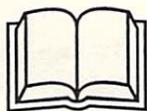


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The *Word and Work*



"Holding forth the Word of Life."

November - December, 2005

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*"All married couples, all missionaries
and all Christians should read this article!"
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* * *

*"When it comes time to die,
make sure that all you have to do is die."*

--Jim Elliot

Vital Information for Students Hoping to Enter College!

The June 2005 *W&W* had an article--S.C.C. Lives On through S.C.E.C. It explained that some scholarship funds are available to students from churches that formerly supported Southeastern Christian College. 12 colleges (see below) now participate in this program. Read on, and act soon or it will be too late!

Important and Time-Sensitive Announcement Regarding College Scholarships

From: Hughes Jones, 130 Jackson Pike, Harrodsburg, KY 40330. Telephone: 859 734-7197. Email: hughesjones@hotmail.com

For: Southeastern Christian Education Corporation, 476 Sparrow Lane, Harrodsburg, Ky 40330

Date: October 17, 2005

Southeastern Christian Education Corporation Announcement:

Prospective college students desiring to have an SCEC financial aid grant included in their aid package for the 2006/07 school year are encouraged to complete their college admission process **prior to February 01, 2006**. This date should allow the participating college financial aid offices time needed to prepare requests for assistance from Southeastern Christian Education Corporation before anticipated deadlines. The twelve colleges currently participating in SCEC's financial aid program are Asbury College, Bryan College, Cincinnati Bible College and Seminary, Dallas Christian College, Dallas Theological Seminary, David Lipscomb University, Emmanuel School of Religion, Harding University, Kentucky Christian University, Milligan College, Portland School of Biblical Studies, and Central Bible College (Manila). Further information regarding the application process is available from the financial aid offices of the participating colleges.

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THE WORD AND WORK

"Declare the whole counsel of God"

Alex V. Wilson, Editor

Dennis L. Allen, Missions

Bennie Hill, News & Notes

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Guest Editorial

Writing from Hong Kong in 1965, Dennis Allen posed a question that deserves fresh meditation.

What Did It Cost the FATHER?

Dennis L. Allen

The words of Christ are spirit and life--but it is possible for us to read them glibly and miss their real import. Often it is only after we ourselves have gone through an experience that we are able to begin to appreciate what the Lord is telling us. The wonder of the Incarnation can be found throughout the Bible but one of the best expressions of its full import is found in Romans 8:32. *"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things?"*

What did it cost the Father to give up His Son? Who would presume to answer such a question, but we do need to contemplate it. Earthly fathers are not always as expressive of love as mothers, but their love is no less genuine. I recall the time I left home after graduation from college to do mission work in Montana. Daddy had said little about my going and he seldom cried, but he broke down when we parted. As I sat on my suitcase in the aisle (it was war time) as the train pulled away, I realized afresh his love and the hurt and cost to him. There have been other partings since then, even more difficult for us both, but he can appreciate better than I what it meant to the Father to send the Son. I have not yet traveled that road.

A father sees things in a different light than his son. That morning when Abraham set out to offer Isaac, the son had no idea of the burden on the heart of the father. With whom could he share his burden? If Sarah had known of what he was to do she would never have consented for Isaac to go. Some burdens have to be borne alone. Abraham by faith offered him up, but God spared him, gave him back to the father, and the lamb took his place. Who can fathom the joy that must have filled Abraham's heart as they descended the mountain!

But God would not spare His own Son. He delivered Him up for us. Why? "There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gate of Heaven and let us in."

When fellowship has been close and sweet over a long period of time it is especially difficult to sunder ties. But the Father and the Son had had sweet fellowship from all eternity and even during His days upon the earth they held communion together. But He had come

to die, and when that dark hour came the Father withdrew His face and allowed His beloved Son to taste of death for every man *alone*.

It was for this that He was born--for this the Father spared Him not. And so, as we hear again the rejoicing of the angels in heaven and see the joy and exultation of the shepherds, let us not forget the broken heart of the Father. "He that spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things?"

Introduction to The MAIN THEME of This Issue

January 1956; fifty years ago. Perhaps many of our readers remember that *Life* magazine's cover story with its many photographs. I was a freshman in college at the time. A few days earlier at our daily chapel service, "Prexy" Edman had shared an urgent prayer request. In Ecuador five missionary men working among primitive tribes--people were missing, and foul play was feared.

During the following days much fervent intercession was made for all--the men, their families, and the people whom they were seeking to win to the Savior. Three of the men plus one of the wives were former students at Wheaton. My sister and I knew a sister and brother of that wife.

Then came the news that the men's bodies were found. All had been speared to death.

"Oh God, oh Sovereign Lord--how could it be! Why did You let it happen? How can we possibly claim Romans 8:28 is true in the light of this tragedy? *More--not fewer--workers* are needed, and these were five of the choicest. They were full of zeal, well trained, and still young, healthy and strong. And the people to whom they went--the killers--are among the neediest of the needy. Oh God--*Why?*"

Many questions will never be answered till we stand "face to face with Christ our Savior." But with the passing of fifty years we can see various results of that heartbreak. And the rest of the questions can wait till Day arrives. Till then, we must "rest on Thee, our Shield and our Defender." That's an excerpt from the song the men sang shortly before the spears struck home. They trusted the Sovereign Father, and His Son who was speared, and the Spirit of counsel and might who led and strengthened them. And their trust was not in vain. Read on. --avw

FIVE MISSIONARY MARTYRS-- WHY Did They DIE?

by David R. Enlow

On Sunday, January 8, 1956, five missionary wives gathered eagerly around their radios to hear a progress report from their husbands, deep in the Ecuadorian jungle. Careful planning and concerted prayer had led the pioneer missionaries into cautious contact with the fierce Auca Indians.

It was a thrilling time, for acceptance by the tribe meant an opportunity to bring the Gospel of salvation to these hostile and isolated people. Earlier, the missionaries had contacted two Auca women and a man, and a noon report had declared they were on the verge of meeting ten or more Aucas. "We'll report again at 4:30," they ended cheerfully.

But, as the world soon learned, there was no 4:30 report. The five young men--Ed McCully, Pete Fleming, Jim Elliot, Nate Saint and Roger Youderian--were attacked by the suspicious savages. Days later, a search party found the speared, broken bodies (except one which was seen earlier but was apparently washed away before it could be recovered) in the muddy Curaray River. They buried the martyrs together on the river bank, far from their loved ones.

A shocked Christendom soon realized they had lost five missionary princes. Each prior to death had done a substantial work on the mission field and gave great promise for outstanding accomplishments in the future. A more gifted group would be hard to find: if they had chosen other pursuits, each would have been the kind "most likely to succeed."

Twenty-eight-year-old Ed McCully, for instance. At Wheaton College, he became an outstanding end on a championship football team. His Wheaton record of 22.33 seconds in the 220-yard dash stood for years. He excelled in oratory, and in 1949 won first place in a national contest. His senior classmates named him their president.

Nate Saint, at 32, was the "old man" of the stalwart five. He served three years in the Air Force, and later earned the commercial pilot's license, aircraft and engine mechanic's license, flight instructor's rating, and instrument flight rating. After he went to Ecuador in 1948 with the Missionary Aviation Fellowship, he "transformed the

jungle," in the words of a missionary veteran. His skillful piloting helped to double the number of jungle missionary stations during the seven years he was there.

The youngest of the five, Pete Fleming, was 27 years of age. At the University of Washington, he was active in the evangelistic efforts of the Navigators, Inter-Varsity Fellowship, Young Life, and Youth for Christ. He graduated with honors in 1951 with a master's degree in literature. In Ecuador a revival campaign he conducted among Quechua Indian young people produced better results than had any other effort, a missionary leader reported.

Jim Elliot, 28, was an honor student at Wheaton College. President V. Raymond Edman recalled, "Jim was the jolliest of fellows, yet desperately in earnest in the things of God. He majored in Greek to prepare himself for Bible translation work in some pioneer mission field." In athletic competition, Elliot won the College Conference of Illinois middleweight wrestling championship.

Roger Youderian, 31, won paratrooper laurels in World War II. In Ecuador, he opened new frontiers in the spiritual battle of the jungle. He and another missionary started a station which attracted a sick Indian of the fierce Atshuara tribe, never before reached by white men. Through that contact, friendly relations were established, and now the Gospel shines on the Atshuaras.

Representing three mission organizations, these five were assigned to the same locality in Ecuador. Their consuming ardor to carry hope to the absolutely hopeless led them to join in the pioneering venture to the Aucas.

Meticulous care shaped the months-long operation. A Captain Craig, with the Army in Panama, said he had never seen a military operation more carefully planned, or reports more fully and excellently prepared. Yet, within sight of victory, the men were slain.

"Why did they die?" asked people in sorrow, or resentment, or criticism, when the news went around the world. "Why should five talented men, courageously living for others, be sacrificed before their lives had really begun?"

The answer is not fully known, but it is becoming increasingly clear with the passage of time. To those who knew the martyrs best--wives, parents, and missionary associates--there was never any question.

Two weeks after the slaying, Betty, the wife of Jim Elliot, wrote: "I have only joy in my heart at the thought of the glory Jim knows now, before the face of Him he so passionately loved and faithfully served. I can think of no more fitting way for him to die-- at the height of his manhood, with his dearest friends, and in the attempt to reach the people so near to his heart for so long."

Dedicated parents of the men echoed Betty's faith and serenity, in the midst of their sorrow. One father said, "That week (before the final death report came in) was the most soul-searching and the most intense trial of our lives. God's sustaining grace and strength were experienced in a real way. The Auca Indians have not put out the fire of these five young men. God will light another and another."

And He has. Through memorial services and missionary messages across the country, hundreds of young people have been stirred to surrender their lives to God for service wherever He leads them.

At a memorial service at Northwestern College in Minneapolis, where Youderian studied, scores of young people consecrated their lives to missions. At a Chicago rally where T. E. McCully, Ed's father, testified, 30 made their decision public. When W. Cameron Townsend, general director of the Wycliffe Bible Translators, spoke in Spokane's First Presbyterian Church, 65 missionary volunteers responded.

Thousands of dollars poured in for a "Five Missionary Martyrs Fund" set up to aid the widows and children of the slain men. Soldiers at Fort Dix, N.J., took up an offering of \$234.23 and sent it, through Chaplain William Golder, to be used in the work where these men labored.

At Wheaton College, among scores of volunteers, was one New Hampshire girl who told Dr. Edman, "I have long been interested in the Lord's work. I'm a Christian Education major. But I never thought about the mission field for myself until our Wheaton lads gave their lives in Ecuador."

On the first Sunday after the slaying, the Quito, Ecuador church had its biggest service in history with many decisions. The Ecuadorian Christians, for the first time, began to sense their deep responsibility to the Aucas and other unreached tribesmen of their own land. Their former attitude had been, "Let the gringos (Americans) come down and witness to the Indians." When missionary Dee Short took up the unfinished job of building a school some of the mission-

aries had started, Indians of several tribes gave him a hand--an unheard-of occurrence.

Few would have imagined the impact of such an event. In ten drama-packed pages, *Life* reporter-photographer Cornell Capa told the gripping story of the martyrs. Radio and television sounded the call of the Gospel with an urgency that many unchurched had never heard. As Pearl Harbor was to the United States militarily, the Curaray martyrdom may be to Christians spiritually. All because five young men paid the "supreme sacrifice."

"Sacrifice?" That wouldn't sound right to these fellows.

Less than a month before they died, one of them, Nate Saint, wrote: "If God would grant us the vision, the word 'sacrifice' would disappear from our lips and thoughts. We would hate the things that now seem so dear to us. Our lives would suddenly be too short; we would despise time-robbing distractions and charge the enemy with all our energies in the name of Christ."

The missionaries' painstaking precautions show that they did not seek death, but they did not fear it. Before they left their wives for what turned out to be the last time, they sang together:

We rest on Thee--our Shield and our Defender!
Thine is the battle, Thine shall be the praise.
When passing through the gates of pearly splendor,
Victors--we rest with Thee, through endless days."

Do any still ask., "Why did they die?" A better question would be, "*Why aren't we willing to die as were they?*"

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[Added note by the W&W editor: For the sake of accuracy, I must add a fact. The previous article was published within a year of the martyrdoms. But later research showed that a number of the "missionary volunteers" mentioned above never reached the field. Of course that doesn't mean such folks *necessarily* forsook the Lord nor even His will for their life. In many cases their decisions no doubt drew them closer to Him. And He may not have wanted them to be "missionaries" anyway. My main point is, Don't put *too much* stock in statistics regarding public responses in meetings. When emotions are stirred, people often make "decisions" or "responses" which do not stand the test of time. But thank God for those who indeed decide to "follow Jesus--no turning back."]

“A Sad Waste of Lives – They Had Such Great Potential”

Excerpts from *Through Gates of Splendor*,
By Elisabeth Elliot, 1957

To the world at large this was a sad waste of five young lives. But God has His plan and purpose in all things. There were those whose lives were changed by what happened on Palm Beach. In Brazil, a group of Indians at a mission station deep in the Mato Grosso, upon hearing the news, dropped to their knees and cried out to God for forgiveness for their own lack of concern for fellow Indians who did not know of Jesus Christ. An Air Force Major stationed in England, with many hours of jet flying, immediately began making plans to join the Missionary Aviation Fellowship. A missionary in Africa wrote: “Our work will never be the same. We knew two of the men. Their lives have left their mark on ours.”

Off the coast of Italy, an American naval officer was involved in an accident at sea. As he floated alone on a raft, he recalled Jim Elliot’s words (which he had read in a news report): “When it comes time to die, make sure that all you have to do is die.” He prayed that he might be saved, knowing that he had more to do than die. He was not ready. God answered his prayer, and he was rescued. In Des Moines, Iowa, an eighteen-year-old boy prayed for a week in his room, then announced to his parents: “I’m turning my life over completely to the Lord. I want to try to take the place of one of those five.”

Only eternity will measure the number of prayers which ascended for the widows, their children, and the work in which the five men had been engaged. The prayers of the widows themselves are for the Aucas. We look forward to the day when these savages will join us in Christian praise....

Thousands of people in all parts of the world pray every day that “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God” may be carried to the Aucas, a people almost totally unheard of before. How can this be done? God, who led the five, will lead others, in His time and way. [*When she wrote those words, the author did not know that she would be one of those whom He would lead to them. --avw*]

From among the Quichuas with whom Jim, Ed, and Pete worked, several have surrendered their lives to God for His use, to preach to their own people—or even to the Aucas, if He chooses. They have carried on the work begun by the missionaries, speaking

to their relatives of Christ, reading the Scriptures that have been translated for them, traveling sometimes in canoes and over muddy trails to teach the Bible to others who do not know its message. A converted Indian, formerly a notorious drinker, came to me one day and said, "Senora, I lie awake at night thinking of my people. I say, 'How will I reach them?' 'How will they hear of Jesus?' I cannot get to them all. But they *must know*. I pray to God, asking Him to show me what to do." In the little prayer meetings the Indians never forget to ask God to bless their enemies: "O God, You know how those Aucas killed our beloved Senor Eduardo, Senor Jaime, and Senor Pedro. O God, You know that it was only because they didn't know You. They didn't know what a great sin it was. They didn't understand why the white men had come. Send some more messengers, and give the Aucas, instead of fierce hearts, soft hearts. Stick their hearts, Lord, as with a lance. They stuck our friends, but You can stick them with Your Word, so that they will listen, and believe."

SHARPER Than Any Two-Edged SPEAR

Ethel Wallis

[This article was written 2 decades after the killings. So realize that when it speaks of "now," it is referring to 1976! We've condensed it slightly to avoid too much overlapping. -avw]

The blood shed at Palm Beach in 1956 opened the door for the Message of Life to enter Ecuador's green dungeon of death. Even before Palm Beach, however, God had been preparing the way for His Word to reach these savage Aucas, for whom spearing of one another and of outsiders was a way of life.

The previous year at a jungle hacienda translator Rachel Saint, sister of one of the slain missionaries [Nate], met a young Auca woman named Dayuma, who had fled her jungle home, fearing she might be the next to be speared. In 1958 she led Rachel, together with Elisabeth Elliot, widow of another of the victims, to Tiwaeno, home of the killers.

Now, 20 years after Palm Beach, dozens of Aucas--including those who slung spears on that dark January day--have come to believe in the One whose blood makes them new men. In fact, Aucas no longer want to be called "Auca," a name given them by neighboring Quichuas and which, in that language, means "savage" and "barbarian." They want to be known as Waodani (Wao in the singular)--their indigenous ancestral name which means simply, "the People").

Rachel answers those who question the worth of Palm Beach: "Those five men left a priceless legacy for the Auca church. Today, Aucas believe that the norm of Christianity is to be ready to die, if necessary, to share their faith in Christ with others. What those martyred men most desired, to see God's message to man shared with the whole tribe, is being slowly brought about by Auca believers."

In 1964, the first portion of "God's Carving" (Dayuma's term for the Bible) reached Auca hands. The Gospel of Mark, translated by Rachel and Dayuma, was dedicated with prayer by the former killers, in a palm-thatched chapel in Tiwaeno.

Increasingly, the Christian Aucas became burdened for their mortal enemies, the "Downriver Aucas." One Sunday in church Dywi, the youngest of the Palm Beach killers, announced that God had told him to take God's Carving to the downriver group. The church service broke into an uproar. "They will surely kill you," most objected.

But Dywi calmly replied: "God has told me to go downriver carrying His Carving, and I must do so. *If they kill me, it will be just like those five men we speared.* I will just die and go to heaven and God will send someone else to tell them."

God had prepared the circumstances for Dywi's journey, too. A young "downriver" woman named Oncaye was ready to go with him. Wounded as a teenager in jungle hostilities, she had been eventually brought to Tiwaeno where she heard God's Carving. The desire to rescue her mother and family and bring them to hear God's Word of peace burned in her heart.

In 1968, in a historic team effort of Auca men slogging through snake-infested thickets, and Wycliffe pilots praying as they circled overhead, the contact was made--without bloodshed.

But the downriver relatives, steeped in the patterns of hate and revenge, brought problems to the Christian community when they moved to Tiwaeno. There was a head-on cultural collision as the Tiwaeno population doubled overnight to more than 200. Food supplies ran out and epidemics struck. But "the gates of hell" did not prevail, and God's Carving conquered.

Kimo, another of the former killers, accompanied by his wife Dawa, reached another enemy group and brought them to Tiwaeno. Within weeks after their arrival another crisis arose--polio. Death and suffering strained Christian love to the limit. Dawa held up four fingers and said, "If this many of my family die, I'm done serving the Lord." But God's Carving helped Dawa renew her vows to the Lord. She faithfully nursed the sick and comforted the dying. And even though four did die, she stayed true to God.

By 1970 the Auca believers felt compelled to contact their long-alienated relatives known as the Ridge Aucas. It would be a dangerous mission: the ridge dwellers were known widely as killers. To prepare the way for a face-to-face meeting, Tiwaeno Aucas accompanied Wycliffe pilots in low flights over the ridge homes. Market baskets, into which tiny radio transmitters had been built, were parachuted down to the oval-shaped thatched houses. As Aucas in the plane spoke through loudspeakers, the ridge relatives answered through the basket transmitter. Periodically, the air-to-ground communication was repeated.

One day a believer named Tona, who had finally been able to open his Bible-literacy school, announced that God had told him to go in person to the ridge group. He knew his long-separated sister lived in one of the huts out there and she had told him from the ground that she would receive him. In April he leaped from a hovering helicopter into a tiny jungle clearing, carrying a manpack radio and what there was of Auca Scripture. For two months he taught his relatives about God's Son and the changes coming to the jungles.

Then one day his radio went silent. Reconnaissance flights revealed only burned houses and deserted clearings. Auca believers later learned that Tona had been hit on the back with an axe he had given his ridge relatives, and then speared by his own cousins. As he lay dying he told them, "I love God, and I love all of you, and it is for your sakes I am dying."

Eventually other Auca Christians related to the ridge Aucas went in and helped them come to Tiwaeno. Uncle Gikita, the leader of the Palm Beach killers, brought out his ridge brother Awaemae, a sorcerer and the oldest living Auca. One recent Sunday as Kimo was preaching, Awaemae rose from his log seat and squatted directly in front of Kimo, who was on another log, so he could hear every word!

The mood has changed in Auca jungles which once echoed with shrieks of revenge and spearings. Even the death wail is different. Rachel remembers the old wail. "It was a blood-curdling frustrated verbalized ranting, each verse of which ended with a heart-chilling snarl of hatred and promise of revenge."

She first heard the new wail when a young Auca who had recently asked Jesus to "wash my heart" lay dying from a snake bite. With his last breath he gasped, "Oh, it's clearly seen! Jesus is right there waiting for me!" His sorrowing young widow broke into the special intonation of the Auca death wail. But this time the words were different. "My husband has chosen God's trail," the widow cried, without the old bitterness, "and has gone to heaven!"

Today [1976] Aucas learn to "carve" in the Tiwaeno elementary school where Wycliffe teacher Pat Kelley instructs 40-55 pupils in four classes daily. She helps them read from the Gospel of Mark and the recently printed book of Acts, the portions of God's Carving available now. They also delight in reading Bible stories and singing from the Auca hymnal.

Rosi Jung, a German member of Wycliffe Bible Translators, carries a heavy load of medical work at Tiwaeno. Catherine Peeke and Rachel Saint press forward toward completion of the whole Auca New Testament. Jim and Kathy Yost, Wycliffe members specializing in an anthropological study of Auca society, complete the team.

"Today the Waodani (Aucas) are seeking registration as Ecuadorian citizens," Catherine reports. "Some are now literate in their own Wao tongue. They now know when they are receiving fair pay for work or artifacts, and when the price is right on clothing and other purchases. Spanish programs on their little transistor radios supplement oral Spanish classes in school as they struggle to learn to communicate with Spanish speakers whom they meet."

They have new goals: cooperating in trade routes, seeing the capital city of Quito, obtaining sewing machines for their wives, building airstrips, raising cattle. Last fall four young Aucas--born about the time of the Palm Beach killings, and representative of the new generation--audited a training course for teachers in the bilingual education system. Someday they hope to speak Spanish well enough to become bilingual teachers in their own community."

All four of these young men," Catherine adds, "are baptized believers who join heartily in Scripture reading and prayer."

In October 1975, the Auca believers organized their own Bible conference. The speaker was an evangelist from the Quichua people, with whom the Aucas were once mortal enemies. As he preached in Quichua, Dayuma (who had once lived among the Quichuas) interpreted instantly into beautifully expressive Auca.

"We had prayed that Christian leaders would be convicted of self-righteousness during this conference," reported Catherine, "but even before the Quichua evangelist could get well into his message, the unsaved and backsliders began interrupting to confess their sins!" The following Sunday, fifty were baptized.

Because five died on a beach 20 years ago, God's Carving is now touching Waodani (Auca) hearts--and it has proved sharper than any two-edged spear!

We Now May See *BEYOND the Gates of Splendor*

A. V. W.

Through Gates of Splendor was the title of Elisabeth Elliot's well-known book telling of the faith and deaths of the five men. "*Beyond the Gates of Splendor*" is the name of a DVD about that event plus what has occurred during the half-century since then. The full-length version should be available in video stores by the time you read this. A condensed version (40 minutes) was given to churches (including ours) which promised to show it to at least 50 people before the end of 2005. We highly recommend it. (Call 1-800-695-9847 for more information.)

There is a great deal of actual film of "Aucas"—the Waodani tribe-people (sometimes spelled Huaorani). Originally the people were naked and extremely violent, but the films have been formatted in such a way that they are appropriate for screening before audiences of all ages.

People shown include Gimade (nicknamed "Delilah" by the five missionary men) and Nenkiwi (nicknamed "George"), both of whom went to meet the men after they first landed on "Palm Beach"—near the tribal village. (Of course the missionaries took those pictures.) Also Dayuma, who had earlier fled from her home village to save her life...but later returned and prepared the way for the missionary women to live among them--after the martyrdoms. Two or three of the men who attacked the missionaries are seen too, years after they had been converted and were church elders and preachers.

Naturally we see footage of the five missionary couples who took part in the original outreach. Nate Saint's son Steve is the narrator of much of the story. We also see Rachel Saint, the sister of Nate and aunt of Steve. She was an older missionary with Wycliffe Bible Translators before the others arrived in Ecuador. And after the killings she and Elisabeth Elliot (with her young daughter Valerie) went and lived among the Aucas—including the killers! The Elliots stayed for two years, and Rachel for over twenty-five years, till she had to leave due to cancer.

Then, at the Waodani's request, Steve and his family moved there for some years. That story is more fully told in the full-length feature movie to be shown in commercial theaters in January 2006, Lord willing. When "End of the Spear" comes to your town, be sure to see it during the first day or two. For that is when other theaters decide whether or not to show it as well—depending on the in-

itial attendance. This film should be seen by as many folks as possible. Invite unsaved friends to see it with you, then discuss it afterwards. (It is rated PG-13 due to violence.)

Now back to the DVD: (I've seen it, but *End of the Spear* is not out. Hope you're not confused!) Jim and Elisabeth Elliot's daughter Valerie appears briefly, and Steve Saint's son Jesse and daughter Kathy appear repeatedly. Here's something really different: She was baptized in the river where her grandfather's body had been found after the killings, and the two men who baptized her had taken part in spearing the men! You'll also see what happened when Jesse graduated from college in the U.S., and invited Mincaye (who'd helped kill his granddad) to attend the ceremony. His interpretation of "life in these United States" is hilarious.

Before and After: That's the main theme of both films, of course. No starker contrast could be imagined.

BEFORE the Good News Came---

1. The Waodani were called Aucas ("naked savages") by other tribal people in the jungles of Ecuador.

2. They had a higher rate of killing than *any other culture ever studied* by anthropologists, anywhere in the world! Research showed that over a period of 5 generations, 6 out of every 10 Waodani were violently killed, many of them by fellow Waodani.

3. They never had peaceful relationships with the *civilized* people of Ecuador, nor even with *other tribal groups* who lived there, nor even with *other villages of their own Waodani tribal people*. And they *often killed others in their very own village* -- their relatives and 'friends'! The whole tribe had almost reached extinction, consisting of fewer than 1,000 people.

4. When Steve Saint and his family later lived among the people who killed Nate and the others, someone told his daughter Kathy: "Yes, your father was speared, which was bad. But every one of us Waodani living in this village had at least one relative who was killed like that."

5. Nenkiwi (nicknamed "George") was also typical of their brutal lives. His first wife had been speared to death. He himself drowned his second wife. He still lived with his third when he met the missionaries, but he also wanted "Delilah" to be his wife. His lie to the older Waodani men inspired them to kill the missionaries.

Those facts raise all kinds of questions in people's minds. "Why risk your lives to reach people like *that*? And since there are fewer

than 1,000 of them, *why even bother to make all the effort to reach them?*”

I believe the missionary men and women would reply with the words of an earlier pioneer missionary:

“Christ’s love compels us, because we are convinced that one died for all, and therefore all died. And he died for all, that those who live should no longer live for themselves but for him who died for them and was raised again. So from now on we regard no one from a worldly point of view. Though we once regarded Christ in this way, we do so no longer....If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come! All this is from God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ and gave us the ministry of reconciliation: that God was reconciling the world to himself in Christ, not counting men’s sins against them. And he has committed to us the message of reconciliation. We are therefore Christ’s ambassadors, as though God were making his appeal through us.

“Our light and momentary troubles are achieving for us an eternal glory that far outweighs them all. So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen. For what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal.”

Also, may we stop and think how *we* appeared to *God* before He came to us? Civilized, maybe--yet sinful: selfish, proud, untruthful, needy. And dangerous: we killed *Him!* Yet, though He knew we would, He came to save us!

Providentially, I found the following comments on the above Scripture passage on the web a few days before showing the film at church about the Aucas. This was written by a man known to some of us--Joseph Shulam in Israel. He wrote not about savages killing with spears and blowguns but “civilized” religious people (even church members and leaders) stabbing each other with sharp words and bitter attitudes. He said:

1. Jesus died for us.
2. So that they who live might no longer live for themselves.
3. Therefore from now on we recognize no one according to the flesh. (The implication of this statement is that we look beyond the filth and the culture and the economic status of our enemy or the person with whom we are dealing and see in him the image and form of God who created this person or nation.)
4. Therefore, if a person is in Christ He Is A New Creature. (Note that there is a clear parallel between being “in Christ” and being a “new creature.” We naturally reverse the

formula and we say, "If you are a new creature – you are in Christ.")

5. We don't live in the "old things" in the past bloody history between Jews and Arabs, between Jews and Christians, the personal grievances of our past, all of these "old things" are past and we have "new things." The "new things" are the works of God in our lives. The "new things" are the graces and gifts of God....

So, these are the reasons why the Lord has reconciled us to Himself, and this is the reason why He has given us a ministry of reconciliation. However, with a Greek World-View reconciliation is not even an option--because we concentrate on making sure that every one agrees on each word in our doctrinal statement. We are busy on making more denominations by splitting hairs on teachings and statements that great men of God made two hundred years ago. We are busy making sure that we preserve "the old things" and old wars and passing the grievances and hates to the next generation so that we make sure that these "old things" will never be forgotten and our children will continue our "old things" and carry on the old wars that we too inherited from our forefathers.

Let us all work hard to capture the spirit of these words of Paul: ... *"that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not counting their trespasses against them, and He has committed to us the word of reconciliation."* Note please, God did not count our trespass against Him, and we are supposed to "not count their trespasses against" us. The result of this cosmic act of reconciliation is that we have been committed to the Word of reconciliation that was given to us.

Now let's return to Ecuador, 1956. The five men each carried a pistol, for there were dangerous animals around besides humans. Why didn't they use their pistols to save themselves? The first time the Aucas attacked, the men did fire their guns—up in the air, to scare them off. But when the warriors charged them again, the men never shot at them. Because, as one said ahead of time, "The Aucas are not ready for heaven, and we are."

AFTER the Good News Came and Was Believed---

1. Within 2 year's time, the rate of killings declined by 90%. Yes, 90%!

2. Almost everyone in that village was converted, and as time passed the men who killed the five became elders in the church.

3. Then at great risk they reached out to Waodani in other villages, a number of whom also trusted Christ. Several of the leading

“missionaries” in these cases were women converts. [See the story preceding this, if you skipped it.]

4. When later the Waodani were asked for permission to have a film made about their story, they refused at first. But then they were told about the recent killings at Heath High School (Ky.) and Columbine. As a result they said, “Those people are living the way we used to,” and they consented to let their story be told!

Before, and after. Hallelujah—what a Savior!

The Heart of a Martyr

Selections from Jim Elliot

It would be foolish to try to compare or rank the five martyrs (or their wives). Every one of them was sold out to Christ, and that's the main thing. And of course they had differing spiritual gifts. But it is true that Jim Elliot inspired two of the other men to become missionaries in the first place. Along with his dynamic and contagious fervor, he was distinctively gifted at expressing truth in a gripping, memorable way. Here are selected quotations from his letters, devotional diary, and spoken messages. These and other stirring challenges are from the biography, *Shadow of the Almighty*, by his wife Elisabeth—still in print. Of course Jim (like me—and you?) was not perfect; see this month's article “The Missionaries Had Inner Struggles Too.” --avw

He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep to gain what he cannot lose.

* * *

My father cannot define theism, but he knows God.

* * *

The will of God is always a bigger thing than we bargain for.

* * *

“We are the sheep of His pasture. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise.” [Psalm 100:3,4.] And what are sheep doing going into the gate? What is their purpose inside those courts? To bleat melodies and enjoy the company of the flock? No. Those sheep were destined for the *altar*. Their pasture feeding had been for one purpose, to fatten them for bloody sacrifice. Give Him thanks, then, that you have been counted worthy of His altars. Enter into the work with praise.

Some Thoughts about Ministry, and Our Need for Renewal

[Some if not all of the next 5 quotes were from Jim's post-college period as an evangelist/church-planter in the U.S.:]

I think we altar-callers often perform abortions in our haste to see “results.”

* * *

Forbid, Lord, that any of those to whom I minister should be so foolish as to take my word as though it were Thine; or so daring as to set aside Thy word as though it were mine.

* * *

Whenever I get downcast, the Lord feeds me pills of praise.

* * *

Lord, give me firmness without hardness, steadfastness without dogmatism, love without weakness.

* * *

We [Christians in the U.S.] are so utterly ordinary, so commonplace, while we profess to know a Power the 20th Century does not reckon with. We are harmless, and therefore unharmed. We are spiritual pacifists, non-militants in this battle-to-the-death with principalities and powers in high places.... We are “sideliners”—coaching and criticizing the real wrestlers while content to sit by and leave the enemies of God unchallenged.... Oh that God would make us *dangerous!*

Some Thoughts about Death...

When it comes time to die, make sure that all you have to do is die.

* * *

I must not think it strange if God takes in youth those whom I would have kept on earth till they were older. God is peopling Eternity, and I must not restrict Him to old men and women.

* * *

Eternity shall be at once a great eye-opener and a great mouth-shutter. It shall be the Rectifier of all injustice (and how vast is injustice!), the Confirmer of martyrs’ blood, the Explainer of years of labor swallowed up in meaningless ruin on earth.

Some Thoughts about Parents, and God’s Call...

[Jim’s letter to his parents after telling of his decision to go overseas as a missionary:] I do not wonder that you were saddened at the word of my going to South America. This is what the Lord Jesus warned us of when He told the disciples that they must become so infatuated with following Him that all other allegiances must become as though they were not. And he never excluded the family tie. Remember how the Psalmist described children? He said that every

man should be happy who had his quiver full of them. And what is a quiver full of but arrows? And what are arrows for but to shoot? So, with the strong arms of prayer, draw the bowstring back and let the arrows fly--all of them straight at the Enemy's hosts.

Consider the call from the Throne above, "Go ye," and from round about, "Come over and help us," and even the call from the damned souls below, "Send Lazarus to my brothers, that they come not to this place." Impelled, then, by these voices, I dare not stay home while Quichua Indians perish. So what if the well-fed church in the homeland needs stirring? They have Moses and the prophets and a whole lot more. Their condemnation is written on their bank books and in the dust on their Bible covers.

* * *

[Another letter to his parents, written from Ecuador six years later:] You wonder why people choose fields for Christian service away from the U.S. when young people there are drifting? I'll tell you why I left. Because those State-side young people have every opportunity to study, hear, and understand the Word of God in their own language, and these Indians have no opportunity whatever. I have had to make a cross of 2 logs, and lie down on it, to show the Indians what it means to crucify a man. When there is so much ignorance over here and so much knowledge and opportunity over there, I have no question in my mind why God sent me here. Those whimpering Stateside young people will wake up on the Day of Judgment condemned to worse fates than these demon-fearing Indians, because, having a Bible, they were bored with it--while these never heard of writing.

Handling Dryness when it Attacks

[The next 2 quotations are classics in showing how to handle "dry periods" in life. He recorded the first while in the U.S.—recently graduated from college and trying unsuccessfully to land a job. --avw]

I've had difficulty in getting anything at all from the Word. No fervency in prayer. Disturbance in the house, cold weather, and occasional headaches have made spiritual things less precious this whole week. I find I must drive myself to study, following the "ought" of conscience to gain anything at all from the Scripture, lacking any desire at times. It is important to learn respect and obedience to the "inner must" if godliness is to be a state of soul with me. *I may no longer depend on pleasant impulses to bring me before the Lord. I must rather respond to principles that I know to be right, whether I feel them to be enjoyable or not.*

[Jim wrote these next words 5 years after the preceding paragraph. He was then in Ecuador. Probably the coldness of heart mentioned here was at least partly due to the practice he had begun of reading the Bible *only* in Spanish. He did that in order to make himself learn the language better.]

We baptized fourteen this morning in the river. I often lack the deep feeling that I should experience at such times, and there was a certain dryness this morning, but I cannot stay for feelings. *So cold is my heart most of the time that I am almost always operating on the basis of pure commandments, forcing myself to do what I do not always feel, simply because I am a servant under orders.* And there was enough of the physically distracting this morning to save me from walking in the clouds. Part of the cliff gave way and three girls sat down on the beach amid shrieks and laughter. Schoolboys threw stones into the water; Antonia's son fell, and just as his mother was being baptized, set up a great wail. Mockers came by and taunted the baptized ones about bathing with their clothes on. But God is my witness that I have fulfilled His word as I knew how.

* * *

O Jesus, Master and Center and End of all, how long before that glory is Thine which has so long awaited Thee? Now there is no thought of Thee among men, then there shall be thought for nothing else. Now other men are praised, then none shall care for any other's merits. Hasten, hasten, Glory of Heavens, take Thy crown, subdue Thy kingdoms, enthrall Thy creatures. [Those don't sound like words from a "cold heart," do they? Read them again, as *your* prayer to the Worthy One.]

All married couples, all missionaries and all Christians should read this article!

The Missionaries had Inner STRUGGLES Too

"When I weak, then I am strong." —Paul, 2 Cor. 12:10

[Introduction by a.v.w.:] We Christians must beware of hero-worship when it comes to anyone besides our Lord Jesus. Thank God for outstanding Christians, but one main reason for their greatness was their sharing the psalmist's attitude, "Not to us, O Lord, not to us but to your name be the glory" (Psa. 115:1). The "greater" that Paul grew the humbler he became. He went from calling himself "the least of the apostles," to "less than the least of all God's people," to "the worst of sinners." (See 1 Cor. 15:9-10; then Eph. 3:8; then 1 Tim. 1:16. They are in chronological order.)

Not surprisingly, the wonderful missionaries (including their families) who sought and suffered to bring stone-age savages to salvation also struggled against the flesh as well as the world and the Devil. [Just like us, right?] This is clearly seen in *Unfolding Destinies*, an excellent book by Olive Fleming Liefeld, the widow of Pete Fleming. (Zondervan, 1990.) It deserves to be read alongside the other, mostly better-known books which were written earlier: *Through Gates of Splendor*, *Shadow of the Almighty*, *Jungle Pilot*, *The Dayuma Story*, *The Savage My Kinsman*, and *Aucas Downriver*.

Here are a number of excerpts from *Unfolding Destinies*, full of lessons. They are used by Olive Fleming Liefeld's kind permission. The first section tells of the time when her husband Pete and Jim Elliot had been in Ecuador for over a year. Both were unmarried at that time, and living among the Quechua tribe, along with a veteran missionary couple. The author writes:

Pete trusted in the Lord, but he also wrestled with discouragement at times. "Obedience at all costs" sounded good on paper, but everyday living put Pete to the test. The very people for whom he prayed, longed, and would give his life to reach for Christ, sometimes brought out the worst in him. The question of his gifts and abilities resurfaced as he struggled with practical duties of building or making repairs. He saw this issue as a spiritual battle and a basic problem in his mental makeup. On January 25, 1953, he wrote,

I am a slave in great areas of my life to what people think of me... I was stung badly the other day when an Indian called me a "wawa" [child] as I was trying to fix a gun. He said that Jim was the one that knew about guns. He repeated it this morning when I couldn't play the Jew's harp when asked. These things plague my mind and I really have to fight to gain victory over my spirit. The thing is there is a lot of truth in what he says and others recognize it and laugh, which hurts.

I am now taking all the opportunities to fix and repair things that I can so as to gain a knowledge of useful, practical things. This will help, but it doesn't hit the root of the problem which is that I am making as a basis for my judgment of my spiritual progress and acceptance here the opinion of men and I am cast down when they estimate me for what I am. But it is all wrong. God does not need a perfectly-trained, perfectly-acceptable, perfectly-capable person to do His work well.

He has encouraged me this afternoon to believe that He will use this "wawa" to His glory even though I look young and act young and can't shoot a gun or play a Jew's harp. I take God's encouragement to Jeremiah when he protested of being too young as me: "Say not I am a child; for thou shalt go to whomsoever I shall

send thee and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid' of them for I am with Thee to deliver thee, saith Jehovah."

Olive comments, Although he believed in his heart that God did not need a "perfectly-capable person," Pete found it hard to accept on a daily basis. Six weeks after the above entry, he wrote once again of his discouragement. He wanted to bring honor and glory to God, but again felt oppressed by his "astounding inability along practical line":

I note that I almost fear the building of the new house for I know it will show up ineptitude to all. I feel I could do it if only everybody wasn't watching me and noting my childishness. Yet over the years God will square all that away. And even in these years if I am misevaluated (due to the Indians' incomplete criteria) and misunderstood, yet by God's grace I shall serve them and love them and labor in prayer for them.

To further compound his depression, Pete came down with malaria in late February 1953. He worried that the breakdown of his health, combined with his impracticality, were making him a hindrance in the jungle work. He recalled that some of his elders at home had predicted exactly this outcome.

Pete was not alone in his times of discouragement, however. Jim also struggled with his self-image. In July 1952, before he left for the jungles, Jim had written:

[I] marveled at my inner weakness yesterday. Strange that I should--evidently for life--be put to such close contact with Pete and Betty whom I feel are far my intellectual superiors. Spanish studies, for instance. When Betty first arrived and saw Pete and I were studying at the same level, she said, "How did you get so far behind?" --that Pete should be up with me. And now she is competing with us both, right along in the same material! They are both able to correct my grammar and pronunciation, and seem to be able to apply tense rules so much easier than I. [I] felt weepy and useless yesterday at noon, swept with waves of envy and defeated wonderings about such things.

A few days later he wrote about his feeling of unworthiness in comparison with Betty:

I sense that I am not her better in anything. She is settled in her thinking about things. I have to puzzle it slowly through making blunders and contradictions. She knows the Spanish word for tawdry: I never heard of it. She can do a Spanish lesson faster and better. In short, I see that she is my superior, and it frightens me. Can I bear competition with that sort of woman all my

life? And to her, I dare say, it never occurs that her efficiency makes me feel like I'm being beaten, and can't help it, just can't help it. I have seen husbands who are excelled by their wives and what piteous things they are, how out of place! Is that what her self-security, calmness, ability, and purity are going to make me when we marry? Great God in heaven, don't allow it! If only she didn't make me feel so small, if only she had had some great defeat in ignorance . . . something that would make one feel at least morally her equal, yet I could not love her if she had, I fear....

I know it would help to talk to her, but can't bear to think of speaking of this thing in daylight when she could see me cry. She wouldn't believe me . . . I don't usually display any humility that would suggest I felt myself her lesser. But I do. I know she would assure me that she didn't feel that way at all and that she didn't sense any superiority. . . . But: there it is--and I'm none the happier for having written it....

Olive concludes this section with these wise observations, in hindsight of course:

Jim and Pete had different kinds of gifts, which provided balance in the work. But they both had trouble accepting their limitations, and often compared themselves to each other or to Betty, with debilitating results. They were bumping up against a hard truth: that life goes on, even after one has heard and answered God's call--to the mission field or anywhere else. Everyday duties, personal struggles and relational issues continue, and must not be ignored or minimized. However, in spite of the difficulties--and there were more to come--the young missionaries managed to keep their ultimate goals in sight.

Thus ends chapter 13 of the book. Our next excerpt comes from some time later. Olive and Pete have gotten married and both now live in Ecuador's capital city, Quito. Olive is engaged in language-study, and still adjusting to a different culture and to married life. *Suddenly, on Christmas Eve, she realized she was pregnant but threatening to miscarry!* As a result she was hospitalized, and missed being with Pete and co-missionaries for the special Christmas dinner. Then, despite the medical attention she had the miscarriage! And she and Pete were not communicating very much or well. No wonder she felt very sorry for herself. We now quote from her honest sharing, in chapter 16.

When Pete showed up at the end of the day to bring me home, I was angry and upset. It had never occurred to him that I needed him, he said. He was told that I would probably be asleep from the medication, and that the nurses would help if I needed anything. When he went on to tell me what we were given for Christmas and how good the dinner was, I felt even worse. He had been thoughtless to leave

me alone in a strange place, I believed, especially during an emergency situation.

Dr. Roberts later explained to me that miscarriages were not unusual. Mine was more serious because I had hemorrhaged so much. I needed to accept it as God's will and for my best. Perhaps this was part of the sacrifice I had to make for missionary life, I thought. But at that moment, my noble ideal of "doing all things through Christ" came face to face with the cold reality of life: I felt completely dependent on Pete, a burden to him, and the very thing he had feared--a wife that would hinder his work for the Lord.

Once my strength returned, I had to act as hostess [of the missionary "guest home"] for a steady stream of visitors, which meant my language study suffered. My language teacher scolded me for my lack of progress, which only discouraged me further. Why wasn't I like Pete, Jim, and Betty, who were so good in the language? she would ask me. I felt like a failure, and began to question God's will in leading me to Ecuador. My slow progress was hampering Pete's ministry. Why did it seem that everything was going wrong? Pete tried to encourage me, but I only grew more depressed.

After one of my physical checkups, Dr. Roberts and his wife invited us to their home. That night they talked to us as friends, sharing from their own experience. They helped me understand that my miscarriage had taken its toll on me physically and emotionally, and that Pete and I needed to talk about it. (We hadn't.) The doctor gently reminded Pete that he was no longer single and had to think about his wife. We were experiencing the real stuff of married life, he said, with real pain and real feelings that we needed to deal with together. Healing would not come merely by saying everything was God's will.

That conversation with them marked a turning point in my relationship with Pete. We began to talk more openly with each other, and share more of our feelings. Pete also let me read his diaries for the first time.

Up to that point I had felt Pete could not understand my overwhelming feelings of depression and failure. But when I started to read his diary, I saw--to my surprise--all the very same feelings: his own discouragement in learning the language, his awful struggles with depression when he had malaria, his frustration over his lack of practical skills, the doubts about his usefulness on the field. He too had felt he was letting everyone down during his illnesses. He had never shared these feelings with me in his letters. I had viewed him as strong, competent, trusting the Lord with an unshakable faith. Apparently, that was what he had wanted me and others to believe. He kept his weaknesses and his struggles to himself, expressing them only in his diary. As I read about all those feelings and talked with Pete about them, I came to understand him in a much deeper way. And as I reminded him of his past struggles, he found it easier to understand

mine. We tried to step down from the unrealistic, "spiritual" plane of living where only "the work" mattered, and started to share our feelings honestly with each other.

Valuable Conclusions (by A. V. W. now)

So many lessons can be learned from the experiences of Pete and Olive, Jim and Betty. Draw your own conclusions, and consider them carefully. Here are a few scriptures that come to my mind.

John 15:5-6, I am the vine; you are the branches. If a man remains in me and I in him, he will bear much fruit; *apart from me you can do nothing.*

Phil 4:13, *I can do everything through him who gives me strength.*

2 Cor 4:7, 16-17. We have this treasure [i.e., the gospel message, and the ministry of making it known] in jars of clay [our fragile physical bodies and often-feeble souls], to show that *this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us....* We do not lose heart. *Though outwardly we are wasting away, yet inwardly we are being renewed day by day.*

2 Cor 12:9-10, [The Lord] said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for *my power is made perfect in weakness.*" Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me. 10 That is why, for Christ's sake, I delight in weaknesses, in insults, in hardships, in persecutions, in difficulties. For *when I am weak, then I am strong.*

The missionaries in Ecuador, like all of us, had strengths. But they were also weak (like us--and like Paul, who emphasized his weakness). But as the knowledge of their weakness became impressed upon them by tough testings and trials, their self-reliance was crushed. That, Paul implies, was a very great blessing! For then in desperate brokenness their trust in *Christ's* strength grew, and they experienced it more and more. Such a process is seen over and over in Scripture.

All of us need to learn this lesson for ourselves, repeatedly: In spiritual living and serving, by myself I can do *nothing*; but through Christ I can do *everything* - that is, everything He asks me to do. With Paul we each can say, I am wasting away, but my Lord can renew me inwardly day by day--and He does, *if* I trust Him, and *as* I trust Him! For the power is from Him, not from us. When I am weak (and acknowledge it, and turn to Him for new strength), then I am strong through His strength. For His grace is sufficient, yes

abundant, even for us with all our needs. May we keep learning and re-learning these basic lessons day by day, and not lose heart. Repeatedly I need to review the basic truths of the verses quoted above. Maybe you do too.

I highly recommend the book from which the above article was excerpted: *Unfolding Destinies*, by Olive Fleming Liefeld, published by Discovery House Publishers. Ten of its 254 pages are an "afterword" written by Steve Saint in 1998. It also is very profitable.

Distressed People, Yes. But a *Distressed* GOD?

By Fulton Sheen,
with many adaptations by Alex Wilson

In crisis times like these, how thankful we should be for the blessed assurance given us by the prophet Isaiah. He wrote: "In all their affliction He was afflicted." Or—"In all their distress He too was distressed." (Isa. 63:9, NASV, NIV.)

When God's people were troubled or made miserable, the Lord Himself shared in their misery – their affliction – their distress.

Probably most of us feel the sting of a statement by the great novelist Victor Hugo:

"I think if I were God, this world would break my heart."

Oh yes, it *did* break God's heart! It *does* break His heart! May we not doubt His love because of life's sufferings. Yet, questions are inevitable. Does God *know and feel* what our struggles and pains are like?

Does God Understand---

Does He understand the refugee mother in Sudan who has to crawl into a cave to give birth to her child? (Or maybe she has to go into a stable in Israel.)

Does God understand the fear and panic of parents who at midnight must flee for their lives -- from bombs or bullets or bayonets or rapists in Iraq (or from a fear-crazed king in Judea)?

Does God understand about low-pay work and hard-to-pay bills and long hours, maybe at McDonald's or Walmart (or maybe as a small-town carpenter)?

Does God know anything about a migraine headache that pounds and pains as if you had thorns encircling your head, pressing and piercing from all sides?

Has God any idea of the shrieking pain of a machinist whose hand was mangled in an iron press?

Or of the sorrows of a mother who watches her son go to the electric chair in public rejection, shame and pain – even though he is innocent of any wrongdoing, and in fact lived a model life?

Yes, God knows. He did not remain secluded in heavenly headquarters, aloof from the anguish and pains of His creatures. The Son of God became “a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief.”

In all our affliction He was – and is -- afflicted.

VOICES from the FIELDS

Dennis and Betty Allen

Oct. 2005

[The Allens left Louisville on Sept. 7, 05 for China. An email sent later explained the following.] We plan to return to the U.S. by Mar. 1, 2006. Now we are going back to where we spent a year in 2003 and 2004. We will be working in the English Training Center again and using opportunities as they open up. We will be staying [for a while, at least] in the same apartment we had before. This is nice, as we learned this morning we will have it to ourselves this time. We are looking forward to renewing contact with many we knew before. Our e-mail address is dennisa@gati.info. This is supposed to be a secure address, so don't be afraid to write us. Just don't say anything critical of the government here, or use the word "missionary" in referring to us. [We are teachers of English.] And *please pray!* Some have asked where to send gifts. Our Social Security is sufficient for our living expenses (we are not paid for teaching). Any gifts can be sent to Linda Allen, 2415 St. Xavier St. Louisville, KY 40212.

Cecil and Betsy Garrett St Petersburg, Russia Oct. 20, 2005

A man named Valery invited Cecil to visit their little church at Narvskaya. There were about 16 or 17 present, all senior adults. The American minister was giving his last sermon before returning to the States. His Russian wife was translating, sometimes with the assistance of a couple of men and a woman in the group. Valery asked me to come again, and hopes to have me teach them on a regular ba-

sis. I showed them a picture of our Petersburg family and told them what we were trying to do with a transitional home.

Our Saturday Bible class seems to be limited to 4 boys, ages 17 or so, plus one young man in his thirties who had lived in an orphan home, plus Vica (Victoria), who is translating for us. Our Bible reading every night is most interesting when I can give some historical background which one of the twins then relays to Sasha. The twins have quite a bit of English understanding. Several times our Bible reading time is attended by one or two girls from the group of graduates.

I made the corrections provided by Larissa, who works for Earl Mullins, of my tract "Roadmap for the New Christian," and used my desktop computer at home. Then I made a CD of all important files to transfer to my laptop when we got to Russia. Well, none of the files on the CD will open. But I had the paper with Larissa's corrections on it, and am slowly getting them entered. An American missionary named Dave Hulley said he knew of a Russian girl who knows some English, and who would probably benefit from making the corrections, since she would have to read it all, so I gave him another copy for her to work on. The similar copy I had given Liza, the more scholarly of our twins, to correct, and she stayed up very late that very night to finish it. We'll see how these three compare! There is nothing quite like having three editors!

We have attended our third session at one of the orphan homes where Joanna is teaching English, and I occasionally put in two cents worth. The four boys are the same ones who come to our apartment for Saturday Bible class at 5:00 p.m. Two of them escorted us all the way home tonight.

The need for modern Russian translation of the Bible was demonstrated during our nightly Bible reading. We were reading James 1:27. In the Russian Synodal Translation it uses the word *prizirat*, which is not even found in my big dictionary. It is no longer used. But it sounds like *prezirat* which means to despise and reject (orphans and widows)! Imagine the consternation and surprise from the orphan who made that connection! She said O, Cecil, *oshibka!* (Mistake!) A modern translation says *poseschat* -- (to visit) orphans and widows, and another says *pomogat* (to help) orphans and widows. So I have access to these two versions which are only New Testament. I wonder if there is somewhere a modern Russian translation of the Old Testament?

[Challenge from the editor: The four co-senders of the two preceding letters are all over three-score and ten years old. Thank God

for their health and strength, but most of all their faith, love, and zeal! Keep praying for them, and for other senior-citizens to be willing to serve the Lord where and as He leads and enables. There's more to life than the average American's dreams of retirement. Also: Hellooo, *young* people! What are *you* living for? Rather, *Whom* are you living for? Don't be misled by the common goals of ease and luxury. There is so much more to life. Take heed to the example of these and other senior-citizens who keep on serving the Lord.]

Ken and Cindy Brady, with Operation Mobilization's international literature ministry *Send the Light*

Cindy's right hip has been doing well since the surgery 18 months ago, but now the left hip is causing pain with each step. The doctor said some months ago that there was no cartilage left in that hip and that he is ready to do a replacement whenever she decides the pain is bad enough. Please pray for God's timing. Their son Daniel graduated from Toccoa Falls College, GA, and is to be married Oct. 29. He is seeking a place where he can do fulltime ministry. A church in South Carolina may call him. Also pray for Cindy's parents, Hall and Alice Crowder, who live with them.

**David Moldez Central Bible Seminary, Manila, Philippines
Nov. 4, 2005**

We thank the Lord for the visit of Sister Mae Broaddus and her sisters-in-law. It is always an encouragement to see our beloved missionaries who shared with us about Christ, disciplined us to grow in the faith, and are still helping us as we do our mission work here. They met the former brethren and also met new ones. It is our joy to show to them the progress of the work here.

We seek to train more believers, and support them in the ministry as long as the poor churches cannot do so. I will be going to San Jose, Mindoro by next week to conduct training among the Mangyan tribe through the Bible League ministry. Indeed it is true that in heaven every tribe, nation and language will be represented. We are also preparing for the coming second semester. One of our students has expressed the desire to become a missionary to Thailand in the near future. A pastor also is planning to send to Central Bible Seminary some ex-prisoners to study. He has a prison ministry at Manila city jail and there are those who came to know the Lord and attend their local church. The pastor wanted them to grow in their faith and be trained for the ministry.

Martin & Susan Brooks report about a Muslim land in Africa

Adda was a secret believer. In fact, both she and her husband came to know Jesus several months ago through a dream. Adda's husband works for a Christian NGO (nongovernment organization) in this Muslim country. So Adda and her husband had seen the lifestyle of Christians and knew that some of the propaganda they had been told about American Christians simply was not true. In Adda's dream, she saw the workers of the NGO coming to her home for dinner. Dreams are very important in her culture, so she asked her father what the dream meant. Her father said that the dream meant that these people were from God, and she should listen to them.

In time, both she and her husband became Christians, but because of fear of persecution, they did not tell very many people. Once Adda's mother found a Bible in her room and confronted her. Adda claimed it was just a matter of historical interest, but her mother was suspicious. Adda and her husband were hungry to learn more about Jesus. They continued to read their Bibles and asked the believers many questions. Soon Adda found out she was expecting a child. Everyone was rejoicing. Adda carried the baby full-term, but the baby died just a week before birth. We were all concerned about how this young couple would interpret the turn of events. Would they think Allah was punishing them? Would they recognize the attack of Satan who steals, kills, and destroys? The believers sent prayer requests that the couple would remain strong.

A couple of weeks ago, a younger sibling told Adda's mother that Adda and her husband were Christians. The mother came to Adda's house to remove her by force from the man who now followed Jesus. By the time our workers saw Adda, she was battered and bruised from the confrontation with her mother.

Later the same day Adda's brother and father came to retrieve Adda from her husband. The Lord gave the husband the right words and a cool head. He was able to diffuse the situation without violence. As the father left the house he proclaimed, "You are no longer my daughter. It is as though you are dead." Although reeling emotionally, Adda and her husband have found comfort in our Savior. They know where the attacks are coming from. They knew they would face these types of persecution, they were just hoping to postpone the pain for a little longer. The story is repeated many times among the 1.3 billion Muslims around the world. Many are coming to Christ. Many face persecution we cannot even imagine. Many do

not have the support of a Christian NGO to counsel them and hold them in times of trouble. Please pray for our workers who fill this vital role in some very difficult places. Please pray for Muslim Background Believers (MBB is the abbreviation used) who must rely on Jesus alone, and must learn to trust in His grace to be sufficient.

Keep Praying for Our Veteran Preachers

Thank the Lord for His servants who have faithfully proclaimed His Wonderful Announcement and taught His Word for many years. Four or five come to mind right now who have serious health problems. No doubt there are others; we do not mean to overlook them, of course.

In Louisiana, **Antoine Valdetero** continues to struggle with cancer, but he has outlived the doctor's prediction about how long he would live. He still preaches regularly at the Crowley church, aided in his ministry by David Broussard. We were delighted to see the latter's dad, **Stan Broussard**, at the Central Louisiana Fellowship. Despite feebleness, he led singing and filled in as chairman part of one day. Brother Val also had hoped to be there, but was very much under the weather at that time—though he improved the next week.

Kenneth Preston has had liver and pancreas problems off and on for almost five years now. He still preaches about half the time at the Bohon church in central Kentucky—alternating with Julius Hovan. But Kenneth never knows when the next attack will strike, and the doctors seem unable to solve his problems. When he's up he's up, but often he's back in the hospital.

David Tapp had a heart attack on Oct. 11, followed by open-heart surgery with 5 by-passes on the 14th. His rehab is going well and he is gaining strength, though he has other health issues too. You know he is eager to get back to the mike and resume "Sowing the Seed" as soon as possible.

Earl Mullins Sr. discovered back in August (right after a trip to Russia) that he had cancer in his liver and elsewhere. The doctors estimated he probably had about half a year at most. The first series of chemo did not help. We now quote excerpts from some emails sent out by Earl C. Jr.:

The doctor suggested that a different chemo regime should be tried and so they began this different treatment and chemo series today [Nov. 11]. This chemo treatment will be taken intravenously every 6 to 7 days for 7 weeks.

On the other hand the doctor was surprised that Dad was not ill, was pain free, was eating well and otherwise maintaining weight. Dad had an answer for why he was not sick from the chemo and why he was pain free and why he had a good appetite and the reason was that people all over the world are praying for him. He told the doctor, "I don't know if this means anything to you or not but I believe that I feel as I do because people all over the world are praying for me." The doctor simply acknowledged that he thought Dad would be much sicker than he was and that it was a very good but unusual thing that he felt as well as he did.

Daily, Dad enjoys the cards, letters, phone calls and visits that he receives. Every day when I visit, he and mother tell me with a sense of excitement who wrote, visited and or called that day. He has calls from all over the states and from as far away as Russia and Japan. But whether from across the world or across the river or across the street, he loves to hear from those he has known through the years. Dad and Mom's contact numbers are: Earl Mullins, Sr 812-248-4001; 10223 Stricker Rd, Memphis, IN 47143.

He spends much of the day in his study working in his many projects and studying God's Word. He loves to discuss spiritual matters. As he speaks about various matters he has read (or seen on TV or talked of with friends) you can see the wheels of his mind turning.

He does not get out much except for doctor's visits. In part he is concerned about his reduced ability to fight common sicknesses (although he said just today that he knows God has protected him mightily from sickness in many of his journeys around the world), and in part he is very emotional. As so many tell him what God has done for them through the ministries in which dad has served, you can see his emotions strained. While he does not seek the applause of any except Christ, he is like all of us--being reaffirmed when Christ uses someone to tell us that we have been true servants of His. Isn't it a shame that many of us have never taken the opportunity in this life to thank someone who Christ used to impact our lives. We often wait until it is too late and then we tell the family at the funeral home. I do not write this for dad's sake but as a challenge to the many who may read this to be inspired to tell someone before they die what God has done to bless your life by their life.

NEWS and NOTES

Edited by Bennie Hill, BHill40482@aol.com

The Jennings, LA Church, contrary to our report in Oct., did suffer a major **disaster**. The church's feeding program and other early projects to help Katrina evacuees had been going on. Then suddenly **Rita** came, and everyone in town was ordered to evacuate for some days! It damaged many homes, also the church facilities. It ruined most of its roof--causing extensive water damage to the nursery, library, restrooms, fellowship hall, etc. A contractor estimates a cost of about \$80,000 for repairs, but the insurance company okayed under \$40,000 of help.

Paul Estes expresses thanks to all who sent funds earlier to be used for hurricane victims. From churches all around the U.S., they received \$54,651 and distributed over \$44,800 for food, appliances, school supplies, etc. for other folks. That leaves \$9,757 for their own church's needs.

We urge readers to help by prayer, and in other ways too as God enables. Intercede for the Jennings church and Bro. Estes too as he must leave it soon due to pressing family needs, and return to the Winchester KY area.

S-O-S! ZIMBABWE Faces Continuing Hardships: A lady missionary in Zimbabwe writes that they have the highest inflation rate in the world. Most people come back from shopping in shock. Unemployment is listed at between 70% and 90%. She later reported more re: the continued hardships there. Water is in short supply where she lives. Each

night the water is cut off in order to allow pumps to "catch-up." Temperatures are 100 degrees. [It's summer there.] The US dollar is now trading for Z \$60,000.00 at the banks. The largest bill Zimbabwe has is the Z \$20,000.00. Wages go up but never keep up with expenses. She says "we may have the poorest millionaires in the world!"

Despite dire economic conditions the churches continue to grow. She requests individuals or churches to send small plastic communion cups, new or used. Cups can be given to churches where they are repeatedly used, washed and re-used until they break. Pack them in shoe boxes (larger boxes cost more to send). Label them "Used small plastic cups--not for resale." That latter idea may be a good one for Robert Garrett, though he has not mentioned it. --avw

Ralph Ave. Church of Christ (Louisville, KY) welcomes Kevin Beck as full-time minister. He is married to Mindy, and works for Portland Christian School as a sixth grade teacher. At present, they live in Jeffersonville, Indiana and will be moving to Sellersburg, Indiana soon. They were missionaries for a while in Mozambique with Martin and Susan Brooks. The Ralph Ave. church also hosted a well-attended 5th-Sun. song service for the greater Louisville area. The singing was inspiring.

5th Sunday Singspiration among several Central Ky. churches was hosted by the Bohon congregation

Oct. 30th. It was a delight having Graham McKay with us and sharing the history of several favorite hymns sung during our worship services. Graham pointed out that next to the Bible, the hymn-book is undoubtedly the second most important book in our worship to the Lord. He is the publisher of "A Hymn A Day" and copies of this 100 page history of songs we sing are available by writing him at 2255 Clara Mathis Road, Spring Hill, TN 37174 or: mckay4fish@aol.com

Johnson City Church of Christ (Tennessee) held a fall revival Nov. 6-9, 2005 with evangelist Jerry Carmichael.

Prayer / Praise Booklets were ready for distribution at both the Central Louisiana Christian Fellowship in Glenmora, La and the annual Thanksgiving Day service at Atherton High School for those in the Louisville/Indiana area. There are about 30 entries this year containing information for praise and prayer among various works of faith. Copies are provided free of charge by the Church of Christ Worldwide. Several copies of the booklets will also be distributed among the ministers who will see that each congregation will receive them. Or, you can write Church of Christ Worldwide, P.O. Box 54842, Lexington, KY 40555.

"Toward One Hope" was the theme for this year's Restoration

Forum XXIII held in Lexington, Kentucky on October 16-18, 2005. Dr. Leroy Garrett delivered the key-note address

He challenged hearts by speaking on "There's Something about a City" which had tones of "the Holy City, the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God..." (Rev. 21:2) There were 3-400 in attendance who share in a common heritage of what is often called "The Restoration Movement."

Pleasant Grove Church of Christ (Lyons, Indiana) is looking for a new minister. "We would like someone who has an interest in spreading the Gospel not just 'entertaining' the congregation. Our focus is to be 'the hands of Christ' in our area and around the world. If anyone is interested or knows someone who might be interested in joining us in this work please call Brad Ellis at 812:659-2912 or send an email to hoover@smithville.net.

Tell City Church of Christ (Indiana) hired Logan Heeke as full-time minister on October 2, 2005. His parents, Jim & Katie Heeke and grandparents, Herman & Virginia Epple are long time members of the Tell City church. Logan grew up in the church and for the past several months has been associated with the Sonny Childs "M.A.P." program. We welcome Logan, his wife Elizabeth, and their young son Garrett to our congregation.