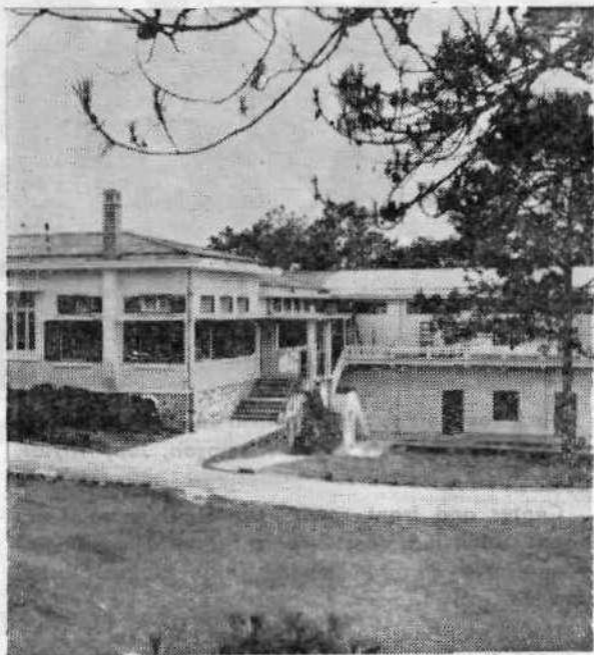


# *Cambodia*

**Volume 9**

**Number 3**



**Girls' Dormitory and Classrooms**

**School for Missionaries' Children, Dalat, Vietnam**

Our Dalat High School students have written articles for this issue of "Cambodia" which we dedicate to all of our children who attend school there. We thank God for such a fine Christian school, and for the dedicated staff in the home and school.



Back row, left to right: David Thompson, Stanley Steiner, Daniel Doty, Judy Thompson, Judy Taylor, Mary Francis Holton.

Center and front rows: Darrell Dunning, Gary Leeder, Merrill Steiner, Richard Leeder, Dale Thompson, David Ellison, Timothy Doty, Elaine Ellison, Ardelle Graven.

The Leeder boys' parents, Rev. and Mrs. Leo Leeder, are the first missionaries to Cambodia under the Far Eastern Gospel Crusade.

For many months plans were made for the biggest event of 1961 in the life of the missionary family of Cambodia. Post offices were kept busy as instructions passed between the parties involved. D-Day was decided by a Big Three Conference many months before. Calendars were frequently consulted to work toward the countdown. Equipment was assembled at the two points of contact and each was sure of his part to make the mission a success.

The last month was one of eager anticipation. Flight time was checked—telegrams informed participants to meet at the scene of Operations—highways buzzed as cars came from all directions. D-Day dawned bright and clear. Everything was in readiness. The minutes ticked off slowly until X-hour arrived—1:30 p. m., October 14, 1961. The crowd had gathered, and at the first roar of the motor eyes looked skyward. Then the lovely Viscount skimmed the runway at the Phnom Penh airport. Tears glistened in eyes as the open plane door revealed the VIPs, arms loaded but faces aglow with joy.

Operation KIDS was a great success for the M.K.s had arrived safely from Dalat and the hearts of parents and children, and aunties and uncles, were filled with the joy of reunion. The annual vacation had begun!

## HOMeward BOUND!

Judy Thompson

School was out! What a sigh of relief we uttered! Excitement mounted, for in a few hours we were going to start on our journey home. What dinner we could eat we gulped down, and then raced back to our rooms to finish what little there was left to do. Time passed by so slowly, but finally two o'clock rolled around. Excitedly we grabbed our bags and rushed out to the cars. A few delays dampened our joy a little but soon we were on our way to the airport. Soon the plane came in and it took some time getting ready to leave but we were too happy to notice. Finally we waved good-bye to our friends and the plane took off.

As we stepped off the plane in Saigon an hour later, we were very happy. I am sure that the stars in our eyes were apparent to everyone in the terminal. When we arrived at the home we were happy to find out that we were going to Phnom Penh on a Viscount which had huge windows, plush seats, bell service, and airconditioning. It was a wonderful plane ride and the time passed by quickly. As we left

the plane in Cambodia some of us still had to go farther. We were a bit disappointed that our parents did not meet us, but another missionary couple met us and took us to their town where we were greeted by our dad. After we enjoyed a delicious meal, served by Mrs. Ellison, we went across the river on a ferry to where the car was. Unfortunately it was raining very hard and we got a little wet. But it seemed that God was with us for there was a bus on the ferry which we rode to the car. Daddy and the boys put the bags in the car and we started home. It was a wonderful trip and we saw several animals on the way. After four hours of traveling we began to sit up and take notice of things, for we were almost home. Finally we saw the lights of our house and as we all rushed to Mom I thought, "It was a long hard trip (900 kilometers or 565 miles, for us) but it was worth it."

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### *Preparing for Vacation (Con't from page 5)*

Closing programs and farewells come at this time, too. Some of the teachers and students will be leaving for furlough so we have a grand farewell for them. Most of us aren't too sad when the parting time comes. Everyone is too excited to do anything else, so we sit around and wait. Finally the time comes to leave, and as we say "Good-bye" we realize that we still have unpacking and a long journey ahead of us.

## WHAT TO DO?

Mary Francis Holton

Vacation is thought to be a time of leisure and relaxation but may turn out to be a time of labor and "relapsation." After the rigid schedule of classes and schoolwork, vacation seems a dream come true. No more studies; no more papers to be handed in at a given time; no rush for exams; just a time to be away from books and homework.

After a week of simply being lazy and wasting time, there is an urge to do something. Just what is there to do? For some reason the schoolbooks that were brought home to be studied in spare time don't hold any attraction. Then the cry may change from "What shall I do?" to "What shall I do first?" The days fill up with things to do, and move along with terrifying speed.

Here in Cambodia English is being studied more and more, so some of us find a chance to earn a little spending money and have a chance to witness besides. Teaching English can be a pleasure when the students try to learn. Sometimes they try too hard like the student who had just finished a lesson on pronouns and wrote, "He has a pain in her stomach."

We like, too, to brush up on our Cambodian or Chinese. We don't hear much of it at school. We wish we could understand more in church, and be more talkative with the young people. We find that those learning English are not the only ones who make mistakes. Once a language student used what little he knew to ask questions in the market, "What is this?" and "What is that?" Another missionary heard the market people laughing at him and saying, "So big and yet so dumb."

Vacation isn't all work but has play mixed in. Swimming in Cambodia in December is just as good as any other month. Those of us in Phnom Penh can join the Sports Circle and enjoy the pool, and those near the coast have the ocean. Cambodia has many scenic places, so picnics are a good diversion.

Cooking has an important part in a girl's idea of vacation fun. It feels good to get into a kitchen and make all sorts of concoctions that would horrify some good cooks. Sewing, too, is fun, especially if it means an increased wardrobe, and if the end products are fit to wear. Reading is something I, for one, couldn't stay away from. Vacation is that wonderful opportunity to read a book you've always wanted to get a chance at but just couldn't find time to. So vacation activities are many and varied, and I wouldn't trade them for anything.

Vacation time gives the missionaries' children not only an escape from books and studies, and a time for relaxation and fun, but also many opportunities to see at first hand, and to participate in, the spreading of the Gospel to the many unreached people among whom their parents work the year around. Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Doty, of Kampong Thom Province, have made many trips into the tribal villages to the north of them during the past few years, and in the past year they have begun to see the Spirit of God work in that area, for more than twenty of the Kuoy tribespeople have prayed for salvation. How we praise God for this precious fruit, after these years of sowing and waiting. Their high school son sends us the following report of family trips into the Kuoy area.

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Rev. M. B. Steiner, Editor

Miss Lavinia McCart, Assistant Editor

## **INTO THE BYWAYS**

**Daniel Doty**

There was always much anticipation as we prepared for our trips to the tribes' villages. Not only would we be able to witness the winning of souls to God, but also see much of his creation. All along the way we would see things of interest such as peacocks, monkeys, pheasants and other animals. We would see many types of trees, some towering higher than the average trees and some hundreds of years old.

Undas, the village we have been visiting recently was off the main road. We had to drive down a side road through water and mud to reach it. Once we arrived at the village, we started setting up things. It was night so we had to watch out for snakes. On this particular night there was a large crowd of people. We went into the sala, the village meeting place, and held the meeting. Besides our lanterns the place was well lighted by fires which most of the families carried to scare away any wild animals that might be roaming around. The meeting was started with a record of Salvation Army Band music and was followed by messages on records which are in the Kouy

or local language. We then sang several songs and handed out used cards to those who had helped with the singing. I played my trombone and then Mother gave a flannelgraph lesson while someone else held the lantern so the light shone on the board. After the flannelgraph lesson Father gave a message, after which we administered medicine to those who needed it, witnessed to those who were interested in the Gospel, and returned home. Although we were tired, we were alert for any animals that would cross the road in front of our headlights.

It wasn't always that we would return home the same day. Another time some of us went to Romchek, about 30 kilometers farther on, with enough food to last us two or three days. Our camping quarters was a termite-ridden sala that the tribespeople had abandoned. We set up our cots and mattresses while Mother cooked our meal on the ground over an open fire. A Cambodian Christian lady who was with us helped also. I had been assigned the job of photographer and had a hard time taking pictures of the camera-shy tribespeople. After we had finished supper we began the meeting by having Mother play the accordion and sing over the loudspeaker to call the people together. Some of the tribespeople claimed they could hear it a mile or two away. After the service several of the people asked many ques-

tions. Later on as we prepared for bed the thoughts of tigers were foremost in our minds. I kept feeling a tiger was poking his nose in our doorway whenever my back was turned. Because of the open doorway it was very difficult to go to sleep. After rigging up a makeshift barricade which a tiger would just have to take a swipe at to knock down, we went to sleep. The next morning while Mother was witnessing, I lessened the boredom by hunting birds. Later, when I returned to the sala, I discovered how termite-ridden the sala really was as I fell through the floor. We managed to cut down a pole to put in place of the broken one and I became more careful as to where I stepped. It was the next night during the meeting that the porch proved itself unable to hold together. All I saw when I turned around were a few heads disappearing below the floor. No one was injured and the tribespeople took it in good humor. I still have some pictures showing before and after the floor gave way.

In both villages I have noticed the interest shown and wonder if it wouldn't be easier to reach the hearts of these tribespeople if they hadn't, generally speaking, already accepted Buddhism.

Because of Buddhism, it is harder to witness to them and win them to the Lord. I think that through constant prayer they may be won. All in all I enjoyed my visits to the tribes' villages.

## BACK TO SCHOOL

Judy Taylor

With echoes of laughter, and shouts of good cheer  
Your halls will be ringing for another new year.

The packing of bags and saying adieus  
Is all that it takes to divide hearts in twos.

But there's one consolation that makes school dearer  
This being it brings next vacation much nearer.

To Mother, Dad, sister, and brother: all four,  
We wish to say thank you, thank you once more.

There are so many things which you have all done  
To make this vacation a most pleasant one.

Lessons, books, teachers, truly are calling,  
But thoughts of renewed friendships keep us from  
stalling.

With clothes all patched up and tagged once again  
For at least the first month we'll look neat as a pin.

We're coming, w'are coming; just less than a score,  
With vim, vip, and vigor to study once more!

Elaine, Dole, Davids; Gary, Darrel, and Dan;  
Mary, Rick, Judys; Tim, Merrill, Ardelle, Stan.

## COMING AND GOING

It is with praise to God that we welcome our new missionary family, Rev. & Mrs. Gene Hall and Ricky and Timmy. They have arrived on the field just as this issue of "Cambodia" is being printed and will soon be working hard at language study. Please pray that God will grant them wisdom and understanding as they tackle the intricacies of a strange and foreign tongue and new and strange customs. We are glad they have come to help in the building of the church in this land.

We also praise God for the return to Cambodia, for their third term, of Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Graven and their two children, Ardelle and Gordon. Their daughter, Marilyn, is in school at Toccoa Falls, Georgia. The Gravens have been appointed to teach in the Bible School. Pray for them as they carry on this important ministry.

During the past six months three couples left for furlough. Rev. and Mrs. D. R. Furniss left in August, Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Westergren and Stephen in November, and Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Ellison left in December because of serious illness in the family at home. The Ellisons expect to return after six months at home. May God give these our fellowlaborers fruitful and restful furloughs.

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