

the CALL



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Vietnamese Village Girl

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# THE CALL OF VIET NAM

is issued bi-annually by the Viet Nam missionaries  
of The Christian and Missionary Alliance

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## SUMMER, 1965

Editors : James H. Livingston, Betty I. Hunt

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### EDITORS' NOTE

On page 5 you will read excerpts from the diary of a young couple who were willing to leave the security of America to come to a war-ravaged land in order to proclaim the message of life and hope in Christ.

On the back page is another journal — that of a young Vietnamese pastor who has been enduring many fiery trials but is coming forth as pure gold.

Pray for the missionaries and the Vietnamese pastors as they join hands in the task of making Christ known to the millions in Viet Nam.

*We are indebted to Rev. Garth W. Hunt for most of the pictures in this issue. ♦♦*



Over 1200 seek Christ in the past six months  
35,000 pieces of literature distributed  
Missionaries discover anew the Bible's  
consoling power for the suffering

# The Wounded Find God

by Jean A. Livingston

The missionary and his wife, carrying tracts, Testaments and special booklets, mounted the steps to Ward No. 7. It was still early. The refuse of the day before demanded attention, but the cleaning man had not yet reached this ward. Cigarette butts, paper, fruit peeling, soiled cotton and spittle streaked the floor. Ten beds lined each side of the room. Mosquito nets draped

each one like so many shrouds and dangling charts zig-zagged the stories of recent surgery, temperature and pulse counts.

One boy sat cross-legged on his cot, his left hand bound like a stub. He tinkered with a small radio. The young man in bed No. 11 lay peacefully, seemingly oblivious to the music. He did not hear the steps

of the approaching missionary. His ear drums had burst when a Viet Cong mine exploded behind him. Some of the men looked up, hesitant whether to smile or not. Then one expression changed and showed recognition of the foreign visitors. The missionary crossed over to his bed. Five minutes later six others had joined the couple.

This was Monday morning, but the previous evening an evangelistic service had been held for the patients at this military hospital, the largest in Viet Nam. Several hundred men had hobbled into the hospital auditorium. Many were leaning on crutches; others limping on canes. Blind boys were led by their buddies, who themselves had no arms. Several wheel chair patients were pushed in. The missionary carried in his arms a tiny civilian lad, also pyjama-clad like the rest of the audience, but with only the stump of one foot and one hand left — a grenade explosion. These were only the ones who were able to come. Hundreds were lying in nearby wards with wounds so severe as to prohibit their attending.

A few songs, the teaching of a Gospel chorus, a message on salvation by a local Vietnamese pastor and the invitation to believe was given. « Those who wish to accept Christ as Saviour, receive forgiveness for your sins, and inherit eternal life, please stand right where you are. Those who have leg wounds and cannot stand, raise your hand. We will pray for you now. » And they stood; ten, twenty, thirty, forty-three men — men who were seeking the Truth and found Him.

Thus the story has been repeated each Sunday evening for the last six months. The next question is what do you do with these forty-three men who have so recently taken a stand on God's side and who will, in a very short time, be scattered to distant villages or returned to nearby battlefields. The burden of the missionary is how to preserve the fruit? It is on

Monday mornings that the first steps to lead these new believers out of the darkness and out of the influence of centuries of ancestor worship begins. Sitting on the edge of the cot with six or eight soldiers gathered around, the missionary teaches. He is using a tract entitled « New Life in the Son of God » and another called « Christian Conduct ». The men hold Testaments in their hands. Verses are explained and underlined. For twenty minutes he talks with them and answers their questions. Before leaving for another ward, he promises to return in a couple of days with additional pamphlets on Christian faith.

The missionaries of Saigon have been taking part in this most unique endeavor for Christ. Hundreds of wounded soldiers from every province in free Viet Nam have accepted Christ. The missionaries are convinced that only by organized bed to bed visitation, with teaching, and counselling, can this fruit be preserved. Daily they drive to the hospital to visit the new believers and pass out thousands of pieces of literature.

The officers' wards are visited. One young lieutenant told of his jeep running over a concealed land mine. Five officers were killed. He was the only survivor. « Do you not think the Unseen God of the Heavens must have had a part in sparing your life? », he was asked. Two weeks later he sent for one of the witness team members. « I have read your literature », he said. « This is the Truth. I am ready to accept Christ. »

One Sunday night recently the missionary wife was approached by a smiling patient with this question. « Do you remember me? » She was puzzled for a moment, having witnessed at length to scores of men in recent weeks. « Well, I just wanted to tell you that tonight I believed. » The missionary smiled. « Oh, I'm not believing just to make you happy », the soldier said. « I truly believe Jesus is the Saviour of the world. » ♦ ♦



# Dear Diary

by Mr. and Mrs. W.C. Stemple, Jr.

**Oct. 15 1962.** Today was the day for which we have been preparing most of our lives. We nervously met with the foreign board representatives at Jaffray School of Missions and heard them approve us for missionary service under the Christian & Missionary Alliance. We are temporarily appointed to Viet Nam, so we can begin to study in earnest. Our life's objective is in view; praise the Lord!

**Feb. 28, 1964** We drove up to Detroit today to meet with the foreign board again at Central Alliance Church. This time means final approval if we passed our period of Missionary Internship here at Toledo Gospel Tabernacle. We think it gets harder instead of easier each time we meet with them, and especially since we won't hear the results of this meeting until after the Board of Managers meets.

**April 21, 1964** Today we got the official letter from Mr. L.L. King telling us of the Board of Managers' decision, and making our appointment to Viet Nam a certainty. What a thrill to tear open the envelope and read our future written on a piece of paper.

**May 17, 1964** We are so glad we decided to come to Council this year. The highlight came today in the missionary rally when we marched with the missionaries from twenty-four nations as accredited candidates. We certainly have a great privilege and tradition to maintain to join the ranks of these dedicated friends.

**June 12, 1964** Today we heard the Vietnamese language spoken for the first time on our language tapes here at Toronto Institute of Linguistics. We almost decided to stay home.

**July 20, 1964** When we came down from the top of beautiful glacier peak here in Yosemite Park we were greeted by nearly all of the 100 boys with whom we are travelling this summer. Each wanted to be the first to tell us about the Gulf to Tonkin incident in Viet Nam and wondered how this would affect our plans. How can we know? We went to our little tent, crawled into our sleeping bags, and discussed and prayed about the answer that these boys — plus nearly everyone we knew — were finding some way to ask us: « Why in the world are you going to Viet Nam at a time like this? ». We knew that unless we could answer this for ourselves we might as well not go. God wonderfully reassured our hearts that this was His purpose for us and we didn't need reasons; just to know we are in the center of His will gives us the knowledge of true safety. We, for one, do not consider Viet Nam a lost cause.

**Oct. 17, 1964** We are on the plane now and have just passed one of the hardest experiences in our lives — saying goodbye to our friends and loved ones. How we praise God that both sets of parents know the Lord and are one with us in this calling; this is a great relief to our minds as we leave. No matter how sure we are that this is God's will, it still gave us a funny feeling as we pulled away from the shoreline of the United States.

**Oct. 19, 1964** Chicago, San Francisco, Hawaii, Guam, Manila, Saigon! Just twenty-one hours by air. It was a thrilling experience and as we first viewed the lush coastline and river basins of Viet Nam our hearts expanded with an overwhelming sense of peace and joy and fulfillment. We weren't sure what to expect because as we approached the coast the announcement had been made that we were to take no pictures over the land of Viet Nam and as we stepped off the plane we saw soldiers everywhere standing guard. We didn't even know if we would get to stay, but were soon taken in tow by missionary friends who whisked us through customs. We know it was an answer to prayer that we didn't have duty, etc., but we were sort of disappointed that they didn't search us for smuggled jewels or anything.

**Oct. 20, 1964** We could write a book already. Saigon is a busy, hot, crowded city and the two things we cannot escape noting are the heat and the traffic. There are cyclos, taxis, bikes, cars, trucks, pedestrians, and every other thing going every which way. There does not seem to be a definite side of the road to drive on. At night they don't even turn on their lights, which adds to the nightmare! Yesterday when we rode from the airport to the guest home at

noon we were sure our missionary career would be short. The heat is oppressive and because we are tired from our trip, we feel we could sleep forever. All in all, we have been fairly well prepared through reading and conversation with missionaries for the « culture shock ». The mosquitoes and the smells, however, are two things « better felt than told ». The first night at the home was missionary prayer meeting and the friendship and fellowship of the other missionaries is warm and wonderful.

**Nov. 3, 1964** We arrived in Danang — our home for our two years of language study, the Lord willing. It was raining when we arrived but that was the only way our reception was dampened. It is a relief to get settled (even if we do have to wait a long time for our barrels) and we are so pleased with our living quarters.

**Nov. 12, 1964** Today we began language study and can see we have a big job ahead of us. It has been raining since we came and we understand we are in the midst of the worst flood in 80 years. Otherwise, Danang seems to be ideal; a nice sized city and very friendly people. Many pastors and others have come to welcome us and we feel so much « at home ». We have seen the delighted faces of the people in general when they hear an American who can speak their language and this has made a great impression on us; may God grant us quick minds to be able to speak well and minister of His love.

**Dec. 25, 1964** Christmas Day away from home — and we were so busy going to services and enjoying the true meaning of Christmas that we didn't even have time to get homesick! But nevertheless, it is sure good to have that tape from home to play before we go to bed tonight.

**Jan. 14, 1965** We ran into our first demonstration today.

**Feb. 8, 1965** After raids north today and the government being a little shaky, the future for missionary work seems rather uncertain. All military dependents are leaving and we know our families and friends are probably worried. But we are not in the least fearful; we have no desire to leave. Besides, we just passed our first language exam and can't stop now!

**Mar. 10, 1965** We just got word that our outfit is finally on ship and coming up the coast. It should arrive this week. Are we crazy to unpack all our things when others are packing theirs up? We are assured not, for « we know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him against that day ».

# *Chinese Youth Vacation With a Purpose*

by C. C. Fowler

The excited voices of happy young people filled the air as the early morning mists quietly retreated, revealing breath-taking mountains and valleys all around them.

The voices were Chinese, and this was the first morning of a week-long spiritual retreat being held for seventy-five Chinese young people from Saigon. What location could be more ideal than the mountain-top mission station at Dalat? The young people's spirits rose in exhilaration as they breathed the brisk, pine-fragrant mountain air. What a joyous «lark» for these young Christians who are normally cramped in the hot, humid city, burdened with their daily grind of studies and greatly restricted by the present war conditions.

They had come to Dalat during this week of Lunar New Year's vacation expecting a spiritual feast, and they were not disappointed!

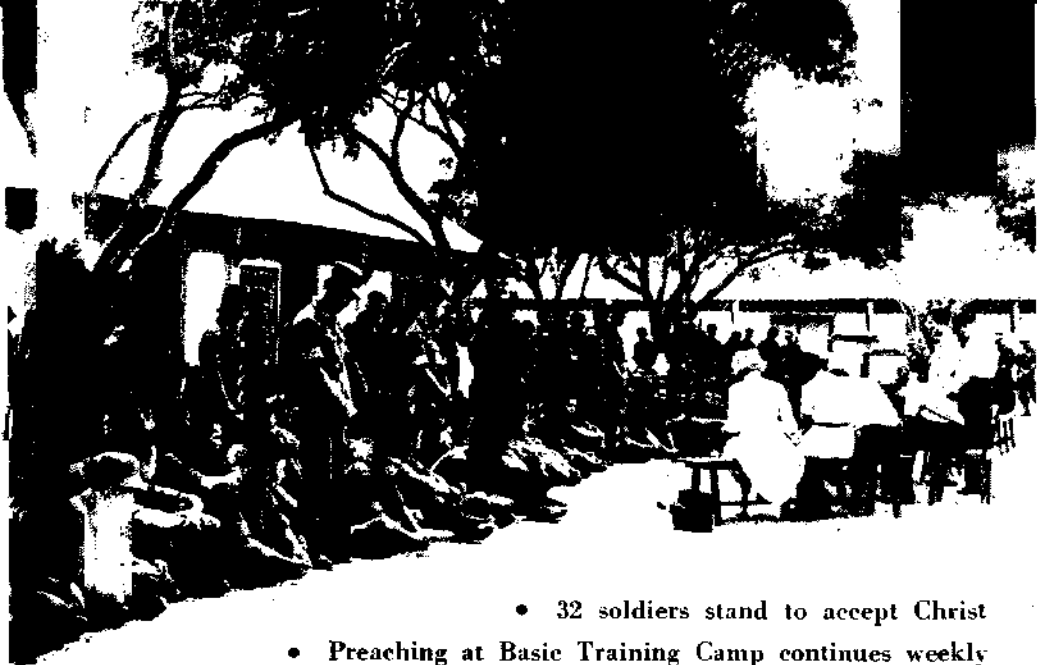
God poured out a great blessing from on high. Good ground work had been laid by the pastors and workers of the various churches, and their efforts and team work paid valuable dividends. Many different types of meetings were held, and all were characterized by the blessing of God.

The last service of the week was held around the camp fire. As the flames crackled and cast dancing shadows on the faces of the young people, the presence of the Lord was very real. More wood had to be thrown on the fire from time to time as the spontaneous testimonies of God's dealings with them during the week were recounted. It seemed everyone had a testimony.

On their return to Saigon, the pastors were moved to follow up this time of spiritual refreshing by going out together on three extended trips to outlying areas in search of opportunities for service for these young people. Though their trips took them near constantly shifting battle areas, (listening to nearby gunfire, watching planes bomb and strafe), and over dangerous roads, (missing a road mine blow up by fifteen minutes), they safely completed their mission and brought back good news of opportunities for service plus agreements from many to loan schools, etc., for V.B.S. work.

Upon their return a challenge was presented to the young people and over forty pledged to study the next few months in special classes to prepare themselves to go forth to witness and use the Vacation Bible School material. By the time the big summer vacation begins, they hope to divide into bands and go to these scouted areas, that their dedication in Dalat might have a practical «out-working» in service for Jesus Christ.

Our hearts were thrilled to see the wonderful work of the Holy Spirit in the unity, concern and fervor of the pastors and young people alike. Pray for the nearly one million Chinese in Viet Nam.



- 32 soldiers stand to accept Christ
- Preaching at Basic Training Camp continues weekly
- In six months 1700 seek Christ as Saviour before going out to fight
- Vietnamese laymen distribute 10,000 Gideon New Testaments

**BEFORE BATTLE A BIBLE  
AND A MESSAGE FROM GOD**





## *Saigon's Most Unique Church*

by Gordon M. Cathey

In a lovely residential area not far from downtown Saigon stands the new International Protestant Church. If you were to pause under the shade of one of the beautiful old trees lining the street in front of the church, you would watch with interest as the congregation arrived for the worship service Sunday morning. This is no ordinary congregation. Military personnel in all branches of the armed services, Embassy representatives including those from United States operation Mission and United States Information Service, private businessmen and their families, missionaries and nationals, all gather to worship the Lord together.

The simple beauty of the sanctuary appeals to all, regardless of their denominations and aesthetic tastes. Music from the Hammond organ reaches into the hearts of the worshippers, while the air-conditioning (not a luxury in this tropical city) removes the distraction of oppressive heat. By faithful

preaching from the pulpit and through personal witness, men and women have come to a knowledge of Christ. People familiar only with nominal Christianity have been awakened to the simple and soul-changing message of the Gospel. The church has provided inspiration and encouragement to battle-weary soldiers, new strength to missionaries depleted and exhausted by months of tedious teaching and preaching, and has been a training center for many who have themselves launched Bible studies and mission services.

An important aspect of the International Church is the Vietnamese Youth Center and Good News School which utilizes the educational facilities on the ground floor of the building Monday through Saturday of each week. Its primary purpose is to present the claims of Christ to non-Christian youth of Saigon. This is effectively done through English classes and evangelistic services. In their desire to learn English, young

people with various religious backgrounds, and many with no faith at all, enroll in the school. Faithful teachers not only impart to them the principles of English, but the story of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. More than 450 are enrolled in weekly classes.

Because it is in a position to observe missions first hand, the International Church participates in missionary projects throughout South Viet Nam. It has contributed to the Chinese Book Store and lending Library of Cholon, the clinic for tribes people at Dalat, the training of ministerial students at Nha Trang Theological Institute, and the opening of new churches. In spite of a large indebtedness of its own, the congregation is currently helping national churches in their building programs and is providing literature for the 1,600 wounded soldiers in the Vietnamese military hospital. A recent Sunday School project, conducted almost entirely by children and youth, was the rebuilding of a church in central Viet Nam that was destroyed by a typhoon last fall. The offering totalled more than \$1,200. In its twelve-year history the International Church has contributed more than \$50,000 to the evangeli-

zation of Viet Nam and the strengthening of the national church.

This unique church began in the late forties following the war when American corporations began to reopen markets in Southeast Asia. The infiltration and harassment of South Viet Nam by the communists stirred America to send both economic and military aid. This resulted in a large influx of United States citizens into this small country, most of them taking up residence in Saigon. The Christian and Missionary Alliance, the oldest Protestant Mission in the country, recognized its responsibility to these who found themselves in a foreign land and so began a spiritual ministry.

In 1963 property was finally purchased and plans formulated for a permanent building. In the fall of 1964, with construction well under way, Gordon M. Cathey was appointed pastor.

The International Protestant Church of Saigon is a vine God has planted. Above the roar of bombers in the sky and the rumble of mortar fire in the distance is heard the voice of the Master, «Upon this rock I build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it». ♦♦

*Missionaries join in the fun at the Youth Center*





Mr. and Mrs. Sen

« Dear Lord, please bless Mr. Sen and help him to sell a great deal of face cream on this trip so that he can give to Thy work more abundantly. »

A frank way to pray, is it not? Yet this is the way the Christians in one of the Saigon churches openly pray for their brother in Christ. For they know he will, indeed, give to the work of the Lord. Every month Mr. Sen gives anywhere from \$ 200 to \$ 400 to the church. This is a fabulous amount here in Viet Nam, equivalent perhaps to a man giving ten times that amount in America. Who is this rich man, that he can give so much?

He is a man who, in 1948, was living far from God and was deeply in debt. To take his own life seemed the only way out. His wife saw his deep depression and feared for him. For two days she agonized in prayer, and then rejoiced when, upon her invitation, he agreed to go to church. There the minister

# Partners

*A wealth in face cream —  
an abundance in church coffers.*

spoke on the valley of dry bones. Mr. Sen suddenly saw himself as nothing but dry bones and went down in repentance before God.

All that night he prayed, together with his wife, that God would deliver them from their heavy load of debt. The creditor was demanding payment the next day, and they were penniless. The first light of dawn was stretching its rosy fingers across the eastern sky when they finally rose from their knees. Suddenly they were startled by a sharp knock on the door. Their eyes met for a long moment, then Mr. Sen slowly walked to open the door, thinking their hour of reckoning had come. But there on the porch stood an old friend. « Good morning, friends! I have good news for you! I have just received a large amount of money and have come to loan you enough to pay off your debt! » With tears of rejoicing Mr. and Mrs. Sen sobbed out their thanksgiving before the Lord.

In the succeeding months God blessed these children of His and they were able to repay the loan of their friend. They had never tithed, but now they promised the Lord they would give one tenth of their income to Him. For a time all went well. But many times prosperity dulls the responsiveness of the soul. Gradually Mr. Sen began to complain about giving all this money to the Lord. As their income increased and the tithe proportionately increased, he began to feel it was too much. Think of all he could do with that money! Mrs. Sen insisted on continuing the tithe, warning her husband that

# with God

by Betty I. Hunt

disaster would follow if they broke their promise with God. A heavy burden again descended upon her soul. She could see that her husband was mixing with many undesirable men in his job as a travelling insurance salesman. She began to pray that God would change his occupation. He grew more and more difficult, finally refusing her the money to tithe. His heart had grown utterly cold.

One evening Mrs. Sen returned home from prayer meeting to find her husband bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth. In a few minutes he slipped into unconsciousness and his wife thought he had died. Nevertheless, she dropped to her knees and plead for her husband's life. Just at that crucial moment a friend arrived at the house. Together, he and the distraught wife managed to get the unconscious man out of the house and into a pedicab. At the hospital a few minutes later the doctors began giving him transfusions. The hemorrhage stopped and God spared his life.

As his strength returned, Mr. Sen knew unmistakably that God had given him back his life. Also clear in his mind was the necessity of changing occupations. He repented of his coldness and rebellion against God and dedicated his life anew to Him. His former friends urged him to return to his travelling salesman job, but he was adamant. Fresh in his mind was the memory of his escape from death.

God led them into a business partnership in Saigon. Everything went well for a number of years

and they faithfully tithed their income. However, another great trial then came upon them. Their partner in business fled, having embezzled a large sum of money. He left a debt on the business of 200,000 piasters — approximately \$3000. This came as a staggering blow to Mr. and Mrs. Sen, but over the years God had been leading his children deeper with Himself. They now realized that they had gradually been putting their business before God. They were more interested in selling than in witnessing for Christ. Again they went down in repentance before Him. The debt quickly doubled because of the high interest rate in the Orient. They sold their business, trying to get what they could to satisfy their creditors, but still a large debt remained. As little children they took their burden to the Lord.

At this time an old acquaintance from the country came into Saigon, and being in straightened circumstances, asked if he could live with the Sens. They felt they could not refuse, so invited the man to stay with them and share their simple fare. In the household of the Sens was a young servant girl who had a severe case of acne. Noticing this one day the old man said, « I know how to mix up something that will cure your face ». Mr. and Mrs. Sen smiled tolerantly as they watched their friend come back from buying a few simple ingredients which he proceeded to mix together. « You put this on your face every day », he said to the young servant girl, « and your skin will become beautiful ». To Mr. and Mrs. Sen's utter amazement, the girl's skin trouble quickly cleared up.

Mr. Sen's old business instinct stirred within him. « Tell me, friend », he said, « what was it you put in that mixture ? » « Oh, » said the aged man, « that's an old family secret we have had for years ». « Will you tell me ? », urged Mr. Sen, « I'll pay you well ». The old man thought about it for several days but finally agreed to sell the

secret for a very small amount of money. After all, he reasoned, the Sens had been so good to him and had given him a home when he was destitute.

So it was that Mr. and Mrs. Sen came into possession of the formula for the face cream they called «Thorakao». At first they mixed up only small amounts and gave it to friends and relatives to try. Then they introduced it into all the churches, giving free samples to the Christians. The response to the new cream was thrilling, and Mr. and Mrs. Sen knew they had a «strike». They asked the Christians to pray that God would help in the promotion of the new face cream, and they in turn would promise to give one tenth of the profit to the Lord's work. God did help, and before long they had to hire many workers to be able to keep up with the demand. They filled their Volkswagon panel truck with cases of Thorakao and began travelling the dangerous country roads, promoting their product. Sales kept increasing, despite the fact that many fancy French creams were already on the market. The Sens faithfully gave their tithe to the Lord and the poorer Christians rejoiced at this income for their church.

And then one day God brought Mr. Tam, President of States Smelting and Refining Corp., to Viet Nam. As Mr. Sen listened to this fellow Christian testify how he had been led to give God 51% of his business, he was deeply moved. Returning to his home that night, Mr. Sen spoke to his wife, «Wife, I believe God wants us to give Him 51% of our business too.» Mrs. Sen, always quick to respond to the Lord, happily agreed. And so they made God their partner.

The monthly financial statement of the church shows a steady increase in the giving of the Sens. They are now devoted, radiant Christians who have discovered the joy of being in partnership with God. ♦♦

# TO BAN

*The Dalat School for missionaries' children was moved to Bangkok on April 19, 1965. 116 children and teachers, plus books, refrigerators, tennis rackets, lock, stock and missionary barrel, were loaded onto four Airforce C. 123's. Below one of the students describes the heart-rending move.*

by Karen Kowles

No longer will we see the big tree down by the chapel; no longer will we gossip on the old front steps; and no longer will we saunter around our gorgeous pine-covered campus. The newly painted buildings won't be enjoyed by their former inhabitants.

We are leaving the place where our past experiences and memories lie hidden — where we have grown up, gone to school, and made friendships that can never be broken.

The peaceful valley in back of us, the gully lying in front of us, and the hills all around us, all of which we have so enjoyed, have now been left behind.

Because we have lived so long together, we have become as one big family. Together we hope to make the best of the future, and maybe some day we will be able to return.

# GKOK!

Upper right: Students and teachers sing « His Name Is Wonderful » under the giant wing of one of the planes.



Center: The teachers were still able to smile even after 48 hours of hectic packing.



GRISWOLD

Lower right: Lunch beside runway No. 2 as the planes refuel for Bangkok.



## MODERN JOURNAL OF JOB

*Here is an account of how the anvil of sorrow and trials fashioned a strong and enduring faith in the life of a young pastor.*

by Victor L. Oliver

**July 1964** Truong Van Chau arrives in Chau O, his new pastorate. The church building is new. The Christians are few in number, however, and he foresees many hardships in the future. His home is a three-roomed dwelling made of rough cement and mud — just enough space for their family of four.

**Aug. 1964** Pastor Chau finds his new charge is full of difficulties. Most of the congregation live from eight to ten miles away.

**Sept. 1964** He mentions to the missionary that his last month's allowance was very low. This causes him some concern and discouragement. But he spends time in enlarging his ministry and is again encouraged.

**Oct. 1964** His wife complains of pain in her mouth. Mr. Chau takes her to the hospital where she does not respond to treatment. The doctors recommend she be taken to Danang hospital where an American surgeon can operate if necessary. The operation is performed and the doctor finds a massive infection with much discharge and waste tissue. A biopsy report reveals the dread disease, cancer.

**Nov. 1964** Floods inundate the central lowlands. News comes that the waters have devastated Mr. Chau's local area. He leaves his wife in the hospital and rushes home to find almost all his personal belongings destroyed. The parsonage had been under six feet of water. After staying a couple of days, he returns to Danang. The doctor recommends that Mrs. Chau be taken to Saigon for radium treatments as a last ray of hope. The church offers much prayer for her deliverance.

**Dec. 1964** News comes that Mrs. Chau has improved considerably. Hope is revived in many hearts.

**Jan. 1965** Word comes to us that Mrs. Chau has suddenly gone to be with the Lord. Funeral services are held in Saigon and he returns north, a lonely young widower with two small children to care for. Arriving home he learns that his grandmother has just died, an outstanding young Christian from his church has just been killed by the communist guerrillas, and another of his parishioners, a soldier, has been killed in battle.

**Feb. 1965** Pastor Chau visits his church for the first time in almost four months. We are present as he gives testimony to God's grace in the hour of trial. We weep with him as he shares the precious lessons he has learned through adversity. We rejoice and give thanks as we hear of his determination to remain in the pastorate serving God.

**Mar. 1965** Mr. Chau and his children taken captive by the communists and held for two days — and so it goes on! Death, tears, hardships, hunger, captivity. This is life for men like our friend, Truong Van Chau. They need your prayers.