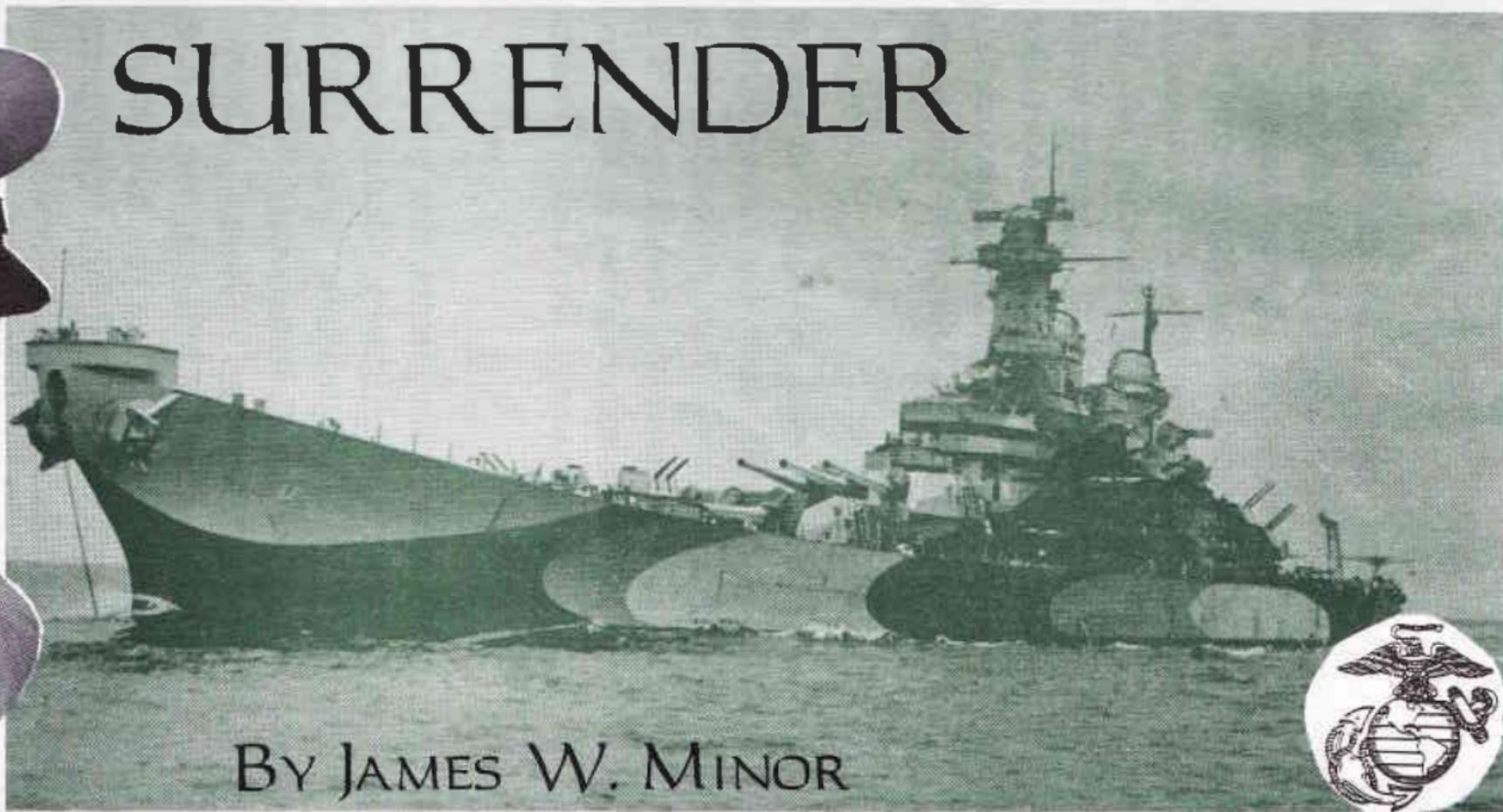


SURRENDER



BY JAMES W. MINOR



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(As told by Sophia "Mom" Minor)

With a great splash the *Battleship Missouri* slid down the dry dock into the murky waters of the East River. It was January 29, 1944. A shout arose from the excited crowd as the proud ship settled into the water. It would be a long voyage from the launching at the Brooklyn Navy Yard until the Japanese would acknowledge defeat and surrender aboard her illustrious decks. Her log would know such far-off places as Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Guam and Tokyo Bay.

The MO was a most impressive battleship of the Iowa class. Her three batteries of 16 inch guns could hurl projectiles thirty miles. She was mammoth, stretching 990 feet long, 75 feet high and weighing 45,000 tons. When humans stood near it, they looked like flies in comparison.

My teenage son, James, was one of the ninety Marines to be assigned to sea duty aboard the Mighty MO. I can remember the day Jim put his arms around me and announced, "Mother, we are sailing tomorrow!" "Jimmy", I blurted out, "I am determined to hold that ship in dock until I have the assurance that you are right with God!" How God quickened faith to my heart! Didn't His word say that whatsoever we ask and doubt not, it shall be done? I knew my rights before God's throne.

Jim squirmed and tossed his head back at me. He knew he had let his experience with God become stale and his heart had hardened toward his Maker. "Mother, you are not dealing with those silly people at your church.

When Uncle Sam says, "Sail", you sail! Good-bye Mother."

Would God's promise fail me I wondered as I watched my son step out the door with sea bag over his shoulder? Late that evening I raised my hands and cried out, "Lord, let me see my boy once more before he sets sail and I'll give him gospel tracts to hand out to all those boys on board the ship. Lord, you MUST stop the Missouri!

Soon after I heard a timid knock at my door. There stood James with a sheepish look on his face. Mom, the ship weighed anchor and got out as far as the Narrows and stopped - we don't know why. The captain told us to have another couple of nights in town.

That night God spoke these words of comfort and peace to my heart, "I will be with your son; I will deal with him and he shall return to Me."

James left two mornings later with the corners of his sea bag bulging with gospel tracts. The Missouri sailed to join the mighty conflict in the Pacific. I knew that an angel of the Lord walked the decks unseen by sailors and Marines.

One morning the Spirit of God impressed me to pray. I prayed with a great urgency. Travail came upon my soul. "What can this mean?" I questioned. "The Missouri is under attack," God replied.

For two hours, from ten until noon I prayed until peace came. For three days I had the same experience at the same hour of the day. On the third day God gave me a vision. I saw my son aboard the Missouri and beside him

stood a mighty angel. "He is bulletproof," God's Spirit spoke gently to my soul.

Later it was confirmed that on those very days from ten until noon the Japanese had made an all-out attack to sink the Missouri. Two kamikaze (suicide) planes managed to hit the ship spewing gasoline, bombs and shrapnel everywhere. During that heavy attack a young Marine slipped to his knees on the leaning deck amidst the shouts of frightened men and wept his way back to the heart of God.

-POSTSCRIPT -

By Marine Corporal James W. Minor

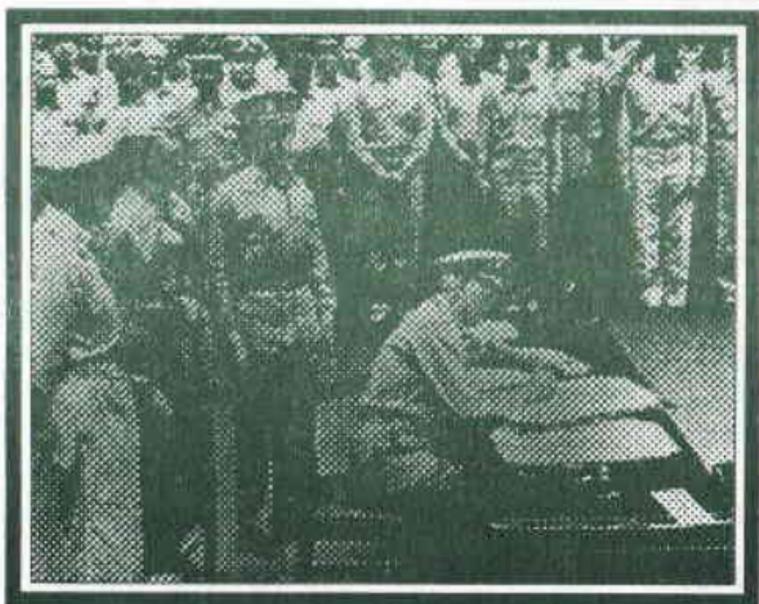
On September 2, 1945 I witnessed the surrender of the Japanese empire aboard the *Battleship Missouri*. I was a part of the Marine honor guard. At 9 AM the Japanese envoys began to arrive and were seated at a table. Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur signed for the Allied Forces. Prime Minister Shigemitsu signed for the Empire of Japan.

It had been 4 years, 45 months and 1,364 days with rivers of blood and oceans of tears since the bombs were rained upon Pearl Harbor, and America was plunged into a war that she did not initiate.

American and Japanese blood had mingled on the islands of the Pacific and black crepe hung upon thousands of doors in Japan and America. But this day the machines of destruction would grind to a halt and the dogs of war would be chained. What an hour I was witnessing on the deck of the Mighty MO!

But I can testify to a greater surrender of a war within myself. Though not fought by marching regiments and diving bombers, nevertheless, it was a war between my soul and the all-encompassing love of God. I tried to live a life of sin and pleasure, but I could not withstand the crimson stream of Divine mercy that poured over me from the Cross of Calvary. I raised my hands in surrender to God and asked for the forgiveness of my sin through the blood of Jesus Christ and was pardoned of my iniquities. My name was written by angelic fingers on the spotless page of the Lamb's Book of Life.

Today I no longer wear the uniform that I wore with such pride, but I wear the robe of the righteousness of God through Jesus Christ.



ADMIRAL NIMITZ SIGNS TREATY