

Matagalpa, but the lines were out. After breakfast, Elder Clawson showed up and told me that nobody went out on the flight to Honduras. So Elder Clawson and I went back out to the airport and started to try and charter a plane. The people at the SASHA desk said if we could show them enough passengers they would run a plane up to Tegucigalpa. When we lined them up and started getting the tickets, the Elders from Granada, Elders Waldie and Chamberlain arrived. Two minutes later, Elders Selva and Silva, the Elders from Masaya, walked in. It just about brought tears to my eyes to see them. It was most likely the best thing that happened all day. Right after them, Elders Hilton and Smart from León came in with just the clothes on their backs. We got everybody off on the plane. It was sure hard on me to see them all go; especially old Elder Nacham. But on our way back to the house, everyone of us knew without a doubt that the Lord had helped us that whole day.

-Elder Gary Lundell-

"The first day of my trip to Costa Rica to begin my mission, there was a threat against my life in the airport because I was taken to be a guerilla fighter. I carried my violin in its case and people thought it was a machine gun. I didn't know much about the situation in Nicaragua and in Honduras I had bought a green canvas army bag in which to carry my things. Someone followed me to the airport and when I was in the bathroom they threw a stick of dynamite at me. I was the only one in the bathroom and the dynamite exploded. The explosion was so strong that the walls of the stalls tumbled down, the light was put out, and the way out was blocked. The air choked me because the bomb exploded like a meteor, destroying everything. The air was filled with dust. I couldn't see. I couldn't hear. I couldn't breath. I desperately tried to get to one side with bricks and glass falling on me and my personal belongings. With the strength I had left, I cried to the Lord for mercy. Just before I fell, I felt the influence of the Holy Ghost and I saw as if something illuminated me. Full of dirt and with my personal belongings, I began to walk. I then clearly saw the outside of the bathroom and where the big steel door used to be. It was now about four yards from it's normal position. Still today the fact that there isn't a bathroom door is a testimony of the destruction. I fell again near the cement blocks and stones. The police then grabbed me and pushed me and began acusing me of things and asking questions. "Who sent you?" "Who saved you?" "Who took you out of there? It's impossible that you made it out alive!" All I could answer was, "The Lord of the heavens." They said, "These religious people cause more problems." Then they interrogated me for three hours until 11:00P.M."

-Elder Manuel Peña-

"On the thirteenth after we found out that I was leaving for sure, Elder Peña and I were visiting the members and investigators to say good-bye. Usually we would walk on the main streets to avoid the dust, but this time I felt that we should take a dusty side road to arrive at the same house. As we arrived, we saw some tires being lit on fire in the middle of the road. We would have walked right by those tires had we not taken the side road. We were in a very calm area and there wasn't any fighting to speak of. However, the brother of one of our baptisms was shot and killed by the Guardia during one of their episodes with machine guns."

-Elder Randy Hortin-

"Wednesday night, the 13th of September at about 8:00P.M., we received word by phone from the ZLs that Elder Peña would be leaving Managua in the morning at 6:30 from the airport and would we notify him since he and Elder Hortin had no phone. Normally this would have been no problem to hunt up the house of the Elders with the direction given, but this same night, martial law had been declared in Managua and armed guards were patrolling the area, shooting first and asking questions later. There was no choice however and as I hung up the phone. I thought momentarily about how we were going to handle it because for the first time and only time, I was frightened of the consequences. I explained this situation to Sister Trigueros. We grabbed our sweaters and before leaving the house, we knelt in prayer to ask the Lord for his protection and to literally guide our footsteps. I remember how the Spirit burned within me and the tears began to fall. As I closed the prayer and my companion and I looked at one another, her eyes too filled with tears, we knew that the Lord would watch closely over us and that we would encounter no danger. We left the house with that sense and as I looked over my shoulder, I felt impressed to turn