

TOGETHER IN GALILEE

ROBERT MARTIN

Together in Galilee

by Robert Martin

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To NANCY LOUISE MARTIN—
my partner and friend—who shared
life's journey together in Galilee and
beyond, and to our children and
grandchildren.

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Among the many family members, colleagues, and friends I owe a debt of gratitude and thanks are: Nancy's and my family who prayed for, supported and encouraged us and cared for our aging parents while we lived abroad; the staff of the Mennonite Board of Missions and Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charity (now EMM), Paul Kraybill, JD Graber, Wilbert Shenk, Dorsa Mishler, Dale Schumm, Ron Yoder, Stanley Green; MBM and MCC colleagues in Israel; Edinburgh Medical Mission Society Directors and Administrators, John Tester, John Barclay, Fred Aitken, David Harrison, Andrew Young; Nazareth Project, Darryl Landis, Sue Shirk, H. A. Penner, Deans and Midge Crystle (who volunteered 14 years of her time directing NPI), Welby Leaman; Nazareth Hospital colleagues, George Abdo (business), Kamal Abod (laboratory director), Lany van Kralligan, Sheila Drummond, Shelagh Wynn, Randa Elias (Directors of Nursing); and Pastoral Care, Carl Vischer, Joe Haines, David Allen, Suhail Batish.

My sincere thanks to ALL friends, hospital colleagues and staff, mission coworkers, and all who have contributed through prayer and financially to our support and the work of the Nazareth Hospital and School of Nursing. TO GOD BE THE GLORY!

PREFACE

I desire that my story will honor God by telling how He led me in life and formed me into being the person that I am today, and I also want to honor my wife, Nancy, our children, grandchildren, and all who have made this a wonderful and exciting life journey—a journey that took us to Galilee with a focus on medical mission work that extended over six decades.

I have never enjoyed writing. However, my wife, Nancy, had a gift for writing, and our plan was that she would take the lead in writing our story in retirement. I retired on December 31, 2018, and the week after retiring I began to sort through photos and organize them in preparation for writing. During this period of sorting photos, Nancy was having medical exams to determine the cause of pain present for the previous six months. Her health deteriorated in 2019 and in May she was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and died September 16, 2019. She left behind journals and letters that have helped to jog my memory. In many ways, *my* story is *our* story, and in many instances the pronouns “I” and “we,” and “my” and “our,” are interchangeable. Over the past 25 years, since returning from our work in Israel, we were asked many times, “When will you write your life story?” Our answer was always, “When we retire.” It was just weeks after Nancy’s death that it occurred to me: I’m still here, I can do it.

I began writing on January 2, 2020, and very soon after I heard about a strange new viral disease, COVID-19, that was spreading worldwide from China. By mid March, about midway through writing the manuscript, we as a nation were on lockdown and confined to our homes. For me, this was the perfect opportunity to stay with the project and bring it to completion by May 1. My hope is to have it published by the first anniversary of Nancy’s death, September 16, 2020.

FOREWORD

I count it a great privilege and honor to have been invited to contribute to this very personal and precious record of the life of Bob and Nancy Martin. My own life and Christian journey has been interwoven with theirs over nearly 45 years and at various times Bob was my teacher, my mentor, and my boss at the Nazareth Hospital, while Nancy was a colleague and confidante as we served nine years together more recently on the Board of The Nazareth Trust. Above and beyond this, however, they have been a brother and sister in Christ, and their lives of service are crowned by a spiritual depth of unwavering faith in Christ, and in their ability to inspire and encourage others.

In Chapters 14 and 15 Bob writes about his commitment to enhancing the experience of elective medical students passing through the Nazareth. It was in this capacity I first met him in late September 1976, and I will always remember the encounter. I reached the hospital in the afternoon and waited for him in one of the old outpatient rooms. In due course he arrived from his busy clinical duties, greeted me warmly and firmly by the hand, welcoming me with his hallmark broad and beaming smile. He wanted to know all about me, fixed his gaze to mine, and shortly asked me about my expectations for the upcoming elective period. I was unprepared for this question but quickly made up something about medicine and pediatric experience, which he facilitated.

Some 12 years later, having been one of the hospital's pediatricians for several years, my career interests and intentions were turning to clinical genetics. Again Bob, this time as General Director, was hugely supportive, and that was the start of the next phase of my career. Years later, well established in my genetics career and visit-

ing Philadelphia for a conference, a visit to the Martins at Lancaster was enriched by a surprise excursion, arranged by Bob, to the Amish Special Clinic near Strasburg where many severe genetic diseases are monitored and managed. They would so often go out of their way for the needs and interests of others.

There will be many unrecorded stories of medical careers influenced in some way by Bob Martin, and many nursing careers at senior levels made possible through Nancy's hard work and expertise, especially in Nazareth and Galilee. For aspiring physicians and nurses of the future there is every reason to believe their influence will continue through this brief but absorbing biographical gem. Reading through this book myself, I have inevitably learned a great deal about Bob and Nancy that I never knew, and what has struck me most are the challenges and conflicts they faced in responding to the calls to return to Nazareth, especially for the third period, 1987-1995. When one looks up to those who have demonstrated faith and provided wisdom, one does not always appreciate the struggles that mentors have experienced—but these invariably constitute the very substance and foundation of lives that are turned into blessing for others. A reminder, if needed, of the central truth and mystery of the relationship between suffering and grace.

Dr. John Tester (a spiritual parent to me) liked what he witnessed in the lives of Mennonites serving in Israel in the early 1960s, which left him with confidence to trust the Mennonite Board for their choice of physician to join the staff of the Nazareth Hospital in 1965. Dr Hans Bernath expressed the same about Mennonites, with their Christian mission characterized by a readiness to share the Gospel within the context of faith-filled lives and relationships, offering devoted and practical service to others. Bob and Nancy have exemplified the very best of Mennonite tradition.

Like King David of Old Testament Israel, Bob and Nancy were both the youngest of large families from farming stock, though raised in a faraway country and in very different times. Like him, they

squared up to Goliaths of the present age, and overcame. Through Divine guidance and obedience they have unwittingly, and without pretense, left their own legacies in the land—indeed, the hometown and backyard—of Christ the King.

- Peter Turnpenny

*Consultant Clinical Geneticist & Clinical Professor, University of
Exeter Medical School, UK*

THE FAMILY LINE

CHAPTER 1

I was born August 9, 1938, at our family farm home in rural York Co., Pa., near the village of Menges Mills. I was the youngest of seven children born between 1924 and 1938. My siblings, in order of their birth, were: Hershey, Gertrude, Barbara, William Jr., Jane, and Virginia. All except Virginia were married by the time I was age 12 in 1950. My mother, Florence Hershey, grew up on this farm; in fact, her Hershey ancestors, Christian and Andrew Hershey, obtained the land in 1734 from Lord Baltimore.

The Hersheys were Anabaptists who immigrated to America from Switzerland in 1717. Andrew's son, Andrew Jr., built a mill



Family Farmhouse



Childhood siblings: Hershey, Gertrude, Barbara, Bill, Jane and Virginia.



John F. Hershey, maternal great-grandfather.



Robert, age 1.

on the Codorus Creek in 1748, which became the longest family-operated gristmill in America up until the time it ceased operations 215 years later in 1963.

My maternal grandfather, Jacob Hershey, and his wife Minnie, had three daughters, Susan, Florence, and Barbara. Florence, my mother and the middle daughter, was born in 1902. Grandfather Hershey died in 1939 when I was one year old, so I have no memories of him. I am told he was a laid-back kind of man with a kind heart, but a trickster who enjoyed pranks. This was the time of the Great Depression when homeless folks occasionally stopped by the farm on their way walking the railroad between cities. They asked if they could sleep overnight in the barn. Grandpa Hershey would camouflage the hay hole in the floor, covering it with straw, directing the visitor to make his bed in the vicinity of the camouflaged opening that dropped into the cow pen below! When his wife, Minnie, died in 1930, just one year after he inherited the farm from his father, John F., he lost interest in the maintenance and offered to sell it to one of his sons-in-law. My father purchased the farm and moved his family of five from Stuarts Draft, Va., to Menges Mills, Pa. It was on this farm that I was born eight years later in 1938.

My paternal grandfather, Daniel Roth Martin, growing up near Hagerstown, Md., was a young boy at the time of the Civil War. His life story is told in the book, *Dannie of Cedar Cliffs*, written by Christmas Carol Kauffman in 1950. As a young man he moved south into the Shenandoah Valley and married Savilla Driver. My father was born in the Shenan-



Bob's paternal grandparents, Danny and Savilla Martin, 1950.

doah Valley of Virginia in 1900. He was the fifth of ten children in his family.

Dad had a fifth-grade education but was a keen observer of life and a lifelong learner. As a young man he worked on the family farm along with his brother John. Being a farm worker, he was deferred from conscription to fight in World War I. During this time, President Woodrow Wilson was from the nearby town of Staunton, Va., just 12 miles down the road. During a visit in 1922 to see relatives in Hanover, Pa., a distant relative suggested Dad look up a young woman named Florence Hershey. Florence lived on a well-maintained farm near Menges Mills, adjacent to the trolley line between Hanover and York. Dad traveled unannounced by trolley to the Jacob Hershey farm and introduced himself. He was welcomed and invited to stay the night, and after that to stay another two or three days. Seeing Florence with her coal black hair and rosy cheeks, he knew at first sight this was the girl he wanted to marry. Return-



Bob's dad, 1918.



Florence E. Hershey, Bob's mother.

ing back home to Virginia, he knew he had found the love of his life. They exchanged frequent letters over the following months, and on March 22, 1923, they were married. They began life together in Pennsylvania where Dad worked in a laundry in York, but that did not last long. His father thought he looked pale and unwell from working indoors ironing shirts and recommended they move back to Virginia. Dad and Mother purchased a small farm with an apple orchard in the Stuarts Draft community where he grew up. He enjoyed working the orchard and working the ground. On one occasion, he sent by rail freight a bushel of his nicest apples to President Calvin Coolidge and was proud to show his friends the “thank you” letter he received from the president.

FARM BOY

CHAPTER 2

I needed to get used to being referred to as the baby in the family. My oldest sibling was Hershey, and the youngest Virginia, ranging in age from 14 to 4 when I was born in 1938. I am told that Mother had a long and traumatic home delivery due to a breech presentation. Later in life Hershey told me he ran so fast to the neighbors to call the doctor that smoke came off the soles of his feet and Dad fainted as the doctor assisted with the delivery. My other siblings were told by Dad to wait out in the corn barn in the meanwhile. Apparently I was a blue baby at birth and it took Mother a long time to recover.

My earliest childhood memories are centered on our farm home. It was a large brick house with shutters and a large front porch. The kitchen was in the back of the house and had its own side entrance and porch. There were three 60-foot tall pine trees in the large front lawn, separating our house from the barn, pigpens, and chicken houses. There was a 50-foot poured cement walkway leading from the front entrance between the house and the barn. A large quarter-acre fenced-in garden was near the house, parallel to the walkway leading to the house. Many family photos were taken over the years along this walkway and its adjacent boxwood, lilac bushes, and flowerbeds. Lily of the valley was my mother's favorite flower.

Behind our home were a bake house used in former years for baking bread and pies, a smokehouse for preserving ham and bacon, and a washhouse for both laundry and the weekly Saturday evening

bath. Fresh water piped by gravity from a spring a half-mile from the house flowed into a series of troughs located in the washhouse. One was wood, one concrete and one iron. From the first one we drew the water to be heated in a large cast-iron wood burning stove for washing, and in the concrete one we placed the 5-gallon milk containers to keep them cool until delivery to the processing plant the next day. The only water in our house flowed by gravity through a half-inch pipe at the kitchen sink.

We heated our home mostly by burning wood, and occasionally coal in the kitchen stove and a space-heating furnace in the living room. My dad, older brothers and I would fell trees, cut them up in transportable pieces with a man-powered cross-cut saw, and then saw them into smaller pieces with a tractor-powered, belt-driven circular saw near the woodshed. Our hired man, Albert, split the wood into burning-size pieces in the winter, and I did my part by filling the wood box on the back porch. We brought this timber from the woods about a half-mile from our house by horse-drawn wagons. There was a steep hill going into the woods and on one occasion the horses were spooked and took off down the hill, wrecking the wagon and scaring me greatly. I think my brother had minor injuries.

We bought very few groceries at the store. Mother kept a large garden, which I helped to weed as a child. We had a small fruit orchard with apricot, pear and cherry trees nearby. Mother canned fruit, vegetables, and meat. Dad was a great lover of potatoes and turnips and saw that we had plenty to fill the huge potato bin in the cellar. We butchered hogs and beef cattle at least once a year. When all the preparations for butchering were ready, Dad would take the rifle and aim at the animal right between the eyes; he rarely missed.

We grew acres of tomatoes and peas as “cash crops” to supplement the income from the dairy and chickens. Harvest time for the tomatoes was in July and August, the hottest time of the year, and picking tomatoes in the peak heat of summer left me exhausted. Once picked, we stacked the tomato baskets on our old Chevy truck



Robert with his parents and oldest nephew, J. Daniel Martin.

and delivered them to the Hanover Canning Factory five miles away. This was just after the Second World War. I was eight years old and recall seeing German prisoners of war, brought to America for forced labor, working at the canning factory. I did not know about the death camps for Jews in Europe, as this was not discussed at school, at home, or in church.

Because of the Great Depression, we were taught by necessity to be frugal with money. The habits my parents developed during the Great Depression carried over into later years, even when the economy improved. We did not take vacations and did not eat out at restaurants. A bottle of pop, an ice cream cone, or a candy bar from the local store was a real luxury. Because my bedroom had no heat, on the very cold winter nights Mother would give me a small quart-size bag of dried beans or corn heated in the kitchen stove oven to take with me to bed. During his first 15 years of farming, Dad farmed the soil using horses that he bought at discount prices because of some physical defect. I remember cultivating corn, hauling manure from the barn to the fields using horses, and lifting hay in the barn with a hayfork device powered by horses pulling a rope.

Our neighbors, the Sprinkle boys, living on the farm next to ours, were a bit older, bigger, and stronger than me. They enjoyed bullying me by physically pinning me down and tickling me relentlessly. I hated being unable to defend myself. I do not know how I obtained my childhood nickname “Its,” or sometimes “Itsy,” but I much preferred Bobby or Bob, as I grew older. My favorite pastimes were playing with my collie dog, Trixie, flying kites in the spring, catching minnows in the meadow pond, and build-



Trixie my collie dog.

The Cowboy Club



By ANN DIVINEY



In the picture, the seven boys stand in front of an old shed, probably the apple butter building.

Each one has his gun drawn, his eyes narrowed, in a sort of High Noon stance.

Only thing, these are not real guns; they are cap guns. One is not even a cap gun — it's a corncob version.

And these are not really gunfighters; they are broomstick wboys. More to the point, they are "bicycle" cowboys. Their poses are pretend, just as are their guns and their gunfights.



By the time this photo was taken, the MMCC had grown; (from left) Harry Alaine, Carl Diehl, Ed Warner, (unidentified), Robert Martin, Nolan Sharp, Dan Carl, Phil Sauter, Rob Sharp, Terry Stenner, Bob Menges, Roy McAllister, DeQuay Lauchman. The tyke in front is Eddie Lauchman.

Bobby Martin, fifth from left.

ing dams in streams to power home-built water wheels. Wintertime favorites were ice skating and sledding. I was part of the Menges Mills Cowboy Club, a group of 12 boys from the village who met periodically to play cowboys and Indians in the gristmill built by ancestor Andrew Hershey Jr. in 1748. My cowboy name was Gene Austry, the singing cowboy. We played with pistol cap guns as we chased each other around the mill and played hide and seek. My awakening to the opposite sex happened when I felt alive in a new way seated next to an attractive young woman in the car as our youth group went Christmas caroling. My parents did not discuss sex with me. My first education on the subject occurred when I found a guidebook for newlyweds while house sitting for my older brother and his new bride.

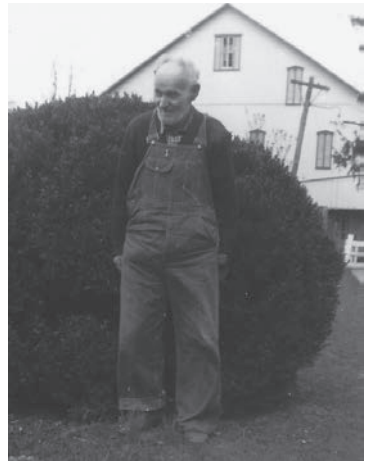
I was not involved in organized after-school sports until later in my senior year of high school. I managed the baseball team when we won the county championship. Until then, I was too busy with farm work and the dairy to allow for school sports.

My brother, Hershey, who was 14 years older than me, remembers the family move from Virginia to Pennsylvania in 1930. He recalls the friendship he made working with Earl, a black man

from Virginia, who came to work on our farm. My sister, Barbara, recalls him living with us, eating at a separate table and bathing behind a sheet that Mother hung in the kitchen. My dad was ordained as a minister in 1934 and was away from home often for preaching engagements, sometimes for several weeks. Once, upon returning home, Dad noticed the population in the hen house was decreasing. He asked the local police to investigate. It was discovered that Earl was involved with some men with bad records from nearby Hanover and was stealing the chickens under the cover of darkness and selling them. Earl begged Dad not to send him to prison, saying, "Mr. Martin, I promise I will not do this again, please don't put me in jail." Dad forgave him. My brother Hershey, who was a teenager at the time, had developed a friendship with Earl and much to my brother's sadness Earl left the area and presumably returned to Virginia.



Earl Beckenridge, 1934



Albert, an "adopted" member of our family, 1948.

Our next hired man on the farm was Albert, who had a prominent influence over me in my boyhood years. He was with us from my earliest memory until he died in our home when I was around 14. He was homeless when he arrived. He passed by our farm while

walking the trolley and railroad tracks, moving from place to place. He stopped at our farm asking to stay in the barn for the night and asked my mother if we “had a little something” for him to eat. Mother, from her compassionate heart, gave what she had—usually some bread and milk to those who asked. She had learned from her parents this is how one cared for a stranger. After surrendering their matches and cigarettes, their request to spend the night in the barn was usually granted. I never felt threatened by these strangers and credit these experiences for teaching me at an early age about hospitality and welcoming a stranger.

Albert was a simple man without much education but grateful for the most basic provisions in life. In some respects, he became something of a surrogate grandpa to me since I never knew my maternal grandparents. The unfinished loft above the kitchen became his bedroom. A thin door separated his room from mine. He suffered from chronic lung disease, and many nights my sleep was interrupted with his coughing, wheezing, and calling out, “Help, I can’t breathe, I’m dying.” This went on year after year.

Albert had routine tasks such as gathering the eggs in the hen houses, feeding livestock, and splitting firewood, which he enjoyed and was very good at doing. Sometimes I teased and angered him. I may have done this to hear him swear. He threatened to pelt me with eggs or hit me over the head with a baseball bat, though he never did.

In the autumn he loved to help harvest the corn. In those days, the stalks of corn were cut by hand then bound in bunches, which were gathered together to form corn shocks and left to dry in the field. Then, in late autumn, Albert enjoyed harvesting corn by removing the husks and gathering it to be stored in the corn barn to feed the livestock throughout the winter. He took great pride in his “husking pin,” a tool used to remove the husk from the corn. One of his favorite foods was milk and a little sugar over pieces of dried bread served in a bowl. He referred to this as his “pussy soup.”

As Albert aged and became more infirm my parents made arrangements for him to be cared for at the county home. After being there a few days, he became so homesick he cried daily until my mother agreed for him to return to our home where she continued caring for him for the rest of his life. Near the end of life he accepted Jesus as his savior and asked to be baptized. This took place in the stream that flowed through our farm meadow. A few months later, I recall Albert waving goodbye to me as he breathed his last from his bed in the guest bedroom across the hallway from my bedroom. He did not die in his unfinished loft room above the kitchen.

MARTIN SIBLINGS

CHAPTER 3



Front row, left to right: Jane, Barbara, Gertrude, Virginia. Back row: Hershey, Robert, William Jr.

My oldest brother, Hershey, was born in 1924 in Virginia and was six years old when my family moved from Virginia to Pennsylvania. He had a farm deferment during World War II and helped operate our farm while Dad was often away from home holding revival meetings. It was at one of these meetings near Elizabethtown, Pa., that he met his future wife, Anna Heistand. I was five

years old when they married and lived in half of our farmhouse for a year or two until they purchased their own farm at the other end of the village. I liked to visit them because they shared their farm magazines, which had comic pictures that I enjoyed. At my brother's recommendation Dad bought a new tractor in 1946, a Farmall H, and gave up farming with horses. On Hershey's farm there was a larger creek where the swimming and fishing was better than on our home farm. As I grew older, he hired me to help with chores on his dairy farm along with his three sons, Dan, Jim and Dave.

My brother William Jr., better known as Bill, was seven years older than I and was adventurous. He taught me how to trap for muskrats in the winter months, skin them, and sell their pelts for a few dollars. We would go out in the night to check our traps and the thrashing about in the water of a caught muskrat brought great excitement as we located our catch with a flashlight and retrieved it. He also taught me how to catch skunks by blinding them with a bright light then picking them up by their tail so quickly they were unable to retaliate with their odoriferous discharge. These, too, were sold for their pelt but were not as valuable as the muskrat. My brother Bill was good at woodcarving and crafting model tractors and airplanes. I learned from him, and soon I was building my own model airplanes and ships. He also invited me at around age 10 to go along with him to purchase a new American Flyer train and a Whizard gasoline motor to mount on a bicycle. It was not many years until he graduated to the Indian and BSA brands of motorcycles but never made it to getting a Harley Davidson. He was generous in allowing me to ride his motorcycles occasionally.

My parents encouraged my siblings to earn money by working away from home as much as possible. They thought my sisters would have a better chance at finding boyfriends of similar faith backgrounds if they met young men in adjacent Lancaster County. The exception was my oldest sister, Gertrude, who found her husband in the community in Virginia where she was born. By age 15,

both my two older sisters worked at a private girls' boarding school in Lititz, Pa., named Linden Hall. Both were married before age 20. I have very few memories of them being at home before starting their own families. My younger sisters, Jane and Virginia, helped with farm and house chores which, in addition to lots of cleaning, washing clothes, and canning food, also included milking the cows and harvesting tomatoes and beans. Jane enjoyed working on the farm, and Virginia worked in the local grocery store in the village.

OUR NEIGHBORS THE NIXONS

CHAPTER 4

I was ten years old in 1948 when Frank and Hanna Nixon, parents of Richard Nixon the future President of the United States, moved into our neighborhood on a small farm very near us. Frank fractured his arm while farming his fields with his small Ford tractor. Because I had learned to drive tractors on our farm at an early age, Mr. Nixon asked if I could help him with his farm work until his arm recovered. I felt rather honored to be asked to do this, which provided an opportunity to meet his son, Richard, who at that time was a congressman from California now living in Washington. Richard would make periodic visits to his parents' home and sometimes also visit our home. His parents were members of the Quaker faith, but occasionally attended our small Mennonite church where Dad was pastor. Frank also sought my Dad's advice on matters of farming.

My youngest sister, Virginia, four years older than myself, had an adventurous experience when she was fifteen. On a visit in our home, Congressman and Mrs. Nixon met my sister, Virginia, age 16 at the time and just two years out of elementary school. Impressed by what they observed, Richard and Patricia Nixon asked my parents if they would consent for Virginia to accompany them by car to California and care for their two children while they campaigned in the 1950 California Senate race. My parents accepted the idea, and my sister, adventurous and ready to expand her world, consented to go with them and care for their four-year-old

daughter Tricia and two-year-old Julie for three months while Dick and Pat campaigned for the Senate seat in the November election. This was the beginning of an extended relationship between our family and the Nixons.

FAITH DEVELOPMENT

CHAPTER 5

My spiritual formation as a youth was influenced in part by attending Garbers Mennonite Church in the village adjacent to our farm. My father was ordained as the pastor of this small congregation in 1931. He had a fifth-grade education but was a lifelong learner and observer of nature and human behavior. He studied the Bible with the help of commentaries and read biographies of men like D. L. Moody, Charles Spurgeon, and Billy Sunday. For his sermons, Dad took illustrations from daily life that his audience could relate to as well as events such as the sinking of the *Ti-*

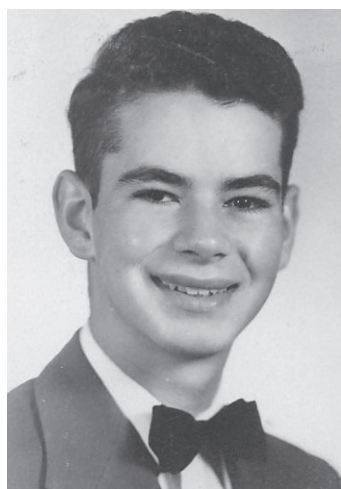


Robert's parents William and Florence.

tanic, which occurred when he was twelve years old. He was a gifted preacher serving the Mennonite church in other communities for spiritual renewal services known as evangelistic meetings. Although he made his living from farming, he managed to take time for study and preparation for his pastoral ministry in our local church as well as holding one- and two-week long evangelistic services several times a year in other communities. While away from home, mother, older siblings, the hired man, Albert, and later on myself, looked after the farm.

At age 12 at a revival meeting on March 25, 1950, in my home church I made a commitment to be a follower of Jesus and was baptized a few months later into the Christian faith and church membership. My dad encouraged me to distribute Christian literature from house to house in the nearby village. Occasionally I took the bus to go 12 miles to the big city, York, and hand out Gospel tracks on the city square. Sometimes I felt scared. For

dress-up occasions at high school, I did not agree to wear the “plain suit” requested by the church bishop. I did not initially mind wearing it to church, but for high school events a bow tie did just fine. However, the legalism and self-righteousness that accompanied church rules left me confused and uncertain about what it meant to be a follower of Jesus. Near the end of my high school education, I began to question my faith and relationship to God. Among the books I read was *Through Gates of Splendor* by Elisabeth Elliot, about the five men who gave their lives serving the Kingdom of God in Ecuador. This greatly influenced me, and attending Christian youth gatherings led to my public commitment



High School Photo, 1956

to follow Jesus as Lord at a meeting held at the York Fair Grounds during my first year at college. I did not know it at the time, but discovered throughout life that developing a meaningful and deep spiritual faith is a lifelong process. I was greatly influenced by loyal friendships developed at college, and particularly the wonderful person I married during medical school to develop a richer and more meaningful spiritual life.

SCHOOL YEARS

CHAPTER 6

Adjacent to our church and located at the entrance of the half-mile dirt road that led to our farm was a one-room schoolhouse where all seven of us Martin children received our elementary education. The number of students in all eight grades varied between 20 and 30 in any given year. One teacher each year taught all eight grades, and in my grade there were four of us. My first teacher was Mrs. Tharp. World War II was not quite over as I started school. We students were encouraged to help the war effort by gathering thistle pods which we were told were useful in making parachutes. My teacher's husband was in the Navy. I remember the day a man in a military uniform came



Menges Mills Elementary School

while school was in session to inform our teacher that her husband had been killed. This was my first memory of someone dying in war, and it made a profound impression. I felt sad. School was dismissed for the day and for a while we had a substitute teacher.

We had no water or electricity on the school property. Water for drinking had to be carried from a private home in the village. It was a privilege to be asked to bring the water for the day and also to raise or take down the flag at the beginning and close of the school day. One time, near the end of the school day, I faked needing to go to the outside toilet. It was a snowy day, and instead of going to the toilet, I went outside and made an armament of snowballs. When school dismissed, I went to my stash of ammunition and pelted my fellow classmates with snowballs as they exited the building. This did not sit well with Mr. Hamm, my fifth-grade teacher, and I paid the price for my misbehavior with a harsh whipping!

I enjoyed elementary school and achieved lots of Bs, an occasional A, and a few Cs. We were also graded on behavior and character, which was usually, but not always, acceptable. Unfortunately, I never became a fast reader and paid a price for this throughout life, even after taking a speed-reading course in college.

The summer after I finished eighth grade, my oldest brother Hershey, and my dad and I, were mending the fence enclosing the cow pasture behind our house. To my surprise, my brother asked Dad his thoughts about the possibility of my starting to attend high school that fall. I don't remember Dad's exact words, but I understood he thought I would work on the farm. None of our family had attended a high school, so this was uncharted territory for my family. In 1952 the local school district started a bus service and if I walked the half-mile to the end of our lane, I could ride to the high school in Spring Grove, a distance of three miles. We reached an agreement that it would be acceptable for me to continue my education, providing I would help with the farm chores in the evenings after school and occasionally in the mornings before school began.

During the first two years of high school I studied vocational agriculture, joined the FFA (Future Farmers of America) Club, and participated in field days that involved tractor driving and horseshoe pitching contests. I developed projects on our farm such as raising calves and pigs, and for an industrial arts class I made objects useful for the farm, such as feed scoops, toolboxes, etc. My livestock projects, which my parents encouraged, were financially profitable. One year I made \$300 profit on ten hogs I raised and sold at the livestock market. At age 17, I paid \$1,800 cash for my first car, a four-year-old, low mileage, 1951 four-door Cadillac sedan. When I took it to college a few friends asked to borrow it for their dates. I was okay with this but, as time passed, it felt incongruent for a student to be driving a car better suited for a wealthy businessman. At medical school I exchanged it for a VW Bug, which Nancy and I used for our honeymoon to Maine. I'm still not certain what led me to choose a Cadillac for my first car, whether it was a taste for good quality,



Bob and his 1951 Cadillac.

pride, or feeling my self-esteem needed a boost. Looking back over my life, I'm aware that my values have changed.

During my second year in high school, I became less interested in studying agriculture and began to explore science and a college-prep curriculum. I got off to a bad start in academic studies. I did not succeed in either Latin or French. My first grade in biology was a D, but I subsequently improved and passed. Going to vet school held some interest. Becoming a veterinarian appeared sufficiently related to the farm so as to be acceptable in our family farming tradition. My teachers helped me to discover some latent leadership ability in myself, and by my senior year my classmates elected me class president. I had a steady girlfriend during senior high school, which was discontinued when I began college. She and I began to realize that we had different ideas about what we envisioned for the future.

COLLEGE YEARS

CHAPTER 7

Following high school, my father retired from farming and my mother's health was failing due to diabetes and heart disease. All my siblings were married when my parents and I moved off the farm into a house in the village built by my great-grandfather, John F. Hershey, at the turn of the century.

My plan was to pursue a college education at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Va. My father was not in agreement, and the bishop overseeing our church felt that higher education caused young people to doubt their Christian beliefs and leave the church. I later learned our bishop privately confronted my mother when he heard about my intention to go to college. Fortunately, there was one person, Grant Herr, who attended our church who gave me hope. Mr. Herr was the supervising superintendent of the Spring Grove School District where I went to high school. With his support, I worked out a compromise with Dad to forgo my plans to attend college in Virginia and instead enroll in York Junior College, twelve miles from home. By living at home, I could reduce my education costs and continue to help my brother Hershey part time with the farm and dairy business. In addition, I applied for and received a scholarship, which reduced my tuition to just under a thousand dollars a year.

I enjoyed my liberal arts classes, which included philosophy, history of western civilization, British prose and poetry, logic, sociology, and of course English grammar and composition, math, and

chemistry. In fact, I also took two semesters of German. My world expanded rapidly during the two years I attended York Junior College. I liked studying the history of civilization, English prose and poetry, and philosophy, but it was science that most captivated my interest. My parents attended my graduation from York Junior College in 1958 and were pleased when I was recognized for achievement in chemistry.

I explored the possibility of engineering and took an introductory course on surveying methods, but soon decided this was not for me, especially after working one summer for a civil engineering firm, C S Davidson in York, helping to lay out the infrastructure for a new development known as Haines Acres where my oldest nephew, Dan Martin and his wife Anna Ruth, now reside. Dan and I have many good memories of working together on his parents' dairy farm.

After graduating from junior college, I decided to enroll at Eastern Mennonite College, in Harrisonburg, Va., for the last two



College Student, 1959

years of college. This meant leaving home, which was difficult because my mother, a diabetic with heart disease, was declining in health and I felt a need to be near home to help support her. My dad, who enjoyed exceptionally good health all his life, lived to be 96, and I sensed it was difficult for him to both understand and accept my mother's declining health. Nevertheless, in the autumn of 1958, after taking my parents and nephew, Dan, on a road trip through New England, I packed a few clothes in my car and left for college. Little did I realize at the time that I would not be living in my home community until 58 years later, upon retirement from medical practice. A departing gift from my mother was a linen laundry bag, which she made with my initials RWM embroidered on it in bright red. My wife and I used it often throughout our 56 years of marriage.

Entering Eastern Mennonite College as a third-year student introduced me to many new relationships, some of who became friends for life. In addition to studying science, I developed a growing interest in the relationship of science and faith. My studies now included Bible, theology, ethics, and church history, in addition to biological science. My first roommate was Thompson Sabiti from Uganda. I was introduced to African culture and other international students through him.

Living on the same dorm floor were students, who soon became friends, choosing the medical profession and preparing to apply to medical school. The faculty pre-med advisor, Mr. Daniel Suter, was not only a gifted biology professor, but also a kind, personable man of faith. He was a great role model; encouraging and helping us do well. He had a great track record of successfully preparing his students to excel in medical school. The students he recommended to a medical school admissions committee had a very good chance of being admitted. My studies in pre-med were going well, and gradually I too began to set my hope on becoming a doctor. I worked diligently to do well, especially in subjects required for medical school. As this goal became a desire of my heart, I claimed the verse in Psalms 37:4,

“Delight yourself in the Lord and He shall give you the desires of your heart.”

In order to fit organic chemistry into my curriculum I had to take it as a summer course between my junior and senior year. My new friend, Arlen Delp, also had a similar need, so the two of us attended Wheaton College in the summer of 1959. When we were not busy studying chemistry, which was not often, we played ping-pong and explored the city of Chicago on weekends. But . . . something else was happening that summer.



Arlen Delp and Bob at Wheaton College, Summer 1959.

NANCY LOUISE RUDY – BEGINNINGS

CHAPTER 8

Nancy grew up on the eastern side of York, Pa., in a stone house built by her paternal grandfather, Mathias Rudy, on the corner of East Market Street and Harrison Street. She was the youngest of six children in the James and Alma Rudy family. Her oldest sibling was John, followed by Mary Jane, Clarence, Sarah and Paul. John was 17, and Paul seven, when Nancy was born. Her father's family roots were in York County and her mother's Groff family roots were in the Bareville/Strasburg community in Lancaster County. Her maternal grandparents, Aaron and Lizzy Groff, were leaders in the Mennonite church and owned farms but had tenant farmers doing the farm work. Her paternal grandfather, Mathias, was an investor in the stock market and lived with the Rudy family after his wife's death. Grandpa Rudy was an important person to Nancy, who felt greatly loved by him. Her father managed a candy distribution business and took an active role in stock market investing, with a large holding in the Saint Louis stockyard. He owned two farms in York County and one in Lancaster County, and like his father-in-law had tenant farmers living on his farms.

The Rudy family attended the Stony Brook Mennonite Church, the largest of the Mennonite churches in York County. James and Alma were among the very small number of York County Mennonites at that time that advocated for the value of a college education. They succeeded in having each of their six children ac-

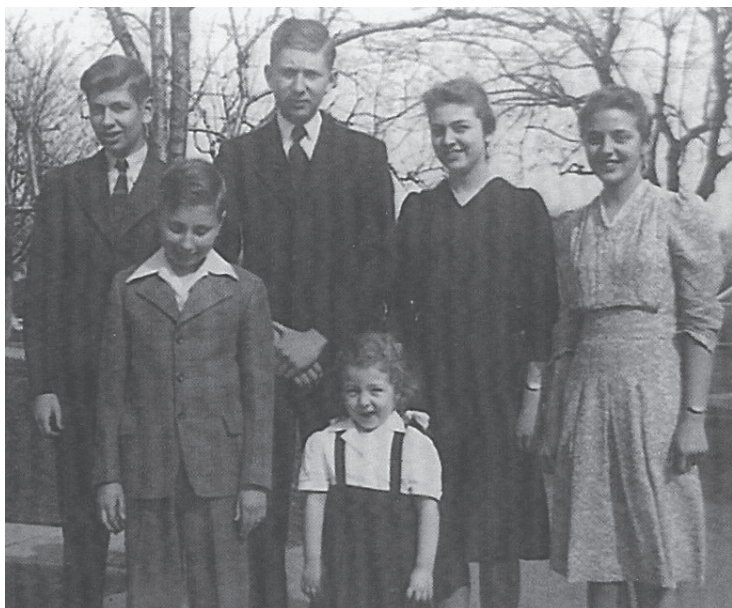


*Alma G. Groff,
Nancy's Mother*



*James S. Rudy,
Nancy's Father*

*James and
Alma Rudy*



Nancy's Siblings



Rudy Family, 1957



Four Generations—Nancy, Craig, Alma and Lizzy

Alma Groff Rudy



*Nancy's Wilshire
Hills Home*



Nancy's sisters, Sarah and Mary.

quire a college education, and several of them advanced to graduate school degrees. James believed going to a state university was preferable to going to a private church college, which in his view produced “hot-house” Christians. Nancy’s understanding of her father’s view of the Christian faith was that it needed to be authenticated in the environment of the secular university. His older children gave leadership in starting the first Intervarsity Christian Fellowship at Penn State University.

Nancy’s oldest brother, John, studied electrical engineering at Drexel University in Philadelphia, following which he took a job at RCA in Lancaster and helped develop the colored television tube. After working at RCA for a few years, he felt a call to Christian ministry. John was ordained, pastored a church for several years, and then began the Mennonite Foundation in Goshen, Ind. Another brother, Clarence, had a career teaching math in the public school system. Nancy’s youngest brother, Paul, had a dual career in speech therapy and real estate. Nancy’s sister, Mary Jane, became a school principal in a suburb of Baltimore after graduating from Penn State, and her sister, Sarah, became a specialist in helping children with reading disorders. In addition to their teaching careers and parenting children, both her sisters were active in promoting faith development in their communities and supporting their husbands in their roles as educators and church leaders. It was into this family that I married on June 15, 1963, at age 24.

Nancy and I met first as children when my parents took me along with them to attend an occasional special service at the Stony Brook Mennonite Church where the Rudy family were members. Two of my older siblings were casual acquaintances for a short time with her older siblings. Also, my mother and her father experienced heart attacks around the same time in their late 40s, so there was a degree of shared empathy. Later in life, Nancy often referred to her taking notice of me when, at age 17, I attended her father’s memorial service when she was a high school sophomore.

We had our first date the evening after her graduation from



Top left: Nancy, elementary school age. Top right: Nancy, age 10. Bottom left: High school graduate. Bottom right: Nursing student at Goshen College.

Central High School in York in 1959. She later revealed that she covered a rash with cosmetics, subsequently diagnosed as measles, so she would not miss graduation and her date. She gave a speech at graduation on the word “but,” which appeared in their class motto as, “Not at the top **but** climbing.” Other students gave speeches on the other words. After graduation we went to her home. Part of the evening activity was playing ping-pong. What I remember most about the game is how she smashed the ball in my face, knocking off my glasses. Her assertive nature impressed me, and later in life served her very well when she negotiated agreements with the Israel Ministries of Education and Health to create the first professional nursing school in the Arab sector in Israel—a seven-year marathon of overcoming many obstacles.

In the summer of 1959, following her high school graduation, Nancy volunteered to teach summer Bible school in Harman, W. Va., and I went off to study organic chemistry at Wheaton College. Our friendship grew through letter writing that summer. Following her father’s death, she and her mother were home alone for three years until she started college. Her mother supported her desire to attend a private Christian college. Nancy enrolled at Eastern Mennonite College to study nursing in the fall of 1959. Since early childhood days, she unwaveringly wanted to become a nurse and found her life’s calling of promoting health and faith. That same fall I returned to EMC for my senior year of college.

Our friendship deepened as we had opportunity to be together and discover each other’s interests and dreams. We became engaged during college on New Year’s Eve, 1959, but did not publicly announce it until six months later. She later told me she wasn’t sure what I meant when I asked her, “What would be your answer if I asked you to marry me?” I subsequently learned to be more direct with my questions! At the time of our engagement we did not realize the difficulty of waiting three and a half years to be married, but we waited and never regretted it. Preparing for our careers in medicine came before starting



*Engaged to
Nancy, 1960*



Engagement Announcement

a home together. The physical fulfillment of our growing love relationship needed to wait—which at the time seemed very long.

I applied to three medical schools in Philadelphia: Jefferson Medical College, Hahnemann Medical College, and the University of Pennsylvania. I was accepted into the freshmen class at Hahn-



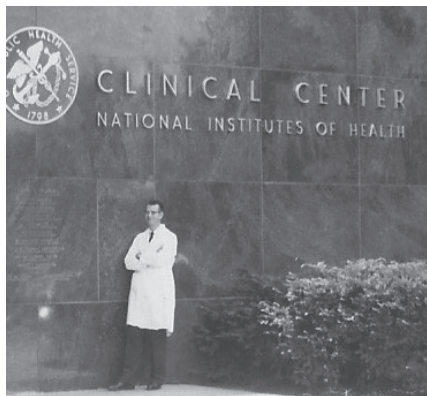
EMC graduation with my parents.

emann. Because of my past relationship with the Nixon family, I thought that a letter of recommendation from then Vice President Richard Nixon would increase my chances to get into the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Nixon supported my application with a letter of recommendation. In hindsight, with the help of a colleague who served as dean of student admissions at a medical college, I came to appreciate the integrity of adhering to academic standards in selecting students, and not yielding to political influence.

Graduating from college was an important milestone in my life. My dream of becoming a doctor was beginning to unfold—I had a college degree with the requirements for medical school completed; I was accepted into medical school; I was gradually growing in faith and challenged to integrate science with faith; and best of all, I was in love with one who shared my values and dreams for life. I was thankful that my parents were able to attend graduation but, due to declining health, it was physically difficult for my mother. She passed away six months later.

The summer prior to starting medical school I volunteered through the Mennonite Central Committee to be part of a summer program of volunteers for medical research at the National Institutes of Health (NIH) in Bethesda, Md. Our assignments were to serve as control subjects in human research studies at the various institutes at NIH. I was assigned to the National Heart Institute, others to the National Institute for Mental Health. For three weeks my only nutrition was a kind of milkshake made of

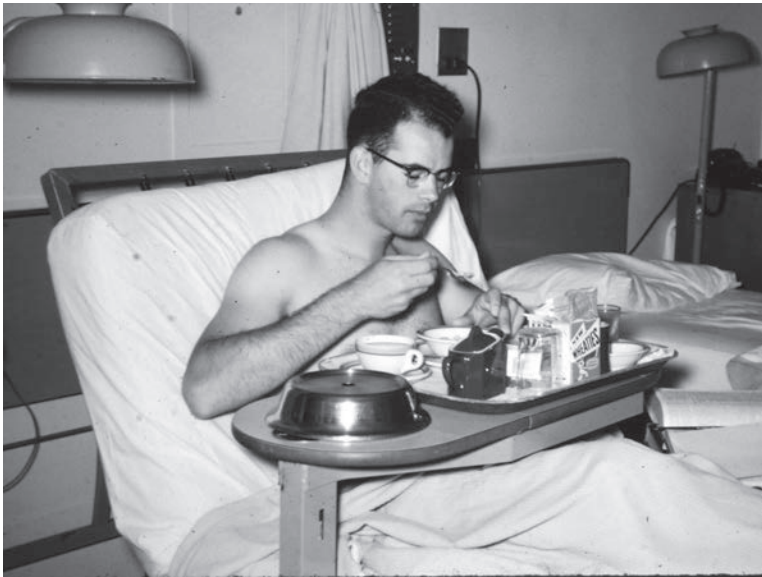
Summer, 1960



unsaturated fats, and at night I swallowed a nasogastric tube that collected bile from my liver during the night. After three weeks, the diet was changed to saturated fats and bile was collected again and analyzed for the effect of the diet on cholesterol and fat metabolism.



Celebration meal after NIH Research Study, 1960.



NIH Research Patient



Left to right: Carl Sauder, Sarah Sauder, John Rudy, Lucy Rudy, Eva Rudy, Paul Rudy, Nancy Martin, Robert Martin, Marion Rudy, Clarence Rudy.

These studies became important in developing the statin drugs used worldwide to treat cardiovascular disease. During the day, when the nasogastric tube was removed, I assisted with basic tasks in the laboratories where world-famous researchers carried out their work. Later in my medical career, when I read medical literature, it pleased me to recognize the names of investigators I knew from the summer I spent at the National Institutes of Health.

On weekends we as a group of volunteers from several Anabaptist colleges would attend outdoor concerts in Washington, go on day trips and volunteer for service projects in downtown Washington. I carried my “research milkshake” meals with me in a thermos. No snacks permitted. On one Saturday we went as a group to the U.S. Army Research Center at Fort Detrick, Md., to protest the research and development of germ and chemical weapons. This was at the height of the Cold War.

When I left for NIH, Nancy left for summer school at Goshen College to continue her nursing studies. Our relationship was blossoming as we experienced our first separation since being engaged. At Goshen, she developed a deep and abiding friendship with her roommate, Dawn Miller, from Idaho.

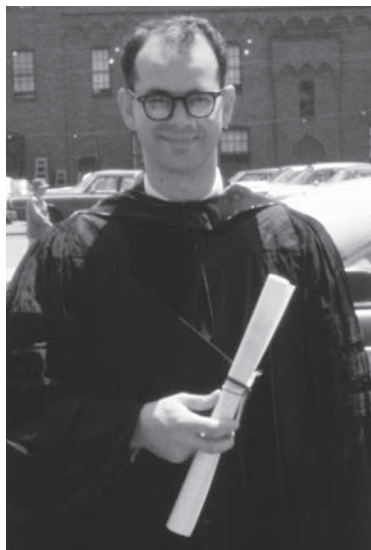
Upon Nancy's return from summer school, and my return from the National Institutes of Health, she and her mother prepared a grand steak dinner to celebrate the end of weeks of eating only a liquid research diet of saturated and unsaturated fatty acids. An unspoken and unknown aspect of this research experience was the extent of worry I likely caused my mother in the last months of her life. Nancy journaled about her last visit with my mother that summer and expressed her feeling of love communicated by my mother to her.

MEDICAL STUDENT

CHAPTER 9

I moved to Philadelphia in the fall of 1960 to begin medical school. For housing in Philadelphia, I shared an upstairs apartment near Temple University with four other med students: Richard Weaver, Elvin Kreider, Marlin Wenger, and Chris Leuz. We shared housekeeping chores, enjoyed good discussions on many topics, and formed abiding friendships. My four housemates attended Temple Medical School, and I attended Hahnemann Medical College in the center city about five miles south of our apartment. I used the subway system for transportation.

From the beginning of classes, we were inundated with anatomy, cadaver dissection, and exams. Things became difficult for me by the third month of classes when my mother died of heart failure on November 10, 1960. The support and encouragement I received from my four apartment mates, Richard, Elvin, Marlin and Chris, consoled me at this time of personal loss. Most comforting of all were the frequent letters I received from Nancy. Because of the intensity



Medical School Graduate, 1964

of work and study time needed to get passing grades, I did not fully process my grief. This likely contributed to my conflicted feelings when my father married Elizabeth Showalter one year later.

Living in Philadelphia was an adventure for this farm boy from York County. Embedded in my memory are the sirens and flashing lights that came from the streets four floors below the anatomy lab where at times I worked late into the night. Gradually I felt myself to be a doctor in the making as I, along with my cadaver mate, Georgina, dissected and traced the nerves, bones, vessels and tissues that comprised the marvelous structure of the human body.

Parallel to my early formation in becoming a doctor, Nancy 700 miles away in Goshen, Ind., was enthusiastically embracing the process of becoming a nurse. Frequent letters flowed back and forth between us, offering our love, encouragement and prayers as we delved into our studies—with the goal that one day we would be a team. I was grateful for the loans from Dad that helped to finance this part of my education.

After finishing the first year of med school, I took a summer job in York driving a truck to deliver concrete building blocks. Nan-



William Martin, age 70.

cy took a job as a nursing assistant in the burns unit at York Hospital. On her days off, she would occasionally travel with me delivering blocks. Our love and joy of being together blossomed. We were committed to each other and often spoke of future plans to be married. Her mother provided a beach vacation at the New Jersey shore that summer, which was a new experience for me. Her family took yearly vacations at the shore and owned a cottage on the beach. The shore was the favorite vacation spot for Nancy and gradually became mine as well.

The focus of my second year of med school was pathology and pharmacology with an introduction to making a clinical assessment by way of history taking and examination of the patient. At the end of the second year, I took a summer job at the Swedish Covenant Hospital on the west side of Chicago. Nancy's curriculum required her to work during the summer at the Westville State Psychiatric Hospital on the Indiana-Illinois border about 50 miles east of Chicago. At this distance, we were able to be with each other on most weekends exploring Chicago and taking walks along Lake Michigan. The summer went by rapidly, and I enjoyed assisting in surgery, starting intravenous fluids, and attending to patients' needs.

During the third year of medical school, we worked in hospitals making rounds with clinical professors and attending daily conferences presenting cases and discussing them. In surgery, we assisted and observed. Ironically, internal medicine was my most difficult rotation and required me to do some remedial work before entering my final year of studies. Only after working in the Nazareth Hospital five years later did I choose to specialize in internal medicine—never regretting my choice. I had an exemplary mentor, Dr. Cooney



Dr. Maddock

Maddock, an English physician, who instilled in me a love for the diagnostic challenge and satisfaction of treating both acutely and chronically ill patients.

Nancy's last year of nursing school and my third year of medical school could not go by fast enough as we looked forward to our wedding in June 1963. By this time three of my roommates were married. My friend, Marlin Wenger, and I, completed the third year of med school living together.

MARRIAGE

CHAPTER 10

Three weeks following Nancy's college graduation, we were married at the Stony Brook Mennonite Church on June 15, 1963, at 5 p.m. It was a grand celebration after a three-and-one-half-year engagement period. My brother-in-law, Richard Detweiler, performed the ceremony. Because candles in the front of the church were not permitted by rules of the church, we came up with an alternative scheme. We asked ten of our nieces and nephews between the ages of 8 to 10, five from each side of our family, to be candle bearers for the ceremony. At the appointed time, they entered the sanctuary holding their candles singing "The Lord Is in His Holy Temple" and each took their position at the windows along the side aisle during



Goshen College Nurse Graduate



Nancy's Goshen Graduation, 1963



One in marriage, June 15, 1963.



Richard and Mary Detweiler



Top: Savilla Martin and Lizzy Groff, our grandparents. Bottom: Nieces and nephews in our wedding.

the ceremony. This resulted in a special bond with these nieces and nephews for life.

For our honeymoon, I reserved a rustic cottage in the country on Mount Desert Island in the Acadia National Park near Bar Harbor, Maine. It was an ideal place for us to enjoy each other, the beautiful outdoors of the New England coast and to do what would become a lifelong joy, especially for Nancy, namely fishing. We joined a party boat with about a dozen others and headed into Frenchman's Bay and the ocean. We all caught lots of cod. When we came ashore with our generous catch, others on the boat, tourists like ourselves, offered us their fish as well. I estimate we had at least 30 pounds of codfish! What to do? We saw this to be enough fish to supply us for the coming year in Philadelphia, so we took the fish to our cottage and began to clean them, planning to either ship or take them home on ice. Partway through the fish cleaning process, which we did just outside the cottage, a resident in the area inquired about

our intention and objected to our cleaning fish in the neighborhood. He proceeded to inform us that in June, cod are infested with worm parasites. How true that was I will never know, but it was enough to cause us to abandon our plan. Now we had to find a way to dispose of the fish. Our solution was to load them all up in our car and drive to the incinerator in Bar Harbor. This was our first experience in marriage at solving a self-created dilemma.



Honeymoon Cod Fishing



Our moving van to Philadelphia.



Our Philadelphia home, 29 South 19th Street.

Upon returning from our honeymoon, we moved into a third-floor apartment at 29 South 19th Street in center city Philadelphia, just seven blocks from my medical school. Nancy took a job working as a public health nurse in North Philadelphia, and I took a job as a research assistant for my pediatric professor, collecting clinical data on students at Girard College.

Nancy's work took her into the homes of the very wealthy in the Chestnut Hill area of Philadelphia, and the homes of the very poor in South Philadelphia. Years later, after working overseas, she commented there were no more needy patients and situations abroad than she encountered at home right here in America.

She enrolled in an evening creative writing class at the University of Pennsylvania. However, by Christmas, we were surprised to discover there was a baby on the way. When she was assigned to write a novel over Christmas break, she decided she would rather bake Christmas cookies. It was a relief to drop out of her writing class and save graduate school for later in life.

There was no parking space that came with the rental of a third-floor apartment in center city Philadelphia. Rented parking was expensive—parking tickets not so much. So we parked our little VW on a sidewalk in a side street that was minimally used at night and, when we were ticketed, I just paid the \$3.00 fine. I did not keep track, but Nancy thinks we got 32 tickets that year.

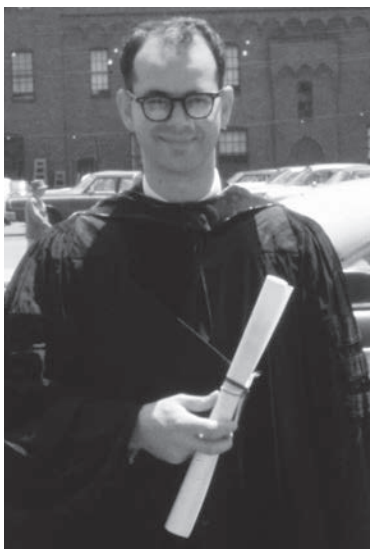
Some of the clinical rotations for seniors were in hospitals outside Philadelphia. One of mine was at the Harrisburg General Hospital in Harrisburg, Pa. This was acceptable in that it was possible to go back home on weekends. Also, upon graduation, this is where I did a one-year internship.

Adjusting to the intimacy of our married relationship was not without some surprises. After a three-and-a-half-year engagement, we felt we could not wait to be married and never seriously thought about how differences we each brought to our relationship as husband and wife might occasionally cause some difficulty. Also, we needed to adjust our thoughts—sooner than expected—about career plans, in light of the fact that we were now expectant parents. Wisely, we sought help.

Occasionally, when I was single, I visited the First Methodist Church in Germantown, not very far from where I lived, and now in the community where Nancy was working as a public health nurse.

Together we agreed to make an appointment with the assistant pastor, Ted Loder, for counseling. In a few sessions, he helped us greatly. We considered this to be the best investment we made in our early marriage, and about 20 years later we connected again with Pastor Loder and were able to tell him so and thank him.

When the day came for medical school graduation, my wife left no stone unturned in making it a grand celebration. Graduation was held at the grand Philadelphia Academy of Music concert hall. Following the ceremony, relatives from out of town were invited to our small apartment for a feast lovingly prepared and elegantly served by Nancy. A few weeks later we celebrated our first anniversary with a weekend at the ocean, with the permission of her obstetrician as she was beginning her ninth month of pregnancy. Even so, she challenged me to a round of tennis!



Medical School Graduate, 1964

INTERNSHIP AND PARENTHOOD

CHAPTER 11

Following graduation from medical school in June 1964, we moved to Harrisburg, Pa., to begin my one-year internship. We moved into a second-floor apartment on Wakefield Road on the northwest side of the city with the help of my two brothers, Hershey and Bill, using my brother's cattle truck. Nine days into my internship our son, Craig, was born, much to our joy and delight. At this time, the war in Vietnam was escalating, the draft was in effect, and all twelve of us interns were drafted. I went for my service physical on the morning of July 9, and later that day our son was born. I returned in time to be present in the delivery room. After a difficult and prolonged labor due to posterior rotation of his head, a healthy crying son came into our lives—a beautiful gift of God. One of the perks we enjoyed as interns was a free supply of Similac baby food and a free diaper service.

Halfway through the internship year, I received notice from the Selective Service Board in York that I would be drafted. I requested, and was granted, conscientious objector status but was required to find an approved service placement in lieu of military service. I proceeded to apply to the United States Public Health Service for a position at one of their facilities on an Indian reservation. No openings were available. I then explored working in a medically underserved area in Appalachia. With the help of Dr. Samuel Bucher, who along with his wife Margaret provided medical services to an underserved area of West Virginia, I found a small clinic at Green Bank, W.

Va., where a doctor was needed. For unexplained reasons, the draft board did not approve this as an acceptable location.

Midway through my internship year, I had not yet found a placement for alternative military service and was feeling pressured. Continuing to search, I inquired at the Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charity in Salunga, Pa. The director, Paul Kraybill, listened attentively and then looked me in the eye and said, "I think I know just the place for you: Nazareth, Israel." He told me about an English doctor, John Tester, who directed the work of a mission hospital in Nazareth. He met Mennonites in Palestine/Israel serving through Mennonite Central Committee and the Mennonite Board of Missions and was favorably impressed. His main contact person was Orie Miller, who invited him to make a visit to America with the purpose of recruiting a doctor from the Mennonite community.



Roy and Florence Kreider

Dr. Tester traveled from Nazareth to the United States the summer of 1964 and met with mission administrators in Salunga, Pa., and Elkhart, Ind. He spoke in several churches and charmed his audiences with his British accent, his stories of life in Nazareth, and his vibrant Christian faith. At the end of his visit, he invited the mission agency to recruit a doctor to come and serve at the Nazareth Hospital and whomever they found acceptable would also be acceptable to him.

I returned home from my visit with Mr. Kraybill and shared with Nancy what I had learned. Since this was the week before Christmas, she thought this to be a nice story for Christmas. Mostly what we knew about Nazareth was what we learned from the Bible and Sunday School. I visualized a village with flat-roofed stone houses with outside stairways and that was about all.

I learned from Mr. Kraybill that Roy and Florence Kreider, mission workers living in Tel Aviv, were home visiting their family in Landisville, Pa. Paul Kraybill contacted them and arranged for Nancy and me to spend an evening with them. We arranged to be with them the following week. They shared about their ministry in Israel over the previous ten years and their vision for the future. They shared concerning the Arab/Israel conflict and their vision for ministry among the Palestinian people that promotes healing and reconciliation among both Arabs and Jews. In 1965, Arabs made up approximately 18% of the population with the largest number in Nazareth and Galilee. The Kreiders enthusiastically encouraged us to pray about coming to Nazareth.

During the next four months, we actively sought God's guidance. Previous inquiries for alternative service placement were not working out. The selective service board accepted the Nazareth Hospital as an approved location and our application to serve with the mission board was accepted after passing an interview with two bishops serving on the Overseas Personnel Committee.

Having completed my internship by July 1, 1965, we began preparations for sailing to Israel in September. For six weeks of the

summer my family physician, Dr. Wilbur Wire, practicing in my hometown of Spring Grove, Pa., asked if I would cover his practice while he and his wife took an extended vacation to the west coast. I accepted the invitation and had my first experience working as a licensed physician in my hometown. We enjoyed the use of Dr. Wire's spacious home and had great nursing support from his nurse, Mrs. Leah Stambaugh. During this time Nancy's home congregation, Stony Brook Mennonite, arranged for a commissioning service just prior to our departure. Attending the service was Margaret Dyck, a Canadian pediatric nurse who worked at the Nazareth Hospital. She shared with us that hospital policy discouraged doctor's wives from working as nurses in the hospital. Why, we were not told. This came as a disappointment as Nancy and I envisioned working together as a doctor/nurse team. Later we came to see the priority for us at this time of life was raising our children.



Summer 1965, Spring Grove, Pa.

NAZARETH, 1965-1968

CHAPTER 12

On September 7, 1965, Nancy and I, along with our 14-month-old son, Craig, sailed out of the New York harbor on a new Israeli passenger ship named *Shalom*—the Hebrew word for peace. Family members came to New York to see us off, promising to pray for us. The journey took two weeks with day stops in Malaga, Spain; Marseille, France; and Pompeii, Italy, before reaching Haifa, Israel, on September 20. The ship carried many Jews traveling to Israel to celebrate the Jewish New Year, Day of Atonement, and Succoth, the Festival of Harvest. On board ship we had our first language lessons, and an introduction to Orthodox Jewish culture such as maintaining kosher food practices. Our 14-month-old son wanted milk but was not permitted to have it in the regular dining area. We were directed to another part of the ship for non-kosher items.

*Leaving New York for Israel,
Sept. 7, 1965.*





Entering Haifa Port with Mt. Carmel in background.

Dr. Tester, 1966



A few days before arriving in Haifa, we were granted special favors by the deck captain such as use of the first-class swimming pool. We did not understand why he was treating us favorably until we reached the Haifa port. He asked if we would return the favor by taking one of his cases with us through Israeli customs. He had purchased some expensive lingerie in New York and wanted to avoid paying customs. He was not very happy when we declined to accommodate his wish. Our mission could have ended before we started if we were caught smuggling lingerie into the country!

Dr. Tester, the hospital superintendent, met us at the Haifa port. He had come to America the previous year to recruit an American doctor for the hospital staff. We found him to be a no-frills, no-nonsense, kind gentleman with a twinkle in his blue eyes, a great

sense of humor, and delightful British accent. He had a small mustache and a shock of white hair around his shiny, baldhead. We were soon loaded into the green and white VW bus and headed across the Jezreel Plain, along the Kishon River on our way up to Nazareth on the hills rising above the plain with Mount Tabor off to the south. I was filled with awe looking at these places I only read about in the Scripture. At the foot of Mount Carmel, there was a shepherd in traditional garb tending his goats and sheep, a true Biblical scene.

As we approached Nazareth, Dr. Tester explained the temporary arrangement for our housing. The new apartment to be our home, referred to as a “flat” by the English, was not completed and we would be living in part of the Nazarene Church downtown for several months. The windows had metal bars and the furnishings were basic. The view, the music, sounds and odors filtering in from the neighborhood were all strange. My body responded with a feeling of nausea the next morning at breakfast.

Because it was the Jewish New Year, a weeklong celebration, the port was closed much of the time. It took two weeks and several trips to the port to clear our personal belongings. While I was at the port the day following our arrival, Dr. Tester stopped by to see how Nancy was getting along. While serving him a cup of tea, she asked what was available to clean the tile floors. He explained that a small amount of paraffin is added to the wash water. We later learned paraffin is the English term for kerosene. She later learned he commented to his wife, “I don’t know what she (Nancy) knows, but I do know she does not know how to make a proper cup of tea.” Apparently, in English tradition, tea made with tea bags did not produce a proper cup of tea. We forgave him for this and rapidly developed a lasting friendship with him and his French wife Odette.

We had no car, so we got exercise walking the hills of Nazareth. There was a steep hill from our home in town up to the hospital. After six months our new flat was ready, and we moved into the hospital compound. Rooms were small but adequate. Craig had his own bed-



Our Nazareth "flat" on the lower level, 1966-1968.



Dr. Maddock, Dr. McKay, Dr. Tester and Dr. Bernath

room. The bed mattresses were made of straw and developed a slightly musty odor in damp weather. We had no central heating system and used small kerosene space heaters and wore lots of warm clothing for the cold and rainy days between November and March.

We had no language study prior to beginning our work and needed to learn through conversation and taking one Arabic lesson a week. Working with nurses who knew English was essential. With time, I could take a simple medical history in Arabic after lots of practice and needing to be corrected frequently. The staff and patients showed much grace to me.

The core staff was built around a superintendent, John Tester; a matron, Jan Williamson; three senior doctors which included a general surgeon, Hans Bernath; a physician/internist, Cooney Maddock; and a female doctor, Runa McKay, who served a dual role as pediatrician and obstetrician. We had at least a half-dozen trained midwives who oversaw all the uncomplicated 2,800 deliveries a year. My role was to work as one of four junior doctors rotating on the four main departments: surgery, medicine, pediatrics and obstetrics. We took night calls, helped staff the outpatient clinics, and took calls for the emergency department where I became quite experienced in suturing lacerations. Junior doctors were called first if the midwife had a delivery problem. I became experienced in using an instrument called a vacuum extractor to assist delivering babies who became stuck in the birth canal. Surgical help and obstetrical consultation was available when needed.

I discovered working on the medical ward held the most interest for me. Dr. Maddock, an English physician, was my mentor and in charge of the medical department. After I worked with him for some months, he went on a four-month sabbatical with his family back to England and gave the responsibility for running the medical service to me with the assistance of a local physician, Dr. Hanna Abu Nassar. It was during this period that I discovered I wanted to specialize in internal medicine. Infectious diseases were prevalent. In the summer months, gastroenteritis and food poisoning were common, as were dysentery, typhoid fever, and rheumatic fever. Village people cooked over open charcoal fires and burns from toddlers falling into the fire were common. There was limited treatment for heart attacks



Bob giving anesthesia, 1968.

other than relieving pain with morphine and administering oxygen, diuretics, and digitalis for heart failure. Ampicillin was a new drug and very effective in treating dysentery and urinary infections. We had no anesthesiologist, however, Dr. Maddock, our physician, introduced endotracheal anesthesia and modern anesthesia techniques for that era, and also taught these to me so that during my third year in Nazareth I was able to cover for him at times.

After living in Nazareth for slightly less than a year, we discovered that our second child was due to arrive in February 1967. We were delighted with the expectation. Karen Louise Martin (KLM) was born at the Nazareth Hospital on February 8, 1967. We were



*Top left:
Maternity
stay, Karen's
birth, Feb. 8,
1967.*

*Top right:
Infant Karen
and Marcia.*

*Left: Nancy
and Karen as
baby.*

*Together in
Galilee*



Wild Flowers of Galilee

again blessed with a beautiful healthy baby. Her brother, a caring and attentive older brother, was pleased to have a little sister. While Nancy was recovering from her delivery, the next day Dr. Tester fixed a blue and white KLM Dutch Royal Airline baggage tag to the outside of her room door. For many years to come when traveling internationally, each time I saw a KLM plane I was reminded of this caring gesture of Dr. Tester after our daughter's birth.

Growing up on the hospital compound was never dull as there were plenty of playmates and activities of interest for our children such as building tree houses and taking hikes around Nazareth and other parts of Galilee. A favorite getaway was spending a weekend by the Sea of Galilee at the Scottish Hospice in Tiberias. Here it was always warm, even in winter, due to being below sea level.

Living on the hospital compound, our children felt they belonged to one large family. Occasionally a problem arose in this family-style community living. When Craig was around three years old there were two other boys of similar age, one Swiss and one Scottish, who had use of just one tricycle which needed to be shared. Following a dispute over whose turn was next, Craig threw a stone, hitting the Swiss boy on the head, causing a laceration and a stream of red blood coming through his blond hair. It didn't help when a



Playmates—Christopher, Roger and Craig

senior colleague—not the mothers of the other two boys—admonished Nancy that she should pray about such matters, when just an additional tricycle or two would have taken care of the problem.

Ten days prior to the onset of the June 1967 war, our hospital superintendent received a request by phone from the British Embassy in Jerusalem. A British male visitor in Israel was taken into custody when found walking naked on a Jerusalem street, declaring himself to be King Herod. The police had no contacts in Israel for the man who was having an acute psychotic event. In order for the airlines to fly him back to England, he needed to have a medical escort. The Ambassador contacted the Nazareth Hospital to inquire if one of our physicians would accompany the patient. I was offered the job and took it. At this time, Israel was preparing for war with its neighboring Arab nations. Traveling by bus from Nazareth to the airport near Tel Aviv, I noted the bus stations were crowded with men in uniform being called to active duty. The airport was crowded with tourists wanting to leave the country. Having arrived at the airport, I met with the British embassy staff person who turned the patient over to my care. I devised a plan to administer a mild sedative (hydroxyzine) prior to the flight, but my plan did not succeed, as the patient would not cooperate. While walking on the runway to board the plane, he sat down on the tarmac. No one offered assistance, so I struggled alone to get him to stand and by putting his one arm over my shoulder, I managed to coax him onto the plane. Once on the plane, he settled down, and for much of the journey he sketched pictures with a theme of brokenness as we made our way to London.

When we arrived at Heathrow, the health authorities were expecting us, and to my relief, I was able to turn him over to the care of a British National Health Service doctor. Back in Nazareth, Dr. Tester found an opportunity to have some fun by telling Nancy that something terrible happened when I arrived with the patient in London. He said the patient was able to convince the health authorities that he was the doctor and I was the patient, and I was now the one



MB Team—Paul Swarr, Wilbur Shenk, John Wenger, Robert, Roy Kreider, 1967

being held in custody! Of course, he said this with the characteristic twinkle in his blue eyes.

I stayed in London two days, visited Windsor Castle, and was cared for in the private home of a medical missionary family whose daughter was a midwifery instructor in Nazareth. In bold headlines, the *London Times* reported that war in Israel was imminent due to Egypt's naval blockade at the Red Sea. On the flight back to Israel, the airplane was almost empty with only a half dozen passengers, which I suspect were all Israeli citizens. One passenger asked me why I was traveling to Israel at this time. I told him I was a doctor in Nazareth and was living there with my family. The American Embassy had issued three separate notices to all Americans to leave the country in the weeks leading up to the war. Many left. Countering my fear of war was the peace of knowing that we were in the place God had called us for this time in our lives, and for now this was home.

THE SIX-DAY WAR, JUNE 1967

CHAPTER 13

Following the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, there was ongoing conflict between Israel and its neighbors over boundaries and the fate of the Palestinians displaced by the war in 1948. On June 5, 1967, Egypt threatened Israel by blockading the international shipping route to Israel's southern port of Eilat at the northern end of the Red Sea. Israel retaliated with a preemptive air strike, destroying the Egyptian Air Force on the morning of the first day of hostilities. Within six days the Israel Infantry and Air Force captured the Sinai Peninsula, occupied the Gaza Strip, and captured the territory of Jordan west of the Jordan River, the Old City of Jerusalem, as well as a part of Syria known as the Golan Heights.

This was a frightening time for us, living in an active war zone. From our home, we could see flashes from artillery explosions 15 miles away on the Israel border with Jordan. Israeli and Syrian jet fighters roared overhead, engaged in combat. We attempted to identify and secure the hospital by painting a large red cross on the roof.



Egypt's Air Force Six-Day War



Operating during 1967 war.



Druze children receiving MCC bundles after 1967 war.

We also cross-taped glass windows to lessen damage from shattered glass. Sandbags were filled to construct barriers for blast protection at the entrance to a bomb shelter. We hung dark blankets over windows as a blackout measure. Our senior colleagues who lived through the bombings in England and Europe during World War II were familiar with such wartime preparation and were a source of encouragement and stability for those of us experiencing war for the first time. We taught our children to stay away from windows as much as possible and when there was a blast, to fall face down on the ground. Following the war when jets flew overhead at low altitude, which happened frequently, Karen and Craig would continue to fall to the ground. Because we did not know the Hebrew language, we could not follow the local radio news reporting and instead relied on periodic reports in English from the BBC World Service.

In the weeks following the war I had my first experience of distributing clothing and needed supplies sent by MCC as aid to war victims. On the Syrian side of Mount Hermon, some 70 miles north of Nazareth were villages formerly belonging to Syria, which were now occupied by the Israel military and cut off from their usual supply sources. Three of us from the hospital and MCC loaded the hospital van with supplies and drove them to the Druse village of Magdal el Shams (translated "Glory of the Sun") on the southern slope of Mount Hermon. At the village school, we gave clothing and other items to the children, who received them with joy. The school's headmaster gave a speech thanking donors for the kindness and generosity.

By September 1967, Nancy and I had fulfilled our two-year commitment; however, the hospital administration asked the Mennonite Board of Missions if they would support us for an additional year. Our mission board offered to pay a thousand dollars toward reducing my medical school debt if we extended our stay one more year. We accepted and remained in Nazareth until April 1968. In the meantime, we enjoyed a refreshing two-week holiday on top of Mount Troodos in Cyprus.

We left Israel feeling that it was a good experience and once more our view of the world was greatly enlarged. During this time, we developed a large network of international friends and had a living introduction to the other two great monotheistic religions, Islam and Judaism. Good American friends, Dale and Anita Thorne, drove our family to the airport on April 23, 1968. How was it that we chose the 23rd of April as our day to leave Israel? This was Albert's birthday—our former homeless farm helper whose bedroom was next to mine when I was a child. As we descended the hairpin turns from Nazareth to the Megiddo plain, Anita commented, "I have a feeling that we will see you folks someday again back here in Nazareth." We left with no plan to return, but there was a sense in which we thought she might be right.



Socializing in Meshed Village.



Visitors in the desert.



Saleh, our Bedouin friend.

WASHINGTON, 1968-1971

CHAPTER 14

As a result of my developing interest in internal medicine, while still in Nazareth I applied to several residency programs. Without having had an interview, I was accepted into the program at George Washington University in Washington, D.C., beginning July 1, 1968. While still in Nazareth and knowing that we would need housing in the Washington area, I read in our church's monthly publication about an International Guest House in Washington sponsored by the Mennonite Church. This interested me, and I wrote to Kenneth Good, the pastor at the Hyattsville Mennonite Church referred to in the article. He put me in touch with a businessman, Perry Brunk, who assisted us in finding a cozy, small, cape cod house in Hyattsville, Md., which my father helped to finance. Once again, my brother Bill kindly offered his assistance in moving our stored household furnishings from my sister's home in Elizabethtown to Hyattsville. Our earthly belongings looked meager sitting on a small portion of the large truck bed.

Having moved our belongings into our small attractive home, it did not take long for us to feel right at home as new friends welcomed us into their lives and church fellowship. During residency I had very little time for social activities apart from work. However, our family entered into the life of the church and became involved in its affiliated ministry at the International Guest House in downtown Washington. These were turbulent times in America with the war in Vietnam and the civil rights movement, and with the recent assas-



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Office of the Dean

1 April 1968

Dr. Robert W. Martin
Nazareth Hospital EMMS
Nazareth, Israel

Dear Doctor Martin:

It is a pleasure to inform you of your appointment to the Faculty of The George Washington University School of Medicine, for the fiscal year ending 30 June 1969, in the status of Assistant in Medicine and as a Junior Resident in Medicine at the University Hospital.

Your salary will be \$7,016 for the fiscal year, plus the laundering of your uniforms.

We welcome your association with The George Washington University.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "John Parks".
John Parks, M. D.
Dean



Our home in Washington, 1968-1971.

sinations of Martin Luther King and Senator Robert Kennedy. We found ourselves at the center of political demonstrations and uncertainty. My work required me to be on night duty every third night at the university hospital—just six blocks west from the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue.

My Nazareth experience of caring for patients with all kinds of disease, with limited resources by American standards, was great preparation for my residency training. During residency, I learned about medical advances coming into widespread practice such as renal dialysis, coronary care units, and use of the endoscope for diagnosis and treatment of gastrointestinal disease, especially cancer of the colon and upper GI bleeding. I had opportunity to take rotations at the Walter Reed Army Hospital and at the University of Maryland teaching hospital in Baltimore where there was a strong faculty for infectious disease.



White House visit, President Nixon era.

The chief of medicine was Dr. Wallace Jensen, a hematologist and strict disciplinarian, who not infrequently resorted to intimidation if I was not fully prepared to present all the relevant patient data at morning report. He considered it a cardinal sin if his resident had not looked at the blood smear on a patient admitted in the middle of the night with anemia. He was internationally known for inventing a needle used to perform a bone biopsy—the Westerman/Jensen needle.

My favorite mentor during residency was Dr. Ivan Magal. Ivan was born in Eastern Europe during the brutal communist regime. After immigrating to America at the end of WWII he studied both theology and medicine and spoke Russian fluently. In addition to his private medical practice, Ivan used his education and fluency in the Russian language to broadcast Christian teaching behind the iron curtain. He taught on the interconnected nature of medicine and spirituality, specifically the connection between a healthy body and a thriving faith. He served as consulting physician to the U.S. State Department, and in that capacity the patients he admitted to the GW Hospital were very interesting people such as ambassadors, foreign diplomats, foreign embassy staff—all patients with potentially exotic diseases causing one to think outside the box. I loved taking care of patients he admitted to the hospital. In addition, he was a personal friend and brother in Christ.

Near the end of the second of three years of residency, I was informed the senior physician and my mentor in Nazareth, Dr. Maddock, was returning to England with his family after having worked at the hospital for 15 years. We were asked if Nancy and I were willing to return to fill his place. Because of my commitment to completing the three-year program, we declined the offer. We were then asked if we would consider returning if interim arrangements were made to cover the medical service until I finished my residency. My wife and I prayed about this, spoke with our family, administrative and spiritual leaders, and after some months felt that God was lead-

ing us to return. Once having made this decision, I arranged with my training program director to tailor my program to gain experience in areas that I knew were needed in Nazareth, such as setting up a cardiac care unit, introducing endoscopy, and administering anesthesia. There were no anesthesiologists at the Nazareth Hospital in the early 1970s.

In preparation for moving back to Israel, I went to the Israeli embassy located a short distance from the hospital where I worked. Security was tight and when I finally was able to speak with an embassy representative, I was informed that being non-Jewish, I could not expect help from them. Their mission was to aid Jews wishing to immigrate to Israel.

This time in Nazareth, we would be living in the large, stone doctor's house built in 1912. An Indian friend, an excellent seamstress, made beautiful long drapes of rich blue color for the large living and dining area of our soon-to-be home in Nazareth. We purchased in Washington a large carpet to match the drapes and cut it into two pieces to fit in a sizable crate. We took with us the materials we would need to mend it back together in one piece once back in Israel. It worked, and we ended up with a comfortable home with a blend of Middle Eastern and Western décor. We took with us a collection of music, classical and religious, that I recorded on cassettes from our local Seventh Day Adventist radio station in Tacoma Park, Md. The Nazareth Hospital did not have a library, and one of my goals was to develop a program for medical students to come for an elective rotation from medical schools in Israel, Europe, UK, and the USA. These were the days before the Internet, so I photocopied many journal articles that I considered relevant to the kind of cases I experienced in my previous three years of working in Nazareth.

NAZARETH, 1971-1978

CHAPTER 15

Having finished my internal medicine residency on July 1, we directed our attention to transitioning back to Nazareth which meant selling our home, and selling and giving away furnishings, except for a few crates of household items we knew were not readily available in Israel. Craig was in first grade and Karen in kindergarten. While making these preparations, my attention was drawn to Mark 16:7b, where a young man sitting in the empty tomb told the two Marys to go tell Jesus' disciples that "—he goeth before you into Galilee: there you shall see him as he said unto you." Since I believe God's word is living and speaks to our current situations, I took this as a promise for our family as we returned to Nazareth.



Our family, 1972 in Israel.

This provided confidence and inner assurance that we would find the risen Lord to be there before us in Galilee to be our shepherd and guide for the work ahead.

The planned length of our stay was open-ended, but Nancy and I planned for a long-term assignment. For this reason, we undertook a four-month focused study learning Arabic in Jerusalem. We found housing in a storage-type building on the grounds of the Nazarene Church across from the King David Hotel in West Jerusalem. The King David Hotel was the site of a terrorist bombing against the British by a Jewish terrorist organization during the 1948 War of Independence. Government dignitaries often stayed here while on official state visits. We enrolled Karen in kindergarten and Craig in second grade at the Anglican School on Prophet Street in Jerusalem. Nancy and I traveled five miles from Jerusalem to Bethlehem for Arabic lessons five mornings a week. Mr. Jalal Irrani was our seasoned beloved teacher. Studying Arabic full time proved to be a challenging exercise in which I did not particularly excel. We learned much about Middle East culture, history, and the experiences of Palestinian people responding to the establishment of the State of Israel. Our teacher, Mr. Irrani, a Christian living in Jerusalem in 1948, had his home confiscated and occupied by an Orthodox Jewish family. He would tell us about this time in his life with sadness but not bitterness.

My work in giving leadership to the medical department the spring of 1972 got off to a rocky start. I developed acute rheumatic fever two months after beginning hospital work and needed six weeks to recover. This was my first personal experience with a major illness and, for the first time in my life, I experienced what it meant to be an invalid. Nancy provided loving care, making it possible for me to be treated at home. I definitely became more compassionate when working with patients in acute pain. My good friend and colleague, Dr. Hanna Abu Nassar from Nazareth, managed my treatment. A pastor friend in Nazareth provided me with tapes of encouraging

music recorded in the Church of the Nazarene in Pasadena, Calif. I was blessed with a complete recovery, not experiencing any of the heart valve damage that can result from this disease.

Following my recovery, I delved into the challenging work of caring for my patients, but not having the resources available which I had become used to at the George Washington University Hospital. Nevertheless, I was focused on using what was available with a desire to make improvements and apply the knowledge and skills gained from my three years of internal medicine residency. The following story is about one of my patients.

Nadia (not her real name), age 4, was brought to the outpatient clinic because of abdominal pain. At first it seemed like she had a simple gastroenteritis; however, the pain did not go away, and after a few days she came back again. She was admitted to the children's ward for observation where after a few more days, a lump was felt in her abdomen. Within days, the lump became a mass, she became pale, stopped eating, and became weaker by the day. In those days CT scanning was not available in Nazareth, so an exploratory operation—in medical terms a laparotomy—was performed. Upon opening her abdomen, a purplish mass the size of a small cantaloupe, was wrapped around the small intestines filling much of her small abdominal cavity. It could not be removed so a small piece of the tumor, a biopsy, was taken and the abdomen closed. In those days, in Nazareth, we could not do a frozen section and get an immediate answer as to the type of tumor. In fact, we did not have a pathology department and sent all specimens to the government hospital 30 miles away in Haifa for a tissue diagnosis. It could take up to ten days until a report was received.

Following the operation, "Nadia's" abdominal wound would not heal. Within a week after the surgery, stool began to appear in the incision site. She developed an intestinal fistula—an opening in the wall of the bowel to the exterior of the abdomen. Since we were a small hospital we were not equipped in managing a serious compli-

cation such as this, therefore arrangements were made to transport her to the Rambam Hospital, a large government hospital in Haifa. She made it only as far as the emergency room where the doctors chose not to admit her and sent her back to us at Nazareth. I was not given an explanation as to why she was not admitted, but I suspect socioeconomic status may have been a factor, or perhaps they felt the clinical information accompanying the patient was insufficient.

A few days after “Nadia” was returned to us, the pathology report arrived. The diagnosis was Burkitt’s lymphoma, a tumor often found in Africa but rarely in Israel. It most often appears in the head and neck region and much less often in the abdomen. I was a young internist at this time and once heard about this tumor while attending a medical conference in America where Dr. Dennis Burkitt—after whom the tumor is named—spoke about his research work in Africa.

What were our options in Nazareth for treating “Nadia?” Not many. I went to the small pharmacy in our hospital where we kept the large *British Pharmacopoeia* referencing clinical indications and usage for medications. In those days the number of chemotherapeutic drugs was few, especially at our hospital. I read in the reference book that an agent called Cytosan was found to be useful in treating Burkitt’s lymphoma. It was the only cancer chemo drug we had in the pharmacy. I looked up the recommended dose for children and decided to give the maximal allowed intravenous dose to “Nadia.”

The expected side effect of hair loss occurred but almost miraculously, within days, the fecal drainage through her abdominal fistula began to dry up, she began to eat, her fever subsided, and from one day to the next one could observe the large tumor mass filling her abdomen regressing in size. It was like a miracle happening in front of our eyes. Approximately two weeks after having received the one dose of IV Cytosan, “Nadia” was discharged home. On follow up, her mother reported some aggressive behavioral changes and wondered if we had transfused her with blood donated by a patient

with aggressive behavioral traits! The village people in Galilee believe many myths about blood donation and transfusion. Following her recovery, “Nadia” was followed annually in the cancer outpatient clinic at the Rambam Hospital in Haifa.

In 1988, fifteen years after having treated “Nadia,” I was in my office at the Nazareth Hospital, working this time as general director of the hospital, and minimally involved in directly caring for patients. When former patients heard I was back in Nazareth, some would come and knock on my office door to greet me or express a concern. This time when I opened the door a gentleman in his late fifties wanted to introduce me to his daughter now in her early twenties and pregnant. He asked if I remembered treating a small girl who had cancer and made an unusual recovery. “Yes,” I said, “I do remember.” “Well, here she is now, expecting her first baby. This is ‘Nadia’!” If tears were not in my eyes, they were not far away. At that moment, I felt that leaving home and returning to the hospital



“Nadia”

was worth it all. Reflecting on this experience, I thought of the boy from just down the road who brought his two fish to Jesus, who blessed what the boy had and fed the crowd. In my case, it was the Cytoxan that we had which He used to heal a little girl from Galilee.

Another of my patient experiences does not have a good outcome and is one that has caused me great pain. Again, as was the case in my former years of medical work, because we were a small staff we needed to cross cover for each other as much as possible. While working primarily as an internist, I also covered for anesthesia when needed. I learned to intubate patients, administer muscle relaxant drugs, and administer inhalation anesthetics from Dr. Maddock, my

mentor, who introduced modern anesthesia techniques in the Nazareth Hospital in the 1960s.

A man in his early 30s came to the hospital with a fractured lower extremity sustained in a fall while chasing a thief in the Nazareth market. Our hospital surgeon, Dr. Bernath, needed to do an open reduction to insert a plate to hold the bone fragments in place, which was a routine procedure for this type of trauma. I was the anesthetist on the case when, about five minutes into the operation, I noted the patient's pulse was rising. There was no excess blood loss, but within minutes I noted the patient felt hot. He was fine before the operation began. His pulse kept increasing, approaching 200 per minute, his temperature approached 105°F, and his blood pressure was dropping. Never had I experienced anything like this, and not being a fully trained anesthesiologist I had not heard of a condition called malignant hyperthermia—a rare inherited disorder causing extreme metabolic changes in muscles when exposed to certain anesthetic agents. Today, treatment with a drug called dantrolene is available if given immediately and in large quantities. In those days, we did not have it. Without treatment, fatality is 70%, and our patient died on the operating table. I felt terrible, and I found it extremely difficult to explain to his relatives what happened when a perfectly well man in the middle of life with a young family dies on the operating table while having a fracture treated.

In my goal of modernizing and expanding the scope of the medical work, I was blessed with great colleagues, both from within Israel and abroad. I loved having medical students from Europe, UK, and America come to take elective rotations on our medical service. Having junior doctors assist with the patient load proved invaluable. I contacted the chief of gastroenterology at the Beilinson Medical Center in Tel Aviv to help me get started doing upper gastrointestinal endoscopies. It helped that he had his specialty training at my old medical school, Hahnemann Medical College. I traveled with our newly acquired endoscopy equipment and a patient by car from

Nazareth to Tel Aviv to perform my first endoscopy in Israel. The patient had cancer of the esophagus.

Coronary artery disease and acute myocardial infarction were common emergency admissions. During my previous time working in Nazareth as a junior doctor these patients all too often did not survive their hospital stay. There was a dire need to modernize treatment in Nazareth for the acute care of patients with heart attacks. I began to implement what I learned during my residency. This involved monitoring and stabilizing life-threatening arrhythmias, performing cardiac resuscitation, obtaining a cardiac defibrillator, and using the newer medications that were becoming available.

Starting in the 1960s a newly developed Cardiovascular Surgery Department at the Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem began to collaborate with the Nazareth Hospital on surgically correcting congenital heart abnormalities on infants and children, and later expanded the service to surgically correcting and replacing damaged heart valves as a result of rheumatic fever. Three times a year, a team of cardiologists and surgeons came from Jerusalem to Nazareth. Together we held a joint clinic to select candidates for surgery from



Open-heart Patients

those first screened by our staff. Post-op, the patients were returned to our care in Nazareth. Most patients were highly symptomatic and disabled because surgery and specialized treatment was not previously available. They died prematurely. The results of surgical intervention were remarkable.

After the June 1967 war the border was opened to the one million Arabs living in the West Bank. Many were in refugee camps formed just after the 1948 war with limited healthcare resources provided by the United Nations. One of the doctors from Hadassah who came to us was Professor Mervin Gotsman, a former colleague of Dr. Christiaan Barnard in South Africa who performed the world's first cardiac transplant that survived in 1967.

Applying this new knowledge and treatment possibilities in the Nazareth Hospital brought me great satisfaction. The community took notice of the improved clinical outcomes. As a result of this collaboration with the Hebrew University, the people in Nazareth and Galilee thought of me as their heart doctor, or at least the one who could facilitate their getting care in Israel's premier medical center in Jerusalem. In our newly equipped cardiac unit, with the use of a defibrillator, we performed the first successful survival from sudden cardiac arrest at the Nazareth Hospital in 1972.

Fred Homes was a friend and colleague similar in age to me who traveled by motorbike from England via Europe and Turkey to Israel in 1964 to work for a year at the Nazareth Hospital. He returned to England, specialized in surgery and urology, and then returned to work in Nazareth over the next 15 years as a surgeon. A special memory I have of Fred and his wife Judith is a sailboat they owned and upon occasion invited our family to go sailing on the Sea of Galilee. Fred's interest and involvement at the hospital continued until the end of his life in the mid-90s. He also played a key role in the creation and governance of The Nazareth Village.

An Australian colleague, Dr. Paul Kitchen, had just completed a surgical fellowship in the UK and came with his young family for

several years to work as a surgeon in Nazareth. He assisted in setting up the first ICU/CCU in Nazareth. Another valued colleague at this time was Rev. Joe Haines and his family who joined our staff in 1972 to head up the chaplaincy and spiritual ministry to patients and staff. Joe and Elaine had prior work experience in the Middle East and brought with them the exceptional gift of fluency in the Arabic language.

On many occasions we vacationed together. Among our favorite family vacation memories are those spent with friends along the Red Sea in the Sinai Desert, snorkeling over the beautiful coral reefs, admiring the beauty of God's creation of fish and coral reefs illuminated by the brilliant light of the Middle East sun penetrating the deep blue water. As a family we loved these times of vacation. On one occasion, we had the privilege of taking my sister Virginia along with her husband, Harold, and two of their children on a jeep safari to Mount Sinai in the middle of the desert.

We had our second wartime experience in October of 1973 when the Egyptian Army crossed the Suez Canal and made a surprise attack on the Israeli occupying army in Sinai on Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement)—the holiest day on the Jewish calendar. The war lasted three weeks. Many lives on both sides were lost. The infantry fighting in the Sinai desert was fierce. The Syrian Army attacked in the north and early on made advances into Israel before being repelled. The BBC, our source of news in English, reported that the Syrian Army had advanced into Israel and were on the outskirts of Nazareth. We looked in the direction of Syria but could not see fighting, so we became a little skeptical of some news reporting. At the hospital, we sought cover from air attacks by fleeing to a nearby cave during sirens alerting us of a possible Scud missile barrage from Syria. Dr. Bernath, our senior surgeon from Switzerland, and hospital director in 1973, was a member of the International Red Cross, and was called to duty to assist in the prisoner exchange with Egypt after the war ended on October 26. Because the Egyptian attack was a surprise, there was no

time for the American Embassy to advise us to leave the country, as was the case in the 1967 war.

After being back in Israel for two and a half years, I applied to take the American Board of Internal Medicine exam. I feared that since it was now more than two years since completing my residency, I would not remember the fine print details necessary for passing the exam. The nearest location for taking the exam was on a military base in Tehran, Iran. I traveled to Tehran in June of 1973 for the two-day exam and extended my stay by a few days for sight-seeing, visiting the ancient city of Isfahan in the desert 200 miles south of Tehran. As I was leaving home to travel to Iran, Dr. Raju Abraham, a junior doctor from India helping me on the medical service, came to the car, leaned in the open window and said, "Bob, just remember when you get to questions you're not sure how to answer, I will be praying for you to make the correct choice." What a precious gift!

After two days of exams, I felt at peace believing that I passed and indeed I did. During this time, as on many previous occasions, I enjoyed the loving support and prayers of Nancy. Upon landing back in Israel, she met me at Ben Gurion Airport and brought with her a freshly baked cherry pie. We drove to the beach and had a picnic!

Not long after I returned from Iran, our family traveled to East Africa to visit our good friends, Richard and Ruth Weaver, and their two children. Richard and I were college classmates for two years and roomed together during our first year of medical school, after which he and Ruth were married and moved next door to our Philadelphia apartment. The Weavers left for Africa in 1966, and on their way to Africa took a detour and came to visit us in Nazareth. We had an agreement that if either one of us couples lost our lives while serving overseas, we would serve as guardians for the children who lost their parents. Richard returned to Nazareth again in 1995 to help introduce laparoscopic surgery to our surgeons. Our friendship continues to the present.

Nancy and I agreed that the most exciting vacation of our lifetime was the two-week safari we had with the Weavers in the game parks of Tanzania and Kenya. At night we heard the lions roar outside our tents while keeping a campfire going nearby. Richard informed us that we could judge the animals' size in the night by the space between the eyes reflecting the light from the campfire. Nancy was so fascinated by this as she stood by the fire one night that she discovered the next morning she had unknowingly burned a hole in the tip of her sock! In another setting we were chased by a trumpeting elephant, and that was indeed high adventure. Our children were fascinated by the huge seashells found along the Indian Ocean at Mombasa and by the monkeys that invaded our food supply during the night.

On June 16, 1974, President Nixon and Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, made a diplomatic visit to Israel. He was the first U.S. President to make an official State visit to Israel. Because of our family's relationship with the Nixon family 25 years in the past, when he visited our home in Menges Mills, I wrote to him and extended an invitation to visit Nancy and me in our home in Nazareth. On June 16, 1974, my wife and I were attending a friend's wedding in Gaza on the Baptist mission hospital compound. Partway through the ceremony I was called out of the service and told there was a telephone call for me from the White House. I went to the nearest telephone and was greeted with this message, "This is the advance office of the White House calling from Jerusalem. The President wishes to thank you for the invitation to visit you and your wife in Nazareth. He very much appreciates the invitation; however, due to his heavy diplomatic schedule he apologizes he is unable to accept." Following the wedding, my wife and I drove the 50 miles from Gaza to Jerusalem, stood with the crowd along the road entering Jerusalem and waved as his motorcade passed by. What I did not know at the time was that in less than two months, he would resign his presidency due to the cover-up attempt for criminal misconduct at Watergate.

I found this to be most sad and disappointing, given our family's friendship in former years.

Having been back in Israel for four years, we returned home in 1975 for a four-month furlough. We traveled home via Switzerland, Holland, and the UK. On our way home, we learned the good news of a peace agreement ending the 20 years of war in Vietnam. Unfortunately, Nancy was not able to enjoy this time of travel due to not feeling well. Fatigue and weakness that began upon arrival in Switzerland became progressively worse. By the time we arrived in Edinburgh, she felt quite ill. Our friends, John and Odette Tester, now living in Scotland, greeted us and arranged for a weekend stay at an Episcopal retreat center by the River Tweed south of Edinburgh. The sister who warmly welcomed us said, "We will care for you, and most folks find after a few days rest with us, they feel so much better." That night, Nancy developed generalized body itching and her urine turned dark orange. We returned the next day to Edinburgh and made arrangements for her to see a liver specialist at the Royal Infirmary. He confirmed our suspicion of hepatitis which she likely contracted working with a burn patient in the pediatric unit in Nazareth. We experienced British generosity and hospitality when we were told there was no charge for the service as it is part of their National Health Service caring for guests from abroad.

We flew home the next day, having been advised she would require several weeks of rest to recover. The Lord provided a vacant cottage at the Landisville Camp Grounds, a very adequate location to rest until she was well enough to travel. Good friends, Henry and Edna Brunk, from the Hyattsville Mennonite Church where we were members, offered us their motor home for a six-week trip with our children to the west coast. We stopped along the way to see national parks, friends from college, and visit churches in Oregon and Colorado that were contributing to our support at Nazareth via the Mennonite Board of Missions. At the Grand Canyon where donkeys are used for transport into the canyon, our son Craig said, "The donkeys

and the smell remind me of Nazareth.” On our return home from the west coast, we stopped to attend a church convention in Illinois. Nancy’s brother John and sister Mary, along with their spouses, were also present. During a family gathering at the convention our family suggested we make long-range plans to end our time in Nazareth, given the current unknown health outcome from Nancy’s hepatitis, the educational needs of our children, our aging parents, and the dangers of living in the Middle East.

Follow-up tests indicated there was still some inflammation in Nancy’s liver. Dr. David Weston, her gastroenterologist at the Lancaster General Hospital, performed a liver biopsy. Fortunately, the results were favorable, allowing us to return to Nazareth. She went on to make a full recovery.

My work in leading the medical department was going well. The workload and quality of service in the department improved greatly when Dr. Philip King-Lewis, a hematologist-oncologist from London, joined the hospital staff in 1975. However, it was not the same for Nancy. She did very well caring for us as a family, but professionally she was not challenged. Teaching part time in the practical nursing school was not all that fulfilling. In addition, there was a constant stream of visitors, volunteers, and neighbors either coming to volunteer work at the hospital or just stopping in for a cup of coffee, tea, and conversation. Offering hospitality is of extremely high value in Middle East culture, and Nancy did this extremely well. The burden for providing this hospitality fell heavily upon her while the demands for patient care often took



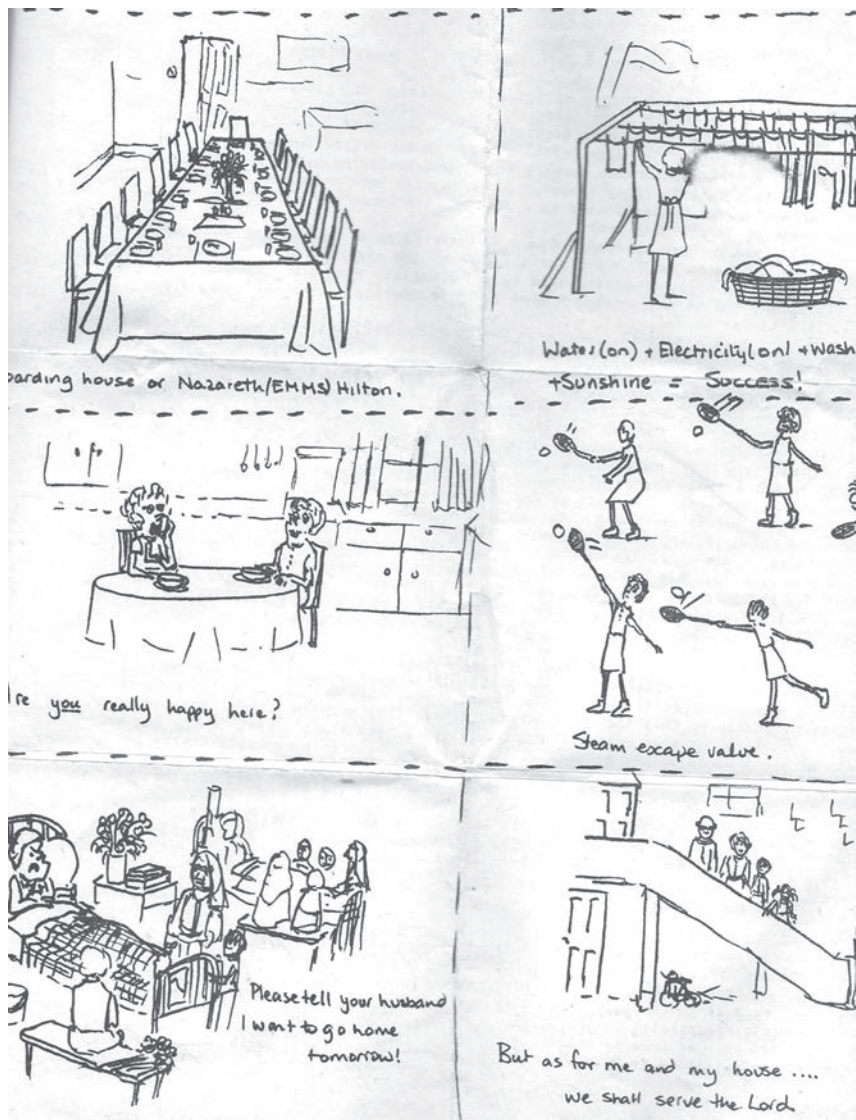
Dr. Eleanor Walker and Dr. Phillip King-Lewis



Making Hospital Rounds



Practical Nurses, 1970s



Nancy's 1974 "Annual Report" in her drawings.

me away from home and the time required for entertaining guests. Nancy would say to me, "How is it that life here seems to agree so well with you and is such a burden for me?" Our lifestyle and differences in professional fulfillment were becoming a problem in our relationship. Fortunately, I came to see the inequity in our roles and by 1977 I was ready to explore with Nancy a change for our family. Adding to the differences in the way that we were experiencing life at the hospital was the fact that the financial policy of the mission board was inequitable. Salary was paid in the name of one spouse, resulting in no social security benefits accruing to the other partner. We advocated for this policy to change.

Because of my interest in cardiovascular medicine, in the spring of 1977 I applied to several cardiology fellowship programs in the U.S. Several interviews were arranged. Nancy traveled with me to the States to spend time with family while I went for the interviews. We left our children in the care of Martha Yoder, a recent college graduate who came to volunteer for a year at the hospital.

At this time, we were expecting our third child and had a name picked out—Keith Graham. The journey did not go well. Upon arriving in Boston, Nancy started with vaginal bleeding which led to an ultrasound examination. There was no fetal heartbeat. Her doctor thought it safe to fly to Lancaster where a med school classmate, Dr. France, now an obstetrician working at St. Joseph's Hospital, cared for her. I cancelled some of the interviews that were arranged and was able to do three of them either before or after her hospital stay.

Upon returning to Israel over the following weeks, I was disappointed to learn that I was not successful at getting into any of the programs where I applied. We made plans to return home in 1978, not knowing what the future held. I needed to be reminded of Proverbs 16:9, "Man makes his plans but the Lord directs his steps."

I met Dr. Leroy Lapp, a pulmonologist at the West Virginia University Medical School in Morgantown, W. Va., at an annual meeting of the Mennonite Medical Association. I wrote to him from

Morgantown
West Virginia
26506

Medical Center
School of Medicine

Department of
Medicine
304 293-4121

West Virginia
University

February 27, 1978

Robert Martin, M.D.
The Nazareth Hospital E.M.M.S.
Box 11
Nazareth, Israel

Dear Dr. Martin:

I was very pleased to receive your letter of January 18 indicating that you are accepting our position. With respect to your date of beginning here, we are flexible regarding this. It is certainly perfectly alright for us to plan on your beginning August 1. If I can be of any assistance in smoothing the transition and move from Israel to here, please feel free to call upon me. I am certain that Lee Lapp and others in the Department would also be happy to aide in any way we can. If you have any further questions regarding your responsibilities, please write. I look forward to working with you beginning August 1.

Sincerely yours,

Bob

Robert H. Waldman, M.D.
Professor and Chairman
Department of Medicine

RHW/rtc



Acceptance Letter to West Virginia University

Israel explaining that I would be returning to the U.S. in May of 1978 and was exploring working possibilities. Dr. Lapp referred my letter of inquiry to Dr. Robert Waldman, Chief of Medicine at the University. After submitting my CV, a position as clinical instructor on the faculty of medicine was offered beginning August 1. No interview was required, something unusual for an academic institution. I would be teaching clinical diagnosis to second-year medical students, working as a primary care provider in the student health service, and performing consultations on the psychiatric inpatient service.

WEST VIRGINIA, 1978-1987

CHAPTER 16

West Virginia sounded good to us as a place to raise our teenage children. In addition, Nancy had a brother Paul and his wife Eva living in the state. When explaining to our children that Morgantown was near the border to Pennsylvania, Karen asked if it would be safe to live so near the border. She knew that on Israel's borders were signs in Hebrew, Arabic and English warning of danger, these being military zones and unsafe for trespassing. Periodically fighting occurred, especially on the northern border with Lebanon, not all that far from Nazareth.



Paul and Eva Rudy

The transition from running a busy hospital medical service with sick patients to caring for basically well students was difficult. The work hours were great with no evening or weekend duty. Nancy and the children enjoyed my greater availability, especially to support their sports and youth activities at school and church. Nancy and I enjoyed a more private lifestyle with considerably reduced responsibility for hosting visitors in our home. Our first year in West Virginia we rented a small ranch house near the medical center. Eventually we purchased a four-bedroom house in a wooded setting near town. We joined and attended a Christian Missionary Alliance Church that had a great youth program and pastoral ministry. Our family was active in the church and grew spiritually under the ministry of Rev. Douglas Miller. Nancy and I had opportunities for teaching and sharing in leadership in the church and its international student ministry.

Having our children settled into public schools provided the opportunity for Nancy to prepare for one of her professional goals: becoming an academic dean of a college of nursing. To this end she



Dad visiting us in West Virginia at age 84.

enrolled in the graduate nursing program at the university and obtained a master's degree in nursing with a focus on thanatology (study of death and dying). At the same time, she worked part time in the university's oncology clinic and served on the steering committee to establish the first hospice in the community. In addition, she served on the board of Mennonite Mission in Elkhart, Ind., as well as on the church-wide committee on aging. Having completed her work for the masters of nursing degree, she enrolled in the graduate program for higher education and earned a doctorate degree (EdD) in administration of higher education. Her thesis was on the subject of collaboration in institutions of higher education in the State of West Virginia.

West Virginia University had many international students, especially from Africa. My overseas experience equipped me for relating cross culturally to international students. For this reason, international students who came to the health service were frequently placed on my schedule. Often the symptoms that brought them to the clinic stemmed from anxiety adjusting to the harsh winter weather and social custom differences often resulting in social isolation and loneliness. Nutrition was also an issue, as they did not know available food choices or how to operate modern kitchen appliances. This offered an opportunity to help address these types of "non-medical" needs. I began a Bible study group, serving as their faculty advisor and gaining recognition by the university as part of the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship. The university granted permission for us to use a room in the Student Union Building each Sunday afternoon.

In collaboration with the Home Economics Department, we held demonstration classes on how to use an American style kitchen, how to prepare nutritious foods, and dress for the change from hot tropical and desert temperatures to the freezing and snowy winter climate of West Virginia. Our home became the locus for entertaining students on holidays when the university closed. It was common for them to not have a family to welcome them for the holidays.



International students at our home.

My work at the university was recognized by the medical school dean and after one year, I was promoted to assistant professor and three years later became an associate professor of medicine. That same year at the annual meeting of the American College of Physicians in San Francisco I was inducted as a Fellow of the American College of Physicians (FACP). During this time, I conducted and published a clinical research study related to diagnosis and treatment of urinary tract infections in a student population. My interest in preventive cardiology led to a study of risk factors and lifestyle behavior in young adults as related to the development of heart disease later in life. When the health service director, Dr. Ed Morgan, took a sabbatical he asked that I direct the health service in his absence.

Cross-country skiing became a favorite winter recreational activity for both Nancy and me. The beauty of West Virginian trails was outstanding. We owned a condominium at the entrance to Black Water Falls State Park and enjoyed taking our winter vacation at our condo between Christmas and New Year. One snowy winter, we set out on a mountain trail too late in the day and lost our sense of

direction as it began to grow dark. We were lost and needed rescuing. Providentially another skier came by and pointed us in the right direction. We learned to be less adventurous when out and about on our own in the mountains. For summer vacations, we discovered the natural beauty of the expansive beaches along the Outer Banks in North Carolina. It would not be an exaggeration to say that we fell in love with the place and continued to go back there for many years. This was a great location for Nancy to fly her kites on the beach, which she enjoyed immensely. We also enjoyed pier fishing and, of course, ocean swimming.

AN INVITATION

CHAPTER 17

Greg and Robin Meek were fourth-year medical students at WVU who went to the Nazareth Hospital for a six-week student elective at our recommendation and had just returned in time for graduation. At the Class of 1984 graduation banquet, which we attended, they presented to us a handwritten letter from Nazareth addressed to Nancy and me, written by the hospital director, Dr. Hans Bernath.

We did not know it at the time, but this letter would set the direction for our lives for the next decade. We waited until we got home that night to read it. In the letter Dr. Bernath wrote about the rapid changes taking place in health care in Israel since we left in 1978. New government regulations were being implemented, limiting the availability of visas for foreign workers to enter the country. Registered nurses recruited from outside the country were finding it increasingly difficult to obtain working visas, and those visas that were issued needed to be renewed every three months. For this reason, there was a dire need to develop a nursing education program, approved by the Ministry of Health, which would supply the needed local nurses for the hospital and health clinics in the villages throughout Galilee. In the letter handed to us at the graduation banquet was an invitation for us to return to Nazareth once again, asking Nancy to develop a nursing education program that met Israeli standards. The letter went on to say that something would be found for me to do as well. The “something for me to do,” we learned later, was an

invitation to become the next hospital superintendent; Dr. Bernath was near retirement age.

Having lived in Israel on two previous occasions, experiencing two wars, and knowing the challenges of staffing and financing a mission hospital, I had no illusions about this being an easy assignment. The hospital served a predominately Arab minority population in a Jewish State and was governed by a board of directors in Scotland. We were not ready to accept the invitation.

Life in West Virginia was good; we enjoyed our home, finances were stable, our children were beginning college and medical school, and our parents were advanced in years and deserving of our support. Furthermore, I had just received tenure on the medical school faculty. Nancy was professionally engaged teaching in the nursing college and enrolled in a doctoral program in administration of higher education that required several more years of graduate work and completion of a dissertation, which she achieved three years later on August 21, 1987.

The morning after opening the hand-delivered letter from Nazareth, a real estate friend drove by our house as I was washing the car. He stopped, rolled down his window, and asked, "Bob, any chance you want to sell your house? I'm looking for one for a new faculty member coming to the university." Taking me by surprise, I definitively answered I had no plans for selling. Later Nancy and I wondered if that might have been a harbinger of things to come. Fast forward three years to 1987 and we would be flying back to Israel to begin our third assignment in Nazareth ten days after Nancy completed her graduate schoolwork and a month after having sold our house and dispersed our furnishings.

The year following the receipt of the invitation was one of inner conflict and vacillation. I did not want to give up the lifestyle we were enjoying, our professional engagement at the university, our proximity and availability to our families, our church, and our financial stability, especially saving for retirement. Most of all, Nancy



Craig, our son, 1987



Karen, our daughter, 1987

and I did not want to leave our young adult children who still had major life choices and decisions to make. As a result, I developed high blood pressure, insomnia, and unrelenting anxiety for which I sought and obtained help.

There was no difficulty coming up with valid reasons as to why we should say “No,” but these were our reasons and not necessarily the future that God had for us. Just saying “No” never left us with inner peace. After six months of debating and vacillating about our response, Ron Yoder, an administrator for the Mennonite Board of Missions Middle East Program, offered to come from Indiana to our home and help us process our thoughts and pray with us. He came, and the outcome was a proposal to meet in Nazareth in the spring of 1985, during which he, along with board members of the Edinburgh Medical Mission Society and leaders from the Nazareth community, would discuss with us the possibility of our returning to Nazareth. Following these discussions Nancy and I would need to finalize our decision. To this we agreed, providing we paid half of our travel costs, freeing us of any covert obligation to say yes. The meeting was set for the second week in March 1985.

We were warmly welcomed back in Nazareth, where consultations proceeded as planned. The evening prior to our scheduled departure for home about a dozen of us were invited to the home

of Abu Hakim, a friend of the hospital, for an evening meal. He, along with his family, prepared a traditional Middle East feast of lamb, rice, stuffed vegetables and a variety of Turkish salads, *knafee* (a cheese based dessert), and Arabic coffee. The meal lasted late into the evening, and we were scheduled to fly home the following day. While seated in a large central guest hall, our host asked what had the Martins decided about returning. Dr. Tester, secretary for the Edinburgh Medical Mission Society, replied, "We are waiting for their answer."

Time was running out, and we could no longer push a decision into the future. Sleep did not come that night, and in the middle of the night I asked the Lord to direct me to a Scripture for guidance. I opened the Bible beside my bed and what I saw was Matthew 12:39b "—there shall be no sign but the sign given to Jonah." While I was pondering the meaning of this, Nancy was awakened by a dream. In her dream we made it known that we would return and there was an atmosphere of rejoicing. Together we decided around 1 am to say "Yes" to return. We fell asleep and the next morning at the breakfast table informed our hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Bernath, of our decision. We placed a call home to our children to inform them and sensed their support. Feeling at peace, we returned home to West Virginia the following day.

As I reflect on why we had such difficulty making this decision to leave home and family in 1987, I have gained some understanding over time. First of all, I was trained as a doctor and not an administrator. I enjoyed practicing medicine but did not particularly enjoy making administrative decisions in the student health service at West Virginia University when I was in charge during the director's sabbatical leave. I was paying off a house mortgage and starting to save some money for retirement, and I did not want to give up the financial security for a missionary salary. I had just received tenure as an associate professor at the West Virginia University School of Medicine and enjoyed the perks that came with the academic position, i.e.

the readily available continuing education, support for research, and attending conferences in the United States, which I enjoyed.

Leaving our son, age 23, and our daughter, age 20, at the time without a home base seemed irresponsible. Because of the tension that arose between Nancy and me during our previous experience in Nazareth, 1971-78, as a result of the differences in our work experience—mine professionally fulfilling, hers not so much—I was not anxious to return. She carried a disproportionate share of responsibility caring for guests, volunteers and unannounced visitors, which happened frequently. Adjusting to living in four different houses overseas in seven years, being ill with hepatitis, and caring for our grade-school children attempting to learn in a different culture did not make for an easy life.

So why didn't we do just what we thought would be best for us and say "No" to the request to return and be done with it? I think it was because both Nancy and I wanted God's best for our lives, not just what we thought was best.

I had a most unusual experience on the evening of May 14, 1979, at the Ramada Inn in Morgantown, W. Va. We had just returned from Nazareth the previous year, and I was new in my job in the university health service and finding the adjustment to living back in America difficult. To add to this, one of the students I had treated in the student health clinic went to see the head of the university hospital and filed a complaint. She said I insulted her with a statement I made, which she considered to be morally judgmental. I don't remember my exact words to her, but likely as a result of having practiced medicine outside the U.S. in the more conservative Middle Eastern culture, I had not yet learned about the newly acceptable moral standards of students in American universities.

I returned home from work that evening discouraged after having been called to the director's office earlier in the day. I told Nancy I felt empty and spiritually needy, so I looked in the newspaper for something to do that evening. I saw there was a meeting of

Christian businessmen at the Ramada Inn that evening. I decided to go and sat in the back of the auditorium where about 150 people were gathered to listen to the speaker, Dick Mills, of whom I knew nothing. His style of ministry was to pick people at random from the audience and say, "A word from the Lord—just for you." He would then quote from memory three or four different Scripture passages, a courier would write them down on a yellow paper with the person's name at the top, and hand deliver them to that person in the audience before he would move on and choose the next person.

To my utter amazement the first person he chose from the audience was *I*, sitting in the back row just inside the door. I was not initially sure he was calling for me, but then he said, "You back there in the back row with the dark glasses and white shirt, the word of the Lord for you is: Matthew 18:19, Amos 3:3, Isa. 52:8, Jer. 31:12, and I Cor. 12:8." The paper I was handed with my name at the top, and these verses, has been taped in the back of my Bible for the past 41 years. I did not know it at the time but later came to see this was a prophetic message from the Lord through Dick Mills given to me in my spiritual need that evening in 1979.

Looking at the themes of these verses, I note a theme of togetherness, restoration, joy on the heights of Zion, being a well watered garden, returning to Zion, and sorrowing no more. Following this experience at the Ramada Inn, I would ponder for the next several years the meaning of this experience and was not permitted to forget about it. Reflecting back over my life, I have come to see that indeed this was a prophetic message and that in spite of the difficulties of living overseas through wars and times of personal struggle, the Lord was preparing us for what would yet become the most important part of our time in Israel. It is from these verses that I've chosen the title for this memoir, *Together in Galilee*, the story of Robert and Nancy Martin in Nazareth.

In the fall of 1985, Nancy returned to Israel for four months to do a feasibility study for developing a school for registered nurses



Nancy and Sawsan, Director and Deputy SON.

at the Nazareth Hospital. Interviews were conducted in the villages of Galilee and Nazareth to determine the level of interest and to collect data for a proposal to be presented to the Ministry of Health for their approval and support. She had a local assistant, Shafika Srouji, to help in the data collection. Plans were made for Sawsan Abdo, a licensed registered nurse from Nazareth, to begin curriculum development once the feasibility study was completed and approved.

Having completed the feasibility study, in November 1985 Nancy returned from Israel in time for Thanksgiving and resumed her graduate studies at West Virginia University. We set September 1987 as the projected date for our return. I completed a correspondence course in Modern Hebrew offered by the University of Wisconsin and began to audit evening courses in finance and administration at WVU while maintaining full employment at the medical center. Nancy continued to work part time in the oncology clinic while completing research for her doctoral thesis, which she success-

fully defended two months prior to our return to Israel. In 1987 our son was beginning his second year of medical school and our daughter was starting her third year of college.

By August of 1987 we had a buyer for our house, held a yard sale, packed several crates of household items and resource materials, and loaned out valuable family heirlooms to family members and friends. Our son moved into an apartment with one of his male med school friends and our daughter went off to college. My brother Bill, as he had done in previous moves, provided the truck—a pull-behind cattle trailer—and together we transported our four crates across the Allegheny Mountains to the port in Baltimore. Upon our crates arriving in Israel several weeks later, I was prying open the largest of the crates when the lid of a little cup that our daughter gave us fell from the crate to the ground. On it was painted a little rainbow with the inscription from Genesis 21:22b “God is with you in all that you do.” I took this as a blessing and promise as I began this new chapter of life. The cup disappeared in Nazareth, but the cup lid still occupies a space at my desk 33 years later.

NAZARETH, 1987-1995

CHAPTER 18

Upon our arrival in Israel August 30, 1987, Nancy went to work with her colleague, Sawsan Abdo, enrolling the first class of nursing students. Together they selected eighteen students for the first bridge course to prepare practical nurses to become registered nurses. These students, whose first language was Arabic, were now receiving lectures in English and needed to pass the licensing exam in Hebrew. Nancy's goal, which she achieved very well over the next eight years, was to empower local students to develop skills in nursing and leadership to assume ownership for the professional car-



Nancy at work writing curriculum.



First RN Graduate, 1989



Nursing graduation in Nazareth.

ing of their own people with excellence and compassion. She developed a small loyal faculty to achieve this goal. With few exceptions, all of this first class of eighteen students replaced the staff of foreign nurses. Some became department heads. Others would go on to gain positions in the government and health insurance sponsored clinics in the villages throughout Galilee and others taking positions in Jewish hospitals throughout Israel.

I enrolled in an intensive Hebrew language course and was one of about a dozen new immigrants from Eastern Europe, South America, North America, Ethiopia and Britain. The instruction was all in Hebrew. In this setting, I gained new insights into Jewish life and culture. On one occasion, we made a field trip to the old city of Akko. From previous times of living in the Arab community, I never felt I needed to be protected by an armed escort. I felt very uncomfortable when an armed guard carrying an Uzzi automatic gun escorted our group.

I attended Hebrew language classes for five months before assuming administrative responsibility for the hospital on April 1, 1988. In the years that we were back in the States, 1978-1987, significant changes occurred in government policy that affected the Nazareth Hospital. Fewer work visas were issued to foreign workers, including registered nurses. This accounted for the urgency in educating nurses. Also, young doctors from Nazareth were being trained abroad, especially in Italy and Eastern European countries, and were seeking employment. Local doctors who completed their specialty training in the fields of anesthesiology, obstetrics, internal medicine, surgery, and orthopedics joined the hospital staff

The Ministry of Health requested a renal dialysis program be started in the Nazareth Hospital. I became involved while still living in West Virginia by helping to raise funds needed to purchase the first machines for the new unit, which was up and running before Nancy and I returned. Prior to this, dialysis patients from Nazareth needed to drive a long distance three times a week to be dialyzed.

Renal failure was a significant issue due to the prevalence of diabetes, hypertension, and renal stone disease, all common in the Middle East.

Relationships became very tense and unstable between Arabs and Jews at this time. It was the beginning of the Arab revolt against Israeli military occupation in Gaza, Jerusalem, and the West Bank called an intifada or uprising—shaking off the oppressive occupation by the military. I felt the fear and insecurity present in the country as acts of violence, house demolitions, public bus bombings, and arrests became widespread throughout the country. The Jerusalem that I experienced back in the 1970s was now very different with curfews, shop closures, tire burnings in the streets, and the usual hustle and bustle gone from the city, which was now feeling abandoned and unsafe.

In previous years of working at the hospital we lived on the hospital compound. This time we chose to live in the community outside the hospital compound. After living in three different houses for the first three years, it became clear that the hospital staff preferred that we live on the hospital grounds, especially during the build-up for the Gulf War from August 1990 to January 1991.

One of the frequent comments I heard from the staff throughout the hospital was the lack of communication among departments and administration. My goal was to change this by establishing a more shared decision-making form of leadership. This democratic, less authoritarian style of leadership was initially met with skepticism by the staff, which appeared to feel more secure with handed-down decisions. I remember a discussion on leadership styles I had with a senior Arab member of staff. While traveling to meet with our hospital legal advisor in Tel Aviv, he said to me, “Hakeem, (the local term for doctor, translated means ‘the wise one’), we Arabs have lived under foreign occupation since the time the Ottoman Empire began 400 years ago and have been told what to do, and now you expect us to know how to make our own decisions.” For me this was

an “Aha!” moment. All too often, I was hearing “the administration” blamed for adverse outcomes rather than department leaders taking responsibility. One of the good outcomes of a participatory approach to governance led to establishing a budgeting system for operations with lots of input from department leaders. This resulted in significantly improving the financial health of the hospital.

Anna Marie, the Swiss administrative secretary for Dr. Bernath, returned home with the change in leadership. I had little advanced notice to recruit her replacement. I made known my need at a small group of other Mennonite workers in the region when we met in Jerusalem to welcome a new couple, John F. and Sandra Lapp. The Lapps were beginning an assignment working with Father Elias Chacour, the village priest and educator, in the village of Abilene in western Galilee. Attending the Jerusalem gathering was Susan Kennel, a new student at the Holy Land Institute for Biblical Geography and Archeological studies on Mount Zion. Earlier that summer I met Susan’s parents, Arthur and Lois Kennel, at the annual meeting of the Mennonite Medical Association held at a retreat center in Mount Pleasant, Pa. Upon learning that Nancy and I had plans to return to Israel, the Kennels informed us of their daughter’s plan to study in Jerusalem. When I met Susan in Jerusalem, she shared that she was not adjusting to her new situation and was looking for a change. I informed her of my need for a secretary and she readily agreed to move to Nazareth and assist with the English-related secretarial work. One of the first projects I asked of her was to write a newsletter that would be translated into Arabic and disseminated monthly to the staff. This was new for the staff and well accepted. Everyone could now know what was happening, and rumors decreased, at least for a while.

The number of doctors on staff expanded rapidly, beginning with about 20 in 1987 to around 60 by the time we retired from Nazareth in 1995. Planning began for a major building project requiring several million dollars that needed to be raised. I reorganized hospital administration and appointed a Medical Director, Dr. Na-

khle Bishara, to be in charge of medical and legal operations. Together we worked as a team along with the director of nursing, nursing education, finance and business, and a newly created personnel department. Dr. Bishara grew up in Nazareth and was a well-educated physician, a great historian, and a man of faith in the Greek Orthodox tradition.

Funds needed to be raised for the large hospital building project. Mr. Fred Aitken, a former electronics executive in the UK, was employed to head up an international fundraising campaign. Much of his work had been related to military contracts, and he was looking forward to working for a cause more in line with his Christian values. He organized the Nazareth Project in the UK as the fundraising arm for the new building. This became an international effort and local chapters were set up in Canada, Australia, and the United States where it was registered as a charity known as The Nazareth Project, Inc. Dr. Darryl Landis, a former short-term volunteer at the hospital, gave generously of his time to establish The Nazareth Project in Lancaster, Pa. The Swiss and Germans generously supported the new building directly through supplying skilled workers and financially through their own channels. With the retirement of Dr. and Mrs. Bernath, Swiss support decreased.

After much debate as to when to begin building, agreement was reached to start when fifty percent of the funds were raised. It

*Dr. Darryl
Landis and Bob*



took eighteen months to reach this point, and we broke ground the summer of 1989. Financial responsibility weighed heavily upon me. Payment for medical services throughout Israel was managed by labor organized insurance schemes referred to as “sick funds.” Payments for services rendered would often be delayed by months. In past years, their home churches, mission agencies, or other charitable institutions financially supported most of the doctors and nurses. Local staff insisted they be paid the same as their colleagues in the other, more well funded hospitals in Israel. It was not unusual that we did not know if we could pay salaries, sometimes needing to delay payment until the hospital was reimbursed by the sick funds. Sometimes we needed to borrow from the bank to make salary payments. On one occasion, staff members held a demonstration when we didn’t have funds to pay salaries. I found these to be extremely stressful times, needing to retreat to a quiet place to pray.

The summer following our return to Israel we had the joy of having our daughter come and spend the summer with us, having just finished her third year of college. She volunteered to join an archeological excavation unearthing artifacts from the Middle Bronze Period (3000-1200 BC). Archeologist John Woodhead, a childhood friend of Karen’s who also grew up in Nazareth, arranged the dig. The dig took place along the Mediterranean coast south of Haifa. Several weeks into the dig, she brought a fellow female volunteer from New York home with her for the weekend. The house we lived in at that time had no telephone, so I used a walkie-talkie to communicate with the hospital switchboard. Later in the evening after Karen and her friend arrived, I was called on the walkie-talkie and asked if I was expecting a visitor from America by the name of Jonathan Gish. Karen overheard the conversation and was elated. Her boyfriend from college made a surprise visit and came to Israel on a special mission. That summer he was working for a mason contractor who, on a visit to the Holy Land, observed that diamonds were less expensive in Bethlehem than many other places.

Jon came to propose marriage to Karen. He arrived in Tel Aviv on a Friday at noon and proceeded directly to Bethlehem to buy the diamond. This was the eve of the Jewish Sabbath and all public services and transportation shut down Friday afternoon to prepare for Sabbath, which begins at sundown. Because there was no public transportation from Bethlehem to Nazareth, he hired a private taxi, which depleted much of his travel budget. His boss at work told him if the answer was “No” he should come back to work the following day, but if she said, “Yes” he could stay a week.

Karen rushed with our car the half-mile across town to the emergency door of the hospital to meet Jon. Driving back to our home, he asked her to pull to the side of the road. He proposed and had the diamond ring in his pocket. Karen reported that a group of bright-eyed inquisitive boys danced around the car as this was taking place. Caught up in the excitement when they arrived back at our house, it took Nancy and me some time until we noticed the diamond ring. We gave our consent, but Jon was not prepared for what followed. An engagement in the Middle East is a formal public event with the exchange of rings, presents, and a celebration party. Arrangements were made for an official engagement ceremony to take place in our home, conducted by our local pastor, Mr. Fuad Sachnini. When the time came to exchange rings, the pastor asked for a gold ring and there was none. The pastor quickly solved the problem by taking off his wedding band and placing it on Jon’s finger. The new relationship was blessed with prayer and a party followed. Karen borrowed our car and showed Jon around the country for several days before he returned home. Karen returned to college that fall for her senior year, looking forward to a June 1989 wedding just weeks after they both graduated from college.

In the meantime, our son, Craig, was finishing his last year of medical school. For his last two years he studied at the medical school’s Charleston campus. My nephew, Joe Martin, and his wife, LaVonne, invited him to live with them in Charleston while he fin-

ished the last two years of medical college. We very much appreciated their kindness in providing him a home while we were in Israel. He chose to take an elective in medicine at the Nazareth Hospital, which was a great joy for me to work together with my son in medicine.

Planning for our daughter's June wedding while living overseas was an adventure. We returned home in May to first attend her college graduation and then finalize arrangements for a June 3rd wedding. Just days prior to the wedding, Nancy developed a tooth abscess requiring a root canal procedure complicated by an adverse reaction to pain medication. Although it was an unwelcome complication, it did not prevent us from attending and enjoying Karen and Jon's wedding, which took place at the Morgantown CMA

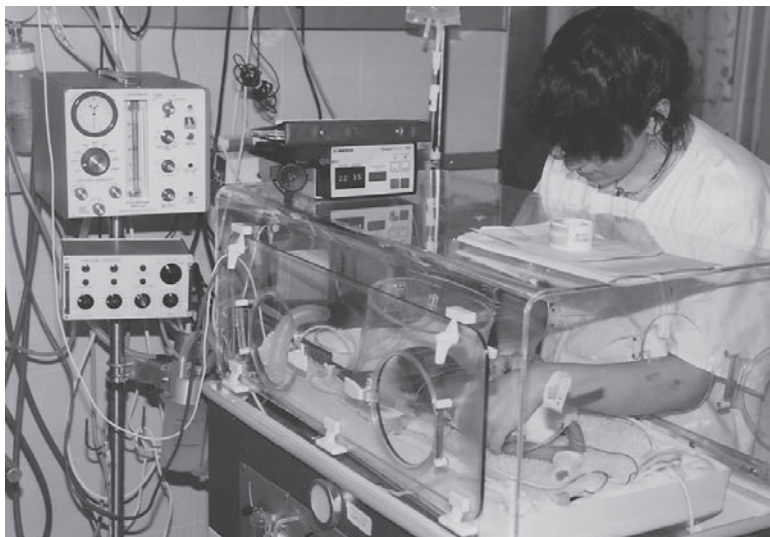


Karen and Jon's wedding, 1989

Church. It was beautifully officiated by our brother-in-law, Richard Detweiler, and Pastor Fred Henry.

Before we returned to Israel, our son informed us he wanted us to meet the girl he was dating, Carol Ann Call, a nurse from Barboursville, W. Va. Arrangements were made for us to meet her, along with her parents, over dinner. Not many months passed until we learned plans were in the making for a June wedding the following year after his graduation from medical school.

When Nancy and I returned to Israel following the wedding in 1989, the first class of nursing graduates were staffing positions in the hospital. The services of the hospital in the community were expanding and renovations needed to be made within the hospital, which was built in 1912. Walls came down to make space for a new neonatal intensive care unit developed under the guidance of Dr. Henry Fricker, a Swiss neonatologist. Local new medical school graduates, mostly from schools abroad, came to work with us as junior doctors until an opportunity for specialization became available, following which they would be offered long-term employment at the



Neonatal ICU opened, 1990.



New Hospital Building

Nazareth Hospital. New services being developed at this time were mental health, palliative care, physical therapy, and plastic surgery.

In my office I was blessed with great administrative secretaries, Nanna Hamati, a Nazarene fluent in Arabic, Hebrew, and English, and Jenny Coward and Joan Clark both from the United States. Jenny arrived in 1988 and Joan around the same time. In addition to excellent administrative support, Jenny made sure that a good cup of coffee or tea was readily available.

Sufficient funds were available by the summer of 1989 to begin building the four-story extension to the hospital. A groundbreaking ceremony was held soon after Nancy's and my return to Israel following our daughter's wedding. This project occupied much of my time over the next five years.

We returned home for our son's medical school graduation in May 1990 followed by his and Carol Ann's wedding soon after graduation. I was privileged and proud to hood my son at his graduation



Craig and Carol Ann's Wedding, 1990



Our son's Med School Graduation, 1990

ceremony. They spent the next three years living in Charleston, W. Va., where he completed a three-year residency in internal medicine, and Carol Ann taught nursing at the University of Charlestown until their first child, John Robert, was born in November 1993.

GULF WAR, 1991

CHAPTER 19

Not long after returning back to Israel, a major international crisis developed in the Middle East. In August 1990 Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait and refused to withdraw his military forces. The oil supply to western nations was threatened, leading to a military confrontation. Negotiations through the United Nations went nowhere. Over the next five months a massive military buildup occurred in the Persian Gulf. Fear heightened with the news of the possible possession of chemical weapons by the Iraqi regime. Within days of the Kuwait invasion, Israel began preparing for the possibility of chemical warfare. Non-Israeli citizens, in-



Gulf War Gas Masks

cluding us, were advised to leave the country. Foreign staff at the Nazareth Hospital were given the choice to leave and some did. Instructions were issued by the government on how to prepare for a chemical attack, such as making windows and doors as airtight as possible using tape to seal cracks. We were required to install powerful outdoor showers near the emergency department entrance to wash and decontaminate patients exposed to toxic agents. Medications to counter the neurotoxic effects of nerve gas were stocked in the pharmacy. Gas masks were issued first to the military, then to Israeli citizens, and last to the non-citizens remaining in the country. An alert warning system was installed on the hospital roof to inform us of an incoming missile. We set up a designated communications center for wartime use. During the months preceding the Gulf War, British Ambassador Mark Elliott came to meet with and advise us at the hospital. I very much appreciated his support and friendship.

When negotiations with Iraq failed and it became evident Iraq's military was not going to withdraw from Kuwait, a deadline was set for January 15, 1991. The possibility of chemical warfare led Nancy and me to write "last letters" to our children in the States and send the sealed letters to our family, Richard and Mary Jane Detweiler, for their keeping just in case we did not make it through the war. I vividly recall standing on a hill overlooking Nazareth as the sun set on the eve of January 15, thinking this might be the last sunset we would see. Although stressed by the threat of chemical warfare, both Nancy and I experienced inner peace, knowing our lives were in the hands of our sovereign God. Bishop Paul Landis called to assure us of the prayers of the church at home.

Soccer is a big thing in Israel as it is in much of the world. Nazareth had a soccer team and one of our hospital employees, Saleem Nassar, came up with the idea that organizing a public event, such as a soccer contest between Arab and Jewish teams, would make a statement for peace at a time of war. A good crowd came out to

support the event, which took place just hours before the first missiles were launched into Israel.

The first air raid siren went off just past midnight on January 16. I arose shaking with fear, pulled on my clothes, and headed for the communications center in the hospital. I made it part way to the hospital when a missile went overhead and landed about 20 miles away at a shopping mall near Haifa. Of the 42 missiles launched into Israel over the five-week duration of the war, none carried chemical weapons—but we needed to have our gas masks with us at all times. Fortunately, no missiles landed in Nazareth. The only casualties that we received at the hospital were an elderly person who sustained a heart attack while trying to don her gas mask, and a person who accidentally injected atropine (an antidote drug) into himself.

On the building site, workers from the West Bank chanted in support of Saddam Hussein, which brought back memories from the time of the Six-Day War in 1967. At that time, I failed to appreciate the presence of Arab nationalism among our staff. One of our nurses told me I seemed pleased that Israel won the war. What caused me to be thankful was that none of the Scud missiles from Syria in 1967 landed on the hospital.

There were 35 nations in the UN coalition formed to drive Iraq out of Kuwait. Japan did not supply munitions or military personnel. Instead they agreed to provide the needed aircraft to fly civilian workers fleeing the Persian Gulf region back to their home countries. To finance this operation, the Japanese government levied a tax on soft drinks and raised several million dollars. The war ended before the Japanese government used all the money. Following the war, an interfaith committee of Buddhists, Christians and the New Religions of Japan was formed and sent to the Middle East to look for peace promoting projects to receive the remainder of the funds. After traveling through neighboring Arab countries, the committee came to Israel. One on the committee was an Anglican priest who studied in Cairo with our local Anglican priest in Nazareth, Rev.

Riah Abu El-Assal. The committee of four went to Rev. Riah to inquire about financial needs among the Arab population in Galilee, and he directed them to the hospital. I received them to my office late one hot afternoon following their long journey across the border with Jordan. I informed them of the need for more funds for the current building program. I noted the elderly Buddhist priest was nodding off during my presentation, causing me to question their interest in our project. I failed to fully appreciate the extent of their fatigue after a long hot day spent crossing the border from Jordan into Israel. We said goodbye, and I forgot about the visit until some weeks later when I received a telephone call from a person named Machiko from Japan who said she was in Jerusalem. She asked if my wife and I could come to meet her at the Notre Dame Hotel in Jerusalem where she was staying.

Upon arriving we found Machiko to be a vivacious, petite Japanese lady with an impeccable command of English. She informed us she came to Israel on behalf of her government and was following up on the recommendations of the interfaith committee that visited the hospital earlier that year. She asked about our personal background, and she shared about hers. We discovered we lived not far from each other in the 1960s when she as a foreign student attended Gettysburg College in Gettysburg, Pa., 20 miles from my childhood home. Following college, she attended Yale Divinity Seminary and while there attended a meeting where Dr. Martin Luther King spoke about segregation and civil rights. Following the speech, she spoke with Dr. King who asked why she was in America. She told him she was studying theology and he replied, "If you want to learn theology, come follow me to the South." She did and took a volunteer job working among migrant workers. She witnessed the racism and the terrible conditions of migrant workers in the South. She witnessed workers being hosed down with water cannons to revive them as they exited the back of crowded, unventilated trucks in the farm fields. Angered by what she saw she began organizing protests, for which

she was kicked out of America. Before departing she commented to Dr. King that they do not have anything like this in Japan. He said, "Yes you do, you just have to find it." She returned home and found her mission uncovering female slave trade in the brothels in Tokyo.

One of the reasons she was chosen by her government to distribute the funds was her knowledge of Israel from former years working at the Hebrew University translating the New Testament into modern Japanese. The fact that my wife and I were members of a peace church interested her.

She informed us she would allocate \$50,000 to the hospital, but called us a day later before returning to Japan to say she reworked the figures and was able to double the amount to \$100,000. What she did not know was that I recently received a bill from the contractor for construction performed during the Gulf War. The amount we needed was \$100,000! She told us she would be returning in several months with a group from Japan to visit and learn about the projects their country was supporting. On her follow-up visit while Nancy and I were traveling with her and her group on a bus in Nazareth, she asked Nancy how much it cost to educate one nursing student for a year. Nancy told her \$7,000 and she said, "I will do ten." Nancy initially thought she meant \$10,000, but no it was ten students, meaning \$70,000 for the nursing school.

USAID AND THE NAZARETH PROJECT, INC.

CHAPTER 20

Dr. Hatim Kanaaneh, Director of the Galilee Research Society, encouraged me, to apply for funds for hospital development through an agency of the United States Government called ASHA (American Schools and Hospitals Abroad), which assisted overseas programs that promoted American values. The Galilee Research Society received grants from them for public health projects in the Arab villages.

While still living in Morgantown, after I agreed to become the next and sixth hospital director in its 126-year history up to that



Professor Donald McLaren, John Barclay and Robert Martin, Edinburgh, 1986.

time, I started researching and contacting foundations in America that I thought could be a source of development funds for the Nazareth Hospital. I did not succeed. Around this same time Professor Donald McLaren, an international authority of Vitamin A deficiency disorders, who chaired the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society's Board of Directors (owners of the hospital property), came to my home in West Virginia to talk about future plans for development of the hospital. Together we traveled to Washington to meet with ASHA officials. We were informed that a hospital owned by a Scottish charity did not qualify to receive American taxpayer dollars. Because of this experience, I was reluctant to accept Dr. Kanaaneh's recommendation that we apply for American funds, thinking it would be a waste of time. Besides, we learned the government would not make grants directly to an institution seeking funds but only to a tax qualified 501c3 charity in the U.S. that would submit an application on behalf of the overseas project.

In 1990 a very small nonprofit charity called the Holy Land Relief Fund had existed in the United States since 1949. Rev. and Mrs. Eisenbise, who visited the hospital and saw the need for assistance following the war in 1948, started it. They mailed packages of bandages and food supplies to Nazareth and Jerusalem following their return home to California.

While at work one afternoon my telephone rang and it was Sue Shirk, a friend and former Mennonite Missions worker in Israel, now living in the States. She called to ask if we could accept at the Nazareth Hospital for several weeks a friend of hers, Darryl Landis, who was completing medical school at the University of Pennsylvania. In the past year his infant son died from neonatal pneumonia and very recently his wife, Georgina, died in an automobile accident in California. Sue said Darryl needed time and space to process his grief in a supportive environment of a Christian community. I agreed without hesitation for him to come. It was not until the last weekend of his time with us that he shared his story in a Sunday



The \$400,000 check from ASHA, Nakble Bishara, H.A. Penner, Eliya Abdo.

evening chapel service. I recall him saying that in this time of grief, he was holding on to the promise of Psalm 23, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." He returned home and, over the next three years of his residency in family medicine at the Lancaster General Hospital, he worked tirelessly at developing the Nazareth Project, Inc., to raise funds in North America for the hospital and school of nursing. While Darryl was working in Lancaster, Welby Leaman, a student from Messiah College, came to volunteer for several weeks at the hospital. He helped to write the first grant application to ASHA, which, after some revisions and re-submissions over the next two years, in 1995 resulted in a \$400,000 grant to NPI to administer for the hospital.

THE CRYSTLES

CHAPTER 21

My sister, Virginia, and her husband, Harold, were looking after my father and step-mother, both in their 90s, and living in a house trailer on the Brubaker home farm. In March of 1993 I received a phone from them informing me that our dad had seizures and was hospitalized in Lancaster. I immediately made arrangements to fly home to be with him. He was still quite confused when I arrived at the St. Joseph Hospital the following day. When my niece, Twila, and her husband arrived to visit Dad, a doctor walked by his room doing his morning rounds. My niece said, "Uncle Bob, the doctor who just walked by was the doctor who delivered our children. I would like to introduce you to him." A few minutes later he again passed by our room and Twila called to him, saying, "Dr. Crystle, I would like for you to meet my uncle, Dr. Bob." We made brief introductions and agreed to talk more over lunch in the doctor's lounge after he had finished his rounds.

Dr. Crystle inquired about the hospital and our work and then asked if his daughter, Kate, a pre-med student at John's Hopkins University, could spend time with us in Nazareth as a volunteer before entering medical school. He said she was interested in volunteering in Africa, which he did not favor due to exposure to the HIV epidemic that was sweeping the world in the early 1990s. He thought Nazareth could be a safer place for her to volunteer. I told him about the busy OB service at our hospital, with some years as many as 2,800 births per month. I informed him our obstetrician,

Dr. Marwan Hakeem, had plans to take a sabbatical in Scotland later in 1993, and I was recruiting a replacement for him during his sabbatical. He listened and at the time gave little indication that he might be interested in providing several months' coverage for Dr. Hakeem. He had a very busy practice, was an infertility specialist, and served on a variety of committees at the St. Joseph's Hospital and on several nonprofit boards in the community, but had no overseas' work experience. This initial meeting was in the spring of 1993, and we would meet again later that summer.

In midsummer of '93, I received a note from Dr. Crystle indicating he was interested in exploring the possibility of coming to Nazareth and providing coverage while Dr. Hakeem, head of OB, went on sabbatical to Scotland. Dr. Crystle invited Nancy and me to meet with him and his wife, Midge, also a nurse, at their home. We spent a delightful and informative evening together. Shortly thereafter, I received another note saying he and his wife would come and be in Nazareth by September 1. Midge later shared how totally out of character this was for her husband, who never traveled much, to resign from all his Lancaster commitments and go abroad. Their only requirement was to have housing without needing to do steps, as Deans suffered from lower extremity weakness due to polio in earlier years, and that they have access to lots of coffee. Both requirements we could gladly meet.

Deans was just the man we needed in many ways. The staff learned much from him as he taught and supervised junior doctors, midwives, nurses, and medical students. Most importantly for me, he was just the expert resource needed to legally defend a lawsuit brought by a patient against the hospital for an incident that occurred 15 years in the past. His expert witness for our legal team resulted in the case being dropped. I would meet Deans as he walked down the path from his bungalow house to the hospital, his face beaming in the bright morning sun with a grin from ear to ear, saying to me on numerous occasions, "Have I thanked you yet for invit-



Deans and Midge Crystle with Bob and Nancy.

ing me to come to Nazareth?” He was obviously enjoying his time at the hospital. Deans was a strong swimmer and one of his and Midge’s favorite spots in the country was the Sea of Galilee where he swam to his heart’s content.

Dad recovered from his seizures in a weakened state but was able to return to his home at my sister’s farm where she and her husband cared for him. After a week in Lancaster, I returned home to my family in Nazareth. Exhausted from the journey, I slept soundly that night and had no awareness of the drama that was playing out in the hospital during the night. I was briefed the next morning upon returning to work. A young Israeli soldier from upper Nazareth, a mostly Jewish community in contrast to old lower Nazareth, totally Arab, was buying a pack of cigarettes from an Arab shopkeeper along Main Street in old Nazareth when he was attacked and stabbed in his back. A Muslim man, owner of a new Mercedes taxi, was in the shop and witnessed the attack. He immediately placed the bleeding soldier in his taxi and rushed him one mile up the hill to the emergency room at the Nazareth Hospital. Upon arrival, he was conscious but in shock from hemorrhaging. Our staff responded immediately. Urologist, Dr. Basel Fahoum, was on duty and when he was recognized by the patient, the patient called to him saying, “Brother, brother, help me!”

Within minutes, the hemorrhaging patient was in the operating room receiving emergency blood transfusions while the surgeons opened his abdomen. Blood gushed from a severed renal artery. The artery was clamped while Dr. Haddad, the anesthesiologist, kept the patient alive with multiple rapid blood and fluid transfusions. Once the patient was stabilized, the army flew a transport helicopter to the hospital and transferred the patient to the military government hospital in Haifa where he made a complete recovery. The incident received front-page coverage in Israel's newspapers where the timely treatment rendered by the Nazareth Hospital staff was recognized. Later that year, at the signing of the peace agreement between Israel and Jordan, the Israeli Government invited a representative of our staff, along with the Israeli soldier, to attend the signing of the peace treaty. In true Middle Eastern fashion, the family of the patient threw a large party, including Arabs, Jews and expatriate hospital staff to celebrate his recovery.

Reflecting on the incident, I was reminded of the story Jesus told of the man wounded by thieves on the road to Jericho, and the Samaritan who dressed his wounds and brought him on his donkey to an inn. I thought of this as a modern-day Good Samaritan story and suggested to our Middle East missions' director that filming a reenactment of this incident would be of interest. He agreed, and a team of four came to Nazareth to produce a film called "Brother Brother," the words of the wounded soldier to his doctor. One of the four was Michael Hostetler, who would return with his family two years later as our replacements in Nazareth, supported by the Mennonite Board of Missions.

Later that same spring, Nancy and I returned home for a furlough, having completed five years of our Nazareth assignment with the Mennonite Board of Missions. Soon after arriving home, I traveled to Washington to follow up on the application to USAID for funds for the new hospital extension. From Washington I called Nancy in Lancaster who informed me that our daughter, Karen, was

in the Chestnut Hill Hospital near Philadelphia and had just given birth to our first grandson, Zachary Samuel Gish, on April 5, 1993. I needed to remain in Washington one more day to fulfill a speaking engagement at the Hyattsville Mennonite Church, following which I proceeded directly by train to Philadelphia to meet our new grandson. Karen's husband, Jon, was completing medical school at Temple University and had plans to begin a residency in Emergency Medicine in Cleveland, Ohio, later that summer. Also, our son, Craig, completed an internal medicine residence in West Virginia, and along with his wife, Carol Ann, planned to build a house and join two other internists in Georgetown, Ky. With joy they informed us, if all went well, they would be new parents—giving us our second grandchild—later that year in November.



Zachary Gish, first grandchild.

GOD PROVIDES

CHAPTER 22

Maintaining an income stream sufficient to meet salaries was a constant challenge. In addition, we needed to purchase new equipment and maintain the building project. I knew when I accepted the leadership role I would need to trust God to provide. How this would happen I did not know.

Darryl Landis, who organized the Nazareth Project, Inc., USA, was aware of our financial needs and arranged for a consultant, Dr. Bryan Henderson, to come to Nazareth and help us think outside the box for ways to bolster income for the hospital. Because of his optimism and outgoing personality, we called him “Happy Henderson.” Drs. Henderson, Bishara, and I, met with the deputy mayor of Nazareth, Mr. Ramaz Geraisey, to brainstorm for viable options to consider. I pointed out that we had many international visitors coming to see the hospital and meet the student nurses they helped to support through a UK charity called Bible Land Society. Individuals raised money through small projects like making and selling jam and donated the proceeds to support students at the practical nursing school. They would come to the hospital to meet “their student” and be shown around the hospital. I led many of these tours and met with the supporters. This eventually became awkward, invading patient privacy and crowding the narrow hospital passages. Together we explored options to better accommodate visitors. Most bus tours to Nazareth stopped briefly at the basilica built over a grotto considered to be the home of Joseph and Mary. Tour groups then traveled to

spend the night in hotels in Haifa or Tiberias or to a guesthouse at a kibbutz. Nazareth was undervalued as a tourist destination and little was done to explain the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth in the context of first-century life in Palestine. At the meeting with the deputy mayor, we discussed the idea of developing a visitors' center. A seed was sown that would bear much fruit in the coming years.

A rewarding fundraising activity promoted by the Nazareth Project in the UK and in North America was promoting bike rides in Israel. These were approximately 250 miles in length over a five-day period, usually in November or March. In March the temperature is moderate, the wildflowers in Galilee are in their full glory, and the almond trees in full blossom. In 1994, my son, Craig, his wife and one-year-old son came to Israel for Craig to join me and about 50 other riders for the event. We rode from Nazareth, around the Sea of Galilee, down the Jordan Valley, by the Dead Sea, through Jericho, and up the Judean hills to finish in Jerusalem. From the vantage point of a bicycle, I saw the Holy Land as never before. What a joy



Bike ride to Jerusalem, 1994.

to share the experience with family and friends, both old and new! Some years the bikers raised \$100,000 for the building project or to help with the purchase of equipment. In later years, the Nazareth Project (NPI, Inc.) helped fund projects such as computer systems, a CT scanner, cardiac catheterization facility, new operating rooms and equipment, and most recently, a stroke unit.

Toward the end of 1994 I had the great privilege of meeting and introducing a very special visitor, Mr. John Vartan, great-grandson of the hospital's founder, P. K. Vartan, and his group of friends from the Guild of Glaziers and Painters of Glass in the United Kingdom, to the Nazareth Hospital. I received a phone call in Nazareth from a hotel in Jerusalem, asking if Nancy and I would come to Jerusalem to meet Mr. Vartan and his group. We went to Jerusalem and then two days later welcomed them to the hospital and gave them a tour. John Vartan appeared to be profoundly moved to discover the hospital founded by his great-grandfather in 1861 was alive and flourishing! Over the following two decades, John enthusiastically embraced the mission and work of the hospital, raising large sums of money by participating in bike rides in Israel on several occasions, serving many years on the Board of the Nazareth Trust, and raising interest among other family members and friends to financially support the work in Nazareth. In 2012, on the 150th anniversary of the hospital, John financially provided for the publication of the history of his great-grandfather in a book titled, *Vartan of Nazareth. Missionary and Medical Pioneer in the Nineteenth-century Middle East*, by Malcolm Billings, Paul Holberton Publishing, London, England. In the appendix of the book John writes, "Now through God's grace have I not only been privileged to serve as a member of the Nazareth Hospital Board but, I shall now work enthusiastically towards raising the public awareness of the hospital and future fund-raising." Nancy enjoyed serving with John on the Nazareth Trust Board and was inspired by his faith journey following the discovery in 1994 of his great-grandfather's legacy for the first time when we welcomed him and his group to the hospital.

FAREWELL TO NAZARETH, 1995

CHAPTER 23

At the airport just prior to his departure home from the bike ride, Craig asked about our plans for the future. He expressed his desire for us to live closer to each other, particularly to provide opportunities for our grandchildren to get to know their grandparents. In the coming months, I reflected frequently on this conversation. Our children were generous in their support for our return to Israel in 1987; however, Nancy and I increasingly saw the importance of sharing more time with our growing family at home, as well as being more available to our aging parents and siblings.

In early 1995, we decided that by the end of the year we would turn over our responsibilities to others and return home. On a visit to us by our mission field director, Dale Schumm, we shared our plans with him and discussed the future role for Mennonite Mission at the Nazareth Hospital. I advised against sending more medical personnel and instead recommended sending a couple who could help with communications at the hospital and internationally, as well

SON Sign





Dr. Richard Weaver introducing laproscopic surgery in Nazareth, 1995.

as research the possibility of a visitors' center for those coming from abroad to visit Nazareth, and more specifically the hospital.

The nursing school became accredited by the Ministry of Health in 1995 and was doing well with increasing enrollment. We had a physician staff of around 60 full- and part-time local doctors. The government issued very few working visas to non-Jews. There was no longer the possibility for long-term expatriate doctors and nurses to work at the hospital. Visitor visas for short-term consultants were possible, however. I shared with Dale, our missions' administrator, the opportunity and need to provide a quality experience for the many tourists coming to Nazareth from all around the world. There was a need for the story of the life and teachings of Jesus in the setting of first-century Palestine to be told in the geographical and cultural setting in which it occurred.

One of the people who was part of the production team that came to Nazareth in 1993 to produce the "Brother Brother" film was Michael Hostetler. Michael and his wife, Ginny, came to visit the

*Sharing
Scripture*



month prior to our leaving and the following year moved with their family to Nazareth.

In Israel by the end of the summer, the country is scorched and brown except for areas that are irrigated. The hospital is located on a hill with several acres of undeveloped land surrounding it on one side. On the hillside just below the hospital tall dried thistles, weeds and brown grass are the remains of the spring growth. This undeveloped area became the graveyard for broken bottles and other discarded items thrown there by itinerants. Under the scorching Middle Eastern sun, bits of broken glass would act as a magnifying lens, concentrating enough of the sun's rays to start spontaneous fires on very hot days.

It was after one of these fires, when the hillside was blackened with ash, that Mike and I stood on a bright Sunday morning. The early rains, as mentioned in the Bible, had just appeared a week or two before, resulting in the dramatic appearance of beautiful, brilliant red anemone wild flowers, the ones referred to by Jesus when he said, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of

these” (Matt. 6:29). Looking down on one of these beautiful flowers coming out of the scorched black earth, I asked Mike to kneel down and cup his hands around one of the flowers and let me photograph it. He did and after that we prayed that God would raise up on these grounds something that would honor His name. On this very site, archeologists working with Mike the following year would discover the remains of a first-century agricultural farm that would later be developed into a world-renowned tourist attraction known as Nazareth Village, bringing in thousands of tourists from around the world each year.

On November 4, 1995, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin was assassinated at a political rally in Tel Aviv that afternoon. This was done in response to the Oslo Peace agreements whereby Israel would halt settlement development and return to the Palestinians a portion of the territories occupied by Israel at the time of the Six Day War in 1967. Because of the repeated bus bombings and other terrorist-type activities, the Rabin government was actively pursuing a peace agreement with the Palestinians. The right-wing conservative factions in the government were resisting the proposed concessions of the Rabin government and could not stomach the sight of their prime minister shaking hands with Yasser Arafat on the White House lawn with President Bill Clinton in 1993. The conservative Israeli political parties were strongly Zionist and strongly believed that handing back territory to the Arabs was to defy God’s promise to give them all the land. It needs to be said that this is also the view of many evangelical Christians, but not one shared by this author. I believe that following Jesus means to follow His teaching in the Sermon on the Mount, to seek peace and justice for all people. This is what Nancy and I tried to do in our work in Nazareth.

A group of bike riders arrived in Israel the day that Prime Minister Rabin was assassinated. In spite of the national tragedy, the bike ride took place as scheduled and without disruption after making a few changes to the itinerary. This same week as the bike ride, my



ראש הממשלה
Prime Minister

June 18, 1995

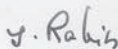
Dear Dr. Martin,

Thank you for your letter dated February 1, 1995, and for your warm sentiments and expressions of support.

The encouragement we receive from our friends is a source of strength for the tasks which lie ahead.

With warm greetings,

Sincerely yours,



Yitzhak Rabin

Dr. Robert W. Martin
General Director
The Nazareth Hospital
E.M.M.S.
P.O. Box 11
16100 Nazareth

Jerusalem, Israel

Letter from Prime Minister Rabin, 5 months prior to his assassination.

brother, Bill, arrived. He was on his way home from Kenya after visiting his daughter and her family. He arrived in time to celebrate his 65th birthday with us and stayed long enough for me to show him some of the country.

By November, Nancy and I were busy preparing for our departure home, which was scheduled for mid-December. The summer and autumn of 1995 was a collage of activities. A check for \$400,000 arrived from ASHA that fall, which enabled us to pay for the elevators that were installed in the new building. The building was sufficiently completed, allowing us to hold a dedication ceremony in the new auditorium and begin moving the first patients into the new building.

We created and implemented a budgeting system, making each department head responsible for financial decision making for his or her department. This was an educational process requiring many meetings. Consultants in hospital finance and management came from the United States and England to help us. As the staff and services grew, so did the complexities of organizing, funding, and navigating the changing political environment in which the hospital and nursing school operated. In the nursing school, my wife worked hard preparing for accreditation inspections by the Health Ministry and Ministry of Education. The building program was nearing completion. We were both tired and ready to hand over our roles to professionally prepared leadership. A local person, Eliya Abdo, was preparing for this role at the university but had not yet completed his studies.

Final approval from the Ministries of Health and Education for the nursing school finally came after six years of focused diligent work by Nancy and her team. The graduates did well at passing the government-licensing exam and their performance in the workplace was excellent. Improvement in patient care was evident. Some years later in 2011 the neonatal ICU was rated second in the nation in terms of outcome. To Nancy's great surprise, she later discovered the



Dedication of the new building.



Audience at dedication of the new hospital.

curriculum developed for the nursing school at Nazareth was being used in other nursing schools in Israel. It troubled her that credit was not given to the Nazareth staff.

The ministry of education required the director of a school of nursing to hold a doctoral degree in nursing or education. As the Nazareth Hospital Nursing School is a Christian institution, it was important to us that the top leadership be of the Christian faith, which in Israel was only 2% of the population. Finding a local Christian with a doctorate degree in nursing seemed extremely unlikely.

Three months prior to our departure, Nancy received a telephone call from Amal Khazen, a Christian Arab nurse living in Jerusalem. Amal was inquiring about working part time in Nazareth. An interview was arranged, and it turned out that she was God's answer to many prayers on behalf of finding a replacement to lead the school. Amal was of the Christian faith, married and her husband was from a village in Upper Galilee about 30 miles north of Nazareth. Amal and her husband were making plans to move from Jerusalem back



Elia Abdo, Business Administration, and Dr. Amal Khazen, Nancy's successor.

to his home village. She grew up in East Jerusalem, became a nurse, and finished graduate education with a PhD in nursing from Catholic University in Washington, D.C. Finding such a local person this well prepared to lead the school was truly an answer to prayer. When asked where she found such a person, Nancy would reply, "I didn't; God did!" At the time of writing this, 25 years later, Amal continues to lead the School of Nursing at the Nazareth Hospital and currently has 400 students enrolled in all of its programs.

Because of the European support in addition to that from the UK, America and Australia, an international search committee was formed to find my successor. On this committee was Dr. Andrew Young from Scotland, Drs. P. Swammidos and Deans Crystle from America, Professor Ernst Wachtsmuth from Germany, and Mr. von Gravonitz from Switzerland. The committee met in Switzerland four months prior to our departure for home in December.

The committee decided on an interim director, Mr. Anthony Holt, a retired colonel, having served with the British forces in the Persian Gulf country of Oman. He had experience in the Middle East and was a member of the Order of St. John; famous for the eye

*Administrative
Assistants Nana Hamati
and Joan Clark with
Mr. Anthony Holt.*



hospital they operated in Jerusalem. Mr. Holt arrived in Nazareth one week prior to my departure. He appeared to be a polite, reserved, dignified English gentleman. As an Anabaptist, I did not find it easy to hand over my position to a retired military officer, whom I did not know.

Michael and Ginny Hostetler and their two children followed us as the Mennonite Board mission workers in Nazareth. Two months before we left, I attended the annual meeting of an affiliation of Protestant churches in Israel called the UCCI (United Christian Council in Israel), that was meeting in Tiberias. Over breakfast, I met Stephan Pfann from the University of the Holy Land in Jerusalem. He told me he was an archeologist and his interest was archeological remains of first-century Christianity. Upon arriving in Nazareth, Michael began exploring alternative venues for tourists coming to see the hospital and Nazareth. He teamed up with Dr. Nakhle Bishara, medical director of the hospital, and other Christian leaders in the community. Dr. Bishara's vision was for visitors to spiritually experience the significance of Nazareth being the hometown of Jesus. I recommended to Michael that he get in contact with archeologist Stephen Pfann whom I met in Tiberias.

As he and Stephen walked over the hillside, adjacent to and just below the hospital, Stephen identified the remains of an ancient wine press. This was the place where Mike and I had earlier prayed that God would raise up "something" from the ashes that would honor Him. The finding of a first-century wine press in 1996 was the first of several archeological sites discovered on the land owned by the hospital. These findings revealed this area was once a small farm from the time of Jesus and could well have been known by Him in His time. This discovery became the beginning of The Nazareth Village. A team of archeologists, researchers, and volunteers began their work of creating, using first-century building methods, a village modeled after first-century Nazareth. In 2019, there were just over 100,000 visitors from Israel and countries around the world



Nazareth Village

visiting Nazareth Village. In 2005 Dr. Bishara, who birthed the vision for Nazareth Village, had this to say, “There is a deep desire on the part of all who come to Nazareth to see Jesus. But for centuries, all they could see was dusty stones. That is why I proposed a place where visitors could see those ancient stones come to life and witness the vineyards and olive trees Jesus used to teach spiritual truth. I am excited that this dream is now a reality. I believe Nazareth Village will be a gift of peace to the world, and also to those who live, work and worship in a land torn by conflict.”

On November 17, 2017, the Museum of the Bible opened in Washington, D.C., just a few blocks away from the United States Capitol. Its director Carry Summers, previously served for the Board overseeing and financing the development of Nazareth Village. He once said that what he learned about directing the one-half billion-dollar project in Washington he learned working with the development of Nazareth Village.

Little could I have imagined in 1985, when Nancy and I said yes to returning yet again to Nazareth, that we would witness the creation of Nazareth Village and the Museum of the Bible as an outcome of our willingness to return to living in Israel for the third time; the first having been 1965 and the second in 1971. When in 1987 I shared with my 85-year-old father that Nancy and I were planning to move back to Nazareth, his response was one that I have never forgotten. He said, "If this is what God is asking you to do, you must not say no."

It was with difficulty that we said our goodbyes to hospital staff, nursing school faculty, and our friends and neighbors in the community. The evening before we departed, Nancy and I paid a visit to our friend Nijmi. Born with a missing forearm, she was abandoned at birth on the doorsteps of the hospital. She lived her 75 years on the hospital grounds working in the hospital kitchen for her room and board. Following our visit to her little flat, Nancy was missing one of her pearl earrings given to her as a special gift from Michiko, our Japanese friend who designated the funds from the



Saying goodbye to Dr. Bernath, Dec. 1995.

Japanese government for the building project and nursing school at the time of the Gulf War. I returned to Nijmi's apartment to see if I could find Nancy's pearl earring. I could not find it in her apartment and as I was leaving, Nijmi mentioned she had difficulty closing her entrance door following Nancy's and my visit. She said there was a small stone that kept the door from closing, so she swept it outside. I wondered if this might have been the pearl earring, so in semi-darkness on my hands and knees on the stone patio outside her house, I prayed, asking



Director of Nursing Randa Elias

God to help me find the earring which I knew was of great value to Nancy. I found it! Our colleague, Kamal Farhat, head of the psychiatric department, arranged for an orchestra composed of Jews and Arabs to give a concert of Middle Eastern music in the hospital's newly finished Bernath Auditorium. A song was written for the occasion titled "A Song of Peace" and dedicated to Nancy and me.

Two farewell parties were held. The hospital staff, with about 175 staff attending, gave the first. The second was a few days later, organized by the Nazareth community with around 125 guests. While I was at the party my secretary, Nanna, handed me a letter that arrived that day from the *Chargé d'Affairs* at the British Consulate in Jerusalem. The letter was informing me that the Israeli Ministry of Finance was issuing \$500,000 to the hospital in return for the value added tax (VAT) that we paid over the past five years on materials used to build the new hospital wing! The next day, Sunday, I presented the letter to my successor, Tony Holt, at the evening chapel service, thanking the Lord for His provisions. Tony said, "Never

before have I been presented with half a million dollars in a chapel service.” With these funds arriving days before my departure, I was able to pay off the building loans and leave the hospital debt free. I can only say it was all God’s provision and timing.

The next day we packed the gifts we were given, closed our six crates, and delivered them to the Haifa port. Friends in America paid for Esther Glick, a 70-year-old volunteer from Illinois, to come and help us during this time of transition—a much-appreciated gift.

With the last-minute preparation completed on December 15, we left Nazareth for our early morning flight to London. Twelve members of staff got up at 3:30 a.m. to see us off after some coffee and time of prayer. Our friend and colleague, Kamal Abdo, drove us to the airport. Kamal and his brother George purchased our car so it was now his to drive back home. Arriving in London, we caught a train to spend a few days at St. Julian’s, an interfaith retreat center in Coolham, 50 miles south of London. The kindness of the sisters and the quiet English countryside was exactly what our exhausted bodies and spirits needed. The straw-floored chapel along with the few tasteful Christmas decorations provided the perfect setting for reflecting upon this closing chapter of our life in Israel. At the retreat center, we met the Anglican Bishop of Coventry, Simon Barrington-



*Dr. and Mrs.
John Tester*

Ward, who served us communion in the vesper service Sunday evening. He recently returned from a visit to Gaza requested by the Archbishop of Canterbury in response to an invitation from PLO Chairman, Yasser Arafat.

We stopped in Edinburgh for a brief reception given by the Edinburgh Medical Mission Society's board of directors. Andrew and Lois Young extended warm hospitality to us in their home and also transported us to Glasgow Airport for our flight home. As it was just six days until Christmas, we did some shopping in the airport for our grandchildren—London double-decker buses and cabbies for the boys, and a teddy bear for six-month-old granddaughter, Mad-die.

BACK HOME

CHAPTER 24

Nancy and I did not know where we would settle once back in America. Most of our family lived in Pennsylvania, so we decided to inquire about housing possibilities in proximity to our family. Our son-in-law had just accepted work in the emergency department at the Lancaster General Hospital. Sue Shirk, a former colleague in Israel, learned of our need and kindly offered for us to move into a property in Lancaster City she bought but had not yet occupied, due to a delay in selling her former house.

Our first priority upon arriving home was to connect with our children and grandchildren. Our daughter and her family lived in



Our family upon returning home from Nazareth, Dec. 1995.

Cleveland, Ohio, and our son and his family lived in Georgetown, Ky. Good friends in Nazareth, Dale and Anita Thorne, owned a cottage at a retreat center in rural Kentucky. They generously made their cottage available for our family to gather for Christmas. Nancy and I arrived in London, Ky., on Christmas Eve, purchased a wreath for the door, a few groceries and started a fire in preparation for receiving our family. This was our first Christmas together in nine years. In addition to the joy of being together, we adults all remember the sound of chipmunks running around above the ceilings of our bedrooms during the night.

We purchased a used Mazda car in Lexington the last day of our stay at the cottage and spent the next day, New Year's Day, with our son and his family in Georgetown. Traveling on to Indiana the following day we were graciously hosted by Willard and Alice Roth, staff members at our mission offices in Elkhart, Ind. I remember how very cold it was during this first week of 1996! In Lancaster, as we were soon to discover, one of the deepest snowfalls in recent history occurred in January, completely blocking the road past the house we would soon call home on North Ann Street. Only once in the past nine years in Israel did we experience snow because snow was very unusual for Nazareth.

In the midst of trying to adjust to the severe winter weather, Nancy's sister Sarah, and her husband Carl Sauder, extended a wonderful invitation to us to come to Florida and be with them for two weeks. Their loving hospitality was just as welcoming and warm as the Florida weather. I thought to myself, *Wow, this feels very much like Israel, and with its palm trees and flora even looks like Israel.* I mused to myself, *This will be a great place to vacation when I miss Israel's warm weather.*

I did not know if it was possible for me to return to medical practice. For the past nine years I worked in administration and prior to that, nine years in student health. Much had changed since I last cared for hospitalized patients. Apart from three years of residency

education and the occasional inpatient work at West Virginia University, I had very little experience of hospital practice in America since receiving my medical license 30 years in the past.

After returning from the two weeks in Florida, Nancy and I registered for a weekend at the Jesuit Center in Wernersville, Pa. We needed to reflect, pray, and seek God's guidance for the immediate future. I recalled a mission colleague, Calvin Shenk, telling me he had a brother-in-law, Dr. Harold Mohler, who was an internist and kidney specialist practicing in Lancaster. I called Dr. Mohler and he agreed for us to meet and talk. We met over breakfast where he learned of my background, and I learned of his need for additional help. After consulting with the two other partners in his practice, we arrived at an agreement. They offered the possibility of me doing a refresher course at the Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia for four months, assisting me with tuition costs. Once having completed the update, I could begin working with them at the Lancaster Internal Medicine Group. I enrolled in the course.



Our Lancaster Home

I discovered the refresher course to be stimulating and invigorating, almost like being a medical student again but now at age 57. A delightful discovery was finding my Pennsylvania medical license that was issued in 1965 was placed on inactive status for the past 30 years and only needed to be reactivated—thus avoiding a lot of red tape. While I was in Philadelphia during the week, Nancy began searching for a house to purchase in the Lancaster area. She found a colonial style house at 645 North President Ave. that belonged to a professor of Shakespeare literature at Franklin & Marshall College, which was just three blocks away. The interior ambiance was definitely English, and that appealed to both of us. A small problem arose when we applied for a mortgage at Fulton Bank, one our family used for generations. Based on my past earnings, the bank was reluctant to loan us the \$100,000 needed in addition to our savings to settle on the house. After my new employer at the Lancaster Internal Medicine group issued a letter giving estimated earnings for the coming year, the bank agreed to make the loan.

My father, at the age of 96, was still living when we returned home. We had only six precious months together before he passed away on July 22, 1996. I am most grateful to my family who provided care for him and my stepmother, Elizabeth, while we lived overseas. He visited our newly purchased home on one occasion just weeks before passing away. It pleased him that we now owned our own home, and we were grateful for his financial help for us to start again in America. He died two days after suffering a ruptured abdominal aneurysm. His last spoken words were, “I am satisfied,” which he said minutes after eating a fresh peach he had requested—a beautiful ending to a long life of ministry for the Kingdom of God, teaching his family many important lessons on the meaning of life, and the importance of enjoying the precious gift of life in all its variety.

That first summer home in 1996 I was out of town attending a conference. Arriving home, I found a message saved on the telephone asking me to call the British Consulate in New York City.

I had no reason to expect a call from them and was quite curious about the reason for the call. Upon returning the call, I was congratulated and informed that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second of Great Britain had awarded me the Order of the British Empire, OBE. After questioning the caller, I was told they held documents supporting the award, and I could go either to the British Embassy in Washington or to Buckingham Palace for the awarding ceremony. Because I felt the award belonged as much to Nancy and my family as it did to me, I chose to receive it in Washington where family and a few others could also attend. Because of



British Embassy OBE Reception



Guests for the OBE award, British Embassy, Washington, DC.

the Nazareth Hospital's connections over many years with the British people, our service at the hospital was being recognized by the Queen. While in charge of the hospital I enjoyed good relationships with Ambassador Mark Elliott (1988-92), followed by Sir Andrew Burns (1992-95), the British Ambassadors to Israel. It is likely they had something to do with my receiving the OBE, a tribute not often given to non-British citizens.

Nancy had compassion especially for persons suffering from mental illness. Once we became established back in Lancaster, she returned to teaching nursing at York College but soon found her real passion for this chapter of her life—helping persons and their families who struggle with chronic mental illness, particularly undiagnosed and untreated illness. She gave leadership to a Christian nonprofit organization called No Longer Alone Ministry, based in Akron, Pa. The mission of this organization was to assist and support families caring for a loved one with chronic mental illness. Garnering financial resources for this work was a constant challenge that occupied much of Nancy's time and energy over a seven-year period.

Nancy's other passion remained the nursing school in Nazareth. During the decade of 2004 to 2013 she served on the international governance board called The Nazareth Trust, which oversaw the operations of the hospital, nursing school and the newly developing Nazareth Village. Serving on The Nazareth Trust required traveling to Nazareth twice a year and to Scotland once each year for board meetings. She found this work both distressing and rewarding. Her delight was seeing the nursing school thrive under her successor's leadership and observing the loyalty and stability of the faculty she hired 20 years prior. The student enrollment in the school went from 60 to 400 over the past 25 years.

I enjoyed working with my colleagues and the staff at the Lancaster Internal Medicine Group, where I worked from 1996 to 2007, having admitting privileges at both the Lancaster General Hospital and Regional Medical Center. At age 69, I found making rounds



Nancy with former students in 2012.



Lancaster Internal Medicine Staff and Doctors

on 20 or more hospitalized patients, in addition to taking night call every three or four nights, was taking its toll on my health. On a cold evening in March 2007, my friends Richard Weaver and James Lapp, and I, were on a mini retreat at the Jesuit Center near Reading, Pa. Walking up a steep incline after dinner, my friends noted I fell behind in our walk. The reason was chest pain that became better if I slowed my pace. On our way home that evening, my friend Richard advised me to see my doctor and get checked. Fortunately, I took his advice and made an appointment without delay.

A doctor gets used to looking at all kinds of patient results, but having a report with your name on it feels quite different. The saying “If the operation is your operation it is minor surgery, if it is mine it is major surgery,” may have a bit of truth to it. My cardiologist, on listening to my symptoms, sent me for a nuclear stress test. The technician stopped the test halfway through and asked if I was all right; I said, “Yes.” Nevertheless, she terminated the test, had me lie down and administered oxygen. I asked her if I might have a look at the EKG tracing. She showed it to me, and I saw why she terminated the test—it was strikingly positive for ischemic heart disease. After showing the result to the cardiologist, Dr. Etter, he advised I go directly to the hospital for admission. He gave me a recommended dose of a blood thinner called Plavix in preparation for the anticipated opening of the blocked coronary artery with a catheter—a procedure called an angioplasty. It was late Friday afternoon when I was admitted to the hospital for a cardiac catheterization. Within two hours of arriving at the hospital, I was wheeled into the cath lab. The gurney trip to the lab was the last consciousness that I would have for the next week.

The blockage in the main vessel to my heart was of the type that could not be opened by a catheter procedure in 2007. The heart surgeon, Dr. Burlingame, was consulted and he recommended and performed open-heart bypass surgery that same night. My cardiologist gave me a blood thinner before sending me to the hospital on

the assumption that I would be having a catheter procedure and not open-heart surgery. My surgery went well, however, post op I hemorrhaged through the night requiring 20 units of blood, blood replacement products and intravenous fluids. A second operation was required the next morning to control the bleeding by applying blood-clotting medications directly to the sites oozing blood. The bleeding eventually stopped, but I would not awaken from the anesthesia for the next seven days and was kept alive with life-support measures. I am told I fought the respirator in a state of unconscious agitated restlessness. I woke up after it was determined that I had an adverse reaction to one of the medications, a benzodiazepine, and the medication was discontinued. My wife requested our pastor, Ron Adams, anoint me on day five of coma, which occurred with my family and a few close friends present.

The day I started to regain consciousness the first of my senses to return was auditory. My good friend, Swami, came from Washington to see me and my first recollection since going to the cath lab the week before was his saying he would come back to see me again. The first word I said was *inshalla*, the Arabic word for “if God wills.” My wife told me this was the first real hope she had that I might recover. She was overjoyed and journaled extensively during this time. I returned home five days after gaining consciousness, needing to learn to write again over the next two weeks and, by God’s great mercy, my cognitive function was preserved. It was a beautiful spring day with the trees in full bloom on our street when Nancy brought me home from the hospital. I cried with joy as I entered the door of our home. It took four months to recover strength and balance with the assistance of a great rehab program.

Nancy had her own experience with heart disease, which was prevalent in her family history. In March 2000 while preparing for an overseas trip, she developed chest pain. She called me while at work in the clinic informing me of her chest pain and asked me to bring nitroglycerine home. I told her to call 911, and I would come

home immediately. I found her pallor, clammy and in pain while sitting on the stair steps just inside the front door to our home. The medics arrived in minutes, determined she was having a heart attack and rushed her to the hospital where she was supported by a balloon pump placed in her aorta until open-heart surgery was performed the next day. I shall not forget the support and comfort that came as a result of the presence and prayers of family and friends who waited with me during surgery. This was the first I learned about performing a bypass graft with the use of a device called an octopus to stabilize the heart without using a heart-lung machine. It worked and I can still hear her surgeon, Dr. Lundy, say, "I fixed the problem." My wife lived an active life for the next 19 years with great confidence in the care provided by her cardiologist, Dr. Ibarra.

I retired from medical practice in the summer of 2007 at age 69 following open-heart surgery. As I recovered the following year, I found that I missed medical practice. An acquaintance that worked part time as a doctor on Indian reservations shared of his experience and suggested I look into part-time work with an organization in Utah called Comp Health, which contracts with doctors to fill temporary needs throughout the United States. I inquired and found I was needed to work for three months in a Veterans Administration clinic in Silver City, N. Mex., a remote location in the southwest corner of the state. Nancy joined me for the three months and explored the area to find interesting excursions for us to do together on our time off. One excursion was crossing the border into Mexico with our rental car, only to learn later this was a risky adventure. Insurance was not valid outside the United States and drug cartels operated in the area. We managed to taste tequila before returning state side. The three months provided an introduction to the desert environment and the culture of the Native American people of the Southwest. Other short-term assignments over the next four years took us to Bangor, Maine, and twice to Asheville, N.C. Nancy and I particularly enjoyed living in Asheville. We took weekend excursions

into the Smoky Mountains and evening walks on the Appalachian Trail, which passed near Asheville, providing great relaxation and many great memories.

Since I was working part time and could choose my schedule, it was possible to plan a number of great trips. We returned to visit friends in Nazareth and attend a world conference of the Mennonite Church in Zimbabwe with a side trip to South Africa, Victoria Falls, and a game park in Botswana. In more recent years we visited former colleagues at the Nazareth Hospital, Raju and Catherine Abraham, at their mission hospital in Ketchwa, Northern India, where they provide much needed medical service, education and Christian witness in a predominately Hindu culture. Over the years in Nazareth we had staff join us from Australia and New Zealand. We had opportunity to visit them on a trip there in 2014 and to view the beautiful coastal areas from port stops on a cruise from Sydney to Auckland. One particular highlight was a sailing excursion in the Auckland harbor area provided by former hospital chaplain, David Allen, and his wife Helen, who served as obstetrician and gynecologist at Nazareth.

My last five years of part-time medical practice, 2013 to 2018, I worked in Lancaster for General Internal Medicine (GIM) doing outpatient medicine. Nancy and I gave a presentation to our local Mennonite Health Care Fellowship chapter about our previous work in Israel. At the meeting, Dr. Jim Spicher, a physician at GIM, invited me to consider coming to work with them part time as one of their senior physicians was retiring. I accepted. Nancy and I agreed that traveling around the country to VA clinics was becoming disruptive for our family as well as our church and board involvements.

Nancy retired from fulltime working in mental health in 2007. She continued with active involvement on several nonprofit boards and later served as a mentor to younger women who were giving leadership in organizations serving the needs of the homeless and those suffering mental illness. She enjoyed teaching Scripture,



Mennonite World Conference 2003 Zimbabwe Volunteer Nurses



Vernasi, India



Celebrating retirement from NLAM, 2007.



Mennonite Health Association Executives



College and Med School Friends



Med School Friends on Vacation in OBX

helping to provide pastoral care in our congregation, and researching and documenting family genealogy.

During this period of our life a favorite time of fun and fellowship occurred at the Outer Banks in North Carolina where our son-in-law, Jon, and his brother built a beach house. We were often invited to enjoy a summer vacation there with family and friends. One special group of friends were from our days in college and med school who came together, usually the first week of October, to share a week of physical, social, and spiritual refreshment. This included celebrating 50th anniversaries, fishing, putting together puzzles, reminiscing and sometimes watching the world series.

My nonprofit board involvement was more limited in scope than my wife's. For ten years I served on the board of Mennonite Home Communities in Lancaster, Pa. For much of this time, I was the only physician on the board and looked for opportunities where my perspective on care of the elderly might make a difference. During this period, I chaired the development committee when our facility transitioned to creating smaller living units with a home-like community environment. Ours was the third largest of the 30 retirement



Nancy's 60th BD Party



Nazareth Project Board, 2012

communities in Lancaster County. Valued and lasting friendships formed among the board members and the staff leadership team.

My other nonprofit board experience was with the Nazareth Project, Inc.; the Lancaster based charity helping to resource the Nazareth Hospital and School of Nursing. During the ten years that I chaired the board, Midge Crystle served as volunteer executive director for NPI. During this time NPI helped acquire major funding to build and equip new operating rooms, help fund a cardiac catheterization lab, and other improvements at the hospital.

RETIREMENT

CHAPTER 25

My attention during many of my prime earning years was focused on providing financially for the hospital and minimal time to personal retirement planning. Nevertheless, the Lord provided. Funds allocated for retirement during Nancy's and my employment at West Virginia University increased several fold between 1987 and 1996 while we were in Nazareth. At age 65, I reduced my work to three days a week and at age 69 retired from hospital practice when I needed open-heart surgery. I was blessed with a good recovery from complications so that by age 70 and for the next ten years was able to do part-time locum tenens outpatient work.

An event took place on July 24, 2014, in our family, that dramatically changed our retirement plans. The house where our daughter and her family lived in York County, overlooking the beautiful Susquehanna River, exploded at 5:30 a.m., totally destroying the building. By God's mercy, none of the five members of the family were in the house that night. Karen and the two youngest children, ages 15 and 19, were at a summer church camp with intercity youth from Harrisburg. The elder son was away at college doing a summer research project, and our son-in-law was out of town as well. Only the family dog was nearby and survived with one ear almost blown off, hanging by a thread, which the vet was able to repair. Extensive investigation into the cause of the explosion concluded there was a gas leak from the pipe carrying propane from a buried tank that supplied the hot water heater in the basement. Around midnight of the



Gish House Explosion, July 2014

explosion there was a severe storm with extensive lightning strikes in the area of their home, which likely damaged the underground propane line causing gas to leak into the basement.

Several months following the home explosion, for reasons best known to our son-in-law, he requested a divorce, which was granted. For our family this was a sad, difficult, and faith-testing time. Karen chose to remain on the land, and after six months began planning for a new house to be built on a knoll with great views of the river below. Over Christmas, Karen invited Nancy and me to consider the possibility of moving on the land near her as a place to retire. We greatly appreciated her generous invitation. Up until this time we thought to retire at the Landis Homes Community.

I grew up in the country while Nancy lived much of her life in the city and suburbs, so for her this represented a significant change. We gathered a small group of eight friends from our church to meet with us in our home for discernment and prayer. The advantage of living near our daughter and grandchildren in a beautiful setting outweighed the disadvantages. By January 2016 we were ready to sign a contract with a builder and place our city house on the market. By



Our Current Home

September of that same year, our house was sold and the new home designed for retirement living was ready for us to move into. We were delighted to discover we loved living in the quietness and beauty of our rural environment. The birds, deer, turkeys, fox and other forms of wildlife provided great entertainment; Nancy often referred to this as God's playground. Driving the half-mile, uphill winding road through the fields to our home, set among trees and the nearby forest, she often remarked, "We are so blessed to live here," and I could not agree more.

Living near the Susquehanna River provides many opportunities for recreation, whether it be fishing, boating, biking trails or hiking. We purchased two kayaks and signed up for safety lessons to help us explore this great river located just one mile down the hill from our house. Even so, I had a misadventure on Labor Day 2018. The river is one mile wide and not far from shore on the other side are a few islands that provide great habitats for egrets, blue heron, and other waterfowl and eagles. On two prior occasions, Nancy and I crossed the river on kayaks, explored the islands, and returned home. On this Labor Day excursion, we started our island adventure too late in the afternoon. I



Grandsons Celebrating Grandpa's 60th BD on the River

decided not to take my cell phone with me because on two previous occasions, once on a lake in northern Pennsylvania and once on a river in Florida, I had lost a cell phone in the water.

On this occasion not having my phone with me proved to be a big mistake. Once we arrived on the far side of the river, Nancy and I were separated on the water by several hundred feet. I assumed wrongly that she would follow me as I started to explore the birds I spotted on the island in the distance. She thought otherwise, and more wisely than I. The sun was starting to descend, and I underestimated the length of the island I set out to explore. As time passed with the sun low on the horizon, I lost sight of Nancy who decided to not follow my adventure and head back to the York County shore. Circling the island turned out to be a two-mile, two-hour journey, and yet another hour to cross the river to get home. Darkness set in while I was still a long way from home with no phone to communicate and explain my whereabouts. In the darkness, I set my direction to row toward the lights on the shore. Fortunately, the water was calm and the sunset from the middle of the river was spectacular. However, it was the appearance of red flashing lights up and down the river that pierced my conscience. I suspected my misad-

venture was causing great anxiety for Nancy, and indeed it was. When it became dark, she was already back on shore, but my whereabouts were unknown with no lights and no phone. She phoned the police and was advised to call 911. She phoned our daughter and neighbor who came to be with her and pray for my safety.

Arriving back on shore about a quarter mile off target from where I set out and approximately two hours after dark, I was physically exhausted. Abandoning my kayak on shore, I walked the remainder of the distance to the place where we started the adventure, and where my family and neighbors were waiting and praying. Shouts of both thanksgiving and exasperation filled the night air as this 80-year-old river adventurer admitted to some egregious errors in judgment. The police questioned my wife as to whether or not I had been drinking alcohol, and the rescue squad wanted to make sure my physical condition and cognitive function were intact. The local TV van appeared but soon left when they realized the story did not merit the evening news. My kind neighbor, Mike, knowing my state of exhaustion, recovered my kayak several hundred feet up shore and delivered us home with the parting comment that he would like to know how our conversation in the bedroom went that night. Fortunately, I had a forgiving wife who made sure she had a solid promise that in the future I would not separate from her again on the river and that I would use a dry bag for my phone, keeping it with me while out on the river. I promised, and kept my promise. We slept well.

We have five grandchildren, four grandsons and one granddaughter. Nancy and I have immensely enjoyed our grandparent roles. Nancy asked the grandchildren to call her “Tata,” the Arabic word for grandmother, and I am Papa to the grandchildren. In 2009, we had another river adventure; this time it was a two-day raft trip on the Colorado River through the lower Grand Canyon. This was the main event of a three-week motor home trip together to the National Parks with stops of interest along the way. When my grandsons turned 12, I enjoyed taking first the two oldest, Zach and John, and later the two youngest, Charlie and Samuel, on camping trips to Niagara Falls.

Nancy took our granddaughter, Maddie, for a weeklong stay at a lake-side cottage in Canada for a time of fun and fishing.

Nancy and I had a wish, as grandparents, for our grandchildren to see where their parents grew up, and where their grandparents had lived a significant part of their lives. So we all went to Nazareth in June of 2018. Our grandchildren said it was the best trip they ever had and, for Nancy and me, it was the most meaningful of the many times we traveled to the Holy Land. We asked our children to plan the trip so they could show their children places with special memories and meaning from their growing-up years. Since it is hot in Israel in June, we made sure to include as many swimming experiences as possible and managed to arrange for this in the Sea of Galilee, Mediterranean Sea, Dead Sea and at the warm springs at the base of Mount Gilboa. They loved it! They also enjoyed exploring Jerusalem and the one night's stay at Kibbutz Ein Harod, established by new immigrants from Europe in 1921 in the Jezreel Valley. Observing how much our family enjoyed this time, my wife and I agreed it was the best travel investment we made in our lifetime. The following months would reveal how timely this trip turned out to be.



Family at Nazareth Hospital, June 2018



Zach and Alex's Wedding



Our Friend Patricia



Friends Ron and Gudrun Mathies



Tata, here we go!



Habnemann 50th Reunion



Zachary Gish with his parents at HS Graduation.



Maddie's High School Graduation



Old Friends



Grandson John Martin's college graduation, 2017.



Visit with President and Mrs. Carter, 2017.

April 12, 2017

To Dr. Martin:
 Thank you, &
 best wishes - Come
 back.
 Jimmy Carter

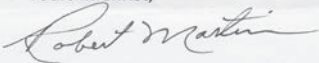
Dear President Carter,

This past Sunday, April 9, my wife and I had the privilege of worshipping with you at the Maranatha Baptist Church and also attended your teaching during the Sunday School hour. We were blessed by being in your class. Thank you for the warm welcome and for your example of being a servant of the Lord. We were also inspired by our visit to your center in Atlanta and a visit to your boyhood farm.

In 1965 my wife and I went to Nazareth, Israel, to work as medical missionaries at the Nazareth Hospital. Out of our time of service there over eighteen years the vision grew which was later developed by others into The Nazareth Village. I want to thank you for your interest and support for this project.

Your life personally inspires me to live fully and for the Lord as I age. Thank you for your example.

Yours in Christ,

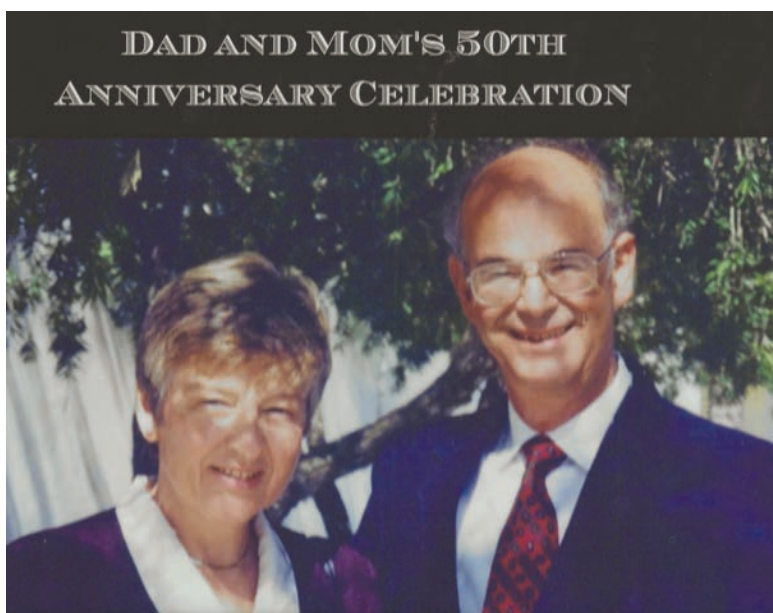


Robert Martin M.D.

Correspondence with President Carter



Sunday School Friends



50th Wedding Anniversary

TRAVEL



Sailing in St. Maarten



Together in the Alps



Arizona Desert



Fishing at the Outer Banks



India Visit



Vacation 2012



Together in Maine



Fishing together in North Carolina.

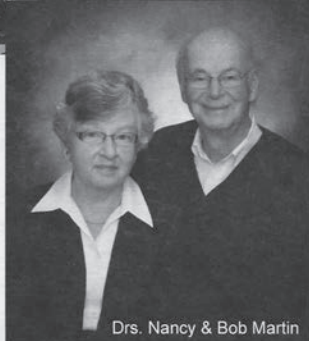
Nazareth Project, Inc.

Tour to Nazareth and Jerusalem

with Drs. Bob & Nancy Martin

March 9–18, 2018

Nazareth Hospital and School of Nursing



Drs. Nancy & Bob Martin

Join us as we visit:

- Nazareth
 - Sea of Galilee
 - Mt. of Beatitudes
 - Cana
 - Capernaum
 - Jacob's Well
 - Bet Shean
 - Dead Sea
 - Jericho
 - Masada
 - Bethlehem
 - Jerusalem
 - Mt. of Olives
 - Western Wall
 - Garden Tomb
- ...and so much more!



and guided by Johnny Hawileh



116 Lake Street • Ephrata, PA 17522 • (717) 721-7300 • (800) 874-9330 • raptim.org

March 2018 NPI Tour

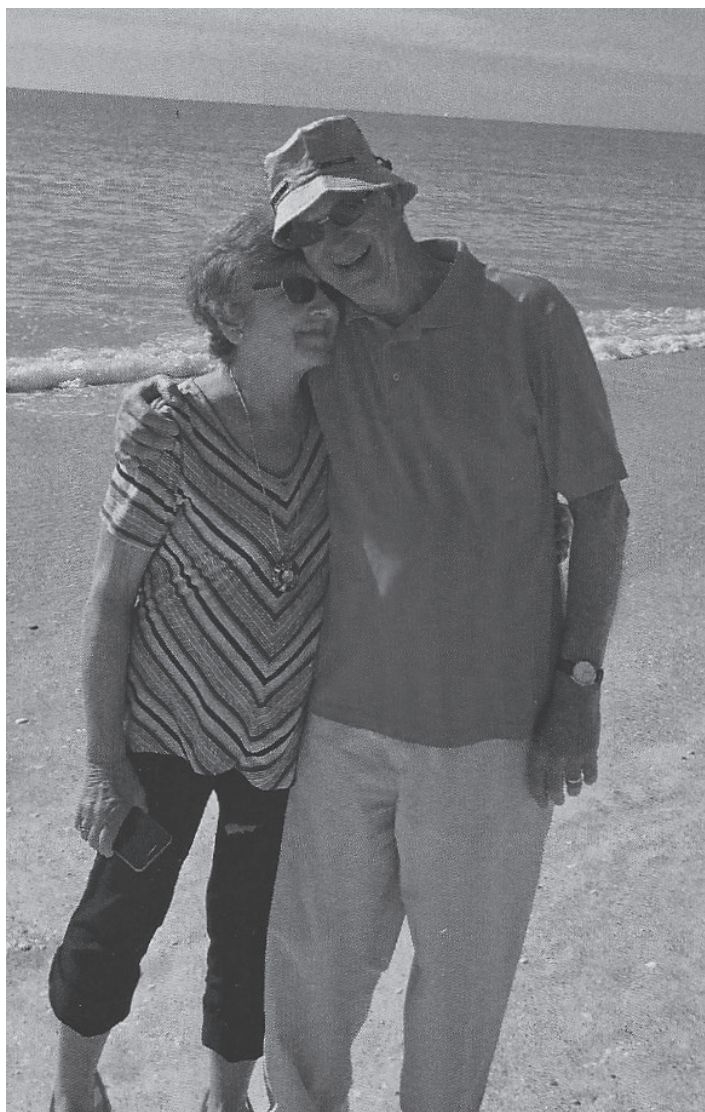


Part of the renovations of
this building were made
possible by a work party of
friends in the United States
sponsored by
The Nazareth Project, Inc.
March 2008

Top: Work Party, 2008.

*Middle: NPI Tour
Group, March 2018.*

*Left: Work Party, 2008
sign.*



Together in Florida Feb. 14, 2019.

PANCREATIC CANCER

CHAPTER 26

Three months following our return, Nancy developed pain along the left side of her chest wall. Initially, simple over-the-counter pain medications gave temporary relief, however, over the next four months her level of energy decreased and the pain shifted to her abdomen. A scheduled visit to our family doctor in December showed a slightly elevated blood sugar but nothing else. She asked him if he thought she had cancer of the pancreas and he replied that it was possible but not very likely. Because the pain persisted, he agreed to the imaging of her abdomen with a contrast enhanced CT scan in January 2019, which was reported as normal. New bowel symptoms appeared and a gastrointestinal consultation was arranged. Following a brief examination, he recommended she see a pain specialist without recommending further studies.

Late one Saturday evening in late March before going to bed she said, “If I get you awake tonight, I want you to take me to the emergency department.” I knew she meant it and decided not to wait before acting. I called the GI doctor on call. He said, “Go to the ER if you must or call my office first thing Monday morning for an appointment,” which is what we did. A repeat contrast CT of the abdomen was ordered, and the results revealed a suspicious abnormality in the body of the pancreas. This led to biopsies of the pancreas and liver, revealing stage-four pancreatic cancer. On April 22, 2019, our fears were confirmed, and suddenly our lives changed forever.

My fifty years of medical practice did not emotionally prepare

me for this, and I needed to plumb new depths of faith and spiritual resources. On the journey leading up to finding the cause of her pain, I found it difficult to sort out my role as husband and my role as doctor—unable to come up with answers. One morning while we were having breakfast, just outside the glass sliding door to the deck, a butterfly was entangled in a spider's web. I went out on the deck, released the butterfly from the web, and together we watched it fly to freedom. When I returned to the breakfast table, she said to me, "Now why can't you do that for me? You are so good at diagnosing other people's problems." How I wished!

We made an appointment to see an oncologist and requested our children be present for the consultation. Nancy and I had airline tickets to fly to Kentucky to attend the high school graduation of our youngest grandson, Samuel, two weeks hence. In addition, our granddaughter's wedding was planned for the following day, May 25, here on the home property. The oncologist recommended starting chemotherapy in three days after taking the weekend to make a decision. Feeling extremely distressed, we called a friend, who is an



Grandson Samuel Martin's high school graduation, 2019.



*Maddie & Macson
McGuigan's Wedding*



*Attending our
grandaughter's
wedding on
May 25, 2019.*

oncology surgeon, for advice. His advice gave us the clarity and peace we so needed to decide on hospice care and decline a trial of chemotherapy. This was consistent with our view of end of life planning in the setting of a terminal illness.

We chose quality of life over what we believed to be very little benefit from aggressive treatment in Nancy's case. In the five months from diagnosis to death, we attended our granddaughter's wedding, and celebrated our 56th anniversary, a family reunion, a two-day trip to the beach, and both our birthdays. Hospice service with compassion and skill guided us in managing symptoms. As more medications were needed to control Nancy's symptoms, she stayed briefly in the inpatient hospice facility, which was temporarily helpful. By late August, our last days to be together were fast approaching. We reminisced about our life journey, the good and the difficult, but mostly about the love we shared and our faith that sustained us. We said goodbye to our grandchildren as they returned to college and work, knowing it would be the last time for us to be together with them. We felt sadness but knew that life as now experienced could



Staying in touch.

not continue and relief was a welcomed thought. Our son and his family made one last visit to us September 13 to 15.

On the morning of our last day together as a family, Nancy was not able to complete the breakfast she prepared due to uncontrolled pain and spent most of the day in bed. During her sleep, she dreamed of seeing a city of light. As the evening shadows appeared, she sat on the deck with our daughter while I went for a walk. A butterfly with a partially damaged wing rested on the deck rail near her for a prolonged visit as if to say, "I am with you, fear not, I too am broken but still beautiful."

Several minutes later she asked for a little warm soup. Having just sat down at the table, she experienced a chill, expressed feeling cold, asked for a robe, and then began to shake uncontrollably. My daughter and I assisted her to her bed. A raging fever and more chills followed through the night as a nurse from hospice came at midnight to lend assistance. The next day her sister, Sarah, came to be with her and a visit by close friends, Richard and Ruth Weaver, comforted us in our time of need. Later that evening after several hours of restlessness, in the presence of my daughter and I, she passed into eternity on September 16, into the presence of the Lord whom she loved and served.

A few weeks prior to her death she asked me to bring home a box of special chocolates. Only later did I learn that she wanted these to be kept until after her death and then enjoyed as part of celebrating her relief from suffering and her going home to be with the Lord. When I went to open them for guests she said, "No no, not now, they are for later." Within the hour after her death, our daughter remembered it was now time to bring out the chocolates, which we did, and I remember her words to me during her times of pain, "When I am gone, be sad but not too sad."

Her desire for me was to not get stuck in grief. I hope that I will be able to honor her advice. I found grief processing sessions offered by hospice counselors helpful. Each event or activity that



Friends at my home, Oct. 6.



*Hiking
buddies Mike
and John on
the Mason-
Dixon Trail.*

I attend alone for the first time has its unique pain. Invitations to breakfast with a new neighbor, maintaining connections with old friends, visits from my pastor and associates, and walks in the woods with my neighbor are actively helping me to process my grief. I am learning the value of lament while also hopeful of what new thing God will do in my life. I find new meaning in reading Scripture. Returning to activities that I put on hold for the past year so as to be more available at home are helping me to blend the known life of the past with the new life that is unfolding. I find joy in being able to continue some of the traditions that Nancy and I have enjoyed in the past, such as inviting family and friends to share a meal at my home. I cherish the feeling of Nancy's spirit with me as I prepare. Recently my daughter, son and daughter-in-law and I, vacationed together in Florida for several days at the resort where Nancy and I had our last vacation the previous year. I burn a lot of candles, which remind me of her love for candles, her love for life, family and friends, but most important her love for Jesus and God's Word as I experienced it reflected in her life.

OUR CHILDREN WRITE

CHAPTER 27

CRAIG'S MEMORIES:

Some of my favorite childhood memories are of building tree houses and family vacations. Between the ages of 8 and 13, I built two tree houses with Dan King. Dan was another American MK (missionary kid) and one year older than myself. We spent many afternoons and weekends working on our tree houses using whatever supplies we could find or afford. Our second tree house was a 3-room house near the top of a 40-50 foot tree. Access was through a trap door and somehow we even had an old couch in the largest room. It had a great view of Nazareth and the Jezreel Plain. Unfortunately the tree house and the tree both fell down in a storm many years ago. When we took a family trip to Israel in June 2018, I was delighted to find some remaining boards from our first tree house in a different tree.

We took several vacations to the Sinai Peninsula with different friends. Snorkeling in the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aqaba was amazing and a true highlight for me. Dad didn't have contact lenses. I remember Dad folding his glasses inside his goggles so he could see the gorgeous fish. He told us that all of the fish had extra "stripes."

There were two single men who lived on the Nazareth Hospital compound during my youth. Both of them were very dear family friends. Saleh was a Muslim Bedouin who grew up in the Negev desert. He became a Christian and was immediately disowned by his Muslim family. He was offered housing and a job at the Naza-



Craig and George



*Saleh doing
shishlik.*

reth Hospital where he worked as a groundskeeper for the rest of his life. He was always friendly and had a big smile. He was excellent at cooking over a charcoal fire. "Black George" was Ethiopian and was a butler for the Austrian ambassador in Ethiopia. When the Austrian ambassador moved to Israel in the 1940s he brought George with him. George came to live and work at the Nazareth Hospital when the Austrian ambassador moved back to Austria. George was the first African in my life and worked in the hospital cafeteria. He loved to dance and I remember hospital Christmas parties when he would demonstrate waltzes that he had learned from the Austrians. He had almost no earthly possessions but was very kind and friendly. He loved serving me hot tea when I frequently visited him at his apartment after school.

Other vivid memories of my childhood are of certain birthdays. On my 8th birthday in 1972 we went swimming and for a picnic with the George Abdo family to the cool springs at Ein Harrod and I almost drowned. These are the same springs that Gideon took his troops to before the battle against the Midianites. On my 9th birthday we were in Mombasa, Kenya, at a resort on the Indian Ocean. I remember my parents chasing monkeys out of our room when we arrived, as the windows had no screens. I also remember a local fisherman selling a fresh octopus on the beach.

When I was 10 we had been back in Israel for 3 years. I was having trouble remembering who my relatives were so my parents allowed me to spend 3 months that summer visiting my relatives in Indiana, Virginia and Pennsylvania. I traveled to and from the U.S. with different American missionaries. It was a great summer and I am grateful for that opportunity. At that age I was hungry all of the time so my Aunt Virginia gave me jars of peanut butter in my bedroom while I stayed with them.

During my childhood the Nazareth Hospital was a very international community. I had friends from all over the world. Three of my friends introduced me to stamp collecting at age 7 and that has

been a lifelong hobby of mine. On most days after school, the kids who lived on the Nazareth Hospital compound would get together to play a variety of outdoor games. We were very resourceful and imaginative in our recreation. Many of my best friends and playmates were Arab kids whose parents worked at the hospital.

I am grateful for the teachers I had in Nazareth from 2nd through 7th grades. My main teacher was Mrs. Sally Dibini who was excellent. I had the joy of seeing her in Nazareth in June 2018 for the first time in 40 years. For 8th grade I went to A.I.S., the American International School in Kfar Shmaryahu, a suburb of Tel Aviv. I lived in a dorm that year, close to the school. It was managed by Southern Baptist missionaries and was home to about 9 or 10 missionary kids that year. On Fridays we would travel home by bus and on Sunday afternoons we would go back in a large Mercedes taxi. It was about a 90-minute trip.

I am also very grateful for God's provision and protection of our family during our years in Israel. Having lived there through the Six Day War in 1967 and the Yom Kippur War in 1973, I have some memories from that time but do not have nightmares.

The transition back to the U.S. at age 14 was difficult. Naturally it took time to make new friends and grieve the loss of old friends in Israel. The Christian and Missionary Alliance Church in Morgantown, W. Va., was very helpful in making this transition. They had an excellent youth group that wel-



*Christian Service Brigade, CMA,
Morgantown 1980*

came both Karen and I. I became very involved with Boys Brigade, which was similar to Boy Scouts.

KAREN WRITES:

I don't know that a child could have asked for anything more than to grow up in a diverse loving community, high up on a hill in Jesus' hometown of Nazareth. I was born on February 8, 1967, in the Nazareth Hospital as tensions were building toward the Six Day War in Israel. This hospital where my father worked was located on a compound that had a gate at the top and one at the bottom near the Emergency Room. The compound also had many homes and flats that housed hospital employees who came from all over the world, as well as a tennis court, a chapel, a wood shop, gardens, orchards, a tree house, and an underground bomb shelter. This all became my playground that never had a shortage of children, dogs, cars, and travelers to provide fun and excitement on any given day. Many of my friends were Arabs who also lived on the compound and made great travel companions for any ventures off the compound as well as enthusiastic participants for countless rounds of Kick the Can and Capture the Flag.

Life was celebrated most often as a community, so there was usually some kind of party, event, trip, or gathering to get cleaned up for and head off to. The tennis court was always used for the largest celebrations, and our living room became the hot spot for square dancing. My favorite celebrations were always Christmas and Easter. Christmas Eve we would usually have a progressive dinner that went all throughout the compound with 5 or 6 host families that would each make one part of the meal. After dinner, we would all gather together to go Christmas caroling. Our bold and enthusiastic leader was Uncle Joe Haines, who was my next-door neighbor as well as the hospital chaplain. He would lead this procession with his trumpet through all the wards of the hospital and then we would head out the top gate and wind our way through the streets of Nazareth, singing

as we went. At the time I knew this was a very precious and holy experience, but now I can imagine that Heaven must have come down to watch such a beautiful procession.

Easter was the other high point of the year. The celebration began with a sunrise service in the garden just below the hospital chapel, which charged the atmosphere with trumpets and exuberant singing. My mother would always make me a new dress and after breakfast, our family would walk downtown together to the Nazareth Baptist Church. This was a local Arabic-speaking church that professed and lived out of a deep faith in God. I always knew that life was not easy for my Arab neighbors, but they chose to let the adversity season them with a greater measure of love and grace. Our Easter Sunday dinner was always extended to those on the compound, like Saleh, who didn't have any family to celebrate with. After lunch we all went outside for an always-thrilling Easter egg hunt. This would be held in a garden, sometimes the garden just below our steps, and other years it would be with most of the children on the compound just below the chapel. I have always loved finding hidden or missing things, so this adventure was right up my alley.

As I look back on my childhood, I realize what a priceless gift I was given to grow up in Galilee—to play in fields where Jesus likely would have played and to take school field trips to many of the places that most only get to read about in the Bible. There were three momentous experiences from these formative years that I would say have marked me. One of my favorite trips was a 2-week summer vacation down into the Sinai Peninsula with several other families. Our destination was the Red Sea, but to get there we needed to travel through the Sinai Desert. The desert is a world of its own where life consists of shepherds, Bedouin tents, camels, hot sand, and lots of dry wind and sun. It was here that we came to a monastery early one evening at the foothill of Mt. Sinai. The monks offered us a sheep pasture to set up camp, so that early in the morning we could begin our climb to the top of the mountain. The smell of our surround-

ings prompted my mother to douse my dad's cologne all around our camp, hoping to calm our olfactory nerves. I was awakened just before 4 a.m. to a palpable excitement as we all got ready for one of the most significant climbs to the top of Mt. Sinai. I don't ever remember hiking a mountain in the dark before, but it sure provided a measure of added adrenaline. We reached the top just as the sun broke forth over the desert. That moment captured me in the beauty, the magnificence, and the pure holiness of God. It was one of those moments in life that Psalm 19 refers to—that needs no words—just standing in His presence is enough. We silently made our way back down the mountain, packed up our camp and continued on toward the Red Sea.

Arriving at the Red Sea was like opening up a gift on Christmas morning that you had wanted for years. Sharm el Sheik was the jewel of the Red Sea, renowned for its clear water and captivating coral reefs. I have snorkeled in many places around the world, but nothing even comes close to snorkeling the reefs at Sharm el Sheik. It is truly a world of its own, an awesome adventure, and contains the most colorful fish that will entertain an audience of any age. There was an island that could be reached if you had an adult to swim out to it with you. This was our playground for the week, no further entertainment needed. At night, we slept under the stars in a three-sided thatched shelter that protected us from the desert winds. One night a camel found its way into our humble abode, stirring up much excitement while it was looking for food. A love for beauty, adventure, and an awe of God was etched within my spirit through this experience.

The second life-shaping experience is a memory that I carry that took place during one of the wars in Israel. The sounding of air raid sirens was a fairly common occurrence during my years in Nazareth. These came with no warning, day or night, and demanded immediate action. I remember one night being awakened to the piercing sound of an air raid siren and being told by my mother

that it was time to head for the bomb shelter. We each grabbed a sleeping bag and a pillow and made our way down the steps, across the road to the dark, damp underground shelter. As we entered, among the many candles that were burning, I saw the faces of my friends, their families, and the community that I loved. We settled in and before long Uncle Joe started to play his guitar and the singing began. I was serenaded back to sleep while the skies above me called for war. I can honestly say that I knew no fear through that whole night, and as I reflect on it, I have to believe that it is only because I was surrounded by love—perfect love always casts out fear. This experience was so important because it taught me that in the midst of life's crises the presence of love *would* fill you, and even those around you, with perfect peace. I have needed this lesson to carry me through many days.



Karen's Baptism

My third and most precious experience came in July of 1982 when I was baptized in the Sea of Galilee. I knew that this was a defining moment in my life that would change everything. There on a rocky shoreline, just down from a beautiful little chapel, among 12 of my family and friends, I sang the song "I Am a Servant" and then was baptized. I have always had a deep love for God and for people, but on this day I knew I was being marked as His own to love and serve Him for the rest of my life. Following my baptism, we all celebrated together at our favorite restaurant in Tiberias overlooking the water.

The time came for us to leave Nazareth as my father was offered a job at West Virginia University, and my parents felt that it was important for Craig and me to get a better education. I was just beginning sixth grade at Suncrest Jr. High and was unprepared for this major cultural change. In a matter of weeks, my self-confidence plummeted as I began to realize that I did not fit here in this new place. The most amazing realization for me was that I had a stuttering problem. Up until this point, no one had ever pointed it out to me, likely because I had lived in a community where I was loved and accepted just as I was. I came to a point where I could not even answer a phone without trouble, so I was enrolled in speech therapy. I hated this because I needed to stay after school and had to try to explain to the kids on my bus why I wasn't riding on certain days. I needed to find something that I was good at, so I quickly signed up for girls' basketball and this became my passion for the next 10 years. I kept my circle of friends pretty small through high school, which included several on my basketball team and a few from youth group. We attended a Christian Missionary Alliance Church in Morgantown, and it was in this youth group that I found a place to belong, a place to have fun, and a place that fanned the spiritual fire within me.

Upon graduating from Morgantown High School in 1985 I prepared to move away to Harrisonburg, Va., to attend Eastern Mennonite College. This college had some deep roots within my

family, so the pull was very strong. Not only had both of my parents attended, but also my brother was there and my uncle Richard Detweiler was the president. Unsure of what I would major in, I decided to keep playing basketball and enjoy the newfound freedom that every freshman experiences. If photography had been a major I would have taken that route, but because it wasn't I decided the best fit for me was in Physical Education and Health. Growing up in a family that had all entered a medical profession I knew that working in a hospital was not the environment I wanted to spend my days in. I needed an environment that was full of life and one that inspired me.

During my sophomore year, my parents were asked to consider moving back to Israel because they wanted my father to be the administrator of the Nazareth Hospital and they wanted my mother to start an RN program in the School of Nursing. God clearly confirmed to them that this is where He wanted them, so our house, along with most of our possessions in Morgantown, was sold. I know this was not an easy decision for them but there was a peace that came. My aunt Mary Jane and uncle Richard in many ways filled in for their missing presence. For my 20th birthday, Aunt Mary invited my entire basketball team to her house for dinner. The part I will never forget is that she cooked an artichoke for every person, knowing that artichokes are a favorite of mine.

The summer before my senior year I was invited to go on a five-week archeological dig on the Mediterranean Coast of Israel. John Woodhead who was one of the kids I had grown up with on the hospital compound was leading this dig. He now was the head of the British Archeological Institute in Israel. This was an opportunity of a lifetime and I was all in! I was part of a team of 10 people who came from all over the world to participate in this adventure. We stayed at Navi Yam which was a Jewish Kibbutz located right on the Mediterranean Sea. Our dig site was also right on the beach with a second site close by that was up on a hill. We were told that the artifacts dated back to the Bronze Age (1400-1800 BC) between the time of

Abraham and Joshua. We found the remains of a fishing village as well as a burial site. I spent most of my time digging in the sand at the burial site. One of my most interesting finds was an old infant burial pot that likely stood three feet tall. It was lying on its side and had been compressed flat. As I removed the top pieces of pottery, we found the skeleton of an infant along with a bronze spear and an Egyptian scarab. I got the best of both worlds that summer because I would dig during the week and then on Friday afternoon would take a bus to Nazareth to spend the weekend with my parents. That summer will always stand as one of the greatest adventures of my life.

In 2009 my mother invited me to join her on a ten-day trip to Israel, as she needed to go to attend a board meeting for the Nazareth Trust. I was grateful for this opportunity because 2008 had been a very difficult year for me personally, and I saw it as an opportunity to return to my roots and recapture purpose and joy. We were at the airport with a 13-hour flight ahead of us and I wanted to find one of those travel-size neck pillows. My mom and I have both struggled with neck pain throughout the years and a good pillow goes a long way for me. As we sat waiting at our terminal there was a family very near us. I was first drawn to the mother who looked tired, worn, and weary and then my eyes fell on her son who was severely handicapped and in a reclined position in his wheelchair with his neck extended and contorted. As I looked at him I felt guilty for wanting to buy myself a pillow and thought if anyone needs one, it is he. I got up and walked into a store nearby that had a wall of very plush and expensive travel pillows, knowing that I would be coming out with two of them.

But while I was there, I realized that the second one was to be given to the mother and not the son. I picked up two and as I was walking to the register to pay, I saw the father standing there in the store near me. After paying I went to give him the pillow and tell him it was for his wife, but he did not speak English and could not understand. I learned he was Italian and the cashier informed me that there was a little device in the store that could translate for us, so with a

few key words the message was understood and what happened next is a moment I will always remember. He took the gift, leaned over and kissed me on my cheek—no words were needed—but that day I received the gift of what love looks like human to human. That day God showed me a world that is longing for the comfort that Isaiah 40:1 & 2 speaks of, “Comfort, O comfort My people says your God. Speak kindly to Jerusalem; and call out to her that her warfare has ended, that her iniquity has been removed, and that she has received of the Lord’s hand double for all her sins.” I’m learning that the process of life has left a world around us in pain and what is needed most is comfort and love. This will then clear the way and smooth a highway for people to know God. The ten days in Israel with my mother was such a gift. We split our time between Nazareth where we reconnected with old friends, Galilee where we rested and took in the beauty, and Jerusalem where we visited holy and historic sites.

It’s amazing to me that one small country the size of New Jersey can hold such passion in the hearts of people throughout the world, and over such a great span of time. Who would not want to leave home for a Promised Land that was a representation of the love between man and God? A gift of this magnitude is holy and does not come without sacrifice. Abraham knew God to be his exceedingly great reward, and everything else was counted a loss compared to loving God, which was lived out through his faith and obedience. I have seen this faith and obedience to God’s call in the lives of my parents. Much of their life has been lived outside of their comfort zone, and yet I can see the fruit that has come through their courage, obedience, and sacrifice. I also can see the abundance of deep and lasting relationships that they have fostered over their lifetime. Their love has been shed abroad all over the world in the hearts of many, many people.

In the summer of 2018, my father turned 80 and said that as his birthday gift he wanted to take his entire family on a trip to Israel. This was so exciting for me since my children had never been to Israel, and it would be our opportunity to experience together the land I called



Family trip to Israel, June 2018.



Karen in Israel, 2018

home. We were all given the option to read one of two books on Israel in preparation for this trip, and Craig and I were asked to each choose three or four places that we wanted to visit. My parents then created a 10-day itinerary that included what we had requested—complete with a mini tour bus and driver for most of the trip. The highlights for me were an evening in the home of my dad's former assistant Nana and her family who cooked us the most delicious and abundant Arabic food that included fish her husband had caught that day.

My mother made sure our trip included lots of swimming expeditions at special places like Sachne, the Sea of Galilee, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Dead Sea. A day of beauty and rest was found at Kibbutz Ein Herrod located between Nazareth and Jerusalem in the Jezreel Valley. We soaked in the history and the sun on our trip into the Judean Desert where we went up to the top of Masada and then swam at the lowest place on earth, the Dead Sea. The trip's finale was Jerusalem where we walked and experienced the timeless reality of Jesus' journey to the cross and His victory over death in a garden. I felt this same spirit of resurrection as I came out of Yad Vashem, Israel's holocaust museum, and it was an experience I will never forget. Yes, Ezekiel discovered that dry bones could live if the Spirit of God breathes upon them. Only God knew the gift He had in store for all of us as He placed the desire in the heart of my father to take his family on a trip of a lifetime. This would be our family's last trip together with my mother here on earth, and God's grace and goodness was poured upon this trip of a lifetime. I thank God that He is the designer and builder of everything good!

“By faith Abraham when he was called obeyed by going out to a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing where he was going. By faith he lived as an alien in the land of promise, as in a foreign land, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, fellow heirs of the same promise, for he was looking for the city which has foundations, whose architect and builder is God.” (Hebrews 11:8-10)

APPENDIX I

NANCY'S REMARKS THE LAST TIME OF LEADING THE SHARING AND PRAYER TIME AT ECSMC

*March 31, 2019, one month before
being diagnosed with cancer*

Has your wilderness experience this week given you opportunity to choose whether you will trust the Lord or not? I personally have been challenged by the weekly question this Lent of “Who will trust the LORD today?” And, yes, my week has indeed given me the situation and opportunity to choose whether or not I will trust the Lord! In that situation, I realized anew that no one else that I might trust could guarantee the promise we find in today’s Ps. 31:8, one that I’ve had the privilege of claiming again and again and have recommended to many others, “I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go. I will counsel you with my eye upon you.” It is followed in v. 11 assuring us that steadfast love surrounds those who trust the Lord.

Her prayer: “God we want to say thanks that spring comes even to the wilderness, even as the desert blooms. Give us the courage to watch for its coming. Just as recovery from illness and grief has a timetable of its own, so does the coming of spring. It cannot be rushed. Thank You that each of Your creations knows its cycles and seasons . . . such a wonder to behold!

“God, we were reminded today in our Joshua passage of the moveable feast of manna and quail that You daily provided for 40

years for the Israelites as they wandered in their wilderness, until they got to Gilgal in the plains of Jericho, and there, at Your invitation, they ate the produce of the land, and when they did the manna and quail provision stopped. In this story of the past, and in our own wilderness experiences, we see You as Jehovah-Jireh, the God who provides. You show us each, in more than a thousand ways, how much You love us, and yet, too often we steel ourselves from Your love. Father, forgive. It is in the wilderness we learn to trust You, for our usual and ready resources are missing there. May we yield to Your outstretched open arms waiting to embrace us, just as we are. Why is it God, that after all You have done for us, we are still prone to doubt Your love for us? Lord, in Your mercy, hear our prayer.”

APPENDIX II

NANCY'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

*Written in November 1960 for a nursing class
at Goshen College her second year in college.*

THE CORE BEING OF N.L.R.

(Nancy Louise Rudy)

"Come apart, Nancy, my created being, and think awhile," whispered my Father, my only father. "Why are you here, what are you doing here, what makes you want to stay, and what are you accomplishing through your stay here?"

During my period of self-reflection, I felt as though I was barely robed in nothing more than a bamboo drape. I seemed to be exposed in many areas, but as I became lost in thought, I forgot my meager externals and saw only the core, the core being of Nancy L. Rudy. What really did I see? What am I actually made of?

Two years ago as a senior in high school, I was asked to write a 5,000-word philosophy of life and now a 500-word one. During this time my philosophy of life has changed, for life itself has changed for me. Here I would like to tell you in a concise way what life now means to me.

Never before during my nineteen years have I been happier, more certain of my destination, or more content with the present. This fact hinges upon the experiencing of several great forces in my life, which are below discussed.

The existence and realness of my God and His will for me. God is my creator, my sustainer and my hope. To me, God is abso-

lute, completely independent of all things, and yet I, as a small but unique part of His creation, am completely dependent upon Him. My God is personal, omnipotent, and omniscient, and reveals His love to me through His Spirit.

I have been convinced with His reality through my encounter with Him in the person of Jesus Christ His Son. Through this encounter I have become a daughter of the most High and am now having the joy of finding His will for my life.

The strongest force I've ever experienced is love. Love has permeated my total being, has swept through me like a mighty gust out of the hand of the Father Himself. It was by love that He drew me, by showing the possibility of becoming His daughter and then by showing me my sinfulness and need of His Son. Because of the continual down pouring and uprising of this love in this vertical relationship, love has come to me on the horizontal plane as well. It's not love itself that is so wonderful but the mutuality of it. No love can surpass in degree or quality that I found in Corinthians 13, but I also express with Ramsey his statement on the mutuality of love: "Love implies a distinguishing between two, and yet these two are, as a matter of fact, not distinguished from one another. Love, this sense of being outside myself, is the feeling and consciousness of this identity. My consciousness is not in myself, but in another, but this one (me) in whom alone I find satisfaction and am at peace with myself—this other, just because it is outside of me, has its self-consciousness only in me. Thus the two are represented simply by this consciousness of their being outside of themselves and of their identity, and of this perception, this feeling, this knowledge of the unity of love." And so I feel that it's because of the vertical love of One, the horizontal love of one, the love of my family, my church, my friends and my community that I've found His will for my life—a life of service for Him through love. I have been born to love and to be loved.

Nursing for me has developed from a childhood dream to a vocational call of the Master. He has placed within me a love of

people, a desire to give of myself, my talents and my abilities, though undeveloped as they now may be. Opportunity has beckoned me, and I have answered, though unfortunately not always in my deepest response, but I have answered.

I know He is sufficient for all my needs, but my needs are many, primarily the need for greater faith and extensive, elastic, and perpetual patience. There's so much I want to do in life, so much I want to happen, and so much I want to learn, but God answers His unknowing child, "Wait Nancy, have patience. All things work together for good to them that love Me—so just believe and wait a bit longer."

Life is great; it's wonderful to be alive—alive for the Master, for others and for self. I'm only nineteen years old but I have the best life could possibly offer and I'm extremely happy!

My goal shall always be to find a real faith in God and my fellowmen and to feel His and their faith in me—than this, life cannot offer more!

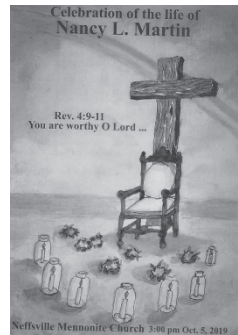
(Thank you, Bob, for making this philosophy possible!)
11/7/1960

APPENDIX III

MY LOVING TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR SISTER, NANCY L. MARTIN

by Sarah E. Sauder, October 9, 2019

It was with a grateful heart that I was able to be among the crowd of witnesses on October 5, 2019, attending the memorial celebration of thanksgiving and praise to God for the life of my dear sister Nancy Louise Martin. I felt honored to be seated with the immediate family. This vantage point, visually, stirred my thinking, my feeling and my great admiration for the in-depth way in which Nancy orchestrated this meaningful sensory spiritual experience. **YOU ARE WORTHY, O LORD**, based on Revelations 4:9-11, was the central theme portrayed, with the cross, the throne, the rainbow, the seven golden crowns and the seven burning candles in glass containers. (See the cover of the bulletin for artwork done by Jane Shrewsbury.) The sights, sounds, and symbolism made it plainly evident that the person of Jesus and sovereignty of God gave Nancy's life meaning and purpose. It was a truly worshipful service.



The seven golden Crowns and the seven burning Candles lit within me the inspiration to title my writing, *The Seven C's of Celebration*, as a tribute to Nancy's life and how it intersected with my own these past 78 years. To me, the seven character traits of Nancy, which I have chosen, paint a mosaic of sweet remembrances of my dear sister.

1 - CHRONOLOGY

Since chronology is the science of measuring time and of dating events, that seems to be a good place to start. Nancy and I have been two of the six Rudy children parented by James and Alma Groff Rudy, namely: John Henry, Mary Jane, Clarence Edward, Sarah Elizabeth, James Paul, and Nancy Louise.

I was born in November of 1930 and Nancy in August of 1941, so I was almost eleven years old when Nancy joined our family. Her arrival made things perfect—three boys and three girls. I loved having a younger sister. Sometimes I got out of the more unpopular jobs of cleaning, etc. and was allowed to “just take care of Nancy.” Lucky me! After high school graduation in 1948, I was off to college and my time with Nancy was more limited. Marriage for me followed in 1951, so our time together as sisters, changed again. As Nancy’s life progressed, she too was off to college, later married Bob in 1963, and gave birth to son Craig in 1964. Her first child was born 8 days before my last child, Jan Marie. Bob and Nancy left as medical missionaries for Nazareth, Israel, in 1965. Their years in Israel were interspersed with study leaves, which brought them back to the USA. It was during those times that we connected more closely once again. Fortunately, Bob and Nancy were home again in 1968 when my husband Ben Hess died. But it was not until 1996 when they completed their last stint in Nazareth, and returned to the States, that we connected more closely on a regular basis. Having Bob and Nancy move back to Lancaster was such a time of renewal of kinship and cherished sisterhood. These past 23 years have been a growing, blooming time. We truly connected again as sisters. Thank you, God.

2 - COMPETITION

Google defines competition as the activity or condition of competing, or a contest for some prize, honor or advantage. Well, anyone who knows the Rudy family knows that it seems an unstated axiom that “it is more blessed to give than receive” which indeed it is.

However, givers need receivers to complete an action. For years, there seems to have been a contest as to who can give to whom the most often. My dear sister Nancy and I were true Rudy diehards. I think we stumbled upon it honestly. Our Grandma Groff and our Mother Rudy were always hosting others, sharing bounty with others, and gifting others with all sorts of things . . . food, favors, and the like. However, neither Grandma nor Mother had siblings so one did not sense the constant competition. Perhaps we Rudy children missed the course “Receiving 101” during our education of life growing up. Dear Nancy and I waged this war too frequently. Our children, nieces and other family members witnessed the back and forth, way too frequently. I have been making an honest effort to more equalize the equation . . . but perhaps too little too late.

3 - CREATION

Following the Revelations 4:9-11 passage:

*“You are worthy our Lord and God,
to receive glory, and honor and power.
For you created all things,
and by your will they were created
and have their being” . . .*

Nancy felt strongly personally that God had indeed numbered her days and she claimed Psalm 139:16b as her stronghold these last months particularly. (All your days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be.) Nancy lived her 78 years worshipping God as her Creator God, from childhood, through youth and teenage years and then into adulthood. God’s magnificent outdoors invited her to adore and explore forevermore the power and might of God Himself . . . whether climbing mountains, skiing cross country, surfing in the ocean, kayaking in the river, fishing in a lake, flying a kite, tending her roses and other flowers, being inspired by rainbows, marveling

over one of the tiniest of birds, the hummingbird, cherishing the lightness and beauty of butterflies, traveling to other countries and inviting grandchildren to enjoy God's magnificent outdoors with her . . . and becoming more keenly aware of God's great natural beauty right outside her home there in Wrightsville. Nancy's green thumb would have thrilled our Grandma Groff. I was named after our two grandmothers, Sarah Ellen Rudy and Lizzie Groff, but Nancy inherited Lizzie's magic touch with flowers and plants. Thank you, dear sister, for opening my eyes to the greenness of God's goodness.

4 - COURAGE

Courage is the quality of being brave. Even though I was eleven years older, I counted Nancy as being braver than I. For one thing, she grew up having siblings but yet spent much time as an almost only child. Secondly, she chose a career in nursing which to me was challenging. Dealing with blood, in all sorts of scenarios, would have freaked me out. Yes, I dealt with blood when Ben or the children were injured and needed attention, but to actually choose that as a career seemed really courageous to me. Thirdly, leaving the U.S.A. as medical missionaries to Nazareth, Israel, opened up a whole new world requiring braveness. Add to that, she lived through four wars, which continually deepened my respect for Nancy as a courageous person. Later when Nancy worked on her doctorate at University of West Virginia, in Morgantown, W. Va., I deemed her quite courageous, especially when she chose to write her dissertation on Thanatology, which is a description or study of death and dying and the psychological mechanisms of dealing with them. To me that was the height of being courageous. However, after all those acts of courage, our dear Nancy was needing to actually face her most courageous feat—dying of a deadly disease, pancreatic and liver cancer. Her positive attitude, her zest for living life to the fullest, and her deep faith in her God to the end showed me her “profile in courage.” Thank you, dear sister, for showing me how to live and how to die.

5 - CHRIST-CENTERED COMPASSION

Compassion is the sympathetic pity and concern for the sufferings or misfortunes of others. Add to that the dimension of “Christ-centered,” and we get a portrait of what Nancy’s life was like from heart to hand. This wonderful characteristic of Nancy’s life manifested itself in many varied ways from an early age through mature adulthood. Her compassion was not limited to those of certain backgrounds, ethnicities, religious beliefs, educational achievements, social standing, or cultural leanings. Her heart felt the need, her mind knew ways to meet that need, and her body was willing to do whatever it took to assuage that need. Her medical background pitched in, her spiritual background enriched her aid, and her social connections added to the web of discovery that aided the person in need in unique ways. Because of her compassion, Nancy spent many years meeting the needs of single persons, groups of people, and organizations that had a specific purpose in reaching out to those in need. Because of her Christ-centered compassion, Nancy did not limit her outreach to those with medical needs only. Nancy was a member of the board of Bridge of Hope; director of No Longer Alone ministry; plus served in many capacities through her involvement with East Chestnut Street Mennonite Church in Lancaster and the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church in Morgantown, W. Va. These varied activities followed the 18 or so years of compassionate service in Nazareth, Israel, where Nancy coordinated the development of a school of nursing in 1987 and also taught in that school. Thank you, Nancy, for your varied ways of discerning and following God’s path for your life so lovingly.

6 - CULINARY COMMUNION

Communion is the sharing or exchanging of intimate thoughts and feelings, especially when the exchange is on a mental or spiritual level, and culinary is of or relating to the kitchen or cookery. So “culinary communion” could be perhaps a synonym for hospitality. To

be hospitable is to be friendly and solicitous towards guests. Anyone who has spent any time with my dear sister has shared culinary communion with her. Nancy had an inviting, welcoming spirit when it came to practicing the art of hospitality. To her, it was almost on par with breathing in and breathing out . . . natural and vital at the same time. She seemed to welcome any opportunity to celebrate someone's birthday, anniversary, or take a meal to someone ill or alone. There is something so special about sitting around a table and communing thoughts and ideas with others in the presence of food. It becomes a bonding experience. It also becomes a comfortable setting in which to not only share food for the body but food for the soul. Nancy's heart and home were always open to travelers, whether or not they lived near or far. She and Bob mastered the art of hospitality . . . together . . ., which leads me to the 7th C . . .

7 - CO-PARTNERSHIP IN MARRIAGE

A marriage is a legal and formal union between two people as partners in a personal relationship. Bob and Nancy began their marital partnership June 15, 1963. Their union united their lives spiritually, physically, educationally, professionally, and vocationally. Their co-partnership influenced every area of their lives through their 56 years of marriage. They thoroughly enjoyed God's creation, manifested untold amounts of courage, remained Christ-centered in their compassionate endeavors, and complemented each other in culinary communion-type pursuits. Their co-partnership always included the third dimension of God in every area of their lives. I am so grateful for Bob's partnership with Nancy all these years. He added joy, meaning, depth and much love to Nancy's life through the years. Thank you, Bob, for being Nancy's co-partner all these years. These last few months it has been such a relief to me to know that Nancy was not trudging through this pilgrimage alone. You were right there beside her. I will always be grateful to you, Bob, for your caring and knowledgeable presence every step of the way.

I pray these Seven C's of Celebration will be accepted as my tribute to my dear sister Nancy L. Martin. I am so grateful to God for being allowed to share her life's journey these past 78 years.

APPENDIX IV

TRANSCRIPTION OF NANCY TELLING ABOUT HER FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE AT ALEXANDRA POFF AND ZACHARY GISH'S ENGAGEMENT PARTY

Transcribed From A Voice Recording

I/We married twelve days after I graduated from college. And I went to college at Goshen College in Goshen, Ind. We got married in my home congregation at Stony Brook Mennonite Church. I had a 5 o'clock wedding. One of the special things was our nieces and nephews; we had ten of them who were between the ages of 8 and 10. I am the youngest of a family of six and my husband is the youngest of a family of seven. So by this time we had lots of nieces and nephews and they did a processional song, singing as they went in. Candles were not permitted in our church, so they became our candleholders, standing between the church windows on both sides. They sang, "This Is the Day the Lord Has Made" and "The Lord Is in His Holy Temple." It bonded us to these nieces and nephews forever, and they were delighted to be in our wedding. It was just so fun to have them. My maid of honor was a girl who grew up on a ranch in Idaho. My bridesmaid was my sister-in-law who grew up here in this county. Another one was a roommate from college who grew up in Florida. I should say I connected with them for the first time in fifty years at our fifty-year anniversary. They flew in.

We took a two-week honeymoon to Mount Desert Island in Maine, at a cabin. I always liked to fish and still do, and we went on a fishing trip. Somehow they had a kind of kitty and you pull

numbers and we won, we got the kitty. And so there were a bunch of tourists like ourselves and we decided we would use this to freeze our fish and send them back to Philadelphia where we were going to live so we would have a good fish supply for our first year of marriage. Well, when the persons on the boat discovered, that is what our plans were, they said, "We don't know what to do with all this fish we have caught, we are here just for a day, we will give you our fish, too." So we had lots of codfish, and we took them back to our honeymoon cabin and started cleaning them and flies gathered, so you know that the owners were not very thrilled. And they proceeded to tell us that in June, this was June 1963, for some reason there are little parasites in cod. Well, I tell you what—Bob was in med school and I just graduated as a nurse and you tell us there are parasites in our cod! That's us finished. So we took all these fish to the city incinerator of Bar Harbor, Maine. That was our first fiasco, but we had fun catching them.

We came home and Bob did his senior year in medical school at Hahnemann Medical College, and I had a really good first job as a public health nurse in Philadelphia. I had the Germantown area as well as the Chestnut Hill area and then I had South Philly as well. So I had the very rich and the very poor and really didn't see anybody in between. But it was such a good job because I had a great supervisor, and I never saw anything abroad that I hadn't seen its equal in Philadelphia. When I was abroad two years later, I couldn't say, "If they only did it like we do back home," because I had seen real poverty here in our own country.

We had a third-floor apartment, the landlord lived on the second floor, and on the first floor was a Swiss bakery. We couldn't afford to pay rental for a garage or a permanent parking space. There was a half of a street, kind of like an alley. We parked on the sidewalk. We got about 23 parking tickets throughout the year, I think they were something like three or five dollars, but that was so much cheaper than paying for a legitimate parking space.

That November, President Kennedy was shot and I was on my way to see a patient when I got the news, and I remember watching in their house in a just kind of shock with them wondering what would this mean for us as a nation.

I decided that now that I didn't need to take any courses anymore, I would like to take a course. So I enrolled that fall at the University of Pennsylvania and did a creative writing course. I did it just because I wanted to do it. However, at Christmas that year, just before Christmas break, they assigned us to write a novel over the holiday. I just thought this is so crazy, I am free to drop this course and I did. And I baked Christmas cookies instead.

Let's see. I found that I was pregnant sooner than I had expected. I had thought that I would go on to Penn and get my masters right away. We needed some counseling that first year for me to readjust my orientation to my interrupted education. Let's say I never regretted being as young a mom as I was. It means I'm a grandma as young as I am and energy decreases as you age. I had a chance to go to graduate school later.

We loved getting out of the city. You know we would head north on the Schuylkill and just feel free. We had never been in a city to live as big as Philly, we liked it and we hated it at the same time. That winter and spring as my pregnancy advanced, I grew in body and found myself quite tired at the end of a workday because there was a lot of walking involved. You would park as near to where you were going. I had a Corvair that was given to me. They were like death traps; the engine was in the back where the trunk should have been. If you got rear-ended the thing just went up in flames. But that is what I had to get around in the city. You had to park wherever you could but I still had a lot of walking.

So at the end of the day, I would come home and make dinner and then after I ate, all my energy was gone. I would stretch out on the floor of the dining room, which is where we ate, and fall asleep. I would get up and all these dishes were there, Bob was studying. If

he wasn't around, I had cereal. I still think that is a good idea. Then I would get up and say, "Awww these dishes, I don't have time or energy for them" and go to bed. There they would be in the morning and I would hopefully do them then, and if not it went on to the next night. My memory of my housekeeping is a bit of a shock to me as I remember. The thing that I remember is that somehow we had a real pumpkin over Halloween, and I somehow stashed it in a cupboard. So when it was time to move out in the spring, there was this dehydrated, shrunken, something glued to the shelf. So you know, give yourself some grace when it comes to learning how to take care of a house. I mean, it wasn't big. We had one of those long narrow row houses with a living room in front with a Murphy bed, and we had a dining room with an island kitchen, our stairwell down to the street and our bedroom in the back. So it wasn't really so much.

But on weekends our families would love to come and visit us with all the kids. Our regulars were to take them to the airport because jets were still of interest, to the zoo on Girard Avenue, and travel by the subways. And the kids thought that was great. Much of the time, Bob was not with me. He had clinical rotations in his last year, and he would go off to Allentown and Hershey and just come back on the weekend.

I would tell him in the middle of the night "What is that sound?" Oh he would say, "It's just the garbage man collecting the kettles." He said that one time and I said, "No really there is somebody on the roof." And at that time sure enough we looked out, and we were surrounded by police cars and flashing lights. And somebody had gone from rooftop to rooftop and somehow had broken in and went down our common stairwell. So York was quiet in comparison to Philadelphia, and York was where I grew up.

The year ended with Bob's graduation from med school and the excitement of that. I was very proud of him. It was the only year of my life where I financially supported us. I worked many years after that, but I was never the sole support and I was very pleased to give

that up. I remember graduation and really working hard for a very, very special reception that I did for him when all the families came to town for joining us in the celebration.

It is the process of learning to know each other, too. I had grown up with a father who was fastidious about his cars. They needed to be clean and well maintained and polished. And hopefully you never had an accident. Well, I went off to a baby shower for a coworker from the office in one of the beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia. And when I was backing out to come home in my rear view mirror I did not see a stump that was about the height of the back bumper. So I got out, we had a VW bug, and this bumper was not the way it had been, and I could just hear my father's message in my ears. But when I got home, I was so pleased with this husband of mine to hear him say, "Nancy, it is only metal." And I just felt, I was so grateful. It was so healing to me.

Our first anniversary came. We bought a table for our kitchen for \$25, oh, I don't know how much it cost, at an antique store somewhere downtown within walking distance from where we lived. We did not want to pay the \$25 delivery charge, so we carried it, the two of us, down the sidewalk. Oh yes, I'm almost done. Our first anniversary came and we came back to our families here. We spent that first night at a nice motel near Adamstown, Colonial something, I can't remember. But when we went to travel home that weekend, we had not enough money to pay the toll on the turnpike, so we went all secondary roads to Philadelphia. That is basically it.

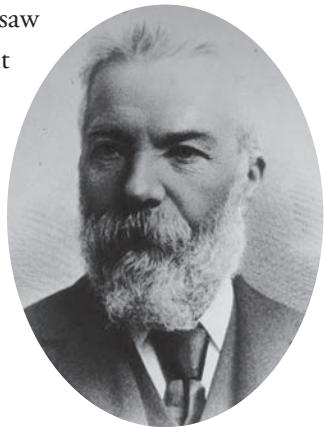
If I were to say one thing to you Alex, I think the most important thing is to keep your relationship to the Lord strong and well because that is your eternal relationship. The joy of the Lord will be your strength through the good times as well as the hard times. And it is the best investment you will ever make. Your relationship with Zach makes us very happy.

APPENDIX V

NAZARETH HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENTS OVER THE YEARS

From the beginning of the hospital in 1861 to the present, it has survived in spite of numerous wars, limited resources, and political upheaval. For example, its founder, Dr. Vartan, an Armenian Christian born in Turkey and educated in Scotland, opened the first hospital during the time of the Ottoman Empire. The Turks thought he was a spy for the British and confiscated the first hospital and house he built in Nazareth. In spite of this, he persisted and rebuilt at another location. Five of his and his wife Mary Anne's ten children died of childhood diseases. When he opened his clinic and hospital in 1861, he was the only doctor between Beirut and Jerusalem and, along with his wife, provided medical services for 47 years until his death in 1908. A doctor followed him from Scotland, Dr. Fredrick Scrimgeour, who oversaw the building of a new hospital in 1914, but before patients were admitted he was called away by the British Government to care for British troops in Egypt during WWI. While he was away, Turkish troops ransacked the hospital, leaving two British nurses to care for wounded troops.

The third doctor to lead the hospital (1921-1956) was Dr. William Bathgate, from New Zealand but educated in Edinburgh. His wife needed to return to Britain soon after their arrival in Naz-



*P. K. Vartan, founder of the
Nazareth Hospital, 1861.*



Hospital Superintendents 1956 to 1995: John Tester, Robert Martin, and Hans Bernath.

areth. She was institutionalized for the rest of her life because of mental illness. He remained in Nazareth through WWII and knew profound sorrow when his only child, a daughter, was killed when a Nazi bomb fell on the house east of London where she was staying at the time. Resources for his hospital work were extremely limited following WWII, during the terrorist attacks by the Israeli underground during the British mandate period and the 1948 War of Independence. Following the establishment of the State of Israel, the Mission Board in Edinburgh made plans to close the hospital, to which Dr. Bathgate did not agree, and the plan was never carried out. Dr. John Tester led the hospital when my wife and I arrived in Nazareth in 1965 and directed us during the Six-Day War in 1967. His Swiss successor, Dr. Hans Bernath, gave leadership during the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and the invasion of Lebanon by the Israel Army in 1982. It was upon the shoulders of these five medical missionary doctors over the previous 127 years that I became the sixth doctor to lead the hospital in 1988.

In an article written in the *British Medical Journal* in 2013 upon the occasion of celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Nazareth Hospital, Dr. Peter Turnpenny wrote the following:

The story of the Nazareth Hospital over 150 years is one of extraordinary survival through many stormy events, not least multiple wars. Some might regard its situation, ownership, and governance as an anachronism in the modern world. No one directly involved would deny its complexity, operating across cultures in a volatile part of the world, but for those involved it proves immensely stimulating and life changing. To conclude, these were the words of the chairman of the Knesset, Israel's parliament, which in 2012 gave its annual award for a valued contribution to the nation to The Nazareth Hospital—the first time that the recipient has been a non-Jewish organization.

“The Nazareth Hospital symbolizes, more than anything else, the common destiny, and the bridge between the inhabitants of this country, Jews and Arabs, new immigrants and seniors. The work of this old respected institution is based on the values of compassion and love for all people. This is a valuable and important institution that has no barriers between humans, and treats everybody the same since they were created in the image of God, in sincerity and in professionalism.” (Reuben Rivlin, chairman of the Knesset, 4 December 2012.)

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APPENDIX VI

MALCOM MUGGERIDGE AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Malcom Muggeridge was a well-known agnostic and hugely influential British journalist in London, known for his satire. In the latter part of his life he became a Christian, greatly influenced by Mother Theresa when he lived in Calcutta, which resulted in his conversion in the 1960s. He contributed to making her work known in the west when he produced a documentary in 1971 titled “Something Beautiful for God,” an account of her life and work in Calcutta.

In the spring of 1966 he came to Israel with a team of BBC producers to produce a film on the life of Jesus, for showing at Easter on British television. For part of his time in Israel, he was a guest at the Nazareth Hospital where I had the privilege of meeting and participating in conversation with him. He needed participants for filming the scene of the crowds climbing the hillside along the Sea of Galilee to listen to Jesus’ teaching. A group of us from the hospital volunteered to become part of the crowd in the film. On a beautiful spring day in Galilee with wildflowers filling the fields, we made our way up the hillside while the cameras from the BBC team rolled, and Mr. Muggeridge stood by directing the action. It was later that I learned it was his reflection on the meaning of Jesus’ teaching in this very same setting that he personally came to be a follower of Jesus. At a later time, as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, he confronted the policy of the University’s Health Service of handing out free birth control pills to students. Pushback from students and administration led to his resignation as Rector. He went on to

publish the sermon he gave at the city's cathedral at the time of his resignation entitled, "Another King." I love one of his quotes, "Every happening, great or small, is a parable whereby God speaks to us, and the art of life is to get the message."

APPENDIX VII

SCRIPTURES AND QUOTATIONS THAT HAVE ANCHORED OUR LIVES

Jesus of Nazareth: “I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.” John 14:6

Solomon: “In his heart a man plans his course, but the Lord determines his steps.” Proverbs 16:9

Psalms 90:12: “Teach us to number our days aright, that we may gain a heart of wisdom.”

Micah 7:8b: “Though I sit in darkness the Lord will be my light.”

Philippians 4:6: “Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God.”

2 Corinthians 9:8: “And God is able to make all grace abound to you, so that in all things at all times, having all that you need, you will abound in every good work.”

Psalms 73:26: “My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.”

Psalms 27:13: “I am still confident of this: I will see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.”

Definition of Grace: “The endless supply of the life of Jesus in me that allows me to walk in victory through seemingly impossible situations.” Given to us by our daughter, Karen Gish.

Victor Frankl: “Everything can be taken from a man but one thing, the last of the human freedoms—to choose one’s attitude in any given set of circumstances to choose one’s own way.” And, “When we are no longer able to change a situation—we are challenged to change ourselves.”

Nelson Mandela: "It always seems impossible until it is done."

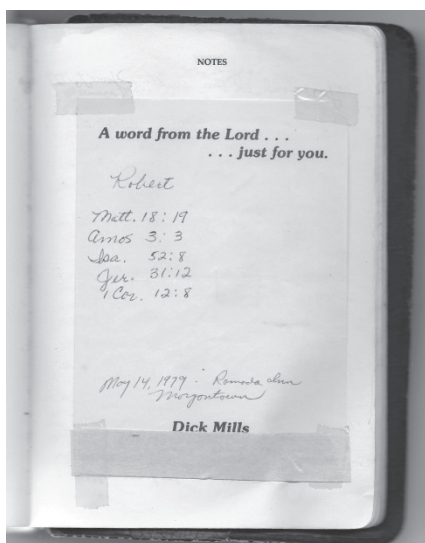
Frederick Buechner: "The place God calls you to is the place where your deep gladness and the world's deep hunger meet."

Parker Palmer: "When you share your story of struggle, you offer me companionship in mine, and that's the most powerful soul medicine I know."

Quote from Nancy's Prayer Journal 2004: "I am grateful for life—the life you have given me to cope with and to contribute to. And I wouldn't want to have missed it, not a single moment of it."

Catherine of Genoa (1442-1501): "God gives us His light in an instant, allowing us to know all that we need to know. We cannot seek this light; it is given to us from God only as He chooses. Therefore, I will not weary myself with seeking beyond what God wants me to know. Instead I will abide in peace with the understanding God has given me, and I will let this occupy my mind. When God finds a soul that rests in Him and is not easily moved, He operates within it in His own manner."

"A word from the Lord . . . just for you." Over the years I have come to see this as a word of prophesy given to me by Dick Mills, May 14, 1979, at a meeting held at the Ramada Inn, Morgantown, W. Va.: "They will come and shout for joy on the heights of Zion; they will rejoice in the bounty of the Lord—the grain, the new wine and the oil, the young of the flocks and herds. They will be like a well-watered garden, and they will sorrow no more." Jeremiah 31:12





Engraved on our memorial stone: "I know whom I have believed and am convinced that he is able to guard what I have entrusted to him for that day." II Timothy 1:12

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