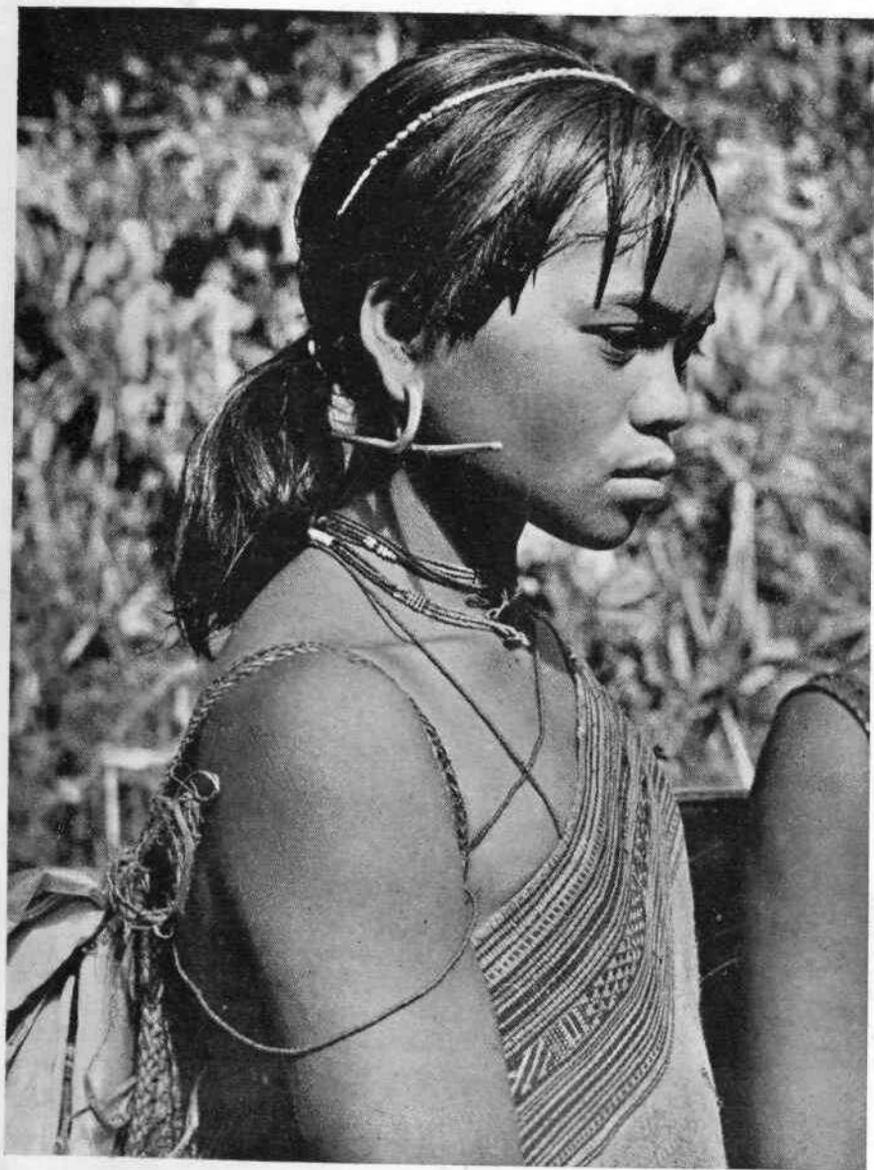


Jungle

Frontiers



JUNGLE FRONTIERS

NEWS MAGAZINE OF
THE VIETNAM MISSION (TRIBES REGION)
OF
THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

This magazine is issued semi-annually by the missionaries of the VIETNAM MISSION laboring among the tribes in Viet-Nam. We shall be glad to send it free to any who request it.

Editor : Richard L. PHILLIPS

Co-editor : Evelyn MANGHAM

WINTER 1961

NUMBER 14



The Sedang women have their own idea of beauty. Thick brass wire looped through the pierced ear lobes and long strands of colorful beads wound about the head and neck is the style year in and year out. The hand-woven blanket with colorful design adds much to the attractive costume.

JUBILEE

IN VIET-NAM

The fiftieth anniversary of the work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Viet-Nam has come and gone, leaving in its wake vivid memories and a stimulus to missionary effort that may well last another half century.

The largest Alliance church in Saigon, with 900 seats, was filled for the jubilee celebration. Hundreds stood in the aisles or crowded one another at the windows. The exquisite decorations in the church reflected the artistic taste with which the Vietnamese are gifted.

The morning program was a review of the progress of the gospel in this land over the five past decades. The facts well presented drew forth expressions of surprise as well as of praise to God who had surely worked marvelously. Some heard for the first time of Dr. A. B. Simpson to whom God gave the vision of evangelizing Viet-Nam, and of Dr. R. A. Jaffray who put the plan into action in 1911. Sketched briefly in the report were the periods of advance and of stalemate and the steady over-all progress to the present day. In 1960 there were 158 churches, 124 branch churches, 97 ordained ministers, 80 unordained preachers, 82 student preachers, 77,296 Christians. The church has advanced far toward the objective of self-support, self-government, and self-propagation.

Perhaps no part of the program held greater interest than that of the special singing. Six numbers were rendered that brought delight to both the ear and the eye. Choirs composed of Vietnamese, Chinese, Tribespeople, French and Americans, each wearing clothing distinctive of their culture, sang the praises of God. The crowning selection was the song, « O

Happy Day, » sung by all of the choirs together, each in their own tongue. Truly the joy of salvation can be known by every people.

Much of the impact upon the Saigon public came through the eye-gate. Nine daily newspapers gladly printed articles and pictures, some of them on the front page. A young preacher put forth the idea of a centrally-located display room where the physical proof of the power of the gospel could be seen. But would not the rent be exorbitant? In answer to prayer he secured a large hall rent-free opposite the National Assembly Building on the main street of Saigon. Volunteer labor transformed it into an exhibition hall, with pictures, literature and curios (from the mountain tribes) attractively displayed. The Minister of Finance cut the ribbon at the opening ceremony, and the crowds began to come. Vietnamese, Tribesmen, Chinese, Indians, French, English, Americans — over 16,000 visitors. Each one was given a generous supply of Christian literature, and during the week twenty-one persons accepted the Lord right in the hall.

The Jubilee program also included an afternoon meeting with Rev. L. L. King, our Foreign Secretary, preaching, and an evening service all of singing to round out a memorable day.

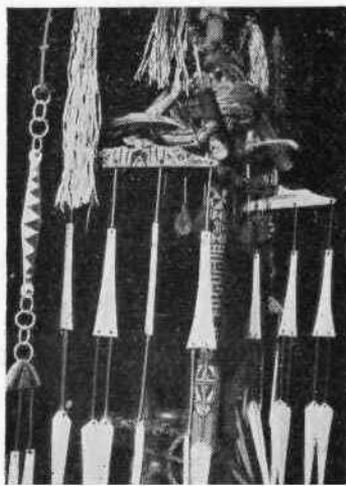
Besides bringing blessing, encouragement and challenge to all who attended, the day served to give outsiders some idea of the scope of the Alliance work in this land. Perhaps their impression can be summed up in the statement of the wife of a high official who exclaimed, « Are all these people Protestants? »



Down the
river
by dugout



A heathen
Ma
woman



Tribal
fetishes

Journey

Mr. Newman, missionary with the Orient Crusades, was invited to write an account of his visit to the heathen Ma. He and Mr. Tot, our Vietnamese worker among the tribes, were able to reach this new area at just the time when another Ma (Koho) area was closing to missionary travel and the only two churches among the Red Tassel people were burned to the ground by rebels.

On a dry and hot Tuesday in March, we boarded the Silver Bullet, my ugly but dependable Land-Rover. This was the first lap of our journey to the remote villages of a mountain-dwelling people. There were thirteen of us in all: four tribes preachers, six carriers, Y Din my good helper, Mr. Tot, a Vietnamese pastor working among the tribes, and myself. Pre-planting fires burned in the valley of the Krong Kno, and the air was thick with smoke. We were off to the foot paths that led to the very firesides of the people, to the heart of the Red Tassel Ma, a virtually untouched group.

We set out on foot for the Red Tassel area along the Da Jormang River. We walked for two days. For three more days we floated down the river in dugouts. I thoroughly enjoyed being poled downstream. It was the wild jungle country I had read about. The flowering trees, monkeys, apes and brilliantly colored birds were magnificent. We lived off the land and slept in a different pagan longhouse each night. Every day at noon and nightfall we had a service in a different village.

One night after a gospel service, I went to sleep with a heavy heart in

to the Red Tassel Ma

the house of the village chief. The people had been very indifferent. Some were drunk. Some talked noisily. None were interested. At midnight I was awakened by shouting, and Mr. Tot was talking to the chief. All the people in the village, with the exception of this chief, were outside their houses yelling and screaming.

They were attempting to drive away evil spirits. Two years before to the day, a peculiar bird had appeared in a tree at the edge of the village. On that same day five men had died of a strange disease. Now the same kind of bird had reappeared. The people had been sacrificing, drinking, and at midnight had begun screaming to drive away the death-bringing spirits. The chief, however, was not afraid. «After all,» he said, «I have a big father and a little father sleeping in my house. Why should I be afraid? I was «big father» and Mr. Tot was «little father.» May the day come when he will have the same confidence in his Heavenly Father!

As we went from village to village, we recognized the familiar replies of those who are not yet ready to turn to the living God. Some wanted to wait until all the people in their village would believe together. Others said that if surrounding villages followed this Way, then they would too. Still others said they did not fully understand, but they would believe later. We were a bit discouraged until we reached the village of Phi Wah. Here eight people prayed for salvation. We left two young workers to instruct them in the meaning of the gospel. We were thrilled and happy as we floated on down the river. These were the first

to believe in all this new area. Praise God for answered prayer! Two weeks later on Easter morning in this same village we sang, «Up From the Grave He Arose». Suddenly I became acutely aware of where we were and what we were singing, and I was very moved. This was the first Easter for these eight new believers. Never has an Easter Sunday meant more to me than that Sunday, April 2, 1961.

On every venture to witness to the heathen Ma, we have noted that the devil has attempted to hinder our mission. That first journey was no exception. Our three mounts, sent on ahead to bear us over many miles of jungle trail, were not waiting for us at the road's end... One of our Cil companions, carrying a lighted pressure lamp, stepped off the tail-gate of the Land-Rover while it was moving backwards. He was knocked flat to the ground, painfully injuring his leg.

As we returned to our station at Dalat, we thought of the lovely new Bible School building at Di-Linh where Rev. and Mrs. H.A. Jackson labor so faithfully. Long have the Jacksons prayed for the Ma. They had for years seen and preached to these Red-Tassel people in the fringe villages along the jeep road that cuts through the mountains to Banmethuot. In recent months many of these Ma have come to Di-Linh for the short term Bible School sessions.

Remembering that Bible School building, our hearts well up in earnest petition, «Lord, may many of the Ma that we have just touched on this trip, soon join those at that school who are now learning of Thee.»

*Nuggets from a sermon given
at Missionary Conference
by Pastor Gaston Racine
outstanding Evangelical leader
in France*



H.C. SMITH

the way Up

If we would see the Lamb in His Glory, we must see Him in His humiliation and in His obedience unto suffering and death.

In the book of Revelation, John sees Christ as the slain Lamb. In His sacrifice on the cross, we see the glory of Jesus Christ. Jesus, by His obedience, went down into the abyss of humiliation. He became a servant of all. He was in the form of God but became a man, identifying Himself with sinful humanity. If I want to spend my life in His fellowship, I must go down — down still farther — and only then will I find Him.

When I know God in His perfect holiness, perfect justice, and perfect love, I see myself as a man most miserable! I discover my lack of love and purity. I abhor myself. Isaiah said: «Woe is me for I am undone... for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.» What did God say of Job? «There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man.» Can God say the same of me? But Job, after his terrible trials and sufferings cried out, «I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself.» «I abhor myself,» said Job, and God gave back to him everything he had before, and more! John the apostle said, «And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead.»

To see His glory, I need not climb to the heights. He descended to the depths of the earth. If I would know His intimate fellowship, I must make

is Down

the «leap of faith,» not upward, but downward; and there will I find the everlasting arms of God.

We must be crucified with Him. Perhaps you say you desire to die in Christ. But you make sure your cross is to your own liking. You determine to make it yourself. You choose the lumber. You take the measurements. You choose the nails. You want the cross to be as comfortable as possible! When the cross is ready, you lie down and proceed to hammer a nail through one hand. Now, how can you nail the other hand down? You need help! You cannot crucify yourself. You must be crucified by others. You must have «Sister Nail» and «Brother Hammer» to help crucify you. Perhaps all your fellow missionaries will be needed to help raise your cross. Do not think about your prestige and reputation. Take your place with Him on the cross, that place of complete obedience.

From the cross, Christ went to heaven, to a glory higher than the depth of His humiliation. When Christ is exalted, we will be exalted with Him, and we shall reign with Him forever. Let us fall at His feet and review the path to His glory; then we will see of a truth, «the way up is down.»

HOW GOD SPOKE

Struck by the spirits

The first Hre believer had been hesitant about telling others of the Lord. But God changed that. Five months ago, in the middle of the village where he lived, this man was struck by lightning. But he did not die. He was unconscious for over an hour. For ten days his legs were numb. A dark spot appeared in the lower part of his back. Prayer was offered. He regained strength, and now for several months he has been completely recovered.

Today he loves to tell about it. It is not hard to admit what is plain to all, that it is only through the power of the Lord that he is alive.

Some time later, in a nearby village, the missionary was talking to a circle of men. They were hearing the gospel for the first time. They did not understand what they heard — that was

clear from their comments afterwards. They thought that Jesus must be very strong. They were quite willing to include Him in their worship, especially since they understood that He did not demand many animal sacrifices. But they insisted that, however strong this Jesus might be, there were two evil spirits that were stronger, and these they must continue to try to appease.

The Hre attribute anything unusual to the evil spirits, especially sickness, death or calamity of any kind. A person who is hit by lightning is said to be «struck by the spirits.»

Then the believer spoke up. He told again the story of his deliverance. He himself had been «struck by the spirits.» And he had proved that Jesus is stronger! No one can answer a personal testimony like that.

Up by the roots

Among the twenty tribesmen that attended the great fifty year celebration in Saigon, there was one Mngong man. He was older than the others. He looked a sight in his soiled clothes that were far too big for him. The other tribesmen sang a special number, but he just sat back and watched. Not knowing Vietnamese, he understood little that went on. He had, however, a huge smile on his face, and because of his great height it could be seen by all.

When he returned to his village, about forty miles from Banmethuot, he told his family that all the tobacco would have to be pulled up immediately. The family was horrified and they tried desperately to persuade him to leave the tobacco in. He then

told them of all the thousands of Christians he had seen with his own eyes in Saigon. Not one of them smoked. And he added, «I smelled them, and there was not even the smell of smoke.» The family still protested and begged him to at least leave some for the family to use. What a waste to throw it all away! But the old man's answer was a firm NO.

With authority he stated, «We are all Christians, and it is time we stop smoking. If we see the tobacco in our fields, we will want to smoke it, so we must pull it all up and throw it away today.»

Up it came, every bit of it! The full and radiant testimony of this primitive Mngong tribesman has spread far and wide.

do it yourself

Efficiency through improvising

«What's that for?» my friend asked as he watched me pull on a short length of pipe that dangles down by our livingroom wall.

«Well», I said, «it all hinges on a 36 volt d.c. generator and three 36 volt d.c. motors two farmers gave me. Now I have a special 36 volt d.c. electrical system. Car headlight bulbs hooked in series, three to a switch, provide the house with lighting. One of the motors adequately runs our washing machine. Another motor is attached to my tape recorder and enables me to conserve my low wattage 6 volt converter for operating the amplifier of the recorder only. This pipe you ask about is merely a weight to control the switch to my converter. My third motor is hooked to our food blender. Now we have homemade milkshakes. A half can of locally-purchased sweetened condensed milk, some flavoring, a pinch of salt and some ice cubes whips up into a delicious creamy milkshake. I would say such improvising helps to increase a missionary's efficiency.»

Improvising is the knack of using the materials at hand to serve your purposes. It requires some imagination. Two men look at an object. One says, «This may prove useful to me later.» The other, seeing no value in it, throws it away.

A missionary wife entertains her guests at a table furnished with a

lovely «lace» cloth — nothing other than a fishing net backed with a colored sheet. Her lamps are graced with the common Vietnamese cone-shaped hats. Potted plants hang from rustic coconut shells, while pictures inset on flat woven-straw discs add picturesque beauty to her mission home. Again I say, such improvising helps to sustain the missionary's efficiency.

A car is a must these days for a missionary. And in a land of few garages he does well to enlarge his mechanical thinking cap. One missionary broke his fuel line and immediately thought of the tube on his tire pump. It pays to carry some extra «junk» in the car — a tin can, plastic tubing, baling wire, a chain. By anticipating problems before they arise a missionary saves himself much frustration.

Here is a story of how two missionary brothers have been obtaining amazing results in their evangelistic efforts among the Vietnamese. I call it the height of resourceful efficiency. They have made their own collapsible platform from rough unpainted poles and planks. Having adjustable legs, it can be set up on any kind of ground in a matter of minutes. It contains built-in light poles and amplifier posts. A portable generator provides electrical power. A pulpit includes a notched stick serving as an adjustable microphone stand. Behind is a backdrop with a sheet for projecting films. The amplifier post can be either mounted on the platform or placed in a socket on the car for a tour through town to advertise the meetings. Each message is clearly visualized through homemade flannelgraph material especially enlarged for showing to crowds. Many would-be noisy children are held in silent anticipation by the missionaries' quick wit and use of interjected flash cards — all this to the delight of the children and the admiration of the parents.

All these devices multiply one's efficiency and make the missionary's strength go farther.

Wesley SCHELANDER



Messrs. Mangham and Carlson



*Mr. and Mrs. Bressler, Sharon
and Stephen*

SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

CHAIRMAN AND VICE-CHAIRMAN... At the Annual Missionary Conference in June, Rev. T.G. Mangham was elected chairman of the Viet-Nam field. Mr. Mangham served as Vice-Chairman during the past year with Rev. J.H. Revelle, who with his family, has returned for furlough to the United States. Rev. P.E. Carlson, veteran missionary in Vietnamese work, brings thirty-seven years of experience to the office of Vice-Chairman.

BEWARE THE BRIDGES!... You never know about the bridges on small jungle roads. On a missionary trip into Ma country, one car crashed through a rotten bridge and landed in a rocky creek bottom. As the car started to fall, a tribesman in the back cried out, « Lord, help us! » All nine people crawled out unharmed. The car, belonging to Ed Thompson, visiting missionary from Cambodia, was the only Mission vehicle in the country with a winch mounted on the front. The winch pulled the car out in short order.

GLAD YOU ARE HERE!... The Dalat Home and School for Missionaries' Children welcomed teachers old and new arriving from the States. — Miss Ruth Wehr, back for her second term, teaches high school subjects. — Miss Lois Chandler, entering her third term of service, is nurse for all 120 children. — Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bressler arrived as new teachers at the school where Dorothy Bressler (née Hazlett) attended as a child. Both graduated from Simpson Bible College. Ralph also has a degree from Seattle Pacific College, and he took graduate work at the University of Washington while teaching in grade school. — Miss Judith Wells, with a B.M.S. degree from Nyack Missionary College, answers the urgent and long-standing need for a music teacher. When possible she will also give assistance to the National Church musical program.

BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN... In the home of Rev. and Mrs. Roy Josephsen, Timmy welcomed his new baby sister, Deborah Ruth on August 4th. She weighed seven pounds and seven ounces.

MISSIONARIES ORDAINED... In an impressive service at Dalat, five missionaries were set apart to the ministry of the Church. Of these, three serve among the tribes: Rev. R.W. Reed, Rev. H.L. Josephsen and Rev. D.A. Frazier. We covet God's anointing upon these men.



K. SWAIN

LIGHTHOUSE OF TRUTH

A brief history of the Banmethuot Bible School

On August 27, 1961, the new Banmethuot Bible School building was dedicated. On this occasion we pause to remember with thanksgiving the path over which God has led us.

It was 1933 when the first witness of the gospel arrived among the mountain people of Banmethuot. There were difficulties to face — difficulties connected with language, customs, and housing, and even with the obtaining of permission to preach. Nevertheless, after learning the Raday language, the first missionaries busied themselves with the preparation of a Gospel Summary, the translation of 60 hymns, and the translation of the Gospels of Mark and John.

The first chapel was dedicated on Christmas Day, 1937. It was constructed of bamboo in typical longhouse style. This building was later replaced by the brick church building that still serves as our house of worship.

Early in the work, Bible classes were held for young people who were taught the message of the gospel, the Christian hymns, and how to become witnesses of the truth to their own people. But because of the lack of sufficient material in the language of the people, classes could never be held for more than one or two months at a time.

From 1941 until 1946 no foreign missionary was able to work in Banmethuot. A Vietnamese preacher, Pastor Nguyen-hau-Nhuong, now in his twentieth year of service for God among the Raday, was able to stay for most of that time. In

1947 mission personnel returned, and the Bible School was reopened. Since then the curriculum has improved each year as more of the Scriptures and other literature has become available in Raday. The entire Raday New Testament has now been translated and revised, and the manuscripts are in London ready for printing.

In 1948 three classrooms were constructed at the rear of the church. They are in reality Sunday School rooms but have been used by the Bible School to the present time.

In order to graduate, students in the Bible School must complete a course of four years of training, including four terms of six months each and pastoral ministries in the villages. The first student completed this work in 1954. To the present time there has been a total of 26 graduates. Ten more should graduate at the end of the current term in February. All but two of the former graduates are rendering Christian service in some tribal village. One of these two has given his life for his faith in Christ.

Today we humbly praise God for providing the financial means to construct this new Bible School building. It is dedicated to God with the hope that it will serve as a lighthouse of the truth amidst the darkness of sin and superstition. May many more young people serve God acceptably as the result of the teaching that is given in these rooms!

N. R. ZIEMER

Can tribesmen really come to an understanding of the depths of Scriptural teaching? I asked this question to a fellow missionary only days after I arrived on the field. Here were men newly emerged from heathendom. Their years were steeped in superstition. Their roots had never tapped the rich heritage of Christian culture. I was to spend a number of years as their minister, and I was concerned. Would my ministry be confined to the «milk of the Word»? Or could these minds drink deep from Jehovah's springs?

The answer is one of the blessings of the mission field that, unfortunately, you friends at home can never totally appreciate. The missionary just cannot bring it home for display — the fragrance of the lives of some of these tribal new creations. There issues from these Christian lives irrefutable evidence of the enlightening of the omniscient Spirit of God. The wisdom of God has truly found rich loam in their minds.

How does this all come about? Simply as ordained from the beginning — by devoted messengers empowered by the Spirit committing the gospel to faithful men who in turn will be able to teach others. This is the hallowed ministry of the Bible Schools.

Here in Banmethuot we are now enjoying our new, roomy, beautiful Bible

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD

School building. Most of our students are Raday, though occasionally there are some from the Jarai, Bahnar and Mnong tribes. Perhaps you wonder what they study. Take a look at the weekly schedule for one of the classes (see box). The number of hours per week appears in parentheses. It is not an easy schedule for anyone. There are no reference books or commentaries for them to consult. A lot of repetition in class is required.

We teachers are amazed at the simple questions the students sometimes ask that we have taken for granted they understood. Or we are startled at questions that are important to them but that had never entered our imagination. Other times we are equally startled at their depth of perception. One thing that bothers them is that there could be any room for disagreement of opinion. In difficult portions, where all is not crystal clear, they would be much happier if we would tell them *the one* interpretation rather than give them two possible viewpoints.

This year we are anticipating the largest graduating class in the fifteen year history of the Banmethuot Bible School. These men are all experienced pastors, and some have a devotion to God that is beautiful indeed to behold. How vividly I remember that while explaining one important truth leading to victory in the Christian life, one of the students suddenly shouted, «That is wonderful!» Then I remembered my own days in Bible School and the jubilation I knew as the Holy Spirit revealed precious truths. These men are no different; it's just like back home. They are struggling along the same paths that we ourselves have trod. And that morning, with that famous «lump» in my throat, I breathed, «Thank you, Lord, for permitting me a part in sharing with these lives the 'deep things of God'».

Daily Schedule : Middle Class

6 : 00 — 6 : 30	Morning Devotions
6 : 30 — 7 : 30	Breakfast
7 : 30 — 8 : 10	General Epistles (3) Life of Christ (2)
8 : 15 — 8 : 55	Homiletics (3) Church History (2)
9 : 00 — 9 : 30	Chapel
9 : 30 — 10 : 10	Hebrews (3) Poetical Books (2)
10 : 15 — 10 : 55	Prophetical Books (5)
11 : 00 — 11 : 40	Theology (5)
11 : 45 — 1 : 40	Dinner
1 : 40 — 2 : 15	Hygiene (1) Music (2)
2 : 20 — 3 : 00	Vietnamese language (5)
3 : 00 — 5 : 00	Work Hours
5 : 00 — 6 : 00	Volleyball
6 : 00 — 7 : 30	Supper
7 : 30 — 8 : 30	Study Hours
9 : 30 — 10 : 30	Evening Devotions

Kenneth A. Swain

An old lady hobbles 20 miles to our clinic, her feet ulcerated and eroded by leprosy. Young children and teenagers gather there too. Some already show signs of mutilation. The silent destroyer of the body has been at work.

This is a new leprosy clinic. For a long time the pastor here in Plei Thoh has pleaded for help for the afflicted of his area. The doctor and a nurse from our Banmethuot leprosarium came up to see the situation and were amazed to discover thirty cases on the first day. A monthly clinic was begun, and in less than a year the number of people receiving treatment for leprosy has increased to 135. Since this is a Jarai village within our district, I was invited, after some instruction, to take responsibility for the clinic.

In addition to the leprosarium itself, there are 14 such outpatient clinics and also four segregation villages where patients can lead nearly normal lives while receiving regular care. In all, some 1100 leprosy patients are under treatment, and 1300 other people, such as children living with infected parents, receive preventative medication.

Clinic day for us starts early. We have an hour-and-a-half's drive to

reach Plei Thoh. It is the rainy season. The roads are slick and the creek is high, so that the water rushes up close to the floorboards of the car. The patients are already waiting when we arrive.

First the Jarai pastor gives a simple gospel message. Then out come the drugs, charts, vitamins and other equipment, and the work begins. Skin smears must be taken. This we do by pinching the earlobe tightly with forceps, cutting a small slit in the skin, and scraping the edge of the wound. The material obtained is put on a slide and sent to the leprosarium laboratory for examination.

Next we pass out the prescribed medications. Since we are still studying the language, what bedlam! So many people have the same names. They have quite a few laughs at our mistakes. The confusion does not seem to bother them, however, for they are usually quite patient and good-natured.

Mealtime goes by. How can we stop with so many still waiting? We decide to eat in the car on the way home. Meanwhile we continue handing out pills and giving examinations. Today there are twenty five new patients. Alas! by the time we have to turn home, there are fifteen of them still unexamined.

We are very much concerned about the physical condition of those who are afflicted by this dread disease. But we are more concerned about their spiritual welfare. Please pray with us that, because of this clinic, they may receive not only medicine for their bodies, but also eternal life for their needy souls.

E.G. LONG, R.N.

**Health for
body and soul
at a**

Leprosy Clinic

DEMON POSSESSED

by Robert Reed

The term « demon possession » causes many in a « civilized country » to raise their eyebrows in a certain degree of skepticism, for the powers of darkness seem remote and unreal to them. However, in lands where Christ is not known, and the worship of evil spirits is practiced, these powers are very much in evidence. Just as the power of God is manifest in those who believe in Him, so the power of Satan is manifest in the lives of his followers.

A striking illustration of this fact came to us recently from the Pleiku district. Several years ago a heathen Jarai man had a child who was critically ill. All possible sacrifices had been made, but still the child grew worse. As a last resort the father rushed over to his neighbor, who was a Christian, and begged him to pray to his God. He prayed, asking healing for the man's child. Instantly the child began to improve and was completely restored to health. Though he had seen a miracle, the father hardened his heart and, in spite of the urging of the Christian and the pleading of his wife, he refused to put his faith in Christ. Soon after, he became insane; or probably more correctly, his body and mind were wholly taken over by

the Evil One whom he had willfully chosen to follow.

For four years he remained in this state. Then one day the missionary and Ghao, the national pastor from Pleiku, visited the village. There under a longhouse, his feet thrust through holes in a fifteen foot log, lay the man who had turned his back on God. He was quiet enough at the time and Ghao was able to talk with him and witness to him. After Ghao had prayed, the man said he wanted to accept Christ and handed over his pipe as proof of his sincerity.

About two months later the missionary revisited the village and asked about the insane man for whom Ghao had prayed. The villagers said he was out working in the rice field and had been perfectly normal since the day he had turned to Christ for help. They also told of the man's desire to go and live at Plei Bethel, an all-Christian village nearby.

However, with the passing days the memory of what God had done for him grew dim. His desire to follow the Lord waned as little by little he yielded to the urging and luring of others in the village. He began to drift back into the old round of village life and spirit worship. Gradually he began having spells which increased until today he seems almost entirely given over once again to the powers of Satan. Wandering alone all day by the river's edge he communes with the spirit of the water.

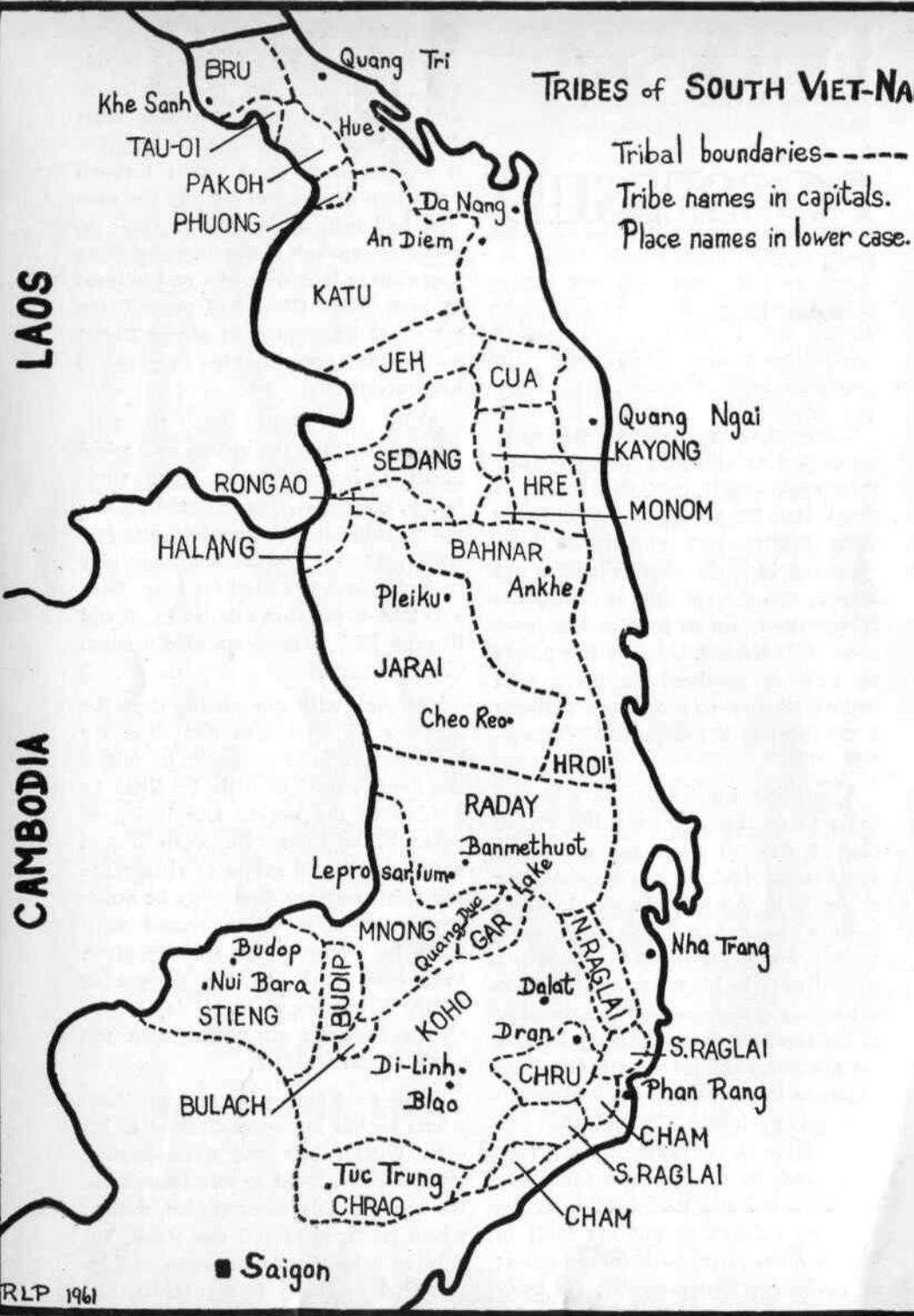
Satan does not easily give up those whom he has for years claimed as his own. With subtle and never-ceasing temptation he seeks to woo them back. We serve an all-powerful God, against whom no force of evil can stand, but only as a heart remains open to Him can God in His power enter in and set the prisoner free.

TRIBES of SOUTH VIET-NAI

Tribal boundaries-----
 Tribe names in capitals.
 Place names in lower case.

LAOS

CAMBODIA



RLP 1961

HERE ARE THE TRIBES

Here are the tribes — the highlanders, the aborigenes of Viet-Nam, culturally more primitive than the Vietnamese of the plains. Each tribe is different. Each one speaks its own language and follows its own customs. For missionary work, each one represents a separate challenge.

The tribes of South Viet-Nam may be divided into two groups according to the types of language they speak — Mon-Khmer or Malayo-Polynesian. Mon-Khmer languages are spoken by small groups scattered throughout Southeast Asia; Malayo-Polynesian languages are spoken in parts of Indonesia and in many islands of the Pacific. The tribes in Viet-Nam that speak Malayo-Polynesian languages are Jarai, Hroi, Raday, Northern and Southern Raglai, Chru and Cham. The map shows these tribes as a sort of wedge driven into the middle of the Mon-Khmer bloc. They are the more recent arrivals, coming probably no more than 3000 years ago and forcing their way in from the sea.

Raday. Pop. 120,000. Mission work was begun in 1933. The New Testament and several portions of the Old have been translated. Some 40 graduates and student pastors are preaching today. Baptized believers number 1200. Present missionary staff: Rev. and Mrs. Ziemer, Rev. and Mrs. Swain, Miss Griswold, Pastor and Mrs. Nhuong.

The leprosarium, based in Raday territory, has an outreach also to the Mnong and Jarai. Staff: Dr. Vietti, Rev. and Mrs. McNeel, Misses Ade, Kingsbury, Wilting, Craig.

Jarai. Pop.: 200,000. The first mission station was opened in 1948. The New Testament and three books of the Old have been translated. There are four trained pastors and some 500 believers. Staff: Mr. and Mrs. Long, Pastor and Mrs. Sang at Pleiku; Rev. and Mrs. Reed at Cheo Reo.

Cham. Pop.: 25,000 in Viet-Nam. Almost 1000 years ago the Champa empire stretched as far north as Hue. Great brick towers still stand, though now in ruins, to mark their emperors' graves. Defeat by the Vietnamese sent them into decline. Many migrated into Cambodia; the rest settled mainly in small pockets along the coastal plain. They have a vague recollection of

Bible characters because of Moslem influence. Few have become Christians. Preaching is all done in Vietnamese. A Wycliffe Bible Translators team is beginning work. The Southern Raglai, Chru and Hroi languages are quite similar to Cham.

Northern Raglai (Adlai). Pop.: 20,000. Most of them live in dangerous areas not now accessible to missionaries. Several hundred who had believed have now congregated in a new village near Nha Trang. Pastor Hien is ministering to these and some others. A Wycliffe team has begun work.

Southern Raglai. Pop.: 20,000. A very few converts have been won by nearby Vietnamese churches. Rev. and Mrs. Ingram are studying the language while living quarters are being prepared in Phan Rang.

Chru. Pop.: 18,000. The Vietnamese missionary, Pastor Tin, entered in 1954. He has had previous experience in Raday, Jarai, and Bahnar, and has done much Scripture translation. There are now eleven Chru congregations and over 600 Christians.

Hroi. Pop.: 10,000. They have stilt-houses and loincloths like the Jarai, though their speech is similar to Cham. They sometimes call themselves Cham. A Vietnamese preacher for the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade was beginning work among them before the area was closed because of unrest.

This synopsis is based on many sources, including especially the compilation of information by D. Thomas of the Wycliffe Bible Translators. The population figures are all unofficial estimates.

TO BE CONTINUED