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## Chapter 7

# Grand Arrival

The ride to, and arrival at, Mrs. Gittisam's school was quite a humiliating experience. She came over to get us in a little Morris Minor. (That's a type of car; it was imported from England.) That little car was smaller than a Volkswagen Beetle, and I was too large to fit in it practically! It



*Mrs. Gittisam used a little Morris Minor automobile like this one to transport the Coles.*

only had two doors, and she wanted me to get in the back seat, along with Shirley as well! So, I had its door open, and the seat pushed up, and I was trying to get in. When I was halfway in, I heard something rip. I had ripped my britches. It was a horrible rip. I had not only torn the seam out, but the cloth itself had been

ripped as well. A great big patch was just hanging down. I got in and sat down, and then Shirley got in and sat down beside me. She had heard it rip, and she was as pale as a white sheet. She would not even look at me. She asked, "Did they?" I said, "Yeah, they did." I told her, "When I get out—if I can get out of this tin can—I want you to walk very closely behind me!"

When we arrived at the school, there were two thousand children standing at attention! They were waiting for the VIP to arrive. When I started wiggling out of that car, those kids went bananas. They had been standing at attention, silent as a stone. But when I came dragging out of that car, those kids went crazy. They laughed so hard. One kid got down on his hands and knees and pounded the ground. They had never seen anything so funny in all their lives. I suppose no one could have appeared any stranger to them than I did.

Mrs. Gittisam wanted to take us on a tour of her school. So there we went, with Shirley following very closely behind me. Finally, I said to Mrs. Gittisam (for she could understand English, although she could not speak it very

well), "Mrs. Gittisam, I have a problem." With her prim accent, she said, "What is your problem?" I said, "I have split my pants." She took me by the arms and turned me around, saying, "Let me see." She took me to the third floor of the school where she had a seamstress. She put a sheet around me and said, "Drop your pants!" So I did. I kicked the pants out from under the sheet.

That poor little seamstress tried to sew those pants, but she could hardly breathe from laughing so hard. She laughed until she nearly fell over, all while trying to sew. Finally she managed to sew the most awful scar onto the pants. They were split down the seam, and the cloth was torn across the middle and there was just a three-cornered patch hanging down there. What an ordeal.

I was humongous compared to those small-framed people. A really big Thai man would weigh only 145 pounds or so. Their mature women were about the size of one of our twelve-year-old girls. A lot of their women weighed less than 100 pounds.

When we would walk down the street, little children would come running out of the shops.

Their shops were on the street level, with living quarters above each shop. They had steel gates in front that they would close at night. Little children would run out to see us. When they would see me, they would just gasp for their breath. My size would just boggle their minds. They would run back into their shops and get their grandmas, grandpas, fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, to come out and look at me. In their thinking, it was as if I were from the planet Mars.

And that is how we arrived in Thailand. I could not speak their language. I did not know their culture. I did not know or understand them, and they did not know or understand me. Yet God had sent me, and He had anointed me. In just a few years there, we baptized six thousand people in Jesus name.

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## GRAND ARRIVAL

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*The Coles were without luggage, clothes, and money until finally "their ship came in." This 1961 photo shows the Coles (lower right corner) beside their ship, the Steel Executive, in port in Thailand.*



*Brother and Sister Cole, with their daughter, Brenda, along with Sister Ellie Hansen. The church building seen behind them was built before they ever arrived in Thailand. Called "The Bangkok Church", it was originally built by Trinitarian Pentecostals as a Charismatic church. Through Brother Cole's ministry, the congregation there embraced the oneness of God and Jesus name baptism, and the building later served as the general headquarters for the UPC of Thailand.*