

**Korea Seoul Mission
Personal Journal - Volume1
(OCR Transcribe Assisted)
Jeffry P Belnap**

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While in District, 7th Ward

Few Days on Mission Homel, then to 7th Ward

October 22, 1977 to November 20, 1977

(IN THE BINDER: THESE ARE JOURNAL ENTRY PAGES)

(ENHANCED WITH RELATED IMAGES)

Wake up fine this morning. Took a shower and finished packing by breakfast. After eating, gathered in a few more things I could find around the house and I was ready to go. The whole area was loud and wild this morning and partly vulgar as usual. Elder Hitchcock seemed to be really excited about something this morning. I think he was anxious to get on, just as I was (In my ignorance). I didn't realize how good I had it with Elder Ballard. I had a chance to talk with Kerry Ballard [1st comp] today too. He was at the mission home and will be until Thursday when he returns home with his group.

So about 9:00, [from 9th ward] Elder Swindlehurst helped me fetch, uh, a *YongDal* truck and I loaded up the drums and all and was off. The driver knew me from TV and the foreign music festival. I arrived in the tumult of a transfer day at the *PonBu*. Found a bed in the old "New Horizon" room. And set my things in.

I spent the day trying to help E. Ballard and Buchanan with the mission President's conference preparations. With 1/2 hour exception. When I messed up the progress of finishing the New Horizon tape (by sneaking a listen). Elder Buck wasn't too pleased. Some sounds good, some not.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

KOREA SEOUL MISSION

7 Chung Woon Dong
Chong Ro Ku, Seoul

Kwang Hwa Mun Box 210
Telephone: 73-3995

Dear Elder Jeffery Belnap

Will you please prepare to transfer as follows:

From: 9th Ward To: Mission Staff (Public Relations)

Date: October 22, 1977

Your new companion will be: Elder Jay Ballard and Elder Jeff Collins
Who will be serving as:

Your special instructions:

Zone Leader
Co-Zone Leader
District Leader
House Leader
* Senior Companion
Co-Senior Companion
Junior Companion
Other:

Travel arrangements: As arranged by the Assistants

If there are any problems concerning this transfer, please contact the Mission Home immediately. Without first notifying the Assistants, please do not change travel arrangements. Upon arrival in your new District of Area, please wait to be met by the Elders. If your transfer involves a move into a new city, or change to a different Ku or Dong within the same city, you are required to check out of the old city or Ku or Dong office before you leave and are required to check into the new city, Ku or Dong office within ten days of checking out of the old area. Any fines for lateness or failure to do this will be paid by you. Please keep your Residence Certificate up to date.

May the Lord bless you in your new assignment.

Sincerely your companion,

F. Ray Hawkins
F. Ray Hawkins
President

Anyway. Dinner was a treat. *Mashi-Enun* gravy over rice. I ate my fill. After a little gobble and talk, we spent the evening working on posters that go in the Seoul Plaza Hotel. To guide the mission presidents. This big event comes off Monday through Wednesday. This new job is strange too be for a while. I may be typing soon.

JPB

Page 284—Oct 23, 1977

This was one fine Sunday. I went to Sunday school with Elder Collins. And we attended the Gospel Doctrine class. It was a lot of fun. I didn't participate much only to mislead with a question on what position? Lord K Packer held in the Church. The 4th ward looks pretty good. Not over weighted with college age females. But there are a few. And they are lookers too! I knew a few from the institute at 9th Ward. At priesthood meeting, the lesson was given by a blind brother who used Braille notes. I guess it was good. I couldn't understand him too well.

I spent the afternoon looking at the files, reading public communications, handbooks and other information. We also colored in some posters saying "Mission President Conference. Orchid Room. [An arrow]". I don't think they were going to be used. Had fine spaghetti dinner. Since the new President Hawkins, [PonBu] Brethren do not work on Sunday. So Brother Seo doesn't cook. The elders fix it themselves. I helped Elder Ballard do the dishes after breakfast.

Sunday evening. Martin Smith asked me to go to third ward to Sacrament meeting. Elders Ballard [new comp] and Kerry Ballard, Farr were also there to say goodbye. It was a super meeting about missionary work--all done by the primary. I really like and miss Third Ward. I met a lot of people and missed those who were absent. I did see *Kim Hak Soo*. But his younger brothers and sisters, unusually, didn't come. (**Page 285**). It was also fun to visit with E. Barker (jerry), E. Nelson (Blake), and Simons - who are the Third Ward elders now. We all took the buses back to Forth ward. And to bed. JPB

October 24, 1977

Today was the beginning of the Mission President Seminar in Seoul, Korea. It was, I should say, it is now [other day] as I record this day. I was to be cast it out to an Elder's need as you, the reader shall learn in the following pages.

As I remember, we all met in President Hawkins office for the regular staff meeting, my first. We sing a song at an unusual level of volume. and knelt in prayer. After which each elder and sister presented related events they were to participate in that day. I just said, "Today I will be learning." I seem to be good at not committing myself to anything when I'm with President Hawkins. At least not in my conversation. After the meeting, Elder Buchanan, Stevens, and I with flowers, took the truck and took them to the hotels. And two trips. The first trip we left B&C elders at the Seoul Plaza. In the second trip, we brought some sisters with us to help put the stuff in each room of our guests. Then E, Ballard and I, when we

weren't running endlessly between hotels, checked out the rooms and the Chosen hotel for our guests. It was a good thing too, because we had to run and find the maids to make up the rooms before they went to lunch. We were lucky to have the sisters to help to get the first rooms ready, just barely before first arrivals. Then the guests eventually all came and we helped with their luggage. (**Page 286**). I made one big mistake though. President Deauger taught me the lesson of always being with your companion. I had, as the others, gone up alone with President Deauger's luggage, and when I delivered, he said, "Thanks," and in his way said, "I need a companion to go down. I'm a missionary, you know." In his [accent], he never scolded me, just taught on the way down in the elevator, he told me. "This is the biggest seminar in the church, you know. 25 mission presidents and general authorities and their wives." I was taught. After we sent those who wanted off to shop and I had met Alan Heath's mission president, we went to tend a baby while the sister straightened up a flower problem. They put a vase in 1625 instead of 1925. We had a little fun with the baby. E. Ballard fed her an apple piece she choked on. They spit it up on the bed and we fixed everything. Then we went and saw the Plaza Hotel room (I would have slept in Wednesday night- [but I was unknowing yet), to be in 7th Ward. We spent the evening in the room while the guests had a testimony meeting in the Seoul Plaza Orchid room. We were emergency posts, I guess, that was a comfortable place. We saw and spoke with President Thomas S. Monson as we left that night. He was walking and thinking in the lobby. He gives me the American West impression --big man --someday may be the prophet. I was impressed, he was out walking and thinking. Good day. JPB

Page 287--Oct 25, 1977

I woke up this morning about 6:30 and headed to the shower. Someone gave me the word Elder Ballard left with Elder Jenkin. So, I called them down at the office to catch them on the way out. Elder Ballard said, "You weren't up, so I had to take Elder Jenkins and go." I doubt there was anything so urgent. At breakfast, Elder Akki asked me to spend the day with Elder Kevin Coleman. Jim Jones is kind of sick in the hospital, so a Coleman needed to cover his promises. I used the morning to write a letter home and catch up the journal a bit.

E. Coleman came and we rode the buses out to 7th Ward and played some tabletop football. Then his promise came at about 11:45 AM and we taught an "E" discussion. It was a good promise. He also challenged her to baptism and she accepted. I felt as though she was so willing to accept she'd do anything we asked her. So be a fine member. Afterwards we came to 7th Ward *Ha Sook* and picked up a pack for E. Jones. Then we went to Chong No Ku Ch'eong to check me in. The pretty girl at the desk wasn't so kind until we returned

from getting *Chin-Ji* she sent us for. I told her I wouldn't give the stamp till she smiled. She blushed –Victory!



Elder Kevin Coleman

A stop at the mission home and I got some clothes for the night. We took a taxi to see E. Jones in the hospital and talked. He said he felt fine though. Then to 7th ward Hasook dinner and back to church. We taught 2 little kids with their older (a member) sister. I think they will be baptized Saturday. Sister as guardian. Then two high school girls. 1 member, 19, who looks 15. The other not so bright. It made for a late night. I slept in the great blanket. JPB

Page 288—Oct 26, 1977

I woke up this morning in a different bed. We took a walk in the dark to the *MokYogTang* and started the day. I like Ye Olde bathhouse. So open the day and read from the Book of Mormon (150 pages behind where I was). E. Chad Jones, Zone Leader and E. Lott were in this 7th Ward Hasook. They eat American food -- not bad. There is also some 17 year old maid here -- typical to Korean homes. We studied awhile this morning and then went out to see E. Jim Jones and the Mission home.



Elders Coleman, Bruce Lott, Chad Jones

We got back to the church 15 minutes late for a promise with high school girls - the same 19 year old last night brought a second friend that was studying. *Cha* ____ Sister. She's a cutie. Pretty eyes. E. Coleman is an interesting person. He is pushy to these kids to get their parents. And uh-boisterous (if that's a word) type guy. Outspoken, if you will. Sometimes he reminds me of me and others he is quite unique and blunt and loud. He is cool. He's a good man to E. Jones in the hospital. Constantly calling and checking on him. This is a fun experience.

Tonight we visited a Chinese family (Mandarin) that lives born and raised in Korea. They speak Korean as well as Chinese. Their parents were not at home, but the kids all were and

their Korean made --more like a sister. E. Coleman's uncle at USU in Logan came in contact with this family's older daughter, Eileen, when he was looking for a Korean. I've been told she is beautiful too, just like her sisters and mom. So the uncle has E. Coleman search the Family out. I don't know how they will take the gospel. They have Buddhist reactions at present. The girls were fascinated with the "first" discussion last night, but they have questions and doubts. (**Page 289**) At the end of our discussion, Elder Coleman brought out his tape recorder and recorded the post-meet proceedings. He's going to send the tape to his uncle, and Eileen will be able to hear it too. All the kids took a turn speaking in Chinese to their sister. They went on laughing and I was a bit wondered as to what they may have said about us. I was almost speechless and taken back by the explosiveness of E Coleman. He was right in there. Talking. Joking. Translating for his uncle. In my speechlessness, the group got the idea I was *OmSukHaDa* (Serious). I was dismantled. Then I put myself out by taking a picture of E. Coleman with the kids. Of course they invited me back, but probably according to Oriental custom to save my *KeeBoon* (mood). It was a very interesting night. We rode a lot of buses today.

On the way home I met who I think is an English Spaz. But he expressed interest in the church and I think it was more in me. Because this is a typical case, I asked him if he'd ever heard of the church and he said no. And if that is true, without any questions concerning the Church, only me. When he asked how he can meet me at church and almost establish him as an English seeker. Of course. As always, he has possibilities. When we got off the bus. Some drunk guy was with Elder Coleman. We said, *SheGan Oep-Seo-seo Kaya DeYo* (Out of time, We have to go). Went the wrong way till the drunk split. Then we headed back and the other guy caught us again and wanted to buy his coffee. We told him to call in the morning, which he did. Some jerk - it appears. So, I finish this record. Starting to review the "F" discussion. JPB

Page 290—Oct 29, 1977

Well, it's Saturday and I just haven't had a chance to write. I am still at 7th Ward in the place of E Jim Jones, who seems to be quite ill with maybe an ulcer. We stop in on him about every day. Friday we gave him a blessing. Every time we see him, he says I'm getting out of here. I think he is staying in the very same room Elder Dan Nelson was in. So to recap the past three days as much as I can remember with all the promises with girls and their friends. Thursday morning I reviewed the F discussion. Preparing for a promise at 12:30 with a lady who seems to be. Uh, studying well. A college student. Shy type that looks like she could. Break out behind the glasses and simple clothes into a fox. It's like a movie anyway, so the story is in most cases among the investigators here. At 2:00 we met with the

cutest of them all. Part of the discussion. I've had plenty of those this week. And the Hangbook at Chugu Movie. After the house. After the. With eyes, I learned more about her. What of all these girls after dinner? Elder Law and I spent the time studying. Or journal Ketchup. While the other two dudes, Elder Chad Jones and Kevin Coleman did a baptism interview with the 2 little kids who were baptized today. Saturday. Then the, then the Coleman and I dropped in on. I'm Sang Doll, my former investigator from 9th Ward. That I referred to 7th Ward. We had a very casual talk while beating each other. With rolled up newspaper attempting to kill flies. The ***** were all over. Then we took for home, ever cautious of the night. Butterflies. Along the road. A Coleman played his regular role. Page 291. On the bus by speaking English to the bus girl.

Friday we went first thing to see E. Jones at the hospital. And then to the mission home. Most of all, that time was on the bus where I was half asleep. Trying to keep sitting straight. Our afternoon we had two promises. The first with two little junior high girls, 1 is a member referring her friend. The other promise was a lady that seems smart, nice and a well cared for. I understand her husband treats her very well, but he doesn't want anything to do with religion. I guess he was angered by some Jehovah Witnesses. It looks like a challenge, but I hope the fine family can pull through. We got a phone call at dinner time from the health sisters asking us to go bless Elder Jones. The four of us went in a taxi to see him. I anointed in alcohol and blessed him. We returned by bus. Obviously we didn't stay at the hospital long. And went to a member of 7th ward. Sister Joe. Who is a fine pianist and her little sister who referred a friend to us this day. Gave us pizza. A few small pieces. Parent for a tedge up. They are fairly well to do. Sister Joe. Had some questions about her school teacher who continually lies about the Mormon church. Elder Coleman encouraged her to stand up a little more and defend herself. I guess this will become more and more of a problem. As the second coming draws nearer.

아마 여기는 다시 한국말로 글쓸시간이 나는가 보다 요사이 제가 고일규 장도님과 다니고 있어요.

Ama yeogineun dasi Hangungmallo geulsseul sigani naneunga boda. Yosai juga Go Il-gyu jangdonimgwa danigo isseoyo.

Perhaps here it seems I have time to write in Korean again. These days I am going around with Elder/Leader Go Il-gyu JPB

Page 292—Oct 29...

Today, Saturday, we discussed Jacob 5, Zeno's allegory on "The tame olive tree" till 11:30 AM. It was good. We figured out a lot of things. At first I was alone in ideas I had on verse 54. But I won out by eventually selling my idea. I didn't announce it, but I can write it in my selfish, proud journal, can't I? We took to Second Ward about noon to get some Baptism

clothes for *Oh Bok Hee* and *Oh Oon Geun* - two little kids that'll be baptized today. We met Charlie who gave us a hassle about the suits and told us how we must talk to Bishop, not use second word stuff, pay for the cleaning. We bus back to the church to meet the kids and did. Then we waited for their sister while playing piano. The other two elders came, and we, who knew the way the 6th Ward, split with a group into two taxis. We all arrived.

The kids either giggled or blew bubbles during their baptism. The goof-offs. It was fun. Then we two missionaries, two kids, their sister and friend (I partly knew from *Shin Hak Yun Goo Weon* went to visit E. Jim Jones. At first, all the good group just stared at him, then after a picture everyone on the bed they started to talk. The one girl took Elder Jone's hand to get it warm and gave him a finger massage. We kidded him about it. He looked a little better than the day before. Finally, we all left.

We come home for a Korean dinner, some talk and then a 9 PM promise with a girl from the supermarket in the basement of the same building the church is in. It went good. We gave her a Book of Mormon with the personal testimony. She wanted a pen pal. JPB

Page 293—Oct 30, 1977

The day isn't over but I have half hour till dinner. I've just been catching the journal up anyway. So today I attended 7th Ward Sunday School, the stake president and the famous Brother *Cho* - the grandfather in "Man's Search for Happiness (Korean)" looks like a good ward. We met on the second floor of some building. After the morning meetings, we walked to the 7th Ward church site. I eventually remembered there used to be a house where all the dirt and gross cement post now stand. We met the stake president, who stuck his finger in my face and asked. "What the lump in my cheek was." [Cyst that grew-had it full mission]. So the worst thing is that I had to explain to everyone my history of zits. Then back to the House to catch up on this journal. After Sacrament. I'll add some more.

솔직히 말해서 성찬식을 마친 후에는 이것이 있기에 쓸수있는 시간이 없겠습니다. 그렇기 때문에 나는 이제 좀더 한국 말을 글씨 연습하면서 배우는 거야! 일년동안 결코 이만큼 쓴 것이 없었습니다. 나는 이런 것을 많이 했다면 본바와같이 잘못하지 않았을텐데요. 나의 문법은 아직도 굉장히 부족해요. 철자도 엉터리인 것 같아요! 하여튼 어떠한 친구는 나의 한국말을 볼때 감동이 있겠지요! 그렇습니다. 나의 글씨는 배우는 입기 때문에 많이더 연습해야 할 것 같습니다. 특별히 자음들가운데 잘못 넣는 겁니다. 또한 나의 문장은 이해가 안될 것 같은 때 어떻게 할까? 그럼 조금 있으면 끝나야 돼요. 다시 만날 때 안녕!

("Honestly speaking, after sacrament meeting there does not seem to be any time to rest. Therefore now I am learning Korean by practicing writing it. During one year I have never

written this much. If I had done this sort of thing more, as you can see, I would not have made so many mistakes. My grammar is still very lacking. My spelling also seems terrible! Anyway, perhaps some friend will be impressed when seeing my Korean. That's right. Because I am learning to write, it seems I need much more practice. Especially I make mistakes among the consonants. Also, what should I do when my sentences seem as though they cannot be understood? Well, in a little while I must finish. Until we meet again, goodbye!")

We were crazy on the way home. Hop from 1 bus to another. Tomorrow's P Day. Some week. Hey, Maria. KPB

Page 294—Oct 31, 1977

Well, I got up this morning about 7:30 AM. We didn't bath, but I laid there till dinner (or breakfast). Came in it was just exactly what I never want to eat again. Pancakes. Syrup etc. We ate and I put on green UnDongBok (sweats) of Elder Coleman and his shoes. And we were off to the Second Ward basketball court. We were going to get a taxi but E. Coleman called over a minibus which took us to *Seoul Yok- MaRia*! Then we did catch a taxi to the court where we found 100,000 guys already playing. After a moment we were able to play anyway. I sure was lousy today. I missed 5 or 8 or more layups- *MaRia* [TellinYa] About 12:30 we were all dead. I really enjoyed the bathhouse today in the Steam, Hot *Tang* and cold shower and fixing my blister on the bottom of my foot. We went to the mission home to get



some clothes and so E. Coleman could ask about Elder Jim Jones situation. He may be serious enough to send home. I hope he can recover. I also saw E. Ballard, who was finishing the New Horizon tape --by order of President Hawkins, who wants the thing done and out of the way.

Dinner was with two other visiting elderly friends of the Ajima here [7th ward]. We went to the church to find out the girl can't come till school is out and we played table football. Then we had a family night with the *Oh* family --parents of the two little kids who were baptized last week. It was good. We played cat and mouse. And the little girl played some KaiYaKum for us a bit. I'm a beat Belnap tonight. **Chal ChaGesumnida**. Sleep well. JPB

Page 295—November 1, 1977

This was some Tuesday. No bath. And I feel like yuck. We ate a small bread breakfast and got ready to go. We left and headed into the city to the *Nai-Ja* Hotel according to the plans I made on the phone last night with Jacque Wood and Margie Christiansen --who are in Korea on a USO tour. We went to the wrong hotel first. The New *Nia-Ja* where 311 room didn't exist. We came out and ran into Eugene Jaleznik--Famous talent scout from home state. He asked if I was Belnap and escorted us to the hotel, getting us by the military guards. Big secret move-*MaRia*! And then he left us. E. Coleman called up on the phone, "Are you ready? OK, come on down then." We went into the somewhat lobby and sat waiting.

Then Jacque stepped down, followed shortly by Margie. I shook each of their hands. Jacques's hair was all up like Farrah Fawcett, right, and she had on more makeup than I remember she usually [wore]. Margie looked the same. [Both] beautiful. E. Coleman said, *Mid-Eul-Soo-Op-Da* (I can't believe it). We sat down and talked for a few minutes about what they're doing. If they're safe from danger. How about sightseeing and shopping etc. Then they needed to get ready for some appointment with a Mr. Kim from a TV station who was taking them to lunch. They said they had eaten at a real expensive place before. Than E. Coleman suggested they go visit Elder Jim Jones in the hospital, "YES." So they set tomorrow at 9:00 AM we will meet again. We walked away from the hotel--out of our heads, joking about our hearts jumping and..(**Page296**) our restored belief in American girls. Almost too much.

Then we went to see E. Jim Jones at the hospital he was on an IV when we came in. He excused himself from eating in front of us. We took some of his dirty clothes and promised him a surprise for tomorrow. We came back to the church and taught a poorly prepared "F" discussion to *Park__Sister* (glasses and simple clothes). We came in for dinner and were told E. Jones called and said he will be going to America Thursday for his operation. Also E. Perry was on the phone calling to find out how to get here as President Hawkins and the Assistants could come. They did.



Elder Lott and I went to the church to wait a possible promise and stand outside selling Books of Mormon. They came, all of them, to the church to find us. President Hawkins spoke to each of us very briefly. He asked me to stay in 7th Ward till the new missionaries come in November, about 3 weeks. So I'll be moving down here I guess. We also need to put E. Jones stuff packed--some for home and the rest to keep at the mission home. He will return hopefully. For evening activity. We called E. Jim Jones again, verified our

promise for the morrow, and asked what he needed. We went out to various markets to find him a nice blanket for his mom and called him twice more to check it. It was \$30. How is that for another typical day in the life of your missionary? *Jeffry Paul Belnap.*

Page 297—Nov 2, 1077

Oh my, what a day. We left after breakfast on bus to the *Nai-ja* Hotel to meet Jacque and Margie. They were just lovely. Still unbelievable. Mr. Eugene Gleznik told us to have them back by 0:30 AM to meet their schedules (We didn't get back till 11).

We grabbed the taxi and ran 가위! 바위! 보! (*Gawi! Bawi! Bo!*)=scissors, rock, paper game to see who rode in the back seat. (Bad. I won, he lost, so *he* had to ride in back – he he). We headed out just talking about nothing and about our



Jacque, E. Belnap, Margie

challenges in the language. The driver was flabbergasted, he said too they were pretty. When we get to the hospital, we took some pictures on the wall with the city in the background. Each of us had a turn with us in the picture. Then we went up to see Elder Jones. *It cured him and he's back out proselyting.*

Actually. He did perk up, but he leaves tomorrow for America. The two sing a song and we left for a bus ride-in pictures riding the

bus. They could not stand up. They were slipping, falling, bumping all over. The whole bus load of Koreans didn't know what to think--the actions and bubble of these two American girls. We got off halfway home and hurried in a taxi.

We helped with a few of their packages they had prepared to get home (I might still be there [on base] making privileges to get some stuff home). Said goodbye and all and left. Some experience. As we were leaving, Jacque asked in if our mission president knew we met



them. We said, "Well, a, no, of course... not!" E. Coleman is crazy. He is some mover. So another for the books.

(Page 298). We went up to the mission home next to get my supplies to move into 7th ward. I also got my drums and trophy since I might be able to mail them. We stopped at *ChongNo* to get my drum covers [for barrels] and then home. We then proceeded to pack. E Jones things. The real fun came when we tried to put the big fat blanket into the suitcase. Folded natural it was three times the suitcase. Pushing, pulling, stuffing, inching we got it in. The suitcase looks like this. "(||) !" It was magnificent. We just hope Customs doesn't open it.

Then we hurried to a promise with "Eyes" (Sister *Choi*) and member friend, *Joo Mee Ja*. It was a mixed up "E" discussion. Several questions about unrelated topics. After dinner, I packed [moved] in. And E. Coleman worked on some tapes to send home. The assistants called and planned to come over for James Jones luggage. When they did get there, E. Perry exclaimed, "How different our room looked." We explained the packing and moving as the reason. I got them to take the fans back to the mission home as they were leaving. "We'll get this place back into shape." We were up late and talk, writing in this journal and having hot chocolate. It is starting to Winter and get cold. I don't like the idea of winter.

Would you say I was trunky? It was fun to meet the old friends and all. 'restored my faith in American girls.' I got some pictures. I'm still wondering how or what to do about cameras. Christmas is coming. Money is a never ending problem, and above all my worries, I still have zits! JPB

Page 299—Nov 3, 1977

Today could have been a regular day. But it wasn't. We had a regular morning of study or whatever and left for errands at 10:30 AM. We went to fix E. Jones tape recorder at an appliance store, and did. It cost about \$3. I looked in a camera catalog during that time thinking some more about what to do. I can get a camera for about \$60.00 more than regular price in Korea. We went to the church to look at the area map, and while there, a girl walked in and wanted to know about the church. We taught a first discussion and she seemed interested. She asked if she could meet again with her friends too. We said fine and she said she would call. After she left, we went out to find an address. It took the whole afternoon and when we found it, it was only a few meters away from where we got off the bus. We had gone over the whole hill looking for it. Then the guy wasn't there, so we said, "Call us." Then for dinner, it was donuts and ramen. We began discussing our food situation. That evening, after listening to a tape of E. Coleman on "gravitating" we went out to first time. The tape really didn't set the mood. We went to a man's home who gave us a

few minutes and coffee (we had to turn down). We also met another man who said, "I could say good or bad, but I can't go out. So what?" Then some drunk took us to his home and we talked for a while. He said he was "atheist" and wanted to know why all the churches were blowing it. We sold a Book of Mormon. He invited us back. We said, "Call us." JPB

Page 300—Nov 4, 1977

Late last night, Jacque Wood called and said she couldn't mail OUR packages for us. So we didn't take them [to her] this morning. After scripture study and breakfast, we had an area meeting about food and other things. We talked for a while and figured out very little. Then we had our personal interviews. Elder Lott sat me down and put down some fairly heavy goals. I'm not so sure about them. But it gives me another month to pass off the final.

We went to the post office and then to the church to teach an "H" discussion. Sister *Park Eun Sook*, who is the college student behind the glasses. It was fair to good promise. We went out to *HwaGok* area to visit sister *Shin Hyung Deok*, another investigator who was in the hospital from hurting her hand. She had it all bandaged up. We talked about things and about her study. We gave her a Book of Mormon to read and a chart to mark. Then before leaving, we gave her a blessing. I anointed and E. Coleman sealed and blessed. Then we headed home, stopping in a camera store to price and fix his lens.

Dinner was *fire meatm*, but I don't know how good it was.

(Nov 5) E. Lott is sick this morning. We had an evening promise with *Choi Yung Ok*. "eyes" on an "E" discussion--it lasted a long time because of several impertinent questions. "What about polygamy today? Is the celestial Kingdom on the sun? Do believe in evolution?" Oh, bugs!. These high school girls. What a trip. We laughed too much.

I have been gifted with a sore throat tonight and this morning I'm about to sweat it out in the electric blanket. Now that I'm caught up. Here. JPB.

Page 301—Nov 7, 1977

I've had a good reason not to write these past two days. I haven't done anything. Friday night I started up with a sore throat and by Saturday I had a full-fledged cold. Elder Lott, who had got sick that night too, and me, stayed in the house 2 days straight. I slept lousy both nights and merely laid in bed and groaned during the day. At one stretch of time we did some discussion studies trying to fix mistakes in "Translation." I also read "Truth Restored" by Gordon Hinckley while I was down.

While I was out [sick], E. Coleman and Jones visited sister *Shin hyung deok* in the hospital and taught an “E” discussion. It was fast Sunday, too. But our fast wasn't even noticed being sick. Today, **Monday**, we eventually went to the Barber (Elder Lott and me). And the bathhouse. Then returned and I went to bed until 1:30 PM. Then I dressed and went to the mission home with E. Coleman. I got my gamma shot, a “Tine” test, and one letter -- a wedding announcement from Barbara Savage (Who was in my ASU music theory class). She was waiting for her missionary when I'm met her, and I made her promise to send a wedding announcement. That means both girls [I knew] in that class are married now. I wrote a letter to Steve Heath today and wow, it seems like forever since I've heard from anybody. In the past year I have received two letters from Van Pilk and two from Rampton. About five from Dickson and others. No one loves me. I wonder about all those ASU buds too. JPB.

Page 302—Nov 9, 1977

Whose day we stayed in so I could rest up and catch my health. But we did go to the bathhouse for one or two hours before an afternoon promise with *Park Eun Seong*, who is finished through “I” discussions. I doubt I would have slept in so much, but **Monday** night I went out in the rain to visit the Chinese family, *Yyun Jin Gee*. We met the dad and the kids were there too. Did a second discussion. I can't help but get the feeling they are using us as entertainment as they discuss back and forth in Chinese. E. Coleman is nothing but excited about them.

Well, **Tuesday** after the promise, we came home. After dinner the other elders left and we watched fake wrestling off Korean TV. Played with the kids in the family. I went to bed and slept a good one.

Wednesday. Got up for study and breakfast, then bathed and we proselyted. This afternoon we stood in front of the church with a table and pamphlets like the other elders have done. Sold a few “Restored Truth” books and talked to just a few people. Made one promise for tomorrow night. We first timed the doors. I had to borrow E. Chad Jones overcoat --it is already winter. Yuck. We got in one place for 10 minutes -- approached with the Book of Mormon and that's it. The dogs were there, barking as usual.

We came in. Oh, there was a short town blackout during which we talked to a man in a tea room by candle light, you know. I don't know about this cold weather. JPB

Page 303-Nov 10, 1977

The other two elders went to the mission home for their Zone Leaders workshop. Those are such fine meetings. Just made it this morning. We started at 7:30 AM. The day was Elder Coleman's turn to be sick. I got some review on the "F" discussion, and we did go out at 10:00 to an unfulfilled promise. We waited a while and then came *Oh Bok Hee*, with her letter written to Elder Coleman's younger sister. Elder *Ko* translated it and packaged it up already to mail. And the three of us walked to the post office and mailed it. Then we returned home. I bought some ramyeon on the way.

E. Coleman went to bed. I ate ra-myun and studied the "F" Discussion. At 2:30 we left for our afternoon promise with Sister *Choi* ("eyes"). It was typical of the past. I taught the first 3 concepts and we showed a film, since E. Coleman and wasn't feeling right perk. *Choo Mi Ja* sister (19, friend to Choi) was there as usual with the irrelevant questions. Some day.

After bread burger dinner, I spent my evening in *Myeong Do* Book 2. Only one break for my letters our zone leaders brought home. I received the most of my life. 2 postcards and 3 letters. I got a card from Dave Turner in Denmark. I was happily surprised. Mom's letter announced **Kim Aragon's** engagement to Dave Stewart, newly returned "Spanish" speaking missionary. *Chook-Ah Hae Yo* (congrats) is all I can say.

Elder Bruce Lott and his incredible diligence has been sitting in my mind and my past. Has sunk into my heart a bit. I need reason and a lot of repentance. I'm embarrassed to write home these days. Nothing to report. I'm gonna make it. JPB

Page 304—Nov 12, 1977

Guess who got sick Friday? E. Colman started being sick Thursday with diarrhea and we stayed in all day Friday. I studied the "F" discussion and some *MyunDo* Book 2. I also read from the Church News and Ensign magazine. I never dressed Friday either. This is some month for proselyting. It has been just like the last weeks I had in 9th ward.

During the day Friday, I got a phone call, or rather, took the phone call which was a wrong number. After finally establishing she had called wrong, I spoke about us and said we were foreign missionaries. I told her how to get to church and told her to ask for me at Sunday school. *Big proselyting* for Friday. We also got a phone call from an investigator that moved and was re-establishing contact.

Good Saturday. We hit the streets, but first after one hour review, I passed off the "F" discussion to Elder Lott. Since passing off the "E"- it has been 11 months. Really moving here. I'm going to ZAP all these babes now. We went to visit some old investigator of Elder

Leopard, but on the way we stopped to hit a few balls at *YaGuk YunAup Jang*. The guy we met reminded me of *Ko Seung Hyun* because he was an English institute owner doing favors for American missionaries and pretending he wanted to study. Even tried to impress us with a list of his important friends. We sure had a good lunch though.

Knocked doors the rest of the afternoon. One door (**Page 305**) in particular, was a rough one. We asked for the man and he came out with a few laughing spectators around. It seemed we imposed on some kind of party. They said they always get together on Saturdays with their relatives. We didn't have any trouble until we tried to identify ourselves. As soon as they finally figured out we weren't all the other goonie churches, they decided we were heretic. We then were forced to defense. I showed them the family sticker and I asked how this could be a heretic. Several of the party went back to another room and finished eating. I ended up talking to one young man. I left him a "Which church is right" [pamphlet] and said we only want to meet those with interest. It was not fun. I left somewhat angered.

After dinner, the four of us went to the church for the Mormon Night of the Aaronic Priesthood and Young Women. It was a Fine Arts evening. *Oh Bok Hee* played the *KaiYaGum*. It was a typical home grown concert. Then E. Coleman and I showed a film to a girl who came visiting tonight. It was not a successful promise. And all three girls live in different areas other than Seventh Ward. We went home and had "Sugar/Corn in milk."

Winter is upon us. One week more and I'm back to the mission home. During this week I need to study and work. I need to be reborn before I get up there. It will be another good going home. *AnYung JPB*

Page 306—Nov 14, 1977

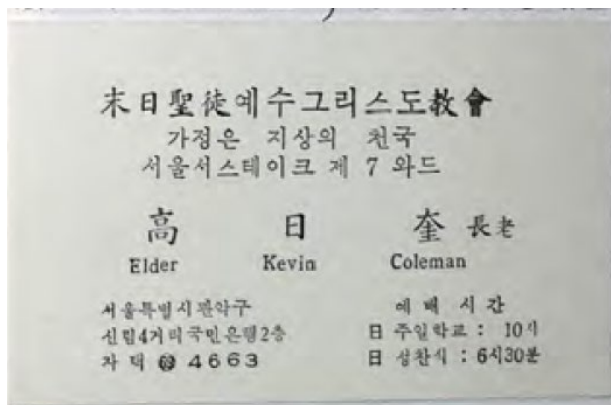
Just had a thought from last Saturday on our way back from the area. We door knocked Saturday. We stopped by the entrance to the Seoul National University, so Elder Coleman could get a picture. We crossed the road and headed up the street to where he could get a good shot. Along the way, I stopped to comfort a little girl who was alone, sitting on her heels, crying. E. Coleman returned from his picture just a moment after the girl was comforted and on her way. In the process of wiping her tears though, I amazed myself in my Korean. I pulled out a Kleenex and told her to blow and it worked. She was happy again. And waved as she left me, but not watching her path as she was looking back at me, she walked into a tree -- which sat her down double the tears of before. I again rendered her aid and then asked if she knew the way home and she responded positively. I watched her go again, but this time she missed the tree and I suppose she has made it home. Jeffry Paul Belnap.

Sunday - the day of church and pamphlet translation. The E. Leopard English man came to church, *Kim Sang Soon*. I [by mistake] called him *Kim Sang Dal* - again. He's sure a nice guy. I'd like to see him baptized. Our Miss Park, who was challenged for this coming Saturday, didn't make it though. She may need an escort by a member. In our meeting after Priesthood with the Mission Rep, we were told of some books in collection of kids love stories, one of which is about....

(**Page 307**) It is "a Mormon missionary a junior high school girl fell in love with." Our ward mission leader gave us a copy and we all four sat down together as I read and they looked up words in the dictionary. It is teaching us a lot about girls' minds in Korea and how we shouldn't teach English like this Elder did. A nod, a wink at the girls as this Elder did in church. We just started reading --more developments to come, I'm sure.

Today we went to the mission home with my drums and left them. Cashed checks and returned home to write letters. ((*It was also today I finished the October 24 journal entry.*))

Not much else has happened today. We will be going to dinner at Elder Chad Jones favorite Ajima's Place.



This on the left. Is the name card of my companion Coleman.

Last Sunday, a member, *Yi Yang Jae*, handed us a book in Korean. About high school love stories. Among these stories is one about a girl who falls in love with a Mormon missionary. The story is quite often naming the church and mission roles and all about Pusan area. [May be the same book I write

of above-not sure]

Brother Lee is worried about bad influences of the book. We read all we could of it tonight. Four of us with dictionaries opened. More on this tomorrow. We went to bed late tonight.

Monte is the name of the *SeonGyoSa* (missionary). JPB

Page 308—Nov 15, 1977

We had some good proselyting today. But we read much of the story before we left. Monty and his companion got mixed up with Susie, a given name in the English class at the school. He only treated her as any missionary seems to treat a girl student, and now I seem to recognize that as wrong as ever. He winked at her once in church. And as the story is a

first person narrative by Susie, she went wild. How many times have I winked? Or other missionaries? We just don't know what we could be brewing up. From reading this story we are able to get an idea of how those girls' minds work. I have ideas of discussing the matter with President Hawkins, or at least the Assistants, to aid the missionaries in the girl problem.

We went to the Mr. *Cheong* English class or institute and met him. But he took us out to a big lunch. Then we taught him a review style "C" discussion. We left and did some first timing until we came upon an American (returned military man) and his Korean family. He had a nice home. He had a 25 year old son (half) and his wife Korean--Looked about 45-50. Compared to most Korean women her age, she looks pretty good, but the Korean ladies don't put on age very Pretty. From pictures in the room I could tell she was formerly a looker. We talked for two hours, mainly the first discussion, some in English, some in Korean. They were amazed we could speak when their dad and housemaid couldn't speak a word. As we left, he said, "They're Makin the kimchi." We'll return in two weeks.

(Page 309). [NOT ME THOUGH] By then I will be back at the mission home. I'll remember the day--Because teaching in English was something new.

The last two days [Nov 16-17] we spent the morning reading the story. Turns out Susie is baptized after an interview from Monty, who is the district leader. He returns home two days later, just a little after the Idaho flood, June 1976. She only says goodbye and thinks about him. She was quite explicit in what was "a love story," mostly to her own thoughts. But how many times does this happen to high school girls studying with a missionaries? We missionaries need to reform. I asked a girl in a bookstore how popular the book was that contains this story. I was told it sells good among high school girls. And if a third printing is done, it will become a best seller. I also asked if the story made a bad impression of the church and the girl said no and that she didn't really notice religious notes since it was a love story. I still don't know what effect the story might have.

Then **Wednesday** afternoon we taught two high school girls, *Choi Yeong Ok* and *Lee Jin Ok*. They had tennant questions again. "Do we study in heaven?" I couldn't help but wonder what kind of thoughts the girls were having. That night we went to a Mr. *Choi Guang Jong*-an old good investigator of E. Coleman who hd studied up to commandments, and then moved away unable to contact. He had called us two or three days ago and so we went to meet him and his friend at the church. From there we rode a taxi for one hour to his home, past *ChamShill* Apartments. We had "Fire-meat" for our 2nd dinner and taught the "H" discussion. Long and Good Night.

(Page 310). We also had the 2 little girls to play around our lesson. They accepted each commitment with hesitation and we enjoyed it. We had another long taxi ride home at one point riding two different passengers other than us. We went out to a Fine Arts High School where a 7th Ward member attends and has been having problems with a minister/teacher who teaches false doctrine about Mormons. We thought we met with met that man, but later we found out we just talked to some teacher. We also watched part of the orchestra rehearsal. There were two Ludwig Timpani which were among the group. They were rehearsing Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. It compared to the Granite Youth Orchestra, I felt. But this is about all there is in Korea for high school art.

We stopped at 9th ward on the way back to pick up my found coat-liner - it had been taken to the Mission home by Elder Mochwart. E. Swindlehurst was there and ready to go home next Monday. And Mochwart was packing for Incheon to be in the same area as E. Richards. After a sandwich dinner, we returned to *ShinJiang* to get the outfits E. Coleman was having made. Then again rode much bus. I talked to several guys and showed them the Book of Mormon. I even bought a wallet thing from a bus salesman. You know one of those Guys who gets on the bus every once in a while. Announce themselves in loud monotone voice and recite several lines. Sounds like they have been reciting on every other bus in the city. Then they pass out the product to everyone and show an ID card. Those that wish to-purchase and others give the product back. Not much else. Last night. JPB

Page 311—Nov 20, 1977

Sunday afternoon it is and I am all packed, ready to return to the mission home tomorrow. It was the easiest packing I ever did with so few of the things I carry around to worry about. I decided to use a little of this time to catch up my journal and after this day I will not ever need to catch up again because I will always be prompt in recording the day. I have said, "when I am a senior, I get made a senior" for such a long time that even though I'm working on the staff and not considered a senior, I shall start all the promises I made to myself.

So then Friday [last] we had a pretty good day. Our afternoon promise I made on the bus the night before didn't come, so we had some Finger football games on the podium. We changed all kinds of rules to make it more exciting and suspenseful while waiting. After deciding he wasn't coming, we went out knocking doors.

No success that day. We played "Guess what?" with our dinner since it was diced chicken stew Korean style. Then we went to the church to wait for *Kim Sang Soon* -My old investigator from 9th ward that we referred over to 7th Ward. We played ping pong waiting for him. It had been a long time since I had played and it was the oriental paddle too. I got

used to it after a while and was doing quite well, but E. Coleman beat me in most of the games. Always close. I beat him one or two long way ahead games though.

(Page 312) Brother Kim came and we talked about his situation a while. He had read and studied the Book of Mormon enough to believe it, and told us he accepted Joseph Smith as a prophet. I felt we should finish him up with the only remaining discussion, the commandments. And set the date with E. Coleman who said, "Next time we will study the commandments if you feel you're ready to keep them." Then our high school girl *In Jean Ok* came in *Sa Bok* Street clothes. And she studied an "E" discussion with both her and brother Kim Sang Soon. Sister *Lee Jean Ok* is having troubles getting her parents into this religious stuff and she told us she had been praying so her parents would give her permission and come out to meet the missionaries. E. Coleman tried to emphasize the importance of meeting the whole family so they could have a chance at the gospel. Brother Kim aided here and there. There's where he felt he could help from personal trials and growth. We played more *T'akGu* after they left.

Saturday. It was the coldest day so far. We went out at 10:00 to meet with the ward mission leader, but he didn't come. We had another hour of football. I lost again.

(Page 313) Then we stopped across the street and I bought a **set of five books** – "Traditional Tales of Old Korea" for \$10. We were in the store two days before to get a copy of "The Monty Suzy story" and the owner asked if I would be interested in them. I looked through one volume upon his suggestion to look through it some more. There are a few pictures in color of the front. And the stories have black and white spotted here and there. I am not sure how the worth of the books compares to the price, but I have them now.

In the future, I plan to visit the Royal Asiatic Society to find some books and I can check prices then. I have an offer if I don't like them -- so we took them back home and read some while getting warm before going out again. Then we left to meet Mr. Chung --the old friend of Elder Leopard who has the small institute and always takes the visiting elders to lunch. (That sounds familiar, doesn't it?) We had rib soup again. We learned how to play operator when we returned, and I also closely examined the Korean typewriter. There are two keys for every letter. Some advance and others don't. That is the secret to three letter syllables. We studied a somewhat second-half of the "C" discussion by talking about God, Jesus Christ as a separate and distinct individuals.

There were two girls in his office which were practicing their typing as we arrived. I forgot to mention the only reason. One girl had curls and spoke a slang type English. That, we learned, she got from the military base. We didn't appreciate everything the military does. We made parting as Mr. Chung said, "OK, take it easy."

(Page 314). We door knocked until 4:00 o'clock. It was cold. We were not having much success. Started talking about why and went home. We had come upon a character who was the reason we started talking about proselyting. We called out to this man being impressed with his looks. He turned to us and asked, "*Cheo HanTae MaSum HaShil GoShimNika?*" (Are you speaking to me?). And we replied yes and introduced ourselves in Korean. Then he continued in near perfect English. "Oh, you must be the Mormon elders. I could tell by your good Korean." He told us he was Presbyterian and not interested in our religion since he was quite set in his ways. He also explained he had theology. And learned about us on the whole, he was very kind and intelligent. But he called out rumors and falsehoods against us. He asked about a recent article in Time on polygamy and mentioned a girl member he knew. He confused [an idea that] our church provides scholarships to members in Korea. They go to Utah Universities since Korea is poor. I guess that meant we were baiting are investigators, but we tried to explain what they may have meant. We weren't able to talk with him long or make an appointment, only long enough to find out he had just returned to Korea from two years in Los Angeles.

After parting. We said amongst ourselves, I hope he considers us more. When he sees the change and strange things in the Presbyterian Church in Korea.

(Page 315). That is why we started talking about proselyting. That and our lack of success entering homes. After a Korean dinner, we read the Ensign some, looked at our Christmas cards to send brought by Elder C. Jones and Lott, who had been at the mission home with new missionaries. We went out to find some two weeks ago and didn't find them, looked for some Styrofoam insulation to cover our Hasook windows, didn't find it. And eventually stopped in at a small toy store and looked at the dolls, guns, models and little Nupe dolls that say, "I love you" or "Miss me?"

Then came home, read some more & the missionary issue. Today, [Sunday] the morning was cool. We bathed and read out of the Ensign for family home mourning. Church was two new elders that came to church Sunday School. AND [surprise] Elder Jim Jones, of all people, was with them. He had called us Thursday when he came in with the new elders. The doctors in America could not find what the Korean doctors claimed. They found a small old ulcer that puts him in a special diet. But otherwise she's fine. He had several blessings while at home. He also saw a lot of friends and heard the news. It was a surprise to see him. The new elders sounded pitiful in church, and the priesthood quorum had a fine battle over home teaching. In the other church, it would have ended in fists. This ended in laughter. Running overtime, hey! JPB.

Today we spent the afternoon in the house. 1st we saw a second of Wonder Woman on TV. When the new elders were here, as well as peanut butter on warm bread and cookies from

the kitchen of Elder C Jones. In the old Yongsan area house. I have spent the rest of the day packing and riding here.

It's night. I've been to Sacrament meeting and returned home. It was a fine meeting. I worked fairly hard the first half to understand what was being said, but I daydreamed out of the second-half. It is strange. I sat first, legs crossed, leaning my elbow on the neighboring chair and tried to concentrate. Then on falling asleep, I sat straight up to not allow myself to dissle. Then, in the perfect sitting form, I daydreamed. Elder Fronberg asked me what some word was and it woke me out of it. I didn't know the word either. We had a short meeting with our ward mission leader and I mentioned "Monte's Mistake" the book Brother Lee said it was like hitting us. He thinks it is very bad. *Oh Bok Hee* waited for us and I said goodbye to the nutty little 7th grader.

We came home. Miss Park is the maid here and she was always been a cause of either entertainment or trouble. She's the heavyset type that stays way out of our way, which is good. But any time she opens the door or brings in the dinner table, she laughs and acts like she is being teased. Not true anyway. 7th Ward has been one month of something! JPB

NOTES: The journal turns a page, and it is 317 and begins a Special Section of the Binder.

It is marked Section C as "1976-77.KSM.JPBelnap.MissionJournal.Vol1.Section(C)"

This transcription closes out here, as this change of residence marks a segment of the Korea Seoul Mission experience for Jeffry, leaving 7th Ward.

Please see a NEW Volume now The Second Binder of KSM Journals.

1977.KSM.JPBelnap.MissionJournal.Vol1.Section(B3-P2).Transcript