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Modern Transportation in Mngong Land —————>

Cambodia

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THAT YOU MIGHT PRAY

"Brethren, PRAY for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with you."

2 Thess. 3:1

THE REST OF THE STORY

I had traveled four days to get to the village of Krong Teh (big woods), driving the truck over fantastic roads, and two days by elephant back, and on foot. I was determined to visit just as many of the *Muong tribes' villages in Kratie Province as possible*. Just before we arrived at this village a big leopard leaped across the path into the high grass. I quickly grabbed my gun and shot it through the head. It was a beautiful beast, over six feet long (to tip of tail) and weighing two hundred pounds. We pulled it up on the back of the elephant and went on to the village. What a shout went up when the villagers saw that dead leopard! It had been terrorizing their village for days and had become so bold as to enter a house in search of a victim.

That evening nearly the entire village population, dogs and all, crowded into the chief's long-house. They presented me with gifts of eggs, rice, and a chicken. Then they had singers, or story tellers, chant or recite to entertain me. Usually their recitation is about tribal wars or something of that sort, but not this time. I sat fascinated as they chanted their ancient tribal lore — of the creation of the world and the fall of man — of the flood!! And it was pretty close to the Genesis account! Suddenly the story broke off, and although I urged them to continue they could not. They explained, "Through the years much of this story has been lost or forgotten and we do not know the rest of the story."

What an opportunity!!! My hands were trembling as I opened the Bible to the book of Genesis and began to unfold the old, old story of creation, of the fall of man, and of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, not the blood of water buffaloes. When I had finished, nearly a hundred Muong tribesmen sat silent, staring at me in the flickering light of the pitch torch. Then the chief spoke, "Oh, we have wondered ever so long what the rest of that story was. It was such a

good story. Please say it once more." So we "said" it again, line by line. First I spoke in the Cambodian language, then a born again Cambodian layman who was with me interpreted what I had said into the Muong language. When we had finished the second time the chief spoke again and said, "This sounds in our hearts like the very truth!" Then he said, "If you will come among us and teach us, WE WILL BELIEVE! But if you cannot come among us to teach us, then I must be honest with you. My people know only about evil and about devils. If we believe now and you go away, then I will not know how to teach my people and they will go back to their evil ways, and this will be worse than before."

With a heart as heavy as lead, I had to answer this man, "Yes, you are right." But, oh, that the Lord of the harvest will thrust us out among these people. There are at least 18,000 of them and not a single witness of the saving Gospel among them. PRAY that God will send in the funds to open up this work. PRAY that God will provide someone to replace us here in Kratie, for this station should not be left vacant. PRAY, won't you, for these Muong people who know part of the story, that God will enable every one of them to hear "the rest of the story."

Ed Thompson



A Young Woman of the Muong Tribe



A Group of Muong men who Heard the Gospel

GOD OF CREATION

Unless we can convince the Cambodians that there is a God of creation Who is the only One capable of telling us about our end, whether it is dust or destiny, we haven't gotten to first base. Therefore, we were glad that Bliss Steiner could be with us for eleven days the early part of December to show the two films "God of Creation" and "Dust or Destiny."

As nearly as we could estimate, a total of approximately sixteen thousand people saw the pictures in eleven different localities. In Kompong Thom we showed our films in place of American government information service films, but there never was better

propaganda than that which we were showing.

In Siemreap the authorities tried to steer us clear of conflicting with the paid amusements. We were advised to show at a Buddhist temple. This was in a well populated area, but was not what we had in mind; but then, God may have had something in mind. The priests fed us ever so many glasses of coconut water both before and after the pictures. After our Siemreap experience, we made up our minds to decide what we really wanted before we went to inform the authorities.

Contreang and Spean Thnaut are right out in rice country, but there are believers in both places. Contreang has its own chapel. We planned to show in one of the believer's fields where nothing was planted, but an unbeliever volunteered her field which was more spacious and we accepted. The projector was set on the back porch of her house. We passed by Damdek, a town in which we really wanted to show the pictures, because a three-day festival to raise money for public schools was in progress.

We were invited to show at the army barracks here in town by an army officer we had first contacted in house to house tract distribution, and who has been interested in the Gospel.

On our way to Tang Krassang, a man waved us down and said; "Could you possibly have room to take us too? My family was hurrying home so as not to miss the pictures you are showing this evening, and the truck we were riding broke down." Afterward, that night, a soldier asked, "Could you possibly take me to Kompong Thom? I am a soldier that has to get back to duty, but I did so want to see these pictures." On the way home he said, "I have heard you preach on the street corner in town, and I am convinced about several of the things you preached, and have done a lot of thinking about the matter."

Besides the message of the films themselves, each night for half an hour, before showing the picture, we played Gospel records in Cambodian. These records were made possible by Gospel Recordings, Inc.

WE MUST INTERCEDE IN MUCH PRAYER for the Cambodians that they will return unto the God of Creation, and become acquainted with the God of Salvation.

Joe Doty

A BIG DAY IN BATTAMBANG

It was a big day for the Christians in Battambang Province. Women folk had been up before the first duck's quack to prepare for this day. Mosquito nets, extra sampots (wrap-around skirts), duck eggs, fresh fish, and dry rice mingled blissfully together inside tightly bound varicolored sampots. These precious bundles were then hung over the ends of sugarcane, ready for travel. Men folk had been running around feeding the pigs and chickens, then boarding them with nearby neighbors. Soon all was ready. The last

tablespoonful of rice cereal had been downed and off they started barefoot through the mud. This was district conference time and no one was going to miss being there if he could help it.

In Battambang City things were in a likewise happy hustle. The District Pastor was running around town on his tired bicycle checking off, one by one, the many things to be done. At the same time local Christians, dressed in all their finery, welcomed the arrivals with loud, cheery voices, and shrill inquiries.

When all had assembled for the evening service, over a hundred voices were raised in the joyful hymn "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." From then on conference time resounded with happy singings, sincere testimonies, and good scriptural messages, by elders and laymen from various churches throughout the province. Christians were urged not to neglect the reading of God's Word, the privilege of tithing, and the joy of witnessing. Local problems were brought up and discussed, and we were deeply satisfied by the sound Biblical counsel given by the older Christians.

On the final day of conference twenty-two young people were baptized after having been duly examined by the elders. Later, the evening service was full to bursting with special songs and testimonies. A young rice farmer spoke stirringly of the need for every Christian to do his part in witnessing, giving, and praying, in order that the Lord's work might advance in this province.

The next day the villagers picked up their little bundles and started for home. As they went out the gate many called back over their shoulders, "It was good for us to have been here. We're coming back next year for sure — with others, too."

Let us PRAY for these men, women, and children, as they go back to their own villages and tell of God's great salvation.

Eunice Ellison

THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHAM

In Cambodia there are 100,000 Cham and Malay people who are entirely Mohammedan. Two-thirds of the Chams live for the most part along the banks of the Mekong from Kratie to Phnom Penh. These people are almost entirely lacking in the aggressive proselytising spirit so characteristic of Islam, and have retained a strict aloofness from the numerically superior Cambodian Buddhists who surround them. They live in separate villages where they speak their own language, and practice their own religious customs.

Recently Rev. C. E. Thompson of Kratie and, Mrs. Ellison and I, with seven workers and Bible School students, made an eight day trip by motor launch in the region where the provinces of Kratie and Kompong Cham meet. Each night the projector and P.A. system were used with good effect to present the Gospel to many hundreds, who gathered in the villages and towns visited.

In the large village of Chumnik, the last community in northern Kompong Cham Province, the audience was about fifty percent Cham. After six films had been projected and explained the crowd was dismissed, but several scores of middle-aged Cham men remained motionless as if they wanted to hear more. So, seizing the mike, the writer explained to them carefully, the basic truths of the virgin birth of Christ,



Cham Women

His eternal Sonship, vicarious death, and glorious resurrection. How earnestly they listened to the Gospel! How eagerly they bought Gospel portions in the Malay Arabic script which some were able to read! What a challenge to take the Message of Redemption to these followers of the false prophet, none of whom have as yet been won to the Saviour.

Reader, if you could have seen their eagerness to hear more and felt the tug in your heart at their mute appeal, would you not have recognized it as God's call to you, and gladly answered, "Here am I, Lord, send me" to the one hundred thousand Cham and Malay people of Cambodia?

David Ellison

THE POR TRIBES OF PURSAT PROVINCE

This week we made our second trip to try to contact two Por tribesmen who have prayed. We were unsuccessful on our first trip as the men were away picking cardamom on the sides of the spice mountains of Pursat. At Leach, on the outskirts of the tribes country, we witnessed to a Buddhist holy man who became very interested in the Gospel. PRAY for him. His name is Achar Soun.

We sold about 250 gospels and books in the drizzling rain, then crossed the swollen river into tribes country. We found our two men and were pleased with what we found, for they still cling to their faith and want to know more. Only with frequent visiting will we be able to lead them on in the knowledge of the Lord.

There are about 3000 Por tribesmen in the mountains of Pursat alone. Buddhist priests have

already begun to contact the few who live near Leach, the last outpost of civilization. If we don't win these men for Christ, they will soon be in the clutches of this atheistic religion whose members so rarely turn to Christ.

When the time came to leave for home we had to walk, wade, and swim along the road. Since then it has rained for four days continuously. It will be a month before we can return for the car. At that time we hope to have the new Gospel Recording records in Por to tell them the good news in their own language. Paul Ellison

THEY THAT SEEK SHALL FIND

A few nights before Christmas we heard a knock on our door. A young lad who had prayed over a year ago, but whom we seldom see because he lives in another town, had brought two soldier friends, in civvies, to visit us. He had been telling them about Christianity and they had become interested. However, there were three questions that they wanted answered. The first concerned how to be delivered from the fear and power of evil spirits. Then they wanted to know what Christians teach regarding killing animals, which Buddhists believe is a sin. Finally, they wanted to know what Christians believe concerning reincarnation.

These questions were clearly and scripturally answered, then the message of salvation was explained to them through the use of a heart tract and the precious Word of God. They were then asked, "Do you want to accept the Lord as your Saviour now, and ask Him to cleanse your hearts of sin?" "Yes!" was their answer. They had come expressly for that purpose and now that they understood they were ready to accept Christ as their Saviour and Lord of their lives. That night two more lives bowed at



Seekers Listening to the Gospel

the feet of Jesus and gave their hearts to Him, reminding us of the shepherds of old who knelt in worship and adoration of the Christ Child.

PRAY for these two new believers, for there will be those who will persecute them and there will be temptations and trials, but God grant that they will come through victoriously. Virginia Steiner

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

We praise God for the safe arrival of our three new missionary couples. They have come to a land completely foreign to their past experiences, and here are their first impressions:

"The kind and jovial Cambodian people engage in many occupations such as fishing, farming, selling in the market and wayside stands, making shoes, repairing bicycles and motor-bikes, and in the work of the ever present laborer. A common sight along the streets is the food vendors, both stationary and on wheels, selling everything from rice to roasted bananas and sugar cane. The sidewalk "dentist" placing gold caps on a lady's teeth makes an interesting spectacle.

The people of Cambodia are small and have dark skin, something like the Philipinos. Because of their idol-worshipping Buddhist religion we see many yellow-garbed priests receiving food from their paupered people. Most important and most obvious is their lack of spiritual life." The L. E. Braleys

"Bare feet of a coolie slapping the dusty trail as he moves with his burden dangling from the ends of a pole laid across his shoulder; a child being carried on its mother's hip; cyclos darting in and out of traffic in the attempt to get a fare; ox carts groaning and grinding as the family rides to town; the office worker on his dilapidated bicycle, scooting around

a corner in an effort to avoid a collision with an army jeep; a rocking, reeling thing called a bus, rattling down the road, the roof piled high with wood, grain, and produce; automobiles, new, old, American and European, all kinds, all makes; these are the sounds and signs of transportation in Cambodia. Crude, yet effective, they are difficult for the Western mind to understand. They bespeak the contrast of life in this land." — The D.R. Furnisses

"The Cambodian language appears as many erect 'characters' all the same height, some fat, some skinny, some with hair, some bald, some with feet, some without feet, moving along heel to toe and toe to heel (if they have any) in military style. Now and then they break file and occasionally 'parade.' Their voices tend to be short and long, guttural and strained. There are about 120 distinct ranks in this militia which seem to be arranged into thousands of different groupings. When in proper order, they are amazingly intelligible. Six hours every day we rage in open combat with these strange men. Here is a look at our new found acquaintances:

បងប្អូនអើយសូមអធិស្ឋានឲ្យយើងខ្ញុំផង
(Brethren PRAY for us)." The M.C. Westergrens

We regret lack of space for their picture this issue.