In the first place, the journal is a product of a literary adolescent
who wrote most of it after he had been totally immersed in the Tongan culture,
thinking and speaking only Tongan for over two years. The document is full
of second-language interference. What offends is more a lack of rhetorical
restraint than of truthful intent. There is the twisted grammar, the bloated
style in which every noun is accompanied by a heavy adjective, the
unidimensional point of view in which the missionary seems to be the chief figure
in a drama whose other characters stand vaguely in the wings, coming to life
only when his oversized shadow passes over them; there is too much interpreting
and not enough telling, the irritating author intrusion on the subject, the
victimizing of true poignancy by overwrought description. Overlooking these
matters of style, one can find in the journal the cumulative testimony of
and deep gratitude for the sustaining force of a Heavenly Father's love.
There is proof that the weak things of God are made useful for His purposes
and are blessed.

My arrival in Tonga was a rude and painful awakening to the special
requirements of a missionary in the Tongan mission. In my mind's eye, Tonga
was some exotic paradise inhabited by a sweet, simple people. As the old
passenger boat, the Tofua, glided cautiously toward the Nuku'alofa wharf
I wrote my first response to the Tongan Islands: "I thrill at the beauty
of this place. We are passing many small islands close enough to see the
beaches and the palm trees silhouetted against the morning sky. Two or three
sailboats are scurrying afar to some little island in the chain." What peace,
what serenity, and what a change of point of view as just a few minutes later
Elder Helquist, my traveling companion, and I were being jostled down the
gangplank into a dock milling with a dark, gibberish-speaking multitude.
The suffocating stench of the wharf and the seeming indifference of the dock
workers, the overwhelming humidity, and a total noncommunicability of
the Tongan language made a deep and frightening impression on me.

It was several minutes before we noticed a short, pudgy man in his early
70's dressed meticulously in white trousers and a grey coat, dark glasses,
swinging an umbrella, walking toward us. As I recall President Coombs was
more business than warm. He announced to Elder Helquist that he would
be the mission secretary for his entire mission. It was a terrible disappoint-
ment to Elder Helquist. I was somewhat disappointed in not being given that
assignment myself as palpable fear began to come over me as I contemplated
proselyting in such a primitive place. My fears were exacerbated by President
Coombs's blunt announcement to me, "Elder Shumway, you will be going out to
the bush early tomorrow. You will be stationed out at Ha'a and will be in
charge at first of eight Tongan missionaries. Don't stick your head in Liahona,
and don't you come down here to Nuku'alofa until you can speak Tongan. We've
not got room for you here."

Suddenly the hostility of the environment was exceeded by the hostility
of the mission president, and there was no comfort in his declaration that
there were no Tongan missionary lessons and no materials for learning the
language except the Bible and the Book of Mormon. I felt the first wave
of intense homesickness, very similar to that disease Elder W. O. Faser described
in his journal after he arrived in Tonga in 1906, "When you got that kind
of homesickness you wish your Mother hadn't had you."

The November 9th entry in the journal concluded with, "Tomorrow I hit
the bush with my native companion Vakapuna. The language seems impossible
and never have I felt more need for the Lord." The next journal entry was
made over three months later, February 25, 1960.

The experiences of the first four weeks were described in the journal
toward the close of my mission in March 1962. They are full of typical instances
of cultural shock, identity crisis, insufferable homesickness and despair.
My emotional survival seemed so tentative that I had to be on my guard constantly
to avoid reminders of how far away from home I was. Even the sight of a
Church magazine, a Be Honest with Yourself poster, a Church News, could conjure
up feelings of hopelessness.

The Tongans were very friendly, but in my condition their friendship
was frequently misinterpreted. I was invited to a luau in Ha'apulou (translated
"Clan of the Shroud") which featured bats, baked whole in coconut milk, and
wrapped in taro leaf. I shall never forget opening the little bundle and
staring at the grinning skull of a large bat known as the Flying Fox. Endless
streams of visitors came unannounced to our missionary quarters. Of course
they would want to practice their English. It was several months before
I realized the Tongans felt that the cure for homesickness to be constantly
in the presence of friends. For them there is no comfort in privacy. Many
of these visitors were Tongans who had finished their own missions. They
were full of stories of the heroic exploits of former missionaries from Zion—"No
one will ever match John Groberg," or "Ah, if only you could speak Tongan
like Elder Banks." This constant prizing of previous elders was hardly
the appropriate antidote for a despairing elder consumed by the fear of failure.

I attended my first public meeting with the saints two days after I
arrived. "As I sat in the meeting looking at them, they looking at me, I
asked myself, 'Why do they stare at me so without even smiling? How will
I learn this most impossible language and teach these stupid, staring people
and missionaries?' I can see no romantic tropical beauty at all in my situa-
tion." Ironically, as I wept on the stand from despair, the people watching
me wept because, as several commented later, they "saw that I was touched
by the spirit of the meeting."

To make matters worse I was plagued by the insufferable smell of body
oil which Tongans apply liberally on their legs and arms; and by the constant pounding of the mulberry bark to make tapa cloth; the whole village was one huge percussion section that made my ears ring for days. I heard it in my sleep.

Again, to their credit, the Tongan people were immensely friendly. They had a great deal of love for me from the beginning, but they had no pity. They would make no concessions in our relationship. I was the one who had to change for them. Certain behavior on my part was not tolerated. For example, the first time I tried to wash my own clothes outside of our quarters I received a sharp reprimand from Ana Malohifo’ou, the wife of the Tongan missionary who lived in a little Tongan fale behind the missionary apartment. I was made to understand that my washing clothes was a public insult to the sisters of the branch. "What will the nonmembers of us if they see our elder from Zion scrubbing his own clothes?" I resisted briefly, to explain through my Tongan companion, Vakapuna, about wash-and-wear clothing, drip drying, the need to be careful with delicate fabric. It all came across as smugness on my part.

In that first week I felt myself fast become a non-person. I desperately wanted to be loved and accepted by these people. One’s self-security often depends on what people think of you. I was feeling so bad about myself I had no confidence the people felt positive toward me. I was sure they were talking about me. The raised eyebrows, the snickers, the frequent use of the word palagi (the only word I could recognize), the movement of people at will in and out of the missionary headquarters-all became a form of tyranny that increased my loneliness. There was no way that I could establish self-worth without being able to speak the language. I had to become fluent in the Tongan language. This awareness was my immediate salvation. I spent many hours memorizing a three-line talk and testimony which I gave the first Sunday I was in Tonga. The positive acclaim I received from the people for that little sermon far exceeded my deserts. But from then on the Tongan people never failed to reward with praise and expressions of appreciation every stumbling effort I made to speak the language. I gave that same talk every Sunday and many times in between, adding a line here and a new expression there. My spirit fed on the compliments, "Olaue, tuku toone 'the leg faka Tonga (My, how fast he is learning to speak Tongan)." Unfortunately what was nourishing food to my wounded spirit in the beginning of my mission became by occasion a dangerous indulgence of my vanity later on.

The triumphant little talk on the first Sunday did not cure my depression. What did cure it was a special experience which I knew to be for the first time in my life an unmistakable, genuine, spiritual communication. It came as comfort in the fourth week at a point of distress when feelings of worthlessness and humiliation were so intense I felt I could not continue as a missionary. There was no visitation, no thunderclap-only a quiet, inexplicable sweet force penetrating my heart and making impressions on my mind in words of promise that I could understand: namely, that I was acceptable before the Lord now, that I would love these people as my own flesh, that I would learn to speak their tongue fluently, and my words would be sweet and palatable to them. In turn I promised to use the gift in a single-minded effort to testify of the truth of the gospel to as many people as might cross my path.

While this experience did not totally eliminate my homesickness and my occasional fears of failure, I felt a surge of faith and energy I had not quite felt before. I went on a language binge, memorizing and retaining as high as seventy-five new words a day. In the next few weeks I went through a series of euphoric highs as the Lord blessed my efforts, including President Coombes' announcement at a district conference five weeks after I had arrived in Tonga that I had learned the language through and by the gift of tongues. The journal entry response to this compliment reads, "I was filled at that
time with the most real sense of appreciation to Heavenly Father for the spiritual help and gift I received that day, for I had truly given all I had, in energy, study and practice, which was a small percent, but the Lord made up the rest."

The mastery of the language of course was not immediate. I was not spared the humiliation experienced by many second-language learners. I made my share of embarrassing mistakes. One day I proclaimed to a group of well-wishers at a wedding celebration that the custom of kissing the bride after the ceremony was similar in Tonga and America. Unfortunately instead of saying "kiss" I said "circumcise." Another time when I was saying goodbye to a sweet lady we had taught, I thought I was saying, "It is too bad that we have to part." What I actually said was, "It is too bad that I must now be weaned from your breast."

After the first seven or eight weeks of struggle, prayer, fasting, work, the spirit of missionary work filled me with a passion that sustained itself throughout my two and a half years in Tonga, especially in those early months when the challenges of the language and the naivety of the culture kept me humbled constantly before the Lord. Nearly every entry in the journal during this period of time concludes with a prayer of gratitude, sometimes in English, sometimes in Tongan, and a plea for help. I ceased praying in English after the first month on my mission.

The journal records several early instances of how the spirit of teaching and testimony overcame the shocks of poverty and cultural disparity. The following is an account of a visit to a very poor family in the village of Fea, Tongatapu four months after I arrived in Tonga:

I was sitting dejectedly with my companion in a dirty and miserable little Tongan hut waiting for the woman of the house to put on her clothes so we could begin our cottage meeting. The yard was filled with mud. I felt the already so-familiar invasion of Fijian fleas marching steadily up my every part. A large pig lay stretched in one of the two doorways of the little lean-to. Others lay heavily against the plaited walls from the outside. The mat on which I sat was just a little island on the dirt floor. Four small children, naked and dirty, tagged at my white shirt yelling, "Palangi, palangi (white man, white man)"

Suddenly the doorway was darkened by the immensity of the mother, wife, protector and ruler of this tropical abode. One roar from her was enough to shake the house, sending the pigs, chickens, and children fleeing in every direction. Sweat streamed from her masses as she scratched her gnarled and matted head. It wasn't long before the prayer was said and I started the flannelboard demonstration. I was hot, flea-ridden, sticky, and tired as I got into the lesson. I started to bear testimony of the divinity of the gospel. A peaceful inner warmth came into my heart as I realized words were being put into my mouth by the Spirit and they were being understood by this woman. Her eyes never left me. Her soul was hearing the message, and I was impressed with these words in my mind: "This is just one of the many precious spirits of God who want to be the judged and who is bound by poverty and ignorance."

Since that time I have never really noticed the things I go through to reach certain individuals. I have slept many times in dirty places, eaten bats, the meat of dogs, horses, whale, and jellyfish, but whatever circumstance I have found myself in, I am so heavily rewarded by outpourings of the Spirit and of love for these people.

Sometimes my fervor led to overconfidence and bad judgment, as in the case of a near disastrous public meeting we held in the center of one of the most hostile villages in Tonga. We had held our meetings previously in that village in the home of a highly respected citizen. Only a few people showed up to these meetings. I wanted to move closer to the center of town for better exposure. We secured a small, single-frame home with a tin roof which stood right across the street from the Methodist church. The idea was that our voices would carry for a long way to the yards and houses of the people around the church. Several older missionaries tried to persuade me not to be so bold, and, in their words, "comitative." I reminded them that I was in charge and all would be well. I nearly paid dearly for that misjudgment, for no sooner had we started the meeting than rocks began raining on the small house and through the doorway. We all scrambled for cover. Not wanting to be intimidated, I insisted that we continue the service, only to be met with catcalls and insults from outside. At the conclusion of our meeting, during the question and answer time, several men of the village...
entered and asked questions that I could not handle well. The meeting ended in chaos.

One of the greatest blessings of my mission was the unmitigated loyalty and love of my fellow Tongan missionaries. Their love was shown most of all in the way they pushed me and molded me and kept me constantly before the public. At first I felt that this insistence that I "go public" became a form of persecution, but it kept me humble and forced me to constantly try to speak my best. Perhaps Hiti Kini, 63 years old, was my most pitiless and my greatest teacher in the Tongan language and custom. One day we were traveling by tugboat across the channel from Tongatapu to Eua. The voyage, though but a few hours, was always treacherous and sickening. I remember stepping onto the little boat early that morning. The stench of diesel oil and farm animals was so heavy I felt my gorge rising. The deck was full of people, animals, and plantation crops. What I didn't lose of my breakfast because of the smell I was sure the high seas would take care of. As we steamed out to sea I gripped the rail tightly and leaned over for the inevitable. Suddenly I could hear Elder Kini speaking to the crowded passengers in a voice that rang above the whir of engines and the sounds of animals: "My dear countrymen, we are most fortunate today to have as our fellow traveler a young white man from America, who is here to give you a special message in your own tongue. He is dying to address you. I introduce to you Elder Eric Shumway from America."

I felt great irritation at Kini's lack of consideration for my illness. Nevertheless, he pulled me away from the railing and bade me speak. The Spirit was present. I spoke for the entire length of the crossing. Words came easily and fluently. I did not lose my breakfast.

Before going to Tonga I had never seen such faith to heal and to be healed as I witnessed among the Tongan saints. I had heard all my life about the faith of the Polynesians, but I was somewhat unprepared for the depth of belief which many of them have. A missionary is constantly being called upon to fast, pray, or administer to someone in distress, such as the wife of one of our missionaries. Her name was Laukau. When she was eight months pregnant I visited them in Fasi village to go treating with her husband. Laukau had been ill for some time. When we returned from our work she informed us she had been to see her doctor about her pregnancy. She had not felt life in her womb for many days. The doctor told her that the baby was dead and that it must be removed immediately or the mother's life would be in danger also. Laukau flatly told the doctor that there would be no operation—she would simply ask her missionary from Zion to give her a blessing. It was a fearful moment for me to lay my hands upon a woman of such faith.

I prayed mightily unto the Lord to spare the child. The next morning Samu came to Nuku'alofa to tell me that at four o'clock a.m. his wife had been awakened by a sharp kick in her womb. The baby was alive and well. The doctors were amazed that the baby was alive again, but informed Laukau that she would never deliver it normally, and the baby must be removed by Caesarean section. I quote excerpts here from the journal: "I met Laukau the next week. She was overjoyed at seeing me and insisted that I remain long enough to allow her to fix a meal. She cried and fussed, mumbling all the time, 'I just haven't got enough to give this servant of the Lord who saved my baby.' After I had finished the meal she had prepared she asked me again to administer to her so she could have the baby normally. She had been in light labor for several hours. We administered to her again and rushed to the hospital. Her baby was born without pain to the mother and so fast that the doctors only heard about it from the nurse who delivered it.

In my two and a half years as a missionary I had five companions with whom I lived in the elder's quarters. For about nine months I lived in the mission house in Nuku'alofa without a companion. I tracted each day of the
week with one of the married missionaries living in the various villages on Tongatapu. The mission president, who seemed so unkind in the beginning, had become a close and very loving influence in my life. President Cooks was very trusting. As a supervising elder on Tongatapu, I pretty much came and went as I pleased. There was a surge in the number of baptisms in the mission. The annual baptisms of 1960 and '61 were several times the average annual baptisms of the entire previous decade. The success was due to one principal cause: We were simply teaching more than we were working in branches.

I was blessed to be able to work in every major island group and most of the outer islands. I absorbed the Tongan culture and language by the method of strict observation and imitation. My Tongan mannerisms frequently irritated the mission secretary, who was always needing me for what he called my "oratorical raimings" instead of speeches. After one street meeting he attended in downtown Nuku'alofa he told me later that he would never go hear me speak again. "Elder, you'll never convert anybody by screaming and waving your arms at him," was his only commentary about the meeting. That was the first time I realized that I had thoroughly assimilated the Tongan pulpit manners.

But there were several manners among certain Tongans which were totally incompatible to my nature, particularly the violence of their discipline to children and wives. There is in the journal a pathetic account of a community's hostility toward a young woman on the day of her baptism. Her husband had previously agreed to her joining the Church, and all was arranged for us to pick her up and take her to Liahona where the baptism would be held.

The following is excerpted from the journal:

Before we reached her home I could tell something was up in the village. Indeed, the whole town was in an uproar about Rachel's baptism in the Mormon Church. When we arrived, Rachel was standing pathetically outside her home, wearing a delicate white dress for her "new birth." She was surrounded by four or five elderly women with knives and sticks in their hands. The women were dressed in Tongan mourning costumes, with large filthy mats tied around their waists. Their long kinky hair stuck straight out in all directions. Their anger was all the more frightful because of their appearance. They are forbidden by Tongan custom to comb their hair or bathe their body during the mourning period. Thus they looked exactly like Satan's angels and I was soon to find out they played the part perfectly. Making threatening gestures with bush knives, they yelled such things as, "We'll rip you apart and cut you to little pieces if you are baptized into that fool's church."

Even though my companion at the time was a well-respected high chief from a nearby village, when I appeared on the scene the hostility toward Rachel became even more spectacular. Nafa and I were conducted immediately inside the house. Ministers from each of the churches in the village, including the Seventh Day Adventist congregation, were there to confront us. They accused us of everything from sheep stealing to wife stealing. The husband, much changed from three days earlier said, "You don't know my wife like I do. She only wants to join the church so she can dance. There is probably some man she is after in your church."

At that moment Rachel's older sister arrived. In the Tongan family hierarchy the oldest sister has more authority than the parents. The sister's name was Dove, but she was screaming like a madwoman. She beat Rachel severely with a stick. I was so alarmed at what looked like sure death for Rachel I was ready to make it my last stand, too. Fortunately my companion pulled me down and said, "You will only make it worse if you do anything. Assume the family and the people are wrong and there will be no baptism." So I assured the family and we rose to leave, at which point Dove dragged Rachel into the house and proceeded to beat her in front of all the ministers. We left the house and jeers and pointing fingers. Dove yelled something at us that we didn't catch, but the crowd went crazy with laughter. I really felt that we were leaving Rachel to a martyr's fate. Nafa did not seem concerned. He merely said gruffly, "Not even policemen and the law have the tradition and the right of the oldest in the family to discipline the other siblings."

I couldn't sleep that night, just thinking about the awful experience Rachel must be going through. The following Sunday we visited the branch in that village. As I gave the concluding speech in the sacrament meeting, I noticed through the window a limping figure making its way up the rutty road to the chapel. It was Rachel carrying her six-month old baby to church. Rachel walked up the steps and sat down among the saints. I changed my subject and spoke directly to her on the words of Jesus Christ: "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Rachel was baptized two weeks later with her husband's permission.

The potential of violence against the missionaries was very real in some areas of Tongatapu and Vava'u. However, after my investiture with a chiefly title by the high noble Nuku, the likelihood of anyone abusing me personally or any of my missionaries was very slim. However, one of our
new converts and one elderly missionary were beaten up after a night maslopa
in the little town of Hofoa. The missionary was indiscreet in his reference
to the great and abominable church; the new convert made fun of the church
of his forefathers. Now when we baptized five people in the community there
seemed to be real cause for a town emergency. New and old members alike
felt the heat of persecution.

The town was full of rough men who were neither employed nor in school.
They were subsistence farmers who spent afternoons drinking kava and doing
mischief. After the Mormon missionaries had been run out of town, this gang
of boys told Tu'ipuloto, the only long-standing member of the Church in the
community, that the next Mormon missionary, white or brown, who set foot
in Hofoa would be shot. The journal entry reads:

On Monday afternoon I and Sione Koki went out to Hofoa to see the artists
and the new converts. As we parked the car in front of the home of Tu'ipuloto
she came running out wringing her hands and crying, "Oh, Elder Shumway,
you can't visit here today. You must go. This town is wicked. These evil men are just waiting for you or any other Mormon. It would be terrible if they did anything to you!" She raved, begged, and cried for us to leave.

It was in Tu'ipuloto's house that the new convert and missionary
were beaten up six months before. I assured her that no one was going
to be hurt and asked her to show me where this "murderous" clique was.
She pointed to a vacant lot about 200 yards away where about ten large
Tongan fellows were sprawled out on the grass, beating the ground with
bush knives and whittling sticks. They had seen us drive up in the
little car. I told Tu'ipuloto I wanted to go talk to them. "Oh, no you're not," she said. She made a move to stop me, but I assured her
again that no one would dare do anything to me, Faivaloa. The whole
situation seemed comic to me, even my own bravado. My Tongan companion,
however, was glad to stay at the car. Leaving my basket full of books
in the car I walked across the street toward this group of young men.
I walked right toward them. My apparent boldness took them by surprise.
Giving no one a chance to speak first, I introduced myself, shaking
each of their hands, and sat down on the ground in their midst. We
were friends in an instant. They were very willing to laugh at my stories
and asked questions about America, Arizona, and cowboys and Indians.

For one hour we laughed and joked and they seemed to forget their
hatred and their threat to shoot the Mormons. When I got up to leave
I extended them an invitation to attend our malanga that night. "There's
nothing wrong with just coming to listen," I said. "You bet!" they
chorused together. "And you can help us keep the peace," I invited.
"You can count on us, Samuel," they said. A few weeks later a branch
of the Church was established formally in Hofoa. Counting the children,
over 20 members of the Church were present.

Today Hofoa Ward, with its new brick chapel, is one of the most active in
Tonga.

When one has a tendency to strut and preen in the mission field, a thousand
things can happen to put him in his place. I confess that my missionary
journal is full of instances which demonstrate the rise and fall cycle of
humility, success, pride, failure, despair, and then humility again. It
was fun, frankly, to be the only white person in many of the islands where
I lived and visited. I enjoyed the celebrity, especially after having received
my title. I was welcome everywhere.

But vanity is especially deadly to missionary work. I was brought to
my knees many times, and reminded from what source I really had my strength
and being. When I was stationed in Vava'u the missionary work there had
ignited into great successes and many baptisms. We were riding a crest of
newly-won credibility with many nonmembers. Inevitably I began to exaggerate
in my own mind how much this success was due to my efforts and influence.
The following is an account of one of the several ego surgeries I needed
several times in my mission:

With the approval of the mission president, I took all of the missionaries
in Vava'u on a two-day fishing and camping trip to one of the outermost
islands in Vava'u. This recreational activity was a reward for the
cumulative hard work of these wonderful men. We slept on the beach,
drank coconut water, swam, fished, swapped stories, discussed scriptures,
debated doctrine, and generally relaxed.

Several of the missionaries introduced me to the art of snorkeling
and spearfishing on the shallow reef around the island. Among my meager
prizes was a little octopus and several small fish. When I wrote to
my parents about the activity I fear that I exaggerated somewhat the
significance of my fishing achievements. In Tonga tiny children
and old women catch fish and pick up squid and octopus off the reef
daily—no big deal. Mom shared my octopus story with the local newspaper
editor. You can imagine my chagrin a few weeks later when I received
a copy of the front page of that newspaper. The headlines were "RECKLESS
SHUMWAY CATCHES OCTOPUS, HONORS RESPECT OF TONGAN PEOPLE." Our house
girl, master of irony and caricature that she was, read English well.
She happened to see the newspaper clipping, read the headlines, and stood
before me in mock admiration. Bowing deeply she said, "Shumway, I respect
you," then burst into devilish laughter. The story circulated and I
have not lived it down to this day.
My frequent lessons in humility were usually not come in nature. Many journal entries are prayers and pleadings for forgiveness and help to overcome special problems. One of these problems was a near-crisis of faith recorded in an unfinished entry about the death of Hola Motu'apuaka.

Hola was the wife of the highest chiefly attendant in the Kingdom of Tonga, Motu'apuaka. She had married him, attended the Methodist Church for years, and had just become active again in the Church. Hola had become deathly ill with a very difficult pregnancy. My companion and I visited her many times in her home and in the hospital. We fasted for her several times, and administered to her. Each time she was anointed she would make a brief recovery, but then became ill again. We administered to her on several occasions, each time promising life to her and the baby.

The intensity of Hola's suffering and the helplessness of her husband and the doctors were most pitiful to me. I felt assured that she would live, and so promised Motu'apuaka. Somehow I had it in my mind that a miraculous recovery was exactly what was needed to jar the nobility loose from the State church. I saw Motu'apuaka as the key. As I recall, I made this point several times in my prayers. I felt no joy in my work as long as Hola was ill.

I was sure the Lord would not let us down. Everything was at stake. The Queen herself was aware of what was happening with Hola.

When the message came that Hola was in distress and would I please come and give her a blessing, I panicked, realizing that the request had come from Motu'apuaka himself. We arrived at the hospital to find Hola in a deep coma. Her grand, dignified husband stood at her bedside quite unwilling to show the fear that he no doubt felt. We blessed Hola again to recover and to live to raise her baby. Then we stood aside to offer whatever comfort we could give to Motu'apuaka. The nurses attending her were very alarmed. Doctors had been in and out all day. Momentarily three of the best Tongan physicians in the kingdom entered. Hola was not responding. I heard one of the doctors say that she must be brought out of her coma. With that he seized her violently, called her by name, slapped her face, called her name again, shook her, but still no response. Hola never did regain consciousness.

When Hola passed away, I fell into a deep depression. I felt as alone, as betrayed, and as unworthy as I had ever felt during my first week in Tonga. I simply went to bed and wept. I was a dark hour for me. Thanks to a very wise and tender mission president, the one I felt was so hostile in the beginning, I think perhaps I was saved from complete despair. He opened my door, walked in, and sat on the bed. I remember nothing specifically about what he said, but his words spoke peace to my heart. I was relieved the next day to find out that Motu'apuaka had announced that his wife was having a Mormon funeral which would be held at the graveside. Graveside funerals were the custom in Tonga. President Combs and I spoke at the funeral to over 5,000 Tongans, most of whom were not members of the Church. Motu'apuaka has never remarried. He was baptized into the Church in 1979. To this day he remains a fast friend of the Showays.

Among the many sweet relationships I had among the Tongan people, I think I cherished most highly my association with Tongan children. I seemed to appeal to them, and they certainly appealed to me. Everywhere I would go in my little Ford Anglia, if I met a group of children at the side of the road I would stop and talk to them. They saw so few white people and most of them had never heard a white person speak Tongan. I would ask them to remember my name and greet me anytime they saw me, in or out of the car or along the road. Children in every village received the same invitation until I could drive from one end of the island to the other in any direction and hear choruses of children shouting as I went by, "Sameui, Sameui, Sameui!" I have often wondered if this acquaintance with so many of the children of Tonga did not help to soften the hearts of parents toward the Mormon missionar-
ies. I remember one little boy especially who made an impact on my life because of his faith. The following is a journal entry entitled "A Child's Testimony".

We had labored a lot with Tauveli, Anau, and their little boy Viliami. Viliami was four years old. The father, Tauveli, had attended high school and was pretty cocky about what he knew. Tauveli had stopped his wife from being baptized, but permitted little Viliami to be blessed in the Church and to attend primary and even Sunday School. Tauveli would have nothing to do with the Church. Several missionaries had visited him, but their visits always ended in a quarrel, with Tauveli usually making them look ridiculous and silly.

One rainy afternoon my companion and I passed by Tauveli's place. We could see him and his wife in their little Hale pote, or kitchen, and were impressed to stop and visit them. We parked the car and made a dash for the little hut, entering and sitting down without saying a word. This is permissible in the Tongan custom among those with whom you are acquainted. My sixty-three year old companion, Muli Kinkini, was not as fast as I. He came in dripping wet. We asked for a chance to talk about the gospel. Tauveli said it was o.k. if we wouldn't make too much noise, for little Viliami was ill and asleep. We could see him curled up under a tapa cloth blanket by his mother. We offered a prayer and Elder Kinkini gave the discussion on the apostasy.

Tauveli was not in the mood for anything but arguing. We mulled through the discussion on the apostasy, and I proceeded with the lesson on the Restoration, thinking perhaps that he would show a little more respect for me. When I reached the part in the discussion about Peter, James and John appearing to the Prophet Joseph Smith to give him the higher priesthood, Tauveli just boasted, "Oh, that's what you Mormons say, or that's what Smith said, but who was it Smith to verify this manifestation? No one, absolutely no one! He could have made it up, you know--or did you Mormons think of that? Where was a witness? Who? No one."

I felt a bit discouraged with this fellow and with myself for not making it clear that Joseph was not alone. But before I could answer his question, suddenly little Viliami sprang up from his tapa cloth, his black eyes blazing, his long curly hair matted against his hot sweaty little face and said furiously, in a high child's voice: "Tauveli, (children in Tonga call their parents by their first name) don't you know anything? Haven't you ever heard of Oliver Cowley? The angels came to him and Joseph Smith. Can't you count? One, two! That's two testimonies. Didn't you know that? And what's wrong with your church anyway? Jesus was baptized in the river Jordan, and put under the water and then brought out of the water, but your church sprinkles little babies from a little cup before they know anything. Do you believe that? You hate my church because it's the right church." It was a powerful moment for this man and for us. Tears appeared in Tauveli's eyes and he bowed his head in shame. Little Viliami, product of the Ha'atele Branch primary, lay down as quickly as he had gotten up, and slept.

We finished the lesson with a testimony and a prayer. "Yes, even babies did open their mouths and utter marvelous things."

Many other important things are recorded in the journal. I am touched by the account of the humble Tongan branch president, who, in the fury of a 150-mile-an-hour hurricane, saved his little single-frame home from certain destruction by a simple command, "In the name of Jesus Christ, and by the power of the holy priesthood which I bear, I command you, yes, this whole house, to remain solidly and completely throughout this wind." I am equally touched by the account of an elderly lady who, a week and a half before I arrived at her doorstep, sew in a dream the white man who would bring her a gospel of peace and salvation. She did not see the face of the white man clearly, but she was sure of his identity because of a bright red birthmark on his neck. I am moved by the account of the Mormon husband whose newly converted wife begs him to find his way back during a hurricane to their devastated house to search for her primary rollbook with which she was entrustt in her first calling in the Kingdom of God.

Most of all I am moved by the greatness and love of the Tongan people; for example, my companion Kinkini insisting on my eating the only meat in his house (a little duckling) while his hungry children sat around watching me and waiting for their own meatless supper of taro and breadfruit. Said Kinkini, "I want them to be able to tell their children that they had the privilege of going without so that a servant of God could eat and be filled."

"God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." One of the greatest wonders perhaps in my life was my own transformation in the mission field and the strength and the comfort of a personal testimony, gained among an elect people and recorded in an ill-written, but highly precious missionary journal.