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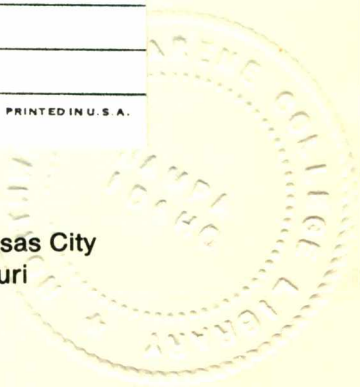
JUN 21 2000

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Beacon Hill Press of Kansas City
Kansas City, Missouri



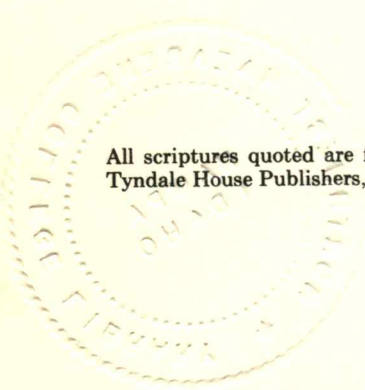
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First Printing, 1976

ISBN: 0-8341-0458-X

Printed in the
United States of America

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Foreword

The Toothpaste Express is a collection of letters written by Armand Doll, Nazarene missionary imprisoned in Mozambique for a year and 20 days, to his wife, Pauline, in the United States. Since he could not write to her openly, he smuggled the letters out in a variety of ways with the help of many friends.

One of the methods he used when it was most difficult to get letters out was what he called "The Colgate Express." When fellow prisoners were released, and planning to leave the country at once (as most did), Armand folded his letter into a tiny scrap, wrapped it in thin plastic, opened the bottom end of a tube of toothpaste, squeezed out the paste, and inserted the letter. Then he put the toothpaste back in, working it well up around the letter, sealed the end of the tube, rolled it up a few turns, and gave it to the departing friend to include with his personal things. The letter was then mailed after the person reached his own country.

Armand's purpose was not to smuggle out secret reports on political happenings in Mozambique, but to keep in touch with his wife, to reassure her that all was well with him.

If no one was leaving the prison bound for another country, he found other ways to get messages to Pauline, keeping up a fairly regular contact with her through the year he was in prison.

We have deleted names of persons for the most part, using only initials. This is a matter of discretion, for we do not know who might still be in Mozambique and be

jeopardized thereby. We have also eliminated portions of the letters that dealt with family matters and events related to their personal lives. But the flavor of these letters has been retained, and as you read, you will get the "feel" of what it was like to be imprisoned in another land, miles from loved ones, with no idea of how long he would be held, or of what was being done to secure his release. The things men did to make life bearable—the moments of relaxation—the deep friendships formed with fellow prisoners—the spiritual riches gained in those dark and uncertain days—these are the treasures that make this book meaningful.

One must also "read between the lines" to detect some of the problems and dangers experienced. These could not be overtly written about for fear of reprisal if a letter chanced to be intercepted.

We trust that this book will speak to all of us, making us grateful for what we have, but acutely aware of how easily we could lose it, just because we think "It can't happen here!"

—DEPARTMENT OF WORLD MISSION

Batching It

(Written after Armand returned from seeing Pauline off on the plane from Johannesburg to the United States)

August 28, 1975. Home, 4 a.m.

My Darling *Nsati*: Good morning! I've waited to write, because Ginny is going to Johannesburg today at 7 a.m. and I'd rather this letter go from there. It's safer and quicker. Received your letter yesterday. Glad to hear you had a good trip. All goes well here.

Howies were to arrive Sunday. I called Sunday night after church but they were delayed in Kinshasa, Zaire, one day, arriving in Johannesburg Monday at 10 a.m. I'm advising Frank to off-load his car at Durban when it arrives.

No special news from Tavane, except that two soldiers have been posted at the hospital. *Vigilancia!* I'm expecting news today.

Don Milam is still in prison, but Mickie [his wife] and O. are confident he'll get out this week. It will be two months September 3 since he was arrested. He and Mickie have sold out everything, ready to leave as soon as he's free.

I'm planning to be with you as originally planned, about September 23, at Allentown [Pa.]. Bye for now.
Armand.

NOTE: *Armand Doll was arrested August 28, the day he wrote the above letter, and taken to the same prison where Don Milam had been held since his arrest on July 3 but was placed in a different section. The following day Hugh Friberg was arrested and put in the same section as Don Milam.*

In Prison

August 29, 1975

Dear Honeybunch: Please don't worry; I'm OK. Stay where you are. I'm more concerned about the effect this has on you than I am about myself. Conditions are fine. All my love. *Hubby*.

A Prison Epistle

August 31, 1975

My first "Pauline" Epistle from Maputo (formerly Lourenco Marques) Prison.

Dearest Sweetheart: Just in case I find a way to get this out to you, I'll write a note. This is Sunday a.m. but for obvious reasons I decided not to go to Sunday school and church! I'm quite well, in a room with three others—not a word of rough talk! Guards are pleasant. I'll probably be called for interrogation early this week, but don't know. May be here one week, one month, a year, or more. Who knows, except the Lord? But PLEASE DON'T WORRY. I'm sure I can get along all right. I've never missed you more, but PLEASE don't even think of coming here! You couldn't help, and it might even complicate matters.

Don't write to this place, I probably won't get it. You could write to me at Evelyn's [Friberg] address but don't mention my name, or yours, since I don't want her implicated. And just send news, not mentioning where I am.

Bye for now. God is able. All my love. *Hubby*. Happy Birthday to Dad.

In Whatsoever State

Tuesday, September 2, 1975. 9:15 p.m.

My Darling Honey-Bunny Boo: I can't resist writing to you before I go to bed, just to tell you how I am, that I'm thinking of you, missing you more than I can express.

Evelyn has really been wonderful in standing by us fellows. I've been supplied everything needed, toiletries, medicine, and food galore. Jan and Mickie have sent things in as well, and Brother Poe. J. came to see me for a few minutes today and Sister Smith sent fruit and vitamins. Health is excellent.

Morning and evening I walk the hall rapidly "with shoulders back and tummy in" (wifey's orders) for one mile each time. The hall is $10\frac{1}{2}$ meters long, so 80 times to and fro equals 1,600+ meters = 1 mile = 15 minutes at my pace. Evelyn brought me her Phillips New Testament and *Living Bible*, also hymnbooks and other books.

I'm in a block of four rooms, three other fellows with me, sensible, no cursing or smut. Am having Bible studies with two across the hall, and one wants to know how to be definitely saved. About 30 Jehovah's Witnesses down in Hugh's [Friberg] and Don's [Milam] block sing every day; and although we don't agree with them doctrinally, I surely appreciate their courage and respect them for their witness.

I saw Hugh and Andre today, but didn't talk. Talked some later with Don down at "Medical." Haven't seen others yet. Goodnight for now. Keep your chin up. Give greetings and love to all. *Armand.*

Evelyn May Leave

September 5, 1975, a.m.

Dearest Wife: Tomorrow is Dad's birthday, so even though late, call and give him my birthday greetings.

Just a few more things: I slept well, since Evelyn brought a sheet, blanket, and mosquito repellent. I've not yet been called for interrogation; but after I have been, I may know if I am to be confined for some time. If so, I'll send you the prison address and will arrange to write out as well. All letters are censored thoroughly.

It looks as though Evelyn may leave soon; man, how we'll miss her and the kiddies! I can see them from the window. Gayla threw me a kiss. Perhaps I will see them tomorrow, since Thursday is my visiting day. I haven't had anyone go near the P.O. box yet. There must be some mail from you, so will see if contact can be made.

Blessings on you. Keep up your courage. God is able. To Him all the praise; to you all my love! Human love, that is. Your loving hubby. *Armand.*

Moving Down with Hugh and Don

September 11, 1975

Good morning, Sweetheart: While some of the guys are still sleeping, I'll get off a line to you. Perhaps the biggest bit of news is that after 12 days in a room upstairs where I was not permitted to have visitors, I was transferred downstairs and am now in the same room with Don, Hugh, and two Portuguese chaps. I got down here in time to enjoy my first visits in two weeks. Yesterday we were outside and from 3 to 5 p.m. had visitors.

Shortly after we came in here, it was on radio news in Brazil that three missionaries (really only two) had been imprisoned, so Floyd Perkins called, just to know.

I do trust you're not worrying, Honey. Really, with experience for years living in the bush, life isn't too unpleasant here. Guards in general are kind. Mickie has been absolutely an angel of mercy, faithfully bringing in delicious food, toiletries, medicines, every day. Other folk from the church and the consulate etc. also send regularly; certain days for each. Truthfully, I'm feeling better than for months!

Until now, we have had no idea why we're here. One guard said, "My, if you didn't live in that flat below the Frelimo [*Frente Libertacao Mozambique*, or Liberation Front of Mozambique], you wouldn't be here." Meaning that they suspect we're CIA agents placed there to spy, I guess.

I was before the police last Friday from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. They asked dozens of questions about our church organization, relationship to the U.S. government, how we're financed, special emphasis on our literature, tracts, posters, etc. They also detained M. and N. N. is out, but not M. And I hear they are looking for S. Andre is in a block near me so I see him every day now.

There are some fine fellows here who are not the typical criminal type we think of in jail: prominent businessmen, students, etc. Some have been here for six months without yet having been called to police, so don't worry if my stay goes on for some time! There are so many prisoners here now, over three times the normal population, that it takes a long time to process them.

Really, we three fellows are encouraged by reports.

1. We know the U.S. government is working on our case.

2. Mozambique comes up for consideration for mem-

bership in the UN on the 15th, and the U.S. and Britain are expected to present the problem of foreigners being held without trials or charges.

3. It is known that a lot of this detaining is being done by police without the knowledge of top government officials, but apparently they are beginning to be found out.

4. We know that Christians all over the world are praying.

I haven't heard from you. E. is going to try to check our post box, but must be sure it isn't being watched or bugged.

Sat. 13: Still no way to send this letter out so don't know when it will reach you. I'm praying that you will "rest in the Lord . . . putting your trust in him" and receiving grace and strength to "be of good courage." I love you. Your hubby, *Armand*.

Still No Charges

Sunday, September 28, 1975

My Darling Honeybunch: Col. 4:18: "Here is my own greeting in my own handwriting: Remember me here in jail. May God's blessings surround you."

It's now 3 p.m. [here] so you're probably getting ready for Sunday school and church. Tomorrow was the day I was to leave Brazil, and Tuesday arrive home.

E. is taking his mother to Pretoria on Tuesday, and I can get this letter to him, I hope, to be mailed from there. No doubt you will have had a call from Mickie by the time you read this. She'll tell me when she gets through to you.

In seeking for anonymity, you really struck on a name for me—more truth than fiction—"your Personal Problem"! Almost 40 years! Ha.

I realize how stunned you must have been at hearing of my imprisonment, but so happy you've been given peace and comfort. Truthfully, Hon, it hasn't been too uncomfortable here; the greatest discomfort being our separation and the anxiety Hugh and I have caused our loved ones, friends, and church. To date, we still have not been told why we're here; but then, Wednesday will be three months for Don, and he doesn't know what his charges are either. Evidently they are trying to intimidate the entire church. We heard recently that they have been waiting for Doug to return to Mozambique, so our literature program must have disturbed them. They had copies of our "Christ for All" manuals and tracts and questioned me about them on the 5th, the last time we were called to police; especially our reference to prayer cells, so this must be an issue with them. Fortunately, I smuggled out a letter to Ken telling him to notify all missionaries not to come. Doug had been planning to return last week, so was forestalled.

Poor M. is still in jail down toward town. No Africans have come to visit and I don't blame them. Police went to one man's house, questioned him, including questions such as whether or not I had radio transmission equipment in the house or office, etc. Still must think I'm CIA! Because of reports being published all over the world, all Americans are now under suspicion.

On the 23rd, Chissano, now minister of foreign affairs, and Mozambique representative to the UN, and Kissinger signed an agreement in New York establishing diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Mozambique. Until now, since June 25, Independence Day, there has been no official U.S. consul; all personnel have been ordinary U.S. citizens with no diplomatic powers; couldn't even visit us. We are hoping this will change soon. It will naturally take time for an ambassador to be appointed and set up office.

Yesterday Dona N. came to visit Hugh and me and said she was surprised when she heard we were still here. She had heard that the ministry of foreign affairs had received word from Chissano in New York to notify the judiciary to release us immediately. Of course, you know the meaning of the word *immediatamente!* Anyway, it gives us a bit more hope, especially for Don; but we've still learned to hope and pray for the best, prepare for the worst, and keep plugging.

Yesterday was the first visiting day (two hours) our section has had for 14 days. There were about 13 visitors. We men had eight bags of food brought in: chicken, piri-piri, french fries, four boxes of pastries, oranges, bananas, pawpaws, Coke, etc. Consequently one of the new holes I punched in my belt is of no use!

Today we had another good service in the Roman Catholic prison chapel; 35 present. Clesius preached again and I interpreted into English. Also read Shangaan scripture reading. Don was in charge. Besides these 35 to 40 at church, most of them Protestants, there are also about 32 Jehovah's Witnesses here now.

We hear Zeca Ruco, who arrested me, is living in our house, and the police are driving the Ford and Frank's car around. Someone saw one of them in the Ford at the airport. That's why I told Mickie to give you Heb. 10:34 as a reference: "You suffered with those thrown into jail, and you were actually joyful when all you owned was taken from you, knowing that better things were awaiting you in heaven, things that would be yours forever."

Don is well "looked up to" here—a constant flow of fellows requesting tracts, Bibles, etc. We can hear hymns being sung here any time of the day or evening and, looking into cells, see dozens of Bibles. Must close, thinking of you all the time. Hope I get home at least in time for Christmas. I love you, Darling. *Armand.*

Empty Rumors

October 10, 1975

My Sweetheart for more than 40 years: It looks like I have another opportunity to get a letter off to you, since someone is going to South Africa soon. After this, I don't know when I'll be able to send another, since my contact is quitting this week. But I think I can still find ways to write you, although only tiny notes, perhaps delayed. J. said that B. had gone to the judiciary and told them how she and the children have lived for two months without money for food and asked when they were going to release M. They replied, "It won't be long; plans are to release the three American missionaries soon, the main one [I] to be sent out of the country, and the other two released but permitted to remain in Mozambique."

They were still waiting for Doug to come back to Mozambique for questioning. The bookstore is in the hands of African United Methodists.

Don't set your hopes too high on our release. You've learned already what "soon" may mean here. Speaking of B., we are trying to get some money to her. We still haven't heard anything from the U.S. Consulate, but the new ambassador hasn't arrived yet; and the minister of foreign affairs, Joaquim Chissano, doesn't return from the UN until next week.

Sunday we had another wonderful service. A pump organ was discovered in a side room, so I was organist and they just wanted to sing and sing. We don't have to be in a hurry so could enjoy singing. Thirty-five in attendance. Good time of Christian fellowship after message.

Three very interesting things happened today. First, this p.m. I received a most wonderful, welcome, cheering, uplifting letter from the most wonderful woman in the world! I'm so glad you're feeling well and keeping occu-

pied. I haven't received the shirt and tie you sent here—it may be in the P.O. The other shirt has arrived in South Africa but no need to send it here. I can pick it up there. In fact, if they do with me what they have to some folk who leave the country, I may not even get to go back to the house! But as you said, I too feel that nothing matters these days but YOU!

October 11 a.m. Well, I didn't get halfway through the letter before a young man came in to spend the evening until almost midnight. He was an alcoholic treated for six months and in jail because he was caught without his passport. Had a good chance to talk to him about needing greater Power than he possesses to resist temptation when he gets out.

We have all meals in our room since Mickie brings food, so don't have to eat prison fare. Mickie has sent in eggs several times, so a few weeks ago I got the idea to make mayonnaise from condensed milk, mustard, and vinegar. I made an egg salad sandwich spread. Fellows liked it so much we always have to fix eggs that way now. With five of us it also helps to extend the eggs. I've made tea syrup so we can have iced tea—often without ice.

The second thing that happened yesterday: Last week, October 2, about 4 a.m. Mickie thought she heard a noise downstairs in her house, so sneaked down and saw someone's legs in light coming in from streetlight. First she wondered if Don had come home. Then she noticed a divan and chair were missing. It dawned on her that robbers were in the house. She screamed in Portuguese at the top of her voice, "Help, Police!" Zippo! The feet flew out the door! And a truck quickly pulled away. She found the living room and dining room suites were gone, also the kitchen stove, food from the refrigerator, Pam's sewing machine, and Pat's radio, another basket of canned goods abandoned on the kitchen floor. She notified the police.

The worst was that the things, except the sewing machine and radio, had already been sold and the money received. So she had to dig up the money and give it back to the buyers.

Well, yesterday the police came and called Don. They had found everything except the radio. By noon Mickie had everything delivered to the buyers and received payment again. To top it off, at noon two Africans were standing at the prison director's door—the thieves! Just like they write in books! Mickie has moved into Halls' house, so she doesn't need her furniture.

Along with your letter also came one from Evelyn with a brand-new safari suit, three underwear, several toiletry items, Roluids, cheese, etc. for Hugh and me. Our "Timothy" had returned from South Africa and brought several letters, clothes, etc., including your letter.

I'm sorry, Honey, that it doesn't seem we can do anything more at this stage than wait. There are no lawyers—and no jury—just "People's Court." I guess the word is *paciencia*.

Of course you know the U.S. State Department is working on our case, but in a country like this it takes time. Just this week at least 50 new prisoners came in here, and only 3 went out, so you see how many *procesos* must be filed, and there aren't many competent people to do it.

The third thing that happened yesterday was when a ladder was discovered against the outside wall by guards early in the a.m. Over 350 of us were lined up, a roll call was taken, and it was found that 3 African prisoners had escaped.

About time to close this "Pauline Epistle." Hugh, Don, and Andre send greetings. Philem. 22: "Please keep a guest room ready for me for I am hoping that God will answer your prayers and let me come to you soon." Your hubby, *Armand*.

A Glimmer of Hope

October 20, 1975

My Dear Darling: Back again and it may be a bit scribbled, since it is now 4:45 p.m. and our friend just now told me definitely this is his last day. At 7 p.m. he goes out. I have some bulky things to send and hoped to send them later, but must send it now.

In your letter you asked if I need money for plane ticket, etc. No, I can arrange a loan through the U.S. Embassy. The great possibility is that I'll be expelled so will have to come directly to the U.S. If I do, I may have to wear old clothes: brown work pants and *balalaica* on plane, but don't be embarrassed. I'll telephone from wherever I stop over to let you know where and when I am arriving.

At first you may be shocked at reading the "big" article in *Noticias*. We three fellow prisoners were actually jubilant when we read it. It is so distorted and deliberately filled with lies that it should be easy to convince even the UN of the illegal procedure and falsehoods. We are happy because this is the first time things are beginning to move; and since they have already prejudged us without trial and announced our so-called guilt to the world, everyone thinks we should soon be released, and at least I be expelled. Even though Hugh and Don may not be expelled, they plan to get out immediately.

The Lord may be using this to help the church here in Mozambique, although I'm sure the immediate present blow will "throw" many of the weaker ones in the church. There is no way to explain our position to them, yet. Yes,

Heb. 10:34a may be true for now, for in the light of the new law, probably everything is lost, for the present. "You suffered with those thrown into jail, and you were actually joyful when all you owned was taken from you."

But not only is Heb. 10:34 in the Bible but also such verses as Phil. 1:12-14: "I want you to know this, dear brothers: everything that has happened to me here has been a great boost in getting out the Good News concerning Christ. For everyone around here, including all the soldiers over at the barracks, knows that I am in chains simply because I am a Christian. And because of my imprisonment many of the Christians here seem to have lost their fear of chains. Somehow my patience has encouraged them and they have become more and more bold in telling others about Christ." And Rom. 8:28: "And we know that all that happens to us is working for our good if we love God and are fitting into his plans."

This coming Saturday, the 25th, the new American charge d'affaires (one who handles matters like ours) is to arrive. Next week the new ambassador should arrive. J. says it is Priority No. 1 at top of list to handle our problems. Chissano is not expected back from New York until the end of the month, since he is visiting several countries on his way from the UN, so don't know if they can do anything before his return or not.

As you will see from the article, they're really clamping down on Jehovah's Witnesses. On Friday 118 men were brought into our section, and they say there were more women and children than men. Three busloads with 180 arrived in one evening. They had a *comicio* here. Police and soldiers called in 100 Jehovah's Witnesses and tried to make them salute (with fist) and say, "Vive Frelimo," but they refused.

Still on top, praising and trusting the Lord. All my love, *Hubby*.

Bibles Confiscated

October 26, 1975

My Only Darling: Thinking of you today, as always. In about 40 minutes we go outside for visits, so must hurry, hoping a way can be found to send this, since our last contact is gone. Trust you are well and on top. I am! This has been a difficult week for all of us. They're clamping down more and more on the church and religion.

Tuesday, 44 more Jehovah's Witnesses were brought in, one sleeping on the floor in our cell. Thursday all of us were locked in our cells for four hours as they went from cell to cell ordering us to hand over ALL books and Bibles, as well as money. Receipts were given for money to be collected when we leave. We had 35 to 40 books and 8 Bibles in our cell. Fortunately Hugh had the *Living New Testament* (Gayla's) in a box, so we take turns reading it. About 100 Bibles were collected. All books were torn up. Don't know yet about the Bibles. This morning 21 Jehovah's Witnesses were shipped off from here to Quelimone (1,000 miles). One man said, "The older men won't mind, because they're accustomed to the 'chibola' (forced labor), but the younger ones have never been in a concentration camp!" Last night the midnight news announced names of five or more who were to be expelled "within the next 24 hours." One, rooming across the hall from us, came rushing in to wake us up, shouting, "I'm going to leave! I'm going to leave!" all excited with joy. He goes to Portugal. When he left, he said, "May God blessing you."

Although visiting hours aren't until 3 p.m., Mickie has been in line since 12:30 when she brought lunch, there are so many visitors. Bye now. All my love, *your Hubby*.

Excuse My Wrinkled Paper

November 5, 1975

My Dear Darling: Seems that it's past time to try to get another line to you, although it seems more difficult now than ever. For several weeks, when we have visiting days we are searched all over, or almost all over when going out the barred doors to the yard. Apparently it is even more difficult for the incoming visitors: All men are searched from head to toe by men guards, and women by women guards. So again you'll have to excuse my fine writing and wrinkled paper. I am wondering if our angel of mercy has been able to send my other letters. If you've received them, you've also received the newspaper clippings. You will see how utterly absurd they're being in making all kinds of ridiculous charges. We three are encouraged to hear that our four [Nazarene district] superintendents are in Maputo this week, planning to seek an interview with officials to deny such allegations as that Nazarenes are compelled to tithe; and to explain the "Christ for All" program and prayer cells, etc. We hope and pray they don't get sent in here with us.

M. was released last week. P.T.L. (That's how we say "Praise the Lord" here.)

Last week I finally got some of my mail, the first since I'm in here. Our "Timothy" was able to get it released from the P.O. box. Among the letters were three from you, two letters and one postcard from Dad. Yours of the 29th was marked Letter No. 6, so obviously three are missing. Anyway, they filled me in with news and I greatly appreciate hearing. Speaking of "Timothy," if all goes well, he should be leaving for Portugal to try to locate his children, then Brazil by the end of the week. We have heard that there is

a warrant out for his arrest, but they have not served it yet. We pray he'll make it. His parents plan to follow when his mother is better. Did you hear Rev. M. when he spoke in our church? He had a beautiful new church, and the government has taken it over as a storehouse for guns, ammunition.

"Timothy" took my office key and entered the office half an hour after the police took the picture for *Tempo*. Said it is in shambles: covers ripped from books, drawers and boxes all dumped and scattered on floor, Gospel Recording records broken up, etc.

You spoke of money Miss Cooper sent. It's lost! I'm sure she'll understand.

In just a little over four months you would be shocked to sense the fear and tension in this country! Last week a top government official, in charge of communal village development, was assassinated and his body dumped on the garbage dump out near our main church.

On October 30 around 9 p.m. till midnight in several cities soldiers made raids and swooped on crowds in theaters, restaurants, etc. with many busses lined up waiting to haul away those seized. Anyone not possessing a *Bilhete de Identidade* on his or her person was put into a bus and taken out to the mounted police station. An undertaker's wife went to stand in line at 11 p.m. so she could buy meat when Talho opened at 8 a.m.—there's a great shortage of meat. The store was just across the street from her house, so she didn't have her *Bilhete* with her. They wouldn't let her go to the house to get it, so she was held all night by police, standing, as all others did. Another lady, whose husband is a bus driver at night, was questioned in her home, and was charged with being a prostitute because she couldn't produce her husband's card. Over 4,000 were detained that night, and hundreds imprisoned.

On Sunday again we could not have church service in the chapel. The *commandante* sent about 150 men, including Hugh and Don, out to work in the yard all morning. I got off—probably because I'm a "*kokwan*" [an old one].

No further news concerning arrival of the U.S. ambassador. Yesterday the radio announced the consuls of South Africa, West Germany, Greece, France, Rhodesia, and about three others were ordered to leave Mozambique before Friday. We don't expect anything to happen at least until the U.S. ambassador comes, and then we don't know how long!

Don't worry, Sweetheart, everything will come out all right, better than before. So long. *Hubby*.

Midnight Mail

December 4, 1975

My Own Darling Wife: It is midnight. Things have become a bit more quiet, so I'll begin this letter although it won't go out till Sunday the 7th, and maybe later.

I'm sorry it has been such a long time since you heard from me. I wrote a letter and sent it out about November 22, with someone who took it to what he thought was the house of our angel of mercy. He made a mistake and left it under the door of another house on another street, no one being home. I learned of this later, so our angel checked. Fortunately the lady of the house could not read English, and unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, had destroyed the letter. I'll try to recall what I said.

P. left Friday the 28th to join the kids in South Africa for the holidays. She won't return. This means Mickie will

be the only missionary wife, so she is booked with three kiddies to fly out December 19. She will probably be in Pennsylvania by the 20th or 21st. We all agree that this is best, although it will be especially hard on Don, and all of us depend on her for outside food.

On the other hand, our hopes are higher than ever. The charge d'affaires has been trying to get an interview with the minister of foreign affairs, Chissano. He has hope of getting through soon. Also rumors are that foreign prisoners without criminal charges will be released before the end of the year, probably before the 15th of December. As with all rumors we hope for the best but are not too let down if it doesn't come true. Maybe the Lord is working it out for Mickie to leave because she won't be needed here anymore. And won't it be nice if I can be home for Mom's birthday as well as Christmas!

Did I answer your question, "Why did you stay on when things began to crack up?"

Well, first, no one knew things were falling apart. Second, a good captain never abandons ship while others are on board.

But I think I'm going to be real blunt and reply, "Probably because I'm a typical American who says, 'IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!'"

As for your suggestions and hopes for some original deputation messages and songs, I'll try my best, but honest, Hon, this is no place to get inspiration. I know that Paul wrote his Epistles "in bonds" but evidently he was in solitude. Here sometimes there is never peace and quietness in our cell until after midnight news. At 6:00 or earlier I'm up to take a bath, read the Bible, pray; then I'm the official cook for us five; the others are the dishwashers. So it's prepare French toast, or scrambled eggs with tomatoes or *chorico*, etc. Then Don, Hugh, and I eat. Clesius comes about 8:30 with Saluh at 10:30, both from other blocks.

Then we are either let outside for sun and exercise, or more visitors start coming to our cell.

All day long we have visitors, some quite loud-mouthed, some preferring our company because we have a different attitude and spirit and atmosphere in our cell. Evenings after supper are always bedlam. With the two Portuguese cell mates and their friends, there are usually about 8 to 10 piled on our beds, chairs, and bench, loud, laughing, waving of arms, each trying to outdo the other.

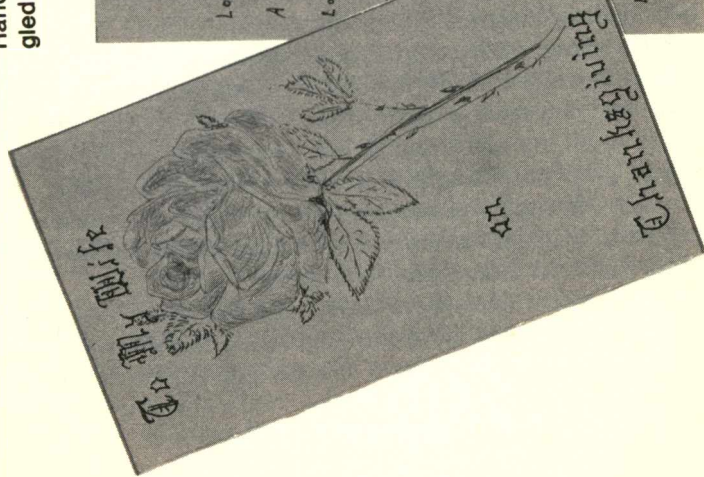
Sunday a.m. Good morning, Hon. I thought I could finish this letter last night. I was reading it over to see what I had already written when zippo! the lights went out about 12:20. A young man had hooked up his homemade water heater (two spoons) which touched and threw the circuit breaker. Since the fuse box is in the main hall and we're locked in at night, there was no way to turn on the circuit until morning. I'm up early, other guys still sleeping, lights still not on, but light enough to write by. I'll have to grab moments throughout the morning to finish this, and try to keep the others out of my room as much as possible. Also keep my eyes peeled for guards since I don't want to get caught writing this.

I mentioned our angel was leaving, which means we'll need another angel's address. I will speak to M. when she comes to visit, and perhaps she can write an address for us at the end of this letter. Of course, we haven't talked to anyone either, but I'm sure someone will be willing. The only problem is getting your letters in.

You mentioned beautiful leaves of autumn falling. Well, I sure missed it again, but hope we can see them together next year.

I appreciate your information about Dr. [Jerald] Johnson's prayers and interest; please tell him we think and talk of him often, but there's too much risk writing

Handmade Thanksgiving card to Mrs. Doll successfully smuggled out of the prison.



What is Love?

Love is a touch --
 tender with care
 A meaningful look --
 secrets to share.
 Love is a mood --
 laughter or tears
 shared by two hearts --
 down through the years.
 is a word --
 that kindles a fire
 you the world --
 all you desire.
 a faith --

that dreams will come true
 Love is so wonderful --
 Love, Dear, is You!

Thanksgiving Brings Thoughts
 of the one I love, --
 The only one I'm thinking of.
 For you alone will always be
 The one who means the world
 to me.

Always,

Edward
 XXXXXXXXX

"Una rosa bella non dura sempre,
 Ma amor sincero dura eternamente."

letters. Hope you got my Thanksgiving card. The verses were not original. With no cardboard I'm afraid I won't be sending Christmas cards; but if I'm not home by then, please do your best to have a very happy one—happy because we're both spared for another Christmas; happy that you can be home for it, and happy and jubilant because Christ came to make it possible for us to have Christmas in our hearts whether at home or in jail.

Please, Honey, don't worry. Just keep praying and trusting. With all my love for the most precious person in all the world. Your "Personal Problem," *Hubby*.

Being Made Crack-proof

December 6, 1975

My Most Wonderful Companion and Sweetheart: Hi. It's now only 10:45 p.m. but since things seem to have calmed down for the night, I'll start this letter. Don is down the hall in another cell playing chess. Hugh and Manuel are in bed reading. Antonio is visiting another cell and I'm at the table writing. Above the table is a crude lamp I made from a ½-kilo cashew tin in which I punched holes for ventilation, so I can read or write while others sleep. I'm writing notes small in order to make it easier to smuggle them out. I'm so glad you thought of buying a magnifying glass.

By the time you receive this, you will have seen and talked to Mickie, I'm sure. Wednesday will be the last day we'll visit with her. Friday she leaves.

Lots of rumors these days, that foreigners are to be released before the 23rd, but rumors do not always materialize. The U.S. charge d'affaires got to interview the minister, but not much success yet with our case.

I'm still feeling tip-top, all going as well as can be

expected, under the circumstances, and enjoying the presence of the Lord. Some fellows have cracked under the strain, but it's wonderful to be serving a God who can make you "crack-proof." I'm also sure it isn't just faith and faithfulness on our part here in prison. It's also faith and faithfulness in prayer of you and other Christians at home and around the world.

Our latest cell mate, M., has a small radio, so we've been hearing Trans World Radio quite often. Last night was "A Hora Nazarena." It's a marvelous ministry. Especially now that Mozambique is closed. Sure wish we were young!

If I don't see you before the 25th, a very Merry, Happy Christmas to all. Your Hubby, *Tsakane* [the name given to Doll by the Shangaans, meaning "Rejoice"].

Sometimes Discouraged

January 17, 1976

My Very Dearest One: "I, a prisoner here in jail for serving the Lord" (Eph. 4:1), am happy to have another opportunity to get a letter out to you. Day after tomorrow our friends will be going, so definitely will be posting letters.

I'm always happy to get word from or about you, since by all indications you are keeping on top.

I must admit that at times we feel discouraged, knowing that almost five months have gone by and so much time lost or wasted. Frank wrote: "Keep looking up; beyond the ceiling, of course! You have done more for the cause of Christ through your few months' imprisonment than you could have done in a few years of unrestricted service. Thousands of people are praying for you and believing in you."

We are feeling fine. I was afraid that January would

be hot and unbearable and mosquito-ridden, but thus far it has not been too uncomfortable. Today we have visiting hours. Maybe there will be a letter from my Honey. They are always a real morale booster. You and home are constantly on my mind. Keep up your courage. 2 Cor. 4:17b: "This short time of distress will result in God's richest blessing upon us forever and ever." All my love. *Your Hubby.*

Fed by the "Ravens"

April 19, 1976

Hello, Darling: Back again on the early morning "flight" to good ol' Pennsy and you. The last letter from you was written in February. That's a very long time for anyone. Furthermore, I haven't even received your letter in Portuguese, so now we'll go back to the indirect route. It may take a little longer but it's certainly better than nothing. A good friend has offered to handle this for us. Future letters can be sent there until I tell you to stop, or until I get out of this place. In the meantime, occasionally send one in Portuguese just to have one come through the director now and then. I'll continue to send my letters anyway I can find: by Portugal, Rhodesia, Swaziland, South Africa, or Timbuktu, if necessary. Hope you're getting them.

Easter has come and gone. We had visitors in the afternoon. I guess yesterday was the first day not to go to church on Easter in at least 50 years, but we were treated wonderfully by friends. R.'s friend sent in three whole barbecued chickens and french fried taters, a large tin of Ricory and a cake. Browns sent in a large dish of baked Italian spaghetti which they buy at an Italian restaurant, and pudding. Then there was a large tin of fruit cocktail to

which I added oranges and bananas and grapefruit. Re. and the R's sent steaks, french fries, and fried eggs and a cake, as well as candied almonds.

Our Portuguese cell mate had a *bolo de rei* and packets of candied almonds for all of us. In all we had seven cakes, three boxes of *bolos*, and a box of *rissois*, plus the colored boiled eggs, and Maria biscuits which I coated with chocolate. M. sent me a sack of home-roasted cashews which I heated and buttered last night for us three, with each a bottle of Coke and ice. Now I'll have to fast this coming week!

I should mention that the chocolate-coated Maria biscuits turned out so well the fellows want me to keep making more. We often get Maria biscuits sent in, but you know how tasteless they are, so we give them away. The fellows mentioned the chocolate-covered ones at visiting hour yesterday, and all the ladies want me to give them the recipe. I worked out my own, and must say, it turned out great: 2 tbsp. of cocoa; $\frac{1}{2}$ C. sugar, 1 pinch salt, 8 tbsp. condensed milk, and 1 tsp. paraffin, shaved, for which I used a candle. If you have a regular recipe for this chocolate coating, send it to me, remembering that I must use coarse sugar and powdered cocoa.

I see it is 4 a.m. and will go back to bed for a few hours, although things start to get noisy about 5:30 a.m. when they clean the hall. Bye for now. Keep looking up. *Forever your Hubby.*

Don and Hugh Released

April 28, 1976

My Darling Sweetheart: Today is my eighth anniversary—eight months in this place. And what a lot of excitement! About 2 p.m. yesterday (27th) Don and Hugh were called

to the director's office and given news that they could leave as soon as plane tickets could be arranged. Then soon after, the U.S. ambassador and J. came to visit them. But I couldn't see them. The ambassador said they were also working on my case, but Don will tell you all about it. With all that publicity given me in the news, we're sure they will not release me without taking advantage of making more propaganda. Everyone is convinced that I'll soon be out as well. We can't tell, but as Dan. 3:17-18 says, "I know that God is able to deliver . . . but if not!" I'll still trust in Him.

Naturally, tonight was, or is, the "longest" one I've had, with perhaps the exception of that of August 28th. I'm longing to be with you.

These guys and I are really excited about their release! Sorting the few things they have, disposing of excess, Hugh pressing suit, packing suitcases, receiving well-wishing visitors from other cells, last-minute plans, etc. Don taking sleeping tablets, and Hugh some tranquilizers. Added to this excitement was the release of Andre the day before, so things seem to be moving. Oh, yes, Clesius was released on Wednesday the 21st, and he has just gotten word that his ticket has been approved and he may go at the same time as Don and Hugh.

Now, Honey, I trust this will not be too hard for you. I know you've been and are still a brave wife, and I'm sure glad you're not like many women I know. Some of the fellows said they couldn't understand why two Americans were released and the "*velhote*" [old one] had to stay; but after all, all of that newspaper and radio publicity was about MY office, my equipment, my letters, etc. Anyway, this can't go on forever, and some day and somewhere, my love, we'll be together again. I trust in the not too distant future.

As I said before, the confinement here is not too unpleasant; and in some ways it's been an opportunity to see

	DOMINGO	SEGUNDA FEIRA	TERÇA FEIRA	QUARTA FEIRA	QUINTA FEIRA	SEXTA FEIRA	SÁBADO
J U L H O	27 BR 305	28 BR 306	29 CR 307	30 R 308	1 R 309	2 CR 310	3 R 311
	4 BR 312	5 OR 313	6 CR M 314	7 WA 315	8 RO (mado) 316	9 CR 317	10 R 318
	VISITS CR 319	12 WA 320	13 W? 321	VISITS CR 322	15 R 323	16 CR 324	17 R 325
	18 CR 326	19 WA 327	20 CR 328	21 WA 329	22 RO 330	23 CR 331	VISITS R 332
	25 CR 333	26 R 334	27 CR 335	28 WA 336	29 R 337	30 CR 338	31 R 339
A G O S T O	VISITS CR 340	2 WA 341	3 CR 342	VISITS R 343	5 RO 344	6 CR 345	7 R 346
	8 CR 347	9 WA 348	10 CR 349	11 R 350	12 WA 351	13 CR 352	VISITS R 353
	15 CR 354	16 WA 355	17 CR 356	18 WA 357	19 R 358	20 CR 359	21 R 360
	VISITS CR 361	23 WA 362	24 CR 363	VISITS WA 364	26 R 365	27 CR 366	28 R 367
	29 CR 368	30 R 369	31 CR 370	1 WA 371	2 W 372	3 CR 373	VISITS R 374
S E P	5 CR 375	6 CR 376	7 CR 377	8 R 378	9 R 379	10 CR 380	11 R 381
	VISITS CR 382	13 WA 383	14 CR 384	VISITS WA 385	16 R 386	17 CR 387	18 R 388
	19 CR 389	20 WA 390	21 CR 391	22 R 392	23 CR 393	24 R 394	VISITS R 395
	26 CR 396	27 WA 397	28 CR 398	29 R 399	30 CR 400	1 R 401	2 CR 402

The last section of his handmade calendar (reproduced here about half size) on which Armand kept track of the days. Note the small figure in each square indicating the number of days' imprisonment to that point. Release came on the morning of September 18.

things in a way that I never would have any other way; and few others ever will. So really, my greatest trial here is my separation from friends and loved ones. And especially from you. But I often think of the men here with us who have been held without trial for almost two years, not knowing how long they must stay.

My friend J., the Portuguese, has also been released. Another of my channels has closed, but thus far I've been able to find ways of contacting you and also for you to contact me. I trust we'll not have to write to each other many more months. In the meantime, I should always find someone going out who can reach you by "Colgate Express," but even these materials may be limited.

Since I haven't received your letters, I don't know if you sent a picture or not. If you have a snapshot, stick it in with your next letter. God bless you, Dear, and be assured that I love you more than ever. Your husband, *Armand.*

Bible Returned

May 7, 1976

My Dear Sweetheart and *Companheira*: If all went according to plan, Don and Hugh arrived in good ol' U.S.A. a week ago today. I'm certainly glad that they were released. For a while it looked as though I might be coming with them. I haven't heard if the ambassador saw the head of judiciary or not. A friend from outside tried several times to contact him, but up to Saturday had not succeeded in talking with him personally. One wonderful thing happened when the men were preparing to leave. They requested to take their Bibles (the ones confiscated in October) and succeeded in retrieving theirs, and also mine. I've been reading from the beginning.

Day after tomorrow, Sunday, I again have visitors so perhaps will have some news then. *Your Hubby.*

Dreams of Liberation

May 9, 1976

Good morning, Sweetheart: Ere the rest of this part of the world opens its eyes (3 a.m.), I'll write to the one closest to my heart and thoughts, although 10,000 miles away.

For two days we've had what seemed to be the hottest days of the year, but fortunately last night cooled off. How happy I am for plenty of cold water. We fellows take three, four showers per day. Talk about luxury!

Our hopes were raised this past week. Thursday night radio news announced that 29 Portuguese prisoners were expelled, having to leave Mozambique within 48 hours. As always there are delays. They are still here, but may go soon. That's how this letter is possible: A good friend is taking this with him, and also, along with nine others, will speak to the U.S. ambassador in Lisbon about our case. A commission of 30 from Portugal, including lawyers, judges, etc., arrived last week to treat various problems, and apparently these expulsions are a partial result of their visit. We're all hopeful that more will be announced soon, including foreigners!

Well, it looked like our lines of contact were broken, except for the "regular route," but already three other ways have opened. Seems that when one door closes, the Lord opens another. Sunday was visiting day, so I learned that R. talked to you Saturday and I'm happy to know all goes well at home. By the way, when writing to me, don't mention my letters from other countries. They'll ask me how you got letters from those places.

Speaking of those men who are leaving, several were not permitted to go to their house to get clothes, suitcases, etc., so I'm more than ever of the opinion that I won't get to ours. I think I told you that if I can't get my suitcase from the house, I have an old one here with rope tied around it. Even if I didn't have that, I'd either pack some boxes, or stuff pillowcases and tie sheets, good ol' Shangaan style.

Talking of Shangaan style, a new ruling, at least in Maputo, is that men are not permitted to wear bell-bottomed pants or platform, high-heeled shoes. Of course, there are plenty of Chinese "Mao" jackets, evidently not in conflict with their "culture."

Yesterday a letter arrived from Mickie for her hubby. Says she's been in touch with you, and she may go to "the city of Smithsonian Institute." Also that Dr. Johnson is again on our case. This is good news.

Miss you lots. Keep looking up. *Your hubby.*

Rumors, Rumors

May 18, 1976. 2:50 a.m.

My Darling: Good morning. How I kept hoping I would hear my name called last week, and be able to land in Boston while you were there. Although a friend contacted the U.S. ambassador, nothing more has been done by Mozambique about me. Lots of rumors and even radio reports that most foreigners will be released by the end of May. Rumors only?

During June and July, three flights a week, one a Jumbo jet, will carry about 60,000 Portuguese to Portugal, leaving only the few hundred who choose to remain here. Also, it was reported that a big government official

passed the prison and said they had to do something about the long "bichas" of visitors standing outside waiting to get in on visiting days; too many ambassadors live out in this Sommershield area, who pass by the prison, and the UN has been given the impression no foreign prisoners are being held.

I also heard Sunday that the *Johannesburg Sunday Times* had an article in which Hugh and/or Don were interviewed and mentioned that there are many prisoners, most of whom do not know why they're in prison nor how long they must be there; and that "one of their colleagues" is still being held. And if it's true this article appeared, it may already have yielded results. Who knows?

By the time you've received this letter, you will have celebrated your birthday and our wedding anniversary. How I hope I shall be with you for both, but if not, have a Happy Birthday and Anniversary, and I mean it, in spite of all.

Last night, some fellows invited me to supper [food they'd received from outside]. Shrimp salad, grilled shrimp, piri-piri, chicken giblets casserole, cake and ice cream. Just think—in PRISON! This is orange season, and "Outspan" donates their second grade oranges to Maputo prison. So along with dozens being sent in by friends, we have about seven dozen in our cell with five men, so this morning I plan to make up a few quarts of juice, since they go too slowly when just eaten in the hand. I borrowed a squeezer from another block. Also got in flour, baking powder, cinnamon, etc., so have made doughnuts and "chili bites."

Here's a bit of news to pass on to Hugh and Don. On the 11th, when 9 p.m. cell check was made, Rui Campos was missing. Of course search was made in all blocks. No R. The visitors' entrance was found unlocked next morning. Two guards were held prisoners for four days on

investigation and another seemed under suspicion. As much of the story as can be learned, it seems that about 4:15 on the 11th, a car pulled up to the door with two judiciary agents and one inspector. R. went out and got into the car and was driven to an airstrip (private). R.'s private plane landed at the strip and picked up eight passengers, including the three agents. And since they had no visas for South Africa, they flew to Rhodesia. All well. The guards were cleared and are back on duty.

In the past five days, 55 or more prisoners have been released, including 27 men brought here about two weeks ago from Comando. They were working for Cajuca cashew factory. Demanded their salaries at Christmastime and were put in jail, since the factory is nationalized and had no money to pay them. Among those freed were Mq., who finished his 12-year term; a Scotch Rhodesian railroad engineer and his fireman; and others. On Sunday the 9th, Mc's father told him his company wrote a letter clearing him of the charge of economic sabotage, stating that they found that the breakdown of busses was due to negligence of drivers and maintenance crews. Mc. is having a photocopy of the letter made and will send it to the judiciary, but doesn't know if it will do any good.

I'm anxious to hear from you. Last week Trans World Radio program choir sang, "If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere." So I'm still singing, "If Jesus stays with me, I'll stay!" Blessings on you, Sweetheart. Keep looking up, for it's still bright up there! All my love, *Hubby*.

President Machel Visits

May 29, 1976

Darling. Good morning! Well, yesterday was my ninth month in this place, and next week—two special days—

your birthday and our anniversary. Oh, I had hoped so much to be with you for those days, but hope is fading. I'm hoping I can surprise you with a bouquet of 39 roses for your birthday and our 39th anniversary. If R's friend comes to visit, I'll try to order them. It will be difficult to get the message through, for she speaks no English, but I'll write out instructions and hope she can get the note out past the guards.

On April 22, I received a card from Don, saying that you were holding up marvellously. He mentioned that Evelyn and Dr. Johnson were in New York to greet Hugh. It's interesting that Don's postcards came to me, but I still have none from you. Perhaps you should try to send me postcards in Portuguese to the prison, but keep the letters through Mrs. X. I'm so anxious to hear from you. Three and a half months without any word except the telephone message that you are well. I hope you will go to General Assembly. Don't worry about being away from home in case I get out then. I'll just fly directly to Dallas.

Here are a few items to interest you. Please tell Don and Hugh. Yesterday afternoon President Machel visited the Comando, Central, and Macheva prisons. Reports in foreign newspapers, UN, etc., are having their effect, and he is personally checking up on conditions. He asked how many of us had been sentenced, and only about 10 out of 400 responded. He called them aside. Then again asked, "Are all of you others here without trial?" The 390 responded, "Yes." He then talked separately, to one side, to the Rhodesians, Zambians, South Africans, etc. Several individuals raised their hands and were permitted to converse with him from where they stood. He spoke pretty strongly to some. Such as to one when Machel said, "Oh, yes, I know who you are." Then brought a Frelimo soldier out and said, "Do you remember this man, how you beat him up?"

Looking toward me, and obviously noticing my white hair and foreign appearance, he pointed and asked, "*Como se chama?*" I responded with my name. Then he asked, "How many years have you been in Mozambique?" Answer: "23." Then he said, "*Conheco o seu caso.*" "I've heard about you." Thus indicating that he didn't have to ask if I had anything to say. He knows about me because the U.S. ambassador has talked to him. So everyone here thinks his statement is a good sign for me.

There are strong rumors that due to recent UN investigations, international news, etc., they want to clear out a lot of prisoners before Independence Day on June 25, and probably begin next week. Who knows, I may be seeing you before this letter reaches you. On the other hand, you know me; I'm not such a dreamer that I can't be realistic and realize that I'm still in the land of "*amanha.*"

Last week one of the men was called to the judiciary and while there saw the U.S. ambassador go in. On Tuesday, J. was in the director's office when the ambassador telephoned, so it looks like he's still keeping in touch, even though he can't see me personally.

Thursday, the director called a meeting and announced that all men had to shave and cut beards shorter for "hygienic reasons." This created an uproar, and some very vehemently opposed him, asking who would buy razor blades, shaving cream, scissors, etc. And what did he mean by "hygiene" when we haven't been given soap for months, and there's no such thing as toilet paper. The men also criticized the beating up and torturing of some men brought in last week; and yesterday the soldier who did the most beating, with a hammer, was dismissed.

Right now I'm waiting for A. to come with some ice cream. I've made chocolate syrup, have bananas ready for banana splits, with A., Haq, and G. Love, *Hubby*.

Memories

June 5, 1976

My own Sweetheart: Happy Anniversary! Just think! Thirty-nine years ago ol' 501 Allen Street was all aflutter early in the a.m.; then getting lined up at S. L. Adams' home; then as Bea Flexon was about to start "Here Comes the Bride," a quick scurry up the street to catch Ginny; the slow march up the aisle behind her with the flowers, and Donny, in white blouse and black satin pants with white Bible on white pillow; the ceremony; the "I wills"; back down the aisle; out the door past rice throwers into the car, as Herman drove up to the photographer; and then we began our journey together—hand in hand: evangelism, Byrnedale, radio program, Barbados, Trinidad, Waltham, ENC, Portugal, several ship trips, Mozambique, South Africa, Tavane, Lourenco Marques, Motolo, revolution, and now, you home and I here. Honestly, Hon, I thank God that He gave me you to travel every bit of this journey—up hill, on the mountains, in the valleys, through bright sunshine, and on the dreary, dark days.

Well, another group of Portuguese were released—12 to be expelled to Portugal today and 10 tomorrow, so a good friend is again carrying "Colgate Express." That way you should be receiving this before you leave for Dallas. Yes, hooray, I received your card, sent May 25. How happy I am! I think, no, I know, that I was passing through the loneliest, most homesick days I've had since being here: thinking of your birthday, the 5th, all week without you. Then that little 4 x 5½ card with all its cheer and good news! I'm so glad you are going to General Assembly. I'm still keeping my hopes up that I'll be with you then.

Machel visited the prisons last week and even in the newspapers there has been considerable reaction. Evidently he's given orders to start clearing out many cases

where there has been delay; of course, not criminal cases. This week several left: 29 Jehovah's Witnesses and 5 criminals who had served long terms were freed on June 1. Then 32 more Jehovah's Witnesses, men and women, and 8 non-Jehovah's Witnesses on the 2nd; 6 on the 3rd; and today 12 Portuguese; and tomorrow 10 more. So far no foreigners have been freed, but we are strongly of the opinion that they've first gotten the others out of the way: Jehovah's Witnesses, since they are all the same case; and Portuguese, since the Portugal commission is here dealing with Frelimo on repatriation of its citizens.

If my name comes up before or during Assembly, I'll have the ambassador call you. Of course, there's always the possibility that I won't get out so soon, so being realistic I'm planning just in case, but singing, "If Jesus stays with me, I'll stay."

I went to see the director and asked why no letters. He said all letters in English go to the judiciary and they've never sent them back. I said, "Yes, but you told me if they were in Portuguese, you would censor them here."

He said, "I'm sorry. It's my fault, because I never open your letters. I thought they were all in English." He promised to check them in the future. That explains why I haven't been getting your letters. The cards have come. Keep that up. Since other Portuguese are leaving tomorrow, I may be able to write a letter to Dr. Johnson.

God bless you, Honey. *Your loving Hubby.*

Refugees Attempting to Escape Are Arrested

June 28, 1976

My Dearest. I'm thinking of you a lot these days. There are rumors that a few more Portuguese will be going out this week, so I am writing this letter to send with them. I really

had high hopes of being with you by this time, as rumors from outside were strongly predicting that all foreigners would be freed before June 25, Independence Day. Now it looks like I won't be home for our own Independence Day as I had hoped. Or will I? Many Portuguese have left, and on the 13th two South Africans left, the first in months.

On June 26th A. came into our cell after hearing the 8 a.m. news broadcast and said, "Well, Armand, you just got another six months added on to your stay here. The U.S. Congress just voted down the \$12.5 million which Kissinger promised to Mozambique for compensation of money lost in closing the borders to Rhodesia." Naturally we really don't think it affects my case.

On the 25th we were given a special privilege of having visitors although not a visiting day. R.'s friend came with news of you; and Mrs. B., who has faithfully brought food almost every day. They say the ambassador is still confident that I won't be here long. He says I am merely being held as a pawn. You can tell Don that all the first floor was moved downstairs. A. is in with me. We are having a good time together.

Last week two Portuguese families were brought in, one, a husband, wife, and four children. The wife and children are in the women's section. They were caught trying to escape to South Africa, with 17 other families, in cars, by cutting the fence at Kruger Park. The others got through successfully, but these were caught when their truck broke down 1 kilometer inside South Africa. That night when 17 Frelimo soldiers tried to sneak in and bring back the truck, they were caught by South African security forces and taken prisoner.

Yesterday I was able to go out for visits, and one visitor brought the heartbreaking news that Noe Mainga [principal of the Bible college] had been taken to Chicumbane hospital a week ago and died on the 26th. What a

shock for all of us! The others had chosen him as *presidente* of their group. What a loss to the church and to his family!

Two Portuguese are leaving this afternoon so I can send this immediately. Hope it gets there safely. Always a risk of it being found. God bless you, Sweetheart. *Armand.*

Wish I Were There

July 3, 1976

My Dear One. Looking at the date reminds me that one year ago today Don Milam was brought in here; 10 months later he was released. Monday was 10 months for me. How I hope I'll soon be free! Yet for no rhyme or reason S. who worked with Don and was imprisoned a few days later is still here, so one just can't tell what is happening. Save up a few fireworks for me. I'll have my own celebration of independence some other day.

A young man brought in this week on suspicion of having marijuana went for investigation yesterday and was proved innocent, and is leaving for Portugal on Monday; so I just have to take advantage of his offer to take this letter. I'm anxious to hear the news from Texas. This afternoon is visiting day so perhaps R.'s friend will have had word from you. I hope someone is keeping clippings on Mozambique, for I want to catch up on the news when I get out. The news here is so distorted or completely withheld that I can't be sure what is going on. Today Machel is having a big rally in the Muchava stadium, all workers freed from work, special free bus transportation, etc., to stir up the people against Rhodesia for alleged attacks against Mozambique. I suppose photographs and news releases will be circulated

telling how the people unanimously support war or something like that. We'll see!

I sure do miss you. I won't say, "I wish you were here," but I sure do "wish I were there." But God is good to me. Never have felt Him nearer! I got a promise for us when I get out. In Ps. 67:2 and 4: "Send us around the world with the news of your saving power. . . . How glad the nations will be, singing for joy because you are their King." Then verse 7, "And peoples from remotest lands will worship him." Then Ps. 92:14: "Even in old age they [we] will still produce fruit and be vital and green." I'm still wondering where. Bye. All my love, *Armand*.

In Touch with the Outside World

July 9, 1976. 10:30 p.m.

My Darling: A. and I just finished popping and eating popcorn, and since it isn't such a risk now to write, I'll try to write this letter before going to bed. I hope you got my last one sent by "Colgate Express."

A young man I'd met only once became such a good friend that he has come to visit me twice, bringing grilled shrimp, cake, soap, toothbrush, fresh milk, etc. There is such a food shortage in Mozambique: no sugar, condensed milk, rice, etc. Fortunately they outside can get powdered milk, so we use it, and cane syrup for sugar. How happy I was to receive 3 cards from you this week. Best of all, A.'s wife said she had received a letter from you and will send it on. I can hardly wait, for it will be the first full-length letter from you since February. A. just learned that his father had passed away. His wife had tried to let him know when his father was seriously ill, but could not get through to him. I couldn't help but think of my dad and mom-in-

law. I trust I'll get out of here so I can still spend some time with them in their later years.

I got a roll of toilet paper from "Polly" with a message written in it about three feet from the end. She said she had written to "Polly Doll" and that the American ambassador was doing his utmost for me. The embassy staff is helping with food for me and S. during July. On the 5th, J. brought us real American-style hamburgers, salad, etc. Tuesday, two teenage girls brought roast beef, potatoes, baked ham, etc., and the guards let me talk a bit to them at the door. When I asked who they were, one said, "Carin DePree." The ambassador's daughter! Imagine! Wednesday Mrs. W., wife of one of the embassy staff, sent food and yesterday J. brought chicken, mashed potatoes, a box of popcorn, etc. Earlier I had smuggled out a letter to the ambassador to thank him for food, *Time* magazine, *U.S. News and World Report*, etc. In thanking him for the magazines, I mentioned that I'm practically cut off from the world, since my letters are being held at the judiciary and my cell mate, who had a radio, left last month. Well, when J. brought the food yesterday, he also brought a radio. Guess whose? Ginny Benedict's! Have we ever been celebrating! Listening all day and evening.

I'm still feeling on top, waiting on the Lord, and trusting in Him. Not one bit discouraged, but oh, how much I miss you. All my love, *Armand*.

"Your Salvation Is on the Way"

July 18, 1976

My Lifelong Sweetheart and Companion: Surprise! Surprise! On Wednesday the 14th I received your letter of June 28. How happy I was, for it was the first, excluding

Dear Armand + Solo,

I wrote to Polly Doll.

Saw the Am. Ambassador
today (Thurs.). He has been
doing his utmost. He is going to
see that you get a meal mon-
noon + supplies Tues. + Thurs.
while we're away. He said
he would confer with British
ambassador concerning Solo.

We pray for your health +
that God preserve you in faith
and courage.

Love, Jy

A message to Armand Doll written inside a roll of toilet paper about three feet from the end and carried into the prison by a visitor.

cards, received from you since February. You mentioned another sleepless night, thinking of me. Hon, I trust you are getting your rest. Generally I sleep well. But if I get awake in the night and can't go back to sleep, I read. I've rigged up a way to curtain off the light with a towel so that the other fellows aren't bothered. Last night about 3 a.m. I was reading in Isa. 50:7-8. I read, "Because the Lord God helps me, I will not be dismayed. Therefore I have set my face like a flint to do his will and I know that I will triumph. He who gives me justice is NEAR." Then I read in 51:5: "My mercy and justice are coming SOON. Your salvation IS ON THE WAY." Seems that God is trying to get a message through to me. But I still feel like the three Hebrew children: Dan. 3:17-18, "I know that God is able to deliver—and will—but IF NOT—I'll serve him." Last night Trans World Radio played, "I don't know about tomorrow, but I know who holds the future."

All former PIDE [*Polícia Internacional de Estado*, or Secret Police of Portugal] agents or personnel who were here with us, at least 30, were transferred to the Pigalle, which is an underground structure with more security. (Oh, my! I have the radio on and they are singing "The Green, Green Grass of Home." Tain't fair.)

Last Sunday R.'s friend came to visit. She said that R. had called and said it was reported in South Africa that I had been transferred to a concentration camp in the north, so she came right over to the prison with some groceries as an excuse to see me by calling me to the door. She was greatly relieved to find I'm still here. I hope such rumors don't reach you, but I'm telling you this so you'll realize how such stories are spread, and not be alarmed if you hear such things. If you ever have cause for concern, I'm sure you can contact the ambassador through the State Department.

Well, just keep trusting the Lord and I'm sure He will

bring us through. Ps. 50:15, "I want you to trust me in your times of trouble, so I can rescue you, and you can give me glory." And Ps. 34:18-20, "The Lord is close to those whose hearts are breaking. . . . The good man does not escape all troubles—he has them too. But the Lord helps him in each and every one. God even protects him from accidents."

I've still been given no letters from you addressed to the prison. Are you writing in Portuguese? All my love, *Hubby*.

Our "Angel" Is Leaving

July 21, 1976

My Dear One: The one who has been so kind in getting my letters to the "outside" to be sent to you, leaves for Portugal tomorrow. I will sure miss her help; but we still have ways to get letters out, though they may take a week or two longer. I wanted to send this to wish you a "happy birthday." Yes, I haven't forgotten August 4, 1934, your spiritual birthday AND the week of the birth of our romance (on condition that my dad would give his approval. Ha!). Boy, when we stood on that bridge over the Chénango River, little did we realize how many bridges we would cross down through the years!

Since the sun hasn't come up yet, and I wanted to get this letter written before the morning rush begins with neighbors coming to say, "Good morning"; exchange news heard over the radio, or in the morning *noticias*; to discuss latest rumors; or to fill up flasks and cups with hot water from our teakettle, etc., I drank a very strong cup of coffee to wake me up. You'll have to excuse my erratic scribbling. My hand is shaky. It's not easy to write in such a small hand, but the letters must be kept as small as possible. They are easier to smuggle out.

As far as I know, the African church is surviving and thriving. There is a very serious shortage of food: sugar, rice, flour, coffee, condensed milk, etc. Even the newspapers report the long *bichas* of people standing in line for hours to buy food.

Yesterday another bright ray shone into my room when the police brought your card written June 2nd about receiving the 39 roses.

By the way, if you ever sent your picture, I never received it. It's probably in one of the 100 letters held at the judiciary. There are so many new prisoners coming in since a new law came into effect that one wonders if they will ever get to process our cases. Yesterday three more Portuguese were released, but still no foreigners.

Last week, one of the agents who raided our flat the night I was imprisoned, was brought in, a prisoner, for misconduct: such as stealing property of those he took prisoner (watches, rings, etc.). He came to see me and in his conversation asked, "Where's Frank?" The fact that he still remembers Frank's name indicates that they were waiting to get their hands on him, perhaps because of his TEE [Theological Education by Extension] program, or something he wrote in a report, or just because he is the new mission director to succeed me. Probably we'll never know.

God bless you, Darling. Just received another card from you. I'm happy to have it. *Armand.*

Chinese and Cubans Reported in Mozambique

July 27, 1976

My Dear One: Another card came yesterday. Seems they are coming through okay now. I trust my letters are reach-

ing you. How I appreciate the ones making it possible for us to communicate. Another gift from heaven.

Brother R. just sent in our supper 10 minutes ago. Mashed potatoes, *bifes*, salad, curry powder, onions, tomatoes, Coke and ice. Also a scripture reference which I have already begun to chew and digest. Isa. 51:14: "Soon, soon you [captives] shall be released; dungeon, starvation and death are not your fate." I don't remember telling him of my verse in that chapter: verse 5, and now he sends this one. A coincidence?

I also read your reference in Job 23:8-12. You are studying in Job; I just finished Jeremiah and Lamentations. My promise in Lam. 3:23-26, especially the first and last verses: "Great is his faithfulness; his loving kindness begins afresh each day," and "It is good both to hope and wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord."

R.'s friend visited me Saturday and said she had talked to R. two days ago and you were well. She said that some magazine that had mounted a campaign to raise money to help get me released had cancelled their project by order of the State Department. I'm not surprised. I can hardly see how anyone can do more than the U.S. ambassador right here. Of course, one of the complaints of foreign prisoners here is the lack of interest on the part of their embassies, but I'm convinced that is not the case with the U.S. The ambassador himself has been working continuously on my case.

How I wish I were able to talk to some of the missionaries in other parts of Africa. I'd like to share some of my experiences and ideas and advice. It sure looks like Mozambique is going like Angola. Reports are that there are many Chinese or Koreans in one of the camps training the Zimbabwe terrorists. Also lots of Chinese on Maputo streets. A radio report on BBC said that the Russians were preparing an air field to accommodate jets on the island of

Buzareto near Paradise Island just off the coast. Remember that place? Cubans are also reported to be training troops.

Blessings on you. Keep looking up. "These troubles and sufferings of ours are after all, quite small and won't last very long" (2 Cor. 4:17) "so we do not lose heart." Verse 16: "We never give up." I love you. *Hubby*.

Police and Troops

August 7, 1976

My Precious Wife: I missed an opportunity to send a letter earlier this week, and nine days have gone by since I wrote. Since then two more cards have come from you. They are coming through quickly. Probably by putting a little item of news on each, letters won't be necessary.

Last week the entire prison had a meeting from 1 to 8 p.m. over the neglect in the past of the handling of cases. The director promised to notify the minister of justice to come, but instead brought in the military police and two battalions (250 soldiers) with machine guns, etc. It was reported that there was a strike, so the prison was surrounded by troops. When the *commandante* and other officials called us together, he said he was surprised to find the prisoners singing Frelimo songs, shouting "Viva," etc. He had expected to find blood and dead bodies. He said, "Evidently I have been misinformed." He, the *commandante*, promised to do something for us. So the next day all prisoners who still had not been tried or sentenced had to report their names, date of arrest, or detention, etc. This information to be sent to the minister of justice. There still have been no releases, but several foreigners were called to the judiciary.

All this information was leaked out to various embassies and news reporters, so we hear that the U.S., British, German, and other ambassadors were to meet yesterday with the minister of justice. I trust this is getting some results. God bless you, Sweetheart. I'm feeling fine. All my love, *Armand*.

Colgate Express Runs Again

August 11, 1976. 3 a.m.

My Precious Pauline: Here I am back to my early morning writing, but not because of fear of being detected. About 9 p.m. last night a young Portuguese man came to tell me he had just received word that he was being expelled tomorrow, which is now, today, and offered to take any letters I have by "Colgate Express."

My friend promises he will send this as soon as he gets to Portugal tomorrow or Friday. If he does, you should get this by Monday the 16th. August the 16th—the day I kissed you good-by, and then watched as you walked out to the Jumbo jet which was waiting to carry you far, far away from me.

That's the main reason I decided to write this letter, because of it being a year for me to be here. During the year I've had several days when hopes were high for me being released, and I purposely refrained from writing to anyone about getting out. This past week I told A. I was going to start writing letters to officials.

Yesterday evening J. came to bring me food—a pan of hot baked beans, a casserole with Spam, potatoes, tossed salad, tangerines, bananas, chewing gum, Life Savers, marshmallow cookies, and *Newsweek*, *Herald-Tribunes*, and 10 *Reader's Digests*. The soldier guarding the main

entrance allowed him to step inside and we chatted about three minutes—the first I've talked to anyone from the embassy. He was surprised to hear that I have never been called for questioning since that first week I came in, and that nothing more has been or is being done during the one year that I've been here. Trust it won't be another year—or even a month before we're with each other. In the meantime we'll keep trusting in Him. All my love, *Hubby*.

Count Your Blessings

August 18, 1976

My Precious Pauline: It's 5 a.m. Wednesday morning and I've been lying here for quite a long time, praying, thinking of you, and Dad, Mom, and others, and then of my situation here, the ambassador, and so on. So the best thing I could think to do was get up, hook up my shaded light, and write this letter.

The trouble is that life here continues in its same ol' monotonous, uneventful pace, and there is nothing to write about.

The radio has been a wonderful blessing. Yesterday on Trans World Radio a quartet sang "Count Your Blessings," so I did. I thought of how many times the Lord has done the unexpected while I'm here. Although our friends have gone one by one, yet the Lord has raised up others whom we never knew. Every day of the week friends send in food. Then, when no letters were getting through from you, the Lord sent along R.'s friends to keep up our contact. And the letter contact has been a miracle, too. One friend went to Portugal, and two others came by and offered to help. They brought us a chicken, beets, carrots,

potatoes, peppers, lettuce, rice, meat, fruit. And another blessing is the way God has been keeping me physically, and also emotionally, and spiritually. I'm also thankful for our church—the faithfulness of the thousands in prayer, as well as the many, many Christians who are not of the same denomination, but as close to us as though they were. There are far more blessings than can be counted. God bless you, Sweetheart. I hope to hear from you soon. Forever, *your Hubby*.

One Year Ago

August 22, 1976

My Darling Wife: Well, here it is the beginning of the last week of August. A year since I was brought into prison. And I'm still trying to figure out why I'm here.

We must keep looking up and trusting that the Lord will work everything out in His will. I know, Hon, that it may seem hard to say "in His will," but that's only because we are finite and cannot understand God's ways. Let's just hope that since they have kept me here a full year, they will say, "That's enough." When we hear of everything that's happening these days: earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes, wars, murders, we wonder with John, "How long, O Lord, how long?" But Honey, if the Lord comes soon, we'll just have to ask Him to let us sit down and have some time to ourselves to talk some of these things over!

Must send this letter out before visiting hours. All my love. *Armand*.

We Will Not Abandon You

August 25, 1976

Dearest Pauline: Again my heart was filled with joy when I received a letter from the most wonderful woman in all the world. I'm glad to hear of your contacts with the State Department, the ambassador, etc. Here you are able to keep in contact with Mr. DePree when I'm only a few blocks away and cannot contact him!

It's wonderful how an experience like this helps to show how much people are concerned. You spoke of the VIPs working around the clock on my case. And we know that thousands are praying. In your letter you underlined the statement "You will never be abandoned." I didn't mention your letter to the visitors on Sunday afternoon, but the three who were there were talking about my needs, and D. said that although they were now the only Portuguese members remaining in the church, they had agreed that they would stay in Mozambique as long as "Irmao Doll" was here. Then Brother D. spoke up and said, "Yes, Irmao Doll, you can depend on us, *we will not abandon you.*"

So there you are: My wife says that she'll wait for me forever, if necessary; the church has not let me down, the authorities are not abandoning me; I have many friends here in Mozambique who are standing by; and best of all, the Lord said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you!" So now—why should I be discouraged? Praise the Lord!

I'm faithfully doing my exercises: isometrics, Canadian Air Force, and at least a mile walk each day when possible. The door to outside isn't always open. These people get the craziest ideas. Several prisoners have escaped in the past few weeks, at night, never during the day when we're outside and guards are on duty. But whenever there

are escapes, they keep us inside, not realizing that this only creates more unrest. Some weeks ago someone got the idea that glass bottles should not be permitted to come in since they could be used to fight with and perhaps kill someone, though this has never happened. So a rule was made that no bottles could enter, although there are hundreds left in our cells that were never confiscated. We continue to get oil and liquids in plastic containers, so it's only the inconvenience. If they think they are breaking me, they're much mistaken. Instead of being broken, I'm feeling stronger in spirit and body than ever. And more determined to serve the Lord and fight the devil than at any time in the past. Bye for now, I love you. Hope it won't be long until we're together again. *Armand.*

Hopeful Signs Rising Again

September 1, 1976

My Wife and Sweetheart: Hi. August has passed and I'm still here. Nevertheless I ended the month rejoicing. Mail from you. And the horizon again seems to be lit up with more hope than it has for some time. That doesn't mean that the sun has risen; it could be some false lights like so often during the year, but things are looking more hopeful. As you may know, Assistant Secretary of State Mr. Rogers and another official were in Mozambique over the weekend. J. brought me food about 5 p.m., and before the guard had a chance to slam the door in his face as is the custom, J. quickly said they had discussed my case with Machel. Then during the last week we heard several reports that they plan to get all foreigners out of prison before the end of September. We hear that it was also announced on the Shangaan broadcast Monday night. Hope so. But as you

said, the State Department has had several promises and assurances. This is characteristic of the way things are being done here these days.

Surely there are strong winds of change blowing over Mozambique and over all of southern Africa. I only trust the free world will wake up before it's too late and realize what this means.

On Wednesday the 25th I had two new visitors from the American Embassy. The first I've had from the staff. They do not have residence permits, only diplomatic passes, so they have not come, because they didn't want to complicate or jeopardize my position. But since a year has gone by, they decided it couldn't make matters any worse, so decided to try. They were thoroughly searched at the door but managed to get in. It was wonderful talking to them. The staff has been wonderful to me—too much so when it comes to food. Today, besides two meals brought in by friends, J. brought a hamburger with rice and pineapple dish, baked apple, salad, and Pepsi. A little later, Mrs. C. brought American hamburgers, ketchup, dill pickles, olives, brownies, boiled eggs, and apples. But I'm really exercising willpower and sticking to little portions!

God bless you. I love you, Dear. *Armand*.

More Portuguese Leaving

September 5, 1976

My Precious Pauline. Since this is "mail day" (only certain days we can find a way to get letters out), I'll try to catch up on news. As I looked at these lines, I thought how hard it's going to be getting back to writing normal size and leaving all those wasteful margins on letters again!

The bright moon was shining into our cell this morn-

ing about 4 a.m., and I wondered if you were looking at it (about 10 p.m. in Pennsylvania).

M. said her husband went to Portugal to be there when his brother visited from Brazil, and to look for a place to live. She is cleaning up the shop and getting ready in case he sends for her to join him. They see no future in Mozambique, constantly living in fear, the shortage of food, with long *bichas* to buy what you can find, and all.

Last week four Rhodesians were released, so it looks like foreigners may be moving. I think I told you of reports that we'll be leaving soon. I hope so. You can tell Don and Hugh that George (the Italian) and Haq were released this week. Each had only a few minutes' notice. Not even time to say good-by. So I'm preparing my suitcase again, just in case.

On Thursday no supper came in. R.'s boy, about nine years old, skidded on the wet pavement in the rain and dropped all the food. We have lots of canned food, soups, eggs, fruit, and vegetables under the bed, so didn't starve. Mrs. C. sent in a bouquet of zinnias and fern, and Thursday noon I received a nice meal from Mrs. DePree, including half a red cherry pie—real American style. Again the page is full so must close. Your hubby, *Armand*.

Looking for the Day

September 8, 1976

My Precious Darling: Good morning. As I try to collect my thoughts, there seems to be very little new news to write about; but since the "mail" goes out today, I'll slip a little note in along with the enclosed notes. We are constantly looking for the day when our names will be called, and we



A picture of Mrs. Doll finally came through. Armand mounted it on this makeshift "frame" and fastened it up on the prison wall with chewing gum.

must not have a lot of collected notes, etc., to put in our suitcases, since everything is thoroughly searched when folk go out. I say we're looking for the day, but I realize that that's what we've been doing for months, yes, over a year. Nevertheless, that day WILL come. Yesterday was a red-letter day, or should I say a red CARD day for me. I was called to the police office and handed four cards from my honey-bunny-boo. Keep looking up. Love you more and more, if such is possible. But how can something be more and more when it's already most? Your hubby, *Armand*.

The Picture Came

September 9, 1976

Good morning, Sweetheart: Now this is a surprise and a record for me: two letters on two successive days. Usually it's possible to send only on Wednesdays and Sundays, but A. has to get out an urgent message, and will send my letters out, too. The same messenger who took my letter yesterday brought back your letter to me, so it really was a red LETTER day. A very extra special day because in the letter was a picture of my living Doll! I made a cardboard mount for it and pasted it on the wall with chewing gum so I can move it at will. You are looking wonderful. It will make my days brighter. Honey, I appreciate so much your concern and thought about writing to Machel. But I know the ambassador, as well as I, wants to be careful not to stir these creatures up to where they might resort to a kangaroo court just to find some reason to justify their keeping me here.

Until next time, all my love and prayers, *Armand*.

I Appreciate the Prayers

September 12, 1976

My Darling Pauline: In my hurry last time, I omitted some things: Please tell the brethren at the church that I truly appreciate every prayer. I trust it won't be too long before I'll be able to thank them personally. You mentioned my keeping up with the news. Yes, A. and I listen to several news broadcasts every day. The main interesting item is H. Kissinger's visit to southern Africa this week. He seems to be taking a greater interest in South Africa.

It has been several months since any of the Shangaans have visited me, so I'll be glad if some of them come with news of the church.

How happy I am for that picture you sent. I have mixed feelings. Naturally, it makes me homesick for you, but oh, the comfort and satisfaction to look at it and realize that **THERE** is my own companion, my sweetheart.

I'm feeling fine. Not one bit discouraged. Today I adapted Fanny Crosby's poem to say, *O, what a happy soul am I, / Although I am not free; / I am resolved that in this jail, / Contented I will be.* Last night I read Phil. 1: 7-8, 19: "How natural it is that I should feel as I do about you, for you have a very special place in my heart. . . . Only God knows how deep is my love and longing for you. . . . I am going to keep on being glad for I know that as you pray for me, and as the Holy Spirit helps me, this is all going to turn for my good"—and thought of you. Love, *Armand*.

P.S. Monday, September 13. This letter didn't go out yesterday. Some prisoners escaped so security tightened. Visits were cancelled, so I didn't see anyone.

Called to the Judiciary

September 17, 1976

My Sweetheart: I hope this is my last letter from this place. Things are looking brighter today. A. left this morning, so before the day is over you should be receiving a call from him. I hope you are home. He's been a real pal. Was here 20 months, so it's wonderful that he's been freed. Never charged or tried in court, but it's all in the past for him, P.T.L.

Yesterday I was called to the judiciary, and since I know he's told you all about it, I won't go into detail. But it's a good sign, and probably I'll get there to you before this letter. Nevertheless, since we never know what they're doing, I'll keep writing until they tell me I may go. One thing, yesterday, perhaps a clue to my being here: The inspector questioned me about my past history. I gave him a biography from the time I left high school. He asked, "Have you ever been involved in politics in any OTHER country?" Since this implied that I may have been involved in Mozambique, I replied, "No, I've never been involved in politics in ANY country." And then explained our policy and contract, explaining that our church works in any country where it's permitted to, whether capitalist or Communist, and that our missionaries are forbidden to have anything to do with the politics of the country where they work or serve as voluntary or paid informants to their home governments.

Received your cards. If I stay on, I'll answer in next letter. Blessings on you. All my love, *Armand*.

* * *



Part of the welcoming group in New York. Besides Mrs. Doll, were the Hugh Fribergs, left, and the Jerald Johnsons, right. Hugh was Armand's "fellow prisoner" until his own release in late April. Dr. Johnson is executive secretary of the Department of World Mission, who persistently worked for Rev. Doll's release throughout the time of his imprisonment.



(Left) Hugh Friberg rushes forward to embrace Armand Doll with whom he had been in prison for eight months. (Right) Dr. Coulter, general superintendent, was among the welcomers at New York.

Free at Last

This proved to be the last of Armand's prison letters. On the afternoon of September 17, he was taken to the office of the minister of internal affairs. There he saw the U.S. ambassador and realized that this might be the day he would be released. He was taken into a room with the two men, where the officer said to the ambassador, "I am glad to tell you that we've decided to release Mr. Doll."

The ambassador said, "How soon can that be?"

"As soon as you can arrange passage and passport," the officer replied.

"That's already arranged," the ambassador said. "Can he leave tomorrow morning?"

The officer seemed surprised, hesitated, then said, "Yes, I think so."

"Can Mr. Doll sleep at my house tonight?" asked the ambassador.

"No," the officer said, "he must go back to the prison tonight."

Mr. Doll returned to his cell, rejoicing, but half afraid to believe it was really true. He and his roommates celebrated with popcorn. The word got out and men gathered in his room to talk and say good-by. Armand did not get to bed until midnight, then got up again at 4 a.m. to pack. He divided up his canned goods among his friends. With a deep feeling of sadness, he left his friends—sadness that they had to remain and he was free.

As he went out of the jail, the guard confiscated all his magazines and papers that he had planned to take with him.

At the gate, the ambassador asked if Doll could ride to the airport in his car, but was refused. The guards and secret police took him in their car, and the ambassador followed them.

It was an anxious 15-minute ride, as Armand won-

dered if the guard at the prison would find anything among his confiscated papers that he disliked, and send word to the airport to detain him. Not until the plane was airborne could he be sure he was really being allowed to leave.

The plane landed in Johannesburg at 10 a.m., where Armand was allowed to meet with the other Mozambique missionaries for a final council meeting. Since he had no visa, he had to remain in the detention room. At 4 p.m., 50 or more South African missionaries and friends came to the airport to see him off. The shirt and tie Pauline had sent months before were taken in to him, and Paul Hetrick, Sr., took off his sport coat and gave it to Armand.

Armand Doll arrived in New York on September 19, expecting to be met by his wife, and perhaps his father and Dr. Jerald Johnson. He was not prepared for the tumultuous welcome he got. Mr. Arenalus of the State Department was there and took Mrs. Doll and Dr. Johnson back through all the lines, past customs, and up to the gate where Armand would enter.

"Take all the time you want together," he said to Pauline. "We'll wait."

When the Dolls were able to regain their composure, Mr. Arenalus took them out to meet Dr. George Coulter, Hugh and Evelyn Friberg, and the nearly 300 Nazarenes and friends, mostly from the New York and New England area, who had come to greet him.

They were singing as he came out, carrying the old clothside suitcase tied together with rope. At his fervent request, the whole crowd joyfully sang, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," with a special accent on the last phrase.

But Armand's dream of a quiet place where he and Pauline could settle down and "talk things over" has had to wait, for Nazarenes across the continent want to hear his story and see firsthand the answer to their prayers.