

Jungle Frontiers



An old Koho Tribeswoman

THE TRIBES OF VIET-NAM MISSION

JUNGLE FRONTIERS

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This booklet is issued by the missionaries of THE TRIBES OF VIET-NAM MISSION (at their own expense) and we shall be glad to send it free to any who request it.

THE CHALLENGE OF NEW AREAS

During the recent crisis in Viêt-Nam we prayed earnestly that the Lord would keep open the doors which seemed to be so rapidly closing. Many of you prayed with us. The Lord has answered those prayers. Never before have we been faced with so many open doors — so many of them that with our present resources we cannot hope to enter them all. Yet we cannot ignore them. Behind those open doors are thousands of tribespeople who are our responsibility.

BAHNAR

The Bahnar Tribe, one of the most populous of the minority groups, is still without a resident gospel missionary. Mr. Sang, one of the Vietnamese missionaries to the tribes, has learned the language but is able to carry on only a limited ministry among them because of his responsibilities in the Jerai work and Bible School at Pleiku. In spite of this handicap, in recent months more than a hundred have prayed seeking salvation, and from several villages requests have come for a «teacher» to lead them in the «righteous road.» Ankhe (Ahn-kay) is an excellent center from which to reach this long-neglected tribe. A missionary couple is desperately needed to undertake this work.

JERAI

Although a witness has been established and maintained for more than 10 years among the Jeraï tribespeople, yet Cheo Reo, one of their most important centers of culture and influence, has not yet been occupied. Permission was granted by the administrative authorities more than five years ago for us to place a missionary at Cheo Reo. However, a lack of personnel and finances, and the uncertainty of the political situation have made it impossible to «occupy the land.» Today the door is wide open. The head Jeraï administrator has urged us to send a missionary, promising to facilitate in every possible way the establishing of a mission station there. The Catholics have already beat us to the punch, but there is still a most challenging opportunity. We must not fail! God give us missionaries to breach the gap!

MNONG

Traveling southwest from Banmethuot, where a strong Rhade (Raday) church is being developed, one soon passes into Mnong country. «Where does a man's soul go when he dies?» We heard this question asked of a Mnong tribesman recently. «Perhaps into a dove, or into a parrot, or maybe even into a hawk,» was the answer. «That's why our people lament and wail when a hawk is killed.» There has been an ingathering of the first-fruits from among this tribal group — a whole village destroyed their fetishes and turned to Christ a short while ago — but the work is only begun.

STIENG

Farther still to the southwest, we come into the Stieng country. Some of these Stieng villages were contacted for the first time about twelve years ago. Large areas are still un-

YOUNG PEOPLE CATCH THE VISION

Returning from the Easter morning service, I learned that K'Hui, her 14-year old brother Pan, and his friend Non, were planning to go out witnessing for the Lord that afternoon. For some time these teenagers had been going each week, more or less on their own, to find other tribespeople whom they could tell about their Saviour, Jesus Christ. I decided that someone should show some interest and try to encourage them. So I said, «Would you like to come to my house this afternoon for prayer together before you go?». Eagerly they accepted the invitation, and at two o'clock three excited young people came to the house. K'Hui was the oldest so the two boys said she would do the «preaching». After reading John 10, we four knelt in prayer, seeking the Lord's leading. It was a precious time spent together, and I was stirred by the earnestness with which they poured out their hearts to the Lord. After borrowing my picture roll, my hymnbook and my raincoat, they departed.

Almost three hours later three grinning young folks came bounding into the house to recount every detail of their afternoon. K'Hui had found a group who listened while she told the story of the Saviour's love. The boys also had witnessed for the Lord, and one old man was so pleased with what he heard that he gave each of them a little bundle of pine pitch (to use in starting their fires)!

A few days later Pan stopped me to tell me how troubled he was about his cousin Sep. When Pan and Non had their evening devotions together, Sep would go out and leave them. Seeing Pan's concern I said, «We must all pray for Sep. Do you think it would be a good idea to have a regular Sunday afternoon prayer meeting at my house? We could have it early before you go out witnessing, and then pray for the other young people, too.»

And thus it began. The first week there were five boys and girls who came to pray. Simply but earnestly they interceded for Sep and others of their group who were not following the Lord. As the word was passed around, others came and swelled the number to eleven. Pan invited Sep to come, but he found some excuse to remain at home. However, we continued to pray for his salvation. How graciously our Father hears and answers our prayers! A few weeks later, Sep began attending the prayer meetings, and we detected a real heart hunger.

Then came the memorable night when the speaker at the Young People's Service preached on John 3 — «Ye must be born again.» When the invitation was given, Sep was the first one on his feet. Coming forward he dropped to his knees, confessed his sins to the Lord and asked Jesus to become his own personal Saviour.

What an encouragement this was to those who had faithfully prayed for Sep. Now they are claiming salvation for other friends who are still outside of Christ — and expect God to answer for «faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do it.»

HELEN EVANS



Two young people of the Dalat Area.

BIKE NIGHT EVANGELISM

A letter had been sent to Village Ki (key) asking if they would like to have the young people from the "House of God" in Banmethuot come to preach and sing for them. The answer was an enthusiastic yes.

And so one month ago on Saturday night (bike night for evangelism) the young people gathered first for prayer in the Banmethuot chapel.

It was a short ride to the village, and upon arrival, we were directed to the chief's longhouse. Before long there were about 100 tribespeople sitting informally on the bamboo floor of the long, shadowy visiting room. The young people were in complete charge of the service. After a simple Gospel message by a highschool boy, six people — three men and three young women — responded to the invitation for Salvation. Several others promised they would pray the next time. We were thrilled at the very evident preparation by the Holy Spirit of the hearts of these who had heard the Gospel many times before but had been cold and indifferent to the message.

The next morning the chief, absent the night before, rode into Banmethuot seeking his own salvation from sin. The number of Christians in this village has now grown to eighteen! We praise God for their eagerness to learn. Those who can read are diligently searching the Scriptures, and all are anxious to know how to pray.

At first those of the new converts who had bicycles rode into Banmethuot for services, but they were concerned for the others who, they said, will grow "cold" if they don't regularly hear what God's Book says. Now we have arranged for a Sunday morning service right in their own village.

At the first Sunday morning service we were astounded to have them, without any missionary's prompting, get up from their places and come to the front with their offerings in worship to the Lord. Many similar evidences of real conversion have been manifested, and our hearts are greatly encouraged as we continue the work here.

CAROLYN GRISWOLD



CLINIC TIME

A baby's cry, a rasping cough, the sound of padding feet, along with the various tribal odors, all combine to form the usual clinic hour. A nurse's thoughts are varied as she faces the needy crowd squatting around the door... Did the man with pneumonia come again for medicine as requested, or did the fact that two day's treatment made him feel better cause him to go back into the jungle without being really cured? Did the baby with the severe diarrhea live through the night? What about the three-year old with the badly burned arm? Is it infecting because the bandages are mud-soaked? How many new cases of smallpox will we find? Is the vaccination of the village people being done fast enough? How much penicillin is there left? Will it stretch for the many cases of bronchitis always present during the rainy season? How many here do not yet know Christ as Saviour?

Above all these, however, is the ever-present prayer, "Oh Father give me the wisdom necessary to meet the needs represented here today!". A nurse must be able to cope with situations here that she would never meet at home. Lack of a doctor's knowledge for diagnosing, a meager supply of medicine, a minimum of equipment, and insufficient funds all add to her problems. A tiny basement room, a corner in an already busy or crowded room, or just a back porch often serves in place of a well-equipped modern clinic at home. There are, however, two advantages the nurse on the mission field has that even modern medical centers in the homeland often lack. One is the guiding hand of an All-powerful Father; the other is the united prayer of the Christians around the world giving power to the laboring hands on the field. The first advantage is guaranteed — God never fails! The second is your responsibility! Will you prove faithful?

EVELYN HOLIDAY

A ONE-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD MEETS HER LORD

How do we know this aged tribeswoman, K'Lai, was a hundred years old? We don't know exactly, for the tribespeople only reckon their approximate ages. K'Lai recalled that she had already been married and had a child when the first French arrived about eighty years ago.

K'Lai was an extremely attractive woman, and the chief of a huge district near Djiring took her for his fourth wife. She lived in a big longhouse with the other three wives, enjoying the comparative riches of a big chief. However, because of the constant quarreling, her life was very unhappy. So she left her chief-husband and returned to the country of her grandparents, to the village of Sre Dang.

Here she remarried and in her lifetime bore eleven children. In spite of sickness, poverty and evil customs, she outlived all but three of them.

For 20 years K'Lai had been listening to the gospel from the lips of her son, K'Sol, now a gifted Christian leader. However, she stubbornly resisted the Lord and would always retort that she could not forsake the customs of her grandfather. Then the gospel message came once again with fresh life to the village. A grandson, K'Sac, had been born again while teaching his language to the new missionaries. He hastened back to his village and convinced them all of the Truth.

However, K'Lai did not completely break with the old ways. One day her son, K'Sol, received word that his mother was sick and dying. He arrived at the village to find her already dead. The children had started wrapping her body, but when they reached her head, she suddenly sneezed! Shaking with astonishment, they unwound her. She opened her eyes and told them this story:

Her spirit had started on a trail where she saw her son K'Sol standing by a large fire. He was preaching about the Lord Jesus Christ. Then a man all in white blocked her way and told her to go back. She was not ready to come because her house was still dirty. Then she regained consciousness. She declared to them that the Way of Jesus Christ was the true way and that they must all "clean house" and completely surrender to the Lord.

The people built a chapel and that year celebrated Christmas for the first time. What a time of rejoicing as they testified to the invited neighboring villagers. Then the 97 year old lady asked to be baptised with the other members in the cold stream below the village.

Now, three years later, word came to us of her passing on. The family requested that we go in to hold the funeral, it being the first death since the village had turned Christian. The people wished the ceremony to be a witness to the neighboring heathen. Death among the heathen tribespeople is a time of much grief, drinking of rice alcohol, weeping, and destruction of property. Here, instead, was real peace and singing as they met in the bamboo chapel on the hill. Three days before this, K'Lai had said, "I want to go home." When asked where, she replied, "I want to go home to heaven." Now she is home at last.

HARRIETTE IRWIN



Left to right, front row, Mrs. Jackson, Misses Holiday, Bowen, Wilting, Evans, Ade, Geisinger, Mrs. Ziemer.

Second row, Miss Owens, Mrs. Powell, Misses Kingsbury, Heikkinen, Mrs. Mangham, Miss Griswold, Mrs. Mitchell, Irwin, Evans, Misses Schon, Kerr.

Back row, Messrs. Jackson, Mangham, Ziemer, Mitchell, Irwin, Evans, Powell, Paul McGarvey.



DALAT

Villa Alliance
Dalat, Viêt-Nam

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Jackson
Miss B. M. Bowen
Miss H. E. Evans
Miss E. N. Holiday

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES CHILDREN

Villa Alliance
Dalat, Viêt-Nam

Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Mitchell
Miss Lois Chandler
Miss A. A. Heikkinen
Miss E. M. Owens
Miss Ruth Wehr



DJIRING

Mission Evangélique
Djiring, Viêt-Nam

Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Irwin



BANMETHUOT

Mission Evangélique
Banmethuot, Viêt-Nam

Rev. and Mrs. T. G. Mangham
Rev. and Mrs. N. R. Ziemer
Miss C. R. Griswold
Miss H. C. Geisinger

LEPROSARIUM

Mission Evangélique
Banmethuot, Viêt-Nam

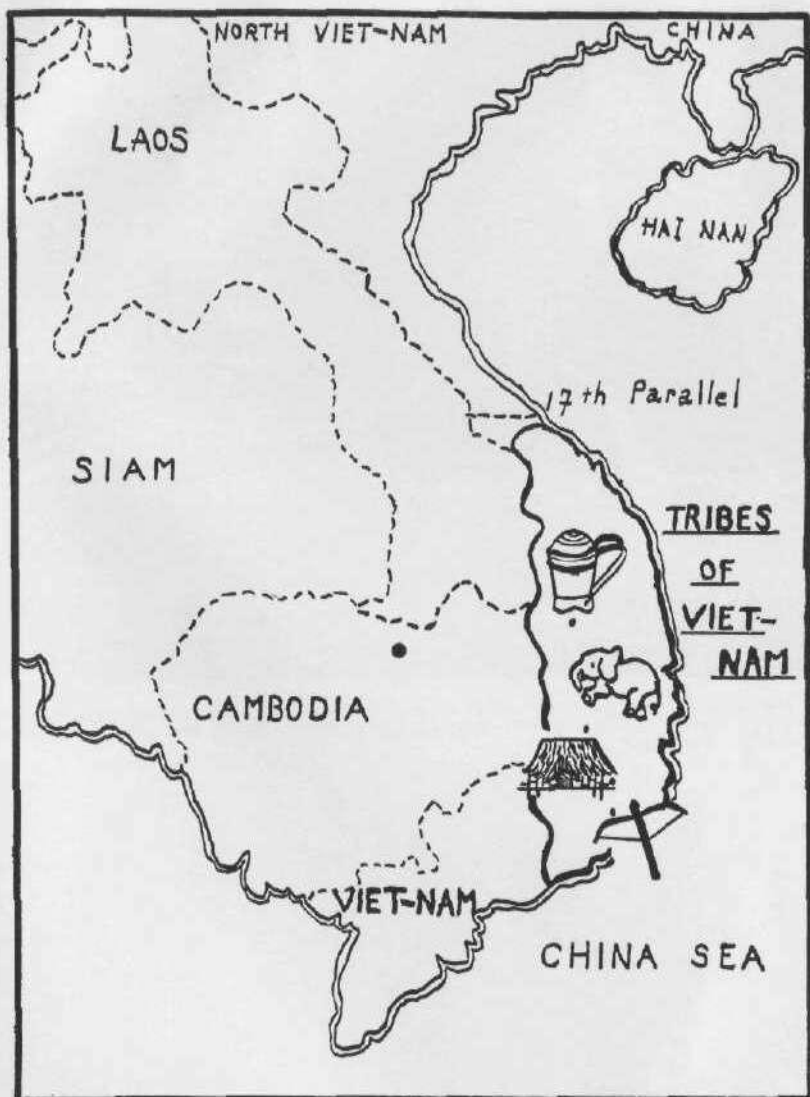
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Powell
Miss Charlotte Schon
Miss M. R. Ade
Miss Olive Kingsbury
Miss Dorothy Moos



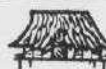
PLEIKU

Mission Evangélique
Pleiku, Viêt-Nam

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Evans
Miss A. M. Kerr
Miss Ruth Wilting



PLEIKU



DALAT



BANMETHUOT



DJIRING



A patient at the Banmethuot Leprosarium. When admitted, she could not speak because leprosy had almost completely destroyed her vocal chords. Since receiving treatment she has regained her voice.

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