

the CALL

of VIET NAM



THE CALL OF VIET NAM

is issued bi-annually by the Viet Nam missionaries
of The Christian and Missionary Alliance

Home address: 260 W. 44 th St., New York

Field address: P.O. Box 923 Saigon

SUMMER, 1965

Editors: James H. Livingston, Betty I. Hunt

PRAYER REQUESTS

PRAY much for Mrs. R. T. Henry who has recently undergone major surgery.

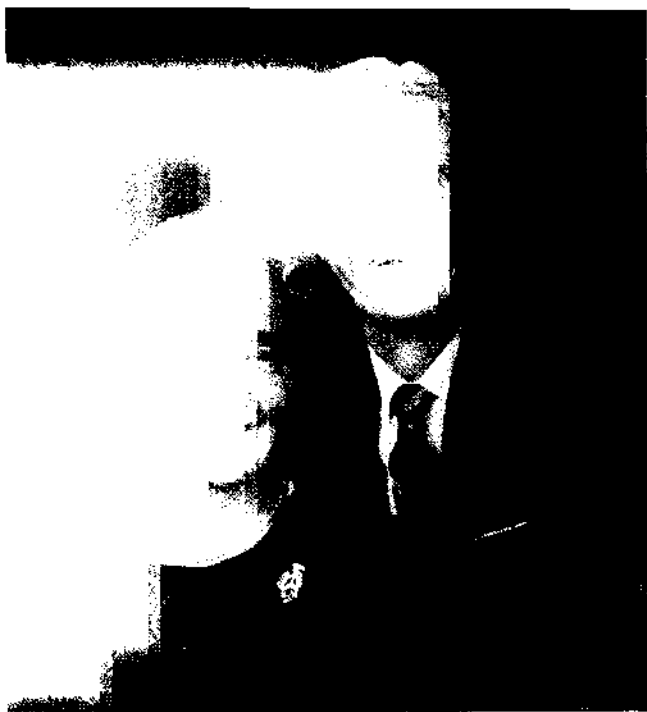
PRAY for baby Janice Stebbins who had to fight for her life the first month. Praise God that she is now gaining strength, and pray that she will soon have robust health.

PRAY for all the pastors and Christians who are daily walking in the valley of the shadow of death.

PRAY for the three couples and single lady who are coming soon to teach at the Dalat School in Malaysia. Pray that the Lord will wonderfully use them at the School.

COVER

Rev. & Mrs. D. I. Jeffrey distribute literature at Quang Trung Training Camp. Photo by J. H. Livingston.



Rev. & Mrs. D. I. Jeffrey

Undying Vision

A Sketch of the Life and Ministry of Rev. & Mrs. D. I. Jeffrey

by Dale S. Herendeen

“**H**OW can we go home? There's so much more to be done!” Thus spoke Mrs. Ruth Jeffrey to her husband, Ivory, on the eve of their departure from Viet Nam. The statement was characteristic. Yet failing physical strength definitely indicated the time for final furlough had come. Forty-seven years of fruitful service, and their hearts burn as deeply for the cause of Christ today as in those early years when the work was just beginning.

Such long years of service cannot be summarized through brief recitation of facts and figures. Missionary life is much more than that. Though filled with the routine and commonplace, it is constantly peppered with the unusual, the exciting, the humorous and the sad. **THE CALL OF VIET NAM** shares with its readers a glance, however brief, into the life and ministry of Mr. and Mrs. David Ivory Jeffrey, as we, their colleagues, bid farewell to this remarkable couple.

Born in China: The fifth of a family of eleven, Ruth Goforth was born in Changtefu, Honan, China on January 1st, 1898. Jonathan and Rosalind Goforth had arrived in Chefoo, North China in 1888, the first missionaries sent to China by the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Spending the first eighteen years of her life in China Ruth became intimately familiar with the ways of the Orient. She came to know Christ personally in Wales while her parents were there on furlough. Returning later to Canada she took her training at Toronto Bible College. The rugged life of a missionary left its stamp and Ruth Goforth had no desire to return to China. Yet while attending an Alliance Missionary Convention in Toronto in 1917 she responded to the stirring message of Dr. Walter M. Turnbull and dedicated her life to missionary service.

Ivory Jeffrey was born December 21, 1894 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He completed his Biblical training at Toronto Bible College in 1916. While speaking at a youth rally at Dale Presbyterian Church where Dr. Oswald J. Smith then served as assistant pastor, he met Ruth Goforth. He proposed to Ruth in November, 1918, and in December sailed alone to the field of Viet Nam, French Indochina, under the appointment of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Arriving at Hong Kong in February, 1919, he was met by Dr. R. A. Jaffray, field superintendent, and the two travelled on to Haiphong, Viet Nam. Enroute Dr. Jaffray spoke much of indigenous missionary methods. Mr. Jeffrey immediately set to work to help establish a strong and self-supporting Vietnamese church. Stationed first at Hanoi, in 1921 he moved south to Tourane to begin a Bible Training School for young Vietnamese whom God had called to the ministry.

Marriage: Ruth Goforth arrived at Tourane in September, 1920.

She and Mr. Jeffrey were married on June 28, 1921, just before the opening of the first Bible School term. Ten students and two missionary teachers met for classes in what had been a horse stable — a humble but joyous beginning. The Jeffreys assisted the D. F. Irwins in district ministry, and Mr. Irwin also taught in the school.

Returning for their second term of service in 1926 the Jeffreys were again stationed in Tourane where they continued to serve in the Bible School and in the district. Later in the term they moved to Hue, ancient capital of the kings. Preaching services were held nightly for twelve months and though the ground was exceedingly stony, the seed was sown in the hearts of many.

Chairman: The Jeffreys moved south to the City of Saigon for their third term of service which covered the years 1933 to 1938. Here Mr. Jeffrey served as chairman, as well as being in charge of the Guest Home. These days, he remarked, were like working in a newspaper office, for the demands were many and varied. The chairman at that time had the oversight of Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, Viet Nam, Tribes of Viet Nam, and the Chinese ministry. Added to this were district and city responsibilities! It was during the last part of this term that property for the central Saigon Church was purchased.

Japanese internment: While on furlough in 1938 funds were raised which made possible the construction of the Saigon Church and at long last Vietnamese Christians had their own place of worship. The outbreak of World War II found the Jeffreys again in the City of Saigon. Bible classes for women, youth work, and a new Bible correspondence course kept them busy. Ruth, the eldest child, return to Canada in July, 1941. Precious twelve year old David

contracted encephalitis and went to be with the Lord in November that same year. Paul, an older son, returned to Canada on the Gripsholm in July, 1942. The Jeffreys busied themselves in the work until internment at My Tho in 1943. At this time Mrs. Jeffrey was allowed to return to Canada on the second voyage of the Gripsholm so that she might care for the children. Mr. Jeffrey, with several others, chose to remain on the field feeling that even a limited ministry would bring blessing and encouragement to the church. He joined Mrs. Jeffrey in Canada in 1946 following the war after three years of separation.

From 1947 to 1951 they lived at Dalat. Mr. Jeffrey was again Chairman of the field. It was during this time that Mrs. Jeffrey turned her attention to literature and publication work. «The Dawn», a magazine for the unsaved, was published as well as other church literature. Much of this was financed by the Bible Meditation League of Columbus, Ohio. «The Dawn» is still being published today. As chairman, Mr. Jeffrey spent considerable time travelling to visit the many churches that had been so sorely tried during Japanese occupation. They gave glorious testimony to the grace of God.

Ministry to the military: The Jeffreys returned to Saigon for their sixth term of service, 1953 to 1958. Seven large military hospitals were filled with wounded and dying Vietnamese soldiers. They had fought side by side with the French against the forces which finally were victorious at the famous battle of Dien Bien Phu. Mrs. Jeffrey gained permission from French officials to visit in the hospitals. Day after day a witness was given, literature offered, and hundreds gave their hearts to Christ. Little did Mrs. Jeffrey know that this same ministry would

come again in later years during another fierce conflict.

Following the Geneva Convention in 1954 which required French withdrawal from Viet Nam, a fruitful ministry was also opened in the large Quang Trung military camp for Vietnamese trainees. This ministry, too, was to play an important role in the Jeffreys' lives in their final months on the field in 1965-66. Entrance into the Chi Hoa prison was also granted and many lives were touched for God. Christian witness continues to this day within those prison walls.

Resettlement villages: During their seventh term, from 1958 to 1963, the Jeffreys' ministry was highlighted by an unusual opportunity among the scattered resettlement villages of the country. Whole families were being transported by the government from crowded ancestral lands, to begin life anew in yet untouched virgin land. Among these were hundreds of Christian families. Finding themselves in new places without spiritual shepherds and without churches, they made urgent calls to the Church and Mission for assistance. The Jeffreys moved quickly to assist them in church construction and to bring them spiritual help. Clearings hacked out of thick jungle soon saw churches sprout up where Christians gathered to sing and pray.

Last term: Though due for retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey returned to Viet Nam once again in 1964. Mr. Jeffrey took charge of the Bible Society work while the Ted Clines went on furlough. Then, once again as years before, God's Spirit urged Mrs. Jeffrey to return to the Quang Trung military camp and bring the good news of Christ to thousands of young Vietnamese lads who weekly leave for the battle front, often to give their lives for their country. Sunday morning these young soldiers gather by the hundreds in a grassy park at the camp to hopefully await the visit

of family or friend, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey went out to the park one Sunday morning to visit a soldier lad. They were amazed at the sight of so many hundreds of soldiers and at the opportunity for witness that was afforded. So they began going to the park Sunday after Sunday to witness and distribute literature. Then weekly preaching services were begun, and now, as this issue of the CALL goes to print, a beautiful Protestant Military Chapel nears completion within the confines of the camp itself, its construction the direct result of the vision and faith of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey.

Driving to and from the Quang Trung camp one must pass the gates of the sprawling Cong Hoa Military Hospital. Wounded Vietnamese soldiers and officers are brought here directly from the field by helicopter. They come by the hundreds as this vicious war rages on. Again God spoke to Mrs. Jeffrey as she passed by day after day. «Go in! Thousands wait to hear!» Initial inquiry brought an abrupt refusal, but finally permission was granted to Mrs. Jeffrey under the sponsorship of the Protestant Vietnamese Chaplain's office to visit in the hospital. After two months of visitation in the wards a Sunday evening Gospel service was begun on November 1, 1964. To this day this ministry continues to be one of the most fruitful in Viet Nam. Hundreds have expressed faith in Christ as personal witness has been given.

This, then, is a partial sketch of the life and ministry of Rev. and Mrs. D. I. Jeffrey. So much has been omitted, so much left unsaid. But we would have you read «between the lines» and sense the drive and vision which dominates this couple. They leave Viet Nam today, but their thoughts, prayers and energy continue at home for this their adopted land. We honor them in Christ. Our love and deep appreciation goes with them. God be with you, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ivory Jeffrey, pioneers to Viet Nam! ♦♦

* Power of God manifested in Saigon

* 807 believe in Jesus Christ

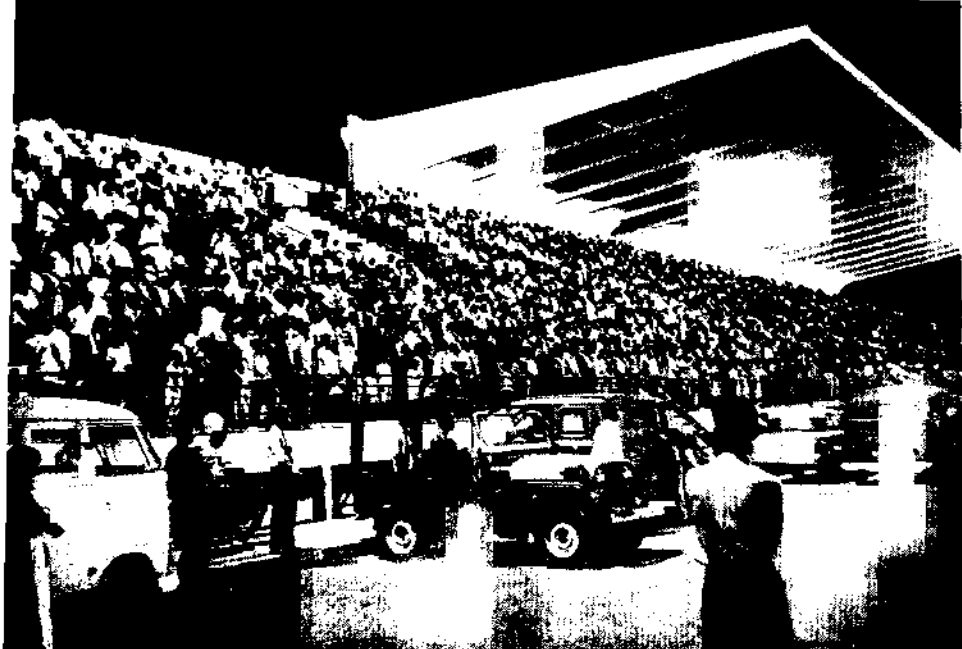
* Church experiences joy in a city rent with confusion and bloodshed

* Asian evangelists from 7 nations participate in Crusade

A United for a

«O Lord, You know that many times Billy Graham has 200 churches sponsoring his crusades and we have only nineteen. Help us we pray!»

«Dear Father, please send in all the money we need. There are only two months left before Easter and the Crusade. We have but a small part of the 700,000 piasters needed. Please help us!»



*In the stadium — the Gospel of Peace...
on the streets — mob violence*

Crusade Divided City

by James H. Livingston

« Dear God, our people are desperate. We live in confusion. Our land is devastated and our city filled with spiritual darkness. Help us to unite and present Christ to this city! »

Week after week such prayers ascended to an attentive heavenly ear. But perhaps the greatest need prior to the Crusade was not money or programs or even workers, but simply the need to unite.

One dear pastor had prayed: « Oh, Lord, You know this is the first time in 56 years we have had a city-wide crusade... » This petition was as much a confession as it was a historical foot-note. Now, however, the pastors were stirred to attempt such an effort. As they frequently met together for prayer a spirit of unity was born amongst them. In the face of mountains of satanic opposition they climbed



*Jimmy and Polly Prieto
from the Philippines*

out of the lowlands of factionalism and discord to meet God and help bring salvation to many.

From the war-eroded provinces of Central Viet Nam came a pledge of 65,000 piasters for the Saigon Crusade, a crusade they could never attend. One refugee church at Binh Son sent 4,000 piasters. Ill-clothed and under-fed, these believers gave unstintingly that the people in money-glutted Saigon might have the chance to believe. These marvelous acts of sacrifice triggered the Saigon pastors and Christians into immediate action. A Saigon pastor pledged one month's salary. Money came in from businessmen, shopkeepers, church groups, teachers, farmers, missionaries from all corners of Viet Nam. Thus in a spirited leap of unity, God's people vaulted the first barrier and the 700,000 piasters, so impossible a goal two months before, was in hand.

The Witness Groups of the Saigon churches banded together into a formidable team and blanketed every area of the city with nearly 600,000 pieces of literature. This mass distribution included a special crusade tract, attractive invitations, a booklet on the resurrection, and pictures of the Asian evangelists. One weary lady, her arms full of crusade literature, said: « I haven't had time to cook for my family, but this is the happiest time of service I've had in years ».

One missionary and a fifteen year old boy stood on a market corner as hundreds of dock workers streamed forth from the port. It was 6 p.m. and the home-bound, hungry men stopped to take 3,000 pieces of literature in twenty minutes. The snatching hands of the tough stevedors almost turned the scene into a mob. The besieged missionary mounted a concrete buttment. He passed the literature over the heads of screaming children. They slapped his hands and arms and so afraid was he of losing his watch, he put it deep into a pocket.

A street vendor, his wares spread on the ground nearby, became indignant fearing the pushing, jostling crowd might crush his goods. He looked up at the missionary and said, « You're Number 12 », (Vietnamese slang for « You're not worth two cents »).

One little boy, seeing that the long-armed dock workers were getting all the literature, withdrew 15 feet and began lobbing artillery pebbles at the missionary's head. Another grabbed his pen and made off into the crowd. Finally a policeman came and restored order and even helped distribute the remaining invitations and tracts.

Hundreds and thousands who received the literature were to be

unable to come. On the third day of the Crusade, the streets of Saigon erupted in mob violence, beatings and open war against the police.

On opening night, just thirty minutes before the program was to commence, the stadium was suddenly plunged into total darkness. The Crusade directors were almost frantic. The city, forgetting its promise to guarantee power for the meetings, had turned off all electricity in the area. When finally the lights did come on 40 minutes later, one Crusade member noticed that the stadium manager had failed to open two main gates leading to the grandstand.

Then the united youth choir stood and began to sing the opening number. A crowd of 5,000 had overflowed the grandstand. The soccer field shone chrome-green under the brilliant stadium lights. Decked out with the pastel shades of an Easter bonnet, the speaker's stand and choir platform in the center of the field glistened with color.

Dr. G. D. James of India, an Asian speaking to Asians, stood and spoke of the grace of God, the Blood of Christ, and the Living

Lord. The people listened intently to every word. As the choir sang, « Just as I am Without One Plea », one hundred and thirty people came quietly from the stands down to the platform to confess their sins and accept Christ as Lord and Saviour.

As they stood with bowed heads, how thrilling it was to see over 100 counsellors move to the side of each seeker and then lead them to a quiet area at the end of the field. Here with open Bibles these well-trained soul-winners made plain the way of salvation to each hungry heart.

Despite the unforeseen curfew, the rampaging mobs, and the bloody street fighting, we were to see this scene repeated every night of the Crusade. In a city mad in its wickedness and the planned violence of the so-called men of religion, hundreds continued to fill the main grandstand and 807 made a commitment of their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. The fact that in this critical hour of Viet Nam's history the Church was united to present Christ to a city divided and torn, was indeed a cause for great thanksgiving. ♦♦

The President of the Church. Rev. Doan Van Mieng, addresses the audience on the opening night of the Crusade





A stark existence...



from land cleared and

tilled to the doorstep



Refuge

A steady stream of humanity is struggling through mountains and over jungle trails to reach the safety of the refugee camps during these days of war. They need many things — food, shelter, medicine, clothing. But most all they need the Saviour.

Establishing life again in the refugee center is not easy. Thatch homes must be built, and ground must be cleared of large trees and dense undergrowth in order to plant their vital rice crop. Life is full of arduous toil, but they are relieved to be out of Viet Cong territory.

Among those who have fled the communists are many Christians. Their testimony of God's help, protection and strength has so impressed their fellow refugees that many have believed.

Although they had lost practically everything, the Christians in the refugee center near Banmethuot were determined to have their own church. After many sacrificial gifts and much time spent in actual construction, their new church was ready. One week before Christmas last year many of the villagers and village officials gathered for the dedication of the house of the Lord. For the children of God, their new village was now « home » — they had a place of worship.

These who have escaped communist control are free to worship the Lord. But what is happening in other areas? What is going on behind Viet Cong lines? Are the Christians standing true? Little by little we have gleaned news of these inaccessible places.

In Quang Nhiêu the Christians gave the Christmas program just

gees Flee

by Franklin Irwin

as the pastor had taught them before he had to flee, and they even invited the Viet Cong officials to attend. In Vu Bon and Phuoc Trach the children of God prepared their own Christmas programs and presented them without the guidance of their pastors who had also had to leave.

In Tham Trach it was more difficult. During the past year most of the Christians had left the village which had been taken over by the Viet Cong. However, there were still some among the few hundred people left in the village. One of these was a man zealous for the Lord. Mr. Bon saw that the church was kept clean and swept at all times. Never did he miss worshipping on Sunday, even if he was the only one in attendance. Every Sunday he brought his offering to the church and put it aside. As Christmas approached he decided there should be a Christmas program like every other year so he planned one by himself. While decorating the church he told the village people and the V.C. authorities that instead of the usual banner proclaiming «Merry Christmas», he felt the Lord would have him erect a different one: «Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men». He explained to them his reason for doing this was to let men know that not until they glorified God in heaven would there be peace on earth.

The church was decorated and ready but on the 24th of December the government forces came in, destroyed the village and brought the villagers out. This was to deprive the communists of another

base of operation. Mr. Bon escaped with only a pair of shorts and the offerings he had faithfully laid aside for the Lord.

Together with two hundred and eight people, Bon trekked through the mountains toward the government district headquarters. On their way they passed through the village of Quang Trach where there is a church. The Christians in the group paused here to celebrate Christmas with their brothers and sisters in Christ. After the program, Mr. Bon insisted on giving his offering to the Lord. The church treasurer at first refused it, knowing the man's destitute condition. But Mr. Bon was determined. «This money is not mine, but the Lord's», he said. «It is the tithe I have been giving over these many months and now you must accept it.»

The believers in this church took up a collection for the refugees and presented them with ten gunny sacks of dried sweet potatoes and a sum of money. Out of their poverty they gave to those who had even less. After Christmas the refugees continued their walk out to Lac Thien where the government resettled them.

These are days of fiery trial for the children of God in Viet Nam. Some have been able to escape from communist controlled areas, but others are still living behind V.C. lines. When you kneel in prayer in the security and comfort of your home, remember these who are less fortunate. «Bear ye one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law of Christ.» In remote mountain villages and refugee camps God's children will feel the effect of your prayers. ♦♦

The CALL presents four young men, typical of the hundreds of Christians in the armed forces of Viet Nam. You will read of death, bravery and thwarted ambition, all combined with intense devotion to Christ.

Portraits of Valor

Nguyen Van Tho, son of a pastor, was a man dedicated to God and his country. Before he entered the army his brothers tried to dissuade him. «Why must you go — you'll only get killed.» To which he replied: «What if everyone felt that way? If no one is willing to die for his country what will become of us? I'm going».

So with determination Tho began his military career. He rose to the rank of captain with the paratroopers and became noted for his fine leadership. The troops under him were never allowed to steal or mistreat villagers.

On several occasions Tho was suspended by his parachute high in a tree while the enemy shot at him from a distance. As he courageously led his men into many major battles including Binh Gia, Dong Xoai, Plei Me he saw scores of comrades drop dead around him. And yet he himself was never scathed. He gave glory to God.

At home his loving parents and brothers and sisters interceded for

him. They remembered the happy times they'd had together in years gone by. As a pastor's family they had never known plenty in a material way, but their lives had been full of the blessing of the Lord.

Home on what was to be his last leave, Tho's heart was heavy. For some reason he knew he would not return. His family gathered around him while Pastor Loc prayed, «Into Thy loving Hands, dear Father, we commit the keeping of our precious son». Tho said goodbye to these his loved ones and tenderly kissed his wife and five young children.

Back on the battlefield several days later this brave soldier was mortally wounded. The church was crowded on the day of the funeral and a full honor guard paid tribute to Tho, posthumously promoted to Major and awarded two medals for his sacrifice for his country.

Warrant Officer **Nguyen Huu Thuan** lay bleeding in the receiving room at the Cong Hoa hospital. The missionary and pastor stopped



Major Nguyễn Văn Thọ



WO Nguyễn Hữu Thuận

beside him and learned that he was a child of God. Thuan was too weak then to tell his story, but later we heard the details from his friends.

On February 11, 1966, a Vietnamese marine ship landed Thuan and his battalion on a muddy river bank 36 kilometers south of Saigon. It was 8 a.m. No sooner had they advanced beyond the bank than they fell under a hail of heavy enemy fire. Thuan was a platoon leader and soon saw five of his men killed. He became very much afraid. During a few minutes respite from the fire, Thuan gave himself anew to God and plead His protection.

All morning they advanced under a heavy rain of enemy bullets and mortar. At noon the battalion leader was killed and Thuan was placed in command. He crawled and ran, leading the battalion until they pierced to within ten yards of the V.C.'s. After hand to hand combat they overcame the entrenched enemy and occupied their position. But then in a stroke of misfortune, helicopters arrived and, mistaking

them for Viet Cong, opened fire. Two brave men died and several were wounded, among them Thuan.

In the hospital Thuan in his quiet, soft-spoken way gave praise to God. «The Lord surrounded me with His arms and preserved me to give further testimony to His saving grace and keeping power.»

Thuan was too modest to discuss the medal with two gold stars which he was awarded for outstanding bravery under enemy fire.

The future was bright for **Nguyễn-Van An**. He had been granted a contract to work for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation, making his cherished dream of going abroad about to be realized. With only a few formalities remaining to be completed, An and his young wife prepared for their big adventure.

«But the Lord had different plans for me», states An. Instead of going to Melbourne and enjoying a modern and comfortable life, this young man was thrust into officers' training school. Here he has had to endure the rigors of military training, knowing at the



Lt. Nguyen Van An

completion of his course he must go out onto the battlefield as an infantry officer.

But is he bitter and discouraged? Hear him: «I know this is all God's will. His goodness surpasses my knowledge and all I can say is 'Hallelujah, Praise the Lord! »

« Now my dear Saviour is placing upon me a new burden. He wants me to give my weak hands to a new chaplains' project aimed at quickening our Christian cadets' lives in this officers' school. I know His time is drawing near, and mine is too — I only have three more months until graduation. I want to be an empty vessel filled by Him to serve my comrades and my country. »

« Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. » II Tim. 2:3.

Nguyen Huu Nhien is classed by those who know him as a « top-notch fellow ». Full of vitality and warmth, Nhien worked hard to overcome the disadvantage forced upon him by poverty. His early years were spent in a tiny village where his father struggled to keep



Lt. Nguyen Huu Nhien

rice on the table. Due to the kindness of the village pastor, Nhien learned to read and write. But most important, he was introduced to the Saviour and came to know and love Him.

His keen mind prodded him to read and study every available moment. In his early twenties he became a valuable language teacher to four missionary couples. He was always ready to go with the missionaries on preaching missions, tactfully advising and helping them wherever he could.

But then the war caught up with him and he had to leave his wife and children to enter the army. Now, like hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese young men, he cannot chart his own course. But he believes there is One above who is directing his life. He says, « In Christ I always have peace. In Christ I have hope. I want to be a faithful witness for my Lord to my comrades ».

« Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. » Psa. 23:4.



Pastor Khan



Future home of 100 Chinese orphans

AN EXPANDING CHINESE MINISTRY

by Betty I. Arnold

A tall, lean Chinese is frequently seen on the streets of Saigon as he goes about ministering to orphans, refugees, and all who are in need of the Saviour. As pastor of the Chinese Alliance Church he has many responsibilities.

Jonathan Kaan was born into a Christian home, but was left an orphan when still very young. He was placed in a Christian orphanage in a small town of Kwangtung province in China.

Upon graduation from high school Jonathan entered Bible School, not to prepare for the ministry, but simply to study more of God's Word. However, during his year at Bible School God showed him his great responsibility to give the Gospel to those who know not Christ. Before he could finish his studies the communist take-over in China forced the staff and students to flee to Hong Kong.

It was Jonathan's hope to be able to return to China following graduation in 1951 from the Alliance Bible Seminary at Cheung Chau, Hong Kong. But after inquiry he realized a Gospel ministry would be impossible, so he set his face toward Indonesia. While awaiting permission to enter that country he worked among the thousands of refugees rapidly filling the colony. Entry into Indonesia was never granted, so together with his bride, Jonathan went to Haiphong, Viet

Nam, to begin a ministry among the Chinese of that area. Two years later the communist threat in north Viet Nam forced them to flee farther south, this time to Saigon.

From a very small beginning in a store-front building given by a Christian layman, to a lovely church building with Sunday School facilities, there has been a steady growth in the Alliance Chinese work under the able ministry of Pastor and Mrs. Kaan. Now, twelve years later, a second Alliance Chinese church is soon to open. A new building has been purchased, providing a place of worship as well as living quarters for the new workers who have come from Hong Kong, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kaan (no relation to Jonathan).

Because of Jonathan's background coupled with his deep interest in children (he has seven of his own) it is easy to understand why he wanted to begin a home for needy Chinese children. Three years ago the Children's Home of Blessing, which has a family of ten, came into being. At present a building is under construction that will eventually house more than one hundred Chinese children, providing for them Christian love and care.

Now that you are acquainted with Pastor Kaan and the work he represents among the Chinese in Saigon, please take upon your hearts in prayer the task which is ours of giving the Gospel to more than 500,000 of these people in this city. ♦♦

15 YEARS ON THE AIR

by B. R. Houck

«Today I am happy to let you know that now I, too, am a believer and worshipper of Jesus... and I shall strive even more to live the life of repentance and help my friends to believe also.» Words like this help us to know we are succeeding in reaching out across the many miles into cities and hamlets where many of the 15 million South Vietnamese are listening to their radios.

The gospel radio ministry in Viet Nam is having its 15th Anniversary this year, with 44 broadcasts on the air each week over 31 outlets. It is a real joy to read the letters that are coming in at an ever-increasing rate and to know that our message is being effective. One listener writes :

«I have accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and I write this to ask that you will pray for me. What must I do to be baptized? »

Two correspondence courses are presently carried on by our staff, and a third will soon be offered. These, too, have brought decisions for Christ, and we trust will assist in establishing the new believers in the faith.

Occasionally we receive letters that indicate the Christian teachings are creating conflict in the soul of

the listener as the Spirit of God strives to bring them to whole-hearted response. In one month we received two letters from the oldest son of a family where the father is the secretary of the Confucian Society in his province. This son has obviously read some of the Scripture as well as listening to the broadcasts. As oldest son in a long line of ancestral worship he has a «duty» toward the altar worship in the home. He asks, «Is it permissible for a follower of the Gospel religion to worship ancestors at New Years? Is this correct? If not, surely I must capitulate to the Supreme One over me. Is that not right? Please help me as I am in a quandry ».

We try to help them by the spoken word, the printed page and the personal response to their letters.

Hear the heart-cry of another listener : «My life is full of blackest darkness. Life has no meaning, and death... obsesses me. Can I have any comfort for my soul? »

Yes, we have the hope. Ours is the needed message! The vital question is — what more can we do to reach a greater number of these people whose spiritual destiny is in our hands?

