

Letter written to Zenta Kampars

This is a letter from my sister Ada who lived in Riga, Latvia. She Was a Christian Scientist. It was written in 1991.

(This letter was translated from Latvian language)

"Dear Sister.

After the long years of communist occupation I finally can write you a letter without fear it will be censored or I will be punished for writing something the government doesn't like or mentioning God.

During the last years of war we were evacuated from our country to Germany and separated. I with my husband and both children and father-in-law were taken to the northern part of Germany. As you know in that part came in the Russian army. During that time it was a country with no law or government. Before the front came through lots of Germans left their homes and fled to the southern part of the country. There were many abandoned homes. The criminals were released from the prisons and ruled the country. There were lots of crimes, robberies, murders and things I do not want to talk about.

There was just one thing to do. To trust God's grace. We were hiding in an abandoned house with nothing to eat. I just finished my weekly lesson from my Bible and Science and Health in German when four men broke into the room. They were all in prisoner's clothing. I was praying to see them not as criminals but as God's children. They looked at me and the hungry children and left. I was grateful. They returned after awhile with a big bundle in a tablecloth full with food and put it at my feet and left. We survived on that for many days. It was just as in the Bible that God can set the table in a desert place.

Then we were working in a big farm. The landlord left and advised us to go south giving us a wagon and two horses. We boarded the wagon and left. On the highway we were stopped by a German man who advised us to go back. The front is close. But it was too late, it had started. From communist front the Katusas, a deadly weapon. From German front the Big Bertha's (a nickname for big guns). And the airplanes from the sky with the bombs. If somebody would describe hell, this would be it. The fire, smoke, high-pitched noise, etc.

I do not remember how we got from the highway to

the woods. We all could not hear and were dizzy, but not injured. As CHRISTIAN SCIENCE says, "Where God is there is no war". The war was still going on and nothing bad happened to us even though all the power belonged to the criminals. We were going towards our homeland. The roads were full with refugees. The towns were mostly destroyed. In one town of about 20,000 people, there was not one house standing, only Martin Luther's statue in the middle of the town was untouched. Finally, I saw the war was over.

We were surrounded by red army soldiers. Our belongings and we were searched and the biggest crime was if something was found with a foreign language. In one of my bags were my dearest treasure, a Latvian Bible, German Science and Health, five Quarterlies, Concordance, Miscellaneous Writings and Yes and No.

I was carrying them all the time. The daily study always gave me courage and protection. I just asked for God's protection now. "Thy will be done". After taking everything they wanted, we were ordered to pick up our belongings and what was left of them. It was a big pile of mess. I found my treasures untouched. God was protecting His ideas.

In one yard I found a small wagon. We loaded our

belongings and joined the rest of the refugees. We kept going and going. It was hot and the children were tired. One couple had a horse and wagon and kindly offered to take the children in the wagon until the next town and wait for us there.

Because the rest of the refugees were going slow it took us longer to get there. When we came to the next town, there were no children and no wagon. We searched and searched and then we had to keep going. I didn't panic, but started to pray right away. First I acknowledged that God's law is ever present. All His ideas are under God's guidance and nothing bad can happen to them. And if it is God's will for me to raise them I will have them again.

We were going for two weeks and every day I did acknowledge God's love and protection. One day passing an orchard I heard children's voices. What a happy reunion. In my heart I did express gratitude for God's love.

In one town we were surrounded and put in a camp and registered to be sent back to our country. When we returned home we stayed in a very damaged father in law's house until it fell apart. It was God's ways which led me to an old hut, one room building.

The roof was leaking, the chimney broken, but it

was a shelter. I became a roofer, a mason and everything else. I was glad that our dad taught us all the jobs when we were repairing our home when we were children. Our little hut became our home and we lived there 17 years, just me and the children. I was working in a hospital kitchen and could bring home leftover food. All our needs were met and I am grateful that Mary Baker Eddy shared Christian Science with the world.

I could write a book about the blessings and healings and protection I had. Now that I can write everything I want, I will write you how the problem with the apartment shortage was solved.

Your Sister,
Ada"