-baketu* [*bahn-too-bah-kee-too*, a tender Swazi word meaning 'people of my mother's kraal']. Good-by until we meet at Jesus' feet."

The Swazi people cried audibly, and tears were raining down Fairy's face as she whispered to Brother and Sister Wise, who were to take her to the train, "Let's be off."

As the car passed through the gate—the last time for Fairy—she knew that her heart would have been broken beyond repair if it had not been that God had made it so clear to her in so many ways that *He* was taking her away.

POSTSCRIPT

AFTER RETURNING to the States in 1948, Fairy Chism was not idle. Immediately upon her arrival she was engaged to speak in the coast-to-coast missionary rallies that were held throughout the country, sponsored by the Department of Foreign Missions. Again the home church was stirred by her heartwarming appeal for the black man of Africa. But there was a new note in the message of Fairy Chism. She was now pleading for the white man of Africa as well.

Before leaving Swaziland, Fairy had received a great burden for the 2.5 million "Europeans," as they are called, who live in South Africa. Until the first Church of the Nazarene was organized by Rev. Charles Strickland in 1949, there was no organized holiness church for them in that part of the world. (There are now 25.) Accordingly, Fairy continued to pray incessantly for the "white" work there and to stir up interest in it wherever she went. She dreamed for a time of returning to evangelize among the Europeans of Africa.

But that dream did not materialize until almost 20 years later when Fairy received an invitation to go to Africa for revivals. This came in March, 1966. In January of the

following year Fairy wrote to her "prayer partners" regarding this call:

The whole matter was more or less pigeonholed until one day memory presented a fact which had been a source of wonder to me—a hole in my slate [of meetings]! For all these years my Slate Maker has kept it filled. But in 1967 there is a four-month blank! [She had calls for 1968]. That is the *very* time Africa had requested! Since it was God who placed me here in the States, I have no desire to return to Africa *unless* it is *He* who bids me go back for this period of evangelistic work. This *could* be the Lord's leading. Please do join me in prayer for His will and for a harvest of souls—whether here or there—before He returns.

A few months later, after a special half night of prayer, God assured Fairy that it was His will for her to return to Africa for revivals.

From Africa she wrote:

On the old home station (Endingeni) God came to the Swaziland District Assembly! The first service was at 6 a.m. The anointing of the Spirit was wonderful. After the message we all knelt to pray. We came out at 2 p.m.!! Such praying! Such shouting! Such testifying! . . . Many said, "This is not assembly—this is revival!" So it was! Glory to our God!

The wonderful blessings from these months of meetings in Africa have continued. Not long ago a missionary from Africa reported that revival had come to Manzini, and ever since Fairy's visit there about four years before, there had been a deepening in the spiritual life, especially among the young people.

Early in 1971, weary and worn from almost 50 years of active missionary and evangelistic work, Fairy moved to a cottage in Casa Robles, Nazarene home for retired missionaries, at Temple City, Calif. Here she spent the last months

of her life near her dearest earthly friend, Louise Robinson Chapman, who wrote of Fairy's last days:

She was unusually happy the last week of her life. Covered with mud and water, she worked for hours in her flowers. She went from cottage to cottage thanking people for things they gave her or did for her. Since she could not remember if she had or had not eaten, we had her eat with us once or twice every day.

The last night we ate supper together. Fairy read . . . [a tract] to us at the table before we ate. She cried and laughed and her face shone with glory. She was exceptionally jolly and bright.

Fairy's brother-in-law, Calvin Emerson, wrote concerning her sudden homegoing:

That evening after dark as she was hurrying (she seldom walked) across the street in front of Casa Robles, she was struck by a car. All evidence indicates that she went instantly and without suffering into the presence of her Lord. It was a translation for which she was certainly prepared. Her physical health had been quite good, but for some time her memory had not been serving her too well. She had prayed frequently that, if possible, she might not become a burden and a care to her loved ones and friends. We can only trust the wisdom and goodness and love of God in taking her to himself in this way and at this time.

At the beginning of Fairy's ministry she wrote these words in her Bible:

*Lord Jesus, make thyself to me
A bright, living reality!
More present to Faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen.
More dear, more intimately nigh
Than even the sweetest earthly tie.*

Years later Fairy wrote beneath these words in her

Bible: "An ambition of youth realized. Each succeeding year deepened the joy, the thrill, and the romance of living—25 years of blessed service for and with Him whose name is WONDERFUL."

To quote Dr. Louise Chapman again:

Fairy is in heaven. I can see her standing before Jesus smiling, with her hands clasped in adoration, or skipping up and down the streets shaking hands and greeting missionaries, Swazis, and the many gathered there. We now must step in the gap she left in prayer and love and do our best to fill our place and hers.