

moondani kyema

“embrace the dawn”



Ray Moore

My Story

Second Edition, Revised and Updated

moondani kyema

Australian aboriginal words meaning
“Embrace the Dawn”

Transliterated as
“welcome the new day”



WELCOME THE NEW DAY

I have left all my yesterdays behind.
But each yesterday, however painful or
confused it may have been,
has entrusted to me for today, its treasure of
wisdom

I WILL EMBRACE THIS PRISTINE
DAWN WITH ALL ITS POTENTIAL

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Preface

"It is singular how soon we lose the impression of what ceases to be constantly before us. A year impairs, a luster obliterates. There is little distinct left without an effort of memory, then indeed the lights are rekindled for a moment - but who can be sure that the Imagination is not the torch-bearer?" ~Lord Byron

This is my story as I remember it. Born into the dual culture of pre-Communist China, which I came to love, and a family with whom I interacted too little, my journey has been one of starts and stops, ups and downs and dark nights followed by kyema, a new day.

Most of my childhood memories are of boarding school and the years of the Second World War, interned by the Japanese. In my latter teenage years I experienced some dark times, and floundered around until two things happened; I fell in love and I began to search for my destiny.

That search took me out of the darkness, not into the light, but rather through years that varied between slightly misty and downright foggy. During that time I became a respected member of a church group, got married and had a family, and a successful dual career in the Baptist ministry and later, as a family counsellor.

My new day really dawned with my retirement. This gave me the freedom to follow my long held dreams and desires. Retirement has been a time of few mists and fogs, as exemplified by the confidence and contentment that now fills my days. I wake every new day with my heart full of love – a strong two way energy that flows between me and Bev in the first place, but includes our four children, their spouses and our thirteen grandchildren. This new day has also seen the fulfilment of my lifelong ambition to write.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said something that reflects my personal desires. Desires which I longed for, but have taken a lifetime to achieve in a small way.

"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived."

Ray

Runaway

I waited until I saw the lights go out in the house and then crept in the back door and down the hallway to the office at the front. It was familiar territory. I had been on this errand before. This was my father's office. I knew where to go in the dark. His desk faced the window looking out to the street, and by getting on my hands and knees, I was able to get under the desk and reach into the back of a locked draw where he kept his money. Sure enough it was there as usual. I was soon on my way to my room in the backyard cabin. I packed a few things in an old bag and walked down the side of the house and out the front gate.

Stanmore Railway Station was just down the end of our street and before long I was in the huge Central Station in Sydney. Here I also knew just where I wanted to go, and I bought a ticket to travel on "The Silver City Express" which would take me to Broken Hill. In my 17 year old mind, this seemed both adventurous and distant. I smiled to myself as I thought of my parents trying to find me. Broken Hill would be the last place on earth they would think of looking for me.

Having lived in China for the first sixteen years of my life, here I was in Australia where I had been for about a year. As I looked out of the train window, it was exciting to see this great country to which I had come, and soak in some of its moods. Sydney, the Blue Mountains, Lithgow, Bathurst, Orange, Dubbo and Cobar. Later we crossed the Darling River at Wilcannia and then across the outback country to Broken Hill. Today, the names resonate with romance in my mind and remind me of this great adventure.

When I got to Broken Hill, I carefully put enough money aside for a return fare to Sydney should I need it. This left me with very little money so finding a job became my priority. In Stanmore I had had a part time job as a telegram delivery boy for the local Post Office. This involved delivering telegrams after school and at weekends. The weekend deliveries were mostly weddings. So I went to the Broken Hill Post Office and asked for a job. They seemed to like the idea and presented me with some application forms to fill in. When it came to putting in my address, I said that I had only just arrived and had not found a place to stay yet. "OK" said my interviewer, "When you have found a place, come back and we will finish processing your application." This threw me on to the horns of a dilemma, or the cat amongst the pigeons so to speak. I could get the job if I had an address, and I could only get an address when I had a job to earn some money.

As an alternative to working in the Post Office, I decided to try my luck at the airport because I fancied working in and around aeroplanes. It was some distance out of town, so I started walking. There seemed to be very little traffic on the airport road, and sure enough, when I got there, no one was around.



As it was getting late in the day, and I did not have enough money to find a place to stay for the night, I walked a little way back towards Broken Hill and then turned off the road and into the spinifex and small shrubs that dotted the barren landscape. I lay down under a shrub and made myself as comfortable as possible. That is where I spent the night.

Next morning I walked back in to Broken Hill and decided to try for another job

I wandered around town giving this problem my total concentration. But for a naïve 17 year old without experience of the world, the problem was too big. As I strolled aimlessly around Broken Hill, I spotted the postmaster who had interviewed me the day before.

Embarrassed, I quickly disappeared from his line of vision.



I had the money in my pocket which I had set aside for a possible return trip, which could be enough to snare a bed for the night, but I was unable to throw away this life line back to civilization. My only solution seemed to be to go back to Sydney.

I arrived back in Sydney, and for the next week I lived on the streets. It is amazing how much food you can find around a big city in the form of discarded loaves of bread and other types of food generally regarded as rubbish. I slept on park benches and found that some of these paupers' sleeping places provided millionaires views across Sydney Harbour.

About a week later, on a Sunday, I was walking up George Street and decided that I would catch a tram to the Harbour Bridge. That was when Sydney still had their famous toast rack trams. Just as I hopped on to the outside running board, I heard my name being called and looked around to see my mother waving at me from the footpath. So I aborted my tram trip and went over to her. I am not sure how I felt. Was I relieved, disappointed, ashamed, guilty? I don't know.

Maybe a bit of all of those. My mother's faith is very simple and straight forward. If you pray, God answers. She told me that she had prayed that morning that God would lead her to me. So she had skipped church at Stanmore and gone into the city, where she had then seen me getting on to one of the toast-rack trams.

We went home and the first thing they wanted me to do was to have a bath. As I had not washed in more than a week, I expect that this was necessary if they were going to

sit close enough to me to talk with me. Once the bath was over, they gave me something to eat and we sat down to talk and they asked me one question, “Why?” I could not give them a simple answer. It was so much more than that. The “why?” was so big and its ramifications for my life so frightening that even at that early stage of my understanding, I felt too vulnerable to talk about it. And so much of the “why” they would not want to hear. So I determined that I would not try and explain to them the reasons for my little adventure.

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My Ancestral Home

So what was there about the first seventeen years of my life that sowed the seeds for this ‘adventure’? There are probably three main causal elements: I was born in China into a missionary family; I had only ever known the Chinese and the missionary culture; and I had spent over four years in a Japanese Concentration Camp during the Second World War.

Those are very general statements. Here is the detail. You be the judge.

It’s funny how a stroll around a cemetery can affect one’s emotions. The television



news around Anzac Day showed people of all ages in a war cemetery, and the camera tried to catch some of their emotions as they found the gravestone marking the place where the body of one of their relatives had been laid to rest. Here was an old veteran whose tears were for the many mates who had been killed in the tragic landing at Gallipoli. And not far away a teenager weeping at the grave of a relative whom she never knew.

In 2000 I travelled with my brother Frank to China, looking for a cemetery that I knew was important to my sense of belonging and identity. I travelled to Yantai in the north eastern province of Shandong. I knew it as Chefoo where I had been launched into boarding school life. Once I started my search, it didn’t take long to locate the Chefoo Prep School where, in 1940 I had walked up the front steps and into a new life. It was part of a larger Chefoo School which included a Boys’ School and a Girls’ School, and was situated right on the beach front. But I also wanted to find the place where my great grandfather George Andrew and great grandmother Jessie were buried, for they had both retired to this place and this is where they had finished their days.

Chefoo had been an important part of almost every member of my family’s experience for four generations. Many, like me had been boarders at the Chefoo School. Others had been there for rest and recuperation, as it was a popular holiday spot. It also included a hospital, the Sanatorium, affectionately known as “The San”, which predated the school. My aunt had worked there as a nurse. And a few of the family had also taught at the school. My grandmother Esther was an early boarder and completed her education there.

Not only were my great grandparents buried there, but I was also aware that George and Jessie's son George Findlay and his wife Fanny, while staying in Singapore for a month in 1940, heard the distressing news that their daughter Aileen had died suddenly at Chefoo on November 13. She was 27, expecting her first child, and it was thought desirable to remove her appendix. Her husband Allastair had just visited her in hospital when she suffered an embolism and did not recover. She was also buried in the CIM cemetery at Chefoo, close to where her grandparents were buried.

I was with my brother Frank on this visit, and it did not take us long to find that the former foreign cemetery was now a park in the centre of Yantai as Chefoo is now known. A group of elderly men who seemed to get together on a regular basis, perhaps daily, were only too keen to talk to us about the former cemetery which they all remembered well. They gathered around and studied some photographs we had brought with us and animatedly discussed them together. They pointed out a row of small trees which, they said, had been planted by students from the 'foreign school'.

In the 1950s, the new government had decided to consolidate all burying grounds in China. Up to then, burial mounds were a common sight as you travelled around. They were usually situated in the family property. This consolidation meant that they not only tidied up all these scattered burial mounds, but also closed all the smaller cemeteries in the one area and placed the headstones in the new super cemetery. Consequently, in Yantai, all the gravestones had been moved from the foreign cemetery to a huge new cemetery built on either side of the main road to the airport. We drove out to the new cemetery which covered many acres, but were unable to find where they had been stored. The attendant in the cemetery office was most unco-operative and refused to give us any information.

So here I was, in the city to which my great-grandparents had retired, and standing in a beautiful park on the very spot where their bodies had been laid to rest. Surprisingly I was deeply moved. What was it that I was feeling? I had lived in Australia for 49 years, surely that was truly my home? I love Australia, but, even though it had been 'home' for so long, the concept of 'home' took over my feelings and I stood there with these old men literally over the spot where my ancestors' bones lay, and I couldn't escape the feeling that this country, maybe even this city, was indeed my 'ancestral home'.

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My China Heritage

I am very proud of my heritage. Especially that part of it that is focused on China. The chronicle of my heritage in China starts with my great grandfather and great grandmother.



George Andrew left his home in Manchester and set sail from London for China. He landed in Shanghai in 1881. He was met by the founder of the China Inland Mission, James Hudson Taylor and served with that mission for the next 49 years. He was something of a pioneer and served in a number of places in the far west of China, much of which had only recently been opened to foreigners.

George met Jessie Findlay in Manchester where they had both grown up, and they were engaged before he left for China. Jessie arrived in China a year after George and they were married in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Shanghai in October 1883. A year or so later their only girl out of five children was born. This was my grandmother Esther.

(Standing centre in picture above)

Esther Andrew marries Arthur Moore

Shanghai, 11th December, 1908

Back row (l to r): D.E.Hoste (General Director of the China Inland Mission), George Findlay Andrew (Best Man), Jessie Andrew, George Andrew, unidentified bridesmaid, John Arthur Andrew

Alfred Andrew is sitting on the left and James Andrew on the right.



Jessie died in 1927 and George in 1930. They were buried in the foreign cemetery in Chefoo.

At 17 Esther went with her family to England for George and Jessie's regular furlough, and stayed in England after her parents returned to China. She also decided to serve as a missionary to China and arrived back there in October 1906. She was sent to northwest China, the same area as her parents were working, and it was there she met Arthur Moore, a young missionary who had been a policeman in Shanghai before his conversion.

As a policeman Arthur had met some missionaries who were impressed with the strength and skill he demonstrated when he was playing rugby football. A friendship developed between Arthur and some of the

missionaries, and he was converted and later went back to China to serve with the CIM. He was also deployed to the far northwest of China. Arthur and Esther were married in December 1908 in Shanghai. They had to have the official papers filled out and signed by the British Consul.

Their eldest son, George Percival (Percy) was born in October 1909. Percy also attended the Chefoo School in Shandong, a province in the north-east of China, and then went to Canada at the completion of his studies. He also felt the call to return to China where he had been born and felt at home. He arrived back in China in 1931 and was sent to work with his parents in Hanzhong in Shaanxi province. His father Arthur, was now the Superintendent of the work in the Shaanxi and Hanzhong was his HQ.

Meanwhile Amy Weir who was born and brought up in Western Australia, had concluded her studies in Melbourne and was accepted by the CIM to go to China, She arrived in 1931, and was sent to Shaanxi to work under the supervision of Arthur Moore in Hanzhong.

Percy and Amy soon met, fell in love and were married in Shanghai in January 1934. I was born in January 1935 in Hanzhong. And so the rich tapestry of my family background in China took shape, woven into a unique pattern.

(For a fuller version of this chapter, read Amy's book, "Three Score Years and Ten" which is available in the Kyema Publishing bookstore, <http://kyema-publishing.com>.)



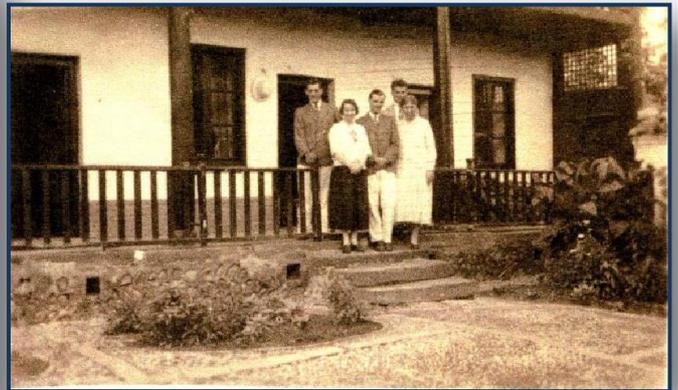
The CIM compound in Hanzhong.

The white star indicates the room where I was born.

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My Arrival

150 kilometres east of Hanzhong is a small country town called Xixiang. After my parents were married and placed under the supervision of my grandfather, it was here that they were assigned. This was their first home (picture on left taken in 1999, showing the inside staircase transferred outside.).



The early 1930s, for many people, was still a time of austerity as an aftermath of the Great Depression. Many people were not only still handling their money conservatively, but remained conservative in their habits and beliefs. This was true of missionaries, most of whom, at this time had probably been 'called' to the mission field as a result of a strong conservative understanding of the teachings of Christ.



Consequently when it became known that Percy and Amy, within three months of their wedding, were expecting their first child, it set some of the older conservative tongues wagging behind hands, covering their mouth in shock, and below disapproving frowns. Adding even more fuel to this problem was the fact that they had decided to have the birth in Hanzhong where they would ask one of their friends in the Hanzhong Church, Dr. Xiao, to deliver it. This was pushing the boundaries even further because it was accepted custom that lady missionaries acted as midwives and Chinese male doctors were definitely out.

For Amy, the trip from Xixiang where they were stationed, to the regional HQ of the CIM at Hanzhong, took three days by sedan chair, while Percy walked alongside..

Once she was settled in Hanzhong Percy found himself restless. He had rushed off from Xixiang in order to get his wife to the security of Hanzhong, and now there was nothing to do but wait. However, back in Xixiang he had left a good deal of unfinished business. God's work had to be attended to, so he returned to Xixiang by bicycle.

The Sunday after he left, Amy's labour started, and continued all day Monday. Amy comments:

“Dr Xiao came in and out but even when I felt the pains were pretty bad he still said they were not strong enough! He kept saying ‘Shi qin’ – ‘use your strength!’ Finally he gave me an injection that he thought would help but said if it didn’t he would have to use instruments to help the baby out. It seemed to have no effect at all so he sent for Miss Haslam who has had nursing experience to come and give me chloroform and he used his instruments then to help the baby out.

The Doctor had an awful time even then getting him out and was so tired he had to ask for a chair to sit down before he was finished. It is a blessing the baby was so well nourished and strong or he might not have lived. At one time I gave up all hope of seeing the baby alive and feared for my life too, but praise the Lord, at eleven o’clock our little one was really born and I was just thankful to go to sleep.

We can see now why the Lord led us from Xixiang to here for the birth. No one would have had the strength to do all that Dr Xiao did and we can certainly never repay him for all his kindness. He is a real Christian gentleman and it is hard to know just how to repay him especially as he will never accept any fee from us. To add to their kindness, yesterday his wife came around with a present for Raymond – a lovely velvet cape lined with a warm material that will be such a blessing when we are travelling to keep him warm, a little silk wadded coat with white fur collar and cuffs and hat and shoes to match.”

I entered the world at the weight of eight pounds on 6th January 1935. It was a difficult birth and it is very likely that Amy and I would have died if one of the female missionaries had been the midwife and the birth had been in Xixiang. Percy was notified and rode his bicycle from Xixiang to Hanzhong in a day, arriving late at night.

Percy enjoyed the time with his newly expanded family. After a couple of weeks, taking into account the fact that Amy and I were in the capable hands of his parents, he headed back to Xixiang.

I was named Arthur Raymond; Arthur after my paternal grandfather and Raymond, possibly after a fellow missionary, Raymond Joyce. As a mark of appreciation to Dr.

Xiao who would not accept a personal gift, my parents donated a communion table to the church on the front of which they had two texts carved:

"Yong yao Gwei Zhu" (Glory to the Lord)

"Zen mei Zhu en" (Praise the Grace of God)

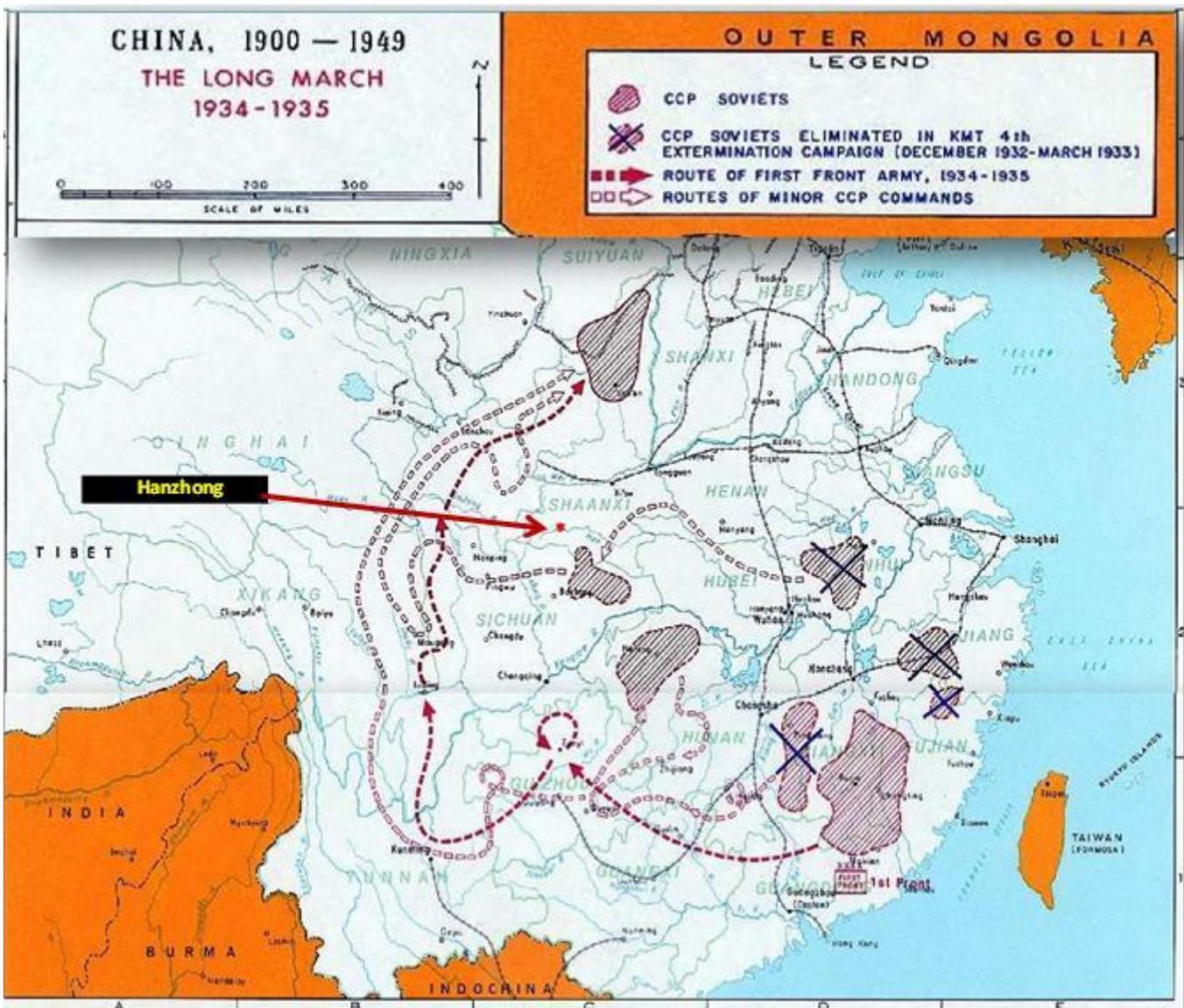
The first and last Chinese words became my Chinese name, **`Yong En'**.

So my journey started along a slightly bumpy road. There were plenty of bumps and rocky outcrops yet ahead of me. And it wasn't long before we were caught up in the events surrounding the historic Long March of the Chinese Communist Party.

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Missionaries Facing Imprisonment and Death

The year I was born the political and emotional influences on foreign missionaries was confusing and disturbing. The previous year saw the beginning of the famous Communist Long March. Over a number of years the Communists had been holed up in special safe places or soviets, mostly in the southern areas of China. But by 1934 the Government had stepped up their activities and the Communists were being partially surrounded and trapped in their now not-so-safe soviet retreats by the Nationalist Kuomintang, led by Chiang Kai-shek. Threatened with extermination by the better-led and more numerous Kuomintang, the Communists fled west and north. They were aiming for an area in northern Shaanxi province around the city of Yan'an. This area



had been ruled by a number of warlords who were fighting the Government and were sympathetic to the Communists. They handed over the area to the Communists without a fight and it became the 'birthplace of the Revolution.'

Missionaries were under no illusions as to the Communist attitude towards them. During the period before the Long March, when Communist forces roamed about in eastern Hunan and western Fujian, missionaries as well as native Christians were seized and imprisoned and missions looted. In 1930 in Jiangxi alone a hundred missionaries were said to have been captured and thirty-three murdered. Some were kidnapped for ransom, at a time when vast sums of money were needed for the acquisition of arms to maintain the struggle against the Kuomintang. According to some writers, during the Long March in 1935, the "Red Route through Guizhou and Sichuan was marked with terror and slaughter".

Stories had been coming in of foreigners being held for ransom, or even being killed by the Communists. Here are some of the situations where the missionaries were well known to my parents. It illustrates the very real dangers we faced in my first year:

The news of John and Betty Stam's death at the hands of the Communists came through to Hanzhong towards the end of January 1935 when I was just a few weeks old. In 1934, **John and Betty Stam** were comparatively new missionaries to China, with a



3-month-old daughter, working in the small town of Jingde. One day the town's magistrate came to the Stams and warned them that the Communists were coming for them. After John confirmed this, the Stams prepared to leave.

However, the Communists caught up with them and demanded all the money the Stams had; and it was handed over. The Communists then arrested John and took him to their headquarters. They left Betty, their baby, Helen, the maid and the cook in the Stam's house. The soldiers later came back and took Betty and Helen. The maid and cook begged to go along, but they were threatened to be shot if they did. Betty and Helen were taken to be with John.

John, Betty and Helen were then taken to the local prison where some of the prisoners were released to make room for them. In the midst of the hustle and bustle, Helen started crying, and a soldier suggested that they kill her, since she was only "in their way". Then one of the prisoners who had just been released asked why they should kill the innocent baby. The soldiers turned to him asked if he was willing to die for the foreign baby. The man was then hacked to pieces in front of the Stams' eyes. Thus, Helen was allowed to live.

The next morning, the Stams were forced to march 12 miles with the soldiers, to the town of Miaosheo. The group stopped for a night, and Betty was allowed to tend to Helen; but in fact, Betty instead hid her daughter in the room inside a sleeping bag. The very next morning, 8 December 1934, John and Betty were marched down the streets of Miaosheo to meet their deaths. Curious onlookers lined both sides of the streets. A Chinese shopkeeper stepped out of the crowd and talked to the Communists, trying to persuade them not to kill the Stams. The soldiers ordered the man back into the crowd, but he wouldn't step back. The soldiers then invaded his house where they found a Chinese copy of the Bible and a hymnbook. He was then led alongside the Stams to be killed as well, for being a Christian.

After marching for a short while longer, John was ordered to kneel, and he was beheaded. Betty and the shopkeeper were killed moments later. Amy had shared her time in Language School with Betty when they first went out to China.

The baby, Helen, was found two days later by a Chinese pastor who took her home and took care of her.

Then there was the ongoing situation of **Arnolis Hayman and Rudolf Bosshardt**. The full details of this story were not known to the other missionaries until 1936, but at the time of my birth they were aware that he and fellow missionary Arnolis Hayman, were being held for ransom by the Communists on their Long March somewhere to the south of Hanzhong.

Bringing the danger even closer to home was the capture of **the Frenchams** who lived in the southwest of Shaanxi Province near the corner of Shaanxi, Gansu and Zechuan Ptovinces. Here's an edited version of how Charles Frencham tells their story. It helps

to paint the picture of how the missionaries in Hanzhong (and myself) were in real danger:

On the morning of the Chinese New Year, Monday February 4th 1935, some of the Communist soldiers were almost at the city gates on three sides of the city, only the north side remaining clear at that time. The following morning my wife was captured.

I was captured in the city by the bodyguard of one of the Communist officers and I had to follow them around as they made their tour of inspection I was eventually taken to the headquarters of the Communists. On February 7th I was reunited with my wife in captivity and we were sent under escort, along the main Szechwan road towards the provincial border. The next day we arrived at the Communist Headquarters which had just been established in this mountain village and things were not very organised.

. . . The last Saturday in captivity I was given the opportunity to present our case to the senior officer and also to plead that because of my wife's coming childbirth she should be set free. He smiled and said, "you have no need to fear, you have not opposed our Communistic principles nor have you broken our laws, you are our guest. I will see what can be done."

On the following Thursday morning he sent around news to the effect that we were to be released whilst he explained that we could not have been sent back whilst the Communists were advancing in their attempt to capture the cities on the Hanchung plain, but now that the line of battle was settled they were taking the opportunity of "...inviting us to return home...", and that he would supply a suitable escort to take us into territory occupied by the Nationalist army.

Two days later we walked into the C.I.M. station at Hanchung where we were met by fellow missionary and Chinese workers who gave us an excellent welcome.

The missionaries in Hanzhong were aware of these events and knew the Stams, Hayman and Bosshardt and the Frenchams. So when they heard that the Long March had reached a town only three days travel south of Hanzhong, they decided that it was time to leave.

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Fleeing Danger

Rumours about the Communists whereabouts and progress were rife in Hanzhong. The missionaries heard that the Communists were already in the north of Sichuan Province not far from Hanzhong, (See the Frencham's story in the previous chapter) and they were in fact actually in Shaanxi province only 80 kilometres away.

The hierarchy of the China Inland Mission had advised women and children to leave for safer territory. So we were on the move. I was not even a year old and we were on the run, escaping from a potentially dangerous situation. I had entered the world at some risk to my life, and now again my life, with many others, was under threat.

The group of missionaries, including myself just a month old, set off through the East Gate of the city and headed for Xixiang. It was decided that the safest direction to head was east, away from the various tentacles of the Long March. So from Xixiang we followed the Han River downstream until we got to Ankang. Many other kinds of transport were used as well as my basket. (See pictures next page)

Amy had designed the basket to keep me comfortable as we travelled, much of the way by foot, while also making it easier for a Chinese porter to carry me on his carrying pole. Eleven years later, after the War, when I returned to Hanzhong after an absence of six years, I discovered this very basket in the attic, and was immediately overwhelmed with a sense of coziness and comfort. Looking back now, I think that I was being reminded of my time in that same basket in my first year of life.

Occasionally, from the comfort of my specially designed basket, I would get a glimpse of Amy or the smiling face of the Chinese porter, intrigued by this foreign infant he was carrying. The porter had a bamboo carrying pole across his shoulder with me and my basket swinging on one end and some luggage at the other.

At Ankang we hired three boats to take us downstream to and eventually made our way to what was then called Hankow, now known as Wuhan. This is where the Han River joins the Yangzi River. It had taken six weeks to get there.

I was rather chuffed to read an extract from a letter Amy wrote home to her mother in Australia during this time as we were floating down the Han River:

“Raymond . . . is not eight weeks old yet, but has had a pretty eventful life already. He was just five weeks old the Sunday we left Hanzhong, and since then has slept in dirty Chinese inns, traveled for a week at a time without a bath or change of clothes, and yet he flourishes and looks so well.”

At Wuhan, where we had planned to stay, we were in the Yangzi valley which at this time of the year was becoming unbearably hot . As it was still deemed unsafe to return to Hanzhong, it was decided that the children and their mothers should go to the well-known mountain resort of JiGongShan, which was one of the places where missionaries had been used to taking their holidays. (Picture below)



My Refugee Travelling Basket



(Above) The group of missionary refugees in Jigong Shan 1935. My mother and I are on the rug at the front left.

(Below) Jigong Shan today. The building is an example of the accommodation available for missionaries on R & R. This was owned by an American Mission



It was November before word came through that it was OK to return to South Shaanxi. We traveled by train to Xi'an and then sedan chair and walking for the rest of the trip

over the Qinling Mountains back to Hanzhong. I was safely and happily swinging in my specially made basket on one end of the porter's carrying pole.

It took six days to make the trip from Xi'an to Hanzhong. I was eleven months old and would spend my first Christmas in Hanzhong. Twelve days after Christmas I celebrated my first birthday after a pretty adventurous first year.

Xixiang

The little home in Xixiang became the hub of activities for the new Moore family. Percy was away a lot of the time, riding his bicycle around to the small villages, evangelizing and teaching. Amy tried to keep up the women's work in Xixiang, balancing her time between the church work and caring for me. In those years, the services of an amah (housemaid or nurse) cost very little so even cash strapped missionaries were able to afford one. With the help of an amah to look after me, Amy could get on with her work and still spend some time with me, sometimes walking down to the river shallows (picture) and enjoying a day out.

In the year after my first birthday, the Han Valley experienced a serious famine, and many people died of starvation. Although this didn't directly affect the family, I actually



saw beside the road, the body of a child who had starved to death. Money was in short supply for the missionaries and they often lived from day to day, not sure if they would have enough for the next day's meals. Possibly because of the famine and the widespread poverty, there were numerous stories of bandits holding people up along the roads, and for the missionaries who needed to travel a lot, the rumours of bandit movement in the countryside was of serious concern.

Before I was three years old, I again came close to losing my life. I developed

dysentery and was in a very poor state. The nearest doctor was 150 kilometres away in Hanzhong. Percy was concerned enough to ride his bicycle to Hanzhong to ask Dr. Xiao what treatment to give. I was too weak to travel. Soon after he left, my condition deteriorated, so Amy decided to start out on the trip to Hanzhong to get me to Dr Xiao as soon as possible.

Before we reached Hanzhong, we met Percy returning on his bicycle. He had news of a second hazard to our health. He told us that a Communist band was approaching Hanzhong and we would have to flee again. Fortunately he had brought some medicine with him from Dr. Xiao, and in a couple of days my health improved dramatically.

But we still had to pack up our things and leave Xixiang. It was only about twenty months since we had fled to Hankou when I was five weeks old. This time we were only away for a month before it was safe to return home.

When I was two years old my brother Alan was born, and Amy likes to tell the story of the wall calendar which on the day he was born, had the text "Trouble is near" from Psalm 22:11. It seemed funny at the time, but 1937 was also a significant year marking an event which would have repercussions for China and merge into the Second World War.

Even earlier than 1937, the Japanese invaded Manchuria in 1931 and created the nominally independent state of Manchukuo with Puyi, the last monarch of the Qing Dynasty, as its emperor. The 1987 film "The Last Emperor" tells the story. Once they were successful in this venture they started to spread their influence southwards into China, until they were virtually in control of all the country on three sides of Beijing. At this point, in 1937, they tried to take control of the Marco Polo Bridge which was to the south of Beijing and would have cut the city off from the rest of China. The Chinese defended their position and this marked the beginning of the 2nd Sino-Japanese War which, in 1941, became part of the Second World War.

In late 1938 my parents were getting ready for a trip to Australia for their furlough and a chance for Percy to meet the in-laws.

We left Hanzhong towards the end of May 1939 and arrived in Perth in August. Amy was pregnant again and my younger brother Frank was born in October.

Earlier on 3 September 1939 Neville Chamberlain announced that Britain was at war with Germany. That meant Australia was also officially at war, but only in Europe. Little did we know the dramatic events that were to happen two years later that would have a deep impact on the whole family.

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Australia

My maternal grandmother, 'Grandma Weir', lived in the Perth suburb of Bayswater. This was the first time that I had been outside of China, and I was intrigued by the differences. I found it unusual for Europeans to be doing all the dirty work, such as wharf labouring and not

Chinese labourers. The architecture was quite different. My grandmother's house was a smallish weatherboard house with a corrugated iron roof.

Rainwater was collected from the roof into a corrugated iron tank. In China the only water I had seen collected off the roof was into barrels

about the size of a wine

barrel. The impression I had

was that my Grandma was not very well off as I had only experienced living in rather grand two storey missionary homes or even bigger boarding school buildings.



In my mind I had envisaged that all the roads in Australia would be perfectly made - no potholes or wheel ruts. But when I went for a walk to the corner shop, my fantasy was shattered. The roads weren't even paved to the full width, and the soil was dark and sandy, nothing like the soil as I remembered it in China. Not only that, but there was rubbish and dog poo along the road. I thought that sort of rubbish only existed in China.

At the corner store (sadly now few and far between) my main memory is of the screen door which gave a wonderful squeak when I opened it. A bell tinkled as you entered, which seemed unnecessary when the door itself made so much noise. I have always loved screen doors that squeak.

Perth is on the west coast of Australia, facing the Indian Ocean with the next stop west the Horn of Africa. It boasts some beautiful beaches and it was there that I had my first taste of the Australian beach culture. However this experience had a down side. Percy and I dug a deep hole in the sand. We may have had Alan's help as well. The hole was deep enough so that when I was helped by father down into it, it was deep enough to block my view of the beach and the ocean. One of the things I had learned that day was that the tide moved the water up and down the beach, and I was shown the high tide mark where the water had come up to. Percy called out urgently to me, "You had better get out of there, the tide's coming in!" I panicked as there was no way I could get out by

myself, and, obviously not understanding the real fear that I was experiencing, he laughed at me stuck in the hole with the tide coming in

Towards the end of 1940 it was time for my parents to return to China. We would cross the continent to Melbourne and then take a ship to Hong Kong and then to Shanghai. There I would be placed in the hands of a couple of the teachers from the Chefoo Boarding School who would take me by coastal steamer to Chefoo, while the rest of the family made their way overland back to Hanzhong.

The ship we travelled on from Melbourne was the SS Nellore, a ship of just under 7000 tons which had been built in Greenock on the south bank of the River Clyde in 1913. Originally owned by the P & O line, it was purchased in 1929 by the Eastern & Australasian Mail Steamship Co. About four years after our trip, in 1944 it was torpedoed and sunk in the Indian Ocean with the loss of 77 lives.

We had to stay in Hong Kong for a few extra days unexpectedly, and the shipping company paid for us to stay in the Peninsula Hotel, one of Hong Kong's finest. This was not hard to take, and Alan and I made the most of the endless supply of good food that was at our disposal. Then we were off to Shanghai and I was about to enter another stage in my life.

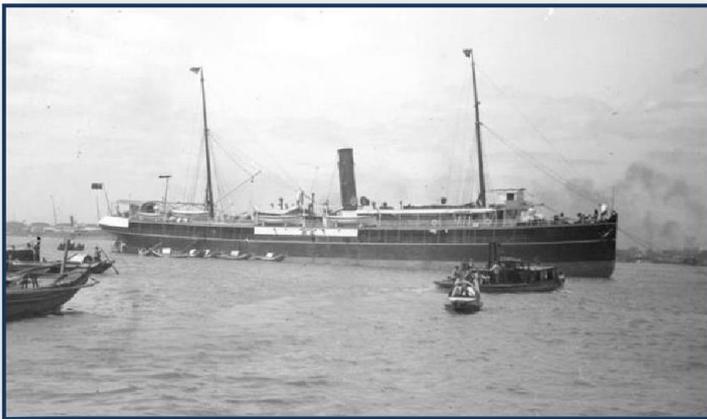


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Boarding School at the Seaside

I waved goodbye to my parents and two younger brothers as I boarded the coastal steamer in Shanghai to go to Chefoo. The rest of the family would all be going back to our home in Hanzhong. It was just ten weeks until my sixth birthday and I would not see my family again for five years.

As I went on board with two teachers from the Chefoo School, Miss Carr and Miss



Williams, I remember being distracted from my family by a gift from Miss Carr of a soft toy of some kind, maybe a bear. At that time I seemed to be quite a self-reliant kid as these two snippets of correspondence seem to show. Doris Williams wrote to my parents from the SS Chengking (pictured), and as I read her letters I wonder how I could have developed such a

low self-esteem in later years. Here is what she wrote:

"You will be happy to know that he has quite adopted Miss Carr and she him. She thinks he's such a sensible little chap. It was lovely to see her washing him and getting him ready for bed last night and he was so good and so bright and not at all strained, so perfectly at ease with Miss Carr." (Oct 28 1940)

I was met in Chefoo by Percy's younger sister Jessie, who was a nurse at the Chefoo School's Sanitarium or hospital, known by all as 'The San'. She writes:

"I went out to the boat and the first sight was Miss Carr standing with the wee figure in front of her. A real little man he looked. I just rushed up the gangway and picked him up in my arms, and we were pals! We did not wait for the Customs, but came home in a rickshaw together. He talked about everything all the way home, with his deep voice and Australian accent. (Oct 28 1940)

. . . I guess I will have to let him go into school, as Jackie and Enid have to go too. But I shall have him out for weekends - but I am enjoying having so much of him now, and won't look forward to the less pleasant future. (Nov 11 1940)"

The Chefoo School had a reputation for being the "best school east of the Suez". It was run along the lines of an English public school and at times brought to mind aspects of

"Tom Brown's Schooldays". It was divided into a Prep School, Girls' School and Boys' School.

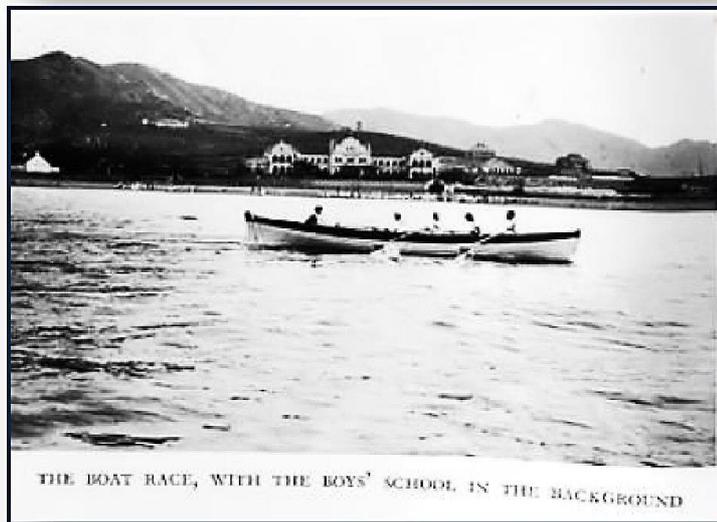


This stone cap at the top of the steps
Can be clearly seen in

This picture of me on the left, was taken with Beryl and Kathleen Strange on the front steps of the Prep School. The Stranges were missionaries stationed not far from Hanzhong, and well known to my parents.

Today the building is still standing as these pictures taken by our friend Zhou in 2012, illustrate. The front steps of 1940/1 have not changed a bit.





The Prep School was housed in a large two storey building just across the road from the beach. Because of its position on Chefoo Bay, boating and swimming were high on the agenda of school activities. Not in winter though. The Bay sometimes iced over. Winters were cold, but I was not allowed to wear "longs" (i.e. long pants) until I was old enough to go to the Boys' School at about the age of twelve. Meanwhile I wore shorts in the summer and "plus fours" or knickerbockers in the winter. These buckled under the knee and knee length socks were pulled up to meet them.

The strong evidence of the influence of the British Public School on the Chefoo Schools could be seen in the emphasis on sports. Percy was a leading sportsman during his time there. (See pictures next page) There was keen competition, especially in the Boys School for honours in rowing. The climax of the competition came on Foundation Day when two crews were chosen to compete in the two racing boats called Hero and Leander. The crews consisted of a cox and four and there had been six weeks of eliminations to find the two best crews.

Foundation Day was one of those special holidays that became weighed down with tradition. Tradition or not, I loved the atmosphere. It was celebrated to remember the laying of the foundation stone for the first major building on 15 June 1896. The boat races were always on the afternoon before Foundation Day.

PERCY AT CHEFOO WAS A LEADER IN SCHOOL LIFE

A "House" picture. The three House leaders are in the centre of the middle row: Gardiner, Best and Moore



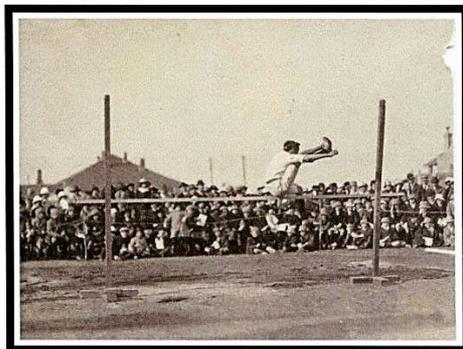
The winners of the 1927 Sports Awards.

Senior School boys in centre row. Percy third from left.



(Right) Percy was a left hand bowler and Captain of the cricket team 1926

(Below) Percy wins the High Jump



As you can see from the top picture, the Boys' School used the British 'house' system to give both a sense of belonging in a large school population, and a keen sense of competition between houses.

I accepted Boarding School life, and the fact that my parents were 1600 kilometres away in the west of China, did not seem to be an issue for me. I had a kind of acceptance of my situation – that's the way the cookie crumbles. Even so, I was probably, to some extent, in denial and harboured some of the feelings of separation anxiety in my subconscious where they emerged as nightmares. The teachers really cared about us as I discovered one night after I had a nightmare. I must have called out because a teacher came in and sat on my bed and put her arm around me to comfort me and settle me down. It was a physical expression of warmth which I don't remember happening again. In hindsight, and in the light of what Miss Williams wrote about my relationship with Miss Carr, I think it was probably her as I think she had the room next door.

I slept in a dormitory on the first floor with about a dozen other boys. There was a veranda just outside my window where I used to sneak out after lights out and pussyfoot it past the bedrooms of Miss Carr and Miss Stark, all the time savouring what I later called the 'delicious fear' of being caught by the teachers.

The boys shared a large shower and toilet block, and there were small dressing cubicles which were used when we were preparing for a shower. On a number of occasions, due to some misdemeanour, I was placed in one of these cubicles as a punishment, alone and in the dark until well after lights out. Typical of my memory is that I have no consciousness of having a shower or washing, I only remember these little dressing cubicles.

As with most places where children gather, there were rumours and stories that were often not so flattering, which abounded about the teachers. For instance, the day I entered the school I went up the stone steps to the front door. Inside, on the right, was Miss Carr's office. She was the headmistress and also one of the teachers that had accompanied me from Shanghai to Chefoo. I had to wait outside the office until she was ready to see me. Another student was there and he took me to a huge pillar that was situated in the middle of the entrance hall. It was rendered with some kind of very rough rendering, and the boy told me that when you misbehaved you were forced to hit your knuckles against the post until they bled. I listened, seemingly awestruck, but even at that age I had something of the sceptic in me, which was supported by the fact that I never heard of it actually happening.

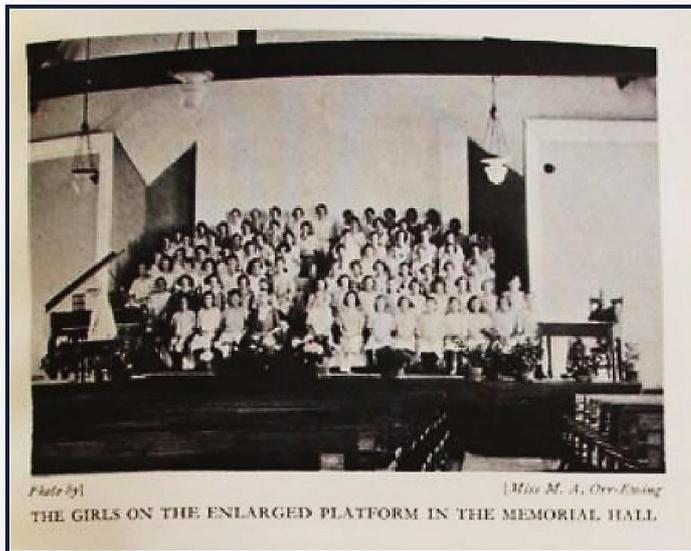
The food was mainly western style, so Chinese meals were special. I always looked forward to the days, I think only once a week, when we would have a Chinese meal. Because of the Chinese method of fertilizing their vegetables (human manure carried to their gardens in very smelly "honey buckets" – picture) everything had to be well



cooked. When the farmers delivered the milk, it had to be tested for water content, as it was common practice to water the milk down to make more profit. It also had to be boiled before it was served up for our morning tea break. I developed a huge dislike for the "scum" as I called it that formed on the top of the milk as it cooled off. However it was mandatory to drink it. On one memorable

occasion, after one of the teachers had persuaded me to drink it, I threw up and spread most of my breakfast around the floor.

On a more positive note, it was here that I developed a love for peanut butter. Often at meals the peanut butter was pre-spread on the bread. Obviously the children could not be trusted to spread it themselves! Bev still doesn't trust me to spread peanut butter! I discovered that if I rolled the peanut butter off the bread into a ball and placed it in my pocket to be savoured later, the bread that was left behind still retained the taste of the peanut butter, and I was able to rescue the ball of peanut butter from my pocket at some later stage whenever I wanted to enjoy it. It was somewhat corrupted by the presence of various other denizens of my pocket, but still scored high on the best food ranking.



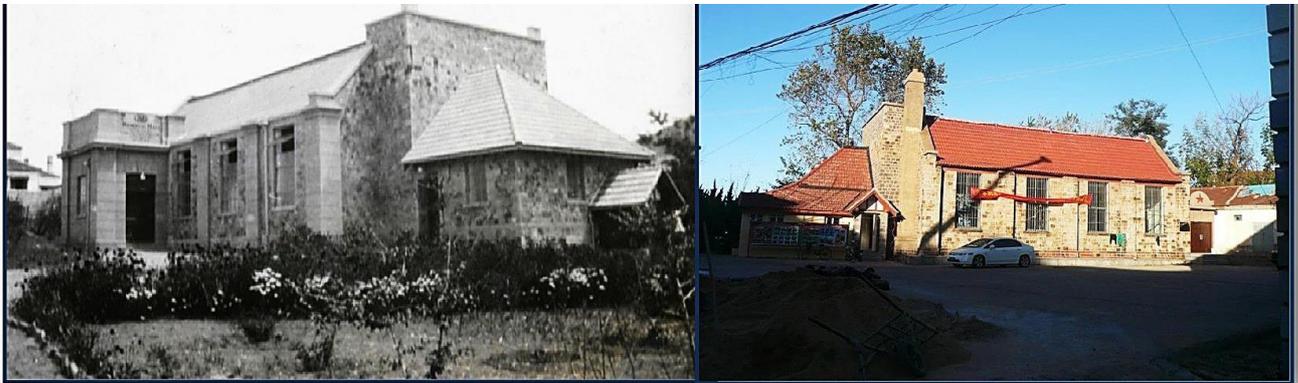
I think that I was about the last person to be admitted to the original Chefoo School. I'm not sure because I don't know where I could check on such an important statistic. Giving me some support to this theory is my memory of a Prep School concert that was held in the Memorial Hall and attended by the boarders in the two senior schools.

I remember that the audience was already seated when we filed in from the rear of the platform, and took our places on the platform. We filed in in order of height and I was the last in the whole school – presumably the smallest. The audience started clapping as the first, taller, Prep School kids filed in, and kept clapping the whole time until I brought up the rear. At this point the clapping reached a crescendo and I was impressed that they recognised my importance. Of course it never crossed my mind at

the time that it might have been that they were relieved that at last the formal entry was over.

I also starred in one of the items, the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. My acting career started at this point with me playing the dormouse. If you remember the story, the dormouse slept a lot. My job was to sit at the party table with my head on the table feigning sleep. I think I had less than a dozen words to say, and I can't remember how I went with that part of the role. Suffice to say that my career thankfully took me in a different direction.

The picture on the right of the Memorial Hall was taken by Zhou in 2012, and the other picture about 100 years before that. I am not certain that Zhou's picture is the same building, but if you allow for the fact that they are taken from opposite sides of the building, and that maybe there has been some minor structural changes in the 100 years between the two pictures, it seems to me to be quite



The two outdoor playing areas were 'the quad' and the large playing field. The quad was formed by the two story school building surrounding it on three sides. It was where many of the luckier children could try out their bicycles and other mobile gifts from home.

I used to play on the playing field behind the school. If I was on my own, I could stalk some unsuspecting 'victim' near the creek bed that ran from north to south next to the playing field. Then I would sneak as far along the creek as I could without being seen from the school buildings. Deliciously frightening. The teachers had banned any playing in the creek bed, so this was more than just a game, it was breaking the rules.

Someone had placed a small rowing boat at the edge of the field. It was probably one of the school rowing boats that had been retired for some reason. An old ladder was placed against it to act as a gang plank and I often played there with another of the boys, or by myself. One day as I was playing there with someone, I lifted the ladder to 'cast off' and it came back with a terrible thunk on to the index and middle fingers of my left hand. The damage was quite severe and I still retain the scars on those two fingers almost 70 years later.

It's a funny thing you know, that when I look back on my years in school in China and allow myself to remember, especially the recreational side of life, I was usually alone. I suppose you would say I was a loner, but it was not an unhappy state for me.

Somewhere along the way, I learnt that I could cope with life better if I built a shell around myself. It was safer that way. I played with other children, but was just as happy by myself. I never confided in anyone or shared secrets. I often felt a twinge of envy when I saw other children with special friends. My shell shielded me from the storms and stresses of life. It may have been significant that I never made a close friend until I met Bev when I was nineteen. It is wonderful what love does to one's shell. Because of the shell around me I didn't show my emotions very much or show any signs of missing my home or family. I think a PhD student would have something fascinating to follow through on here.

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Prisoner of the Japanese

Chefoo

The Chefoo Prep School was my home for about a year. I was blissfully unaware at that time that the Japanese were in control of that part of China. In the early 1930s, Japan invaded Inner Manchuria, changed its name to Manchukuo, a puppet state under the control of the Japanese army. The last Manchu emperor, Puyi, was then placed on the throne to lead a Japanese puppet government. In 1937 the Japanese angered the Chinese in the so-called Marco Polo Bridge Incident. The significance of this is spelled out in Wikipedia:

Marco Polo Bridge, located outside of the walled town of Wanping (宛平鎮) to the southwest of Beijing was the choke point of the Pinghan Railway (Beijing-Wuhan), and guarded the only passage linking Beijing to Kuomintang-controlled areas in the south. Prior to July 1937, the Japanese military had repeatedly demanded the withdrawal of all Chinese forces stationed in this area, and had attempted to purchase nearby land to build an airfield. The Chinese refused, as Japanese control of the bridge and Wanping town would completely isolate Beijing from the Kuomintang-controlled south.

Thanks to Wikipedia



All this had happened three years before and foreign residents such as ourselves were largely left alone to carry on our lives as normal. The Japanese were fighting the Chinese and, as far as they were concerned, we were neutral. So life went on as normal.

In early December 1941 I was playing by myself on the school playing field. I had been at the school for about a year, when I saw a Japanese soldier come through a small gate situated at the side of the playground in the wall that surrounded the school compound. He hammered a piece of paper on the gate then strode purposefully in to the school. This was the day after Pearl Harbour, and we soon discovered that the Japanese were now in total command. We were now officially Japan's enemies, not just Germany's enemies and we were "confined to barracks". This was the beginning of our internment by the Japanese which would not end until August 1945.

The Headmaster and other leading business men were taken away by the Japanese, but were returned safely six weeks later, all but one. The exception was the tall, blunt, ultra-British Mr. MacMullan, who seldom bothered to conceal his contempt for the Japanese. He was kept in more than one prison in Chefoo and elsewhere and died in captivity. Evidence which emerged later pointed towards poison as the cause of death.

Otherwise the school carried on as usual, apart from being confined to the school grounds. Within a day or two the Japanese had brought a Shinto priest to the ball field of our school. He conducted a ceremony that said our school now belonged to the Emperor of Japan. They pasted paper seals on everything; the furniture, pianos, other equipment, in fact anything that had any value to us. The seals contained Japanese writing that said all this now belonged to the Emperor of Japan. We had to wear arm bands, indicating our nationality. We belonged to the Emperor, too.

Temple Hill

But over the next few months, other things changed also. Eleven months after the Japanese had taken control of our lives by putting us under house arrest, we had to vacate the Prep School building and move over to the Boys' School building. And then we were told that the Emperor wanted our school for a military base. This meant that we were being transferred two or three miles away to a concentration camp on Temple Hill, an old Presbyterian Mission Compound on the other side of Chefoo. We could not take much with us, and the Japanese did not supply any sort of transport, although we were able to hire some hand pulled carts and some rickshaws. The older teachers went by rickshaw and the rest of us walked, with Chinese porters pulling our trunks and other less manageable items on their carts.

Temple Hill was three or four miles away, and we had to walk up past "Moore's Fort", the house where my family had holidayed since my grandparents' day. We passed the foreign cemetery where my great grandparents were buried. The column of school children and teachers were taken along the main street of the town where we were objects of curiosity to the Chinese people as we walked along flanked by our Japanese guards.

Brought up with a strong belief that God was in control, even in the worst of circumstances, and much to the incredulity of both our Japanese guards and the

onlooking Chinese population, we were soon singing under the leadership of the teachers, a song composed by Stanley Houghton who later became the Headmaster of the post-war Chefoo School at Kuling, West China

*"God is our Refuge;
our Refuge and our Strength
In trouble, in trouble,
a very present help
Therefore will not we fear
Therefore will not we fear The Lord of Hosts is with us
The God of Jacob is our Refuge*

Finally we made it up the hill to the compound in Temple Hill where we were allocated a building for the Prep School. Upstairs was the boy's bedroom. It was small with only enough room to sleep with a narrow margin between each bed. The girls had a similar setup in another room. Our room looked out onto a veranda on which a lot of our boxes and cabin trunks were stored due to lack of space inside. We discovered that Chinese thieves could climb the compound wall at night, even though these walls were topped with broken glass set in cement. They could then climb up to our veranda from outside the building and rifle our possessions. The teachers tried to keep a more wary eye on our possessions with some success.

On our first morning at Temple Hill, I looked out at the surrounding walls and realized that I would not be able to step outside those walls for any reason at all. We were now prisoners. Our daily life and welfare was firmly in the hands of the Japanese.

Each morning we were called out to the front of the building where we had to learn to count in Japanese, so that we could respond clearly when we numbered off for Roll Call. "Ichi, nee, san, she, gwo, rocku, shichi, hachi, ku, ju." For the next three or four years this was the routine when we were called out for roll call every morning. The residents of each building would gather in a suitable spot outside their building in two rows and number off for a couple of Japanese guards. The guards would then consult their list to check that we were all present and accounted for. They would report their results to the camp commandant who had to compile an aggregate figure. Only when the camp commandant was satisfied were we able to go on with our day's activities.

Life soon sorted itself into routines. Food supplies were sent into camp by the Japanese and our teachers now had the task of feeding well over a hundred children without any domestic assistance. Older children helped with vegetables, dish washing, sweeping, dusting, wood chopping, and water carrying and somehow the whole school, with children aged from six to sixteen, was fed, clothed and kept happily occupied.

Of course there was not much of the area that I did not explore, usually on my own. Under the house was a small storage area, and I discovered a container of some kind of bran. I found that it was quite edible, so I would help myself to a couple of handfuls of the ground grain every so often. It probably provided me with some sort of health benefit that was not enjoyed by the other students.

One of the servants who used to serve us until we were imprisoned smuggled two small pigs into camp. At first they were dosed with aspirin to prevent them squealing but later the guards became accustomed to their presence. When our first prison camp Christmas arrived, Mr. Olsen, an elderly Australian who had once worked in the outback, skilfully and rapidly administered the coup de grace to one of the pigs, with helpers sitting on it. I can remember the squealing and being told not to go over there. However I was allowed to watch as they de-bristled the pig with scalding hot water. The resulting eighty pounds of meat gave us all a great Christmas dinner and what was left over provided other nourishing meals during that winter.

Gradually each house settled into its new, self-help routine. Lessons began again on a part-time basis. We sat on the 'beds' in some of the dormitories and wrote in pencil, with exercise books on our knees. At other times, games were organized. There were also vegetable gardens, chicken runs and goats. We had books to read, gramophone records to listen to, concerts to improvise, religious services and Bible classes to attend.

There were moments of excitement. One day a rabid dog came in the gate and ran wildly around the place. There was a fair bit of open space inside the walls, and so it was hard to capture the animal. The Japanese guards threw missiles such as half bricks at it, and at least one of them found its target, making the dog even more demented. Eventually it found the gate and ran outside into the town. I wondered how much damage it would cause out there.

Our bedrooms/dormitories were upstairs and opened onto a veranda running to the front of the house. This was where we kept all our travelling cases and trunks for safekeeping. Many of them still contained our belongings. We thought they would be safe from the thieves that were always active anywhere that 'rich' foreigners lived. The outer wall of the compound was topped with glass shards embedded in concrete. In spite of this, an enterprising thief managed to breach the wall, climb up to the veranda, and get away with some of our belongings.

Just inside one stretch of wall was a bamboo grove. It was about five or six metres wide and about sixty metres in length. One day while exploring this grove I discovered a small, hidden outdoor chapel. There was a log pulpit and log pews, enough to seat about fifteen people. As the property had belonged to a Presbyterian mission, it was not hard to imagine that one of the missionaries or Chinese Christians had built it. I was intrigued by it and in my imagination saw myself standing at the pulpit and sharing my

pearls of wisdom with the assembled company. It was the first time I had thought about what I might be when I grew up, and it proved to be prophetic.

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Weih sien Concentration Camp

We remained at Temple Hill in this make-do concentration camp for almost a year. Towards the end of 1943, the Japanese decided to consolidate all their civilian prisoners in the north of China into a single Concentration Camp. We were told that we would be moving to a place called Weih sien, which was inland from the port of Tsingtao. This would mean a boat trip from Chefoo to Tsingtao and then train to Weih sien.

Before the War, the Chefoo School boasted about six or seven hundred students in the three sections, Prep, Boys' and Girls' Schools. Many of the parents of students had heeded the warnings or for other reasons had taken their children out of the school and returned to their homeland. So now there were less than three hundred students left altogether and only about a dozen in the Prep School. Three lady teachers were left to care for and educate these dozen children.

In September amid much excitement, the time came to move. We packed and made our way down to the harbour where a small Japanese steamer was waiting. Once on board we were directed to our quarters in the hold. There was a raised platform on either side of a central walkway where we could place our blankets. There was just enough room to spread out blankets with almost no space between each 'bed'. A bucket was placed in the middle of the walkway for any necessary relief trips during the night. Some sort of makeshift curtain was placed half way along to give the girls and boys privacy from each other. Soon after we set off, but while still in the harbour, a small motor boat was seen chasing after us and when it caught up with the ship, it proved to be the baker, who had promised to give us a supply of bread for the trip and had missed the boat. He had gone to a lot of trouble to deliver these wonderfully fresh loaves to us.

It wasn't a very pleasant trip. We were on board for two nights and glad to reach Tsingtao the following morning. We were then placed on a train and by late afternoon arrived at the station of the walled city of Weih sien. Here we were put on trucks and made our way the few miles to, what was called at that time "the Weih sien Civil Assembly Centre". This was to be our new home until – we knew not when.

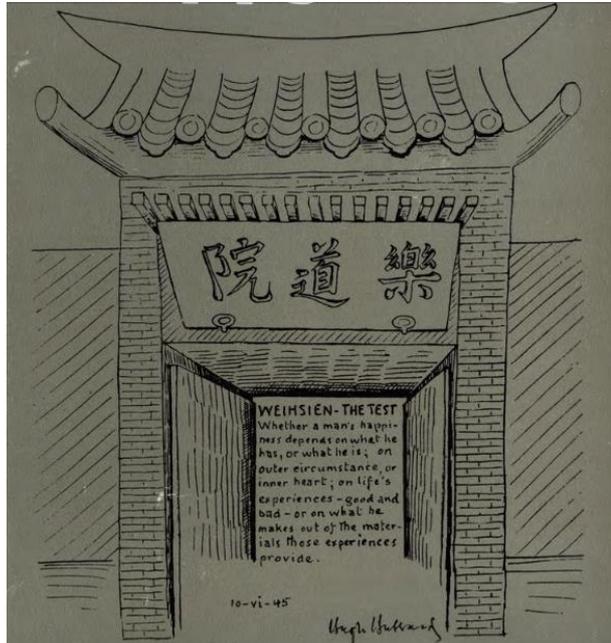
Soon the camp came into sight. It was surrounded by a fairly high wall with barbed wire on the top which later proved to be electrified. We could see rows of huts and some taller buildings including a church. Here and there were guard towers and as we approached the entrance we saw Japanese guards standing with their rifles and bayonets ready to welcome us.

This property had been another Presbyterian Mission Bible School. It was about 200 metres by 150 metres in size and included a church, hospital, rows of small rooms to house the Bible School students, larger buildings for classrooms and staff houses for the American missionaries, teachers and doctors. The entrance was through a Chinese style of gateway which had three Chinese characters written across the top of it which I later learned said, "Courtyard of the Happy Way". We drove through the gate and up the incline with what seemed like hundreds of internees standing on either side of the road to witness our arrival. We were unloaded and gathered on the playing field next to the church, while a camp leader read out the instructions about the camp, and then we were assigned sleeping quarters. We were now a small part of the 2,000 or so people who had been interned in this Concentration Camp at Weihhsien.

We were taken to one of the larger buildings, Block 24, and down into a very dank basement where we were given beds and bedding of a sort. My bed was a folding camp stretcher which was constructed of a piece of canvas stretched between two rails attached to folding legs. The rails were held apart with a removable wooden crosspiece at each end which kept the whole thing rigid.

However on my bed the two cross pieces had been lost and so to sleep in it meant that my weight caused the outside rails to partially close in over the top of me. I really loved this bed which was cozy and warm, and was disappointed when we were given 'improved' sleeping arrangements.

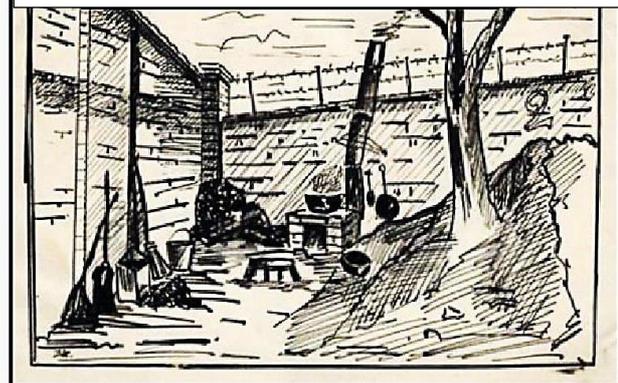
That room was our home for the first couple of weeks, and in that time two or three of the children got "jaundice" as it was then called. I succumbed and found that there was



Artist's impression of the Weihhsien Camp entrance.

The characters are "Le Dao Yuan", meaning "Courtyard of the Happy Way".

Below is a view from inside the camp showing part of the outside wall with the barbed wire



something appealing about being sick in a boarding school. If nothing else it was another way of getting some kind of personal attention. I was taken out of my fold up camp stretcher and placed in a large double bed that stood at one end of the room. My skin was yellow. I felt nauseated by anything that was or looked like it was greasy. I had no energy. I was quarantined from the other children as far as that was possible in the confined quarters of a prison camp. But I had, from time to time, the undivided attention and care of some of the teachers.

I was away from my parents and the teachers were mostly spinster missionaries who, having been called by God to work amongst the heathen in China, found themselves, because of their training, living with a challenging bunch of missionaries' children, not all of whom would have been regarded as God's gift to mankind!

David Clark, who was in Weihsien, but whom I did not know as he was not connected with the CIM schools, has some tantalizing opinions on the place of missionaries in China, which he expresses in his book "North of the Tai"

"And there was Ellen Collier. Our paths crossed occasionally, she was so pretty, and I started to get really strong stirrings inside me when I saw her. I wondered how she was growing up in her double imprisonment. There she was, in the China Inland Mission School. where, for the glory of God, those missionary parents deliberately sent their children off "for education," to be thoroughly indoctrinated in total isolation with all their fundamentalist religiosity, not to see them again for years, while the parents proselytized their religion to the Chinese peasants in the far interior, beyond Japanese occupation. unencumbered by their children. And now she was an inmate in Weihsien. Ellen would smile at me with those gorgeous brown eyes as we passed by, and I felt sorry for her."

Published by House Ontario, Canada ISBN 1-897113-43-9)

In later years as I worked my way through many mental and emotional problems in my own life, I found myself many times agreeing with his views.

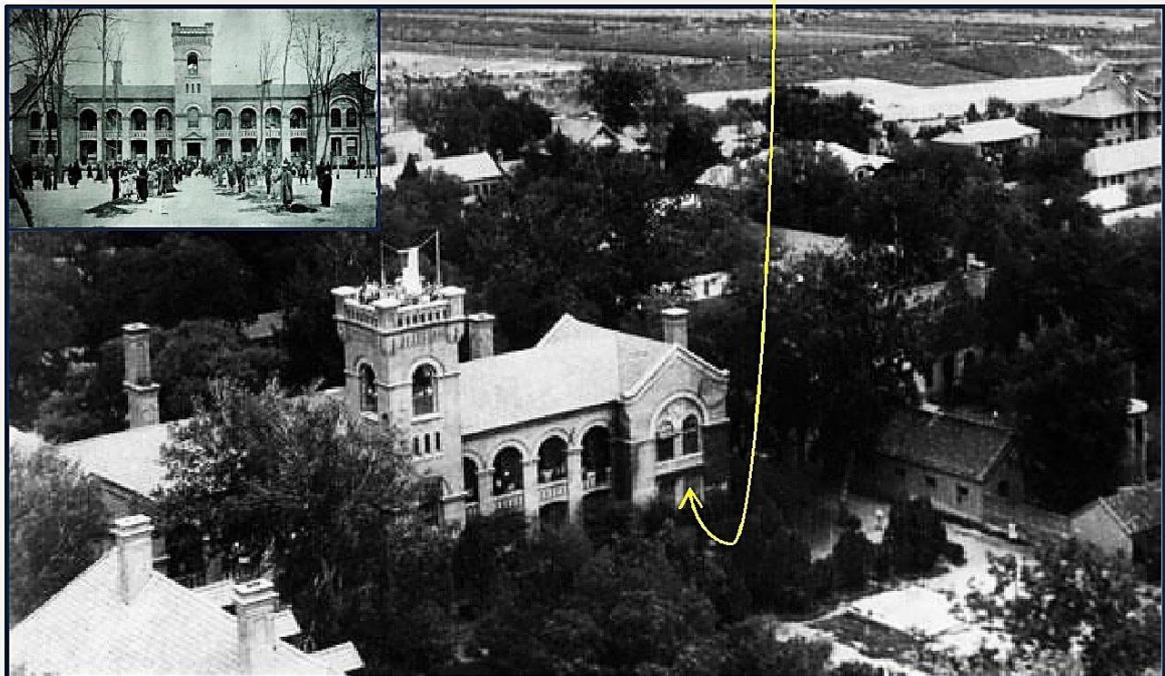
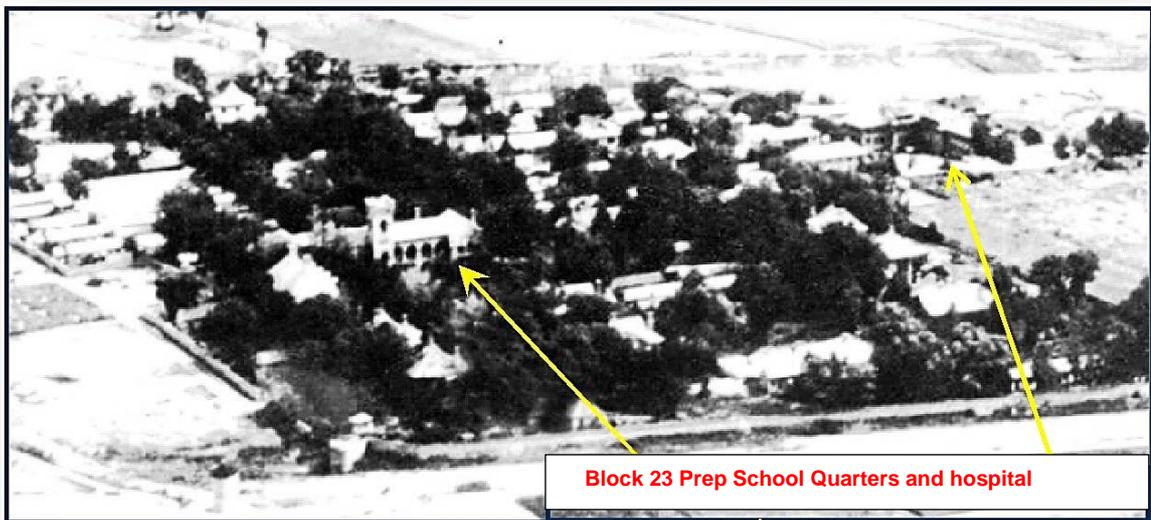
Soon the small Prep School was allocated more permanent quarters in Block 23 where we stayed for the rest of the War.

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Life as a Prisoner

Our new home was in Block 23 on the ground floor. It had probably been a teacher's flat in a former life. Block 23 was a large building with a bell tower in the centre. The front of the building had a long stone flagged veranda along its full length, and one end of this veranda led to a door which gave access to our quarters.

Inside the front door was a tiny hallway with a room straight ahead. This was the teachers' bedroom. By that stage in the school's evolution we were down to three



female teachers, Miss Carr, Miss Stark, and Miss Woodward. They would not have had an easy task, and I seemed to be one of those who was constantly fronting up for 'the strap'. We knew the idiosyncrasies of each teacher, and when Miss Woodward gave the strap, she would keep her arm stiff. Consequently we saw that if we could manoeuvre her to a position just below a light bulb, there was a good likelihood that she would hit it, hopefully with entertaining results. We were rewarded a couple of times. If you turned left in the small hallway, there were two more rooms. The one on the left was the girls' room. There were five girls left in the Prep School, and in the last room there were nine boys.

The boys' room was a much larger room than the other two, and was both our sleeping quarters, living quarters and schoolroom during the day. We slept on mattresses on the floor. My bed was just inside the door on the right. Starting from the door and going around the room were: me, David Allen, Robert Clow, John Birch, and a fifth person whom I can't remember. On the other side were: Philip Paulson, Paul Grant, David Michell, John Taylor and Val Nichols. We were all about 10 - 11 years of age. In the room next to us were the girls of approximately the same age. I can't remember their names, but I think there were 5 of them.

Every morning we made our beds and rolled up our mattresses against the wall to create more space for moving about as it became our class room and living room during the day. Our cabin trunks were placed in the centre of the room and used as seats for classes. In that sense life went on as normal, but supplies were few and we had to use whatever books we had been able to bring in with us. Apart from that the teachers were creative in trying to give us as normal an education as possible during those years.

We used slates and chalk for some subjects and activities such as maths, but also had a few notebooks which were used until we reached the end of the book, then it was turned upside down and we wrote between the lines. There was a pot belly stove in the middle of the room, but fuel was difficult to get. We were able to scrounge coal dust and, learning from others in the camp, mixed the dust with dirt and water, then formed them into briquettes. They didn't burn very well, but had to do. David Clark, who is mentioned in the last chapter has written about this in his book "North of the Tai"

"As November moved into December, the weather was turning cold. We schoolboys were required to take turns to light the stoves in Block 35 in the morning before school, and made valiant efforts to coax the coal dust to burn so that the building would be warm through the school day. In the blocks where the families resided, there were no stoves issued, but low brick and mud stoves were built, with stove pipes constructed with whatever tins could be found to vent the smoke outside. On the top of each was a tin plate, for cooking. Uncle Alistair was a Godsend here. He and the men from his shop constructed these stoves; all he required was mud to seal the bricks, and I easily found sufficient dirt for this

purpose.”

Store Publishing House Ontario, Canada ISBN 1-897113-43-9)

(Published by General

One of the unforgettable, but necessary activities was the endless pursuit of bed bugs. These were pandemic and their total destruction was a constant and unattainable fantasy. They seemed to hide in the cracks in the wall plaster during the day, and then when our warm bodies were comfortably settled in our beds on the floor, over would trot this army of bed bugs and proceed to graze all night on the ready supply of blood that was available. If they were squashed in the night, either deliberately or in our sleep, they left streaks of blood on the sheets and a strong and distinctive smell behind them. During the day we would use boiling water and pour it into any available crack, and use other means to block up cracks, but if we were at all successful, it was hard to see the results of our efforts.



The Hospital .

The top two floors housed some of the pupils of the Chefoo School.

Along one wall of our room was a long bench which held basins and other items for our ablutions. We were able to buy soap from the Japanese, but no toothpaste, so for years I got used to cleaning my teeth with soap. I remember being quite jealous of Jim Muir who came from New Zealand, and seemed to have an endless supply of Ipana toothpaste. In the evenings, before going to bed, we would have a stand up wash, and teachers would come to check on our progress. We would be asked if we

had washed our ankles, behind our ears and between our legs. One teacher seemed to find a need to inspect my appendages between these latter items to see that they were clean.

Access to medical supplies or vitamin supplements was limited. When the medical powers that be figured that we were deficient in calcium, we collected egg shells, which were dried and powdered. A teaspoonful of this dry, choking powder was swallowed each day for a period. At another stage I was deemed to be anaemic and in need of iron. This was supplied by the simple means of collecting rust from old metal and grinding it into a powder and administering it in the same way.

Day to day life inside a prison compound became normal after a while. We played marbles – “alleys” – in the dust outside, and also hopscotch. I would wander around the camp and collect labels off food cans that had been thrown away in people’s rubbish bins. It was amazing how many people must have brought in canned food with them. We used some of the larger cans to make small ovens by lining them with mud and

cooking minute scones, although 'scones' was a rather grand name for what actually resulted from this effort. But like a lot of things that children do, the fun experienced during the effort made it well worthwhile, regardless of the result.

There were four kitchen/dining room complexes scattered around the camp. One was in the basement of the hospital and was a diet kitchen. The other three were numbered one to three and we were allocated to one of these for our meals. The Prep School was assigned to Kitchen One. The meals were not very memorable. What was memorable was the Menu Board on which the cooks used their creative writing skills to describe the coming meal in the most exotic terms. You would think that you were in the grandest hotel in the land. What was actually served was bread porridge for breakfast, watery stew in the middle of the day, and whatever was left over for the evening meal.

We were encouraged, through cubs and scouts to study nature. I began to study the shape of trees and their leaves. A Golden Oriole (picture) used to sit in a tree between us and the Japanese quarters and serenade us with its beautiful song. I know I became much more observant as a result of spending time in the cubs and later, after we left camp, in the scouts.



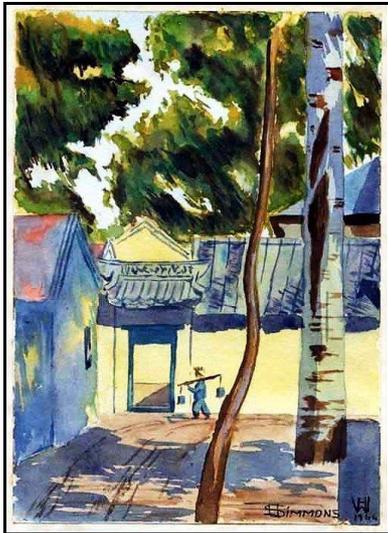
Cubs & Brownies
Back Row:
-?-,-?-,-?-,-?-,-?-,-?-, Joan THOMPSON, Josephine HOUGHTON, -?-,
Middle row (from left to right):
Elizabeth HOYTE, Jennifer BEVEN, Norman CLIFF, Evelyn DAVEY (Huebener), Isabel HARRIS, Elizabeth MARTIN, -?-,
Front row:
Philip PAULSON, Paul GRANT, Val NICHOLLS, David MICHELL, Ray MOORE, James TAYLOR, Robert CLOW, John BIRCH.

A couple of times Red Cross parcels were distributed, and the main item of interest to me was the powdered milk. It was only a tablespoonful, but I loved the beautiful taste of that powder mixed with a little water and eaten a lick at a time from the spoon. There were also times when there were actually pieces of meat served at meal times. We later learned that the Japanese had deliberately delayed giving the horse carcass to the camp cooks until it was already starting to putrefy. The cooks were however able to

salvage some parts that were still edible. I enjoyed the meat, but my fellow Prepites were unimpressed, and I benefited from their reluctance.

One day as I was walking around the camp aimlessly, I came to the little yard behind Kitchen One and found a man with a meat grinder, carefully grinding peanuts into peanut butter. I talked to him for a while, hoping that I might be lucky enough to get a lick, but it wasn't to be my lucky day.

After breakfast, the teachers felt that we needed to be taught how to be 'regular', so we were sent off to the communal toilets to empty our bowels. This practice was faithfully followed, with, in some case, lifelong benefits in 'regularity'. Every morning, when we returned to our rooms, we would be asked by the teacher on duty, "Did you go?" and if we replied in the negative, we were told to "Go and try again", which we did, usually with positive results.



The camp toilets were emptied into a cesspool which was accessed each day by some Chinese farmers who took the contents in wooden buckets carried on a pole across their shoulders – “honey buckets” - to their fields to fertilize the vegetable crops. This was an excellent and natural recycling process. These farmers risked their lives by acting as couriers from news sources outside. They would make the note into a pellet and keep it in their mouths and while they were going about their business inside the camp, they would spit the message out so that one of the camp's residents could retrieve it. One of the children in the camp fell in to one of these cesspools due

to some tragic mischance. He survived, and the worst long term result of his accident was that he was from then on known as “Cesspool Kelly”.

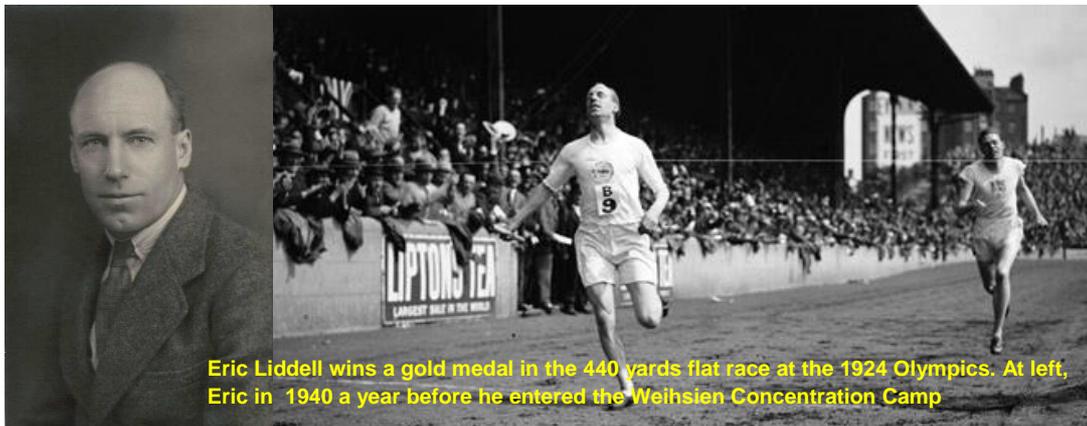
While walking up one of the main streets of the camp I was shown "the very spot" where a young man had fallen from a tree and been killed just the day before.

Bringing death closer to home, was the accident that killed one of the boys in the Chefoo Boys' School. We had to line up for roll call morning and evening and on this particular morning there was a heavy dew on the ground. Because we had no access to new clothing including shoes, we spent as much time as possible going around barefoot. Keeping these factors in mind, the Boys' School went out for roll call near the hospital where they lived. There was a low electric wire that had been loosened in the wind hanging down, and somebody said, "Bet you can't catch that." He jumped and caught it and it was a live wire and he was electrocuted. His mother was there, and it was with difficulty they restrained her from trying to grab him or she too would have been electrocuted.

To an eight or nine year old death was fascinating, repelling and scary all at the same time. When one of the nuns died, she was laid out in the small building that served as a morgue not far from the hospital. My curiosity led me there one day, and as no one was around, I climbed in the broken window and stood and looked at her for quite a while. Later they had an official viewing of the body, and I queued up with the rest and had another look.

Eric Liddell the Olympic runner of “Chariots of Fire” fame was an internee in Weih sien. He spoke at one of Chefoo School church services and told us about the famous episode in 1924 when he would not run in an Olympic race because it was to be held on a Sunday. He was a truly great man and in my mind was a true hero. Unfortunately he also died in the camp of a brain tumour, just months before the end of the War.

In 2002, together with my brother Frank, I went to Weifang, as the town is now called. Today it is a city of some millions of people and is internationally famous as the world



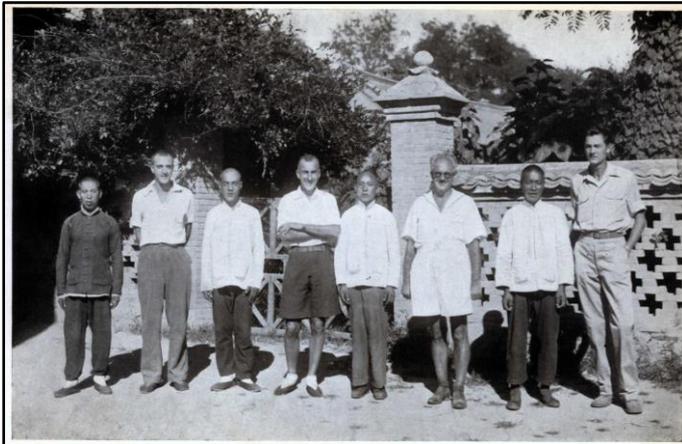
Eric Liddell wins a gold medal in the 440 yards flat race at the 1924 Olympics. At left, Eric in 1940 a year before he entered the Weih sien Concentration Camp

kite centre. We found the old camp site which is now the No. 2 Middle School and the only buildings still standing were a couple of the houses where the Japanese had been quartered, and the hospital. But in a position just behind where the church used to be, and next to the former front gate was an “Eric Liddell Memorial Garden”, which was locked up behind a wall with a moon gate. We were able to get access to it and take some pictures



The Eric Liddell Memorial Garden in 2002

One night during the War we were woken up and called out to a roll call in the middle of the night as someone had rung the bell which graced the top of Block 23. We were kept outside until the Japanese were satisfied that no one had escaped. But on another occasion Arthur Hummel and Laurie Tipton did escape over the wall and joined with Government forces outside the camp until the end of the war. They were able to keep the Chinese Government in Chongqing up to date with information about the camp. At the end of the War they came back in with the American liberators and reported some of their adventures.



RETURN TO CAMP

from left to right ---

-?- , Arthur Hummel,
-?- , Laurie Tipton,
-?- , Father Raymond deJaeger,
Zhang Xihong's father
Roy Tchoo.

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Letters from Weih sien

The following pages contain the only letters remaining of those I sent from concentration camp.

Feb. 25th 1945

COMMUNICATIONS

Approved by the Commandant

FROM (Name in full) ARTHUR 'RAYMOND' MOORE No. 3/25

(Nationality) BRITISH

(Address) C. A. C. WEIHSIEN SUNG

TO (Name in full) PERCY MOORE

(Nationality) BRITISH

(Address) NANCHENG SHE.

MESSAGE

DEAR MUMMY AND DADDY I HOPE YOU ARE ALL WELL WE ALL RECEIVED RED CROSS PARCELS IN THEM WE HAD DIFFERENT KINDS OF JAM AND CHEESE, BUTTER, CHOCOLATE, MILK, SUGAR, COFFEE, RAISINS, ETC. FOR CUBS WE HAD TO HAVE COMPETITIONS AND FOR "THINKING DAY" WE HAD TO MAKE FLAGS SOME PEOPLE HAVE SHEPHERD PIPES AND CAN PLAY QUITE A LOT OF TUNES ON THEM. MR ERIC LIDDELL DIED ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT SO MR MARTIN IS TAKING OVER GAMES LOVE FROM

Date Feb 25 1945 Signature Raymond

(Message must be typed or plainly written in block letters)

(If message is not legible, it may not be transmitted)

Notice reference to Eric Liddell's death

1943

FROM RAYMOND MOORE
HOUSE 24
CIVIL ASSEMBLY CENTRE
WEIHSIEN SEPT 12

MY DEAR MUMMY AND DADDY,
ALL THE CHEFOO PEOPLE ARE NOW HERE WE ARRIVED ON THURSDAY. BEFORE WE LEFT WE HAD LOTS OF RAIN AND OUR CELLARS WERE FLOODED WE HURRIED TO CARRY OUT THE THINGS AND DRY. I RODE IN A BUS TO THE STEAMER WE HAD NICE PICNIC MEALS ON BOARD OUR BREAD CAME TO US BY LAUNCH BEFORE WE LEFT THE BAY. WE CAME BY TRAIN FROM TSUNGTAO AND BY BUS FROM WEIHSIEN STATION THIS IS A LOVELY BIG COMPOUND. THE PRES HAVE TWO BEDROOMS AND WE ALL GO TO A BIG DINING ROOM WE HOPE TO START LESSONS SOON. I AM GETTING TO KNOW THE PEOPLE HERE QUITE WELL WITH LOVE FROM RAYMOND MOORE

CIVIL ASSEMBLY CENTRE,
WEIHSIEN. OCT. 24

DEAR MUMMY AND DADDY,

I AM VERY WELL WE HAVE JUST HAD SUNDAY SCHOOL WITH OTHER CHILDREN. SOME OF OUR TEACHERS HAVE BEEN VERY KIND AND MADE US DOUGHNUTS AND PANCAKES ON A STOVE OUTSIDE. WE HAVE APPLES AND PERSIMMONS. WE HAVE LOTS OF GAMES TO PLAY, CRICKET, FOOTBALL AND RUGGER, AS WELL AS CUBS. WE DO DRILL EXERCISES TO A GRAMOPHONE EVERY MORNING OUTSIDE OUR HOUSE, AS WE DID IN CHEFOO. I AM IN LOWER I CLASS NOW.

WITH LOTS OF LOVE FROM
RAYMOND MOORE.

**WEIHSIEN,
CIVIL ASSEMBLY CENTRE, WEIH & TEN,**
SHANGTUNG, NORTH CHINA. (山東省濰縣敵僑人集團生活所)

1. SENDER.
NAME, Raymond Moore
ADDRESS, Block 24 Civil Assembly Centre Weihsia

2. MESSAGE.
I'm playing in a football match against the Weihsia
Cubs. I am a forward. I sometimes see Jessie and Johnnie
Andrew. Uncle lent me a lovely bed. One night we went
to a concert and saw Alice Through The Looking Glass.
The people were dressed up. I like the food here. We
have doughnuts, eggs every morning, cocoa every afternoon
Miss Young makes us Sunday cake. We buy peanuts and
fruit from the canteen. We have Sunday School and I am
in Adjutant Buist's class. We have a stove in our
dormitory. Lots of love to you all.

3. ADDRESSEE.
NAME MA P. MOORE
STREET
LOCALITY CHENG KU.
COUNTY SHE.
COUNTRY

FROM RAYMOND MOORE
HOUSE 24
CIVIL ASSEMBLY CENTRE
WEIHSIEN SETS 12

1943

MY DEAR MUMMY AND DADDY,
ALL THE CHEFOO PEOPLE ARE NOW HERE
WE ARRIVED ON THURSDAY. BEFORE WE
LEFT WE HAD LOTS OF RAIN AND
OUR CELLARS WERE FLOODED WE HURR
ED TO CARRY OUT THE THINGS AND DRY
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OUR BREAD CAME TO US BY LAUNCH
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HAVE TWO BEDROOMS AND WE ALL
GO TO A BIG DINING ROOM WE
HORE TO START LESSONS SOON.
I AM GETTING TO KNOW THE
PEOPLE HERE QUITE WELL
WITH LOVE FROM RAYMOND MOORE

From Raymond Moore
Number 577
Civil Assembly Centre
Weihsia

To Mr and Mrs Moore

May 26th 1944

Dear Mummy And Daddy. Thanks for the letter. There were some
sports for people ten and seventeen. There were some sports
for ten and under as well. Valwynne Nicholls and Jennifer
Bevan won prizes. The girls got a skipping rope and the
boys got a base-ball. Today we had a Lammerrmuir
service. Mrs Lambert took it. Every Sunday Afternoon we
have a school service which lots of people come to. We have
nice gardens that have carrots, radishes, potatoes, cabbages,
and lots of other things and weigh-bullards. We had a
lovely show about snow white. Lots of love,

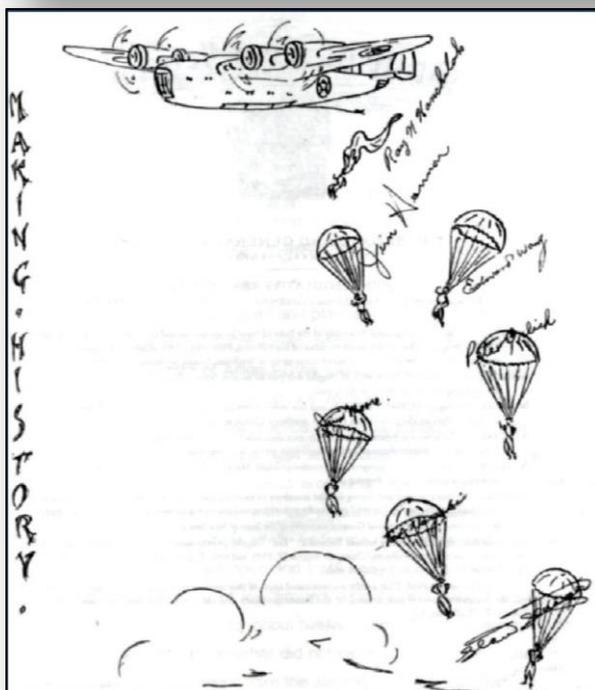
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Freedom!

Inevitably the end of the War came. There had been gossip about the War being over, but no one knew for sure what was happening. At times planes had been seen flying very high overhead, and people speculated whether they might be American planes. In May 1945 at midnight, the bell in the tower of Block 23 was ringing. Was this a roll call at this time of night? On the roll-call field, it became clear that the Japanese hadn't rung the bell. In fact they were angry that it had been rung because the bell was their prearranged alarm to call in the Japanese army in case of trouble. So what was the meaning of the bell, or was it just a prank?

Months before, on a dare, two of the prisoners had made a pact that when the Allies trounced the Germans, they would ring the tower bell at midnight. And that was exactly the meaning of the bell waking us up at midnight. The Germans had surrendered! Our illegal radio had brought the news. The war in Europe was over.

Then on 17 August 1945, about 9:30 am, I heard a plane circle the camp. I rushed out to see what was happening and could see the front silhouette of a B24 bomber coming towards the camp at a low altitude. And then parachutes started blossoming out below the plane.



There was no doubt, this was the most exciting day of my life. I was 10½ years old and for the first time since December 1941, a month before my 7th birthday, I was going to be free. Seven parachutes floated to the ground outside the camp. The whole camp, all 1500 internees, or so it seemed, rushed down the incline to the main entrance and through the gate, past the Japanese guards who were still

to react. What did it matter? Out in the fields we found the 7 Americans, wary, with pistols drawn, sheltering behind the Chinese grave mounds. To us they were instant hero's. They were carried by some of the men on their shoulders into the camp. They walked past the Japanese guards and soon took charge and had things sorted out peacefully with the Japanese. They were known as the Duck Team, and from now on they were in charge, and we were prisoners no longer. We were free.

But was it just a freedom **from** something, or would I eventually find freedom **to** become? Would I always think of freedom as negative freedom, or would I discover what positive freedom is?

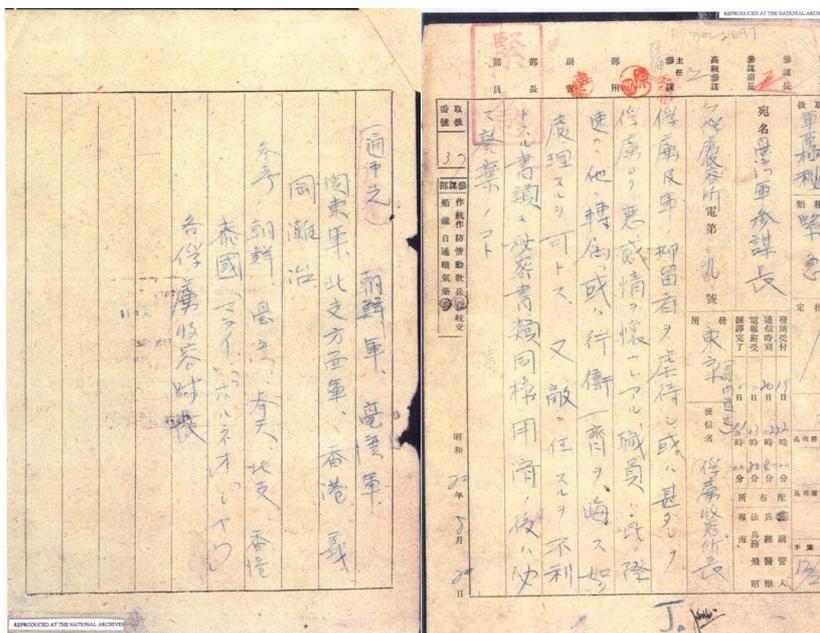
In the article cited here, Ian Carter suggests:

“Positive liberty consists, they say, in exactly this growth of the individual: the free individual is one that develops, determines and changes his/her own desires and interests autonomously and from within. This is not liberty as the mere absence of obstacles, but liberty as autonomy or self-realization.”

(Carter, Ian, "Positive and Negative Liberty", The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy (Spring 2016 Edition), Edward N. Zalta (ed.), URL = <<http://plato.stanford.edu/archives/spr2016/entries/liberty-positive-negative/>>.)



There is a frightening bit of background information to this part of the story which became obvious when these documents below were found in the hands of the Japanese.



The “kill” document was issued in August 1944, about a year before the end of the war, but probably when the Japanese were realising that they were not going to win this war. The second “flee” document was issued two or three days after our camp had been liberated.

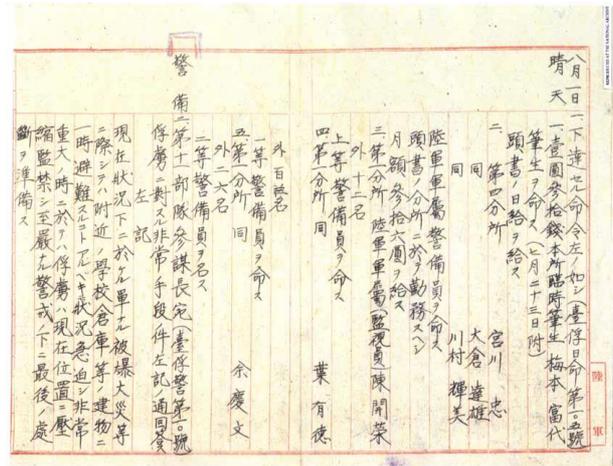
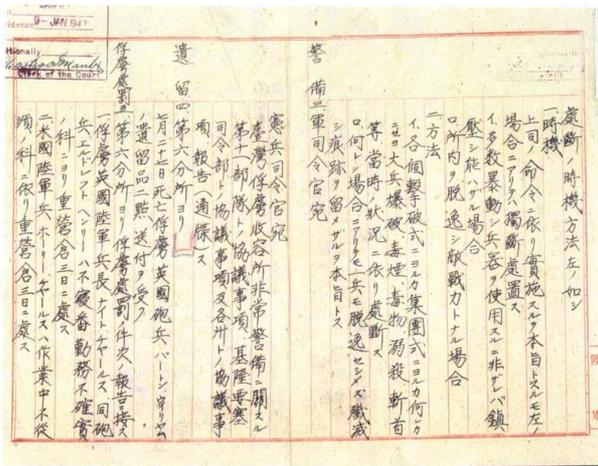
Document No. 2697
(Certified as Exhibit "J" in Doc. No. 2687)

TO: Chief of Staff, Taiwan Army

FROM: Chief Prisoner of War Camps Tokyo
POW Camps Radio #9 Top Military Secret.
20 August 1945

Personnel who mistreated prisoners of war and internees or who are held in extremely bad sentiment by them are permitted to take care of it by immediately transferring or by fleeing without trace. Moreover, documents which would be unfavorable for us in the hands of the enemy are to be treated in the same way as secret documents and destroyed when finished with.

Addressees: Korean Army, Taiwan Army, Kwantung (Manchuria) Army, North China Area Army, Hong Kong. (YOSHIOKA, Nadaji) [penciled in] Reference [penciled in] Chiefs of Staff -- Korea, Taiwan, Mukden, Borneo, North China, Hong Kong, Thailand, Malaya, Java. Each POW Camp Commanding Officer.



Document No. 2701
(Certified as Exhibit "O" in Doc. No. 2687)

From the Journal of the Taiwan POW Camp H.Q. in Taihoku, entry 1 August 1944

1. (entries about money, promotions of Formosans at Branch camps, including promotion of Yo Yu-toku to 1st Cl Keibiin - 5 entries)
2. The following answer about the extreme measures for POW's was sent to the Chief of Staff of the 11th Unit (Formosa POW Security No. 10).

"Under the present situation if there were a mere explosion or fire a shelter for the time being could be had in nearby buildings such as the school, a warehouse, or the like. However, at such time as the situation became urgent and it be extremely important, the POW's will be concentrated and confined in their present location and under heavy guard the preparation for the final disposition will be made.

The time and method of the disposition are as follows:

1. *The Time.*

Although the basic aim is to act under superior orders, Individual disposition may be made in the following circumstances:

- a. *When an uprising of large numbers cannot be suppressed without the use of firearms.*
- b. *When escapees from the camp may turn into a hostile Fighting force.*

2. *The Methods.*

. Whether they are destroyed individually or in groups, or however it is done, with mass bombing, poisonous smoke, poisons, drowning, decapitation, or what, dispose of them as the situation dictates.

- a. ***In any case it is the aim not to allow the escape of a single one, to annihilate them all, and not to leave any traces.***

3. *To: The Commanding General
The Commanding General of Military Police*

Reported matters conferred on with the 11th Unit, the Kiirun Fortified Area H.Q., and each prefecture concerning the extreme security in Taiwan POW Camps."

3. (The next entry concerns the will of a deceased POW).



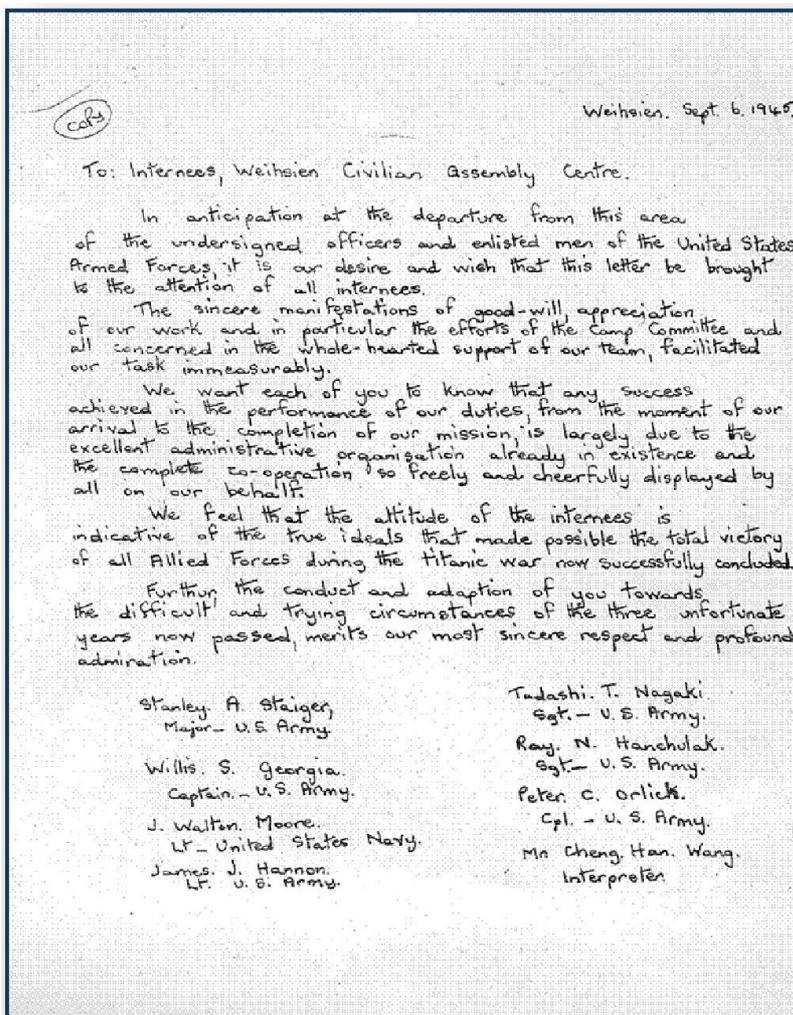
Here is another piece of background information in a report which described the Duck Team's mission. It is interesting that the exact location of the camp was not actually known until the last few minutes before they parachuted down to free us.

"17 AUGUST. The Duck team in a B-24 arrived over the target of Weihsien at approximately 0930 hours. Owing to the very scanty photographic and other information with which they had been provided, they could not immediately locate the Civilian Assembly Camp where the 1500 Allied civilians were interned. A sweep was made over the area at approximately 2000 feet and, as no fire was drawn, subsequent flights were made around the area at lower altitudes. Major Staiger, commanding the Duck team, knew only that the internees were held in a compound some way outside of Weihsien, but from the air several locations would have answered to this description. Finally when the B-24 was down to around 500 feet, a compound was located in which hundreds of people were collected, waving up at the plane. It could therefore be presumed that this was the objective sought.

In the course of the circling an air-strip had been noted below located not far from the internment camp. A conference now took place between Major Staiger and the pilot of the plans as to whether a landing should be attempted. Major Staiger finally decided against this course owing to the danger that the field might be mined. Also as the reception of the mission by the Japanese was far from sure, Major Staiger decided to go through with the original plan of jumping. Thus, if the worst

came to the worst, the loss in men and equipment would be minimized. Accordingly the B-24 dropped down to about 450 feet and the Duck team bailed out."

By the end of the War, our caloric intake was very low, and so it was with great excitement that over the next few days tonnes of supplies were dropped by parachute just outside the camp. Because the loads were too heavy for the parachutes, many of the drums broke open and the canned peaches and chewing gum were scattered



On the left is a letter penned by Major Staiger on behalf of his Duck Team and addressed to us

over the ground. At least those were the two items that I noticed and gorged myself on, with some dire results. There were other items such as army field rations issued to each of us and when we opened them we found that they contained not only chocolate and biscuits, but also cigarettes.

I had only ever seen cigarettes in the mouths of strangers as none of the missionaries smoked. So I couldn't resist this forbidden fruit and escaped to one of the guard towers, now unmanned, and climbed up the stairs and sat in a corner and tried my first cigarette. I knew nothing about drawback and wondered what was so attractive about them.

We children and some of the older people followed the Americans around wherever they went, and on one of these "hero sessions", while trailing along after one of the Americans, I was jumping over a bench and caught my arm between the back rails of the bench. "Ouch!" However, such was my excitement and awe at being in the orbit of this newly discovered star, that I ignored it for the rest of the day. In bed that night I began to feel the pain, and late that evening I was taken to the hospital, where they ascertained that I had a greenstick fracture of the radius and my arm was placed in a plaster cast.

A few days later, six of us children whose parents lived in the west of China, were flown out in a bomber which was stacked full of parachutes which had been used in the supply drop. As there were no seats of any kind on board, we spent the trip lolling about on parachutes in comfort, I with my arm in plaster – a wounded warrior.

We were free at last.



From the right: Kathleen, Jim, Mary and John Taylor; David Allen and Raymond Moore at the front.

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Long Way Home

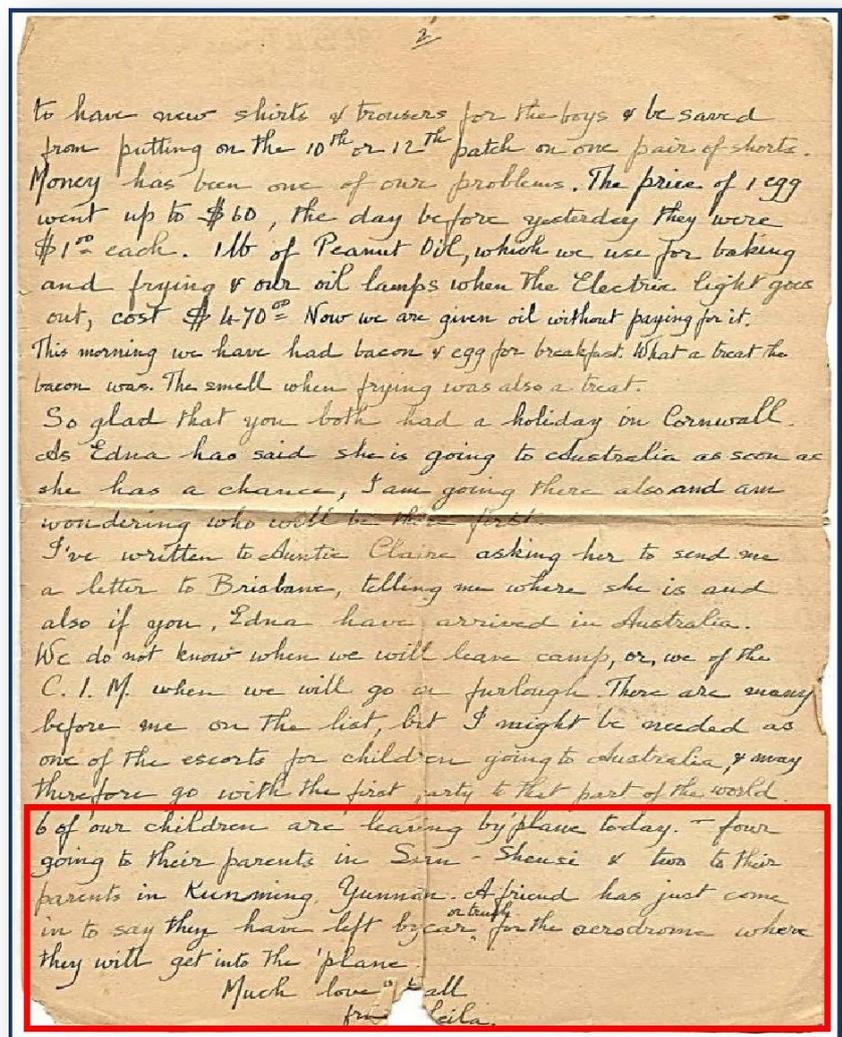
We were going home.

Arrangements were being made. For the majority of the inmates of Weih sien, this meant getting on to a train to the coastal city of Qingdao, from where they would be catching ships back to their home countries. But for me and the four Taylor children and David Allen, "home" was in Western China where our parents had seen out the War in what had been "Free China". So, about three or four weeks after the end of the War, We six were bundled on to an American transport plane carrying used parachutes back to Xi'an. As there were no seats we found the parachutes an acceptable alternative.

Arriving in Xi'an we were taken to billets at the American barracks where we stayed for a couple of days. I had more new experiences here which generated tastes that stayed with me for the rest of my life. I was given a tube of toothpaste. Up to this time I had been using soap to

brush my teeth. Many years later the process of brushing my teeth with real toothpaste remained an evocative experience. Coca Cola was on tap, and I had an immediate liking for it, which also remained for the rest of my life. In the evenings we were taken to the outdoor picture theatre, where we sat on canvas director's chairs and watched cartoons for the first time. This launched my lifelong love for cartoons, especially the simpler Mickey Mouse type.

The four Taylor children were picked up from Xi'an by their parents and taken to their



mission station. David Allen and I were put on an American Air force plane and taken to Kunming in the south, where David's parents were stationed, but a long way from Hanzhong in South Shaanxi where my parents were. Hanzhong is about 220 kilometres south of Xi'an while Kunming is almost 2,000 kilometres further south again.

Why was I mistakenly taken so far out of the way when my family was waiting impatiently to hear that they could pick me up from Xi'an? There is a clue in the above letter from Leila Williams, a wardrobe mistress with the school, writing to her sisters in Australia:

Her mention of "two (being sent) to their parents in Kunming Yunnan" refers to David Allen and me. David's parents were certainly there, but my parents were a comparatively short distance from Xi'an and I should never have been sent so far to the south. So the mistake seems to have originated from someone in Weihsien having an inaccurate knowledge of our parents' locations.

At this stage, my parents heard from another missionary friend who wrote to them saying,

"There was great excitement last night when the four Taylor children walked in. Your Raymond would have been with them, but he has been taken on to Kunming with a fractured wrist."

I was flown from Xi'an to Kunming in a bomber called "The Homesick Angel". Before getting on board, the navigator gave me a small block of chocolate, which I quickly devoured. The unfortunate consequence of this was that I became airsick on the trip and, because I was sitting on a pull down seat just behind the pilots and opposite the navigator, he ended up with that chocolate and more, decorating his uniform. He took it very well, and seemed to hold no grudges.



At Kunming I was taken to the local CIM mission home. Here I stayed the night with David Allen and his family (picture) and slept in a seemingly deserted wing of the building.

Finally my parents received a telegram from the missionary in charge at Kunming saying, "Raymond here safe and well. Will send on to Hanzhong or Xi'an as soon as transport is available." Transport became available almost immediately, once more per kind favour of the

American air force, and I was returned to Xi'an on another bomber, minus my cabin trunk of precious belongings, which I never saw again.

Back in Xi'an I was left at the airport and there seemed to be no one there to pick me up. Fortunately there happened to be a friend of my parents from another mission at the airport who saw me wandering around and asked me who I was. When he discovered that I was the son of his missionary friends, he took me to his home to stay until Percy could come and pick me up.

A couple of days later, Percy was able to make his way to Xi'an and catch up with the son whom he had not seen for five years. The reunion with Percy was far from world shattering. I was in bed when he arrived and he came in to the room to meet me.

My instinctive reaction was to duck under the bedclothes and hide from him.

With the help of a British army convoy, and in spite of landslides across the road, we eventually arrived in Hanzhong. I walked up the path to the mission home and was greeted with great rejoicing by Amy and youngest brother and a little sister whom I had never seen. My other brother came home from a boarding school in Kalimpong, India some weeks later.

So I was home and we were a family again. Or were we? Amy wrote home to Australia about this meeting,

“There was Raymond, a big eleven year old walking up the path. What a reunion after five long years. But where was my little six year old whom I knew so well? I felt as if I had two boys, one whom I knew and understood, and one whom I hardly knew at all.”

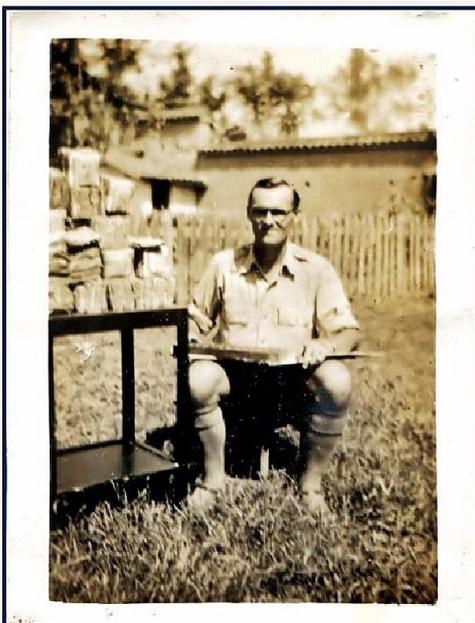
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Free Range Eleven Year Old

When Alan came home soon after my peripatetic homecoming, it was the first time that the six members of the family had ever been together. Frank was a baby when I went to Chefoo, and Dorothy was born in 1942. Amy's cry of "I had two boys, one whom I knew and understood, and one whom I hardly knew at all" was the warning that this family was heading for a dysfunctional future.

My relationship with my parents was uneasy. Percy did not seem to know what to do with this almost teenager. Mostly he did nothing and, although he was at home for a good deal of the time, he made little or no eye contact with his eldest son, nor did he make any effort to communicate with or understand me.

For example, I was very interested to watch Percy shaving in the morning. After all, I had not seen anyone shave since I was six. As I tentatively approached him in the bathroom, there was no greeting at all, and no indication whether I was welcome or not. He continued shaving with no acknowledgement of this curious eleven year old. Back in the bedroom, Amy was still in bed as Percy had risen much earlier and made them both a cup of tea over a small pressure stove. They had then both spent an hour or two separately studying their Bibles and praying. Percy took copious notes in his fine, neat handwriting. I always admired this and his academic ability. He spoke and wrote Chinese as well as any non-Chinese person.



Percy with millions of dollars for shopping money during the post-war inflation

Amy stayed in bed and, when we children came in we were able to climb into bed with her for a while. Frank would immediately snuggle up beside her, but I sat on the bed, unsure of whether I should show such intimacy to this mother whom I hardly knew. This same problem with intimacy and touch appeared in church on Sundays also. Percy would be preaching while we sat in the pews with Amy and the rest of the Chinese congregation. Frank always sat beside Amy and she would stroke his arms or draw pictures on his back. I longed for this kind of attention, but I don't think Amy knew how to relate to me at the age of eleven - or any age.

Sadly this applied even more so with Percy. At one stage he saw it as his job to enlighten me about the mysteries of sex. He took me to the unoccupied half of the mission home and proceeded to 'educate' me. Unfortunately his teaching was askew, and,

without going into details, the result was that that inappropriate episode had a long term effect on my life. I was 11 or 12 years old at the time.

Percy was the Superintendent of the Mission's work in the area, and this involved preaching and keeping the books as well as oversight and development of the work. My efforts to get his attention were almost always met with disinterest, covered up by a seeming concentration on his work. I accompanied Percy when he went to fix the generator which supplied their electricity; I tried to help mend punctures on the bicycle Percy used, but could only watch; I sat in Percy's study while he was working and I remained in the big armchair watching him without speaking or being spoken to. The little church for which Percy was responsible was at the front of the Mission compound inside the front gate.



Amy meanwhile was trying to take care of two very unsettled boys who had come back from boarding school and who had both had firsthand experience of the War in some way. The CIM Boarding School did not reopen until the end of 1946 so she had to shoulder this burden for almost a year. There were times when I saw Amy in tears of frustration when both Alan and I ignored her or rebelled against her discipline.

She knew she had to take on the task of schooling us for a few months, but this was almost impossible with all her other tasks as well. She did manage to get us into the dining room one day and sat us down with a Bible each, and said that we could not leave the room until we had learnt Psalm 90. Any other efforts at educating me while I was home for that free ranging year have been forgotten.

The cook produced very acceptable western style meals, and every now and then he would make a Chinese meal, usually mien (noodles). Mien was the staple diet in this area rather than rice, and he would make the mien himself. Rolling a large sheet of pastry out on the big kitchen table, he would then fold it over and over and slice it into strings of pasta, not unlike the Italian fettuccine. We loved this meal and the mien was always served up on a table at the side of the dining room in a large basin where we

helped ourselves. Alan and I would compete for the record of number of bowls of mien consumed in one meal. We tied at six bowls each.

For me it was a year of wonderful freedom to roam where I wished. Most of my excursions were accomplished alone, in keeping with the practice I had built up in the boarding school. The Mission Compound was situated within the city wall that surrounded the older part of Hanzhong, but there was a significant population living outside the city wall. Many of my solo excursions took me to the wall itself which was wide enough at the top to drive a large truck along it. Inside the wall, between it and the Mission Compound there was in fact quite a lot of land that was not built on but used for farming. This allowed me to stop and watch the farmers at work with their centuries old implements.

Not far from the Mission Compound were the town common and the prison. Both of these places held a fascination for me. The prison for obvious reasons as I watched prisoners being taken in and out of the huge gates in the high surrounding wall. The common, because it was where a lot of the town celebrations were held and I was



fascinated as I watched the jugglers, stilt men, acrobats and story tellers. There were lots of flags and red paper creations and always, firecrackers. Whetting my appetite were numerous stalls selling hot food and breads. I loved the Chinese people and being in this atmosphere with thousands of Chinese around me celebrating a special occasion was exciting.



Outside the Mission Compound and just across a small creek, was one of the American barracks for their airmen. I often went over to see the Americans and was befriended readily by them. In these pictures I am standing with Captain John Moss, kneeling beside me and two of his air crew, and in the bottom picture he is on the right with his full crew. I think this 11 year old who had spent the majority of the war in a concentration camp was something of a novelty to them.

I went into their quarters and was fascinated by the pinup girls that adorned their walls. I was uncertain whether I should show any interest in them or not, so I kept my glances until I thought the American wasn't watching.

The Americans had some pets. One was a monkey which resided mainly on top of a fence to which it was tied. Also tied to the same fence was a pet dog which spent most

of its time making the monkey jump from side to side of the fence while it ran back and forth through a hole in the fence.

They also had a pet bear which was kept outside the Barracks area near the creek. Here the owner of the bear, one of the Americans, would wrestle with it. This was no mean feat because the bear towered over him as it wrestled the man on its hind legs.

There was a Chinese army hospital outside the city wall where I went and soon befriended one of the chief doctors there, Doctor Gao. My visits there were memorable for a number of reasons. First of all, Dr. Gao allowed me into the operating theatre to watch some operations. After watching various operations, I was invited in to watch a brain operation. But just before it was to start, they decided that there were too many people in the operating theatre and I was one of the first to be evicted, much to my disappointment.

The Chinese Army owned a stable of Tibetan ponies, and Dr. Gao took me riding a few times. He also took me out once on the back of a tray truck, some miles away to collect a prisoner. It was dark when we returned. The prisoner and I and one of the soldiers rode in the back, standing and holding on to a bar running across the back of the cabin. I found the prisoner intriguing and not at all frightening as we shared the spectacle of sheet lightning in the distance lighting up the darkness.

This was the first year since 1941 that I had been free of prison walls, and I made the most of my newfound freedom. It was almost exactly twelve months after I had arrived home from concentration camp, when I, together with Alan and Frank, set off to Shanghai where the Mission was reopening the boarding school. The family dynamics were still no better, and my wall which I had built around myself was as strong as ever.

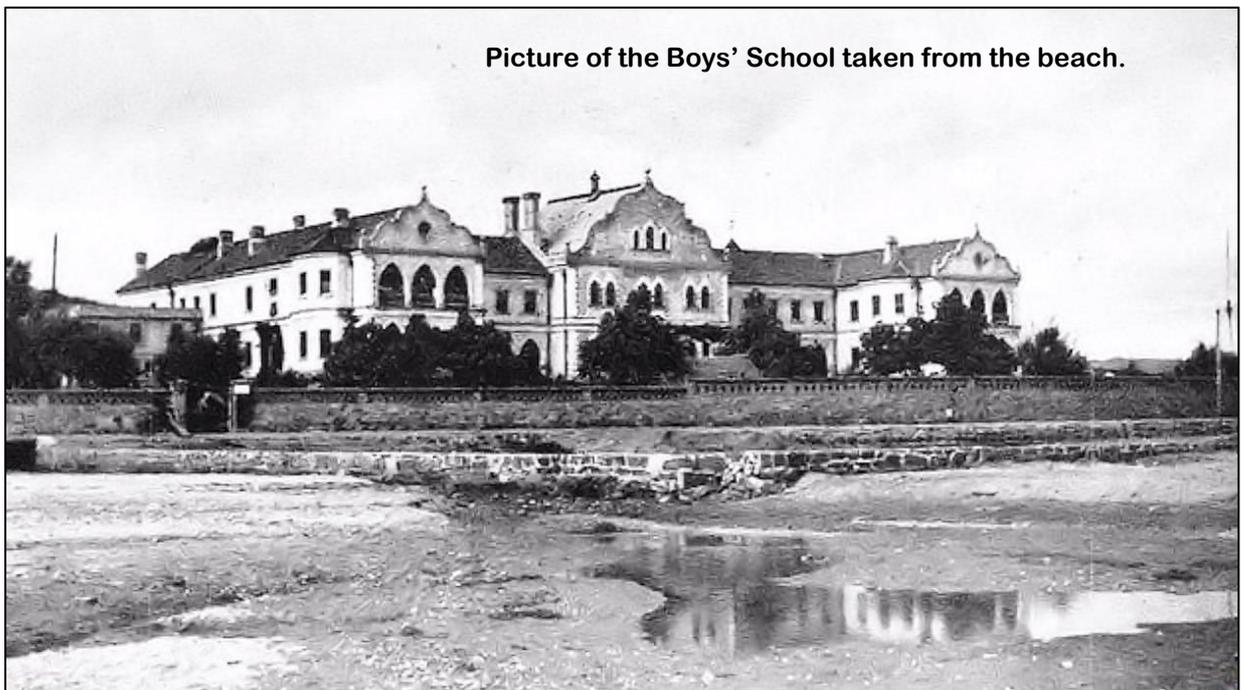
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Shanghai Boarding School

Although the War was over, the school was never to be a truly 'Chefoo' school again, although the name was carried on for many years in other places and other countries. It had enjoyed a long and distinguished history from the latter part of the 19th century until the middle of the 20th. The Boys School for instance was used by the CIM from 1896 until early 1942 when we were interned by the Japanese. On VJ Day in August 1945 the Communist troops took over the property.

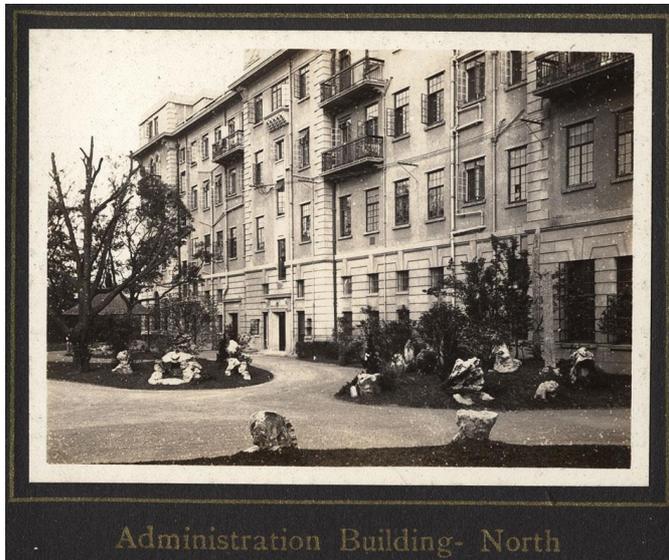
We are indebted to Candida Battistuzi, an Italian citizen who had been interned by the Japanese in the latter part of the Second World War, for leaving us the following account of the end of the Boys School building at Chefoo pictured below:

" We saw some 'comrades' running around in the school. We found out later that they were chasing some poor fugitive. Since it was night time they lit some straw as torches in order to find their way around. When the 'comrades' got tired of looking for their man they just threw down the torches and left. The torches ignited the straw, which in turn ignited some grenades which the Japanese had left behind. That is how the Boys' School burned down."



At the end of 1946, after a year's break, the Chefoo School reinvented itself in Shanghai. We were housed in the CIM headquarters which consisted of two large

buildings separated from each other by lawn and gardens. One of the buildings was used as a storage room for missionaries' belongings and for accommodation for the staff, and for missionaries who were passing through to their stations or going home to their home countries.



Administration Building- North

The other building was used by the business department and also had a meeting hall on the ground floor which was usually called "The Prayer Room". It was in this building that the school was set up again as a boarding school.

The China Inland Mission was a "Faith Mission" and did not advertise for finances. Prayer and personal devotion were high on the agenda for both the missionaries and the residents of the boarding school. So the Prayer Room was an important part of the structure of the Mission Headquarters.



Prayer Room

My parents were married there in 1934, and, in 1947, after hearing an inspiring talk given to the children, I went to this place alone and gave my life to the Lord.

This Prayer Room, which Bev and I visited in 1999 (Picture shows me standing at the door to the Prayer Room) also played an important part in the lives of our family.

The school was given the top two floors of the building and it was soon set up as the new Chefoo School.

On our 1999 visit, the building was the main Children's Hospital for Shanghai. After we entered the property I was able very quickly to identify the Prayer Room. We managed to persuade a staff member to get a key to the Prayer Room and inside found that it was little changed from 1947. I took some footage with my video camera. Unfortunately it soon became apparent that we were not welcome there as music was turned up loud and the staff member who let us in was obviously in trouble. We left gracefully and went around to the outside of the Prayer Room and took some more pictures.

Once known as "The Paris of the East," Shanghai in the early 20th century laid claim to being the most glamorous, decadent and cultured city in China—and all of Asia. Unlike Beijing, Shanghai's history does not date far back. Until

1842 it was a sleepy fishing village. Shanghai, in Chinese, means on the sea. Its

advantageous location, on the banks of the Yangtze (Chang Jiang) River delta, close to the silk and tea producing regions of China, soon propelled it to prominence.

The 1842 Opium Wars are central to Shanghai's origins as a cosmopolitan destination.



Opium Den in Shanghai 1907

To even out the trade imbalance between England and China, England began importing Indian opium to China, against the wishes of the Qing imperial court. Unable to stop the opium trade, which was quickly affecting every social class in China, the Qing declared war on opium traders. The English quickly won the war and as indemnity the Qing were required to open Shanghai to foreign merchants. I think that this must be one of the most shameful incidents of British colonial history.

After the war, Britain declared Shanghai a treaty port, and the sleepy village was suddenly transformed into a cosmopolitan destination. The British, French and Americans took up autonomous concession zones in the city, each of which was independent of Chinese law.

Shanghai became an important industrial centre and trading port in China. During these prosperous times, Shanghai gained a reputation for being one of the world's most cultured and sophisticated cities. The rich, foreign "*tai pans*" led self-indulgent lives in casinos, cabarets and brothels. Between 1931 and 1941 Shanghai became a haven for Jews fleeing Nazi terror. As other countries closed their doors to immigrants in the lead up to the Second World War, over 20,000 Jewish refugees found asylum in Shanghai. Its population after the War in 1947 was about 4½ million. (In 2003 it was over 20 million.) My great-uncle, Findlay Andrew played a significant role in helping White Russians escaping through Siberia and north China, to find their way across the country to Shanghai.

(See my book about him, "A Different Drumbeat" at kyema-publishing.com)

This was the Shanghai that welcomed me back to school. I settled in to the boarding school life easily. There were the usual classes during the day and homework sitting at our desks in silence, except for the sound of someone practicing the piano with monotonous repetition. There were also outings such as the time the school went by bus to a park in another part of the city, and my bladder did not comply with my expectations. I didn't use the public toilet when given the chance because I was afraid that I would be left behind. On the way home in the bus I felt the pressure building up and, forecasting what was about to happen, I stepped down on to the step by the closed exit door. It wasn't long before I felt the warm fluid trickling inside my shorts, down my leg and on to the floor. Although I did my utmost to appear as though I had nothing to do with the gathering pool on the floor of the bus, I was still taken aside by one of the

teachers when we got home, who suggested to me that she would get me a clean pair of shorts. I think I was handled very delicately in an embarrassing situation.



These pictures of the Bund and Nanjing Road show the British influence on the architecture. The top two pictures show Shanghai's famous waterfront embankment, the Bund, with its historic British colonial architecture, much of it preserved today.

One day the teachers gave each of us a small sum of money and organized an excursion down Nanjing (Nanjing) Road, the main shopping centre. I was twelve and this was the first time that I had handled money for myself. The choices that confronted me in the glorious paradise of shops made

any decision almost impossible, but I opted for a fountain pen which I treasured for a long time.

Another pleasant experience came about when I was invited by my great-uncle George Findlay Andrew and his partner Sophie, to spend a weekend with them. They owned a very comfortable apartment in a block of apartments overlooking a park. The apartment boasted a bath, and the couple offered me the use of it, which I accepted with alacrity. After running the bath for a short while, I asked how much water I could use. Sophie assured me I could use as much as I liked. So the bath was filled to its capacity and I enjoyed a long, indulgent, but rare soak.

I liked Shanghai, as the large city provided an acceptable contrast to the beach town of Chefoo.

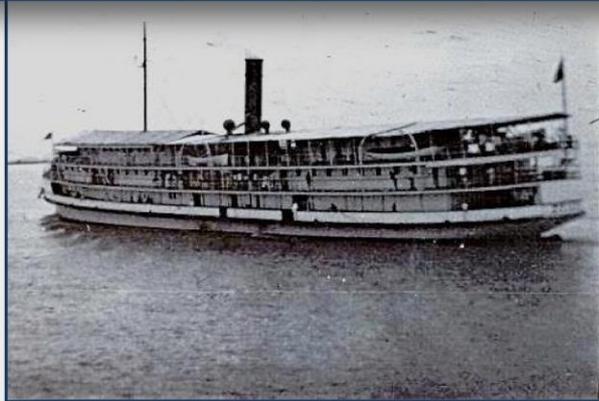
The school soon outgrew the premises as our numbers increased and the Mission Headquarters became busier as they recovered from the War, and many missionaries returned from their home countries.

Once it became known that a new school was needed, the American Church Mission offered to sell the Kuling American School at a nominal price - \$1 gold. It had remained empty from before the War and needed some repairs, but was situated in the centre of China in Kuling (now spelt Guling, but I will stick to the old spelling for nostalgia's sake), a popular mountain holiday resort for foreigners and Chinese alike.

So in December 1947 the 119 children and staff made our way to Kuling. One lot flew to a place near the foot of the mountain but I and others travelled by a slower means of transport and cruised up the Yangzi River by ferry. On my visit in 1999 with Bev, I really wanted to have another trip on a Yangzi ferry. So after staying in Kuling for a couple of days we traveled by Yangzi ferry to Shanghai to replicate the journey in reverse.



In 1999 we pass a sister ferry on our way down the Yangzi to



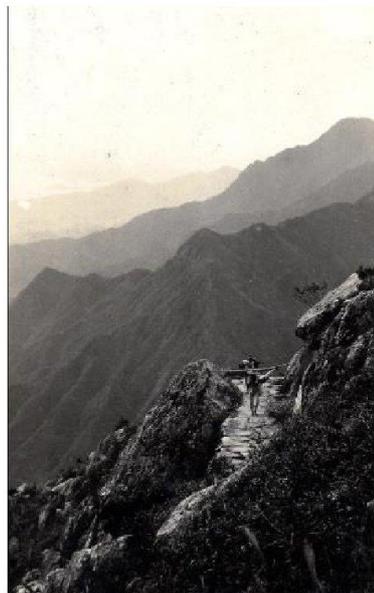
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Kuling Boardng School

After two or three days on the Yangzi river boat, I and my fellow travellers arrived at Jiujiang which is about 750 kilometres upriver from Shanghai.



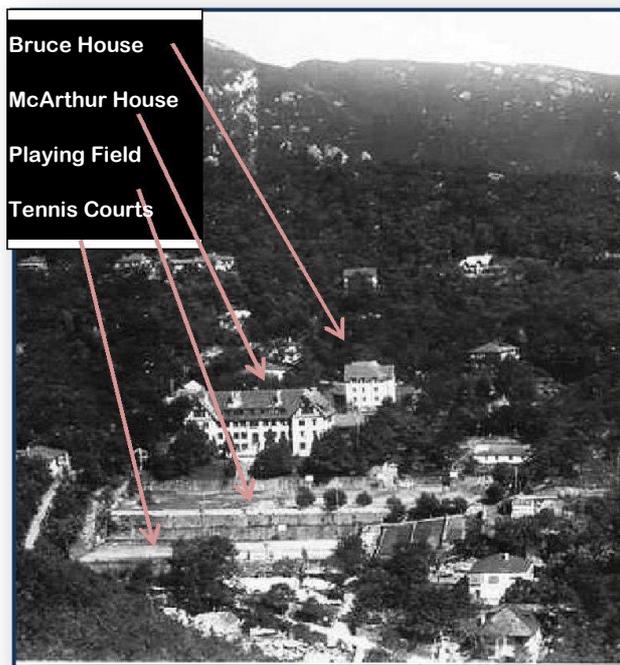
Getting off the ferry at Jiujiang, we boarded a "bus" which took us to the foot of Lushan Mountain where Kuling is situated. There was no motor road but only a foot track up the mountain, so Chinese porters were hired to carry our luggage on bamboo poles across their shoulders. Some of the older adults, who were unable to climb the mountain, travelled in sedan chairs carried by four porters. The rest of us walked, and the climb was certainly taxing, especially when we came to "the thousand steps".



Finally at the top of the mountain we arrived at the village of Kuling and after walking a couple of kilometres further, arrived at our new home. It was situated

on the side of the mountain on the lower side of the road, and a small stream could be seen at the bottom of the valley.

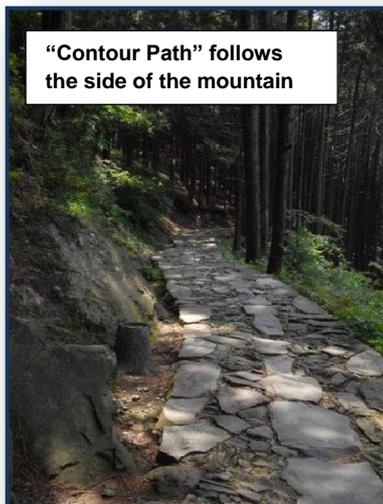
There were two large buildings and the Prep School had the top floor of one of the buildings, McArthur House. At this stage I was one of the "older boys", and we were located on the next floor down, and the one below which was the ground floor, was the class room and general purpose floor. In the basement there was the kitchen and dining room.



The other building, Bruce House, housed the older girls and the hospital. Because it was on a mountain, the only flat area was the playing field which had been flattened out below one of the main buildings and a couple of tennis courts just below that. The whole property was linked from top to bottom by Pennsylvania Avenue. This was an unmade road wide enough to take a cart up and down.

The magic of the place for me lay in two things. Firstly there was the magnificent scenery. The teachers gave us the freedom to leave the school grounds so long as we reported to a teacher where we were going, and also that there were a minimum of three of us. The idea behind this was that if one person was injured, one would stay with him and the other would go for help. We had great delight in exploring the hills and valleys in every direction. We climbed up to Monkey Ridge, and could see back over the school nestling in its idyllic position. Walking a little further over the ridge we were in Russian Valley, which had housed a lively population of Russian holiday makers in times past. It was of special interest to me because the grand houses which had been built many years before were now in ruins and what more could an adventurous and imaginative boy want. I have always had a lively imagination for history, and the former residents of these great old houses were the target of my imaginings.

Further afield we could walk over Russian Bridge and down to the Three Trees, one of which had been there for 1500 years. The priests in the temple alongside kept an eye on the people coming and going. Down past the three trees we came to Emerald Grotto



and the Three Graces, a triple waterfall on the lower reaches of the same creek that went past the school. If we had all day to explore, we could do the more strenuous walks to Lands End which looked down on the Yangzi valley and the river itself in the distance, or to Lion's Leap which looked down the other side of the mountain to Poyang Lake on the plain.

The second magical quality of the place was the winters. Every winter it snowed, and as winter in the northern hemisphere is over Christmas, I experienced white Christmases for the three years I was there. On cold winter nights, I would cuddle down into my bed which was placed just below a window. Once in bed, I would move as little as

possible, because the sheets were still freezing except where my body created a warm spot. Many mornings I would wake up and see the delicate paintings left by Jack Frost on the window above me. And when the snow fell in the night, I would wake up to see the snow banked against the lower part of the windowpane, and look further to see the whole landscape transformed magically into a silent, white wonderland

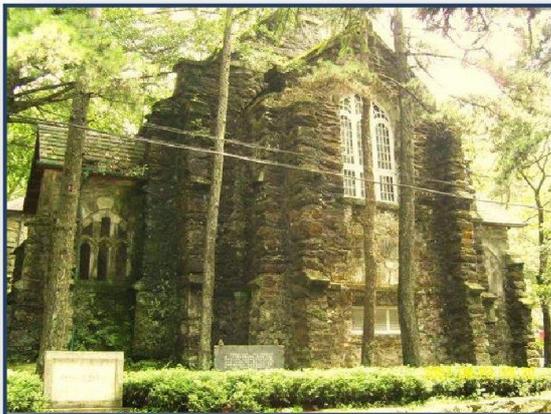
As soon as possible I would race outside, bundled up in warm clothes, but still with tingling nose and cheeks, and wonder at the pristine, uncharted world that had been created by the snow. Like some Arctic explorer I enjoyed being the first to walk in the virgin snow and leave my pioneering track for other less venturesome travellers to follow. I don't think I ever lost my sense of wonder at how silent the world was after it

had snowed. Also before it snowed the weather was often bitingly cold, but after it had snowed it seemed to be much warmer.

Later I would join in the fun and games as the older children got the sleds and toboggans out and sped down Pennsylvania Avenue, past the main school buildings and off the five foot drop on to the playing field. This drop had been carefully ramped up with snow so that sleds and toboggans could travel safely on to the playing field. Because of the speed that was built up, a turning ramp had to be built on the far side of the playing field so that the sled or toboggan would turn safely and slow down without hitting the stone wall and do too much damage to the rider. A white Christmas always cast its spell over me. As an avid reader I had built up a powerful picture in my mind of what a traditional Christmas should be like, much of it was influenced by Charles Dickens. We practiced all the well-known Christmas carols, and some of the older children would put on our heavy coats and scarves, and with our breath condensing in the cold, we would set out to visit half a dozen unsuspecting nearby houses where we would sing carols outside their front doors and usually receive a warm welcome and a season's greetings from the occupants.

There was excitement early on Christmas morning to find that Santa had left a stocking full of fruit, tennis balls and small toys, and then to walk through the snow to the old church (picture) where we had a Christmas service and didn't have to dream of a white

Christmas because there it was all around us.



Even as a twelve to fourteen year old there was a stupendous sense of awe, not only at the formidable magic of this new world that had been created through a covering of snow, but also amazed and fascinated as I observed the winter dead trees which now had found new life with snow along the top of every branch and icicles hanging from below to form nature's Christmas trees - far more beautiful than any trees that had been

taken indoors and decorated.

The Chefoo School always had a full program of leisure activities and sports. There were the annual athletics as well as a choice of a number of other sporting activities. The list included soccer, softball, hockey, tennis and cricket. There was also an active program for scouts and guides, and a lot of wonderful places to hike.

Jiang Kaishek had built a holiday residence for his wife in Kuling, and one day I met them. It happened like this. On one of our hikes three of us were wandering along a

pathway just enjoying the freedom of being able to do something that was not under the watchful eye of our teachers. We saw a snake beside the road and with some excitement were able to kill it. We had just completed this gruesome task when along came a small group of Chinese people, who stopped to see what we were so excited about. It didn't take us long to realise that two of these people were Jiang and Madame Jiang. She spoke excellent English and talked to us for a while before both groups moved on in their own directions.

When the communists crossed the Yangzi and became our new government in 1948, there were a couple of nights when the Government forces under Jiang Kaishek fled south and the communist forces had not yet arrived, creating a hiatus when lawlessness could abound. Fortunately nothing happened to us in that time.

However on both nights we heard the persistent clang of cymbals and the crash of drums, accompanied by bursts of firecrackers, as local people did what they always did to keep evil spirits away. Our new masters took over with little change to our routine except that we had Miss Mao come in and teach compulsory Chinese to all of us, and we were more restricted in our ability to roam around the mountain. We did hear that the heads of some "brigands" had been displayed for a number of days in the main street of the village.

David Allen who now lives in the United States, was my contemporary, and kept a daily diary while he was in Kuling. He sent me a copy of his diary with permission to use any of its contents as I wished. I will quote a few entries from his diary to give you an idea of other activities in which I participated.

15 Feb 49: Raymond shoots arrow 100 yards on field.

28 Mar 49: Monthly Holiday: Raymond Moore, James Muir, Christopher Rowe, Ridley Smith and I hike to Stone Bridge, Three Trees, Emerald Grotto and back to school.

6 Apr 49: Paul Grant, Raymond Moore and Dave Allen hike to Russian Valley.

10 Sep 49: This week at the concert we had two teams who were to compete against each other. There was the Walking Encyclopedias against the Perpetual Brainstorms. I was on the Perpetual Brainstorms. The Walking Encyclopedias had Elizabeth Edwards, Wanda Hazelton, Joy Simmonds, Esther Wilhelm, David Simpkin, Jimmy Muir, Paul Grant and Raymond Moore. The Perpetual Brainstorms Had Felicity Houghton, Marie Crapuchettes, Josephine Houghton, Katie Weymeyer, John Pearce, Keith Butler, and Myself. We were given questions that required an answer. It was a test of the mental ability of both teams. The score was 35 - 30 our favor. Mr. Martin would ask a question like

"What or who uses a theodolite" and "In what game does offside come" and "In what instrument does space-bar come?" "a space-bar comes not in a car or a bicycle but in a " We had a good time and so did those standing around. I learned quite a lot from that quiz program.

When our birthdays came around we were given special treatment and seated at a separate table at the evening meal (supper) and there would be a birthday cake and presents. We could invite whoever we wished to sit at our special table for the occasion. This entry indicates that, because Miss Stark's birthday was on the same date as mine, we were treated to a special evening celebration. My birthday is on 6 January, so David is mistaken about my birthday being on 2 January. Perhaps Miss Stark's birthday was on the 2nd.

6 Jan 1950: After supper all of us went upstairs and showered and dressed in our Sunday best for a special occasion. If you figure the day correctly you will see it is the 12th day after Christmas or the Epiphany. It happens to be Jan 2 was Raymond Moore and Miss B.Stark's birthday, so we had a celebration of the event. Those that were invited were the upper and lower 4ths upwards who lived in Bruce House and McCarthy house. Those that lived in other houses and were invited, didn't come. The girls were dressed up for the occasion in evening dresses. Some of them looked quite nice in them. Some were dressed in Indian costume while others wore long dresses that nearly touched the floor. We played some games and at the end we had some light refreshment.

17 April 1950: After dinner there was the cricket ball throw heats. I just got into it with John Martin 1st, Charles Crapuchettes 2nd and me 3rd. Then in the afternoon we had the long jump and I did 15' 3 1/2" for the heats coming in first place. Next came Raymond Moore and then Simo. After this I had some practice at high jump but the most that I could do was 4 ft 3 inches which isn't very good.

30 June 1950: It rained hard in the night and then in the daytime was misty. We had a generally wet day. Mr. Lumsden is going to live on our floor so that he can get acquainted with us. As there was no room Jim Muir and Raymond had to move house. Paul moved to the veranda of one of the rooms where David Simmonds used to sleep and Raymond sleeps with him on a double decker because of the space.

A traumatic event for all of us was the death of our Principal, Stanley Houghton while playing tennis.

17 July 1950: We started our exams. We did our Scripture, French I and Biology. The marks for the exams were not put up because the teachers were afraid that we would get too worried over our exams to do well. After the game in the afternoon I went for a swim and then I changed and went over to Rosalind's

*birthday party. *** After supper at prayers we heard of the death of Mr. Houghton. *** He had died without pain from a cerebral haemorrhage of the brain and died nearly immediately. It was quite a blow to the Houghton's but God through his grace has comforted them. It was quite a shock to the Lower, Middle and Senior School. That night three carpenters were brought and they made Mr. Houghton's coffin by midnight. The coffin was very well made. The outside of it was covered with black silk and studded with gold studs. It was a very nice looking coffin.*

19 July 1950: Today Wednesday I got up at 6:00 o'clock and went and helped Miss Elliot, Miss Dickson and Miss Powell fix up Mr. Houghton's grave. Raymond, John Martin and John Pearce fixed ferns and Cypress around the grave for decoration.

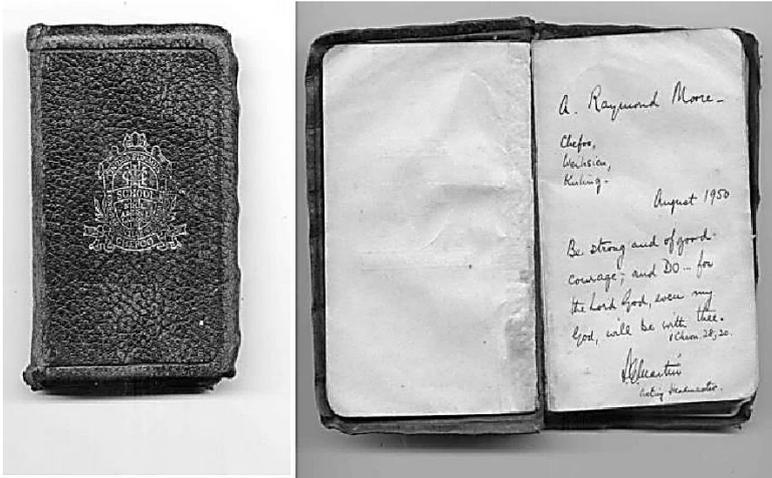
I still have vivid memories of this occasion as I had the 'privilege' of actually jumping down into the grave to line the bottom of the grave with greenery.

25 July 1950: In the evening those in the gym display went over to the gym. The girls had an ordinary gym lesson and then we gave our display on the horse and parallel bars. Those that were in the team were John Pearce and I; Raymond Moore and Paul Grant; David Simpkin and Bryan Taylor; Stanley Kane and Bruce Crapuchettes. We did things in pairs. After our display came the Third Form Girls with the Maypole. They maypoled and then the boys and girls in the upper part of the school had a try. We had a good time going around the pole. 22 August 1950: I got Raymond's autograph and then at 12:30 we had dinner. After dinner the school went to see Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Paul and his two sisters and Raymond, Alan and Frank, go down the hill. We watched them go off from the tingtse at the Monument until they were out of sight and then we came home. Mr. Eaton said he would write to me sometime and that was encouraging. When I came back I went to the Library and read and then I helped Mrs Martin move some heavy objects into the room where Paul and Raymond used to sleep. After this I wrote up my diary and had some practice on the piano.

On 22 August 1950 I finally left Kuling, and in fact China. I would not come back again for 49 years.

Before I left, I was given a very special gift. It had been the tradition in Chefoo to present school leavers with a small Bible with the school crest on the cover. This practice stopped when the school left Chefoo, but Mr. Martin had retained at least one of these presentation Bibles, and on my departure, as I was one of the few who had attended the original Chefoo, I was given this significant going away gift.

The Eatons escorted us down the mountain to Kiukiang where we boarded a steam train for Canton.



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The Meaning of 'Liberation'

I listened to the monotonous clickety clack of the train wheels as they travelled along the twin rails of steel southward from Jiujiang towards Hong Kong. Occasionally, when the wind was blowing the wrong way, specks of black soot flew through the window, some hitting my skin with surprising force. From time to time the haunting sound of the train whistle could be heard up front as we approached a crossing or to warn some villagers who were straying too close to the line. I had been nibbling on a piece of arrow root which I had been given by a friendly Chinese fellow traveller. My thoughts turned to what this trip really meant.



We were being expelled from China by the newly installed Communist regime and I was on my way to Australia. I looked out the window at the farmers working in the rice paddies, and the small villages with their rural family life continuing as normal in spite of the historical upheaval that had occurred in their country. Were those people now free? What did they feel about the communist “liberation”?

I loved China. This was my home. I loved these people who shared my home. The beautiful, lilting tones of the Mandarin dialect infiltrated gently into my subconscious. But I had been told by my teachers that these communist people were evil, and, as a 15 year old in a boarding school for missionaries' children, I had no other source of information. So we were on our way to Australia which I understood to be my “home country” where I would be free, but in my heart it was not so.

I found myself feeling confused by the fact that, although the Communists had liberated the country, we were leaving so that we could live in Australia, a liberated country. Five years previously at the end of the summer of 1945, I had been liberated from a Japanese Concentration camp, but then I had been overwhelmed with the excitement of the occasion and revelled in the feeling of at last experiencing life in a country liberated from the Japanese control. I could roam outside the camp walls that had enclosed us and restricted our movements for the past two or three years.

What was I being liberated from this time? It felt more like I was being expelled rather than liberated.

As I thought about this I could see another 'liberation' that I was experiencing. Yes I had been liberated from the Japanese, and now I was being liberated from the Communists, but I was also being liberated from boarding school life. In Australia, I would be living with my parents and then in independent living when they went back to their missionary work. I would never be living in a boarding school again.

One of the reasons that I did not do my time in Concentration Camp very hard, was because it was really not a lot different to living in a boarding school. You got up when the bell went. You had meals at the same time every day. You listened for whistles and other means of telling you where you should be at various times of the day. Your movements were controlled. In boarding school you could not leave the compound without permission. In concentration camp you could not leave the compound at all. So my whole remembered life had been a kind of benevolent prison. And now I was on my way to freedom.

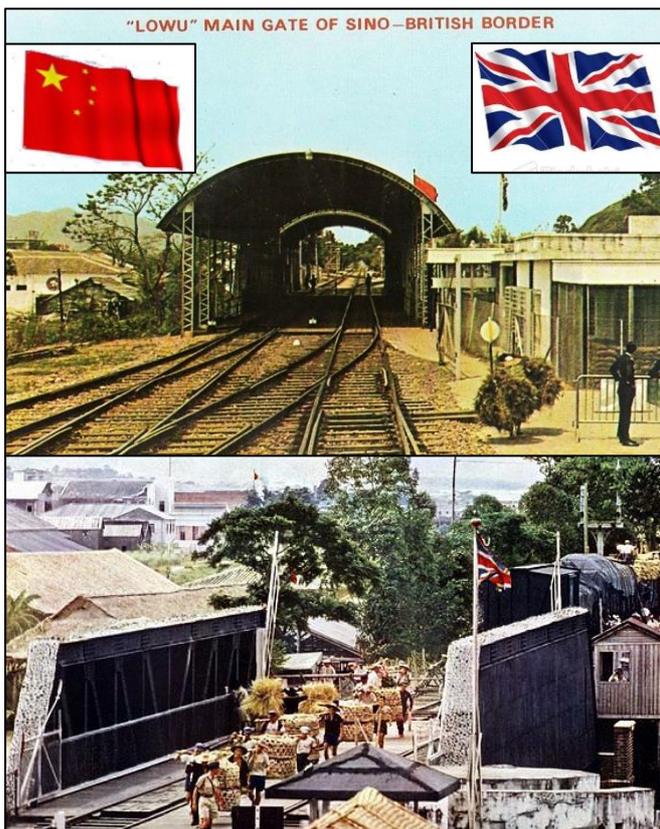
Freedom is a funny thing. It seems that when you are told you are free, you don't always feel free. And yet at other times when you don't seem to be free at all, you feel free. I had developed a means of finding freedom during those years of boarding school life when there was very little of my life that was private. I used to withdraw behind my wall. This was a place where I could be me, without the influence or expectations of the

people around me. This was a good place – a safe place. It was a place where I felt good about myself. It was a place where I was isolated,

Later, when I got back to Australia, I became aware that, even in this free country, there were prisons of a different kind that I found myself in. They were prisons of circumstance, relationships or personal failure. Real freedom, when I found it, did not depend on what was happening outside, but came from significant and sometimes painful changes from within.

But right now, this train was taking me from Jiujiang to Guangzhou or Canton as we knew it then. Jiujiang was the town on the Yangzi River which was at the base of the Lushan Mountain where the village of Guling, and our school was situated. We three Moore boys were travelling with the three Grant children, in the care of Mr and Mrs Eaton, heading for Hong Kong.

The train eventually pulled in to the border crossing between China and Hong Kong.. Hong Kong was then British territory and we got off the train, lugging our few precious



belongings behind us and walked to the bridge that spanned the river that separated China from Hong Kong. As we walked towards the bridge we were watched by Communist guards with the red Chinese flag fluttering over them, with its five stars, representing China and its national minorities.

We walked across the old, unused railway bridge with our cases. This was a no man's land. Ahead of us was "freedom" and it was represented by some relaxed looking British soldiers smiling a welcome. Above them flew the Union Jack and I had an unexpected surge of emotion as I saw it stirring in the breeze. It represented freedom and friendliness and fair play. Over the bridge we were not wanted. Here we were wanted and welcomed. It was 27th

August 1950.

It was a good feeling.

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Hong Kong – Ceylon - Australia

Coca Cola and movie cartoons had become embedded in my list of "Things I enjoy" at the end of the War, in Xi'an. In Hong Kong I was introduced to some more new experiences which were to form some of my preferences for future years.

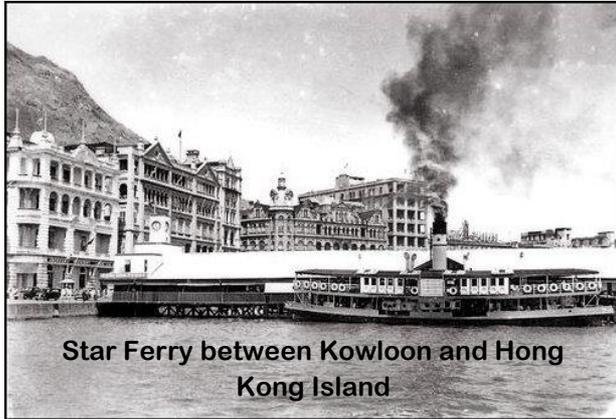
As we stood just inside the border of the New Territories which belonged to Hong Kong on this hot summer day, and my emotions were unexpectedly stirred as I stood under the British flag, someone came with refreshments for us. These were in the form of cold bottles of orangeade with beads of water condensed on the outside. Refreshing? You could have offered me the most expensive drinks in the world and I would have refused them. This was heaven. This was Shangri la. This was ecstasy! To this day, fizzy orange and Coca Cola are my favourite refreshments, especially with beads of water on the outside.

Later when we had our first meal in the Lutheran Mission Home where we were to stay for the next month, I remember nothing of the menu for that meal, except that we had white bread and butter. White bread! And real butter! The Chinese do not make bread as we do and I have no memories of bread being anything very special in China, although I do remember having western style bread with peanut butter. But soft, fresh, white bread with a glorious crust that I could chew with sensuous delight. And that wonderfully smooth, yellow butter that just made the experience absolutely irresistible, was something that I would never forget, nor would I ever lose my pleasure in eating white bread and butter.

We were taken to the Lutheran Mission Home at 33 Granville Road, Kowloon where the Eatons left us and the parents of the three Grant children joined us. Our parents were in Sydney, looking after the mission's interests at the Stanmore home where missionaries stayed while they were passing through Sydney. Don and Naomi Grant had been missionaries in the same general area of China in which my parents had served. Naomi was a gracious, quietly spoken woman who exuded a gentleness in dealing with her own family of three and an extra three boys. Don had a huge job trying to get a passage on a ship to Australia for the party – two adults and six children. He was told that it would be at least a four month wait

To get home to Australia was not a simple exercise in 1950. Universal air travel as we know it today did not exist at that stage. Most air travel was connected with the government and the armed services. We needed to find passage on a ship from Hong Kong to Australia, but this was not easy either because there were thousands of people like us who were leaving China because of the communist liberation of the country. So it was with some difficulty that the Grants were able eventually to find tickets for us on a

ship travelling to England. We discovered that if we took this ship as far as Ceylon (Sri Lanka today) and then disembarked and caught another ship which was travelling from England to Australia, we would get to Australia faster than if we waited for a direct passage from Hong Kong to Australia. This took a month to organize.



Hong Kong Entertainment

So what did we do in Hong Kong for that month?

We rode on the Star Ferry to Hong Kong Island and soaked in the atmosphere of the Hong Kong harbour with its plethora of boats of all sizes, and especially the sampans and junks with the eyes painted on the front to see the evil spirits that were always lurking in the background to cause trouble.

We wandered around the shops looking at things we had never seen before and, because our pockets were empty, would never be able to purchase anyway.

We went down to the waterfront in Kowloon and talked to some of the British servicemen and women who were still manning this British outpost. If we were lucky they shouted us orangeade or an orange popsicle. I could never take to the bean popsicles!

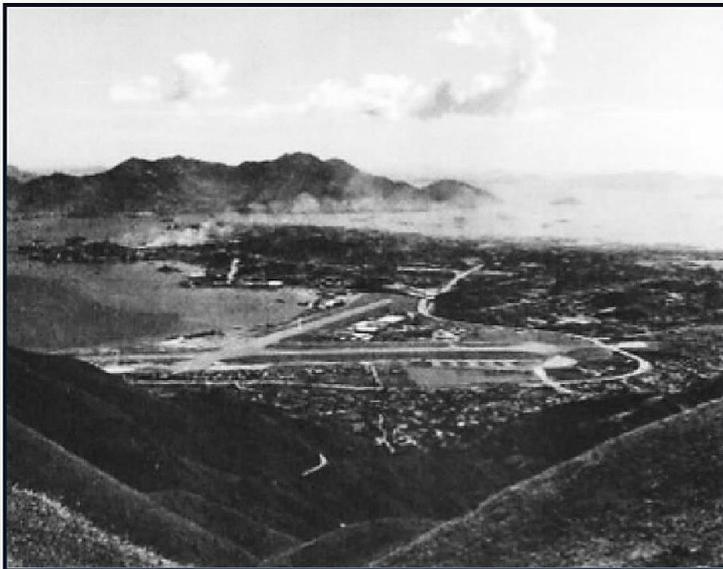
I spent some time in rummaging through the cabin trunk which was under my bed. It belonged to a Lutheran missionary who was away somewhere while we Moore boys slept in his room and invaded his privacy.

I joined the missionaries in some of their regular prayer meetings and discovered a new experience of prayer and the presence of God.

I borrowed a bicycle from the missionaries and went riding, north towards the Kai Tak airport. Here I found a small flat topped hill about fifteen feet high that had been built to hold large guns and other equipment to protect the airport. From this mound I could see across the airport which had been built by the Japanese during their time of control in Hongkong.

Here on my private plateau, I met an English RAF major who was still stationed in this colony five years after the War had finished. They had their base on the other side of the airport. We formed a friendship which, if it had been a few years later I would have been very cautious of, but I knew nothing of paedophiles or sexual predators then. As it turned out he was neither, and probably found this 15 year old helped to fill a void in his life that service in the colonies had forced upon him.

He explained to me the workings of an airport and much about their role in defending it. He asked me if I had ever been to the Peak on Hong Kong Island and as I hadn't, he offered to take me next Saturday in his groovy little open topped sports car.



He came to pick me up and when he discovered that I had a couple of brothers, he offered to take them too, much to my disgust. He was my friend and this was my special outing. But they came anyway and we crossed the bay on a vehicular ferry and then drove up to the Peak on Hong Kong Island. It was a wonderful experience and my only regret was that we had not had a ride on the famous cable car. Fifty years later when I revisited

Hong Kong I insisted on riding up to the Peak on the cable car, much to the annoyance of my Chinese friend Vincent who was showing us around and said it was not worth it. He was right. It wasn't worth it. Any worthwhile view of the famous harbour was largely blocked by trees and shrubs, but at least I had achieved a long held ambition.

Our friend the major shouted us ice creams and popsicles and generally spoilt us, but I still held a small resentment that my younger siblings had muscled in on my fun.

As a family (i.e. Grants and Moores) we had a day trip with Miss Loughheed and the Wendyl Phillips family to one of the islands where we had "lunch at Cranes" according to Don Grant's diary, (thanks to Paul for giving me access to this diary) and then a swim at the beach before coming home. On another occasion Don took us to Repulse Bay for an outing. Repulse Bay is on the south side of Hongkong and very close to the site of the Japanese Concentration Camp at Stanley. A couple of items in Don's diary intrigue me, probably because I cannot remember anything about them. The first was a note that he had taken me to the doctor for a skin infection for which I was given a penicillin

job. The other was the fact that we had Marie Crapuchettes and Wanda Hazelton with us for a couple of days. How could I forget this? I was somewhat infatuated with Wanda at Kuling. She was an American stunner! That's her in the picture.



Hong Kong to Australia

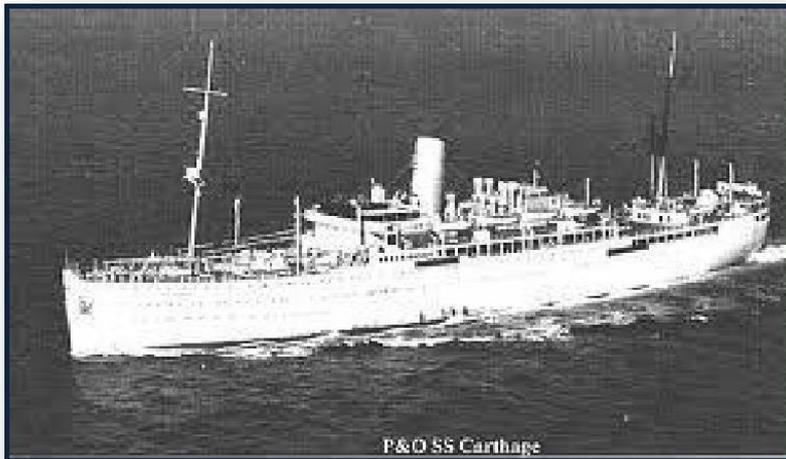
Eventually, exactly a month from our arrival in Hongkong, on 28th September, we boarded the “Carthage” bound for England. We were going as far as Ceylon and then boarding another ship which was travelling from England to Australia.

Even though we travelled second class or was it steerage, (Don Grant says “we enjoyed the freedom of the Tourist deck”) we made the most of our teenage naivety and had full run of the ship. The smell of paint and oil, the feel of the deck quoits that were made of rope, the sensation of swimming in the small swimming pool like some spud in a saucepan, the feeling of relaxation as you reclined on one of the not too uncomfortable deck chairs that were available, the memory of the meals where you had, to my eyes, a huge menu to choose from, and the indulgence of eating whatever you wished, all these remain with me still. Don grant says the meals were “splendid – the boys eating like horses!”

And then there was the entertainment in the evening. Whatever else there was, there was dancing to the accompaniment of a dance band. I used to sit there for hours beside the band, watching and listening and soaking in the rhythms which I would later associate with jazz. The drummer would use his brushes to create an amazing swish, swish sound that was just right for the music. I loved the tones of the saxophones and

clarinets and the sharp penetrating sound of the trumpet. The heart beat of the double bass and the angel voices from the violins. I was mesmerized.

We spent two days in Singapore and a day in Penang then we headed across the northern parts of the Indian Ocean to Ceylon (today's Sri Lanka). We berthed in Colombo on October 9th. Here we stayed at the Keswick Home for the next twelve days



while we waited for a ship coming from England to take us to Australia.

We were taken to a place called Kandy in the middle of the island where we were offered rides on some very muddy elephants. Our minders decided against it. Back at Colombo, a couple of days later, I wandered

off into a coconut plantation and succeeded in retrieving a coconut and trying to extract the milk from it. As I was concentrating on what I was doing, I wasn't aware of the approaching footsteps until a rather angry and certainly authoritative voice demanded to know what I thought I was doing. I was taken up to the house and a European man came out who was obviously the owner and told me to sit down. I told him what I had been doing and said that I didn't realise I had done anything wrong as there were no fences or anything else indicating that it was private land. He called out something to his lackey who presently came back with a huge glass of coconut milk. I was told to drink it, almost as if this was my punishment. Although it did not come up to a good glass of orangeade, it was still pretty good.



On 21st October we boarded the Orcades (pictured) for Australia. I loved sea travel and remember only having a short time of seasickness even though some of the waves would have dwarfed our ship as we

made our way across the Indian Ocean.

In Perth we were met by Amy's family and I found myself completely awestruck by four or five female cousins all about our age who were also there. They seemed to be extraordinarily pretty. I only remember feeling terribly awkward as we shared the back of a small bus with them. We were only in Perth for a day, but for some reason this is not mentioned in Don's diary.

In Perth I became aware that I was used to a different culture and was not comfortable in this culture. People talked too fast and had their mouths half closed when they talked. It took me a long time to get used to the Australian accent. One of the most obvious changes in culture intrigued me as we pulled up in Fremantle harbour. We had been used to all manual work being done by Chinese people and because of their huge numbers, everything was labour intensive. Here in Fremantle there were only a few wharfies lounging around doing very little and they were all European people. This would take a bit of getting used to.

After a two day stop in Melbourne where the Grants disembarked, we at last made it to Sydney. For only the second year in our lives we were together as a family. Now our travels were taking us in an entirely new direction. Ahead was a new country, a new culture and the need to get used to living as a family again. For me this was going to be a long journey.

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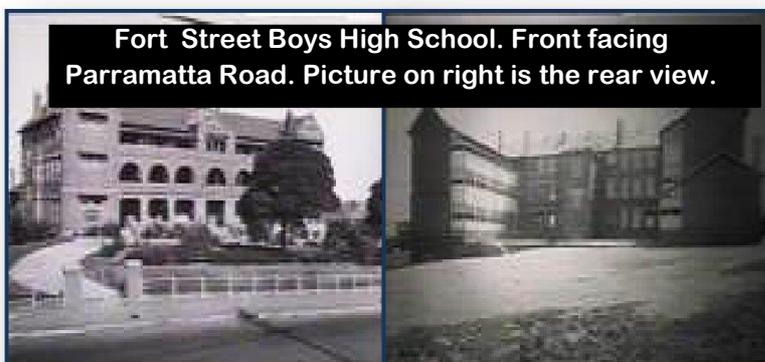
Culture Shock

In Sydney my journey led me into a jungle of culture shock where I got lost. It should have been the best of times because this was only the second time that all six members of our family had lived together. The previous occasion we had been together as a family was in the year immediately after the War. During the War I had been away from them in a boarding school and Japanese Concentration Camps for six years. My little brother was less than a year old when I left in 1940, and my sister was born during the War.

And now, by the end of 1950 we were together as a family for only the second time.

You would think that it would be a time when we would enjoy “home life”. But it wasn’t. We were a somewhat dysfunctional family. Percy was a rather distant and sometimes non-existent member of the family. I was now a teenager and not coping very well with experiences which had ebbed and flowed around me for the last ten years. Amy was a stable influence, but unable to show affection in any warmly physical way, except to the two younger children. At one stage, I think that I was trying to get some sort of personal physical acknowledgement from Amy, so I told her that I had pimples on my back, and would she please rub some ointment on them. She did this, but of course it did not achieve what I so clumsily and to some extent subconsciously, sought.

My youngest brother was twelve and racing to catch up with the events that had rushed over his young life. He went faithfully to the State School down the end of our street and came home with exciting stories of Mr. Edwards his teacher who had been a “war hero”. Percy whose communication with us, when it occurred, was to joke, used to say that Mr. Edwards’ heroism consisted of being “surrounded by one Jap!”



Fort Street Boys High School. Front facing Parramatta Road. Picture on right is the rear view.

My brother found his new Australian friends challenging and not always a good influence. My parents received a phone call one afternoon to say that he had been nabbed pinching things from Woolworths. My other brother escaped in a more healthy way by getting involved in boy’s clubs in

our church. He was 15 and went to a Boys' High School. He coped with the situation by being aggressive and competitive. My little sister at eight was an innocent in this jungle of family confusion.

In Sydney, I began to realize that I had a lot to learn about myself and about my relationship with other people. We went to the Stanmore Baptist Church and each of my siblings seemed to be able to make friends easily. To help me with this problem I discovered an accessible library at Newtown, a neighbouring suburb, where I found Dale Carnegie's "How To Win Friends and Influence People". I copied the main headings from this book into the back pages of the Chefoo Bible I had been given when I left Kuling. I think that this was probably the beginning for me of what later was called 'self-realization'. Anyway over the years I have learnt a lot about getting to know who I am and who I want to be.

I was given a bicycle to ride around the neighbourhood, and at weekends I made the most of it. I was able to join a hockey team and spent quite a few Saturdays riding out to recreation grounds around Sydney to play. Often I would just ride on a Saturday to wherever took my fancy, this included the fairly long ride to the Royal National Park on the southern boundary of Sydney.

My parents had been able to get me into Fort Street Boys' High School in Petersham. This was a school that was regarded as one of the better public schools in Sydney and your IQ had to be above a certain figure to be able to attend. But high IQ does not allow for social and cultural confusion. Along the track from the missionary run boarding school in China to a secular Australian school, I had lost my way.

Teachers in Fort Street did not know what problems they were dealing with, and so I was left to muddle along. Somewhere along my life as a school kid I had developed bad study habits. I was afraid to ask for help. In fact I did not know what help I really needed. The effect was that I could take most things in, but lacked the concentration and skills to set about remembering them. I didn't know how to study for exams or tests of any kind. That meant that trying to keep up with a completely new curriculum without the skills to deal with it, meant that I was getting further and further behind and feeling more and more hopeless about the situation.

Each morning I would walk down to Stanmore station to catch the train one stop away from the city to Petersham station. At least that was what I was supposed to do and had been doing for a while, but as my feelings of hopelessness and helplessness grew, I began leaving home and walking to Stanmore station, but going to the other platform and catching the train in to the city. There I would wander around and occasionally, with money stolen from Percy's office desk, go to the pictures or other entertainment such as "Hour Shows" which showed news, cartoons and short feature films which lasted for an hour, but replayed non stop all day. You could stay as long as you liked or as short.

In the afternoon, when I was ready, I would catch the train back to Stanmore and walk into the house as if I had been at school all day.

This eventually caught up with me and my parents had told me just the day before, that they had received a call from the school to say that I had not been attending. Of course I denied this, so an appointment was set up with the school. Fear tied knots in my stomach at the very thought of facing such an inquisition. There was only one solution. I would run away. And it would have to be tonight.

Ironically that very day Percy asked me to go with him to an evening meeting to give a short talk about a subject which I have now forgotten. I went with him as his assistant deputationist, and I think he was pleased with my contribution. However, as the appointment with the school was for the next day, my plan did not change.

I waited until I saw the lights go out in the house and then crept in the back door and down the hallway to the office at the front. . . .

Note: This is where I started my story. I chose to start it here as I felt that this was a kind of watershed in my life. It was the time when I moved from the Chinese culture into a very confusing Australian culture. It was also the time that I became responsible for my own decisions, whether they were good or bad. It was at this time too, that I became aware that I needed to control the person that I was and wanted to be.

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As the Mulberry Tree is Bent

"The growth of the mulberry tree corresponds with its early bent" Chinese Proverb

Extract from "The Farmers' Register" September 1 1838:

THE FARMERS' REGISTER.		
Vol. VI.	SEPTEMBER 1, 1838.	No. 6.
354	FARMERS' REGISTER.	[No. 6

In the work, entitled *Tchong-hoa-min*, it is read : There are two kinds of mulberry trees : one bears the fruit of which we sow the seed : it sprouts out in the first or second month, (February or March.)

The following is the manner the other kind is multiplied :

A pliant branch is bent to the ground, and maintained in that position by a clod of clay. Each bud produces a branch. When this mulberry tree has attained the height of two or three feet, its roots are then formed. The mother branch to which it belongs is then cut, and it is transplanted in another place. It soon becomes a tree. [Same work.]

There is no doubt that many of the experiences of our childhood have a huge influence on our later years. In order to try and clarify some of these influences, it is time to consider some important factors in my development.

Here I was in a new country, trying to get used to another culture to that which I had been used to since my birth. I had gone through most of my schooling without having learnt how to learn. This was largely due to my personality which disinclined me from asking for help, or from building close relationships with anyone. I know that I was sensitive and naïve, which meant that I was slow to pick up on nuances and understanding of the bigger picture. Fifty years later I also discovered that I had been stressed and anxious most of my life, 'clinical depression' they called it. I mention these aspects of my personality because they go part way to explaining why I reacted differently to other children who had been through similar circumstances or worse.

I was an 'MK', a Missionaries Kid. This meant that my experience was similar to thousands of other children around the world. Why was my response to this course of

events so much more negative than that of many others? Certainly my personality was part of the reason, but it is interesting to Google 'missionaries kids' and read some of the research that has gone into this. Here is a quotation from one such research which sums up what a lot of them are saying:

The Influence of Separation Anxiety and Attachment Deprivation

Missionaries place themselves apart from rules the rest of the population function under by declaring their careers God-given. One consequence of this is that they are willing to institutionalize very young children for the sake of their career. In our western culture the church on the whole gives a clear message that family should come before career, but within the missionary community the opposite is not only tolerated, is sanctioned. It is justified because God called them to the career they are involved in. One missionary couple had sent five kids to a boarding school. They said that they would do it all over again, regardless of what their kids experiences were, because it was the will of God, and God was responsible for all their decisions.

And there is no doubt that separation anxiety is a common if not universal experience amongst MKs sent off to boarding school. John and Diane Larson describe the problem like this:

"For those who were sent away to a boarding school or a children's home, grief may be a lasting legacy. Rare is the adult MK who does not carry within himself or herself a significant measure of grief. . . . Some missionary sending organizations have taken notice of this problem and now provide professional assistance to parents and children facing separation. However, most adult MKs were left as children to deal with grief and loss alone -- as were their families. A biblically buttressed understanding that separation was necessary to advance the Lord's work was once thought sufficient to fortify children and parents alike. In most instances, pain was handled by stoic withholding to protect each other from further suffering." ("Third culture kids: expatriate children" by John and Diane Larsen)

Bowlby's attachment theory supports these findings. John Bowlby (26 Feb 1907 – 2 Sept 1990) was a British psychologist, psychiatrist, and psychoanalyst, notable for his interest in child development and for his pioneering work in attachment theory. Bowlby's Theory of Attachment, describes attachment as

"behaviours which are done in an attempt to maintain proximity, displayed in the child's seemingly natural inclination to seek the parent when distressed. The goal

is not the object, the goal is a state. Attachment behaviour is adaptive and is not a drive, and not a sign of immaturity”.

Amy's Promises

In a book which Amy wrote about their placement in Malaya in the early 1950s by the China Inland Mission, which at that time was in the process of changing its name to Overseas Missionary Fellowship, (“Malayan Story” by Amy Moore, Published by Kyema Publishing 2011) she expressed in some detail the emotional stress it was for her to go to Malaya and leave her, mostly teenage, family behind in Australia. The following extract from the book is of interest because it gives Amy's explanation of this situation:

“Mummy, why does Daddy have to go?” The plaintive little voice brought me back with a start. My thoughts had been centred on the solitary figure standing on the deck of the great ocean liner which was now almost out of sight. The ship passed under the Sydney Harbour Bridge and turned towards the Heads on the first stage of the long journey to Singapore. Sensing Percy’s loneliness, and trying to fight down my own dread of the year of separation that lay ahead of us, (this was 1952) I had almost forgotten the children and that they were feeling it too.

I glanced at the three boys, each in his own way, Frank at 12, Alan at 14 and Raymond at 16, trying to put on a show of carelessness and indifference to cover what lay deep in their hearts. Then I looked at Dorothy, who was not even trying to cover up – just to understand. How do I explain to a nine year old the “Why?” of the life of faith? I put my arm around her, trying to reassure my own heart too as I said, “Darling, I don’t know why. I only know this is what God wants us to do, and because we love Him, we must.”

In the year that followed I too asked “Why?” many times. I was trying to cope alone with bringing up of four children in Australia, while their father struggled with the responsibilities of beginning a new work in post war Malaya.

A letter from the General Director of the China Inland Mission, Mr JO Sanders, written at the close of a conference of CIM directors in England, gave us the answer we had been looking for. His invitation from the directors was for Percy to go to Malaya as the first Superintendent of a new work in a new field for the Mission. Sir Gerald Templar, the High Commissioner for Great Britain in Malaya, was opening the door wide for missionaries who spoke the Chinese language, to go and work in “New Villages” which were being created and were populated mainly by Chinese people, in an attempt by the Government to counteract communist guerrilla influence.

As we read the letter together, there was very little conflict in our reactions to it. It was almost as if we had been preparing for this all through the past two and a half years. It was clear to us both that Percy must go. But it was equally clear that I must stay, with both our elder boys facing important school exams at the end of the year. By the end of 1952 we hoped that there would be a Hostel for teenage children of missionaries and I could settle the children there before I too set out for Malaya.

Early in 1953 we completed our move from Sydney to Melbourne. Raymond was to live in the CIM home in Hawthorn while Alan, Frank and Dorothy would be cared for in the Hostel for Missionaries' children set up by the Mission in Kew. Both Kew and Hawthorn were neighbouring suburbs in the east of Melbourne. Then I had the pain of parting from them. In my heart I agreed with those who said, "Your own children need you," or "This is the time in their lives when parents should not be separated from their children," or "You have given twenty years of your life to work in China, surely you should stay with your children now in their teenage years. Let somebody else go overseas."

Miserably, I knew how true it all was. And yet there was that strong inner conviction which I had learned to know as God's voice to me.

The pain in my heart deepened as I left them, standing on the platform of Melbourne's Spencer Street Station, as I commenced the long overland journey from Melbourne to Perth.

At Perth I was met by my, sisters and many friends. On the surface I smiled and greeted them all and spoke at missionary meetings about God's guidance, but underneath my heart was sore as I cried out continually to God, who alone could give me what I needed. "Oh Lord," I prayed, "Comfort me and reassure me, please. I know I haven't mistaken your voice, but I can't bear to be so torn in two all the time over these separations from my children. Surely, you gave them to us. Surely it is right for families to be together and for children to be with their parents. Then why, why must I leave them again? How can this be right?"



It was on a Sunday night in Perth that His Word of comfort first came. I was in a church, listening to a preacher I had not often heard. He spoke of Abraham, whose obedience to God brought blessing, not only to his own life, but to that of his son and to future generations yet unborn. It was God's Word to me – the obedience of parents brings blessing to the children. The soreness in my heart eased a little as I prayed, "Oh Lord,

bring blessing to our children, as you did for Abraham, because we obey you.”

I left Fremantle, and in the rare luxury of a cabin to myself, spent time reading the Scriptures, trying to prepare for the new life which lay ahead of me. God gave me promise after promise from the Book of Isaiah of His blessing on the children of those who serve and obey Him. ([See end note](#)) It was God’s Word to me and it brought comfort and assurance. In the years which lay ahead our children faced many problems and we were often anxious about them, but the word given me as I set out for Malaya remained as an anchor for my soul, and reassured me over and over again as we prayed for them.

So I found peace, and as we slowly moved in to Singapore harbour and I went up on deck to look for Percy’s familiar face and figure, I knew that my Shepherd had led me into green pastures and into quiet waters, and had restored my soul.”

In boarding school I think in some way we all yearned for that ‘maternal attachment’ which would have provided “proximity” and someone to turn to when distressed, but when we could not find it in any satisfying way, we found other ways to deal with it.

Many people made close friends and walked around with their arms around each other. Some found some kind of tactile gratification in rough and tumble and contact sports. My method was to withdraw into myself and create an emotional shell in which I could stay and not be hurt.

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Unforgettable New Year

In 1953 when we moved to Melbourne, I started to attend the Kew Baptist Church and found a wonderful group of young people there who accepted me as one of them. I attended the Christian Endeavour groups and enjoyed the experience of being part of a large group of young people who did a lot of social things together as well as growing in our faith together.

Kew Baptist purchased a block of land at Belgrave Heights and Harold Holt, a deacon of the church, built a house on that block and we started attending the Kew Baptist House Party at the Belgrave Heights Convention.

Being new to the Convention and just getting to know the young people from the church, I lapped up the experience and found myself deeply moved by the teaching at the Convention. I began to be deeply moved also by the vision of one of the teenage girls at the house party. She also seemed attracted to me. She was the younger daughter of Harold and Ada Holt, Bev.

We enjoyed each other's company and smiled a lot at each other. Well, we did smile a lot until New Year's Eve, when we made a pact that we would not smile at each other "until next year." All that day we made a valiant effort not to smile at each other, which was made especially difficult for me as my heart was smitten.

After the evening meeting at the Convention on New Year's Eve, we followed the normal practice and all gathered in the common room of the house for an evening of entertainment and spiritual preparation for the New Year. Bev and I were very aware of each other, but still maintained our "no smiling" pledge. Any "spiritual preparation for the New Year" tended to be lost in my emotional preparation for the clock to tick over midnight.

Finally the clock ticked over and we entered the countdown to midnight. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one – Happy New Year. I have to admit that I had not been concentrating on the spiritual lead up to the New Year. My mind was centred on the most attractive girl I knew. The "Happy New Year" had hardly finished when I made a beeline for Bev – and we kissed.

The significance of that kiss was enormous; its repercussions far reaching. From that moment we "became an item" and six years later, were married. Six years later we also started in the Baptist ministry at Rainbow.

Exactly 50 years from that occasion we once again attended the Belgrave Heights Convention. Christmas 2003 found Bev and I in our caravan at Belgrave Heights, parked in the caravan park organised by the Belgrave Heights Convention. Amazingly,

we discovered over the next few days, while trying to identify landmarks and houses from fifty years before, that our caravan site was only about twenty five metres from the old Kew Baptist House, now a private residence.

On New Year's Eve we attended an entertainment program in the large meeting hall with about two thousand people there to celebrate the passing of the old year. The young person who was leading the festivities happened to be the occupier of the tent next to our caravan. He announced that we were celebrating an important anniversary, and asked us to stand. We did and kissed each other like teenage lovers in front of them all. Later on we went back to the caravan and on the dot of midnight, replicated that kiss which, fifty years before, and only twenty five metres away, had been the start of it all.

I was in love and back in Melbourne the whole world was beautiful.

Ode to Bev on New Years Day

You were with me as the year closed its door.

We had just met, but caught each other's eye;

We smiled a lot and saw each other more

As day progressed, with both our feelings high.

The new year beckoned to us through the night.

The second it commenced we hoped to be

Surprised with joyful rapture that would fill

Our cups to overflowing. Teen delight.

It came. We kissed. My life was ecstasy.

The thrill of that one kiss is with me still.

My heart is full. My feet, above the ground,

Float on the air with unaccustomed thrill.

Benumbed, I sit astounded homeward bound

On Melbourne's rail-steered tram, doubting still

That you whose beauty far outshines the sun,

*Whose smile when turned on me drives out all sense,
Whose touch, electric, agitates my soul,
That you should notice me as anyone
To love. A miracle that's so immense
I cannot of its meaning grasp the whole.
My eyes are tinted with a rosy hue
The city seems to shine with golden tone
The sky above reflects a deeper blue.
The grass is greener than I've ever known.
Because we kissed, the world has been transformed.
Where once routine and drabness filled the day
Now that same life by awesome masterstrokes
Is coloured in rich shades. My life is warmed
By love whose tested strength is here to stay,
And by beauty and the dreams it now evokes.*

Yes, I know, it's a bit corny, but I would say it all over again. And then came another 'growing up' experience for me.

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The Search for Direction

So in 1953, for the first time in my life I was an independent person. I started living in the China Inland Mission Home at 22 Coppins Grove Hawthorn under the benevolent care of Miss Rowe. She was the hostess of the Home and, although I was actually living independently for the first time in my life, she kept a kindly eye on me. She made sure that my washing was done. She ignored my raids on her pantry when I came home late from some activity. In fact she was an angel! I have a lot to thank her for.

Meanwhile I had started work at JW Faulkner's Baby Wear (the 'Nappy Factory' we called it), a job which had been found for me by my parents who happened to know JW. As it turned out they also knew Geoff Malins, an ex-missionary who also worked there. After my parents went back to the mission field, Geoff took it upon himself to stand in for them on my behalf. This was a one way process as I did not accept his advice and warnings. This was especially so when I started haunting the Elizabeth Street motorcycle shops in my lunch hour. I bought my AJS 350 while I was working there, and Geoff really felt that my parents would not approve. Not only that, motor cycles were dangerous. He had heard of a motor cyclist following a tray truck with sheet metal on board, which somehow came loose and flew back and chopped the motorcyclist's head off! That certainly didn't turn me off from buying my precious AJS. That bike was to bring me many happy times, many of which involved my new girlfriend.

As I had the lofty position of 'despatch clerk' I learnt to wrap nappies and small smocks and tie them with a system which I still use when doing up parcels. This was not mentally challenging and working with JW Faulkner was not my choice.

I was able to get myself a job at Rootes Australia Limited in Port Melbourne, makers of Humber and Hillman cars. Here I worked in the pay office as 2nd assistant to the paymaster, Mr Pilkington, preparing the pay and other financial matters for the 800 or so employees. This was a good job and I used to ride the AJS to work after dropping Bev off in the city where she was working.

This was also a significant step forward in my journey towards independence. I had spent most of my life in a boarding school and then under the direct 'care' of my parents while we were in Sydney. Coming to Melbourne, they were the ones that found me a job with the Nappy Factory. But my journey took me over a bit of bumpy ground in the process. When I started looking for my own job, I approached Ralph Davis who was a personal friend of



Percy's and who happened to be the owner and boss of the trucking firm Mayne

Nickless. I was so sure that he would help me, and the thought of working on trucks and maybe driving them eventually built up a huge anticipation in me. So when he said no, and explained that he thought Percy would want something better for me, I sunk into a black hole of depression and seriously contemplated suicide. But my next attempt at job hunting, which was successful was with Rootes.

While I was there I started to think about my long term future. I knew that Bev was definitely a part of that. But what about a career? Being a MK (missionaries' kid) I had been soaked in an atmosphere of fundamentalist Christianity and a value system that put the missionary at the top of God's favoured people. A close second were pastors, then Christian workers and they were followed by Christians working in secular work. At the bottom of this heap was the rest of the world with the 'heathen' in Third World countries at the base of the pyramid.

To get started in some kind of Christian work I found a position with the Melbourne City Mission in its Men's Hostel. The City Mission had worked amongst "down and out" people for many years in the centre of Melbourne. It was looking for an assistant missionary and I applied and was accepted. The year was 1956, Olympic year in Melbourne. I really loved this job.

Founded by the city churches of Melbourne in 1854, Melbourne City Mission initially employed six missionaries to work alongside people living in poverty and struggling to survive in the tent cities that sprung up along the Yarra River during the Victorian Gold Rush. By the early part of the twentieth century, Little Lonsdale Street, especially that part of it between Exhibition and Spring Street, was renowned as a red light area. And it was in the centre of this area that the Melbourne City Mission built a Men's Hostel. This news item appeared in the Age

The Age Date: 3 Mar 1937

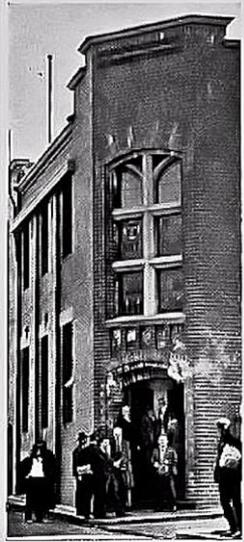
**MELBOURNE CITY MISSION FOUNDATION STONE LAID BY LORD MAYOR
NEW HOME FOR DESTITUTE MEN**

The foundation stone of the Melbourne City Mission's new hostel for hungry and homeless men was laid yesterday afternoon by the Lord Mayor (Cr. A. G. Wales). The building is situated at the corner of McCormack Place and Merritt Place, a short distance from the Melbourne City Mission. In the new hostel provision will be made for the supply of meals, a hall for meetings and religious services, rooms for storage and distribution of clothing, restrooms, baths, showers and a laundry.

In 1956 there was little to remind anyone of the area's disreputable past, except for one woman who lived in a room in McCormack Place opposite the Men's Hostel. She was old and worn out, and used to wave to me from time to time when I saw her, and she

still carried on her profession. But these days it was only with the same type of clients that we had visiting us.

If you walked up “Little Lon” as Little Lonsdale Street was called, from Exhibition Street, about half way along towards Spring Street was McCormack Place on your left. If you turned into this lane, you would see on the corner of yet another tiny lane running off to the right, a building with a sign, “Men’s Hostel”, above a corner entrance way, with steps up to a front door.



Every day the doors of our Men's Hostel have been open and a warm welcome awaiting for the many wanderers who are taking advantage of this hospitality.

This is where I worked for 12 months and began to feel that at last I had found a work that came a little closer to being what I thought God might be calling me to.

Each morning of the week, the Hostel was opened for “breakfast” and homeless and “down and out” men would find their way in to the hall which was set up as a meeting hall with wooden pews. The pews were designed so that there was a shelf on the back of each pew which would hold a plate or a cup of tea or coffee. This could be used by the people sitting in the pew behind. Often there would be 60 or 70 men in each week day morning and up to 150 on weekends.

The breakfast was supplied by city food outlets and consisted of their left overs from the day before. Often it was cakes and other items that would not usually be connected with

Jim Collett, the man in charge, was a quietly spoken, gentle man whose love and respect for these men was an inspiration to me. He knew many of the men by name and was able to tell me stories about their backgrounds or other items of interest about their character or problems which they were facing at present.

I used to hop on my AJS 350 motor cycle at 6:30 in the morning and drive from our home in Kew to the city. Because the City Mission building was in such an out of the way back lane, it was common to see numbers of men leaning against walls or sitting on the curb with their feet in the gutter, waiting for 7 o'clock when the doors would open for breakfast. They didn't like being in the public eye, but these little back lanes were OK. They were a motley crew, who were usually regarded by the public as “no hoppers” or “drunks”, and indeed many of them were, but as I got to know them, I also began to understand what influences had affected their lives to bring them to this point.

Fortunately there was a locked garage at the end of the building, so I would unlock the gate and put my bike safely away for the day. As I locked the garage door and then walked from there to the main door on the corner, I would say hullo to some of the men, but many of them wouldn't look at me or simply stared at me sullenly when I greeted them.

Inside, I met Jim Collett who had already arrived before me and with the help of three or four men, we prepared the breakfast. The urn was on the boil, and the mobile trays were stacked with plates and cups and saucers which had been given to the Mission by various restaurants who were refurbishing, so many of them displayed well-known names and logos. There were large trays such as you would find in a bakery, which was probably where they came from, containing cakes and sandwiches cut into triangles. This was “breakfast”.

These pictures were taken by me in 1957.



At 7 a.m. we opened the main doors and the men would shuffle in – 100 to 150 of them. They didn’t talk much. I guess most of them didn’t really like belonging to this “fellowship” so there was no sense of camaraderie amongst them. Their eyes were downcast and, when they found a seat in one of the pews, they showed no interest or emotion, but just sat and waited.

They all understood that this was a “mission” so they knew that a condition of receiving a free meal was that they had to listen to a Bible reading and a prayer before they started. Jim read a short reading and then prayed a few sentences, and they were ready for breakfast.



In the kitchen preparing the breakfast every morning.

They all respected Jim. He was a mild mannered man and had an obvious love and respect for them, but if anyone got out of line or became aggressive, he was also a very strong man and was able to control them physically if necessary. But mostly he controlled them through the strength of his personality.

Everybody received a cup of tea or coffee and a plate of sandwiches or cakes. When they were finished, they could shuffle out in to the city lane again and start working out how to fill in the long day ahead. But we still had more to offer and this took up much of the rest of the day for us.

In a back corner of the hall, we had set up a couple of benches, and, if they wanted to, the men could stay and have a shave and a bit of a cleanup. We supplied the razors, soap etc. We also had another table set up with equipment for cleaning their shoes. It is true that the majority of them ignored this offer, but there were always a number of them who stayed and cleaned up for the day.

During the breakfast, as we walked around the room while they were eating, we would quite often spot one or more of the men sitting there with little, moving white spots standing out across their shoulders against their dark clothing. We didn't need to get too close to know that they were lice. So, after the breakfast, we would invite them to stay and get a change of clothing. Jim always did this as unobtrusively as possible.

The Mission had a lot of second-hand clothing sent in, and every afternoon, Jim and I would sort through bags and bags of clothing and other items that had come in during the last 24 hours. When the men had finally finished their ablutions and left the building, it was time for individual interviews. Outside the front door there would be a line of men who wanted to see Jim about something. Some of them wanted clean clothes or shoes, while others wanted money.

Jim would interview them and then work out the best way to help them. Of course it was obvious what the men with the lice needed. We would take these men out the back and ask them to strip off. Then using a stick to lift their clothes off the floor, we dumped them (the clothes that is!) in the incinerator. As these men had probably become infested with



lice because they had an aversion to washing, Jim tried to get them to wash, but usually with little success, so he got out the faithful insect spray – you know the old type with the pump action – and sprayed them all over, including asking them to bend over so that he could

spray between their legs and around their bottoms. That done, he would get out a clean set of clothes and provide a new wardrobe for them. Even here, Jim would show great respect and humanity to the men. He would check that the items of clothing were a reasonable fit and that the man was happy with them. Some of those men almost smiled as they walked out of there.

Jim was a very experienced man in this field. Once a young man came in and said that he wanted his train fare to Mildura, because his mother had died and the funeral was in a couple of days' time. Jim had heard this kind of request a thousand times, and usually saw through them. But in this case he must have been a little uncertain, and he made the decision to help the man. However, he got me to take the money and go with the man to Spencer Street station and buy his ticket for him. So we set off and at Spencer Street, I bought the ticket and gave it to him and then walked with him to the station to see him off. In those days you had to have a platform ticket if you were seeing someone off and I had not acquired one so I stayed at the ticket barrier and watched as he got on the train.

I was talking to the ticket collector and explaining briefly what I was doing, when, only seconds before the train started to move, we saw a figure leap out of one of the train doors and hide behind a stanchion. "Look at that!" I said to the ticket collector, "that's my man!" The collector called to a couple of his mates and went and grabbed the man who made some lame excuse, and handed his ticket back to me. Thankfully the ticket collectors arranged for me to get a full refund and I returned to Jim with my story of the little drama I had been involved in.

There were some very interesting stories that I heard from these men as they began to trust me and tell me about themselves.

There was old Eric who was a hopeless alcoholic, and many mornings used to come for his breakfast, still strongly under the influence of yesterday's alcoholic soaking. He was a harmless old chap and I discovered that he came from Yackandandah in north eastern Victoria. With a little bit of coaching, I could get him to recite poetry to me which he did with enthusiasm and manifesting a surprising memory for poetry. He would build himself up into an emotional state which always climaxed with a poem about "mother", and by the time Eric had finished the tears would be streaming down his face as he thought of his mother.

I sat beside a chap one day while he was waiting to see Jim, and I noticed that he had the ring finger and little finger missing from one hand. He told me he had been around Melbourne for a long time and used to live in Fitzroy. Jim told me later what the man himself had not told me. He was in fact the last of Squizzy Taylor's gang.

VENDETTA FLAMES OUT AGAIN---2
MEN KILLED, A WOMAN HURT

Squizzy Taylor Invades Enemy in Carlton House and in Gun Duel Shoots Him and Wounds His Mother

THEN STAGGERS OUT, COLLAPSES, DIES

TWO men, both notorious members of the underworld, were shot dead, and a woman wounded, last night in a desperate revolver duel in a bedroom in a house in Barkly-street, Carlton.

THE shooting was the outcome of a vendetta, which had existed between the dead men for some years. Although the associates of the men are reticent as to what led up to the shooting, the detectives believe rivalry for the affections of a woman was the immediate incentive.

The Victims are:—

DEAD
LESLIE (SQUIZZY) TAYLOR, 42, of Darlington-parade, Richmond. Bullet wound in right side over the lungs.
JOHN (SNOWY) CUTMORE, 35, of Barkly-street, Carlton. Bullet wound over heart, and on little finger of right hand.

WOUNDED
BRIDGET CUTMORE, 56, mother of John Cutmore. Shot through right shoulder. Condition not serious.

Sun News Pictorial, 28 October 1927
Newspaper article covering events at a house in Carlton, where Squizzy Taylor and John 'Snowy' Cutmore had a shootout.

Squizzy Taylor was of course an infamous underworld figure in Melbourne of the 1920s. This man was the most successful pickpocket in Melbourne in those days and had deliberately had his ring and little fingers cut off so that his hand could slip more easily into people's pockets and handbags. Sitting next to him some weeks later, I was able to ask him about it and he was quite willing to talk about it. When we started to talk about picking people's pockets, I pretended to be wary of him, and jokingly moved away as if to protect my

pockets. “No, no, Ray” he protested, “we might do things like that to other people, or even to each other, but we would never do anything to harm you or Jim. We respect you and what you do for us.

I first met Michael when Jim had him as one of the helpers who set the place up each morning. He was a very intelligent man and I was naturally drawn to him because of his personality. He was a bit like Jim, a quiet and gentle man. Then one day Jim said to me would I come out into the lane and help him bring someone inside. We stepped out and there, lying in the gutter was the wreck of a man, with an almost empty methylated spirits bottle in his hand and the neck of another one sticking out of his pocket. He stared blankly at us and mumbled something incoherent. It was Michael. We tipped his metho into the gutter and then carried him into the hall, where we lay him down on a bench to recuperate. He was probably as bad a case as anyone I had seen there.

Later Michael told me his story. He had trained as a doctor in Ireland, and then had become an alcoholic and been deregistered. Trying to escape his problems in Ireland, he managed to find his way to South Africa, but he had only taken his problems with him. It wasn't long before he became an outcast of South African society also. He remembers that he had taken to breaking into women's bedrooms, not to molest the women, but to get their perfume and drink it for its alcoholic base. Now here he was in Australia, at his best helping other drunks and no-hopers to get by each day, and at his worst, being picked up out of the gutters of Melbourne.

While I was there he spent some months holding down a job, but perhaps inevitably, he fell off the wagon and was back under Jim Collett's wing again.

Sundays were special days. We would start a bit later, but we would often get up to 300 men in for the Sunday breakfast. I don't think this was because the food was any better, but because there were a number of men who were living near the border line and found it harder to cope at the weekends. We would also often have church groups come in and conduct a small service with plenty of music. The men were encouraged to pick favourite hymns. They tended to pick the more sentimental hymns such as “Where is my wandering boy tonight”.

The police often detoured down these lanes to see what flotsam and jetsam of life were to be found there. On one occasion, Bev came and spent the day with me, and I was left to lock up when we had finished in the evening. I asked Bev to go out the front door while I turned the lights out and made my way around to the garage and got the AJS out. That left her standing in this undesirable part of town, on her own, in the dark. And it was at this precise moment that a couple of foot cops decided come down the lane to see what was what. The beam of their torch caught Bev full on and they asked her what she thought she was doing here. Trying to explain that her “boyfriend” was just getting his bike out to take her home, she felt that she was digging herself deeper with every

word. Fortunately I confirmed her story, by appearing with my bike. But it still took a bit of talking to convince them that we were innocent.

It was a very valuable year for me as it gave me experience in how best to help needy people and also to treat everyone with an equal dose of love. I could not have had a better model than Jim Collett and I will always be grateful to him for his understanding. The year had also been a clarifying one for me.

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How I Defended Australia



Recently I got out my National Service medal. It attests to the fact that I served our country in the armed forces for a short time and prepared myself to defend Australia. I could have become a hero – but it didn't happen.

It was like this. . .

January 1954 was over eight years after the end of the Second World War. The Korean War was finished and the Vietnam War had not started. I was about to become a National Serviceman. I was destined to learn how to defend Australia at the large army barracks at Puckapunyal in Victoria. Unlike later call-ups to National Service, ours was playtime. We were to be at Puckapunyal for three months – January to March 1954 - and then for the next couple of years would be expected to attend a fortnight's camp each year and a number of weekends.

So, after reporting for duty at some place in Melbourne, we were "entrained" – that is the word the army uses for packing you on to a troop train – to a place called "Dysart Siding" near Seymour. Here we were "detrained" or something of the sort, outside a huge tin shed and lined up in the open beside the railway track. We were ordered to remove our clothes and a doctor came along and ordered us to bend over while he did some sort of a test of our fitness to serve the queen by checking our testicles. We were then issued with a duffle bag and a lot of clothing and other gear to fill it. Meanwhile the main Melbourne to Sydney rail line was only a few hundred metres away and the passengers on a couple of passing trains were treated to the spectacle of some hundreds of naked defenders-to-be of our great country.



Eventually we were entrucked and detrucked to Puckapunyal where some 1600 of our country's finest young men were divided into groups of 200 and assigned to 8 companies A to H. They were then allocated their living quarters for the next three months in long huts housing 25 men each. I was in H Company and they had run out of huts by the time they came to us, so we found ourselves in large tents which also housed 25 men in each tent.

Our beds were allocated in alphabetical order and so I started off between Private Langford and Private Noakes. Next to Noakes was O'Meara, and for some reason they swapped beds so that I had O'Meara and Langford on either side of me. Langford was gay and one of the other men used to come and sleep with him on many occasions. Noakes had a problem with his sexuality and had painted a picture of the private parts of a woman on the inside of the tent above his bed. Private Black who was opposite to me was a born again Christian and came from "Tommyhawk Creek" in the Western District and did not like getting undressed in front of the other men. So a few minutes after the lights went out, a very bright torch was used to light Private Black up as he removed his clothes, much to his embarrassment and everyone else's amusement.

Another after-lights-out trick was for someone to come around in the dark just as you were going off to sleep and whisper in your ear, "Want a piss?" The power of suggestion had the effect of getting about 25% of the men out of bed again for the twenty metre run across to the toilets.

In a debate which was organized by the Company Command, we discussed whether "Country life was better than City Life". Half of our company came from Richmond and Hawthorn, and the other half came from Ballarat and the Western District. Private Black argued persuasively that country life was better because they were able to watch lantern slides from time to time in the Mechanics Institute to relieve their boredom.

When we were drilling with our rifles over our shoulders, Private Black always looked as if he was carrying his shovel over ploughed paddocks.

We were in the RAASC – the Royal Australian Army Service Corps. In other words we were truck drivers and responsible for supply. We were "the man behind the man behind the gun." When the other 1400 National Servicemen went bush for a two weeks' bivouac, we stayed in camp and drove supplies out to them each day. They were suffering out there on bivouac. The weather was rotten and they had to sleep in small pup tents and were cold, wet and miserable most of the time. We, however, slept in our warm tents back at the camp, and on the one or two occasions when we had to stay in the bush overnight with them, we slept in the back of our covered trucks in comfort.

The most painful experience of the three months was doing guard duty. On second thoughts, maybe doing drill was more painful. H Company was the worst drill company of the whole battalion. Guard duty however, had its compensations. I spent many happy hours sitting in the moonlight talking with the one prisoner whom I had to guard, and then later I wandered around to the mess hut. Here I found that our "scrambled egg" had been prepared the night before for breakfast. It was made out of reconstituted egg and resembled a large flat roasting dish of yellow jelly. It was cold and would be reheated for breakfast. To compensate for this disgusting sight I found a loaf of bread and a packet of butter and took them back to the Company lines where I toasted the

bread on the end of my bayonet at the open door of the furnace which supplied our hot water.

The picture theatre at Puckapunyal had burned down a few weeks before we arrived, so the movies were shown in an outdoor theatre on a hillside with a netting fence surrounding it. It wasn't hard to find a way under the fence and see some good pictures free of charge. The only other entertainment was writing letters and playing ping pong in the Salvo's hall.

On a couple of occasions we arranged a raid of one of the other tents. Inside the tents, each person had a bed with fold away legs, and a six foot cupboard beside it to hang your great coat and store your rifle. The raid was carried out by the simple means of all 25 of us from one tent, surrounding another tent in silence, and then at a given signal pushing the six foot cupboard inwards and grabbing the end of the collapsible bed and collapsing it. The chaos inside the tent was unbelievable and the surprise and ire of its occupants entirely satisfying.

It was during my three months at Puckapunyal that I was relieved of my cloak of innocence. This partly came about from spending that time with a group of men who enjoyed bawdy conversation, jokes and songs, but also because I became friendly with a couple of them who were happy to answer my naïve questions, especially about love and sex, without making me feel embarrassed or foolish. We did have some training films we had to watch on this topic, but for me they answered very few of the questions which I considered important.

One of the men in our tent was a budding race caller. The others would give him the made up names of half a dozen horses and for the next three minutes or so he would call the race as if he was watching it. We could all see the race too. Pretty clever!

I felt entirely at home during this time, possibly because it was not unlike a boarding school regime. The residents were definitely not missionary kids however.

We spent the whole three months driving trucks, which at 19 was my idea of heaven – still is! I had a special penchant for driving and it wasn't long before I was asked to act as a trainer for some of the slower learners.

Our Company was rotten at drill, so we only practised it when overwhelming circumstances demanded it. We had our days out at the rifle range which was situated a few kilometres away from the camp. Usually we marched out to the range, and this was about the most strenuous exercise we did for the whole of the three months. Our firing practice was with the old Lee Enfield 303's. We did have a small taste of machine guns and Owen guns. We also had to learn to throw grenades, and were constantly reminded of their power, both by the big bang they made, and by the constant harping on safety by the non-commissioned officers who may have had a bad experience in the past with inexperienced wannabe soldiers.

To break the monotony and sometimes, boredom of army life, the Queen decided to visit Melbourne towards the end of February, and we were assigned to “line the route”. This meant that we were entrained again (or was it embussed, I don’t remember) to Melbourne where we assembled at the Flagstaff Gardens. At the appropriate time, which seemed to involve interminable hours of sitting around on the grass doing nothing, we were marched off in platoons down the streets of Melbourne. I actually loved the rhythm and swing of marching in a platoon like that, and my pleasure was magnified by the fact that we were being watched by thousands of people. At some point we were marched in single file and we halted at a regular distance from each other and faced the centre of the street. Again it was a long wait before the Queen finally drove past and our responsibility was over.

As so often happens in Australia, there were plenty of summer bushfires, and one year we were deployed to fight them. Three of us were taken to a small wooden vehicular bridge and told to see that the fire did no damage. This may seem like a rather frightening responsibility, but in fact the fire was some kilometres away, and we really had nothing to do. It was a hot day, so we stripped off and went for a skinny dip in the creek. While we were enjoying this state of bliss, we heard a vehicle approaching, and soon some officers approached the bridge. We had nowhere to go so we waited to see what would happen. It turned out that one of the officers was a general who was being shown around the fire area to let him see the fantastic job being done by his national servicemen! To our relief, he seemed to see the funny side of the situation and we suffered no negative consequences as a result.

Then at the end of the three months, when we went home, we joined the CMF, the Citizen Military Forces and for the next two years attended monthly weekend training sessions at the Sturt Street South Melbourne Depot of the RAASC. This was also a picnic. We fiddled around with trucks, servicing them and then on the Saturday night, we climbed the fence and in a few minutes were in Melbourne where we could spend a pleasant evening of entertainment. Once a year, for the next two years, we went back to the Puckapunyal area to Site 17 where we spent a fortnight’s holiday at Government expense.

The hardest part of the CMF experience was being separated from my newly acquired love for a fortnight. However, she was able to visit on Sundays which was our visitors’ day and that gave me the strength to see out the following week of this arduous adventure. The frustrating part of these visits was when Percy acted as chauffer and chose to take the family and Bev to visit Alan at another location, where he was also doing CMF training at this stage. He didn’t have a girlfriend to see him and I, who did definitely have one, had to wait while Percy fluffed around, not understanding the importance of this visit for both Bev and me.

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Holiday at Aireys Inlet



While my parents were home on furlough in 1956, we decided to have a family holiday by the beach. This remains a happy memory for me. After a little research we found the ideal spot at Aireys Inlet on the south coast of Victoria.

Alan and I came down on the motor bike the day before and, after looking at a number of places, we found this magnificent site in a small clearing at the top of a cliff overlooking the water. As always we chose a very isolated spot away from other campers, completely surrounded by tea tree 6 – 7 metres high which provided plenty of shade and privacy for us. It was perfect, except for one thing - I wished Bev was there!

My parents and the two younger children came down in the car later in the day and I met them at the Airey's Inlet Post Office, while Alan stayed at the site to hold it in case anyone else found it before we could set up our camp. We erected the tents about 4 or 5 metres from the edge of the cliff and hoped that none of the family would sleep walk.

The weather was perfect. The sun was shining, it was not too hot and there was a slight breeze blowing in from the sea. As usual, Percy was first up each morning and made a cup of tea for

himself and also for Amy. He had been doing this all their married life, and even on holiday nothing changed.

We had a small stove on which the kettle was boiled, and so we then took turns in using the stove to make our own breakfast. There is nothing better than the smell of eggs and bacon being fried and toast being burnt at a camp site at the top of a cliff overlooking the sea in the morning. I even enjoyed doing the dishes.

I celebrated my 21st birthday at this idyllic place - 6th January 1956. I really did wish Bev was here, as, in the two years that we had been an 'item' we had become best friends and I felt that she and I belonged together I was overwhelmed at what the family

gave me for my 21st birthday. The car. Yes, the dear old Vauxhall (or Vorks-hall as Percy called it). My parents used it themselves until they returned to Malaya in early July, then it was mine. Also the family had all put in to buy me a beautiful leather satchel with my initials engraved on it in gold. So I felt very rich at that moment with all these good things. This was a great experience of family harmony, and an important memory for me to store away.

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Wheels

As I mentioned in my story of my National Service experience in 1954, I have always loved driving, so having my own wheels was very important to me. Vehicles have been a part of my life for a long time. My first vehicle was literally a dream come true. At 18 I was working just off the top end of Elizabeth Street in Melbourne, and my lunch hours were always spent walking the few hundred metres down Elizabeth Street. Here I was able to look at and dream about owning one of the powerful motor bikes which graced the windows and much of the footpath.

Finally I became the proud owner of an AJS 350. Much of our courting was done on this magnificent machine and most week days I took Bev to work in the city before going on to my place of work in Port Melbourne. I worked in an office and had to wear a suit, so part of the equipment I needed was a lap rug fitted to the bike and a leather jacket and gloves with water proof overpants to keep me dry on wet days. All this equipment went over the top of my suit, and when I arrived at work I was able to walk through the door of the office, immaculate, even on the wettest of days. The use of the word 'immaculate' is probably not well chosen as I have never been great at dressing up.

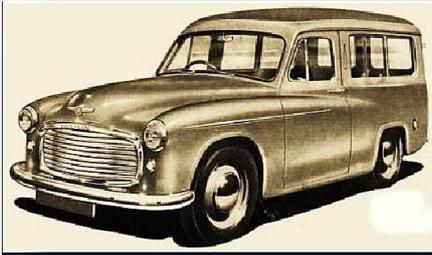


We had some good times on our AJS, and I always felt so good with Bev behind me with her arms held tightly around my waist.

One episode however occurred when I was on my own. Paul Grant, who was also born in China (we had met before I was 12 months old) invited me to spend a holiday with him at Urana in southern NSW to look after a friend's farm while they were away on holiday. I enjoyed the long drive there from Melbourne on my bike, and arrived

safely at this wheat belt town, but not before I had run out of petrol a few kilometres short of my destination, and been helped out by a friendly and generous farmer.

Paul and I had a great time. We shot rabbits and I cooked them. We drove around the sheep to check them and some cattle that were also on the farm. One day we set up a target on the gatepost at the entrance to the house block. The fence line to the right of the gate was largely marked by a high hedge which acted as a windbreak for the house.



After we had been shooting for a while with, in my case, a questionable degree of skill, we heard a groan from behind the hedge just after one of my shots. On investigating, we found one of the cows on the ground with a bullet hole right in the centre of its curl, the spot on the head where professionals aim for a quick death. But this was some metres to the right of our target, and, bad as my aim might have been, it couldn't have been that bad! We soon discovered that the bullet had hit a knot on the gatepost and deflected at a sharp angle and the cow had not been in a good position. The local butcher would not take dead meat as he was concerned for his reputation, so a neighbouring farmer helped out by dragging the cow to a paddock where he kept pigs. The cow was deposited and the farmer used his knife to slit the cow open from neck to groin, and there we left her. The next day the farmer took us out to his pig paddock on his tractor, and we found the cow with its insides completely eaten out, with a couple of pigs half hidden inside the carcass trying to find more to eat. I didn't know that pigs were so bloodthirsty and vowed I would not budge from the tractor until we were safely out of the paddock.



For my 21st birthday, my parents gave me the old Vauxhall which they had driven for some time, and now no longer would need because they were going overseas again. I did not need the wet weather equipment which I had used on the motor bike, but still had to drive with gloves to keep my hands warm and a rug across my knees so that I wouldn't freeze in winter. I sold this not long after I had taken possession of it, and it paid for some of my fees to enter the Melbourne Bible Institute.



Case & Overnight
haa

“Diana” was my next set of wheels. Diana Durkopp was the name of the powerful little motor scooter which then became my wheels until we were married. Most motor scooters were powered with 120 cc engines. Diana's was 200 cc! In fact we took Diana on our honeymoon. Two days after we

were married, when we drove her proudly on to the Princess of Tasmania to go across Bass Strait, we were directed to place her underneath the tray of a semi-trailer. What

ignominy! However, when we reached the Apple Isle she was magnificent. We placed a large suitcase on the pack rack at the back. We hung a large overnight bag just below the handlebars and in front of my legs. There were two of us and we carried another two or three smaller bags over our shoulders. In the two weeks we were there we travelled over 700 miles (1120 kilometres) and it cost us a total of 26 shillings (\$2.60) for petrol!

Through the years of our marriage we owned a number of different vehicles. When the family were young we favoured station wagons. No seat belts were used and we used to place a mattress in the back for long trips and the family would lay about sleeping, talking, reading or fighting depending on the mood of the moment.

We favoured Holdens, but the only new car we ever bought was a Hillman station wagon which turned out to be a lemon. Another memorable car was the Wolseley which had a charming ambience about it, but in the end I set about giving it a major overhaul. I was never able to get it going after this and so sold it as it stood, with no guarantees, to Hayden, the owner of the Snake Valley garage known as The Reptile Gulch Motors.



But probably the most endearing vehicle we ever had was the Suzuki "Beetle". The Beetle was a gift to Bev from her Dad and was so small it only took up half the space of other cars on the road. It had an 800cc capacity which meant it did not have much power, but it ran for miles on a spoonful of petrol. It was a van, so was square in shape which meant that it caught the wind. The effect of this was that if the wind was a head

wind, you used up twice the petrol than at other times and if it was a side wind, you were blown all over the road. This was compensated for to some degree by the very narrowness of the vehicle, because it was able to veer across the road quite alarmingly without crossing the centre line or leaving the edge of the road.

This propensity for wandering reached a climax one day when Bev was coming home from a stint of night duty nursing in Ballarat, 35 kilometres away. The road was bitumen until about two kilometres from our home in the forest. This gravel section had just been graded the day before and as a consequence there was a fair bit of loose material in the newly graded surface. Bev came off the end of the bitumen and onto the gravel and the little wheels of the Beetle caught in the loose gravel and it veered across the road. As Bev tried to control it, it left the road and went across the vegetation at the side, missing a large tree stump by feet, and then headed straight for a wire fence surrounding a grazing paddock. When it reached the fence, it never paused. It flattened the fence with no damage to its front end, and went straight over the top and into the paddock. The fence meanwhile sprung up behind it and left it with no way back on to the road.

So, here she was at 7 o'clock in the morning marooned in a paddock. The Beetle's wheels were very small and would not allow the vehicle to go through the ditch in the middle of the paddock, so Bev had to drive around the edge of the paddock until she finally came to a gate and was able to let herself out and onto the road for home again.

As a van it was very useful for carrying all sorts of materials, and we made full use of its space as we were living in the country and doing a lot of house maintenance and renovations. We did not realise that when we loaned the Beetle to our daughter to shift some of her goods to a new residence in the country, that the Beetles days were about to end. We received a phone call from her saying that she had had an accident and would we come and help her. It was quite a few miles away and when we got there, here was the Beetle with its feet in the air and resting on its roof. Our daughter was OK, and we were able to transfer her furniture to another vehicle, but the Beetle was beyond redemption and we had to tearfully let her go.

I wanted to travel around Australia in a caravan, but there were two problems. We didn't



have a caravan, and our car was only a four cylinder Toyota, not powerful enough to tow a caravan. Sometime in the first couple of years of this century, I received a note from a friend in Sydney to say that the British Government were offering a cash payment to British subjects who had been prisoners of war under the Japanese. I was given a contact number in England and the long and the short of it was that one day I found \$AUD27,000 safely deposited in my bank account. With this money we were able to

buy a two year old 3.8 litre Holden sedan, and later a second hand caravan which we improved as much as we could. This enabled us to do our trip around Australia in 2007. I have told the story of our three month's trip in a book called "Kimberley Adventure" You will find this eBook on my website <http://www.kyema-publishing.com>.

When we were in Euroa, we were building a new church building and one day it was necessary to pick up a load of bricks from Seymour. One of the church members had a truck, but no one was available to drive it. I knew the local policeman and when I told him my predicament, he added a truck license to my driver's license.

There is only one unfulfilled dream I have that relates to wheels. I have always wanted to drive a semi-trailer interstate. It's not likely to happen now. Maybe there is a semi waiting for me in heaven. Or a B-double?

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Odd Job Man

While I am writing about the various 'wheels' that have been an important part of my life, let's have a look at the casual jobs I have taken on to help make ends meet.

When you make an early decision in your life that you will develop your career to help people and not to make money, at least you know where you are going. But it does very little for your bank balance. As a consequence, Bev has always had to work to help us to make ends meet and as she graduated as a nurse just before we married, she was usually able to find work in the local General Hospital, Bush Nursing Hospital or District Nursing Service.

I also was able to find work over the years to help top up the till. This started long before we were married when I was a poverty stricken student. I did not have any training in a trade or profession, so I took jobs on strictly as an amateur. Here are some of those jobs.

My friend Paul had excelled in his studies and long before I had graduated in anything, had become a Patent Attorney. So I spent one holiday period doing patent searches for him in the patent library. This involved reading the complicated language of a particular patent application and then going through pages and pages of existing patents and jotting down any reference where words were used in a similar way to the application. Paul generously paid me for my efforts, even though my contribution to his success was minimal. I felt a bit better when he said he was paying me £10 a search and that he would probably get closer to £100 for it from his client.

Another Christmas holiday, I spent a few weeks working for Mayne Nickless, who were then simply a trucking company. Ralph Davis, one of the bosses, was a close friend of Percy's and I got the job through him. My role was the most lowly of all. I was a "truck jockey". This meant that I was sent out at 7 am with a truck to the huge railway goods yards, and here I helped the driver load up his truck. Then I stayed at the goods shed and helped each driver load up his truck until the huge pile of merchandise had dwindled away to nothing. Then I was transferred to the wharves at the docks not far away and followed the same procedure. The only rest I got was at meal breaks and I enjoyed these. I remember thinking that I would not like to be doing this job for the rest of my life, but I had to acknowledge a strong tinge of jealousy when I was talking to another truck jockey like myself, who had been in the business for years, and he was a completely satisfied man. He loved his work during the week, and he looked forward to his weekend activities which his income allowed him to perform. He seemed to have the secret of serenity. I admired the man.

I used to help my wife's Uncle Ted on his spud farm at Gembrook. Mostly this involved going round the cattle with him, shifting the long aluminium irrigation pipes from one spot to another, digging out silage and feeding it to the stock. Silage is made when the hay is cut green and buried in a pit and covered to make it air tight. Today the same result is achieved by rolling the green hay into a bail and sealing it in a sort of plastic Glad Wrap. It turns into a rather attractive smelling pickled grass which the cows love. The downside of this is that any silage that remains on your boots, when it dries, smells like a sewer. I looked after the farm once for him when he and Auntie Daisy went away for a holiday. This was a happy experience as all I had to do each day was to hop on the tractor which had a scarifier attached. The scarifier is just an array of spikes which help break up the soil after an initial ploughing. In this case I had to use the scarifier to break up the clods of cow poo to spread them around the paddock where they would perform better as a fertiliser for the grass or next year's spuds.

Another Christmas I was invited to the Mallee to a little town called Rainbow to help on a farm during the wheat harvest. I had lived in China most of my life, but had read and dreamed about the Australian outback. So when I arrived in the Mallee it started a lifelong love affair with the place. Rainbow was a town of about 1,000 people, situated on a flat plain where the highest hill for hundreds of miles would rise twenty feet above the surrounding land. There were one or two higher hills, and these were called "mountains" and were well known landmarks. All the towns in this wheat growing country were characterised by their huge silos, and you could see Rainbow's silos from 20 kilometres away as you approached on the road from Warracknabeal.

About 16 or 18 kilometres out from Rainbow, along a dirt road that wound between mallee gums and over sandhills, I came to the Allen's property. Maud Allen was a widow and she was also my boss and my host, both of which tasks she did well. But her eldest son Ian ran the farm and did all the work around the place. The Mallee people are very hospitable and I was soon feeling part of the family. I also loved the job I was given. Ian drove the big machine that harvested the wheat and then he brought it to the corner of the paddock where he loaded the wheat into the truck with the big bin on the back. When this was full, I drove it the 18 kilometres into Rainbow to the silo and parked in the queue waiting to unload. I soon made friends with other drivers, many of whom were members of farming families, but some of whom were contract drivers.

When my turn came, I went over the weighbridge and collected my ticket and then to the silo where I undid the locks at the back of the tray where the swinging door allowed the wheat to flow out. Then I activated the tipping mechanism and the tray tipped up and the wheat flowed into the large receptacle at the bottom of the silo and then was lifted up to the top by an auger where it was finally emptied into the silo. I went back across the weighbridge and had the empty truck weighed, thus giving an accurate calculation of the amount of wheat delivered by the Allens.



When I finished my training for the Baptist ministry some years later, my first church was at Rainbow and I felt quite at home. As a rooky minister, I loved going out to visit the farmers and talk with them as they worked on the myriad jobs that took up their time. Farmers don't want to have visitors when they are harvesting, so again I offered to drive their wheat trucks in to the silo for them. I also used my amateur ability at signwriting to put their names on their newly acquired farm trucks or, in one case, on a speed boat called after the farmer's daughter, Michelle.

While still studying in Melbourne, my brother started a gardening agency and asked me if I would like to work for him on Saturdays. This was interesting as most of his jobs were with old money in the Kew, Burwood area. I did not have a clue about gardening and I have often wondered whether the early demise of Frank's business had anything to do with the type of employee he had.

Our second church was in Abbotsford and we lived at Clifton Hill. Although the manse was a magnificent building and had belonged to a former mayor of Collingwood, our income was no better than before. So I found a job which did not interfere with my ministry or my studies. I got up at four o'clock each morning and rode my bicycle up to High Street, Northcote where I opened up a newsagent's business for him and sorted out the papers for the delivery boys. I then got the boys out on their rounds and settled down to sell papers and cigarettes to the early birds going to work, until the owner came in at about 8 am. Then I rode back to Clifton Hill and picked up my eldest son, Michael who was about 4 years old and took him to kindergarten, just across the park from our place. After which I rode across the top of Melbourne to Whitley College in Royal Parade for my theological lectures. I very rarely arrived early, and the professors stopped asking me for reasons for my tardiness. Mostly I managed to stay awake for the lectures and passed my subjects OK in the end.

At our third church at Euroa, we were in a similar situation. I had to find a job which I could do that did not interfere with my ministry or my studies. This time it was the local baker that gave me a job. Up again at 4 am and off to the wonderfully aromatic workplace of the bakery soon after the loaves were cooked. My task was to get the bread ready for slicing and then put them over the slicer and wrapper. In those days bread was wrapped in grease proof paper and the machine did both the slicing and wrapping in one process. It mostly worked alright and I enjoyed being able to nibble the crusty little bits of bread that broke away with the slicing.

We then moved to Ballarat, our fourth and final church. From here I moved out of the church ministry and into the role of the first director of Ballarat Lifeline. The Ballarat North Baptist Church was one of four Baptist churches in Ballarat, and was not big in numbers. This meant that after a couple of years its finances dropped to the point where the leadership felt that they could no longer pay a full time minister. So I offered to try and find part time employment to help out.

The first job I got was with Australia Post or whatever it was called at that time. It seems that there were about 100 red post boxes around Ballarat for people to post their letters, and these had to be emptied each day and the contents taken to the Post Office. I was sent out with a huge ring of gigantic keys, a little like an old fashioned prison warder, and had to work my way around 50 of these post boxes and empty the letters into a large canvas bag, and then take them back to the Post Office. I am not sure how much money I made out of this effort because I had to do it all in my own car and I think the pay I received did not do much more than pay for the running of the car. Still it made me feel that I was doing something worthwhile.

Later, I got a job with a local window cleaning firm. I discovered that the secret ingredient for cleaning windows was methylated spirits in warm to hot water. And, once when I was cleaning the windows of a mansion belonging to a local watchmaker, and had forgotten to put in my clean rags, I also discovered that toilet paper is wonderful for getting a smear free finish. One of the other places whose windows I cleaned was the local Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise. As this is one of my favourite fast foods, it was not difficult to work out what to have for lunch.

I worked for Lifeline for eight or nine years and then had a year or so in which I was unemployed. During this time I did a writing course with International Correspondence Schools, but later in the year I had to find work again. This time it was the local abattoirs. I reported for duty and had to don a white apron and a rather ridiculous looking paper hat. I was sent to the export section where I had to place a light bag over each of the sheep carcasses, and then write on the outside the weight of the sheep.

My next job was upstairs in the sorting section for beef. Here I had to push two quarters of beef which were hanging on hooks on a sliding rail overhead and get them into a room and line them up in a particular way. Now two quarters of beef is a fair bit of weight, and I was not very fit. After the first push I was out of breath. After the second push I was wheezing like an old man, and after the third push I was dying. The shift boss came past and asked me how I was and I put on the most pathetic look that a dying man could, but he walked straight on and left me to carry on. I had no choice, but fortunately I got a second wind and eventually started to enjoy it and looked forward to the challenge.

For some years I had been having trouble with my neck. For instance, when driving the car, I found that I could not look around to the right or to the left fully without a good deal

of pain. Visits to the chiropractor had been in vain. While I was at the abattoir I was given another job in which some of the other workers pushed sheep carcasses along the overhead rails to a point at the top of the stairs where I was stationed. My job was to lift each carcass off the rail they were on and place them on another rail which would allow them to be pushed downstairs to the loading dock. This meant that most of the time I had to have my head bent backwards looking up at the rails to make sure I shifted the hooks to the right place, while at the same time lifting a couple of hundred fairly heavy sheep carcasses. This turned out to be a cure for my crook neck, because after that I never had any further trouble or pain from it.

And then this same year I had one more job. I went fruit picking near Shepparton at Tatura. It was a pear orchard and I had driven up with a small caravan which my brother Alan had loaned me. I was directed to the pickers' quarters and was glad I had the caravan as the quarters left much to be desired. When I was ready for work, I was shown to a section of the orchard where there was a large crate which was situated between the rows of pear trees with maybe a dozen trees on either side of it. This was my realm. I could start or finish when I wished and when my crate was full, I reported to the tally man who would then allocate me another area.

So I was up at 6 am and into the work. I had been given a ladder and a bag which I hung around my neck (the bag, not the ladder!) and filled with pears. When it was full, I went over to the crate and undid a hitch on the bottom of the bushel bag and the load of pears dropped out of the bottom and into the crate. I was ready to give up the job after I had collected a dozen bags full and deposited them into the crate and it still seemed terribly empty. However I persevered and eventually filled my first crate. When I heard how fast a 'gun picker' could fill one of these crates, I despaired.

I made a good friend while I was working at this orchard. He was an itinerant picker and was called "Rocky". Rocky was from South Australia and was a nuggety little fellow who was probably an amateur boxer. At any rate I was glad I was his friend and not his enemy. Rocky told me that he was in trouble with the law in South Australia, and would not be able to go back, because as soon as he stepped off a train, bus or plane, he would be arrested. He seemed to enjoy my company and used to spend the evenings in my caravan sharing a beer. When I left, he gave me a couple of Four-ex's (a Queensland beer) as a parting gift which touched me deeply as it seemed to indicate that I had made a successful emotional contact with him in some way.

I was only there a week, before Bev told me that there was a job waiting for me at home. The day I left I was able to pick up off the ground enough pears and even a few peaches to fill the boot of my car. So even though I only earned about \$100 for the week, I salvaged a small amount with this bootfull of fruit.

Looking back, I've certainly had a variety of experiences with odd jobs. They weren't all successful financially, but each one in their own way, has added something to my spiritual pilgrimage and made me a better person.

A collection bag used for picking pears. and right. the crates we had to fill.



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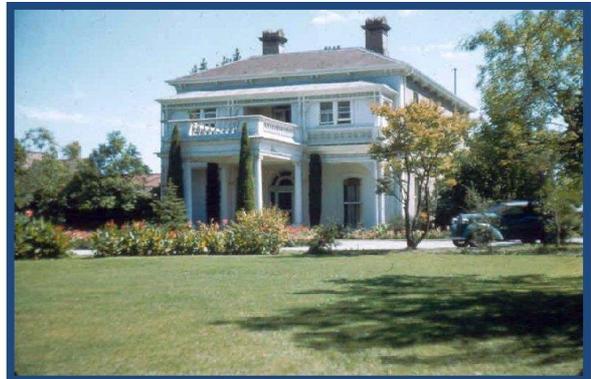
Testing the Water

Now, let's get on with the story again!

It had been three years since Bev and I had first become 'an item' at that dawn of a new year in 1954. Since then Bev had finished at Swinburne Tech where she had been the school pianist and had achieved good academic results. She had worked in the design department of Paton and Baldwin's, an English producer of yarns which had an outlet in Melbourne for a wide range of knitted goods. She became an expert knitter in the process. Then she had started her nursing training at Bethesda Salvation Army Hospital. Meanwhile I had worked at the nappy factory, and at Rootes Australia, and then changed direction by working at the Melbourne City Mission.

Now in 1957, my next step would be to go to the Melbourne Bible Institute, a live-in college which offered a two year course with the primary aim of preparing young people for missionary work.

It was housed in a magnificent old mansion in Kooyong Road Armadale, and I spent the next two years achieving the first academic success of my career.



Melbourne Bible Institute was a very positive experience for me. I was living with a group of people who were all driven by a similar motivation, so there was a sense of

purpose and an academic atmosphere that I flourished in. We also had the job of keeping the place looking its best, so every morning there was a time just after breakfast when we did various chores, including the gardening.

I was not so keen on some of the weekend activities. I had to head to Port Melbourne every Sunday and run a Sunday School. There was a team of us and I became very friendly with them as they were all hassling with the same inner struggles as I was. I was also allocated to another team that met in Bourke Street in the centre of Melbourne on a Sunday evening. Here one of the team would drive the MBI truck in and park it at the kerb just near Russell Street. They would fold down a platform that was attached to the side of the truck and also fold up a roof piece over the platform to shelter the team from the rain that might penetrate between the truck and the protection of the shop verandas.

Fortunately for me, other people were responsible for the singing and preaching, but I was expected to give a 'testimony' at some stage. This terrified me. So to prepare myself for this trial I would go in to the city in the afternoon and make my way to the banks of the Yarra River where there was always a number of speakers on their soap boxes letting the world know about their particular obsession. Most of them were great open air speakers and had developed expertise in the art of repartee. An hour or two here would psych me up for the task ahead.

We had lots of missionary speakers, Bible study and prayer meetings. At one stage one of the students, Bob, a nuggety and slightly aggressive ex-army man, came and asked me if I would join a few of them who were praying 'for the revival of the students' at MBI. Not only did this seem to me to be a rather judgmental motivation for a prayer meeting, but I said to him, "No, Bob. I am already attending too many prayer meetings without adding an extra one." Bob left me with the rejoinder that they would be adding me to their prayer list. Seemed like a good idea to me!

I mentioned above the team that went to Port Melbourne with whom I shared many of the same struggles in trying to clarify who I was and where I was going. There is no doubt that I was still heavily influenced by my upbringing in the fundamentalist (evangelical) culture of the China Inland Mission. This would continue to affect my life for years to come. It wasn't until I started to evaluate my values, and try and sort out what values I had freely chosen for myself, and what values had been due to the influence of other people or organisations, that I began to find freedom.

By the time I received my diploma I had decided that I would apply for the Baptist ministry in Victoria. Bev and I had discussed missionary work, but she felt that learning a new language and experiencing an unknown culture were not what she was called to. I also began to see that my interest in missionary work was due to hereditary influences rather than the call of God.

So at the end of 1958 I graduated from the college and set about the task of applying to the Baptist ministry. During this time I was able to earn a bit of money working at Stebbins and Sons, Farm Suppliers. Russell Stebbins and his father Ivan, were heavily involved in Christian work and missionary support. I can only say that they were very understanding of my lack of experience in this kind of work as a storeman.

I was able to buy myself a motor scooter, and also face the formidable tasks which I had to perform to be accepted into the Baptist ministry. The two most difficult of these tasks were the trial sermon and the interview with the Candidates Board.

I was accepting invitations to preach during that year and at one of these visits I found that a couple of the 'heavies' from the Baptist College attended and sat at the back of the church. It was a Free Presbyterian Church which meant that they stood up for all the prayers, but sat for the hymns. As they did not believe in having either flowers or musical instruments in church, the singing was led by a 'presenter' who wailed through the first two or three lines of the hymn before the rest of the congregation caught on and joined in. During the service, I had been watching an elderly dowager with a very severe look on her face and wondering if anything I had said was acceptable to her. It didn't look like it. But at the end of the service she was the one person that really said some very encouraging things to me about the service. I began the hard lesson of learning that I should not jump to conclusions about anyone by the outward appearance.

I entered the Candidates Board Room to find a long, old-fashioned board table in front of me. I sat at one end, and it seemed to stretch out for ever in front of me, and way down the other end were the seven or eight members of the Candidates Board. Their job was to try and determine whether I had been 'called' into the Baptist ministry. After a number of questions which I tried to answer clearly and honestly, I was asked if I had talked to any other people of wisdom about my career options. I replied that I had, with confusing and contradictory responses. In the end it came back to my own understanding of God's call.

Anyway, they were satisfied and we were to get married, go on a honeymoon and then we would be assigned to the Rainbow Baptist Church to start as soon as we returned.

So began a whole new era in my life - family man and pastor.

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Family Man

I know why families were created with all their imperfections. They humanize you. They are made to make you forget yourself occasionally, so that the beautiful balance of life is maintained—

Anais Nin

A happy family is but an earlier heaven.

-- John Bowring

No matter what you've done for yourself or for humanity, if you can't look back on having given love and attention to your own family, what have you really accomplished?

-- Elbert Hubbard

The family you come from isn't as important as the family you're going to have.

-- Ring Lardner

"I don't care how poor a man is; if he has family, he's rich."

Dan Wilcox and Thad Mumford

The effect of my years spent away from my family at an impressionable part of my life, was that I really did not know or experience what family life could be. I was definitely more comfortable in the setting of a boarding school.

When I came home to Australia, I was a fairly socially isolated, even lonely person, although I fitted in with the young people's group at the Kew Baptist Church OK. I had never been a person to make one or two close friends, and was obviously more comfortable in the larger group situation where I could be part of the crowd and not draw attention to myself.

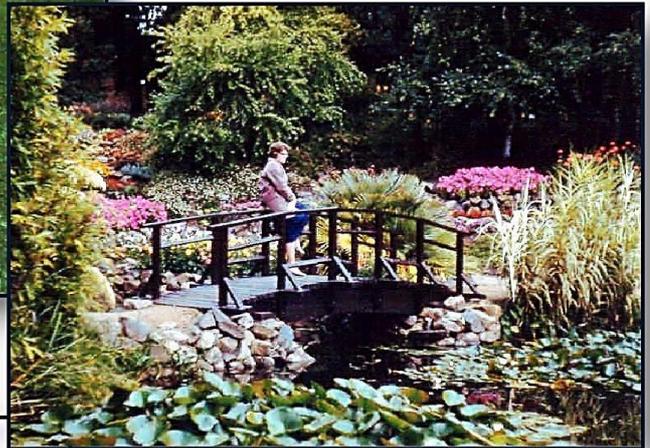
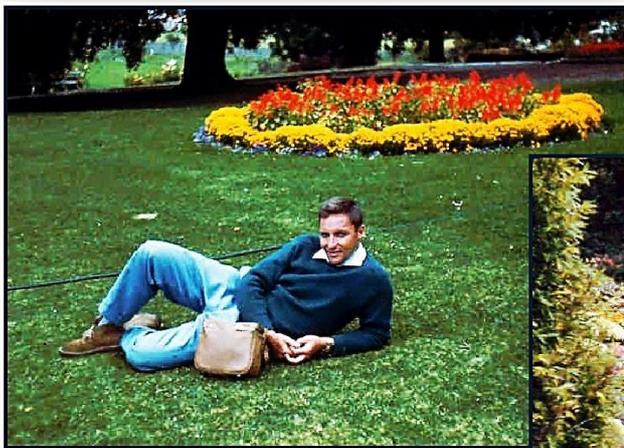
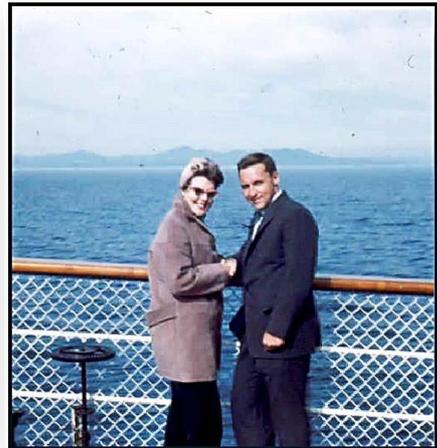
Until I met Bev. And then I experienced something that I think we all look for – the sense of belonging. I also became part of her family and found myself under the protective wings of her mother and father. Here was a reasonably functional family which I felt secure in. They became an integral part of my life from then until they died many years later.

After our six year courtship – 'cementing the relationship' we called it – we finally celebrated our wedding in the Kew Baptist Church. It was a wonderful day and left, in my mind, nothing to be desired. We were supported by many friends and family, and the only thing that put a dampener on the festivities was the weather. We had to resort to having our main wedding photos taken in the church hall instead of in the nearby gardens.

We spent our first night of marriage at Upwey in the home of Bev's Auntie Nell, who had kindly offered it to us. Then, piling everything on to our motor scooter we headed for Port Melbourne where we boarded the Princess of Tasmania, a vehicular ferry which took us across to Devonport in Tasmania.

We had a wonderful time in Tasmania which lived up to our dreams and hopes. Diana Durkop, our scooter, did us proud.

On the next page I have inserted some pictures of our wedding and honeymoon:



So when we arrived in Rainbow back from our honeymoon we began to set up our own home and prepare for three or four children to become part of our family.

The Baptist Home Mission loaned us £250 with which to buy furniture, and we were able to settle quickly in to the Baptist manse at Rainbow. Nine months after our honeymoon, Michael was born! The family jokingly cast doubt on this, but we will swear by it! So now I was a father and husband and we were a family.

Bev went into labour on Sunday morning.. These were the days when a husband was supposed to make himself scarce and not get in the way, so she faced most of this time in labour alone. Meanwhile I still had my clerical duties to perform. I preached at the Rainbow church and then had to preach at the Hindmarsh church, a part of a circuit of three churches which also included Brentwood. The road to Hindmarsh had been cut due to the overflow of the Hindmarsh lake, so I had to take a very rough track which started out through some local farms and then became a sandy track through the edge of the Big Desert.

All was going well until I got bogged in the sand. It took me some time and quite a bit of sweat to get the car out of there, and I arrived at the Hindmarsh church a good half an hour late. This 'church' was actually a corrugated iron district hall, which was rarely used for anything else but our church services. There was possibly one farm house in sight, otherwise it was surrounded by hundreds of acres of farmland. It had a very old pedal organ from which I extricated a number of dead mice and other nasties when I first arrived. After patching up the bellows with sheets of vinyl and glue, it did us well for the next three years.

This church had a very small attendance of about three or four families, and when I arrived they had been standing around, as farm people do, chatting about the weather and the crops etc. One of the men had just said in his slow way, "Maybe we could go in and start the service now". I took over from there and then rushed back in to Rainbow without getting bogged this time, to see if I was a Dad yet. But not yet!

Michael

The local GP was a slightly eccentric character who lived with his elderly mother and used to spend a fair bit of time on his desert property some miles away. There he had placed a 20 litre drum on the top of a tall pole so that his mother would not get lost when she wandered around the area.

On Monday morning, Bev's labour was over and Michael John had emerged into the light of day. But I did not know this at the time, because when the doctor phoned me to give me the good news, I was down at the back fence using the 'dunny' (emptied

regularly by the 'night man' from the back lane) and when he got no answer from me, he did not bother phoning back.

None of that mattered when I got to the hospital to find Bev looking beautiful ('pale and interesting' I used to say) and without asking permission I went into the nursery and gave Mike a big cuddle and welcomed him to 'our place'! Bev says I hardly paid any attention to her, but I beg to differ.

For the next two days I literally felt as if I was walking a foot off the ground. It was a delicious, delirious and sometime debilitating experience. This same feeling repeated itself with the arrival of each child, but not quite as intensely.

We were proud of Mike. Even though he did not do well at High School, it seemed to us that he was bored. He became enthusiastic about studying Law, but the teacher soon knocked that out of him, and that was the end of his interest. After school he eventually found work with the local Psychiatric Hospital and became a psychiatric student in the days before patients were placed in the community. He was able to make a lot of fun and interest out of what could have been a pretty mundane job.

Due to the accidental death of an elderly patient and the bitterness and misreporting of another nurse, Mike unfortunately had to spend 6 months in prison. Again we were proud of the way he handled a situation that could have left him scarred, but it didn't and the family supported him, especially his wife Louise.



The result of this was that he could no longer work in the nursing field, but a really positive outcome of this was that it gave Mike the chance to become the principal carer for their son Scot, who suffers from a chromosomal disorder. He has unselfishly given his love to Scot and to Jessica and Brent, Scot's older siblings.

Carolynne

Now I was a family man, and we were to have four children, one born in each of the four churches that I pastored. After Michael, came Carolynne Marie, born in Bethesda

Hospital in Richmond while we were at the Abbotsford Baptist Church. This time there was no problem about letting me know, and once again I was able to have a welcoming cuddle in the nursery when I arrived. A boy and a girl – the perfect family! What more could we want? For Bev it was like coming home as Bethesda was where she had done her nursing training.

We were living in a rather posh house that had belonged to a former mayor of Collingwood, which looked out onto a park. There was a kindergarten just a block away where we could take Michael, and we had some adoring grandparents who could look after Carolynne, while I went to University and Bev worked as a District Nurse.

Carolynne went on to do her nursing training in Ballarat, followed by midwifery and she also has made us proud as she has shown exceptional qualities as a nurse and administrator. In recent years she has added her Masters in Nursing and a Graduate Diploma in Public Health.

She and Simon have been exemplary parents and their family reflect the results of this love and wisdom.

Andrew

Our next church was at Euroa, and here Andrew David was born. The little hospital was only a few hundred metres from our manse so it was not hard to keep track of what was going on. I think the feeling of wonderment and a deep sense of the mysterious and miraculous accompanied the arrival of each new member of the family.

Andrew never saw himself as an academic, but in my judgment has a very capable and discerning mind. He has experienced a lot of different jobs in different parts of Australia. He joined the regular army for three years and was based near Brisbane.

He worked on a semi outback farm and gained experience in working on fencing and other tasks a long way from civilization. He has worked at Uluru as a bar hand in the resort there.

He has always been fascinated in Harley Davidsons and has owned a couple. This brought him to the outskirts of the outlaw bikie gangs. He has been scuba diving, and finally has found his niche in skydiving. He too is a loving and warm parent who brings a lot of fun into his family life. He has been working on developing a skydiving drop zone and other jobs for a boss who owns a number of drop zones around Australia.

Karina is a very beautiful person whom Andrew loves deeply, but it has not all been smooth sailing. Karina has had to face a number of personal and family problems which have taken their toll on her. This has meant that Karina and Andrew have had to work

on their relationship more than most. Here too I am immensely proud of Andrew and what he has achieved over the years. I am also very proud of what Karina has achieved against great odds.

Tracey

In Ballarat, the last of our four churches, Tracey Lee first saw the light of day. In fact she was born on the day that I heard that I had been accepted as the first director of Ballarat LifeLine. This was the first time that I was asked if I would like to be present at the birth. I was a bit apprehensive about it as it was only just beginning to become common practice. But Bev was not keen so I passed on the offer. Bev says she has always regretted that she did not encourage me, but it really was a whole new procedure for us men who, up to then had been relegated to the waiting room, while we smoked endless cigarettes and walked up and down with a pocket full of cigars to celebrate the occasion after we had heard the news.

Tracey grew up with a desire to care for children and soon became a much sort after nanny. Families who enlisted her services did not want to see her move on. This career took her to Sydney and then around the world. She took part in the summer camps in America for one season and then went across to Ireland to work for a family there. While in Ireland she met Wilfred from Amsterdam. They soon became close and eventually she moved to Amsterdam to be with Wilfred. We visited them there and they organised the itinerary for a trip through, Belgium, France, Austria and Switzerland, which the four of us did together.

Wilfred had gained a couple of degrees in engineering and was an IT expert. He was interested in moving to Australia, so they came to Melbourne and were married here. After many heartbreaking years trying to have family, they were finally blessed with twins. Two beautiful girls, Charlie and Abby.



With each of the children, I used to hold them when they were first born and say over and over to them as they snuggled in my arms “I love you. And remember, whatever happens, I will always love you, no matter what.” There was no way that we would ever send them away to boarding school if I could help it, even if we followed my parents into overseas missionary work. This was my family and I intended to be as responsible for them as I could possibly be.

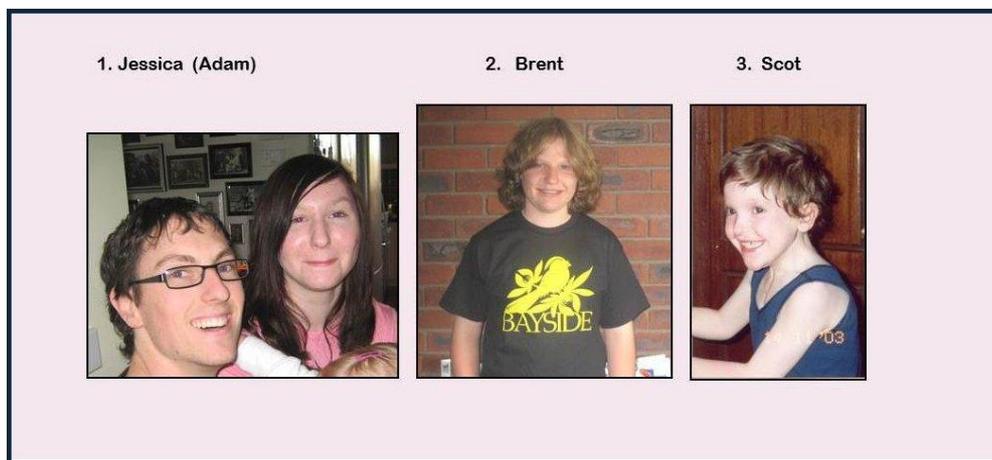
And that has always remained a strong part of my family philosophy even though we both know that we have failed the children in some ways, it was not for want of trying.

We continue to be proud of our beautiful family.



Michael's family

Michael married Louise and they have a lovely daughter, Jessica and two boys, Brent and Scot. Scot was born with a chromosomal abnormality and is handicapped in some ways, but the family has surrounded him with love and he and his brother and sister give us a lot of joy.



Carolynne's family

Carolynne married Simon and they have had four children, Brad has inherited some of his father's artistic talents and is working in the area of graphic arts. Ben is an IT expert



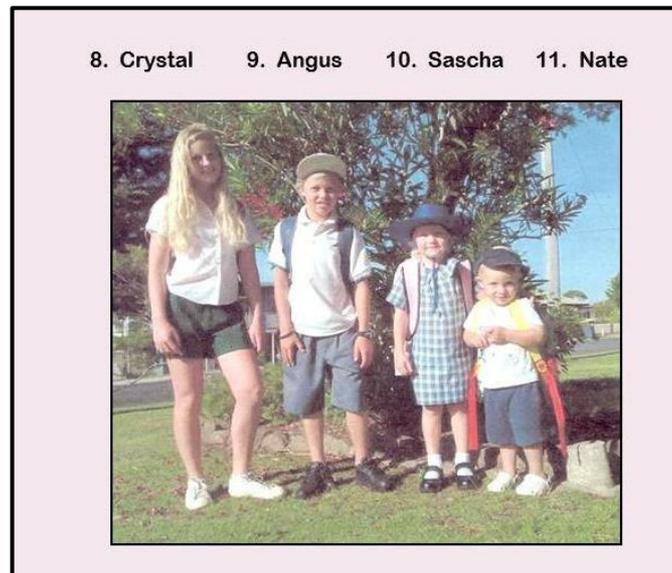
and should do well in the field when he breaks into it soon. Stephanie is the girl who, together with her mum helps to keep a balance in the family. And Nick is the youngest and is a constant pleasure and surprise to all of us with his quick mind and musical talent.



Andrew's family

Andrew, who for some reason since his high school days is called Fred, married Karina.

They now have four beautiful children. Crystal is the eldest with Angus following after her. Both have done well at school and shown lots of talent in other ways also. After a bit of a break they then had Sascha and finally Nate arrived. Karina gave birth to each of the children at home with Fred's help (supervised by a midwife) and as the family

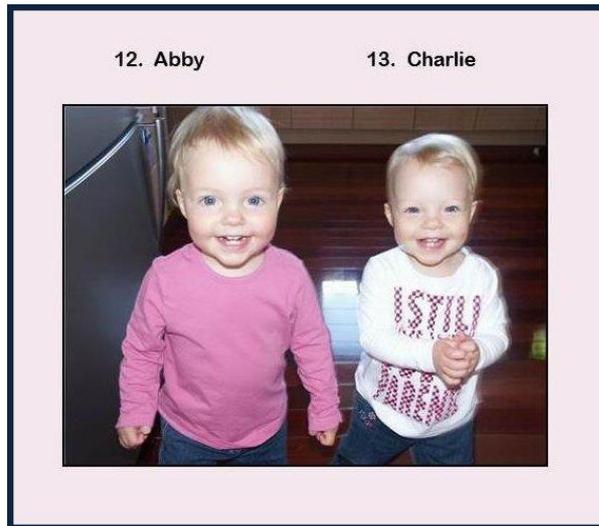


grew, they were all present at the next birth.



Tracey's family

Tracey married Wilfred and they had a great deal of trouble starting a family, but after trying IVF etc., they finally had twin girls, Charlotte (Charlie) and Abby.



We are extraordinarily rich!

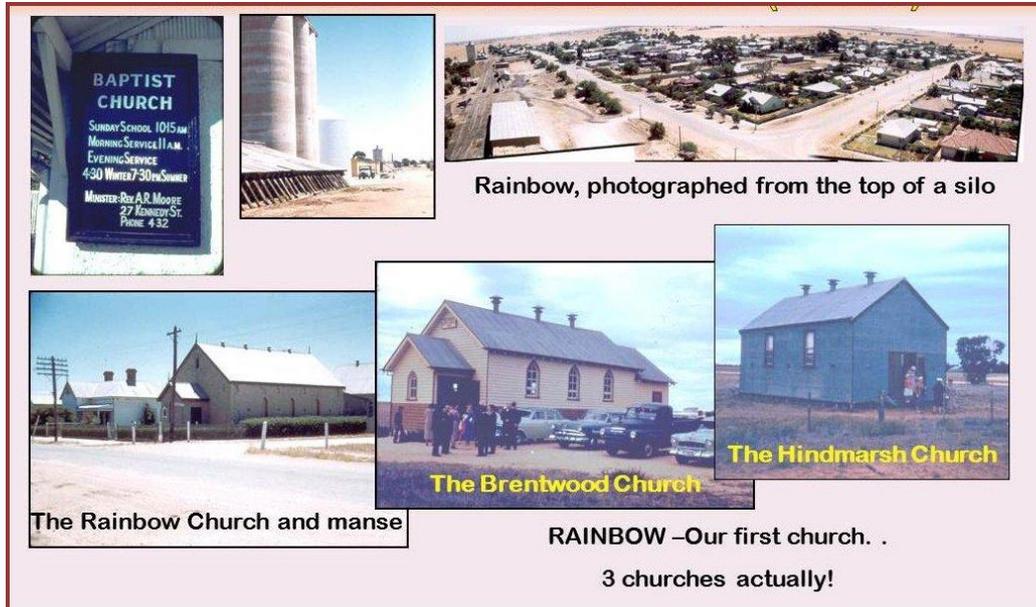
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Pastor

Becoming a Baptist minister highlighted for me the dichotomy between my inner instincts and the effect of my upbringing. The message from my upbringing was that I should be involved in some Christian work, preferably missionary work, and if I was not 'good enough' for that then the ministry at home would be second best. The message deep inside me was to break free from all that and be a motor mechanic or truck driver, maybe a journalist.

There was so much about my faith that, when I was being honest with myself, I had to approach as an agnostic. Keeping in mind that unlike an atheist who says "There is no god", and agnostic is more honest and says "I don't know". ('atheist' derives from the Greek words meaning 'no god', but 'agnostic' derives from two words meaning 'one who does not know'.) I did believe, and still do, that there **is** a God, but I have to say "I don't really know" to so much of the teachings and practices of the Church and Christians.

The Rainbow, Brentwood and Hindmarsh Churches



Meanwhile as a first time pastor, I found that the training I was getting at the Theological College was good as far as it went, but there was (in those days) a large gap in the training. We were being taught all about the Old and New Testaments. We were learning about theology and Church History. There was also Greek and Hebrew, Hermeneutics, and preaching class. But when I found myself in the Rainbow Church, I

found that the main element of the church was people! There was no teaching about how to handle people, and dealing with the general caring and conflict resolution that was all a part of the role of the pastor.

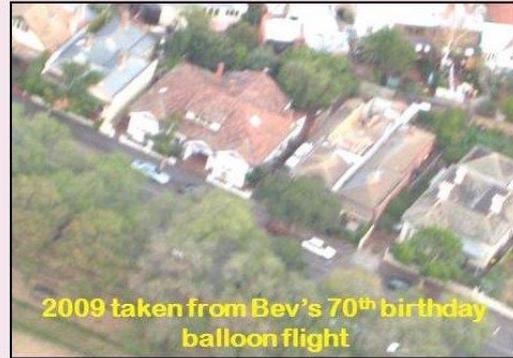
So I set about trying to work out how to handle the situation. Firstly I realized that very few of them were terribly interested in my hourly activities, but they responded very positively when I showed a real interest in them and their activities. This meant that at Rainbow I had to learn a lot about farming, especially sheep and grain crops such as wheat, barley and oats. I was able to sit with some of the farmers on their tractors while they were working their paddocks, helping to round up a mob of sheep and put them through the dip or cut their toenails, drive their truckloads of wheat to the silos, and assist them in their workshops.

My memories of each church are mainly positive ones. I have become pretty good at forgetting the down side of my life. The people of the Rainbow district were extraordinarily warm hearted. They took us into their lives, and in a couple of cases we have felt even now that we are part of their family. Ian was one of the few people in one farming area that did not come to our church, but I found that I had just as warm a relationship with him and his wife as I did with our church members. Ian was very intelligent and a thinker and writer, so when I was studying Philosophy at the university, I was able to spend many hours with him trying to nut out some of the intricacies of Platonic thought,

Some of the people were hard to forget. The mother of one of our Sunday School pupils in Rainbow was well known as a prostitute. She lived just on the outskirts of town on the main road. The problem was that whenever I went to visit her, she would come to the door in her dressing gown. I had some mixed feelings about the young Baptist pastor being seen going in to the home of someone with her reputation while she was dressed in her dressing gown, so I used to stand at the front door and talk with her, resisting any invitation to come in for a cuppa.

We took part in many community activities, including the annual Agricultural Show. We attended many of the special events, one of which was the annual concert organised by some of the church people to raise funds for the Bible Society, Having been brought up the way I was, I was not comfortable in taking part in any kind of lottery or lucky dip. It so happened that at the concert they had a door prize drawn on each person's entry ticket. Needless to say, my number was called as the winner. I kept quiet and looked innocent, so they had to draw the first prize again.

The Abbotsford Church



Our second church at Abbotsford.

The church was in Hoddle Street and the manse (above) in Clifton Hill.

At the Abbotsford Church it became important that we knew what had happened to the Collingwood Football team. We lived in Clifton Hill and our church was in Abbotsford, within shouting distance of the Collingwood Football Ground. Both Clifton Hill and Abbotsford were part of the City of Collingwood. On Sunday morning, as I came into the church and looked at the faces in the congregation, I knew immediately whether Collingwood had won or lost the day before. When we first arrived in Collingwood, we had been supporting the Hawthorn Football Club, and consequently Bev had made a jumper for Michael, who was about three at that stage, featuring the colours of the Hawthorn Club. This did not meet with much approval when we ventured out with him, so, discretion became the better part of valour, and we changed our allegiance to Collingwood.

The church was situated on Hoddle Street and the building took up the whole site. It was just another single fronted building in a line of other commercial buildings. It was getting old and needed repairs especially to the roof, but the deacons were reluctant to spend a lot of money which they did not have. However, one Sunday, I was preaching during a storm, and the rain started leaking into the church at various points. Eventually I had to vacate the pulpit for fear of having an unwanted shower and I preached from the communion table, along with some buckets and pans which surrounded me to catch the rain leaking through a number of other places. The next time it was voted on in a business meeting, the plan for a new roof was passed unanimously.

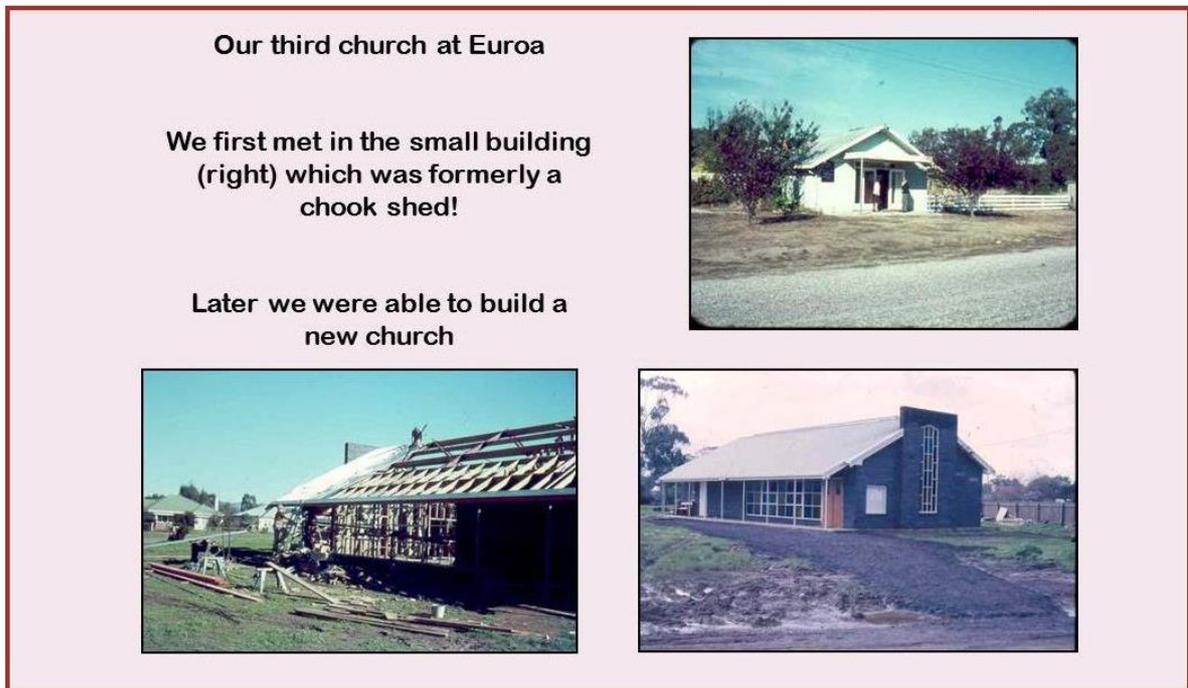
I finished my Theology course while I was living here. This meant at first riding my bicycle across the north of the city, past the top of the Melbourne University on my left with the Melbourne Cemetery on my right. Not long past that was Whitley College in Royal Parade. I had one of those ex Post Office bikes with a large basket in the front which was ideal for carrying my bag, and also for taking Michael to kindergarten on the other side of the park that our house fronted on. After I had been knocked off my bike two or three times, I decided that walking would be a safer travel strategy.

The only problem with this was that I passed a small French bakery on the way, and was unable to resist buying a couple of fresh bread rolls to eat on my way to College. I only had a problem with this once when I was unable to eat one of the rolls, so I left it on top of a gravestone in the cemetery, meaning to retrieve it on my way home. I forgot, and it is possibly still sitting there like a petrified addendum to that gravestone.

While at Abbotsford, I felt that I needed to be doing something in the community as my ministry contribution. So I began to do two things. Firstly, I became a Probation Officer, and found myself with a clientele of mainly teenage boys. I used to visit them in their homes and give reports to the court when they were facing charges. My moral was boosted when a fellow Baptist lady that worked for the Justice Department, told me that my reports were some of the best she had seen from unpaid Probation Officers.

The other important activity came out of our regular Ministers' Fraternal Meetings. We had some significant communication with the Collingwood Football Club, and as a result and after a lot of planning we bought a block of land on the Banksia Peninsula on the Gippsland Lakes, and started running regular camps for 10 to 12 year olds from Collingwood. The Rotarians supplied most of the food and necessities for the camps, and the ministers ran the camps.

The Euroa Church



The Euroa Church, when we first came, was meeting in a converted chook shed - see the picture above - and

while we were there the Baptist Home Mission found the money for us to build a new church.

This was our third church, and there was a more mixed bunch of people, so I had to develop an interest in building, teaching, and even selling life insurance.

The Life Insurance was being sold by a member of the church, who was following in the footsteps of his father. They both belonged to the Church of Christ denomination, which believed that anyone who became a Christian should immediately be baptized to seal the deal. With their evangelistic skills for both life insurance and Christianity, they would witness to people to whom they were selling life insurance and then immediately baptize them in the nearest dam or other waterhole.

This evangelistic fervour became a problem for me when I was asked to preach a sermon (I was even given the outline) on the importance of life insurance as part of our Christian responsibility to our families. I was also offered a commission for anyone who took out a policy as a result of my referral. I was already having difficulty reconciling my beliefs with how I interpreted the Bible, and with my inner instincts, and I found this suggestion one I could not take on board. The salesman, who was a member of our church, was also very generous with his skills. He knew all about cars so when we

needed a new engine in our car, we bought it and he put it in for us, which we appreciated very much.

There were two delightful lady teachers from the local High School who attended our church. One was a red head and the other had the surname of Hughes. We called them Bluey and Hughey. I became the target of their wonderful sense of humour when I had to go in to the local hospital to have my appendix out. In those days there was no rush to send people home, so I stayed for ten days or two weeks. Bluey and Hughey used this opportunity to send me a daily get well card, each one professing to come from some famous person such as the Queen, or Chairman Mao etc. We had some good laughs with them.

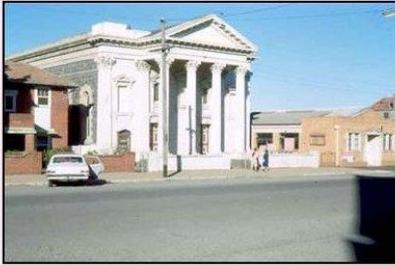
I never enjoyed taking Religious Instruction in schools, and I remember here at Euroa, that I used to take RI as we called it in the High School on a Thursday. This meant that I started worrying about the next week's lessons over the weekend and this intensified on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, by which time I was a nervous wreck! It really did not do much for my physical and psychological health!

I did have a great time with a Boys' Club which I ran on a weekly basis. Mostly we had fun, such as all fifteen of the boys piling into our Holden station wagon and driving out to a local farm where the farmer had organized a tractor and trailer with a lot of hay bales on it. After we had settled ourselves on to the trailer, he would then take us out to the paddocks and shoot rabbits. It was quite safe as he was the only one with a gun. We were intrigued when he was able to shoot at a rabbit that was caught momentarily in our searchlight beam, and shoot, not to kill, but for the bullet to skim past the rabbit's head. This would stun the rabbit, so that the farmer could walk up to it and pick it up and dispose of it by hand.

I must have made a good impression on the young people because I was asked back after we left to conduct some weddings. Also thirty years later we attended a reunion celebrating the Townsend family's 30 years since emigrating from England with the sponsorship of the church. We came to the church a year or two after they had arrived. At the reunion their eldest son said that I was the one minister who had had the most effect on him – he was in the Boys' Club – because I did not speak down to them, but treated them as equals. That felt good. I have never felt that I was a very successful minister in any of our four churches, but that sort of feedback certainly helps me in a positive way.

The church had been started by a man and his wife who started a home group which gradually developed until they were able to form a church. I think that I was the first minister for this new church, but because of his huge influence on the church, I found myself unsure of where I stood with him. Years later at another Church Anniversary, which he was unable to attend because of his age, he sent a greeting, during which he claimed that Ray Moore was the best minister the church had had. Wow!

The Ballarat North Church



Our fourth church - Ballarat



We spent the first months at the Dawson Street Church. It was later sold and became "The White House" nightclub.

We moved to the new manse at Ballarat North where we held services until the new church was built beside it.

Our last church, the Ballarat North Church, also represented quite a steep learning curve for me. As there were two large hospitals and a third aged care hospital, together with a large mental health institution, I found that hospital visitation became an important part of my work. I didn't find this easy as I found myself in Ballarat looking at my motivation for everything I did.

So, when I visited someone in hospital, what was I doing? Was I visiting a friend or acquaintance? Was I there to offer a healing prayer, or comfort from the Scripture? Was I 'doing my duty'? Was I there, in some way, to consolidate the numbers in my church? These were questions I asked in my efforts to carry out my pastoral ministry with integrity.

One underlying aspect of the pastoral ministry that became evident to me was that I was always happier when I was working with one or two people at a time, especially in a time of crisis, conflict or stress. Here I felt as if I was closer to the real me, and that I was doing something more productive than a lot of the other church duties. I found that I really loved people, whoever they were. It was easy for me to talk to the most broken people as well as to the 'upper echelon' of society – I was a member of Rotary for many years.

Although there is a bit of the ham actor in me, I really found preaching difficult. The difficulty was again the dilemma of preaching only what I had come to believe personally and not just preach what I thought I ought to, or in some cases what some members demanded I preach. It also had to do with the fact that I am not basically a

'social' person. Whenever a church social occasion was organized, I always had to go through a painful orientation of my emotions before I entered the building. I worked out that if, as I was approaching the building I thought of some of the people whom I knew would be there, and what specific and personal question I could ask, then I would soon be feeling more at ease as I began to get positive feedback from them. It worked pretty well for me on most occasions.

In all my pastoral ministry Bev was a great support. She seemed to have an easy way with people and everyone seemed to love her. She was also a very practical person and loved looking after the manse gardens, and taking an active, sometimes leading, part in the practical activities of the church. I often used to think that I had been the one who was 'called' to this ministry, yet she seemed to take to it far more easily than I did.

Bev tells me that many of the church people said to her that I was one of the best pastors they had had. I still find this hard to believe.

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Funerals and Weddings

The tasks that I loved doing in the ministry were funerals and weddings. This was because I became involved in people's lives when it really mattered.

My first funeral was soon after I had become the pastor of the Rainbow Baptist Church. There was a car crash in which a young man was killed near Warracknabeal. The Baptist pastor at Warracknabeal was away and so was the other experienced pastor at Hopetoun. I was the only Baptist pastor available. I knew nothing about conducting a funeral, so I got out my brand new book of services and tried to familiarize myself with the service. However, the book did not tell me about people skills. I had very little experience of funerals and was unaware of the amount of contact I should have had with the grieving family, such as visiting them and working out the details of the service and finding out about the person who had died. So the first time that I met the family was at the funeral. This meant that my connection with them and my help were minimal. I am still embarrassed to think of it.

I certainly improved very quickly and in the process got to know the undertakers very well. In general they seem to have an overdeveloped sense of humour, although I might be using the word 'overdeveloped' because you do not expect humour from people who are responsible for such a sombre undertaking.

When we went to our second church at Abbotsford which was in the city of Collingwood, sitting in the front of the hearse with the undertaker and his driver, we would often be shown respect from the side of the road in the form of the hat placed over the heart or simply removed. I have not seen this in recent years. What was difficult was that the undertaker was often telling me some hilarious story of some of his experiences, and in deference to those along the way that were showing their respect for the dead, I simply could not be seen to be laughing.

He told me that he was contacted once to collect a body from Swan Hill. When he duly arrived he was directed to the pub where, he was told, the body was being held. On getting to the pub he found a full photo session in progress with the deceased mate propped up in the middle of them, while they took the opportunity of some final pictures before he was taken away.

I once said a prayer beside a grave into which we had just placed the body of a man who had no relatives or friends. The undertaker and I were the only people present. There was no church or chapel service and, after a short conversation between us as we pondered on the sadness of such an event, I said a prayer for him and those like him, alone in the world. Another time when there were only a couple of us present was when I was asked to bury a still born baby and the parents could not face the idea of

being there. Any funeral where a small child has died and this tiny coffin is lowered into the grave, is heart wrenching.

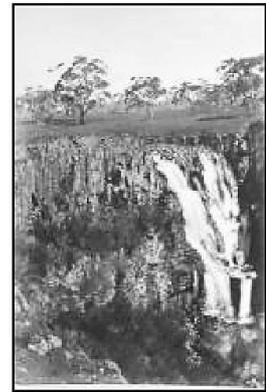
There was the time that the grave was not wide enough for the coffin and, before we could go on with the graveside service, the gravedigger had to come and widen it.

Our Auntie Nell had come to Traralgon to live to be close to us and to her sister, Bev's Mum. When she died however, we had the service in the Traralgon Baptist Church and then she had to be taken down to Springvale to be buried in the same plot as her husband George. I accompanied the driver in the hearse from Traralgon to Springvale. It was a very hot day, and we stopped at a garage and eating place, now defunct, at Nar Nar Goon, where we left the hearse and Auntie Nell parked in the sun while we found a shady spot under some trees to have our lunch. Continuing our journey, the driver decided that we would enter the huge Springvale Cemetery from the rear entrance as this would give us a better run to the gravesite. This was a good idea, but he had no idea how to get into the appropriate street. When he saw the correct street, we had gone too far and he had to do a U-turn. This proved to be impossible with the hearse so we turned right off the main road on which we were travelling, and once into the smaller suburban street he proceeded to try and execute a three point turn. So here we were with Auntie Nell on board going where no hearse had gone before! We eventually maneuvered out of trouble and arrived at the graveside about the same time as the handful of family and friends who had not been able to go to Traralgon.

Weddings were obviously much happier occasions. Fairly soon after I started conducting weddings, and I had to have a license to do so, I had to decide whether I was willing to conduct a wedding that was not in a church building. My Anglican and Catholic friends were not permitted to do this, but I felt that the building was not important, and God's presence was. So, until I stopped conducting weddings in recent years, the majority of my weddings were not in church buildings.

The most unusual wedding was at a pig farm. The Mediterranean family involved chose a long weekend, and the ceremony was planned for Saturday morning. They had come in to Ballarat to see me for the preparatory discussions and rehearsal for the ceremony, but the wedding was to be held out at their property. They gave me directions somewhere out past Buninyong. I gave myself plenty of time, but got lost. When I eventually arrived the alcohol had already been flowing for a while, but they had placed a folding table with a table-cloth covering it under a gum tree. There was no lawn, it was just dirt and scraps of grass. Twenty metres away was the main pig pen. Because I sensed that some of the guests were fast moving in to a state of mind that was not particularly appropriate for a wedding, I suggested to the hosts that we should start the ceremony straight away. It went very well and I was invited to stay for a drink. I stayed for a short time and as I was about to go, they insisted that I bring Bev back with me the next morning as the party would still be going.

The next morning we duly arrived there about 11 am and people were just beginning to stir from where they had bedded down for the night. We soon discovered that they had an endless supply of alcohol which kept being brought up from some area under the house where it always seemed to be appropriately chilled. We also found that the hosts were very hospitable and insistent that we should join them for drinks and stay and have lunch with them. Neither of us was into heavy drinking, and I coped by drinking very slowly. Bev coped by surreptitiously watering the shrubs. We enjoyed the lunch - plenty of pork - and before we left, we were presented with their payment for the wedding - a leg of pork. They partied on through the holiday on Monday.

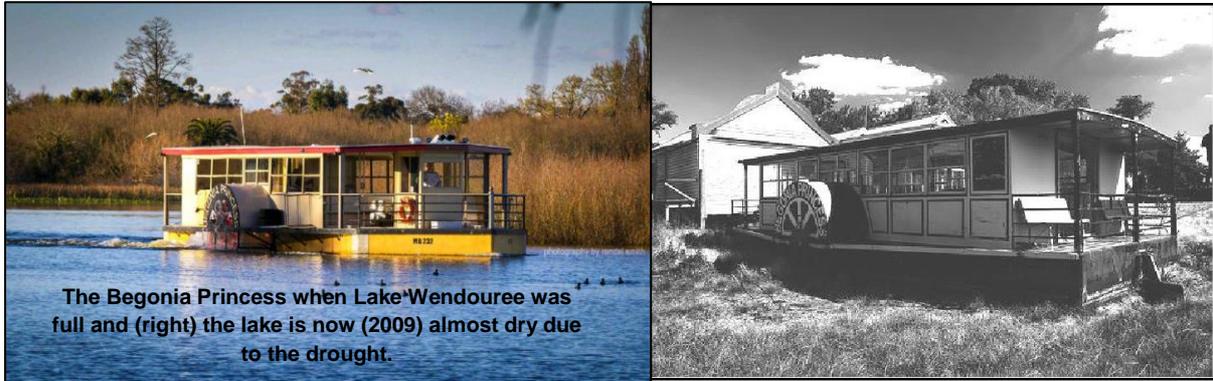


I also took a wedding at the top of the Lal Lal Falls near Ballarat in a small reserve situated close to the falls. Then there was the wedding held on a ferry on Lake Wendouree (See pictures). The Botanical Gardens at Ballarat were the scene of many weddings as they provided a beautiful backdrop for such an occasion. There was even a spot we chose a couple of times where two trees which had been planted about six feet apart, had grown together and become one at the top (See picture). A great symbol of marriage.

The cheapest wedding I remember was a young couple who had no money, so we held the ceremony in the lounge room at home. This was OK but a bit of a squeeze. All would have been well if a couple of teenage girls hadn't got the giggles. From there we went to an unlined, corrugated iron hall. There had been no effort to set it up, so the benches were still up against the walls. The meal consisted of sandwiches and the greatest expense had been incurred buying a barrel of beer. Most of my weddings I didn't charge for, although I was quite often given an envelope or other expressions of gratitude. In this case that was not ever going to be an issue.

Craig's Hotel was often the scene of up to three or four receptions on any given Saturday, and Bev was invited to attend the reception with me. She had not been to the wedding ceremony and so we agreed to catch up at the reception at Craig's. She did not know the people, nor did she know their name, so when she entered Craig's Hotel and was confronted with the option of attending three receptions, none of which did she

know, she had to have a look in each one until she spotted me. After this she decided that, when she did not know the couple, she would not attend the wedding at all.



At another wedding at Craig's which she did attend, she had gone to a good deal of trouble to dress up and looked beautiful in a new dress. I had told the bride and groom that I preferred not to make any speeches at the reception, so I was sitting at the table, at peace with the world, when the MC said that Ray was now going to present the toast for the bride and groom. I had just taken a mouthful of coffee, and the shock of this announcement caused me to explode coffee all over Bev's new dress. For some reason Bev has never forgotten that. The other memorable aspect of this wedding was that the groom belonged to the fire brigade. There was an alarm during the reception and he promptly disappeared.

Talking of hotels, the proprietors of another smaller hotel not far from Craigs, asked me if I would conduct their wedding. We held the ceremony in the small bar and bistro, with the appropriate middle and top shelf drinks all acting as a backdrop for the ceremony. In preparing for this wedding, I had discovered that they had been living together for 15 years, and it was never made clear to me why they had decided to tie the knot. One reason may have been that the bridegroom was a bit reluctant to take this step, because I had only got part way through the ceremony when he fainted. After picking him up and reviving him, we continued with the ceremony as if nothing had happened.

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My Inner Journey Towards a More Congruent Life

I think children have an instinct about integrity. They know when a person's actions don't line up with their words. The dictionary describes congruent as "coinciding at all points when superimposed: e.g. congruent triangles."

When I am doing cabinet making, (makes me feel good to call it that even though the results leave much to be desired!) I sometimes have a template to act as a guide. This helps me get an accurate outcome by superimposing my work over the top of the template. If my work is exactly the same as the template, then it is congruent. This principle is embodied in the many quotations summed up in the saying: "Actions speak louder than words" What you do must line up with what you say. Children quickly sense any incongruity between what you say and what you do. We have thirteen grandchildren, so we know!

To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

**~William Shakespeare,
*Hamlet***

For some reason this struggle to be 'fair dinkum', genuine or authentic has always been an underlying tension in my life. Trying to live my life with integrity, I have unfortunately failed more than I have succeeded. But that does not mean that I have not tried. Some of my worst moments of feeling failure have come when no one else is affected, but I know that my actions have not fitted the template I was holding up for my own guidance.

Another problem that arises when a person is sensitive to the congruency and integrity of their lives, is that they tend to live their lives under a cloud of guilt. This guilt comes from not living up to your own spoken or felt principles

Think for a moment what this does to you. When you feel guilty, you lose a whole lot of confidence in yourself, because the message that you are hearing in your 'self-talk' is "You are not good enough!"

This can lead to isolation and depression.

This can happen when a parent constantly gives their child the message that they are not good enough. I once had a client in for counselling who seemed to have everything going for her. She was attractive and exceptionally intelligent, always coming near the top of her class. But even when she scored the best marks in the class, her father always used to say to her, "Come on, you can do better than that!"

She was never good enough.

Another side effect of guilt is the desire to hide your actions from the person or even the society whose standards you feel you have let down.

When I was in the Baptist ministry it was generally understood at that time that using alcohol and tobacco was wrong. I started drinking alcohol while I was still in the church, but always on my own. I didn't believe that Bev thought it was OK, nor did her parents and certainly that was the message I received from the church. So I only had a can of beer when I was travelling somewhere by myself. This of course then added another level of guilt.

Of course it is hard to hide any of this from yourself.

Being the person that I am, and being brought up in what was then referred to as the 'fundamentalist' branch of the church, I think that guilt has been my travelling companion for most of my life. In the China Inland Mission (now the Overseas Missionary Fellowship) in which I was raised, there was a constant push to "go into all the world and preach the gospel". Their job was to "win people to Christ". And this message was also aimed at the children of missionaries.

I have had more trouble with myself than with any other man I have ever met.

Dwight Lyman Moody

But I was never comfortable with evangelism. To be a good evangelist or salesman, you have to believe in what you are selling, or trying to convert people to. I worked for a year in a shop which sold Stihl chainsaws. I had one of these machines which I had used and valued for a few years. Because of this faith in the machine, I was able to sell them effortlessly. But right from the start I seemed to have trouble with much of the practice of my faith. There wasn't the belief that it was true or even useful for me. I was even embarrassed by some aspects of it. So for many years I struggled endlessly with this uncertainty, resulting in years of depression.

In each human heart are a tiger, a pig, an ass and a nightingale. Diversity of character is due to their unequal activity.

~Ambrose Bierce

I was both sensitive and naïve as a child and I certainly took on board the Christian teachings and principles that were presented to us. But even as a child I had this constant tension between some of the feelings which were an important part of my response, and the thoughts which were beginning to show the tendency towards scepticism which I now acknowledge as an innate part of my thinking. (By the way, it is important to note that scepticism is not the same as cynicism. Cynicism says "You're crazy" and scepticism says "I can't believe it now, but if you prove it for me, I will consider it believable")

Let me explain a bit more. There is a side of my character which is what is usually regarded as 'feminine'. That is, I am emotional, and can be very easily moved by another person's experience, by music, and by love. In terms of my faith, this exhibits

itself in the number of times in my life when I have been moved to “commit myself” to another step of faith, because I am moved by a “call”. This call may have come through a public speaker who penetrated my emotions, or it may have come through sacred songs which have moved me – and still do. Songs about God’s love found a special resonance in my heart. But my response to God has always been coloured by my relationship with Percy. So when I read the Bible and found that “God is Love” it meant a huge amount to me because I had not experienced that from my own father, even though I am sure he loved me in his own way.

Clashing with this is the ‘masculine’ side of me. The rational, controlled side of me.

For instance, even at an early age I used to question what was happening when I prayed. Was there really a Person up there who literally heard my words, or did my prayers actually go no further than they could be heard by the human ear? I was never very good at converting other people to Christianity, because I had too many doubts to be able to say that I had the ‘truth’. This was a problem I experienced when I first came to Australia and attended the Katoomba Christian Convention. Here we used to go with a couple of experienced evangelists to the main street of Katoomba and attempt to persuade passers-by of the benefits of giving their lives to Christ. My results were nil, and my sense of satisfaction low.

At the Melbourne Bible Institute I was appointed to a group who went in to the centre of Melbourne and set up an old truck which had a fold down platform on one side where we stood, overhanging the footpath and preached to the curious. I found this so difficult that I used to spend Sunday afternoon at what was then called “the Yarra Bank” where numerous individuals with many different viewpoints, some mainstream and some crazy, would stand on their soap boxes and see who could draw the biggest crowd. In a funny sort of a way, they were an inspiration to me! Again there was a low satisfaction level and a realization that I had to start looking at the “shoulds and oughts” in my life.

“Constant development is the law of life, and a man who always tries to maintain his dogmas in order to appear consistent drives himself into a false position.”

Mohandas Gandhi

So this battle between the mystic and the sceptic continued in me for many years. When I was preaching in the four churches that I pastored, I would often be asked to preach on ‘the second coming’. I found this a most confusing part of the Bible with equally competent experts giving opposing views. I did not know what I believed, so I did not preach on this particular subject. I was also expected to preach on ‘stewardship’. I did not mind preaching about good use of your finances and other assets, but I had a real problem with the fact that the expected result of this preaching was meant to be that people put more in the collection plate. You will understand that in my small churches, there was very little money to pay my stipend, so I felt that in the end I was drumming up my own pay. That did not feel right.

This leads me to think of another problem, that of motivation. Why am I doing this? I was always having an inner battle about the motives for my actions. As a pastor, what was I trying to achieve? A bigger church? More people responding to my preaching (“Ray is a great preacher isn’t he”)? A greater feeling of belonging (read ‘power’) in the community? I don’t know. Maybe it was all of these, but what **should** my motives have been? Even now, I really don’t know.

The next stage in my pilgrimage was to try and clarify all this and then discard the things I had hung on to because I did not want to ‘backslide’. This took a long time and it involved breaking from many aspects of my life which were comfort zones, but were not congruent with my newly clarified template. As I took each step I experienced a wonderful sense of freedom and a lightening of the burden of guilt. I became more comfortable with myself and eventually worked a lot of these things out with Bev, so that our relationship had no hidden corners. We are now more in love than we have ever been!

I still have two sides in me, the mystical and the sceptical, but now I don’t experience it as a conflict, but as two equally important parts of my personality. My Christian faith is strong, but does not escape scanning from the sceptic in me!

Some years ago, when I was struggling with trying to understand who I was, I put my feelings into verse:

AMBIVALENCE

When I stop to look inside
To see what I find there
There is no clear and simple soul
That I wish that I could be
But complex patterns of philosophy and thought
Are all enmeshed

I find the sceptic in my heart
That wants only to see
Something to grasp and understand.
What makes this person me?
And when I see the proof and all the facts laid out
It’s easy to believe

But then my head fades out
And my heart takes over power
And I feel there's something more
Than logic can provide

And in the dimness of the mystic and the unknown out there
I find another faith

At times I critic cliches
As useless waste of words
But then I see within them
Some universal truth
And so the words which seem so trite become the door
Into understanding

It sometimes seems to me that God
Is just man's masterpiece
To compensate for lack of love
From human family bonds
But then I listen to the message of God's free love for me
And my heart weeps.

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Moondani Kyema

I chipped away at the board with a hammer and chisel, concentrating on a job with which I was not really familiar. The board was lying flat on my work bench in my shed at Snake Valley where we lived, and had a fine grain. It was about one and a half metres long by 400 mm wide and 40mm thick. On it I had carefully transcribed in pencil, a name. Now I was chipping out each letter with great care so that I could paint the board black and pick the letters out in white. Then we would hang it at the front entrance to our 5¼ hectare (13 acre) property.

Later, with pride, I carried the completed project up to the entrance. There was no gate and no fence around the property as it was situated along a gravel track in forest country. So there were plenty of trees and I hung it on one of these facing the direction from which most people came to visit us. Then I stood back and admired my handiwork with satisfaction.

“Moondani Kyema”. It was a significant name because the last couple of years had been a bit rough. We had been an untroubled family and Bev and I had been happily in love, but our relationship had cooled. Part of the trouble was that I had been learning to love people more effectively, but went down the wrong path, and started to ‘love’ someone in a way that was wrong. Eventually this developed into an affair, and I did all the denial and justification stuff that people do when they know they are in the wrong.

We had then separated and I moved out into a flat. It was a bad time for the children. The two oldest were bewildered and probably angry in a deep, unexpressed sort of way, and the two youngest were at that age where they didn’t really know what was going on and in recent years have said they remember little of it.

It was a bad time for Bev and she went to a retreat centre to try and find some answers. It was also a bad time for me, attested to by the fact that I lost weight and was the lightest I had been for years. I only ever lose weight for emotional reasons or when I have been in hospital.

We struggled through the year that we were separated and I saw the family regularly and Bev quite often. Then towards the end of the year things had improved between us and we decided that we would have a holiday together on a houseboat at Mildura as a family.

Our feelings for each other were changing and we felt that we could handle that sort of time together. In fact it turned out to be so good that, on the way up the highway, somewhere past Ouyen, after we had stopped because the family couldn’t wait any longer to disappear behind trees and shrubs, I said to Bev as we walked back to the car, “How would you feel if I moved back home again?” She immediately expressed

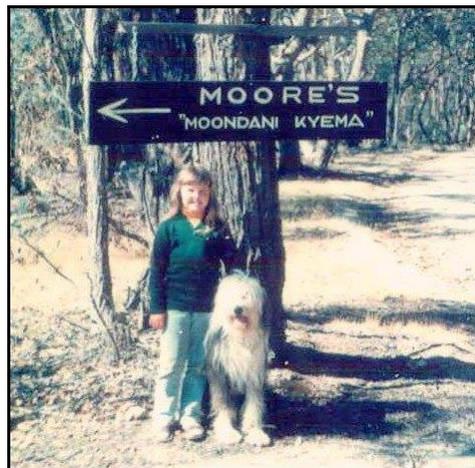
delight at the idea and before we drove away from the spot, she told the family. That, of course, changed the whole tone of the holiday and we had a wonderful time.

After returning home we worked at falling in love again, and such was our success that we decided to start a new life in the country, so we bought this 5¼ hectare property in the bush about 35 kilometres from Ballarat. The place had a special ambience as it had been built and developed as a commune. We loved it and hoped that it would be a place where we could start again and leave the mistakes and the pain behind.

Our new home had to have a name – but what? Finally we got out the aborigine word book and found what we wanted. The word “Moondani” we read, means “Embrace” and the word “Kyema” means “Dawn” or together they would read “Embrace the dawn”. We very quickly transliterated this as “Welcome the new day”.

Perfect.

So I stood at the entrance of our home. I walked 30 or 40 metres back along the gravel road and looked back. Moondani Kyema. Welcome the new day!



It is amazing how much damage a relationship breakdown can have on the two people concerned and on their family also. I stumbled into an affair through my own blindness. Even before I joined Lifeline in 1971 I had started to become more aware of my inability to relate easily with people.

As a pastor of four churches, I had to push myself to attend social functions because I knew what was expected of the pastor. He was supposed to know what was happening in everyone's lives and always come up with a conversation that showed both his interest and concern for each parishioner. Bev tells me that in fact I did very well and, on the whole, I was loved and appreciated by most of them.

I did seem to have an ability to break through to some of the more difficult people in my churches. Perhaps I identified with them more. One lady in Ballarat was quite harsh to

talk with and not easy to get close to. I visited her in hospital one day and in the process did something that I had not been able to do with anyone until then. I reached out while she was talking and placed my hand on hers. Her reaction startled me. She immediately grabbed my hand and held on. It reflected a strong need in her for a closeness that I had not realized that she had. After that, when I was visiting members of my churches, I often placed my hand on theirs or on their shoulder to indicate my concern for them.

Then came Lifeline and I was thrown into a situation where I discovered that I knew very little about myself or about real communication. I allowed myself to identify a universal love that I possessed for people, and in some cases to communicate this to them verbally, or with a touch of their arm or shoulder. Obviously this was heading into unknown waters and I was misunderstood and sometimes confused about my desire to reflect the love of Jesus to those around me.

This finally culminated with me stepping over the line and having a relationship with one of the Lifeline workers which I should never have tolerated. Someone soon told Bev about it and so we separated for the best part of a year. The pain and depression for both of us was intense.

Fortunately, a new day dawned as I have described above and we became a family again. However, it was not as simple as that, because it took another thirty years for Bev and I to work all the garbage out of our relationship.

We were, I think, made for each other because even while separated, I knew that no one could really hold a torch to Bev, and she never lost her love for me. All those years of struggle were worth it. Many years later, but still within that thirty year time limit, I wrote this poem to try and pick up some of the heights and depths of our emotional journey.

The Four Seasons

Spring

The earth warms in the spring sunshine

New life begins to stir.

Bare branches seeming dead

Bulge with eager hope

And the world smiles again

Assured of summer's promise

Summer

We became as one
That teenage summer time.
Your eyes met mine and smiled,
And I with breathless longing
Trembled in your radiance,
Heart melted, body saturated
With desire,
Blinded to the foibles or flaws
In heaven and humanity
We saw only a world perfected
Through eyes of love.
Unseeing affirmation
Total absolution.
We walked together heedless of our goal,
The journey only mattered
Oblivious of destination.
We opened our hearts
And made our plans,
Audaciously scheming, shamelessly dreaming,
Then sitting silently serene
The warm summer sun soaking our souls.
Then walking again, sky blue, grass green,
And our feet touching lightly on the turf.
Happiness hurrying to meet us,
Joy coming from behind, infusing us,

And we became as one

Under the summer sun

Autumn

Autumn follows , changing green to gold.

Gold becomes brown and falls

Leaving branches bare and bleak

Flowers that bloomed in warmth

Now wait in vain

To display their charms.

Winter

Are you leaving?

The weak winter afternoon sun

Giving no warmth

Clouds over.

Not cloud but

A blackness permeating

My inner force and obscuring all ability to see

Reality or direction.

Shadows of fear

Ominous, potent with devastation.

Causes lost in criticism

Reconciliation cowering behind retribution

And anger

Scattergunned

Hitting just and unjust targets with equal force.

The blackness goes deeper
And finds my soul
And through it I see a door
Leading I know, to escape
And oblivion
I fiddle fitfully with the handle
Uncertain
A small hope tingles into my fingers
And I let go
But feel again the darkness
Where no light penetrates.
Are you leaving?
Me?

Spring

The earth warms in the spring sunshine
New life begins to stir.
Bare branches seeming dead
Bulge with eager hope
And the world smiles again
Assured of summer's promise

Summer - Mark 2

Slowly we explore our springtime
We start to dream of what could be
And around each corner
As summer surrounds our hearts
Blossoms begin to bloom

Dormant shoots long buried
Push through the softening soil
And winter weeds are left to die
We start to search in this summer of our souls for the wonder of past summers
The remembered thrill of love and beauty
And discovery and contentment and deep joy but
It all seems so far away and long ago
But the impetus of our hope drives us to travel on
Searching together for love and faith and in the end we found both
in our God
And in each other.

Ray Moore

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Life Line

Most of the previous chapter occurred while I was Director of Lifeline Ballarat.

After my 12 years in the ministry, I joined Lifeline and became, not only a manager but also a personal counselor. This was to be my role for the rest of my career until I retired.

I was very proud of my appointment as the first director of Ballarat Lifeline. I had always admired the Rev. Alan Walker and the organization he had started a few years earlier. Ballarat Lifeline was largely supported by the local Uniting Church, the same denomination to which Alan Walker belonged. Consequently the salary was on a par with that of a Uniting Church minister.

The committee had secured a charming old residential building not far from the CBD, and I met the chairman there and we sat on two chairs, the only pieces of furniture in the place. In a way it was good to be able to start with a clean slate. The first thing that I had to do was to attend a training course at the Lifeline Centre in Melbourne. But this was not a happy experience for me.

The training was fairly basic, and concentrated on skills in communication, especially listening. The principle of good listening centres around the ability to 'hear' what the other person is really saying, not just their words, and not to 'transfer' your own feelings and experiences to what they are saying. Sounds easy doesn't it? But it was a new concept for me. I thought good communication was conversing and being interested in the other person. Unfortunately I discovered that there are a huge number of impediments to the process of hearing. We had to do role plays and practice the skills, but all I learnt at that stage was that I was far from skilled at this new concept.

Fortunately I was given the task, when I returned to Ballarat, of training the new bunch of people applying for the voluntary positions of telephone counselors. I say 'fortunately' because, having discovered what I didn't know, compelled me to put all my energy into learning as much as I could from as many sources as I could. So my skills were gradually built up, until I felt much more confident about my ability to help people.

To begin with I was the only paid staff and we had a volunteer pool of 50 or 60 people who had submitted to a fairly rigid application procedure and undertaken about 100 hours of training. They were a great bunch of people from all walks of life and with a wonderful range of personalities. We had housewives, teachers, business people, priests and nuns, and a lot more. Eventually we were able to afford a secretary, who was a great support to me.

The role of director also meant that I was responsible for publicity. This gave me experience in dealing with the media - especially the local newspapers and television

station. Every year we had “Lifeline Sunday” which was our main fundraising thrust for the year. The committee would work out ways of advertising for funds and I would arrange to provide speakers to as many of the churches as possible. My own role on Lifeline Sunday actually started on Saturday evening when I spoke at the evening mass at the Catholic Cathedral, St. Patrick’s. I had got to know the priests quite well, and they always invited me to sit with them near the altar during mass, and then I would give a talk about Lifeline from the big brass reading stand. It was probably the first time that a Baptist minister had taken such a position at St. Pat’s. On Sunday I would spend the day with the priests and perform the same undertaking at four more masses. The priests asked me not to participate in the Eucharist, explaining that they would happily allow me to do so, but there was a strong element of conservatism, especially amongst the older parishioners which they needed to consider. I must say that I found myself appreciating the important place that the prayers and liturgy played in the long history of the Church.

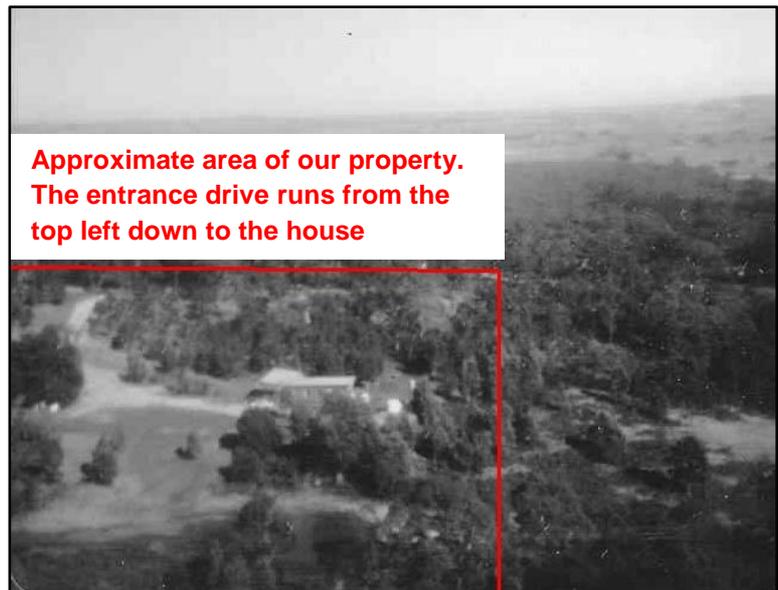
Throughout the year I was also expected to speak at numerous service clubs and women’s groups around Western Victoria. I enjoyed this and my talk was always accepted with appreciation and often accompanied by a long question and answer time.

Country Living

Our 5¼ hectares (13 acres) of forest at Snake Valley was our home for the next few years. The house had been built by five young men and their partners who had tried to start a commune. It was a very basic weatherboard house. Half of it was an open living area with bathroom and kitchen opening off it. The other half was a long hallway with five bedrooms opening off it. The toilet was outside. We removed the property name from its place of prominence and I placed the sign over the toilet door. It read "Country Comfort". Some birds had a habit of roosting in the roof of the toilet at night and the family were not at all keen on going out there in the dark to be met by the thrashing of wings over their heads as they entered. So every night I would take the whole family for a toilet run, firstly making sure that there were no birds in the roof and then, because there were no lights, shining a torch so that they could see what they were doing, while I discreetly looked the other way!

There was no electricity, so we had to buy a generator for this purpose. Before we moved in we dug a ditch between the house and the shed to hold the electric wires that would bring power to the

house from the generator. Coming one morning to continue the ditch digging, we found two bewildered snakes at the bottom of the ditch, wondering how on earth they were going to get out of this trap they had fallen in to. We solved their problem by despatching them with the shovel.



A few months after we moved there we were able, together with the other residents of Rowlers Road, to have the power lines extended along our road. Because it was a forest area, we had to have a twelve metre swathe cut through the forest to provide a safe line for the poles and wires required. To save money, the residents banded together, and we had a working bee most weekends to hone our skills with our chainsaws and clear the trees. Because we were the only permanent residents who seemed interested in using the trees that we had felled, I was able to spend the next twelve months or so gradually cutting up the fallen trees for firewood.

Talking about snakes, when we moved in we brought our Old English Sheepdog with us, and after that we only saw one or two snakes each year. One of the more memorable sightings was when Bev and I were sitting at the kitchen table having a cup of tea. As we looked out the window past the veranda, to the beautiful bush setting we lived in, we both realised that a snake was climbing the veranda post through the creeper that was trained around it. It was aiming to reach the mud swallow's nest that those busy birds had built under the veranda eaves. Again, I assisted this hopeful reptile down from the veranda post with my shovel, and out of this life.

The swallows had originally planned their nest at our front door. After all, it was obvious that this was the place where everyone came and went. What better position? We, however, had trouble educating them to the fact that our toilet, called "Country Comfort", was over there beside the shed, and that we did not appreciate them using the area around our front door for this purpose. The only solution was a new rule: No building of nests at our front door. So, as a result of our self-made building regulations, we were forced to destroy a number of their embryo nests before they became more than just foundations. They persevered, and eventually we compromised and stretched the building regulations to allow them to build at our back door. The snake had obviously been watching this process with great interest.

Rags, the placid Old English Sheepdog who always sat with us in front of the fire and often (against our orders) slept in No. 2 son's bed with him, kept a quiet eye on the place. "She would never hurt a fly," we said, "she is certainly not a watch dog!" We were pleased however, when our "fruit man" who came with a trailer load of fruit and vegetables each week around the local properties, told us that when we were not there, Rags became a formidable guardian of her kingdom, baring her teeth at anyone who entered the place.

Before we left Ballarat, somebody hit a small dog near our front gate and left it there in the middle of the road. Our youngest daughter, whom we had tried to shield from some of the more painful facts of life, found it. "It looks just like the pieces of steak we buy from the butcher" was her considered comment. So much for childish hysteria at the sight of a dead animal. We tried to salvage the situation by suggesting that we should bury it decently somewhere on the property. Two elder brothers and an elder sister took this suggestion up with enthusiasm. I had been a minister of religion in a previous life,

and Eldest Brother found my discarded dog collar and black bib in the box of play clothes and donned these, while the girls found appropriate adult looking dresses and hats to wear, and they proceeded to have a funeral service. The shovel came out and a suitable hole was dug. The deceased was wrapped in an old rag and placed with due reverence in the hole. The hole was filled in and Eldest Brother, who had been taking trumpet lessons, got the trumpet out and played “The Last Post” with great solemnity. Finally No. 2 Brother made a small cross out of some scrap timber and placed it on top of the mound. All this we observed from an unobtrusive position behind the lounge room curtains.

At Snake Valley we were at various times the protectors of small birds which had fallen out of nests or had been abandoned by their parents. These were brought inside and carefully fed with eye drops, pudgy fingers and food which specialised in milk or its derivatives. Invariably however the result was the same. They died, and then were taken out to the special spot behind the shed, where there was already a small array of crosses indicating the passing of previous feathered fledglings.

Priscilla was a goose that flew into our property and stayed for a while, working her way into our emotional lives to some extent, only to fly away after a few days, once again teaching us a lesson in separation and grief.

In the part of my shed I used as a workshop, I had a shelf above my work bench on which was an ice cream container with a few screws and nails in it. One day I went in to work at the bench and a blackbird flew out of the ice cream container. Later I noticed that a nest had been built in it, and one day I went in and the blackbird was sitting in the container and did not move, but stayed there and let me move around without disturbing it. Sheer magic! It was not long before the nest contained eggs and finally, to my delight, the eggs hatched and there were four little scrawny, nude blackbirds. I became part of their lives and was captivated by their day to day activities. I watched mama blackbird bring in worms and other titbits for them to eat – which they did enthusiastically. I also watched with fascination one day as one of the babies poo’d in the nest and the tiny bit of poo was caught by mama bird in her beak and it was deposited outside the ice cream container. It seems that blackbirds at any rate, do not foul their own nests.

There were a number of unwanted animals as well as the snakes mentioned above. Feral cats were spotted from time to time, and usually caused us little problem until one had its litter in one of our small sheds. Here were these three beautiful little kittens looking as gentle and mild as you could wish, but we knew that if they were allowed to live, they would join the destructive company of their relatives in the wild. I looked at them and could not bring myself to harm these little bundles of fluff. I said to my two sons, “I can’t do it”. After I disappeared strategically, I heard the bang of the .22 rifle three times, and knew that the job had been done.

And then there were Bev's organic tomatoes. She had carefully prepared the base for the plants according to the book, and it wasn't long before we had a healthy crop of tomatoes coming on. But when we were not looking, a couple of kangaroos found them and started on what they hoped would be a nightly feast. So we built a kangaroo proof fence around the tomatoes. Soon after this we noticed that tomatoes were still being purloined. This time it was rabbits, so we added a rabbit proof section of the fence which included digging down a foot or more to bury the bottom of the fence as a deterrent to the burrowing bunnies. We hadn't allowed for the cockatoos who chose this moment to fly in from above, and wreak havoc with our precious plants. And after we had covered the plants with netting we discovered that the field mice had found our tomatoes and developed a taste for them. We ate what were left.

I was very happy on our little 'farm'. I had a small grey Ferguson tractor which I used to tow the trailer; to collect wood using my Stihl chainsaw. The tractor was also used, depending on which attachment I decided to hitch on, to drive the bench saw, slash the bracken and carry all sorts of loads.

Bev was also happy in this retreat. She gradually extended the garden and lawn out from the house, and as always, it looked beautiful. Drew (Fred) was still at home and we were able to get him a small Suzuki trail bike which he rode for miles through the forest as there were few fences to stop him. Bev used to say that she did not worry so much when she could hear the sound of the motor bike, it was the silence that worried her more. The place had been a goldfield in the 19th century and there were still a lot of deep shafts dotted here and there amongst the trees. We knew that he used to jump his bike over these shafts from time to time.

One day, when the bike fell silent, it wasn't long before a sheepish Fred came back to the house. He had taken quite a bad spill and grazed his body.

Here are some of the toys that kept me happy at Snake Valley!



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Family Counselor – Industrial Chaplain – Probation Officer – Prison

Monitor

After I left Lifeline, I set up my own counseling business which I called The Ballarat Personal Counseling Service. I ran this for two years, but spent a lot of time waiting for clients and was only able to keep my head above water because Lifeline asked me to run some training courses in Warrnambool where they were hoping to open up a branch office.

For another six or seven years I also worked for the mental health organization called GROW. It was an interesting experience and one where I felt that I was never able to stretch my talents or stray from the fairly rigid path that was laid out for us. It had a similar role to Alcoholics Anonymous and was based on the same ten step program.

Then I came to Traralgon where there had been a counseling service set up by the church a couple of years before, but, due to some problems with their inaugural manager, it had been closed for a year. The office was situated on the Baptist Church property and was only a stone's throw from the shopping centre.

I spent the next six years or so here and we built up quite a good service. I had a secretary and two counselors who did a fantastic job. I admired their skills, especially when dealing with children and teenagers, an area in which I did not perform very well.

From the start we let it be known that it was not going to be an emergency service with twenty four hour availability, as there were a couple of emergency after hours services already. I thought this would make life a bit easier for us, but I had not taken into account another development. We were asked by the Department of Human Services (or whatever it was called at that time!) to manage some residential homes for teenagers. This gave rise to a huge clash in my value system. Because the young people we were asked to care for were regarded as the more difficult kids in the system, we could not run these homes as regular homes with a couple of house parents in charge. We had to have a rostered staff who worked eight hour shifts and then went home. I had a great group of people on the staff. They honestly cared for the young people and were able to develop some terrific strategies to deal with their behaviour.

An example of the kind of reward we savoured was the response of one of the young people for whom one of the staff bought three pairs of socks. He looked at the socks there on his bed and burst into tears. He had never been given a gift like that except on some of his birthdays, and then it would only have been one pair of socks - but three!

Of course there was the other side of things where the residents ran away or abused the staff and even drew knives on them. All of this we could have handled, if we had not been supervised or controlled by the Department by whom we were funded.

They had an entirely bureaucratic way of handling things, and the people who were directly involved with us had got to the top because they worked hard at being

bureaucrats and not carers.



The final straw came when I was asked by our Baptist Social Services Department to draw up a Purpose Statement. This was to sum up the principles on which the service would be based and under which we would work. As this was a Christian organization and all the staff had signed on with the agreement that whether or not they

were Christians themselves, they were happy to work in an organization based on Christian principles, I felt it important that this Purpose Statement should reflect that. After consulting with my staff, I put it together and sent it to the Baptist Social Services office in Melbourne. It was sent back to me asking me to scrap it entirely and draw up another statement based on some (entirely secular) examples which were attached.

Not only did I disagree with this, but they also ignored some important forward planning I had been doing with another agency in the Latrobe Valley. I put in my resignation dated a couple of months away to give them time to find another manager. I was told by the CEO of Baptist Social Services to pack up immediately and leave, which I refused to do, but agreed to leave at the end of the week. I should add that the CEO, whom I had known since teenage years, did ask me to attend a staff meeting in Melbourne some time later and paid me some nice compliments including the comment that I had been responsible for reminding them that they were working in a Christian organization.

The other area of my work that really interested and fulfilled me more than most, was my involvement with the probation service and prisons. I started doing probation work while I was at the Abbotsford Church. This brought me into contact with a culture that I had not experienced before. I had to make regular visits to my clients and their families as most of my probationees were teenagers. It was interesting to meet with known criminals, or drink thick Turkish coffee with a hugely hospitable mum. One teenager told me that I need not worry about leaving our car in front of the house overnight. He said, if it was stolen, he would probably know who did it and get it back for me pronto.

I had to write reports on my clients when they appeared in court and present the court with a coherent picture of my client's circumstances and behaviour and usually accompany this by taking the witness stand during the hearing.

My involvement with prisons began when I was working with GROW in Ballarat. GROW had developed some prison groups which we 'field workers' had to supervise. In my case this included Bendigo, Castlemaine and Geelong prisons.

When I arrived in the Latrobe Valley I applied to become a 'prison visitor'. This was a voluntary position with the State Government. Its purpose was to have a number of people, independent of the government, who could visit prisons and make the authorities aware of any weaknesses or potential problems, so that they could be dealt with before they became major.

I had a couple of orientation days when I was shown over prisons. The first one I went to was Pentridge prison. Here one of the prison governors was allocated to showing me around. It was fascinating to say the least! Another prison I was shown over was the Women's Prison in Deer Park, and at a later stage I spent a day in the Metropolitan Assessment Prison in Spencer Street, where a lot of prisoners were held while on remand.

My first assignment was to the Morwell River Prison, a low security prison miles from anywhere in the middle of magnificent mountain and forest country south of Morwell. It consisted of a number of small two man huts and a service block which housed the kitchen, dining room, toilets, store rooms etc. The prisoners did a lot of work around the area for the local council. One of the prisoners had the task of phoning in the weather details, temperature, rainfall etc., to the Weather Bureau twice a day.

I always used to visit the prison half way through the afternoon, and was given free rein to go anywhere I wanted to in the prison precincts. Just before I had to go home I used to make my way to the kitchen to see what was on for the evening meal. Their cook was excellent and they usually had a more gourmet meal than I had when I got home! After being in prison for twelve years, this cook was finally released and went to work for the Salvation Army in Geelong. However a very patient and punitive relative of his original victim, dobbed him in for being involved in another murder, and he was back in prison again for another long term.



Eventually Morwell River closed down and I went across to a new prison near Sale, the Fulham Correctional Centre, a medium security prison. (picture) I visited there once a week for a number of years, and began to get a bit of insight into the 'pack hierarchy' of

a prison. They had a small swimming pool, but the only people I saw swimming there were a couple of thugs and their friends. They used to lie in the sun in provocative poses, making sure that everyone could see their bulging muscles and other attributes. The same applied in the gym. The best time of the day was always commandeered by a small group of heavy weights and some of their hangers-on.

One of these hangers-on was a rather weak looking character and I wondered how he got into this inner sanctum, until one day he was listed to have an interview with me, and he proudly showed me his 'little black book' containing the names of the men he had prostituted himself to.

I used to spend quite a bit of time at Fulham chatting with a prisoner who was there as a result of being nabbed by the Federal Police for trafficking drugs from Thailand. He was a talented artist and he was permitted to stay in his room through the day so that he could paint. I loved his work, but unfortunately none of the staff, nor myself or visitors were allowed to either buy or receive his works as a gift, because it could be seen as a possible bribe for favours.

Although I often struggled with my own inner demons, and found it hard to accept that there was anything extraordinary about me, I still slowly developed an understanding of myself and an acceptance of the fact that I had an instinctive ability to do two things: I was able to pick up what people were telling me and analyze it and put it together with my own intuitive perception of the situation and often be able to go directly to where the real problem lay. The other thing was that I had a truly compassionate heart and an understanding of people's feelings.

In 1995 I decided to retire. This decision was made easier because of the problems that I was having at the Latrobe Family Support Centre as I have mentioned above. I turned 60 that year and retirement seemed like a good idea at the time. However, when someone from the Interchurch Trade and Industry Mission (ITIM) phoned to say that they were having trouble filling an industrial chaplain's position at the Yallourn Power Station, and could I help out, I agreed. After all I was not due to receive an age pension until I was 65

The industrial chaplain's role was not so much a religious one as a social welfare one. I was given an office in a remote part of the power station and mine complex and issued with a boiler suit, steel toed shoes, goggles, ear muffs and a hard hat. This latter had to be worn everywhere except in the office area. I was also given a pass to drive my car into the restricted area, and told that I had access to any part of the complex unless it was obviously dangerous. I have always been fascinated by machinery and and mechanical gadgets, and so wandering through a power station was engrossing for me.

The woman who had been the chaplain at Yallourn until then was staying for a couple of days to help me to orientate. She gave me a warning as we went past a small workshop, never to go in there because they did not like chaplains and had once thrown

a chair at her. After she left I complied with her warning for a week or two, but then decided that I would enter the lion's den and see for myself how much they disliked chaplains.

It was only a small workshop with three or four men in there. I said g'day and told them who I was. Facing me on the wall opposite, was a montage of pornographic pictures, and beside it was a blackboard on which someone had drawn various diagrams of the male sex organs. Instead of ignoring them or letting myself be embarrassed by them, I decided to meet the challenge head on. "You certainly have some very interesting wall features" I commented as I studied them openly. They seemed to relax then and started talking more freely with me. They had some complaints about previous chaplains, but in the end they accepted me and I made some very good friends in that workshop.

I went in one day to chat with one of them in particular, and he wasn't there. The one chap that was there told me that he was absent but if I was to push a large pinboard aside which was attached to one of the walls, I would find him. I did so and there was a hole in the wall leading into another room which was otherwise locked and unused. Here was my friend with some historic letters which he was going through and using them as the source of information for a local history that he was writing! I encouraged him as much as I could, but I found this person hard to reconcile with the chair throwing incident.

Later I shifted to the Hazelwood Power Station, and made a lot of friends there also. I was employed in this way for two or three days a week for the next three



years or so, and then there occurred an horrific accident at the Longford gas plant near Sale in which two men were killed. This caused a lot of trauma and I was asked to add a couple of days a week there as well. I did not enjoy this quite so much, except for the fact that they had an excellent canteen and also that I was able to hitch a ride on their 'bread and butter flight' in a helicopter out to the oil rigs in Bass Strait where the gas came from. I was surprised to learn that there were about 18 oil rigs out there and we actually touched down to deliver or pick up at 14 of them.

At the beginning of 2000 when I turned 65, I retired properly and started receiving the age pension.

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These Things I Have Learnt

Look for the inner beauty in everyone, however plain or unattractive the wrapper may be.



When I was fossicking with a friend near Mount Buninyong, I picked up this rock. I was about to throw it away, when my friend stopped me and took the rock from me and placed it in his collection. Some days later he returned the rock to me. He had cut through the ordinary looking rock revealing a beautiful rich brown wood pattern.

This highlighted something that I had learnt from childhood, which had been reinforced at the Melbourne City Mission and throughout my life: There is no person in the world that does not have something of value or something beautiful inside them if you look hard enough.

Don't generalize (except when you are saying 'Don't generalize!'). Generalizations are usually untrue or at least inaccurate. One of my travelling friends will say "that is what the Germans do (or eat)" and in turn I have heard him say to visitors to our country, "Australians are like that" or "This is how we do it here". He was assuming that when he went to Germany, the family that he stayed with or the city that he visited was cloned in every home and city in the country, and we all know that is not the case. Nor are the idiosyncrasies of one family those of the whole country.

This was the advice I used to give to telephone workers at Lifeline. If they were going to understand exactly what the problem was, they needed to be specific and not talk in generalizations themselves nor let their caller talk in generalizations when describing their problem. One example I used to give was when a teenage girl phoned and said "I did it with this boy. Do you think I can become pregnant?" The assumption would immediately be that she had had sex with him. But this was not the case. She had in fact had oral sex with him and was worried that she may have swallowed some sperm!

This was also the advice that I used to give to married couples (and try and follow myself!) when they are arguing. Don't use terms such as "You always . . ." or "You never . . ." Very rarely does a person "always" or "never" do something. It is more likely that they do it "a lot" or "every time there is a full moon" or something not quite so all embracing. The response to "You always . . ." is usually "I never . . ." whereas the response to "You sometimes . . ." or "You did that the last time we . . ." is more likely to be less defensive. At least it doesn't back a person into a corner.

Say "I don't know", "I'm sorry", "I was (am) wrong" To be able to say "I don't know" is a very freeing thing to do. It is difficult for someone who has a shaky self-confidence to 'lose face' and look like they are 'ignorant' about something. It is good to realize that you don't have to be 'God'. You can leave that up to Him. It is OK to not know and it is amazing how much you learn when you pleas ignorance.

As for the other two phrases, they are particularly difficult to say when you are angry or upset about something. It is also hard to be the first person to acknowledge that you are sorry or wrong. But it is worth it in the end. It takes a lot of courage and self-esteem to be able to use these terms sincerely. They are for the mature person only - or at least the person that is getting there.

Learn what forgiveness is and how to practice it. Mahatma Gandhi once said, "The weak can never forgive. Forgiveness is the attribute of the strong."

The dictionary says that forgiveness is "*to cease to blame or hold resentment . . . to grant pardon for a mistake, wrongdoing, etc. . . to free someone from penalty . . . to free someone from the obligation of something they owe you.*"

Forgiveness is not necessarily forgetting, but it is acting as if you have forgotten. It also means changing your perception of the original event or episode so that there is nothing left to forgive. This can be extremely hard to do, but the more you practice, the easier it becomes, and in the end you may actually forget what it was all about.

Forgiveness is actually three dimensional. So far I have described forgiving others, but we must also forgive ourselves. Some of us get very sore from kicking ourselves all our lives about some shortcoming. The third dimension is for those who believe in God. It is really important that forgiveness is sought in this relationship as well.

Water the grass. This is important if you want to keep the lawn of any relationship green. If you don't do this, the grass will start looking greener on the other side of the fence.

Of course, in relationships that are not so important, you might choose to let the grass dry out, because it doesn't matter to you. Scientists tell us that if we don't use our physical or mental muscles regularly, they will atrophy.

Withhold judgment. I spent a lot of time trying to be non judgmental, but with limited success. However I was much more successful at withholding my judgment and allowing myself to open my mind up to aspects of life and people that have, in many cases, eventually enriched me.

This same advice applies to your attitude to other people's values or religion. I have become almost completely tolerant of other people's religious beliefs and values. This means that I can read or watch programs dealing with unfamiliar beliefs and feel enriched by knowing a bit more about my fellow man.

You would have to be a special type of person to be completely non-judgmental.

Remember the Mirror Principle. This principle relates to criticism. Have a careful look at what or who you are criticizing and invariably you will find that you are seeing something in yourself that you don't like.

Try this. Write down 5 words or phrases of criticism that come to mind when you think of this person. Take a look of the list of words carefully and reflect on it. OK, here's the crunch, if you're really honest with yourself you will see that you too possess those same qualities that you find distasteful in that person. They may be repressed or you may be denying them, but they are there. Often you don't even realize it yourself. It might take someone else it to tell you; try asking someone who will be honest with you. The simple fact is, you would not be so upset by the person if you didn't have some of them in you.

Be generous with Encouragement. Encouragement is both easy and hard, but always worth doing. It is easy because it often simply needs a smile or a wave to indicate your support or encouragement of someone. But it can be hard because it must be sincere. It is too easy to sound patronizing and colonial.

The word "sincere" has an interesting etymology: *"In the time of the ancient Romans, devious dealers in marble and pottery would conceal defects in their products by filling the cracks and holes with wax. Honest merchants, who did not doctor their products, proudly displayed their wares as being 'without wax'; that is, they were sine cera."*

Be generous with your appreciation. Try waving ‘thank you’ to a driver who gives way to you. Say thank you to the person who cooks your meals every day for a particular meal. Say something appreciative to the check-out chick at the supermarket. Notice, and comment favourably on changes in your loved ones clothes, hair style etc. Tell your family how beautiful they are and how much you love them.

You can only teach or model what you have actually learnt. You can’t guide a person up mountain tracks that you have not yet reached. This has always been a challenge to me to keep growing and learning.

Counseling involves pointing people along a better track than they have been on (by the way, you don’t push them. Any change must be their decision). How can you do this if you are nowhere near that track in your own experience?

Nowadays, in retirement, I am not trying to lead others up the track, but I still enjoy the climb.

Don’t give advice, offer it!

Unsolicited advice is seldom really appreciated. For instance, instead of telling a person what they **should** do, how you have found a great way to deal with the problem, and let them take up your suggestion voluntarily.

Don’t associate with ‘toxic’ people. To help someone is to fan the spark of life into a flame - not to let the living dead eat you up. It means the same thing.

Toxic people are the people who drain you of energy instead of enriching you; the people who leave you feeling worse after being with them than before; they are consistently negative, complaining, needy, manipulative people who can turn a happy day into misery. In counseling they never seem to get anywhere, yet they tell you often how much they need you and how much you are helping. You then feel guilty or a failure if you ask them not to make any further appointments.

The best way to deal with toxic people is to not deal with them at all; to avoid them. In some cases it may not be an option, but more often than not, it is. It is common to think you have to deal with someone, when you actually do not. It is also common to believe you can get a toxic person to change while interacting with them. My experience is that it usually doesn’t work in the long run.

Be generous and wise with your love. I have learnt a lot about love. Just read this story again!

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Appendix 1: How the Pin Yin Spelling is Pronounced

Pronunciation

Most letters are pronounced as in English, with the exception of the following:

Vowels

- a** as in 'father'
- ai** as in 'high'
- ao** as the 'ow' in 'cow'
- e** as the 'u' in 'fur'
- ei** as the 'ei' in 'weigh'
- i** as the 'ee' in 'meet' (or like the 'oo' in 'book' after **c, ch, r, s, sh, z** or **zh**)
- ian** as in 'yen'
- ie** as the English word 'yeah'
- o** as in 'or'
- ou** as the 'oa' in 'boat'
- u** as in 'flute'
- ui** as in the word 'way'
- uo** like a 'w' followed by 'o'
- yu** as in the German 'ü' – pucker your lips and try saying 'ee'
- ü** as the German 'ü'

Consonants

- c** as the 'ts' in 'bits'
- ch** as in 'chop', but with the tongue curled back
- h** as in 'hay', but articulated from farther back in the throat
- q** as the 'ch' in 'cheese'

- r** as the 's' in 'pleasure'
- sh** as in 'ship', but with the tongue curled back
- x** as in 'ship'
- z** as the 'dz' in 'suds'
- zh** as the 'j' in 'judge' but with the tongue curled back

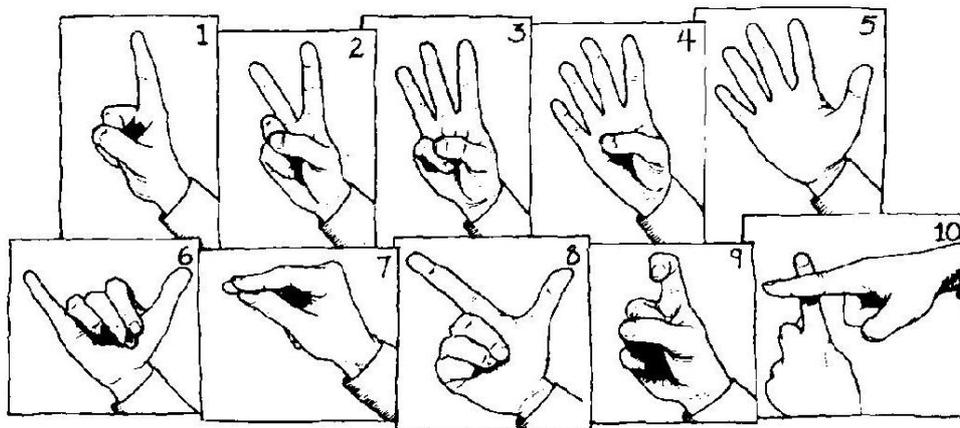
The only consonants that occur at the end of a syllable are **n, ng** and **r**.

In Pinyin, apostrophes are occasionally used to separate syllables in order to prevent ambiguity, eg the word *píng'ān* can be written with an apostrophe after the 'g' to prevent it being pronounced as *pín'gān*.

Gestures

Hand signs are frequently used in China. The 'thumbs-up' sign has a long tradition as an indication of excellence. An alternative way to indicate excellence is to gently pull your earlobe between your thumb and index finger.

Finger counting is widely used in China, but usually as a confirmation of a spoken number. One of the disadvantages of finger counting is that there are regional differences. The sign for No 10, for instance, can also be made with a single fist in many parts of China.



The Chinese system of finger counting.

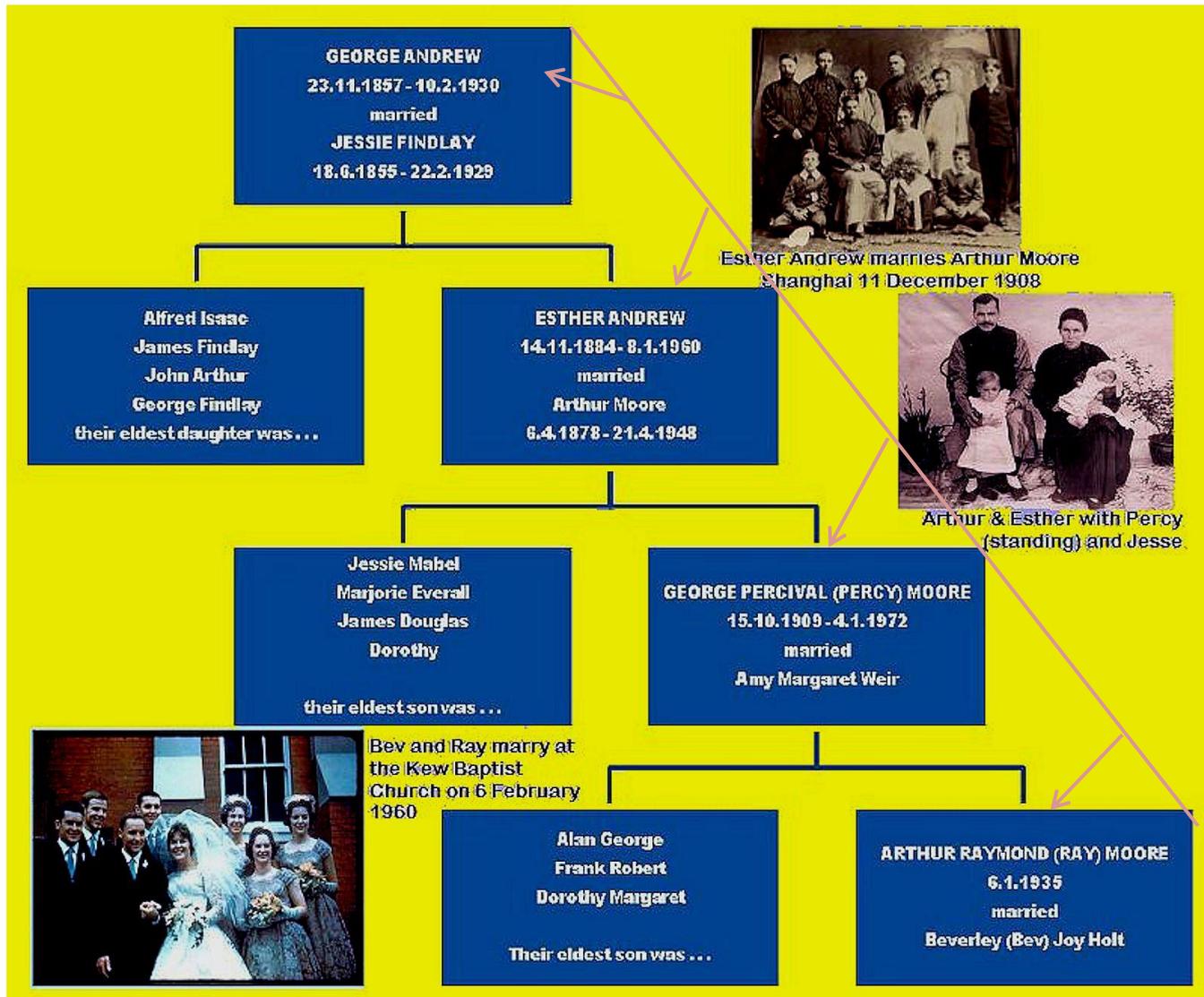
(With thanks to The Lonely Planet)

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LANGUAGE

Appendix 2: The Family Tree

You can see here that I was the eldest son of the eldest son of the eldest daughter of George and Jessie Andrew, and the third generation born in China.



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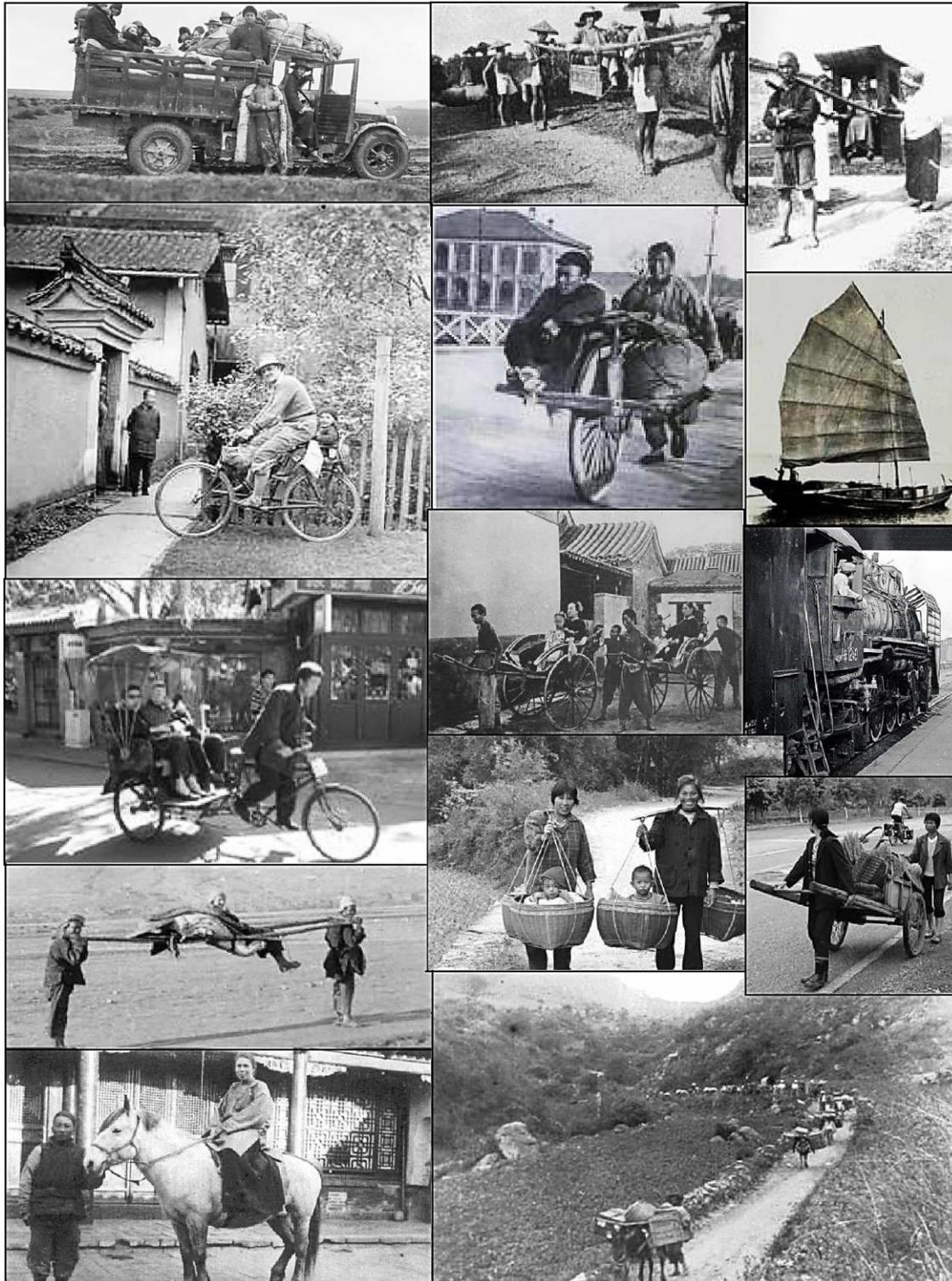
Appendix 3: Map of China



This map of China shows the places I called home between 1935 and 1950.

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Appendix 4: Transport in China, pre-1950



During my time in China there were many different types of transport that had to be used to get anywhere. Here are some of them.

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Appendix 5: Ray's Timeline

YE A R	MY A G E	RESIDEN CE	COMMENTS	CHINESE HISTORY
1935	0	Hanzhong	Born 6 January in Hanzhong, but My parents worked in Xixiang	"Long March" 1934-1935 Communists march from south China to Yan'an
1936	1	Xixiang		
1937	2		Alan is born 17 April	Japan attacks China. Communists & Guomindang form alliance
1938	3			
1939	4	Australia	Parents on furlough. Frank is born (and Bev)	World War II starts in Europe
1940	5	Chefoo (Yantai)	Parents return to China. Ray goes straight to boarding school with teacher by boat from Shanghai	
1941	6			Japs bomb Pearl Harbour 5 December. Japs take control of Chefoo School Property
1942	7	Chefoo (Temple Hill)	1 st Internment Camp at Chefoo	
1943	8	Weih sien (Weifang)	Boat to Qingdao then train to Weih sien	
1944	9			
1945	10		I am flown out to Hanzhong in September	15 August WWII ends
1946	11	Hanzhong	School does not reopen for 12 months	Civil War continues between Communists and Goumindang.
1947	12	Shanghai	Boarding School reopens in CIM HQ	
1948	13	Guling (Lushan)	Boarding School moves to 4000 ft holiday resort	
1949	14			People's Republic of China proclaimed by Communists. Guomindang moves to Taiwan
1950	15		"Ejected" by PR of China to	Land reform. China enters

			Hong Kong and then via Ceylon (Sri Lanka) to Sydney	Korean War
1951	16	Sydney		"Three Anti's Campaign"
1952	17			"Five Anti's Campaign"
1953	18	Melbourne	Work at JW Faulkner's "Nappy Factory"	
1954	19		Work at Rootes - Do National Service. 1 st January relationship with Bev starts	
1955	20		Rootes	
1956	21		Melbourne City Mission	
1957	22		Melbourne Bible Institute	Anti Rightist Campaign
1958	23		Melbourne Bible Institute	"Great Leap Forward"
1959	24		Worked at Stebbins & Sons farm suppliers. Accepted for Theological Trg.	Famine until 1961
1960	25	Rainbow	Bev & Ray marry 6 Feb – Michael born 14 Nov	
1961	26			
1962	27			
1963	28	Abbotsford	Carolynne born	Cult of Mao escalates
1964	29			
1965	30			
1966	31	Euroa	Andrew ("Fred") born	Cultural Revolution starts and goes for 10 years.
1967	32		Ray ordained as a Baptist Minister	
1968	33			
1969	34	Ballarat		
1970	35			
1971	36	Wendouree	Tracey born – Appointed Lifeline Director	Lin Biao dies
1972	37			Nixon visits China
1973	38			
1974	39			
1975	40			
1976	41			Mao dies – Zhou Enlai dies – Cultural Revolution ends – "Gang of Four" arrested
1977	42			Deng Xiaoping back in power
1978	43	Snake Valley	Resigned from Lifeline – unemployed	

1979	44		Private Counseling Service in Ballarat	
1980	45		Private Counseling Service in Ballarat	
1981	46		EE Day & Sons	
1982	47		GROW	
1983	48			
1984	49			
1985	50			
1986	51			
1987	52			
1988	53	Traralgon	Latrobe Family Support Centre	
1989	54			Tiananmen Square Massacre
1990	55			
1991	56			
1992	57			
1993	58			
1994	59		"Retired" (May) but started with ITIM as a part time Industrial Chaplain	
1995	60			
1996	61			
1997	62			Hong Kong returned to China by the British
1998	63			
1999	64		Return to China 14 Aug – 12 Sep. Retire at end of December	50 th Anniversary of Mao's proclamation of The People's Republic of China
2000	65		Start pension	
2001	66			
2002	67		Feb. trip to China with Frank. Trip to Europe and Great Britain in May/June	
2003	68		Sept. started Creative Writing Group with Sandra.	
2004	69		April started U3A Creative Writing	
2005	70			
2006	71			
2007	72		Caravan trip round Australia - 3 months	
2008	73			China hosts the Olympic Games
2009	74			
2010	75		Golden Wedding Anniversary	
2011	76			
2012	77			
2013	78			

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Endnotes

Hanzhong History

Introduction

In the west of China are three protected basins surrounded by mountains and other natural barriers. The most northerly is the catchment of the Wei River and its tributaries in Shaanxi. It is known as the Guanzhong, or the “the Land within the Passes”, and is well known as a site of ancient Chinese civilisation and where the Zhou, Qin, Han, Sui and Tang as well as many originally foreign northern

Dynasties grew, emerged to conquer and govern. Chang’an (present day Xi’an) is a site which has been the centre of government for China for the longest period of its history.

Although the Guanzhong is best known there are two other “lands within the passes” to the south. To the far south, across the Qinling and Ba Mountain ranges lies the Sichuan basin. Although not as famous as the Guanzhong, the Sichuan plain has also been the site of ancient civilisations which grew in parallel with those of the north and east. The ancient name for Sichuan was “Shu” or silkworm and the silk of Sichuan was traded across the Silk Road well before its “discovery” by Zhang Qian in the western Han period.

Between these two areas, south of the high Qinling mountains and north of the Ba mountains lies the Hanzhong basin. The Hanzhong basin was known in ancient times as “Yu Pen” or “the Jade Basin” for its rich natural resources and these, together with its position has made it the linking region for the traffic that grew as people found ways to move across the mountains between the Guanzhong and Shu area and ways to move along the Han river to link Shu, Guanzhong and the lower Yangtse river area. The roads they built between north and south were the Shu roads – one of which was the famous Baoxie Plank Road. But the traffic did not only connect settlement as these mountains also divide the environment and climate of China into north and south. They separate the predominantly wheat growing areas from the predominantly rice growing areas and the climate at Hanzhong reflects a balance of north and south as well.

‘Hanzhong, in the midst of the QinLing and Bashan mountains, is quite unassuming, and not even easy to locate on most maps, and yet it has great claims to fame. Not only does the region have unique natural resources, giving it the reputation far and wide as “The little South China of the northwest” or “Shaanxi’s land of plenty”, but it has also been a stage on which for some thousands of years the history of the Chinese people has been played out. Furthermore, it has been a background for famous novels and events from ancient times of deep and lasting cultural significance.

Hanzhong is located in the southwestern part of the Shaanxi province, about 230 km. from Xian, (about three hours drive) in the centre of the Hanzhong Basin, on the Han River, near the Sichuan border. Hanzhong lies 500 meters above sea level. It has an area of 27,246 square kilometers. Annual mean temperature: 14.3°C.

Situated in the transition area between warm temperate zone and subtropical zone, Hanzhong has moderate and humid weather without torrid summer. The winter current coming from North China was blocked by the Qinling Mountain, so its winter is relatively warmer. The rainy season usually appears during June to September.

The city was formerly called Nanzheng. It formed the centre of the Han Principality. The latter was assigned to Liu Bang by Xiang Yu after the fall of Qin, during the 18 Kingdoms interregnum preceding the establishment of the Han Empire by Liu. During the Three Kingdoms Period Hanzhong, as a border city between the kingdoms of Wei and Shu, had considerable strategic importance, but only from the Wei side of the city.

Hanzhong gained its name for the Han River. As early as 2,400 years ago, Hanzhong Shire was established by the Qin Kingdom during the Warring States Period (476BC-221BC). It is the birthplace of the Han Dynasty (206BC-220AD).

Hanzhong is most famous because of its strategic location during the period of the Three Kingdoms and as the place where Han Dynasty had its origin. Most of the places of interest in the city are therefore related to these two historical facts, with the most famous one being the Ancient Plank Road that in the old times connected Sichuan and Shaanxi province.

The ancient plank road between Sichuan and Shaanxi was first constructed during the Warring States Period (476BC-221BC), and expanded in the Qin (221BC-206BC) and Han (206BC-220AD) dynasties. Ninety percent of the plank road was built in Hanzhong along the Han River. The most famous section is the Baoxie Road with the Rock Gate and Shimen Cliffside Inscriptions in today's Shimen reservoir area. Ancient Baoxie Plank Road, also called Baoxie Road or Daogu. It stretches for 120 km from Baocheng County of Hanzhong City in the south to Xieyu Pass in Meixian County in the north.

Through its association with the events behind the expressions "Openly repair the plank road, secretly approach Chencang (Baoji city nowadays)", Xiao He pursuing Han Xin in the moonlight, peace created in troubled times by the "Five Pecks of Rice" Daoist rebellion, "Spare no effort to do one's duty without stopping unless one dies" and "War horses fight bravely at the Great San Pass" etc, Hanzhong's fame is well known, and often re-told in the annals of its colourful written history.

But Hanzhong's long history does not only consist in these events. Among the great historical cities of China, Hanzhong possesses an amazing wealth of history and culture, including the site of the Neolithic Lijiacun Culture, Shang & Yin dynasty Bronze ware and other relics at Baoshan, the Han period Temple of Zhang Liang, the tombs of Zhang Qian (discoverer of the Silk Road), Li Gu (incorruptible later Han statesman), Cai Lun (inventor of paper in the later Han) and the Three Kingdoms tomb and temple of Zhuge Liang (the Martial Lord of Shu Han) etc, to name but a few. In the midst of these relics of history and culture, in the heart of Hanzhong city lie the "three relics of the early Han". These are the ancient Hantai, the Alter of Conferring Titles and the Pool for Watering Horses. These create a heavy responsibility as with all significant historical sites for their care, especially the ancient Hantai, which is a famous drawcard for the historical culture of the city, and provides a link between ancient and modern history. (Chris Ning)

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Promises ([See pages 93-94](#))

Made to me by God in February 1953 as I left all my four children to go in obedience to Him to Malaya.

- Isaiah 8:8 I and the children the Lord has given me shall be for signs.
- Isaiah 44:3-5 I will pour My spirit upon your descendents, and My blessing on your offspring. This one shall say 'I am the Lord's'. another shall call himself by the name of Jacob. Another will write on his hand 'The Lord's', and surname himself by the name of Israel.
- Isaiah 49:25 I will save your children.
- Isaiah 51:8 My deliverance will be forever. My salvation to all generations.
- Isaiah 54:13 All your sons shall be taught by the Lord, and great shall be the prosperity of your sons.
- Isaiah 59:21 This is My covenant with them, says the Lord, My Spirit which is upon you, and My words which I have put in your mouth shall not depart out of your mouth nor out of the mouth of your children, or out of the mouth of your children's children, says the Lord, from this time forth and for evermore.
- Isaiah 61:8-9 His everlasting covenant:- their descendants shall be known among the nations, their offspring in the midst of the peoples. All who see them shall acknowledge that they are a people whom the Lord has blessed.
- Isaiah 65:23 My people, My chosen shall not labour in vain or bear children for calamity, for they shall be the offspring of the blessed of the Lord and their children with them.
- Isaiah 66:22 As the new heavens and the new earth shall remain before Me says the Lord, so shall your descendants and your name remain.

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