

## The Circle of Light - Prologue -

Lily lay in her sleeping bag, stunned and unable to speak. Her coal black Indian eyes, just beginning to readjust to the darkness, stared at the ceiling of the tiny hunting cabin tucked away in the New Mexican woods. She tried to reach over and wake her “bellagonna” (white man) husband John but her arm refused to move. She struggled to call his name but she couldn't speak.

“Oh, how I wish I could tell John,” she thought. “Will I ever be able to move or speak again?” Her mind reeled with the vents of the last few minutes. At last the paralysis left her and she grasped her husband by the arm.

“John, John,” she stammered, shaking him out of his slumber. “There was a man here!”

John was awake in an instant and reached for his gun. “Where?” he demanded, his eyes probing first the cabin and then the scrub and Pinon trees outside for any signs of movement.

“I was asleep,” Lily said excitedly, and all of the sudden I woke up—or rather, I was awakened. I was lying on my side, and suddenly I was strongly compelled to turn my head and look at the ceiling. All I could do was obey. As I looked at the ceiling, it faded and became a mass of dark clouds, rolling and stirring and descending toward me. As they got closer, they became lighter and lighter until they were huge, glowing white clouds. Then the clouds parted, and there stood Jesus.”

She paused for a moment, reliving the Glory. “We looked at each other for a few moments. Then I said, ‘Oh, you're Jesus.’ He smiled and raised his hand in greeting. I was too stunned to move and I could only look at Him.

“Oh, Johnny dear, He was so beautiful . . . so perfect, and his face just glowed. As I looked at him, a pain—the same pain I have had in my side for so many years—came to me and I said to Him, ‘Oh, Jesus, when you were on earth you helped so many people—will you help me?’ Jesus reached out his hand toward me and immediately the pain was gone. Then I said, ‘Oh, Jesus, I'll have to wake Johnny dear so he can see you.’ But Jesus said ‘No, he is not ready for this yet.’

“I looked at Him and He had on the most beautiful, glowing robe. It was the lightest violet color, and I could not tell where the robe left off and the clouds started. Then I noticed the circle of light. It came down as if a huge light were in the sky, pointing straight down. Just outside the circle, feet were trudging by. Large feet in moccasins. Occasionally one would turn and come into the circle, but mostly they stayed out of the circle and were in darkness.

“Then, as I watched, small feet started going by with the large feet. Many of the small feet paused, turned, and came into the circle. The little feet—the children, danced with the light and were happy. I understood that the moccasined feet represented my people, and that the circle of light meant truth. Then I looked

back at Jesus, and He said, ‘Go teach My children.’

I said, ‘I'm not educated.’

He simply said to me ‘A Higher Power.’

“Then he said: ‘The younger people will accept and walk in the light much better than the older ones.’

Again He said to me: 'Go teach My children,' and again I said: 'But, I'm not educated,' and He said to me again: 'A Higher Power.'

“I talked to Him some more, and asked Him why we are fighting a war. [World War II]

He said 'The people want it.' Then I asked Him if we would get a deer on this hunting trip, and He said 'No.'

Then He smiled and started to float up out of sight. The clouds closed behind Him, and got darker and darker, and rolled and stirred as they got darker. Finally, they just faded away and there was the ceiling again.

John and Lily's life would never be the same after Lily's vision of “The Circle of Light.” It would inspire both missionary and Indian until the day when many moccasined feet of Lily's people *will* walk through the Pearly Gates into the Great City of Light.

Lilakai Julian Neal, the first Seventh-day Adventist convert among the great Navajo Indian tribe of the southwest United States, *did* go and teach among her people. She was the first woman to serve on the Navajo Tribal Council. Her husband, John, a white trader, later became an agent for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Both John and Lily served their people as highly respected friends of the Navajo for many years.

## Chapter 1

### A Death Sentence . . . and Deliverance

"Write that letter!"

The young man gripped the ladder as he turned to see who had spoken. But he didn't see anyone. Only the apple orchard, and his dog. The tall man stuffed his pruning shears into the back pocket of his overalls, climbed down the ladder, and appraised what he'd been doing for the past few hours. *Looks pretty good to me* he thought. "Write that letter!"

*There it is again!* Whoever had spoken had to have been standing but a few paces away. But he couldn't see anyone. He began to search for the hidden person. He sidestepped, looking between the trees, moving this way and that trying to get a better view. *Nobody but me* he decided. *I wonder, who could it be? Is someone playing a trick on me.*

But a subtle memory wormed its way into his consciousness. He sensed Who had spoken. *I feel somewhat like Samuel when the Lord had called him in the night*, he thought. "And I know what God wants me to do." His whispered remark startled a Killdeer who had been strutting and bobbing for insects nearby.

*I've thought of writing that letter so many times.* He turned the idea over again in his mind, but he hadn't been sure just how to go about it. Not that it was anything new; this thought had hung in his mind for days. Dropping his tools by an apple tree, he climbed a nearby embankment and eased his tired body onto the dry clods. He took a long drink from the canteen beside him, and then rested it in his lap, becoming engrossed in the scene before him.

The young man had worked so hard on that little house. *I wanted to do my best to make it habitable for Agnes and the boys.* He gazed at the barn up behind the house. *I finished it only last week.* He'd planted the new apple orchard, too, near the one on which he worked, put in the garden, and mowed the fields with his scythe. *I've carved this homestead from raw desert.* He felt a sense of the pride of having accomplished something good.

But as he surveyed the fields of his "ranch," . . . *There's another field which needs cultivating*, he mused. *A vast untouched field, raw, uncultivated. A field that desperately needs someone to bring to it the good news of the gospel.* This field was infinitely greater than the one spread out before him. *Someone must go.* He stood up and continued to gaze at the scene before him. *And I believe that God is calling me.* His mind turned to the almost insurmountable obstacles that loomed so large in his path. For the past three years he hadn't been able to speak above a whisper. In fact, three years ago doctors gave him only six months to live. *I believe that God spared my life—to do a special work for Him.*

"Well." the farmer whispered with conviction. "I'd better go write that letter." He gathered up his tools from the base of the tree, and started for the cabin. *I've dallied long enough.* His mind became clear for the first time since the letter idea was born. *Now it's time for action!*

The man? Orno Follett. The year? 1915. The site? Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Orno wasn't certain to whom He should send the letter, but he knew it must be to someone at the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists in Washington, D.C. So, in time, the letter came to rest on the desk of Elder I. H. Evans, then president of the General Conference.

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May 16, 1915

*Dear Brother,*

*I have, during the past year, [spent] some time gathering information regarding the Indian tribes of our Southwest, especially in New Mexico and Arizona.*

*As far as I have been able to learn no work has been done by our [church] for these people, although some denominations—notably the Catholics—have labored among them for many years. We doubt these people are expectantly waiting for Montezuma to return and deliver them from the white man's rule and restore to them "their happy hunting grounds[.]" [But they] are among those "every nation, kindred, tongue and people" who must hear the great threefold message ere the return of our blessed Master—their true deliverer.*

*I should have written regarding this matter ere long this[,] but was detained in my desire to obtain further information, etc. Even now I do not know the proper person to address regarding it, other than yourself. I feel a burden for this work and offer myself for it, providing others better fitted are not available.*

*I shall await your reply and thank you for whatever information or advice you may be able to give.*

*Yours in the blessed hope,*

*Orno Follett*

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Three years earlier Orno and Agnes Follett had eagerly planned for mission service in Africa. While they awaited their call to arms, they assisted in evangelistic services in Kansas in order to gain experience. But Follett's throat began to give him trouble.

"Speaker's sore throat," the doctor told him on his first visit. But when the problem failed to respond to rest and treatment, the doctor changed his diagnosis: "Orno, I'm afraid that your sore throat is caused by 'tuberculosis of the throat.'"

Follett felt he was reliving a nightmare. Several years before this, while taking the nurses' course at St. Helena Sanitarium, Orno had contracted tuberculosis while caring for a patient with that then deadly malady. Because of this tragedy, he'd dropped out of training. Now he himself needed medical help.

Several months passed. He'd never known such a dreary time. *Agnes kept me going*, he remembered. *And it did give us a great deal of time for Bible study. It wasn't a total loss.*

Before long the illness subsided and he and Agnes began to pick up the pieces of their lives. Again the couple began laying plans for mission service—"in Africa, I hope," Agnes could hardly contain her excitement. And Orno's heart beat rapidly at the thought as well. But the doctor spoke and Orno's mind returned to the present. "I'd guess that you have about six months to live," he intoned.

Orno felt a stab in his heart. After Agnes got over the shock of possibly losing her husband in six months, she asked the doctor if there was anything they could do to prolong his life.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "You might try going to a higher, dryer climate. And it would be good to set your things in order while you still have the strength."

"It's terrible!" Follett said as they left the doctor's office. "It just seems that all our dreams for mission service have shattered. Why would God do this after placing such a dream in our hearts?"

"I don't know," returned Agnes. "I'd so wanted to go to Africa . . . and I know you did too. But now that's not to be."

Tears filled her eyes. "We're doomed, Orno. I know God hasn't left us, but His plans don't seem to be ..." Her voice broke into uncontrollable sobs, shaking her entire body. She put her head on Orno's shoulder. He put his arms around her, and for several minutes they both experienced a mutual, emotional earthquake. When tears would no longer come, they dried their faces and began preparing to follow the doctor's suggestion. Packing their few belongings and clothing and their two baby boys they moved to Colorado.

"The climate here is still too damp," Orno whispered soon after they'd arrived.

"We just can't afford the train every time we have to move." Agnes showed the wisdom of a mother who knew how to take care of her family.

Orno turned away without saying a word and soon disappeared. *I wonder what he's up to, she mused. But I'm sure he'll do something good.* Approaching the stables Orno looked at the various horses they had for sale. *I must find a pair that will pull a heavy wagon and be strong and healthy,* he mused. *Lord, give me wisdom to find what we need.*

Before long, Follett had hitched two horses to a sturdy wagon and lumbered down the street to the hotel where he'd left his family and their belongings.

"Good work, Orno," praised Agnes as they began loading their things. "You've bought a strong wagon and a good team. Now we can ride to New Mexico in style."

"Yes," breathed Orno. "But it won't be as comfortable as riding the rails."

Orno's brother Austin, and Agnes' brother Thompson accompanied them to help them find a place to get settled in New Mexico.

The cold breezes of October reminded them that at this mile-high altitude, winter would soon set in.

“We're homeless, Orno.” Agnes tried to sound brave, but her anxiety dribbled through the dike of her faith. “We have only a few possessions, a wagon, and two horses.”

“Good horses though.” He leaned over close to her ear so she could hear him.

“Yes, but what of the future? What about the boys if . . . if you should die? Manoaah is barely big enough to take care of himself, and little Junior,” she looked down at their nearly two-year-old son cradled in her arms, “will still take a lot of care, and . . . and what about me?”

Her faith skated on thin ice, and she hoped that Orno could help her. Orno shook his head and looked away from the road. He admired the jagged peaks to the west. He listened to the cadence of the horses' hooves as they joined the sympathy of the creaking wagon.

“It is a time to try our souls.” Orno whispered over the wagon wheel orchestration. “We have no One to which to turn but our loving heavenly Father. We have nothing but what He gives us.” He paused and thought about what he'd just said—a concept about which he'd given little thought. He continued: “We have nowhere to go but where He leads . . . and that's enough for me, don't you think?” He smiled at Agnes, shifted the reins to his right hand, and put his arm around her shoulder. Her smile revealed a determination that he knew would carry her through the trials that surely would follow.

They plodded south toward unknown territory. . . . And two and a half months—of the six allotted to Orno by the doctor—had already elapsed. The road began to descend a steep hill, and the wagon's occupants braced themselves against the pull of gravity. The trail seemed rougher than usual, the ruts and rocks caused the wagon to tilt radically from side to side.

“Careful!” Agnes cried, as one of the wheels struck a rock somewhat larger than the rest.

Without warning, the wagon tilted to the left, and capsized, spilling boxes, bedding, furniture, clothing and people out over a lengthy stretch of roadside, as the horses slowly came to a halt.

“Ooo . . . OO!” chorused everyone as they slid and tumbled to the ground, sprawling this way and that. But Agnes landed on baby Junior.

“Orno!” she cried. “Junior!” The baby screamed from pain and fright.

Rebounding from his fall, Orno raced to Agnes' side. Lifting little Junior into his arms, he and Agnes examined him carefully.

“Except for a fullblown case of the 'boohoos,’” Orno smiled at last, “he seems to be fine.” None of the others had received any more than cuts and bruises. After righting the wagon again, the

three men—with Manoah's “help”—gathered the spilled cargo and replaced it into the wagon. After resting in the shade of a nearby tree for a brief interlude, the family made their way south again.

Golden leaves painted the trees along the trail and extended far beyond—into the mountains in the distance. They were broken by an occasional red maple, or the brown of a lonely elm, or oak. Were it not for the weariness of the travelers, the scene would have taken their breath away. But instead, their tired eyes watched the two ruts that marked the way to Santa Fe . . . where they hoped to find the kind of atmosphere that would lead to Orno's health.

The mountains gave way to a semi-desert of low hills, covered with juniper, pine and cedars. Though somewhat different from the country through which they had traveled in Colorado, they enjoyed the beauty of the countryside.

“There it is.” Agnes' heart jumped at the thought. The wagon had just rounded a bend in the road and lifted its forward wheels over a minor hill when—spread out before them, filling their entire view—Santa Fe loomed into sight.

“Where will we stay?” Agnes wondered aloud. She knew full well that if they found no hotel or inn for their comfort they could merely find an out-of-the-way place and sleep in their wagon.

“I'd surely love to take a bath,” Orno whispered. “And I know you would too. . . . There, over by the hardware store. Doesn't that say “Hotel?”

“Yes, I think it does!” The Folletts' hopes rose as they neared the spot. “Yes,” continued Agnes, “it is definitely a hotel . . . Travelers Hotel. “We've got a room with a bath!” smiled Agnes when she returned. “They said we can unload our things and that you'll find a place for the wagon and horses behind the hotel.”

On Sabbath afternoon the little family drove out toward the nearby mountains to enjoy the fresh air and scenery. Indian summer is a delightful time of the year on the high desert. The ever-present desert sun, like the smile of God, contended with the ominous chill of the impending winter. It seemed like the chill of doom that threatened to bury the Folletts under many feet of snow.

“Look at that!” Agnes exclaimed, at the same time Orno pointed.

As the wagon rounded a bend in the trail, they came upon, an abandoned cabin in a sheltered alcove.

“We're acting like kids,” Agnes laughed as they scampered about the place checking this detail and that.

“No doubt about it,” Orno whispered. “This will make a wonderful place for us . . . at least until we decide to go somewhere else.” This would be a wonderful place to live, but . . . but nothing in life seemed stable to Orno anymore. The future seemed to rotate in a drab kaleidoscope of pain, hope, death, love, despair . . . And the uncertainty about his family, his health, and his mission loomed over him like a cloud of lead pellets.

On Sunday morning they returned to the cabin with their belongings. Agnes swept the floor and dusted what few surfaces presented themselves. Orno beckoned to her to come help him with the last box as he slid the trunk to the back opening of the wagon. His strength was beginning to wane, but he determined to at least get all their earthly belongings into the cabin before dark.

“Not bad, considering,” Agnes whispered to herself as she glanced around. They lit the lantern and arranged their packing-box furniture until the abode took on the pleasant feeling of a humble home.

“Thank God for His providence,” Orno whispered. “He has provided us with shelter in a strange land.”

Often in the weeks that followed, Agnes walked alone into the woods to pray.

“O Lord,” she spoke aloud. “You’ve been so good to us. Orno seems some better, and You’ve given us guidance in bringing us here.” She stopped to watch a Bluejay hopping about in the fallen leaves. She continued her prayer. “We’re so thankful that You’ve provided a place for us to live. Lord, we want to do your will. Is this where you want us to be? Can’t we serve You somewhere in Your great mission field?”

She paused for a long time as she watched the squirrels bound about looking for the last nut to store up for the soon-to-be winter weather.

“As good as You’ve been in leading us here,” she continued her prayer, “Isn’t there someplace where we can work for you? We are your servants, O Lord. Wherever You want us to go . . . we’ll go. But . . . but if you want us to stay . . .” She hesitated, not sure of her next words.

“If You want us to stay here, we’ll stay! May Your will be done. In Jesus Name I pray . . . Amen.” She whispered again—“Amen.” Slowly . . . drearily . . . the days passed. Winter seemed frightfully cold in this high elevation. Orno did his best to patch the holes in the walls, and made frequent forays into the forest to cut wood for the fireplace. In spite of all this work, his health improved . . . slowly.

But at last the long winter melted away into spring. Trees that had appeared dead during the months of snow now exploded with green buds that stretched their arms heavenward toward their Creator. The melting snow trickled into gushing streams that cascaded down the gullies from the hills and mountains . . . far away to the valleys below.

The once barren valleys they’d seen when they’d first arrived now burst with color as grass and myriads of flowers—large and small—carpeted the ground. *No man could do this!* Thought Orno. *This was none other than the work of the Almighty Himself!*

As the Folletts led their little boys into the field, Orno noticed something that he had missed before.

“Look,” His voice rasped, but it had definitely improved. “Everywhere in the valley there are apple and pear orchards. Look at those blossoms.” He jogged to a nearby tree. “Those are apple blossoms! Someone must own these orchards. They look as though they've been well cared for.”

Not long afterward, Orno, the man who wasn't supposed to live through the winter, made his way to one of the owners and found part-time employment. Orno procured a desert claim with a small shack on it. In his free hours, as his strength improved, he continued to work part time at the apple orchard while improving his little homestead. He kept busy renovating the cottage to make it more homey for the family.

“Two years,” Orno whispered as he drew in his breath. During that time he had plowed and planted, reaped and sold. The bulk of the money went to purchase food, building materials, and other items his family needed. But by the early summer of 1915, he and Agnes had made their humble cabin into a cozy and livable cottage. By now little Ira had added his voice to the family discussions. Agnes could tell that, as the old wives tale went, “He sure has a healthy set of lungs!”

“We've got to do something for the Lord,” insisted Orno one day. “I'm sure we'll never go to Africa,” his whisper trailed off into silence as he dreamed of the never-to-be.

“We don't have much,” suggested Agnes, “But aren't we missionaries for the Lord wherever we are—whether in Africa or here in Santa Fe?” She had resolved to let God handle their future for them.

“You're right.” Orno's eyes brightened as His hope of working with the Lord deepened. “We don't have much money, but why don't we use some of what we have and buy missionary tracts to distribute about town?”

Orno couldn't speak above a whisper, and yet the tracts spoke for him. When he didn't feel well enough to distribute the literature, Agnes took over and drove to town by herself to give them out. Santa Fe was largely a Spanish and Indian settlement, and Orno often wondered as he drove through the narrow, winding, tile paved streets if anything was being done to bring the gospel to these pagan people. They came in from the surrounding pueblos and reservations to sell their wares. Beneath the wide overhangs of the Spanish style verandas they spread their colorful blankets and laid out their intricate turquoise and silver jewelry, pottery, and rugs, hoping a passing tourist or trader might buy them.

To the north and west of Santa Fe lay the extensive Navajo Reservation. Orno had seen these people in Santa Fe and when he had visited Gallup some years before. He had heard of the extreme needs of this tribe—30,000 of them!

These ideas weighed heavily on his heart, and he wished he could learn their language so he could talk to them. He wanted to tell them that Jesus died for them, too.

Orno couldn't contain himself. He was determined to do something for these pagan people. He went to see Elder Coberly, then president of the New Mexico Mission.

“What is being done for the Navajo people,” he rasped as loud as he could. It hurt, but He felt that this was one of the most important interviews in his life. “Is anything being done at all? Coberly listened sympathetically.

"No, Brother Follett. Nothing is being done for the Navajo by the Adventist Church. We scarcely have enough funds to care for our members who are scattered throughout the mission. It's just beyond our ability to send paid workers on a mission such as you suggest. We just couldn't afford to establish a mission on tribal lands."

Elder Coberly rested his elbows on his desk, his hands folded and seemingly holding up his head by his nose. He stared across the room at the man. *He wears threadbare clothes that don't fit. He can hardly speak because of tuberculosis of the throat . . . and yet he has a heart burning to establish work among the Navajo people,* thought Elder Coberly. *Well, there is one thing He does have: he has courage, something that has become somewhat a rarity these days.*

Again Elder Coberly spoke: “As I said, we just don't have the money to begin work among the Navajo. But we'd really like to see it done, and it looks like the Lord has laid that burden upon your heart. Perhaps you should write a letter to the General Conference. Maybe they can help.”

Orno didn't write just then, but he continued to gather information about the different tribes. Soon after his visit with Elder Coberly, however, Orno responded to the audible Voice, calling him to write the letter. Then, as he went about his chores, he anxiously awaited the reply. Would the General Conference be interested in work among the Indians? He didn't have to wait long, for within weeks an answer arrived in the mail.

I. H. Evans, then president of the General Conference, advised him that if he could get medical approval, his request to work for the Indians would be considered. At about that same time Evans wrote an article for the Review and Herald asking for volunteers to work among the Indians in the Southwest. There was no satisfactory response.

“Maybe we'll be missionaries yet,” whispered Orno.

“It's wonderful,” replied Agnes. “But before we can become missionaries we have to deal with your health.”

They prayed about it daily asking God to direct them in the way they should go.

“Let's go to camp meeting in Colorado,” suggested Agnes. “I hear it's pretty there this time of year.”

So in August, 1915, the Follett family jogged in their wagon over the bumpy trails to Alamosa, Colorado. The roads were narrow and the horses seemed a bit frightened at the occasional motorcar that passed. Though they were much improved over former models, they still belched

black smoke and roared through the hills and forests. A person could hear them coming two or three miles before they came into sight. And even though they made much better time than his wagon, Orno decided, they still had to deal with the rough roads. As the meetings progressed the Folletts found themselves strangely warmed by the closeness they felt among the group of campers attending the assemblies.

“I wonder if this is the time to bring it up?” rasped Orno as he and Agnes lay in their wagon under the stars.

“Bring what up?”

“The condition of my throat . . . to ask for special prayer.” He said nothing more, and watched a shooting star dart across the deep blue sky.

He brought up the subject again the next evening as they sat close together by the fire that warmed a number of worshipers after one of the meetings. “I feel such a call to take the gospel to the Navajos,” he whispered “Why would God place such a burden upon me if I were just to waste away and die?”

“Yes,” whispered Agnes, unconsciously mimicking her husband's malady. “And the letters. Why would God want you to write the letters if you have only a few more months to live?”

They were both somewhat encouraged that the time of his death—predicted by the doctor—had come and gone and that Orno seemed to gain in strength “Yes,” returned her husband. “The letters.”

At the close of the final meeting one of the leaders, Orno's heart skipped a beat when one of the speakers, rising to the platform suggested: “we feel impressed that we should have a special prayer meeting for those of you who have an illness yourselves, or who have close loved ones at home who might be included.”

Orno felt overjoyed at the thought, but shy at the same time. *Would it be proper for me to make such a request like this in public? Would others think that I'm only seeking sympathy rather than healing?*

But God won and Orno rose from the log on which he had been sitting. Agnes repeated his words so everyone could hear. “Might it be proper, . . .” “Might it be proper . . .” Agnes repeated. His voice seemed worse than it had ever been. The others heard the plea of his heart, even before he spoke . . . “to ask God to heal my throat,” he paused to let Agnes repeat his words. “So I can work for Him among the Navajo Indians in western New Mexico?”

“I don't know if I expected a bolt of lightning,” he confessed to Agnes on the way home, “or to be able to speak right away. But I felt nothing but peace . . . peace that now I'd left it in God's hands.”

“It seems to me the greatest faith of all,” returned the woman as she smiled up at her husband, “is to be willing to leave the prayed for request in God's hands . . . to be willing to let Him do what He thinks is best, rather than just telling Him what we want Him to do.”

“I believe you're right.” Orno's voice seemed slightly stronger. Or was that just his imagination. But as they continued their journey it soon became quite evident that the man's health was definitely improving.

“I can see it!” Agnes squealed as they prepared for breakfast on the morning after they had begun their journey home. “I can see you getting better . . . that you have more energy . . . that you're happier than I've seen you since we met!”

“You know, Agnes.” He swung the axe like a seasoned woodsman as he prepared the wood for the fire. “I think I feel it too.” He set the ax against a tree and turned to Agnes and looked at her for a moment, saying nothing. She looked so lovely. How was it possible for him, just a plain, ordinary man to rate such a stunningly beautiful woman as His wife. He swept her into his arms and hugged her with all his might until she squealed. “You're wonderful,” he said in a normal voice. “And God has given you to me. What a joy that He has called us to work with each other for His honor.”

“Your voice?” Agnes could scarcely breath. “Your voice . . . it's back! Orno! God has given you back your voice and your health as well.”

“Daddy, daddy,” chimed in their oldest boy, Manoah. “I didn't know you could talk like everyone else. Why have you whispered to us for so many years?”

“I was sick, Son,” Orno roughed the hair of his oldest. “But God made me well. I'll tell you one day.”

Orno and Agnes stood there, arms around each other, their three boys pressing in close to them, silently praising God. It seemed just too good to be true. Too wonderful to utter in spoken language. God . . . had... touched Orno Follett . . . God had healed him. He was a new man!

Suddenly the awesome silence erupted into shouts of joy. “Praise the Lord!” Orno shouted. It almost seemed he could be heard in the next county. It startled him so much that he shrank down with his hand over his mouth, a shy look of joy that could hardly be held in, mixed with the wonder that such a thing were even possible.

“Hallelujah!” He shouted once again.

“Amen!” They all shouted together.

The excited family just didn't seem to be hungry anymore. Why worry about such a mundane thing as food when Daddy could talk again.

“Wow!” exclaimed Manoa.

“Careful about your language,” chided Mother, a smile still on her face. “We mustn't turn our joy into sacrilege”

“I know Ma,” Manoah replied. “But it's the only word I could think of to say the wonderful way God has healed Pa.”

“That's all right,” Agnes took the boy in her arms. “I know how you feel. I can think of thousands of things I'd like to say in rejoicing about what is happening.” She pressed his face to her cheek. “But all that seems to fit is, 'Hosanna.’”

“Well,” Orno joined the entire family in sort of a group hug, “Let's shout like the angels did as they sang about Christ's birth . . .”

“Hosanna in the highest;” the family chanted in unison. “Peace; good will toward men.”

“God has given me back my health,” Orno ended the chant, bowing his head in humble submission.

For the next few months, correspondence continued between Orno and the General Conference. Orno's conviction that God was calling him personally to preach the gospel to the Indians gained momentum as the days flew by.

“Why else would He have given me back my voice?” he argued with Agnes as though she would object. She glanced up at him from her sewing, a twinkle in her eye as he continued. “God must be calling me to preach to the Indians . . . to preach to the Navajo.”

“But you must be sure it is God Who is calling you,” returned his wife as she continued her work without looking up. “God gave you back your voice. He's also given you a strong desire to preach to the Indians.” She measured her words carefully. “But you must be willing to do whatever He has in mind for you. You must be willing to let Him lead.” She suddenly felt that she was acting like she were talking to one of the children.

“Counsel with the brethren at the General Conference. Let them lead you. God works through His leaders at the headquarters of the world church, you know.”

“You're right,” Orno strode about the room. “I remember that even Mrs. White accepted the call of the brethren of the General Conference. She went to Australia even though she wasn't sure it was what God wanted her to do. But the brethren said 'go,' and she went.”

“And look what a blessing we've all received by her work there,” she pointed at him with her needle. “She wrote the *Desire of Ages* while she was there.”

“You're right Agnes.” He answered like a little child doing what mother wanted him to do even though he didn't want to. But then his voice strengthened and a smile played at the corners of his lips. “I'll write the brethren again.”

Orno's letterhead read:

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Matthew 24:14:

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world as a witness  
Unto all nations, and then shall the end come.

June 27, 1915

Dear Brother Evans:

*I do not doubt God's call to do this work. There may be others better prepared and ready to take hold of it, —if not, I can [do it] with God's help, and [I] will if He so wills. ...As I look away across the Rio*

*Grande valley to the northwest and see the Chuska Range rising majestically from the great Navajo Reservation, there seems to be a still, small voice whispering out of the bluish purple mountains, "Come over and help us."*

*Time is short and we should not delay, and I would thank you to kindly give me such advice as is needed to get me into the right track towards service. I am ready any time.*

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No answer. Things seemed to move so slowly. The duties of the family, the farm, the house, the barn, the orchard— all kept him employed. But his mind continued to ask: "Lord; why no answer?" And he would find himself answering aloud, "perhaps another letter."

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January 5, 1916,

Dear Brother Evans

*I could give a long list of individuals who have achieved success with deformed or diseased bodies. But for fear of being tedious I will mention but three: King Alfred the Great, Sister [Ellen G.] White and brother Wilber who recently died in China. Brother Wilber served eight years in China. If God sees fit to permit me to serve eight years, and will bless my labors, I am willing then to die if need be, but I want to die in the harness. I feel keenly my lack of training for any place in God's work, and that is why I valued myself so little in my financial estimate to you: I can do so much better elsewhere from a purely financial standpoint.*

*But God has blessed my labors in the past. And if in truth the strong drawing influence I continually feel toward this work proceeds from Him, then I know He will bless me again to the salvation of souls. But if all this is mere fancy on my part, I pray that He who knows the end from the beginning will guide to His glory.*

*As to suggesting another for this position, I will state that I have tried to interest several others in the Indian people, unsuccessfully however. But I believe if I am rejected, God will select the man. Perhaps you already have another in mind. I recall some years ago Elder S.N. Haskell had his*

*letterheads illustrated with a noble team of oxen standing between the plow and the altar with the motto, "Ready for Either." This is my position now and my earnest prayer is that God will lead to His own glory.*

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“That's what he said.” Orno stood before Agnes and the boys before seating himself at the table. “He said that if I take reasonable care of myself I should be physically fit enough to work among the Indian people.

In early January, 1916, Orno underwent an examination by a lung and throat specialist of experience and good reputation. He knew what the outcome would be. God had healed him from the disease. But it seemed he had to prove it to the brethren so they would listen to him in good faith.

“Agnes, Agnes!” Orno ran up the hill breathless. He hadn't even taken the time to bed down the horses in their stalls in the barn. He held a piece of paper in his hand as though it were a ticket to China.

“Agnes, Elder Evans wants me to attend a meeting of the Southwestern Union Conference in Oklahoma, City. They want to discuss the Indian work with the conference committee there!”

“Wonderful!” Agnes darted from her rocker on the front porch, her knitting dropping to the floor, the loose yarn nearly tripping her as she lunged into the outstretched arms of her husband.

“Perhaps they'll send you to work with the Indians after all!”

The conference session was held in early April, and soon afterward, Orno and Elder Evans met in Gallup, New Mexico. The pair set out by Ford automobile into the interior of Navajo land. There were no paved roads. Only rude wagon tracks marked the 13 hour trip that first day.

“Whew,” was all that Elder Evans could say.

“I know,” returned Orno. We've covered 100 wretched miles of sand, deep wagon ruts, mud, and running arroyos. It almost seems useless, doesn't it? No. Challenging. We've seen people along the way. They need to know the gospel of Jesus, Elder Evans. I want to tell it to them!”

The older man, though weary beyond description, smiled at the enthusiasm of this young man who wanted to work among the Navajo. “They do need to hear the gospel at that,” he returned drowsily, while spreading his blanket beside the car. “But let's get some rest just now. We'll discuss it more tomorrow.”

The pair spent several days visiting with traders and a few Indians. Though they saw only a small portion of Navajoland, they realized the enormous difficulties that lay ahead.

“I think that one of the most daunting things,” explained Elder Evans as their Ford jostled along, “is the cultural and language difficulties.” He hesitated before speaking again, “and the thought of moving a family into a harsh wilderness without even a close source of supplies or medicine.”

“That's true.” Orno seemed lost in thought. “The land seems so untouched and untamed by humans. It seems like a fortress daring anyone from the outside to come and inhabit it.” Follett rubbed his cheek. “But it's not fortress enough to lay spiritual siege to it and bring the message of salvation to the Indians who live here.”

Elder Evans liked the young man's spirit. Perhaps God *was* calling Orno Follett to this very mission—the mission to the Navajo people.

Extremely tired after a long and hazardous journey, the two travelers thanked God for a place to rest at the Keam Canyon Presbyterian Mission and Hospital. For several more days they jostled over rough roads, visiting with traders and Indians before returning to Gallup.

“Looks like a daunting task,” mused Elder Evans before boarding the train bound for Washington, D.C.

“But I'm not afraid,” returned Orno. “And neither is Agnes.”

“I'll be in touch.” With that the elder man stepped aboard the already moving train.

When Agnes heard the news she jumped for joy, like a little girl who had just received a lollypop. When she had quieted she noted, “So I guess, when the brethren say 'go,' we'll go.”

## Chapter 2

### Opening Doors

“Agnes!” shouted Orno as he raced into the house. He waved a letter as he pounded to a halt. “The committee has decided that I can move ahead with plans for a mission!”

“Wonderful,” squealed his wife, throwing her arms around his neck. “Finally we can make our own plans.”

The date? May 18, 1916. The work for the Navajo Indians had at last begun. God's methods may have taken time, and Orno may have been frustrated at times, but the wait was worth it: the decision had been made to move ahead.

Agnes was pregnant again, and the baby was due to arrive during the coming summer.

“I don't think it would be wise for you to go into the wilderness with me in your condition,” advised Orno.

“You're right.” Agnes was a bit disappointed. She was as excited about the Navajo world as was Orno.

Agnes decided that she should take the boys to her parent's home in Kansas. Orno's brother Austin lived in the Santa Fe area on an adjoining farm, and agreed to care for Orno's place while he was gone. Their decisions moved along with such rapidity that in the evening, Orno wrote in his diary: “God help us to do right.”

A few days later Agnes and the boys boarded the train for Kansas, while Orno, in the busy railway terminal, found his train bound for the Indian town of Gallup, New Mexico. *I need a wagon and a team of horses*, thought Orno as the train neared Gallup. So, no sooner had he secured his luggage, he was off into town in search of the needed transportation. *The trip will occupy most of the summer* he reasoned. *So I need to be careful to find a good team and wagon.*

Two days later, after many inquiries, he found an Indian with what appeared to be a good team and began bargaining with him. Orno was careful, tactful and differential. This was, after all, his first dealing with a Navajo and he wanted to get on the right foot. It proved to be a learning experience. Each time the Indian agreed on a reasonable price, and Orno prepared to pay him, the Indian would suddenly raise the price. *That's strange*, thought Orno. But he began bargaining again, and once more when he began to pay, the price rose. This happened over and over again. *Whew* Orno thought. *I've never seen this before.*

Finally, after 24 hours of haggling, the two agreed on a price for the team and the wagon. Orno paid the price, and team and driver at last began their trip. Orno decided first to travel to Farmington, New Mexico, to purchase supplies, contact local Adventists, and make preparations for the long summer's journey. *They can probably give me some idea of what I'm in for, too*, he reasoned. He planned for his trip to take him along the eastern border of the reservation. It would be a good introduction to Navajoland.

Orno's first day out couldn't have been better. The weather was perfect, the road smooth, and so he made good time. Now a grove of cottonwood trees and a spring lay just ahead. *Looks like a beautiful place to camp*, he mused. Orno had traveled 20 miles this first day, and his spirits flew high.

He pulled his rig under the trees. "If every day goes like this one," he spoke to himself, "the trip will be a lark."

The ponies tossed their heads and rolled their eyes, taking in the unfamiliar surroundings. They were far from home, thirsty and hungry. The bargain of the strange white man and their former owner hadn't been their choice. Pulling a wagon all day over a dusty road was a far cry from roaming the range and cropping the tender tumbleweed shoots.

The white man patted them reassuringly and spoke to them in a language they were not used to, and then dropped the wagon tongue preparing to unhitch them. He stepped back to the wagon as he reached for some equipment, using a front wheel spoke as a ladder. The wheel moved a bit as he stepped on it, and the wagon made a slight forward movement. One of the horses, "spooked" at the sudden movement, and bolted. The lines were still attached to the wagon, and it lurched forward as the horse reared up.

"Whoa!" Orno shouted. He had still been standing on the spoke, and the forward motion threw him to the ground.

"Whoa!" He called again as he rolled out of the way just in time to avoid the pounding hooves and the steel rung wheels. His leg hurt from the fall, but he leaped to his feet, and lunged at the frightened animal. He managed to catch the reins, but the sensitive equine wasn't easily calmed.

"I don't know about you." He spoke to the horse, as he would to a child. "You're too high spirited to pull a wagon."

What to do. He needed a steady horse that would cooperate with him and work with the other steed.

*Perhaps I can trade him to one of the Navajo*, he thought. *I can't have this one jolting every time something unusual happens.*

He secured the other horse to a tree, saddled the mare, and rode out across the desert in search of an Indian who might be willing to trade the runaway for a more stable animal. It didn't take him long to find an interested buyer, and he returned to camp.

*I wonder how Agnes and the boys are doing?* He mused. And then he mumbled: "I sure wish they were here."

Orno mentally reviewed his plans for this exploratory trek. He'd done it dozens of times, already, looking for flaws. He made mental notes of the emergency supplies on hand and tried to imagine a

situation for which he was unprepared. He thought of all the things that might make him feel unsettled but couldn't put his finger on what troubled him.

“O God.” The man knelt to pray.

“Lead me to select a good site for a mission.” At last peace filled his soul and he lay back on the grass next to the dying fire. He gazed at the star-studded New Mexico sky . . . . And suddenly, the sun peeped over a distant mesa. It was morning.

“What a night!” He stretched. “I haven't slept like that for years.”

After making himself a few pancakes, eating, and then cleaning up, the would be missionary and his team headed north again.

“What a beautiful day.” He smiled, taking in the grandeur of hills, and mesas and sand and sagebrush. But no grass, and no water. Heat and thirst plagued the horses causing them to slow their pace. They became unresponsive to Orno's encouragement—or even his threats.

A welcome gust of air swelled the wagon's canopy, but showered him with sand. He mopped the grit from his brow for what seemed like the 40th time that day *I guess I'll just have to live with sand in this country*, he mused. Sand was everywhere—in his shoes, under his collar and in his hair.

Orno stopped at a trading post. He gazed at a group of stone buildings which housed a boarding school at the foot of the mountains. *Lord, somehow, let these people hear the gospel*. Six large freight wagons, each drawn by several teams of horses, passed by and lumbered on into the distance—trailing a dust cloud behind them.

Moving on, Orno saw signs of life from time to time: here a herd of sheep, there an Indian hogan. He stopped at several pleasant, grassy areas, each watered by small streams, some with small groves of cottonwood trees so the horses could eat grass, and drink their fill of water. But he also passed through desolate stretches of dry, hard baked clay where racing waters of summer flash floods thundered down the mountainsides, sweeping away anything in their path.

Toward evening large luminous clouds rose from the southwestern horizon. The wind began to howl over the flat land gathering momentum as it raced along the mountain carrying great clouds of sand high into the air. All through the night the gale tore at the securely fastened canopy threatening to overturn the wagon where Orno attempted to find refuge from the fury of the storm. The driving sand which seeps through the cracks of solid buildings thoroughly covered Orno and his cargo.

The air was full of dust and made it difficult for him to breathe. The storm raged through the next day obscuring the trail and the surroundings. Toward evening the storm spent itself and though dust lingered in the usually clear desert air for another day, the explorer moved on.

On Friday afternoon Orno at last caught sight of the great angular volcano plug that resembled a ship foundering stern-first into the sea. *Shiprock*, he reflected, *And that must be the San Juan River*. He smiled as he observed the stream winding through the valley. His destination lay 30 miles to the east of Shiprock, so he chose a trail leading east and north. Before long the path forded the river at Fruitland—his first destination.

The sun lay low in the western sky as Orno pulled into the yard of the Musgrave farm. In those days it wasn't uncommon for travelers to seek lodging at homes along the way and Orno felt sure of a welcome this Friday evening.

“Hello,” he called as he pulled the horses to a stop. He climbed down from the wagon just as a woman appeared at the door.

“Come on in,” she invited.

“Much obliged,” he answered as he slapped at his clothing to remove the dust.

The traveler stepped up onto the porch and removed his hat. “I'm Orno Follett, just up from Gallup. I'm looking for a good spot to start a mission for the Navajo Indians.”

“I'm Mrs. Musgrave,” she replied as she gazed with growing astonishment at the tall thin man with twinkling eyes and a pleasant smile. Orno felt a tingling up his spine. He'd been told the Musgraves wanted to see mission work established among the Navajos, and he was eager to meet them.

“Oh, do come in,” she urged. Tears of joy had already begun to course down her cheeks. “Anyone wanting to teach the gospel to the Indians is a friend indeed.”

Soon after Orno arrived, Mr. Musgrave came. When he learned of Orno's plan, he exclaimed, “Our prayers have been answered.”

Henry Musgrave a former cowboy and freighter across Indian country was well informed about the eastern part of the reservation. After becoming a Christian he had become deeply concerned that the gospel should go to the Navajos.

“Three years ago,” Musgrave told Follett, “Roy Benton, Humbolt, and I met on the banks of the San Juan River for a special prayer meeting.”

Roy L. Benton was a young evangelist, and Humbolt worked as a colporteur.

“We prayed, 'O God, send someone to open the door so that the message can go to the Navajos.' Brother Follett,” his excitement grew as he spoke. “Our prayers have been answered.”

“They surely have,” put in Mrs. Musgrave. “The reservation begins just over the bluffs beyond the valley.”

Orno spent the Sabbath at Farmington, and spoke at the little church there. The members welcomed him with open arms for they too carried a burden for missionary work among the Navajo. During the next few days Follett purchased supplies, and made final preparations for his expedition. He visited several families of the Farmington church as well, gathering what information they could give him.

By the end of the week Orno said his good byes and headed for Shiprock and beyond—into the trackless desert of Navajoland. He spent the Sabbath in a cottonwood grove at Shiprock. Early Sunday morning with his back to civilization he began his journey into Indian territory, a country rarely seen as yet by white men.

Orno Follett, a lone man in a wagon, gently urged his tired team on. He felt apprehensive. Civilization seemed centuries away. Could it have been only yesterday that he left his own world and entered this desolate no-man's land? The thought hounded him throughout the day.

Ahead lay the great sprawling desert which seemed to stretch endlessly, while above stretched a turquoise sky, studded with silver clouds. Orno felt the loneliness and the intense silence broken only by the clip-clop of the horses' hooves and the crunch of the wagon wheels on the desert floor. Occasionally he heard the call of a bird, the yipping of coyote, or the moan of the wind through the canyons.

Sunday was uneventful, and now, Monday morning, the wagon again rolled steadily over the hard-packed trail. But today trouble displayed its sordid face. The smooth hard trail gave way to a patchwork of loose sand, then more clay, then more sand. . . . The trail, no longer flat, crossed one sandy hill after another. *Should I turn back?* he asked himself. *Where are the people?*

Just then, he heard the faint tinkling of bells; a dog barked; a coyote howled. But then . . . nothing but the deep silence of primitive, timeless, Navajoland.

The sun sank low in the west as Orno steered his team into the shelter of a rock wall. *I think I'll stop for tonight*, he reasoned to himself. He dismounted, unhitched the horses, and made camp while they grazed on the sparse vegetation. The lone nomad built a small fire and prepared a meal. He ate in the silence and coolness of the gathering dusk.

As the last light of day faded, Orno read from his Bible and knelt to pray—a tiny dot of life on a huge empty desert. As he talked with his God, who lived beyond the stars, his heart leapt into his throat as he sensed God's response,

*"Orno, you are my servant. This is my work, and I will guide you"* Orno laid out his bedroll. Tired, but with peace in his soul, he slept. Follett continued his trek early the next morning. Again he struggled through sand and rock, his eyes constantly scanning the horizon for some sign of life.

*There*, he caught sight of a stone building in the distance. He stared at it expecting it to fade away like a desert mirage. But it didn't. It turned out to be the Carrizo Creek trading post and Presbyterian mission.

After watering his horses and visiting for a short time, he started on. He hadn't come to pass the time with other missionaries. Toward evening two wagon loads of Navajo overtook him and traveled with him the rest of the day, making camp with him that night.

Though they spoke no English their company broke the loneliness of his journey. On the following day he reached Wade's Store. He stopped, but the Navajo went on. It seemed good to him to let his horses drink their fill of water, and graze on the nearby grass. Meanwhile he chatted with the trader, plying him with questions about the road ahead.

Hitching the team to the wagon again, he started out. For two more seemingly endless, days, Orno moved slowly on. He saw little sign of life—except the occasional rabbit as it dashed across the trail, or the caw of a crow circling in the blue sky above. Each night he wrote a few words in his small diary. On June 7 he wrote, "Sandy roads too hard on the ponies. Horses just about done for."

The next day brought some relief as the land leveled out, and the sand alternated with slick rock. This solid bed of sandstone stretching for some distance, making the travel easier. But it left little trace of a trail to follow. For a time things seemed to improve, but he had traveled two days with no sign of water or grass for the horses—and not even a glimpse of human life.

All day Friday as the wagon approached Chinle Valley, the sand became deep in places and made traveling slow and difficult. The weary traveler and his team needed rest, food and water.

As the Sabbath drew near Orno crested a small sandy hill. *Would you look at that*, he breathed. Beneath towering red rock walls ran a clear stream of water over the sandy floor of the canyon. Eagerly he guided his weary, thirsty team to the beautiful oasis. Here in the cool shade of cottonwood trees, beside the majestic walls of the north end of the Chinle Valley, he spent a lonely but refreshing Sabbath—a day that God provided.

Four or five Indians passed by during the day but Orno found he couldn't communicate with them because of the language barrier.

After sundown he started on. *The horses must have food*. Soon the stretches of almost impassible sand again appeared and at one point he found it necessary to unload the wagon and carry the load piece by piece to the top of the sand hill so the horses could pull the empty wagon.

His diary entry for June 10 read simply, "Lord, help me to be true and faithful. A lonely country indeed."

The following morning the trail improved but still there was no feed for the hungry horses. At last, toward noon, he came upon a pleasant and welcome sight. A patch of grass, lush and green, grew in a low spot near a spring. For five hours Orno allowed the horses to graze and rest before he traveled on.

As Orno rested and scanned the desert, another welcome sight met his eyes. Tottering on moccasined feet and wearing gingham pants with a slit up the sides, came an aged Indian. He held

his white wispy hair off his face with a faded bandanna. He too, feeling the loneliness of the desert, came in the hope of seeing someone with whom he could engage in friendly conversation. "Yaateh," he greeted Orno.

"Hello friend," the missionary responded

"Ha go shanh:" (Where do you go?) the Indian asked.

"Where do you live?" Orno queried. The Indian responded with more words unfamiliar to Orno and the conversation died a natural death. Soon the Indian drifted on into the desert. *I must learn the language of these people*, Follett determined.

Hitching up his team and starting off again, he continued across the rock and sand. Evening found him at a place called Laguna Creek. Here he found water; but again no feed for the horses.

By now, they could barely move. After making camp at Laguna Creek and preparing for another night under the matchless desert stars, Orno knelt to pray. "O Lord," he implored, "help me to locate a good site for a mission." That evening he wrote again in his diary, "Lord lead. A lonely country indeed!"

That night as he slept he dreamed he heard a voice which said, "I will tell you a good place to establish mission." Orno asked "Where?" and the voice said, "At Seven Lakes." Seven Lakes certainly sounded inviting.

## Chapter 3

### A Lonely, Empty Country

Another hot dry day dawned with the hungry and thirsty horses almost exhausted. *Will we ever see civilization again?* Orno wondered. A gust of air swelled the wagon's canopy and sprayed a fresh shower of sand over Orno. He mopped the grit and perspiration from his brow. Gritty sand spread over every surface and sifted into his shoes, his pockets, even his food boxes. Follett did his best to ignore it.

"I need to find a good spot for camp." He spoke aloud, as though to comfort the horses.

A movement in the trail ahead got his attention. Two men on horses passed by and then a wagon appeared joining the trail from a rise to the north. He urged his ponies on and soon came to a crude sign.

"Kayenta." He tried to sound out the syllables. The sign pointed toward a trail branching to the north.

"Sounds like a nice place." Orno steered his team in that direction. During the day, four or five Indians passed by, but Orno couldn't communicate with them because he didn't know their language.

Soon the stretches of sand became almost impassible. At one place he found it necessary to unload the wagon and carry the load piece by piece to the top of the sand hill so the horses could pull the wagon up the shifty incline.

His diary entry for June 10 read simply, "Lord, help me to be true and faithful. A lonely country indeed."

The following morning the trail improved but he still could find no feed for the hungry horses. At last, toward noon, he came upon a patch of lush, green grass that grew in a low spot near a spring.

"What an ideal spot." Orno often caught himself talking to the horses. "I bet I know what you fellows are going to do for a while." Orno unhitched the horses and allowed them to graze, drink, and rest for five hours before he hitched them up again, and traveled on. In Navajoland, a driver is always concerned about food and water for his horses. So on the following day, Orno met an Indian and tried to use sign language to show that he wanted water. The Indian nodded and said, "Toh." Orno got a mental picture of a man dipping his big toe into a cold stream. That was how he would remember the word "water," but he determined to learn to speak the Navajo language. Orno pointed to the ponies and pantomimed putting food into his mouth.

The Indian nodded, pursed his lips and pointed toward a canyon that led to some distant hills. Orno sighed. The grass was "over there." *But how far is "over there?"* he wondered. *I'm sure the trading post is closed by now,* he mused. So he decided to find grass for the ponies. Following the Indian's directions, Orno discovered that the distance to grass and water turned out to be only about four

miles. With his spirits high, Orno watered the horses, hobbled them, and let them feed all night -- and well into the morning of the next day.

Then, Hitching up his team, he began again to cross the rock and sand of the desert. Toward evening Orno came to a place called "Laguna Creek." Here he found water but no feed for the horses.

The young missionary began to get the picture: grass and water are not always found in the same place.

Another hot dry day of travel. The horses hadn't had any food for over a day now, and had again become quite thirsty. But he pressed on. Follett followed the tracks to the north across the desolate tableland.

Suddenly the trail topped a ridge and Orno reined up the horses. Nestled in a protected canyon below them was a trading post and a group of houses. He bowed his head: "Thank You, God, for leading us to this place."

The sun burned high overhead when the missionary's wagon rumbled into the settlement and stopped in front of the stone building with barred windows.

Orno entered the building and glanced around the dark interior. Several men in velvet shirts and slit calico pants lounged against the wall, sitting crosslegged on the floor. Women in long skirts and velvet blouses leaned against the store counters and deliberated over their purchases, talking and laughing quietly.

On the walls and shelves behind the counters were flour, sugar, coffee and a few luxury items—like canned peaches. He also saw Stetson hats and saddles on display. Silver and turquoise jewelry and small items such as candy and gum were locked securely in a glass case.

The Indians bartered for bolts of calico as well as a treadle sewing machine, offering handwoven rugs or sheep's wool pelts. When these trading items weren't available, then silver and turquoise bracelets and necklaces were pawned until better times.

A white man and woman stood behind the counter, displaying wares to the Indians. John and Louisa Wetherill, greeted Orno with smiles and a firm handshake. He visited with the traders for some time that day, and for several days afterward.

*Kayenta might not be the ideal place for my mission, he thought, but I can learn a lot from these people. They're obviously friendly with the Navajo, and they must know a great deal about them.*

"I want to learn to speak the Navajo language," Orno told the Wetherills.

John smiled. "It's a difficult language to master. Many of their syllables have no English equivalent. You'll just have to learn it by listening carefully and mimicking what they say."

“That's true,” laughed Louisa. “For example: their word for 'hello' is (she sounded it out one syllable at a time) 'yaateh’”

“Yes,” put in John, “and goodbye is 'hagoahni.’”

Orno began making notes of the words and practicing them: "shemah" (mother), "chay" (grandfather) shizhe'e" (father) and many other words. When Indians entered the trading post he occasionally tried out a word or two. The Navajos chuckled with his attempt to speak their language, but they appeared to admire him for trying to communicate with them.

Orno discovered that the Navajo called the trading post, "Todanestya:" “the place where water runs like fingers out of a rock.” Orno stayed for several days here in the heart of Navajoland, scouting in all directions for a possible mission site.

While at Kayenta, Orno stayed with a friendly Presbyterian minister named Locker. He traveled a great deal with Pastor Locker, visiting the Indians and working with them. The two men worked well together and the Lockers urged Orno to locate their mission in Kayenta. The new man took it as a great compliment. In the meantime Orno found every opportunity to study the Bible with white man and Indian alike. He gave treatments to the ill who sought the white man for help rather than the medicine man. The nearest doctor was 75 hot and dry miles away in Tuba City.

One day in the future there would be an Adventist mission and hospital in Monument Valley, 25 miles north. But Orno knew nothing of that now.

The events of each day brought him deeper insight into the ways of the Navajo and their great needs. Orno visited, observed, often accompanying Locker to the hogans of the people.

Ignorance and sickness surrounded the natives in every form. One night the two men came upon a "sing"—a pagan healing ceremony. Sings were everyday occurrences, but to Orno it was his first encounter with one. He sat fascinated, yet appalled as the sick woman was led into the hogan. In the center of the hogan someone had made a beautiful sand painting on the floor—various colored sands sifted carefully by hand to form the pattern desired by the artist. The medicine man led the sick woman to the sand painting and had her lie down in the middle of it. Then he began to chant and perform the rituals of his art. For hours he chanted, appealing to a heathen deity for health and healing.

Orno felt pity for their ignorance, and a new determination surged up within him to show them a God of love. But still the strains of the chant rose and fell to the beat of gourd rattles.

The next morning Orno mounted one of his ponies and rode across the desert. Noticing a hogan among a group of juniper trees he rode into the camp. But no one was there. He could see that people had lived in the place recently, but he found no evidence of life there now. The hogan seemed to have been suddenly deserted.

“I wonder what could have happened to them,” Orno puzzled. He probed about the camp, noting the fresh tracks around the corral and the yard. The smell of cooking food and burning juniper wood still hung in the air.

Then he saw it. A little distance from the hogan, tucked into the crotch of a juniper tree, Orno noticed a bundle of sheepskins. Going over to investigate, he found a dead baby wrapped up in the skins. The story jelled instantly—a story he found to be repeated hundreds of times in the land of the Navajo: death had visited a hogan, and the family fled.

The enormity of the need on this vast reservation nearly overwhelmed Follett as he rode back to Kayenta. *There's so much that needs to be done for these people. Lord, help me to know how to help them.*

In the third week of July, after nearly three weeks at Kayenta, Orno laid plans to return to the northern part of the reservation in order to reach Gallup by another route. This time he planned to visit Rough Rock and Chinle, perched on the edge of the beautiful and historic Canyon de Chelly. It was here that Kit Carson had once rounded up the Navajo and started them on their "long walk" to captivity at Bosque Redondo.

While Orno's thoughts centered on the future and the location of the mission, he couldn't help thinking about Agnes and the family. “It won't be long before we'll have a fifth Follett child.” He laughed at his alliteration. “Fifth Follett indeed.”

## Chapter 4

### Reunited

Orno stopped a day or two at each small settlement as he continued his way south and east toward Gallup. At the Ganados Hubbell Trading Post he stopped to visit with Lorenzo Hubbell.

“You really should locate your mission near us,” urged Mrs. Hubbell. “This is a good place to live, with plenty of water and grazing for your animals.” She spent considerable time attempting to sell Orno on the benefits of living in the area.

But the Adventist wasn't convinced. He pushed on, anxious to reach the Seven Lakes area he had seen in his dream. He also wanted to get on to Gallup where he could receive news from his wife Agnes in Kansas.

The desert began to slow Orno again. But this time he couldn't blame the sand for his slow progress—at least not entirely. Heavy rain mixed with desert dust produced a muck that gummed up the wagon wheels and exhausted the horses.

The liquid sunshine fell day after day and the world seemed as one vast sea of mud. At last, on July 29, he pulled into Gallup. The streets ran like rivers, but Orno's thoughts were not on the weather nor the muddy roads. He wanted to know about Agnes and the one they expected to arrive any day now. When he was assured of their safety, then he could return his thoughts to the project before him.

At last the news arrived: on August 4 Agnes gave birth to a baby girl—Naomi. It would be some time before Orno would see her, but with the assurance that all was well he could travel on.

On August 7 he set out again, travelling north again to the Crown Point area. He stopped at a small trading post at Molholen's Artesian well. As was his custom, Orno struck up conversations with people in the area, and soon became acquainted with a young man by the name of John Neil. Neil liked what he heard as he and Orno studied the Bible together. Though he made no decision at the time, neither of them could know that John would one day marry Follett's first Navajo convert.

Orno spent most of August, 1916, in the area between Thoreau and Crown Point, New Mexico. Follett's friendly smile always won him friends wherever he went. Before long he became acquainted with the Smith family at Smith Lake, some 15 miles south of Crown Point.

The Smith family ran a trading post beside the lake in a beautiful wooded, grassy area. Mrs. Smith and the children were Adventists, and though Mr. Smith claimed to be an agnostic, he had good feelings toward Adventists.

“You can't find a better place to build a mission than this,” he urged Follett. “Why don't you start it right here? I'll give you all the land you need here near the trading post. All the Navajo around know where we are, and you'll have opportunity to teach them a better way of life.”

It all made sense to Orno. And though he spent time looking at other locations, the conference committee would eventually settle in favor of Smith Lake. This was to be the site for the mission. But Orno wasn't finished with his survey yet. So leaving the area, he set out again for Farmington. Reaching the Chaco Wash the following evening he camped in a sheltered alcove near Blake's Store on the north shore of the wash.

As he cooked his supper over the open fire, he gazed at the low hills across the wash. He had no way of knowing then, that fifty years from that time there would be a thriving Seventh-day Adventist mission over there. High on the hill above the buildings would be the words "LA VIDA" in neatly laid white-washed rocks dominating the mission campus. But now the only thing that met his gaze on the far side of the Chaco were two or three old stone buildings and a few straggling fruit trees on the lower level near the wash.

Orno reached Farmington that weekend. It seemed that there wasn't a moment's rest for the weary traveler, for he had to prepare right away to leave for the Jarosa, Colorado, campmeeting. The conference brethren want to spend more time with him in the discussion of the plans for the mission. But the camp meeting visit had to be a short one as well, for Orno wanted to be back in Farmington again by Friday, September 22. Agnes and the children were coming via the narrow gauge train which ran through town.

One delay followed another as Orno waited impatiently for his loved ones. At last, On the following Thursday, after nearly four months of separation, Orno met his family at the railway station.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the happy father as he held out his arms. "You boys must have grown a full inch this summer!"

They both jumped from the train at once, and the three rolled together on the dusty platform.

"And what have we here?" Orno reached one arm around Agnes and the other around little Naomi.

"What a pretty little thing! Do we know her?" he teased.

Orno planted a kiss on Agnes' cheek and took the baby from her arms.

"You've been quite busy since last we met," he chided his wife. "Seems you've lost some weight—but look what you have in return! Marvelous!"

"She rides well," Agnes spoke at last. "And I somehow got the impression that she knew we were coming to you." It seemed as much a question as a statement. "How could she . . . ?"

"I don't know, love." Orno gave her a wink. "But something tells me she's got the wisdom of her Mama in that little head of hers."

It was so good to be together again after all those months. They seemed a passing dream now, but Orno knew they had been all too real. The hardships he'd faced had changed him in myriads of tiny ways that Agnes couldn't put her finger on; but she knew they were there.

Mission life was a cherished dream, and yet neither of them had any misunderstandings of the hardships they would face.

“But at least we'll do it as a family,” broke in Orno as he expressed what both had been thinking. “And God will give us both the strength for the task, just you wait and see.”

Agnes simply smiled her reply as she settled on the wagon seat and took Naomi from her husband. They had given themselves to God for the Navajo. There was no turning back now.

After spending a few days at the Musgrave home Orno and Agnes were anxious to be on their way. The wagon carrying the pioneer couple forded the river at Farmington and slowly wound its way up the switchbacks to the top of the bluffs and onto the Reservation. Indian summer is a pleasant time in the high desert. Most of the time the boys walked along beside the wagon, or skipped ahead to see what lay beyond the coming hill. In all, the family who had been separated over the long summer enjoyed their mutual companionship as they traveled the quiet desert. Day after day of clear skies with horsetail clouds, soft breezes, comfortable temperatures . . . Orno had cause to wonder at the goodness of their Creator in gently easing his family into such a harsh environment.

As they followed the rough wagon ruts south toward Smith Lake, nearly 100 miles away, the scenery walked by, but changed little. Occasionally they topped a ridge that gave them vantage views. Now and then they met an Indian wagon or a lone horseman or passed an isolated hogan. Once, a shy herdsman who had been watching his sheep, dove beneath a bush until they passed.

Here and there flocks of horned larks swished into the grasses at the side of the trail and then sailed again into the gentle September sunshine. A herd of prong-horned antelope grazing over a hill turned their white tails and pranced away at the sight of the approaching wagon.

Colonies of prairie dogs lay beside the road. Agnes giggled as she watched their sentries stand so ramrod straight, eyeing the wagon and the boys curiously before calling out an alarm and diving into the safety of their dens. Afternoon clouds, light and cumulus, drifted lazily overhead and on the distant horizon lightning flashed among dark clouds as they drenched the thirsty earth.

Now and then six-week-old Naomi stirred on her soft swaying bed and wakened to court the family's admiration. But while she slept, Orno held their rapt attention by telling them stories of his travels through Navajoland. The children wanted to hear about the medicine man over and over again.

It had been a pleasant trip so far and Orno was determined to enjoy it. But a nagging at the back of his mind told him to hurry. Orno had been warned several times during the summer that winter came with speed and fury in Navajoland.

The Indian fall is followed quickly by winter, and preparing for winter is no small matter—especially when there are children to consider. At one stop Orno sat in the shade making light talk with storekeeper Blake about the rigors of the land . . . until the man captured his full attention with a just few words:

"Navajo say it's going to be a hard winter."

Orno started, a look of worry crossing his face. "Oh really, how do they know?"

The storekeeper traced his finger through the sand, toying with the leaves that had already begun to fall. "I don't know."

He glanced at the horses, and then back to Orno. "They have been real patient in trying to explain it to me but I'm afraid I don't really understand most things that have to do with their ways or their religion. Some look at the winter coats already on the foals. Others see something in plants and trees. But most of them read the clouds."

The trader pointed to the thick, gray clouds above them and shrugged.

"Personally I don't see anything except plain old clouds up there. But whatever method they use the Navajo, especially the older ones, are usually right and they say it's going to be a hard winter."

The man toyed with a stick he'd retrieved, biting at its end. "You have to watch yourself in a hard winter," he went on. "Sickness seems to come right out of the ground and you can be laid low for the whole season."

Agnes was rocking the baby to sleep when Orno walked into the little guest house, troubled over what the trader had said. His heart calmed though when he looked at his beautiful wife and daughter at peace together. He smiled. After all it was Sabbath afternoon, and he shouldn't be dwelling on the worries of the journey.

It was Indian summer and Orno had to build a mission from scratch, lay in wood for the winter, and perhaps build a root cellar. He thought about the work ahead while his family dozed. But he couldn't sleep.

A spring flowed from the rocks at the head of the box canyon and pleasant shade trees grew about the trading post. The land sloped gently down to the banks of the wide sandy wash, then upward away again over the mesas and the canyons. The tip of Crown Point Mesa, 30 miles to the south, peered above the hazy distant hills. Another 30 miles to the west, the long range of the Lukachukai and Chuska mountains stretched north between Gallup and Shiprock. Rock wrens warbled their sweet songs from the canyon depths and the scent of sage and juniper smoke made it a pleasant place to rest.

The whole family watched the spectacle of a late summer cloudburst as it inundated the land. After the cloudburst passed, a strong rain remained and soon the Chaco Wash was a raging torrent of foam and mud. Two hours passed before Naomi went back to sleep. The moist air smelled wonderful and most of the family slept well that night, but Orno couldn't sleep for thinking over the plans for the mission.

He thought about ways to save time in putting up the buildings, wondering how much wood he'd need to cut and haul and if his small store of medicines was enough. Time was indeed short, and when he finally dropped off to sleep it was with urgency strongly imprinted on his mind.

By Sunday morning the water in the wash had gone down and only a stream 40 feet wide and foot deep remained. Deciding to leave his family to rest a bit longer with the Blakes, Orno hitched his team and wagon and set out on an errand across the wash. As he drove the team into the water, suddenly the horses began to sink and flounder. Quickly Orno leaped from the wagon, unhitched the team and helped them out of the quicksand. Someone on the bank seeing he was in trouble and knowing the disposition of the wash, came to the rescue with his team and pulled his wagon out of the quicksand.

Orno's pulse took several hours to subside. The rain continued day after day and at last Orno and Agnes decided to move on in spite of it. The miles dragged by and the tired horses seemed at the point of refusing to go on. The Folletts, too, were weary and wet from the endless rain and mud. So they stopped at Burnam's Post to rest and dry out. They had come only 15 miles from Blakes. On Thursday, October 12, nearly two weeks after leaving Farmington, the Folletts arrived at Smith Lake. Indian summer would soon be gone and there was much to do before winter set in.

Leaving his family with the hospitable Smiths, Orno set out for Gallup where he boarded the train for Santa Fe. He packed his household goods, and prepared them for shipment to Thoreau. From there, they would be taken by wagon to Smith Lake. It was good to see his brother and to visit the old homestead. But Orno couldn't help but have a pang of anxiety as he looked at the little place, safe and adequate in the winter, peaceful in the summer. And they had left it. And now he was putting his family into a tenuous situation just as winter was about to descend. Orno couldn't help but ponder and occasionally to doubt.

At Smith Lake, once again, Orno proudly pointed out to Agnes the sites of the future buildings, the wells, and root cellars. He took her by the arm and led her on a closer inspection of the small rockpiles he'd placed to mark the location of the buildings. They sat together on a rock and silently looked at the mission grounds in the light of the setting sun, each engrossed in thought.

Orno pulled Agnes closer as both shivered with the cold Orno sighed, "There's so much to do and it is already getting so cold. How will we ever be ready for winter?"

Agnes squeezed his hand. "We'll do it together," was all she said.

Orno felt much better. He read to Agnes a poem he had written during a lull in the packing back at their cottage in Santa Fe.

"Goodbye To the Old Home."

After three long years of work and toil  
At clearing the land and breaking the soil,  
Putting up buildings and house and barn,  
And building a fence all 'round "our" farm,  
And planting an orchard to give us fruit,  
And fixing up everything else to suit;  
And toilers who labored with all their might,  
And now they have won their honest fight—  
The evidence of th' vict'ry—"our" home ,  
By the right of our honest toil, it's our own.  
Every board in the building . . . we nailed it there,  
Every post in the fence we planted with care,  
The garden, the orchard, the poultry yard fence,  
We builded them all at our expense.  
O, how the warm blood tingles our breasts  
As we look to the years of labor and rest,  
When we'll sow in hope and harvest in joy  
With never a cloud our joy to annoy—  
Pattern for Paradise yet to come  
Sweet taste of the joys of our heavenly home.  
O, home, sweet home, how I love you.  
Yes, my bonny wife and babies too.  
Our dreams of long years are at last come true.  
Dear home, sweet home, we all love you.  
But hark! A calling voice I hear?  
It seems so far, yet 'tis so near,  
This, is the message it seems to say,  
"Come, work in my vineyard, O come today.  
You may love your home, but love me more.  
And heathen are dying so near to your door,  
So hasten to warn them: come go and do.  
For this is the message I have for you."  
O soul, is it all a terrible dream?  
Am I deceived, are things what they seem?  
Am I really called to leave my home,  
To wander in heathen darkness alone?  
Arouse, O soul, hasten, awake!  
Perhaps, even yet—it may be too late  
To change my cold heart within and without  
And help me be brave as we wander about . . .  
Out in thy vineyard . . . away from our home.

On November 6, Orno wrote in his diary: "Goodbye to the old home."  
With one last look at the old place, Orno headed for the railway terminal and . . . home.

## Chapter 5

### Winter Brings Sickness

The Folletts erected the Mission quickly enough. It consisted of only two tiny log cabins that had already seen on the Smith property and needed only refurbishing to be serviceable. Each one had a lone potbellied stove and that served for both heating and cooking.

“Whew! It's cold!” The December wind blasted through the woolen pants, coat and mittens that Orno wore. He hurried along the path to the lake, intent only on filling his bucket and getting back to the cabin.

Agnes and the children lay sick with the grippe and fever. Only Orno escaped the sickness so far. *That has to be a miracle*, he reasoned as he swung the ax. He had to break through the surface ice before he could get the water he'd come for. *I've been working hard this past month—14-18 hours a day. But so far God has spared me from this sickness.*

Now, in early December, the Mission was a reality and so were the rigors of mission life. Every member of his family was sick. So, instead of giving Bible lessons to the Navajo, Orno found himself fetching and heating lake water over and over again for yet another round of fomentations (hot water packs—an effective treatment that requires a lot of physical work). First he treated one of the children, then Agnes, then another of the children, then ... the work seemed endless.

Orno had started religious meetings and studies almost as soon as he got back from Santa Fe. All the meetings were held at the Smith's home. And almost daily Orno rode forth from the Mission armed with medicines and water treatment equipment, visiting the hogans of the people and helping them when he could. Slowly the people of the area came to accept him, trust him as a friend, and look to him as a healer.

“I surely don't feel like a healer.” He spoke aloud as he went for more water, talking it over with the Lord.

“I've been giving fomentations to the whole family for two days now, and I can't really see any improvement.

“I guess . . . part of the problem is that poor Agnes worked herself to exhaustion trying to support our mission teaching the Navajo.” His prayer continued in his thoughts. *Perhaps*, he thought, looking at his wife and children, *it's possible to be too zealous, to push too hard*. He looked across the room at his prostrated family, the bucket still hanging from his right fist. *Yet*, his thoughts continued *to pass up an opportunity to witness was to pass up an opportunity to lead souls to Christ*. Life had been hard on everyone, especially the children. Little Junior groaned and coughed as Orno put a fomentation pack on his back.

The sound stirred Agnes and she turned her head to look at her husband and child.

“Even that slight movement hurts.” She tried to smile at her husband, but it came out more like a grimace. “It seems like I’ve been exhausted and in pain all my life.” She paused to think, but even thinking hurt. “But I guess it’s only been since coming to the Mission.”

She put her hand to her forehead. Her head pounded so much she thought she would be able to feel it throb with her fingers. She turned in her bed and murmured softly at the effort, shivering, she pulled up the multilayered pile of blankets that covered her. Orno gazed at her, wishing he could do more and wondering how he could manage to get by with her being so sick. *Life here is so hard.* A knock on the door broke him out of his reverie. Orno stepped over and opened it to find an Indian man wrapped tightly in a striped woolen blanket. Orno ushered him in quickly, keeping out as much of the cold as possible.

"Shima datsa," the man said quietly as he pointed with pursed lips toward the north. Orno understood the two simple words. The man's mother was ill. What was he to do? Could he leave his family now? He was searching for some answer to give when he heard a stirring behind him. He turned to see Agnes sitting up in bed one hand to her head.

"Go," she said as she struggled out of bed. Orno started to protest but she put up her hand, as much as to say “Stop.” She didn't want him to go, but this was his work. "Go. This is why we came. I will keep up the fomentations on the children."

She turned her back to Orno and started dipping one of the thick cloths in hot water. Orno looked at his wife in doubt, torn between pursuing his mission and preserving his family. Another look at the hopeful face of the Indian and his mind was made up.

“All right. I'll go.” Bundling himself in warm wraps, Orno led the Navajo toward the trading post and an interpreter. An hour later they pushed open the door of the eight sided hogan and entered. An open fire burned in the center of the room, and the missionary could see two old women lying on sheepskins on the floor. Both were very ill. One was nearly blind with trachoma— an infectious disease in which the inner surface of the eyelids becomes rough, and often feels as though there are granules present. The other appeared to be about 100 years old. They were a pitiful sight, both too old and ill to be taken by horseback to the hospital, if indeed they would consent to go—which was unlikely. Orno treated them and left medicines promising to return and check on them soon. It made him sad there was so little he could do. *I must build a clinic as soon as possible.*

On the way home Orno thought about his family, himself and the Mission.

“O Lord,” he prayed as the horse rolled along. “There is so much to do, and so little time. Help us, I pray. We can never do it without you.”

Orno had just arrived home again when another call came for help, then another. By the time Orno got home that night all were asleep. He knelt alone by the stove and poured out his heart to God: “These people have such an enormous need. And here my family lies, sick with grippe and fever. Help us Lord. We need Thee.”

Feeling more at peace and under the protection of an all powerful God, the missionary dropped wearily into bed, grateful for what sleep he could get.

Agnes awoke once that night, lying still in bed and listening to the breathing of her children in turn, knowing them each as only a mother knows her children. After waking she couldn't go back to sleep and she turned to God in prayer as she had done many times that day: *Dear God . . . the children! Please save the children!* She drifted off to sleep again, her heart at peace with God.

The next day was raw and cold with snow falling off and on through the day. Manoa and Junior were feeling somewhat better, but little Ira fretted and burned with fever. Orno had insisted that Agnes rest so she had slept all morning. He knew she needed every bit of it so he did his best to stay quiet and keep the fomentation pads going. Follett busied himself cleaning the cabin and preparing meals and hot herb tea for his family. *This little cabin is so inadequate for the needs of my family*, he thought as he looked around. *It seems that every time the wind really blows, it literally sucks the heat out of the house.* It had looked good on paper: the children in one room, the parents in another and the kitchen, living room and stove in another. But once they put the furniture in place, it was just too cramped. They hadn't much time or money when they came, and the little cabin seemed that it would work out well.

But once they actually took residence . . . there wasn't much room left to stretch. And such a small space didn't lend itself to become a sickbay for an entire family.

"Oh well," Orno sighed. "We should be grateful for what we have. Many of the Navajo have much less."

Before he could utter another word, a knock sounded at the door and DaKaiBitsi, a young Navajo mother entered. With her came the cold wind and a new round of coughing started up among the children. Little Ira started crying and Agnes stirred in her bed, surprised at the lateness of the hour.

In DaKaiBitsi's hand was a note from Mr. Smith. Knowing the new bellagons (white man) as yet spoke very little Navajo, she had gone to the trading post first. The note read: "DaKaiBitsi's son is very ill. She would like for you to go see what you can do for him. Follow her tracks in the snow to her hogan."

Agnes was up now and standing in the doorway of their little bedroom. She still looked drawn and weak to Orno as he looked at her questioningly. She pursed her lips in the Navajo way and jerked her head toward the outside, then smiled and nodded. This was why they had come. Orno was pleased with her smile. It spoke volumes to his lonely soul. Agnes was better—and one with him in their mission.

DaKaiBitsi left and Orno was out the door after her only a few minutes later. But alas, the stiff wind had filled the tracks with snow in that short time. For six hours he wandered in the bitter cold looking for his patient's hogan. More than once he became disoriented during periods of heavy snow and he wondered if he could find his own home. During his wandering Follett had plenty of time to pray and think about his family and the work they were doing here at Lake Grove. It was clear to him that something would have to give.

“I can't keep up this pace all winter,” he mumbled in his scarf. “I don't know what I should do. I'll have to talk it over with Agnes. I wonder where DaKaiBitsi's hogan is.”

But after six hours of wandering, the half frozen Orno gave up the search and returned home without ever locating the hogan. At the little cabin Agnes tended to the children and herself. More than once Indians came to leave messages asking for Orno to come when he returned. But when the missionary finally arrived he was shivering so badly that he couldn't even undress himself. Snow melting from the outside and sweat from the inside had mingled and soaked his clothing all the way through. Agnes helped him undress and wrapped him in a blanket.

“Here,” she said, dragging a chair over from the table. “You sit here near the stove. I'll get the water.” Grabbing a pail and a blanket for her own slight shoulders, she was out the door before Orno could protest. She needed water and she needed to heat it so she could soak Orno's feet. And there was really no other choice. She had to get it herself.

The path to the lake was difficult to follow in the darkness. In the inky blackness landmarks were hard to distinguish. The wind sliced through the blanket Agnes had taken and she became rapidly chilled. Already, her hand felt almost frozen in position around the pail handle. *How will I ever make it back with a full load of water?*

Passing between two junipers she suddenly found herself at the steep, banked edge of the lake. An axe used to break the ice leaned against one of the junipers. Taking up the axe Agnes began edging her way down the rocky bank to the frozen lake surface. Perhaps she was too weak or perhaps some water had spilled on the trail from a previous trip, but the trek was slick and Agnes suddenly slipped and tumbled over the sharp-edged rocks. The bucket bounded past her skidding to a stop a few feet out on the ice.

Stunned from the fall she lay there for a moment. Her elbow and shins were numb and both hands hurt from hitting the rocks as she had tried to break her fall. She moved each limb in turn and then sat up.

“Thank you God,” she breathed. “No bones are broken.”

As she sat there, her seat growing colder by the moment, she wondered: *How would Orno carry on if I had been seriously hurt? What about my precious children? How would they ever get better without their mother's care? Even in this fall, God is watching over me.*

In the dark she couldn't be sure but it didn't even look like she was bleeding anywhere. Peace flooded her soul as she sat there on the frozen bank. God watched and protected through all events—even the occasional stumbles.

When she returned to the cabin, she found Orno just as she had left him: wrapped, chattering, and seemingly drawn into himself. He hadn't noticed that she'd gone. He barely noticed that she'd returned.

Agnes put water on to heat and looked herself over. A few small scrapes and she might have a bruise or two. But for the most part, she was cold. After a few minutes of warming herself by the fire, she began to nurse her husband back to warmth, and as she did so, her admiration for his dedication grew.

Orno was exhausted. He slept better that night than he had for several weeks.

But Agnes woke repeatedly to care for her little family. *Lord, she prayed. Please give us back our health. We're here to serve you. Please give us the opportunity to do it.*

The next morning the boys felt much better and even Agnes was progressing well. Even Orno seemed to be suffering no more than a runny nose from his prolonged exposure. Agnes hummed a hymn as she prepared breakfast and made sure that the children scrubbed their faces in good hot water. *God has answered my prayers, she beamed. Her family is well on its way to good health.*

By the following day, the wind had died down a bit and the sun came out. Orno set out to find DaKaBitsi's hogan again, this time armed with directions from the trading post. Arriving at the hogan he found a medicine man making an elaborate sand painting on the hogan floor in preparation for a sing.

Working side by side with the medicine man Orno did what he could for the boy. They would no doubt sing all night and if the boy recovered it would be in spite of their activities. Before he returned home, the missionary rode an additional five miles, to locate another sick Navajo who had sent for help. At last he found the camp.

One man suffered from trachoma while another man probably had tuberculosis. They, too, were a pitiful sight. Orno tried to persuade them to go to a government doctor in Crown Point. But they had already sent for the medicine man and they preferred to have him sing over them.

"Poor souls," thought Orno to himself as he returned home. "There are 30,000 of them out there and I can do so little for the few I can reach."

## Chapter 6

### The First Bible Student

"Have you met those new missionaries over at Smith Lake?" queried John as he busied himself behind the counter of the trading post. The young Navajo woman to whom he spoke leaned against the other side of the counter and pretended to study the merchandise on the shelves as they conversed in the low, quiet way of her people. John Neil's skin was white but he spoke her language as fluently as she.

"They go to church on Saturday," he continued.

Her brow furrowed. "Go to church on Saturday?" she repeated, giving John a quick startled glance. "I've never heard of anyone going to church on Saturday."

"The man showed me from the Bible where it says to keep Saturday," John continued. "He comes by this way now and then and always has a short Bible study when he does. He's a right nice fellow, too."

Lilakai Julian had just graduated from a Christian Indian high school. Here and there across her reservation were missionaries of various denominations, but none who kept Saturday as far as she knew. Her energetic probing mind couldn't dismiss this one. She knew she would have to think on this Saturday Sabbath.

But right now there were other matters to occupy her mind. She was well aware that she was the object of young John Neil's admiring attention though she pretended to be occupied with other business. She knew better than to let her eyes rest on him. That would be a breach of conduct in her culture. So she continued to study the saddles, the pots and pans and the bolts of calico. Only occasionally did she steal a casual glance at the young white trader who was so Indian inside.

Later that day as she rode her horse toward her parent's hogan she turned over and over in her mind what John told her about the missionaries and her curiosity grew. *Do these people study from the Bible?* She wondered. *They must, because John said the man always had a Bible study when he came to the trading post. But how could they keep Saturday when the Bible is so clear that they should keep Sunday?*

Lilakai frowned in concentration as she tried to remember a text that said to keep Sunday. *That's odd,* she thought. *I'm not exactly a Bible scholar but I can't recall one text I learned in school that says to keep Sunday.* All she could remember was only one reference that said "keep the Sabbath holy," and that was the fourth commandment. *But that says Sabbath, not Saturday or Sunday.* That settled it. *I've got to go to Smith Lake this Saturday and see what these new missionaries have to say.*

The next Sabbath dawned clear and cold and Lily rose early so she could eat, saddle her horse and ride the 10 miles to the Mission—and still be there in time to catch most of the church service. She knew the trail to Smith Lake well and made good time, but she was surprised when she crested the low hill near the lake and looked down on the tiny cabins.

*Can this be the Mission?* She wondered. *Even by reservation standards it looks poor.*

Compared to other missions it looked downright impoverished. She hesitated and reined her horse to a stop.

“What could these people have to say that would be worth listening to?” she wondered aloud. Her horse shifted its footing. Like all of her people Lily contemplated things, turning them around in her mind and looking at them from various angles.

Certainly this wasn't a decision to rush. The breeze whispered through the needles of a nearby pinon tree and rustled her skirt. She almost headed her pony back but then recalled the 10 miles of trail. Her curiosity was still piqued about these Saturday worshipers. So, she clucked to her pony and rode on toward the little cabins.

As she drew near the Mission she heard singing from the Smith home. Lily tied up her pony, opened the door, and walked into the cramped parlor where church was being held. The Folletts stopped their singing and looked at her in surprise. They still hadn't gotten used to the native way just walking into a home. But for all of their surprise they gave the young Indian woman a warm welcome.

“Please come and join us in our singing,” encouraged Agnes. “We're just getting started with our service.”

If Lily was impressed with the welcome she received, she was entranced with the Bible study that followed. Never had God's word been opened so plainly before her—with one text being used to explain another. *I've never seen anyone so comfortable at reading and explaining the Bible*, she thought as Orno Follett taught the lesson. When he later preached, he preached from the Bible, not merely some talk about how to live a good life. Afterward, Lily's mind was still trying to absorb the insights she'd gained, when Agnes sat down beside her and offered her a plate of food.

“You know the Bible so well,” Lily commented. “How come you're so poor?” She didn't stop for an answer. “I've never heard of Seventh-day Adventists before.” She thought more about it as she ate.

After lunch, Lily got up to leave. “Could I come and study the Bible with you?”

“Of course,” returned Agnes. “Any time you want.”

Lilakai nodded and left. The whole Follett family rejoiced that Lilakai had come to church without even being personally invited. “And she showed so much interest,” put in Agnes.

“I think she's a good prospect. But Orno cautioned Agnes against too much optimism. “You know,” he said, “We may never see her again. She could have come just out of curiosity, or on a whim. We shouldn't let ourselves get too optimistic about her coming back again, or being really interested.”

"I think she'll be back," Agnes replied. "I have a feeling she really wants to study and understand the Bible. But the best thing to do is to pray about it."

The couple knelt in prayer and asked God to impress His will and truth upon Lilakai's mind. As they crawled into bed, Agnes said, "You know, I really won't be surprised if she comes back."

But Orno and Agnes were both surprised when Lilakai came back. The couple was hardly finished breakfast the next morning when Lilakai opened their front door and, in the way of her people, strode in without knocking.

"I'm here for my Bible study," she declared to Agnes. For a couple of heartbeats you could have heard a grasshopper chew on a leaf. But Agnes recovered quickly and said, "Praise the Lord! Let me finish clearing the table and we'll start."

It seemed clear that Lilakai wished to study with Agnes, and the Folletts knew that a Navajo woman would be more comfortable studying with another woman. So Orno took the children to the cabin next door and busied himself with their care and the chores.

Agnes hurried to clear the table, all the while wondering what they should study. *Should she perhaps introduce the simple truths at first?* She mused. It had been obvious the day before that Lilakai had some Bible knowledge. *Perhaps I should build on her knowledge, and eventually introduce new subjects—mmm, such as righteousness by faith . . . and the Investigative Judgment . . . and then the Sabbath.* The Sabbath was a critical issue, and some people found it hard to understand. *Maybe that would have to wait for some time—but I wonder if I should just delve right in.* Agnes said a quick prayer and then turned to the young Navajo. "What subject would you like to study first?"

Lilakai didn't hesitate in her answer, "The Sabbath," she replied.

Agnes bowed her head in a quick prayer of thanks and motioned the young Navajo to the kitchen table. Their study was slow and deliberate. Lilakai was determined to understand for herself the Word of God, and insisted that Agnes dwell on each point until she was satisfied that it was correct according to the Word of God. By the time the first study was over, Lilakai and Agnes were becoming fast friends.

"Would you teach me a few Navajo words?" Agnes asked.

"Sure." They laughed together over Agnes's attempts.

When they were ready to part, they ended their time together with prayer. As Lilakai opened the door, Agnes asked a leading question, "Would you like to study again?"

"Yes!" The answer came quickly and instantaneous.

The very next morning Lilakai again strode into the little cabin, ready for her Bible study. Over the next few weeks her knowledge of the Bible grew along with her friendship and acceptance of the Follett family.

Agnes came to value Lilakai as a friend and interpreter of Navajo ways. The children loved to play games with her, and would listen spellbound to her simple stories. Lily, as they came to call her, even had lively conversations with Orno, an unusual thing for a young Navajo woman to do.

"I want to be baptized," she told Agnes one day.

"Lily, that's wonderful! Oh, praise God!" rejoiced Agnes.

"And Agnes," Lily continued. "I want to become a missionary to my people. They walk without knowing God, and this truth must be given to them."

The Bible studies continued with increased energy and purposefulness, and the bond of friendship between Agnes and Lily grew stronger. Agnes had to study harder herself in order to keep ahead. Lily didn't hide her new faith but immediately started witnessing. After every Bible study she returned to her parent's hogan to share her new faith. Soon, her parents, old Julian and his wife, were coming to the Mission to hear firsthand from the missionaries the "good story"—as Julian put it.

After some discussion, one day, Lily decided that she would be better off to stay at the Mission instead of spending all of her time on the trail.

"I could use your help in caring for the children and doing chores," Agnes suggested.

"And Lily could come with me on my community visits and be my interpreter," Orno added. "That would give her good opportunities to witness to her people."

Even though space and funds were limited, one end of one of the little log cabins was partitioned off with a sheet, and Lily happily joined the Follett family in their work.

There was never a "typical day" for the Folletts -- work wasn't measured in hours or days. Each one did what needed to be done when it needed to be done. In between they hauled wood and water, washed dishes and clothes, cooked food for the growing family, and sewed and mended clothing.

In the winter when the lake was frozen they cut blocks of ice to be saved and stored in sawdust for use during the rest of the year. And there were always Bible studies waiting for them in hogans, under trees, or in their own tiny home.

Occasionally they tended the trading post while Mr. Smith traveled to Gallup to buy supplies or run some other errands. For Orno this gave him a chance to meet Navajos he ordinarily wouldn't see, and to learn more about their ways.

One day at the trading post a tiny, whitehaired, wrinkled, figure in long flowing skirts slid gracefully from the saddle, and tethered her horse to a scrubby greasewood bush in front of the trading post. Her gnarled fingers untied a cloth-wrapped bundle from behind the saddle and tucked it under her arm. Her moccasined feet shuffled unsteadily in the sand. She paused just inside the door long enough to take a quick look around the room.

Other Navajo women stood at the high counters, with men and children relaxing around the room. A trip to the trading post generally turned out to be an all-day affair so no one hurried. Silently the little figure with the cloth wrapped bundle made her way from one to another in the room and without so much as glancing at them, murmured a quiet greeting as they lightly touched right hands. It was the way of her people.

To grab a hand and shake it would be very rude. People do not show emotion in Navajoland, at least not very strongly—and certainly not to a stranger until the climate had been thoroughly and cautiously tested. In this land a person generally hid behind an expressionless mask until he or she decided whether he faced a friend or foe. They may not have seen a particular friend or relative for some time, but still that person was greeted with somewhat of an air of indifference as though they had never been separated.

After making the rounds of quiet greetings, the little figure with the wrapped bundle moved to the counter and proceeded to unwrap a hand woven rug. Suddenly from behind the counter a voice boomed, "Yaateh Shima!" (Hello, my mother!)

"Aou, yaateh," she cackled, and the other Navajos and Orno laughed with her. Orno was learning the ways of the Navajo, but, after all, it was legitimate to be a "bellagonna" now and then, and he felt that the white man's boisterous ways did liven things up a bit.

As a missionary mingling with the people day after day, he served them not only as a preacher but as a doctor, chauffeur, mortician, advisor, teacher—and always as a friend. The mission work grew more demanding, though, and as the Navajos gained confidence in him, he found there was more than he could do, even with Lily helping.

Today "Pretty Boy" came in asking him to bury his nephew's baby, and a widow too poor to hire a medicine man asked him to treat her little girl who was very ill. Yesterday he traveled a great distance to treat a boy with the flu. When he arrived he found the medicine man had painted a "bilya" with 24 eyes on the boy's chest.

Life wasn't easy, and by late February it became apparent that Agnes needed rest and medical care. So, leaving the three older children with Mrs. Schuster, Mrs. Smith's mother, and Lily at her mother's hogan, Orno accompanied Agnes and baby Naomi by train to the Boulder Sanitarium in Colorado. Orno feared Agnes was too weak to make the journey alone.

After a few weeks of rest and treatment at the Sanitarium, Agnes' strength and health revived sufficiently for her to return to Lake Grove. At last the harsh cold days of winter gave way to spring. It wasn't a spring with balmy skies, fragrant grass and blooming wild flowers covering the hills. Rather, spring in the high desert of Navajoland comes with blowing sand—a fitting

replacement for the endless mud and snow of winter. For days on end the wind howled around the little cabins forcing dust through every conceivable crack. Often Orno's weakened lungs and throat ached as he made his way from hogan to hogan on horseback in the blowing sand. Late into April the sandstorms alternated with snow flurries.

But May brought more pleasant days. As the chill of winter passed, grass again rose in tufts here and there, and an occasional wildflower peeped its head above the sand.

## Chapter 7

### First Convert Baptized

“Agnes,” Orno announced with excitement in his voice, “the General Conference has authorized us to purchase a new Ford for Mission use.”

“O, Orno,” she sighed and smiled. “It will make your work so much easier.”

“That it will,” he reflected, looking at the letter again. “That it will.”

As soon as possible he set out for Gallup in search of the authorized vehicle. But he found no Fords for sale there. So he traveled to Albuquerque. After some searching he located a 1917 Model T which had been used only one month.

“Four hundred dollars?” Orno asked as the car salesman told him the price.

“That's a lot of money.”

“Yes,” replied the salesman. “But she's worth every bit of that. She sold for a lot more than \$400.00 a month ago.”

Orno looked the car over again. She did look just like a new one, and she had only a few miles on her. “All right,” he finally said. “If you'll include those other items we talked about, I'll buy it.”

These early Model T's were really only a little more than motorized wagons. Orno's diaries from that day on are punctuated with notes of broken springs, broken frame, split hubs, replaced windshields, patched top, frequent motor repairs and blowouts too numerous to mention. Of course the type of terrain over which he drove the car, and the fact that even highways were merely trails at that time, made the car problems understandable.

The Ford got 18 miles to the gallon and averaged 17 miles per hour on the best roads. It often left the Folletts stranded in places where a horse would have never faltered or hesitated. But, for the most part, the car made life more comfortable and convenient in many ways.

During the summer several of the local and General Conference leaders came to look over the Mission and help Orno select the sites for the mission residence and a schoolhouse. Later, according to their plan, they would install a dispensary and a hospital.

The Mission continued to grow as well as the church. Besides Lily and her family, others came as well: Tom Largo and his sister Flossie, John Thompson, and Dan Will. Tom, who had regularly worked for the Mission from its beginning, became a faithful church member and a vital part of the Mission staff. He taught Orno the Navajo language, and worked wherever he was needed on the Mission plant. Others, too, came faithfully to study the Christian faith from the Bible and were little by little beginning to turn from their pagan ways toward Christianity.

Lily joined her Lord in baptism on August 19, 1917, at the Albuquerque Camp Meeting. “I’m so excited,” revealed Agnes as Lily got ready for the baptism.

“I’m not,” confessed Lily. “I find it a bit frightening.”

“Oh, you’ll be all right,”

“I don’t know,” returned Lily. “I’ve never been around so many bellagonnas and they keep gathering around me—as if I’m something special, or something.”

“You are,” encouraged. “You’re the first Navajo to be baptized as a Seventh-day Adventist—at least that we know of. Don’t be afraid. They mean you no harm.”

But Lily was thrilled in being baptized, and dedicating herself to following the Lord. True to Navajo form, Lily showed little emotion as she came out of the water dripping wet. But Agnes wept openly with joy, and Orno could hardly contain himself.

For several days at the camp meeting Lily and the Folletts were the center of attention—and much prayer. Everyone rejoiced at the beginnings of the Navajo work and the fact that it was already bearing fruit. People had so many questions, and they were eager to hear about the native culture and how the Lord was at work in this new area.

Several people encouraged Lily to go to Boulder Sanitarium and take nurse’s training. That way she could be a health evangelist among her people. It all happened so fast. Before she knew it, the Folletts had made the arrangements for her application along with her tuition and transportation costs.

“You did all this for me?” Lily grew excited about the future. She knew how much Orno and Agnes had done for her people, and the thought of being trained to help them filled her heart with joy.

Camp meeting was such a heady experience for the Folletts who had been isolated for so long. Now in the car returning home, they were still glowing from the spiritual blessings, the fellowship, and the excitement of telling so many people about the Lake Grove Mission. During the trip home Orno, Agnes, and Lily discussed preparations they would have to make in order for Lily to go to Boulder Sanitarium in a few months.

Orno leaned back in his seat and reflected on the events of the past year.

“Things are going pretty well,” he mused aloud.

“Yes, they are,” returned Lily. “And soon I’ll be trained as a nurse.”

“That’s right,” agreed Agnes. “That way we’ll be able to help a lot more people.”

Not long after they returned home, on a pleasant July evening, the pinon logs on the open pit fire in front of the Follett home had been mostly reduced to ashes and gave off a wonderful scent as they burned. The Follett family were enjoying a relaxing evening, with a “cookout” on their “front lawn.”

Agnes dug down into the coals. “I think I'll put some potatoes and Indian corn in the coals to cook for supper.”

“That sounds good,” Orno agreed, “and later we can cut open that watermelon we got. Orno settled back in his chair and sighed with pleasure.

“What a life.”

The older children skipped rocks down by the lake, and little Naomi slept. Navajo land was peaceful and quiet in the late evening. Orno gazed up at the puffy white clouds that dotted the sky. It was a vast expanse, and the clouds seemed not to move at all, suspended motionless instead. They appeared only to move if you looked away for a while. Orno closed one eye and squinted at the clouds for a long moment.

“Orno, what on earth are you doing?” exclaimed Agnes as she came out of the house with the potatoes.

Orno sat up straight and looked a little sheepish, “I was just trying to figure out which way the clouds are moving.”

“Idleness, even for a few hours, does not suit you dear,” Agnes said as she sat down next to him. She scooped aside some coals and started the potatoes baking, then leaned back in her chair and gently took Orno's hand. The setting sun was turning the surrounding mesa gold, and only the birds broke the meditative silence around them.

“This is a beautiful land,” she murmured. “I'm so happy we came here.”

Orno nodded and squeezed her hand. They sat this way for a long time before their reverie was broken by a wail from little Naomi.

The summer of 1917 and its pleasant warmth seemed all too short. It brought with it a respite from sickness, sore throats, neuralgia, and chest colds that plagued the Follett family. Summer also provided a time for the fast growing children to range far and wide around the Mission. They explored the area and returned with smiles and tales of adventure that brought a warm feeling to the hearts of their parents. Despite the hardships they faced as a family, the children seemed to enjoy their surroundings and do well in them.

But in the business that made up Mission life, summer passed quickly into fall . . . and the Mission entered its second year. Orno and Agnes kept up the hard work as the air took on a decided chill and winter sickness again took hold. But there was more than physical pain that fall. On

November 4 Orno received two letters: one from his mother bidding him farewell, and another from his sister Matilda saying she had passed away.

In his diary Orno wrote, "God help me and each of us to live such a life that we may see our dear mother again in the earth made new. My heart hurts awfully. God help us." It was only the first of many deaths that brought tears and sorrow to the Follett family.

The new year brought with it a measles epidemic.

"There are so many calls for help," Agnes fretted. "How can you fill them all?"

"I don't know," returned her husband, "but we must do our best to help them. That's why we came."

"But it's below zero out there," protested the woman, "And we can't get through with the car on account of the snow drifts."

"Then I'll just have to take the horse," Orno answered.

The thermometer hung at subzero day after day as Follett visited delirious and dying little ones in their hogans. And the missionary's health suffered under the constant exposure to the murderous elements.

From a hogan on a far mesa came a man by the name of Caibiye wanting Orno to treat his ailing infant son. Caibiye was a sad looking man who spoke only a few words of English and appeared to be uncomfortable in the Follett's living room. Orno had difficulty getting exact directions to the hogan, since Caibiye kept pursing his lips and jerking his head toward the west when asked where he lived. But Orno had been through this enough times that he eventually put together a route to the man's hogan.

The directions went something like this: "Go past pretty rock to the big tree, then turn toward where Kee Bedoni grazes his sheep in the summer—only go by there; and when you get to the big red rock, follow the path up the hill."

Though these directions were considerably imprecise, Orno had gotten used to this, and he usually found the place he sought. Caibiye left on his horse while Orno made preparations to go—gathering up medicines and strips of flannel. While he did this, he began to put on his outer winter clothing, for he was about to embark on a very cold trip. Eventually he guided the little Ford to the hogan and was only mildly surprised to find Caibiye's horse already tied up in front of the dwelling. The little hogan, with its sheep pen attached, stood alone against the wind and cold, and Orno wondered what he would find inside.

As soon as he stepped into the hogan he knew that the situation was critical.

Usually a hogan smelled like wood smoke, cooking odors, sheepskins and earth, a pleasant combination of smells. But this hogan smelled like a sick room and a crowded one at that.

Caibiye, his wife and their eight children lived in the tiny dwelling. The baby had a burning fever, a chest cold, and was wrapped only in filthy rags. Orno gave him a tepid bath to cool and to cleanse him, and then administered what few appropriate medications he had. He turned the baby over on his knee and gently started "clapping" his back to loosen the congestion in his lungs. Orno didn't need to see the rash to know the baby had measles. And the thing that concerned him most was that in the presence of measles, a chest cold can easily turn to pneumonia. The baby could die quite quickly.

For some time Orno patiently explained to Caibiye and his wife that they must watch the baby for symptoms of pneumonia. They should also keep a pot of water steaming over the fire as long as the baby remained congested.

"Give him a lot of water to drink," Orno explained, using gestures to help them understand what he said. "And give him cool baths when the fever is high." The missionary then explained that God in Heaven has the best medicine of all and he prayed for the baby.

Follett was filled with despair as he drove back to the Mission. *O Lord, he prayed, the needs of the Navajo people are so great. There's no way that I can help them all, and without help they'll continue to suffer and die.* He poured his heart out to his Savior on behalf of the Navajo as he sought divine help for the Mission work to go forward.

The next day Orno returned to Caibiye's hogan to find the situation essentially unchanged. He brought with him some clothing for the other children which they eagerly tried on. Orno tried again to stress the importance of a humid atmosphere, and proper fluid intake for the baby. He left some medicine for the child and went on his way unsure that he had convinced them to try the new bellagonna ways.

"The calls for help just keep coming in," agonized Agnes. "How can we rest while Navajo children were dying all around us?" It was more like a statement than a question.

"Why don't we work in shifts," Orno suggested. "One of us will stay here and care for our own children, and the other one can go out to care for the sick Navajo children.

"Good idea," agreed his wife. "Why don't I stay here with the kids for the first shift?"

Four days had passed since Orno last visited Caibiye, and now a message came in, asking that the missionary come to bury his three-year-old daughter and treat four other children who were sick with measles. To his surprise Orno found the baby doing much better. The fever was almost gone and his chest cold showed a great deal of improvement. What surprised Orno most, though, was that the hogan was being kept humid by a pot of water steaming over the fire. And Caibiye's wife was giving one of the youngest children a cooling bath when he came in.

The epidemic took many casualties. Orno buried entire families during the time, and now he saw some hope that perhaps Caibiye's family would escape this fate. He buried their daughter, treated the other children and again prayed for them. The sickness continued to plague the Navajos until late February. All through this time—through the snow and freezing winds—people continued to

make their way to the Mission, looking for help. The epidemic took a heavy toll on the younger generation, but Orno and Agnes were able to save many lives.

“Lily left the Sanitarium.” Orno gave the news to Agnes after receiving the mail. “Her teachers thought she should return to the reservation because she was homesick.”

“That's too bad,” returned his wife. “It's a real setback for the mission.”

“It surely is,” agreed Orno. Each Sabbath after they'd received this news, the Folletts hoped Lily would attend church. But she didn't come.

“We can't go out and talk to her about this,” Orno pointed out, “because she'd be embarrassed and wouldn't be able to discuss it. That would shame her,”

Follett continued. “That's the Navajo way.”

“I guess we'll just have to wait until she comes to us,” returned Agnes. “In the meantime, we'd better make it a subject of special prayer.”

One day in April, Old Julian, Lily's father asked for the Folletts to come to his hogan. He felt the end was near and he wanted to hear "the good story" one more time. Orno cranked the worn Ford into life and made the rough ride to the old hogan. Several horses stood tied outside and it seemed obvious that the family was gathering around Old Julian. Orno parked away from the horses, so as not to frighten them, and strode to the hogan.

He was surprised to find Lily waiting at the door for him.

“Hello, Orno,” she said. “I'm glad you could come.”

Though many questions burned in his heart, Orno knew this was not the time to ask them. Instead he turned toward the center of the hogan and paused a moment to let his eyes adjust. There on some skins by the fire lay Old Julian. Orno knelt beside him Julian smiled and gave him a "touch" handshake. With Lily interpreting Orno again told him the story of salvation, and of Christ's second coming to take His faithful believers to heaven.

The old man listened intently, nodding and smiling occasionally. After Orno had finished his story and prayed with him, Julian drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

## Chapter 8

### Joy and Sorrow

Orno and Lily greeted each other warmly and slowly caught up on each other's lives.

"We missed you at the Mission, Lily, I hope you will come soon and visit us," Orno said.

Lily nodded but didn't say anything. Orno decided to press a little further. "Didn't you like the Sanitarium in Boulder? Was there anything wrong there?" Orno started to say something more but Lily blurted out.

"I came back and got married!"

Orno's jaw dropped and he couldn't find any words for a moment. Then he grasped her hand and smiled.

"That's wonderful, Lily. Congratulations." Orno was genuinely happy for his friend. "Who's the lucky man?"

Lily got a bemused smile on her face, then leaned close to Orno and said, "John Neil."

"The white trader?"

Lily gave a small smile and nodded. Then she looked sad. "I wanted my father to have grandchildren by me before he died but this is his time to go."

Orno looked over at the sleeping form on the skins. "Maybe he is just feeling a little sick," he suggested. "Maybe this is not his time."

Lily gave him a strange look as though he didn't understand what this visit to the hogan was all about. She shook her head. "No, this is his time. He knows it. That's why he called you."

They spent the next hour catching up on all that had happened to each other in the preceding months.

Then Orno directed the conversation to the subject that lay most heavily on his heart.

"Lily," he asked, looking at her face in the low light. "How is it between you and Christ—how is your friendship with Him?"

Lily smiled broadly, "Oh, Pastor Follett, He is my God and I love Him. I still want to be a witness for Him. Her smile eased a bit as she pondered her situation. "I don't know exactly how I will serve Him, but I know he will guide me according to His will."

Orno felt a warmth inside as Lily expressed her faith, and after praying with her and securing a promise that she would visit the Mission, he left. That night old Julian died, as Lily said, "to await

the return of the Jesus he had learned to love.” Julian was buried beneath the dirt floor, and the family deserted the hogan.

The following day Caibiye sent word asking the missionary to come and bury the son who had been so ill with measles two months before. Orno remembered the little baby who had rallied so well, and he felt hot tears trickle down his cheeks. Death and dying were all too common in Navajoland.

The warming weather of spring brought additional activity at the Mission. Orno began preparations for the Mission residence and the schoolhouse which he and the committee had planned. Between answering calls from the Navajo for help he began surveying for the roads and buildings. Follett hired the natives to work at 20 cents an hour to haul rock for the foundations of the building. They also brought in lumber and dug a well.

By May the building foundations were put in and Orno hired help to erect fencing on the Mission grounds. During the warm months of June and July the framework for one new building rose rapidly.

Then smallpox broke out among the Indians and the work on the Mission slowed again while Orno treated the ill and vaccinated whole families at a time for the disease.

Caibiye came saying that his two-year-old had smallpox. While he was sorry to see the little girl sick with smallpox, Orno was delighted to see that they called him in the early stages of the disease. Moreover, Caibiye and his wife seemed to be paying strict attention to Orno's instructions as to how to care for their daughter. All this was signs of progress. As he left their poor little hogan Orno wondered what could be done to help them live a better life. They barely had enough food to eat. He felt that the little Mission school was the best place to start addressing the needs of the people. But everything seemed to move so slowly.

Finally, on August 18, 1918, work on the little Mission residence was complete and the Folletts moved into more comfortable quarters. Life, it seemed, might just get a little easier. Completion of the Schoolhouse was not far behind, and soon Orno began looking for students for the upcoming school term. By September 9, Orno had contacted 20 students from the immediate area. And a new teacher was coming—a young man named Oscar Nystal, scheduled to arrive the first of October.

One late September afternoon Orno climbed a small hill near the Mission and spent more than an hour looking at the new buildings and thinking about the future. *It's so fulfilling to see the progress, he thought. Finally, things are beginning to go well.*

But alas, the terrible influenza epidemic of 1918 broke out, devastating the surrounding cities with the sick and the dead. It seemed only a matter of time before it would reach the reservation. On Tuesday, October 1, the new teacher, Oscar Nystal arrived in Thoreau, accompanied by several Mission committee members. Orno met them at the depot and drove them to Lake Grove. The conference men were supportive of Orno, but less excited about the Mission. They wanted to see it bigger and more developed. Orno had a difficult time explaining to them that, while physical

progress seemed slow, personal relationships were flourishing. These were the things that brought people to Christ.

Oscar felt differently. He became enthusiastic about every aspect of the mission, while he seemed to be aware of the challenges that lay ahead of him. He also saw the opportunities he would have to shape and form young minds while leading them to Christ. On Thursday Orno and Oscar took the committee members back to the train in Thoreau. The pair drove on to Gallup and back, visiting as they traveled and discussing final plans for the Mission school. The trip to Gallup was a hot, dusty, jerking affair as they navigated the bumpy roads in the little Ford. But Oscar was happy and upbeat throughout. Oscar showed an insatiable desire for learning everything he could about the culture—including an immediate grappling with the extremely difficult language. "And how do you say water?" asked Oscar.

"Well," Orno scratched his head and paused. "It's kind of like 'toe as in big toe' but there is a slight 'w' in there as well."

Oscar practiced a few times and did fairly well. "If you want to say 'gasoline' you first say 'chitty'."\* Orno pointed at the Ford, "because that, to them, is a car and then you will say 'twoh' because that is water that the car drinks." Orno smiled at Oscar. 'Chittybitwoh.' Car Water. Gasoline ."

The two men returned that evening and worked energetically all day Friday making the last minute preparations for the school term set to open on Monday morning. As the close of day neared the two knelt on the rough floorboards to dedicate both the building and Oscar to the Lord's work.

"Lord," Oscar prayed. "Please accept me in your service. Though I may be flawed, please help me to give forth the bright light of your message to these precious youth. Where I am blind, please help me to see. Where I am deaf help me to hear. Where I am foolish help me to have wisdom. Most of all Lord, help me to keep acquiring the character of Christ in my own life that I may be a living witness for You. Lord, please send your Spirit to light up this room and fill the lives of these precious students with the joy that only a knowledge of You can bring. All of this I ask in the precious name of Jesus, Amen."

"I'm not feeling so well this morning," Oscar observed as he arrived at the place of worship Sabbath morning. By Sunday Orno could see that the new teacher had the dreaded Spanish influenza. By Monday, when school was to have begun, Nystal was seriously ill. Two of the Follett children were also sick. Orno wired Loma Linda and Glendale Sanitariums in California, asking that they could send a nurse right away. But already the epidemic had reached alarming proportions all over the country, and there were no medical personnel available to give help to the little Mission.

Within days Oscar developed pneumonia, and his condition became worse. Daily the government doctor from Crown Point, 15 miles to the north, came to check on the sick man but he continued to slide. Orno was beside himself with concern. Every hour or two Follett checked on Oscar until he realized it might be better to leave him alone.

“I’m so sorry that I’m not able to get the school going,” Oscar would apologize each time Orno entered his room. The missionary concluded that he was being a burden instead of helping encourage the teacher. This broke Orno’s heart, and soon he only stopped to check on Oscar when he knew the man was asleep.

Before long, Oscar either slept or was delirious most of the time. On Thursday, October 19, he asked Orno to write Elder Lukens, the Union Conference president who had come to the Mission a week and a half earlier with the conference committee.

Orno wrote:

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Dear Brother Lukens,

Brother Nystal asked me to write to you this morning and ask you "where we are." Of course he is in a serious condition. We have wired his sister and expect her, perhaps tonight. We cannot get any help and so have our hands full. Our plans for the school are all upset at the time being. It is impossible to know at this time just how things will go. In any case, my wife and I keep up under it all. We shall go ahead with the school just as soon as things are settled sufficiently here. Our oldest boy has a high fever again this morning but we do not know how serious it may be. Pray for the work here among the Navajos, Brother Lukens, and also for us, God’s servants in this great work. Sincerely your brother.

Orno Follett

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The next day Orno wrote again to Elder Lukens:

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Only nine days ago you and the other brethren left us happy and hopeful for the work among the Indians. This morning Brother Nystal died of the fatal pneumonia. All this came upon us so suddenly that it is even now difficult to believe that our dear brother is lying in an adjoining room sleeping the sleep that only Jesus can change in the glad awakening.

Brother Nystal’s sister Agnes came here from Texas, arriving about three hours before he passed away. He knew her. We have the best reasons for feeling confident that he sleeps in Jesus. Our oldest boy and little girl are also ill but we hope for the best. Our only hope is in our loving Heavenly Father who has his hand over His work and only permits His servants to fall in battle when in His wisdom He sees it is best for them to rest thru the terrible times that are just before us.

The terrible plague struck Gallup harder than any other place of which we have heard or read. The deaths are so many and so rapid that it is said that the undertakers cannot attend to the cases nor supply coffins for the dead. We wired Gallup for a casket but have not yet received a reply so it is possible that we may have to make a box and bury him on the Mission ranch for the present. What a time we have come to, but after all we have long looked forward to such a time as this.

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In reply to Elder Luken's response, Orno wrote again on October 18:

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*Your kind letter of the 15th came today. I knew you would be anxious about the school. But for the present, at least, we can do nothing along that line. In the first place the Indians would not send their children while the excitement is so high, with Americans sick and dying in all the towns about here and the schools closed and their children at the government school in the hospital with the dreaded Spanish influenza. Thus far the Indians in their open hogans have kept free from the plague but none can say they will continue to do so. The ranchmen as well as government employees are taking it. I do not know how long it is likely to continue, but for the present at least, everyone's minds are fully occupied with it.*

*Mexico State University in Albuquerque is also closed. Three of our children had it but all seem to be doing well. Our neighbor Mr. Smith's daughter also had it. Wife and I keep going but are rather worn from the constant strain. Brother Nystal's was the most severe case we have yet come in contact with. He took pneumonia as so many are doing. A government doctor called four times notwithstanding he had his hands full at Crown Point. We wired Loma Linda the first day for a nurse, also other places but could get none. His sister Agnes reached here about three hours before he passed away and his sister Belinda reached here about 18 hours later. It was a sad experience and I cannot understand why it all should come this way. But God knows best. I tremble for the time when the Indians may get the disease. In fact I am hoping and praying that they do not get it. But we should be prepared for it and should have on hand three hundred dollars emergency fund with which to purchase medicines and prepare the clinic for this. True, there would be little we could do for them but that little should not be left undone. I have been using funds we have on hand for medical supplies during Brother Nystal's illness but those of course will have to be replaced.*

*About a teacher. If we cannot make other arrangements, my wife will teach the school this term. We should have to in that case, to employ a housekeeper. But we should get a regular teacher who will devote his life to this work, if possible.*

*Brother Nystal and I had laid some strong plans for the future of the Navajo work and the prospects seemed so bright and promising that the suddenly changing conditions are discouraging. But I know we must not falter in such times as this. If God sees fit to spare my life, I am determined with His help to do my best in service for these needy people. I will not be able to render double service to make up the loss of our fallen brother, but all can give their best. It seems so strange to me that he should be taken and I left when he had such robust health and in so many ways better prepared to carry the work than I. During those long days of delirium he never spoke one word that suggested anything but a pure minded Christian. If you have had experiences with the sick, you know this is the time a man speaks his real mind. We need another worker to take his place, just like that, and then we will have a right to feel certain this work, with God's blessing, is going to succeed. I am sure you will remember this needy field in your prayers.*

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*\*Early cars, instead of sounding "chug, chug," sounded more like "chitty, chitty."*

## Chapter 9

### Sickness Takes Its Toll

“It's a nightmare,” groaned Orno as he stumbled into the cabin. “I knew the Spanish Influenza would reach the Navaho, but I had no idea it would be this bad.” The exhausting weeks that followed were filled with treating the sick and burying the dead. Dr. Childers, the government doctor who worked so faithfully to save lives, caught the flu as well . . . and then pneumonia.

Caibiye came saying his wife was very low. The Folletts hired a maid to help in the home until the situation improved. But she, too took sick and had to be cared for. The brethren at the conference arranged for a new school teacher, Brother Lowry, from Texas, to come with his family. Orno expected they would arrive soon.

In a letter written about that time to Elder Lukens, Orno said:

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*You will want to know how we are progressing with the Indian work. Both Mrs. Follett and myself have been too busy almost to eat. In my nearly 10 years in caring for the sick, I have never seen such terrible times as we have experienced the past two months. Conditions have come to light here, the like of which I have never seen before.*

*Our experience in our home with our children after Brother Nystal succumbed to the influenza was very light as compared with the experience we have been having with the Indians since. You will be glad to know that we have not lost a single case thus far who came under our care early in the disease. But the sad part is that they too often wait until the case is far advanced and their own medicine men have given them up before they come to us. Some of the children who expected to attend our school have died and it is likely others may, but we hope for the best.*

*Thursday, November 19, Brother Lowry reached Thoreau and telephoned me while I was writing this letter. So we have been occupied in other ways since then. Brother Lowry, and his wife with their three children are a fine family. I believe this is the right man for this place...*

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On November 19 the Lowrys arrived and on November 21 Mrs. Lowry came down with the flu. Pneumonia set it and she became critically ill. Again they could find no nurse. The Follett children were sick but Agnes stayed by Mrs. Lowry's side day and night, even though she too was sick—with morning sickness. Soon the rest of the Lowry family contracted the influenza. On November 30 Mrs. Lowry quietly went to her final rest. It was an extremely trying time and in his diary Orno wrote: "O Lord, forsake not thy cause."

The following day he again wrote Elder Lukens:

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*You will be surprised to hear that Sister Lowry died yesterday of pneumonia. The government doctor called on her from the first and we tried to get a nurse but could not until the day before she died. My wife stayed with Sister Lowry practically all the time night and day. But they are almost from sea level while this is almost 8,000 feet altitude. So the disease was a very hard blow to her system. The doctor did not give any hope from the first on account of the sudden change in altitude. I am so sorry that I asked them to come before spring. I wrote them a long*

*letter, of which I have a copy here, cautioning them to take every possible precaution against influenza. For I feared just what we have again passed through. But on the way here Sister Lowry, in response to the moving of her truly Christian heart, helped nurse a case of influenza on the train.*

*Since so much influenza has been about me so long, both my wife and I have given our time to it to the neglect of almost everything else. One result is that our oldest child has taken it again. So Mrs. Follett must give her time to the children now until danger is past. We also have a girl 14 years old from the orphan's home who now has the disease. So hope that since we cannot give so much of our time to others for the present, that Brother LaGrone will be permitted to stay with us and help out until local conditions clear somewhat. We cannot have our workers continue to come here and lay down their lives this way nor do I believe God wills it so. We should have a doctor or a nurse here all of the time. Lives, as well as means, would be saved that way.*

*I am glad to be able to write to you that the Indians are about over the plague. I wish you could hear them praise our "medicine," etc. They know we have had as good success, and they think better, among them, than the doctors or other missionaries in these parts.*

*Oh, how I wish we had been as successful with Brother Nystal and Sister Lowry. May God grant us better success with Brother Lowry and his children are my sincere prayers. Remember them and the work here in prayer.*

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With the thermometer hovering near zero Mrs. Lowry was laid to rest on the Mission grounds. Mr. Lowry, after the shock of his wife's death, worsened but as soon as the family had recovered sufficiently, they returned to Texas for a time to fully recover from the shock of illness and death. It was now mid-January and Orno was tired. He was more tired than he had ever been and life held little joy for him. *I should be optimistic, he knew, but the last year has seen enough trials for a lifetime and my heart seems too tired to rejoice.*

The day before he had received a letter from Mr. Lowry. Now recovered (at least from his physical sickness), he was coming back from Texas to open the school. This was, after all, where his wife was buried so it was not surprising that he should persevere and return.

Orno wandered into the school building and now he paused to look at the little benches, and the chalkboard, and the simple construction of the building. He sighed. It seemed they had come a long way and it seemed the cost was very great. On the one hand, they now had a Mission residence, a little school building that was also used for a chapel. And they had additional plans for a small dispensary and pharmacy. On the other hand he was too tired to run it all and what use was a bunch of buildings? Agnes, who had given so much to so many, was if anything, worse off than he. Not only was she working just as hard as he was, but she was now about four months pregnant as well.

Orno felt a twinge of guilt. *She can't go on like this, he mused, both for her and the baby's sake.* Orno sat down on the teacher's desk and again looked at the dusty flooring, the little potbellied stove with its not quite straight chimney pipe and the newly plastered walls. "He hath done what he could," Orno said aloud to no one in particular. The Mission was a reflection of him—great vision

and scarce resources. And since it was his Mission, he felt all the more keenly the deaths of Oscar Nystal and Mrs. Lowry.

He moved over and sat down in the teacher's chair, ignoring its squeak of protest and traced the names of his fallen comrades in the desk top dust. *Was it worth it?* he wondered. *But it has to be! I have to make sure they didn't lay down their lives in vain. After all, he told himself, Navajo children will learn about Christ in this very room.*

Orno sank to his knees. "O God," he prayed. "Please give me the energy, vision and wisdom necessary to run a Mission that will glorify You. The work here has to go forward. Either by me or someone else, the Navajo have to receive the message of salvation, or I want to persevere in this work as long as I can."

On February 3 the modest school opened. Four little black haired boys and four little black eyed girls were kept at the Mission as boarders, while those living closer walked to school each day. Life took on a new pace and a new structure. There were extra mouths to feed, baths to supervise under primitive conditions and clothing to wash. Friends sent some clothing for the school children, and what they lacked Agnes provided with her skill as a seamstress.

Orno found himself baking bread and cooking meals and he began to wonder just what they had gotten themselves into. By the end of the second week, everyone had bad colds. Orno bundled up the four worst cases and took them to Crown Point Hospital where Dr. Childers, insisted they stay until they felt better. Orno secured a cook and renovated the larger cabin for use as a kitchen and dining room.

In the third week of February Agnes was so exhausted that Orno made arrangements for her to again go to Loma Linda Sanitarium in California for a month of rest and treatment. Soon after, with the lingering sickness among the students, Orno and Mr. Lowry thought it best to close the school and wait until the next year when they would be better prepared to care for the ill and better staffed as well. So, despite all efforts, they had suffered another setback and Orno felt heartsick. He left the children in care of a sitter and joined Agnes in Loma Linda for a while.

In Loma Linda the air was perfumed with the smell of orange blossoms and the birds sang as Orno and Agnes rocked back and forth on the padded front porch swing of the Sanitarium. The spring air worked wonders on Agnes and they would soon be ready to return. But for the moment they relaxed, sitting close and pondering the late events at the Mission. Agnes breathed deeply and squeezed Orno's hand.

"A penny for your thoughts." she said smiling.

"Oh, I was just thinking about how to really get a clinic going at the Mission," he replied realizing he had been lost in thought for some time. "We're run ragged trying to keep up with the requests for help and we really can't run a school and a Mission when we're gone all the time. I was thinking if we could get a couple of good people, nurses I think, into the Mission, then build up the dispensary this summer, and later a real hospital that would provide enough medical care that we could concentrate on the school for a while. . . ."

He paused only long enough to take a breath. "And we might be able to work out an arrangement with Loma Linda Sanitarium to have some of their students come out as volunteer missionaries each summer, or maybe some of the students from Boulder Sanitarium." His eyes narrowed in thought. "What we really need at the Mission is a proper boarding school and if we had the time, we could probably put together a pretty good one. What do you think?"

Agnes smiled and got up. "I think I will tell the Sanitarium that I am checking out early so we can get back to our ministry. I've said it before—'you are not a man suited to idleness,' and we had better get back to work."

For Agnes, who at this point was visibly pregnant, the trip back was long. When they finally reached the Mission they found John and Lily waiting for them with their new little baby Ruthie Neil.

"Oh, how sweet she is," exclaimed Agnes. "You are indeed a blessed mother."

"It looks like it won't be long before you'll be a mother again," smiled Lily. They enjoyed a delightful visit together, bringing each other up to date after Orno's and Agnes' absence. After a lot of catch-up conversation, Lily invited Orno for a walk around the Mission grounds. Orno was only too happy to oblige, and he showed Lily where he wanted to put the hospital. He hoped to start a training program to teach Navajos how to share the gospel. Lily agreed with him every step of the way exclaiming over the importance of this plan or that goal, and offering cultural insights into the Navajo way wherever it was appropriate.

Finally Orno stopped in the middle of a clearing and pointed to the ground with pride. "This," he said, "is where the church is going to be. A little church, but with stained glass windows and pews, not just benches."

Lily's brow furrowed with thought and she hesitated before answering. "Pastor Follett, what you are planning is a bellagonna church. My people may not come to a church like that. They are happy studying the Bible and praying together in a hogan. Maybe a large hogan would be better."

Before answering, Orno paused, deep in thought. "Well, I guess it's the God we worship and not the building we do it in. And if a church will keep the people out, then perhaps it's not the best way to proceed." Orno drew a deep breath. "Well, Lily, as always you've given me something to think about and I will have to ponder this some more."

Orno sank into thought for a few moments longer, then looked directly at Lily and said, "You are so valuable in so many ways Lily. You've told me before that you want to serve God. Have you thought just how will you do that? Do you want to serve Him here at the Mission? Do you want to go back to Boulder and complete your medical training?"

Lily sighed and threw up a hand in a gesture of frustration. "Well, I have thought on this many, many times. My people need to know the true God and I need to help them know Him. But I have not known what to do and how to do it, even though I have prayed God so often about this." She

gazed across the lake at a pair of coyotes prancing about. "Right now I am helping a few of my people in basic ways like reading letters or helping them understand laws."

She continued, "I do this because this is the type of help they need. Also, since I do this, they are more willing to listen to me when I talk about Jesus. But of course it is not just my people, but all people who should be able to see Christ in the things I do and say."

"If you follow the Lord's leading," Orno smiled, "and remember that success is doing what the Lord wants and not what the world thinks is good, you may work your whole life and bring only one person to Christ. And if that is your design, then you are successful."

Lily thought for a moment, then looked earnestly at Orno. "Well, one is good, but I want all my people to love Jesus."

Orno replied, "By the grace of God, Lily, by the grace of God."