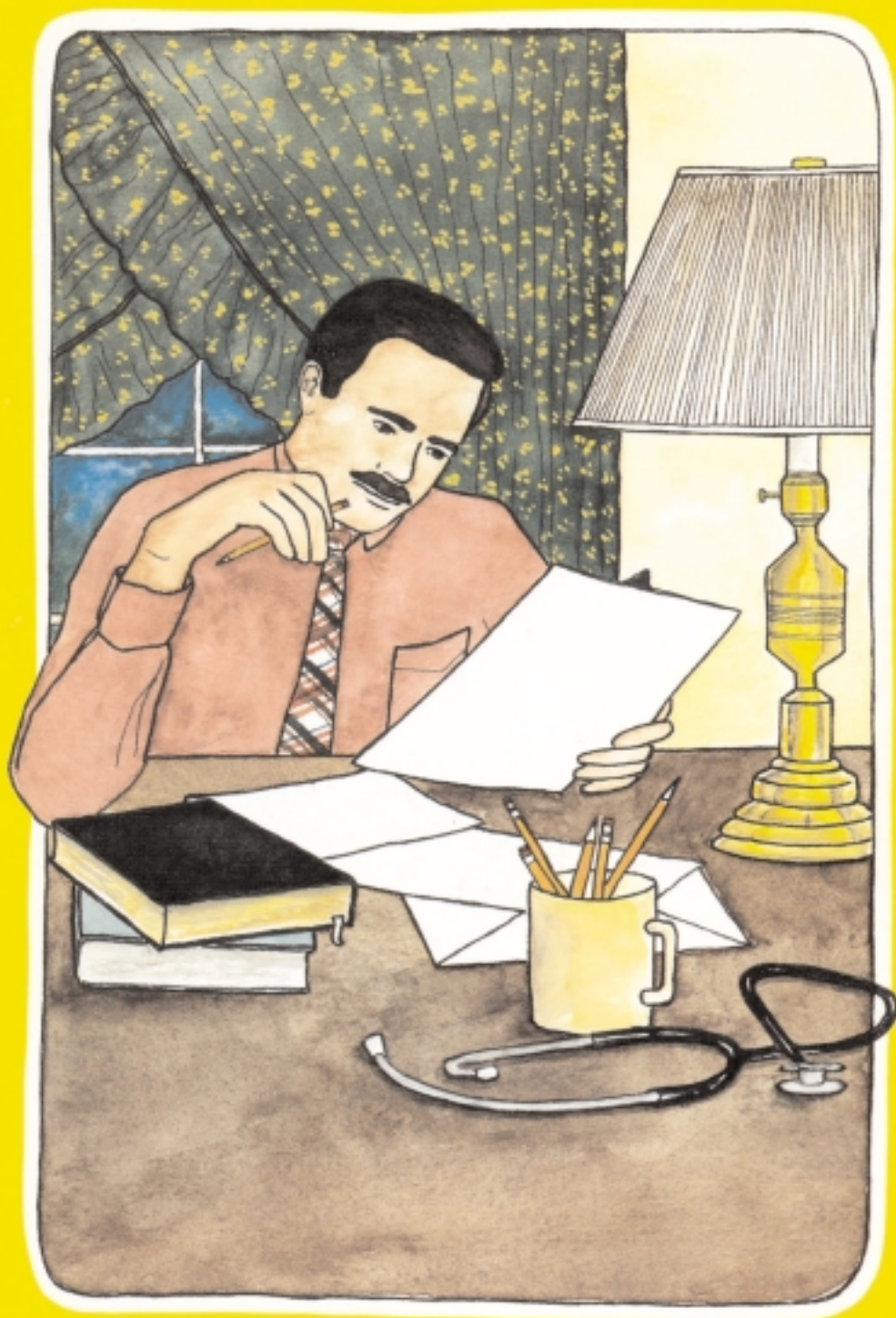


Dr. Harms, the Helper

A True Story



by Linda S. Chandler

Illustrated by Kathy V. Sealy

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A True Story

(This book tells the story of missionary
doctor David Harms through events in
his life that a young child
can understand.)

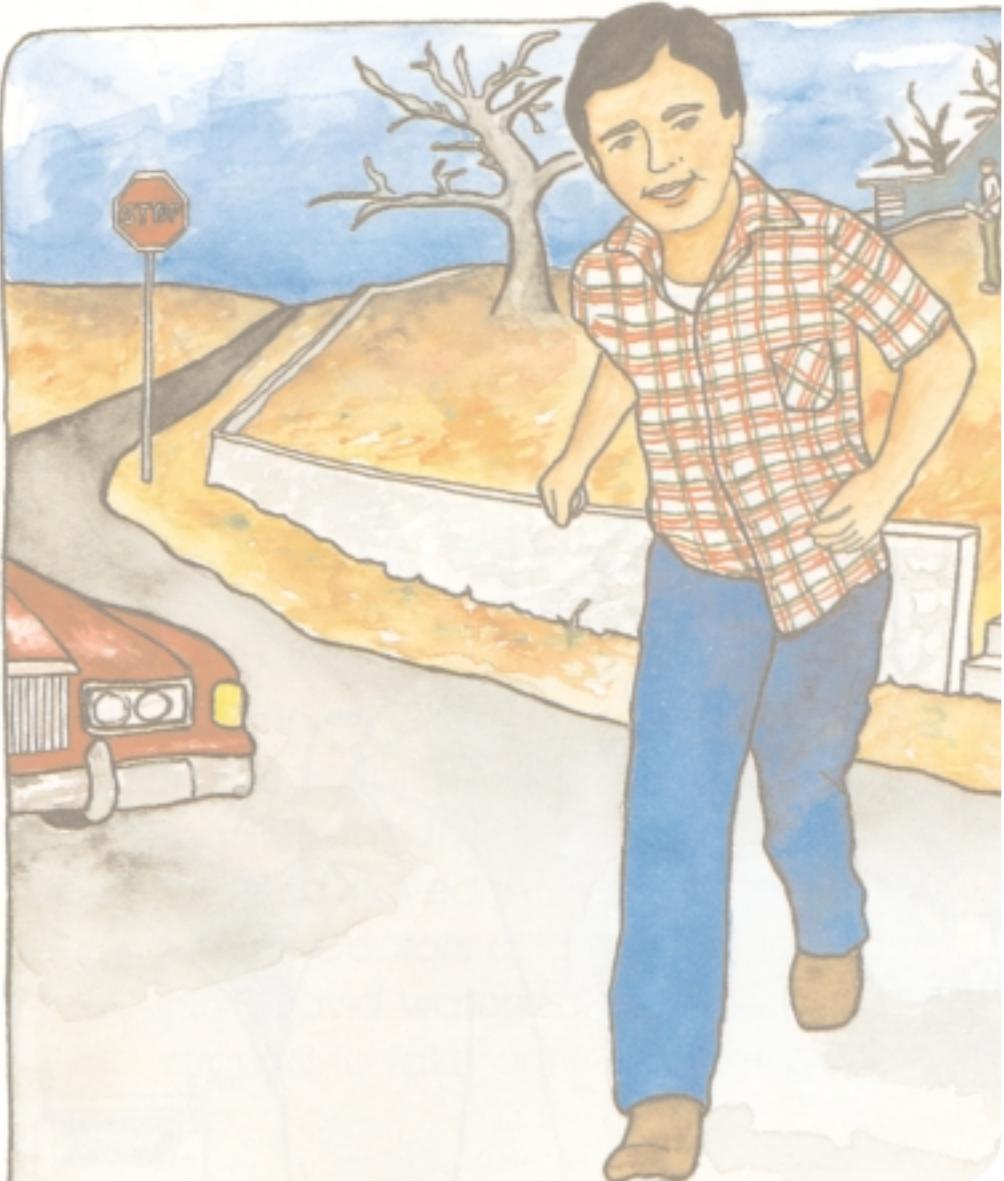
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“We’re going to Tony’s house,” brown-eyed David yelled to his dad. David hurried to cross the street with big brother John. The boys wanted to play in their friend’s yard.

“Look out, David,” screamed John.

Before David Harms could turn around, a car hit him.

David's dad ran to pick him up. He saw David was hurt. "We must get him to the hospital," Mr. Harms said to the man driving the car.

David stayed in the hospital for two weeks. Doctors and nurses took care of him. David watched them scurry around to take care of other people, too.



When David went home, he said to his mother, “Now I know why you like being a nurse so much. It is good to help people who are sick.”

His mother hugged him and said, “You are right, Son. There is a good feeling when you help someone who is ill.”



After that, David thought more and more about helping people. Sometimes people asked him, "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

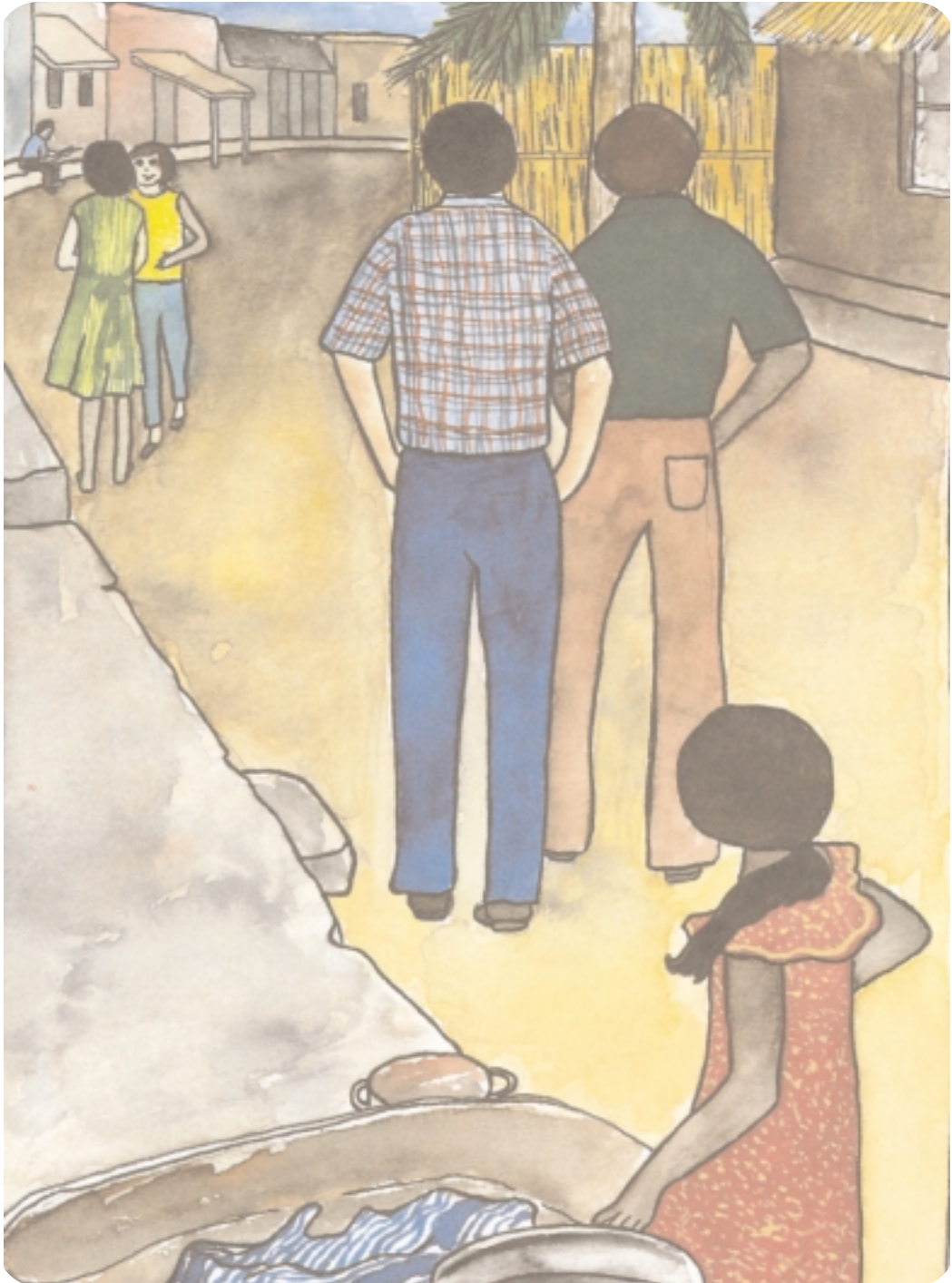
David always answered, "I don't really know, but I think I would like to help people who are sick."



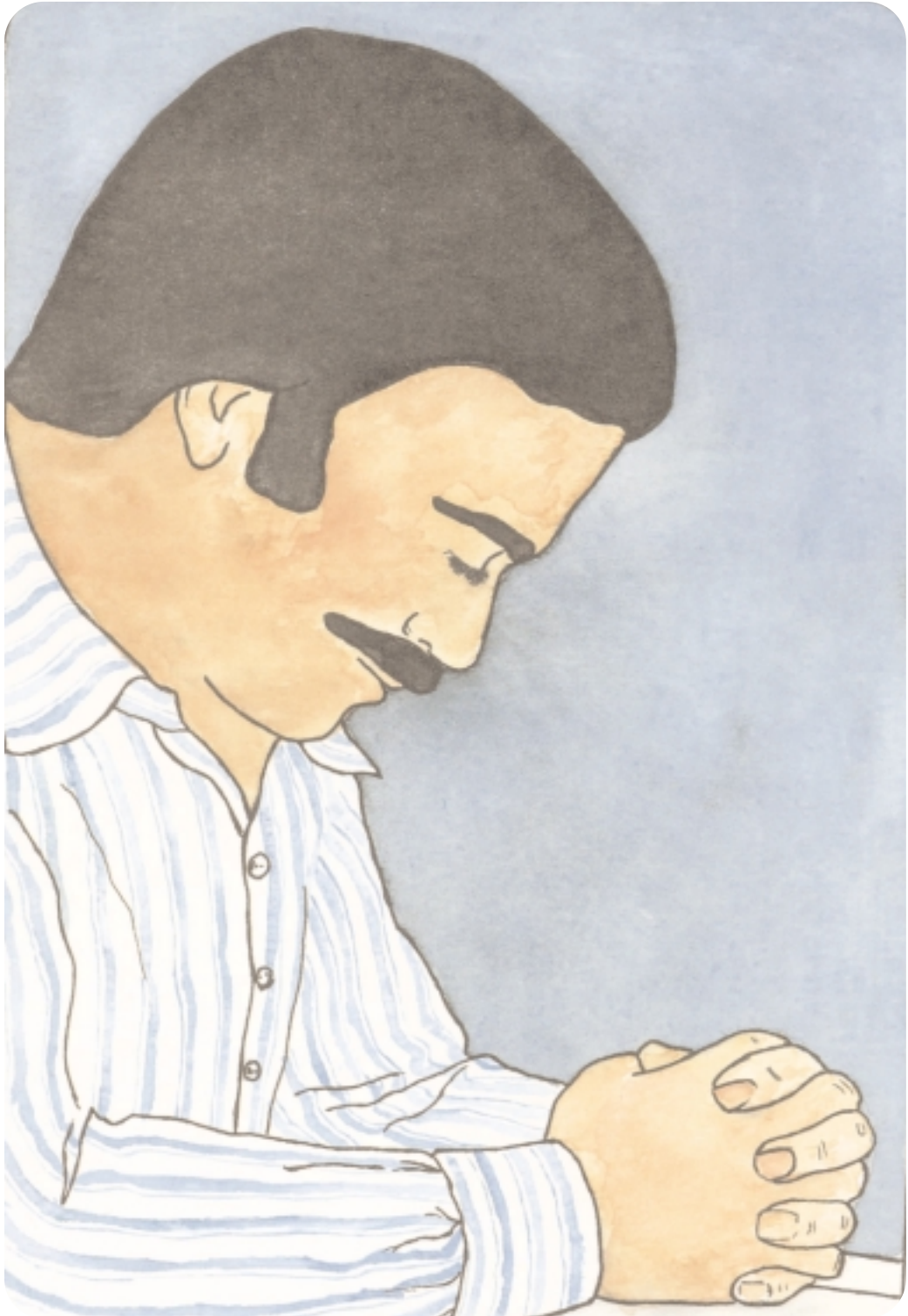
Years passed. David grew to be a young man. He joined the Navy when he was 18 years old. He worked in the Hospital Corps with the doctors and nurses.



During that time, he visited Mexico. He saw many poor people there who did not have doctors to help them. He felt sorry that many of the people did not have money to buy medicine. He told a friend, "I think I would like to come back here some day and help these people."



One night as David was praying, he felt that God wanted him to become a doctor. He said, "Help me, God, to study. I want to do what you want me to do."



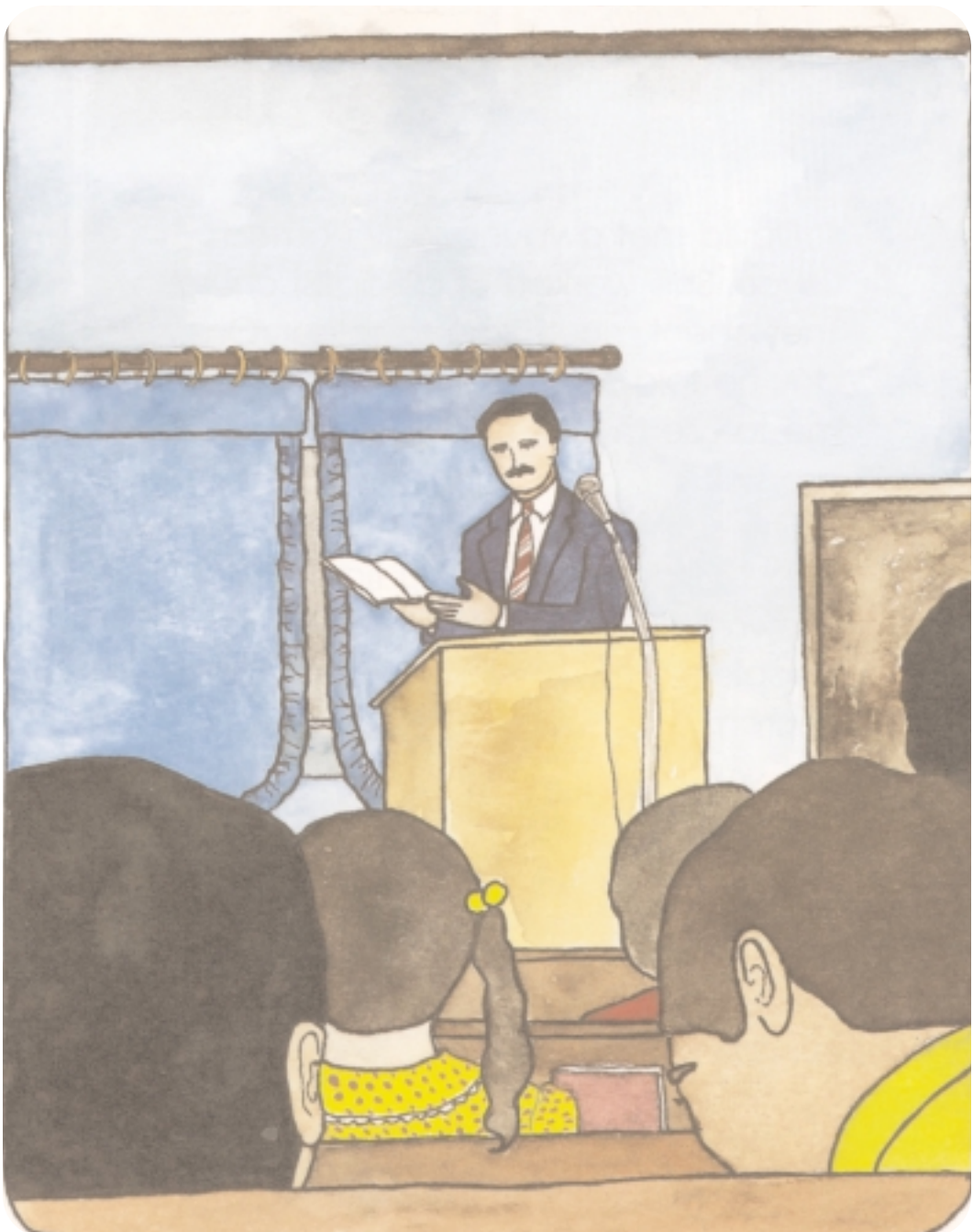
David met a young lady named Joyce, She worked at a Baptist church. They spent much time together. One day he told her, "I believe God wants me to use my life to help people who are sick."

She smiled and said, "That makes me happy, David. For a long time I have known that God wants me to help people. That's why I'm working at the church."

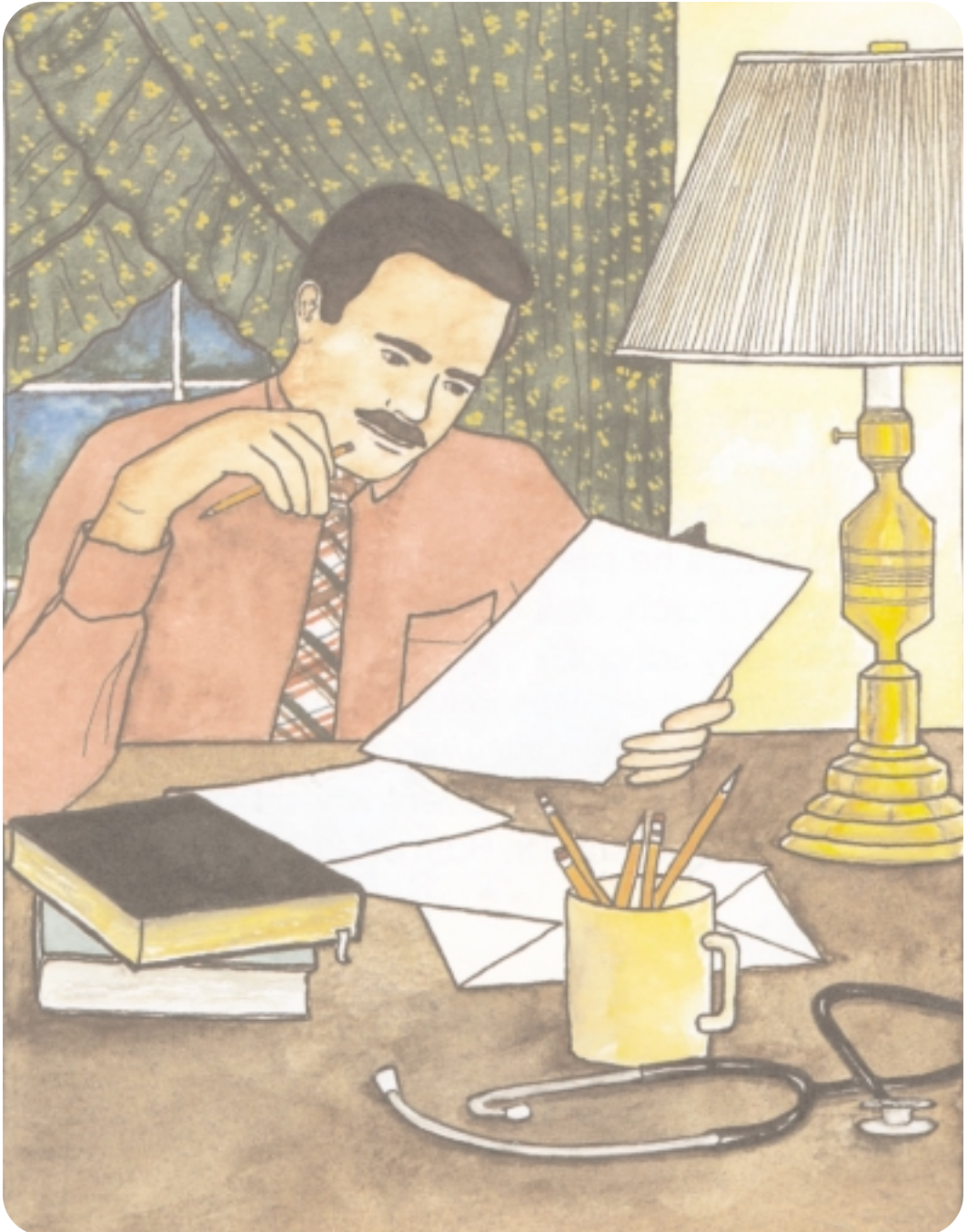


Later David and Joyce were married. They moved to Mexico. David studied to be a doctor in a school there. On Sundays he preached at a small mission church. Joyce taught children in Sunday School.

While they lived in Mexico, two sons, Mark and Michael, were born into their family. It was a big event when David finally became Dr. Harms.



Dr. Harms continued to feel that God wanted him to help people in a special way. He wrote a letter to a place in Virginia called the Foreign Mission Board. He told them: "I am a doctor. I want to be a missionary and tell people about Jesus. I want to help them when they are sick. I would like to go to Mexico, but I am willing to go anywhere."



Weeks went by. “David, David!” Mrs. Harms called, “Your letter is here.”

Someone from the Foreign Mission Board wrote to say: “Dear Dr. Harms: Thank you for your letter. We do know of a country that needs a doctor very badly. We think you and Joyce and your sons would enjoy this place. It is Honduras. They need your kind of help.”



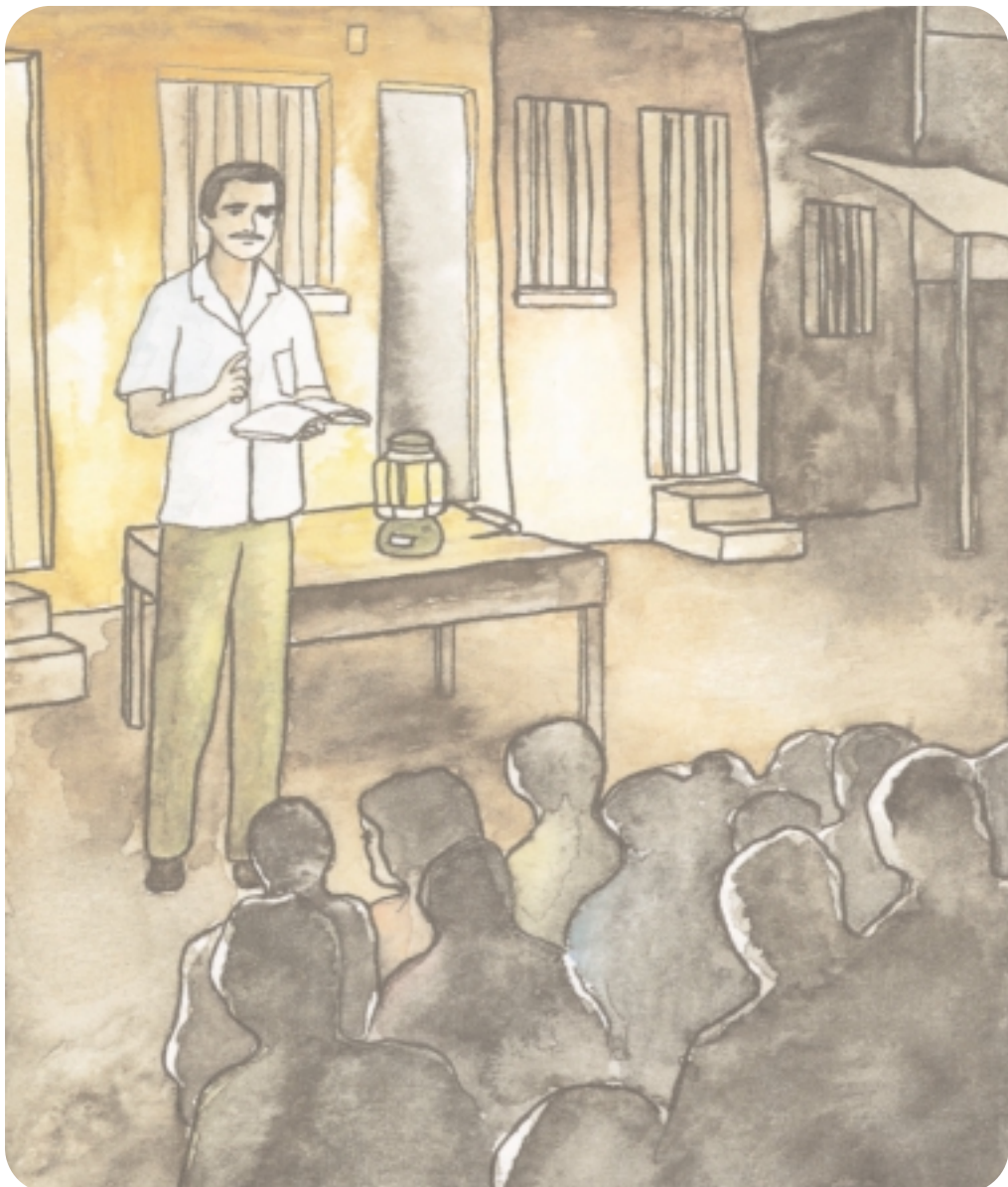
Dr. Harms and his family went to Honduras. Dr. Harms stayed busy because there was much work to do. Some days he got into a small plane and flew far out to a village. Then he rode a mule for hours up the mountainside to a smaller village. He took his black doctor's bag and equipment to set up a clinic.

The news spread fast, "A doctor is here! The missionary doctor is here!" People lined up right away. They were so glad to have a doctor come to their village.



Dr. Harms worked all day seeing the sick. At night, he gathered the people together. They sang songs and prayed. Dr. Harms stood, with the Bible in his hands, and said, “*Dios les ama* [DEE-ohs lace AH-mah] (God loves you). God wants you to be kind and helpful. He wants you to know about Jesus.”

When the service was over, Dr. Harms opened the clinic again and worked late into the night. “So many people here need a doctor,” he said. “I must see as many as possible.”



This kind of work has gone on for many years. Dr. Harms helps the people stay well, and he tells them about Jesus.

Dr. Harms also teaches students in a college in Honduras. His two sons are young men now. A third child, Davina, has been born to the family.



The people of Honduras love Dr. Harms. They come to listen to him teach. They come to him when they are sick. They talk to him when they have problems. Sometimes they come to him and ask, “Dr. Harms, will you pray with us?”



Today Dr. Harms says with a smile on his face, “God has given me a good life. I am glad I can be a missionary doctor and help others—in Honduras!”

