

**VIET NAM  
TODAY**

# VIET NAM TODAY

NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE

VIET NAM FIELD

CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

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Photo on cover page: JUSPAO

Cover: A future officer in the Army of Viet Nam. Photo was taken of this third-year cadet during graduation ceremonies at the National Military Academy at Dalat. The Academy, founded in 1948, was attacked simultaneously with the Psychological War College where 17 chaplains were slain. (See story on page 11.)

# IN TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

My friend Kreal is dead. His death — like many who have died in Viet Nam — came suddenly and violently.

Kreal preached his usual fine sermon on that Sunday morning, exhorting the people to study the Word and hide it in their hearts. As with every sermon he preached, he urged his people to grow in the Lord. It was to be the last message he would deliver to his beloved Jarai.

There was nothing significant about our parting that Sunday noon as he prepared for a routine trip to his village. I spoke the familiar farewell in Jarai, "May you go good." His reply, "You stay good." Three hours later he lay dead beside the road — a victim of assassins' bullets.

It was just as he was leaving a village where he had visited some relatives and was on his way to his own village that he ran into the ambush. The first shot, which penetrated his wrist, was fired to stop him. As Kreal was setting his Honda on its stand he was quickly surrounded by 5 or 6 Viet Cong clad in black pajamas. No time was wasted. As villagers watched in horror from a distance away, the VC's coolly shot him and then riddled the Honda with their AK-47's. Searching and robbing the body they quickly disappeared into the Jungle. Kreal's death was cruel and it was senseless. Why kill a man who was not only innocent but one who has shown nothing but kindness and concern for all men?

The Church in Viet Nam has lost one of her finest pastors, and I have lost a dear friend. In many ways Kreal was a pastor's pastor. Bob Ziemer (the veteran missionary who also lost his life at the hands of VC's during Tet, '68) said that Kreal was one of his best students in homiletics. His sermons were well prepared and delivered with compassion. Blessed with a resonant speaking voice

he had the best diction of any Tribes pastor I have known. His grasp of Scripture never ceased to amaze me. Beyond all of these attributes was a shepherd's constant concern for his sheep. It was this last pastoral trait which endeared him to his congregation, perhaps more than any other.

One might well ask, "Why was a man with so much potential cut down in his prime?" Such a natural question is posed because we cannot see the end from the beginning. We miss him but cannot mourn his loss.

We buried Kreal in the cemetery beyond the airstrip. Singing around the grave was accompanied by the roar of Air Force cargo planes making their approach for landing. As the coffin was being lowered into the ground I glanced at the widow, soon to give birth to her ninth child. Tears of grief were streaming down her cheeks as her 8 children stood close by. Then I looked around at the scores of graves — some with elaborate tombstones and others just heaps of earth. At that moment joy mingled with sorrow as I thought of Paul's word to the Thessalonians: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." How many others of the dead in those graves have that hope of the resurrected life about which Paul wrote?

Kreal will experience a verse of song in Jarai that was his favorite —

"Face to Face."

Seeing His face! There is joy  
Before Him I will know and understand.  
Seeing the face of the Saviour,  
Jesus Christ who loved me so much.

WEE

# MANY MEMBERS

# . . . . ONE BODY

*by Paul Bubna*

The first-century church amazed its contemporaries by her ability to assimilate men and women of diverse cultures into a close and intimate fellowship. The walls of cultural difference, class distinction, and racial prejudice were abolished by the cross so that Paul was able to write to the Galatians (3:28), "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Our contemporaries have not been too impressed with the 20th-century church's success in bridging the gaps that separate modern man. The International Protestant Church of Saigon is living proof that men and women of diverse cultures, but with a united desire to serve God wherever they are, can become one body in Christ.

It was in 1950 that our Alliance missionaries became burdened for the English-speaking community of Saigon. Although Viet Nam was then governed by the French, the number of American personnel was gradually increasing. Rev. John Sawin was appointed as pastor to serve this new congregation which was first called "The American Community Church." Facilities of the French Reformed Church were used for a while and later the congregation met in theater buildings. It was under the leadership of Chaplain

Harry Webster in 1960 that the project for a permanent church building was inaugurated.

Yet more important than a church building was the desire to minister not only to Americans but to the whole English-speaking community. When Viet Nam won her independence in 1954, nationals from many countries began arriving in ever-increasing numbers. Many of these spoke English and were looking for a church home. Thus the INTERNATIONAL PROTESTANT CHURCH was born.

Under the ministries of the Reverends J. H. Revelle and Gordon Cathey, a beautiful air-conditioned facility was erected in 1964 in a quiet but central location of the city. Today the International Protestant Church is the leading evangelical voice among the English-speaking community of Saigon. This is an exciting example of Christ's power to form many members into one body.

Recently I preached to a congregation made up of Americans, Britishers, New Zealanders, Australians, Filipinos, Koreans, Chinese, Japanese, Canadians, Vietnamese, Burmese, Indian, Dutch, Swiss, Swedish, Norwegian . . . and Texans. If the nationalities are many, the denominational backgrounds are even more varied and represent a wide spectrum of doctrinal thought and practice. Yet, it would seem,



*Saigon International Protestant Church*

because they are far from home and cut off from the pressures of their own culture and because they are a distinct minority here (both religiously as well as culturally and linguistically), they are not so anxious to defend their distinctives as they are to share those things which are common. This release from defensiveness somehow frees people to face the central fact of the Person of Christ and cuts away the religious veneer so that Christianity may be seen as a relationship to God in Christ.

The variety of racial characteristics, the different shades of skin pigmentation, and the almost endless variations of English accent add real spice to our life together. The Burmese sari and the Vietnamese ao-dai are a refreshing change from the monotony of the mini-skirt.

Most civilians are sent to Viet Nam to assume positions of leadership and responsibility. For this reason we feel the ministry of International Protestant Church is especially vital. Generals and many military officers of lesser rank, ambassadors and Embassy personnel, college professors, medical doctors, political advisors, and management specialists are but some of the many leadership professions represented among our constituents. Those who come into a vital relationship with Christ are in places

where they can have broad influence.

Another facet of the church is its ministry to missionaries. Like all Christian workers they look forward to those occasions, if duties permit, to "take in" instead of "giving out." Up-country missionaries anticipate those few Sundays each year when in Saigon they attend a service conducted in their mother tongue. Counselling has also played a vital role in the ministry of the pastor. Most of the people are single women or men without their families. The temptations are strong, and heart-break and failure are common.

Aside from the multi-racial congregation, this church differs from her stateside counterparts in that most members are transient. Some seldom remain longer than two years, and most of the military are with us for just one year. Yet, in spite of this limited time in country, warm and lasting friendships have been established, and it has given the members insight into the missionary program and the work of the Church in Viet Nam. Ministering to such an unusual congregation presents an opportunity and challenge few pastors experience.

## He Fled

# NORTH VIET NAM

"Thank the Lord, everything is well." These were the words from a victim of leprosy when I asked him the question, "How do you like it here at the hospital?"

What a strange answer I thought! Strange because the unusual response indicated he had at some time in his life known Christ. Yet he was a perfect stranger to me. Because the man intrigued me, I probed a bit further into his life.

As a child living in North Viet Nam he had known the Rev. R.M. Jackson, a missionary (now retired) formerly in Hanoi. Later as a teenager he accepted Christ and was very active in the youth group of the church. His father was not a Christian and strongly resented his son's new-found faith. He forbade him to follow "the way of Christ." Having no spiritual teaching he soon renounced his faith in Christ and then became an ardent follower of Communism.

About that time his father died. An elder brother was killed for the sole reason he was a land owner. Now that he was an heir his life too was endangered, so he gave up the land and joined the army. During a gradual deterioration in North Viet Nam he fled across the border into Laos. Unhappy in a foreign country he came down into South Viet Nam. At this point he was shocked to learn he had contracted the dreaded disease of LEPROSY.

Distraught, he was driven to try many childhood cures; but these failed. He followed remedies recommended by friends, but still the disease made its slow inexorable progress. He watched his fingers stiffen and slowly disappear. Desperate and hopeless, he wondered about his fate. News reached him of a

treatment center in Pleiku. Travelling south he arrived one day at the hospital. He was graciously received and treatment began immediately. It was here that I found him.

He expressed his appreciation to the missionary nurses and others of the staff who cared for him. "These people are so good to me, and this is a very fine place," he said. Without delay I inquired about his spiritual condition and soon found he was not following Christ. He lost no time however in expressing his desire to return to God. How his prayer blessed my soul! It was like an old deacon—confessing his sins and entreating Christ to forgive him. Praise followed as he thanked God for His goodness and grace.

As I left the hospital on that wind-swept hill I thanked the Lord that this prodigal son from North Viet Nam had returned "home," there to find forgiveness and restoration.



*Vietnamese leprosy patient from the north -- at left.*

by Gail Fleming

Fifteen years ago Pleiku (the village of the Tail) was a sleepy French outpost near the Cambodian border. Its importance lay in its strategic location. Then, as now Pleiku is the pivot on which rests the defense of the Central Highlands. Heavily populated with members of the Jarai Tribe in town and throughout the province, the Mission recognized its significance and opened a station there shortly after the close of World War II. For a dozen years Vietnamese and American missionaries worked side by side to establish a church among the largest of the tribal groups in the country.

After the first converts were won a Short-Term Bible School was started. In those earlier years many of the young believers were illiterate and had to learn to read and write while studying the fundamentals of the Christian faith. A few of them are ordained ministers today and form the backbone of the Jarai clergy. Yet, in spite of every effort on the part of the pastors and missionaries, there was little response to the Gospel message.

Then in 1959 things started to move. A group of believers to the south formed an all-Christian village and called it Plei Bethel ( House of God). It was a delight to see the steady growth among these believers. Recently they have built and dedicated a new and larger church. Further to the south is still another church that shows great promise.

Perhaps the most significant progress however has been in Pleiku and immediate areas surrounding the city. Today, in a fine location of the city, stands a large church that serves a fast-growing congregation of Jarai Christians. One of the many encouraging features of this work is an active youth group. Enthusiastic and dedicated Christians, these young people have become involved in the ministries of the church and have formed effective witness bands. If one is in the vicinity of the church, a roar of Hondas can be heard each Sunday as young people mount their bikes and head for outlying villages to give out that good News to their fellow Jarai.

But it doesn't end there. East of Pleiku stands a chapel that was dedicated last Christmas.



*Three ordained Jarai preachers -- front row. Nay Kreal, slain on March 8, is in middle. Others are members of Ordaining Council.*

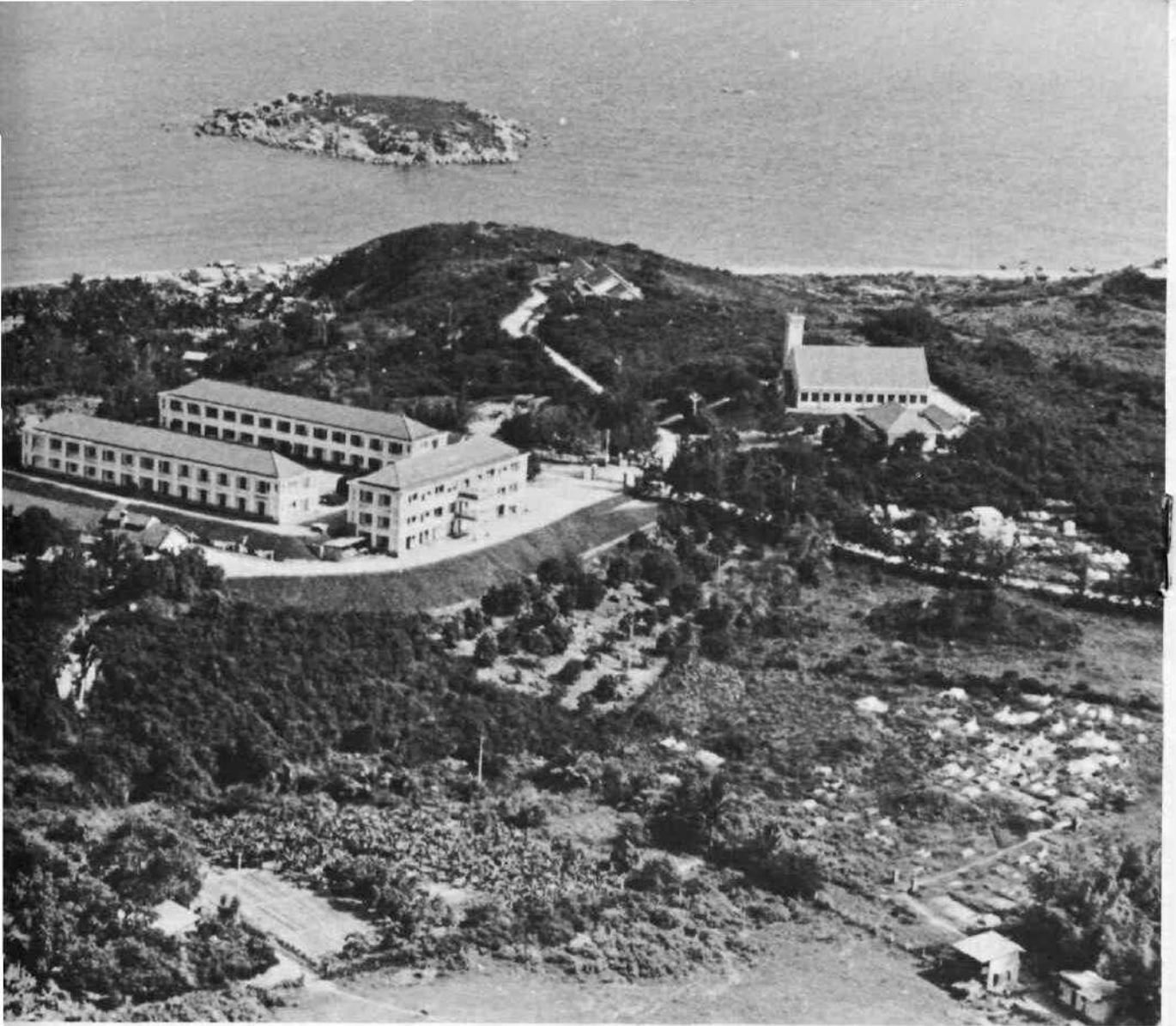
Interested U.S. Chaplains raised funds to help finance the construction. There are over 120 Christians in the village. The student pastor reports that the congregation frequently exceeds 200 in number. Over 300 attended the dedication ceremonies.

West of the city is another branch church that was constructed just a few months ago. On the day of dedication twenty Jarai prayed and later twenty others. For this crowded church there is no pastor available for a full-time ministry, but a local elder or a witness band directs the congregation when the Pleiku pastor cannot conduct the service.

On Easter Sunday we witnessed a spectacular service when 36 Jarai, 2 Vietnamese, and 1 Bahnar followed the Lord in baptism. 14 Bahnar were baptized two weeks earlier and more are to follow soon.

Yes, things *are* happening in the "Village of the Tail." We praise God for the steady growth in this highland city. But there is a serious shortage of pastors among the Jarai. The death of the Rev. Nay Kreal makes this situation even more acute. Our prayer is that God will call forth more young Jarai into the ministry—men with vision, who with God's help, will meet the spiritual needs of this the largest tribe in South Viet Nam.

*Things Are Happening In The*  
**VILLAGE OF THE TAIL**



*Above aerial photo shows the Nha Trang Seminary with the China Sea in background. Chapel is at right of photo, and two missionary residences can be seen on point between Chapel and main buildings.*

*At right—Classes in session. Center photo shows Mr. Le Joang Phu lecturing. Mr. Phu has since returned to the United States to complete work on his doctorate.*



During the 7:30 a.m. daily chapel periods the students of the Evangelical Seminary take turns relating their spiritual experiences of conversion and call to study God's Word. Listening to these testimonies has created an impression similar to a beautiful inlaid work of marble, stone and glass—a virtual mosaic of Christian Testimony.

Individual backgrounds of these 87 students on campus are extremely varied: the farm, the city, the jungle, the mountains, plains and delta, the manse, the university, the business world. They are Vietnamese, Chinese, Rada, Koho, and for the first time in the school's history, a Cambodian. Each student's presence, plus those additional 41 students serving in practical ministries and involved in lessons by correspondence, is a testimony to God's preserving grace in permitting this school to function in these difficult days for Viet Nam.

One student told of having to serve both sides in the war. Captured by Viet Cong and forced to live with the enemy for some five years before escaping, he felt that only a life fully devoted to serving Christ would satisfy. He applied and was accepted for Biblical training in the five-year program—three resident and two years in student

ministry.

Another student with higher educational qualifications delayed in submitting his application. He was drafted into the army and then wounded in battle. Released from the army and receiving a small monthly allotment—our first student with the G.I. bill—he at last is devoting his entire energies to the study of God's Word in the 4-year resident ThB program.

God spoke to a young man from Hue through three dramatic deliverances from death—while swimming, in a VC ambush, and in an accident—and led him to the Seminary.

The youth group president of a local church in the Nhatrang area was awakened many mornings as early as 4 a.m. by hearing his name called out in prayer. After several months of resisting that pressure, he was literally prayed into Seminary by his godly grandfather.

Another young man had just opened a bicycle shop in a country village. So impressed was he when reading the Biblical account of creation, that he eventually became converted to Jesus Christ. His experience was real enough to him that later he refused to eat the food offered to the ancestors in his

promised bride's home during their engagement ceremony. The strong objections of his future in-laws forced him to go against his own parents' wishes; he broke off his engagement, gave the shop to an uncle to manage, then came to Seminary.

A silversmith, whose Buddhist parents had just set him up in business, was converted to Christ. He truly left all to follow his new Master. He came to school with the purpose of learning how to bear his cross and to be a better witness for Christ.

Convinced that he could best serve his people as a preacher of the Gospel, another student laid aside his personal ambitions and prospects in politics to come to Nhatrang for ministerial training.

As in a well-planned mosaic, however, not all of its parts are designed to shine with equal luster. Not all students are brilliant nor have they had outstanding experiences. Some of them seem very young and lack drive and purpose, but God sees their potential for the future and has a specific place for them to fill.

The mosaic here has begun to take on definite shape and proportion as God's Plan is revealed for the building of His Church in Viet Nam.

*by Spencer Sutherland*

## A Mosaic of Christian Testimony



# SARI AND LANH

*by Paul Ellison*

As they peered through the dripping forest undergrowth of the last tree line near the canal which is the border of Cambodia, Sari and Lanh were watching for anyone patrolling the area. Lanh was forced to move slowly because of polio which had crippled him since the age of five. To these Cambodians in Viet Nam, Cambodia spelled a dream

of opportunity and government positions. No guards were watching as they slipped quietly into the canal and swam to the Cambodian side.

After a few months Sari, a born actor, became a member of the Royal Dramatic Association of Cambodia and in time its president. He acted in many motion pictures in which Prince Sihanouk played the leading role.

Later Lanh returned to Viet Nam and eventually became a member of an important government political commission for Cambodians in South Viet Nam. He soon became acquainted with a number of prominent Cambodians from various provinces.

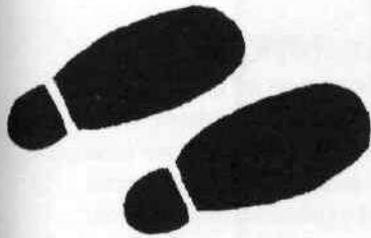
After hearing a message by Missionary R. T. Henry, Lanh decided to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He found a Vietnamese Alliance Church, asked the pastor to pray with him, believed in Christ and immediately began to honor the Lord with his witness and life. His new stand in Christ would soon have an effect on his government job. The president of the Political Commission asked Lanh one day, "How do you expect to have any future in Cambodian politics if you are not a Buddhist?" Shortly thereafter Lanh was given the hard choice of renouncing his faith in Christ or forfeiting his position. Lanh refused to recant and lost his job.

Returning to his home he secured employment in the Province Chief's office. I met Lanh there one day, and he told me of his desire to serve the Lord on a full-time basis. A few weeks later he began studying at an extension Bible School which is taught in Cambodian. Then this year Lanh became the first Cambodian to be enrolled in the Vietnamese Seminary in Nhatrang. In his spare time he teaches Cambodian to two Vietnamese students who wish to become missionaries to the many Cambodians living in South Viet Nam.

Recently I made a visit to Cambodia and had the opportunity of telling Lanh's testimony. Lanh's friend Sari was in the audience. Right after I spoke, he came up to me and said, "Why I know Lanh. He was hanging around my neck as we swam the border canal into Cambodia. Has he really given his heart to the Lord? I have accepted Christ too." Sari had recently resigned as president of the Royal Dramatic Association to serve the Lord.

What a grand climax in the lives of these two Cambodians. Groomed for careers in influential positions with assurance of financial security — they have sacrificed it all to follow Christ.

# WHO WALK IN DARKNESS



by Betty Hunt

Tendrils of grey smoke wafted their way skyward to mingle with the overhanging haze. A woman holding ten slender sticks of smoking incense bowed to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west before placing the incense in a huge sand-filled ceramic urn in front of the temple of Le-Van-Duyet, that long-departed hero of the Vietnamese people. This picturesque temple in Saigon attracts at last two hundred worshippers each day. On holidays many thousands jam the courtyards. They come with their petitions for health, for prosperity, for the solution of a vexing problem, for protection for their sons in battle.

Le-Van-Duyet is a very powerful spirit. In years past he would frequently catch the souls of those who came to worship him, but now is more benign and usually grants the requests of his supplicants.

A woman enters the temple carrying a small bird cage containing ten tiny birds. She places it on the altar beside the offerings of others—bananas, breadfruit, and a tray of lobsters. Barefooted she kneels on the grass mat before the altar, clasps her hands in the universal gesture of prayer, and bows her head to the floor several times. Rising, she picks up the bird cage and goes outside where she opens the door of the cage and gives the birds their freedom. What does all this mean? On a previous occasion she had besought the spirit of the altar for healing, and now that she is well she is presenting the birds as an offering and releasing them to go and join the spirits.

Many people holding cans of numbered sticks bow and pray at the altar. These they shake up and down until one stick pops out. If the number is a good one, their request is granted; if, however, the number is a bad one, their request is refused.

Others hold two half-moon shaped pieces of wood. These are held at the level of the forehead and then dropped. If one or both land right-side up, their petition is granted. If, however, they both turn over, they must make their request again.

On either side of the altar men strike a huge brass bell and a deep-throated drum. They want to be sure they have the spirit's attention.

This is a well-kept temple. The floors are of shiny tile, the walls are decorated with many ornately embroidered satin hangings. The pillars of wood are intricately carved with spiralling dragons. Gleaming brass urns and candlesticks adorn the altar. There is no idol here as such, but pictures of the dead hero Le-Van-Duyet, both in his youth and in old age, looking down upon the worshippers.

A well-dressed woman enters with a twelve-year-old child holding in her hands several baby dresses. Is she praying for a sick baby, or for the spirit of a dead infant? Her hands are full of paper money which she has purchased. As she prays in a chanting voice, she burns a pattern of holes through the paper money with an incense stick. The twelve-year-old girl joins her mother in prayer, vigorously shaking the can of numbered sticks. The air is sweetly pungent from the incense. It is evident this woman is an experienced worshipper for she follows meticulously the involved ritual as she presents her petitions. The spirit of Le-Van-Duyet receives payment in full when the flames leap high and the paper money is burned in the pit outside.

In the court-yard fortunes are told by cards or palm reading. The inquirer frowns in concentration as the fortune-teller unfolds the hidden future. The future? What does it hold for those who are devout and sincere in the worship of a dead hero? Can a picture of a man hear their pleas and entreaties? But still they come, as others have come, and more will follow—these WHO WALK IN DARKNESS.

Jesus said, "...I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

# NEWS IN BRIEF



**50TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE** — When the day of prayer signaled the opening of the Annual Conference for the C&MA in Viet Nam few of the delegates realized the 50th Conference was in session. Except for one couple (Rev. and Mrs. Chester Travis), none of the other delegates was even born when the first Conference convened.

**MISSIONARIES ILL:** 5 first-term missionaries recently had a rough bout with infectious hepatitis. One little bug can sure do a lot of damage.

**PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN LEPROSY MISSION IN COUNTRY:** Dr. Oliver Hasselblad recently made a tour of our leprosy treatment centers in Pleiku and Banmethuot. He gave a hearty endorsement to the programs at these centers.

**LITERATURE CONFERENCE IN SINGAPORE:** Royce Rexilius along with the President of the National Church and other Vietnamese delegates attended the All Asia Literature Strategy Conference recently. Rev. Jack Falkenberg of Bible Literature International accompanied the group to Singapore. (See pages 12 and 13).

**TRIBAL CONFERENCES:** For the first time in almost 20 years Tribal delegates met at two separate conferences. Dalat and Banmethuot entertained respective delegates from the two new districts.

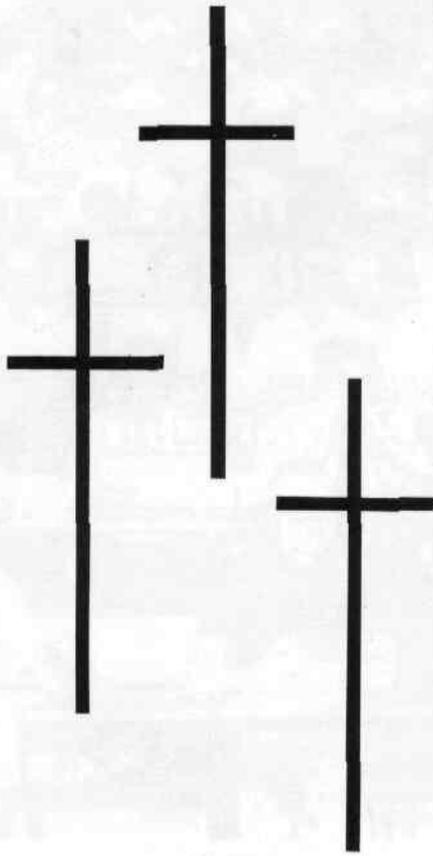
**ELLISONS ON EARLY FURLOUGH:** Paul and Eunice Ellison, our missionaries to the Cambodians in Viet Nam, had to leave in April in order that Eunice could have emergency surgery for an inflamed disc.

**FOREIGN DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS VISIT:** Dr. L. L. King, Foreign Secretary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and the Reverends W.W. Kerr and T.G. Mangham, Jr., Area Secretaries were in Saigon to meet with a group of Asian delegates interested in promoting and expanding their missionary programs. At the present time our fields of Philippines, Hong Kong, Japan, Viet Nam and India have their own missionaries serving in other countries.

**CONFERENCE IN SAIGON FOR 3RD STRAIGHT YEAR:** Missionaries flew in from all parts of Viet Nam for the 52nd Annual Conference. Security was again the reason why it could not be held in Dalat. This came as a keen disappointment to most missionaries, but it was felt wiser for such a large number to meet in a more secure area.

**GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY:** One of the highlights of the 1970 Conference was the 50th Wedding Anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. Chester Travis — the senior citizens of Viet Nam Mission.





# CHAPLAINS SLAIN

*by Agnes Dutton*

Some 50 Vietnamese Chaplains had gathered at the Psychological War College in Dalat for special training. It was a routine day in class. Following studies in the evening and a period of relaxation the chaplains retired for the night.

At 2 a.m. the night stillness was shattered by exploding rockets, mortars and small arms fire. The building where the chaplains were billeted took a direct mortar hit. Those who were not killed or seriously wounded staggered out of the building and ran for their lives.

Five of these were our chaplains of the National Evangelical Church (Tin Lanh) of Viet Nam. Two of them ran in one direction, found shelter in a bunker and escaped death. The remaining three along with several others dashed in the opposite direction and ran into a Viet Cong sapper squad. They yelled frantically, "Don't shoot, we're chaplains." Their pleas of mercy went unheard. VC's opened up with their AK-47's and in a second the earth was littered with dead bodies. When the blood-bath had ended over 50 people were wounded and 16 chaplains were dead. Eleven of these were of the Buddhist faith, two were Roman Catholic, and the remaining three were Tin Lanh. A few days later a third Roman Catholic priest died from the gunshot wounds. In one swift stroke Viet Cong had wiped out 9% of the chaplains in the Armed Forces of Viet Nam. The equivalent in the Chaplaincy of the U.S. Army alone would be 153. Few tragedies of the war have been of greater significance.

Chaplains Sinh, Sua and Ton of the National Evangelical Church were buried with honors just a week after Easter. All three were decorated by a Vietnamese General and promoted posthumously to the rank of Major. Two of these left grieving widows and eleven children behind. Chaplain Ton had experienced tragedy just a year ago when his wife and unborn child were killed by a rocket which destroyed their parsonage. Three other children are being cared for by grandparents.

A memorial service was held in Saigon for the three Tin Lanh Chaplains. As a cross was placed on each of the graves, the age-old question flashed across our minds, "Why do the righteous suffer?" But immediately, like an echo the answer came back, in the words of the Apostle Paul: "That I might know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings." Philippians 3:10



PHOTOS TAKEN AT LITERATURE CONFERENCE IN SINGAPORE



# THE VALUE OF

# THE PRINTED PAGE

*by Royce Rexilius*

The importance of the printed page cannot be over emphasized. A tract or a gospel portion will reach those to whom the best efforts on the part of evangelistic teams may never reach. At the same time such literature offers invaluable aid to those engaged in evangelistic campaigns. A person hears the gospel, perhaps for the first time, and is then given a gospel portion. If he did not grasp all that he heard, he is able to read and slowly assimilate the written material. Recently a Vietnamese boy was given a tract. He took it home and read it. Later he explained the message to an old man and told him he could hear more on the subject at the church. Result? The man became a believer in Christ, and in turn had a desire to be an active witness but was hampered by advancing age. He said, "My hands are strong, my mind is clear, my teeth are good, but I'm too old." It was the printed page that was used to bring salvation to this old man.

Evangelism Deep-and-Wide is reaching many for Christ. Tracts for use in visitation are in constant demand. Soon an edition of 2,000,000 booklets of 36 pages each will be ready to use in house-to-house visitation as an initial contact. Evangelistic magazines are also in great demand. A monthly printing of 20,000 copies is woefully inadequate. In the last three months four hundred people have written us stating their faith in Jesus Christ. I quote from a letter

on my desk from a college student in Hue: "Though we are Roman Catholics we see that only in Christ is there salvation. Please send us all the back issues." Correspondence averages 2500 letters a month including those taking the Correspondence Courses.

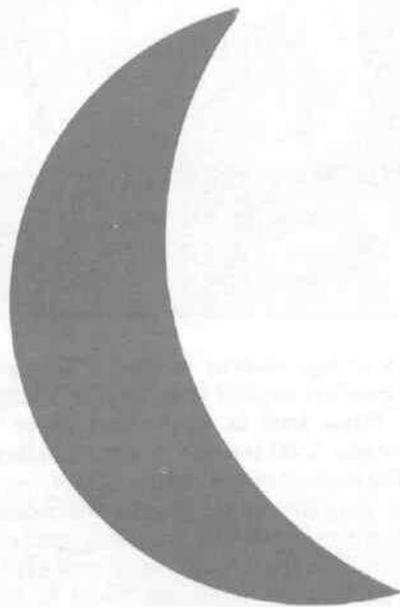
Our literature program for the year is enormous. Forty new books, tracts, and booklets were printed for the first time, and sixteen books were reprinted. We hope to print at least 46 additional books if the the printers can handle the job.

There are three new bookstores, and two more are to be opened soon. Sales last year exceeded \$76,000. A total of 53,364,000 pages of Christian literature reached the hands of Viet Nam's people.

The importance of literature is recognized by the countries in the Far East. Recently 97 delegates of Christian literature agencies in 15 countries held an All-Asia Literature Strategy Conference in Singapore. There was a wonderful spirit of cooperation among the delegates. We met together for one specific purpose—how to more effectively reach the masses with Christian literature. I believe a statement by one of the delegates expressed the desire of all: "We will trust God for a greatly accelerated use of the printed page in proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus Christ and in strengthening the Church throughout Asia."

# THE LEGEND OF THE

# MOON



Once upon a time there was a poor uneducated boy. The only job he could find was that of a buffalo boy for a rich farmer. Every day he would work in the rice fields looking after the herd, preparing food for the pigs and collecting firewood for the kitchen. His wages consisted of food, clothing and a small sum of money.

While in a forest far from home the boy came upon a baby tiger frolicking in the sun. He had just picked up the cub in his arms when he heard a low petrifying growl from a nearby thicket. The mother had momentarily left her little one to search for game. Throwing the cub to the ground the terrified boy climbed into the sheltering branches of the nearest tree. The tigress crashed through the underbrush and growled ferociously as she saw the motionless body of her dead offspring. The fall had killed the cub.

Up in the tree the lad held his breath expecting the worst. Suddenly he was filled with astonishment as he saw the tigress with much deliberation, walk to a stream close by and gather leaves from a banyan tree. These she chewed to a pulp then applied the mixture to the head of her dead baby. Immediately the young tiger revived, jumped to its feet as if nothing had happened. Together they romped and then disappeared into the forest. The curious boy descended from the tree making his way toward the banyan tree. After gathering a handful of leaves he started homeward. On his way he discovered a dead dog at the side of the road. As the mother tiger had done, he too made a pulp from the leaves in his hand and applied it to the head of the dead animal. Again the miraculous power of the banyan tree restored life to the dog and it bounded away.

The wonder of this new discovery impressed the buffalo boy so much that he uprooted the tree, dragged it home and planted it in his yard. He warned his mother never to throw dirty water or refuse where the tree was planted. "Otherwise," he said jokingly, "the tree will fly away to the sky."

Disregarding this admonition the mother continually threw rubbish on the very spot until one day the tree began to slowly pull itself from the soil, wending its way into the sky. Somehow the buffalo boy's joke was coming true! At that moment, the boy returning from his chores saw the tree floating away and hastened to grasp its great roots. But his weight was not sufficient to bring the tree back to earth, instead he was carried with it into the blue sky above.

The journey to a strange new world took several days, but they arrived at a place of permanent calm. It was the Moon! There the boy planted the beautiful banyan tree. He sat down exhausted and tried to figure out a way out of this terrible predicament but could find none. There he sat waiting year in and year out and is still there today.

Children in Viet Nam say that on certain nights, in the curve of the moon, at the foot of the banyan tree, you can see the lone image of the buffalo boy as he sits waiting. They maintain that sometimes he even turns his head to look at them and smiles.