

**CHARLES E. CLANTON**

**I SURRENDER ALL**

**The amazing story of**

**Pauline Gruse, Missionary**

**to Liberia, as told to**

**Charles E. Clanton.**

# **I Surrender All**

by Charles E. Clanton

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# Contents

1. Going Home???. . . . .	9
2. In the Beginning. . . . .	17
3. All Alone. . . . .	29
4. The Making of a Nurse . . . . .	41
5. Stones Become Mountains . . . . .	59
6. He Brought Me Out . . . . .	81
7. Tulsa Bound . . . . .	97
8. Missionary in Training . . . . .	109
9. Finally!!! . . . . .	129
10. Learning the Ropes . . . . .	139
11. The Northern Trek . . . . .	153
12. The Southern Trek . . . . .	167
13. Furlough Away from Home . . . . .	183
14. Maheh, Bomi Hills, and Quoy Town . . . . .	191
15. Fassama Mission . . . . .	219
16. Oh, No—Not Another Furlough . . . . .	251
17. Dedicated to LaVerne . . . . .	259
18. Furlough Number Three. . . . .	279
19. Raised from the Dead. . . . .	285
20. Rediscovering the Will of God . . . . .	299
21. The End???. . . . .	307
Epilogue. . . . .	331



we're to make it to Frankfurt in time for your flight.”

Without the least bit of enthusiasm I reluctantly crawled out of bed. As my feet touched the floor, I felt a sudden compelling force driving me to my knees:

*Lord, I can't make it by myself. If You don't help me I just can't possibly go through with it. You and I have been through a lot in the past 35 years, and not one time have You failed me. I can see that You've had Your hand upon me since the day I was born, and I must believe that You will continue to watch over me. Please mend this broken heart, and teach me to accept my return as Your will. And if I have even one selfish motive, please forgive me. Thank You, Jesus.*

With this, I arose, made my bed, and began dressing for the return flight to the States. There was little packing to do, as I had literally crammed my two travel-weary suitcases the night before. Most of my personal effects had been shipped straight from Bomi Hills, Liberia, my temporary home for the past year.

As I prepared to leave the bedroom for breakfast, I suddenly reflected on the many unmatched friends God had given me over the past thirty-five years. For every “so-called friend” I had been forced to give up in accepting the call of God, I had been given at least a hundred “true friends” in return.

Wayne and Esther Nigh, my hosts for the two weeks in Germany, had to be included in this innumerable family of Christian friends. The Nighs, who were natives of the Great Northwest, had been missionaries for the past few

years to the American military personnel stationed in West Germany.

For as long as I could remember, I had harbored a secret desire to visit Germany. While spending a few weeks with the Robert Rodenbush family in Accra, Ghana, I shared this dream for the first time. So, the Rodenbushes contacted their friends, the Nighs, and arrangements were made for me to visit them on my way back to the States.

I had fully intended, upon leaving Ghana, to spend but a few days in Germany—just enough time to see a few of the more spectacular and historical sights—just enough time to be able to say “I’ve been to Germany.” But, upon the Nigh’s insistence, which was strengthened by an extremely good time and a reluctance to begin the final leg of my journey, a few days somehow stretched into two weeks.

But now, even the two weeks were over, and like it or not, it was time for me to face reality. I was going home—at least what “they” called “home.”

After a hearty breakfast, which was far more than a stomach full of butterflies and tied in knots needed, we loaded my two suitcases and travel bag into the Opel and began the trip to Frankfurt.

Two weeks had not accustomed me to the German brand of driving, but Brother Nigh assured me it was a bit more tame back in the States. Driving, however, would not be one of the many cultural adjustments I would have to make. My recent driving experience was limited to wrecking a missionary pickup in Liberia, and I was sure that if I could manage to have an accident when there was not another vehicle for miles around, it would be certain calamity if I were to attempt to drive in the presence of two or more cars.