

## THE ISLES ARE SINGING

### Chapter 3

#### A GOODLY HERITAGE

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant *places*;  
yea, I have a goodly heritage.

Psalm 16:6

Howard Henry Arnold, was born to Frederick Arnold and Ida M. (Towne) Arnold on November 3, 1915, in Manchester, New Hampshire. Winifred Loraine Allen, was the firstborn daughter of Markley A. Allen and Edith Marie (Bent) Allen. She made her arrival into this world on January 6, 1920, in Groton, Connecticut.

On October 17, 1941, Howard and Winifred were united in marriage and began to build a Christ-honouring home. Their firstborn daughter lived only ten days before the Lord took her to Himself. Priscilla Ann, born a year later, November 11, 1943, in Milton, Massachusetts, was their first living child. A year after that, the Lord gave them another daughter, Judith Lorraine, also born in Milton, on the 17<sup>th</sup> of November.

We were war babies, but Dad was not called to active duty because he had had polio. Instead he worked in the shipyard in East Braintree. Blimps flying overhead and convoys of army vehicles going by on the main highway are memories that I hold of those early years. As little children, we found these sights quite exciting; but we understood nothing about war.

Special memories from my childhood were our first home, on 12 Field Avenue in Weymouth; fun times with adopted grandparents, Mom and Pop Breton; moving to 85 Vine Street where Grampa and Nana Allen lived upstairs and our family lived downstairs; watching the rag man come with his horse and cart to pick up old clothing we had collected; having large blocks of ice delivered so our ice box, which stood outside by the back door, could be kept cold; buying penny candy or nickel fudgesicles; playing with my best friend, Patti; and setting up a lemonade stand and selling lemonade at the roadside.

After the war, Dad worked for a printing company and now and again brought home cut offs of paper which were kept in a drawer in the basement which was also our grandfather's workshop. What fun we children had drawing, coloring, cutting, pasting, and crafting to our hearts' delight! Even as primary age children, Priscilla and I would make up crafts and short Bible lessons and hold summer Bible clubs with our friends and other children in the neighborhood. That included making up Bible dramas and inviting parents to attend the performances. We had such a great time making costumes for these plays from the old clothes in the rag box near the back stairway that went down to the basement and up to Grampa and Nana's place.

Grampa was a professional carpenter and watching him do his work was one of my favorite pasttimes. Besides the beautiful pieces of furniture he made, he delighted us grandchildren with wooden pins decorated with decals and carved to the decal's shape on his electric coping saw. One unique item that he made for his grandchildren was an outdoor bench, each end shaped and painted like a giraffe. Grampa passed away suddenly one day when I was only eight years old.

Great grandma Bent also lived upstairs with Grampa and Nana. She was a professional seamstress and kept her great granddaughters (Priscilla, our cousin Margie, and me) supplied with dresses until the angels took her to heaven when I was around five or six years old.

Our parents knew, loved, and served the Lord and were faithful to bring up their children to know God too. Godly grandparents and great grandparents also added a Christ-like atmosphere to our home.

Life and home centered around serving the Lord. Dad regularly led the family in worship of the Saviour, and time and again we gathered around the old upright piano to sing as Mother played choruses and hymns. Dad and Mom took us to church each Sunday and whenever the church doors were open for services. Sometimes there was outdoor preaching in the public park adjacent to the church. We children always looked forward to Vacation Bible School and children's Bible clubs.

I do not remember a time when Dad was not deeply involved in the church – helping pastors wherever needed, teaching or preaching, visitation, Sunday school superintendent, VBS and other special programs, building programs. Dad was always there and ready to lend a hand wherever needed.

In 1955, our family made a long trip all the way across the state of Massachusetts and most of the way across New York so that Dad could attend Bible school. By that time, there were five children in the Arnold family; and nine months later, the Lord blessed our home with number six. It was some years after I had finished college, however, before Dad was ordained to the ministry. After their nest was empty, Dad sold his business and Mom and Dad spent a couple years doing missionary work in Jamaica. When they returned, Dad continued serving in churches wherever they lived until the Lord promoted him to higher service in April 1994.