

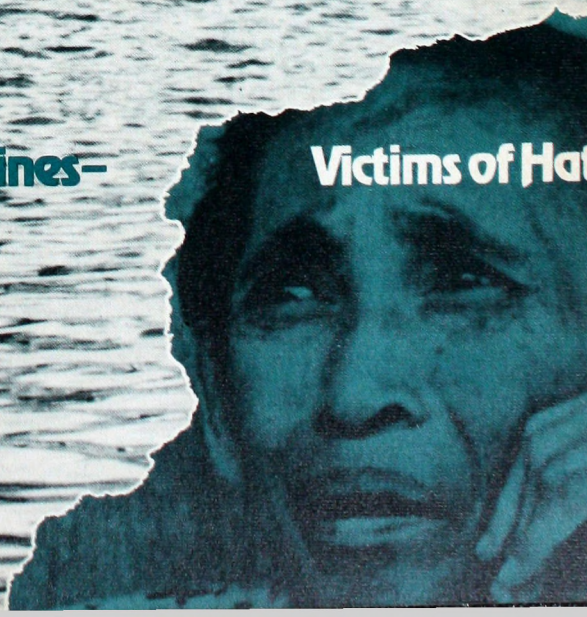
world vision

JUNE 1973



Amid the Beauty of the Philippines—

Victims of Hatred



Throughout this year the executive staff of World Vision International is engaged in a study of the concept of community and is seeking to live out, on the practical plane, new truth as it is discovered. The department heads meet each Monday morning as a group for prayer and counsel, and each one has a prayer partner for the year. So in small groups and in the larger whole, the

Community

fellowship is being sustained and deepened through prayer. And I like to think that the readers of this magazine, though widely scattered, are in a measure part of this community too. C.S. Lewis has said that mathematics effectively began when some Greek friends got together to talk about numbers, lines and angles. He adds that without much exaggeration one might say that the Renaissance, the Reformation, and many other historic movements began in the same way. He cites Emerson approvingly to the effect that the key question for friendship is: Do you see, or care about, the same

truth? George MacDonald expresses it poetically:

Two clear souls
That see a truth, and, turning, see
at once
Each the other's face glow in that
truth's delight,
Are drawn like lovers.

The readers of this magazine number virtually all the supporters of the work of World Vision. Their community of interest is an active and giving one. When they read an article like that of Stan Mooneyham on the tragedy of the Philippines today (p. 4), they share a heartfelt concern. And they share something of the spirit of John Masefield's lines:

I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth.

There is the horizontal relationship of loving concern because of the vertical relationship with the Father through the loving Redeemer and Shepherd of our souls. There is the unity of surrender to the same Lord.

For the great paradox is that the antidote for our isolation is the isolation of the Lamb of God upon the Cross. Not only had He known the rejection of family, friends, and followers—now at Calvary is heard the appalling cry: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Because of this, He could later say, "It is finished." And the way was made open to restoration of fellowship between Creator and

creature through the Mediator. James Stalker writes compellingly of the charm of fellowship with Jesus and concludes:

As we read the records of the great and good, we cannot help sometimes wishing it had been our lot to follow Plato in his garden, or to hear the table-talk of Luther, or to sit with Bunyan in the sunshine of the streets of Bedford, or to listen to Coleridge bodying forth the golden clouds of his philosophy. But what would any such privilege have been in comparison with that of Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet and heard His words; or that of John, who leant on His bosom and listened to the beating of His heart?

By His Spirit we now enjoy the delight of fellowship with our risen Lord. We are one body and have the inestimable privilege of praying one for the other. And in spheres of darkness we are able to work together to proclaim Christ as the light of the world, to comfort and help needy people in His name—creating here below a "little heaven of. . . surpassing love," all the while looking in united hope to Jerusalem the golden of which Christians have sung for 800 years in these words:

"O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!"

Frank E. Farrell



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world vision

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globe at a glance

NEWS BRIEFS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL
CHRISTIAN SCENE FOR YOUR
INFORMATION AND INTERCESSION

FAR EAST

SEOUL, Korea—The government of South Korea has publicly honored World Vision International on the occasion of its twentieth anniversary in that country. World Vision founder Bob Pierce began helping Korean orphans and refugees in 1950, three years before the division of North and South Korea. The Christian humanitarian agency was cited by top government leaders for the Christian love and concern it has shown for thousands of Koreans. World Vision presently sponsors some 16,000 children in Korea alone—45,000 worldwide—and is active in a number of social action and evangelism programs.

SOUTH ASIA

BANGKOK, Thailand—According to top sources, the government here is urging religious leaders and missionaries to help solve some of the nation's problems. The country's new Alien Occupation Law, which restricts the practice of some 58 occupations to Thai nationals, does not apply to teachers of religion. Missionaries have been told that the government considers their work beneficial to the country; they have been urged to win those committed to no faith and to "try to win the hearts of the young people." The open door policy continues despite a much publicized incident involving two young Mormons who insulted Buddhism by posing for pictures sitting on the head of a large figure of Buddha.

LAHORE, Pakistan—Non-Muslim religious minorities have been given seven of 495 seats in four provincial assemblies, under this country's new constitution. The minorities, in order of size, are the Christians, Hindus, Sikhs, Buddhists and Parsis.

Minorities, especially Christians, have been troubled by the nationalizing of their schools last year and by the arrests of many who demonstrated in protest. Those charges have all been dropped, government sources report, although the schools will remain nationalized. Now that minorities are assured representation, Christian delegates are expected to request permission for the teaching of their faith to the children of communicants in the nationalized schools and colleges.

AFRICA

NAIROBI, Kenya—The Jehovah's Witnesses have been banned from this country. The Kenya government thus joins a growing list of African governments that have become irritated by the zealous sect. The Witnesses have also been either banned or restricted in Gabon, Cameroon, Zambia, Guinea, and Tanzania.

EUROPE

SLIGORSK, U.S.S.R.—Four "evangelical Baptists" have been arrested and convicted here for acting "immorally." While it was acknowledged that the Russian evangelicals had not harmed anyone physically, their crime was "morally" harmful. The four were guilty of giving religious instructions to children and belonging to an "unregistered" sect. Soviet law requires all religious communities to register with state authorities. The length of the jail terms for the four was not disclosed.


MOSCOW—Russians are being reminded, via Soviet broadcasts, that while the U.S.S.R. constitution guarantees freedom of worship, it also safeguards "freedom of antireligious propaganda." The broadcasts urge atheists to propagate their ideas be-

cause "great possibilities exist in our country for atheists."

Conferences on problems involved in promoting atheist education are now being held in various parts of the Soviet Union. According to Soviet Radio, a month-long refresher course for lecturers in atheistic subjects is currently being held in Samarkand, with heavy emphasis on students and youth. The broadcast stated that "under present conditions, attention is being concentrated on convincing believers of the absurdity of their beliefs, on the expansion of their social and cultural horizons and on attracting believers to labor, social and political activities."

NORTH AMERICA

PORTLAND, Oregon—Free Methodist Bishop Myron F. Boyd, the president of the National Association of Evangelicals, told delegates to its annual convention here last month that theological liberals and evangelicals are guilty of "neglect." This happens, he explained, when "the evangelical concentrates on the personal salvation of man but leaves him homeless, hungry, thirsty and naked, or when the liberal avoids evangelism based on the Word of God. . . ." He also emphasized that "only a burning heart and a helping hand will win our world to Christ."

NASHVILLE, Tennessee—The State Senate has voted to restrict evolution to a "theory" in textbooks designed for public schools and colleges. With little debate and a vote of 28 to 1, the Senate said books dealing with human origin should give "commensurate attention to and an equal amount of emphasis on" the origin and creation of man, including Genesis. According to the bill, Darwin's theory of evolution is now reduced to one theory among others. 

Violence and Revenge in Mindanao

by W. Stanley Mooneyham
President, World Vision International



Mindanao coastline from the air

I cinched up my seat belt as our pilot banked the helicopter in tight circles to gain enough altitude for a safe exit over the nearby insecure area. It was a reassuring—albeit useless—action prompted by my view over the right gunner's shoulder of the receding ground.

It was not Vietnam or Cambodia. It was the Philippines, Asia's latest trouble spot, and I was there with colleagues Bill Kliewer, Bob Larson and Mel Van Peurse, newly-appointed World Vision director in that country.

We were responding to a desperate call for immediate help for tens of thousands of refugees, victims of a vicious political/cultural/religious conflict which threatens to engulf the whole of Mindanao.

As the pilot came out of his corkscrew at 1,000 feet, beyond the reach of the guerilla's guns, I thought of what we had left behind. Tired social workers, sick and malnourished children, nearly 4,000 homeless families, a dedicated Christian pastor, and \$300 which was the last of \$7,000 we had brought out here for immediate relief. It was not nearly enough, but we had left it with the instructions to buy milk and food for the children and the promise that we would try to send more.

As we flew over the incredibly beautiful islands in the Moro Gulf and along the Mindanao coastline, I thought of the scenes we had just witnessed. I remembered the little girl pushing rice into her mouth past the dead flies which lay in the drool around her teeth. I saw again the mothers in one "refugee center" (warehouse is the accurate word) sitting around on boxes trying to nurse their babies from dry, withered breasts. I recalled the villagers who had been driven twice from their homes by attacking gangs called Ilagats (Rats) who burned and pillaged until nothing was left.

And the words of the missionary hymn kept coming back to me: "... where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." I have seen the vileness and sinfulness of man demonstrated in many ways around the world, but few situations have been marked with the total violence and vengeance as that manifested in Mindanao.

This second biggest island in the republic is known as the "Pearl of the Orient Seas" and is considered the "land of promise" by the Filipinos. Money crops grow well in its fertile soil and fish abound along the irregular coastline. There are minerals in the mountains of



Zamboanga del Norte and oil deposits in the Sulu Sea.

But until recent years it seemed no one cared. The land was largely untapped and untamed. Minority tribes—some still in the stone age—were scattered throughout the remote interior while the coastal areas were inhabited mostly by the Moros (Muslims), representing for many centuries the largest ethnic group on Mindanao. They worshipped at the mosques, fished when they felt like it, and grew a little rice to pour the fish sauce over. Life was simple and uncomplicated.

In 1939, however, the sturdy, ambitious, and hard-working Ilacanoes of the north began to migrate south to Mindanao to conquer the rugged land. They prospered and soon the "genuine" people of the land—the Muslims—saw control of their ancient land threatened.

But the Cristianos (a loose term which includes most non-Muslims) refused to surrender the land which they had carved out of jungle.

Trouble.

Muslim gangs called Barracudas and Blackshirts were organized to terrorize Christian villages. Gangs called Ilagats were the Christians' answer. Murder, raping, pillaging have gone on for several years. Each act of violence brings swift revenge.

But the situation took a dangerous shift in 1972.

Acting under martial law, President Marcos ordered all unlicensed firearms to be surrendered to the Armed Forces of the Philippines. Many of the Cristianos brought in their guns, but most of the Muslims headed for the mountains with their guns to begin a confrontation with the Army. On the island of Basilan with a population of 200,000, Police Chief Estrada told me not a single Muslim weapon had been surrendered. He quoted a standard Muslim dictum which I had heard before: "I will give up my wife, but not my gun."

Amnesty was offered until February 28, 1973, and then extended until April 15 with almost total failure. This meant not only trouble, but the beginnings of a bloody civil war. The rebels—no one knows how many exist—are well-armed and trained. It is said they are financed and aided by at least one outside Muslim country. They have been joined by Maoists from the northern Philippines who are set on overthrowing the government.

It all makes for a nasty and incendiary situation.

One of the greatest tragedies in Mindanao, as in every other human conflict, is the suffering of the innocent. Uprooted from their lands, driven from their homes, struggling to stay alive, refugees by the scores of thousands (officially called "displaced persons arising from social conflict") trudge to the security of the nearest town. Often the attack is so savage and evacuation so swift, they have to leave their dead unburied.

On the island of Basilan about 80 percent of the Cristiano homes in the mountains have been burned down by the Blackshirts. Some who tried to return to get their belongings were killed. Soon half the population of this island may be refugees.

We visited one school-turned-refugee-dwelling. The



A warehouse evacuation center where 20 families live crowded into tiny cubicles with only rags dividing the spaces.



(left to right) Juan Talion, Mel Van Peurse, and Stanley Mooneyham visit a refugee village.



Children are the first victims of disease and malnutrition at the centers, but they must continue to carry responsibilities such as maintaining the cooking fires (above).

people have been there three months. One room, separated only by pieces of cloth, had seen three births in that period of time. But tragically, three babies had also died in that room the previous week. In that particular camp three to five babies die every week.

Said Bill Pamaran, a layman who is chairman of the Christ the Only Way Movement in the city of Lamitan: "In this hard time these refugees hope for nothing but only food and clothing. Please send help! We, the staff, are only too willing to serve for Christ."

Working through Christ the Only Way Movement, a nationwide evangelistic effort embracing nearly all the churches in the Philippines, World Vision has been the principal source of help for the refugees apart from the government itself. Up to April 15 our involvement had totaled \$117,000 in relief supplies and \$22,500 in cash. But so much more is needed.

Juan Talion, a businessman who sold his business a year ago to head up the COW Movement in Cotabato province, told us of a raid by the Blackshirts on the town of Colombo in mid-March. It occurred at 3 p.m. when the schoolteachers were having a general meeting. They were captured, held hostage in the school, raped as many as 15 times a day, and made to serve their captors naked. Two of the teachers were able to escape. The terrible ordeal had driven one, a mother of three, out of her mind. When her husband approached her, she began to shout and then committed suicide in her own home.

I cannot forget Juan's sad eyes and halting words as he told us of the raping and killing in Colombo. The

vice-mayor of the town is an evangelical Christian who barely escaped with his life. He and his wife fled with their two-year-old son, covering nearly 14 miles in one day as they crossed the Trojas range of mountains which reach 12,000 feet in some places.

"There was no other way," his wife said simply when asked how they could possibly have done it.

Talion says many evangelical Christians have been killed in Cotabato province. No one has official figures for the slaughter, but it seems certain that more Cristianos have been killed than Muslims since it is the Muslims who have kept their guns. On April 1, 1973 there was a massacre of 37 Christians at Labason. When the army arrived they found 901 empty shells in the village.

Standard procedure for a Muslim raid is to shoot up the village at random, hack and mutilate the bodies with their vicious bolo knives and then behead the victims, children included.

But there are also many innocent Muslim victims as the Ilagats retaliate. And so the terrible feud goes on.

Through faithful pastors and COW leaders, World Vision is seeking to minister to victims of the conflict, whatever their religion. In Zamboanga City one out of every eight persons is a refugee. In Jolo, on the island of Sulu, the ratio is even higher. Most are Muslims.

The Reverend Zacarias Frondo, COW chairman in Jolo, said: "The goods you have provided for Operation Friendship have yielded wonderful results. Testimonies from the military, Department of Social Welfare, and the Muslims have encouraged our hearts for more involvement."

A Department of Social Welfare official in Jolo wrote: "So far you are the only organization from the private and religious sectors that is deeply involved in meeting the immediate needs of the evacuees."

And a Muslim leader, Princess Tarhata Kiram, told the Christian pastor, "I am very grateful to God for the love and concern that your organization has shown to my people."

The tangible, loving concern shown by evangelical Christians in Mindanao has opened wide the doors for Christian witness. In many places the relationships are still very delicate, but the Reverend Jose Nabob, pastor of the Zamboanga Evangelical Church, summed it up beautifully with these words:

"We are being welcomed now. Our love has destroyed their hate!"



COW members distribute World Vision relief goods.



love destroys their hate

It is into the troubled area of Mindanao that 17 teams of American and Filipino young people will move in August to begin a 10-month program of social action and evangelism. Sponsored jointly by the Christ the Only Way Movement (COW), World Impact, the Jesus People and World Vision, the program is called REAL (Revolution: Evangelism, Action, Love).

The teams will live in the *barrios* (villages) with the people, sharing Christ's love in word and deed. REAL programs will include the construction of houses, construction and direction of recreation and medical centers, the digging of wells, and direct evangelism.

The REAL program is part of the continuing ministry of World Vision in the Philippines which began in 1957.

As you have read, the situation in Mindanao is desperate. But God has a plan for that area. Perhaps you feel He is leading you to share in World Vision's ministries in the Philippines. Your prayers and financial gifts will enable the evangelistic and social action programs to be furthered. Mindanao, particularly, could be an outstanding gospel witness in the Philippine Islands.

I realize the needs, both physical and spiritual, are tremendous in the Philippines. I want to be a partner in World Vision's ministries there. Enclosed is my \$_____ to assist the Filipino people. 5422 H36-002

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

facts of a field

Compiled by MARC, a division of World Vision International
Information on other countries available

VITAL STATISTICS

Location: Southernmost major island of the Philippines. Province includes islands of Sulu Archipelago.

Major Cities: Davao is the chief port and principal city. Other major towns include Butuan and Zamboanga.

Area: 36,500 square miles (slightly larger than Indiana).

Population: About seven million (19 percent of nation's total).

Distribution: Population is largely settled in coastal and flatland areas and in major towns.

Ethnic Composition: A mixture of groups but especially Cebuano, Maranao, Tausug and Maguindanao peoples.

Languages: Various Malayo-Polynesian dialects; Tagalog is official national language but perhaps less than one-third of the people of Mindanao speak it. English is widely understood.

Economy: Largely agriculture and fishing.

History: Under Muslim influence from fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Area never entirely submitted to Spanish control during



Spanish rule of the Philippines. Extensive migrations to the island since 1946.

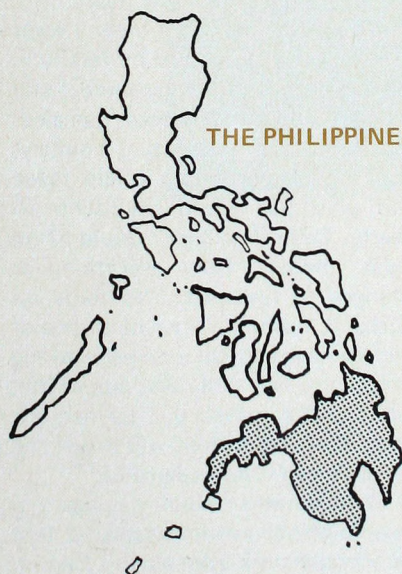
Religion: Majority of people are at least nominally Christian. 25-30 percent Muslim. Some animists among mountain tribal peoples.

Mindanao and its neighboring islands of the Sulu Archipelago were the chief frontier area of the Philippines following World War II. The national government encouraged migration to the area resulting in the influx of thousands of newcomers, a mixture of cultures and languages, and an aggravation of the longstanding tensions between the Muslim peoples and those who claim to be Christian.

The Muslim population has long resented the political control from Manila and many Muslim leaders have sought independence from the Philippines. The current insurgency is one more event in the long history of Christian-Muslim tensions in this part of the island nation. Ties with Muslim Indonesia and North Borneo are strong, and much smuggling (and perhaps some support to insurgents) has been carried on with these neighboring regions.

Religiously, non-Muslim peoples of the Mindanao region are largely considered part of the Roman Catholic Church, although in recent years evangelical Protestant churches have developed in the region. The earliest

came at the start of the nineteenth century as a result of an agreement among the foreign missions to work in separate areas of the Philippines to



avoid overlap, duplication and confusion of ministries. Congregational churches, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Christian and Missionary Alliance were among the first

Protestant bodies to work in Mindanao.

Since those early years, more Protestant church and mission groups have come to Mindanao. In addition, many newer independent religious groups have also grown up on the island. Studies suggest that the non-Muslim areas of Mindanao have been some of the more favorable areas of the Philippines for church growth. Part of this favorable climate has probably been the extensive immigration and settlement by peoples from other areas, bringing their own faith with them or being more open to Christianity as a result of their displacement. Of those Protestant churches with origins from abroad, the fastest growing one is the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel which has extensive work in Mindanao.

The nationwide "Christ the Only Way" evangelistic movement has been active in Mindanao. The current insurgency and resulting refugee conditions have given the COW movement the opportunity to coordinate relief assistance by churches on the island.



by Joan P. Glanville

I Asked God for a Table...



Some years ago while living in Jamaica, West Indies, my missionary husband contracted a virus, which within a few days took his life. Shock, bewilderment, grief, and the question "why" filled my heart.

To recover from the blow, I went to live with my son and his family in Canada. Although happy there, I still thought constantly about Jamaica: that beautiful, fascinating country, and the people whom I had loved and who had loved my John so dearly. Could I go back? Could I find work there? "Now everything is changed," I reasoned. "No home, no husband, nothing." I wrote to one of our former church members asking for advice. Her reply was immediate, warm and comforting: "Launch out into the deep. You will never be hungry or in want in Jamaica."

Two months later I was again in that lovely country, installed at first in a house with two elderly English people, both deaf and rather crotchety. All day I had to listen to com-

Joan P. Glanville has had missionary experience in Jamaica, West Indies and is currently serving as a missionary associated with the Methodist Church in Fiji.

plaints, and I was not happy there. However, it seemed the only accommodation available at the time.

I badly needed a table in my room—a table to write on, to have meals on, to use for holding things, and even to use as an excuse to escape complaints by “having to write letters.” A table became such an important thing in my life. I inquired about the price of locally-made tables, but they were too costly.

Why did John die?” I asked God. “I had a lovely home when he was alive, and now I do not even have a table.” A voice seemed to say: “Ask God for your table.” A Bible verse came to my mind: “The silver and gold in the world are His, the cattle on a thousand hills are His. . . .” So with this comforting assurance, I asked Him for my table.

The next Sunday I went to the church where John had been minister. As I placed some beautiful red ginger blossoms and golden frangipani on his grave, my tears spilled over. Inside the church I could almost imagine him standing in the pulpit. From the window close by, I could see our old mission house on top of the hill with one tall palm tree waving over it. Again I asked God, “Why?” Then the table came into my mind again. I said: “Lord, I have lost everything. But I do need a little table. That is all I ask for just now.” Then I forgot all about it as I greeted my old Jamaican friends after the service and was warmly welcomed back.

The next evening I sat on the verandah watching a beautiful sunset. I imagined a Master Hand flinging wide

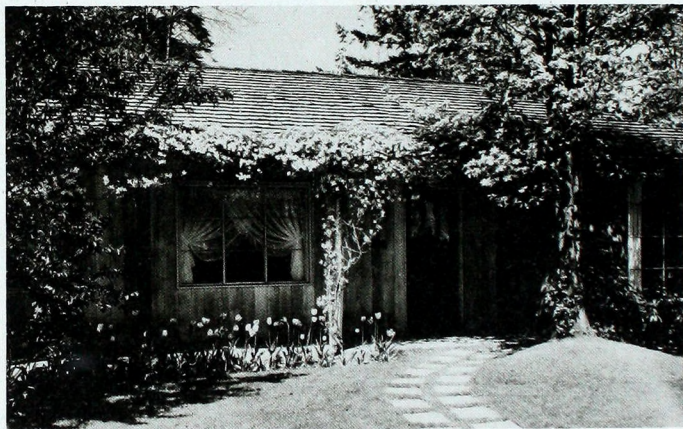
His canvas and splashing on His colors with a gay abandon. My reverie was interrupted by a car coming slowly up the driveway. A tall, handsome gentleman jumped out and ran up the steps. After preliminary greetings he said, “I have come to offer you a teaching post in our little private school.” I thanked him, but said that I could not accept as I was without a car after my husband died. He assured me that this need not be a problem because a lovely little furnished house went with the job, and a driver would pick me up each morning to take me from the house to the school about a mile away. The man then enlarged further: the house was small and comfortable, set in a pleasant garden, fully furnished, hot and cold water, electric light and so on. Finally he mentioned the salary, which was beyond my wildest imagination. “Now,” he concluded, “sleep on the suggestion, and telephone me in the morning.”

I went back into my room and

threw myself on the bed while the full impact of the offer hit me like a thunderbolt. I said: “Lord, I asked you for a little table, and you have given me a furnished house.”

When I could “find my legs” again, I ran all the way to the house of the friend who had said: “Launch out into the deep.” “Miss Kathleen,” I said, “I’ve been offered the job of teaching with the Bauxite company, and a house goes with the job.” She raised her hands heavenwards. “I know,” she said, “we’ve all been praying for it.” “But, Miss Kathleen,” I went on, “I never even applied for it.” “No matter,” she answered, “God applied for you.”

Two weeks later I was installed in my beautiful new home. I was overcome at the wonderful way my prayer had been answered. I kept touching not *one* table, but several. Impulsively I whispered: “Thank you God, and please tell John.”



touched by the immortal

Centuries ago the pagan poet Virgil acknowledged the fact that men are “touched by the immortal,” particularly those who have been affected by great suffering. Within the Christian context, World Vision is especially aware of this human feeling and thus seeks to serve the whole man. Social welfare and evangelism go hand in hand in its worldwide ministries.

Perhaps the poster on the following two pages will help you as you attempt to have a part in meeting both the physical and spiritual needs of people who have “known the pathos of life.”





**These men
know the pathos of life
and are touched
by the immortal. Virgil**

The first time I saw Ha Liang he was standing waist-deep in a narrow trench, shovelling out the hard, crusty chunks of red-clay earth that is nature's rug for the Central Highlands of South Vietnam.

It was one of those dusty, bone-dry February days when so much of Asia becomes an asthmatic's nightmare. Millions of fine particles of powdered earth churned up by overloaded logging rigs assaulted every opening of the human body: dust in the nose, ears, eyes, throat; not to mention the thick layer of red dirt on camera lenses and tape recorders.

Ha Liang kept on digging. A water system for the village was priority number one. The trench for the two-inch pipe had to be dug, and fast. With no modern devices to claw at the baked earth, shovels found their way into the experienced, leather-like hands of mountain men. Water would only be a few weeks away, if they kept digging.

So when a villager told Ha Liang the foreign visitor wanted to talk to him, there was slight hesitation. After all, the trench must be finished. But probably deciding he needed a rest anyway, Ha Liang tossed down his tool and climbed out of his narrow slit of earth.

I studied him as he came toward me. What I saw was a slight, handsome, sinewy 36-year-old man, wearing what looked like a striped Western shirt, faded but strangely of recent fashion. Although not more than five feet in height, Ha Liang stood tall. Smiling broadly, he put out his hand. I shook it, and within seconds the pale-faced foreigner and the sun-browned Montagnard had become friends.



I had flown up from Saigon to the lovely French-styled city of Dalat the day before on one of those never-say-die vintage DC-4s. After a day in Dalat, friends loaded me into a heavy-duty truck and we proceeded to bounce and bump our way toward the tucked-away village of Hang Roi—the hamlet where Ha Liang and his friends were digging the trench.

I had heard just enough about this village to make me want to learn more. I knew, for example, that on July 1, 1972, the first large group of these mountain people had *chieu hoied*, or left the Communist-controlled areas to "rally" to the side of the South Vietnamese. I also knew that these Kaho-speaking people had escaped from their Viet Cong captors with only the clothes on their back—not that they had much more than

that, anyway. I had also been told that for years the men, women, and children had been used as pack animals to carry food and ammunition for the North Vietnamese army and the Viet Cong.

I asked if I could talk to one of the men who had lived for several years under these circumstances. Ha Liang was my man, they said.

With little observable emotion in his voice or on his face, Ha Liang began to unfold the story of the life he had been persuaded to live for the 11 years he worked as rice-planter, coolie, and arms-bearer for the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong.

It was early in 1961 when the Viet Cong appeared in his village and began to call the shots. The villagers were expected to carry on their work almost as if nothing had happened,

THE LIBERATION OF HA LIANG

THE STORY OF A VIET CONG CAPTIVE

by Robert Larson

Executive Secretary / World Vision Asia Information Office

with only a slight hitch: they were to remember that it was now a Viet Cong village. No longer did the original inhabitants have any say in matters. The hamlet was exclusively in the hands of the "liberation" forces, and the people were advised *not* to forget it. It fell to the villagers to grow the rice, wash the pots, carry the guns, and obey all orders given by their new masters.

Food had been limited long before the "forces of liberation" appeared on the scene. But the situation now quickly became desperate—*desperate* for Ha Liang and his friends, that is. The rice was being grown for the Viet Cong, so the occupation troops were eating reasonably well. But for the villagers, it was meager rations from one day to the next.

The farmer throughout the world—whether in the backwaters of Vietnam or the wheat-thrasher of northern Minnesota—has no time to watch the clock. Nature's rhythm dictates the hours of his labor.

Ha Liang was not complaining about digging his fingers into jungle soil. That had been his routine ever since he could remember. The thing that was really tough was the constant, never-ending nightly instruction given by the Viet Cong.

Sunup to sunset was the pattern for working the fields. Sunset until much later was the time set aside for the mental strain: political propaganda, better ways to grow rice, disciplinary action. These and similar topics were the regular subjects of the candlelight chats.

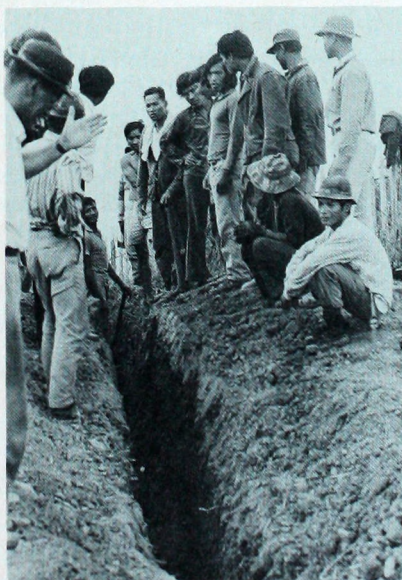
All these events had taken place less than 10 miles away from where Ha Liang and I were talking. But in

this rugged mountain country with its sunless, tangled jungles cut off from all outside civilization, his former home could just as easily have been on another planet.

What went through Ha Liang's mind during those years of "house arrest?" Did his head do battle with any of the philosophical questions that most of us can quietly debate in the comfort of the classroom or the easy chair? Did he ever think about creation... a creator?

"I thought often about the universe and wondered how it had all come about," Ha Liang said. "I would think about whether or not there was a creator of all the beauty that surrounded me. I had a strong feeling in my heart that there must be a God."

"Any name for this God?" I asked.



The construction of the water system begins.

"Many years ago a Christian tribesman, Sau A, came to our village to preach about what he called 'good news,' and to tell us about one whose name was Jesus Christ. He told us Jesus was God, and that He had died to give us a life that would never end. During the long years under the Viet Cong, I thought often about this Jesus. But how could I know more? No one else ever came to tell us."

I asked what I was afraid might be a silly question, and Ha Liang's reaction showed me I was correct. I wondered if there had been any kind of schooling available for the children in the village during the time they were under the control of the Viet Cong.

"How could there be any schools?" he laughed politely. "There was no time for anything but work during the day and instruction at night. Our children had no schools, no toys, no entertainment of any sort. In fact, if we had to pick up our belongings and beat a fast retreat, we were always told the least desirable baggage was small children. We were often forced to leave them behind. For 11 years that was the pattern for the people of my village."

When help finally came to their occupied village in June 1972, Ha Liang and about 250 fellow-villagers cut their way out of the jungle and began a new way of life less than 10 miles away.

Their new village of Hang Roi lies in an unnatural setting. The villagers have been given bamboo-woven houses built right on the ground, but the people are used to living high on stilts. They find themselves perched on the top of a small hill; they are more at home in dense jungle.

(cont.)



Al Gjerde discusses the ditch with refugee workers.

Sickness and disease continue to plague life in this transplanted setting. Their little children suffer from eye infection, pneumonia, vitamin A deficiency, and a medical journal full of other disorders. Food is still hard to come by, and the occasional activity of the nearby Viet Cong makes Ha Liang a bit jumpy at night.

I asked Ha Liang what thoughts occupy his mind these days, now that he is out of the jungle and enjoying a new kind of life.

"I have a great happiness in my soul. This wide place is a place of peace. It would be so hard to go back to the jungle and live a life of captivity again."

Ha Liang told me something else had also made a deep impression on him in recent days. He did not know it when he came out, but he and his fellow-villagers were being settled in an area that had a strong Christian tribal church. He said it was not long before he was given further information about the "Jesus" he had heard about years before in the jungle. Within a few weeks he, too, became a follower of Jesus Christ.

Ha Liang kept telling me over and over how happy he was to be a Christian, and especially that he now had the chance to be with so many other believers in the neighboring villages.

He referred often to the "open place" where he now lived—a land of peace, a new environment where he and his family could begin a new life.

A Viet Cong had just been killed early that morning as he tried to sneak into the village. So Ha Liang's new home was not without its security problems.

But he now puts his complete trust in the God who created the

jungle and everything in it. No longer is he in blind, superstitious bondage to the spirits of evil that had had such a merciless grip on him throughout most of his life.

When I told Ha Liang I would tell his story and that Christians around the world would be remembering him and his people in prayer, he beamed, expressing joy in hearing that Christians far away could be interested in him and his village.

But there was still the half-dug trench.


I walked back to the truck, and Ha Liang returned to his shovel. Two cultures, two life-styles. But also two members of the same Body who on that dry, dusty day in Vietnam had the unexpected pleasure to share something very much in common.

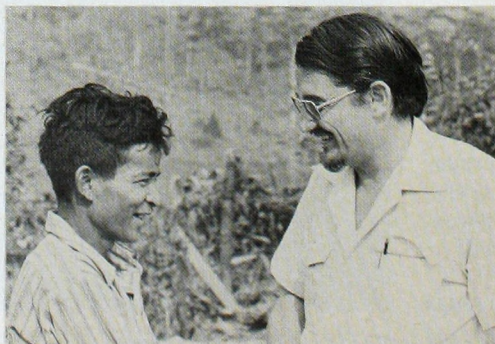
Ha Liang is one of thousands of refugees World Vision has helped in Vietnam. In the case of Ha Liang's resettlement village, clothing, quilts and food were provided for the new arrivals. Over five tons of relief goods have been distributed over the past year. After the emergency needs were met, World Vision staffer Allan Gjerde initiated and supervised the

construction of the water system. The system will not only be a convenience, but also will be an aid in fighting disease.

Medical care is also provided for the villagers. Al's wife Peggy is a registered nurse. She assists visiting doctors and conducts a medical clinic of her own. Midwifery, simple treatments, and medication are available daily.

As a result of the enthusiastic witness of the small group of Christians in the village, 125 of the 250 "ral-lied" tribesmen have accepted Christ as their Savior. The Gjerdes express their concern that supplies will continue to be forthcoming to the Christians so that they may in turn assist their fellow villagers in the name of Jesus Christ.

Perhaps you would like to have a part in the continuing help for Hang Roi village and other resettlement communities in Vietnam. Your gift, along with those of other concerned people, will enable World Vision to provide food, medicine, technical assistance, and a Christian witness for needy refugees. Please use the envelope enclosed in the center of the magazine for your convenience. 



The author meets Ha Liang.

IN GOD'S HANDS IN VIETNAM



Al and Peggy Gjerde, and son Matthew

Al and Peggy Gjerde have been serving with World Vision in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam for two years. Al's expertise in industrial and agricultural arts and Peggy's excellent qualifications as a registered nurse combine as an outstanding team for a ministry among the Montagnard tribes in that area.

The Gjerdes' approach to mission work evolves from an intense searching of their hearts about God's will for their lives. When Al was in Bible school, the dean of men admonished him: "Don't try to be something you aren't." "It took a year," Al comments, "To realize what he meant. I thought to be in the Lord's service, you had to be a preacher, or a Bible teacher, or something along this line. The dean was saying 'use the gifts that God has given you.' This has been a real help to both Peggy and me in understanding that we aren't all called to be preachers or teachers, but it takes 'arms and legs' to make Christianity go today."

When asked if they have any special fears in Vietnam, Al quickly commented: "Many of our good friends and relatives—even the Christians—say, 'Why not go to a safer place? Why Vietnam, with the continuing fighting and bombing? Why don't you pick a safer place to serve?' Well, my personal belief is that there is no safer place to be than in the center of God's will for your life. If you're in the center of God's will, you can be in Vietnam, in America, in any country and be just as safe. God controls everything from the sparrows in the field to the hair


on our heads. If it's our time to die, we're going to go no matter where we are. So to be in Vietnam is safe for us because we feel God wants us there and He cares for us and protects us there, as well as He does in the States."

Gjerde continued: "Of course, there are added dangers in Vietnam. When our four-month-old son became seriously ill, we had to take him to Bangkok for special treatment—it just wasn't available in Vietnam. But for us to know that we are in the center of God's will, doing exactly what He has for us to do is the most important thing in our lives. To bring honor and glory to Christ is what we hold foremost in our living for Him."

The Gjerdes' work among the tribesmen of the Central Highlands has been extremely varied. Al's construction and agricultural activities are supplemented by Peggy's medical assistance to the people and an extensive relief program. "In working overseas, you use everything you've ever learned or experienced," Al ob-

serves. "When you go out to a village in relief work, you may have to do dental work, you may have to help them fix their tractor, or you may have to treat their cow's ailment—you just never know what you're going to have to do. Our varied background aids us in being able to serve effectively. God was grooming us for the mission field even when we were youngsters... in teaching us leadership, providing Bible training, and so forth. These experiences have definitely prepared us for our work over seas."

One unusual experience the Gjerdes recently had was that of taking an ex-Viet Cong officer into their home for recuperation from malaria. This man brought over 250 tribesmen out of the jungle to escape Viet Cong oppression. "When he showed up on our front step," Al recalls, "We really had to think a lot about what the Lord says regarding loving our enemies, and doing good to them that persecute you. This man had killed many, many Americans. But by the end of the week, we could honestly say that we had learned to love him—with Christ's love."

Thinking over their ministry, Gjerde comments: "When you're in mission work, particularly social action type ministries, it is easy to think you aren't doing much for the Lord. You begin to think that any do-gooder could do what you're doing. But God has been allowing us to see the *spiritual* fruit of our work in the Highlands, and we just give Him the glory for all that's being accomplished." 

FROM THE HALF WAY HOUSE

A VIETNAMESE ORPHAN FINDS A FAMILY

Every time we put him down he would scream until we picked him up again. This went on for a week. Neighbors in the apartment house started to complain. At this point we seriously questioned our decision to adopt Nguyen van Duc.

Through volunteer work at the World Vision Half Way House in Cholon, Vietnam, my wife Karen first spied Duc (pronounced "Duke"). Malnourished, he had come there from an orphanage in the Saigon area—one of many malnourished and otherwise sick infants orphanages send to the Half Way House to be cared for and nursed back to health. When well, some return to the orphanages. Others are released to families worldwide from whom they have received adoption requests.

One evening at dinner Karen told me about the aloof, little two-and-a-half-year-old boy at the Half Way House who would not walk or talk and was still being fed from a bottle. "He's very responsive," she told me, "and likes to be held. And he has such bright eyes and the cutest dimples. Why don't you try to get over there and see what you think?"

The next day I went to see Duc. Karen was right. Although he appeared healthy, he did not walk or talk, and a Vietnamese nurse was feeding him from a bottle. He did respond to attention, though. I

Michael McAllister has recently returned from a tour of duty with the United States Agency for International Development in Vietnam. McAllister and his wife lived in Cholon, where they found their adopted son.



Ten pound, one-year-old Duc on arrival at the Half Way House

gathered him in my arms, raised him overhead, and lowered him again in one continuous motion, while he laughed and enjoyed the sequence until I was exhausted.

That night Karen and I discussed Duc. The doctor who examines the babies at the Half Way House said there was nothing organically wrong with him. Even so, would he ever walk? And how about his speech? After all, when he first arrived at the Half Way House from the orphanage, he was over a year old, weighed 10 pounds and was just a head on bones. Could this unfortunate past influence his future development?

However, the more we talked, the more we were convinced Duc might just be for us. So we requested and received an encouraging endorsement as prospective adoptive parents. Soon thereafter we decided, with the approval of the Half Way House, to take Duc into our home on a trial basis.

The Saturday after Thanksgiving, 1971, Duc spent the day with us. As we look back on it now that was

some day. When and what should we feed him? Where should we put him so that we could keep an eye on him? A multitude of such doubts surfaced since neither of us was sure what to do; we had never had any experience handling small children. On the other hand, Duc did not appear a bit concerned. He crawled around and resembled a Vietnamese version of Sweet Pea in the Popeye comic strip. He even took his bottle and a nap.

At the end of the day when we returned him to the Half Way House, this aura of tranquility abruptly vanished, and he screamed like an uncontrolled fire siren. "He doesn't want to go back," we thought. A week later, Duc was screaming again, and this time it was not because he was returning to the Half Way House.

Saturday, December 4, 1971, Duc came to live with us. During the week we had bought a crib, baby bottles, baby formula, clothes and so forth. We were prepared. During the day all went well. Came bedtime, and being put into the crib was his cue to perform. He repeated his fire siren act of a week earlier. Finally Karen held him until he went to sleep. And sleep he did—very soundly all night. Sunday afternoon nap time came and Duc rewarded us with an outstanding performance.

It finally got so that every time we put him down, he would scream. After a week, Karen was at her wits end, and I did not know what to suggest. Maybe we should return him. In desperation, Karen called the Half Way House. After some consultation, we decided that Duc

NO A HOME

by Michael McAllister

was probably feeling insecure even though he now had a home. Love him, but be firm was their advice. O.K., we would give it another try.

After that horrendous first week, Duc gradually improved. I came home from work each day and asked Karen,

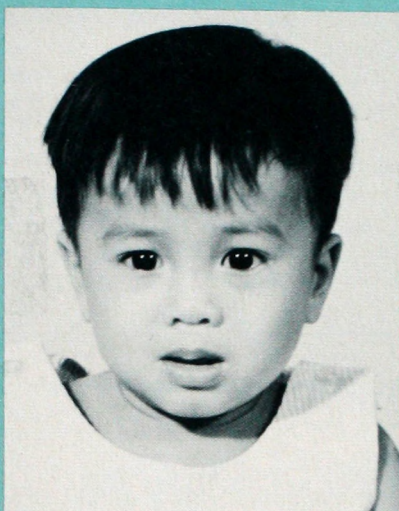
"How'd it go today?"

"Better. He didn't cry nearly as much."

By Christmas, 1971, when Duc had been with us almost a month, he had stopped throwing tantrums entirely. By that time, also, he was no longer feeding from a bottle, but eating the same food as we were.

It was that first Christmas that we discovered anything furry like stuffed animals terrified Duc. While shopping in downtown Saigon, we spotted a teddy bear in a window. I believe every little boy should have a teddy bear sometime during his early childhood. In we went. The teddy bear held Duc spellbound—I thought. When the shopkeeper took it from the case and tried to offer it to Duc, he was no longer spellbound. He was terrified. As the storekeeper returned the bear to its case, Karen, Duc and I made an equally swift retreat. To this day, Duc will have nothing to do with any kind of a furry object.

If in December we had had doubts about keeping Duc; by February they had dissipated entirely. By then Duc had adopted us. What we had to do now was adopt him officially. The Half Way House secured Duc's release from the orphanage and helped us select a lawyer. By Vietnamese law, unless adoptive parents have been married



Bright-eyed Keith Duc at three-and-a-half years of age

10 years, are childless, and are 20 years older than the child to be adopted, they must obtain a waiver from the office of the Vietnamese president. Because we did not meet all three of the criteria, we needed a waiver. This was the second step after the orphanage's release. Next came the adoption contract.

Finally on July 18, 1972, the Vietnamese courts granted the adoption decree, and Keith Duc McAllister became our legally adopted son according to Vietnamese law. We wanted a first name that could not easily be subjected to nicknames, so we chose Keith. We kept the Vietnamese "Duc" because we had been calling him "Duc" from the beginning.

In August we received approval from the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service to bring Duc with us to America when we return in early 1973. By this time, six months had elapsed since we first began the adoption proceedings, and Duc had undergone many changes. Since March, he had been walking

like a seasoned hiker. On Sunday mornings he would look forward to going to the nursery at church.

Speech has given Duc some difficulty, but mainly because of his exposure to two languages. Karen and I speak to him in English; our maid speaks in Vietnamese. But when he is asked:

"*Con của ai?*" ("Whose child are you?"),

Duc responds with a big, dimpled smile: "My" ("American").

On April 7, 1973, Duc was four-years-old. Since he came to live with us in December 1971, he has changed from a screaming monster into an energetic, bright-eyed little boy. We are very proud of him.

(Ed. note: Normally, World Vision does not aid in adoptive procedures. If you are interested in legally adopting an overseas youngster, please check with your local adoption agency. Our childcare program attempts to assist needy children, whether orphaned or not.)

I would like to help a child find a better life—through the World Vision sponsorship program.

I would like to sponsor a child, preferably a boy _____/ a girl _____. Enclosed please find my \$_____ for _____ month(s) sponsorship. (I understand sponsorship is \$12 a month, for at least a year if at all possible; and I will receive a brief history and photograph of my child.)

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

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Three Appointments Announced

W. Stanley Mooneyham has appointed Yoon Jae "Peter" Lee as Director of the World Vision work in Korea. He has been a staff member since 1956 and was named Assistant Director in 1970. This appointment is a part of World Vision's continuing effort to indigenize the leadership of its program outside the United States.

Lee will succeed the Reverend Marlin Nelson, who has been Director of World Vision of Korea for 15 years. Nelson has accepted an appointment as Associate Director of the Institute for Church Growth in Korea. This new ministry is spon-

sored by World Vision under the leadership of Dr. Kyung Chik Han, recently retired pastor of Young Nak Presbyterian Church. Thus, Nelson and his family will continue to live in Korea, working with World Vision and sharing in this important program of evangelism and leadership training.

An announcement has also been made of the appointment of Mel Van Peurseem to the position of Field Director in the Philippines. He has been working in that area for two years. In a recent trip to the Philippines, Dr. Mooneyham viewed first-hand the fine work Van Peurseem has developed there. He has established a pro-

gram of refugee assistance and a "family to family" program of aid to more than 4000 children, and is also actively engaged in preparations for the upcoming REAL program in the Mindanao area (see page eight).

Unusual Promotion Celebration

When Army Colonel Robert C. Gaskill was promoted to his present rank recently, he chose a nontraditional way to celebrate. Instead of the usual cocktail party or similar setting which allows friends to gather and say "congratulations" and the promoted to say "thank you," Gaskill decided to donate the equivalent of estimated party costs to several charities. Included among the organizations was World Vision.

(cont.)

A Vacation for the Whole Family

1973 "Festival of Missions"
Maranatha Conference Grounds
Muskegon, Michigan
August 27 - September 3

Here it is all in one place - all the fun and relaxation of a great holiday at a great place, plus a Clinic for Clergy, a Women's Retreat, and a special film showing.

At World Vision's "Festival of Missions," you can combine recreation and rest with inspiration and challenge. Stanley Mooneyham, Paul Rees, and Ted Engstrom are joined by Corrie ten Boom as they share from their own experience what God is doing in our world today.

For complete information, write: Jim Franks, P.O. Box 209, Grand Haven, Michigan 49417.



Photo caption: Colonel Robert C. Gaskill (center) with his family and Major General Franklin M. Davis, Jr., (second from left) Commandant of the United States War College.

Dr. Worvis



In the announcement of his intentions, Gaskill stated: "I am using an optional purpose and mode to celebrate the occasion—with public and private thanks to God and friends, who by their cooperation, inspiration and other contributions, have helped make the honor of promotion a reality. To express this thanks further, symbolically and meaningfully, through a sharing of the joy and profit of the occasion contributions will be made to selected charities for the benefit of those less fortunate than we."

A Vietnam veteran, Gaskill has served in a number of command positions both stateside and abroad. He is a member of the Army War College faculty in Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania.

New Project in Korea

As Seoul, South Korea has raised its standard of living in recent years, many of the people living in illegal shacks have been forced to move outside the city into a resettlement village called Sung Nam. Although the government has done its best to control the living conditions there, Sung Nam has many problems.

World Vision has been given the opportunity to provide a daycare center for the area. Hundreds of desperately needy families will be helped through this project. Because the children will be cared for at the center, families will be left intact.

School Raises Donation

As chairman of the Student/Teacher Relations Committee at Carmel Middle School in Carmel, California, 14-year-old Landi Compton decided a "togetherness" project was in order. She organized and directed a school carnival which involved both the student body and the faculty. Their purpose was to raise money for children in World Vision homes in Korea.

Landi's mother Dorothy was a nurse in a World Vision hospital in Korea, and they both saw many needs in that country. The school carnival raised over \$500.



Photo caption: Landi Compton mans the microphone as her friend, Lisa McCusker, looks on.

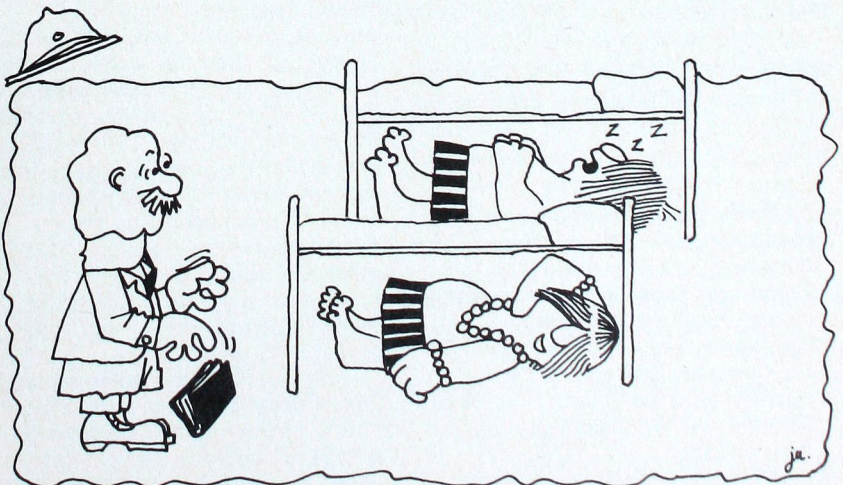
A Vacation to Remember

1973 "Festival of Missions"
Willowbank Conference Center
Hamilton, Bermuda
October 27 — November 3

This fall enjoy a week of spiritual and physical renewal in the semi-tropical setting of Bermuda. You'll profit from the ministry of world mission leaders, Bible teachers, and musicians: Stanley Mooneyham, Paul S. Rees, Ted W. Engstrom, Carlton Booth.

Recreational facilities galore—even a cruise through beautiful Hamilton Harbour in a glass-bottomed boat.

For complete information, write: Richard Hamilton, 525 Cedarhill Ave., Wyckoff, New Jersey 07481.



monthly memo

The clear, bell-like tones of 13-year-old Kim, Keum Ja enthralled the crowded audience of Carnegie Hall in New York City. Who would have thought that this talented Korean girl's father had been killed by the Communists and that her mother starved to death? Only the kindness of those who sponsor children through World Vision rescued her from a meager life in a refugee camp. From there, she had gone on to become a soloist with World Vision's Korean Children's Choir. Now Keum Ja is doing highly successful graduate work in music at the University of Michigan.

Probably more people know of World Vision International through the Korean Children's Choir than any other activity. The choir has made six tours of the United States and Canada, plus a world tour and a tour of Australia and New Zealand.

Tens of thousands of people have heard these delightful children sing.

Yes, World Vision encourages song, but it is far more than children singing!



Presently there are over 45,000 children who are in World Vision's Childcare ministry—being fed, clothed, housed, schooled, receiving Christian nurture, love and care. What an army for God and righteousness these children represent. In the more than 20 years of this ministry, tens of thousands of these orphaned and needy children have moved into society as believers in Christ, many of them becoming leaders in the Christian community, thousands with a vital life-changing relationship having been established with the Lord Jesus Christ.

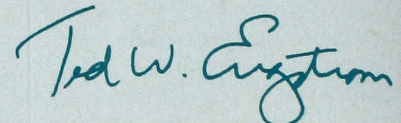
We in World Vision recognize the importance of this division of our ministry—along with direct evangelism, relief goods distribution, Christian leadership training, and so forth. We realize how meaningful is the support of thousands of you—our childcare sponsors—in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. It is our

concern constantly to update, improve, and enhance this ministry for Christ among these children now in 23 countries of the world.

With this in mind we have recently invited Dr. Edmund W. Janss on our staff to head up our childcare ministries as Childcare Director. Dr. Janss—who is a graduate of Columbia Bible College and Eastern Baptist Seminary, and holds a Ph. D. degree in Education and in Child Psychology from New York University—comes to us from seven years of service as Director of Welfare and Research for the Christian Children's Fund, Inc. He is the author of numerous articles and a book on child guidance, and has served as pastor of five churches.

We are so pleased that God has brought us this highly-skilled and gifted leader for this phase of our work and we know you, who love the children as their sponsors, will be glad for this forward step being taken in the program.

Thank you for sharing and caring. God bless you.



Executive Vice President

"Brethren, Pray for Us"

The heart-cry of a missionary

by Frank A. ("Uncle Frank") Ineson,
International Intercissors

Twice the Apostle Paul wrote to the Christians in Thessalonica: "Brethren, pray for us." He encouraged those in Corinth with the words: "You are also helping together by prayer for us." He urged the Christians in Rome to "strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." Paul earnestly coveted their prayers.

Missionaries today echo the

heart-cries of Paul. They, too, need your prayers for "open doors" for the gospel, for power to preach boldly, for protection, and for joy and refreshing as they return to fellowship with you during furlough time.

Paul asked the Thessalonians to pray "that the word of the Lord might have free course, and be glorified, even as it was with them." To the Colossians he wrote, "praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ." He requested prayer that the gospel might go forth without hindrance and that souls might be saved. He asked the Ephesians to pray especially "that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel."

Missionaries face similar psychological situations. There are "closed doors" represented by resistant groups of people in every country where missionaries labor today.

Disappointing refusals to the gospel message bring discouragement. They need your prayers that God will provide open doors and that they may preach the gospel *boldly*.

Paul asked the Christians in Thessalonica and in Rome to pray "that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men." In many areas missionaries are faced with similar danger. They need prayers like those Paul asked Timothy to exhort: "For kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life."

Paul asked the Christians in Rome to pray that he might "come to them with joy by the will of God, and with them be refreshed." How essential it is that missionaries may look forward to furlough time with joy knowing you have collaborated with them in your prayers to God for them and their associates.

Write to *International Intercissors*, Box O, Pasadena, California, 91109 for single or bulk copies of the pamphlet *Pray for the Preacher* by E.M. Bounds.



The Younger the Better?

There are tides in the affairs of men that sometimes run in reverse. Hezekiah made a better record as a younger leader than he did in later years. So did Uzziah. So did Harry Emerson Fosdick. The Fosdick who wrote *The Meaning of Prayer* in some ways was a wiser and far more dependable leader than the Fosdick who wrote *The Modern Use of the Bible*.

Making no attempt to draw exact parallels, I want to pursue this in another direction.

Daniel T. Niles, of Ceylon, was a pastor-evangelist-theologian, who became one of Asia's most distinguished and often quoted Christian leaders. He was perhaps the most articulate, on the world scene, of any of the fine churchmen who have arisen in Asia in the past half-century. His death occurred two years ago.

In 1957 Dr. Niles delivered the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale Divinity School. They were published under the title of *The Preacher's Task and the Stone of Stumbling*. Dr. G. Aiken Taylor, reviewing the book in *Christianity Today*, called it "the most powerful book on Gospel preaching, against a missionary background, that I ever read."

This and a half dozen later books by Dr. Niles have stimulated and—as any strong book should—challenged my thinking.

What I wish now to record is that last week, in a neighborhood bookshop near my home—a shop that has few religious books and no "used" section—I found a weather-beaten copy of a D.T. Niles volume that was published 22 years ago. It was new to me. Bearing the biblical title *That They May Have Life*, it is a 120-page volume on evangelism that the younger Niles did when he was chairman of the Youth Department of the World Council of Churches.

In his chapter on "The Gospel" one is struck with the flavor and force of such a pronouncement as this:

No understanding of Christian evangelism is possible without an appreciation of the nature of the Christian proclamation. It is not an affirmation of ideals which men must seek to practice, it is not an explanation of life and its problems about which men may argue and with which in some form they must agree; it is rather the announcement of an event with which men must reckon. 'God has made him both Lord and Christ.' There is a finality about that pronouncement. It is independent of human opinion and human choice.

Equally telling is the manner in which he presses the evangelical distinction between "faith" and "works":

To rely on works is to insist that we must win our own victory rather than share in His, that we must expiate our own sin rather than live by His forgiveness, that we must build our own security rather than accept His salvation. The Gospel brings this kind of religion—this reliance on works, to an end. God has come to men.

In a chapter on "The World" the human muddle finds perceptive exposure in these words:

It is in this situation, of competing gods and of men searching

for God, of dethroned gods and of men fleeing from God, of fragmental life and of men seeking wholeness, that the Gospel of God in Christ has to be proclaimed. . . .

It seems to be true today, in a more tragic sense than perhaps it was true in the past, that men are not merely prodigal from their Father's home but have actually forgotten the Father's address.

Then comes a chapter on "The Evangelist," flashing with such incisive and insistent sentences as these:

The methods which Jesus rejected as incongruent with his mission, the evangelist must reject too; the issue of personal discipleship to which Jesus pressed his challenge, the evangelist must press also. If the Gospel were only a truth, one could speak to convince; but, since it is the offer of life, one has to seek to persuade. . . . How is this possible? The possibility lies with God, but no Christian can serve this possibility except he himself be captive to the power of the Gospel. Only a heavy cloud can mediate the lightning. Only a person with an inner sense of compulsion can have compelling power.

Dr. Niles lays a firm hand on truth when, in a section on "The Church," he declares:

The Church is not free to change the content of the Gospel, the content of the Apostolic witness. Often, particularly for the evangelist, the temptation will be strong to make modifications in the Gospel which will make it both more acceptable and more reasonable, modifications that will take out of the Gospel its offense. But this temptation must be resisted. The Jews found the Gospel unacceptable, a stumbling block; the Greeks found the Gospel unreasonable, foolishness—but St. Paul was resolved to proclaim it as it was. The task of the evangelist, as far as he is able, is only to make the Gospel understandable.

And, finally, note the clarity of the following in his chapter on "The Task":

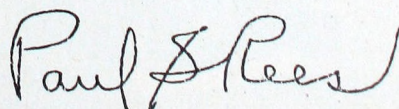
The object of evangelism is conversion, conversion to Christ and personal discipleship to him. But involved also in this conversion are conversion to the Christian community and conversion to Christian ideas and ideals.

All of this is vital and vigorous writing. It makes for invigorating reading. It is strong commitment to the gospel strongly stated. It rings out like a tocsin for the finality of the gospel and for the ultimacy of Christ both for living and dying, both for now and hereafter.

It is precisely this clarity and this committedness that have been missing from too many of the pronouncements that have come in recent years from some of the leaders and some of the agencies of the World Council of Churches.

Even Dr. Niles himself, whom I heard in an address on evangelism, less than a year before his death, seemed to me to be less sure of touch, less clear in enunciation, than one finds that he was in 1952. I say this without raising the slightest question about his own deep trust in Christ the Lord.

There are times when—the younger the better!



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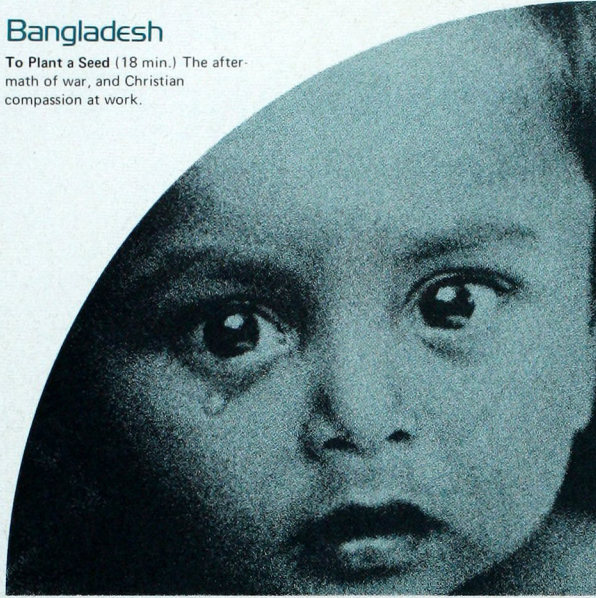
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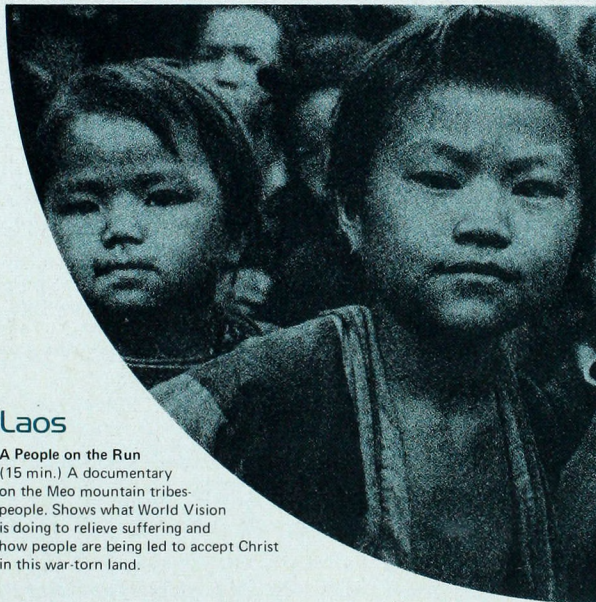
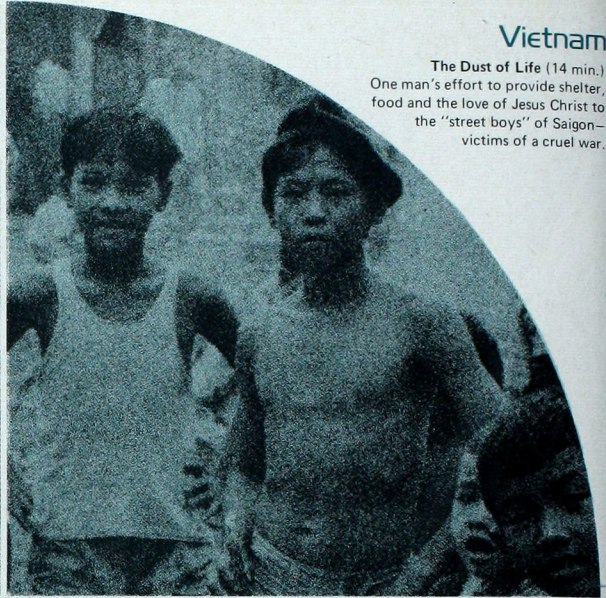
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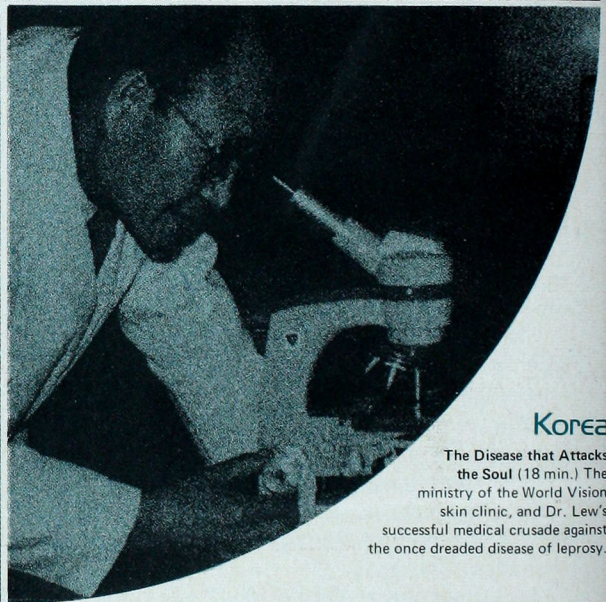
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