

# The Life of Darlene Diebler Rose

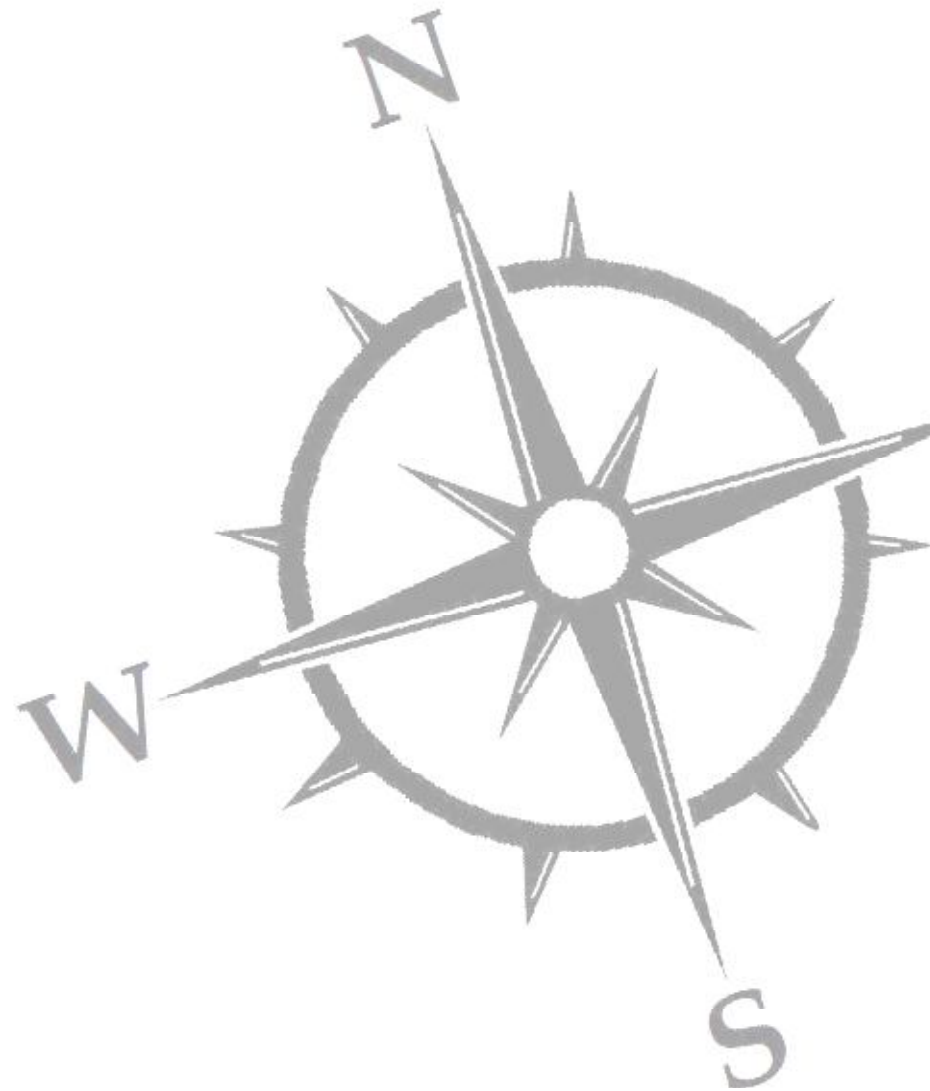
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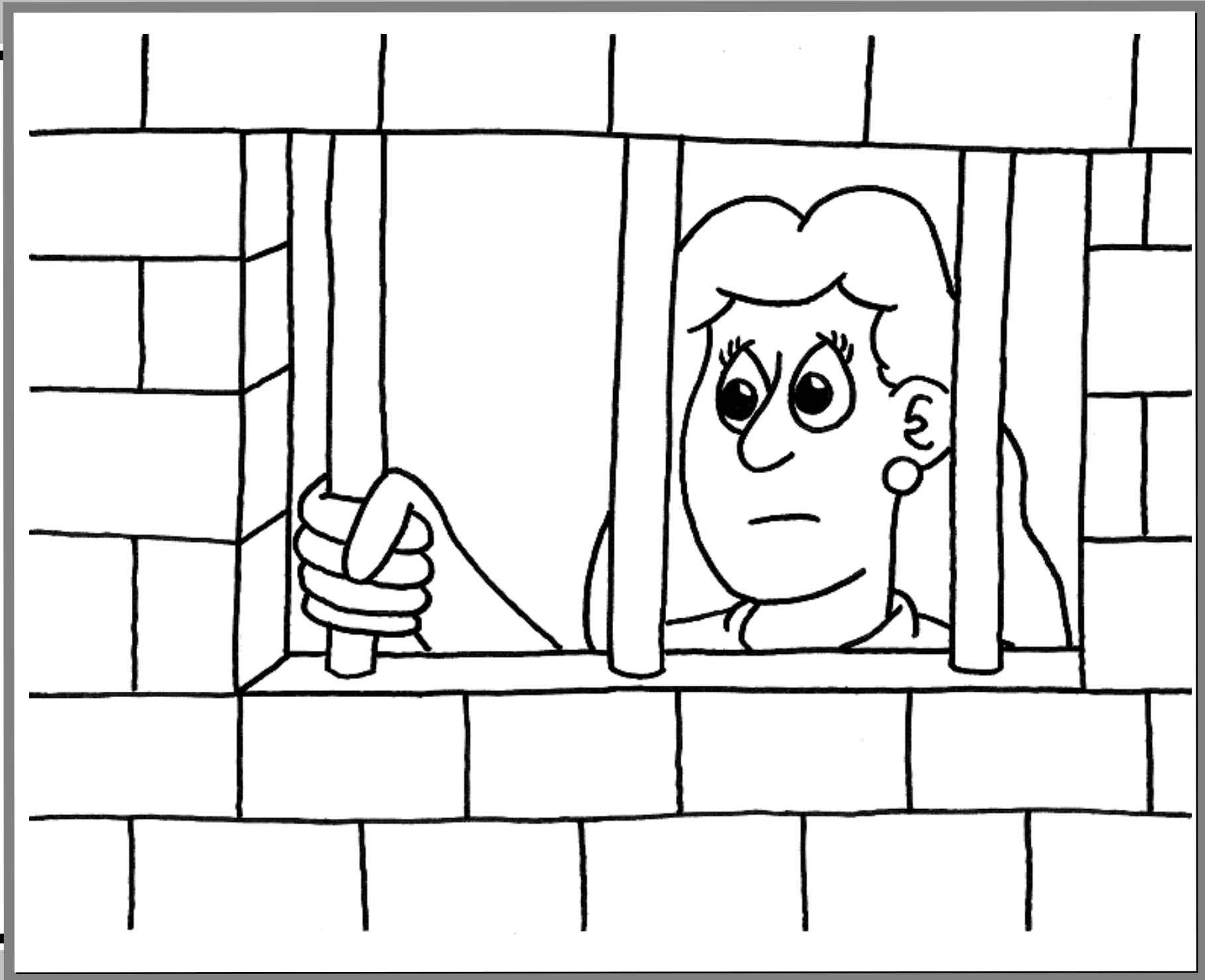
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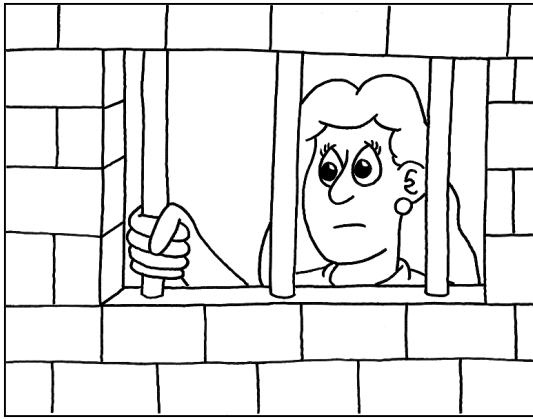
## Lesson: 3.25 – Provide Missionary Snapshot Series

This lesson reminds us that the Lord is looking out for His children. God will provide what is needed for those who are serving Him. We can trust the Lord to supply all our needs. God knows the things that we need, and He can provide it for us. God doesn't always provide us with everything we want, but He will give us the things that we need. Missionary Darlene Diebler Rose wanted something, but it seemed impossible to get it in the place that she was at the time.

*"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." - Philippians 4:19*







### **Introduction:**

Have you ever heard those stories about someone finding a lamp with a genie inside of it? Those are not true stories, but if you did find a lamp, what kinds of things would you wish for? Our story today is about a missionary to New Guinea. This missionary was telling people about Jesus when World War II broke out. This missionary and her husband were both put in Japanese prison camps. Could God still hear her in that prison cell? Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about Darlene Diebler Rose...

### **Missionary Story:**

"What is she doing?" I said to myself as I looked out through the bars of the prison window into the courtyard. The guards had allowed some of the women from our camp out into the courtyard to walk around. I could see my friend Margaret along with several other native women walking around in the fresh air and sunlight. There was one woman that had caught my attention though. Every time the guard on duty turned his back to her

and began marching to the other side of the courtyard, she would move just a few inches closer to the side fence that was covered with all sorts of vines and leaves. Each time that the guard clicked his heels, turned around, and began to come back towards her, she would stand very still and look around. Once the guard walked away again though, she would again move a few inches closer to the fence. It seemed to take forever for her to get over by the fence, but it was only a few minutes. The guard clicked his heels again and turned his back to the woman to walk away again. Suddenly a hand popped out through the bushes and handed the woman a big bunch of bananas. The woman quickly put the bananas inside the folds of her dress and walked back over by the other women.

I sank to the floor of my cell. Just standing there had made me very tired. "Wow! Bananas! How good one of those would taste if I could have one right now," I thought. My mind thought back to when my husband and I had first come here to New Guinea not long ago as missionaries. We had only been here for about a year when World War II had started. The Japanese had captured my husband and I and sent us off to separate prison camps because they thought we were spies.

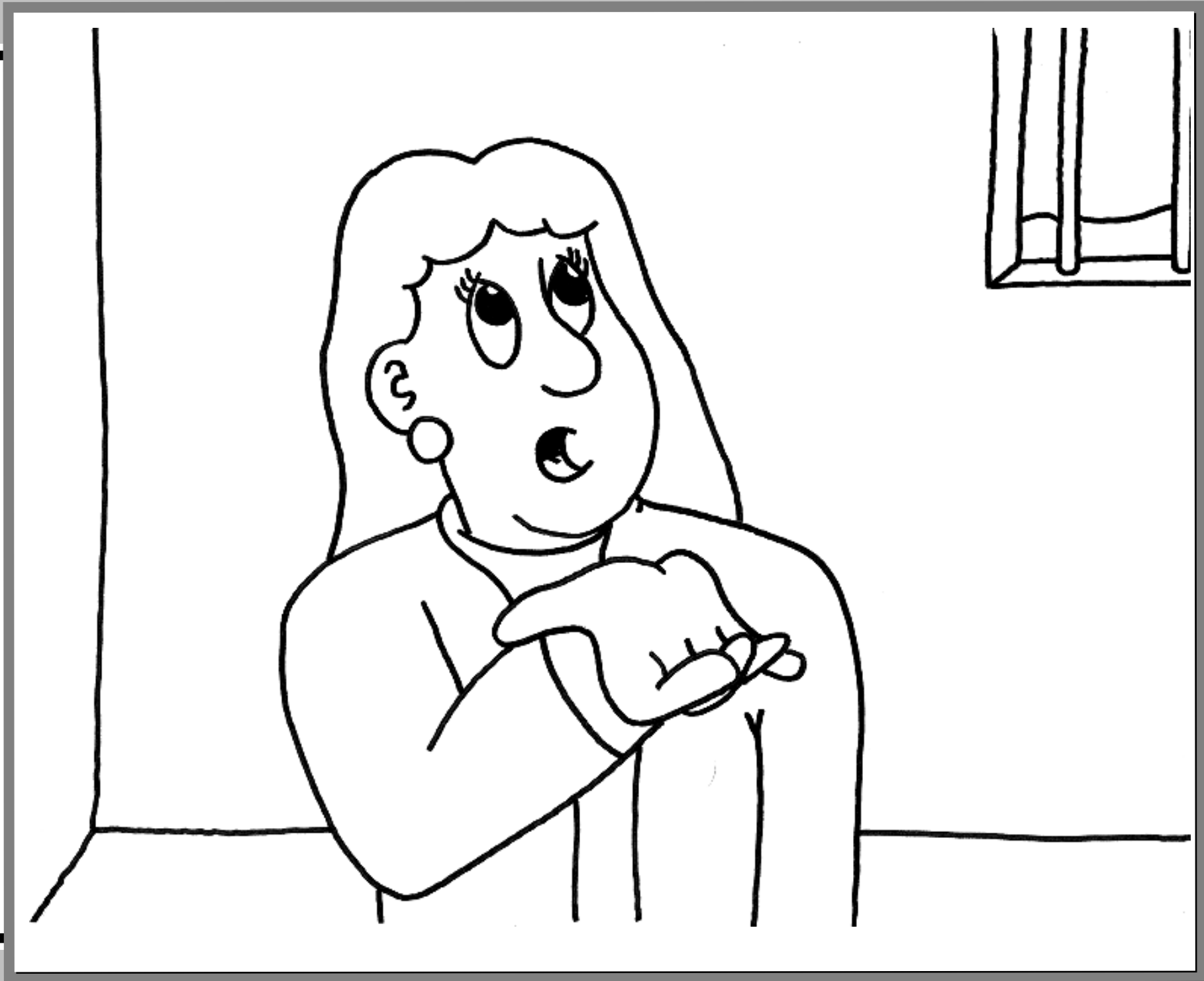
I remembered hearing not long ago the sad news that my husband had passed away in his prison camp. The following afternoon, I was told to report to Mr. Yamaji's office. Mr. Yamaji was in charge of the prison camp. He was a very difficult man to please. At one point, Mr. Yamaji announced that every woman in our camp

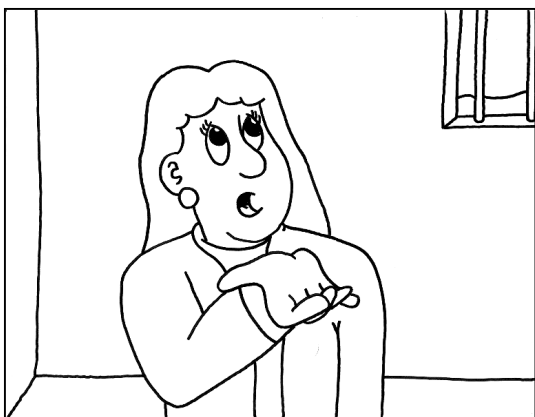
must bring him 100 dead flies per day, or we would be punished. That meant we would have to collect over 60,000 flies all together each day. Thankfully, he got tired of counting all the flies soon and stopped asking that of us.

"I want to talk with you," he began. "This kind of thing happens in war. You are young, and when this war is over you can go back to America and dance, and maybe even marry someone else...and forget these days here in the camp. You have been a big help with the other women in the camp. I hope that you will not lose your smile because of this."

"Mr. Yamaji, may I say something?" I asked. Mr. Yamaji nodded and then motioned towards a chair for me to sit down. "Sir, I am sad, but I am not like people who do not have hope. I want to tell you about someone that I learned about as a little girl back home in Iowa...His name is Jesus." God allowed me to explain all about salvation to Mr. Yamaji. I noticed tears began coming down his cheeks. "He died for you too, Mr. Yamaji, and He has put love in my heart, even for those who might be my enemy. I don't hate you, Mr. Yamaji. I think that maybe God brought me to your camp to tell you that He loves you." Mr. Yamaji stood up with tears coming down his cheeks and left the room. I waited for a long time, but he never came back in. I began praying for Mr. Yamaji to be saved.

A little while later, I was transferred to another camp and put in this cell. I was only given rice porridge to eat, and I had lost a lot of weight. I looked down at my dress





My legs were shaking, and I prayed that I would be able to bow correctly. When the door opened, there stood Mr. Yamaji. I had not seen him in a very long time. I was so excited that I clapped my hands and said, "Mr. Yamaji, I feel like I am seeing an old friend!" He was smiling, but I could see tears in his eyes. He left my cell and went out and spoke to some of the guards in the courtyard. Then he returned. "You're very sick, aren't you?" he asked me. "Yes, Mr. Yamaji, I am sick," I told him. "I must go back to my camp now," he said, "should I give the women a message from you?"

"Yes, please tell them that I am trusting the Lord. They'll understand what I mean, and I think you do too, Mr. Yamaji."

With that, he turned and left. It was then that I realized it. I had forgotten to bow both times that he and the guards had come into my cell. "Dear Lord," I prayed, "why didn't you help me to remember? They'll come back and beat me for sure now." Then I listened. I heard the footsteps of the guard coming back to my cell. The key jiggled in the lock again. I pulled myself up on my feet again and closed my eyes knowing what was about to happen.

The guard walked over to me and stopped...I opened my eyes...there at my feet, he had laid a whole bunch of bananas. "They're yours," he said, "they are a gift from Mr. Yamaji." Then he turned and left. I sank to the floor. "Lord, forgive me," I prayed, "I'm so ashamed. I couldn't trust You enough to give me even one banana...but look, there are almost a hundred here." In the silence, God seemed to speak to my heart and say

"That's what I delight to do, give you far more above anything you can ask Me for."

### **Application:**

You know, boys and girls, Philippians 4:19 tells us that God will provide for all of our needs. He is very loving and many times He also gives us many of the things we want as well. Darlene was so surprised and humbled to see that God heard her prayer and provided much more than she had hoped for.

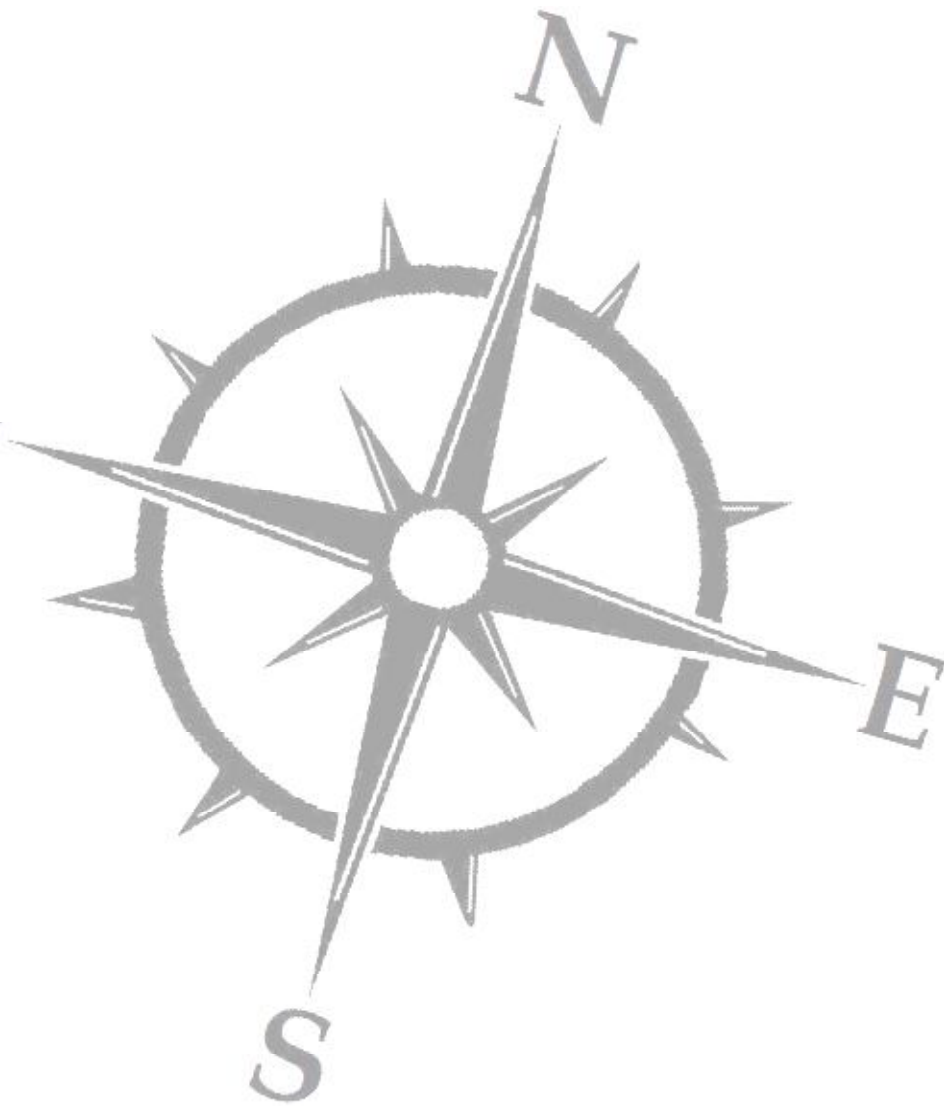
Though her husband had passed away, Darlene would later get out of that Japanese prison and would go back home to America. She got married again and even returned with her new husband back to New Guinea to work with the people that she loved so much. She would serve there in New Guinea for thirty more years, and she never forgot how God had found a way to provide all those bananas for her in that prison cell.

*(For additional information, discussion questions and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 3.25 on page 88 in your Vanuatu Expedition - Leader's Guide.)*

and heard my stomach begin to gurgle again. I thought about those bananas again. "Lord, I don't need a whole big bunch of bananas just like that woman had...I just want one banana," I prayed, "...just ONE banana, please, Lord!"

But then I began to think about how impossible it would be to get a banana into my prison cell. The guards would never even think about it. They would be shot for doing something like that. "Lord, I guess there is just no way to get a banana in here to me," I prayed sadly.

The following morning, I heard the click of the officer's boots coming down the corridor towards my cell. I prayed that God would give me the strength to stand up and to be able to bow. You see, when the officers came into your cell, you were supposed to bow. If they did not like how you bowed, they would hit you over the back with a cane. The officers were almost to my door. I reached up and grabbed the ledge under the window and pulled myself up with all my might. I heard the officer put the key into the lock.



# References

For further reading or to obtain more information on this portion of the life of this missionary, please consult the following sources from which we obtained our information:

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