

SERVANT

PRAIRIE

**CENTENNIAL ISSUE
1922-2022**

Celebrating
100 Years

6

**WHO CHANGED
THEIR WORLD**

MARK MAXWELL

Two Steps to Faithfulness

ELINOR YOUNG

Running on Broken Legs

Find us faithful

Like many of you, Elaine and I watched the Scripture-saturated funeral for Queen Elizabeth II. We marveled, with millions around the world, at her example of faithfulness.

She accepted her role as Queen of the British Commonwealth at the age of 25, served that calling for 70 years and 214 days, was married for 74 years, then passed away at 96. Just two days before her death, she fulfilled her role as Queen by appointing Britain's newly elected Prime Minister to office and asking her to form a new government. Faithful to the very end.

The Bible has a great deal to say about being faithful.

The first step is to embrace the invitation Jesus gave: "Follow me!" He said it when he called his disciples. He said it to Peter in John 21 at the end of his earthly ministry. He told the crowds, "If anyone would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me" (Mark 8). He is still saying it to each of us.

The second step is found in John 21, where Jesus challenges Peter to "feed my sheep." In some ways, this summarizes the rest of the call upon us to "be faithful."

We have each been given a corner of the world where we are called to bring the light of the Almighty. For some that is preaching, for others it is quietly serving, showing love—often without saying much. In all cases, it means bringing life to those around us. Truly, others should thrive as we follow Jesus' invitation to feed them.



In this issue you will find remarkable stories of faithful Prairie people who have answered that call.

"Don't you think that if God wrote a book, we should read it? And study it? So we can follow it?"

This summer we had a tremendous celebration of the work God has done at and through Prairie over the school's first century. Our gathering theme was "Joy in the Journey" because God has given us great joy in serving him in the role to which he has called us. And what is that role?

Prairie's created purpose is to teach the Bible.

Don't you think that if God wrote a book, we should read it? And study it? So we can follow it? This is one of our primary ways of feeding his sheep, by providing full coverage of the Canon in seven courses for every student who earns a degree. We warmly embrace our role, which is largely unique among accredited Canadian colleges and

universities. Would you pray that we will remain faithful to this task and that God would continue to give us "new manna," new insights from his Word, as we study it together with our students?

Prairie is called to make disciples, to open the great truths of Scripture for those in our care.

This means providing a healthy Christian community in which students thrive. Like a greenhouse, Prairie is a place where plants thrive before being transplanted. Like a harbour, Prairie is a place where ships come for outfitting before setting sail around the world delivering the light, love and life of Christ.

Would you pray for us? Without a doubt, Christian education is under attack in our country. We feel it on several fronts. Perhaps it is because Biblical education is the most powerful tool you can use to change the world. Pray that we will be a community characterized by harmony. That we will be faithful, true to the call of God, like those who have gone before us. ❏



Mark Maxwell
President of Prairie College



Dad told the media he did not understand but he had always trusted God.



At first they prayed, "No! You can't do this to our daughter."

PUBLISHER
PRAIRIE BIBLE INSTITUTE

PRESIDENT
MARK MAXWELL

EDITOR
PHIL CALLAWAY

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
PAT MASSEY

DESIGN
SIDECAR CREATIVE

@ HOW TO REACH US

Prairie Bible Institute/Prairie College
PO Box 4000, Three Hills, AB T0M 2N0
1-800-661-2425 | www.prairie.edu
To donate: www.prairie.edu/donate

Servant Subscriptions

Email servant@prairie.edu
or call 1-800-661-2425

Send Letters to the Editor to
servant@prairie.edu or by mail.

MOVING?

Send us both your old and new addresses
by email at servant@prairie.edu or call
1-800-661-2425

Servant (ISSN 0848-1741) is published two times a year by Prairie Bible Institute, a non-profit educational organization founded in 1922. **Prairie Bible Institute serves the Church by discipling Christians through biblically integrated post-secondary education. Its motto is "To Know Christ and Make Him Known."** *Servant* is dependent on the gracious gifts of Prairie alumni, donors and friends. Its purpose is to edify, exhort and encourage today's Christian. Third class mail, return postage guaranteed. Change of address notices, undeliverable copies send to Servant Magazine, Box 4000, Three Hills, AB, T0M 2N0. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. Printed in Canada. Scripture taken from the Holy Bible, New International Version © 1973, 1978, 1984 International Bible Society. Used by permission of Zondervan Bible Publishers.



INTERACT WITH US
AND OTHER READERS AT
[FACEBOOK.COM/
SERVANTMAGAZINE](https://www.facebook.com/servantmagazine)



"Beltrami County dispatch. What is your emergency?"



When Lauren was diagnosed with cancer, the trips continued.

INCOME YOU CAN'T OUTLIVE!

Enjoy generous **lifetime returns** with **minimal or zero tax.**



A **Prairie annuity** is a powerful tool enabling you to achieve six great ideals in one move. Best suited for those 70 and older.

Discover how it could work for you.

Contact Tim Mackenzie for your *no obligation quote.*

Email tim.mackenzie@prairie.edu

Phone 403 443 5511 ext 281

For more information see:

prairie.edu/alumni/legacy-gift-planning



A FATHER'S GIFT

DR. MIKE SCHMIDT

Dr. Mike Schmidt is Professor of Intercultural Studies and Director of Prairie's Discover and Social Justice Programs. He spoke with *Servant* about his dad, God's call, and one very dark season in his childhood.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR DAD.

He was the youngest of eleven. After grade 8 he was needed in the family construction business, but he later felt God's call to ministry and came to Prairie in 1950. Dad always spoke very highly of the biblical training he received and the passion for the lost world that became a key part of who he was. After graduation, God led him to what was then the Belgian Congo where he built schools, hospitals and churches, and met my mom. They were married for 57 years until her recent promotion to Heaven.

WHAT DIFFICULTIES DID YOUR FAMILY FACE THERE?

In 1960 Congo transitioned from a Belgian colony to the independent nation of Zaire. This brought power struggles between groups vying for control. A rebel group took my dad and several other men hostage and bragged how they were going to kill them. But Dad was later turned over to a UN peacekeeping force and returned to the U.S. I was born a few months later, the youngest of four boys.

DID YOU EVER THINK YOU'D END UP AT PRAIRIE?

When I served with SIM in Niger, I assumed I would be there for life. But when open doors pointed me towards teaching, I wanted to teach at a school that sent students out into ministry. I knew about Prairie's reputation both from my dad and from colleagues who had trained here.



Mike and LaRae Schmidt with their children Ariana and Mitchell and Mike's father Loyal.

TELL US ABOUT THE TRAGEDY THAT CAME TO YOUR FAMILY.

Dad took a job with Grace University in Omaha, Nebraska. One afternoon in 1971, my two oldest brothers were out selling candy for a school fundraiser when a man approached saying he needed help finding his dog. My oldest brother had a tender heart for any animal in trouble but after climbing in his car, they realized their mistake. This man was an angry, violent person.

gave us and we could still trust that God is good. In an interview with the *Omaha World Herald* Dad quoted Proverbs 3:5-6: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge him and he will make your paths straight." He told them that he did not understand why this happened but he had always trusted God and he knew he could trust him now.

"After climbing in his car, they realized their mistake. This man was an angry, violent person."

After missing for 24 hours one of the boys crawled up from the banks of the Missouri River. The man had taken them to a secluded area where he stabbed my oldest brother to death and severely stabbed and beat my other brother. Doctors told my parents that his eventual full physical and emotional recovery was a miracle.

WHAT DID YOU LEARN WATCHING YOUR PARENTS GO THROUGH THIS?

Immediately after the boys were found, Mom and Dad told my other brother and me what happened and said we had to forgive whoever did this because Jesus for-

HOW HAS YOUR DAD'S EXAMPLE IMPACTED HOW YOU TEACH THE NEXT GENERATION?

My dad was usually a man of few words but much of what I am and what I pass on comes from what I saw modeled by him. Our culture tries to promise this next generation life, liberty and the pursuit of their own happiness. But our work for the Kingdom will be met with resistance and opposition. In choosing to follow God our youth forfeit the false offer of a future of safety and security. But from a life of obedience and service they receive joy and peace that only God can give. ✠



WHO CHANGED THEIR WORLD

HOW GOD USED A CUP OF TEA,
A GENEROUS DONOR, A SASKATCHEWAN NURSE,
AND A SINGLE QUESTION TO TRANSFORM LIVES.

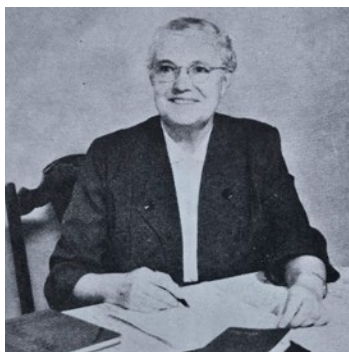


On October 9, 1922, eight teenagers gathered in a rustic Alberta farmhouse to study the Scriptures under the teaching of Leslie Maxwell, a young Bible school graduate from Kansas. The setting was unpretentious: the outskirts of a tiny town on a bald prairie landscape among struggling farm families with few resources. No one imagined that thousands would come from around the globe to learn and grow and go out from that isolated place to impact the world, motivated by their love for Christ.

For thirty-four years, *Servant* has celebrated the exploits of Prairie's faithful pioneers and pastors, moms and missionaries. These world changers weren't content to point fin-

gers at a dark world. They lit candles. Some became notable names in the Christian world. Others quietly changed their surroundings by addressing a need and leaving

things better than they found them. Here are the stories of six faithful world changers, saltshakers who seasoned and are seasoning their world with the love of Christ.



CLIMATE CHANGE CATHERINE CUNNINGHAM

When Catherine Cunningham, Prairie’s “mother at large” (later Dean of Women from 1955-1962) tapped on the door of a young student’s dormitory room one evening, her smile was not just warm, it was radiant. “Would you come to my house for a cup of tea?” she asked in her Scottish accent.

Over time and ample cake and scones, the two became friends. They talked of missions and marriage and God’s guidance. And when the young student married Jim Elliot and embarked for the unknown in Ecuador, those conversations continued in prayers and letters.

**“SHE CHANGED
THE CLIMATE OF
THAT BIBLE SCHOOL
YEAR FOR ME.
I AM ONLY ONE OF
HUNDREDS WHOM
SHE INFLUENCED.”**

-ELISABETH ELLIOT

“There is no calculating the impact of such a life on a younger person,” Elisabeth Elliot later wrote. “She changed the climate of that Bible school year for me. I am only one of hundreds whom she influenced for years in so quiet and hidden a way. I visited her at Prairie in 1960, after both of us had been widowed, and we spoke of the lessons God had taught us through our loss. She had a great loving heart and a genuine humility.”

In Catherine Cunningham, Elisabeth found a lifelong friend and encourager who was “continuously ‘filled with all joy and peace in believing.’ Radiance shone through her from the God of Hope.”



Joel Freeman with friend M.C. Hammer: *The former prankster credits Prairie with “providing one of the best opportunities to experience cultural diversity up close and personal.”*

thumping his way across North America. Few back home held out any hope, but his parents prayed and Joel encountered Jesus at a small church in Maine. “My life was changed forever,” he says.

He became a pastor, speaker, successful author, and the first pro sports chaplain in the NBA. The former prankster credits Prairie with “providing one of the best opportunities to experience cultural diversity up close and personal.” Today he is a sought-after speaker at events where he says, “I am often the only white guy in the room.” Freeman recently co-authored the 1200-page *Black History* curriculum that is being adopted by public and private schools across America. Is there room for Jesus? “You can’t talk about black history without including the Gospel story,” says Joel, with a characteristic twinkle.

REBEL WITH A CAUSE JOEL FREEMAN

Joel Freeman, son of Prairie Junior High principal Arthur Freeman, was a notorious prankster. When asked if he was guilty of “borrowing” a painter’s ladder, leaving the poor fellow stranded on a rooftop, Joel laughs. “I wish to see a lawyer. I have no comment.”

Prairie’s campus was awash with youth from around the world and when Joel’s parents opened their home to them, he was intrigued by their stories of other cultures. Restless to see for himself, Joel hopped a train at 17 and in the winter of 1971 began

UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY DR. RON GUDERIAN

A Prairie grad of 1964, Dr. Ron Guderian was leading a mobile medical unit to remote communities along the Cayapas River in Ecuador when they came across a patient suffering from the parasitic worm that causes onchocerciasis, or river blindness. Ron was confused. His studies in tropical medicine taught him that the debilitating disease flourished only in Africa, but further upriver, the cases increased and entire villages were suffering.

As he met with tribal chiefs, Ron was asked, “You’ve shown us that we have this infection and are going to go blind; what are you going to do about it?” The question changed his life and ministry.

For the next several decades, Ron began documenting and researching incidences of the disease, working with doctors and scientists around the globe, helping to write dozens of research papers, and assisting in worldwide efforts to combat river blindness. Guderian believed in the value of putting people first and encouraged programs that empowered communities to administer the necessary drugs themselves. It was hugely successful and by 2014 the disease was declared officially eradicated from Ecuador, thanks largely to the persistent efforts of this faithful missionary doctor.



Ron Guderian: **The question that changed his life and ministry:** “You’ve shown us that we have this infection and are going to go blind; what are you going to do about it?”



LOVING THE FORGOTTEN

CINDY LUU

As a teenager, Cindy Luu fled Vietnam in a harrowing boat escape during the violent Communist takeover, and made her way from a refugee camp to Canada where she found Christ. Completing studies at Prairie in 1990, she joined the Operation Mobilization ship *Doulos*,

sharing the gospel in over twenty countries around the world.

Often asked if she would return to Vietnam, her answer was always “No.” But the call kept coming and finally, eighteen years after leaving her homeland, Cindy allowed God to soften her heart and went back to begin quietly meeting community needs, teaching English, feeding the hungry and establishing child care centers.

When out of the blue, a Prairie classmate sent her an astonishingly large gift, Cindy had no idea what to do with it. Gradually, a vision took shape and as her eyes opened to the plight of elderly men and women all around her who had nowhere to call home, she purchased land and oversaw the construction of a bright and cheerful residence for aging and neglected seniors. Some twenty years later, thanks to a dedicated local staff, the home continues to provide food, shelter and loving compassion given in the name of Jesus.



MOTHER TO A NATION

GERTRUDE DYCK

In 1962, a young nurse from the Saskatchewan prairies volunteered to join a tiny, primitive hospital in what is now the United Arab Emirates where people lived in total isolation, suspicious of newcomers. All were given compassionate treatment, but it was the care of mothers and babies in particular that broke through their fear.

The perils of desert life and crude birthing methods often made childbirth a death sentence. One in three mothers died and half the babies had no chance

Tens of thousands of babies:
One in three mothers died and half the babies had no chance of survival. Until Gertrude Dyck arrived.

of survival. Although Gertrude Dyck had not been trained as a midwife, she delivered tens of thousands of babies over 38 years while sharing Christ’s love with her patients. As favorite midwife to the royal family, she earned their lasting loyalty and appreciation as well.

Lovingly described as “Mother to a Nation,” in more than three decades as a midwife and witness to the abrupt transformation of a desert culture into a wealthy modern oil-rich state, the farm girl from Canada had given the gift of life. Her memory lives on for generations to come in the hearts of a grateful nation.

Like thousands of Prairie alumni in all spheres of influence, Gertrude practiced the faithfulness she saw in her Heavenly Father. “God has been so faithful in directing and leading me,” she wrote as she neared the end of her career. “My strength is waning, but his strength renews and re-equips me to serve him in new and exciting ways.” The secret of contented service, she concluded, was simply this: “We don’t need to see the results. They are all in God’s good hands. He only asks us to be faithful in what he has called us to do.”

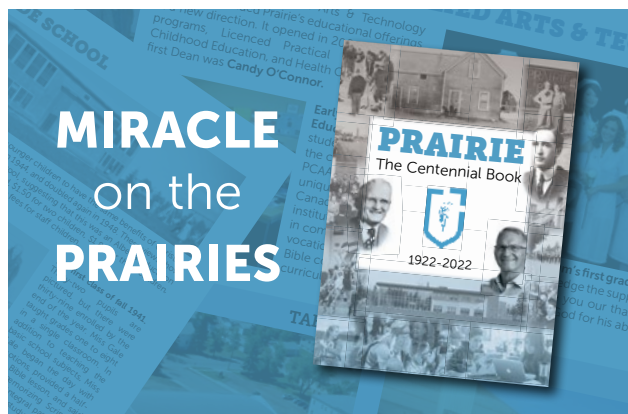
UNWAVERING FAITHFULNESS

JOHN FERGUS KIRK

As much as anyone, Prairie founder John Fergus Kirk personified unwavering faithfulness to the call of God on his life. Early on, he was determined to make his fortune farming. Let others go to foreign lands with the gospel; he would carve out his own little kingdom on western soil. When the dream collapsed, Fergus let go of everything and invested his life, his possessions and his strength in the work God had called him to. He would serve as president of Prairie for forty years, but he was just as much at home shoveling coal or hammering nails.

In a fond tribute, L.E. Maxwell said of his fellow servant, “If I were to sum up his life in one word, I would say that J.F.

Kirk was faithful...faithful to Christ, faithful to his cause, faithful to his people.”



Read more of God’s masterwork in this brand new hardcover coffee table book. Well-researched and beautifully illustrated, **The Centennial Book** is Prairie’s story, richly told through testimonies, timelines, posters and photos that will spark a thousand memories from a century of God’s faithfulness.

To purchase a copy or multiple copies, visit jotform.com/Prairie/centennial-book-order-form or contact **Bethany**:
phone: **403-443-5511**
email: bethany.parkinson@prairie.edu



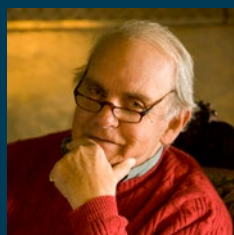
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Prairie campus was buzzing with energy in July as alumni and friends, in person and online, gathered to celebrate the “Joy in the Journey” of the school’s Centennial milestone.

Speakers encouraged us to continue walking in Christ’s example of faithfulness and thanksgiving, and all ages enjoyed unforgettable activities and connected with friends. Said one alum, “From the moment we stepped on campus in front of that magnificent Tabernacle tent, to the moment we left with such full hearts, it was a week of joy, of love. It was so refreshing.”

To hear the speakers like Charles Price, Dr. James Enns, and Phil Callaway, subscribe to Prairie College on YouTube where their messages will be shared throughout the fall.

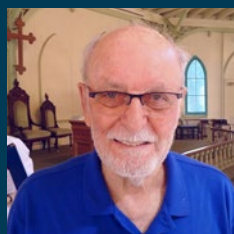
“ QUOTEWORTHY ”



FREDERICK BUECHNER

In his book *Wishful Thinking: A Theological ABC*, Frederick Buechner (1926-2022) wrote about bitterness: “Of the Seven Deadly Sins, anger is possibly the most fun. To lick your wounds, to smack your lips over grievances long past, to roll over your tongue the prospect of bitter confrontations still to come, to savor to the last toothsome morsel both the pain you are

given and the pain you are giving back—in many ways it is a feast fit for a king. The chief drawback is that what you are wolfing down is yourself. The skeleton at the feast is you.” Buechner passed away August 15 at 96.



STUART BRISCOE

Stuart Briscoe (1930-2022), beloved author and pastor of Elmbrook Church in Brookfield, WI, caused his listeners to think, draw near to God, and smile. He once said that the qualifications of a pastor were, “the mind of a scholar, the heart of a child, and the hide of a rhinoceros.” “Faith,” he believed, “is only as valid as its object. You could have

tremendous faith in very thin ice and drown....You could have very little faith in very thick ice and be perfectly secure.” As for God’s grace, Briscoe famously said, “I am not what I ought to be, I am not what I want to be, I am not what I hope to be. But by the grace of God I am not what I was.” Stuart passed away in August at 91. “He’s helped me with everything,” said Jill, his wife of 64 years. “It’s been such a privilege to be married to the man. He’s the love of my life and always will be ‘til we’re together in heaven.”

NOW YOU KNOW

There are fewer atheists around the world today (147 million) than in 1970 (165 million).

World Religion Database

Your brain processes more information in 30 seconds than the Hubble Space Telescope has in 30 years.

Bill Bryson, The Body

Almost 2.56 billion people now identify as Christian. By 2050, that number is expected to top 3.33 billion.

Christianindex.org

More than a billion believers live in Africa and Latin America.

The Washington Post

Your eyes can distinguish roughly 10 million different colors. And it’s impossible to sneeze with your eyes open.

Versanthealth.com

This year, 93 million Bibles will be printed, up from 54 million in 2000.

Lifewayresearch.com

CENTENNIAL CAMPAIGN

Through the summer, we raised just over **\$176,000** to complete the spring and summer projects just in time for the Centennial celebrations. Thank you for your generosity and your prayers which allowed us to reach and surpass our goal of **\$156,000!**



As we enter the second year of the Centennial Campaign, we invite you to join our Founders' Circle.

It is designed to equip the next generation of God's kingdom workers through projects like scholarships, program development, new technology, and campus improvements. You will lighten our students' tuition burden and help them achieve their goals when you donate to the Scholarship & Education Fund, and your gifts to the Centennial Campaign will improve the campus quality of life. Thanks so much for your partnership!

To respond, please use the form below.

JUST FOR YOU

WE APPRECIATE YOUR SUPPORT OF THIS MINISTRY AND ARE PLEASED TO OFFER YOU ONE COPY OF EITHER OF THE FOLLOWING...



RUNNING ON BROKEN LEGS

Elinor Young

How can a pint-sized five-year-old almost done in by polio end up sharing Christ in one of the most rugged and primitive places on Earth? This inspiring book—part travelogue, all adventure—provides the compelling answer. Read this captivating story of joy and heartache, weakness and strength, of how one woman's unshakeable faith in God triumphed over insurmountable odds, and impacted thousands. For all who face adversity and seek joy and courage in the dark, this book is like flipping on a light.



4 MINUTES FOR FRAZZLED FAMILIES

Phil Callaway

This 31-day devotional for busy families is for parents or grandparents who long to refocus on Jesus in a noisy, technology-driven culture. Each day includes a good clean dad joke, a three-minute story, a devotional thought with Scripture to reflect on, and questions to chat about. Included are short video links to help you make lasting memories and get the most out of your family devotions.

*** To request this book, please use the form on this page. Make sure your order is postmarked no later than December 31, 2022. Offer limited to SERVANT subscribers at North American addresses. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.**

THANK YOU for investing in students' lives.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Prov/State: _____ Postal/Zip Code: _____

Email: _____ Phone: _____

My gift of \$ _____ is enclosed.

Please charge my credit card: \$ _____ Visa Mastercard Am Ex

Name on Card: _____ Card #: _____

Expiry Date: _____ Signature: _____

PLEASE APPLY TO:

Centennial Campaign Scholarship & Education Fund General Fund

I would like to make a monthly, pre-authorized donation to Prairie.

I hereby authorize Prairie Bible Institute to withdraw \$ _____ CDN/US on the 15th of each month beginning (mm/yy): _____

Bank Account (please attach a blank, VOID cheque)

Credit Card (complete the information above)

Signature: _____ Date: _____

We cannot process your monthly gift without your signature here!

This automatic withdrawal can be canceled at any time by contacting our office in writing.

Spending of funds is confined to board-approved programs and projects. When the goal for the project has been met, the remaining contributions will be used where needed most.

As an Alberta registered charity, we are planning to raise an estimated amount of \$150,000 in this Fund-raising campaign. It will cost our organization an estimate of \$10,000 to raise this. The money raised will be going to General Ministries, Education/Scholarship Fund, Program and Campus improvements. For further information, please contact Kendi Dycck, (403) 443-5511 ext. 271. Our address is PO Box 4000, w 350 5th Ave N, Three Hills, AB T0M 2N0.

You can also **DONATE** online at www.prairie.edu/donate or call **1-403-443-5511**
To donate by eTransfer, visit prairie.edu/donate for specific instructions.

I would like to ...

receive *Running on Broken Legs* by Elinor Young.

receive *4 Minutes For Frazzled Families* by Phil Callaway.

As you request an item, we do ask your help in covering the significant costs of purchase and mailing. Thank you. Offers are limited to Servant subscribers at North American addresses.

receive Prairie's email updates.

receive one receipt at the end of the year for all my gifts.

Prairie Bible Institute, in business as "Prairie College," is a registered charity in Canada and the US and issues tax receipts in both currencies.

Please Cut Here



ELINOR YOUNG BAD LEGS, GOOD NEWS

*When Elinor Young was three, she disappeared on a walk in the woods. Fearing the worst, her frantic parents searched everywhere for their adventurous little girl. When she finally returned, they wanted to know where their lost child had been. “I wasn’t lost,” she said. “I knew where I was.” Little did she dream how far that adventurous spirit would propel her, nor what awaited two years down the road. Elinor spoke about it to *Servant* from her home near Spokane, Washington.*

YOUR LIFE TOOK A DRAMATIC TURN WHEN YOU WERE FIVE.

On January 1, 1952, I woke up with sharp pain at the base of my head and lower back. I tried to get downstairs for breakfast but fell. Polio had attacked the motor neurons up and down my spine. I could not move a muscle for three months and was in the hospital for seven. It meant isolation and iron lungs and operations. My parents couldn’t be with me, but God was.

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN AGONIZING FOR YOUR PARENTS TOO.

At first they prayed “No! You can’t do this to our daughter.” I got worse. They prayed, “Please, please help our girl survive.” I grew even worse. They prayed, “She is yours. You may do with her as you wish.” After that my physical state turned around and we knew I would at least live. When I left the hospital, all I could do was stand with the support of braces from toes to ribs. But that was a starting point.

AT 12 YOU USED THEM TO HELP YOU WALK THE AISLE IN RESPONSE TO A MISSIONS INVITATION.

Yes. One adult apologized to the speaker. “Sorry that the only person who responded to your invitation was this poor little crippled girl who could never do it.” Many years later I heard how the speaker replied, “Whom the Lord calls, he will use.”

I KNOW YOU BELIEVE GOD HEALS. HAVE SOME QUESTIONED YOUR FAITH?

When one man saw me in a wheelchair after post-polio, he said to a friend who was with me, “This is just so unnecessary. If God’s people just had enough faith it wouldn’t happen.” I went back to our room and cried. I said, “Lord, how could one of your children do that to another one of your children?” I wasn’t denying that he knew the Lord, but making my physical abilities a standard of my walk with the Lord? That’s insulting. Like I’m not good enough as I am.

YOU WENT TO A MEETING WITH A WELL-KNOWN FAITH HEALER.

WHAT WAS THAT LIKE?

I went on stage where he pronounced healing over me and put me in a line to have my picture taken as one who had been healed at that meeting so they could put it in their magazine. I was nine or ten but I knew it was a farce. And I recognized it wasn’t God’s fault. I didn’t blame God for that. He has protected me from bitterness over those kinds of things. I just knew the faith healer was wrong.

WHAT KEPT YOU MOVING FORWARD?

I rebelled a couple of times and God just reined me in. Even at Prairie, I came to a place where I didn’t believe in God any more. But he brought me back. I read in the Psalms, “Teach me to do your will, for you are my God,” and something clicked. I knew I had to follow God’s way or stop pretending to. I said, “Well, Lord, you know I don’t really want to do what I know you want me to do. But I will obey step by step.”

HOW DID YOU HEAR ABOUT PRAIRIE?

My dad and mom were all about missions so we went to see the school when I was a junior in high school, just showed up, attended some classes. I was impressed by how unadorned it was. Austere even. Back home I told people, “It was okay, but I wouldn’t ever want to go there.” [Laughs] But the Lord would not give me peace. He kept saying, “Follow me. I want you at Prairie.”



Trail blazer: “My legs could not walk the goat trails, so I rode in my Mountain Transport System—two poles with a net bag and a board that acted as a seat.”

HOW DID THE SCHOOL PREPARE YOU FOR WHAT LAY AHEAD?

What entered my life with Christ is still the fabric of my life now. I learned how to think his thoughts after him as I read God's Word. Not just pull apart the grammar, but to hear his heart and see what he is saying *to me*.

WHAT ELSE IMPACTED YOUR LIFE?

People. I was so slow on the sidewalks that I had to leave the dorm early to get to class or breakfast. Mr. Koch knew what time I would be leaving, so when the sidewalks were covered with snow and ice, he shoveled them. Tears were frozen to his cheeks and joy radiated from his face. That stuck with me. And I loved Alban Douglas's classes. I never forgot his story of being in China as a missionary when the communists took control and tried to erase Christianity. He admitted that he had no love for the Chinese. But on a riverboat one cold night a Chinese man loaned him part of his blanket. That changed his heart and he was able to love the people because God loved them. He said, "Don't go somewhere because you love the people. Go there because God does." That is what I tell future missionaries now.

HOW DID THE CHALLENGES OF POLIO EQUIP YOU FOR MINISTRY?

They solidified in my mind that this was God's call and I pursued it though many thought it was crazy. When I arrived in the highlands of Indonesia, I found that the Kimyal people were my size. In fact, they were ¼ inch too tall on average to be classified as "pigmyes." I was the first missionary they knew who was not big and strong. Sundays I taught the children Bible stories. Weekdays I visited villages connected by steep trails. They had to carry me. One told me, "You and us—we're small on the outside, but *big* on the inside." I needed them. That gave me a whole different ministry platform and it gave them such joy that to this day I am one of them.

WHAT WAS YOUR JOB DESCRIPTION THERE?

To analyze the Kimyal language and translate Scripture for them. I even taught them about Indonesian currency to prepare them for the inevitable time when people would try to cheat them. Before a nurse came I gave shots. I stitched up a little boy whose ear lobe was almost cut off. After all those

years in hospital and all the operations I had, blood and gore don't faze me.

YOU WORKED AMONG THE SAME TRIBE THAT KILLED PRAIRIE GRAD PHIL MASTERS. DID THAT GIVE YOU PAUSE?

No. I was a senior at Prairie when Phil was martyred. Classes were suspended. The whole student body was shaken. Those of us hoping to be missionaries realized we might be asked to make the ultimate sacrifice. But I didn't know I would be working with the tribe that he opened up. I arrived six years after his death. The Kimyal people still knew him. They began to understand that this man had given his life to bring them the gospel, and they started to listen more closely and seriously to the message.

WHAT WAS THE HARDEST THING ABOUT MINISTRY?

Some early ministry partners didn't think I should be there because of my disability. That was hard. But eventually we became good friends. Thankfully God is not limited by my limitations. His power shows up loudly in the disabled.

HOW DO YOU RESPOND WHEN SOMEONE SAYS, "WHY WOULD YOU GO TO ANOTHER CULTURE AND PUSH YOUR RELIGION ON THESE PEOPLE?"

I would say you have no idea how horrible it is to live in utter darkness and slavery to Satan and his minions. What a horrible, degrading, sub-human life it is. They were not the happy natives you meet in documentaries on TV. I saw what living in darkness does and it's horrible. The difference between their lives now and their lives then is day and night.

THE TRIBE HAD AN UNUSUAL NAME FOR YOU.

They called me "Bad legs woman." I asked the pastor why. He said, "I told them that was to be your name now. Because your bad legs are important to us. We have people in this valley who have bad legs and they can't get out of this valley. But God brought you here all that way to give us his Word because he loved us that much." So that's my name and I embraced it.

WHAT CONTINUES TO BE THE FRUIT OF YOUR TIME THERE?

Young tribal people who didn't know me personally have heard the stories about "Bad



Elinor with her trusty dog, Mr. Marco: "Thankfully God is not limited by my limitations."

legs" around campfires in their villages. They have discovered God's love for them and been challenged to spread his Word. Some left and were educated, then formed a committee to continue my work, and, with the guidance of a former missionary, finished translating the New Testament. They forever have the Good News in their language. And there are Kimyal missionaries on other islands now. It's incredible.

WHAT GIVES YOU JOY THESE DAYS?

Mentoring the next generation of missionaries. Young people from different churches come to my house—some since they were teenagers—just to chat. I didn't ask them to come; God just sent them. They are interested in missions, in training and preparing to go out. It's such a joy to encourage and mentor them. I also edit The Great Commission Kids publication that is mailed to children around the world.

HOW HAS YOUR EXPERIENCE LENT CREDIBILITY TO WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW?

No one can look at me and say, "I could never be a missionary because I hate bugs." [Laughs.]

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ON YOUR TOMBSTONE?

She was God's servant.

To receive your copy of Elinor's remarkable book, see the form on page 9.





Born a Third Time

DAVE WALL

6:15 AM August 6, 2020, Bemidji, Minnesota: A warm sun peeks through our bedroom curtains as I slide back under the sheets following an early morning trip to the bathroom. I doze off as my wife slips out to take her turn. Thump! I chuckle to myself, thinking she isn't quite awake and has bumped the bedroom door.

But one glance at the door and I'm horrified. Cindy is crumpled on the floor flailing in a full grand mal seizure. Flying off the bed, I cradle her contorting body in my arms and try to lay her on her side. But the seizure doesn't stop.

Cindy and I are not afraid to die. Years before, we put our lives on the line to take the gospel to a remote tribal group in the jungle. We had dealt fully with the fear of death. Our understanding of salvation is secure and our accounts with God are settled. At the same time, I can't imagine it can come this quickly. I leap to the phone by the bed and finger 911. My hands are shaking.

.....

Staff kids were often the nemesis of Prairie Bible Institute's campus and this red-headed punk was no exception. I somehow made it through high school then took up the offer of a free year of Bible college.

During the first week of classes I spotted this beautiful girl and found out everything I could about her. She was from Minnesota, athletic, and focused on becoming a missionary to some place called Papua New Guinea. The first two points were great, but becoming a missionary definitely wasn't happening to me and no girl was going to change my mind. Still, I liked her.

During that freshman year, however, God began to put his finger on my heart. I started paying attention in class, then in church. And that led to surrendering my life to do whatever he wanted me to do, including the last stronghold—becoming a missionary.

When you fully "let go and let God," it's advisable to fasten your seat belt. That summer I was off to Papua New Guinea, then to Africa on a short-term mission trip the following year. To top it all off, that pretty Minnesota girl somehow became convinced that I was the right guy for her.

God gave us twenty wonderful years on the mission field, five incredible kids and eleven precious grandchildren. Was the journey about to end?

.....

"Beltrami County dispatch. What is your emergency?"

"My wife is having a grand mal seizure," I blurted out through tears of desperation. As the dispatcher took down our address he alerted an ambulance, coached me on the best way to help, and called Cindy's brother who lived just down the lane. My sister-in-law arrived and took over the conversation with dispatch as I entered survivor's fog. It was only afterward that I learned she had actually lost Cindy but managed to resuscitate her. Twenty minutes later the ambulance arrived and began preparations for transport.

When they pulled in at the hospital, Cindy went into seizure again and didn't come out. She was met with life support and wheeled in for an immediate CT scan. When results showed that her head was filled with blood from a subarachnoid hemorrhage, the result of an aneurysm, the ER team prepped her immediately for airlift to Fargo, North Dakota.

It was late afternoon before I finally caught up with my wife in the ICU. Tubes and wires went in all directions. Monitors flashed to the rise and fall of the life support that was keeping Cindy alive. As the doctors came into the room I tried to orient myself to the orchestra of noise and activity and asked for the prognosis.

“We don’t have a prognosis,” the lead physician told me. “While we were treating the initial hemorrhage, your wife had a second one in the OR. To be very honest, we can’t assess her condition more critically because it is the worst possible scenario.”

I looked into his eyes and tried to speak with certainty, “Doctor, we believe strongly that when we leave this earth we will spend eternity with our God. My wife would rather go than come back halfway. And we do not want prolonged life support either.”

“We recommend keeping your wife sedated and on life support just for 48 hours to at least give her a chance. Would you be willing to do that?”

“I understand,” he responded. “We recommend keeping your wife sedated and on life support just for 48 hours to at least give her a chance. Would you be willing to do that?”

“Of course,” I answered as I looked at the still frame under the control of the ventilator. “But if she takes a turn for the worst, we don’t want to resuscitate her.”

The doctor nodded to the ICU nurse and a DNR band was placed around Cindy’s wrist.

When we were finally alone together, I began telling her that it was okay to go if that was what God wanted. Back in the Papua tribe, when a loved one dies, the people sing a song over the body, chronicling their lives together. For centuries this practice was done in hopelessness and utter despair. Since learning of eternal life through Jesus Christ, however, the death songs began ending with the hope of seeing their loved ones again. I was only a stanza into my death song when I sensed God saying, “Stop. Not yet.”

I obeyed and instead entered the Holy of Holies to advocate for my wife. “Dear God,” I began in the confidence afforded me through Christ, “both Cindy and I know it is far better to go and spend eternity with you. You may take her if you wish. But I do ask that if you allow her to recover, she recovers 100%. Cindy would either want to live *with* you or continue to fully live *for* you.”

At the 48-hour mark, the neurologists gave the go-ahead to extubate life support. Cindy creaked to life as they gradually gave her control of her breathing. As I watched, I couldn’t help but think of the birth of a child. She began moving slowly as the sedative left her system, coughing and sputtering as the intubation tube was extracted. She was breathing on her own, born again—for the third time in her life. Born as a babe, born a second time in Christ and born a third time coming back from the edge of eternity.

While I was thrilled to see Cindy come off life support, I continually found myself concerned about her recovery. The struggle to trust God was fresh every single day. It was like running hurdles in track: you make it over one just to face another. I found myself repeatedly asking God, “Can we fit today’s

challenge into my 100% recovery request?”

And the challenges came. A new angiogram confirmed no further hemorrhage and the danger of a stroke had passed, but drainage of fluid from the brain was not slowing down and Cindy’s doctor presented the possibility that she would need to have a permanent shunt installed.

Next came a meeting with Extended Rehab Planning. I was informed that Cindy would likely need intensive therapy at a rehab facility after discharge from the hospital. Since no such treatment was available in Bemidji, we would have to remain in Fargo for another two weeks.

Knowing that our insurance plan was going to fall far short and that we were looking at hundreds of thousands of dollars in medical bills, I tried to hide my “you’ve got to be kidding” reaction as I pled with God for a better solution.

The hurdles weren’t done yet. When the drain that had been in Cindy’s head for two weeks was removed, a scan revealed an air pocket in her ventricle. That meant a return to absolute bed-rest, something I knew an increasingly mobile Cindy would find very frustrating and uncomfortable. My thoughts spun in endless circles. Should I be satisfied with how far we had come and just call it good? Peace finally came when I returned to the request I had made in those first critical hours: I had asked God for a full



Dave, Cindy and the grandkids: “We are not afraid to die. At the same time, I can’t imagine it can come this quickly.”

and complete recovery for Cindy and would continue to do so. I wasn’t sure how we’d get there, but it wasn’t my job to figure that out. My job was simply to keep trusting.

.....

August 26, 2020: Cindy lies nestled under a comfortable blanket in the neurology recovery wing. I have asked God for 100% and unbelievably, she has made it to this day without any subsequent strokes or the need for a permanent shunt for drainage. She has received a complete pass as well on any further rehab and, although we have told no one about our financial situation, God has totally met our needs.

“Hey, are you ready to go?” I ask softly, as she yawns and stretches. “There is one more thing we need to do before leaving.” My eyes tear up as I take Cindy’s arm and show her the purple bracelet on her wrist with the letters DNR. “Do you know what this stands for?” I ask.

She crinkles her brow in concentration, then looks up at me with an unsure look. “Department of Natural Resources?”

I chuckle softly. “No. It means *Do Not Resuscitate*.”

“It’s okay that you put it on me,” Cindy assures me with eyes full of love and understanding.

As I snip the band, releasing her from any weight its meaning had carried, I begin weeping uncontrollably. Cindy tenderly pulls me toward her, gently cradling my head. After a time I lift my tear-soaked face, apologizing for my runny nose.

“It’s okay, Honey,” she says. Then the mood of the perfect moment turns to panic. “But you had better get me to the bathroom right now!” We both laugh through tears of thankfulness and gratitude for all God has done as we turn our hearts toward home. ❧

Adapted from Dave’s book *Do Not Resuscitate*. For a copy of this excellent book, contact the Walls at dave_wall@ntm.org.

MINISTRY SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST



WINNER!

KATALINA PRADO

has won a **full year's tuition** towards her Bachelor of Arts in Ministry with a pastoral focus for 2022/23.

"I am committed to inviting people into a one-of-a-kind friendship with Jesus and teaching them to root their identity in the truth that they are friends of Christ. I believe Prairie College offers me the tools and opportunities to further grow the gifts and passions God has already given me." - Katalina



[prairie.edu/
pastoral-ministry](https://prairie.edu/pastoral-ministry)

WANT TO APPLY?

Email us at:
admissions@prairie.edu



MEET THE STUDENTS ESTHER ASEYORO

Prairie has more than 17,000 alumni. Here is the story of Esther Aseyoro, who graduated from Prairie's Aviation program in 2021.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE PRAIRIE?

I wanted to study in Canada where I would have a support system of close family friends. As I began researching flight schools, Prairie College stood out as a place that offered a valuable aviation experience and encouraged Christian values. Another reason was the diversity of aircraft and the variety of flight experiences. It's been a wonderful place for me to integrate my faith with my studies in a community that worships, prays, encourages and challenges, and I have met people from all over the world.

After training over the prairies and mountains of Alberta, Canada, Esther returned to Africa to fly with Passion Air.

WHAT WAS YOUR BIGGEST CHALLENGE?

Coping with a new culture and a different climate was difficult. And I'm an introvert but the students were very welcoming and the impact groups bonded us together. The biggest challenge for me was the flight training which

was much harder than I had expected and I began to question whether this was the right path for me. The commitment of the instructors amazed me and I attribute most of my success to their patience, dedication and hard work that helped me complete my training.

IS THERE A SCRIPTURE THAT HAS BEEN MEANINGFUL TO YOU?

Habakkuk 2:3. "For still the vision awaits its appointed time; it hastens to the end—it will not lie. If it seems slow, wait for it; it will surely come; it will not delay." God faithfully carries out his plans at his appointed time and will finish the good work he has started in our lives. We will have trials but we can trust the Lord who is true to his Word.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

After completing my training I returned to my home in Ghana, West Africa, and I'm now a first officer on the Dash 8 with *Passion Air*. Every day we interact with people from different cultures and religions. The skills I developed at Prairie are helping me to face challenges in the industry and to safely and effectively go about my work. My time at Prairie was one of the best times of my life. ✈️

The ultimate upgrade

I HOPE YOU HAVE A FRIEND WHO MAKES YOU LAUGH.

Solo laughter is fine, but a duet is far sweeter. In fact, a new study shows that people rarely laugh alone, but are thirty times more likely to laugh when in a group.

Lauren Enns made me laugh. He graduated from Prairie in 1977, married my wife's sister Caroline, and worked for CTV news—a man of integrity in an industry that struggles to spell it.

Often when I hit the road Lauren came along. When he was diagnosed with bone cancer, the trips continued. The laughter too. Weeks after the diagnosis we were bumped to first class. Menus and mutton. Doilies and desserts. Lauren was frugal. He got his cutlery at Tim Horton's. So this was like buying fifty cent jeans at Salvation Army and finding \$200 in the pocket. Typing in our information, the rental gal girl cursed, using Jesus' name. Lauren leaned forward and said, "You're a Christian too? Cool!" She laughed so hard. Then handed us keys to a triple upgrade convertible.

Before we buckled into our economy seats for the trip home, we took in a Toronto Blue Jays game. As we parked, a guy walked over and handed us two tickets. Row ten. Behind the dugout. "God is good," said Lauren, as we sat there wolfing loaded hot dogs. Then he grinned and said, "These things will kill you."

Lauren never considered himself a theologian. But he wrote this to me: "Even though I may not choose cancer and tend to feel sorry for myself, there are others who experience suffering I can't imagine. God is faithful and merciful beyond what I deserve. He hung on the



Lauren (left) and Phil (right) with Rachael, the princess bride: "Uncle Lauren made me feel like I was the most important person on earth," she says. "He was one of the most Christ-like men I've ever known."

cross for me. He knows what suffering is. He walks with me through mine even though I don't always sense it. Maybe someday he will help me to count it all joy. I can't make that claim yet. But someday. I never lose sight of the goal. He is to be glorified in me. May I make it so."

like to be *his* little girl. That was as great a dilemma as free wine is for Baptists.

Rachael told me: "Uncle Lauren made me feel like I was the most important person on earth. Totally loved, just for being me. He was one of the most Christ-like men I've ever known."

Lauren seldom met a room he couldn't brighten, a child he couldn't encourage, and a golf club he couldn't throw.

One day he told me a joke. Just before being operated on a lady asked the Lord, "Am I gonna die?" A voice said, "No. You will live another 40 years." After surgery, she got a face lift, liposuction, and a complete makeover. A month later she was hit by a bus. Standing before her Maker she said, "I thought I had another 40 years." God responded, "I'm terribly sorry. I didn't recognize you."

Two days after we celebrated Lauren and Carol's 35th, he received the ultimate upgrade. Without a doubt, God recognized his child and welcomed him home.

Lauren seldom met a room he couldn't brighten, a child he couldn't encourage, a movie he couldn't sleep through, and a golf club he couldn't throw. For 25 years he took a selfless interest in our kids. When our daughter Rachael was small he called her Princess and asked if she'd

He once said, "I wish I was in full-time ministry like you." I laughed. "If you're not in full-time ministry, Lauren, I don't know who is. Our kids have seen Jesus in you. So have your co-workers." And they streamed to Lauren's bedside to say goodbye. A popular news anchor told me, "Everyone knew he loved Jesus. We loved him." Others said, "He was kind." "He was real." "He said he was praying for me. And I knew he was."

Nine years have passed. I still miss Lauren. And when I do, I pray I'll be a lot more like him. That way I'll be a little more like Jesus. ❄️



Phil Callaway is the author of the new devotional *4 Minutes For Frazzled Families*.

For your copy, see page 9





PRAIRIE COLLEGE

HELP HEAL THE NATIONS

Medical training with a
solid Biblical foundation.



PRACTICAL
NURSING



PRIMARY CARE
PARAMEDIC

www.prairie.edu

admissions@prairie.edu | Phone: 403.443.5511 | Toll Free: 1.800.661.2425

Follow us on:



SERVANT
PO BOX 4000
THREE HILLS, AB T0M 2N0
CANADA
Printed in Canada
Return Service Requested





PRAIRIE COLLEGE

HELP HEAL THE NATIONS

Medical training with a
solid Biblical foundation.



PRACTICAL
NURSING



PRIMARY CARE
PARAMEDIC

www.prairie.edu

admissions@prairie.edu | Phone: 403.443.5511 | Toll Free: 1.800.661.2425

Follow us on:



SERVANT
PO Box 718
Shelby, Montana
USA 59474
Printed in Canada
Return Service Requested

