



## Broadcast Transcript

**Broadcast:** I Will Never Leave Thee – Part 3

**Guest(s):** Darlene Rose

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Dr. James Dobson: You're listening to Family Talk, the radio broadcasting division of the James Dobson Family Institute. I am that James Dobson, and I'm so pleased that you've joined us today.

Darlene Rose: I said to God, "Whatever days you give me on this earth from now on, I want you to really know that it all belongs to you."

Roger Marsh: Can you imagine saying those words, you're a prisoner of war, you're in a POW camp. Your life is hanging in the balance every single minute, and that's what you pray. I'm Roger Marsh, and today on Family Talk, we're going to hear the conclusion of a three-part message from this amazing woman, Darlene Rose. Let's join Dr. James Dobson as he takes us back into her story.

Dr. James Dobson: Welcome everyone to another edition of Family Talk. I'm Dr. James Dobson, the host of the program, and we're delighted to have you join us today. We've been listening for two days and now three to a recorded presentation by Mrs. Darlene Rose. She's gone on to be with the Lord now, but she left behind a recorded account of her experiences in New Guinea at the very beginning of America's entry into World War II. She was 19 years of age when she and her young husband married and they both went to New Guinea together as missionaries to serve the Lord there. And then because of the war, they were captured, and put in different camps. Darlene was in the women's camp and her husband went to the men's camp and she never saw him again after that time. In fact, he died shortly after the Japanese came through.

And what we're hearing are the personal recollections and highly emotional account of a young woman, 19 years of age, alone in New Guinea, and being tortured, and held by the Japanese. They thought she was an American spy and that's the way they treated her. This account is just breathtaking at times. So, we've already heard the first two programs. If you want to hear those, we can make them available to you and we'll tell you about that at the end of this broadcast. But we're going to hear the conclusion now of Darlene Rose, missionary, telling about her final days in a Japanese prison camp. Let's let you hear that dramatic story now.

Darlene Rose:

The other man who was the brains of the team that had been trying me, he stood in front of me and he had the great sheafs of paper that he had written on. He always was just out of my line of vision, so I could not watch the expressions on his face, but he could watch my face. And he said, "You are worthy of death," and he drew his finger across his throat and he slapped the hilt of his sword and he started to draw that out. And at that moment, when that sword was coming out, that man... I heard cars coming from all directions and the brakes would screech and they start to yell before they jumped out of the Jeeps and they were running inside of the office and there was ceramic tile on the floor and they were running in all directions and they yelled for this man and he went into the office and then he was in there quite a while.

I could hear their voices in there and talking rapidly, and they were excited. I don't know what happened. I only know that somehow in the providence of God he spared this unworthy person. He grabbed me and he took me out and he slammed me into a Jeep and put two bottles of wine in my lap and said, "Those are from Mr. Yumaji," and that Jeep started down that road and we were going like we were being pursued. And I thought, "How true, the wicked flee when no man pursueth," but somehow God was there, and I have always believed that back here in America, there were people that day who were on their knees praying for me. What was happening in the outside world? And one year and two years and three years, and we were coming to our fourth year, and I remember that one day when just about noon we saw a plane, a lone plane coming out of the east and as it came down over the camp, it was low enough, so that we could see American insignia on the side.

An American boy was flying that plane, and then we saw suddenly that there were many planes coming. They were moving out of the east and they were coming toward our camp and everybody got out there and stopped their work, and we dropped our shovels, and our picks, and we looked up at all these planes coming, beautiful, double fuselage planes. We'd never seen them before, P-38 Lightnings, and suddenly there were silver things coming from the backs of the planes, and some were yelling, "Canned goods." And I said, "No, chocolate bars." And others were saying, "No, they're pamphlets," and we were all yelling something, and then we heard the whistling of the bombs and we knew we were wrong. And over that little camp of two acres square, they laid 5,000 incendiary bombs. In just minutes, everything was going up in flames.

I ran, I jumped into the ditch where we were supposed to lie when there were bombings. And the minute my feet hit the bottom of ditch, the Lord said, "You borrowed a Bible from that little Chinese woman." I said, "That's right, Lord, I have no right to let it burn." And I jumped out of the ditch and I ran to the barracks, it was burning and I grabbed that Bible off of my upper rack and I came out and I saw that they finally had opened the gate, so we could get out of this burning Holocaust, and I ran to the gate with others and we went through it. We got down there and here we were just in a beehive of Japanese soldiers. There were 138,000 soldiers around that camp. We didn't even know they were there. They had their machine guns set up and they yelled, "T-door, and you T-

door," they just turned on you with their guns, with the bayonets fixed on them and you just threw yourself out on the ground.

And they were running over the tops of us to get to their machine guns, and they began to machine gun the planes. And of course the planes just turned around and came down and they strafed us with machine gun bullets. And I dropped my head onto my hand and I said, "God, if at the end of this day anybody's alive, it will be a miracle." When the last of the planes had gone and the sound of the planes was no longer audible, and I could see that all of these things that had been burning had stopped burning and there was smoke coming up out of the camp, and I thought, "Lord, I'm alive. It's a miracle, it's a miracle." I finally found Mrs. Presswood. I said, "Let's go back up to where our barracks was. Maybe we can find our tin cans, our spoons, something that has been preserved even in the fire."

We got up to where the barracks had been and nobody knew that I had my bride's book sewn inside a native mat. How it happened, only God knows, but when that barracks burned, it fell backwards. The beds came down, the mat burned away, and must've been the wind that blew the bride's book open. And there in the center on that beautiful black page was this brilliant gold ink standing out of the certificate. And I looked down at it and the sun, the last rays of the sun was making that gold to shine. And I said, "Lord, that was the only thing I had left. Couldn't I just have that?" And the minute I touched it, it just completely disintegrated. I said, "That was all I had." And he said to me, "My child, that's what I want to do with you. I want to make you like pure gold, even if I have to take you through the fire seven times." I stood up and I said, "All right, Lord, I'm available."

I saw that the lady in the head of the barracks next to me was crying, and I went over to her, and I put my arm around her and I said, "Please don't cry." She said, "My mattress burned." I said, "Oh, yes, everything's burned, but we much to thank God for. We're still alive." She said, "But I didn't leave it in the barracks. I grabbed it off my bed and I took it out and I threw it in the ditch where you always lie. I walked over to that ditch," and right there where I had been lying was the ashes from her mattress and the casing from the bomb. I stood up, I walked away. I have never known such awe in the presence of my Lord. And I said, "Father, it wasn't that woman's Bible you were concerned about, was it? You knew that was one way to get me out of that ditch."

I said to God, "Whatever days you give me on this earth from now on, I want you to really know that it all belongs to you." They took us up into the jungle. They had known this bombing was coming, because they had prepared very crude soldiers up there. They came back again three days later and they bombed us with shrapnel bombs. And then one day they called at the camp and they said... And this was two weeks after peace was signed, they told us that the war was over. I couldn't imagine leaving the camp. I didn't know where I was going, and they allowed me to go up and act as the interpreter for the Japanese and the Allied officials, because I knew English, I knew the Indonesian, I knew

the Dutch, and Mr. Yumaji had dismissed the other man who was a translator, and he took me in to help.

And through this, the Australian major gave word to the American boys who were on the coast and out of 300 that were reported there when the war started and they were taken prisoner, only 97 of those boys survived, and they had rigged up a little radio and sent out an SOS, and it was picked up by an American plane that went over and those American planes were coming in and they were ferrying those boys out to get them to medical help. And this a major said, "There is an American boy who's going to come up and see you," and I'll never forget the day and after the bombing, we had about one comb for nine people and livestock was plentiful. And I just cut my hair off just real short, because as far as we knew, the war would go on for years yet, and I was a mess.

My feet, of course... We had never had shoes in all those years and that was good for strengthening our feet, but when this boy came in and he was an American boy, and he was very well-dressed because they had gotten clothes from the Americans who were faring them out and he said, "I understand there's an American girl here," and someone pointed me out and I felt so embarrassed, because he kept looking at my feet and they weren't all that dirty and I was so embarrassed, I sat down on the edge of this little hut and I pulled my feet up underneath me and he said, "Do you have anything that you really need right now?" And I said, "We need food for our children." Then they said, "All right, we're not supposed to take any women and children." If I had not gone with these boys, the next year I would still have been in the camp because there was no provision made for moving those women out of that camp.

I remember that day, the 19th day of September, 1945 when I stood there and I was getting into the little boat to be rowed out to the plane that was there in the harbor. And I thought, as I rowed out to that plane, "Lord, here I am going home widowed at 26 with not a thing in the world that I could call my own." Got to Balikpapan, South Borneo, and then that night we got into the hospital. I was taking 18 different kinds of vitamins and medicine at every meal. I said, "I don't need food after I get this down." But they decided we needed our hair properly cut, and then they gave us a permanent, and I ran over to the place where I wanted to go. I sent a telegram home, said, "I'm coming home alone, Russell's with the Lord," and I waited for news to come for my family in America, and I would go into the post office and the young man was there and I said, "Have you any mail today for Darlene Diebler?"

And he would look, he said, "No, I'm sorry there's nothing here," and I went back day after day, and finally one day he just said, "Boy, I don't know why somebody wouldn't write to you." I was so embarrassed I didn't go back again until the day before they were going to ship us out. They kept us almost a month there, until they felt we were strong enough to go home. And then I ran back that day and I said, "Do you have any mail for me now?" And he looked again, he said, "No, there's nothing for you here." And we got on that ship, we were 23 days coming home on the Clip Fountain. We were just within spitting

distance of the shore of San Francisco, and they came out over the loudspeaker and said, "Just pull her out again. Everything is full. Take it on up to Seattle, Washington."

And everybody was moaning and groaning, all this beautiful city, and I said, "I don't know anybody out in California anyway. I've never been there." And I said, "This is known territory to me. I'm glad to even stay on this ship for another three days," and then we pulled in here to Seattle, Washington on Navy Day, the end of November 1945. And that night they deloused us and then the next morning they started to process us. And I remember when these people who had become friends of mine during the trip home were leaving and their families were coming, and I went out and I crawled. We were sleeping three deep in hammocks out on the deck, and I crawled in under those hammocks and I suddenly realized dad and mother are gone, too. That's why I have not heard from anybody.

And I said, "Lord, you took Russell. Did you have to take mother and daddy, too?" And so sweetly, he said, "You can still trust me, my child." I got up and I said, "Lord, I need to find a Red Cross woman. I need to get some money or something to get back to Iowa to trace anybody from my family that might still be alive." And I came around the corner of the deck and there was a Red Cross woman, and I latched onto her and I said, "Now, wait a minute." I said, "I'm a POW." I said, "I haven't heard anything from my family for over four years." And I said, "I guess maybe they're gone, but I would need to get back to Iowa, maybe somebody from the family's alive." She said, "Honey, what's your name?" I said, "Darlene Diebler." She said, "I've been on the ship all morning looking for you. I have three telegrams and they're all from mother and dad."

But you know, oh, I thank God that He didn't let me meet that woman until I had met Him, and I knew that even if mother and dad and the rest of them were gone, I could still trust my Lord. It's wonderful that God brings you to that place where it's faith without trappings, just faith in the testimony of a person that you've walked with for all these years that even I think maybe in a measure, it was like Job said, "Even though He slay me, yet, will I trust Him." Because I knew the character of my God. I opened them up. Mother said, "We moved out to Oakland, California in 1943. We knew you were on the ship. We tried to get over there and when they took you out, we can't get to Seattle in time to meet you, but we're sending money and it's at Western Union. Now you go and get that, and then you get a ticket and come down to Oakland, California and we'll be here to meet you and you call us collect as soon as you can get to a telephone."

I got to a telephone. I've said so many times tonight the Lord spoke to me and people say, "How do you know it is the Lord?" I think this is the best I could ever use. I had not heard my mother or father's voice for over eight years, but when that telephone went up, that receiver on the other end down there in Oakland, California, and I heard someone say, "Hello, Darlene," I knew it was mother there. Nobody ever said my name like my mother did.

That's the way it is with my Lord when he says, "My child," I know it's my Lord, and I listen. She told me my brother had just gotten in from Germany on the East Coast. The first thing he asked his mother, "Do you have any word from Darlene?" She said, "I know she's on a ship and she's on her way up to Seattle, Washington." And so, I went to the train station to get a ticket to Oakland, California after collecting the money at Western Union. And when I told him that I wanted a ticket for Oakland, California, he said, "My dear," he said, "Don't you know a war's been on?" He said, "Only Army and Navy personnel travel," and my heart just collapsed within me. And I said, "No, I didn't know that." I said, "I'm a POW. I just got here." And I said, "I'm trying to get to Oakland, California, because my mother and dad are down there." He said, "Oh, I've got lots of tickets for people just like you," and I was in business again.

And then I went back to the ship to collect my things and they'd given us coats from the Red Cross that came from another era, another time. And I noticed that everybody who had that coat on the streets there, the nap was very short, and it was very smooth for a material. So, I got back on the ship and I went to the captain. I said, "I'd like to borrow your razor." I gave my coat of shave. It looked pretty good after that. Then, I got on the train and I sent a wire to my mother and dad from Portland. I thought, "I better tell them when I'm coming in." And I said, "Kill the fatted calf. I love you. Darlene. And I'm arriving at 11:30 tomorrow morning." My father told me this, he said mother heard the telephone the middle of the night.

I didn't realize, you see, I've been really out of it for so long that when you send a telegram, it goes right straight through. And it was in the middle of the night, and dad said, "Mother went to the phone and I could hear her say, 'What?'" And then there was silence, and she said, "What?" Oh, and she put the phone down and she ran in and grabbed my father, and she said, "She's all right. She hasn't lost her sense of humor." And the woman who was reading it to her kept saying, "Kill the fatted calf. Love Darlene," she knew the lost was found, the wanderer had returned home again, and there they were, oh, a great group of people from the church there.

I didn't know any of them, so I was just looking for two faces. I was looking for mother and daddy's face, and I remember when I put my arms around them, and I just sobbed. I said, "Oh, there were so many days I thought I would never, ever see you again." And then as I held them tight, I thought, "If this is wonderful, meeting your loved ones you haven't seen for such a long time, what is it going to be like when someday those clouds will part asunder and Jesus will be there?"

I was a little girl, just 10 years of age when I sat in a missionary conference, the closing service, and they were calling for those that would give their life to go wherever God sent them. It was all geared toward our high school and our college young people, but somebody knew that the second seat from the back was a little 10-year-old, brown-haired girl. And I felt a hand on my shoulder that night, and I turned around and looked, and there was no one there, and I knew

it was my Lord. He said to me, "My child, would you go anywhere, no matter what it costs?"

I was so thrilled to think that God even noticed me. With such love and adoration in my heart, I looked up into His face that night and I said, "Lord Jesus, I would go anywhere for you no matter what it costs." I understand something of the cost, beloved, but I don't even think about that anymore. I'd go anywhere for him. I'll tell you why tonight, because the compensations are so tremendous. I wouldn't trade places with any of you tonight. Those were not terrible years. They were the sweetest years that God ever gave me, because then He taught me that He would never leave me, nor forsake me. I heard Him call, "Come follow," that was all. My gold grew dim. I rose and followed Him. Oh, beloved, who wouldn't follow if they heard Him call?

Roger Marsh:

And what a fascinating question Darlene Rose leaves us with. Who wouldn't follow if they heard Him call? If you've been listening to Darlene's story over the past three days here on Family Talk and it touched your heart, or perhaps you need some encouragement as you go through your own tough time, be sure to check out her book entitled *Evidence Not Seen: A Woman's Miraculous Faith in the Jungles of World War II*. I also encourage you to check out Dr. Dobson's book, *When God Doesn't Make Sense*. For information on both of those resources, check out our website at [drjamesdobson.org/familytalk](http://drjamesdobson.org/familytalk), just click the link at the bottom of today's broadcast page to find out more. Sometimes we don't see what's coming in life. Unexpected curveballs can certainly derail our lives, and yet we know God uses everything for His glory. So, how can a young man become spiritually prepared for the unknown? Well, having a father who shows him the way can certainly help.

And there's a brand new resource that's been created by our friends at Trail Life USA that's designed to help fathers and sons in this effort. Mark Hancock, the CEO of Trail Life USA is the author of the new book called *Trail-Ready: 101 Devotions for Dads with Boys*. To get a copy of this devotional for yourself or for a special father in your life, simply visit our website at [drjamesdobson.org/familytalk](http://drjamesdobson.org/familytalk), and then click the link at the bottom of today's broadcast page. We'll be happy to send you a copy of Trail-Ready as our way of thanking you for your donation of any amount in support of the ministry. Again, go to [drjamesdobson.org/familytalk](http://drjamesdobson.org/familytalk), and click the link at the bottom of today's broadcast page, or make your request known by phone when you call 877-732-6825. Well, I'm Roger Marsh. Thanks for listening to Family Talk today. May God continue to richly bless you and your family as you grow closer in your relationship with Him.

Announcer:

This has been a presentation of the Dr. James Dobson Family Institute.