

68-10-17

(10) - (17)

(8)

Most men that were in the service in World War II could tell many stories of their time in the armed forces and I am no different. However I want to relate this to help someone realize the joyous experiences the Lord works into a Christian's life.

I had joined the Air Corps as a glider pilot in 1942. After several moves and training basis I was sent to Albuquerque, New Mexico to Kirkland Field.

I went to the First Baptist church and of course ended up in a young peoples department on Sunday. There was a Youth Director there at the time by the name of Harriet Gallin. She was quite burdened for reaching service men for Christ and influencing them for the Lord while they were in Albuquerque.

We did fun things after services occasionally and one particular night a bunch of us went to her home. I ended up reading short stories of Bret Hart's and had a whole gang ~~in~~ roaring with laughter at the stories.

I helped get a week night Bible study started for the young people and Miss Gallin was able to get one of the men of the church to teach it.

Soon after getting it started I was shipped out to Houston, Texas to start cadet training as a navigator.

Many things happened after that in my life, training, overseas, combat, back to the states, marriage, home to Omaha, ~~Nebraska~~, job changes, and then a real shocker in 1946. I got saved through a Bible class similar to the one I had help start in Albuquerque some years earlier.

God really changed my life and then in 1951 I was recalled in the Korean

War.

Some years later when I had been recalled in the Korean War and was stationed at Randolph Field, I found out Miss Gatlin was in a small church working, South of San Antonio where I was stationed. I drove to see her and share with her how God had changed my life after World War II but before the Korean War. It was a thrill to tell her about my marriage to Dorothy and all the many things God had done in my life since I had seen her in Albuquerque.

She was thrilled to see me and hear what had happened to me during the War and about my coming to know the Lord. We had a good time and I of course had to leave again.

We exchanged Christmas greetings and kept in touch occasionally but of course years go by and cards get fewer and farther between. Addresses change and moves are made that make contact less feasible. The next 30 years went by and my daughters grew up and left home into their own world of experience and life.

My middle daughter Linda became a city missionary for Christian Women's Clubs and Stonecroft Ministries. Her travels have taken her all over the United States and Canada for over 15 years.

In her travels she worked in Mississippi and stayed with a lady for a month or two in Natchez, Mississippi. The lady was a widow and had an extra apartment in her living quarters for Linda and her partner Sandra to stay

in.

Sometime in 1984, after Linda left Mississippi, my wife and I made plans to visit the antebellum homes in Natchez, Mississippi. We wanted to see the flowers and homes on display from civil war times.

Linda wrote us to be sure and meet Eunice Hayland and take her out to lunch.

Of course we called Mrs. Hayland, took her to lunch, and in conversation I asked if she had always lived in Mississippi.

She said, "No, I ~~have~~ lived in Albuquerque for many years and came back here to Mississippi after my husband died."

Since she appeared to be in her seventies, I asked her if she was there in Albuquerque in 1943.

She said, "Yes, my husband was gone into the service during those years."

I asked her, "What church did you go to at that time?"

She said, "First Baptist."

I said, "Did you ever know Harriet Gatlin?"

All excited, she exclaimed, "Yes, she lived with me while my husband was gone during the war and she is my very best friend in the world."

All of this conversation took place over lunch so I asked if she knew where Harriet was living now. She said she was still in Albuquerque, in her late eighties and losing her eyesight so she couldn't paint or read much any more.

I said, "When we get back to your house I am going to call her long

distance and talk to her, I haven't known where she was for several years."

Then Eunice said to me, "There is no use calling her, she wouldn't even remember you, there is no use calling."

We got back to the house and I insisted on making the phone call. Mrs. Hayland thought it was ridiculous to think Harriet would remember Frank Parmer after all those years.

I finally got the phone number and had Eunice call Harriet. When Harriet answered, they greeted one another and then Eunice said to Harriet, "I have a man here name of Frank Parmer that says you know him from years ago."

I could hear Harriet scream into the phone, "Frank Parmer! Put him on, I haven't heard from him for years and I was thinking of him last week."

To say we had a great reunion on the phone is the understatement of the year. What a joy that the Lord had my daughter stay in that ladies apartment and God arranged for my wife and ^{me} to meet Eunice Hayland.

I had gone to Brazil in 1963 on a mission trip with a Houston Southern Baptist partnership mission group.

When I got my room assignment at the hotel I was put in a room for a week with Dr. Broaddus Hale, a professor at the Baptist Seminary in Rio De Janiero.

In getting acquainted with him the first day there, we of course asked each other where we were from back in the states. I explained how I was from

Houston, Texas and had been for thirty one years. Then I asked him,

, "Where ^{are} ~~were~~ you from?"

He said, " I was raised in Albuquerque, New Mexico. "

I asked him , "Did you know Miss Harriet Gatlin during 1942 and 1943?"

Dr. Hale said, "Sure, my father was chairman of the deacons and best friend of the pastor and I was in the church all the time as a teenager then."