

My name is Rebekah (Becky) Larson Wolff, oldest daughter of James and Marie Larson. My parents served in PNG from Oct. 1957 to January 1973. First, I would like to say that I have the utmost respect and admiration for my parents and the other missionaries for their passion to spread the gospel and their courage to do it in PNG. My mom and dad went to PNG as a newly-wed couple and I can't imagine the challenges and experiences that they and the other missionaries went through, although I have heard some of the stories. I feel extremely blessed to have been able to spend the first 10 years of my life in PNG and I think that experience has helped me be more aware of cultural differences and more accepting of others. I admire the missionary kids who have gone back to PNG or gone on to serve as missionaries in other countries. I have always been interested in doing even a short term mission trip of some kind.

I was born at Mambisanda in September of 1963. Mom and Dad lived at Yaibos at that time, but I don't remember that station. Then we moved to Irelya and I do have fond memories of our time there. I remember my friends, Leah Heinicke, Sandra Kopitske, Naomi Feist, Lesley Hilgendorf and Janet Biberdorf to name a few. I remember jumping across ditches that were filled with foamy water after a rain. I remember Santa Claus coming to Wabag and calling me to come up there to him to get my present. It was a doll with brunette hair and a black and green plaid dress. Mom has told me since then, that it was she, who had selected that particular gift for me. We kids knew that Santa was just a fun part of Christmas and that the reason for the season was Christ's birth.

Mom states that when I was 5 years and 4 months, I started boarding school at Highland Lutheran School at Amapayaka.

She said that it started on a Wednesday that first week so it would be a short week for the kids and the parents. Mom said that it seemed more difficult for her at the time, than for me. I remember riding in the back of the Jeep to school each Monday morning and back home each Friday. Some of my memories from HLS include:

- feeling safe and secure under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Green.
- Mrs. Green helping me make a pink and white polka dot cat pajama bag. It had brown ears. She helped me appliqué the eyes and embroider the nose, mouth and whiskers. I feel sure that she put the zipper in though.
- awesome ice cream sandwiches
- bunk beds in our rooms
- the most fun arts and crafts projects
- Mt. Hagan sports days
- the Chi and Rho teams (I think I was always a Rho)
- I really enjoyed the flower pot races.
- some of my teachers were Mr. Arp, Mrs. Hilgendorf and Mr. Lorenz.

Then we moved to Kundis. It was different than Irelya in one way, because we were the only missionary family stationed there at that time. I remember walking up a hill every Sunday to participate in a Pidgin English worship service led by my dad. My sister, Miriam and I had so much fun playing in the playhouse, in the grass roof covered sandbox, on the monkey bars and swinging on the swing set. My parents had all these things made for my sister and me. (My brother, Stephen, was just an infant). To take a

shower, we would pull the rope that was hanging from a bucket full of water to get the water to come out of the holes on the bottom of the bucket.

Another memory that I have is fun vacations in Madang. We got to eat our Rice Krispies with ice cream instead of milk. Sometimes we would get "fish and chips". There was a swimming pool, but one year it was closed due to the effects of an earthquake. The New Guineans would climb the coconut trees by the vacation house and get us coconuts.

When I was in the 4th grade we moved to St. Louis. I attended a large public school there. It was a big change from PNG, but I enjoyed it. Later we moved to two different places in Minnesota and then finally to Oklahoma.

I graduated with a nursing degree from Valparaiso University, where I met my future husband. Two years later, we were married and lived in Texas for a year or so. Then we moved to Louisiana, where we have raised our family. We have so much to be thankful for.

A couple of the objects from PNG that are special to me are a small bilum, that reminds me of the hard working New Guineans and my Pidgin hymnal that reminds me of our worship times there,

My father passed away on Christmas Day, 2015 and about a year and a half ago, we moved my mom here from Kansas to live right next door to us.

Have a wonderful time at the Bung! I would love to go, but our oldest son is having his marriage celebration in Austin that weekend.

Blessings,
Becky Wolff
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Sent from my iPhone