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walking take me three or four days/to go back to the place from which I had gotten my last water. And immediately all mp sleepiness left me; I felt really panicky for a minute or two. I thought, "Will I ever get out of here alive?" And then I thought, (this was back in 1943) "The Lord has given me a unique training in the background of the languages, the archaeology, 📝 the background of the Bible, He has given me a training that I believe He wants used for His ourposes, and I don't think I'm through with the use of it yet. So I felt quite sure the Lord still had a work for me to do, and I did not have another moment of panic, but I did have some extremely uncomfortable periods during the succeeding days. I got up. Everything I thought I could spare out of my mapsakk I put into a small package and hung it in a tree. And I don't know whether it is still there, but I imagine that it is. But I took what was absolutely essential left in the knapsack, and I walked on through the night. And when morning came, I looked downside, and there I could see the beginning of the light showing on the waters of the Colorado RIFEE river 3000 feet below me with tremendous cliffs in between which it was absolutely impossible to climb over. That was the nearest water, but of no use to me then. And there, according to my map, was a place where/a big pile of rocks had fallen down over the red wall, and I felt quite sure I could make it over the red wall. So, just as the sun came up over the sides and offnew of 5 become dehydrated too much I'd never get out, so I got in the shade soon as the sun went down over the other side I jumped up from the shade of the tree and made my way up to that place where this big pile of rocks was and climbed up and got to the top of the red wall. And when I got to the top of the red wall I waw that above it there was a little cliff, another straight?

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