

THE JACOB B. FREY STORY

by Daniel S. Thiesen

If there ever was a story so full of grace and of desire and devotion to fulfill God's command to go out and preach the Word to a lost people, is this story.

In order to tell the Jacob B. Frey Story in detail, we must first of all go to Russia.

In Waldheim, a village in Russia. There lived a couple by the name of Cornelius and Maria Schmidt Wedel. Three daughters were born to them, the oldest named Helena. She married a Jacob S. Schmidt. They were well-to-do farmers in Russia. Jacob S. was the son of Heinrich and Eva Ratzlaff Schmidt. Jacob brought his father Heinrich Schmidt to America. Heinrich was a brother to Andreas Schmidt. The whole Alexanderwohl Church in Russia came to Kansas, in 1874. They came on the ship Cambria. Heinrich Schmidt and Andreas Schmidt lived across the road from each other.¹ Jacob Schmidt was baptized in Russia on July 10, 1859 by Rev. Peter Wedel. He married Helena Wedel on November 10, 1861. He was called Miller Schmidt, because he had operated a mill in Russia. Here in Kansas, in Marion County, West Branch Township, they bought and settled on Section 16. Schmidts at the northern end, buying one quarter and an eighty acres land. The Jacob Frey's in the middle and Benjamin Freys at the south part, their homesteads facing east to the public road. Going back to Russia, the Jacob S. Schmidts their first daughter died at the age of 12 years and also their daughter Maria died at the age of 11 years, 9 months. Their older children were born in Russia. Henry S. Schmidt born August 16, 1863. Jacob J. Schmidt born July 12, 1865. Mrs. Justina Schmidt Walke born January 6, 1874. She was 7 months old as she came to Kansas with her parents. And Cornelius J. Schmidt was born here in Kansas June 1, 1889. And another daughter, who was Mrs. H. R. Schroeder. The latter one later moved to Washington. Mother Schmidt was the mother of 10 children, five died as infants. She was very sick 10 days. Died July 5, 1921. Age 80 years. Jacob S. Schmidt organized the Jacob S. Schmidt and Friends Cemetery on his own.² It is registered in Marion County as one of the cemeteries. There are buried the Andreas and Eva Schmidt, Heinrich and Maria Lange Beckers, six infant children of the Jacob and Benjamin Freys, and a number of other infants, the graves not marked. The Cemetery is still there, at the south end of the 80 acres. The owner of the land must give right of way to the cemetery. And it is kept up still today.² Mr. Schmidt was found dead his head resting on the Bible on the table. He died June 29, 1922. Age 83 years, 1 month, 4 days.

The middle daughter of Cornelius and Maria Schmidt Wedel was born in Russia. Her name is and was Eva Wedel. She married Jacob Frey in Russia. Eva Wedel Frey was born in January 1850 in Waldheim, Russia. She married Jacob Frey, a son of Peter and Anna Sommerfeld Frey. She was the mother of 6 children. In Russia, the Freys had a Russian girl to take care of her daughter. The coaster wagon upset and the child fell out and her neck was broken. That was a very sad experience. Eva Wedel Frey died January 5, 1916. She later married a Peter Franz. Jacob Frey died December 12, 1898. Both are buried in Alexanderwohl Cemetery.

Now we come to the most important part of this story.³ Maria Wedel, the younger of the three Wedel Sisters. She was born March 21, 1843 likewise in the Waldheim Village in Russia. As a young girl she became interested in missions. She and her mother would hide away for a season of prayer. Her school teacher by the name of Dirks had a brother, who was a missionary at the island of Sumatra. The teacher read letter from his brother of the mission field on Sumatra. This caused her to pray that the Lord would open a door for her to become a missionary, for her to go to a missionary field. As it was at this time the missionary interest in Russia was not good. The people struggled to get a foothold of themselves to make progress in tilling the soil, trying to build their own churches, schools, educating their children.

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So the opportunity never came to Maria Wedel. The missionary interest in the early years in Kansas was not there. The immigrants had to struggle to get a foothold in the new country. She kept on praying that her life would be as an inspiration to her in that if she would marry, God would grant in giving her a godly husband and if they had children, one of her children would be a missionary. She married Benjamin Frey, who was born on April 11, 1833. They had 11 children. Her husband was the son of Peter and Anna Sommerfeld Frey. The oldest child, Maria, born September 1, 1865 in Russia. She married Julius Becker. She came to Kansas with her parents as a child of 9 years. Mother of 10 children, all have died except Mrs. Helena Becker Dalke, She makes her home in Bethesda Home here in Goessel. Maria Frey Becker died February 28, 1928. The second daughter, Helena Frey born March 22, 1873 in Russia. She married Henry P. Balzer January 14, 1892. She was the mother of 10 children. All have died except Mrs. Gertrude Balzer Schroeder, who lives in North Newton alone in her house. There two sons born to them, in Russia to the Benjamin Freys; Cornelius Frey, who became a teacher, evangelist and preacher. He married Helena Schmidt on January 9, 1892. He died March 24, 1938. The fourth child was Henry Frey, who was born April 27, 1871. He married Eva Balzer on January 19, 1895. He was elected as a deacon of the Tabor Church. He served in this capacity until he resigned and became a member of the Alexanderwohl Church. He later married Mrs. Elsie Regier. He died February 19, 1952.

Now we come to the most important part of this story. She prayed that the first child in America would become a missionary. Mother Maria Wedel Frey. This first child was named Jacob Benjamin Frey. Now we must let Jacob B. Frey tell his own story.

My missionary career began on the plains of Russia, when a little girl, Maria Wedel, who became my mother, was living with her godly mother, The two were hiding away daily for a secret season of prayer. In that prayer fellowship little Maria began to see to this, a vast multitude of lost people and dying in their sins, and she began to pray that Jesus should make her a missionary.

Jacob B. Frey grew up in a Christian home. He attended the local District School. There were such teachers as Cornelius H. Friesen and Henry R. Voth. And Maria Collier, who became interested in learning the German Language. The neighbor children learned to know each other in school life.

One day as I was home from college, I confided to mother that I was preparing to become a missionary. Mother wept. I said, "Mother, why are you weeping?". She said, "Because God has answered my prayers". Then she told me what I have related above and added, that before I had been born her constant prayer had been, that I should be the to go in her place as a missionary.

That to me was an explanation of my boyhood life and my growing up experience.

1. I was saved before I was four years old, and I knew it, and tried to live a life pleasing to God.
2. When I was five years old, I kept on praying that God should make me a missionary. I really tried to live a life pleasing to God, but was conscious of failures and I took refuge under the blood of Christ.
3. I was hungry for the Word of God, so I might learn God's ways when the folks together I sat and listened to their discussions of the Bible and their experiences.
4. When I had learned to read, on Saturdays I would take the Bible and follow mother in her work and read from the Bible to her.
5. When at evenings my chums would come to play with me, I insisted to read two or three Bible stories before we went out to play.
6. One day mother said, "Jacob, I wish all my children would be as obedient and well behaved as you". I answered, "Oh, Mother, I fail so often and that makes me feel so bad".
7. Often I prayed to God, if He would let me preach the gospel to the lost heathen I would not care for any property or money or anything, I just wanted to see the lost be saved.
8. Above all I often prayed that God should help me to get all of His Word in its fulness and purity and create in me a complete faith in it; and give me the courage to preach all of it without fear or favor, and never deviate from it.

9. I had a girl friend I loved passionately and I often prayed that God should give her unto me as a wife. We often had sweet fellowship in discussing the Scriptures. One evening I had visited her; we talked about the Scriptures and about preaching and teaching the Word of God. Then I told her that I wanted to go as a missionary to some unevangelised people. She said, "I always thought you would become a missionary". It was a precious evening.

When I got home my thoughts troubled me; I had often prayed that God would give that girl to me as my life companion, but I never said, if that was in God's plan. I knelt down at my bedside. and there and then I surrendered to God what was most precious to me. I said, "If she is not your chosen one for me, or if it is your plan that I go as a single man, just take her away from me". I was weary. The struggle was over and I had fallen asleep". When I awoke there was perfect peace and quiet reliance on God, and I had the assurance the matter was settled.

That evening I went to see Aganetha, to find out what God had in store for me. Soon after our conversation had started Aganetha said, "You told me when I was ready to get married I should plan the date for the public engagement and also the wedding". And she mentioned the dates.

After we had talked over the matter with our respective parents and had received their consent and blessing, we went outside by bright moonlight and knelt down with arms around each other and with free hands clasped in prayer, while the nightingale from its perch at the barn, winged its way repeatedly into the sky warbling its night song, we consecrated our united lives and service to Christ Jesus, our Saviour and Lord who is the "yes" and "Amen" to all God's promises unto the Glory of God. (2 Corinthians 1:20). We were married on September 22, 1899.

Before our marriage I had attended Bethel College and I had taught school one year, three months German and 4 months English, and had promised to teach another year, for after I wanted to finish my Bible Course at Bethel College, which was three more years.

The pupils and parents and friends had signed a long petition that I should keep on teaching, and the Board offered to increase my salary to \$26.00 monthly. I said, "No, I cannot, for the heathen are calling for the Word of Life."

I had finished the first two years. I was offered a job for the summer vacation selling sewing machines at a salary of \$150.00 per month and all expenses paid. I told my father of this job, he seemed much distressed. After a while he said, "If you do not make my harvest, I have no one to make it". I said, "Father, don't worry, I'll make your harvest. (Evenly had their own already farming plans made)."

The grain was ready and I hurried the work from early, till after sundown. My father changed horses for me, once in the forenoon, than at noon, and again in the afternoon, which gave me five sets of fresh teams. While he changed teams I oiled the reaper, and ate the food he brought in the middle of the forenoon, at dinner and at vespers. I quit at evening when it got too dark to work.

About the middle of the harvest my mother said, "Jacob, why do you send most of food back?", I said, "I am not hungry, Mother." The fact was I had typhoid fever and did not know it. The last day of the harvest there was only one-half acre of oats left to finish the harvest. Towards noon I got so sick I left the team unhitched and lay down behind the reaper, Father came with a fresh team and my lunch. I said to my father, I am so sick. He unhitched the team put me in the buggy and we went home. He hastened to get the doctor. (Very likely Dr. Peter Richert). After the doctor had examined me, he said, "No hope". I was in the last stages of the typhoid fever.

The next day the President of the Missionary Board, Rev. Peter Balzer stopped in to enquire if I would accept the offer to go as a missionary to the Arizona field. The doctor was there and he said, there was no hope of getting well. The President of the Mission Board said, he would report to the rest of the Board and they would look for another couple to take over the work.

During the forepart of the harvest our church papers had appealed for a missionary couple to go to the Hopi Mission Field. Missionary H. R. Voth's wife had died and he moved his family to Newton, and the call was urgent. My dear Aganetha and I talked

over the appeal with due prayer and felt lead to accept the call if the Board would give us a year to finish my Bible Course at Bethel College.

Brother J. B. Epp, who had gone to Oraibi to help out, consented to stay on with his sister for another year. so the Board had accepted us. Rev. Peter Balzer, Pastor and Elder of the Alexanderwohl Church and President of the Mission Board, stopped at our home on his way to the Board Meeting. It happened that the doctor was there. The doctor said, "No hope". Brother Balzer said he would tell the Board, and they would look for another couple. Before he left he prayed for my recovery and left.

But my reaction to all that talk was, that I would get well and my dear wife and I would work at least 10 years in the mission field.

Nobody seemed to believe I would get well. But I fully believed I would. My brother said, (It is not stated which one, if Cornelius or Henry or John B. Frey) "What makes you think so? I said, "I have the conviction that my Aganetha and I will work ten years on the mission field. Beyond that I have no assurance how long".

My older brother feeling I would surely die, asked me if I was really saved. I said "Yes, certainly". He said, "How do you know?" I told him to get the Bible, which he did. I put that on my chest and said, "This is my proof". Furthermore I am not going to die; we will work on the Mission Field at least ten years". He said, "How do you know?" I said, "I don't know I have the conviction that we will work at least ten years.

I got well; we rented the rooms upstairs at the Gronaman house, not far from the college. I was in my classes on the day of opening of the college. Rev. H. R. Voth and his daughter Frieda helped us get the language learned by daily visiting him and he instructed us in the language, so we knew already how to talk the Hopi Language.

The nice college months were happy months, as each month brought us that much closer to our life's objective, namely, the gospel ministry to the Hopi people, and the special joy of it was, That it would be in their own language. And daily we made use of the Hopi Language in our conversation to get accusative to using it.

Soon after commencement we were ordained and sent to the Hopi Missionfield. Our send-off from the Newton, Kansas, Santa Fe Railroad station was an encouraging affair in that there were so many churches represented to bid us farewell and assure us of their prayers. When the conductor asked for our transportation tickets, he said he never had seen such a send-off; the station and the yard were filled with people and the tracks were lined for quite a way; he added; "You must have many friends". And we felt it, and it encouraged us again, because we felt assured of our prayers. This all happened, the ordination on June 2, 1903 and on June 25, 1903 we left by train Kansas to the Hopi Indian Reservation.

At Canyon Diablo, Arizona we were met by Rev. J. B. Epp, who took us to the Oraibi Mission Station. The journey took almost two days. We arrived at the Mission Station in the afternoon.

There were many Hopis assembled to welcome us. Among them was the honorable old Chief Lololma. He said, "I am happy, and I thank you for coming to teach my people the right and good way; and I welcome you to here". I answered him in Hopi and thanked him for his kind words and greeting and that they welcomes us to live with them and to teach them the right way.

I also turned to Mrs. Frey and talked with her in Hopi and she answered in Hopi; and also talked in Hopi to them so they should feel we were one with them; and all also appreciated it very much that we answered their welcome in the Hopi Language and expressed our appreciation.

Another test: After my graduation and ordination we went to Oraibi for 2 years, then to Moencopi to open up a new station. We leveled the ground and terraced it; built a barn and a storehouse in which we lived while building the mission and chapel. We built up the ground so we could raise vegetables and fruit, and built a reservoir to store water for irrigation and put in a pipeline along the bluff for domestic purposes and also irrigation.

It took quite a while to do all that work, as all was built of rock and we had to burn our own lime. It was all lime stone and had to be quarried.

Our knowledge of the Hopi though limited when we entered the Hopi work, enabled us, by daily practice in conversation with the Hopis, too quickly and sufficiently acquire their language in order to carry on intelligently the Gospel Ministry with old people without interpreters, which created confidence and love and appreciation and opened wide the possibilities.

I spent much time in translating the Word of God into Hopi. I kept these translations in a black-covered loose leaf binder, and I would read my Hopi scripture texts from this book with the "black covers". Then explained the passages in the Hopi Language, without interpreters.

Going back to the time when the Freys got settled in their home in the Arizona Mission field. While that was going on I looked after the Gospel Ministry and worked on the Hopi Language; and made a Hopi Primer to teach Hopi, and wrote down in Hopi, the history the way the old man remembered and related it; also their songs and prayers and traditions and religion, their naming of babies, their marriage ceremonies; their burial rites and initiation ceremonies, etc.

And out of all this the Hopi Language build up, grammar, syntax, elements and verb forms, plural, dual and single forms, were systematized, and the conjugation especially, but also the declensions were written down in all their forms, and the laws of the Hopi Language were established and systematized. And we found that the Hopi Language is a kin to both the German and Greek, and forms a triangle with them. Much of reflected the Greek and German Grammar. And the most intelligent Hopis claimed that the translations that were made by constant reference to the Greek were more closely understood than those that were made according to the American Versions.

The Baptist Missionaries had learned that Mr. Frey had made translation and kept them in a black-covered binder. So they invited me to their Union Meetings at Keams Canyon for their Thanksgiving season, asking that I should give the Thanksgiving sermon in the Hopi, without interpreters.

I complied and took that trip on my little wide-tired wagon, drawn by small ponies. It was a distance of 85 to 90 miles through sandy country. I arrived in good time and the hour for the services was nearing. The church was decorated and the Hopi students marched in and took their seats. The girls were dressed in white uniforms and the boys in Kaki suits.

Then the other Hopis from the different villages came in and took their seats. After the preliminaries I was introduced as speaker for the hour. Nothing was said about the language I would use.

I opened my black loose-leaf holder and read my text in Hopi and prayed in Hopi. Then I began to speak in Hopi on the text I had read from Luke 15:11-32, that part of the parable that deals with the prodigal son. Some of the students smiled; others seemed puzzled, for I had no interpreter, they evidently wondered what I would do.

I spoke on the Prodigal Son in the far country, away from home and poverty stricken. Before leaving home he had requested his father to divide the future inheritance and give him his share at the time of his asking. And as his father had complied. And the son left home, taking his wealth with him. But he wasted his money in worldly pleasure and leading a dissipated life; and how he had come to poverty. His strength and vitality gone, the only work he could find was to herd and feed swine and the job did not pay him enough to buy his food; he remained hungry and desired to be satisfied with the husks-the little carob pods which the swine (Hogs) ate and no one gave to him. And the job did not pay him enough to buy his food; he remained hungry and desired to be satisfied with the husks-the little carob pods which the swine (Hogs) ate and no one gave to him.

In that condition, thinking of his need and suffering, he came to himself; he remembered his father and his father's servants and of home and plenty, yea more than enough to eat and there and then, how he decided to go home and acknowledge his foolish acts of leaving home and get into a sinful life of poverty and failures; and confessing his sin against his father and against heaven and pleading for a place of a servant in his gracious father's home.

And he left the swine pen and started on his homeward journey in self-humiliation, yet in expectation. What would the father think, when he would see his son coming home emaciated, ragged and thirsty, covered with dust, when he would remember his high look and proud heart and dignified expression when he left.

Verse 21. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no worthy to be called thy son.

Verse 22. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet.

Verse 23. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry.

Verse 24. For this son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry.

And the following three things emphasize the real reason and background of a genuine and heart-felt Thanksgiving festival.

1. A prodigal son, who left home and was lost and as good as dead, was restored to his father's home and heart.

2. The returned son received all the tokens and insignia of a unchallenged member of the family.

3. With all his physical needs met, as a member of the family, was seated with his father at a bountiful Thanksgiving table, accompanied with Thanksgiving and praise.

After reading my text and praying in Hopi, I continued in the Hopi Language to set forth and emphasize the life of the prodigal young man, who had left home and parents and in the far country had squandered his wealth in worldly pleasure and leading a life of dissipation, and now with his money gone, and his clothes ragged and hungry and famished, was herding swine, but did not earn enough to satisfy his hungry. He even desired to eat the hog feed, the little carob pods, but even that was denied him. And as I went on with the story, I noticed many handkerchiefs were used to wipe the tears away.

There seemed to be a hush over the whole audience who seemed to be deeply moved as this was the first time they had heard a white person bring a message direct from the Word of God in their own Hopi Language from a black covered book.

When I got through I prayed in Hopi, thanking God for his goodness in providing for mankind and beasts and the rest of the creatures so bountiful the necessities of life and giving health and life and so many comforts of life. And especially for sending His Son as Saviour into this world to save mankind from their sins and giving them life in God through faith in His crucified and Resurrected Son.

After the benediction the Baptist Missionary got up and said; "Here is a white man who really speaks the Hopi Language. You can go to him with your troubles and fearlessly tell him and he will be able to help you. We have noticed that you will not tell us, who are your missionaries, because you have to speak through interpreters, and you are fearful they will tell others of your troubles."

The missionary added that they were at liberty to go to the front to shake hands with me.

And here they came to the very last one. Some of the big men, with bowed heads and weeping, sobbed out their failures, and expressed their appreciation for the message. It seemed they all had received a new understanding of God's love.

It took quite a while for the whole audience to go by, at so many had something to say; one woman from Hotella said, "I understood everything you said as you spoke in our vernacular", she was so happy.

The last man in the line was a middle aged man-a Christian, he came on smiling all the time. When he got to me he said, "My father has been telling us about what happened today, saying, "A white man will come with a black book, and he will read in Hopi out of the book and speak Hopi without an interpreter: Listen to him. he has the Word from heaven; and you are that man" .

Going back again to Reverend Frey making translations of the Bible and some Gospel Songs. And building up the new Mission Station Moencopi.

While all this was going on my beloved Aganetha got very sick with spinal meningitis - evidently overworked. She was under government doctor's care. We wrote to our friends at Tolchaco to remember my dear wife in prayer. Mrs. Gates, a good and moneyed friend of ours, wired to Los Angeles for two nurses; finally one nurse came to be with Mrs. Frey.

In the meantime the doctor came down to the mission about sundown. When he left he told me to come out with him. We walked up two terrances and stopped. We looked down to the mission. He said to me: "Your wife's sickness is in the last stages- she cannot live; she will die tonight. If she would pull out, she will be a burden to herself and to others. The doctor went up the hill and I went down into the sickroom. And what did I behold?

A Hopi, and old man, who was our greatest opponent to the Gospel Ministry sat at my wives bedside and pleaded with her, saying she should give up her desire to die, she should give up her mind to want to live. He said, "You want to leave your baby and husband and the other children; you must not do that-that is very bad."

Mrs. Frey answered; "No, Tom, it is not that I want to die, but I am ready to go if Jesus calls me. And Jesus is the only One who can heal me".

Tom, our greatest opponent to the Gospel, jumped up and said: " I am going right home to pray to your Jesus to make you well". Mrs. Frey was much concerned about the Hopis, she loved them for Jesus sake; and looked after their needs lovingly and provided as best as she could. She was a mother to young and old. What would the Hopis do without her. The fact that our greatest opponent came to plead with Mrs. Frey to persuade her to want to live, and promised he would hasten home to pray to our Jesus to make Mrs. Frey well is an indication what a quiet insignificant couple, who have consecrated their united life and service to their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and carry on their united life and service to their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and carry on their ministry under the guidance and constant precious and unfailing work.

Again the doctor had said, Mrs. Frey would die that night-there was no hope. At midnight Mrs. Frey was in great pain. She told me what to do with the baby and the rest of the family, and then she said: "Goodbye" Then she added she wished I would pray with her once more.

I told the Lord: that before our marriage we had consecrated our united life and service to him and we were still consecrated, and He should deal with us as He would please. If it was for His glory and to the good of the Hopis if he took Mrs. Frey. He should take her; but if it were for His glory and the good of the Hopis he should make her well. When I said, "Amen" Mrs. Frey raised up in bed and said, "There is nothing the matter with me". She was healed instantly.

That morning the doctor supposing Mrs. Frey had died, was much surprised that she was well and said; "God did that and not my medicine." After that, whenever there was serious cases of sickness in the village, he would stop at the mission and take me along. He would say: "Medicine is good, but with prayer it is better".

In the years that followed we carried on the language work, and kept on translating, and teaching the Word of God in Hopi.

Brother J. B. Epp had translated the main Bible Stories of the Old and New Testament in story form. He dictated these stories and I typed them. Then I bought a printing press and had the Hopi type made and our helpers set the type and we printed these Bible Storybook and stapled them.

I had translated parts of Genesis and the Gospel account of John and Luke and a part of Acts and Romans-the first eight chapters were revised and we had them printed in Los Angeles, also edited the Hopi Gospel songs and had them printed at Brother J.B.Epp's expense.

Then I asked the government to give me twenty minutes every morning in the village school before the teachers started the instruction, to teach the Hopi children the Word of God, and teach them to read in Hopi, so they could read to the village people the translations out of the Bible. To make it interesting and give the backward children a real joy to learn to read Hopi, I translated some of their animal and bird stories and printed them, so those in slow learning to read would have more interest. And they thought it was the greatest fun to read these stories to the old people, who were much delighted.

Besides, I offered prizes to those children who would be first to be able to read Hopi fluently and with emphasis. The girls that mastered the Hopi reading first would receive a trunk to put their things in and lock up. And the boys who would accomplish the task first would receive a small saddle to ride the burros in style.

I had a little saddle, but I had to buy three trunks.

The Superintendent, a Christian, and the Indian Commissioner^{SS} were happy to grant my request. Those twenty minutes in the morning proved to be the greatest asset of the gospel ministry.

The children loved to sing Gospel Songs out of books in their mother tongue. And at evenings after supper when the children were at play, the playground re-echoed with Hopi Gospel Songs.

Example of song: "Wo findet die Seele die Heimat die Ruh?".. Ach es waer zum Weinen wenn kein Heiland wehr": "We'll work till Jesus comes". "Have you any room for Jesus", "Jesus is Calling", "I Come to Thee", "Ich weis einen Strom", "There is Life for a look at the Crucified One".

Both young and old loved to come to Sunday School and sing and hear the Word of God taught in Hopi without an interpreter.

An example: One mother brought her baby girl every Sunday to Sunday School in her shawl until the little girl had learned to walk; then she kept on coming, leading her by the hand till she was able to walk alone. After that they both came walking every Sunday. She would often bring the baby to our mission at breakfast time. She would sit there quietly till we were through with our morning devotions, and then get up and leave. We would invite her to eat with us; she would either say she had eaten breakfast or it was waiting for them.

She brought her little girl to Sunday School and to our devotions; she wanted her daughter to be:

1. A Christian, like our children.
2. We had the custom in our Mission Home, that each child had to say a new~~ly~~ learned Scripture verse in the morning. At the evening devotion, that could say verses they knew from memory. Then I read the Scriptures, after which all bowed heads and folded hands in prayer.

3. Then I prayed. The mother wanted her daughter to know how a Christian acts.

There was another mother who had a baby girl; but had no nourishment for her. The mother would bring her baby daily to our mission--we had a good milch cow--so Mrs. Frey could teach her how to clean the bottle, etc. She said she would raise the child till she could work and be a help to Mrs. Frey and then she would give her daughter to Mrs. Frey. She wanted her daughter to be like our children.

One night our native evangelist had been in the village. First he was at his brother's store; there was a bunch of girls around the table reading aloud and in unison the Bible Stories in Hopi, from the books we had printed on our own press. People sat all around listening with attention. On his way home he passed by the Chief Priest's house; there were other girls reading aloud the Bible Stories in Hopi. He passed two more homes in which groups of girls were reading in unison the Hopi Bible Stories, and all seated to listen gladly.

Frank Jenkins, the native evangelist said joyfully, "Brother Frey, we have a missionary in every home". The girls not only read these stories, but they sang the Gospel Songs in which the boys joined.

Besides, Sunday School and preaching services went on in the chapel, and street meetings.

And here we must relate about some Hopis were very antagonistic to the White Man. They wanted to kill them. Also the Government people.

One day, the Hopis tried to kill Mr. Frey. They put a rope around his neck and tied it in a knot. One Hopi was on horseback and they intended to drag me and choke me. Then they had a man on the horse with a saddle on and fastened the rope to the saddle pommel and pull from the saddle to drag him to death. But Mr. Frey grabbed the rope so it did not choke him. And what happened? The knot around the neck loosened from itself. And he was saved. It was a miracle that the knot loosened from itself.

But here I must go back and finish what happened after the Hopis roped to drag me off, and the Inspector pardoned them because I would not sign the necessary papers for their prosecution. But the Inspector gave them also to understand what would happen if they tried it again. He said they would be prosecuted without any signed papers from me, and they would be sent to the penitentiary.

The wicked Hopis felt that their religion was going to pieces and with it some of the ceremonies, their promiscuous sexual liberties, because the women and girls would not

expose themselves anymore to the degrading practices. So they said, if they killed the missionary they would go to the penitentiary. So they hired some Cave-Supai Indians who lived in the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The only way to get there was horse trail, and was only 25 miles from our mission.

A Hopi friend of ours told me what the wicked Hopis had done, and then asked me if I would flee now. I said, "We are here on business for the Lord, and until that work is finished no one will be able to take my life". Our friend said, "What is wrong with you?" I said, "Nothing is the matter with me".

The following Sunday night I went to the street preaching. Our little boy was very sick. My dear wife had said to me, "Never will I let you go alone to the street meeting again". The presence of women may keep them from violence; but our boy being so sick I'll stay at home; and I will stand in the chapel door where I can hear the boy if he calls, and I can hear you speak and I will pray for you.

I said, What is good, I am glad to know your plan and I went to the street. I sang a Hopi Gospel Song by flashlight, then read my Hopi Scripture text and gave them in Hopi, of course without an interpreter, a talk on God's superbounding grace in Christ Jesus, who died for our sins on Calvary's cross. And by simple faith acceptance they could be saved, I prayed and went home. Nothing happened.

The following Monday I went to the village to find out what they had gotten out of my message and explain things they might not have understood.

On the way to the village I met the same man who had told me of the plot to have me murdered; and another man was with him. Some of the bad men were standing a short distance away, who wanted to grab me and kill me. My informant said, "My friend who were all the people with you at the street preaching last night?" I said, "There were no people with me the night before; I was alone because our boy was very sick and even my wife had not been with me".

He said, "Why are you lying to us?". We saw them with our own eyes. They made a great circle all around you; and how you did sing?" But the people around you all had different clothes on than you wear". I said, "No, there were no people around me". He said, "What did we see then?" Mr. Frey did not see the men dressed in white, but to the Hopis who stood back saw them and did come to take Mr. Frey to kill him, and also the Hopis to which Mr. Frey was preaching saw them. So pretends God his people who witness for Him.

I did not tell Mrs. Frey what the Hopi friend had told me about the murder plot. I had the absolute assurance that no one would or could kill me, and I did want to trouble my loved ones. But she had sensed the danger, and the interceding wife and mother stood between a very sick child and the hired murderers that no doubt were present at the street meeting, else why our blessed and glorious Lord send the heavenly bodyguard? A few passages like Colossians 2:9-10, "For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily and power: In whom ye are complete in him, which is the head of all Principality and power". 2 Corinthians 1:18-22. "But as God is true, our word toward you was not yea and nay? For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, even by me and Silvanus and Timotheus was not yea and nay, but in him was yea. For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. Now he which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." Romans 8:28-29. "And we know that all things work together for good that love God, to them, who are the called according to his purpose. For whom he did preknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren".

This happened three Sundays night in succession, and every time I went to the village to follow up my preaching I met different groups of men, who all related the same visions. There were many people around me, who were differently clothed, then we wear; and we sang wonderfully. The only thing I noticed was that my voice to have been split up like many strings on an instrument.

The Hopis had the proof that we had a real God, who was able to protect us; and we have their love and confidence like no one else.

Repeating the danger: I told them that I would not sign any papers, that all those Hopis were my friends and I loved them all. And I pleaded with the Inspector to leave the Hopis alone. For the whole plot had been started by the Supervisor of Matrons and the two Government teachers, whom the new agent joined. Even some of the Hopis had said the new

agent was no good except that he was against the missionaries, and these were some Indians whose lives were not clean morally.

The inspectors said to the Indians, because I would not sign the papers for their Prosecution they were pardoned - but not again.

When the whole thing was over the Hopi chief came with his councilmen and apologized and said that I had told the truth all the way through but the Hopis had lied. The truth had won. And the whole affair had proven that I was a real friend to them. Now the whole village was open for me to preach anywhere.

The government dealt with the four employees. They all had to leave Tuba City. The old Hopis at Oraibi told me that when they had heard what the Hopis at Moencopi had done to me and how kindly I had treated them, they had admired me. After this affair the Moencopi Hopis were inclined than ever to listen to our message of God's grace which had been expressed in my dealing with them in love.

When the government friendly chief with his people, friendly to the government, staged a war in cold wintertime to drive the government hostile Hopi chief, Yukiwma, with his followers out of Oraibi, and Yukiwma and his people were driven out of their homes with scant bedding and food and camped north of the Oraibi village, women weeping and children crying and the old folks groaning. Brother J. B. Epp and the Field Station, Miss Kiff, worked all night to bring them some relief. The following morning they moved north and started to build the village called Hotevilla.

When later the government sent a representative to adjust the matter, he got the Oraibi chief together with some of their following.

In the discussion the government representative said to the friendly chief, "Are you angry at the government hostile chief?". He said, "I am very angry at the government man who said, 'Do you hate him enough to kill him?'. The friendly chief said, "Yes, I hate him enough to kill him". The Washington man said, "I'll give you a chance to kill him".

Then he asked the hostile chief, "Are you very angry at the friendly chief and his people for driving you out?". Yukiwma said, "I am not angry at the Oraibi chief or his people".

The Washington man said, "Don't you hate the Oraibi Chief enough to kill him? Yukiwma said, "I do not hate him or anyone else; neither would I kill anyone".

The government representative said, "Are you ready then to be killed?". Yukiwma stepped up a little on the sand dune and put his hand upon his heart, and smiled gently and said, "I am ready".

This was the lesson he had learned from my action at Moencopi. The folks still speak about it; to them such action was wonderful.

At the Beatrice Conference a minister asked me on the conference floor, "Brother, Frey, are you trying to make Mennonites of the Hopis". I answered, "I am absolutely not; I am trying to get them to become real, genuine Bible Christians, and then they will be the best Mennonites". Later on an old minister said to me, "You gave the best answer".

The Hopis say again and again that Yukiwma left a testimony. This consisted in his action. People do not say he left a statement of doctrine.

If Brother H. R. Voth and his daughter, Frieda, had not taught my dear wife and me the Hopi Language during my last year at college, and if we had not studied hard to get it and practiced it daily so that on our arrival at Oraibi we spoke Hopi quite well, the following could not have happened.

Yukiwma, the noble Hopi Chief, hostile to the government, because he had been disillusioned as to government white men in the government service, who were really wicked, more wicked than the Hopis. But with knowledge of the Hopi language, and knowing the Scriptures in regard to heathen life and traditions, how to trace them back to God's precious revelations, and they could experience divine light and entering into God's precious truth and bring to maturity that life expressed in the above statement, belongs to the marvels of missions.

I could weep when I think how negligent missionaries have been in learning the native tongue and pulling an interpreter along for 10, 15, and even 20 years.

A Hopi by the name Frank. He was sick. He fell asleep. He woke up at 4:00 A.M. and he prayed for the Hopi people to be saved, and he asked the Lord to fill me with the Holy Spirit that I could not otherwise than make every effort to lead this Hopi to Christ. Then he was tired and fell asleep.

The afternoon that day Frank said, "It makes me so happy that soon my feet shall walk on the golden streets of the new "erusalem". And he fell asleep in Jesus.

The government made the coffin and I dug the grave and we had the service by the graveside and we buried him. We could not get any help. Sister Elizabeth Schmidt started to help me dig but the orphan children called and she had to leave.

As to the stone with the markings on it, when you claim your older brother gave you before he left for the land of the Rising Sun. So that when he would return to, thereby would recognize that he is the venerable old Chief Yukiwma, he wept. He with agonized soul and trembling voice said, "Is-ohi" which is the expression of despair, and really means: "What Now". It is too bad; simply it means in this case, "Our hopes are blasted."

Again the thought was suggested to my mind, would it really be so wrong if I would perform that little trick if it was so reasonably sure, that it would to me the greatest opportunity to unhindered preach the gospel to so many Hopis who would listen thoughtfully? But again my mind was directed to Paul's statement. "And my speech and my preaching were not with persuasive words of human wisdom, but in demonstrations of the Spirit and of power, that your faith should not be in the wisdom of men but in the power of God". I corinthians 2:4-5. NKJNT.

And without compromising the truth or the Word of God out of this whole affair grew the greatest opportunity to light after light during the winter season when Chief Yukiwma with his three counsel men would come to our mission and usually stay till 12:00 or 1:00 o'clock at night, discussing with him the great and real issues of life.

The old chief treated us with tender and loving courtesy. And when we would come to his house to read the Word of God he would admonish those present to be quiet and carefully listen as I was bringing them something that was really good.

The Hopis, as a tribe are devil and demon worshippers and they frankly say so. I met a snake priest who was on his way home from hunting rattlesnakes and creeping things. (Romans 1:22-23) He said we do not worship snakes. I said, Why do you then collect snakes for your snake dance? He said, We use them to take our prayers down to the one who lives below. I said, "Who lives below?". He said the devil. I asked, Why do you not rather pray to God? that is in heaven. He said, the One that lives above, He is good, He won't hurt us, but the devil is bad and he hurts us, so we worship him to appease him-it is a religion of fear.

Engaged a group of men, who were gathered in a kive-an underground room in conversation in regard to the Scriptures. They asked me. What are idols? I said, take for instance a wooden idol, it is made of wood. You go to the woods and cut, say a cedar tree, you trim it down and leave some of it in the woods, a part you take home and cut some more; some of the waste wood you use for cooking, to warm the room, and one part you shape into an image you set up and pray to and worship it. It does not see, feel, hear, smell, taste or knows anything; and it does not speak to you, nor does it eat the food you place before it-it is just a block of wood.

They answered, Yes, you are altogether right, but now tell us where does the idol get it's power, for something communicates with us and manifests itself? I said, The demons answer for the idol and makes you think the idols are something real, for God's Word says, what the nations sacrifice is a sacrifice to demons and not to God. The Hopis said you must be right, we can see it.

Example: When my cousin C. J. Frey had selected a place for a new station, the Hopis asked him what he was going to do there? He said, I am going to build a church-a house for Jesus. They said, You must not do that for the devil lives there, here is where we worship him. My cousin said, Jesus is stronger than the devil, and the devil will have to move. He went up there with team and wagon and stayed all night there. At night something tried to choke him. He started to pray and he was released. In the morning the Hopis said the devil moved last night.

Shortly after that my cousin, with tools, lunch, bedding rode up to the hill to start work. When he got to a narrow trail with a mesa wall on one precipice on the other, the horse would not go, cousin got on one side of the horse and pulled the horse with a lasso rope, still he reared up, the horse would not come, but when finally came, the horse came with a dash and ran against the rock wall and tore of the stirrup and then stood and trembled. That evening after eating his lunch cousin lay down, when a big dark figure came putting both hands upon his chest and squeezing his life out of him. He cried out, "Jesus, save me".

This was in summer and as it was too warm in the house to sleep, the Hopis in the nearby village-about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away-were sleeping on the flat roofs and on the street. The missionary lady helper was also sleeping outside on the house too. All at once there started a great commotion from the direction where my cousin had started to build, it sounded like as many horses racing over the rocks. The noise came straight toward the village, all the dogs began to bark; people who were sleeping on the housetops and on the streets hastened inside and closed the doors. The noise lifted up and went straight over the village toward the northeast where in the distance it stopped.

Some three or four years later I asked an old priest: You used to worship the devil southwest of the Pakani village where the station now is, where do you worship him now? He said, You put up a house for Jesus there and he could not stand that, so he moved to a place northeast of the village where we worship him now.

Here are three witnesses from three different and independent sources. The Hopis are very much afraid of the demons, and they wonder why we are afraid of them. *not*

This is the reason why Coin did not want to translate I Corinthian 10:19-21. "What am I saying then? That an idol is anything or what is offered to idols is anything? But am I saying then the things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to demons and not to God, and I do not want you to have fellowship with demons. You cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of demons; you cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and of the table of demons.", but after his terrifying dream he was persuaded to do so. This is one of the greatest hindrances to gospel preaching. Paul says the God of this age blinds the minds of them that believe not lest the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. (2 Corinthians 4:4) "In whom the god of this age has blinded the minds of those who do not believe, lest the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine on them".

When the seventy, whom Jesus had sent out returned to Jesus, they were full of joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subjects unto us through your name. Jesus said to them, "I beheld Satan as lightening fall from heaven. (Luke 10:17-19).

This was an indication that the devil's kingdom was being broken into, and he hastened like lightening to the rescue. (Ephesians 6:11-20).

Unless missionaries know these things and make use of the complete armour of God. They may not even detect the wiles of the devil and be unaware of those things of who is their real opponents are and they may instead wrestle with flesh and blood, that is with men. And they may instead may instead wrestle with flesh and blood, that is with men. And the devil who is a slanderer will sick them on so they unknowingly do the devil's job for him. And the missionaries will ruin their own work.

Then these demons represent mighty wicked spirit power is clearly demonstrated in Daniel 10:1-21. In verse 23 the prince of Persia is a wicked spirit overlord just like Michael is the spirit prince that stands with God's people in verse 13. (Compare Matthew 4:8-11). These princes are not human kings as the last line of verse 13 shows.

A church in Kansas where a group of real believers came together to study the Word of God to find out what the reason might be that the Hopi work did not seem to find out what the reason might be that the Hopi work did not seem to result into Hopis being saved my dear wife and I met with the group while while on our visit in Kansas and called special attention to the whole wicked spirit powers had on the Hopis who were worshipping the devil and were controlled by demons power whose slaves they were and that the devil is a strategist who unswerving the opposition to the missionaries work. The pastor of the church was a man of faith, who helped in these matters.

In the last meeting we attended before we went back to the missionfield was an elderly man, who was a praying man, he prayed fervently in church and Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Meetings and wherever there was an occasion. In the last meeting we attended he got up and said: I have been a praying man all my life; but I did not really know what praying was until I joined this prayer group. Here he learned to know the desperate condition of the heathen people who were slaves bound hand and foot without any hope from the human side. And on the other side the mighty power of God able to save to the uttermost.

After the meeting he came to bid us farewell and he said, "Go back and preach the gospel, the devil will try to get you, but we here in Kansas will be upon our knees and he won't get you. And that was the mind of the whole group. (Tabor Mennonite Church, Brother David Unruh).

And the devil and his demonhost could not defeat it. But before the revival came, the devil and his demonhost could not, and his demon helpers were permitted by God to show the flesh its proper place to demonstrate the divine truth, that is, "not by (human) might nor by (human) power, quote for our own encouragement, namely, "And I was with you in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling"(1 Cor.2:3)"and my speech and my preaching was not with persuasive words of human wisdom, but in demonstrations of the spirit of the spirit and of power, that your faith should not bring in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God". (I Cor. 2:4-5).

The meetings at Oraibi were to last seven days, beginning Monday and ending the following Sunday. There was much praying done by all the missionaries and native Christians, and everyone seemed to expect real results from those meetings at Oraibi.

The evangelistic campaign through all the Hopi villages on both the Baptist and Menno-nite fields, was to last four weeks. Oraibi was the last village, and seven days there would finish the campaign.

The meetings here had been going on for six days and there had been no visible signs, showing any real interest whatever in manifesting a desire to be saved. And now Sunday morning had come and the following was the outlook:

I. We knew the prayer group was praying in Kansas earnestly and expectantly; the Tabor Church was praying, other churches were praying.

II. We missionaries were praying and expecting results, though there was no evidence of it.

III. A Hopi dance had been called for Pakavi, 5 miles away, and the custom was that everyone who could go would be there.

IV. The meetings in the large tent began with twenty Hopis present and according to custom those who had gone to the dance would stay for the afternoon and evening, and ordinarily we could not expect any more Hopis than we had in the morning.

V. The meeting started and was carried through as usual and closed with no sign of interest manifested by those who were present.

VI. This left only the afternoon and evening meeting with the outlook, unless God would perform a miracle, the meetings would not increase in number.

We were invited to the orphan Matron's home for dinner. After we were seated at the table and prayer had been said: everybody seemed to be rather quiet, not much was said. The orphan Matron, Miss Elizabeth Schmidt, looked over to me and said, "Brother Frey you sick, lie down a while and rest and I will give you your dinner later".

I answered, Miss Schmidt, will you please excuse me from the table, for I feel I can not eat anyway, and if I should lie down I would very likely remain in bed. So I excused myself and left the table and went to my covered wagon near the tent, some 3/4 mile from the orphanage, I felt very weak.

As I was going along, it just felt as though some one was walking with me, and I had the subconscious impression that someone was speaking to me, and saying: You fool, this is not the way to do. You are sick and you should take care of yourself. You should lie down and rest. The Hopis won't believe anyway what you say, they can not even understand it what you say. You think you know the Hopi Language, but you don't you doubt.

But instead of talking back to the speaker, I turned to God and said, Lord, I know my Hopi is not perfect, but if I would see someone sinking in the water, and if I had a rope and would throw it to the sinking one, and would enough to tell him to take hold of the rope and he would respond I could pull him to shore and he would be saved. You alone can save, for all salvation is of Thee. (II Corinthians 5:18). And Paul says, "We despaired over life that is the excellency of this power may be of God and not of us.

I was still some two steps from the wagon and noticing that my consciousness was leaving me as I reached out my hand to the endgate of the wagon. After that I doubt don't know what happened and how long it took, but when I came to I was kneeling at the wagon seat in the attitude of prayer and I said, "Lord, I am undone, if you want me to give the message this afternoon, You have to give me strenght." And immediately the power came upon me in an overflowing measure. I praised God and got ready and went to the tent and soon after the other missionaries and native Christians came.

I was filled with power, and happy and thankful to God for his gracious help just in time of need. I got up and gave out the first song, while singing, the power left me, and

I collapsed and dropped into the chair. I said, There is too much opposition here, let us have a season of prayer.

We all knelt down and asked God to have his own way in us to use us as "he saw fit", to save the Hopis, to give me strength and to give the right message. When we got up from our knees again I was filled with power. And I gave out the first gospel song, there was weeping in the audience among the Hopis-something we had never experienced in all our Indian work.

But something very strange occurred; while we had been upon our knees; a man on horseback had come to the tent door. He was from Moencopi a village some forty miles distant from Oraibi. He was on his way to the dance. He had gotten off his horse at the door and the Lord smote him so he could not get back on his horse. They invited him into the tent and he sat on the front bench next to the door.

He was one of the greatest enemies of the gospel and was so bitter against it, he had less than two weeks threatened that they would see to it that the missionaries be killed. And all that happened before the meeting, giving the message, so this man was present during the message.

In the afternoon meeting everything seemed to have changed. The faces betrayed deep and longing interest, as the Saviour in His dying love for them was pictured to their minds; and the Holy Spirit applying the truths to their hearts with convicting power.

When the invitation was given one woman and two girls accepted Christ as their Saviour without urging. When I asked if there were any others, two more girls and one woman responded quickly. The next two that responded was the Oraibi chief's brother and the wicked man from Moencopi, who had been initiated into the devil's claw to make a special object to be wicked. The last one that afternoon who accepted the Lord as his Saviour, was an old blind Talas. He became one of the outstanding Christians.

The man in Kansas, a member of that prayer group said, before we left for the mission field again, he had been a praying man all his life, but he did not know what prayer was until he had joined that prayer group, where the Scriptures were really searched to know the mind of God. Who also said, when bidding us good-by, "You go back and preach the gospel, the devil will try to get you, but we will be on our knees and he will not get you. What a testimony.

And the Revival continued.

The last meeting on Sunday night of the Hopi dance 5 miles from where the meetings were held and all could go to the dance went and only 20 came to the gospel meeting. And as customary, all that possible could would stay for the evening at the dance to enjoy the pleasures to the full.

But what happened on the day when the missionaries acknowledged their utter helplessness and unanimously besought the Lord to make His arm bare and accomplish His own work of grace in a sweeping manifestation of His saving power.

Evidently a rumor that a number of Hopis had left the Hopi religion and had accepted Christ as their Saviour and had become Christians had reached the dancing crowd at Pakawi, and in them was created the urge to find out what it was, and here they came. They filled all the seats, but still the crowded in and stood along the wall, so that every space was occupied inside. Then they crowded in the door ways, while others stood around the tent.

After the song service a native Christian from the Baptist Field was asked to give a testimony. While he spoke, the Hopi Chief got up and came toward the front and raised his hand and said, "Stop, I want to say something. I told the songleader to give out a song and let the audience sing, while I was speaking with the chief. I asked the chief to sit down near me. And while the audience sang I asked the chief what he planned to speak about.

He said, you have all my people here tonight and I want to talk to them, so they all know what I have to say. For when my people are asked to become Christians they usually answer, they can not do that because I don't want them to do so. He said, I want to tell them it is alright for them to become Christians if they want to. As for me, I can not see how any Hopi can live a real Christian life! It seems to me that the road is so straight and sharp like the edge of a knife. The missionaries have been raised that way from childhood, they are born that way. But we Hopis were born in sin and we learned to walk in sin, and it is impossible for us to walk that way. If we try to we will fall and hurt ourselves. This is not true, they themselves don't want to, and they just lie to hide behind my back.

When the song was finished I got up and announced that my friend, the chief had something to say. The chief got up and said, "My people, you are liars, you tell the missionaries, I do want you to become Christians, and that is the reason you do not accept their teaching, but you yourselves do not want to accept it, and then you lie and tell them, I don't want you to do so.

I have no objection for you to become Christians; but if you do; like some of those who have become Christians today. I will watch your lives and see if you can live the way the missionaries were born and raised different than we, that's why they can live that way. But we Hopis were born and raised in sin; we are accustomed to sin. We have ripened into a sinful life and we can't be different. But I will watch your lives if you can live like the missionaries then there is hope for me and I may become a Christian too.

The missionaries teaching is good and I may attend the meetings too, when I have time for I want to find out too. These missionaries are my friends and I want to treat them well and not molest them. Then he shook hands with all the missionaries and sat down.

After another song and prayer, I gave the message of the evening; after which I pleaded with them to accept God's superabounding grace, and be saved. I said is there any one who wants to be saved and has courage to publicly confess Christ as Saviour? No one answered. In the way back seats some of the young men snickered. I said, this is a very important matter, and should not be laughed off. I repeated is there anyone here who really wants to be saved and wants to confess Christ Jesus as Saviour?

About 2/3 toward the back a woman got up and lifted her hand high and said, I come to Jesus: There followed a stillness; and it seemed as though the hush of the Spirit pervaded the meeting. But unknown to all of us, outside of the tent was a man, who hated the Word of God and the missionaries. He was a Hopi, the older brother of the wicked Hopi who had been saved in the afternoon. This man, who was outside was also hating the Word of God, and the missionaries. This man was dressed up like a Navajo in order not to be recognized, he tried to get in but all gangways were blocked. He wanted to find out if his wife was there too, if she were there and would become a Christian, he would divorce her and get another woman. He would not live with a Christian. He found he had a safety pin; so since he could not get inside he took that safety pin and bent the point of it and cut the seams of the tent curtain. When he had a hole big enough he pulled it apart and peeped through. His wife was there, this was the woman that got up and said, I come to Jesus, as her husband looked through the hole he had cut. He was very angry and went home with the decision he would leave his wife and marry some one else.

At home he lay down on his sheepskin. His wife came home and went to bed. She did not sleep-she was praying for her husband that the Lord should save him. Her husband was very restless, he pulled his sheepskin from place to place and finally got up and went out. He was gone for several hours. His wife kept awake, praying all that time for her husband that God would save him. And finally he came in and he lay down on his sheepskin and soon he was sound asleep-his wife thought; he must have been saved, else he could not fall asleep so quickly and rest so still.

(Now we come to another part of the story. Rev. Rev. John R. Duerksen and his wife had come to the missionfield in Arizona.)

Where had he been-what had he done and what had happened. Here is the answer: He had gone right straight to the missionary and knocked on the door. The new missionary, who had lately arrived said, "Who is there?". The answer came back, "I am Johnson," The new missionary said, "Who are you?" "What do you want?" The answer came back, "I am Johnson, I want the Word of God".

So Rev. Duerksen opened the door and talked to him about the salvation of God through his Son, Jesus. Who is the Saviour of the world. Who died on the cross for the sins of the world. And by accepting Him by faith God forgives all their sins. After they got through, Mr Johnson went out. And when he was outside, he began to remember all his sins he had done, he too had been wicked like his brother who had been saved in the afternoon, who had gotten off his horse at the tent door, and who had been smitten so he could not get on his horse again and had come in and taken a seat near the door, where he was saved.

So when Johnson remembered his sins, he knelt down and prayed for forgiveness, but as he went on, more sins came to his memory, and he would kneel down again and pray for forgiveness. This continued until he remembered the sins he had done as a little child. And now all his sins were confessed and forgiven. He could sleep soundly and rest quietly -the best rest he ever had.

And here I could tell how he followed up his confession by giving up his sins and living a pure and holy life and becoming an effective messenger of divine grace, how he burned up his idols for which the tourists had offered him \$10,000. Those idols represented the devil and demon spirits who dominated the Hopi religious life and kept the Hopis in darkness and bondage and sin. (Compare Ephesians 2:1-4; II Corinthians 4:4; I Corinthians 10:19-21) How could he take ten thousand dollars, when he thought of all the sorrow, sin and suffering that had come to them because of it. Yes, when salvation is real, the Word and the Spirit of God can clean up the believer inside and outside.

All this was just as real as the prayers of the group in Kansas was real and based upon what the Word of God actually said.

But I shall add one imported thing, a boy of 14 years was saved right after this woman and her husband, Johnson were saved, on the following day. He is the son of that woman Johnson, is his stepfather. Their son is now 49 years old. He went to Los Angeles Bible Institute and has now in the work almost thirty years. His preaching has the genuine ring of the real gospel to it, and he knows and believes the Scriptures and fearlessly teaches and preaches the undiluted Word of God.

(The following is from the Research paper by Russel H. Hiebert, a student at Bethel College Presented to the Department of Bible and Religion, in May 1967)

When Reverend John R. Duerksen began his work as a missionary (1912) in Hopiland Reverend Frey offered to help him get a foothold in the wilderness. So during a Baptist Evangelist Campaign Frey offered to take Duerksen along to the mission activities. (Late 1912 or early 1913). The trip was some distance, and the missionaries spent the night at the Baptist Mission in Polacca. During the night Frey and Duerksen were discussing the Scriptures as they laid in their beds. During the conversation Frey asked Duerksen if he believed Colossians 1:20. "and by Him to reconcile all things to Himself, by Him, whether things on earth or things in heaven, having made peace through the blood of His Cross". The New King James Testament. Also referred to the Devil being included. Duerksen answered, "he must"...Frey answered that he, "accepted is as it is as it was written there". After this comment was made both men either fell asleep or the subject was changed, for this was all that was said that evening about the salvation of the Devil.

About two weeks later Frey received a letter from Reverend P. H. Richert, Secretary of the General Conference of Mennonite Churches Mission Board stating that Reverend Duerksen had written him stating that Frey had told him that he believed the "evil would be saved. Richert asked Frey to explain his position on this matter.

Frey immediately wrote a few statements explaining the whole issue and that he had never believed, taught or preached this doctrine of Universalism. Rev. Frey suggested the reading of Jude verse 7, "Just as Sodom and Gomorrah and the surrounding cities, which likewise acted immorally and indulged in unnatural lust, serve as an example by undergoing a punishment of eternal fire".

Richert wrote back and said, "Brother Frey, I admire your scriptural defense".

Then the Board of Missions sent their President, J. W. Kliever, to investigate the whole matter. Frey, Kliever and Duerksen met at Winslow, Arizona to discuss the matter. After much intensive questioning Kliever concluded that there were some great inconsistencies in Duerksen's argument. But at the same meeting Frey was asked to resign from the mission field because of his false teachings.

J.B.FREY'S HONORED ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Oak Creek, Arizona---The golden Wedding Anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. Jacob B. Frey of Lower Oak Creek was celebrated October 2, Fifty years ago they were married in the Alexanderwohl Church, Goessel, Kansas.

A program honoring the couple was given by children, grandchildren and friends. It was opened with a reading of the same Scripture passage when they were united in marriage. This was followed by prayer, songs, poems, piano duets, a guitar solo and reminiscences of their early life and of the many years of missionary work spent among their friends, the Hopi Indians at Moencopi and Oraibi.

Five of their seven children were present, including Theodore Frey and family of Oak Creek, Wilbur Frey of Alpine, Mrs. Agnes and husband, Mrs. Winifred Stryker and family, (Agnes Durnez and husband) both of Clarksdale Arizona, and Alvin Frey and family of Hydro, Oklahoma. A daughter, Mrs. Selina Bass of Apizaco Tlacala, Mexico and a son Ben Elmer Frey of Perris, California were unable to attend. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob D. Krause of Meno, Oklahoma were also present and remained for a few days visit.

Afterwards refreshments were enjoyed, including a three-tiered wedding cake which was cut and served by the bride and groom. The couple received many gifts as well as good wishes from friends and relatives. Alvin Frey and his family remained a two weeks visit before returning to their home in Oklahoma.

Here is the Jacob Benjamin Frey Family Record.

Father Benjamin Frey born June 4, 1834, died June 4, 1905 buried in Jacob S. Schmidt and Friends Cemetery, a farmer, came to Kansas with his family and settled in Marion County, Kansas. Mother, Maria Wedel Frey born March 21, 1834, Waldheim Village, Russia, died Sept. 11, 1934, buried in Tabor Cemetery. She was baptized on Pentecost Sunday 1860 by Elder Peter Wedel in Alexanderwohl, Russia. She married Benjamin Frey on June 2, 1864. Jacob B. Frey born April 21, 1875. Aganetha Balzer Frey born near Goessel, Kansas on October 7, 1876. They were married September 22, 1899. Children born to them.

Name	Date born	Where born	Died
Theodore Frey	August 15, 1900	Kansas	
Alfred Frey	Oct. 18, 1903	Kansas	September 9, 1955
Wilbur Frey	Dec. 4, 1906	Arizona	January 4, 1963
Nathaniel Frey	Oct. 6, 1907	Arizona	March 25, 1921
Ben Elmer Frey	Jan. 12, 1909	Arizona	
Selina Frey	Mar. 24, 1911	Arizona	November 25, 1955

heaven opened as Selina died. He was so close to God.

Agnes Frey	Sept. 29, 1915	Arizona	
Winifred Frey	July 1, 1913	Kansas	
Alvin Frey	Feb. 10, 1918	California	

Jacob B. Frey born near Goessel, Kansas on April 21, 1875

Aganetha Balzer Frey born near Goessel, Kansas, October 7, 1876, They were married September 22, 1899. Mr. Frey went to college parts of and whole years 1894-1898. Taught German and English School, Sand Creek School in Marion County, District School No. 33. (This does not agree with the previous record that he taught school in Greenfile one Year) Went to college 3 more years 1900-1903 and graduated from the Evangelist Course in 1903. Ordained as Minister of the Gospel June 1903 and left to the Missionfield at Oraibi, Arizona on June 27, 1903. Moved to a new Mission Station, Moencopi, July 4, 1905. Resigned from Missionary Work on the Hopi Missionfield which resignation became effective on January 1, 1930. The following years 1930-1935 were spent in work on a farm, running a camp, milking lumber, doing missionary work, preaching, teaching Sunday School and teaching Hopi Bible Class at Southwest Bible and Missionary Conference and working with translations. 1935-36 Bible teacher at Oklahoma Bible Academy and preaching in churches. 1936-1940 teacher and Supt. of Oklahoma Bible Academy. During the summers of 1936-40 spent mostly at Oak Creek Ranch. Part of the time teaching Hopi Bible Class at South West and Bible Conference. Summer of 1938 visited churches on the Pacific Coast and in Canada.

Now follows the Obituary of Jacob Benjamin Frey.

Rev. Jacob Benjamin Frey, son of Benjamin and Maria Wedel Frey was born April 21, 1875, in Marion County Kansas and departed this life August 17, 1957 at the age of 82 years, 3 months and 26 days. As a young man he was baptized in the Alexanderwohl Mennonite Church

near Goessel, Kansas where he retained his membership until the end of his departure. On September 21, 1899 he was united in marriage with Aganetha Balzer.

Having attended Bethel College, he taught in a country school (his home school) * and followed God's call to mission work among the Hopi Indians. After his ordination as a missionary by Rev. Peter Balzer on June 2, 1903, he and his family left for the Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona on June 25, 1902. He became a beloved friend of these Indians in the 30 years spent among them. He was able to speak several languages fluently, including the Hopi language, but also translated parts of the Bible and many hymns into the Hopi Indian language.

He was one of the founders of the Southwest Bible and Missionary Conference, held annually at Flagstaff, and was the originator of the Indian Bible Conference, held annually at Prescott, Arizona, being active for many years in these organizations.

After retiring as missionary he taught Bible at Oklahoma Bible Academy at Meno, Oklahoma, and then made his home at Oak Creek Cornville Arizona. The last 16 years, carrying on an independent mission work among the Indians in this area.

He is survived by his wife, Aganetha Balzer Frey and the following sons and daughters: Theodore and Wilbur of Cornville, Arizona, Elmer Frey of Romoland, California, Mrs. Winifred Stryker of Ajo, Arizona, Mrs. Agnes Durnez of Pertleville or Douglas, Arizona, and Alvin Frey of Shawnee Oklahoma, and 12 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren also survive him.

Preceding him in death were 2 sons, Alfred and Nathaniel, who died in their youth and one daughter, Selina, who died at the age of 44 years.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Fred Johnson of Oraibi, Arizona, one of Rev. Frey's converts and at the graveside in the Cottonwood Cemetery at 11 a. m. on August 21.

A memorial service was held in the Tabor Church north of Newton, Kansas the evening before.*

Moencopi Mission, Tuba Arizona to the Kinder
Bote.

Bear Children: On the 7th of April, I did drive with Missionary Butler to Flagstaff, 90 miles southwest of here, with the intention on April 11 again be home again. But a few obstructions came in the way and now came on April 18, a week later, as we had planned, and has this letter also delayed.

On April 7 as I had just saddled my horse for to ride to the neighbor mission, in the morning dusty, saw we a man pass, that had a heavy burden on his back carrying. It was Philip Hongawi, a young Hopi man. his wife, that had died at night, carrying down the mount to bury her. On the day, before she had died, had we yet again spoken to her about the Lord that takes all sin away and had told her, that the Lord can only help her. She had said, that she fully trust her, and will stand by her. Now she was dead. That was a lonely funeral in the early morning hours. Her husband, her father and I were there only alone there. Philip digged the grave and her father carried stones to the grave.

Philip, her husband, has a bad and proud heart and everytime when we come into the house and of God's Word did speak, went he outside. He did not want to hear anything about the Saviour. Now he had to bury his wife. I said, It is certainly good that his wife had trusted in the Lord. Yes, said he reproachfull and in a bitter accent, therefore, has he let her die. I told him, the big question was not, if we die happy, in the belief on Jesus and die happy. And if his wife had believed as she had said, then she would be saved, that she was saved and for ever happy, and he also should try to come also to Jesus. Before had he had been indifferent to me and cold to appear, yes, he believes also that his wife now has it good, she had had a good heart and wanted to go to Jesus.

Bear Children, pray for Philipp, that he also become converted to Jesus and become happy. With friendly Greetings,
J. B. Frey.

Notes:

1. Most all of this story is from Arthur J. Frey. Mrs. Gertrude Schmidt related personal how Grandfather Heinrich Schmidt walked across the road to visit his brother Andreas Schmidt. He would sit in a rocking chair, fall asleep, and after while he would stand up and go back home. There was little conversation between them.
2. The cemetery is still there. It is registered as The Jacob S. Schmidt and Friends Cemetery. The owner of the land must give right of way to the cemetery. In addition a number of Frey children buried and some other children as infants, but their graves are not marked.
3. This is taken from the Frey-Wedel-Schmidt Genealogy by Arthur J. Frey.
4. The two older brothers had evidently already made their own plans in farming.
5. Rev. Peter Balzer, who was President of the Mission Board.
- 6 p. 15. The Hopi Indian Man had gone to see the new missionary.
7. 17. At the death of his daughter Selina, Mr. Frey saw heaven open and welcoming his daughter. Rev. Frey was so close to God.
8. 17. Mr and Mrs. Jacob D. Krause were also present at the wedding celebration and they stayed a few days longer.
9. Mother Maria Wedel Frey lived to be 91 years old. We shall remember Grandma Benjamin Frey in her golden years shielding her eyes to the sunset, "How long, yet till the Lord will take me home? I've waited so long". She died September 11, 1934. As the casket was brought into the church the song "Mein Jesus lebt". "My Jesus Lives" was sung.
- 18p. Rev. Frey and also Mrs. Frey wrote many letters to the Kinderbote.

Miss Elizabeth Schmidt, daughter of Heinrich and Maria Voth Schmidt was born September 16, 1874 while they had just arrived at Lincoln, Nebraska. She came to to Kansas as a small baby. She was a faithful daughter and offered her services wherever needed. In 1909 she went to Oraibi, Arizona to help the missionary families. She adopted orphaned Hopi children as her own. She died April 15, 1939.

This has been typed and recorded by Daniel S. Thiesen and the wish is that it will some day appear in Mennonite Life.