

Chapter 1 The Shepherd and the Lamb

(Ages 15 to 27; 1954–1966; The Budding of Spiritual Life)

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." (Psalm 23:1)

I. The Shepherd Chooses the Lamb

The Shepherd chose me; I did not choose the Shepherd

"You did not choose Me, but I chose you" (John 15:16). Most people believe that **we** choose Jesus Christ as our Savior and make the decision to believe in Him. However, my experience tells me that while I was still naive and unaware, God was already arranging my circumstances and encounters, naturally drawing me into the Lord. To me, believing in the Savior Jesus Christ was a perfectly logical and natural step. Thus, there was no inner struggle, no procrastination; I made the decision decisively.

Born into a family superstitious about idols and false gods

I was born in Taiwan into a family that worshipped idols. My grandfather made his living from the sea and worshipped "Mazu" and various other idols. At a relative's home, I once witnessed a spirit medium performing a healing ritual—wielding a large blade to slash his own back until blood gushed out, only to apply a talisman-infused water and see the wound heal instantly, returning to its original state.

My father was the eldest son and eldest grandson; having been doted on by my grandparents since childhood, he became addicted to alcohol by the age of seven or eight—my grandmother even cooked fish dishes specifically to accompany his drinking. As he grew older, he developed chronic asthma; though he knew alcohol was harmful to his health, he found himself unable to quit.

Like a burning stick snatched from the fire

I was born during World War II. Toward the end of the war, as U.S. forces launched a counter-offensive—hopping from island to island to attack the Japanese—they did not land on Taiwan itself but conducted daily carpet-bombing raids with massive fleets of aircraft. I remember one occasion when, after the all-clear signal, we emerged from the air-raid shelter to find the neighboring houses all around us reduced to ruins; only our home stood firm amidst the wreckage, with damage limited to broken windows and shattered furniture. On another occasion, upon leaving the shelter, we discovered two unexploded bombs lying side by side nearby; our entire family had narrowly escaped death. In retrospect, this experience made me feel like "a burning stick snatched from the fire" (Amos 4:11); my entire family's eventual salvation was already ordained and preserved by God. This was especially true for my second older brother,

Timothy Huang. During an air-raid alert, he had hurriedly taken shelter beneath a bridge pier. After the plane passed, he felt unsafe and quickly ran out to hide by a field ridge. Just then, he saw another person run into the very spot he had just vacated; the plane circled back and blew up the entire bridge, and that person was blown to pieces.

****Drew Me Out of Deep Waters****

After the war, I entered elementary school. When I was about ten years old and in the fourth grade, my older sister—who was already in junior high—took me to the beach for an outing. She had originally arranged to go with a classmate, but the friend couldn't make it at the last minute, so it was just the two of us. Around noon, I was clamoring for lunch. My sister knelt by the bank of a stream near the sea to wash her hands but accidentally lost her footing and fell into the water. Standing on the bank, holding my lunchbox and a bamboo basket filled with live fish and shrimp, I watched helplessly as my sister bobbed up and down in the water. Neither of us knew how to swim, and there was no one else around. I jumped in desperately to save her, forgetting that I couldn't swim and forgetting to put down the things I was holding. I only remember swallowing a lot of water; I have no memory of how we both made it back to the bank. I was still clutching the lunchbox and bamboo basket, though the rice had turned yellow from soaking in the sea water, and the live fish and shrimp had all escaped. Later, I heard that just a few meters away from where we fell, there was a under water tunnel leading to a nearby pond; more than a dozen people had already been swept into it by the whirlpool and drowned. Miraculously, the whirlpool must have swept us both onto the bank. It was as if we had experienced the verse: "He reached down from on high and took hold of me; he drew me out of deep waters" (Psalm 18:16).

****Three Older Siblings Saved at the Same Time****

One year, my three older siblings were attending school in Taipei, Taichung, and Changhua respectively. They lived in school dormitories during the term and only returned home for winter and summer breaks. That summer, the three of them returned in high spirits. As they shared their experiences, they discovered that—independently and in different locations—they had each heard the Gospel and been saved. Remarkably, all three had been baptized at local "church meeting halls." Upon returning home, they immediately shared the Gospel with my parents. At the time, my father was a primary school principal and my mother a primary school teacher. Despite being educated professionals, neither could escape their personal struggles. My father's asthma was worsening, and he was unable to break his addictions to alcohol and cigarette. I remember how he would gasp desperately for air during asthma attacks; he repeatedly vowed to quit drinking—even smashing bottles to demonstrate his resolve—yet within days, he would return to his old habits. My mother, distressed by my father's condition and his refusal to heed her pleas, often wept in sorrow. Fortunately, thanks to the three siblings' persistent evangelism, both my parents came to faith and were saved within two years.

Transformation of My Parents

My parents underwent a profound transformation upon their salvation. My father quit smoking and drinking completely the very day he was saved; from that day until his passing, he never touched alcohol again. When riding the bus, if a neighbor smoked—there were no smoking bans

on public transport back then—he would find the odor offensive and cover his nose with a handkerchief. It was fortunate he had not yet read the verse, "No longer drink water exclusively, but use a little wine for the sake of your stomach and your frequent ailments" (1 Timothy 5:23); otherwise, the consequences might have been unpredictable. By the time he did encounter that passage, his craving for alcohol was long gone. My mother, too, shed her habitual sorrow; she spent her days joyfully singing hymns, reading Scripture, and praying, remaining full of joy until she passed away at the age of ninety.

Moved to Salvation at the Right Moment

Because my parents were teachers, I felt inwardly motivated to pursue goodness and set an example as a model student. I recall a classmate asking me during junior high, "How is it that I've never heard you utter a single foul word?" My homeroom teacher also frequently praised me, remarking that reading my weekly journal entries felt as refreshing as eating ice cream. However, I was keenly aware of the wickedness within me; I would steal money from my father to spend and had a habit of secretly reading novels inside my mosquito net, which resulted in severe myopia. I also loved movies and would often watch three screenings in a row—entering the theater at noon and not emerging until nightfall. Although I knew this was wrong, I could not control myself. While I was troubled by this, witnessing the profound transformation in my parents and three older siblings led me to believe that trusting in the Lord Jesus might be the best way to break free from my bad habits. Consequently, I began attending meetings to hear the gospel. Finally, at the age of fifteen (in 1954)—just before graduating from junior high school—I was baptized and saved at the church in Taichung, Taiwan. I was delivered from my bad habits and filled with extraordinary joy.

****The Whole Family Saved by Grace****

The Bible says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and you shall be saved, you and your household" (Acts 16:31). This promise was fulfilled in our family. My parents had six sons and one daughter; the third son passed away in infancy, but the remaining five sons and one daughter were all saved. As for our children and grandchildren—with the exception of one very young grandchild—they have all come to believe in the Lord; they possess steadfast faith and love both God and the church. My youngest brother, Jerry Huang, was not only an outstanding student—earning direct admission to National Taiwan University upon high school graduation without needing the entrance exam—but was also renowned among young believers for his love for the Lord and was deeply cherished by the elders in the church. During high school, he pursued the Lord and served alongside Jiang Honglong, Ouyang Jianming, and Cai Kunyu; all of them graduated from Changhua High School, went on to National Taiwan University, and became outstanding young men in the Taipei church.

****II. The Shepherd Draws the Lamb****

****Striving After Salvation****

"Draw me! We will run after You" (Song of Songs 1:4). After receiving grace, I experienced the

marvelous work of the Holy Spirit within, which completely transformed my interests. Externally, the wonderful examples set by my parents and three older siblings—who had already come to the Lord—drew me to earnestly pursue Him and zealously share the gospel, to the point where my classmates and friends nicknamed me "Little Jesus." The period during my early high school years—when I led more people to receive grace and salvation than in the rest of my life combined—was truly my "golden age."

****A Transformation of Interests After Receiving Grace****

Before I was saved, I loved reading novels and watching movies; I was captivated by everything from classical masterpieces to modern hits, and from historical epics to romance and martial arts stories. However, after my salvation, my interests shifted dramatically; I found joy in reading the Bible, praying, attending meetings, and sharing the gospel. I remember that, in addition to Sunday church services, the three of us—my second older brother, a colleague of his, and I—held small home gatherings on weeknights. After each meeting, we would eagerly look forward to the next one. Beyond sharing the gospel with classmates and friends, I often teamed up with my second brother and others for outreach; wearing "gospel vests," we would march along the streets—my brother playing a large drum and I a small one, using a megaphone fashioned from rolled cardboard—to drum up attention and call out the gospel message. We attracted children, and surprisingly, some of their parents followed along too; this allowed us to share the gospel in various corners of the neighborhood and lead many to believe in the Lord. I even recall taking a train to a small town half an hour away to share the gospel on the eve of my high school entrance exam, returning home well past eleven o'clock at night.

****The Fine Examples Set by My Three Older Siblings****

My three older siblings were also deeply zealous after their salvation, serving the Lord while maintaining their respective careers. My eldest brother had already become a section chief at the Taiwan Match Company in his twenties; yet, responding to the Lord's call—and despite my parents' objections—he resolutely resigned from his position to dedicate himself to full-time service in the church. My second brother worked as an engineer at the Taiwan Railway Administration's locomotive depot, and my sister became an elementary school teacher; each of them also played an active role in church service. Later, the church sent my eldest brother to Japan to pioneer gospel work. He reached many university students who not only came to believe in the Lord but also went on to become pillars of the churches in Japan. At that time, the saints in Japan nicknamed my eldest brother "Huang Whirlwind," implying that wherever he went, he stirred up a whirlwind of enthusiasm that inspired many young people to dedicate themselves to ministry.

****Mother's Prayer Leads to the Healing of Father's Terminal Illness****

Before coming to the Lord, my father had been a heavy drinker since childhood and later acquired the habit of smoking; he also suffered from severe asthma. Whenever he had an attack, I would rub his back to help alleviate his suffering. The Western medication he took for his asthma was said to have adverse side effects on the pancreas. After my eldest brother had dedicated his life to serving the Lord, my father suffered a severe attack and was rushed to

Changhua Christian Hospital. Doctors diagnosed him with terminal pancreatic cancer; finding themselves helpless, they told my mother to prepare for his funeral arrangements. Instead, my mother went to the Changhua church meeting hall to find a co-worker named Guo Wende and asked him to pray with her. Although she had been a believer for only a few years, she actually bargained with the Lord in her prayer, saying, "If You do not heal him, You must allow me to call my eldest son back to support the family until my youngest son grows up and becomes independent." At that time, my youngest brother was still in elementary school (there was a twenty-year age gap between my eldest and youngest brothers). Surprisingly, the Lord heard this childlike prayer. When my mother returned to the hospital after praying, she found that my father's symptoms had miraculously vanished; after a thorough examination, the doctors discharged him to go home. Twenty years later—after my youngest brother had studied in the United States and earned a master's degree from the University of California, Berkeley—my father's illness recurred, and he passed away two months later. In retrospect, it seems my mother's prayer was answered exactly as she had asked: the "condition" was automatically lifted once the youngest son had grown up and become independent.

****Moving to Yilan with My Second Brother****

After my father was discharged from the hospital, only my two youngest brothers remained with my parents. I moved to Yilan with my second brother, Timothy Huang. He was only eight years my senior; at the time, he worked at the Taichung Locomotive Depot of the Taiwan Railway Administration and took me along when he was transferred to Yilan. Our relationship was multifaceted—like older and younger brothers, and like father and son. He earned money to support me and fund my education, while also guiding my spiritual growth in the Lord; he was a wonderful mentor and companion in my pursuit of spiritual maturity.

Striving to "Run After" the Lord

During high school, I worked while studying; I once tutored two servants who worked for a Catholic priest, earning a meager wage. Academically, I never lagged behind others. Throughout my schooling, I lived in a small attic—roughly five square meters in size—at the Yilan church meeting hall. It was stiflingly hot in the summer and freezing in the cold of winter. I bathed using cold water in the backyard, shouting "Lord!" at the top of my lungs each time to ward off the chill. I truly experienced a taste of what it means to study in hardship. As for church life, there were three full-time co-workers—Liu Zhanxiang, Wang Fangyuan, and Huang Guangsheng—along with Huang Yongshen (Director of the Yilan Weather Station) and two specialists, Huang Jingbin and Lin Naiqing. There were also many military officers and soldiers, as well as young students. We young people received formal training in service—including ushering, leading hymns, evangelism, and preaching from the pulpit—which was conducted professionally and laid a solid foundation for my spiritual life.

Zealous in Proclaiming the Gospel

I remember that for every gospel meeting, I would energetically invite seekers to attend. Even in bad weather or heavy rain, I would brave the downpour, scouring the streets and alleys to bring people in. While hymns were sung and the message preached in the main hall, I would kneel

behind the wall near the pulpit, praying fervently for the gospel work taking place out front and asking the Lord to save souls. The drive I possessed back then must be attributed to the "attraction of the Lord's love."

III. The Shepherd Cares for the Lamb

Traversing Mountains and Valleys with Stamina Rivaling the mountaineers

My first job was at the Forestry Bureau of the Taiwan Provincial Government. I assumed my post at the Hsinchu Forest District Office and was subsequently transferred to the Daxi Work Station in Taoyuan—where my office was located right next to President Chiang Kai-shek's Cihu Residence—and later to the Hushan Work Station in Miaoli. Interspersed with a two-year stint of mandatory military service, this period spanned roughly seven years; physically, mentally, and spiritually, it was the most arduous time of my life. Yet, I knew the Lord had specifically orchestrated this period to refine me. Having endured that crucible, all subsequent hardships seemed trivial by comparison. "But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinks upon me. You are my help and my deliverer" (Psalm 40:17).

Working in the forest districts often required climbing mountains while carrying heavy loads—particularly during "individual tree surveys." In mountainous terrain reaching altitudes of 2,000 to 3,000 meters, we had to hack through dense undergrowth and vines while navigating areas where venomous snakes lurked. We slept in makeshift shacks and endured the elements, building up immense stamina; I could even hold my own in climbing races against the indigenous mountain people. By the time I was promoted to supervisor of the Hushan Work Station—home to the "Kaminoshima Hot Spring," famous since the Japanese colonial era—local residents were already respectfully calling me "Uncle Supervisor," even though I was only in my twenties.

****High in the Mountains, Yet Farther from God****

I had initially assumed that the mountains—far removed from the hustle and bustle of the world—would be the perfect environment to draw close to God, allowing me to read the Bible and pray to my heart's content. Unexpectedly, however, the lack of a church community and the absence of loving encouragement from fellow believers caused my heart to grow cold toward the Lord. During that time, I experienced a state where my body was high in the mountains while my spirit languished in the depths. This led me to consider resigning, eventually prompting me to leave my government position and accept a job with a private enterprise in Kaohsiung.

****Enduring Great Hardship During Two Years of Military Service****

In Taiwan, every young man of sound body and mind is obligated to perform military service, but the two years I served were something the Lord had specifically arranged for me. The two months of recruit training were grueling and high-pressure; within fifteen minutes of waking up each day, we had to fold our quilts into perfect, block-like squares, attend to personal hygiene, dress neatly, and begin a full day of drills. After finally completing two months of recruit training, I was retained as a "training squad leader" due to my outstanding performance, thereby enduring another year and four months of hardship alongside the new recruits.

For the final six months, I was transferred to what was then the Army's most elite "Forward-Looking Division" (a specialized combat unit). There, I underwent a rigorous series of exercises—including tank-infantry coordination, long-distance foot marches, and drills for air transport, sealift, and amphibious operations, as well as parachute training and frogman exercises—in preparation for deployment to Vietnam to support U.S. forces. I recall my unit participating in the "Success No. 2" (Chenggong No. 2) exercise; the preceding "Success No. 1" exercise had ended in tragedy when over a dozen amphibious vehicles capsized at sea, leaving more than two hundred bodies lined up along the beach at Zuoying. Fortunately, the deployment to Vietnam never materialized, and I was honorably discharged. I remember a period when the barracks were infested with fleas; after grueling drills all day, lying down at night meant being swarmed by attacking fleas, making sleep impossible—an utterly miserable experience. There were times when I would find a spare moment to slip away unnoticed into the open countryside and weep loudly at the sky; once the tears were dried, I would find the strength to carry on.

Applied for a job at Kaohsiung's "Dahua Plywood"

As previously mentioned, for several years surrounding my two-year military service, I worked in the mountains for the Forestry Bureau. The environment was hardly suitable for a young Christian to remain long-term, so I resolved to return to the lowlands to lead a church life. That period (the 1960s) marked the takeoff of Taiwan's industrial sector; notably, Taiwan's first industrial park was established in Kaohsiung. Liu Qiguang, Chairman of Hwa Nan Bank, privately invested in founding the Dahua Refractory Brick Factory and the Dahua Plywood Factory, importing state-of-the-art technology from Japan. Since the plywood factory's operations aligned with my professional background, I applied and was hired; I was assigned to work across three departments: Manufacturing, Quality Control, and Technical Affairs. At the time, the company had signed a manufacturing technology partnership with Yuasa Plywood of Nagoya, Japan. More than ten Japanese technicians were dispatched to the plant to provide guidance, giving me the opportunity to learn the latest industrial techniques.

Repeated Setbacks in Matchmaking

By the time I reached the marriageable age of twenty-five or twenty-six, my parents were eager to find me a partner. They arranged introductions to seven sisters in the Lord; while I declined one, I agreed to pursue the other six, yet none of them chose me. Later, through the introduction of Brother Liu Zhanxiang (a preacher), I met a young sister surnamed Wu. She was very beautiful and willing to date me, and we became engaged after a few months. One day, my fiancée returned to her hometown with the specific task of preparing for our wedding, and I saw her off at the Kaohsiung train station. Unexpectedly, Brother Liu Zhanxiang came to Kaohsiung the very next day to ask what had happened, as the young woman had requested to break off the engagement without offering a reason. From then on, she avoided seeing me for months; eventually, I was forced to agree to the dissolution of the engagement and returned her photographs and letters, a process that left me deeply devastated. One night, while standing dejectedly on the balcony of my rented home, I saw crowds on the street below fleeing in panic—a major earthquake had struck Chiayi—yet I felt no fear myself. I later learned that on the very night she returned home, a dispute had arisen between her grandmother and mother regarding the wedding date; the conflict caused such unpleasantness that they simply decided to

call off the marriage.

****Introduced to Another Sister in the Lord****

After a few months passed, my spirits gradually lifted; although the reason for the broken engagement remained unclear at the time, I was able to calmly accept the reality of the situation. Through Brother Guo Wende, another preacher, I was introduced to a Sister Liu from a local church in Kaohsiung, and I readily agreed to the arrangement. However, after two months had passed without a definitive response from her, my parents gave up hope. They sent a small, passport-style photo of me to my eldest brother, asking him to help find a potential partner for me in Japan. At that time, my eldest brother was having some success in his missionary work in Toyama, Japan, having attracted a group of university students. He asked an older Japanese sister to keep an eye out for a suitable match and show her the photo if one appeared, though neither he nor the older sister held out much hope. Unexpectedly, a young Japanese sister—who had come to believe in the Savior Jesus Christ through an American missionary while studying at Toyama University, and who had later, under my brother's influence, joined the local church in Toyama to pursue the Lord fervently—expressed an interest. Having heard that the churches across Taiwan were greatly blessed by the Lord and flourishing, she prayed, hoping to visit Taiwan to witness and experience the Lord's grace firsthand. One day, while visiting the older Japanese sister's home, she spoke of her desire to visit Taiwan to see the church life there. When the older sister showed her my photo, she agreed to marry me without hesitation or inquiry into my background; she believed the Lord was answering her prayer by using this marriage to lead her into the church life in Taiwan.

****Steadfastly Overcoming Various Trials****

This young Japanese sister immediately faced trials. First, she encountered opposition from the older brothers and sisters in the Japanese church, who felt she was unsuited for marriage in Taiwan due to the language barrier; furthermore, a brother who was deeply devoted to the Lord (and who later became a leading brother among the churches in Japan) had expressed a desire to marry her, yet she remained unmoved. Second, she faced strong opposition from her parents—particularly her mother, who came from an aristocratic background, and her younger brother Akamori, who had by then risen to the rank of Army Commander in the Japan Self-Defense Forces. She hurriedly consulted a noble friend Hachino about a potential marriage; the friend's only son—a graduate of the prestigious Waseda University in Japan who had subsequently earned a doctorate in Germany—expressed a keen interest in marrying her. Yet, the young Japanese sister remained unmoved. Furthermore, the young sister's father was not only opposed to the match but also deeply despondent; he once went to a nearby canal intending to commit suicide, only to discover upon arrival that the large irrigation canal had suddenly run dry, thwarting his plan. At that time, the young Japanese sister had been deeply moved by Watchman Nee's book **The Normal Christian Life**. She was particularly struck by the final chapter, "The Purpose of the Gospel," which recounts how Mary anointed the Lord with costly ointment; while others viewed this as a waste, the Lord commended her act as a "beautiful thing." Consequently, this Japanese sister (who later became my wife) made a vow to the Lord: recognizing that this matter was clearly His leading, she was willing to commit herself—even if it meant marrying the wrong person—and was prepared to "waste" her life on me.

****Questioned by the Local Church's Senior Brothers and Sisters****

After receiving news from Japan, I promptly contacted Brother Guo Wende—the person who had introduced the match—and asked him to immediately inform the sister from the local church in Taiwan that a sister in Japan was willing to marry me. Unexpectedly, Brother Guo revealed that just five minutes earlier, he had received word from the Liu family that the sister surnamed Liu had also decided to marry me. Thus, within a span of only five minutes, it emerged that two sisters were willing to marry me. Consequently, about thirty middle-aged brothers and sisters from the local church (aged forty to fifty) convened a special meeting regarding the matter. They gathered around me, placing me in the center, and questioned me in detail. Ultimately, the local sister's father declared on the spot that he would facilitate the arrangement; his daughter withdrew from consideration, allowing me to proceed with the marriage plans in Japan. As for the two sisters involved—one who withdrew after the engagement and another who cancelled after agreeing—both attended the same local church, and my wife and I maintained friendly relations with them after our marriage. We prayed earnestly for the marriage of the ninth sister-candidate, and eventually, we found a match for her: Brother Lin, an engineer. They made a wonderful couple. About fifty years later, when we returned to Taiwan to attend their family Bible study gathering, my wife jokingly remarked that she had a "love rival" and asked everyone to guess who it was. The answer turned out to be the hostess of the gathering herself—showing that there was no ill will between our families despite the fact that the marriage between the sister and me had not come to pass.

****Six Months of Self-Study of Japanese language****

After that, I spent six months learning myself Japanese while working. I bought Japanese elementary school textbooks and recited each lesson fifty times until I had memorized the text. In this way, I became self-taught and could both understand and speak Japanese within six months. Since I could not yet write in Japanese, I would write letters in Chinese and send them to my second older brother to translate into Japanese; he would then send them back for me to hand-copy into Japanese before finally mailing them to my fiancée. Over those six months, we exchanged twelve letters each way. The content mostly consisted of reflections on Scripture and hymns; we felt a deep connection in the Lord, shared similar spiritual views, and were mutually encouraged, happily resolving to share life's joys and sorrows together.

****Marriage in Three Days After Seeing Each Other Face to Face****

About six months later—on the evening of April 4, 1966—my fiancée finally overcame all obstacles and flew to Taipei's Songshan Airport with my eldest brother; my parents and I were there to meet her. My first impression upon seeing her was of a lovely young woman with fair skin and rosy, apple-red cheeks. My parents immediately assured her that they respected her choice: if, upon meeting me, she found I did not live up to her expectations, she was free to call off the wedding and return to Japan without any pressure or difficulty from our family. However, she replied that her mind was made up. Consequently, we held our wedding at 10:00 a.m. on April 6 at the church meeting hall in my hometown of Changhua. Thus, only about forty hours elapsed between our first meeting and our wedding.

Before the wedding, my wife had never considered whether our educational backgrounds, careers, financial status, or physical appearances were a match; by worldly standards, it was truly a case of "a fresh flower stuck in a pile of cow dung." I understood the situation well and felt deeply grateful to the Lord and to her. Consequently, I told my wife after we married: "Parents everywhere want the best for their children; even I would have opposed my own daughter marrying someone like me. Therefore, I hold no grudge against her parents; instead, I will strive to better myself and work hard to earn their trust and put their minds at ease." Years later, my father-in-law acknowledged that his youngest daughter—my wife—was the happiest of his three children. Before passing away at the age of ninety-six, my mother-in-law even gathered the entire family to declare her decision to believe in the Lord Jesus.

On April 6, 2026, we celebrated our diamond wedding anniversary—sixty years of marriage—at our home in Southern California. There were no celebratory banquets or commemorative ceremonies, yet our hearts were filled with gratitude. Looking back over these sixty years, we have shared both joys and hardships. We raised three children—one daughter and two sons—born in 1967, 1969, and early 1972, spaced two years apart; our eldest daughter earned a doctorate, while our two sons obtained master's degrees. We have been blessed with five grandchildren: two girls and three boys.