

A BELIEVER IS CROWNED!

The tragic death of Rev. N. Robert Ziemer has been so widely publicized one might think anything more would be sheer repetition. Such is not the case in his home church. As pastor of that church I have come to appreciate Bob's influence and testimony as few people could. Furthermore, I have had the joy and privilege of knowing him personally during almost all of his adult life. For that reason, we will give a brief glimpse of some aspects of personal and local interest.

I remember Bob from college days when he came to District conferences with his father, Dr. L. H. Ziemer. His quiet dignity and humble spirit made a great impression on his friends even in those days. He invited me to conduct meetings in his first pastoral charge (a suburb of Detroit) and again in his Sioux City, Iowa pastorate just before going to the mission field in 1947. On the second occasion he and Marie entertained me in their home, where I had opportunity to observe the quiet development of his spirit and character.

Bob excelled in his college life; was peculiarly blessed of God in his pastoral experiences; and did an exceptional task in the home church at a time when great wisdom was necessary. Dr. Ziemer succumbed to his last illness in February of 1953. Bob was home at the time. He had grown up in the church, but in spite of these personal involvements, he was enabled of God to serve successfully as interim pastor for a very difficult year.

Again, during that year it was my privilege to be with him for a week of meetings and observe him as a mature leader and pastor. At the end of the year I was invited as pastor. Only those who have been involved in such a personally complicated situation could appreciate this transfer of responsibility. He was emotionally involved in his father's ministry; his family was still in the church; he had been requested to consider becoming pastor himself, and yet he arose to the occasion and made my coming seem the most natural and pleasant operation.

His funeral service in the church was as it should have been. Dr. Nathan Bailey, President of the Christian & Missionary



REV. N. ROBERT ZIEMER

Alliance, represented the Society; Rev. William Kerr represented the Foreign Department; Rev. C. I. Birky of the Missionary Church Association, represented that Fellowship; and even the local Mayor of the city, the Honorable William Ensign, was present in a full church for possibly the most victorious funeral service I have ever shared. In fact, "The Hallelujah Chorus," which concluded the service, never seemed more appropriate.

At this writing, Mrs. Ziemer is making her home in Toledo and doing quite well, considering the experiences through which she has passed. Tim is graduating from Wheaton College; Beth and her husband, the Rev. Richard Drummond, are planning to return to Viet Nam in the near future; and Miriam, the youngest daughter, is with her mother. Bob's older brother, Paul, lives in Toledo and attends the home church and his sister, Ruth, is serving as a missionary in the Philippines.

I never expect to have a friend or associate with a more consistent life, or a clearer testimony of personal commission. We do not know why our Lord was pleased to permit Bob's ministry on earth to end at the hands of an enemy of the Gospel, but the early church faced similar questions when Stephen was stoned. We are glad to leave all of these things with Him, who works all things according to His sovereign will, and for the good of the elect.

The greatest tribute I can pay Bob Ziemer is to sincerely confess I never think of him without being moved to consider my personal commitment to the

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VIET NAM REPORT (Cont.)

and the injury of Mom through our kind friends, Bob Henry and Dale Herendeen. We heard only of my parents and so thought it might have been a freak accident such as a mortar hitting their house. We didn't know it was almost all of the Banmethuot missionaries and a deliberate attack until the next morning. God knew what we would undergo that night and so did not allow us to know all that had occurred.

God helps us see others as we could not see them ourselves and knows when we have almost had more than we can bear. It was an enemy soldier who tried to bandage some of Mom's wounds. She said she almost saw compassion on his face. A Vietnamese woman, who perhaps did not have much at all, gave Mom a clean pair of her trousers and a blouse when Mom arrived at the Province Hospital.

God speaks through others and through their situations and so ministers to our hearts. One of the first things Mom said to me was, "I have seen so much suffering, I cannot feel sorry for myself."

God gives us seriousness of purpose and helps us see things from an eternal perspective. While some of the Raday and missionaries were held captive on Thursday afternoon and night, there were those who were witnessing rather than worrying for their safety and life. We have since heard that two people came to know Christ during this time.

God helps us understand the needs of

the people to whom we minister. The Vietnamese have an expression "to divide the sorrow" which they use when they speak of comfort. There is a principle in the Word of God as well .. we suffer .. we find the comfort of God .. and then as others suffer we can go to them and comfort them with the comfort with which we have been comforted of God. I believe we can now have an even more effective ministry for we can divide the sorrow with Vietnamese people and also lead them to the comfort which is in God. We have tasted the death of a loved father, the injury of a mother ... not knowing her condition for several days, the hours in a bunker not knowing if we would live or die .. but we have found God sufficient. He will not give us more than we can bear. He is with us and in us!

Regardless of our calling in life, may we remember that God is concerned with each of us personally. He has a work for us to do and as we are faithful in serving Him, and are committed to Him, he will be with us and guide us and accomplish His work through us. What could be more glorious than to be in the service of the King of Kings!"

A BELIEVER IS CROWNED! (Cont.)

Lord, and in all of these years of fellowship, I cannot remember a single moment of comment from him that I would like to erase. Bob would be displeased to be eulogized as a superior kind of saint; this is one of the attributes we like to remember, and say with confidence, "He being dead, yet speaketh".

TOLEDO GOSPEL TABERNACLE

of the Christian and Missionary Alliance
22nd and Monroe Streets, Toledo, Ohio 43624

Phone: 241-7287

SUNDAY SERVICES

Bible School	9:30 a.m.
Morning Worship	10:40 a.m.
Radio Service, WSPD (1370kc)	10:30 a.m.
Radio Service, WMGS (730kc)	1:00 p.m.
Radio Service, WPOS (102.3 fm)	2:00 p.m.
Alliance Youth Fellowship	5:45 p.m.
Evangelistic Service	7:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Bible Study and Prayer	7:30 p.m.
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PASTOR	Rev. Wm. F. Bryan
ASSISTANT PASTOR	Rev. J. W. Fogal
MUSIC DIRECTOR	Rev. J. M. Riccitelli
CHURCH SECRETARY	Miss Margaret Tyerman
PRESIDENT, W.M.P.F.	Mrs. J. M. Riccitelli

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Assistant Superintendent	Mr. Gerald Trapf
A. Y. F. President	Mr. Lawrence VanVlerah

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VIET NAM REPORT

FROM STEMPLES - QUANG NGAI:

"We were expecting a big Tet celebration and the terrific display of fireworks, flares, tracers, all kinds of guns, etc., traditional as the New Year comes in. This year was no different.

On Wed., Jan. 31 at 4 a.m. we were awakened by heavy small-arms fire and all kinds of artillery and mortar sounds all over town. We laid in bed and prayed while flares lit up the entire sky, air bursts were exploding throwing shrapnel all over the house like hailstones falling, and the RDC Center next to our house was shooting machine guns and other weapons. In the afternoon, spent cartridges from U.S. helicopter gunships (firing 600 rounds per minute) were falling all around our yard.

Wed. and Thurs. night we stayed across the street in the U.S. Aid house with soldiers guarding, plus bunkers. Friday we were told the VC had been on 3 sides of our house and yard. We knew our safety was in answer to prayer.

Very early Tues. Feb. 6, we were awakened again by terrific firing very close to our house, with flares, machine guns, etc. opening up and people screaming nearby. With Stewart and our suitcase, we crossed the deserted, brightly-lit, dangerous street to the fortified house. From 2:30 til 5:30 a.m. over 100 mortar rounds fell on the town with constant firing right nearby and huge explosions.

On Wed. Feb. 7, Charlotte and Stewart were evacuated to Danang and later to Bangkok and Korat, Thailand, returning to Saigon March 15, and all of us to Quang Ngai March 22. We do praise God for a miracle of preserving us in these days.

It's nice here lately; quiet also. No VC problems for some time. All our ministries continue as before except the Youth Center. Easter Day, 58 new believers (saved the past year and whom we knew personally) were baptized. The Lord willing, we plan to leave Saigon, October 1 on furlough, returning through the Holy Land and Europe to New York City November 1."

FROM DRUMMONDS - DALAT:

"We have not had a very long term of missionary service as far as the time element is concerned, but we have learned a great deal and have truly seen the hand of God at work.

I have found that God is very concerned with His children. He knows their needs, their joys, their sorrows and meets them all in His special way. God tested our faith very much before we left for Viet Nam last September by providing \$900.00 in the last days. God knew what we would face in the next months and showed He was still the God of miracles and would care for the needs of His children-on time. God also knew that it would be comforting for my mother for us to be in Viet Nam in the hour of her need.

When we arrived in Viet Nam, we were impressed with one thing. Everyone was very, very tired both nationals and Americans. I believe war has a way of doing that. Yet as we watched, we became aware that God gives the strength for each task. The needs are met moment by moment; not year by year or even day by day.

God gave us two wonderful weeks together at Christmas as a family in Banmethuot. He knew what that would mean to us later. My father was able to call my brother, Tim, via ham radio—just a few weeks before Dad was killed.

I have found God to be the protector. When I think of 34 of us (adults, including three pregnant women, and seven pre-school children) running across a compound at Dalat in the night in the midst of crossfire, etc., with no one even injured, I can only think of God.

I have found God to give peace in the most unpeaceful situations. In that tiny room in Dalat that night, although we heard voices and footsteps around us, God gave us peace. There was no hysteria—only quietness.

I have found God to be tender with His children. We learned of the death of Dad

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