

# the CALL



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Sutherland

Worship Time at Bethlehem Orphanage

# THE CALL OF VIET NAM

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## WINTER, 1965

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### EDITORS' NOTE

With this issue of *the Call of Viet Nam* we ask you to remember in frequent prayer the following requests :

- Remember to pray for the three captured missionaries.
- A Deeper Life Conference for all the pastors and men missionaries of Viet Nam is planned for January. In these days of tremendous trial as well as unprecedented opportunity, we believe our foremost need is a fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon His church in Viet Nam. Pray that this need shall be met in a marvelous measure.
- The pastors of the Saigon area are preparing for a city-wide evangelistic campaign in April. Much wisdom and guidance are needed by those planning this effort. Pray that in the month of April a great impact for God shall be made upon this teeming metropolitan area.
- Wide distribution of the Word of God throughout all of Viet Nam is being planned for by the Pocket Testament League in cooperation with our Mission. It is hoped that in the coming months one million portions of the Word will be sown, accompanied by the preaching of the Gospel.
- Thriving Youth Centers are now being conducted in Hue, Danang, Dalat, Nhatrang and Saigon. High officials as well as college young people study English at these centers. Pray that many will find Christ as Saviour.

*We are indebted to Rev. Spencer Sutherland for many of the pictures in this issue.*

ings spent in the operating room are devoted to about 80 percent eye surgery.

Many of these patients come from the city of Phan Rang, approximately one hundred miles south. This city has been called the capital of eye disease in Viet Nam. Located in one of the driest places on the coast, with high winds, the sandy soil is blown into the eyes. This irritation combined with continual squinting from the sun causes eye soreness that develops into trachoma. The disease is spread as older people with towels wrapped around their heads use them to wipe their own eyes and then the eyes of their children.

These sick, along with many others who have heard of the hospital, will arrive the afternoon prior to the morning clinic. They will find a place to spend the night, perhaps under a tree or on the nearby beach. Then they will arise early to be on hand when the numbers are passed out at 4:00 a.m. A hundred numbers are sold at this early hour for a very nominal cost, the monies received being used to pay the salaries of the Vietnamese hospital staff. Those fortunate enough to obtain a number in this way (by 5:30 the numbers are usually all sold) will go to a tree stump on which are painted cor-

responding numbers, where they will await their turn for examination.

The church and student body of the Bible School have been very active in the witness of the gospel at the hospital. Following a twenty minute message during «clinic mornings», students from the school, as part of their practical evangelism class, witness and pass out tracts to those waiting to be examined. During the past three and a half years approximately 40,000 people have heard the gospel, with close to 800 having made profession of faith in Christ. Bible classes are held each Sunday morning, with daily evening prayers being held for those who have accepted Christ and are still on the premises.

Dr. Carl Yoder, recently returned to the U.S. after a three year term in the work, has stated that this is a hospital with a purpose. Each patient is given the opportunity to believe and put his faith in Jesus Christ. When this takes place joy replaces sadness, confidence replaces fear, love overcomes hate, peace removes strife, and even death is overcome. The underlying motive of the hospital team is that these needy sick will accept the Good News, thus becoming spiritually whole. ♦♦

*Soul saving and... sight saving*

*Rev. Nam preaching*

*Recuperation*



**B**ACK again in Quinhon, province of Binh Dinh, Viet Nam. The days at Dalat were really refreshing for body and soul as we met in Conference, prayed and breathed the fresh, cool air on that mountain top. Nevertheless, we could not get our minds off the people and the great need in the wartorn province where we have been working for many years.

Conference allocated us back here and God has set His seal of approval in a very marked way. We had to return by way of Saigon. We stayed over night there and the next day, after waiting three hours for an old DC3, we were finally in the air bound for Quinhon, not knowing the danger ahead.

Clouds hung low over the mountains making it impossible to fly as one should. Planes make too good a target over the jungle covered mountains, so finally the pilot decided to get out over the sea where he could fly beneath the clouds without the danger of being shot at.

As we cruised along for quite some time we could see the storm

clouds gathering in the region of our destination, and as Quinhon at times is a hard port to land on because of cross winds from the mountains, we did have a few misgivings. As we approached the town from the sea the lightning was flashing. We were hoping the pilot would land facing the storm and as quickly as possible. The airstrip runs right down to the sea and it seemed reasonable to land against the storm rather than with it. However, for some reason, the pilot chose to circle over the town and come in from the other end. He hurried with a sharp circle, banking way over as he came in by the mountain, diving for a quick landing. The cross winds were tossing us all around and finally one wheel touched the runway, the left wing almost hit the ground and at the same time the plane very nearly went off the runway near a big ammunition dump, helicopters etc. It bounded into the air and did not touch again until almost all the runway was behind us. At the speed he was going there was almost no hope — we were doomed to bounce out over barbed wire



entanglements and rocks and land upside down in the sea.

But the LORD WAS THERE to set His seal of approval upon our return to Quinhon. All along the runway there were bulldozers, tractors, houses, and machines of all kinds, but at the very end of the strip on the right side was a small vacant patch of soft sand. The plane was going at a terrific speed and out of control, except for the mighty Hand of God which miraculously slipped us off the runway into that patch of sand. The plane ploughed into it and over a distance of about fifty yards the wheels plunged deep into that wonderful shock absorber, nosed over and stood for about five seconds, tail straight up, then fell back down on its belly in the sand. Everything that was loose flew to the front end of the plane, including passengers who had neglected to fasten their seat belts. We were seated at the back end of the plane and had a perfect view of the clutter and ones strewn all over the cabin as we hung there by our seat belts.

In less time than it takes to tell the story we had made this horrible

landing. We unfastened our belts and picked up our hand baggage. The steward was so dazed that he had to be reminded to open the door. As we stepped out on the sand right beside the runway the storm was upon us. We glanced at the barbed wire entanglements, the rocks and the deep blue sea where we surely would have landed upside down if the Lord had not planned differently. Of the 25 passengers, no one was seriously hurt and as they stepped out they stood there amazed. All they could say was that the God we had been telling them about had saved us from a watery grave.

The fire trucks came rushing up. The men jumped out asking if we were hurt. Rejoicing, we said, «No». Later we heard many military men who had been watching the scene say that that plane was doomed. There was no possible way to get stopped short of the sea — but GOD had prepared that precious spot, and He used that old plane to stamp His seal of approval in the sandy beach of Quinhon assuring us that He still had a work for us to do, even through us His unworthy servants. ♦♦



vered by God

by C. TRAVIS

# THE QUIET WITNESS

by Royce Rexilius

**S**EVERAL years ago a soldier was lying on a hospital bed. One leg was missing. A missionary passing his bed handed him a Gospel tract. He read it and soon became a believer in Christ. Today he is one of our printers. Did it pay to give him that tract?

This past year the printing presses rolled out over twenty-eight million pages of Gospel literature. This included eleven books which were especially prepared for the pastors' library, including commentaries, sermon outlines, concordance and preparation of sermons. There were four books for children; eight books and booklets for the unsaved; five books for the young converts. Also, twenty-one editions of sixteen different titles of Gospel tracts (12-20 pages).

As a young Buddhist printer was type-setting and proof-reading some New Testament commentaries for our Bookstore, the printed Word found entrance into his heart. He began to think about his life and his soul. Suddenly the Word opened his darkened understanding. We

were in his home the night he accepted Jesus Christ. Today he is a deacon in one of our Saigon churches, and devotes all his time and energy to printing the most attractive Gospel literature he can produce for our Bookstore.

Each month one hundred thousand Gospel tracts are printed, six thousand copies of an evangelical magazine, and fifteen hundred copies of the monthly Bible magazine. Thirty-six hundred Sunday School Quarterlies for both adults and children are printed. One hundred thousand copies of the booklet, *How to Find God* by Billy Graham are soon to be given out to the Vietnamese military men. Some thirty books and booklets are now in the process of being printed.

One of the most active witnessing bands in Saigon spends Sunday afternoons visiting homes. After giving witness of the Gospel, tracts as well as booklets are given to those who are particularly interested. At one home visited recently, a government worker and his wife read the Gospel tracts. Two days later they came to the church, and the pastor had the privilege of leading them to the Lord. Last year nearly nine hundred decision cards attached to each tract, were signed and returned to our Bookstore.

Sales over the past three years have tripled, and during the last four months, they have quadrupled. Sales of Gospel books to the American military here have opened up a new channel. We haven't been able to stock sufficient books to meet the demand.

One of the most powerful instruments of the Christian church is the printed page. This ambassador quietly enters into the hands and hearts of the people. Often unnoticed the written page confronts the reader with the supreme question, «What must I do to inherit eternal life?». As you pray and give, we shall continue to print and distribute the Gospel via this effective medium. ♦♦

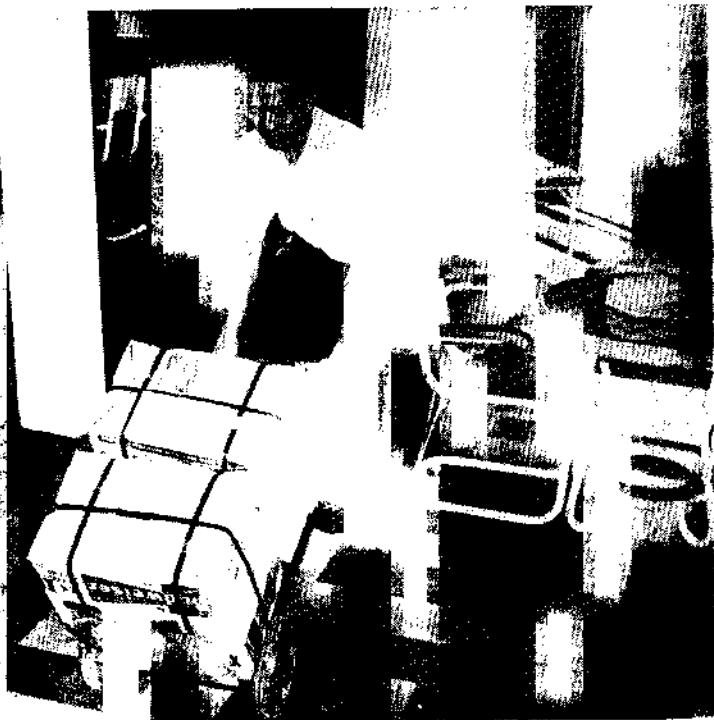


Rexilius

*Bookmobiles cruise city streets — an effective means of distribution*

*16,000 tracts readied for shipment at the Gospel Bookroom*

Rexilius





*Despite the draft, rationing  
and crying babies...*



*earnest study and  
enthusiastic witness*



**E**VERY new Bible School term faces new needs and peculiar problems. But the obstacles facing us at the Nhatrang Bible School this year seemed insuperable. First, there was the new draft law which said that every man between twenty and thirty would automatically be called this year; there would be NO exceptions except for physical disability. Then there was the matter of travel. Road travel for any distance was impossible; air travel expensive or nonexistent. There was also the matter of very short food supply in the area. How would we feed a student body if families with ration cards could not find the rice to buy even when they had the money to buy it? The faculty prayed and asked others to pray. I confess we waited a little anxiously for the opening of school.

## Surmounting all **TRAINING**

Opening day came and the courtyard and dormitories echoed with the enthusiastic exclamations of new students, the happy reunion of the second and third year students, the crying of the babies, the clatter of wooden shoes, the familiar clanging of the bell. School was in session again with fifty students! God had answered prayer above what we could ask or think!

This year there are fourteen students in the graduating class, fifteen in the second year class, and twenty-one freshmen. Were it not for the war the enrollment would easily be doubled. Two applications were received from young people in communist controlled territory, but they could not get permission to come out. Six other applicants have since been drafted. Pray that God's call may be nurtured in these hearts and that in His time He will open a door of service for them.

Perhaps you are curious to know what a Bible School on the mission field is like. While it is very similar to Bible Schools in America, there are also some interesting differences. The program of study at Nhatrang covers five years; two years of initial study, then two years of practical experience in a pastorate during which time they are required to continue study by correspondence courses, and finally back for a third year at the school before graduation. The curriculum emphasizes Bible, includes homiletics, Christian education, Vietnamese, Greek, English, first aid, music, etc.

Chapel begins the day at 7:30. Classes go till 11:30, then again from 2:30 till five or six o'clock in the case of certain electives. Evening prayers are held at 7:30 and study hour from 8:15 to 9:30.

you might better remember to pray for them. For example, let me tell you about Miss Lieu. As the oldest child she had been left to bring up four younger children when her mother died. Active in the church and young people's group, a gifted teacher and children's worker, many would have said, «She is certainly doing all she can for the Lord». Yet one day God spoke to her, «I want you to go to Bible School». «I am willing to obey you, Lord, but you know that I have this big debt I must pay off», she answered. Again the Lord's voice came clearly, «This is what I want you to do».

That was in 1959. Month by month for six years the debt gradually diminished and her purpose did not falter. Of those years she herself says, «For all that time I never had a hundred piasters

obstacles in

by Evelyn Revelle

# TOMORROW'S SHEPHERDS

But often long after the «lights out» bell some students are still doing their homework by the light of a candle or tiny kerosene lamp.

Fellows and girls (including the married students) attend the same classes, but sit on opposite sides of the room, leave by separate exits, use separate stairways, eat in different dining rooms. Married students are allowed to bring one child to Nhatrang with them; the others must be left with relatives or friends.

There is abundant opportunity to serve the Lord while at school. Every week finds students teaching in sixteen children's classes, doing house to house visitation in Nhatrang, preaching at jail services, witnessing at the nearby clinic to hundreds of patients.

I wish I could introduce each one of these students to you so that

(about one dollar) in my pocket at a time». Finally last August the debt was all paid, in time for her to enter Bible School in September!

Such is the obedience, sacrifice and steadfastness of purpose involved in these students training for the Lord's service. They are sure that God has called them, that His hand is upon their lives.

In a land where the agonies of war, the spectre of death, the devastation of bombing all take their daily toll, how vital is the work of the Church, how important the task of the minister! Thus the urgency of the preparation, inspiration, disciplined study and the training that is being carried on day by day at the Nhatrang Bible School. Pray TODAY for the faculty and students there! So much of the future of the Vietnamese church depends on them. ♦♦



## God Visits

by T.H. Stebbins

# HUE TENT CRUSADE

**F**IFTY miles south of the 17th parallel lies the ancient imperial city of Hue, now the Buddhist, Catholic, educational and governmental capital of central Viet Nam. With only one small evangelical church of less than 100 Christians and an unsaved population of over 100,000, the city offers a tremendous challenge for tent evangelism.

Throughout the past year pastor and missionary prepared the church with concentrated Bible training and united the church in prayer for divine direction and blessing.

In the Spring we felt it was time to approach the mayor for permission to erect the tent in the city. As May was potentially the most explosive month of the year with five Buddhist and communist holidays, and as the local communists were busy mingling in almost every crowded gathering to instigate religious friction and animosity, we questioned seriously whether the mayor would allow us to go ahead.

How we rejoiced when he replied, «Go out and choose any public spot you like, put your request in writing, and I'll sign it right away. We'll give you top police protection.» Shortly thereafter we hauled the tent and equipment over to a lovely park on the banks of the Perfume River which divides the city in half. Not wanting to obstruct the way of the park's many visitors, we spread the canvas, pounded the stakes and prepared to raise the tent in the far rear corner. «Oh, you can't put your tent there!», exclaimed one of the policemen. «It's too close to the bridge for security.»

So we rushed back to the mayor's office for further instructions. «You'll have to locate wherever the police tell you», said the mayor.

Returning again to the park we asked the police where they wanted the tent erected. «You'll have to put it right out in front at the entrance of the park», they order-



Stebbins

ed. Thus, without asking we were granted the finest location in the entire city where thousands of people passed by day and night.

The Lord marvelously provided the speakers too — Rev. Doan Van Mieng, President of the National Church, Rev. Gordon Cathey, pastor of the International Protestant Church of Saigon, and Rev. Ed Thompson, Alliance missionary returning for furlough from Cambodia. From the first evening attendance was high and attention was remarkable. An average of 500 attended every night. There was no elaborate program, just opening prayer, a few gospel hymns and the message. But it was very apparent that God was working, for every night many inquirers tarried late into the night. Others went home to think over the message and returned to awaken the tent-keeper with questions. « You'll have to send some counsellors over at six in the morning », he begged us. « I can't handle all those who come in search of the truth. »

There were those who rejected the gospel like Mr. De, tennis champion of the city. On several occasions at the tent, in his home, and at the tennis court we had invited him to put his trust in Christ. « Yes, yes, this is all very good », he said as he put us off each time. Shortly after the cru-

sade we heard the shocking news that he had suffered a stroke on the court and had never regained consciousness.

But there were others who received the gospel like Mr. Tien. So moved was he with the truth that he came to our home and asked to listen to the evangelists messages on tape for a second time. At last convinced in heart he knelt in his home and accepted Christ. Then overjoyed at passing his high school exams, he bought himself a reward — two leather Bibles, a large one for personal devotions and a small zippered one for witnessing.

Still others like Thu and Xuyen received the Lord and then led their wives and children to Christ. During the twenty days of meetings over seventy seekers were led in the penitent's prayer, God's Word was sown in thousands of hearts and the city was shaken with the message of salvation as never before.

Now as the rains settle down upon us we are working hard to conserve the results of this campaign through visitation, training classes, and personal counselling. Praise the Lord with us for His outstanding visitation and pray with us for these His new-born sons in the faith. ♦♦

36 Years  
a  
Missionary

by Rev.

Wai Yuk Leung



Arnold

**W**HILE attending the South China Church Conference in 1929 I heard a pastor tell of a new chapel he had opened in Saigon. He gave a special appeal asking for workers to go to Viet Nam to serve the Lord. For more than nine years I had deeply longed to serve Him in a foreign land.

After graduation from Wuchow Bible School I had completed eighteen months practical work with Rev. Walter Oldfield. There followed several years in various pastorates and now as I offered to go to Viet Nam, the Church Committee agreed to send me to work with Pastor Cheng. Thus was born the Chinese Evangelistic Band of South China with the newly opened Chinese chapel in Saigon as its first missionary project.

There were 300,000 Chinese in Saigon in 1929 and I was the only Chinese pastor. In addition there were many thousands of Chinese to be found in most cities and towns throughout all of Viet Nam. Dr. R.A. Jaffray had reminded me to think not only of my local congregation but to be concerned also for lost souls in more distant places. Desiring to faithfully serve the Lord, reaching everywhere possible with the Gospel message. I have ministered to Vietnamese as well as to Chinese in more than sixty cities and towns throughout

north and south Viet Nam and Cambodia.

During these years of ministry Satan has used many methods from within and without the church to bring testing and trial. But as a young man doing my practical work the Holy Spirit had moved upon my heart saying, «Do not yield to Satan's temptations or you will perish». So I have firmly resisted the enemy and God has kept me because He wanted to use me as a vessel for His glory.

Today there are 700,000 Chinese in Saigon whom we fervently seek to evangelize. Since 1929 we have moved from a rented building to our own present church site which includes a sanctuary seating 500 people and a four storey educational wing. The work has grown to include a weekly radio broadcast, a chapel in a Chinese refugee village near Saigon, as well as two other street chapels with three additional Chinese pastors assisting in these ministries. We had no money on hand to start any of these projects, but we saw the need so prayed to the Lord, believing He would supply.

I give all glory to God for the good measure of His blessing upon my 36 years of ministry in Viet Nam. And I thank Him for those who have shared in my labors through intercessory prayer. ♦♦