

Bà

## D.I. JEFFREY

*"Những bàn chân kẻ rao truyền Tin Lành là tốt đẹp biết bao!"*  
(Rô-ma 10:15)

**G**âu truyện nhà truyền giáo Jonathan Goforth trong quyển NHỮNG TINH BINH THẬP TỰ – tuyển tập Xuân Kỷ Mão (1999) do Đoàn Phụ Nữ Báp Tít VN phát hành – hẳn đã làm cho nhiều bạn đọc cảm động. Thật vậy, Mục sư và Bà Jonathan



Goforth (1859-1936) thuộc Giáo Hội Trưởng Lão Canada, đáp ứng tiếng gọi của Chúa, đã hy sinh trọn đời sống ông bà cho

công cuộc truyền giáo tại khắp miền Hoa Bắc, lên đến Triều Tiên. Ông đã được mệnh danh là "Vị Sứ Giả Phục Hưng" (the Revivalist).

Điều chúng ta đáng tạ ơn Chúa hơn hết là ông bà Jonathan Goforth vẫn tiếp tục công cuộc truyền giáo nóng cháy và hữu hiệu giữa quê hương Việt Nam yêu dấu của chúng ta qua một trong các con gái của ông bà: Bà D.I. Jeffrey.

Ruth Jeffrey ra đời ngày 1

tháng Giêng năm 1898 tại Changtifu, tỉnh Hồ Nam, ở Hoa Bắc. Cô là con gái thứ bảy của đôi vợ chồng truyền giáo Jonathan và Rosalind Goforth. Ruth sinh ra trong lúc tình hình Trung Hoa rất nhiễu loạn. Loạn Quyền Phỉ (Boxer) sắp bùng nổ; dân chúng bị sách động bài ngoại, đánh cướp và giết chóc những người nước ngoài đang sinh sống tại Trung Hoa. Gia đình Jonathan Goforth bị tấn công vào mùa Hè 1900, nhờ một bà vú nuôi đã cứu sống được em bé Ruth.

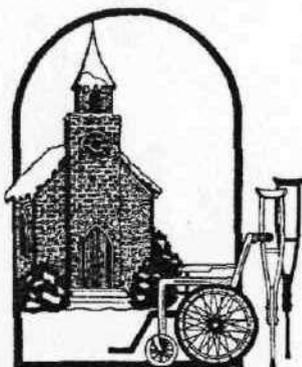
Lớn lên trong một hoàn cảnh quá ư gian khổ và hiểm nguy như vậy, cô Ruth có một tấm lòng cứng cỏi, chống đối Chúa và quyết định không bao giờ làm một nhà truyền giáo. Nhưng, trong một buổi họp tại xứ Wales, khi nghe cha mình thuật lại công cuộc phục hưng Hội Thánh tại Mãn Châu, Đức Thánh Linh đánh tan những tấm lòng cứng rắn. Mọi người quý xuống khóc lóc ăn năn, khiêm cung và chân thành xưng tội trước mặt Chúa. Đó cũng chính là sinh nhật thuộc linh của cô Ruth; cô đã tiếp

nhận Giê-su Christ làm Chúa Cứu Thế và Chủ Tể của đời mình. Lúc ấy Ruth được 12 tuổi.

Năm 18 tuổi, cô Ruth được Chúa kêu gọi, quyết định dâng hiến đời mình cho Chúa để phục vụ tại Trung Hoa. Để trang bị cho chức vụ tương lai, Ruth đã nhập học Thánh Kinh Học Viện ở Toronto. Cô thành khẩn tìm kiếm cho được thầy Đức Thánh Linh, và Đức Chúa Trời đã ban cho cô được thỏa nguyện. Về sau, cô đã viết lại rằng: *"Tôi đã tìm thấy bí quyết của sự đắc thắng là liên tục và trường kỳ giao phó mình cho Chúa trong mọi tình huống dầu khó khăn gian khổ đến đâu, và cầu xin Chúa sống cuộc sống đầy tình yêu thương, sự nhẫn nại và khiêm tốn của Ngài qua đời sống tôi. Không có gì đáng kể ngoài ra tình yêu thương – tình yêu thương của Chúa Cứu Thế Giê-su Christ."*

Những năm học Kinh Thánh tại Toronto đã có một biến chuyển trong cuộc đời thiếu nữ Ruth. Trong một buổi họp bạn thanh niên, Ruth được mời hát song ca và sau đó được

gười thiệu với diễn giả, Ivory Jeffrey. Họ yêu nhau và hứa hôn với nhau. Chẳng đã được Hội Truyền Giáo Alliance bổ nhiệm qua phục vụ ở Đông Dương, và nâng cũng đồng ý qua phục vụ người Việt Nam thay vì người Trung Quốc.



Ivory Jeffrey đến Việt Nam đầu năm 1919. Mười tám tháng sau đó, Ruth Goforth, sau một năm học Kinh Thánh tại Nyack, cũng qua Việt Nam. Họ cử hành hôn lễ năm 1921 tại Vân Nam Phủ, Trung Hoa. Mục sư D.I. Jeffrey sau đó được cử làm Hội trưởng Hội Truyền Giáo tại Đông Dương (gồm các nước Việt Nam, Lào và Cam Bốt). Bà Jeffrey đã tận tụy phục vụ Chúa và đồng bào Việt Nam, không phải chỉ với tư cách vợ một giáo sĩ, mà chính bà cũng là một

giáo sĩ rất tích cực.

Trong phạm vi của bài báo, kẻ viết bài này chỉ xin thuật lại phần nào về chức vụ của bà Jeffrey. Bà đã giúp ông dạy Trường Kinh Thánh Đà Nẵng từ 1921-26 và sau 1926 phục vụ Chúa tại cố đô Huế. Từ 1933 trở đi, ông bà di chuyển về Saigon, bà đã giúp ông một tay đắc lực trong việc điều hành Nhà Tiếp Tân của Hội Truyền Giáo cũng như cổ động tài chánh xây dựng nhà thờ Saigon, 155 đường Trần Hưng Đạo.

Một giáo sĩ đã nói với tôi: "Trong vòng giáo sĩ chúng tôi, không ai cố động được nhiều tiền như bà Jeffrey, và cũng không ai tiêu tiền nhiều như bà." Nhưng bà Jeffrey không cố động tiền bạc cho bà, cũng như không tiêu xài tiền cho chính bà. Vì là ái nữ của nhà truyền giáo trứ danh Jonathan Goforth nên bà quen biết khá nhiều thân hữu giàu có cũng như các cơ quan truyền giáo hoặc cứu trợ thuộc nhiều giáo phái khác nhau. Bà dùng tiền bạc từ các ân nhân không phải để mua sắm cho mình. Tôi đã có nhiều dịp tiếp xúc với bà Jeffrey, nhận

thấy cách trang phục của bà rất đơn sơ; bà không có ngay cả một chiếc đồng hồ đeo tay. Khác với một số hiền nội các vị truyền giáo khác, bà không mấy quan tâm đến việc nấu nướng, làm bánh trái hoặc mua sắm.

Thế thì tiền bạc bà cố động dùng vào những việc gì? Bà Jeffrey đã giúp cho khá nhiều thanh niên thiếu nữ nghèo nhưng có lòng yêu mến Chúa và có tâm chí hầu việc Chúa những học bổng để nhập học các Trường Kinh Thánh và Thần Học Viện. Bà cũng giúp cho một số không ít quý vị mục sư ở các hội thánh nghèo và xa cách thành phố có tiền để mua xe đạp hoặc xe gắn máy cho dễ dàng trong công tác hầu việc Chúa. Khi có một anh chị em nào trong Hội Thánh cần cứu trợ, đặc biệt là trong cảnh đau yếu hay tang chế, bà không bao giờ từ chối giúp đỡ. Tôi còn nhớ, có lần một bạn trắng niên đến khóc lóc với bà vì, theo lời anh nói, vợ anh qua đời nhưng không có tiền chôn cất. Hôm ấy bà Jeffrey cũng đang thiếu tiền chợ. Bà sực nhớ có một xấp lụa do một nữ tín hữu Việt Nam đã

tặng trước đó, liền đem ra biểu anh bạn ấy.

Điểm đặc biệt nhất mà tôi muốn thuật lại theo điều tai nghe mắt thấy, là tinh thần khẩn trương rao giảng về Đức Chúa Giê-su cho đồng bào trong các khu dinh điền, các quân dân y viện, các khám đường, các trung tâm huấn luyện quân sự như Quan Trung, Thủ Đức, v.v... của bà Jeffrey. Nhờ chan chứa tình yêu thương của Chúa, cùng với giọng nói nhẹ nhàng, vẻ mặt nhân từ đôn hậu, bà đã được cảm tình của các giới chính quyền, quân cũng như dân. Chính nhờ đó bà đã đặc biệt được cấp giấy phép giảng Tin Lành, phân phát Kinh Thánh và các sách báo Cơ Đốc tại khám Chí Hòa, trại cải huấn thiếu nhi Thủ Đức, bệnh viện Cộng Hòa, với sự cộng tác của một số giáo sĩ, mục sư và tín hữu Việt Nam.

Bà Jeffrey rất chú ý đến việc truyền giảng bằng văn phẩm. Chúa đã dùng bà xuất bản tờ báo HÙNG ĐÔNG (về sau đổi là RẠNG ĐÔNG) từ năm 1947 tại Dalat. Ban đầu chỉ là một tập đơn sơ với bài vở in

bằng máy quay tay (ronéo). Nhưng lần lần tờ báo được cải tiến, và đến năm 1956 bà đã giao cho kẻ viết bài này đảm nhận vai trò chủ nhiệm kiêm chủ bút. Bà vẫn lo cổ động tài chánh và tìm kiếm những tài liệu có giá trị trong các tạp chí Cơ Đốc bằng Anh ngữ. Bà cũng không ngại tốn tiền để thuê các họa sĩ chăm sóc các hình bìa hoặc minh họa các câu truyện Thánh Kinh.

Bà luôn luôn hối thúc tôi phải lo cho tờ báo ra đúng hạn kỳ. Chúng tôi làm việc bất kể đêm ngày để tờ báo được phát hành đúng hạn, nhất là vào những dịp đặc biệt, như Giáng Sinh, Phục Sinh, Tết Nguyên Đán. Tôi cảm thấy rất hân hạnh được học hỏi tinh thần và kỹ thuật làm báo nơi bà Jeffrey. Có lúc, vì tinh thần quá nóng nảy của bà đã xảy ra việc buồn cười sau đây.

Người phụ trách việc in báo RẠNG ĐÔNG năm ấy (có lẽ 1966) là ông Kavanne, một người Miền lai Việt. Vì muốn cho việc in tờ báo được nhanh chóng và ưu tiên một, bà Jeffrey

bảo ông Kavanne dời nhà in của ông về số 8 đường Lê Ngô Cát, Saigon, là trụ sở của Hội Truyền Giáo. Xe cộ của ông Jeffrey bà cho đậu ra bên cạnh nhà, còn ga-ra làm chỗ in báo. Xin nhắc lại kỹ thuật in tại Việt Nam lúc ấy còn rất thô sơ. Trừ một vài nhà in lớn, còn các nhà in phải thuê ấn công sắp từng chữ bằng chì trong các ô sắp lại thành trang. Trước khi in thật phải có thầy cò (proof-reader) xem kỹ để sửa chữa những sai lầm trong các bản vờ. Bà Jeffrey dặn ông Kavanne hễ khi nào có các bản vờ, bất cứ lúc nào cũng phải đem cho tôi xem lại kỹ càng 3 lần, ký tên vào mới được chạy. Một đêm kia tôi đang ngủ, có lẽ một giờ sáng, thì nghe tiếng gõ cửa. Mở cửa thấy ông Kavanne ôm tới mấy tờ bản vờ, nhờ xem giúp. Tôi bật đèn để xem và sửa bài. Nhưng các bản vờ của ông không phải là bài vờ RẠNG ĐÔNG mà là bản in thử của một cuốn tiểu thuyết ông cầm nhầm. Ông ta xin lỗi và cả hai chúng tôi đều cười. Thật, dục tốc bất đạt!



Nhưng, mỗi lần suy nghĩ đến tinh thần khẩn trương rao giảng Tin Lành của bà D.I. Jeffrey, tôi luôn tạ ơn Chúa và hết sức thần phục. Tại Trung Tâm Huấn Luyện Quang Trung, mỗi sáng Chúa Nhật anh em tân binh được phép ra khỏi trại để giải lao và gặp gỡ bà con thăm viếng tại vườn Cộng Hòa. Không bỏ lỡ cơ hội, cũng mỗi Chúa Nhật vừa tờ mờ sáng bà nhờ ông Jeffrey chở một xe Kinh Thánh bỏ túi, báo RẠNG ĐÔNG cùng với các xấp truyền đạo đơn, mang theo một chiếc bàn xếp, chạy lên vườn Cộng Hòa. Trong khi ông Jeffrey trở về đi giảng cho các Hội Thánh đã mời ông, bà ở lại “dọn hàng”. Giữa vườn Cộng Hòa có một trụ cờ khá lớn, xung quanh

trụ cờ mắc những loa phóng thanh để giúp thân nhân các tân binh liên lạc với con cháu. Có khi thì ông bà Mục sư Trương Phát Đạt, có khi thì tôi cùng đi phụ giúp bà trong việc phân phát biểu tặng các sách báo cho tân binh. Một hình ảnh thân thương và vô cùng cảm động cho đến nay vẫn còn ghi đậm trong trí nhớ tôi: đứng ngay dưới ánh nắng gay gắt của mặt trời hạ miền Nam, một bà cụ già tóc bạc phơ, trên mặt bà mồ hôi tuôn nhễ nhại nhưng miệng vẫn luôn tươi cười chào mừng các tân binh đi qua đi lại, cố nhiên là bằng tiếng Việt vì bà nói tiếng Việt rất thông thạo và nhẹ nhàng. Bà tặng cho anh em lính trẻ mỗi người một tập báo Rạng Đông, một tờ truyền đạo đơn hoặc một tấm thiệp Giáng Sinh (tuy cũ nhưng rất đẹp do các bạn bè đã gửi biểu bà). Bà ân cần khuyên nhủ các anh em tân binh nên sớm tin nhận Chúa Giê-su Christ. Có lần tôi đến hỏi nhỏ sao bà không dời chiếc bàn vào gần trụ đại kỳ, có bóng mát để chịu hơn. Bà đã trả lời một câu mà tôi không bao giờ quên được:

“Đúng đây người ta mới trông thấy mình, chứ núp trong bóng mát đó làm sao người ta thấy để mình có thể giúp họ biết về Chúa?” Câu trả lời của bà cụ già làm cho tôi (lúc ấy chưa tới 40 tuổi) phải xấu hổ.

Tôi còn nhớ vào năm 1956, độ 11 giờ trưa một sáng Thứ Năm, sau khi bà Jeffrey đi giảng tại Trung Tâm Cải Huấn Chí Hòa về, quá mệt vì yếu tim, bà ngã mình trên chiếc trường kỷ tại tư thất, số 8 đường Lê Ngô Cát. Hai tay bà đặt lên ngực để thở. Thành linh có tiếng chuông reo. Bà vội ngồi dậy, chạy ra ngó thì ra là người bưu tá. Bà bóc một trong những thư vừa nhận được ra xem. Lúc ấy có Mục sư Hoàng Trọng Nhựt, đang là bí thư của Mục sư Hội trường Jeffrey, và tôi cùng ngồi ở văn phòng. Chúng tôi không biết nội dung bức thư bà đọc nói gì và do ai gửi mà mặt bà đang mặt mỗi bông sáng rực lên. Bà chạy đi tìm chiếc dù và, trước khi ra khỏi nhà, bà hỏi tôi có biết nhà bà cụ Khương (một tín hữu Hội Thánh Saigon) ở đâu không. Tôi bảo bà cứ đến nhà thuốc tây MINH TÂM của

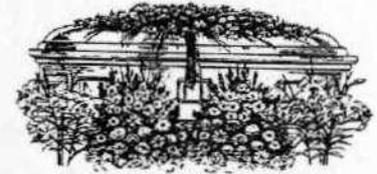
được sĩ Trần Hà Hải ở Ngã Bảy thì sẽ tìm ra nhà Cụ Khương. Độ hơn nửa giờ sau bà Jeffrey quay về, mặt mày tươi tỉnh. Bấy giờ bà mới thuật cho Mục sư Nhựt và tôi biết những gì đã xảy ra. Bức thư bà nhận hồi nãy là của Mục sư Nguyễn Xuân Vọng, đương thời quản nhiệm Hội Thánh Tam Kỳ. Ông Vọng cho bà biết tại Tam Kỳ sắp mở một hội chợ. Nhà cầm quyền dành cho Hội Thánh một căn phòng rộng rãi để trưng bày các văn phẩm Tin Lành nhưng Mục sư Vọng và Hội Thánh Tam Kỳ không có đủ phương tiện nên đã phải viết thư báo tin cho bà Jeffrey biết. Chính lúc ấy bà Jeffrey cũng không có tiền. Nhưng bà nắm lấy cơ hội để phổ biến Lời Cứu Rỗi của Chúa. Bà đã tìm đến người bạn già là Cụ Khương để cổ động, và bà hân hoan cho chúng tôi biết bà đã cổ động được 2000 đồng (lúc ấy là một số tiền khá lớn) để mua Kinh Thánh, các ấn phẩm CHÚNG ĐẠO. Nhân dịp Mục sư Medard của Hội Thánh Pháp kiều ở Saigon đi Đà Nẵng bằng xe hơi, bà Jeffrey đã nhờ vị Mục

sư Pháp này chở hộ các sách báo cho Mục sư Vọng ở Tam Kỳ.

Vào khoảng tháng 6 năm 1966, vì bệnh tim của bà trở nặng và sức khỏe của ông Jeffrey cũng suy yếu, ông bà trở về Canada trị bệnh và an dưỡng. Nhưng sự sốt sắng về Nhà Chúa và lòng yêu thương của Chúa nung nấu trong tâm can, bà vẫn không thực sự an dưỡng chút nào. Tôi nhớ hầu như mỗi ngày trong tuần lễ tôi đều nhận được thư của bà Jeffrey, có ngày liền tiếp hai thư viết cách nhau mấy tiếng đồng hồ. Bà không nói gì hơn là nhắc nhở, khích lệ hối thúc tôi phải tranh thủ thời gian còn có để phổ biến Phúc Âm cứu rỗi của Chúa Cứu Thế Giê-su Christ cho những đồng hương chưa biết Chúa. Trong một thư bà đã đặc biệt nhắc đến anh em tân binh: “Vạn nên nhớ rằng các bạn trẻ ấy là những người đối diện thường xuyên với tử thần; đó là những người cần được nghe ơn cứu độ của Chúa trước nhất.”

Ngày 23 tháng 2/74, đang khi ngồi trong Văn Phòng Thánh Kinh Hội tại đường

Sương Nguyệt Ánh, Saigon, tôi được tin bà D.I. Jeffrey đã ngủ yên trong Chúa trước đó 24 tiếng đồng hồ tại Gia Nã Đại. Lòng tôi bàng hoàng đau đớn như mình mất đi một bà mẹ.



Nhưng 3 ngày sau đó, tôi nhận tiếp được 1 thư của bà. Tay tôi run run cầm bức thư của con người thánh, con người đã để lại cho tôi một gương, không phải chỉ giảng Đạo mà đã sống Đạo và truyền Đạo bằng chính đời sống mình. Nước mắt chảy ràn rụa, tôi bóc bức thư bà viết ngày 21/2 tức chỉ 1 ngày trước khi bà về với Chúa. Trong thư bà cho biết bà vừa cổ động được hơn 5 triệu tiền VNCH, một số tiền khá lớn, và đã gửi qua dâng cho quỹ Thánh Kinh Hội để mua giấy in. Chắc quý vị làm báo và nhà in đều nhớ lúc bấy giờ giấy in sách báo rất khan hiếm. Chính quyền phải phát coupon để mua giấy một cách rất hạn chế. Bà Jeffrey viết rằng, bà không muốn thấy vì

nạn khan giấy mà Thánh Kinh Hội phải ngưng in sách Tin Lành Giảng, một trong bốn sách Phúc Âm bà rất thích đọc và biếu tặng cho người khác đọc. Trong thư bà dặn tôi thay bà lựa mua tại Phòng Sách Tin Lành ở An Đông những sách nhỏ và tài liệu chứng đạo tốt để trưng bày trong Phòng Sách Tin Lành vừa mới mở ở bến đò Thành Lợi (tức Bắc Cần Thơ).

Tính ra, đời sống bà Jeffrey 76 tuổi, và bà đã dâng cho Chúa 55 năm để phục vụ Chúa giữa đồng bào Việt Nam chúng ta. Trong số ấy 47 năm trực tiếp tại công trường truyền giáo, cộng với hơn 7 năm về dưỡng bệnh tại Gia Nã Đại; tuy nhiên thời gian gọi là an dưỡng hơn 7 năm đó, bà vẫn hoặc viết thư, hoặc đích thân đến các Hội Thánh tại quê nhà để cổ động tán trợ cho công việc Chúa tại Việt Nam. Bà cũng dành khá nhiều thì giờ đọc sách báo, tìm những tài liệu linh động và thích hợp để nhờ người chuyển ngữ ra tiếng Việt, phổ biến giữa đồng bào Việt Nam.

Tài liệu trích báo RANG ĐÔNG số 14, tháng 5/1967; số 102 tháng 5/1974; báo ALLIANCE WITNESS, và ký ức người viết.

Đối với bà D.I Jeffrey, việc rao truyền sự cứu rỗi của Chúa Cứu Thế Giê-su luôn luôn là công tác tối khẩn và ưu tiên một. Giáo sĩ Anita M. Bailey, từng là Bí thư của Mục sư Hội Trưởng D.I. Jeffrey tại Đà Nẵng trong các năm 1936-40, đã kết luận bài cô viết về nữ Giáo Sĩ Jeffrey trong báo Alliance Witness năm 1973 như sau: "Ngay lúc này, trong sự hiện diện của Chúa Cứu Thế, hẳn bà Jeffrey đang thưa chuyện với Chúa về hàng triệu người chưa biết Chúa tại Việt Nam và đang khẩn cầu Ngài sai phái một người nào đó đến với họ" (Even now, in the presence of the Lord, she is probably telling Him about the millions of VIET-NAM who do not know Him and pleading with Him to have someone go to them).

**"Những bàn chân kẻ rao truyền Tin Lành là tốt đẹp biết bao!"** (Rô-ma 10:15)

**Mục-sư NGUYỄN-VĂN-VẠN**  
(15/05/1999)

## Một vài nét về hoạt động của Đoàn Phụ Nữ trong năm qua



"Ban hát của Hội thánh Gastonia, góp phần tôn vinh Chúa"

**Sinh Hoạt  
Bồi Linh,  
Cảm Tạ  
tại South  
Carolina**



"Bà Huỳnh Kim Lựu, thủ quỹ Ban Chấp Hành Ban Phụ Nữ Hội thánh Báp-tít Greenville, South Carolina, cầu nguyện theo sự dạy dỗ của lời Chúa"



"Đại diện hai Ban Phụ Nữ Greenville và Gastonia chụp chung với bà Lê Tuyết Loan, Đoàn Trưởng Đoàn Phụ Nữ Báp-tít Việt Nam"

Rue de la Citadelle -  
Hanoi, Tonkin.  
March 19, 21.

My own Ivory -

It seems so strange to be here  
without you. There is everything that  
reminds me of you all around me but  
no boy, and I'm lonely even though I am  
happy. I have been looking at your  
books and papers and am now writing  
at your desk. I think the house is  
bravely well better than I had expected.

Of course if I had just the things  
I wanted I could most likely have  
things arranged a little differently but  
I do think Mrs. Cadman has done  
remarkably well.

Madame Dupres is going to take us  
and we expect to go over as soon as  
Mrs. Cadman comes back from the hotel  
where Mrs. Joffray & Mrs. Rader are.  
Last night Hazel & I had Mr. Jackson's  
room & Mr. Green had yours. We didn't

have supper till 8 o'clock and we were awfully hungry & tired waiting for it. But Mrs. Cadman thought the Radens & Joffray would take longer seeing the sights of the town than they did. They all came here for supper but slept at the hotel. After supper the Christians came in & spoke with Mr. Raden & Mr. Joffray. Hazel went in and I would have but I had to get the water ready for Mr. Raden's foot which I attended to as soon as they left. So I have not met your famous Christians yet.

Since commencing this letter I have seen a little more of your beloved Hanou. I will be went down to Madame Depras and arranged about staying there. The room she gave us is in the same house with the dining room & her bedroom, in fact we take up the whole house which makes it very nice for us. The other boarders have next door. Our room isn't very airy and I can see no melting in the heat but we are satisfied with the prospects of French and have made up our minds

to endure the inconveniences of the room. I think we are going to like our little lady very much, I am quite in love with her already. We went around to some of the stores with Mrs. Joffray & the other two ladies & Agnes with dejeuner. Hazel & I ate our first meal in our new house and we felt quite encouraged - the meal was good & the conversation was fairly intelligible. Of course Hazel does the talking at present, I hope to get there someday at present I am content to answer questions (at the table) when I am alone with Madame it is easier to talk. But I am so glad I came. I am here & my fare cost \$30.79 including hotels & meals and it is such a relief just to know that I have not that long journey to take alone later on. I am longing to see you again, it seems the more I have the more I want.

Mrs. Depras has consented to take us for \$65 each a month not including personal laundry. We have not decided how we shall get that done, perhaps hire a man once a week to come

bite horse & do it.

Mr. Jackson has just got back from  
Hampden after inquiring about notes for  
Mrs. Jaffray & Mrs. Rader. They are leaving  
on the Saturday Tuesday night. I am  
writing this at the Cadmans & will go back  
to the horse after I finish it. Hazel & I  
left after dinner, I was so very tired  
I couldn't get enough & did not get up  
till 4:30 when Madame came in 5  
minutes to tea. I dressed & had tea with  
her & Hazel & then walked over here as  
I had no pen over there. I arrived here  
in time for some more tea & cake.

To-morrow it will seem strange not to  
go to church but I will have a nice  
day I know reading & writing letters.  
Wonder if my little boy will preach at  
Lorraine or what he will do all day.  
There is a parcel for you from Lorraine.

Goodnight sweetheart I'm going home  
now, the mosquitoes are eating me up.

Love & kisses for Lorraine -  
Your Ruth.

March. 31/21.

Thursday

Dearest Bessie -

I think its too bad I can't see you again before you go because there's lots of time. But since you won't come anymore see you girl she will just have to be resigned with inevitable. Just to think that I have had to go & see you every day these last two weeks - its almost as bad as proposing in leap year!

But Im writing right now because I can't wait any longer to impart to you the good news about my first French lesson. After I left you I had just time to get my coat and books and not finding a pencil anywhere in sight I took Hazels pen - she poor soul

had a prayer meeting on its behalf  
when she came home & found  
it missing & was so glad to  
find it was safe she quite forgot  
to scold me. However Madame  
Deprat was ready to escort me  
to Mlle. Pirets as I had never  
been there before & we hurried  
off. I declare I never even  
thought of you once during the  
whole next hour, and that  
saying a good deal. My French  
teacher looks in a very cute  
little maison, took seal. She  
came out to the gate looking as  
if she had just tumbled out of  
bed, her short bobbed fringed  
hair was quite wild looking  
which didn't improve her already  
hard face. I was scared, told  
the truth, and felt quite helpless  
and alone as we turned toward

the house after bidding farewell  
to dear Madame. I tried to  
talk quite fast, all the French  
& English sentences that I could  
think would be appropriate  
for the special need of the moment  
poured forth. She didn't ask me  
to take off my hat or coat, but  
just said quite coolly, "assez-  
ons" & pointed to a stiff chair by  
the dining-room table. Then she  
plumped down in another and  
asked me for my grammar.  
Alas, I had not brought it.  
I tried to explain that it was Mlle.  
Pirets but that I would borrow  
it for next time. She then said  
she would give me a dictation.  
Everything she said was very  
distinct & intelligible to me  
and my hopes rose higher. I could  
tell from the first minute that  
she meant business and as this

was to be a French lesson she -  
made no attempt to help me out  
with her knowledge of English.  
She took a little story of about  
a dozen lines called *Le forgeron*  
and I wrote it out at her dictation,  
when I wasn't sure how to spell  
a word, she pronounced it until  
I finally got it - at these moments  
her eyes would rise and if  
I had been her little Annamese  
pupil you wouldn't have seen me  
for aught. But I smiled or laughed,  
I just had to because it did seem  
so like Chappo days when old  
Fisher (Miss Fish) would wax excited  
over my deplorable French mistakes.  
Nevertheless I realized what a splendid  
teacher she was - just the very one  
for me and I was almost as excited  
over my good fortune as I was  
heroic as to what was coming  
next. Well she went over that  
braggon story, at least she made me

answer questions about it and  
tell & retell it in every conceivable  
way until I had it perfect. And  
it didn't take long either. Everything  
she said seemed to stick the first  
time she said it and <sup>so</sup> I branched  
off into conversation as I could  
see she was tired & I didn't want  
the teaching to be a bore. I admired  
her paintings on the wall & that  
led on to music & languages &  
to China & my history very briefly -  
and before long she was smiling  
and seemed quite taken with  
herself. Everything I said had  
to be resaid until I had it perfect  
and for next time I have to write  
out what I can remember of our  
conversation the way she put it.

I am very much encouraged and  
if I don't make progress it will  
be my own fault. This morning  
I went from 10-11 and gave her

English. I needn't have troubled myself about what to teach her because she has her own study planned. She brought out a book called "Pebbles by the wayside" rather advanced I should think for her & not very interesting but she said she liked that style and parts she didn't understand had to explain. She read & I corrected her pronunciation - it only needed a little correction although her reading voice is very stilted & she has a distinct French accent. I asked her again if she thought three months would not be too tiresome for her to teach me and she said it would be quite all right, and that she wanted this time to brush up her English before going to Hongkong this summer. I'd like to make sure of staying on here till the end of June

just for the sake of these French lessons. Have we fixed the date for the 15<sup>th</sup> of July? You will let me know as soon as you can if that is certain.

Hope you get all settled in your new quarters quite comfortably, and now we are both going to spend these next few weeks with Land Study. As long as you were here it was difficult to settle down but I will have no distractions now. I am not going to read any more stories either, when I finish this one I will tell you how it turns out but that will be the last I expect.

We paid our board this morning at least Hazel did and she said Madam looked at it and said, "it's a little isn't it, the price for friends!" It makes us feel under a sort of obligation to her and

I'm sorry. It would be better perhaps to go with the Cadmans for June if Mrs. C. is still here, but I'll let later.

5.8.17. I'm just back from the dentist & waiting for a cup of tea & biscuits with the ladies on the porch verandah. I went over to Cadmans at 2 prompt but had to wait an hour until Mrs. C. finished her siesta. Then we had to wait quite a long time at the dentist but we had an interesting time talking. The dentist advised not to have my teeth pulled as I wished but said it would be less painful etc if he filled them. There are two together that have to be fixed & today he filled the cavity with some deadening stuff so that he can work on it tomorrow without hurting the nerve. It aches quite a lot meanwhile and I haven't anybody to comfort me. I am going out to see the latter now & then I guess I'll do some mending. I'm homesick right now for you & by all these days are going to be long without you.  
Affectionately,  
Ruth.

Address: Torrance, Cal.  
Fr. Indo-China

April 20/21.

My dear Kathleen,

Thank you so much  
for your letter & the traps  
that I received sometime ago,  
and the handkerchief. The  
days have gone so quickly  
I can scarcely believe it will  
soon be May. It was just  
about a year ago that I was in  
London and I can picture how  
pretty the city will be within  
the next few weeks. Here  
we have perpetual summer  
and as long as it is not too  
hot I enjoy it. So far the  
climate has been very fair, we  
are just coming into our hot  
season now.

I am in Hanói at present and expect to stay here until we go up to Yunnanfon the end of June. Lots of exciting things have happened within the last few weeks. About a month ago we held our Annual conference in Tourane, Mr. & Mrs. Radu & Mrs. Mrs. Jaffray were with us for a few days. When they left I left too and we all came up to Hanói overland - a party of eleven. I had just a few hours notice to get packed but managed quite well. You see they decided that I & I get married this summer (a year earlier than the rule) because he has been asked to start the Bible School in Tourane next fall. You can imagine how happy we are to be let off a year because we have been engaged nearly two and a half years now. The nearest British Consul is in Yunnanfon and as we are going there to be married Mrs. Jaffray let me come up to Hanói now in order to spend more time on French. I am staying in a French boarding house and learn nothing but that language from morning till night. It is a splendid opportunity and I am making progress as I never would have in Tourane where there are so few French people. After I go back to Tourane in the fall I will have to spend all my time on Annamese and will just keep up my French in visiting. It is most necessary to have French as most of the Annamese talk it as

well. I am looking forward so  
to going back to Merame I have  
grown to love the Christians there  
so much and am so happy  
that we are appointed to that  
centre. It is going to be a great  
experience to go to Yunnan too.  
I have heard it is one of the  
most beautiful trips in the world,  
it takes three days by train  
from here. This is just a short  
note to wish you and your dear  
ones well and to let you know  
how happy and busy I am.  
I hope I shall get an opportunity  
to write you fully of our summer  
as I expect it is going to be quite  
wonderful. Mother writes such glowing  
accounts of our home in Central China  
and it is a great disappointment that  
all that we are so far away but  
we may be able to get up there  
some summer. I am at least planning  
to spend my furlough with them.  
Truly always, Ruth.

Tourane, Annam  
Aug. 24/21.

Dear Kathleen,

This afternoon I could be studying and it isn't any hardship for me to study Annamese six hours a day but somehow today I fell in the mood to write to you and for the next hour I'll try and give you a little idea of what I have been doing since I last wrote in April.

I received your answer to my last letter this week and I have been thinking a lot about you since.

I hope you won't have too hard a time undergoing the operation and by the time you receive this I hope it will all be over.

Your letter was written July 10<sup>th</sup> just a few days before we left Yunnan for Annam. It didn't take so long to come to me as mine took to reach you. I am sure you must have had a very happy quiet rest out at Bronle, I certainly haven't forgotten the couple of days I spent out there and the lovely auto rides. My summer this year was indeed spent in quite a different atmosphere, and towards

of miles away from Hanoi. I am generally  
so rushed when I write letters because  
there are so many to be written that  
I don't take the time to write fully. But  
I would like to tell you of some of our  
experiences this summer as I am sure  
it would be of interest. And there is  
also the added thought in my mind  
that you may be recovering after the  
operation and any news from the out-  
side world is always appreciated at a  
time of forced inactivity.

I stayed in Hanoi until June 5<sup>th</sup>,  
Hazel Peckles & I were boarding with  
a French lady there in order to get French  
more fluently. I can't say we were  
sorry to leave because now we were  
staying in very cramped quarters and  
the weather was becoming quite oppressive,  
hot. Hazel got married first, she &  
Mr. Jackson were married in the French  
Protestant Church in Hanoi, the service was  
all in French, the French Pastor married  
them. But they came in according to  
American custom to the wedding March  
which was played by one of our missionaries.

Jony was best man and I sang in  
English. The French who were there  
thought our American customs very strange.  
After the service we American missionaries  
who happened to be in the city at  
the time went for a drive around the  
city in carriages, returning to the  
mission house in time for supper.  
One of the girls had made a small  
wedding cake & sent it up from Louane,  
we celebrated the occasion with that  
and ice-cream. The happy couple left  
for Haiphong - 4 hours away, on the evening  
train, they received quite a hearty send  
off, we heard later that the brides new  
umbrella was quite destroyed by rats  
a few days later on account of the rice  
that had not been shaken out the  
night they left Hanoi. One can't hope  
to keep anything in this land because  
as sure as you set your heart on it,  
some species of animal or insect attack  
your treasure and you just have to smile  
and say nothing. There is a bug that  
stains clothes, big brown patches like rust  
marks and they never come off. Then  
there is a bug that eats holes in clothes,  
just this week we have had a number  
of handkerchiefs & stockings eaten. But

the worst of all are the women  
are so treacherous and just overnight  
can come up through the floor and  
destroy any amount of things that  
they happen to find. However things  
aren't always as bad as they sound  
and we are getting quite accustomed  
to them.

However to continue, we left Hansi  
two days after the Jacksons wedding  
and the 'we' consisted of Mr. & Mrs.  
Stebbin, Miss Frost, Tony & myself.  
We are all down here in Louane now  
having arrived Aug. 18<sup>th</sup>. It took  
three days by train from Hansi to  
Yunnan fou, after the first day we  
were in Yunnan province but it  
took two more days to reach the  
capital. It was a wonderful trip  
on account of the marvellous scenery  
but the train twisted & jolted so much  
that I felt very train-sick and  
could scarcely appreciate the marvellous  
country through which we were passing.  
Coming back I felt much better  
and how we did race over the vegetation  
and waterfalls and and mountain peaks  
and in fact everything that went to

make up the most wonderful three days  
I have ever experienced. The Rockies  
are magnificent but that is Canada,  
here one could imagine themselves in the  
jungle of Africa and one wonders what  
there is back of all that dense tangled  
vegetation. Nearly all the way we  
followed a river which in places  
became a rushing torrent of water.  
In one place we noticed several  
monkeys basking in the sun near  
the water or running over the rocks.  
Altogether we passed through over  
one hundred tunnels. Two nights we  
spent in Hotel Lotos by the way,  
the train only travels in the daytime  
so at these two main stopping places  
there are quite satisfactory places to  
put up in for the night, it is not  
at all like the Chinese inn I  
was accustomed to in my childhood.  
I was awfully glad to reach our  
destination and to find a warm  
welcome from two girl friends I had  
known before and also from Mrs. Mrs.  
Graham with whom we were to stay.  
They have such a quaint little house,  
very nicely furnished and so comfortable.

Sony and I had to wait three weeks in Yunnan before we could be received by the British Consul, that is the rule, and although we didn't like it still we submitted cheerfully and enjoyed the three weeks very much. There were two or three family excursions to temples for all day picnics, then there were other folks to visit, Sony had been up the two years before and we had to pay a few calls. Everyone was very nice but of course they were all missionaries and hard at work, so that climate they hardly need an excuse to take a holiday.

It wasn't long before I had my first horseback ride, I had quite made up my mind that I wasn't going to miss that pleasure even though Sony was a little nervous at the prospect because the Yunnan horses aren't very quiet beasts. They have such an inclination down to fight whenever they pass each other on the road. I had one or two peaceful rides on a safe old horse and after his misdeeds I thought I would like to try something a

little more exciting. Well one day when we went for a picnic to a temple about seven miles away I took a horse to rather a breach. It wasn't till we started home and ran into a thunder storm that I felt nervous. The path lay along a dyke with trees on either side and a fall on either side of the fields below. The path was scarcely wide enough to pass for one horse to pass his way single file. We had that come that way and then I discovered where we were it was too late to turn round. Sony & I had got separated from the rest of the party, they had stopped in a little Chinese village here we had got so far ahead that there was nothing to do but go on. By the way the other were in chains so couldn't help but stop as the coolies wouldn't go any further until the storm stopped. Soon the rain was pouring in torrents and every now and again the lightning flashed and an accompanying peal of thunder. Our horses were getting very nervous and jumped at every thing unusual in the path. We had to wait on the way didn't help much as Sony soon wet

through. We did stop at one place  
where there was a little shelter but on  
disinventing found it crowded out with  
chinese labourers from the fields and  
we were about as wet there as on  
the saddle so set out once more.

But alas we met the thing that I  
had been dreading all along and  
that was another horse fastened to  
a tree on the side of the dyke. We  
had to pass and as I expected just  
as I reached the other horse my horse  
stopped turned sideways & started to kick  
with his hind legs. I kept beating  
him with all my strength and although  
I scarcely expected to come through without  
a mishap yet I did succeed in separating  
the animals and once more we were  
travelling on unhurt. I don't remember  
the Beyer trouble but I guess I must  
have been rather frightened then as  
everyone else was but my horseback  
ride that day in Yunnan was about  
as bad an experience as I ever hope to  
have.

This handkerchief  
was done by Mary  
the embroidery  
sent with my last love -

Dec. 31/21.

Dear Kathleen,

I could hardly believe my eyes this morning when I discovered this long lost letter, after looking for it everywhere last summer without success I decided I must have sent it to the lo + behold when I had a good Spring cleaning this morning I found your letter laid away between the sheets of an old notebook. It is four months ago since I wrote it but I will send it anyway as I don't expect to find time again to write so much. There is just hope more to tell but the rest I will tell very briefly.

We were married in the Grahams house which was filled with beautiful red roses and decorated very prettily. Perhaps Mary will show

you a snap of the group - sorry but I have none left.

Then after the ceremony we went down to the lake & went across to some mountains near by, in a horse boat. It was great fun and such a novel way of spending our honeymoon. We stayed in a Chinese temple for ten days away off in the mountains overlooking the lake. It was a lovely spot and lots of walks to explore. The place we stayed in was piked up by some of the Yunnan folks who go there for a holiday now and again.

When we returned to Yunnanfon we had just a week left before starting home again, we spent that last week with Mr. & Mrs. Bean of the Y. M. C. A. They have a lovely home and made everything so nice for us.

Then came the return trip and the last. It was so wonderfully cool in Yunnan here as soon as we reached the first stopping place, oh what a change! It took us three days back to Kowei, then a day to Haiphong by train & then two days by boat to Lonsane. Ivory & I spent the first week on arrival here at the station house where we are now. After that week we went to my <sup>2</sup> Khe night on the Seashore (about an hour rickshaw ride from here) and stayed as chaperones to some unmarried folks who were still having their holiday. I wrote the first installment of this letter over there. We started studying again as soon as we returned the 1<sup>st</sup> of August. I started taking meetings with the Annamese children the end of August.

and have been going on increasing  
my duties ever since. At present  
I take a Bible class every day with  
some of the children who can read.  
Twice a week I have a class with  
the women, and every Sunday afternoon  
I ~~and~~ <sup>conduct</sup> a Sunday School  
at the lowest outstation. Had the  
pleasure of starting this Sunday School  
as no work had yet been done for  
children out there. It is all so  
interesting and so wonderful to be  
in this work but there is so much  
to be done that one feels so small  
and insignificant for the task.

We do believe our friends at home  
are remembering us in prayer and  
we ask you to keep on praying  
because we need your help so  
much. Ivory has started the Men's  
Bible School and it is such a big  
task, will you remember this work  
as the Lord lays it on your heart.

Remember me to <sup>all</sup> your  
family.  
Very lovingly, your friend & servant,  
Rich Jeffrey.

July 8/21

From Mrs  
R. A. Jeffery  
to Ruth Jeffery

My dear Mrs. Jeffery:-  
Omy how very nice this  
must seem to be addressed  
in this way! I know the feeling  
of joy it gave me, and still do,  
to feel that I belong first of all  
to Him who bought me with  
His precious blood, and then  
to the only man in the world!  
May you both be richly  
blessed and realize that "the  
blessing of the Lord it maketh  
rich and He addeth no  
sorrow thereto." We would have  
sent you congratulations by  
wire on your wedding day

but prices are too uncertain  
these days, and so I am not  
wasting any money on them.

I had your letter about  
the dishes and am glad to  
say I have already bought  
them for you - and you can  
have the whole dozen or the  
half as you like. I think  
you would prefer the whole  
dozen as I got them when  
Whiteways' had their sale on  
just four days when we  
arrived. It seemed it was  
on for our special benefit  
and I got the dishes for a  
little more than \$40 - for the

dozen. They<sup>2</sup> are blue with little pagodas<sup>etc</sup> on, only they are English - The clerk said they would not be so cheap again as they were bought at the old price - He was not at all anxious to sell as we took three dozen and about bought him out of that pattern.

I then Mrs. Jackson wrote for some curtain material and I got that also at 40 + 50¢ per yd. also white hose at \$6.50 per dozen pairs. I got a good deal of curtain material so

in case she does not want it all likely someone may want it. I will make out a bill and enclose in this and then give to Mr. Jaffray for your accounts. Or I will send it to Mr. Miller who is keeping the acct's is out. I got 1 1/2 doz. pairs of white stockings too. If Mrs. J. does not want all of them you can put in a first bid for them. We think them quite good at that price. Let me know if there is anything else you would like me to get. Some

times you run <sup>4</sup> across  
cheap things at sales. I have  
been attending auction  
sales but now that the two  
houses are about furnished  
I am not going to more for  
the present.

See any of the folks that we  
have a flat here at 18 Pakho  
St. Sham shui-po and it  
will be at the disposal of  
missionaries passing through.  
We did our own work for nearly  
two weeks now we have a  
woman. I am not going to  
take time to write the news  
as I hope to write a general  
letter; and besides, Misses

I won't send the things just yet but  
wait to see if there will be an opp. later  
on. I have the  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. dishes packed to send  
you but there is still a half dozen here  
you can have. Will wait until I hear  
and await developments and perhaps  
word re. Brownie or send by Ding's.



Indian Ocean Nov. 12/26.

Folks;

We are on our first day out from Djibouti, French Somali-land. In a week we will be at Colombo, Ceylon, where this will be ended. From Djibouti to Colombo is our longest run without seeing land. A week after that we hope to reach our destination. This has been a very pleasant trip, not nearly as uncomfortable and hot as we expected. We have always heard so much about the terrible heat of the Red Sea but by coming through at this time of year we found it quite bearable. Paul is covered with prickly heat but is otherwise quite well and does not seem to suffer much.

I would like to write to you all individually but am afraid I shall not get time for so much writing, so will resort to a circular letter. You can scarcely imagine how much time it takes to look after the two youngsters on board ship. Ivory and I are kept busy practically all the time. I do the washing every day and one of the passengers lends us her electric iron so we manage very well about clothes. Fortunately the weather has been delightful, except for the first day and a half out from Marseille there has been scarcely any motion to speak of, so we are up and around every day the same as on land. This is our fifteenth day on board and we have fourteen days more. If only the last half of our trip is as nice as the first half we shall be very thankful. The food and service are good, and the passengers although all French, are very friendly. Mr. and Mrs. Gunther and Mr. Hazlett, our new missionaries, are travelling with us.

It is certainly very interesting to be travelling through a part of the world where I have never been before. We have seen many historic places that many would give a great deal of money to see. We passed quite near the Island of Corsica where Napoleon was exiled, and between Italy and Sicily WE WERE VERY CLOSE TO Messina where the earthquake caused such destruction in 1910. Stromboli, a volcanic Island near Sicily was shooting forth fire and smoke as we passed. We were reminded again of Paul's missionary journeyings as we sailed near the Island of Crete. At Port Said we all took the opportunity to go ashore for a few hours and see what we could of Egypt. It took about 18 hours to go through the Suez canal and then five days in the Red Sea. During this part of our trip we saw quite plainly what was supposed to be Mt. Sinai. At Djibouti Ivory took Ruth ashore to get a pair of shoes and luckily for him it just happened to be the 11th of November, and there was a special native war dance being held in honor of the occasion. He said it was really thrilling and a sight he wouldn't have missed for anything. Ruth was frightened at first when the gaudily dressed but savage looking Africans came close, brandishing their spears and daggers, but after a while she was as brave as the rest, and did not flinch when the dancing warriors made as if they were about to plunge their weapons at the bystanders.

Ruth is very popular on board, and though she understands very little of what is being said, she is always in the centre of a group of children. The French people think she is so well behaved, and as compared to most of the other children on board, is not so bad. She certainly has improved a great deal since leaving Canada. The baby too is a source of constant attraction from the chief officer down to the grubbiest seaman. He is just at an age when he smiles his cutest and is so plump and darling. The ladies tell me that everyone wants to steal him....By the way he cut his first three teeth in the Red Sea!

I hope to hear from you sometimes at 329 Rue Frere Louis  
Love to yourself & all the family,  
Ruth D. Sargis, S. I. A.

Ryack.

March 29/20.

My dear Kathleen,

Thanks for the card received a week or so ago, sorry it wasn't a letter but am sure your time goes about as fast as mine and letter writing always seems to be the crowded out time.

The time is drawing very near towards Commencement, I'm not so very much concerned about that festive day although I am planning to graduate but it means the change of the school year and very soon afterwards I'll be going somewhere. There was a special meeting of the Foreign Board last Friday evening and I have been accepted finally and now they are booking my passage right away at the beginning of June. There is a missionary and his wife anxious to leave at that

time and they are going to  
Chi Kung Shan the summer resort  
where I am hoping to spend a couple  
of months this summer with Mother.  
I think it is perfectly wonderful how  
my way has been planned for  
like this. Best of all the right  
Rev. Mission, New York have asked  
me to be their Missionary to China  
and I can hardly realize what  
that will mean just yet to have  
such a consecrated praying band  
of men & women back of us.

It is not one of the down and out  
missions but they do have some  
pretty bad characters connected  
with them. Last Saturday & Sunday  
I was down, staying at the Heppelbals  
House as the guest of Mrs. Field.

I spoke at the Mission Sunday evening  
and had a wonderful time. The  
whole meeting was one I will not  
forget very soon. Six souls were  
saved, and one a Chinaman; such  
a bright, intelligent looking young

know, and he said he felt he must  
go back & tell his countrymen.  
He had spoken of wanting to be  
foreign missionaries.

I had been really hoping that  
you might have an opportunity  
of coming down here for a while but  
I suppose not. I do not know what  
the Board have arranged or are  
planning for me to do after Commencement  
but rather they wish me to stay  
till after Council which is held  
here the week or so following. That  
will leave very little time for me  
to get ready and I would like  
very much to spend a little  
time in La Grange, besides there  
are something there I would like  
to get and certainly it would be  
very disappointing not to say  
goodbye to friends.

I expect Helen has already left,  
I must send a letter to meet her  
on the steamer. It would have been

very nice if we could have gone  
together but my turn is coming  
very soon. Just think though I  
haven't a thing ready but I'm  
not worrying at all, the biggest  
thing is to have my passage booked  
and to have a Minister like the  
Right Rev to stand behind me  
in prayer.

In a letter from Mother yesterday  
she said she was feeling very  
much better and is rather enjoying  
the improved rest at Hong Kong.

Give my love to your dear Mother,  
and remember yourself -

Affectionately your friend,

Ruth Goats.

Wednesday, June 23/10.  
Burlingame, California.

My dear Kathleen,

We are enroute so if this writing is rather shaky blame it on the train. At present we are stopped at the above station. We arrived here about 5 A.M. and have been here for about three hours.

If you ever contemplate taking a trip to California do not go Santa Fe Tourist. It isn't exactly the most comfortable way to travel. The weather hasn't been so bad, the first day out from Chicago was dreadfully dusty and I was quite discouraged at the prospect of four days of that sort of thing. It was quite cool though and that made up for a lot. But yesterday going through the Arizona desert it was both dusty & hot and the climax came when we arrived at Needles where it was  $115^{\circ}$  in the shade. It was quite

the hottest place I have ever  
been in in my life & we had  
to stay there four hours. We  
didn't know what to do with  
ourselves, it was hot inside &  
still hotter out, and yet it was  
never out that in the stuffy train.  
However we lived through the  
night and this morning it is  
quite refreshing to feel the  
delightful California breeze.

I was up at 4.30 & had breakfast  
at the station at 5.30. Then we  
took a walk around ~~the~~ it was  
so much nicer than the train.

I have been talking about  
the trip & myself but my dear  
child I don't know what to say  
when it comes to thanking you  
for the lovely camera & films.  
You certainly have been too  
generous in giving me such a lovely  
present. I would not have  
mentioned the subject if I had  
dreamt of your doing such a  
thing. It will certainly be very

useful and I prize it very  
much, more than an ordinary one  
You shall get some of the results  
and I hope you will always be  
interested in us enough to want  
them. I have a great big debt  
to settle with Ken, but the worst  
of it is I'll never be able to settle  
with him. I can only thank him,  
but I do think a great deal  
of him from the little I saw of him.

It has been lovely to have known  
you and your family and I shall  
always look back with very  
pleasant memories upon the times  
spent together & of your very  
great kindness to me.

Goodbye just now,  
With very much love,  
Kurt.

---

P.S. The stamps are for you Dad.

23 Rue de Châteaugay -  
Aug. 29/56!

My dear Alice & Father,

Jimmy was intending to write  
you folks this morning but had  
to run off to Paris to meet some  
missionaries, so I'll write instead.

We received your nice long letter  
Father, this week, & were glad to  
get all the news. I wish you didn't  
have to work so hard & could  
see the world as we are, instead.

Just imagine, tomorrow we will  
be in Switzerland, the land of  
beautiful mountains & lakes. I have  
always hoped that someday I might  
see Lake Geneva or Mount Blanc  
& now the way has opened for us to  
be able to go.

as the course was too advanced.  
He learnt a lot by taking the course  
& if he ever comes this way again  
will know how to study for it. He  
passed the course which is quite  
all he needs.

We received a post-card this week  
from a friend & when Ruthie saw it  
she said "oh, did Auntie Ar-lis send  
that one." You must send us a  
good snap (enlarged) of yourself  
so that Ruthie will remember you.  
We will hang it up or else keep it  
in some prominent place. I had  
the enlarged snap enlarged for Mother,  
but they didn't do it very well here.  
It is a good snap though, isn't it?

Dear Father & Al:- I am

Joey is going to a convention &  
spoke in Indo-China & is having  
his expenses paid. Ruth & Jane  
going too as it only costs \$9.00  
return fare. We are leaving Paul  
here with Nlle. He will only be  
away a week, so I think he  
will be alright. He is not old  
enough to miss us yet. The girl  
is not leaving us just yet as we  
expected, so we may stay on  
here until the end of October.  
However I would like to go to  
Marseille as soon as possible as  
it is much warmer there & we  
don't like the cold weather here  
at Paris.

Joey took his exams day  
before yesterday but didn't pass

adding my post script, standing  
up and writing on the mantle-  
piece. We leave in a few  
minutes for Switzerland. Ruthie  
seems to have a good ap-  
petite. she bit a large  
chessnut spoon ~~in~~ last night  
and broke it right in  
two.

scream of love

Jony.

Ruth Goforth Jeffrey 639  
Toronto. March 1926

120  
"Lest We  
Forget"

University 4-7839  
1926



The Brown Brothers, Limited  
Toronto

Notes from 1925

"Lest We Forget"

Left Lonsane, Annam, March 31<sup>st</sup> 1925.  
Left Hongkong, April 17<sup>th</sup> via S. S. Australia  
Arrived in Vancouver May 5<sup>th</sup> & in  
" " Toronto May 10<sup>th</sup>.

Stayed at the Missionary Rest Home  
for a few days then went to Muskoka  
for 10 days. Stayed in one of Mrs. Moffat's  
cottages. Went fishing & boating. Father & Mother  
financed these first weeks & gave us  
\$200 to get outfitted on our arrival.

Left for St. Paul, Minn. the end of May  
& attended Council. Went via Niagara  
Falls & saw the Falls illuminated for the  
first time in history.

We left Ruth with her grandmother &  
Miss Margaret Smith at the Rest Home.

Moved to Mrs. Dressinger the end  
of June. Ruth & I stayed there until  
the end of July except for a week at  
Owen Sound with the Blacketts.

Notes from 1925

"Lest We Forget"

August 1<sup>st</sup> Ruth & I went to Kaswellton, Mo  
& met Sony there. We stayed for  
a weeks conference at which  
he & Mr. George Hunter of Olivet  
Congregational Church were the speakers.  
I sang several times.  
Met Miss Hannah Smith & a number  
of other nice people. Spent a day  
& night at Miss S. Sumner place. I  
had a lovely time. She is doing a  
splendid work. Motored back to Monticello.  
Stayed with Mrs. Mossall for several days.  
Saw Wallace & Anna & enjoyed their  
company & home.

August 15<sup>th</sup> Went to Dalrymple for 2 weeks.  
Met all Sony's cousins. Ruth got  
likes eating green apples.

Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> to 15<sup>th</sup> Back at Mrs. Dreisingers.  
Mother & Father, Mary & Bob visit as for  
a while.

Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> - 31<sup>st</sup> Out to Rice Home again.  
Paul died at Glenumbert.

Notes from 1925

"Lest We Forget"

Oct. to Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> at 25<sup>th</sup> Apton Ave.

Long away as Montreal & Hamilton  
for a few days at a time.

Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> to Feb. 20. at 21 Hazelton Ave.

From Nov. 25 to Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> I was  
sick with mumps, tonsillitis &  
erysipelas.

Father & Mother left for China Feb. 9<sup>th</sup> 1926.

Feb. 12 - Paul born at Women's College Hospital  
at 2-30 Fridley St.

June 10<sup>th</sup> - left Toronto for Nyack & Council.

June 12<sup>th</sup> - left New York on the Carmine

June 22<sup>nd</sup> - arrived in Paris.

Notes from 1925

"Lest We Forget"

Jan. 6, 1933. - attended Tabernacle  
in the morning - previous service &  
timely message from Mr. Gerow.  
Previous communion service.  
Dinner & supper at Lopples.  
Tony spoke at Greenwood.  
Ralph Chute motored us home.

Friday, January 1, 1926

"Lest We Forget" Ruth Isabel Goggin. 1898.

Wallace & Anna & Arctha spent New Year's Day with us at 21 Hazelton Ave. They left with Father for Montreal this morning. Jerry left for Detroit New Year's eve to speak at Young Peoples Rally. Mother, Ruth & I had supper at Aunt Annie's.

Jan. 1. 1927 I am with Breakbone fever 103° temp.

Jerry preaches dedication sermon in Myths Church.

Jan. 1. 1933 - "He is the Christ" Gal. 2:20

"Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Rev. 3:8.

John 14:12-16 - I promise for the new year.

The roots of prayer & obedience are in our hands - the key to the situation is in our hands - we are all key men & women.  
Go forward

Saturday, January 2, 1926

"Lest We Forget"

Jan. 2. 1933. Prayer retreat commences  
at Rest Home. Long specks.

Prayed for Mrs. Moore's healing. Jan. 19-12-45  
Believe God has answered. Hallelujah, He  
undertakes - Hallelujah!

Definite request for needs:

- car for field use
- deficit met
- outfit met
- special fund for pioneer work.
- Debat home school
- Revised on field.

Visiting List

"Lest We Forget"

Name

Address

Weights.

Oct. 1. 1936

Dec. 20.

Paul - 33.5 - 33.5

Ruth - 45.5 - 46

David - 23.4 - 22.5

Dec. 20. 1936

Jory - 66.4

Ruth - 69.5

P.S. Doory could not find  
out about your family <sup>circle</sup>  
the will make further <sup>inquiries</sup>

Marseille, Oct. 16/26.

My dear Kathleen,

Here we are one ~~more~~ step on  
our journey. We left Fontenay about  
two weeks ago as the weather was  
turning so cold & damp & there was  
only a small grate in our room by  
which to get warm. Really the  
French are frightfully behind times  
in many ways. But I won't  
start on that theme in case my letter  
is censored.

It is lovely & warm down here &  
we have the added attraction of being  
by the sea. From our boarding house  
windows we get a view of the sea, &  
the large boats passing frequently  
is a source of endless attraction to  
Ruttie. We think Marseille one of the  
nicest places we have yet been  
in. Of course the sea & mountains, &  
rather hills & a few Islands off the  
shore make the place look very  
attractive. The famous <sup>Castle</sup> Island of If  
where the Count of Monte Cristo was

imprisoned is a few <sup>yards</sup> yards from shore.  
We may take a trip out there someday.  
When we left Paris we left our  
girl behind and I assure you we  
miss her sorely. Both Ivory &  
I have our hands full now &  
get no time for studying. We had  
to choose between what seemed  
to me the children's health and  
the convenience of having the help  
of Mademoiselle Loprestis. We had her  
for three months & she was a  
wonderful help. She had already  
had considerable experience in taking  
care of babies so I turned Paul  
over to her without any misgivings.

When we went to Switzerland  
we left Paul with her, taking Ruth  
along with us. Ivory had a special  
invitation to speak in J.C. at a  
Swiss convention near Lausanne.  
His expenses were met so we thought  
we could afford to undertake my  
expenses. We left Paris at 10 o'clock  
the evening & reached Lausanne

the next morning at 7 o'clock.  
we were away about ten days  
altogether. We visited Geneva &  
enjoyed a wonderful sail on Lake  
Geneva. While at Lausanne we  
met Mrs. R. J. Fleming & Stella  
which I assure you was a mutual  
surprise. We had a couple of very  
happy days together with them.

It was quite a coincidence that  
while at the convention it was discovered  
that I was a daughter of J. Griffith <sup>must</sup>  
to the surprise & evident pleasure  
of many who knew of Father & Mother.  
When this fact was discovered the  
wife of the chairman of the convention  
came to me and asked me to  
take the women's meeting the next  
afternoon & tell something of my Mother.  
She said that she was intending  
to tell the women of my Mother herself  
before she knew who I was. Although  
a French woman she reads <sup>English</sup> perfectly  
& was a constant reader of the S. G. Times  
& the Alliance Weekly. She was

prepared to tell the ladies of the  
farewell from Toronto in March as  
she had read it in the S. S. Louis.  
Was it not strange that this French  
lady should have been planning  
to speak of Mother.

I was very glad to get all  
the news of your family. I hope we  
shall correspond more frequently than  
the last term we were in D.C.

I'll send a card from the ports we  
pass en route - that is I'll try to  
if I am not too sea sick.

Best wishes to your Mother &  
Father & Kenneth, lots of love to yourself.  
Ruth G. Jeffrey

P.S. We sail the 29<sup>th</sup> by the S. S.  
Cap Louane, a Chargeurs Reunis boat.  
The address in D.C. will be for the present -  
329 Rue Frere Louis, Sargis, D.C.  
(RUE-FRÈRE-LOUIS)

Hue, Annam,  
August 11<sup>th</sup> 1930.

My dear Kathleen :-

Greetings and best wishes to you all from far away Hue. We praise God for the privilege of being the first to enter this city. But oh how late we are in getting to this, one of the last capitals of the world to be occupied for our Master.

Since the official decree of last December saying that protestantism was no longer forbidden we felt it was time to see and seek an entrance into this city.

At our conference in May we were appointed here as the ones most likely to be given permission and also on account of a shortage of missionaries there was no one else to send. We were delayed nearly two months after conference with

nathai conferences in Cambodia  
and Cochui - Chua and other  
business. But as soon as we  
returned from the South Iony  
came to visit the Resident  
Superior and get official sanction  
to our taking up residence here.  
We were granted that but at  
present cannot open up a chapel  
or do any work on a large scale.  
Within a week from the day we  
saw the R. S. we were back  
here, bag and baggage, to stay.  
Those were hot days, one must  
experience it to understand. But  
all the time we had the joy and  
prayer in our hearts that we  
were here and that God had sent  
us here at last to give the Gospel  
to these people who had never  
had a chance.

Every evening we sit out in  
the front yard and talk the  
gospel to the crowds that come in

to visit and to enquire. It was  
nearly 11 o'clock last night before  
they finally dispersed. The Lord  
led on the renting of this house  
as we could not have found  
a more suitable place & district  
if we had looked for a year.  
The Catholics seem to be everywhere  
else.

Hue is a prettily situated city.  
The River of Perfumes divides the  
city in two parts. On one side  
is the walled city enclosing the  
palace and other buildings.  
On the other side is the French  
concession and for a long way  
out into the country are fine  
old Annamese houses belonging  
mostly to the relatives of Royalty.  
There are four or five Catholic  
churches, a huge seminary,  
besides many other smaller institutions.

I must say a few words about ourselves  
I suppose. Tony is still bearing the  
burden of chairmanship, although  
without the Lord's blessing and sustain-  
grace he could not carry on. Ruth  
is enjoying her school work at Dalat  
and is doing very well from all  
reports. David is our sunbeam and  
has kept wonderfully well. We are  
travelling over 4,000 kilometres  
this summer with the baby and he  
was not sick a day. Paul continues  
to be rather delicate.

Joey joins me in sending our  
warmest love to yourself and family.

As ever your friend,

Ruth.

Lourane,

Sept. 20/28.

My dear Kathleen,

According to your letter of Feb. 19<sup>th</sup> my last letter to you was written a year ago this month.

Loory & I both enjoyed your long interesting letter and hope there will be another on its way soon.

You write from quite a different angle or rather new point than Alice & her father so all you write is news. I am sorry that once again I have let so many months slip by

to the salvation of souls, but  
there is a lack of depth and  
the going on unto perfection.

Keep praying for us. You can  
do much by prayer.

A great drawback to the  
spiritual progress of the  
Christians in this land is  
the fact that they can't  
read, only some of the men  
are fortunate enough to read  
character, very few read the  
romanized.

Since commencing this  
letter I have had several  
interruptions, Paul especially  
has been very distracting,  
it is hard to keep ones mind  
on the subject in land.

without visiting.

This year I am not so  
tied down to my desk as  
last year. I have handed  
over the job of translating  
the S. S. lessons to M. & Mrs.  
R. M. Jackson at Thank Hoo.  
That kept me really busy.  
Now, although I still have  
a full schedule, ~~still~~ I am  
able to take time off to  
write letters. This year I am  
doing more visiting amongst  
the Christians both far & near.  
There is a great need for a  
revival in Indo-China.

If you ever get the impression  
to the contrary don't believe it -  
the Lord has blessed wonderfully.

You have likely read of  
Mother & Father's trip to Indo-  
China in May & June of this  
year. It was a great joy  
to me to have them visit  
us and the missionaries  
all appreciated their visit  
very much. Father's main  
reason for coming was to speak  
at the Native Annual Conference  
but he was also able to  
get here in time for our  
foreign conference. His messages  
were a great blessing to all.

Mother, however, did not enjoy  
the trip as she was sick all  
the time. They went from  
here to Hongkong where Father  
held meetings in two or three

different places. Mother was feeling better than and was also able to take part in the meetings.

I have just received a letter from Mother in which she says they have reached 'Lome' safely and are well. Szepungkai is their headquarters and therefore bears the name of 'Lome' but they are going on to Saohau where they have been working for several months and have been rewarded with good results. Plague has broken out in that town but that makes no difference to them.

Did you know that dear Mr. Harney of the Christie

and our kind friend who has made this gift possible.

I don't think Mother's eyesight is any poorer than when she was in Canada last. It is true that one eye is almost blind but I remember it being that way for years. She still has bowel trouble, but when she diets carefully is very well. Her lack of hearing is a great trial to her and she needs your prayers especially in this respect.

Here on our station this year, we are six! Miss Fort & Miss Aulstone, Mr. Olsew, Mr. Hazlett

Biscuit company sent out over \$1,000 gold for a car for the mission to be used by us. He heard Father & Mother were coming so he sent the money with the request that the car be purchased if possible in time to be used by Father & Mother during their tour of Indo-China. It all worked out wonderfully. We were able to get a new Ford Torpedo a few days before they arrived in Saigon and they were driven over 1,000 kilometres in it to Louane, then Father took the same trip back in the car. We are certainly proud of our car and grateful to God

and ourselves. You will see  
from the enclosed picture what  
these dear friends look like.

The ladies & the single men  
teach in the Bible School although  
Mr. Hylitt does secretary work  
for Loory as well. The women  
eat with us. This picture was  
taken on our tennis court. The  
other snaps were taken while  
up at Bana the mountain  
resort near here. Mother & Father  
& our family had ten blissful  
days up there in June.

The children are both well  
now although they were sick  
during the hot weather. We  
had an unusually hot summer  
this year.

Loory joins me in sending love  
to you, one and all. Lovingly,  
Ruth.

We are always glad to receive your letters - David Saigon. 10 Jan. 1927.  
as well as Ruth. With best New Year wishes - Love.

My dear Kathleen,

I am going to tell you a little ~~of~~ about the work we are responsible for here in Saigon and district as I believe you will be interested. Heretofore our work in Indo-China has been confined to the Bible School almost entirely, so being on a station, as we call it out here is a new and very interesting experience.

As you undoubtedly have heard, Saigon is an extremely difficult city <sup>in which</sup> to build up a church. Many have acknowledged Christ as their Saviour but there is no trace of them now. They are either lost sight of in this wicked city or as is perhaps oftener the case have been transferred to some

other district. There are about fifty regular communicants but of these fifty there are not five that one can depend upon as out and out for the Lord. I tell you this that you may get a real burden for the Church here in Saigon and stand with us in believing prayer that God will pour out His Spirit upon us in cleansing; sanctifying power.

There are four outstations <sup>as well</sup> ~~that~~ where we hold regular services.

Ivory is away three days a week on his bicycle visiting three of these outstations. Then every Sunday afternoon we hire an auto and spend three hours teaching & preaching ~~to~~ at the fourth outstation. This last mentioned outstation is a great encouragement to us. The twenty-five to thirty christians there are

out and out for God and we marvel at their spirit-taught knowledge of the Bible. We have not seen anywhere else in Indo-China a company of christians so well-taught in the things of God. About ~~three~~ <sup>2 1/2</sup> years ago a young man from that village who worked here in Saigon heard the gospel and was saved. A few months after his conversion he took sick & died. Up to this time none of his relatives had believed. But his death was so beautiful, quite different from any death-bed his friends had ever seen that from that time one by one his relatives also believed on Christ until all are saved now and many friends in the same village as well. His mother

gave the Chapel where they hold  
weekly meetings.

In Sayni ~~and~~ district there  
are 547 villages with a population  
of 818,000 souls that are practically  
untouched. We feel so helpless  
to meet this tremendous task  
but are believing that God  
will open up a way somehow  
and soon, for the gospel to penetrate  
to everyone of these villages, that  
all these 818,000 souls may  
have a chance to hear the  
Story of Salvation. We need  
an automobile most urgently  
in order to expedite results.

I was very glad to hear from  
you again.

Best wishes for the New Year  
to me and all.

Lovingly in Him,  
 Ruth.

Toussaint Annan

August 14/27.

My Dear Father  
and Alice:-

I arrived safely in Toussaint  
during the week. It is nice  
to be home for a Sunday.  
I am starting your letter  
just before church service  
begins. It is now s. s. hour  
and Ruth is out in the  
church with the folks.  
Thầy Trúc is teaching the  
S.S. lesson. Today the

new pastor at Toussaint, Mr.  
Diub, is to be ordained  
and installed. Mr. Thieu,  
Mr. Olsen and I are con-  
ducting the service.

If you were to drop  
in to see us today  
you would not find

Sunday evening. Have been busy all day and have just time to add a few lines tonight. These are fairly busy days and I have quite a lot of letters to write before my next trip - to Tankin.

On the way back from Nhabany, I visited Ban-me-thust a large tribe center.

Mr. Travis & I had a very interesting trip.

We met many of these fine looking people, with ponies & long spears. Once

the house in its greatest condition. Two of the rooms have had to be replastered and have had the plaster & lathing pulled off. White ants had eaten away the lathing until there was danger of an accident.

Yesterday we located the nest, a big affair, and I gave it a good disinfecting.

Wish you could see Paulie these days. He is walking in regular style and is commencing to talk a little Armenian. He is cute & so is Ralbo. I must remember to send you a picture!

4  
we passed a group  
conducting 3 elephants.  
It is a great game  
country down there, tigers  
leopards & what not.

I trust the find  
you in good health.  
Will try to drop you  
a few lines more  
often. If I had a  
plane and Lindbergh's  
ability I might pay  
you a visit well  
in a while

oceans of love

Joy

Louane,  
Sept. 17/47.

My dear Kathleen,

Here we are back in  
Louane once more. At our  
Conference in May Loary was  
made Chairman & as Louane  
seems to be the place for  
Chairmen we were appointed  
here. I was glad to be back  
here as there are so many  
Christians that I know & love.  
Then the Bible School is here  
which is always a source of  
great interest. There are  
eighty-two students this year,  
all boarders, except one or two  
who live out. Mr. O'Leary is the  
principal. Miss Mori & Miss Ashmore

teach in the women's school.

My work is the women's & children's work of this station & as much country work as I can get in. Besides that I translate the International S. S. lessons into Annamese which are printed by one press in Hanoi & sold for three (Annamese) cents a copy. There are one month lessons in a copy. I have a very nice Annamese girl to look after the children and they keep well so don't take up too much of my time.

Last Sunday we were out to Saidu one of our outstations about sixty miles from here. ~~There~~ ~~we went here~~ & two or three months before we left here

for furlough we visited this place for the first time & had the joy of seeing about fifty people accept Christ. That was the first time a foreign missionary had ever been out there. Now, about two and a half years later we went out there & dedicated their church, built entirely from native funds. It cost \$1,500 (Mex) There were three hundred and fifty in the audience - all Christians.

It was such a peaceful view that met my gaze as I looked out over the audience and out through the windows and doors to the mountains and green paddy fields beyond. The church

is situated a long way from  
the main road and in such  
a peaceful picturesque spot.

I presented my little organ to  
them as the native evangelist  
knew how to play, being one of  
my former pupils. The <sup>old</sup> woman  
of seventy years ~~at~~ had  
been walking from midnight  
until nine o'clock in order to get  
to the service. Many of them  
walk seven hours every  
Sunday to come to church. We  
live so far away & since there  
are several other <sup>stations</sup> ~~stations~~  
we can only visit <sup>each one</sup> once in a while.

Keep praying for us. I have  
been praying for a revival and  
pray that God will keep my  
heart burdened until we see the  
Pentecostal showers.

the second question is to all the family, I will be happy to hear from you.

S. S. Hainan  
Mekong River  
Cambodge Oct 4/27.

My Dear Father & Al:-

It must be a long time  
since I wrote you. The  
weeks have been so fully  
occupied that before you  
realize it there is a wide  
gap between letters. Last  
month I had to get every  
thing in order before  
taking a 4500 kilo-  
meter trip around  
this field, that is  
more than 2800 miles.

Not such a small  
parish is it? A little  
more than a week  
ago I was on my  
way from Touane to  
Stamou. I was in bed

\* That does not count adds trips etc.

at Iteu and had given  
the boy instructions to  
call me at 4 the  
next morning in order  
to catch the train going  
north. He came up before  
I had gotten to sleep  
to tell me I was  
wanted at the place.  
I went down in my  
raincoat ~~and~~ quite  
believing there was  
some mistake. It was  
Ruit however, and  
word had come from  
Cambodia that the  
work was being restre-  
ted. So I changed my  
plans and travelled  
very rapidly from  
Iteu to Puan Puk. I  
have been busy inter-

viewing officials and meet-  
ing the missionaries. We  
are meeting much op-  
position spiritually and are  
being considerably retarded  
but are carrying on  
constantly. Our needs  
are aeroplane out here  
but more than that  
we need much prayer.  
We may expect more &  
more opposition to the  
gospel.

I am now on my way  
to Tonkin via the Mekong  
river. I left Pnom Penh  
yesterday - so did the  
new King of Cambodia.  
His palatial yacht passed  
us a few moments  
ago. It will take us

at least slow day. to  
reach Thakek in Laos  
& two days from there  
by <sup>postal</sup> auto to Siab.\* The  
river is high and the  
current is strong. I  
could come down in  
six days. In two or  
three months it will  
be dry season & will  
last longer. This time  
I change a few times  
\* but in the dry season  
we has to shoot some  
of the rapids by raft.  
Indo-China is a  
wonderful wild country  
when you leave the  
populous deltas. It  
is a great place  
for wild animals

If I can get through the mud.

This is quite a nice little steamer but tonight I change at Kratie for a smaller one. We are still travelling in Cambodia & have some distance to go before we reach Laos.

I am going to post the letters today & will send the next later on. The weather & scenery are delightful, the river by way about half a mile wide up here. I am busy writing letters.

Pauline Ruethe & Ruet were all well when I left. Paul is well when I did not take him.

wants me, he loves to  
travel especially in  
an automobile. Ruthie  
had a boy's hair cut  
so I call her Tommy.

They may meet me  
in Ibouoi to have  
teeth fixed.

Hope this finds  
you both in best of  
health.

with much love.

Joey

Toussaint Amman

Dec. 17/27.

My Dear Father & Ali:

November and December have brought quite a few extra duties to be attended to and we have been forced to put off your letter. I can't let it pass today, however, and wish you Father, many happy returns.

There is quite a difference between December out here and December in Toronto. We are enjoying an excellent winter! not as wet as usual and we are able to move about in the country. Ruth & Paulie have had bad colds, but are almost better. I believe they have had bronchitis. The sunny weather has been good for them. You will see by the enclosed picture taken a few weeks ago

---

at the beach at My Thi,<sup>2</sup>  
how well they look. The  
parcel of socks arrived  
a few minutes ago just  
when I had sat down to  
write this letter. Many Thanks.

A little more than <sup>2</sup> weeks  
ago I drove to Dalat, 500 miles  
from here, where we hope  
to locate our steel station. It  
is a beautiful location and  
quite a drive up the mount-  
ains. I was away a week  
traveling practically every day.  
The car behaved splendidly  
and I had no trouble what-  
ever, not even a flat tire.  
Mr & Mrs. Cadman went with  
me to Dalat and proceeded  
from there to Cochinchina  
to attend a Prayer Conference.  
Executive Committee met  
in Tourane last month.

We spent many busy days  
discussing Mission affairs. One  
important matter that is  
being undertaken just now  
is the Annam Church  
Constitution. Committee met  
again in Tourane. I am due  
to make a trip into  
Upper Tonkin, either before or  
just after next Committee  
meeting. I have sent an  
account of my last trip  
to the Alliance Weekly.  
Ruth has also sent an  
article concerning the work  
in the District. We are  
being very strongly opposed  
by the Catholic Church.  
Numerous proclamations have  
been issued against us.  
There has been persecution  
in local centers all over  
Annam, but God is holding  
the doors open. Matters

may because man is slow  
but we are confident  
that God will ultimately  
swing the doors wide  
open that the gospel of Christ  
may be

much for the Christian <sup>Prayer</sup>  
they may go deep with God.

I was glad to receive  
a long letter the other day  
from Betha. I have been  
thinking for some time of  
writing them. I've heard also  
from Silas & Wanda if Geo.  
Booth is back yet!

Love - after ~~thinking~~  
you will receive a little  
cheque from N.Y. With all  
best wishes for the year  
It is a gift of the P.D.'s money  
for your own needs.

Stopping that it will  
not be long before I send the  
next letter.

Much love

Love } (Pret  
          } (Ruthie  
          } (Paulie



before reaching <sup>Nhatrang</sup> our armored escort train kept firing <sup>1</sup> cannon salvos to ward off guerilla attacks. I was in the coach filled with French soldiers so would have been in the thick of the fight had it broken out; <sup>Insert here</sup> on another occasion

Early one morning, before the opening of Bible School, <sup>in Nhatrang</sup> a Christian came running in to tell of the tragic death of a fellow Believer. Two brothers from the little fishing village among the coconut palms, had been out fishing all night. They were on their way home when they ran into a French patrol. The older brother was killed instantly and only a miracle saved the younger one, <sup>by the name of Kink</sup> from a similar fate.

Smie Kink was under arrest I was asked to go at once to seek his release. Both Mr. Houck and the local pastor were away at the time so that afternoon I performed my first funeral services. I had spent the entire morning at the French fort trying to save Kink from torture and imprisonment. He was finally turned over to me on condition that he attend our Bible School, which he did.

\* ~~On another occasion~~ while our Bible School was in session I was called <sup>very</sup> early one morning that 18 year old boy was the brightest and most spiritual <sup>of the young men in the Nhatrang church</sup> at once. <sup>Em</sup> had been killed the night before. I rushed over to <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>home</sup> where his body lay and where his mother

was weeping inconsolably. The night before as Em opened his Bible to study, <sup>and pray</sup> as he did every evening, a shot rang out from the nearby government fort. It pierced the <sup>mud and well</sup> thatch <sup>of their hut</sup> and entered Em's heart. He died almost instantly. The ~~men~~ Vietnamese soldiers in the fort wanted to intimidate Em's mother, who had refused to give ~~the~~ <sup>them</sup> the chickens they demanded. She had wanted to sell them at a very low price, as ~~that~~ raising chickens was her only means of livelihood.

As I ~~cried~~ <sup>cried</sup> to the Lord to ~~tell me what to say~~ <sup>give me a word of comfort</sup> to this <sup>depr.</sup> broken-hearted mother in her hour of desperate grief, I felt constrained to urge her to forgive her sons' murderers. She stopped weeping and bowed her head for a moment in silence. She knew she didn't have the kind of love that could forgive ~~the men who had killed her only child~~ <sup>the Lord Jesus</sup> ~~sons' murderers,~~ but she asked ~~God~~ <sup>to</sup> give it to her, and He did. He filled her heart with His love.

At the little cemetery <sup>over</sup> at Song Chong, by the present Bible School property, dear, wonderful Christian dad, the leader of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Young People <sup>at the local church</sup> was buried. As I looked across <sup>at the grave</sup> at his mother, ~~how~~ I thanked God for another miracle of grace. From <sup>that</sup> day she has been <sup>concerned</sup> ~~concerned~~ for the salvation of <sup>her friends and neighbors</sup> ~~her friends and neighbors~~. ~~She has been deeply enlarged her heart and now she~~ is running the way of His commandments (Ps. 119:32).

Through her great loss the Lord has enlarged

While I was in Phanthiet - Phanri District  
 Hai, a young ~~and~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~eighteen~~ year old Christian lad in a  
 Phanthiet prison was surprised one night to find  
 himself singing:

"When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
 When sorrow like sea billows roll,  
 Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say:  
 It is well, it is well with my soul."

It was the third night that forty men had sat  
 crowded together on the floor of a stifling-hot cell,  
 with no light and no window or other means of  
 ventilation. Those who had been tortured during the day  
 were either sobbing or groaning aloud in their misery.  
 Some grenades had been thrown in the section of the town  
 where these men lived so indiscriminate arrests had  
 been made.

Word had been passed around <sup>among the prisoners</sup> earlier that evening  
 that four of their number were to be shot at dawn.  
 Hai knew he was ready to go, <sup>to be with Christ</sup> but what of his  
 companions? The Lord had given him a song in the  
 night, but what of these who were on the brink of  
 eternal night in hell? Hai pled with his fellow prisoners  
 to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and to repent of  
 their sins ere it was too late.

Early the next morning on my fourth visit to  
 the military Secret Service headquarters, I was told  
 that Hai and his cousin had been sentenced to a  
 year in prison, but because of my interest in the  
 case the sentence would be reduced to six months.

5

It seemed to be all I could do. My request to visit the boys and give them each a Gospel of John was then granted. In the few moments we spent together Hai assured me of his innocence. He said he was holding no bitterness in his heart against his captors. While we were talking a messenger came from the French chief of the Secret Service asking me to return to his office. Standing at his desk with the boys' records in his hands, he said simply, "The boys are free, I have decided to pardon them." With that he proceeded to tear up their papers. The boys <sup>and I</sup> walked out of the prison together that morning. Hai was one of our Bible School students <sup>at whatrang</sup>, but hadn't been holding children's meetings or witnessing as he had promised to do. The Lord spoke very definitely to him through this experience.

It had been four years since the last missionary, Mr. Wm. C. Cadman, had visited this district. I travelled from place to place either by plane, horsecart, jeep, native bus or armored train. There were four armored trains in one of our convoys. It took us six hours from Phanthiet to Phanri and then after a five day stop-over in Phanri I rejoined the convoy to Touarcham, another six hours ride. That was unusually fast time, I was told, as we had no breaks in the railway and no blown-up bridges to repair.

6/

Shortly after

Two days after an all-out attack on the village of Phu-lam, I visited the <sup>Christians</sup> church there. Ngô-Phước's house stood out like a beacon on a hill in the midst of utter ruin and desolation. More than half the brick houses had been destroyed, a cement bridge dynamited and five brick forts demolished. The church and all the Christian's homes were intact and no Christian had been even wounded in the fighting.

Smart → When the guerillas came to Ngô-Phước's house door armed with grenades and machine guns, he opened it promptly while the rest of the family lay huddled in the trench under the thick wooden plank bed. When asked who he was and ~~on~~ which side he was on, he replied calmly, "I'm a Christian and a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know you can't harm me because I'm in His care". No grenade was thrown in that house and no shot fired because Ngô-Phước had taken the Lord for his refuge and fortress. He was dwelling in the secret place of the most High.

Four of the young people from ~~the~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~area~~ attended Bible school our short term sessions at Phatnang.

Wherever I stayed on my trips, whether in the local parsonage or in the home of a Christian, I was always under the shadow of a fist. It was impossible on account of the shooting to get enough sleep at night. I now know something of what it means to "walk the valley of the shadow of death". It has given me a deeper

7  
Understanding and sympathy for our dear  
Vietnamese pastors and their flocks who have been  
welding through this valley for many long years.  
Thank God they have not had to walk alone - "For  
Thou art with me". No matter how long or how hard  
the way, they are singing from overflowing hearts,  
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

I was the <sup>Insert</sup> ~~one~~ who  
came very near being  
shot ~~myself~~ that day. As I  
walked thro the ruins of ~~Malibu~~ <sup>that village</sup>  
with a group of Christians,  
a trigger happy <sup>soldier</sup> fired his rifle  
in my direction. The bullet passed  
very close to my ears from  
the sound of it.

Em + his mother  
Tang + Phansi

Thân - Hân - Hân  
Võ Xương  
Thân v.s

1954 - 58

9 military hospitals - Phường  
Quang Trung saved & healed  
Dat + D. - Saigon city at long Hoa

Col. Remys - north Vietnamese prisoners  
Algerian soldiers, wife, his barrel at my

Governor of Cochinchina - Preso  
Expirate chief - Binh - Xuyen opened

Ng. Thanh - Thôn - 1964

1964 Quang Trung  
Công - Hoà hospital -  
2,500 wheel chairs from World Vision

Siêu a piéu in Saigon

## Công - Hòa Military Hospital

Everytime I drove to Quang-Trung and back, I had to pass the large Công - Hòa <sup>military</sup> hospital with its hundreds of wounded and dying soldier boys. I saw helicopters bringing the men in direct from the battlefield and funeral processions taking the dead out to the cemetery. My heart was deeply stirred.

One day I asked Chaplain Thai, in whose jeep I was riding, if he or any of the other protestant chaplains ever visited the wounded in that hospital. His reply was "No, we are all too busy. But we do have an arrangement with the hospital chaplain, a Catholic, that whenever a protestant soldier dies, he will take care of the funeral and burial arrangements."

After that I couldn't ~~leave~~ <sup>stop</sup> talking to the other Saigon missionaries about the hundreds of wounded and dying soldier boys in the Công - Hòa hospital who were in desperate need of the Gospel. But, alas, ~~no one could~~ <sup>no one could</sup> ~~anyone was too busy to~~ add Công - Hòa to their busy schedule.

The next time I passed the hospital with Chaplain Thai, he said casually, "Two of our boys died in there a week or so ago. I was just notified today." I didn't need to hear anymore. I knew now that I must take on that hospital even if it meant canceling other important commitments, and, incidentally, being accused of spreading myself too thin. I at once turned to Chaplain Thai and said, "Please make an appointment for me with the Colonel in charge

Original picture in - 1972

of the hospital, as soon as possible!"

A few days later Chaplain Thai's jeep was at our door filled to overflowing with gospel literature. The Chaplain was sick so sent his chauffeur to drive me to Cong-Hoa to meet the Administrator, Colonel Vy. I, too, had had a severe pain all right and couldn't walk. But someone had to go as we might never again have a chance to get into that hospital with our gospel literature.

And it had to be a foreign lady, I was told. After <sup>showing</sup> one of our lady <sup>and hearing</sup> missionaries <sup>she</sup> ~~tried to take my place~~ <sup>tried to take my place</sup> I simply had to trust the Lord, and I did. Step by step, in His strength I reached the jeep and ~~managed to get in~~ got in. When we ~~arrived~~ <sup>arrived</sup> at the hospital every sign of pain had gone and I was able to walk ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> perfect ease through those crowded wards, handing out literature and talking to the men. Truly, it was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life. Today, eight years later, after over

~~When I was about to get into the waiting jeep I was told I must go to the Administrator's office. 10,000 wounded soldiers have made decisions for Christ in that hospital I think God that He put the desire and determination in my heart to reach those ~~wounded~~ <sup>wounded</sup> Vietnamese <sup>men</sup> soldiers for Christ at any cost.~~

... of speaking myself to them  
... to Chaplain Thai and said, "Please  
... for me with the Colonel in charge

Y.  
Add at the bottom of: Publication Work

Our two outstanding translators, Messieurs  
Đô-đắc-Trí and Nguyễn-văn-Vân, are truly God's  
gifts to the Church. I am deeply grateful to them and  
to Mr. Huỳnh-văn-Lạc for <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ splendid ~~publication~~  
~~work~~ ~~he~~ ~~has~~ ~~done~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~doing~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~printing~~  
~~of~~ ~~valuable~~ ~~literature~~ <sup>printing</sup> ~~Ministry~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~  ~~Gospel~~ ~~printer~~.

But I hadn't yet met the Administrator,  
so the nurse who had led me through the hospital  
wards, ushered me into his office. To my  
consternation Colonel Vy said he had allowed me  
this one visit only so I could distribute my literature,  
but that was all. I couldn't come again. As the good  
Catholic Administrator that he was, he just couldn't bring  
himself to turning this protestant missionary base in  
his hospital! But the Lord opened that fest-  
barred <sup>hospital</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>gate</sup> for me. When I gave up trying to open  
it, the Lord took over. To my surprise I suddenly  
found myself saying, "Colonel Vy, since the protestant  
Chaplain's hasn't time to visit your hospital, won't  
you allow me to come under their auspices?" At  
that the Colonel rose to his feet, terminating our  
interview. As we shook hands he said, "Alright  
Mrs. Chaplain, tell Chaplain Thai to come back  
and see me, I have something to say to him."  
A few days later the written authorization,

signed by Colonel Uy, was in my hands. I and my friends, both Vietnamese and missionaries, could now visit the Công-Hoa patients anytime, day or night.

Mr. Trần - trung - Tín, a son of Pastor and Mrs. Trần văn - Miêng, was a wonderful help and blessing in the hospital visitation work that we launched without delay. About 2 months later, after a number by the patients had professed faith in Christ, I started looking for a room where we could hold Sunday services.

The Catholic priest who was in charge of all religious matters, said we could meet in the 500 seat auditorium right next to his church. When I said something about it being a bit large he ~~advised~~ suggested that we hold our meetings Sunday evenings rather than Sunday mornings as far more of the men would be likely to attend.

we announced over the hospital intercom that a film would be shown in the auditorium the following Sunday evening <sup>at 6:30</sup> and a special speaker would bring the message. By six o'clock the men started streaming from their wards towards the auditorium. Paraplegics were being carried on the backs of their armless buddies. Others ~~hobbled~~ ~~along~~ ~~on~~ ~~crutches~~ ~~or~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~help~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~patients~~ ~~as~~ ~~best~~ ~~they~~ ~~could~~. By 6:30 the auditorium <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~men~~.

B /

was filled with at least seven hundred patients. There wasn't even standing room left in the aisles. The special speaker, Garth Hunt, with his PA ~~system~~ equipment hadn't arrived, so I asked Mr. Tim to hurry over to my good friend the Catholic priest, and borrow his loud speaker. Of course he let me have it and Mr. Tim and I started the most memorable service I have ever attended. The date was November 8, 1964, the anniversary of our beloved David's homegoing. I was thrilled to be able to tell that vast audience of suffering humanity, some of the wonderful things God had done for me and for our David. My text was John 5:24. Garth Hunt and the Livingstones walked in as I was speaking. Since this was the first time they had ~~not~~ been inside the hospital gates, they were amazed to see what God had brought. Today, eight years later, after over 10,000 wounded soldiers have professed faith in Christ in that hospital, I thank God for putting the desire and the determination in my heart to reach those precious souls for Christ at any cost.

When Dr. Bob Pierce first visited Cong-Hoa and asked Mr. Jeffrey what he could do to help, his answer was "wheel chairs." The 2,500 wheel chairs provided by World Vision since

then have been of inestimable value  
to the paraplegics throughout South V. Mex.  
to that hospital and its crippled patients.  
"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous  
in our eyes" (Ps. 118:23).

### Amazing Grace

John Newton

3. to Communist-controlled North Vietnam.

In the fall of 1954 I was granted authorization by the Vietnamese Governor of South Vietnam, to hold a Gospel service each week in the large Chi Hoa prison in Saigon. <sup>(Christians)</sup> I visited <sup>It wasn't long before all</sup> the women in their cells <sup>and held services in the</sup> <sup>prisons throughout S. V. The</sup> <sup>were wide open to the gospel.</sup> <sup>men in a large auditorium once a week. Hundreds prayed the penitents' prayer. We know of some who have been truly changed by the Grace of God and who have identified themselves with God's people since their release. Others who were in for life are now in the penal colonies at Poulo Con Son and have their Bibles with them. <sup>When the expectation is now joyfully setting</sup> Copies of the Dawn on the streets of Saigon. From time to time we held of conferences at both Poulo Con Son and Saigon where ~~where~~ weekly meetings continue to be held by Pastor Phen, the prison Chaplain. <sup>One of the most outstanding of the prison converts was Mr. Tran the</sup> <sup>Mr. Tran - oim Lam</sup> <sup>Mr. Thanh who was working in the bank here, was a great help</sup> <sup>one of the highlight experiences of 1954 was the over-land trip from Saigon to the 17th parallel and back. Bridges were out and roads were in a deplorable condition but the Lord enabled us to ford rivers and overcome every ~~other~~ obstacle in safety. Hundreds of thousands of tracts and hundreds of Gospels were given out along the way. <sup>at the</sup> <sup>fact</sup> <sup>year</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>sixth</sup> <sup>term,</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>first</sup> <sup>Youth</sup> <sup>Center</sup> <sup>Chapel</sup> was opened in the <sup>city</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>Saigon.</sup> <sup>Hundreds</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>unsaved</sup> <sup>young</sup> <sup>people</sup> <sup>heard</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Gospel</sup> <sup>night</sup> <sup>after</sup> <sup>night</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>both</sup> <sup>English</sup> <sup>&</sup> <sup>Vietnamese.</sup> <sup>Some</sup> <sup>received</sup> <sup>Christ</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>savior.</sup> Those who visited the Center were able to avail themselves of the well-stocked library of both English & Vietnamese Bibles and other Christian books in both languages. <sup>Later a chapel was opened in the</sup> <sup>city</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>Saigon.</sup> <sup>March</sup> <sup>1959</sup> - <sup>Feb.</sup> <sup>1963.</sup> with the addition of a bookmobile, a number of fine Christian films and movie equipment, we have had more of</sup></sup>

4. a field-wide ministry this last term, then ever before. We often spent three days in a church, teaching the Word during the day and preaching and showing films at night. After six months of this type of ministry among the churches of south Vietnam we were led into Resettlement work for the next 6 months. <sup>opening + \$500 from an unknown friend</sup> ~~sons have been saved, groups organized and simple church buildings erected in a number of camps.~~ Then two years of a similar ministry followed among 30-40 churches from Long-An, near Da Nang, to An Giang in the province of Quang Ngai. A Youth Center was opened in Lourean where several hours each day during 1961-62, were spent teaching English and Bible lessons in English to ~~many young people~~ <sup>young people at Da Nang in April 1962</sup> people. <sup>Received among young people at Da Nang in April 1962</sup> The last few months of this seventh term was spent in teaching a short term Bible school session at Phatrang and in the preparation of booklets for students of English, and then in Saigon in full-time literature work from Sept. 1962 to Feb. 1963.

- ~~Hang - Boay - given to soldiers, prisoners, high officials~~
- ~~School teachers~~
- ~~Strategic hamlets asking for copies~~
- ~~Art teacher in Hue, recently converted, asking for copy each month~~
- ~~Poulo Condore~~

~~Quang Trung~~ <sup>Pham-Huong</sup> <sup>through banking system</sup> One of the students sent me a letter shortly after our return to Saigon early in 1964. The letter was post marked from Quang-Trung. He asked me to please meet him in the Park at Q. T. the ~~next~~ following Sunday morning. <sup>he said he was 200 in the Army</sup> The Q. T. camp was 7 miles from Saigon

went to  
 family  
 He was certainly lonely  
 from his  
 family

Mr. Chnei allowed  
me to use the Bible  
Society car and chauffeur

## John Sung

Before the Saigon Labernacle actually got under way, John Sung arrived in Vietnam. This was truly the Lord's doing. From the time I had read about his meetings in Singapore, I kept praying that God would send him to us. I also kept urging my husband, who was the Mission Chairman at the time, to write to Dr. Sung. But Mr. Jeffrey didn't think such an ~~important~~ <sup>outstanding</sup> evangelist as ~~Dr. Sung~~, could possibly find time to fit Vietnam into his <sup>busy</sup> schedule. However, in spite of his doubts, he wrote inviting ~~Dr. Sung~~ him to come. And he came.

What a tremendous spiritual impact that man of God had on all of us. It was indeed an honor to be able to entertain him at the Receiving Home. The other missionaries who were there on their way to ~~Vinhlong~~ <sup>Vinhlong</sup> for the conference, felt the same way. <sup>He</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>Vinhlong</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>room</sup> <sup>adjourned</sup> <sup>thus</sup>. He couldn't help but leave him agonizing in prayer <sup>for</sup> <sup>prayer</sup> <sup>practically</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>night</sup>. Between meetings he dealt faithfully with all who came <sup>to</sup> <sup>him</sup> for counsel and prayer. Those who yielded to God and were filled with the Holy Spirit, were greatly blessed in their ministry in the days that followed.

Some months before Dr. Sung arrived, a Christian woman came a long distance to <sup>Saigon</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>see</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>doctor</sup>. She was from <sup>a</sup> <sup>farmer's</sup> <sup>wife</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>distant</sup> <sup>village</sup>. <sup>I</sup> <sup>took</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>hospital</sup> <sup>where</sup> she had T.B. of the bone and must have the arm amputated.

at once. The woman said she would return home  
and trust the Lord as she needed her arm couldn't  
get along without both her arms. When she heard Dr. Sung  
was in Saigon she returned and was instantly healed  
~~when~~ <sup>as</sup> Dr. Sung prayed for her.

Each Vietnamese military chaplain ~~is concerned~~<sup>deals only with</sup> with the spiritual ~~needs of~~<sup>needs of</sup> the men who belong to his particular church or religion. A protestant chaplain ~~is not~~<sup>is not</sup> free to ~~urge~~<sup>urge</sup> a Buddhist ~~to~~<sup>soldier</sup> believe on Jesus Christ for salvation. For this reason I have felt very strongly that missionaries are urgently needed for work among new recruits in military induction centers. We ~~missionaries~~<sup>missionaries</sup> are free to give the Gospel either by the spoken word or through the printed page, to every soldier who wants to hear or read the message so we are longing to give them. Many thousands have prayed the penitential prayer while at Quang-Trung but there were many who didn't understand what it was all about and who needed counselling. They hoped someone would come to their barracks, or to some quiet spot by the side of the road, to counsel them, but no one came. There was no missionary available.

## DAVID'S PASSPORT TO HEAVEN.

Just about a month before our 12 year old David left Saigon for his heavenly home, he had his picture taken by a downtown photographer for his passport to Canada. The Lord led in this for even though David didn't need that picture, his family did. We were greatly comforted also by the remembrance of his dream.

In March 1941, while playing at the Dalat school, David fell and broke his arm. It was a compound fracture, so he was sent to the Grall hospital in Saigon to have it set. We were in charge of the Saigon Receiving Home at the time. One night after leaving the hospital and before returning to Dalat, David dreamt that he was on his way to Heaven but when he reached the gate where he had seen others passing through, the gate didn't open for him. He woke up and came into my room weeping. When I asked him the reason he told me his dream, saying he was afraid he wasn't saved. In reply to my question: "What do you have to do to know that when you reach the gate of Heaven, it will open for you?". David said, "I know I don't have to do anything except believe in Jesus, because He has done it all, but I feel so wicked, mother."

Then he told me about a lie he had told one of his teachers at Dalat, that he had never confessed. Kneeling down by the side of my bed he confessed his sin to God and promised to confess to his teacher as soon as he reached Dalat, which he did.

I gave him John 5:24 to memorize. Before returning to Dalat he repeated this verse to me several times, rejoicing in the fact that he had already passed from death to life.

When the Dalat school closed in July 1941, David returned to Saigon with a large group of students and teachers bound for the States. We had forty or more during one or two nights, so there wasn't an opportunity for me to talk to David until most of our guests had left. Then he said with a radiant smile, "Mother, I've never forgotten my dream." I had forgotten it, but remembering, I said, "Are you afraid the gate won't open when you get to heaven, David?". "No, I'm not afraid anymore mother, because Jesus promised that if I hear His word and believe on Him that sent Him, I have everlasting life and will not come into judgment, because I have already passed from death to life". We knew David had his Passport when he left Saigon for Heaven on November 8, 1941. It wasn't a piece of paper but a Person. David was trusting in the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, his Passport to Heaven.

Because God is Holy and Righteous, He cannot let sin pass. He must judge and punish sin by death. The Bible says, "The soul that sins must die." (Ezekiel 18:4). But because God is Love and does not want anyone to perish, he purposed even before he created the world, that He would become a man, a sinless man, so that he could take the death penalty for our sins Himself.

If we refuse the Saviour who died on the cross in our stead, then the righteous judgment of God against our sins must fall on us. But if we truly repent of our sins and by faith receive Jesus Christ into our hearts as our own personal Saviour and Lord, we will never be judged and punished for our sins.

The Bible says, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord". (Romans 6:23)

"For as many as received Him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name". (John 1:12)

"For there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all". (1 Timothy 2:5,6.)

Ruth G. Jeffrey.

March 1950

Although Tourane, in March 1950, was like the last place and the most inopportune time to hold a Conference, God graciously made it possible for delegates to fly in from the various sections of the Field, for this the first united gathering of the Vietnamese Church in six long troubled years.

God's anointed messenger at this crisis hour in the history of our work was Rev. H.E. Nelson, Home Secretary of The Christian & Missionary Alliance. His Spirit-filled messages, aptly illustrated from his own rich personal experience, stirred the hearts of our people as we have seldom seen them stirred. We were reminded again of the outstanding Conferences of the past when, with few exceptions, entire audiences were mightily moved upon by the convicting power of the Holy Spirit.

Mr Nelson was with us at Tourane from Monday afternoon, March 6th to Friday noon, the 10th. After the Wednesday evening message there was an immediate response to the invitation to come and kneel at the mourner's bench. The entire front of the church was quickly filled with men and women, weeping and confessing their sins. Every one seemed to be praying at once, while some, under deep conviction, cried aloud to God for mercy and pardon.

One of the first to come up to the platform was a leading pastor from Cochinchina. After pouring out his soul in confession and prayer he told the audience of how his heart had been filled with bitterness. He had stumbled over the fact that the Mission had been unable to raise the relief assistance of the workers. He asked the missionaries to forgive him. Then turning to his fellow-workers he asked them to forgive him for having spoken critically of the Mission and individual missionaries. He and Mr Olsen stood with their arms around each other as he spoke.

A young married student from the Bible School brokenly confessed before all to having held a deep grudge against another couple in the school. They had tried repeatedly to make things right with the wife but she had refused to forgive them. Now the Lord had melted her heart of stone and she begged their forgiveness. From then on a stream of students, pastors and Tourane Christians made their way to the platform to confess the things that had hindered them from having God's best in their lives. Mr Nelson with Mr Olsen translating, prayed for each one. Some came for healing and testified afterwards to having received a definite touch in their bodies as prayer was being offered for others. The meeting lasted until after 1 A.M. At the conclusion of Mr Nelson's message, Thursday morning, scores all over the audience rose and moved to the front, where confessions and prayer continued, with much brokenness, as the night before. Long after the noon hour there were still many waiting to be dealt with. These and others came to the house later for personal interviews with Mr Nelson. Except for necessary sleep the rest of Mr Nelson's stay at Tourane was one continuous "interview". Each earnest seeking soul was dealt with personally. This included a number of the children on the compound, who, up to this time had shown little or no interest in spiritual things. Now they were deeply concerned about their soul's salvation and wanted to make sure they were truly born again.

A youngster who had been present at the meeting Wednesday night went home to tell his backslidden Dad all about it. The Holy Spirit used the testimony of the small son to bring the former preacher under such deep conviction that he could neither eat nor sleep. His was indeed a hard case but not too hard for God. After hours of bitter struggle he finally yielded and was gloriously restored to fellowship with God.

As our plane flew low over mountain ranges between Hanoi and Xieng Khoang, Laos, I noticed here and there, a river flowing down the side of a mountain. And wherever there was a river there were longhouses and other signs of life. It reminded me of the River of the Sanctuary in Ezekiel 47, where it says that "Everything shall live whither the river cometh." I wondered if the villages we saw from the air were some of the Christian villages we had heard about, where thousands of Miao tribespeople had turned to Christ in a few short months.

That first night in the home of Rev and Mrs T.J. Andrianoff, I began to understand why the Lord could trust this young missionary couple with the "greater works" that He had promised. (John 14:12) While waiting for supper to be served, I stepped out the back door looking for Mrs Andrianoff. I could hardly believe my eyes when I found her trying to prepare our evening meal, but without a kitchen and without a stove. She was under a little makeshift lean-to, coaxing into flame a pile of twigs. Rats were running over her feet on the uneven mud floor while tears were streaming down her cheeks from the smoke.

In amazement I demanded a reason for all this! Why hadn't they built themselves a kitchen and why had they not had a stove flown in from Hanoi or Saigon? I knew at once from Mrs Andrianoff's answer, that rivers of living water were indeed flowing from the enthroned Christ within the hearts of that consecrated couple. That was the reason for the awakening that was taking place among the Miao tribes people of Northern Laos. Mrs Andrianoff said in effect: "How can we spend the money for a kitchen and a stove when scores of villages all through these mountain ranges are waiting for us to come. They want to hear about the only One who can deliver them from the power of the sorcerers. They dare not break with their old-age superstitions and the ever present village sorcerer, until we come and in the Name of Jesus cast out the demons and cut the cords the sorcerers have placed around their necks. As soon as a gift from home is received we hire more horses to take us up another steep mountain trail to some more of the villages that have waited so long"

And now, Toulee, the son of one of the Miao tribesmen who turned to the Lord in the awakening of 1950, is studying for the ministry in New Zealand. As we pray for Toulee, let us remember the seven Miao and Khamou graduates of the Laos Bible Training Center and the ten Bible students who are out for their year of local ministry before graduation. These men and their families face danger and hardship in war-torn Laos. Ask God to grant each of them a fruitful year of service and to strengthen the Church in its ministry of evangelism to people in desperate need. "And there shall be a great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither; for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh....because their waters issued out of the sanctuary."

Dalat, Indo-China  
March 17th, 1949.

Dear Friends:

Our hearts have been deeply stirred by what we have just witnessed of the Spirit's working in the Banmethuot Tribes district. A little over a year ago E Dyot, a young Raday tribesman from the village of Buon Tong Ju, heard the Gospel for the first time while visiting in Banmethuot. Realizing the folly of offering blood sacrifices to the spirits, he accepted Christ as his Sacrifice and his Saviour and was gloriously saved that night. Returning home, E Dyot started at once to testify of his new found faith in Christ, with the result that today over seventy fellow-villagers and others are now true believers. Five young men from this village, including E Dyot, attended the Raday Bible School session in Banmethuot last year. All five are now student-preachers. It was indeed a privilege to be able to meet with the Buon Tong Ju Christians one night in the chief's longhouse, to see their radiant faces and listen to their clear-cut testimonies. But what a contrast to the scene in another longhouse, where the wild beating of tom-toms proclaimed the fact that a sacrifice to the spirits was in progress. One more lost soul had just passed out into utter darkness, without Christ and without hope.

*Give with sharing talk on Sunday*

Another evening after I had given a flannelgraph talk on the Way of Salvation in the village where E Dyot is now preaching, he pled with those in the longhouse who had not yet stepped out on the Jesus Way, to do so at once. Four stalwart tribesmen came forward to kneel around him as he led them in the penitent's prayer. How it humbled me to see one so recently delivered from gross heathenism, truly on fire for God and souls. Like Paul of old he is being used to open blind eyes and turn lost and dying men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God.

*He was spared*

I think perhaps the most thrilling experience of our trip was the night we drove into Buon Krong, a village far off the beaten track. No word had been sent ahead of our coming so our visit was quite unexpected. And yet, although the hour was late, over forty Christians were holding their regular evening meeting, crowded into a tiny hut that serves as a temporary chapel. I am sure I'll never hear any more whole-hearted, soul-stirring singing anywhere this side of heaven. The Christians were delighted with the mimeographed booklets we had brought with us. This work is being done by Evangelist Nhuong, one of our Vietnamese missionaries to the Tribes. He is translating and mimeographing on Bible Meditation League paper, extracts from our Vietnamese booklets. And so Dr. Simpson's messages and our other Gospel literature is spreading from one language group to another.

In order to visit the splendid group of tried and true believers at Buon Ea Mdroh, we spent seven hours on elephantback. That night after a two hour meeting I wondered if I would ever be able to make the return trip the next day, but it is wonderful what even a night's rest on a longhouse floor can do for one.

During our brief visit to Banmethuot we passed scores of villages where no one has yet heard the Gospel story, simply because no one has gone to tell them. And yet we met a number of bright lads in other villages who want to come to Bible School in Banmethuot this coming July, but who will have to be turned away for lack of funds to support them. Some can read and some cannot, but surely God would have us train everyone available and then send them out everywhere, to tell the good news of Salvation through the shed Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

*He glowed on his face / Dr. Jung spent night with rev. manac up in the night that he was in hell*

*Woman*

Then another urgent need that I feel God would have me share with you, is for the opening of leper work at Banmethuot. There is scarcely a village in all this region where there is not one or more of these poor outcasts of society. They have been forced to fend for themselves in miserable hovels on the outskirts of their villages. Many are hounded from village to village and are even put to death by their own relatives. This has been a great burden on the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith, who for years have had to turn a deaf ear to the heart-rending appeals of these desperately needy souls for whom Christ died. Won't you pray, dear friends, that we may be able to open a leper colony near Banmethuot in the immediate future. We have waited far too long already. Anyone who would like to have a part in this project or in the support of Tribes Bible School students, please send your contributions to our headquarters in New York City, earmarked "For student support or leper work c/o Gordon H. Smith."

We would remind you to keep praying for the chapel building in Hue and for the translation and mimeographing of Gospel literature and booklets. Half the amount needed for the Hue chapel has come in, praise God!

Pray much for Pastor Nghia, the new district superintendent of Cochinchina. Mrs. Nghia slipped away to Glory a few weeks ago. Another pastor has recently died as a result of mental strain.

Pray for Divine quickening and a fresh anointing for Mr. Jeffrey and all our missionaries and national workers. We know not what a day may bring forth. The former Vietnamese Emperor is coming back soon, but the people are not united behind him.

Pray for our Annual Missionary Conference to be held here at Dalat in May and June. Dr. A. C. Snead, our Foreign Secretary, is expecting to be with us in June.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of Life. Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown" (Rev. 2:10; 3:11).

In His love and fellowship,

*Ruth G. Jeffrey.*

Dalat, Indo-China, October 15th, 1950.

Dear Friends:

*Christian*

An eighteen year old lad in a Phanthiet prison was surprised, one night last month, to find himself singing:

"When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say:  
It is well, it is well with my soul."

*Begin Line*

It was the third night that forty men had sat crowded together on the floor of a stifling-hot cell, with no light and no window or other means of ventilation. Some had been cruelly tortured during the day and were either sobbing or groaning aloud, while others cursed and screamed in their misery. ~~Some~~ *Some* had been ~~crucially~~ *crucially* tortured during the day and were either sobbing or groaning aloud, while others cursed and screamed in their misery.

Word had been passed around earlier in the evening, that four of their number were to be shot at dawn. Hai knew he was ready to go but what of his companions? The Lord had given him "a song in the night", but what of these who were on the brink of eternal night, without Christ and without hope? The once timid Hai was timid no longer. He pled with his fellow prisoners, as dying men to dying men, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and to repent of their sins ere it was too late.

Early the next morning on my fourth visit to the military Secret Service headquarters, I was told that Hai and his cousin had been sentenced to a year in prison, but because of my interest in the case the sentence would be reduced to six months. It seemed to be all I could do. My request to visit the boys and give them each a Gospel of John was then granted. In the few moments we spent together Hai assured me of his innocence. He said he was holding no bitterness in his heart against his captors, but had prayed that God would forgive them. While we were talking a messenger came from the French chief of the Secret Service asking me to return to his office. Standing at his desk with the boys' records in his hands he said simply, "The boys are free, I have decided to pardon them". With that he proceeded to tear up their papers. Hai was one of our Short Term Bible School students last year, but has not been holding children's meetings or witnessing as he should have been doing. The Lord has spoken very definitely through this experience, not only to Hai and his parents, but to the entire Church at Phanthiet.

Twelve very profitable days were spent in the Phanthiet-Phanri district where the French are just barely holding their own against continual guerilla warfare. The attacks that took place while I was there have not been made public. A white woman was quite a curiosity as no Europeans except French soldiers are seen in these parts anymore. It had been four years since the last missionary (Mr. Cadman) had called here. I travelled from place to place either by plane, horsecart, jeep, native bus or armored train. There were four armored trains in our convoy. It took us six hours from Phanthiet to Phanri and then after a five day stop-over in Phanri I rejoined the convoy to Tourcham, another six hour ride. That was unusually fast time, I was told, as we had no breaks in the railway and no blown-up bridges to repair.

Two days after an all-out attack on the village of Phu-lam, that lasted from 10:30 P.m. until 5:00 A.m., I visited the church there. Ngo Phuoc's house stood out like a beacon on a hill in the midst of utter ruin and desolation. More than half the brick houses had been destroyed a cement bridge dynamited and five brick forts demolished. The church and all the Christian's homes were intact and no christian had been even wounded in the fighting. When the guerillas came to Ngo-Phuoc's door armed with grenades & machine guns, he opened it promptly while the rest of the family lay huddled in the trench under the thick wooden plank bed. When asked who he was and whose side he was on, he replied calmly, "I'm a christian and a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know you can't

*trigger happy soldier*

*as that is why they had been arrested. in the section of Phanthiet where there were no kids. He traveled to here to find out what had happened here before.*

harm me because I am in His care". No grenade was thrown in that house and no shot fired because Ngo Phuoc had taken the Lord for his refuge and his fortress and was dwelling in the secret place of the most High.

The church at Ma-lam has suffered severely during the past four years. There has been no regular worker here since Pastor Tai was killed in 1946. Two years ago a number of the christians were shot and their church building destroyed when the entire village was burned to the ground during an attack. But I found a radiantly happy group of believers who were enthusiastically building their new church that is to be dedicated before Christmas(D.V.). Four from here attended Short Term Bible School at Nhatrang this year. One of the young people shyly asked me if I thought it would be possible for them to get a bell for their new church. I didn't quite see the point in their wanting something that wasn't exactly a necessity, especially since most of them were so very poor. But that night when a cannon, only a few yards from where I was staying, started firing, I began to appreciate the request for a church bell!

Wherever I stayed on this trip, whether in the local parsonage or in the home of a christian, I was always under the shadow of a fort, for every village of any size is surrounded by from five to seven forts. It was impossible on account of the shooting to get enough sleep at night. I now know something of what it means to "walk through the valley of the shadow of death". It has given me a deeper understanding and sympathy for our dear Vietnamese workers and their flocks who have been walking through this valley for the past five years! Thank God they have not had to walk alone-"for Thou art with me". No matter how long or how hard the way, they are singing from over-flowing hearts, "It is well, it is well with my soul".

At Phanri, it was heart-breaking to see the beautifully-built brick church there abandoned. All it needed to put it in shape once more were doors, windows, new cement floor and a parsonage. Built entirely from native funds it is in an ideal location on the main thoroughfare, right in the center of town. But there it has stood for the past four years, the only protestant church in all that region-abandoned! Evangelist Tung has been trying for many months to get some financial help from the Mission to rebuild the parsonage but because of other pressing needs, his request was turned down. This is where you dear ones back home come in. Last month God told one of you to send us financial help for the work the fastest way possible- the letter telling us the good news was here when I reached Dalat. This means that another Gospel Lighthouse will once more be shedding forth its Life-giving beams in an area where the people have known only death and destruction for so long.

Before going to Phanthiet, Mr. Jeffrey and I visited different points in Cambodia. We are especially burdened for the Vietnamese and Cambodian work in Pnompenh, where, after twenty-five years there is still no church building. As we spoke to the Vietnamese christians one Sunday morning, we could scarcely be heard for the noise made by unsaved neighbours on the otherside of the flimsy partition that only reached partway to the ceiling. Please remember this urgent need in prayer; for a Gospel Lighthouse in Pnompenh, the important capital city of Cambodia, will mean everything to the spread of the Gospel among both Cambodian and Vietnamese in that land.

*had to be dedicated before Christmas(D.V.)*  
*Only had to endure it one night but they have*  
*held almost every night for the past 3 years*

1898-1972

*Early Years in China*

I was born in Changtefu, Honan, China, on January 1st 1898. My Chinese nurse saved my life when we were attacked by Boxers in the summer of 1900.

*(page 47 of "How I knew God answered prayer" for further information, if needed)*

*(Grandparents)*  
I ~~was saved~~ <sup>attended</sup> at the Llandrinded Wells convention in Wales in 1910. My father, who had just returned from revival meetings in Manchuria, was the speaker ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> afternoon, ~~the~~ <sup>that</sup> the entire audience of Welsh Christians were on their knees, confessing their sins and crying to God for forgiveness. It seemed as though hell opened up in front of me and I too fell on my knees, calling on God for mercy and forgiveness. My father had pled with me before this, to get right with God, but I had stubbornly refused. A great joy and peace filled my heart as I rose from my knees and told my father what had happened. But I am sorry to confess that I did not go on with the Lord. I didn't read my Bible and pray every day as I should have.

One of the earliest memories of my childhood in China, was seeing my father reading his Chinese Bible beside a kerosene lamp long before day break. This was his daily habit.

Before we were old enough to attend school, we children travelled with our parents from village to village on their evangelistic tours, for weeks at a time. We stayed in Chinese inns and slept on brick beds. The only heat in winter came from the open fire place under our brick bed. Sometimes we found ~~our next door neighbors were pigs.~~ We children thought that was fun, *but of course mother didn't.*  
*a pig sty outside our window.*

Five of my little brothers and sisters died in China, but I escaped. It was hard on my mother, having her precious children exposed to infectious diseases like smallpox and ~~dysentery~~ <sup>diphtheria</sup>, but she continued to live this kind of life year after year, in order to reach the thousands of women in our district, with the wonderful message of Redemption through Christ.

*Return to Canada*

When I was ~~seventeen~~ <sup>eighteen</sup>, I returned to Canada with my parents. They had hoped I would be a missionary but I told them I had had enough hardships as the daughter of missionaries. One day before returning to China my father urged me to attend a Christian and Missionary Alliance missionary convention in the city of Toronto. He said he wanted me to hear a great preacher, but I wasn't interested. Although my parents were missionaries of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, they realized that Dr A.B. Simpson was an outstanding man of God, and they wanted God to speak to me through him. Just to please my father I went with him to the Alliance Missionary convention that day and God did speak to my heart in no uncertain terms. He showed me how selfish I was not to be willing to take the Gospel to the women of China as my mother had. Just before returning to Canada I had accompanied my parents on one of their evangelistic tours and had seen how much their preaching and Bible teaching had meant to the Chinese people. The Lord reminded me in the meeting that day of the groups of weeping women I had seen clinging to my mother, begging her not to leave them. The message of salvation through Christ alone had transformed their lives. And yet, knowing all this, I refused to go back to China as a missionary. I kept wiping the tears from my eyes as God melted my <sup>hard</sup> heart. The speaker that afternoon was Dr Walter Turnbull, not Dr Simpson. How my father must have rejoiced as he realized his prayers were being answered and that his daughter sitting beside him had heard God's call to service in the Regions yond.

## Bible College.

For the next two years I was a student at the Toronto Bible College. It was at this time that I earnestly sought the infilling of the Holy Spirit. While reading 'The Two-fold Secret of the Holy Spirit' by James McConkey, I realized I must make a number of things right with those I had wronged; and I did. Finally, after quite a struggle, I wrote a letter to a former teacher in the Chefoo School I had attended in China, confessing to her that I had cheated in an exam. As I returned to my room after mailing the letter, the Holy Spirit truly flooded my being and for days and weeks I was deeply conscious of His indwelling Presence. But, tragically, by not obeying the voice of the Spirit, I failed Him many, many times and caused others to stumble.

The secret of victory, I have found, is to continually, moment by moment, cast myself upon the Lord, in every circumstance, no matter how trying, and ask Him to live His life of love, patience and humility, through me. Nothing matters but love-Christ's love. He will speak through us and love others through us if only we are willing to stand back, so to speak, and yield Him the right of way. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain' (Psalm 127:1)

## Bound for Indo-China.

Mr Jeffrey and I met for the first time at a Youth meeting in Toronto in 1917. We were both on the program that evening. He was the speaker and I sang a duet with a friend. It was this friend who introduced me to my future husband at the close of the meeting.

Mr Jeffrey was under appointment as an Alliance missionary to Indo-China at the time. Not long after this first meeting I agreed to go to Indo-China instead of China. But before leaving for Indo-China I must spend a year at the Alliance Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, in order to become better acquainted with Alliance Truth and Testimony. Dr Walter Turnbull, the one through whom I had heard God's call to missionary service, was the dean at Nyack that year. His chapel messages were always a great blessing and inspiration to me.

Mr Jeffrey reached Haiphong early in February 1919. A year and a half later I arrived in Danang. We were married in Yunnanfu, China, on June 28, 1921. Today, ~~over 30~~ <sup>51</sup> years later, this story is being written because of a request from a student in the Bible and Theological Seminary in Nhatrang, Vietnam. Each student is expected to write a paper on the life story of a missionary from Vietnam.

*Insert added page on The Gospel in Vietnam*  
 The Saigon Gospel Tabernacle.  
*after spending 10 years in Danang and Hue, we*  
 June 1933 found <sup>us</sup> with our three children, in charge of the Alliance Receiving Home in Saigon. <sup>then over in June 1933</sup> The Receiving Home was the last place I would have chosen in which to serve, but God placed us there, we now know, in order to build a Gospel Lighthouse for the Vietnamese people in that city of over two million souls.

Even though we had no funds and no promise of funds, we started looking for an ideal location for the large Gospel Lighthouse we knew God wanted in the heart of Saigon. It had to be large in order to accommodate the annual Church conferences. And it must be near the central market, for the sake of travellers coming in by bus from the interior.

Copy of picture taken in Hanoi

It wasn't very long before we knew the Lord had led us to the right place. The well known christian General, Sir William Lobbie, who was in Saigon at the time, prayed with us as we stood together on the newly purchased church property. He poured out his heart in earnest supplication for the salvation of souls in that vast metropolis, and for God's blessing upon His Church throughout Vietnam.

As I look back to those days before we started building, my heart is once again deeply stirred as I think of the dear crippled woman, who hobbled several miles on her crutches each Sunday, to the Chinese church in Cholon and back, so that she could save her bus fare for the building fund. She and all the Saigon christians who sacrificed and prayed were really the ones who built that Gospel Lighthouse. When I told what the Saigon christians had done, a lady from Wheeling, West Virginia, was so touched that she gave the entire amount we still needed.

#### John Sung/

Before the Saigon Tabernacle actually got under way, John Sung arrived in Vietnam. This truly was the Lord's doing. From the time I had read about his meetings in Singapore, I kept praying that God would send him to us. I also kept urging my husband who was the Mission chairman at the time, to write Dr Sung. But Mr Jeffrey didn't think such an outstanding evangelist could possibly find time to fit Vietnam into his busy schedule. However, in spite of his doubts, he wrote inviting him to come. And he came.

What a tremendous spiritual impact that man of God had on all of us. It was indeed an honor to be able to entertain him at the Receiving Home. The other missionaries who were there on their way to Vinhlong for the Conference, felt the same way. At the hotel in Vinhlong our room adjoined his. I couldn't help but hear him agonizing in prayer practically all night. Between meetings he dealt faithfully with all who came to him for counsel and prayer. Those who yielded to God and were filled with the Holy Spirit were greatly blessed in their ministry in the days that followed.

Some months before Dr Sung arrived, a christian woman came to Saigon to see a doctor. She was a farmer's wife from a distant village. I took her to the hospital where she was told she had tuberculosis of the bone and must have her arm amputated at once. The woman said she would return home and trust the Lord as she couldn't get along without both her arms. When she heard Dr. Sung was in Saigon she returned and was instantly healed when Dr. Sung prayed for her.

#### David/

After John Sung had come and gone and a year after the Saigon Tabernacle was completed, we said goodbye to our precious David. ~~That was on November 8, 1941.~~ About a month before this I had a new and deeper revelation of what it meant to be seated with Christ in the heavens, than I had ever had before. It came to me while I was correcting Bible Correspondence exam papers sent in by pastors and young people from churches in Cochin China. It actually was a sentence in pastor Hien's paper that brought such blessing to my heart. Almost immediately I was filled with a great longing that this same Truth might be revealed to all the Christians in Vietnam. And that they in turn would lead multitudes to the feet of Jesus.

As I was praying and weeping before the Lord, it seemed as though Christ Himself spoke to me. He asked me if I really wanted what I was praying for more than

MD  
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✓  
Just about a month before our ~~12-year-old~~ David left Saigon for his heavenly home, he had his picture taken by a downtown photographer for his passport to Canada. The Lord led in this for even though David didn't need that picture, his family did. We were greatly comforted also by the remembrance of his dream.

In March 1941, while playing at the Dalat school, David fell and broke his arm. It was a compound fracture, so he was sent to the Grall hospital in Saigon to have it set. ~~We were in charge of the Saigon Receiving Home at the time.~~ One night after leaving the hospital and before returning to Dalat, David dreamt that he was on his way to Heaven but when he reached the gate where he had seen others passing through, the gate didn't open for him. He woke up and came into my room weeping. When I asked him the reason he told me his dream, saying he was afraid he wasn't saved. In reply to my question: "What do you have to do to know that when you reach the gate of Heaven, it will open for you?". David said, "I know I don't have to do anything except believe in Jesus, because He has done it all, but I feel so wicked, mother."

Then he told me about a lie he had told one of his teachers at Dalat, that he had never confessed. Kneeling down by the side of my bed he confessed his sin to God and promised to confess to his teacher as soon as he reached Dalat, which he did.

I gave him John 5:24 to memorize. Before returning to Dalat he repeated this verse to me several times, rejoicing in the fact that he had already passed from death to life.

When the Dalat school closed in July 1941, David returned to Saigon with a large group of students and teachers bound for the States. We had forty or more during one or two nights, so there wasn't an opportunity for me to talk to David until most of our guests had left. Then he said with a radiant smile, "Mother, I've never forgotten my dream." I had forgotten it, but remembering, I said, "Are you afraid the gate won't open when you get to heaven, David?". "No, I'm not afraid anymore mother, because Jesus promised that if I hear His word and believe on Him that sent Him, I have everlasting life and will not come into judgment, because I have already passed from death to life". "

4.

anything else in the world. Without a moment's hesitation I answered, 'Yes, Lord'. And then came the second question, 'More than even David?' Not more than our beloved 12 year old David, surely! How could I ever give him up? But David was saved, I knew. And yet millions of precious Vietnamese children and their parents were without Christ and without hope. From a breaking heart I cried, 'Yes, Lord, I want the peoples of Vietnam to know You and be saved, even more than I want David'.

The Japanese Army already had occupied Vietnam. An epidemic of Japanese encephalitis was spreading through the military camps in Saigon and hundreds were dying. David died of encephalitis on November 8, 1941. His last words were, 'Mother, do children grow up in heaven?'

*Insert David's Dream here* +  
The Lord did a wonderful thing for me just before I knew I must say goodbye to David. He took my burden and left me with a song. To my amazement I found myself singing, 'Keep on praising God'. The Lord gave me the words and the tune. I couldn't stop singing in my heart all through the difficult hours that followed. No wonder those who came to sympathize at the funeral were surprised to find me radiant. All I wanted to do after the funeral was to sit down at the organ and play and sing, 'Amazing Grace'. I tell this for God's honor and glory alone. 'For thou, O God hast proved us: thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; thou hast laid affliction upon our loins... but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.' (Ps. 66:10-12).

#### Pearl Harbor

*Insert AMF*  
*Shed's*  
A month later, on December 7, 1941, when we heard on the radio that Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor, we immediately took our <sup>new</sup> car down to a garage where it was sold and the money used to finish the parsonage at the back of the Saigon Tabernacle.

Sometime before this, a friend in the States had written advising us not to waste any money building a church when the Japanese were about to take over South East Asia. And then he warned, our church would be used to stable their horses. Actually, services were held as usual in the Tabernacle all through the Japanese occupation. More than once groups of christian Japanese soldiers were seen to file up to the front on Sundays, after the Vietnamese service was over, and sing hymns and pray. They must have had their hymnbooks and bibles with them. How true that, 'He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap' (Ecc. 11:4)

#### Kuramochi

The first Japanese to call on us was a business man by the name of Kuramochi. He spoke English fluently. This was a day or so after the attack on Pearl Harbor. At first I thought Mr. Kuramochi had been sent to spy on us. Instead he asked if we were christians and then proceeded to show us his Japanese New Testament, with pictures of King George VI the queen of England and the two princesses. Kuramochi was ~~an Anglican~~ a member of the Anglican Church. Ever since he had arrived to work in a Saigon bank, he had been looking for some English-speaking christians, and now how happy he was to have found some. Every Sunday evening after that we invited Mr Kuramochi to have supper with us. He was a real born-again christian. We read a portion of Scripture and then prayed and sang hymns together each time he visited us.

### Homera Homer-Dixon

I was very grateful to Mrs Homer-Dixon for helping me entertain the groups of Japanese soldiers who dropped in almost daily. We served them lemonade and cookies and tried to explain the Gospel to them. They didn't know much English and we didn't know any Japanese. Mrs Homer-Dixon however, knew some Chinese characters. She was very patient and enthusiastic as she tried to win those soldiers to Christ. When they heard she was very ill at the Grall Hospital, they came to see her. The Frenchman at the entrance to the hospital wouldn't let them in at first, but they insisted on seeing their Canadian friend who had been so kind to them.

Finally, the exasperated Frenchman came to ask me to send the Japanese away. But I told him that Mrs Homer-Dixon would like to see them, and to please allow them to come in. So in they came. They offered her some of their rations-tins of Japanese fruit, they hoped she would relish. But she was dying and could no longer speak. All she could do was smile and point upwards. I think they understood that she would be looking for them in Heaven. The men wept as they stood around her bed for they understood the language of love. Homera Homer-Dixon left us for her Home above on December 7, 1942.

As I write I am reminded of an incident that took place a few months before this, while Homera and I were teaching a Short Term Bible School class at Cantho. She received a scrap of paper one day from a Meo tribesman in the mountains north of Hanoi. On it was scrawled a few words that started Homera weeping and praying for the next few hours. He said something to this effect, 'O Mother, when are you coming back? We are scattered over these mountains like sheep without a shepherd, with no one to teach us, no one to love us. Won't you come soon?' I wonder if someone else has gone to take Homera's place. or are those tribespeople in North Vietnam still waiting for a Messenger from God?

#### Publication Work 1947-72.

I know now that the Lord definitely led in my returning to Canada and the States on the second trip of the 'Gripsholm' in 1943. If I had waited for Mr Jeffrey to be released from internment at Mytho, I would not have been one of the speakers at the Okoboji Conference in the summer of 1945.

I had come to that conference with a great burden on my heart for Vietnam. Realizing the importance of the printed page, I had been praying for quantities of paper, ink and the support of a translator. I knew I couldn't count on any Mission funds. I must look to the Lord alone to supply the finances for the literature program I had in mind.

Dr Don Falkenberg of the Bible Meditation League, now Bible Literature International, was also one of the speakers at the Okoboji Conference that year. To my great joy God led him to take on the support of a translator, the cost of a mimeograph machine and all the paper and ink I would need. For the past 25 years B.L.I. has continued to support our literature program each month. In five years they have published 44,000 copies of the magazine Rang-Dong each month, for distribution among men in the Vietnamese Armed Forces, prisoners of war, refugees and others. We are deeply grateful also for other friends who have continued to make it possible for us to print or purchase all the Gospel portions, booklets and other literature needed for work in Military Induction Centers, Military hospitals, refugee camps and prisons. Our two outstanding translators, Messrs Do-duc-Tri and Nguyen-van-Van, are truly God's gift to the Church. I am deeply grateful to them and to Mr Huynh-van-Lac for his valuable printing ministry.

## Dalat

During our fifth term of service, from February 1947 to June 1951, our headquarters was at Dalat. Our 1947 missionary conference appointed me to prepare and publish literature for the Church, under the general heading of 'Preacher's Helps'.

Since the one and only commercial press at Dalat failed to meet our standards, we mimeographed, as clearly as possible, the literature we sent out. We were most grateful to the pastors and christians who appreciated Dr. Simpson's messages and the other literature, even though it wasn't printed. I will always remember with deep gratitude those who so faithfully worked with me on this literaturę program.

## Nhatrang

While Mr Jeffrey was occupied with chairmanship duties at Dalat, I assisted in Short Term Bible School sessions at Nhatrang. I also made trips to some of the isolated churches and groups of christians in virtually no man's land. Although this involved personal risk, it was an encouragement to the sorely tried believers.

On one of my trips to Nhatrang by train, I was told that the week before, a bridge on the steep mountain railway had been tampered with and the train had fallen over the embankment. *after we passed over this same bridge it collapsed completely* For an hour and a half before reaching Nhatrang our armored escort train kept firing cannon salvos to ward off guerilla attacks. I was in the coach filled with French soldiers so would have been in the thick of the fight had it broken out.

On another occasion while travelling by train <sup>back</sup> to Dalat, I noticed some fires here and there along the way. When I questioned a fellow passenger about the fires, he said it was a sign that the guerillas had an encampment nearby and those were the fires where they had done their cooking. Just then the train came to a sudden, jolting stop. We were in desolate, uninhabited country. Being the only foreigner on the train I wondered for a moment, what would happen to me if we were attacked. Then, picking up my bible I went into the car where most of the passengers were and preached to them as though it would be my last sermon on this earth. Later, I was told that the engineer had seen a spiral of smoke rising from the tiny bridge we were about to cross. He realized at once that that meant guerillas had burned ~~out all~~ the wooden ties on the bridge. If he had not stopped, the bridge would have collapsed under the weight of the train and the guerillas would have attacked. The bridge was repaired in time and before darkness we were continuing on our way in safety to Dalat.

Early one morning, before the opening of Bible School in Nhatrang a christian came running in to tell of the tragic death of a fellow believer. Two brothers from the little fishing village among the coconut palms, had been out fishing all night. They were on their way home when they ran into a French patrol. The older brother was killed instantly and only a miracle saved the younger one, by the name of Kinh, from a similar fate.

Since Kinh was under arrest, I was asked to go at once to seek his release. Both Mr. Houck and the local Vietnamese pastor were away at the time, so that afternoon I performed my first funeral service. I had spent the entire morning at the French fort trying to save Kinh from torture and imprisonment. He finally was turned over to me on condition that he attend our Bible School, which he did.

While our Bible School was in session, I was told very early one morning that 18 year old Em had been killed the night before. Em was the brightest and most spiritual of the young men in the Nhatrang church. At once I rushed over to their home where his body lay and where his mother was weeping inconsolably. The night before as Em opened his bible to study and pray as he did every evening, a shot rang out from the nearby government fort. It pierced the mud and thatch wall of their home and entered Em's heart. He died almost instantly. The Vietnamese soldiers in the fort <sup>only intended</sup> to intimidate Em's mother, who had refused to give them the chickens they demanded. She wanted to sell them at a very low price, as raising chickens was her only means of livelihood. ~~She didn't mean to kill her son.~~

As I cried to the Lord to comfort this dear broken-hearted mother in her hour of desperate ~~and~~ grief, I felt constrained to urge her to forgive her son's murderers. She stopped weeping and bowed her head for a moment in silence. She knew she didn't have the kind of love that could forgive the man who had killed her only child but she asked the Lord Jesus to give it to her, and He did. He filled her heart with His love. At the little cemetery over at Hong Chong, by the present Bible Seminary property, that dear wonderful christian lad, the leader of the Nhatrang Young People, was buried. As I looked across the grave at his mother, and saw her radiant face, I thanked God for another miracle of Grace. From that day she has been concerned, as never before, for the salvation of souls in her community. Through her great loss the Lord has enlarged her heart and now she is running the way of His commandments. Ps 119:32.

#### Phanthiet-Phanri District

While I was in Phanthiet, Hai, a young christian lad in a Phanthiet prison, was surprised one night to find himself singing:

"When peace like a river, attendeth my way  
when sorrow like sea billows roll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say:  
It is well, it is well with my soul"

It was the third night that forty men had sat crowded together on the floor of a stifling hot cell, with no light and no window or other means of ventilation. Those who had been tortured during the day were either sobbing or groaning aloud in their misery. Some grenades had been thrown in the section of town where the men lived, so indiscriminate arrests had been made.

Word had been passed around among the prisoners earlier that evening, that four of their number were to be shot at dawn. Hai knew he was ready to go to be with Christ but what of his companions? The Lord had given him 'A song in the night', but what of these who were on the brink of ~~hell eternal~~ ~~night in~~ hell? Hai pled with his fellow prisoners to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and to repent of their sins e're it was too late.

Early the next morning on my fourth visit to the military Secret Service headquarters, I was told that Hai and his cousin had been sentenced to a year in prison, but because of my interest in the case the sentence would be reduced to six months. It seemed to be all I could do. My request to visit the boys and give them each a Gospel of John was then granted. In the few moments we spent together Hai assured me of his innocence. He said he was holding no bitterness in his heart against his captors. While we were talking a messenger came from the French chief of the Secret Service asking me to return to his office. Standing at his desk with the boy's records in

his hands, he said simply, "The boys are free, I have decided to pardon them!" With that he proceeded to tear up their papers. The boys and I walked out of the prison together that morning. Hai was one of our Bible School students at Khatrang but hadn't been holding children's meetings or witnessing as he had promised to do. The Lord spoke very definitely to him through this experience.

It had been four years since the last missionary, Rev. W. C. Cadman, had visited this district. I travelled from place to place either by plane, horse cart, jeep, bbs or armored train. There were four armored trains in one of our convoys. It took us six hours from Phanthiet to Phanri and then after a five day stop-over in Phanri I rejoined the convoy to Tourcham, another six hours ride. That was unusually fast time, I was told, as we had no breaks in the railway and no blown-up bridges to repair.

Shortly after an all-out attack on the village of Phu-lam, I visited the christians there. Ngo-Phuoc's house stood out like a beacon on a hill in the midst of utter ruin and desolation. More than half the brick houses had been destroyed, a cement bridge dynamited and five brick forts demolished. The church and all the christians' homes were intact and no christian had ~~been~~ even been wounded in the fighting. I was the one who came very near being shot that day. As I walked through the ruins of that village with a group of christians, a trigger happy soldier fired his rifle in my direction. The bullet passed very close to my ears from the sound of it.

When the guerillas came to Ngo-Phuoc's door armed with machine guns, grenades and he opened it promptly while the rest of the family lay huddled in the trench under the thick wooden plank bed. When asked who he was and which side he was on, he replied calmly, "I'm a christian and a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, I know you can't harm me because I'm in His care". No grenade was thrown in that house and no shot fired because Ngo-Phuoc had taken the Lord for his refuge and fortress. He was dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. Four of the young people from this area attended our short term sessions at Khatrang.

Wherever I stayed on my trips, whether in the local parsonage or in the home of a christian, I was always under the shadow of a fort. It was impossible on account of the shooting to get enough sleep at night. I now know something of what it means to "walk through the valley of the shadow of death". It has given me a deeper understanding and sympathy for our dear Vietnamese pastors and their flocks who have been walking through this valley for many long years. Thank God they have not had to walk alone--"For Thou art with me". No matter how long or how hard the way, they are singing from over-flowing hearts, "It is well, it is well with my soul".

There were seven large military hospitals in Saigon when we returned there from furlough early in 1954. Since no one else was visiting the thousands of wounded soldiers, I applied for the job and was granted permission from the high government officials. It meant doing visitation work seven days a week among many terribly mutilated but desperately needy soldier boys. Hundreds praised the penitent's prayer. One lad who seemed to be dying from spreading infection in his amputated leg, was saved and healed as I explained the way of salvation and prayed with him. For many years now Mr Phuong has been operating a successful printing shop in Saigon. He is publishing quantities of our christian literature each month.

I remember with deep gratitude the outstanding service Mr Truong-phat-Dat and his wife rendered in military hospitals at this time, and later among the troops at the Quang Trung military camp. For the past few years pastor Dat has been in charge of the work among prisoners at Con Son penal colony. He is hoping to build an adequate meeting place for the large number who attend weekly services.

When the Cease-fire was signed in the summer of 1954, Colonel Remy, the Frenchman in charge of political prisoners gave me written authorisation to visit all the encampments where political prisoners were being held. I had to hurry for in just three months thousands of men and women in these encampments would be sent up to North Vietnam. Since Mr Jeffrey was busy in Saigon with chairmanship duties, I was most grateful for friends who helped me reach <sup>some</sup> these encampments with gospels and tracts. In most cases though, I travelled alone by bus or hired taxis. The Lord was most definitely my Helper and Strength as I dashed from place to place. Only eternity will reveal how many were truly reached for Christ during those hectic days and nights before the 'prisoner exchange' took place.

#### *Prison work*

In the Fall of 1954 I was granted authorisation by Mr Tran-van-Lam, the then Governor of South Vietnam, to hold a Gospel service each week in the large Chi Hoa prison in Saigon. It wasn't long before all the prisons in South Vietnam were wide open to the Gospel. I have greatly appreciated the cooperation of Pastors Phien, Khai and other Pastors and laymen in their dedicated prison ministries.

One of the most outstanding of the prison converts was Nguyen-thanh-Nhon of Rachgia. Mr Tran-van-Quan who was working in the Treasury Department of the Government when Mr Nhon was arrested and imprisoned, led him to the Lord. When we visited the Rachgia prison some months later, we met Mr Nhon in the death cell. He had read the New Testament through several times already, and every man who was placed in the cell with him, he led to Christ. One after another the other men were executed, but not Mr Nhon.

Later he was sent to the death cell at the Chi Hoa prison in Saigon where he was able to witness to many more men under sentence of death. There were between fifty and a hundred men in the same large cell with Mr Nhon all the time. He was their unofficial chaplain. Even though none of those men could come to our services, and we couldn't visit them, many of them were led to Christ by Mr Nhon. Copies of Hang-Dong and other Gospel literature were sent to him regularly.

Then one day we heard he had been sent to Con Son. From time to time

we received letters from him. The last letter ~~was received~~ <sup>arrived</sup> after his death at the Saigon market in October 1964. Word had ~~been received~~ <sup>reached</sup> at Con Son the day before that five of the worst criminals were to be flown to Saigon at once for execution. Five stakes and sand bags were ready at the market when the men arrived. Catholic and Buddhist priests and one Protestant pastor (Pastor Phai), were there also. Everyone was amazed to find Mr Nhon bubbling over with joy--the joy of the Lord. In the letter we received after his death he told us of how Christ Himself had in a new and wonderful way flooded his heart with His love and joy. For seven years since he had become a christian, Nhon was truly a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he was so grateful for all God had done for him and in and through him. But suddenly, just before he was told he was to be executed, he had received this fresh and glorious manifestation of the indwelling Presence of Christ.

Instead of needing Pastor Phai to comfort and sustain him in that trying hour, Nhon was a comfort and blessing to Pastor Phai and a source of wonder to the lawyer and government officials who stood by. God had promoted Nguyen-thanh-Nhon from a martyr's stake in Saigon to a pillar in His temple in Heaven. "Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out" (Rev 3:12)

#### Quang-Trung

Quang-Trung, the largest military Induction Center in South Vietnam, is just seven miles from Saigon. Today (Oct 26, 1972) there are 40,000 recruits in training at this Camp all the time. As fast as a thousand or more are sent off to the battle, they are replaced by the same number of raw recruits. Hundreds are dying each week, sometimes as many as 600 a week.

These men have come from every nook and corner of South Vietnam. Many have come from isolated villages where no one has ever yet gone with the Gospel message. They have come to us for three short months only and yet no one is giving full-time to reaching them for Christ.

We should be dealing with each man personally everywhere we can meet them--in the Park on Sunday mornings and in their individual camps and barracks in their free time each weekday week day. Tens of thousands of these soldier boys have already died without Christ because no one took the time to lead them to Him while they were available.

#### The Park at Quang-Trung

It was one day in February 1964 that I received a letter post-marked 'Quang-Trung'. A former Danang English student of mine, by the name of Pham-Huong, had heard that I was ~~now~~ living in Saigon, so wrote me. He said that he was now in the army and so far from home and loved ones in Danang that he was terribly sad and lonely. Would I come to see him in the Park the following Sunday morning?

Mr Jeffrey took me to the Park that first time only as he felt he should attend a Saigon church on Sunday. We found not only one lonely soldier but thousands of them milling around in the Park that morning. When I saw how eager they were to read our literature and hear what we had to say I knew I would have to return every week and I did. The Lord wonderfully provided not only transportation week after week, but all the Gospel literature I needed as well.

The first thing I had to do, of course, was to see the Colonel in charge and get written authorisation to visit the Park every week,

distribute Gospel literature, open a bookroom and hold evangelistic services. When permission was granted Messrs Garth Hunt and Jim Livingston volunteered to do the preaching. I was very grateful to them and to the former chaplain, Rev Nguyen van Thai, for their help.

Each Vietnamese military chaplain deals only with the men who belong to his particular church or religion. A protestant chaplain isn't free to urge a Buddhist soldier to believe on Jesus Christ for salvation. <sup>But</sup> We missionaries are free to give the Gospel either by the spoken word or through the printed page, to every soldier who wants to hear or read the message we are ~~giving~~ longing to give them. Many thousands have prayed the penitent's prayer while at Quang-Trung but there were many who didn't understand what it was all about and who needed counselling. They hoped someone would come to their barracks, or to some quiet spot by the side of the road, to counsel them, but no one came. There was no missionary available.

#### Cong-Hoa Military Hospital

Everytime I drove to Quang-Trung and back, I had to pass the large Cong-Hoa military hospital with its hundreds of wounded and dying soldier boys. I saw helicopters bringing the men in direct from the battlefield and funeral processions taking the dead out to the cemetery. My heart was deeply stirred.

One day I asked Chaplain Thai, in whose jeep I was riding, if he or any of the other protestant chaplains ever visited the wounded in that hospital. His reply was, "No, we are all too busy. But we do have an arrangement with the hospital chaplain, a Catholic, that whenever a protestant soldier dies, he will take care of the funeral and burial arrangements."

After that I couldn't stop talking to other Saigon missionaries about the hundreds of wounded and dying soldiers ~~boys~~ in the Cong-Hoa hospital who were in desperate need of the Gospel. But, alas, no one could add Cong-Hoa to their busy schedules.

The next time I passed the hospital with Chaplain Thai, he said casually, "Two of our boys died in there a week or so ago. I was just notified today." I didn't need to hear anymore. I knew that now I must take on that hospital even if it meant cancelling other important commitments, and, incidentally, being accused of spreading myself too thin. I at once turned to Chaplain Thai and said, "Please make an appointment for me ~~to~~ with the Colonel in charge of the hospital, as soon as possible."

A few days later Chaplain Thai's jeep was at our door filled to overflowing with Gospel literature. The chaplain was sick so sent his chauffeur to drive me to Cong-Hoa to meet the Administrator, Colonel Vy. I, too, had had a severe pain all night and couldn't walk. But someone had to go as we might never again have a chance to get into that hospital, ~~with our Gospel literature~~. And it had to be a foreign lady, I was told. After phoning one of our lady missionaries and hearing she was unable to take my place, I knew I simply had to trust the Lord, and I did. Step by step, in His strength I reached the jeep and got in. When we arrived at the hospital every sign of pain had gone and I was able to walk with perfect ease through those crowded wards, handing out literature and talking to the men. Truly, it was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life. Today, ~~eight years later, after over 10,000 wounded soldiers have made decisions for Christ in that hospital,~~ I thank God that He put the desire and determination in my heart to ~~reach~~ teach those men for Christ at any cost.

But I hadn't yet met the Administrator, so the nurse who had led me through the hospital wards, ushered me into his office. To my consternation, Colonel Vy said he had allowed me this one visit only so I could distribute my literature, but that was all. I couldn't come again. As the good Catholic Administrator that he was, he just couldn't bring himself to turning this Protestant missionary loose in his hospital. But the Lord opened that fast-barred hospital gate for me. When I gave up trying to open it, the Lord took over. To my surprise I suddenly found myself saying, "Colonel Vy, since the Protestant Chaplains haven't time to visit your hospital, won't you allow me to come under their auspices?" At that the Colonel rose to his feet, terminating our interview. As we shook hands he said, "Alright Mrs. Chaplain, tell Chaplain Thai to come back and see me, I have something to say to him."

A few days later the written authorisation signed by Colonel Vy, was in my hands. I and my friends, both Vietnamese and missionaries, could now visit Cong-Hoa patients any time, day or night.

Mr Doan-trung-Tin, a son of Pastor and Mrs Doan-van-mieng, was a wonderful help and blessing in the hospital visitation work that we launched without delay. About two month's later, after a number of patients had confessed faith in Christ, I started looking for a room where we could hold Sunday services.

The Catholic priest who was in charge of all religious matters, said we could meet in the 500 seat auditorium right next to his church. When I said something about it being a bit large he suggested that we hold our meetings Sunday evenings rather than Sunday mornings as far more of the men would be likely to attend.

We announced over the hospital intercom that a film would be shown in the ~~intercom~~ auditorium the following Sunday evening at 6:30 and a special speaker would bring the message. By six o'clock the men started streaming from their wards towards the auditorium. Paraplegics were being carried on the backs of their armless buddies. Others hobbled along on crutches as best they could. By 6:30 the auditorium was filled with at least seven hundred patients. There wasn't even standing room left in the aisles.

The special speaker, Garth Hunt, with his PA equipment hadn't arrived, so I asked Mr Tin to hurry over to my good friend the Catholic priest and borrow his loud speaker. Of course he let me have it and Mr Tin and I started the most memorable service I have ever attended. The date was November 8, 1964, the anniversary of our beloved David's homegoing. I was thrilled to be able to tell that vast audience of suffering humanity, some of the wonderful things God had done for me and our David. My text was John 5:24.

Garth Hunt and the Jim Livingstons walked in as I was speaking. Since this was the first time they had been inside the hospital gates, they were amazed to see what God had wrought. Today, eight years later, after over 10,000 wounded soldiers have confessed faith in Christ in that hospital, I thank God for putting the desire and the determination in my heart to reach these precious souls for Christ at any cost.

When Dr Bob Pierce first visited Cong-Hoa and asked Mr Jeffrey what he could do to help, his answer was "wheel chairs". The 2,500 wheel chairs provided by World Vision since then have been of inestimable value to paraplegics throughout South Vietnam. A grateful "Thank you" to Dr. Pierce and World Vision friends from us all. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes" (Ps. 118:23).

*The End*

FEB 2 - 1971

Toronto. Jan. 29/71

Dear Mr Cowles:

ALLIANCE WITNESS

Mrs Sawyer, in her article on "A Meo Prepares to Preach", mentions the "Awakening of 1950". May I add a word of testimony from my visit to Xieng Khoang at the time of that awakening?

As our plane flew low over mountain ranges between Hanoi and Xieng Khoang, I noticed here and there, a river flowing down the side of a mountain. And ~~wherever~~ <sup>wherever</sup> there was a river there were longhouses and other signs of life. It reminded me of the River of the Sanctuary in Ezekiel 47, where it says that "Everything shall live whither the river cometh". I wondered if the villages we saw from the air were some of the Christian villages we had heard about, where thousands of Meo tribespeople had turned to Christ in a few short months.

That first night in the home of Rev and Mrs T.J. Andrianoff, I began to understand why the Lord could trust this young missionary couple with the "greater works" that He had promised. (John 14:12) While waiting for supper to be served, I stepped out the back door looking for Mrs Andrianoff. I could hardly believe my eyes when I found her trying to prepare our evening meal, but without a kitchen and without a stove. She was under a little makeshift lean-to, coaxing into flame a pile of twigs. Rats were running over her feet on the uneven mud floor while tears were streaming down her cheeks from the smoke.

In amazement I demanded a reason for all this! Why ~~didn't~~ <sup>hadn't</sup> they build themselves a ~~kitchen~~ kitchen and why had they not had a stove flown in from Hanoi or Saigon? I knew at once from Mrs Andrianoff's answer, that rivers of living water were indeed flowing from the enthroned Christ within the hearts of that consecrated couple. That was the reason for the awakening that was taking place there among the Meo tribes people of Northern Laos. Mrs Andrianoff said in effect: "How can we spend money on a kitchen and a stove when scores of villages all through these mountain ranges are begging us to come. They want to hear about the only One who can deliver them from the power of the sorcerers. They dare not break with their old-age superstitions and the ever present village sorcerer, until we come and in the Name of Jesus cast out the demons and cut the cords ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> sorcerers has placed around their necks. As soon as a gift from home is received we hire more horses to take us up another steep mountain trail to some more of the villages that have waited so long".

And now, Toulee, the son of one of the Meo tribesmen ~~who~~ <sup>men</sup> who turned to the Lord in the awakening of 1950, is studying for the ministry in New Zealand. As we pray for Toulee, let us remember the seven Meo and ~~Khmu~~ <sup>men</sup> graduates of the Laos Bible Training Center and the ten Bible students who are out for their year of practical ministry before graduation. These men and their families face danger and hardships in war-torn Laos. Ask God to grant each of them a fruitful year of

service and to strengthen the Church in its ministry of evangelism to people in desperate need. "And there shall be a great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh....because their waters issued out of the sanctuary."

Sincerely

~~Ruth G. Jeffrey.~~

