

My Dad Was Captured by the Viet Cong



Daddy had the qualities God wanted. He is now serving God where no other missionary can.

by **Becki Mitchell**

WHEN MY PARENTS first told me we would be leaving our home in Dalat, South Viet Nam, I didn't want to go. I had lived there for ten years and had grown to love that beautiful resort town in the mountains. Mom and Dad were in charge of the Christian and Missionary Alliance school there. But now they explained to us that they had another job to do.



My brother, sisters, and I are dressed in our Raday (Vietnamese) outfits. That's me in the back row with Loretta. Gerry and Glen are in front.

Though I would always consider Dalat "home," I understood that my parents were missionaries, and that it was important for us to go wherever the Lord led.

The new assignment took us to the leprosarium near Banmethuot, Viet Nam. My Dad (Archie Mitchell) was business manager for the 200-patient hospital there.

My brother, two sisters, and I soon grew to like our new surroundings very much. We played in the cleared places near our home. Sometimes we went into the nearby forests to ex-

plore. We often did interesting things together as a family. Many evenings, after a picnic supper, we would sit together in the breeze and listen to the mysterious sounds of the jungle.

One night, when I was 13, our closely knit family life was changed. We had eaten supper, and Mom had put my four-year-old sister, Geraldine, to bed. Loretta (age ten), Glen (age eight), and I were in the living room waiting for Dad and Mom to get ready for prayer meeting.

Suddenly we heard a noise outside. Then a bayonet slashed through the screen door, and three Viet Cong soldiers barged into the room. They made us all go outside (except for Gerry who was asleep).

power
 Vol. 3, No. 1 Jan • Feb • Mar 1968
 JAMES R. ADAIR *Editor*
 ANNE HARRINGTON *Managing Ed.*
 JACK HOUSTON *Associate Editor*
 BILL KRUTEA *Associate Editor*
 NANCY HOFFT *Staff Assistant*

A new **Power/line** take-home paper, **YOUNG TEEN POWER**, with its emphasis on true stories, seeks to show young teens that God's power is available through Jesus Christ as they come to Him for salvation and learn to trust Him in life. Published quarterly in weekly parts by **SCRIPTURE PRESS PUBLICATIONS, INC.**, 1825 College Avenue, Wheaton, Illinois 60187, a wholly owned subsidiary of **SCRIPTURE PRESS FOUNDATION**. Price: \$5¢ a quarter in quantity; year's single subscription, \$2. Second-class postage paid at Wheaton, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. New edition copyright © 1967, **SCRIPTURE PRESS PUBLICATIONS, INC.**, world rights reserved. Prior edition copyright © 1962, **SCRIPTURE PRESS FOUNDATION**, world rights reserved. Other materials: **Power/line** papers *Power for Living*, *Power Life*, *Counselor*, *Primary Days*, and *Bible-time*; and *All-Bible Graded Sunday School* lessons. No part of **YOUNG TEEN POWER** may be reproduced without written permission. Printed in U.S.A.

young teen power

Then we watched, horrified, as the Communist guerrillas forced my father and two other missionaries (Ardel Vietti and Dan Gerber) into the jungle at the point of a bayonet.

That was over five years ago. We haven't heard any direct word from Dad since then, but we believe that somewhere he is doing a special work for God.

It is difficult to express the emptiness and sense of loss we felt after Daddy's capture. Dad and I were especially close. When I saw the other kids' fathers helping them in the way my Dad used to help me, it really hurt.

Loretta (who looks so much like Dad) missed him very much, too. She found it hard to adjust to home life without Daddy. Many times I saw that Glen needed a father to help him as only a father can.

Though my little sister, Gerry, didn't understand all that was happening, she knew the sadness we all shared. She was a real comfort to us that first year, spreading her special joy over our whole family.

Mother doubled her already numerous tasks to provide us with as complete a home life as possible. She did a wonderful job, being both a mother and a father to us.

Some nights I would dream that Daddy came back to us. No one will ever understand the terrible disappointment I felt when I awoke to find that my wonderful dreams had vanished!

Some nights I couldn't keep back the tears nor the uncomprehending cries of *why?* Why did this have to happen to us?

When I tried to *understand* why, the Lord gave me this verse:

"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My

ways, saith the Lord" (Isa. 55:8).

I can't explain the peace that God gave me. He seemed to say that Daddy had the qualities God wanted. Out of all the available missionaries, He chose Daddy to do His highly specialized work—serving where no other missionary can.

I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour when I was nine. But my faith had never been tested like it was now. How thankful I was that Christ was near to comfort and strengthen me!

A couple of years ago, when Gerry went away to school, Mom was left completely alone. Completely? No, God was still with her.

Vacations with Mom were special times for all of us. My brother and sisters were usually busy gathering lizards, spiders and ants for their science projects. Loretta even named a couple of her lizards. Benjamin, a chameleon, was with us for over a month. I agreed with Mom that ours was quite a buggy house at times!

Many mornings during vacations, I'd get up early and find Mom already up and on her knees praying. She'll never know what that did to me. Mom's wonderful courage and faith continued to help and guide me over the years.

Several times I thought that surely Dad would come *that* year. But the Lord willed differently.

As the years passed one by one, Satan began to bring doubts and fears into my life. I don't know how I could have stood all of them if it hadn't been for Christ and His nearness. He filled the emptiness with hope, and covered the sense of loss with trust and faith. He never left me to fight my battle alone. His

continued on page 6

My Dad Was Captured

continued from page 3

promises in Isa. 41:10 and 13 were a real comfort to me: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness. . . . For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

Now I pray that it may be God's will for Daddy to be with us for my graduation. And as furlough begins, that we may return to the States together—as a family.

God has promised that, for Him, nothing is impossible. But He has also said that His ways are not our ways. Now we can only wait—and trust. ■

Becki graduated from high school (Dalat School, Tanah Rata, Malaysia) in June, 1967. The family began furlough the following August.

stately goings-forth as He walks among the nations. It is His hand that is moving the vast superstructure of human history."

Upon graduation in 1856, Garfield became professor of ancient languages and literature in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, and within a year rose to be its president. Every Sunday Garfield preached a brief sermon to his students. He was also in constant demand as a preacher and filled many small church pulpits. He was the preacher who would, one day, become President.

Soon after his year was finished at Hiram he entered political life, becoming quite active in the fight

against slavery in the States.

The day after Abraham Lincoln was shot an excited crowd was moving restlessly in front of the old Exchange Building in New York City. Garfield stepped out in front of the brooding crowd. As he raised his hands a hush fell and his clear voice could be heard: "Fellow citizens, the President is dead, but God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

When the South seceded, and the call came for 75,000 troops, Governor William Dennison called Garfield to act as lieutenant-colonel of the 42nd Ohio Volunteers, recruited largely from among his former students.

Not sure as to what the Lord would have him do, Garfield opened his Bible and prayed. Then he wrote a friend: "I regard my life as given to the country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as possible before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

Stories told of the way Garfield carried his Christian faith into the army camps are many. Often after a battle he would go among the wounded and dying and lead them to the Christ, who had died that they might have everlasting life.

Twenty years of active government work led up to his election as President of the United States. But he was President only four short months. For on July 2, 1881, in a Washington railway station on his way to attend a class reunion at Williams College, he was shot by a disappointed office-seeker. On September 19, 1881, he died.

As a result, many remembered James Garfield as a man of conviction. But those who heard him witness of Christ remembered him as the President who preached. ■