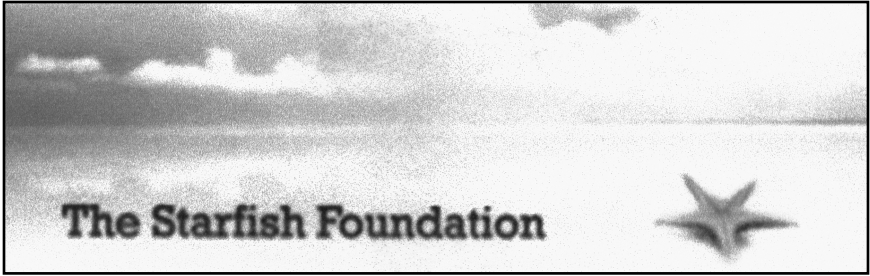


**GO YE
MEANT
GO ME**

**The Missionary Experiences
of
DENNIS J. CADY**



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DEDICATION

Books are frequently dedicated to one or more people. I would like to dedicate this to my family. This is not a family story, not even a story about Susan and me. It is my personal story. I appreciate my family sharing me with the people, places and programs described here.

Thanks:

Susan Cady

David & Amy Cady, Mackenna & Jonathan

Sarah & Lane Landes, Jackson & Parker

Michael & Kim Cady, Mason & Lauren

James & Carmen Cady (parents)

I would also like to mention granddaughter Hope Cady, whom we lost two months before her anticipated birth, and whom we all look forward to getting to know in heaven.

FOREWORD

On a Singapore Airlines flight to Indonesia January 7, 2011, the day before my 65th birthday, I watched the movie, “Bridge On the River Kwai”. British Colonel Nicholson made the statement, “There are times you realize you are closer to the end (of our life) than the beginning.” Since that describes me, I decided maybe it was time to do what some have encouraged me to do for a while: to write about my missionary experiences.

So, here goes. This story is personal. It is *my* story. I am not going to apologize for using I and me. I appreciate Susan being at my side for 43 years and counting. She has obviously been a part of much of what you will read here. However, I am telling the story from my vantage point, and the views expressed here are mine. I would like my kids and grandkids to have access to this information. The rest of you are welcome to listen in.

It hasn't been easy to decide what to include and what to omit. I have freely expressed myself in areas of methods and opinions. These are also part of my story. You may find them valuable or you may find them worth just what you are paying for them — zero.

A few years ago I undertook the writing of a book that was to be titled “Some of Those Worth Remembering”, with a chapter on each of several people who influenced me and many others. Most were missionaries. I doubt that will ever get beyond the five chapters written at that time. With apologies to some greats like Parker Henderson, Gordon Hogan, Bob Hare and others I intended to write about, I have chosen to include the chapters on Thelma Eubank, Dale Larsen, Maurice Hall, Elizabeth Bernard and Otis Gatewood at the end of this book. They inspired me, so in a way are part of my story too.

It has been a wonderful and fulfilling trip so far. If things go according to my wishes, the story won't be finished when this book is. Someone else will have to write the rest of the story if it gets written. I'll take you as far as I've gone up to this point in my life. Thank you for honoring me by even opening this page.

Dennis J. Cady

2011

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CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING

My first ever memory of missionary work was in the Presbyterian Church in Scottsville, Kansas.

I was raised in that church and am grateful to several there who contributed to the formation of my values and helped with my first Bible knowledge. When I was in about the 6th grade a missionary from Algeria spoke one evening. He had a display table at the front of the church that fascinated me. Those were the days before power point or even slide projectors. He gave me a coin, long ago lost, but valued for a while. I remember telling people afterwards that I was going to be a missionary in Africa someday.

I have yet to make it to Africa, but I guess that was the beginning of this story. It was pretty unique in a way because all of my great grandparents were buried within 20 miles of Scottsville and, though some of my aunts and uncles had moved away, both of my parents lived most of their lives right there. My dad left a letter which I read at his funeral, stating that he lived his life within six miles of where he was born. Who would have thought I would have circled the world twice and gone half way around the world and back over 30 times. At this writing I've been in 20 countries in North, Central and South America, Europe, Asia and the Carribean.

There would likely have been others along the way who would have lit my fire for missions if that Algerian missionary hadn't come to our little church that night, but the point is, he did it. And he has no idea. I've spoken on world evangelism in a lot of places and given a lot of kids money from several countries. I wonder if I've done for one of them what that guy did for me?

Let's fast forward to 1964. No one in our family had ever gone to college. I thought I would farm with my dad. During my high school days we bought a hay swather in partnership. I had my own cattle. I had made a salt feeder out of the back end of an old Baldwin combine and painted on it "James Cady and Son."

While I was a junior in high school, Grandma Cady asked me to purchase a burial lot in the Scottsville Cemetery for her and grandpa. She

gave me the \$20 to buy it. My parents heard of the plan and told me to buy one for them beside my grandparents. Sure that I would live my life there, I bought a third lot next to those two for myself. Real estate later became a major way of life and the source of funding for much of what I have done. It is strange that at age 17 I bought my first piece of real estate, a cemetery lot. A tombstone was placed there several years ago, and when my soul goes home to God, my body will go home to Scottsville. I include this in this missionary history to tell you that I have deep roots and, except for my dad and uncles serving in World War II, no one in my family had been to another country. I wasn't the mostly likely to travel the world.

In the fall of 1964 I entered York College in York, Nebraska. Lynn Yocum, a member of the church of Christ and a college student at the time, had gone from our county to York and persuaded me to as well. I was looking for a small school (when I graduated from Simpson High School there were seven in our senior class and thirty five in all four grades of the school). I wanted to go to a Christian school, which at that time meant to me a church affiliated school — which affiliation was not of primary importance.

Lynn, those from the Green Mound Church of Christ near Scottsville, and the people at York built on the faith I had secured at home and in the Presbyterian Church, helping me take my next spiritual step. I obeyed the gospel in late September 1964, baptized at York by Roger Hawley, the preacher for the York church. I entered college with a pre-agriculture major, during my freshman year changed to accounting, and during my sophomore year changed to Bible.

The York years were wonderful years. I was never the best fit in high school. I excelled in public speaking and other roles of leadership but went to school in a neighboring community heavily influenced by a Bohemian minority. I never once had a cigarette in my mouth (and still haven't), never went to their after-the-party parties where they talked of having beer hidden in someone's hay barn and the like. At York I was surrounded by people of like values and interests. Among other things we wanted to make the world a better place.

I was very active in the Mission Study Group that met for an hour before services each Wednesday night. My sophomore year, I was one of the four student leaders of that group. That meant I got to host, introduce, and sometimes spend time afterward with visiting missionaries who came to speak on campus. I was in awe of those people.

I am hesitant to name names because of those I will omit but among them were Otis Gatewood (Germany immediately following WW II and Eastern Europe following that), Maurice and Marie Hall (France

after WW II and Vietnam during my college days), Bob Hare (Eastern Europe) and people who had spent their whole lives in Africa. Whether those people were fresh from the mission field or their service in foreign lands had ended many years before, they all came with a passion that was contagious. Several fellow students at York spent years in mission fields in part because we got to hear these men.

Before I go any further, let me say that my missionary story is as it relates to “faraway lands”. I know — I’ve rightly preached it myself — that *all the world* is a mission field. That includes the people across the street, the people you work with and go to school with, and in some cases even members of your immediate family. For Christian parents it certainly includes their children and, for those blessed with grandchildren, it includes them. In thinking about those far away and those next door, missions is not “either/ or”; it is “both/and”.

Let me preach a little here: Christian parents and grandparents will say they know their children and grandchildren are their most important mission field. It is so true and most of us have only one opportunity to do the job of parenting right. With that in mind, show your offspring you are more concerned about their soul than their athletic or academic abilities. Be as dedicated to getting them to a youth devotional or summer church camp as you are about getting them to soccer practice. Travel as far to just be in the audience when you know a grandson is going to read a scripture at Sunday worship for the first time as you would if he were playing for state championship in some sports event. Give them books that feed their soul. Talk up, not down, about the church, the preacher, the elders in their presence. When you travel, make stops at church times (yes, Sunday night and Wednesday, too) as much a part of your journey as filling the car with gas. Live at home what you live at church services. These things won’t guarantee success, but if every Christian family just did these things it would be a huge improvement, and fewer parents would ask five years after their children moved out, “Why don’t my kids go to church now?”

While I’m off chasing a rabbit, let me plead with parents and grandparents to encourage their children and grandchildren to be interested in far-away missions. Pick a missionary or some work they can relate to, and support them outside your “in the plate” contribution. Maybe you could support an orphan in a country they can learn some things about. Involve them in the selection and funding process. If you hear that a missionary is going to speak at a nearby congregation, visit that church during that service. Afterwards, introduce your children to the missionary and let them hand them \$50 from your billfold. If one of them expresses an interest in

being a missionary, encourage them. Get them an interesting book about another country, maybe a missionary biography or a book that tells of the great humanitarian needs in developing countries. When they are old enough, encourage them to participate in short term mission trips. There are many available. Again, be as excited about that, with them, as you would be if they were being given some notable award in a field of achievement.

My story here, though, is about experiences *far away*. In telling my story I am going to share with you not just what has happened, but some conclusions, sometimes my opinions and sometimes my convictions.

So, back to my story:

It had been a long time since I heard the missionary to Algeria in the 6th grade, but the influence of those who came to York College was profound. One of my teachers was Colis Campbell, who, with his wife Delores and two daughters, had been a missionary in Japan prior to going to York. His quiet influence was also great. I owe a lot to York. I obeyed the gospel while there. The church there sent me overseas the first time.

Wanting to show appreciation years later when York hosted the World Mission Workshop in 2006, an annual gathering of Christian college students interested in world evangelism, I paid for Bob Buchanan going from the Philippines and Parker Henderson going from Trinidad to be on their program. The students were blessed by hearing these men.

Remember Lynn Yocum from Mitchel County, Kansas? Shortly after I was baptized, Lynn came to York to encourage me to go on a six-week-long summer mission trip to Japan, led by George Gurganus of Harding College. It sounded exciting but I told him there was no way I could take six weeks out of my summer. My parents were glad I was in college, but since no one in our family had ever gone to college and I planned to farm with my dad anyhow, they weren't motivated to help pay for it. My dad's reservation may have been that if I once got off the farm I wouldn't be back to stay. At least that is the way it worked out. The only material help I got from them was that Dad would fill my car with gas when I was ready to return to school after occasional weekend visits.

I suppose somewhere in the conversation with Lynn I said that I would go if it wasn't so long. He had Plan B. There was a Campaign for Christ to be held in Hawaii and led by Ivan Stewart from Oklahoma City. Those campaigns were pretty popular during that time. During the day campaigners would knock doors, study with those who would let them in to study, and invite people to a gospel meeting to be held the final week. Harold McRay of the Northwest Church of Christ in Lawton, Oklahoma, was the speaker. I decided to go.

Money is a factor in most things, and I needed money to go to school. My folks needed me to work on the farm and were ready to pay me wages. Time off the job would cost me in loss of income. Going on the Hawaii campaign meant that during my second year at York (only a junior college at the time) I had two jobs at different times: I was in the work study program on campus. My job was washing pots and pans in the cafeteria during and after the evening meal. Then I got a job at the city newspaper. I addressed papers to those who received their paper in the mail. (Recalling the time at the paper reminds me of something that put a smile on my face then and does again now. The janitors and I were usually the last to leave each evening. The janitors were a man and wife, senior citizens and church goers. Knowing I was a Bible major at York they asked my help one time. Their church, to get people into the Bible, had asked the members to find a Bible verse which began with each letter of the alphabet. As they sought a verse starting with C, they asked me where the verse was which said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." I told them it wasn't there.)

I have always tried not to make the important decisions in life based on money. I have tried to decide what was the best thing to do, and do it. That doesn't mean I haven't turned down opportunities to do something because we couldn't afford it, but as much as possible I have not let money be the deciding factors in things. Some who have known me only in the latter years of my life and only when my pockets have been full might say "easy for you to say, you can afford to do whatever you want." I've had the same philosophy on a different scale when I couldn't afford it. Check with some who knew me then.

An example is when I heard of a campaign for Christ in Vancouver, Canada, the summer of 1966. I provided the full \$500 for Laretta Prior, a student at York, to go. That was when I graduated from York and was heading overseas for the first time. \$500 was a lot of money. Laretta would never have gone otherwise. She would never have set out to raise the money. She later became Mrs. Garrell Kidd, and has been a good preacher's wife all the years since. It was a sound investment.

In telling some things I've done, I am not campaigning for a "Nice Guy Award." But if I don't illustrate what I say, what I say has no meat in it. I would like to get more people to think, "That is something I can do," instead of, "Since I can't move to Moscow, there is nothing I can do."

Well, I went on the Hawaii campaign. I believe there were 52 baptized into Christ during that three weeks — most of them never having heard the pure gospel before. My door-knocking partner, whose name

I'm sorry I've forgotten, and I were instrumental in teaching a 20ish year old young lady of Japanese ancestry, Sharon Takaguchi. We knocked on her door, cold turkey, and three studies later she was baptized. Before the campaign was over, she brought her boyfriend, Ira Yamashita, and he was taught and baptized. We kept in touch for a little while, then got busy with other things.

Who would have thought that forty four years later our oldest son, David, would be a gospel preacher in Hawaii? Sharon was the first person saved because I did something. I didn't save her. Jesus did. But Jesus could do that because we went on a door-knocking campaign to a place that was, to us, at the time, far away.

Getting the money together for the Hawaii campaign was my first experience in fund raising. I don't remember how much I had to raise. I think it was something over \$1000. That was an ambitious goal in 1965 for a college kid who needed that money to go on a summer missionary trip to HAWAII (sure!!!!!!!!!!), sponsored by churches of Christ, at a time when I knew very few churches of Christ except at York and the Green Mound and Concordia, Kansas, congregations. I had gone off to college in September and became a member of the church of Christ soon thereafter. I was home during Christmas holidays asking people to give me money to go to Hawaii for the summer. But I was successful and the Hawaii experience was meaningful.

CHAPTER 2

MASTER'S APPRENTICE PROGRAM AND MALAYSIA

One of the speakers on one of those Wednesday nights in York, Nebraska, was a man from the church of Christ in West Islip, New York. They were starting the Faith Corps, patterned after the American Peace Corps. They recruited and sent individuals and families on missions for a period of two years. The church in York developed a similar program. Initially it consisted of a two-year foreign term and a one-year domestic term, usually in the northern United States. The program was still on the drawing board when I graduated, but the York church decided to send Marcia Prior to Copenhagen, Denmark, and me to Saigon, Vietnam, for two years. Most of the rules and regulations for the program, which was named Master's Apprentice Program while we were serving our two years, were developed during the time we were overseas, but we are considered the first MAP people.

Those old enough to remember will recognize this was right in the middle of the Vietnam war. It was the first war that has been followed in the living rooms of people each evening as they watched the news on their televisions. I mentioned Maurice and Marie Hall earlier. With an outstanding history of service in the kingdom, the Halls had become missionaries in Saigon. Their humility combined with a love for the lost and a willingness to serve even when in harm's way elevated them even further in the minds of the brotherhood.

Among other things Brother Hall did was to plan a school for international and wealthy Vietnamese children. He intended to staff it by recruiting people to come over for two years as teachers. Some adults responded, but not enough. His appeals fell on the receptive ears of a number of college students. They were to support themselves, partially

at least, from salaries they would receive as teachers in the school, and do mission work as they had time. Missionaries do creative things to secure funds and workers. Some of these things wouldn't be necessary if God's people gave and went as they should.

I did not want to teach in the school. I wanted to do more direct mission work. I decided, though, to go and assist Brother Hall however I could for two years, then return to the U.S. and finish my college education.

The York elders agreed to oversee me through what became the MAP. My salary was to be \$250 monthly, considered subsistence even for a single person. In addition to that I needed round trip plane fare and a little miscellaneous set up money. By this time I knew a few more churches of Christ but not many. In my favor was that everyone was interested in Vietnam, so that opened doors for me. People who knew me were willing to recommend me to churches. That got me an audience, then I was on my own.

The plan was that I would attend two three-week sessions of the Summer Seminar in Missions at Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas, and would go to Vietnam soon after. My parents and sister attended my graduation at York on Friday evening and took my things back to Kansas, and I drove all night to get to Searcy and was ready for the start of the seminar the following Monday.

At that seminar we had access to a lot of missionaries and others interested in missions. It was terrific for a college guy who was more like a sponge than someone who really knew what was ahead. There was considerable talk about problems in Saigon, centered on the fact that the school Brother Hall had planned didn't develop. The volunteers who had come to teach, expecting salaries from that school, had no salaries and, in many cases, no other support. Brother Hall felt responsible and wanted to hold those people there, thinking the opening of the school had only been delayed and would eventually be a reality. He took a secular job at a substantial salary because of his credentials and experience, mainly in education. Those who didn't know the whole story were throwing stones at him for his side job and secular income.

The Halls got mail through military people using APO addresses, so an exchange of letters between the U.S. and Saigon, in their case, was comparable to their being in the U.S. I wrote Brother Hall, asking about the accusations we were hearing. I knew of others who did the same. No responses came — total silence. We couldn't find out what problems existed involving missionaries in Saigon.

By the time the first session at Harding had ended, I called the elders at York and told them I wasn't wanting to get into a mess, but I still wanted to be a missionary in S.E. Asia for my two years. They said they had been having the same concerns and were hoping I would have second thoughts about going to Vietnam. We decided we needed to talk face to face, so I drove all night Friday of that third week to get to York and meet with the elders on Saturday.

It was mutually agreed that I would not go to Vietnam. Instead I was offered two choices. While at Harding, George Benson, then president of the college and a former missionary to China and the Philippines, had talked to me about the Philippines. The York elders knew Douglas Gunselman who was a missionary in Manila. I could go work with him. The York church was also partially supporting Jud Whitefield who had recently moved from Seremban, Malaysia, to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. I could work with him.

George Gurganus, director of the missions seminar, was leading a group of college students on a six-week trip to Asia, spending the first half in Okinawa and the second with the Gunselmans in the Philippines. We decided I would go with the Gurganus group and when they returned to the U.S. I would stay as long as I felt necessary with the Gunselmans, then go on to Kuala Lumpur and visit the Whitefields.

In Okinawa we stayed in tents on a camp ground near a village called Sosu and spent most of our time building them a road up the mountain to their school. While there were no Christian people in Sosu, there was a ten-foot wooden cross. It had been placed there by a U.S. military man who, while stationed in Okinawa, went to the village to provide medical care. He told the people he did it because he was a Christian. We interacted some with the Okinowans but couldn't speak to them. There were Japanese-speaking brothers with us. The 8-10 year old son of one of them and I became buddies. I still remember the Japanese word for friend, even though I don't remember the boy's name: tomodachi.

In Manila we passed out literature on the streets, I believe with the target of people enrolling in Bible correspondence courses, and we built two A-frame church buildings, one in Metro Manila and one in a Negrito (aboringine) village. The lady who was in the group as a chaperone for the girls was Becky Tilotta (later Holbrook). She had a wonderful spirit and a missionary heart. I value her influence greatly.

By the time the Gurganus group went to the U.S., the Gunselmans had convinced me I needed to spend my apprentice time with them. However I was obligated to visit Kuala Lumpur before a final decision could be made.

I left most of my things in Manila and went to Kuala Lumpur, via Saigon. Lynn Yocum was a missionary there at the time. I was there two days and one night. We stayed up talking all that night and heard gun fire and bombs exploding at various intervals. Lynn had a press card from some American paper, and that entitled him to certain privileges normally afforded military and diplomatic people only. That got us a free ride on an Air America helicopter to some city north of Saigon, then we rode in the back of a paratroop plane with the tail end open as we flew, to return. It was quite an experience, seeing the results of agent orange on the vegetation alongside the road and all the military equipment.

I visited the Halls and other missionaries who happened to be at their house. I learned the rest of the story about the issues which had caused me not to go to Saigon. For a number of years, prior to this time, most of publicity about missionary work done in S.E. Asia by churches of Christ focused on the efforts of Ira Rice who had pioneered the work in Singapore and Malaysia and had influenced it in a number of other places. He had done some significant things in the realm of church planting, among them converting some people of stability and ability in both of those countries.

Unfortunately, Rice felt his methods and his opinions had to be followed, or else. He had trouble dealing with another part of South East Asia being in the limelight. That was true mainly because of the war and how well the Halls were known even before they went to Vietnam; nevertheless intense jealousy existed. I was told that on a visit to Saigon, preaching in the presence of a good number of missionaries recruited by the Halls, Ira said, "Missionaries are like manure. When you get too many of them together in the same place, they stink."

Damaging rumors about the Halls, which were rampant at a critical time in my decision process, were started and/or passed along by Rice. This had a devastating effect on the Halls, who already lived under terrific stress of war and the need for support for others they had recruited. When asked why he didn't defend himself and respond to inquiries, Brother Hall is to have later said, "I went to Saigon to preach the gospel, not to fight in the mud with that man."

Looking back, I see the hand of God in the things which resulted in me going to Malaysia instead of Vietnam in 1966. Those relate to the similarity in the Malay and Indonesia languages, the influence of Thelma Eubank and of course, my wife, Susan. More on those later.

Once in Kuala Lumpur, Jud Whitefield had his chance to recruit me. I don't remember all the arguments, but after a couple of weeks there

I asked the Gunselmans to send to Malaysia the things I had left with them, and I spent my apprenticeship time in K.L.

The church in K.L. had gone through some rough times. Established in the late 1950s or early 1960s by Ira Rice during a brief period of time he had lived there before moving back to Singapore, the Howard Mersches (overseen by the church in York, Nebraska) and the Frank Pierces (overseen by the church in Electra, Texas) served there. They did not get along, and local people chose sides. The conflict between Frank and Howard resulted in an exchange of blows on one occasion. It was decided the York church would send elder Mabry Miller, and the Electra church would send elder John Lee to look into problems. The decision was made that the Pierces would move to Seremban, about 50 miles south, and start a new work there. The Mersches would return to the U.S. The K.L. church split over issues related to the conflict.

The larger group, made up of a significant number of professional people, stayed in the rented 4th floor property at 123-D Ipoh Road. The smaller group made up of only one significant adult couple, Chan Kim Fo and his wife Doris, and a group of high school young people (the oldest of whom was Susan, who later became my wife) met at Susan's parents' home. Her parents were Methodist at the time but allowed the group to meet there. The Chans' home was much nicer but there was no public transportation to it, so the church meeting there was not an option. It wasn't too long until the larger group disbanded and the smaller group shifted back to the Ipoh Road location, where it was meeting when the Whitefields moved there in 1964 or 1965.

About three weeks after I got to K.L., Thelma Eubank arrived from the U.S. She had previously worked with Ira Rice in Singapore, primarily focusing on Bible correspondence courses. That was her main focus in K.L., as well, and years later when she worked with us in Indonesia and the Philippines, but we'll get to that.

Bible correspondence courses were a very effective tool for spreading the gospel in those years in Singapore, Malaysia, and other Asian countries. Most of the students were school age. Most were growing up in Buddhist and Hindu families and, as part of their desire to be more modern, they wanted to be more like the western world. To them that included Christianity. We had thousands of BCC students. Hundreds of them were baptized. Most have become unfaithful but among those who didn't are now middle-age and senior-age adults who have become mature Christians and are leading and serving in churches. Times have changed, and correspondence courses are not as effective in many places as they were back then, but the good done in those years is still seen.

There is so much I would like to say about Sister Eubank and her influence on my life, missionary and otherwise. I was 19-21 during the K.L. years, still pretty easily moldable. She showed me a great work ethic as a missionary, and taught me a lot of Bible as we would answer many, many questions that came in with correspondence course lessons being returned for grading.

No doubt Sister Eubank's greatest contribution to my life was a respect for other people, especially in her case, Asians, as equals. In all my dealings with them since, I have taken a fraternal, as opposed to paternal, approach. I do not talk down to them because they are different. The Asians I have worked with, I have worked WITH. I had contributions I could make that they couldn't, but the reverse was also true.

I would that all missionaries in foreign lands were more fraternal. Just being nice and treating people with respect goes a long way in influencing them with the gospel. They aren't our hirelings, our underlings. It is not my job to make Americans out of them. They have as much right to eat their three meals a day with their hands (as is the case in much of Indonesia) as American do using a fork and spoon. If I am punctual and insist on starting worship on time, then watch the clock to see that we don't go past the allotted hour, while they gather without apology twenty minutes after the posted time but two hours later are wanting to ask just one more question or keep on singing, I wonder whose timetable God is most pleased with?

Several other experiences come to mind when thinking of the Malaysia years:

The church met on the 4th floor of an office building. Water pressure was weak at best. We put water in the baptistery only when someone was to be baptized. If it was at the end of worship services and the congregation was waiting to witness the baptism, Jud Whitefield would wait until there was just enough water in it to baptize, then call the obedient to get in. He could baptize people in shallower water than I have ever seen. I couldn't. For a while I would allow him to tell me "that's enough" and proceed, if I was doing the baptizing. After having to redo the job a few times because I couldn't totally immerse the person, I insisted that we wait as long as it took to fill the baptistery.

Upon my arrival in K.L., I wrote my parents about how many people had motorcycles as their primary transportation. They sent money that enabled me to purchase a new 65cc Honda Cub. My folks were always good supporters of the mission work I did. From taking part of my summer to go on the Hawaii campaign, to plans to go to Vietnam during

war time, to going to Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines; then in later years going back to Indonesia so many times, supporting an orphanage in Haiti, and more which you will read about in pages that follow, they were financial supporters and much more. They must have preferred that my family and I be closer by during those years, but they were always part of what we did, even though a lot of it was far away.

I had been in Malaysia just over a month when missionary Wanima Matlock was electrocuted in Seremban, about 50 miles south of K.L. She had taken hold of the neck of a desk lamp that apparently had a short in it and the 220 volts of electricity killed her. Her husband, Richard, called the Whitefields, and Sister Eubank and I went with them to Seremban. We stayed two days and two nights, helping Richard and his children pack and get ready to fly to the U.S. with Wanima's body.

I had left my motorcycle at the Whitefields. Upon returning to K.L. I thought I would go by the church building on my way home and get my personal mail. Once upstairs I found quite an accumulation of correspondence courses so I spent the entire night grading, recording and preparing them for mailing. When I went downstairs at daybreak, my motorcycle had been stolen. Fortunately it was insured and the insurance money bought a used one, which was my transportation all the time I was there.

Jud never liked me riding a motorcycle. He felt it was too dangerous. One day I was going down a residential street when a kid pulled out in front of me from a side street. Coming toward me in the other lane was a city bus. I had to make a quick choice between the side of the bicycle and the front of the bus. I chose the bicycle. The kid got up and hurried off on his bicycle. My cycle was unhurt, but I had a scraped forehead and a sprained right knee, which even now sometimes reminds me of the accident. A passerby took me to the church building and, just as I stepped off the elevator, Jud was waiting to get in. His face said, "I told you so," but his lips never did.

The Whitefields felt one of the very few safe places to eat in Malaysia was the A & W Restaurant. Pansy almost always ordered a Mama Burger and would carefully pick the little seeds off the bun before eating. They were troubled by the places where I ate after Sister Eubank got there, especially when we went out to eat at street stalls in the evenings with Malaysian friends. This started when Sister Eubank and I were standing on the open 4th floor balcony waiting for the elevator (called lift in Malaysia) to take us from where the church met, down to ground level, so we could go eat. "Where are we going today?" she asked. I said, "A & W again, I guess." She looked across the river at a very "average" restaurant where

at that moment a dog was drinking out of the dishwater and asked, “Why don’t we eat there?” I asked, “Can you do that?” We did, and we went back fairly often.

I have pretty much eaten what was put before me and have drunk the same, and I have had very few upset stomachs because of it. I’ve known missionaries who insisted on buying imported canned food at very inflated prices. I’ve known some who took canned goods with them when they went to villages. Surely it’s not my imagination that most of them were sick more than I was. You could say that I’ve just been lucky. You could, but I wouldn’t. There are few ways to develop repore with someone better than to sit at their table. There are as few that will close doors and build walls more quickly than if you are in someone’s house, they prepare a meal for you (sometimes at a cost more than they can afford), and you refuse to eat.

We had correspondence courses all over central Malaysia. Those very far away received little or no follow up. A difficult missionary question is how far to reach out, how thin to spread yourself? It’s not an easy question to be faced with. Heaven or hell for eternity on the part of other people may depend on your answer. Toward the end of my time in Malaysia I started going to the city of Klang and a rubber plantation beyond that to hold worship services with young people who wanted to be baptized. They eventually were.

When I was going to baptize an Indian boy who lived on the plantation with his Hindu grandparents I saw a river just behind the house and assumed we would take care of the baptism there. I was told that was not possible because there were crocodiles in that river. We went a farther distance to a beach.

In Klang we met under a Malay style house (Malay houses are built on legs or stilts) at the home of another Indian family. Only the children of the family were interested. We would all meet together until it came time for the sermon. Then Melba Bennett, another missionary in K.L., took the smaller children under a tree for a Sunday school lesson while I taught those who were older. Jud objected to our missing services on Ipoh Road in K.L. to preach and teach in Klang so we usually skipped Sunday lunch, got a taxi immediately after morning services, went directly to Klang and returned just in time for evening services.

Our worship was pretty informal. We sat in a circle in chairs. One Sunday Jud decided he wanted to see what was going on in Klang. Part of the way through my Bible lesson he interrupted me and asked, “They don’t have preaching here?” I said, “No, but we study the Bible.” He took over, stood and gave us a lecture (i.e., sermon) of traditional length.

Our verbal exchange afterwards centered on my inability to find anything in the scriptures about a pulpit, a requirement for standing to deliver a lecture, or even (treading on sacred ground) having an invitation song — something else we never had in Klang in those days.

One day the three oldest children (two in high school and one slightly older) were baptized. The baptizing was done near where ships were docked. As we walked back to their house after dark one of them said, “That water was sure dirty.” and I remember responding, “It was clean enough to wash away your sins.” Alfred, James and Cecilia Kania-pan were the first members of the church of Christ in Klang. Today the largest congregation among churches of Christ in that nation is that one. Not long after my return to the U.S., the Charles Bishop family moved there as missionaries.

Malaysia is made of three major ethnic groups. When I was there in the mid-60s the Malays were about 50% of the population, the Chinese 45% and Indians 5%. The Malays were Moslems. They were not allowed to convert to other religions, and we could not legally teach them the gospel. The second restriction was not a problem for us as I met only one who was willing to be taught anyhow. He was a young man in his 20s. He came to the church building in K.L. one morning. He had been taught and baptized by Hayden Jenks, then a missionary in Penang, 250 miles north of K.L. Upon learning that his son had become a Christian, his father burned everything the young man owned except the clothes he was wearing, even the cash in his pockets. The father could have killed his son for converting to another religion, and it would not have been wrong by Islamic teaching. He was travelling at night, fleeing to Singapore, 250 miles south of K.L. After hearing his story we offered to take him to lunch but he would not be seen leaving the building with us. That could have gotten us in trouble. He went his way and we never heard from him again.

We worked with Chinese and Indians, many of them young people growing up in Buddhist or Hindu families. It was not uncommon for the young converts to ask us to give them a Christian name. They meant a western name, falsely thinking things western are Christian. We would tell them Sim Lee or Varsan were as Christian as Mike or Bill or Debra. Most still took a western name. I am glad to see there are now mature Asian Christians who see that is not necessary.

On one occasion Vice President Hubert Humphrey made an official visit to Malaysia. We knew his motorcade was to take a certain route on a given Sunday afternoon. Following worship we went there, just to observe the procession pass by. Remember this was during the Vietnam

war. There was a small underground Communist element in Malaysia. When it was about time for the Vice President's car to come by where I stood on the side of a street, all of a sudden there was some shouting, tear gas bombs went off nearby, rifle shots were heard, and people were scattering. I ran to a large ditch. The motorcade passed by quickly. The windows of the Vice President's car were tinted and I didn't see anything. I realized that attention was focused about a block away, so I walked down there. University-age young men had burned an American flag and shouted against the war. Two had been killed and were lying on the pavement, a stark testimony to the brutality of the "real" world.

CHAPTER 3

OUR MARRIAGE

Upon my arrival to work with the church in Kuala Lumpur I quickly got acquainted with the faithful Christians. Among them was Susan Yong, then a secretary at the General Hospital. Susan had been baptized in 1961 while Ira Rice was a missionary in K.L., during a gospel meeting preached by Bob Hare, who worked in Austria. During a stormy time for the K.L. church, a part of the congregation met for a time in the home of the Yong family. Susan was the oldest of their children. She was active in several aspects of the church and was well respected throughout churches of Christ in Malaysia. I was 20, yet Susan says to this day that her first impression was that I was a visiting elder from the U.S. I must have looked “mature”! We shared participation in many church activities. One thing led to another and after some successful personal “personal work” we were engaged!



Dennis and Susan, March 2, 1968

We announced our engagement at the home of Sister Eubank in late 1967. Present were Sister Eubank, the Whitefileds, Melba Bennet, and Brother and Sister A.L. Harbin, missionaries from Singapore on their way to the U.S. and making a one-night stop over in K.L.

That night was the first night in over 15 months that brother Harbin had not preached in what he called a “perpetual gospel meeting”. The meeting included preaching on Matthew chapter 1 the first Monday in January, Matthew chapter 2 the next night and so on. Monday through Friday, brother Harbin preached on a chapter a night. At that rate he completed the entire New Testament in a calendar year. On Saturday night he answered questions that had been submitted during the week. On Sunday, the sermons were topical. He expected every member of the congregation to be present every night. Even though he started on time and closed one hour later, this was a terrific sacrifice for those who had jobs and for students who were in school. It was impossible for some. Nevertheless members learned a lot of Bible.

That year-long effort was the beginning of the Queenstown congregation (now Pasir Panjang) in Singapore. Preaching every night gave Brother Harbin little time for other church activities. He did read 100 chapters of the New Testament daily. Actually he read ten chapters ten times. Knowing he would possibly be interrupted in the middle of reading, and to keep count, he created a row of ten stacks of pennies, with ten pennies in each stack. As he read each chapter he would remove a penny from the first stack. When that stack was gone he had read ten chapters one time. Then he started on the second stack. Brother and Sister Harbin will appear in our story again as I write about the Philippine years.

But back to the concern some had that I was marrying an Asian. To properly understand, you have to remember these were days when the Vietnam war was on the front page every day. Behavior between American soldiers and Vietnamese young ladies was not always what it should have been, and some Vietnamese married Americans for a ticket out of a very bad life, so from every angle there was doubt about the resulting relationships. In addition, there was concern about the very different backgrounds and cultures involved.

The first to express feelings was Jud Whitefield. The night we announced our engagement he spoke out some exclamation of joy. In writing the York elders later that night I mentioned to them what he had said. The next day, however, Jud came to me and said he thought I had said Melba Bennett and I were engaged. He certainly did not approve of me marrying an Asian girl. He readily admitted Susan was the strongest Christian young woman in the K.L. church but in spite of the ten years Jud faithfully preached the gospel to them, “they” never were his equals.

Next Lynn Yocum, who had taught me the gospel, introduced me to York College, and recruited me for the Hawaii campaign (all of which greatly influenced my life), came from Vietnam to persuade me not to make this mis-

take. Again, you must remember he was used to seeing Asian girls manipulate themselves into a marriage with an American soldier so they could have a way to get out of Vietnam. Once convinced that Susan had been a faithful Christian for years before I met her, he felt somewhat different.

Then there were the elders at the York church. Actually one of them, Mabry Miller, had met Susan on his trip to Malaysia with Electra elder John Lee. Nevertheless, they did not approve of the engagement. It is because of me that there is now a rule in the Master's Apprentice Program of the college that forbids marrying while on the field. Susan was offered a scholarship to go to York if she would come back first while still single. Then, they said, after her two years there if we still wanted to be married, we would have their blessing.

The elders asked my parents to meet with them in York, which they did. The elders' purpose was to put their heads together to see how they could prevent our marrying. They never mentioned this meeting to me but, in telling me about it, my dad said he and mom walked in and his first words were, "We don't know this girl, but we know Dennis, and if he wants to marry her that's fine with us." The meeting was over. My dad, who had finished high school at Scottsville, Kansas, had been in control of a meeting of college professors, on their turf.

My grandpa Cady was as opinionated, prejudiced, and hard headed as anyone I've known. He had probably never been in the same room with a black person and possibly had never seen one, but he was prejudiced against black people. His three sons had served in World War II, one of them being a prisoner of war and suffering greatly during that time. I was his oldest grandchild and had grown up less than two miles from him. Upon hearing of my engagement he is to have said, "None of my kids are going to marry a (beep) Jap." I'd say by the time he died he thought as much of Susan as anyone a grandchild had brought into the family.

Ignorance is such a pitiful disease. Today it is prejudice against Moslems that concerns me. I have good friends who hate all Moslems and some of them have never seen one in the flesh or had a one-on-one conversation with a person of that religion.

Susan and I married three weeks before I was to leave for the U.S. We considered getting married in the U.S., but that would have required her waiting her turn in a list of immigrants and we couldn't tell how long that might take. On the other hand, if we married in Malaysia she could accompany me to the U.S. as a dependent of an American citizen.

Shortly before our wedding Susan's grandfather died. Her family felt it was bad luck for us to be married so close to his death and wanted us

to postpone the wedding. Invitations were already out and tickets to leave for the U.S. had been bought. The scheduling of the wedding was connected to the time required to process Susan's visa. We went ahead with the wedding, as planned, but none of her relatives other than her parents and siblings attended.

We actually got married twice in the same day, March 2, 1968. Our marriage was pretty big news for churches of Christ in Malaysia. Susan was a well known, long-time member and I was an American missionary. She wanted a church wedding and there was no one in churches of Christ in all Malaysia authorized by the government to perform a marriage. Tan Keng Koon, a preacher in Singapore, was authorized in both Malaysia and Singapore and we considered asking him to preside but didn't, for some reason. (Koon at one time had been a personal body guard for Chiang Kai Chek, president of Taiwan at the time I was in Malaysia.)

We asked an Indian brother named Krishnan and Thelma Eubank to be our witnesses and had a brief civil ceremony at the Bureau of Marriages. That evening we had a church wedding which had no legal standing. The wedding was at the church's meeting place on Ipoh Road in K.L.; then we rented a large room on the 5th floor of the same building for a reception. That room was not in use so there was no electricity. We provided light by having many, I suppose hundreds, of candles. Ken Sinclair, missionary from Seremban, performed the ceremony. Don Green, missionary from Ipoh, Malaysia, was best man and Melba Bennett, missionary in K.L., was bride's maid.

Associated with our getting married, in keeping with Chinese custom, we also had a tea ceremony at which we each served tea to Susan's parents and certain other of her relatives, and they served us. Also, Susan's parents hosted a multi-course Chinese meal. Guests brought gifts of money in red envelopes, but those were given directly to Susan's parents to pay for the meal. A few hundred people were present. For the wedding I had a suit tailor-made (the only time I wore a suit coat while in Malaysia) and Susan had a western style wedding dress tailored, which for the wedding was new but then belonged to the tailor who would rent and/or sell it to others.

Our wedding was on a Saturday. We spent that night at the YMCA Hotel in K.L., went to worship in K.L. on Sunday morning, then left that afternoon for Malacca for our honeymoon.

The first part of my time in K.L. I rented a room with an Indian family. When they moved to Johore Baharu in southern Malaysia, I rented a room with a Chinese family. In both cases I took morning and evening meals with the family, ate noon meals out, and they did my laundry.

Susan and I stayed in the room I had with the Chinese family after we were married. We had been informed by the American Embassy it would take three weeks to arrange Susan's U.S. visa once she was a dependent of an American citizen, so we had scheduled our wedding and trip to the U.S. accordingly.

We were going back to the States to finish my college education and then we planned to return to S.E. Asia as missionaries. We considered working again in Malaysia, even though the government had made a law that no new missionary visas would be issued and that no one who had a missionary visa would be allowed to stay beyond a total of ten years. Because the time for traditional missionaries was going to be phased out, there might be options open to us that no one else in the churches of Christ had. Since Susan was a Malaysian citizen we might be able to live there and influence churches after all others in our fellowship had to leave.

At the same time, right next door, Indonesia was just opening to us as missionaries. While English was spoken in Malaysia, the national language, Malay, was almost the same as Indonesian. Susan knew Malay and I had picked up a lot of words. The challenge of being pioneers in the largest Moslem country in the world where, unlike Malaysia, there was freedom of religion, was great.

We decided after getting my bachelor's degree we would return to Indonesia. This illustrates the consequences of many missionary decisions. We can be in only one place at a time. To say "yes" to one is to say "no" to all others. The missionary knows his decision will result in some going to heaven and others going to hell. The pressure is great. Missionaries pray for help, but since God doesn't use the postal system or the internet, it is often difficult to know His will. So we pray for His wisdom in making our decisions, and then trust that we are doing what He sees is best.

With Indonesia being our next field of service, our first stop on the trip to the U.S. was Jakarta. Missionary families, Pat McGees and Bob McCarty's, were there. There were no other missionaries in Indonesia sponsored by churches of Christ at the time. We visited those families for 2-3 days, saw some of Jakarta, and continued our journey to the U.S. We made other stops but the only other one I remember was Okinowa where we visited Joe and Rosa Belle Cannon who had been missionaries in Japan for many years and were in the midst of many years in Okinowa. They later served many more in New Guinea. I remember Joe very seriously giving us, as newlyweds, some advice that I find very humorous, looking back: it would be good for our marriage if we would take a bath together once a week. Maybe that was something he had learned from the Japanese.

CHAPTER 4

FINISHING COLLEGE AND PREPARING TO RETURN TO ASIA

My parents lived in Kansas. They wanted to meet my new bride before everyone else did. Mom had a sister and brother living in California with their families so they drove to California to meet us, at the same time visiting those relatives. We flew to Los Angeles, then the four of us drove to Kansas.

At one point I was driving. As I pulled out of a gas station onto the highway I turned left, got in the left lane and headed straight for an oncoming semi-truck. People in Malaysia drove on the left, so that is what I had done for nearly two years. Instinct caused me to pull onto that highway and into the left lane. Everyone hollered, I pulled to the left on the shoulder of the road until the truck went by, and we continued our journey — on the *right* side of the road. This is just one of the many places this story could have had an ending.

After reporting to the elders at York and others who had supported me, the main focus of the next year and a half was getting a bachelor's degree in Bible at Oklahoma Christian College in Oklahoma City. There was no married student housing on campus. We rented a small one-bedroom house, owned by and next to a Baptist evangelist, across from the College Church of Christ. Susan went to school one semester, then worked as a secretary at the University Hospital in downtown Oklahoma City. I wanted to be more involved in church than sitting in the pews, so for a period of time we drove north to Crescent, Oklahoma where I taught the young peoples' class, then to Guthrie, Oklahoma, where I did the same.

Those were lean years. I had put myself through York then gone to Malaysia on a subsistence salary of \$250 monthly. I finished my bachelor's degree at Oklahoma Christian in three trimesters so I didn't have time to work. We lived on Susan's salary and got out of college with one

loan that was to be paid back over a ten-year period. We took most of that ten years to pay it back.

I had received only a Board Member Scholarship of \$125 per semester at York and had one \$500 ministerial loan. The terms of the ministerial loan included it being forgiven at the rate of 20% a year if I was in full-time church work (other than time I was still in college). I paid it back even though it would have turned into a grant, thinking that was just a way I could help York College or some other student.

We had a joint bank account but never much money in it. If we made it to Susan's next payday with \$3.00 left, we were happy. Once in a while one of us would not record a check and the other, thinking we still had money in the bank, would write a check which caused an overdraft. As soon as we could, we went to separate checking accounts, which we have continued through the years.

During the OC years we were always talking up missions and making plans. Shortly after our return to the U.S. in April 1968 we attended the York College Lectureship. We stayed with Louise Hester, French teacher at the college. Also staying with Sister Hester were Ronnie and Elaine Huston from Macomb, Illinois. The church at Macomb had decided they had enough talent among its members (one former preacher, a plumber with a degree in Bible from Abilene Christian who had chosen to move to Macomb and be a self-supporting missionary, and some college professors) that they would sponsor a missionary in another country in lieu of hiring a preacher. The Hustons went to the lectureship to start the search for a missionary family.

We believe God had a hand in all four of us staying with Sister Hester. I could write a lot, and may include in later pages, about the many times God's providential hand has been seen in our lives—especially our missionary lives. None of these have anything to do with the miraculous, and I realize “providential” isn't a Bible word, but if we don't believe God opens and closes doors, gives people safety, positions people for introductions of significance, we should stop being hypocrites when we pray for such things.

We really connected with the Hustons. We had no plans until college started in the fall, so we were invited to spend the summer with the church in Macomb, get acquainted with them, and them with us, and decide at the end of the summer if they wanted to send us back to Indonesia after graduation in two years.

Of significance in Macomb were Jack and Violet Beard who took us in like they were our parents. Jack was the plumber referenced above. Also there were Numa and Ruth Crowder. Ruth was a daughter of George

Benson, at that time in the midst of his 30-year tenure as president of Harding College, and also referenced some pages back as having been a missionary in China and the Philippines. Ruth remembered those days as a girl. Numa had moved to Macomb as their preacher some years before but had since gone into business as a house builder.

Others who took a special interest in us were the John Bells, Larry Morleys, Richard Baughs, Leonard Hamiltons, the Hustons already mentioned, and Ronnie's mother, Bernice. Bernice was a widow at the time and later spent a year with us as a missionary in Indonesia. At the end of the summer it was decided that the church would send us to Indonesia upon graduation, in the spring of 1970. I was able to finish in December 1969, so we ended up with six months free as we stayed with our original plan to leave for Indonesia in August 1970.

The Macomb church was small. I believe there were about 90 in attendance on a Sunday morning, including children. To be able to provide our full salary for the four year commitment we made to each other they calculated what 48 months of salary would be, divided that total by 72 months and started putting aside that amount in September 1968. By doing that through the next six years, they would have enough to pay our salary for the last four. I've found, with very few exceptions, that when a church *wants* to do something in missions, they can find a way. When they are looking for a way *not* to do something, the devil will readily assist them in finding that, too.

On the wall in my office for years has been one of the slogans of my life: "Will those of you who say it can't be done get out of the way of those of us who are doing it?" Unfortunately, more church members are more highly motivated to do a lot of things for their comfort back home than for world evangelism and the sharing with those who are in such great humanitarian need.

While I occasionally spoke to churches and individuals about our plans and the need for funds to make them happen, we weren't taken very seriously until time got close for us to actually go. In the summer of 1969 we attended the Summer Seminar in Missions at Abilene Christian University. It had been moved from Harding, where I attended it in 1966. Then I went with the Wesley Joneses and David Carruthers on a survey trip to Indonesia. Those families later served together as missionaries in Bandung, Indonesia. I believe that was a three-week trip. We spent all our time in Jakarta, Bandung, and Jogjakarta on the island of Java.

I don't remember why, but I went from Bandung to Jogja ahead of the others, travelling on a 3rd class train. I don't think I've ever wasted

money in missions, but in those days budgets were extremely tight. I understood a little Malay from the K.L. years, and that got me by in Indonesia, but not very well. When I purchased my train ticket, as I remember it, I thought it was going to be a three-hour trip. We left in the wee hours of the morning and arrived at 3:00 p.m. Three o'clock p.m. was the "three" I had heard. I had not taken anything along as a snack and was hesitant, in a new environment, to eat what hawkers were selling so it was a long dry day, not to mention my first experience riding four people to a bench designed for three, with pigs, chickens and bicycles also on board. Today we would fly between cities if possible and miss those memory makers.

At the end of that trip I thought we would return to Jogjakarta in 1970. It seems strange but I cannot remember why we didn't and how we ended up going to North Sumatra instead. There was a huge difference in those two parts of Indonesia. Indonesia is predominately Moslem. The island of Java where Jogjakarta is, is consistent with that. North Sumatra has a big Christian influence, due to Lutheran and Catholic evangelization of the Batak tribes decades ago.

While at OC some showed interest in going to Indonesia with us. We attempted to form a team but there was no help available to us and we didn't know how to proceed. Two single female students did decide to go: Linda Aspey from Hudson, Colorado, with whom I had gone to York, and a friend of hers at OC, Sarah Ellis, from the St. Louis area.

I mentioned earlier that I graduated a trimester earlier than originally anticipated. We had six months, which was too much time to waste and not enough for any major work. The church at Gilman City, Missouri, invited me to preach for them. I had gone to York with Terry and Dennis Gutshall, cousins and members of key families in the church there, and it was through Terry and Dennis that they offered us the job. They couldn't afford a preacher but had saved up enough money so they could pay us for six months, \$125 a week. One of the members rented us her mother's furnished house for \$175 monthly. The church and community were small, and we bonded. Toward the end of the six months, one of the members offered to build a new house for us to live in if we would stay, but not going to Indonesia was not an option.

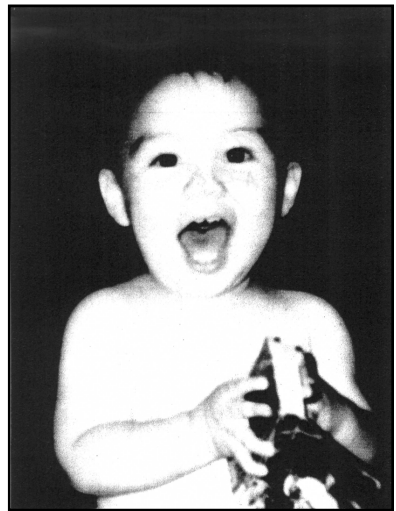
The church at Gilman City disbanded about 2008 or 2009 but if they were still there I could send them an appeal letter and they would respond with something. Except when the Macomb, Illinois, church was providing our personal salary, whatever I did in missions has always been funded by many people. Even in the years with Macomb, it was small churches, and individuals who gave small amounts, that made things hap-

pen. In later years there have been some large contributions, but I could number them on one hand. I've never "enjoyed" the significant funding of a large congregation. As I've gone to off-the-beaten-path country churches, over and over I've found people who want to participate, too — to the extent of their ability. I've never put out a flashy, slick-finished newsletter, and although about 2010 we did start using the internet and web sites, our overhead has always been pretty bare-bones. I've found folks like their money to go to what the guy is talking about, and as little as possible to the machinery and overhead. I'm that kind of giver, too.

Before leaving for Indonesia, Susan and I, and Linda and Sarah went to Bowling Green, Kentucky, where a professor at the university taught us Indonesian for about a month.

Even at that late date Linda and Sarah still lacked funds. I remember the last Sunday before we left, standing in front of the little country congregation of Green Mound, outside Asherville, Kansas, (the nearest church to my parents' home) and telling of their needs. Everyone knew at that point that I was broke — college, 2 years subsistence salary, college, married, with a baby, and seldom even filling my car with gas on money raised as we went about asking people to send us back to Asia. I held up a \$50 bill in front of the Green Mound folks and said that Susan and I were going to give Linda and Sarah \$50. Surely some present could help, too. My grandmother, who was not a member was there just because I was preaching that Sunday, was the first to say, "I'll give \$50." Most of the good church members had no choice but to step up to the plate, too. We raised the balance of what they needed from the 30 or so people present that day.

I mentioned a baby in the paragraph above. David James Cady was born in Oklahoma City, September 25, 1969, three months before my graduation. Susan's employment at University Hospital entitled us to free delivery and related expenses there. David was 11 months old when we got to Indonesia. One of my favorite of all pictures is of him standing in the middle of a living room at the home of whatever missionary we stayed with in Hong Kong on our way to Indonesia, wearing only a



**David, 11 Months,
"preaching" in Hong Kong**

diaper and with his own New Testament in hand, preaching. Who would have thought then that he would be a gospel preacher someday?

One advantage of being missionaries half way around the world is that we could, and did, make stops in other Asian countries as we travelled to Indonesia. This let us get acquainted with other missionaries and their work. Each trip we would make one or two visits in different countries. I remember a stop in Japan as we moved to Indonesia in 1970. We worshipped on Sunday morning with the Ochanimizu congregation. I wanted to show Susan, Linda Aspey and Sarah Ellis the campus of Ibaraki Christian College, a few hours north of Tokyo by train.

We bought tickets and boarded the train. Our tickets were for a specific rail car but there was not even standing room in it. We chose to sit in the car behind it. Several times the conductor showed us our tickets were for the other car. We spoke no Japanese and he spoke no English so that was the extent of our conversation. We refused to move to the other car and give up our seats. Several times the train stopped, people got off and other people got on and then we continued on our journey. About 10:00, as we pulled away from a stop, we realized the cars had separated. The portion of the train we were in (incorrectly) was going off in one direction while the portion we were supposed to be in was going toward Ibaraki. We got off at the next stop and with difficulty arranged for a private car to take us across country to Ibaraki.

On various trips we visited Korea, Japan, Okinawa, Hong Kong, Taiwan, the Philippines, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore this way. I collected Bibles in the languages of each country where I have been. I believe that is now 21, not all of which are from Asia.

CHAPTER 5

PEMATANG SIANTAR, INDONESIA

As mentioned earlier, memory fails me as to why we went to Medan, North Sumatra, when we got to Indonesia. That is strange because the choice was significant. If we had gone to Jogjakarta, as planned after the 1969 survey trip, my part in the work on Nias Island twenty-five years later would probably never have happened. Do you think God knew something we didn't?

While Linda and Sarah had planned to work with us, probably with correspondence courses and teaching children, once we got to Medan they changed their minds and decided to stay there and work with the Steve Cates and Colin McKees. Linda later married Gary Soehner. They were missionaries in Medan and Jakarta for a number of years. While on a trip to Nias Island, Gary died. He is buried just outside Gunung Sitoli.

At the time we got to Indonesia, the Cates and McKees had been in Medan only a few months and had established a small church there. Both would go on to serve in other places in Indonesia and make fine contributions to the kingdom, over the next 40 years and more.

Let me insert a little language story here. One Sunday when Steve had not been in Indonesia very long, he was in charge of worship services. At some point he said to the congregation “Marilah kita berdiri dan berdoxa.” “Berdoxa” is pray. “Berdoxa” is sin. He had asked the congregation to stand and sin! Most missionaries who worked in non-English speaking situations have their own stories about language goofs. It's all in a day's work! I probably should address this somewhere, but a qualification for a good missionary is a sense of humor. We are engaged in the most serious work in the world, yet if we take things too seriously it will drive us insane. It's a hard balance.

I wanted to pioneer a new work. Steve and Colin suggested we consider Pematang Siantar, a city of about 100,000 2 ½ hours west of

Medan. At a higher elevation, it had a milder climate and a small town atmosphere. We made a survey trip or two to Siantar and chose that as the place to work. We leased a house at Jalan Kanari No. 5. A lease in Indonesia is usually for a minimum of three years. The landlord may or may not agree to certain repairs and/or modifications before you move in, but won't do any upkeep whatsoever during the term of the lease. The entire amount of the lease is paid up front — 3 years, 4 years or whatever. Ours was a very nice western style house in a good part of town, three bedrooms, one bath, servants' quarters with their bath and the kitchen attached to the back. It was owned by a police captain who was at the time stationed in Medan. A bank president lived on one side and a wealthy family who owned a construction business on the other. We were very comfortable. While our house was much nicer than the house of anyone who ever obeyed the gospel there, they knew they were always welcome and came to our place often. We were never isolated or exclusive. Across the back fence was the city zoo. Consequently we heard the monkeys and tropical birds all hours of the day.

During the 3 ½ years in Siantar, I met one Indonesian who had so much as heard of the Church of Christ before. He had studied in Australia and knew of it there.

I wanted to conduct my work in the Indonesian language, so I determined not to launch an outreach or even initiate a public worship until I had learned it. I located a Mr. Hutabarat who spoke good English and was a retired public school teacher. He came to our house and taught me one-on-one, five mornings a week, 9:00 a.m. to noon. In addition to teaching me grammar and helping me with pronunciation, etc. he would give me 80 new vocabulary words a day. I couldn't possibly learn all of them, but I worked hard at it. During this time of learning, we worshiped on Sunday as a family of three.

In the early evenings I would walk around town, sometimes carrying or pushing David in a stroller. I was the only white person in town, other than some Catholic priests and nuns, most whom were from Germany and who had been there for years. People wanted to talk, which was exactly the practice I wanted. I learned Indonesia quickly. After we had been there a couple of years, I had a 30-minute weekly radio program. Hearing me speak on the radio for a period of time, when people met me, they were surprised I wasn't an Indonesian.

There are about 700 different tribes, so 700 different languages, in all of Indonesia. Indonesian is their national and neutral language and the second language for most of them. I spoke better Indonesian than many Indonesians.

Finally it was time to start the work we had come to do, a pretty overwhelming task. Easy to talk about in the safety of an American church, but there we were: my wife, my one-year-old son, God, and me. I determined that we would limit our efforts to the province of Simalungun, of which Pematang Siantar was the capitol, somewhat like a large county and county seat. As hard as it is for missionaries to decide where to start, it is sometimes harder to decide where to stop. It just made little sense to me to travel nine hours to visit a correspondence course student who, if he or she was baptized, was not going to see another Christian for months, when you passed thousands and thousands of people to get there. I realized, in making that decision, that I was deciding that someone who wrote in with a question, or with whom I came into contact while they visited a relative in Siantar, would not have access to gospel teaching once they went home. No gospel teaching, no Biblical faith, no knowledge of what God wanted them to do, not doing what God wanted them to do because they didn't know what that was — and eventually facing judgment day unprepared.

One of the hardest parts of being a missionary is seeing so many opportunities and needs, and realizing when you say “yes” to one you are saying “no” to ten others. Time, talents and money are always limited. Without intending it, we find ourselves in the difficult situation of playing God with peoples' lives and souls. Missionaries realize this and struggle with it. We wish church members back home would. They also play God when they choose the comfort of a soft pew and listening to a ten-talent preacher who had better tickle their ears or they'll jump over to a neighboring congregation, when they could take a job in another land and make a huge contribution to world evangelism, even by being no more than a faithful attendee. Or what about those who are retired, still in good health, and who have been taught for the 40 years they've been Christians? Their retirement checks would follow them to Asia or Africa. “I can't” usually means “I don't want to,” or “I won't.”

In beginning the work in Siantar and Simalungun Province, we started from zero. We did what we had seen to be effective in Malaysia: rented a small building and opened a Bible correspondence course office. It wasn't long until we had a number of students, mostly high school age. I answered questions and developed a personal relationship with several. I baptized Tumpal Pakpahan who was 16. His father was dead. He came from a Lutheran background, was a good student and willing to learn and do. He brought some of his friends. In the first year or so we baptized 8 or 10 high school students and two men in their 50s, brothers Simanjuntak and Hutahean. They had been members of the Communist Party in the

early 1960s, and when an attempted coup failed and the Communist Party was outlawed, those people were humiliated and pretty well banned from ever getting ahead. Tens of thousands just disappeared or were found floating in the river.

Brother R.M. Simanjuntak remained faithful till death about 2007. He and his wife met for worship as the last church members in Siantar until that time. I visited them a couple of times in the late 1990s or early 2000s going to or coming from Nias. I happened to be in Medan, having come from Nias and waiting to leave for the U.S., when I heard he had died. I hired a taxi to take me the 2 ½ hours to Siantar so I could pay my respects to his wife.

The three-and one-half years we were in Siantar were very meaningful. Three churches were established, in addition to the congregation in Siantar. I put out a magazine titled *Menara Kebenaran (Pillar of Truth)*. The word “menara” also meant tower and we were sometimes asked if we were Jehovah’s Witnesses who put out literature under the Watchtower name. We printed and distributed lots of tracts and eventually six correspondence courses. Five were translations. I wrote a course on the book of Acts.

We had a Land Rover, then a Toyota Jeep, but I always had a motorcycle, too. We had Jule Miller’s Visualized Bible Study filmstrips, produced in Indonesian, with pictures of Indonesians and charts in the Indonesian language. We took these to villages with a generator and showed the filmstrip in a public place. That drew a crowd. Following that, I would preach, then have a lengthy question and answer session. Members from Siantar, especially the high school age young people, usually went with me when they could. They learned a lot by doing so. In Sunday worship, as soon as they were ready (looking back now probably sooner than they were ready), one of members would preach every other Sunday in rotation and I would preach on alternate Sundays.

We rented a building for the church. Toward the end of our time, we moved to a larger building that was both a meeting place for the church and the office for the literature work we did. We sold Bibles for half the subsidized price we paid for them from the Indonesian Bible Society. We felt that by paying something, the owners would value them more, and we would be able to recycle the money to distribute more Bibles. All that we sold were packaged with issues of *Menara Kebenaran*, an enrollment form for a correspondence course, and a tract or two.

During our second year in Siantar, Bill Beck, then a missionary in Thailand, came for a gospel meeting. We rented the civic auditorium and hired a translator. The attendance was great, a few hundred each night

and some people of substance. The first night was an embarrassment. The translator translated word for word instead of listening to the whole sentence or the idea and translating thoughts. Consequently the lesson was hard to understand. After that night, I did the translating. I knew what Bill was wanting to teach so I taught the same lesson in my words. It worked great.

We had gone to Indonesia thinking that Linda Aspey and Sarah Ellis would be with us for at least two years. When they decided to stay in Medan and work with the McKees and Cates, we had to change our plan. I hired Nuraini Nasution, a secretary who was a Moslem when I hired her and, as far as I know, still is. She graded so many correspondence courses and listened in on so many conversations that she was well taught but never obeyed, though she was an excellent secretary and loyal friend. Our family visited her in 2011, while returning from Nias.

Still in need of an American anchor for the correspondence work, I asked sister Eubank who had returned to the U.S. from Kuala Lumpur by that time, to come work with us. She did, arriving shortly before her 65th birthday. I remember when she got her first social security check. She lived in our house with us, so was very much a part of our family. Our kids called her grandma, so Susan and I did too. When we were in the U.S. for three months, after three years in Siantar, I spoke to her home congregation at Sunray, Texas, one Sunday evening. Afterwards several of her family gathered at the home of her daughter and son-in-law to see more slides and hear more of what their mother, grandmother, sister and aunt was doing. When I kept referring to her as Grandma, one of her grandchildren asked their mother why I was doing that. I told them she was our grandma too.

During the time sister Eubank remained in Siantar, her grandson, Victor, joined her as a companion those last few months. She then went home for a year and Bernice Huston, a widow from the church in Macomb, Illinois, took a leave of absence from her factory job and came for that year. It was a new experience for Bernice. She lived in our house as well and was very much a part of our family.

Sister Eubank knew little Indonesian and Bernice almost none. They graded tens of thousands of correspondence courses, using keys. All they had to know was if a T or F was circled or if answer a, b or c was underlined. Most widows I know would say, "I don't know that language. I can't do that." Where there is a will there is usually a way, and both of these ladies had the will. Nuraini could grade the essay questions. She had done it so long she knew the right answers and had a key as well.

Both sister Eubank and Bernice were loved by the Indonesians. After Bernice's year, she returned to Macomb, and sister Eubank came back to Siantar and stayed with us until we had to leave.

I said earlier that I always had a motorcycle, in addition to whatever other vehicle we had at the time. One morning Sister Eubank and I were going to the office. She always wore a dress, and frequently rode side saddle behind me. I turned a corner to the right at a proper rate of speed but there was an oily place on the pavement and my motorcycle slipped. I put my leg out and kept the motorcycle from going down but sister Eubank lost her balance, fell over backwards and had a concussion. We didn't have a vehicle other than the motorcycle at the time so I took her in a "beca" which is a motorcycle with a side car, used as a taxi, the 19 kilometers to the hospital on the Goodyear Rubber Plantation where there was a German doctor. She recovered completely, after spending a few days in the hospital. While she was in the hospital I wrote her five children about what had happened, and they wrote her back that she was not to ride on a motorcycle any more. Her response to me was, "They aren't going to know what I do." She continued to ride as before.

David was 11 months old when we went to Indonesia in August 1970. Sarah was born in December 1971. At that time Susan did not yet have confidence in doctors and hospitals in the Siantar area so she went to Kuala Lumpur to stay with her parents until Sarah was born there.

As soon as the two of them were able to travel, they came back to Siantar. By the time Michael was born in January 1974 we had had some good experiences and Susan decided to deliver him at the hospital at the Goodyear Rubber Plantation. I took her to the hospital one night and the doctor said he was sure it wasn't quite time for the delivery. Nevertheless, since we were a little distance away from the hospital, he suggested Susan stay that night, and I went home. The next morning, sister Eubanks and I reached the hospital about daybreak, and there was Michael in a baby bed in the lobby — where the newborns were kept. Michael asked one time about which day was really his birthday. His birth certificate shows he was born at 12:05 a.m. on January 12th. At that time it was 12:05 p.m. January 11th in the United States. Since he lived in Oklahoma when he asked about this, he wondered if he should celebrate the 12th or the 11th. I advised him to just celebrate both days and he'd be sure to have it right.

Sarah and Michael were so young they had no real memories of Indonesia, but David was old enough to have friends and, at the end, to be in a nursery school. With no washing machine, our clothes were washed on a scrub board. There were no canned goods or frozen foods available.

We bought our food in the open market, which meant vegetables had to be prepared as if they were fresh from the garden, chickens had to be killed first, etc. So, we had servants to help with that work, which our Indonesian neighbors had as well. In fact, our neighbors had more than we did. We had a live-in cook. Houses like ours were built with servants' quarters behind them. We also had a driver when we had vehicles.

The servants were Javanese and would speak Javanese among themselves and to their children, who also lived in the servants' quarters. David couldn't use English with anyone but Susan and me so as he learned to talk he spoke English, Indonesian, and Javanese. The Indonesians used to say he was a genius, but he just learned what he was exposed to. I've observed a lot of kids who were raised on foreign mission fields. If parents were up-tight and paranoid about things, their children didn't do well. If parents were happy with their lives on the field and related well to the local people, children adapted and many excelled. They certainly grew up with a broader understanding, something so important in our shrinking world.

The Church of Christ was not recognized by the Indonesian government when we went in 1970. Any of us who went to do mission work had to go for some additional reason in order to get a visa. In most cases the other reason was not given significant attention once we got there. I was there on a visa to do cultural research in affiliation with Pepperdine University. That was a three-year visa.

By the end of that time, the church was recognized, and missionaries were a possibility. I started working on a renewal and/or different visa in plenty of time, but it quickly became evident it was going to be extremely difficult to get a new visa without paying bribes. I refused to pay bribes. I told officials I would pay any amount they asked as long as I was given a receipt, but no receipt — no money. We wrestled with that issue for six months and finally were told the last day we could legally be in the country was February 28, 1974.

I knew what corruption and paying money under the table was doing to Indonesia. Police stood alongside the road on the guise of checking licenses and registrations of vehicles but people just slowed down enough to hand them cash and they went on through. A teacher would have to pay a bribe to the head of a school equal to a year's salary in order to get hired. They had to replace that money so they wouldn't pass children unless parents paid them bribes — regardless of how deserving the children were. If a man who worked in the immigration office had children in school, and knew the value of them getting an education, he might refuse to process papers (i.e. my visa application, but much more) unless cash was in the file

with an application. In some cases bribes got people to do illegal things. Many times it just got them to do their proper job. But it has been a cancer in Indonesia since long before we went in the 70s, and continues today. It was illegal. It was damaging from a practical standpoint. I couldn't do it.

While we were selling our things in preparation to leave, people who knew we loved Indonesia and loved our work would ask why we were leaving. I spoke openly about my unwillingness to pay bribes. Dr. Effendi Mahmud, about 70, a medical doctor and former head of the General Hospital in Siantar and a prominent Moslem, left his practice and came to our house. We had sold most things. He stood in our bare living room, holding my hand in both of his with tears running down his cheeks, and said, "Corruption is killing our country. I know you have made a very difficult personal decision. I thank you for standing on principle. More people have to do that. The Japanese killed my father because he would not bow down to them. I thank you."

Before you pat me on the back, please realize that my decision to stand on a principle meant we had to leave Indonesia, leave a work about three years old, just when it was ready to take off. We had developed a good relationship with many and were familiar enough with the language and culture to be reasonably skilled at what we were there for. If we left, no one was going to replace us. If no one replaced us, people who otherwise would hear the gospel, wouldn't hear it. If they didn't hear it, they wouldn't obey it. Souls would go to heaven or hell, depending on if we left or stayed. I could do what I knew to be wrong and stay, or I could do what I knew to be right and go. That decision is the very hardest one I have made in my entire life. I don't even know if I would do the same thing today. On February 28, 1974, I got on a plane to the U.S. Susan, our three kids, ages 2 months to 4 ½ years, and Sister Eubank were waiting in the airport for a later flight to Susan's parents in Kuala Lumpur.

We had, of course, kept the Macomb church informed of our visa issues. When it was clear we had to leave Indonesia, we parted friends, but the church decided not to support us financially as we moved to another country. It had been a struggle for them to provide our salary. It was nearing time when they would have to give it at the same rate they passed it on to us (you will remember they initially collected it in 72 months and paid it out in 48). They had been taking care of their own preaching for nearly six years, and when someone would ask who their preacher was they would say, "He's in Indonesia right now." but some of the members wanted their own local preacher.

We did not want to return to the U.S. to live. We still wanted to do mission work in S.E. Asia. Missionaries Bob Buchanan, Ray Bryan and Doug LeCroy invited us to go to the Philippines. They had printing equipment, including three presses, and Filipino brethren to run them. They had previously enjoyed the presence of an American whose focus was the production and distribution of literature nationwide, but at present no one was filling those shoes. They knew I had always done a lot with literature. Their appeal was that we move to metro-Manila, move the printing plant there and that I coordinate that work.

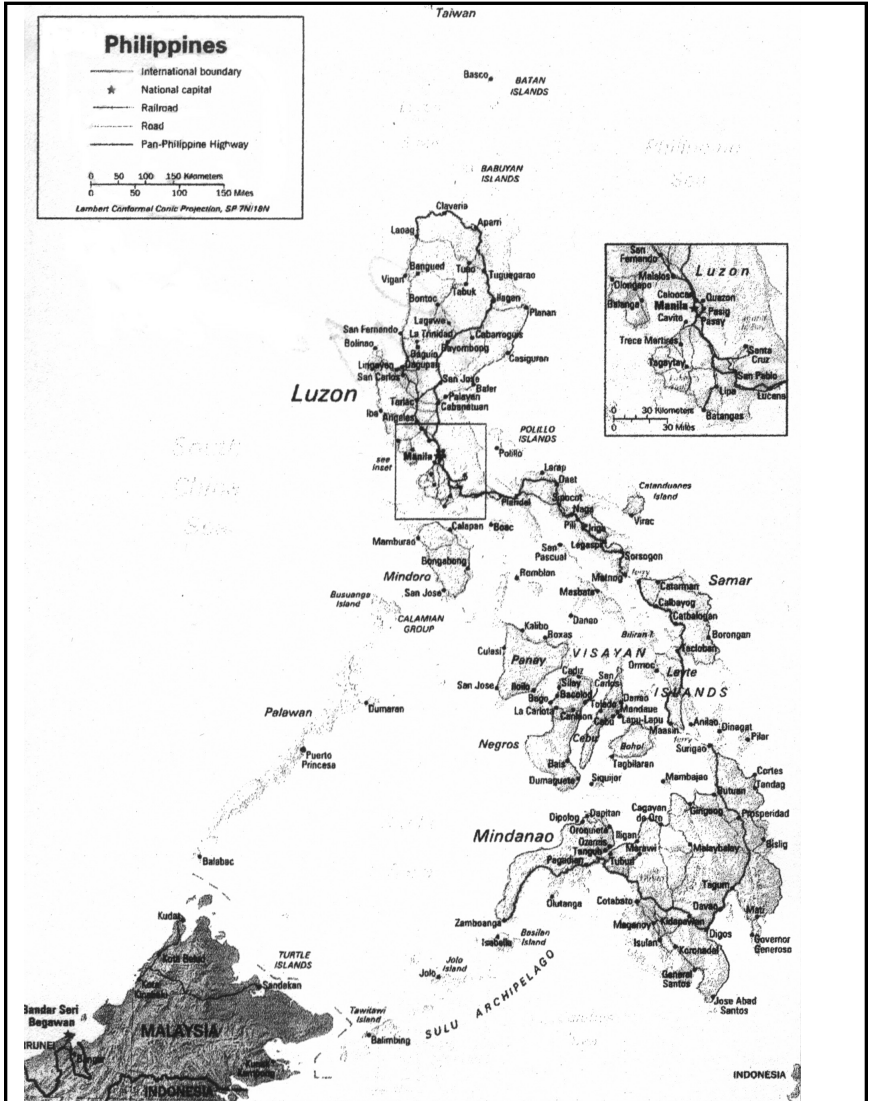
That is what we decided to do. However, we didn't have a sponsor or personal salary, so Susan and the kids stayed with her parents and I went to the States to find those. Sister Eubank was going to visit in Malaysia briefly then return to the U.S.

Communication in those days was very different than today. Even though Siantar was a city of 100,000 we could not make an international telephone call from there. We could send telegrams but were very limited in what we could say in a telegram. If we wanted to make an international call we had to drive the 2 ½ hours to Medan, and sometime during the day we were always able to get through, but it usually took repeated attempts. If we sent a letter, it was 21 days before we could start looking for a reply in our mail box to the questions asked.

Years later, I coordinate a work on Nias Island, more remote by far than Pematang Siantar. We can make telephone calls, send and receive emails, even get on live microphone or camera if we want. What a difference!

CHAPTER 6

PHILIPPINES



Upon my arrival in the U.S. I spent the first weekend with the Macomb church. I was enjoying Sunday lunch at the house of Jack and Violet Beard when A.J. Harris of the Hiway 71A Church of Christ in Carthage, Missouri, called. He had talked to their elders that morning about our need for an overseeing congregation and they said yes. God didn't leave us hanging long that time.

I still had to raise salary, but with oversight in place, that was much easier. I got a 30-day pass on Greyhound Bus Lines for \$99. It enabled me to travel anywhere Greyhound went, as much as I wanted, within that 30 days. I crisscrossed the middle United States, telling our story, and raised the money to move my family to Manila. It is interesting that the Hiway 71A church so quickly stepped up to meet our need. When I decided not to go to Vietnam in 1966, I sent a letter to everyone who had given money with a Vietnamese destination in mind. I offered to return what they had given, if they wished, but made it clear I was still going with my plan, just not to Vietnam. The church in Carthage, then at a different location in town before they built their new building on Hi-way 71A, was the only contributor to request their money be sent back to them. It was \$250.

I loved the time in Malaysia and we loved the time in Indonesia even more, but we did not feel the same about the time we spent in the Philippines. Was good done? Absolutely. Should we have gone directly to the U.S. from Indonesia? I don't know. In Indonesia we were pioneers. I was on the front lines. Sometimes I was on a motorcycle going down a path to a village, we dammed up streams to get water deep enough to baptize people sitting down, we were doing something that we knew wouldn't get done if we didn't do it. I was interacting with people as I taught the gospel, and I trained some eager young guys.

In the Philippines I had an office job, where we actually located the printing work in San Juan, part of Metro Manila. My office didn't even have a window. I had little contact with church people, other than the printing plant staff and at church services. We lived behind an 8 ft. concrete block wall with broken glass imbedded on the top, and an 8 ft. high steel gate that was locked at all times. Traffic congestion was terrible. Although the standard of living was much higher and we had more association with American missionaries and mature Filipino preachers, the experience took its toll on our family. I'm going to leave this part of the story at that.

David started elementary school while we were in the Philippines. Faith Academy was a private school outside the city, built primarily as a residential campus. Children of missionaries throughout S.E. Asia sent

their children there to board as they got their education, grades 1-12. Children of missionaries in the Manila area could also attend, and busses were run to pick them up. Most teachers were Americans who viewed their tenure there as a mission that enabled other families to stay on the field. David went to 1st and part of 2nd grade there. Sarah went to a Filipino preschool. Michael was too young to consider school.

Before moving on, I would record that we again asked Sister Eubank to come work with us, and she did. She was my secretary and performed many routine services. She could communicate in English with the Filipinos, which was nice for her. Again she lived in our house with us and was very much part of our family.

The A.L. Harbins, who had been in Singapore, also came to Manila to work. For a while they lived in our garage apartment, then moved into their own apartment. Brother Harbin started a Perpetual Gospel Meeting like the one that had been so successful in Queenstown, Singapore, preaching every night of the year. It never got off the ground well, perhaps because of the difficulty of people relying on public transportation in crowded Manila.

I'll close with a story that put a smile on our faces even at the time. We rented a building near the Central Market in Manila. It was to be a meeting place for the church, a residence for the Harbins and rooms for a few young men brother Harbin intended to support, as interns. We had to do some minor renovations and I physically participated in doing those.

Parking was very limited in that area. There were "no parking" signs on both sides of the street in front of the building, but no one heeded them. We drove a VW Kombi (van). One day while I was working in the building, with the van parked directly in front, someone knocked on the door. It was the Captain of the police precinct about a block away. "Whose van is this?" "Mine." "Come with me." I followed him to the sergeant's desk just inside the police station. He asked for my driver's license, and it was obvious they were "checking me into jail" though no one had ever said so. I asked what the problem was. He said I was illegally parked. I told him everyone parked in those spaces, and even so, before doing so I had asked a policeman in uniform, who I assumed was from his precinct, if I could park there. He had told me that the "no parking" signs were to keep people who didn't own or rent those buildings from parking there so that those who did own or rent had a place to park.

The Captain said a policeman could not authorize me to break the law. He asked if he lined up all the men in that police station could I identify the one who told me that. I told him no. All I knew was that he had a uni-

form on. So I was processed and led to a holding cell. As they opened the door for me I said, “Before I go in, what is the procedure for getting out?” “You can post bond and go home now. Then at some point your case will be called to court, or you can wait here and tonight we will take everyone who has not posted bond to court, you can pay your fine and be released.”

To their surprise I said I’d wait and finish that up that night. To leave the country we had to have an exit permit. That would not be issued if there was a legal matter pending, in which we were involved. I did not want something mired down in the court process, have some emergency come up and not be able to get out of the country.

I was in the holding sell 4-5 hours, eventually with probably 60 people, men and women. People would urinate in the corner or against the wall. Venders would come to the windows and sell us drinks and snacks through the bars. At one point another police officer called me to the bars and asked if I understood that I could post a small bond and be released. I told him yes but I was going to sit there until we went to court that night. He asked if I wanted him to call anyone, and I asked him to notify brother Harbin who was close by at the church building. No one there even knew where I went after I answered the knock on the door. They just knew my van was still there.

Brother Harbin came, talked to me through the bars and offered to loan me some money to pay the bond. I declined. I asked him to tell Susan what had happened and that I would be home sometime that night. After dark they loaded us in the back of a pickup and took us to Municipal Court. The court people evidently weren’t used to seeing a white guy brought before them — on average, it was only the lower class of those who had been arrested, since those were the ones who couldn’t or didn’t post bond.

The man in charge of escorting us to court went up and talked privately with the judge. The judge called my name first and asked me to stand. He said the charge against me was parking illegally and asked how I pled. I said “guilty”. He said what the fine would be, which was equal to \$3 in U.S. money. I paid the fine, got a taxi back to my van and went home.

The next day someone from the police station came to the church building where I was again working (but I parked down the street), apologized for the day before and said that Captain had been assigned to that precinct the day before he arrested me and had already been reassigned elsewhere. I don’t mind being laughed at because I sure like to laugh at others. You have no right to give it out if you can’t take it. I’m not going to stop giving it out so I’ll keep taking it.

CHAPTER 7

TWENTY YEARS "OUT" TO RAISE A FAMILY?

We returned to the U.S. in February 1976. My family had been around my parents very little so we bought a mobile home, parked it behind their house on the farm in Kansas and lived there until the fall. We then moved to Ryan, Oklahoma, where I became their preacher. The first Sunday of October was our first day on the job.

I preached for the Ryan church for 8 ½ years, longer than anyone in the history of that church. We lived at Ryan 22 years. During that time I was also a deacon and the last ten years an elder. Ryan folks helped us raise our kids, and for that we are grateful.

During most of those years our attention was on the work of the local church, which at first had mission work in two places in Africa and contributed to other works from time to time.

When our kids went to college Sarah went to Hungary one summer with the "Let's Start Talking" group, and David went to Eindhoven, Holland, with another "Let's Start Talking" group between his junior and senior years at Oklahoma Christian. He went back with the same program the summer after his senior year then, as planned, stayed most of the next year working with the church in that city. There was no American missionary there except him. We encouraged both Sarah and David in these efforts and provided a significant part of their financial needs.

In 1985 I "retired" from local preaching. The Ryan church gave us a set of Samsonite luggage because they knew we had a big trip planned that summer. We wanted to take the kids back to where we had lived when we did foreign mission work. That trip took 28 days and cost just over \$11,000, which to us in those days was a huge amount of money. Unfortunately in my opinion, the children did not make the most of the trip. They chose hotel swimming pools and the like over getting out and seeing real life in the places we took them. We spent time in Hawaii, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and North Sumatra, Indonesia.

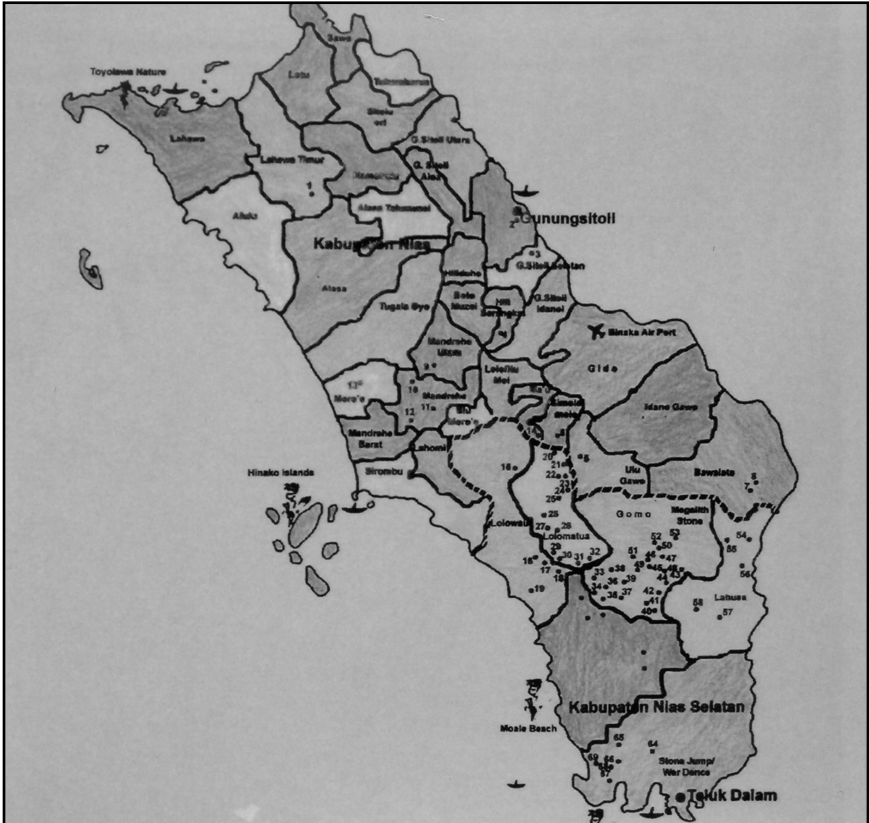
About 1990 I went with a World Bible School group to metro Manila. Hundreds of WBS students were invited to three rented movie theaters where we divided them into groups of 20 or so for studies. Many were baptized. That was the only time I lost my voice teaching God's Word, speaking many hours a day and loudly enough to be heard in our section of the theater.

The weakness I have observed in such efforts, including a city-wide campaign like the one we had in Kuala Lumpur while I was there, is that people who come and are taught don't see the church as it really is. There are workers from far away and the rented facilities are nice. Then when the workers go home and the first Sunday we expect them to meet with a much smaller group where the singing isn't the same and the facilities may not be air conditioned, etc. these people say, "This isn't what I thought I was becoming a part of." It is hard to transition even those who were genuinely converted to the real condition of the church.

By that time the printing equipment in the Philippines had been moved to Angeles City, the site of the former Clark Air Force Base. Higato Tulan, who was the main printer when I was coordinating the literature work in the Philippines in the 1970s, was still working in that capacity. I knew that his wife, Hermenia, had been killed when a vehicle hit her on a bicycle a few years before. I located Higato in Angeles City and invited him and his two children out to eat. I wanted to make the meal special and asked them to select any restaurant in the city. They picked Kentucky Fried Chicken, so that was where we ate. Higato was so faithful. He was one of those guys who made a missionary look good. The printing work was a great success, partially because of his dedication to it.

CHAPTER 8

NIAS ISLAND, INDONESIA



We are going to skip now to 1994. In the intervening years I had maintained a keen interest in foreign missions, but while raising my family I was not in a position to do much about it. I was always self-employed. That meant no paid vacation. If I didn't climb a ladder and swing a hammer or paint brush, there was no income.

In 1994 Duane Morgan was in the U.S. looking for people to go to Irian Jaya, in extreme eastern Indonesia, to teach for three weeks in a remote Bible school he had established. He approached me, and I declined. Even if I raised the money for the trip, my personal loss of income at a time when I had kids in college made considering it very difficult.

Then I got to thinking. I was one of a handful of people who knew the gospel and spoke Indonesian. I told Duane I'd go.

As I have already said I was self-employed, supporting my family with a small construction business. We remodeled, roofed, painted, etc. I made a good living for the small town of Ryan, Oklahoma, but only because of long hours on the job. A 40-hour week meant nothing to me and my crew. They came to work at 8:00 and we worked until we couldn't see, which in the summer would be 8:00 or 9:00 p.m., six days a week.

Before the men came to work, November through April I fed up to 240 momma cows, their calves, and bulls which were on a leased ranch 15 miles out of town, and some winters I checked on 400 steers grazing wheat pasture. I would load sacks of feed, drive to the ranch and be sitting there ready to feed when the sun came up, then be back home ready for my construction employee or two to report to work at 8:00. Friends who had fewer cattle also had guys who worked for them full time, and they took all day to do what I did before and after "work".

There were times when I had to take off from construction work to move cattle or gather them for sale. I didn't do that more often than necessary because construction paid the bills.

During that time we also had up to a dozen rental houses. All of this relates to the missionary story, in that I was excited about going to Indonesia to teach in the school, but time away was costly. I hope it says to those who hear me preach "stretch yourself for missions" that I stretched myself for missions.

Indonesia is huge and diverse. It cannot be very well represented as a single unit. With over 220 million people, it is the 4th largest country in the world, and the largest Moslem country. It has over 6000 inhabited islands and 700 ethnic groups, each with their own language.

Things in Irian Jaya were different from what we had experienced in Siantar, twenty years earlier, not that 20 years had changed much in Indonesia as a whole, but culture and religious influences were a contrast in the city of Serui where the Morgans lived compared to the city of Siantar in Batak land.

Going to Irian Jaya to teach in the Bible school for three weeks didn't work out, yet it is one of those things where God's providential hand is so clearly seen. I am so grateful it all happened. I never even went to the school, which was on a neighboring island. For two weeks I stayed in a hotel in Serui, spending time with the Morgans and three or four college age young people there for a brief time from the U.S. (I didn't stay with the Morgans because their house was already full with those guests). David

Buskirk was a single missionary who actually lived close to the school. I asked to be given directions, and was willing to go to the school in a small boat on my own, but Duane felt it was best that he escort me, so I waited.

Duane was trying to arrange a visit to a very isolated part of Irian Jaya (better known to people outside Indonesia as New Guinea) where there was a very primitive tribe. He needed special permission from the government to go there and anticipated chartering a helicopter to make the trip. The last contact anyone had had with those people was some years earlier when a group interested in logging in the region attempted to land a helicopter there, and the locals pelted the “big bird” with stones and spears. They never even got out of the helicopter.

Duane was confined to Serui as he worked on getting that permit. With only one week left before I had to return to the U.S., and with no assurance I would ever get to the school, I decided to go to North Sumatra where I knew that just by showing up for a visit I could encourage some people I had known in years past.

I flew to Jakarta and asked a taxi driver to take me to any hotel near the church building at Jalan Sumatra, but I knew when we pulled up to the front door that that was not *my* kind of hotel. I’ve always been low budget. I don’t remember the price of a room there but I wouldn’t have enjoyed sleeping, knowing what it was costing. I went to a low end hotel and later wondered in the middle of the night if I had done the right thing — if the lock on the door was really secure. Ha. (American and European back packer types were calling it home.)

Remember, I had planned to go only to the extreme eastern end of Indonesia, teach for three weeks and then return home. Now I was going 3000 miles farther, with some planned stops in between, so I had to watch the money I had with me.

I contacted Brother Pasaribu who lived in the church building in Jakarta and got updates on kingdom business there. Susan and I had visited that church on our way to the U.S. in 1968. At that time Pat and Faye McGee lived in the house with their boys. They were the first missionaries from churches of Christ to go to Indonesia. Initially they did a good work. The house at Jalan Sumatra 19 was bought for around \$30,000 and had been renovated various times. It was where missionary families lived from time to time, and a large room was used as an auditorium for the church.

When McGees first started the church in Jakarta, a place was needed to baptize people. Space was limited so a very small “baptistry” was built in the back part of the house. It was only big enough for the person being baptized to get in. The one doing the baptizing stood beside

the baptistery, reaching over the wall. In our desire to do things the Bible way, we sometimes make fools of ourselves. There was a debate if what they did at that congregation was scriptural since Acts 8 talks about BOTH Philip and the eunuch going down into the water.

Unfortunately, to record as much history as possible I need to say that in later years Pat McGee left his family, married a Moslem woman and became a Moslem. He continues to live in Indonesia as I write this. I have read the transcript of an interrogation by police where he said he was a Moslem. The interrogation centered on years of dispute over ownership of the Jalan Sumatra property, which had appreciated to well over a million dollars in value. Pat had sold the property without having the legal right to do so, and apparently had kept the money. The dispute has been in courts for years and has cost a lot of money and a lot more energy and stress. In Indonesia, court decisions are more frequently than not decided according to who paid the larger bribe than who is right.

The building and ownership of church property on mission fields is a difficult issue. Every solution has its problems. This, along with the question of foreign support for local preachers, will probably never be solved. I will address both later and tell you conclusions I have reached after 45 years of observation and participation, but my convictions on these matters are not nearly as set in stone as they once were. There is only one way not to make a mistake — do nothing, but that in itself is also a mistake. Those who sit in pews in American churches, giving some funds now and then to some missionary who is willing to move his family to a strange land for Jesus, see a lot of things black and white that aren't.

I'd rather make a mistake *doing* than make the mistake of *not* doing. I speak here exclusively about methods. When it comes to sound doctrine the lines must be drawn, and if that results in little or no growth, so be it. We spend far too little time making sure those we send are sound. I will say more about this later, too.

While in Jakarta I made a brief trip to the city of Bandung and visited Joseph Rikamau and his family. Joseph told me of eight churches on the island of Sulawesi, totaling a few hundred members. Winston Bolt had lived among them, but they had received no visits or attention for some time, and Joseph urged me to visit them.

The story of the planting of the church there is worth space here. While in Siantar we translated and printed a lot of literature. One publication was Leroy Brownlow's book **Why I Am a Member of the Church of Christ**. It has twenty-five chapters, and in Indonesia we retitled the book **Dua Puluh Lima Pokok Mengenai Jemaat Perjanjian Baru Untuk**

Menjawab Pertanyaan “Mengapa Saya Seorang Anggota Sidang Jemaat Kristus” (Twenty-Five Subjects about the New Testament Church to Answer the Question, Why I Am a Member of the Church of Christ). It is called by brethren all over Indonesia “Dua Puluh Lima Pokok.” It is an excellent work on first principles, especially as they relate to the distinctive teachings of the New Testament church. That book has been responsible for many conversions and is a tremendous tool in the grounding of new Christians. It has been reprinted many times. The works I have been part of in Indonesia are never without it.

At some point prior to 1994, some members of the church of Christ from the island of Java went to Sulawesi to a family gathering, I believe a wedding. Among other things they took a copy of **Dua Puluh Lima Pokok** and left it behind. Some time later, three men, representing a larger number of people, went from that region of Suliwesi to Jakarta and said “We want to be Christians like in this book.” I’ve heard criticisms as this story has been told. The critics asked why they wouldn’t have said, “We want to be Christians like we read about in the Bible.” My answer is that the man from Ethiopia in Acts 8 had a part of the Bible and was reading it. When asked if he understood what he read he asked how he could unless he had a teacher. **Dua Puluh Lima Pokok** was their teacher. It has taught many people in numerous locations. The translating of it about 1972 may well be the single best thing I ever did as a missionary. Literature goes where people cannot. Literature doesn’t get tired. It doesn’t get sick, doesn’t have kids who get sick or need to be brought back home to be schooled. Literature works cheap. If I had my work to do over again I would certainly use literature no less.

The three men who went to Jakarta were looking for someone to go to Sulawesi to baptize and plant churches. They were a police captain, school principal and one other man who was dead before I went there. By the time Joseph told me about the Sulawesi churches there were eight. I was on my way to North Sumatra, with my ultimate destination being Siantar. I rearranged my schedule, cutting out days in North Sumatra, and gave Joseph money to go by ship to Ujung Pandang, the main city of South Sulawesi. We agreed I would go to Medan and Siantar, then fly to Ujung Pandang, meet Joseph, and together we would visit Sulawesi brethren before I returned to the U.S.

As scheduled we met there and took a bus north to where the eight congregations were. I stayed in the home of one of the three men who had gone to Jakarta some years earlier and had said, with the Brownlow book in hand, “We want to be Christians like in this book.” He was a retired school principal.

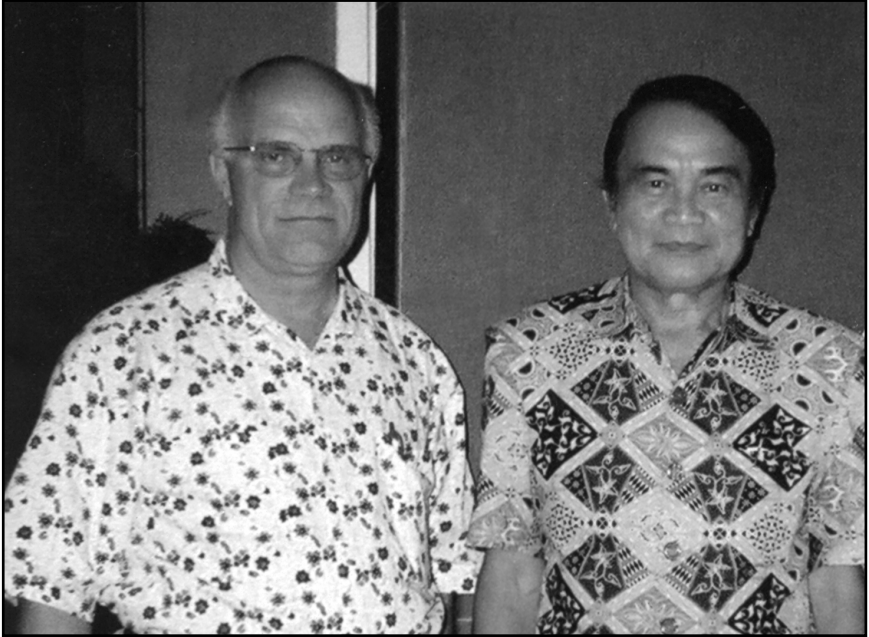
It was quite an experience, sleeping under their mosquito net, actually on the best bed in their house, but in their living room. The first

night I lowered the net and went to bed. By morning I was eaten up by mosquitos. Of course I didn't sleep much either. I had trapped a number of mosquitos inside the net with me. After that I learned to either chase the mosquitos away as I let the net down and got in for the night or, better yet, to close the net, spray inside to kill the mosquitos then get in. At times I have put repellent on generously before I went to bed, because mosquitoes and malaria are serious problems.

Word got out that I was in Sulawesi. I visited members, tried to help them solve some of their problems — nothing big — and left on a Monday. All eight churches insisted I preach for them on Sunday. Where there is a will, there is sometimes a way. We decided it could be accomplished if the churches would move their meeting times. One met at 8:00 a.m., another at 10:00 a.m., another at 12:00 noon and so on. Two that were close together combined their worship. We rented a van and, as quickly as we could get away (that is easier than it sounds when they had as a guest a brother from America who they thought was someone more important than he was), we would head to the next location. We finished up about 9:00 p.m. at the last place and spent the night there. Each church had its own building, a couple of them quite nice. These churches are worthy of great respect. They took their Bibles and a few other study aids, added dedication and sacrifice, and produced a very bright spot in the history of churches of Christ in Indonesia.

CHAPTER 9

LAIYA AND THE TREK INTO NIAS



Dennis and T. Laiya

In Medan the only contact I had was T. Laiya, whose information I had gotten from brother Pasaribu in Jakarta. There were no American missionaries in Jakarta or Medan at that time. I located brother Laiya at work. He was an auditor in the Finance Ministry. He had obeyed the gospel toward the end of the time we lived in Siantar, but if I had met him I don't remember it. He was converted after being invited to the house of the McKees with a friend for a meal and to practice or study English. He was a university student at the time. He had become a leader — probably better said “the leader” — of the church in North Sumatra.

Indonesia, like many other countries, has a Department of Religion. To be a legally recognized church, it is required that there be an organizational structure which is contrary to Bible teaching and therefore an irritation, or worse, to churches of Christ which have no organization other than local autonomous congregations. In countries where a secular

structure is required to worship and work openly, local men are selected to fill required positions, among them “Head of the Church” on the national level and sometimes several sub-levels.

Members are taught that this secular organization has nothing to do with the real church and its work and worship. It is merely a facilitator for the needs of the church in reporting to and securing occasional permission from government entities. The organization serves the church, not vice versa, and all titles and authority related to that organization are to be “left outside” when members come together as the church. It is a delicate situation because as those who hold those offices remind the rest of us, if there is a dispute or issue of any kind, they are the ones the government will hold accountable. We ask them to have responsibility without authority, which is admittedly awkward. Consequently these external organizations often complicate the work of the church. That has been the case in Indonesia from time to time. The men who hold title in the external organization often have difficulty seeing it for what it is or needs to be. This is especially true if they were once in a similar position of leadership (i.e., authority) in a denominational body, which intentionally has earthly headquarters and office holders.

Laiya was regarded as “Head of the Church” in North Sumatra. He was obviously the best person for this position, yet there were times when he gave more credence to it than scripture justified. He was authoritarian in his dealings with church members. I do not say this in a disrespectful tone. I respected Laiya more than perhaps anyone I have known in Asia, and he would be among the top handful worldwide. Someone needs to write his story.

Laiya wanted to take me to Nias Island, where he was from, originally. There was just not time. It would have required an eleven-hour bus ride across Sumatra and a ten-hour ferry ride to the island, just to get to Nias — not where the churches were — and the same in reverse to return to Medan. And not one of the churches on Nias was easy to reach.

Our second choice was to take the bus to the west side of Sumatra and visit two churches there that were made up of Nias people who had moved to Sumatra. We did that. He sent them a telegram that we were coming. As is common, they made more of our visit than we intended. They had passed out invitations for public preaching the second night, but we couldn’t stay that long. I was impressed, though, by the church people I met and promised to return when we would have more time.

As I have said before, we were low budget, sometimes by choice, but often out of necessity. We stayed in a hotel in Sibolga where bed bugs

or something chewed on me all night, as I slept not on a mattress but a bamboo mat. “Slept” does not describe that night.

Not long after his conversion, while a university student in Medan, Laiya had started leading Medan missionaries on short visits to Nias. Among these were Colin McKee, Steve Cate, Gary Soehner, Ken Sinclair, and Joe Talbot, a Lake Jackson, Texas, elder who made a few visits during the years the church sponsored some of these missionary families in Medan. They tell of hikes of two or three days to get to their destination, of sleeping, bathing, and eating in what Americans would consider primitive conditions.

Laiya went as often as he could, sometimes in connection with his work as an auditor of schools and other government entities. When sent out on audits he was allowed a per diem for expenses. He would stay in cheaper hotels and cut other corners and use the extra money for the spreading of the gospel in Nias. He was a boy who had made good, and many in his family and of his acquaintance looked to him for help anytime they needed something, as is common in Asia. Because of what is expected of someone who gets a good education and does well, from a western viewpoint it almost doesn't pay to get ahead. So many are always at your door.

I agreed to return to North Sumatra in 1995 and to go to Nias with Laiya. That led to the passion of the rest of my life. I am quick to point out that if I had gone to Irian Jaya, been escorted to the Bible school and taught my three weeks and gone home, much that has happened in Nias probably would not have happened. This is just another evidence of God's providential involvement in our lives as we make ourselves available for His work.

In 1995 I flew to Medan, and Laiya and I took a bus, then a ferry, to Nias. I didn't even know that there were planes that would have taken us in 50 minutes instead of the day and night. At that time, there weren't reliable daily flights to Nias anyhow, and we didn't have money for plane fare.

We did stop on the west side of Sumatra, in the area of Sibolga, and visit the two congregations there. I recall one evening after we had been at the Aek Horsik congregation, about 20 km from Sibolga, much of the day. Our plan was usually to catch the last bus back to the city, if we were staying in a hotel in town, which was the case that time. More often than not, our plan didn't work.

Though we announced much earlier the time that we planned to leave, our hosts would say they were preparing a meal. We couldn't leave then. So we caught whatever transportation we could. Often that meant flagging down a truck and standing in the back as it returned to town empty.

As we stood beside the road one night, a truck came by, didn't stop for us but hit a dog right in front of us. Someone ran for a knife to slit its throat, but fortunately it was already dead before they got back. We were returning there the next day for Sunday worship and to eat afterwards, and I knew we would have had that dog for Sunday dinner if they had been able to cut its throat!

In keeping with New Testament teaching, our brethren in Indonesia will not eat blood. Most "Christian" people in North Sumatra do, especially at weddings and funerals, when there is a meal served. This is one thing that, through history, has enabled the spread of denominationalism and especially Catholicism: to gain converts, they compromised Bible teaching and allowed people to hold onto pagan practices, customs and superstitions. At weddings and funerals, we sat with the Moslems and 7th Day Adventists who also will not eat blood. Separate meat was prepared with them in mind.

On a side note, we had a family dog named Brownie while living in Siantar. It was fine to have a dog as a pet, but the Batak people could not imagine that at some point we did not plan to eat Brownie!

There were ten congregations in Nias in 1995. Only the Fadoro church could be reached by vehicle. To get to the rest required walking — not sidewalk walking, jungle path walking, with someone ahead of us cutting vines — walking across ravines on single logs reaching from bank to bank as bridges, and wading rivers up to waist deep, some with swift current. It rains about 120 inches a year in Nias. If it started raining while we were walking, we just kept walking.



Walking to Nias villages

We took along bottled water, but it was impossible to carry enough. Laiya's brother, Benyamin, joined us, and I asked that we visit the ten churches. We had one week. They said it couldn't be done. There was no way to get to all ten in one week. I asked if we could try.

On a Tuesday morning we took a bus, loaded with 50% people more than capacity, not counting pigs and chickens, and rode as far as we could. Then we started walking. Laiya mapped out a route that would take us to all the churches. Nias is mountainous. Humidity is high. We walked single file for hours and hours and hours. Village people were familiar with the trails and could walk faster than we could, so someone was always starting out with us but going ahead to tell the next village where there was a church that we were coming.

We passed through many villages where there was no church of Christ, but we spent time in those that had congregations. In each of them, we held Bible studies. When we spent a night in the village, the study started well after dark, as the people came in from the fields, bathed, prepared their meals (not open a can of something or pull something out of a microwave), and then gathered under lanterns for the meeting. One of us would preach. If I preached, I spoke in Indonesian but what I said was translated into the Nias language. There were many people to whom I could talk in Indonesian — basically, those who had been to school — but in any group there were those who spoke only Nias.

Preaching was just an opening exercise. Then started the questions, for which they wanted Bible answers. Visitors would see us open our Bibles and read verses to show them what the Bible said. They were impressed and said their pastors never read their answers from the Bible.

Sometimes I would answer questions, but in those cases their question had to be interpreted into Indonesian for me and my answer into Nias for them. Eventually the Q. and A. was only in the Nias language. I was out of the loop on most questions, and for hours I wouldn't understand a word spoken. It was torture to try to stay awake in those situations because the Bible studies would go late. One lasted till 4:00 a.m. In every case we ended the meetings telling the people we had to get some sleep because we were leaving at day break. Some mornings we left even earlier.

As many as 80% of those over age 40 in villages were illiterate. They weren't dumb, just unschooled. They depended on oral instruction or trusted those who could read and write to investigate written documents for them. I was in villages where no white person has ever been. There is no reason for a tourist or businessman to go, so only missionary types would. In every case, I was given their best, which wasn't much. If there was one mattress in the village, I slept on it. In most, they killed and roast-

ed a pig, a significant expense to them. In a few, we ate chicken. All were far from the ocean, so we had few fish. We would fill our water bottles with water they boiled for us. It was usually discolored and I wondered if it had been boiled long enough, but apparently it had because we didn't get sick. We ate with our hands, rinsing our fingers off with water in a common bowl before eating. I never saw a bar of soap, electric light bulb or water faucet. I never saw a road that was anything more than a motorcycle could travel. In a few places we walked across bridges that only had steel I-beams. Bridge planks were gone or rotten.

On Saturday we came back out to a road and waited for a truck to come by, flagged it down and stood in the back to return to Gunung Sitoli. We had visited nine of the ten churches. We estimated we walked 147 miles — jungle miles, river miles, mountain miles, from late Tuesday morning to Saturday. We spent Saturday night in a hotel in Gunung Sitoli, and Sunday we hired a van to take us to the one church that was near a road. We had visited all ten churches. I was famous among churches of Christ in Nias! Those who have been members long enough to remember still talk about it. That endeared me to the Nias people.

There were other things that happened later — just going back and going back, surviving the 2005 earthquake, returning after the earthquake — but the 1995 trek was what put me on their map. I say all of this, not to boast, but so that you understand the facts. There is nothing wrong with being well known or popular as long as it is used for good.

I started going to Nias twice a year. There were a couple of times when Liaya could not get away from work and we would call 8-10 men from Nias to his house in Medan and hold a seminar there. Only one time prior to 2005 did I go to Nias without Laiya. We walked many miles together. We talked about church problems and how to mature people. He went between the times I went.

In the early years there would be people waiting to be baptized when we got to a village. They had the idea that only Laiya or a missionary could baptize. They preferred to be baptized by me and would wait months to obey the gospel with the hope that I would be the one to baptize them. I tried to correct their thinking and finally announced that I would not personally baptize anyone any more. Of course, should I be in a situation where there was no one else to do it, I would, but that is likely never going to be the case.

On most visits I would be in Nias a couple of weeks. We typically had some kind of leadership training seminar, usually in villages. Then, as the number of churches grew, it seemed more practical to have the semi-

nars in Gunung Sitoli and invite at least a few men from the new churches to send representatives to them. It was a better use of my time and energy, and we could affect more congregations, even if it meant fewer members from any given location. God blessed about everything we did, people obeyed the gospel and churches were planted.

We were under pressure to provide leadership for the infant churches. Laiya and I came up with a plan to support some travelling evangelists. We started with four and, at one time, supported seven. These men were not ministers of a specific local congregation but instead travelled among the churches. They had no formal Bible training, as in a school, because nothing like that was available to us in Indonesia in those days, and none of them had ever seen a concordance or commentary.

Those men walked many miles and were away from their families for days at a time. They were supposed to be part-time and were supported accordingly, but they gave whatever time it took to do the work. Most commonly they went to a village on a Saturday, held a Bible study in someone's home that night, preached on Sunday morning and then returned home, sometimes via another village church where they held a Sunday evening Bible study in someone's home. These men were also evangelistic and continued to plant new churches, as well as doing most of the baptizing, marrying and burying on the island. Through their work, the church on Nias was taken to the next level

One problem we had in those years was getting salaries to the part-time evangelists. At the first, we sent the entire amount to Laiya, who lived in Medan on Sumatra, and he would eventually get it to the men on Nias. Some of them didn't like that because they felt that made Laiya their boss. He had recommended them for support, he handed them their salary, and we trusted his judgment enough that if he said one of them wasn't doing his job, they knew they could be terminated.

Trying to solve the problem, we then required each of them to open an account at a bank in Gunung Sitoli, and I wired the money to their accounts. Since there was a bank fee involved, and since going to Gunung Sitoli to pick up their salary was no easy task for them, we would send two months at a time. There were times that some said the money didn't arrive. We didn't know if that was true or not. At first, when they reported that the deposit had not been made to their account, we replaced it, but then we initiated the policy that we would send the money only once. If it was lost, it was their loss. There just wasn't a problem-free way to get the funds to them.

Some of the men were evangelizing and planting and maturing churches before they were supported, and they would continue to do so

with or without support. In other cases, we felt some were doing a job only because they were paid. On the subject of supporting preachers, I've heard, "If you stop paying them, they'll stop preaching." My response is that if we stop paying the preacher at Faith Village Church of Christ in Wichita Falls, Texas, he too will stop preaching, unless someone else starts supporting him to preach.

On Nias, the people the evangelists approached could probably see their motivation better than we could. Nevertheless, we knew there were those who would obey the gospel if they heard it. There were places churches could be established if there was just a little help in the form of teaching. There were new Christians and new churches that had to be nurtured, or they would fall away. They were in infancy. So we did what we did. Was it perfect? No. It was the best of the options available to us.

Laiya and I disagreed on just two things, probably: one of the men we supported, and whether or not to be involved financially in the construction of church buildings. With the many opportunities and needs, both spiritual and humanitarian, we have always asked some people to take on responsibilities they were barely ready for, and have taken chances on some people. Most have done their best, and what we did worked. It didn't work as well as if some ten-talent guy in some comfortable congregation in America would have been leading it, but I haven't found a labor-ready pool of ten-talent guys willing to go to the island of Nias.

As the government-recognized head of the churches of Christ in North Sumatra and the fact that most of those churches were on Nias Island, Laiya gave more credence, in my opinion, to bureaucracy than was justified. He felt he needed someone with skills in dealing with government offices on the ground in Nias. I have never participated in that secular arm of things and would not support someone exclusively for that role. But, on Liaya's recommendation, without thinking it was a good idea from day one, we supported one of the travelling evangelists who would also do the paperwork Laiya felt was required. He turned out to be unsound and improperly motivated. He was terminated but continued to have influence among God's people in places. He led five or six congregations into apostasy. Years later he still surfaces now and then, always with an appeal for money for some program he wants to initiate. "Once bitten, twice shy" pretty well describes how responsible Nias brethren and I regard him.

The other difference of opinion Laiya and I had was related to American funds being used for church buildings, especially in villages. He felt it was futile to try to establish congregations unless we were willing to help them build their buildings. Most of these converts came from

Catholic and Lutheran backgrounds. They were used to large church buildings and had the idea you couldn't have a church without a proper building.

I have known of villages where evangelism would take place over a period of time and a group of adults decided they wanted to obey the gospel and be a church of Christ. However, they would delay being immersed until they had erected a church building. The first building, in most cases, was very simple: bamboo walls, dirt floor and thatched roof. Those things required little or no cash outlay — which is what they didn't have—but a lot of sweat. Some required a few sacks of cement for a foundation, and it was always better to have a tin roof instead of thatch because the thatch would have to be replaced in about two years. Of more importance was what a tin roof communicated to villagers. It said, “We are here to stay” and “We should be taken seriously.” Thatch was cheap and temporary and the occupants might be there today and gone in six months. The church needed a tin roof on its building to be taken seriously by responsible on-lookers.

I was reluctant to financially participate in buildings. I reasoned that the members could provide for themselves a church building of similar construction as their houses. Nevertheless, we decided to help. We concluded that \$300 per congregation would be a proper amount.

We went through various stages of providing this help. None worked well. The money would usually be given when we visited a village; or in some cases when only Laiya made the trip. We usually stayed in the house of the leader of the congregation and initially gave him \$300 in cash. There were times when the church was ready to buy the tin, only to learn that the funds were not there. The leader had been faced with some emergency or need, and the temptation of the money lying in a drawer was too much. He usually had no intentions of stealing it. He intended to pay it back before the church needed it. Then when he couldn't, he became a thief and some otherwise good church leaders were lost to the congregation and the Lord. Some of them lied, saying they never received funds, which made us look bad.

To make the leader more accountable, we decided to hand the money to him only in front of the congregation, usually at the end of a worship service we attended. With this method, everyone knew the it was there and available when they needed it. Again, the money sometimes got “borrowed”, couldn't be repaid, and the damage was the same.

We then decided to give actual tin or sacks of cement instead of cash. But, once delivered, it had to be stored somewhere and that always ended up being at someone's house. There were times when it was sold by whoever

stored it. There were times it was used on their house, usually with the full intention of replacing it when needed but that just almost never worked.

I got fed up with all this and for quite a while we refused to participate in buildings. When churches asked for help beyond what we did in later years, which I will describe later, I cite these examples, as well as the loss of the Jalan Sumatra 19 property in Jakarta, and the fact that Americans built a nice building for the Pokok Mangga congregation in Medan — used well for some time but now sitting nearly idle most Sundays. When they insist, “If we just had a nice building, we can guarantee the church here will thrive,” I tell them they cannot guarantee that. I’ve now been around longer than most of them.

I need to mention one more thing in connection with Laiya and the early days of the Nias work. To properly understand it you have to realize that Americans made only brief, infrequent trips to Nias. Laiya lived in Medan on North Sumatra. It is amazing that there were ten churches established under those conditions from about 1974 to 1994. In some cases people were taught the gospel, baptized and didn’t see another New Testament Christian for months. Yet, they were expected to worship acceptably.

Laiya’s solution to that great need was his “**Agenda**”. It was a book which he distributed to the leadership of new churches. It contained AN ORDER of worship that was Biblical, including scriptures written out that could be read at the time the Lord’s Supper was observed or the collection was taken. It included prayers that could offered at various times in the service. Unfortunately, the **Agenda** was used for years in Nias as more than it was intended to be. It became a liturgy. The order of worship never changed, so brethren thought that particular order was the only right way. (I won’t even say what needs to be said on this subject in most American churches which never change their order of worship and where tradition has long ago become law.) The same exact scriptures were read every week. The prayers in the **Agenda** were read word for word at every Sunday service. What was intended to be an example became a law.

As we were able to train and mature people we started weaning them away from the **Agenda**. We taught them to use a variety of scriptures and to word their own prayers. Unfortunately 45 years after the first churches were established I think there are still a couple of congregations with the old leadership — unwilling to participate in seminars — who use the **Agenda**. What was intended to be a right way became the *only* right way, but most of that is now in the past.

Lest anyone incorrectly conclude that I don’t have the greatest respect for T. Laiya, I want to close this chapter on a positive note about him.

At least as far as is humanly known there would be no churches of Christ in Nias, Indonesia without him. He gave and gave and gave. He and his wife took men from Nias into their home for months while he taught and grounded them, in the early years. He was paternalistic but maybe he needed to be. He was dealing with village people who had little or no formal education and who brought with them a denominational or Catholic view of Christianity. He and I walked many miles through rivers and up and down jungle trails. I remember lying in our beds in a hotel room in Gunung Sitoli after returning from a village trek. At that time there were probably 30 churches in Nias. I asked him if he thought it was possible that there will ever be 100. He said, "If God wants it." He lived to see 35. There are now 75-78. I believe God has shown that He does want it and that I will live to see it. It all started when T. Laiya, then a university student who, as a boy just out of junior high, had stolen two chickens from his parents so he could sell them for fare to get to Sumatra and get an education. He took the gospel back to his village of Koedroafo.

It was always a dream of Laiya's and mine that there be a congregation in Gunung Sitoli, the capitol of Nias Island. I will give the details of that reality on pages that follow, but I want to say here that Laiya died on July 10, 2005. That was the day of the first service of the Gunung Sitoli Church of Christ. He never saw the tree in full bloom, but he planted the seed.

CHAPTER 10

THE EARTHQUAKE

One of the greatest natural disasters in the history of the world was the Asian tsunami of December 26, 2004. I was ready for worship on Sunday morning, sitting in my recliner, reading the paper, and Susan came in from the bedroom. She said, “Turn on the TV. Something has happened in Indonesia.” That was probably the greatest understatement of her life.

A 9.0 earthquake in the Indian Ocean off the west coast of North Sumatra had caused a tsunami of tremendous force. It reached as far away as Africa, but for North Sumatra it was a disaster hard to describe. Over 220,000 died as a result of the tidal wave.

I don’t think I had ever heard the word tsunami before that morning. For the next few days, pictures of the destruction were in our living rooms by television. The next morning I was having breakfast at a restaurant in Wichita Falls, Texas. Two men came in, sat down at a booth across from me, and one asked the other, “Did you hear about what happened over in Asia?” The other replied, “Yes. There are too many of those people anyhow.” When I finished eating I asked the waitress to bring me their ticket. I paid for my breakfast and theirs, and as I left I went by their booth and said, “I heard what you said about there being too many of those people. I have friends in that area. I don’t know if any of them are affected by this or not, but what I do know is that every one of those people was somebody’s mother or somebody’s son.” As I turned and walked away, the man who had asked the question initially said, “He was just popping off”. I said, “When there are that many people hurting, I think there is a better way to pop off.”

Later that morning I called the White’s Ferry Road Church of Christ in West Monroe, Louisiana. I told them I knew they responded to disasters like this and was sure they were going to help with the tsunami. I was referred to Don Yelton who directed their relief work in times like that. I asked how they planned to help. He said they didn’t know yet, but this was going to be a huge effort. Their phones were ringing off the wall. He said they liked to work through local churches whenever possible. I

told him of my involvement in North Sumatra and Nias and that if they were going to work through the church in North Sumatra they would have to work with a man named T. Laiya. I told him of Laiya's background, experience with the government and trustworthiness. However, I told him Laiya didn't speak English. I spoke Indonesian and would be glad to help however I could.

The next words out of Don's mouth were, "Brother we need you to go to Indonesia tomorrow, survey the situation and come back to tell the brotherhood how to respond." He said he was authorized to spend up to \$5,000 without conferring with anyone, and he would send that. It could provide my plane fare and other trip expenses, and if there was anything left to give it to someone in need. I told him I couldn't do that. I had a business to run.

We continued to see the devastation of the tsunami in Indonesia and elsewhere. The next day I called Don back and told him I could not go immediately but if he could give me a few days, I would go. I left for Indonesia January 10th. By that time, emails and phone calls were almost constant. I had talked to Laiya and learned that Nias suffered minor damage but that part of Aceh and especially the capitol city of that province on the northern end of Sumatra was just gone.

I also had a lot communication with a friend who had lived in Medan for a few years some time earlier. He knew the region, had experience in medical missions in Belize and perhaps in other places and was going to be involved in the relief work in Indonesia. He and I decided to meet in Medan, go to Nias to size up the situation there and then return to Medan and go to Aceh. We felt most of the world's attention would be focused on Aceh, and that the needs in Nias would be overlooked. We knew we had brethren in Nias and not Aceh, that Aceh was one of the two or three most radical Islamic provinces of Indonesia and our opportunity to combine benevolence and evangelism there was almost zero. He also knew massive amounts of aid were being sent to Aceh by government and non-government organizations. We wanted to steer help given by churches of Christ to Nias.

I had been to Nias in November, and on the way back to the U.S. I spent two days in Phenom Pen, Cambodia. It was my first visit to Cambodia. I had heard good things about the work there, especially as led by Bill McDonough of "Partners In Progress", one of the brotherhood's significant humanitarian organizations when it comes to foreign aid. I was able to spend time with Bob Buchanan and Ken Wilkey while in Cambodia, as they were there conducting a leadership training seminar. I was very impressed with the country, the demeanor of the people, with the few church people I was around, and with the McDonoughs.

Little did I know that this was another evidence of God's providential involvement. Less than two months later, Bill was telling me that our meeting in November was for a purpose, which led to significant involvement from PIP in relief efforts in Indonesia.

Bill met my friend and me in Medan after we had been to Nias. Our intent was that the three of us, with Laiya, would go to Aceh. That never happened. Regular flights to Aceh were terminated. Those going there could ride as space was available on planes taking relief goods from Medan. Three days we went to the airport, hoping to get on a plane. It never worked. We had a couple of days left but were afraid to go over at that late date because if it was as difficult to get back to Medan we would likely miss our flights home.

A special treat as we waited around the airport on the third day was a visit by Indonesian President Susilo Bambang Yudhono and his wife and party. The President walked within ten feet of me, and his wife came to a few of us, standing there, and shook hands with us. I realize mine was just a hand in a crowd but no American president's wife has ever shaken hands with me, even in a crowd.

Laiya had gone with us to Nias. I had a responsibility to the brotherhood through White's Ferry Road paying my expenses to evaluate and go home with a proposal as to how we could best help. My friend had his own agenda: seeking opportunities to serve from what became TEARS. He had a strong personality and it became evident that I was just following along and supplementing his efforts as translator. I wasn't getting done what I went to Nias to do, and our time there was getting short.

I also had a problem with some of the promises he was making and implying to government officials in various locations. When I asked him about these, which in some cases were going to be impossible to fulfill, he said he sometimes got carried away by his enthusiasm. Without going into unnecessary detail, he and I separated. He and Laiya went one direction to pursue ways TEARS could minister to people, and Laiya's son-in-law, Ceri Zalukhu, and I hired a separate vehicle and driver and went another direction.

My friend, Jim, and I have very different styles of doing things. Knowing that, and because of some of the strained moments we had while doing our respective things over the next 2-3 years, I was once asked if I wished my friend had not gone to Nias. I quickly replied, "Absolutely not. Because of him blind people see (cataract surgeries), immobile people get around (wheel chair distribution) and hungry kids have been fed (child feeding program)." Those were just some of the ways TEARS helped

people. I am thankful for those efforts. I just couldn't be part of the approach taken to accomplish the good. People on Nias benefited from the work of TEARS.

Laiya and I put together some tentative programs and Laiya was to be put on a salary sufficient to enable him to go back and forth from Medan to Nias to coordinate things. He had retired from government service about two years earlier and welcomed this opportunity to head up what turned out to be a massive relief effort. However, he began having serious health issues which ultimately interfered with him being a part of this plan.

Upon returning to the U.S. at the end of January, I had many opportunities to speak and raise money for tsunami relief. So many people wanted to help. There were a lot of great experiences, and the easiest time raising money that I ever had. A special contribution at Faith Village resulted in about \$23,000. I was invited to speak at the Edmond, Oklahoma, congregation where our son, Michael, and his family were members and where he later served as a deacon. They had two morning services. Anything given over their regular budget that day was to go to the relief work in Nias. As we were ready to start the second service their pulpit preacher, Don Vinzant, leaned over and said, "We made budget first service. The rest is yours." I believe the Nias portion of the contribution was about \$30,000, and I went back a few months later, after our second natural disaster, spoke again, and got another \$8,000. In addition to individuals and congregations that gave through the Faith Village church in Wichita Falls, Partners in Progress channeled a lot of money our way. To avoid duplication I believe other large brotherhood para-church organizations sent their funds to PIP, which forwarded them to us. In all, about \$650,000 was given and used in Nias through our efforts. As things turned out, a small fraction of that went to tsunami relief.

I won't go into the plans we had made to help with the tsunami because those plans were never carried out. I went back to Nias, getting there March 28th. Brother and Sister Laiya went with me from Medan. I checked into the hotel, Wisma Soliga, mid morning and they went on to a house they owned, seven kilometers from the city. We intended to go to the other side of the island, where the tsunami damage was greatest, the next morning. At 11:00 that night we had an 8.7 earthquake, centered on Nias Island.

When the tsunami had hit, three months earlier, those structures and people situated 30 feet above sea level or less, in the area where the tidal wave hit, were gone. Those over 30 feet above sea level were unaffected

and life for them was unchanged, except to the extent that they had farmland in lower lying areas or did business with those closer to the shore.

It was very different with the earthquake. Island-wide bridges were out, roads were destroyed, water lines broken, electric poles down. As much as 80% of the business community of Gunung Sitoli was either gone or severely damaged. Many of the Chinese who ran those businesses lived above their stores. They kept significant cash at home and had several locked doors between living quarters on second and third floors and the outside doors on the ground floor. They never got out. Six hundred church buildings were destroyed in about three minutes. I never heard how many schools. Hundreds were killed.



Downtown Gunung Sitoli after the March 28, 2005 earthquake

I had been asleep 10-15 minutes when I was awakened by the shaking of the hotel. I had felt tremors before through the years in Asia, and my first thought was, “We are having an earthquake!” With that thought came the realization that what was happening was like no earthquake I had ever experienced. My room was on the second floor. There was a balcony across the front of the hotel but there was no way down from it. The stairway was at the back of the hallway. By the time I stood up, the earthquake had opened my door. I ran into the hall and toward the stairway barefoot and in pajamas. I was confused because I was meeting people in the hall who were running toward the front of the hotel, and I knew there was no way down there. When I got to the stairway, or what had been the stairway, it had collapsed. Others had already seen that.

The collapsing of the stairway first is why I'm alive to write this story. I turned back to the front of the hotel, got about half way down the hall and the first floor disappeared. We dropped about 19 feet (the distance floor to ceiling of the first floor), and the second floor became the first floor. Thankfully, the second and third floors stayed intact, but walls, floors, and ceilings were badly broken. My feet were hurt, especially my right foot. I could not stand on it. I painfully hopped to my room, grabbed my suitcase and threw it over the balcony, then climbed down the rubble. It is not as far down when the floor you are climbing from is the ground floor instead of the second floor it had been just minutes before.

While it was calm as we stood and/or sat in the yard in front of the hotel, we didn't know if the earthquake was over or if there was more to come. The front entrance to the hotel was less than a city block from the beach and the Indian Ocean. We didn't know if a tsunami was coming or not. Some of the hotel guests scattered, and I never had contact with them again.

Relatives of the owners of the hotel soon showed up in an SUV. They were nearly hysterical. The hotel was three kilometers from the center of town. They were telling of the massive destruction in the business district where most of the buildings were two and three stories. They told of specific people they knew who were already known to be dead. They decided that with the possibility of a tsunami, it was best to go to higher ground. They took me with them and we went down the road a short distance to an asphalt path, only wide enough for walking, that led up to a Catholic Church pastorate. Other people were going there as well. By this time I had gotten a piece of bamboo and used it as a cane, because walking was very painful.

There was a very bright moon that night. When we reached what I thought was something over 100 feet above sea level, I told them I was going to stay there. If there was a tsunami, I should be beyond its reach. They went higher. I told them I would be there when they came down. During the rest of the night others would pass by as I lay on the grass beside the path. They would say, "There is a white man," or something similar. Some asked if I was ok.

In the morning the hotel owners came down, and I went back to the hotel with them. In the daylight we started getting an idea of the damage. The next two days we stayed under a patio cover beside the hotel. Tremors were common. At first we would jump up and move farther from the damaged structure, then we got somewhat used to the tremors and just sat still. The hotel had a well and groceries. They cared for us. I just lay on a bamboo mat most of the time. Two guests were a man and woman,

probably in their mid 20s, from Australia. He had a first aid kit and sewed up one man's ear and a deep cut in a lady's leg. He spoke no Indonesian, so I translated as I gripped their hands while he cleaned out the wounds and sewed, with no deadening.

We didn't know if the rest of the world knew what had happened on Nias until midday when helicopters and planes from Jakarta television stations and military medical helicopters started showing up in the sky. We were told that medical helicopters were landing at the soccer field in the center of town. With no electricity, no one knew when they could buy gas again, but I persuaded one of the men at the hotel to take me to the soccer field on the back of his motorcycle. I couldn't walk, but I could ride.

I will never forget a lot of sights associated with the earthquake, and what we saw at the soccer field is one of them. As helicopters touched down, medical people were jumping off, running to people who had been brought there, and after 30 second examinations were turning thumbs up or thumbs down. Up meant they were to be loaded. Down meant they weren't. Those who weren't taken were in that group either because their injuries were not life-threatening or because, in the very brief examination, it had been determined they probably wouldn't survive anyhow and their place was needed by someone with a better chance. Some were loaded onto helicopters that had never shut off their engines, and they took off again.



Dennis being helped to walk after the earthquake

My foot didn't seem to be such a big deal. Those who looked at it with no professional expertise assumed it was broken but, as I said several times over the next couple of days, I wasn't going to die from a broken foot.

Back at the hotel I hired another guy with a motorcycle to take me around the city. In those days I used single-use disposable cameras. I don't remember how many I had, two or three, probably. I told him I was going to be getting help, which meant raising money, and I could do a better job if I had pictures. He never stopped but slowly drove around the city, and I snapped pictures until I was out of film.

I saw bodies lined up on the sidewalks. I saw people digging to rescue those still trapped beneath rubble. Some places I was familiar with were unrecognizable. Vehicles couldn't get around very well because of broken roads and bridges and rubble, but we did pretty well on a motorcycle.

Back at the hotel numerous people came by. Some came there because they had no house any more. Everyone told their story. Late the second day Laiya's son-in-law, Ceri, came for me on his motorcycle. He took me to where they were staying, seven kilometers from town. Their house had been damaged but not destroyed, but because of continual tremors they were camping in tents on the side of the hill nearby. I spent the third night with them. The next day we heard that planes would be coming to the airport. Vehicles could not get from Gunung Sitoli to the airport but motorcycles could, so Ceri took me to the airport. On the side of the hill, I hugged Laiya and told him I wasn't leaving them. I was going to get help. Not being able to walk, I was of no use to them if I stayed. They would only try to take care of me when they had plenty of concerns already.

I returned at the end of May, when I was able to get around comfortably again. Many on the island told me they didn't think I would come back to Nias, but I had never even entertained that possibility.

The first plane to land at the airport was operated by Missionary Aviation Fellowship. The pilot was an American. Few people were at the airport at that time, but the plane could take only 12. It had brought medical personnel from Medan. Holding onto Ceri's shoulder and using my bamboo cane, I was the 12th person to get to the bottom of the steps to the plane. Behind me was a lady being carried on a mattress. She was covered with blood and was unconscious. Whoever was managing the loading said I was the last one who could get on.

I said, "She needs to go worse than I do."

He said in English, "White people have priority."

I said, “That is a dumb rule. People who are in worse condition should have priority.”

He said, “Mister, either get on or get out of the way. We need to leave.”

I said, “I’ll wait for the next plane.”

There were supposed to be four more planes that day. By the time the next plane landed, a lot of people had brought their wounded. The airport was chaos and looked like a war evacuation scene in a movie. The pilot of that plane came in and said, “I understand you won’t go if there are people worse than you.”

I said, “That’s right. I’ve got a broken foot, but I won’t die because of that. Some of these people are going to die if they don’t get to doctors.”

The pilot said, “Then your best chance of getting out of here is to go with me. I’ve come from Melaboh in Aceh and I have to go back there. All of these people want to go to Medan. I’m going back empty. If you go with me you’ll be able to figure out a way to get back to Medan.”

So I went with him. The airstrip in Melaboh was barely that. I got off the plane and asked if there was a taxi. There wasn’t. We were several kilometers from town. A guy in a pickup said he worked for Samaritan’s Purse, the international relief organization of Franklin Graham, son of Billy Graham. He said he’d give me a ride. I said I needed to go to a hotel. He said there were no hotels. Those had been on the beach and the tsunami got them. He said he would take me to their headquarters. Living in that building, which was also offices for Samaritan’s Purse, was a retirement-age couple from Canada. I told them my story, including that I had not been able to have any communication with my family in the three days since the earthquake. I also emphasized that no doctor had seen my foot, which I felt was broken. The UN had a base setup in Melaboh. There were telephones there that could be used to call the U.S. The man suggested that his driver take me to the hospital where there was a Swiss or French doctor, and if I would give him a telephone number for my family, he would go to the UN base and call them, telling them I would call when I got finished at the hospital. I gave him our daughter Sarah’s number. I thought she would be the most likely to be at home. Susan was a nurse and worked at a hospital at that time.

What I didn’t know was that, via CNN, my family knew 30 minutes after the earthquake that we had had one and that the worst place to be was a concrete multi-story building. They knew I would be in the hotel at

11:00 at night. Then there was no word for three days. They had tried to contact American Embassy people, Laiya's home, and to do other things but they had gotten no information of significance. Susan had stopped going to work, kids and friends gathered at the house, and as I have said several times afterwards with a smile that I have enjoyed more than they have, "They didn't know if they should read the will or not."

The front page of the Times Record News, the daily paper in Wichita Falls, featured a story about me missing. Our preacher, Charlie Thomason, was interviewed on the evening news after I had made contact, but before I got home. They wanted to interview Susan but she declined. The other elders and their wives went to our house as a group and, among other things, had a prayer. As they left someone later told me that Susan had said, "They think he's dead, don't they?"

My stopover in Melaboh gave me opportunity to inquire about a story we had heard on our January visit to Nias. The province of Aceh, where Melaboh is located, is extremely conservative Moslem. For about 30 years they had been trying to separate from Indonesia so Islamic law could be the law of the land. Believers in Christ were a small minority and, from time to time, were persecuted. The story had been told that Christians, wanting to celebrate Christmas as the birth of Jesus and fearing opposition from Moslems, had gone to the mountains. They were still there when the tsunami did so much damage on December 26th. The Christians were, thus, spared. I asked the Canadian couple about this. They laughed. I wasn't the first person to ask. There was nothing to the tale. It had been started by a Pentecostal preacher, without any foundation whatsoever. This is so typical of many of the stories, some of them implying miracles took place. Once the truth is known, it never makes the same front pages that the first story did. I remember a tale about a man being pregnant in the Philippines. Some weeks later if you happened across "the rest of the story" on some back page, it was revealed to be a hoax. People sometimes prefer fiction over fact, and others are only too eager to pass the tale along.

When the man with Samaritan's Purse called Sarah, he said he chose his words very carefully. He thought if he asked, "Is this Dennis-Cady's daughter?", she would assume the worst before getting the rest that he had to say. Instead, when she said, "Hello," his first words were, "I have just talked to Dennis Cady, and he wanted me to call you and tell you he is alright."

Upon a visual exam of my foot, the doctor said, "It is broken. Let's take some x-rays." Then after looking at the x-rays, he said, "No,

it isn't broken, just badly sprained". It probably hadn't helped that I had been limping around on it for three days. I hadn't even washed my face in that time.

From the doctor's place, I went to the UN facility and called home. I spent that night at the Samaritan Purse facility. They offered to let me stay longer, but I wanted to push toward Medan, so they took me back to the airstrip and left me, saying that something would come along. I got a ride on an International Red Cross helicopter to another location then a second helicopter let me ride along to Banda Aceh, the capitol city of the province. Again, I asked someone to take me to a hotel and was told there were no hotels left.

A doctor at the airport there said he was sure my foot was broken, regardless of what the doctor in Melaboh had said, so with his encouragement I went to the UN tent hospital in Banda Aceh. X-rayed again, the verdict was that I had nothing broken.

I was exhausted. I asked if they could recommend a place where I could sleep, even if I paid someone to let me stay in their home. They said I was welcome to stay at the hospital. They had a good canteen. Someone from there would take me to the commercial airport the next day and I could fly to Medan. However, the only empty bed was in ICU. So that night what sleeping I did was in the ICU tent. I was starting to get my emotions under control. I think I probably handle stress better than most Indonesians, but in later years I've been asked by Indonesians if I didn't have stress because of the earthquake. Some survivors didn't handle it well at all. For weeks, back home I didn't show it, but on occasion I would wake up in the night flat out bawling and couldn't stop. That eventually got better and is now in the past.

That night in the ICU tent, I took inventory and made some decisions that I lived out pretty well for the next few years. I knew that I very easily could have died in Hotel Wisma Soliga on March 28, 2005. If I had died, my wife and family would have gone on without me. I knew that financially we were starting to get to a place where there were significant dollars at our disposal. Investments, mainly in real estate, were starting to pay off. We were going to be in a position to "eat, drink and be merry" on cruises, driving luxury vehicles, and spending more on our grandchildren than was good for them. Or.....we would be in a position to make a difference in some places with the use of money and some things money could support.

That night in Banda Aceh, Indonesia, I chose the second path, and I haven't looked back. It is good to be able to make things happen. As

we developed the programs in Nias over the five years or so following the earthquake, at every turn we decided what was best for the work and never once said, "We'll do that IF we can raise the money." I've worked at raising money. Whatever wasn't raised, we gave. We've done some significant things in other places, too. I think the earthquake experience helped me grow in this way. A reporter asked our preacher, Charlie Thomason, during his interview, what he thought I had meant when I said in an email from Medan, "Everyone should have an experience like this." Charlie was right in answering that I probably meant that things like that help people get their priorities right.

I am not going to apologize for the time I have taken to describe the earthquake because it set the tone for some wonderful things that happened in Nias in the years that followed. You cannot understand those and the degree of my passion about them without understanding what happened at 11:00 p.m. March 28, 2005.

CHAPTER II

HUMANITARIAN RESPONSE

Those on Nias divide things “before the earthquake” and “after the earthquake”. While the tsunami was a problem for some on one side of the island, after the earthquake all humanitarian attention was turned to helping people affected by it.

Our first response was to give each church family \$20 for some emergency needs. This was distributed through the preachers at each congregation. There were people who had not been faithful for some time who identified themselves as members to receive even that small amount. There was at least one congregation that had disbanded which stood in line for its allotment. At least they started worshipping again. There were a few preachers who padded their count and some who did not distribute to everyone, but pocketed what was left over.

There is no way to run a benevolent program like it should be run. In benevolence, you do what you do because of who *you* are, not who *they* are. Having said that, another fact is that you aren't necessarily helping folks by giving and giving and giving. Anyone who has all the answers to benevolence hasn't done much benevolence.

In late May, after the earthquake, I was back in Nias and we called a meeting of representatives of the 35 churches of Christ. Those American churches and brethren who had given the money for benevolence wanted us not to work through government agencies because of their bureaucracy and corruption, but to give priority to members of the Lord's church who were suffering.

We asked each church to send two men to that three-day meeting, which we called a seminar because we used the occasion to do a lot of Bible teaching. One hundred and five representatives attended. We told them we had money to help with the damages of the earthquake and asked them what they wanted us to do. The unanimous decision was that we

help them rebuild their church buildings. Some of these people had been living in tents for two months and would continue to live in tents for some time more, but they wanted to get back in their church buildings. All of the church buildings were either destroyed or damaged. We decided to provide the materials to enable them to rebuild the same size and type of construction as the buildings they had lost. Some were of wood, some brick and plaster, some a combination.

We had a survey team go to each village, measure, and document, and come up with a dollar amount for materials. If they wanted a larger building, the difference was their responsibility. If they wanted to build back a brick and plaster building to replace a wooden building, the difference was their responsibility. The only exception was that we wanted to see a tin roof on every building, even if they had only thatch before. Earlier I said that tin on a roof gave the perception of stability and permanence that a church needs in order to be taken seriously by responsible observers.

Between the tsunami and the earthquake, TEARS had led a medical mission to Nias. During that time T. Laiya became sick and had to return to Medan. His health continued to deteriorate until his death in July. He knew he could not follow through with the plan to coordinate the relief work that needed to be done. He suggested that his son-in-law, Karnius (Ceri) Zalukhu, replace him.

Like Laiya, many years earlier Ceri had gone from Nias to Medan to study. He was converted as a university student, after initially answering an ad for a World Bible School correspondence course in English. He had subsequently married Laiya's daughter, Feliyani (Yani). When both of Ceri's parents died about six months apart, he felt he needed to move his family back to Gunung Sitoli where he was responsible for five younger siblings who were still at home.

I saw the fact that Ceri and Yani then lived in Gunung Sitoli as the opportunity we had long waited for, to start a congregation in the city. There had never been anyone living there with the ability to lead such a congregation. Now there was. Ceri replaced Laiya as the coordinator of the relief work. In the May 2005 meeting, the brethren elected Ceri head of the secular organization for Nias Island. He first declined, then I urged him to accept as he best understood the proper relationship of that organization with the church. That selection has served the church well.

I went to Nias five times in 2005. It took a few months to survey, tear down or remove rubble from old church buildings and build anew. Once that was done, we intended to build houses for members who had lost theirs. It became evident we could not build a house for every church

family who thought they deserved one. If we built for non-members and not for members, there would be internal trouble. In the end, we decided not to build houses. There were other organizations doing that anyhow.

Instead, we rebuilt 15 elementary schools. Priority was given to villages where there were churches of Christ. In doing this, members were pleased, and we made a statement to non-members that churches of Christ did not just care for their own. We cared about everyone. That, plus the fact that we were there with relief before most NGOs and government agencies, attracted a lot of attention and appreciation. Our bureaucracy was me, then Ceri. Others surveyed and surveyed. For a long time they seemed to drive up and down the roads in their shiny pickups more than do anything that actually helped people. As I observed the machinery and inefficiency of most of the large humanitarian organizations, I determined it would be hard for any of them to ever get a dime out of me. People are helped by them, but they could do so much more, and more quickly, if they were better managed.



One of the fifteen elementary schools built in the villages.

One exception to replacing schools destroyed in the earthquake was the school we built in the village of Daodaozanuu. There had never been a school in this village, the site of one of the larger churches of Christ. In part because they were so remote and because they were less educated, people there were poorer than average. We made a deal that we would deliver the building materials as far a truck could go. The village people agreed to carry lumber, cement, tin, nails and the like to the build-

ing site. I had been to that village once, early in my trips to Nias. It is a hard walk. I don't plan to go back.

A few times I was in Nias when it was time to turn over to school officials the key to a new building. That was usually an occasion for a celebration, including singing and dancing by the children. At one place I was given a rooster in appreciation. At another, the skull and horns of a deer, one of the highest tokens of appreciation and respect to be given on Nias.

As I became more familiar with the educational system in Nias, I learned that children could go to elementary and junior high school while living at home, even though some had to walk up to twelve kilometers each way every day. If they attended high school, they had to go to either Gunung Sitoli or Teluk Dalam and board. For them it was somewhat equal to going off to college, except that they were as young as fifteen and had seldom been out of their village.

The expense of renting a place for them to live while in school for three years, and the reluctance of parents to send their 15- and 16-year-old sons and daughters to live in the city, unsupervised, kept many from getting a high school education.

We had about \$35,000 of the relief money left to spend. I asked Bill McDonough if we could buy a large house to be used as dormitory and help young people with their high school education in this way. He said yes. The first year, we bought a house that accommodated 12 boys, then as the dormitory program grew we added to that, and it became the dorm for 24 girls. We bought two other buildings, renovated them, and 30 boys live in each of those.

For five school years, we rented a house where another ten students could stay, first girls, then boys, and in the end students who came for tailoring and cosmetology vocational courses. Once those dormitories were bought and renovated, that program was funded by securing individual sponsors for each student, first for \$18 monthly, then \$20 monthly. Individuals or families in America and Malaysia sponsored students. Ten dollars of the sponsorship money was given to the students to help with school fees. The other \$10 paid utilities, routine maintenance, and supervisory salaries.

Selection of who would live in these dorms has always been stressful, so much so that I avoid being in Nias during the selection process. In the initial years, the number of students we could accept was governed by what new facility we were putting into service. Then, once those were full, we would replace the number who graduated each year.

In a few cases there were students who graduated from high school and stayed to go to college.



Dormitory students

Once the program was going, we could select 20-35 students each year, but 100-140 applied. Priority was given, based on need and distance from a church, which would influence their faithfulness after returning home. All dorm students were required to attend Sunday church services, as well as a weekly evening Bible study.

This program was “benevolence” because it helped people help themselves, “evangelism” because the young people were taught the gospel, and “training” because we did further teach and train. Most obeyed the gospel while living in the dormitories. As it became a problem for them to be faithful after moving back to their village, due to distance to a congregation, we started giving more attention in the selection process to their proximity to a local church.

We realized we were “playing god” with the lives of these young people when we accepted some and rejected others. It determined their future and, in some cases, even if they would hear the gospel or not. If we thought of those we turned away, it would drive us crazy. We had to think about the ones we were helping. Even then, a few didn’t value the opportunity they were given, would repeatedly break rules and be expelled. But, for the most part, the dormitory program was terrific. The real fruits of it, as could be said of many programs, will be seen in years to come.

Each year we watched some very bright young people graduate from high school. They told us they could afford the monthly or routine expenses of going to the local teacher's college, but were kept from enrolling because of initial and annual enrollment expenses. In 2010 we started providing up to five scholarships to cover these expenses, and we feel that a real investment was made in enabling some of these best and brightest to take their lives to the next level. Studying at the teacher's college is a five-year program. As I write this, it is too early yet to tell the outcome.

Two young people, a boy and a girl, were sent for three-year nursing programs, and we secured sponsors to pay all of their expenses. One participant was my mother, 87 when she took on this sponsorship. We expect good things to come from this.

There are not enough high schools in Gunung Sitoli, so many are used twice a day. One group of students goes to school 7:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. Another group goes to the same facilities 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. This means these young people are out of school half a day, every day, which provided an opportunity for us to create a computer class and to teach the dorm kids about computers. A donation from Partners For Christian Education initially made that possible.

We needed a teacher, and we wanted someone from the church of Christ so they could influence the kids spiritually while teaching computer skills. The greatest obstacle in most of the programs we initiated on Nias was qualified personnel to fill the necessary leadership positions. Our solution in this case was to send Karpus Zalukhu to Medan for training. He already knew a lot about computers but not enough to be an instructor. That worked very well.

After completing his training, Karpus set up the computer classes which grew to include others beside our dorm kids. Eventually he needed an assistant, and one of dorm students filled that role. The students had never touched a computer — some of them had never seen one — before they sat down for their first class. Some became quite proficient.

We heard of two young ladies who, upon returning to their village after high school graduation, were hired as elementary school teachers. They obviously weren't qualified, but that points to the desperate need for teachers in rural areas and the lack of quality education available to village children. Those two were hired over other applicants because they had studied computers in our course. There wasn't even a computer in their village school, and possibly no electricity. In 2010, I read in the *Jakarta Post* that, by 2013, 30% of the public school teachers in Indonesia would reach mandatory retirement age, so there will be jobs for any of our students who get an education.

We added English as a subject, as our Christian vocational school started to take shape. Two of the dorm students who were majoring in English at the teacher's college became instructors. This gave them valuable experience, as well as helping their students improve their English.

Realizing that people in the villages needed practical skills they could use to provide or supplement income, we added a tailoring course, then a cosmetology course. These were offered to those living in villages, who had completed their formal education. Ten at a time came for the tailoring course. We saw that the weakness of similar courses, even when students paid to attend them, was that when they finished the course, they had the knowledge but lacked money to buy the things necessary to start their own business.



Tailoring class

Our program consisted of participants being responsible for their own transportation and meals during the four-month course. We provided housing, if we had a place available. If not, that too was their responsibility. I secured sponsors at \$300 per student. We provided the instruction, all supplies needed in the course of the study and, at the conclusion, we sent them home with a new treadle sewing machine and all the smaller things needed to be in business the first day.

We asked the six circuit riding evangelists to recommend students. They had more contact with village people and could evaluate who would make use of the opportunity we provided. There was never a shortage of students. Following each course we would give the teacher a one-month

break, during which time he returned to his own village and family, then we would repeat with another class. This was one of the most practical and successful programs we had.

There were a lot of success stories. No one got rich being a tailor after taking our course, but most realized a boost in cash available to them. The people of rural Nias raised what they ate and wouldn't starve because of the fertile volcanic soil and plentiful rainfall. But they lacked money. Because they never had enough cash, some of their kids didn't go to school for lack of uniforms, they couldn't buy medicines when they were sick or had a wound, so small problems sometimes became big problems; and some were unnecessarily fatal. Vocational programs helped generate cash.

While we had a good teacher for the tailoring course, a brother well grounded in scriptures and with an interest in the souls of his students as well as their sewing skills, we had no one to teach the cosmetology course. We started by sending students to a beauty salon where the owner was supposed to train them on the side. That proved unsatisfactory. We then hired a lady known by members, who had her own salon but agreed to operate it three days a week and teach our students at our facility three days a week. This worked much better. We acknowledge one essential component of a Christian school is Christian teachers. We delayed starting the cosmetology course because of this deficiency. It is our hope that one of those who is a student can soon become the instructor and this problem will be solved.

At this writing we are developing an agricultural branch of our vocational school. Most of the people with whom we have contact through the 75-plus churches are farmers, many of whom barely make it in an average year and who suffer greatly when there is a natural disaster or some disease gets in their crops. We see that they have three problems.

First, while their grandfather may have had sufficient land, it has now been divided by inheritance to their father's generation and now divided again to theirs, so many don't have a large enough piece of land to support a family. There is nothing we can do about that, unless we encourage migration to another region or equip them for other types of employment so they can move off the farm.

Second, they use the same farming methods that have been used for generations. They need to be taught how to mulch, how to use fertilizers and how to save back their best seed (instead of eating it), and buy a rooster or boar that upgrades their flock of chickens or the next litter of pigs.

Third, they need to be taught how to raise some cash crops. This would be vegetables that they can sell in the marketplace or sell to those

who sell in the marketplace. We purchased over two acres adjoining the children's home (which I will describe later), and are in the process of developing that as an ag demonstration station and a place to hold seminars.

Back to our re-occurring problem: who would teach agriculture. In 2011 we chose Karsa Zalukhu, younger brother of Ceri and Karpus. He had just graduated from college and, even though he had limited experience, he had a keen interest in agriculture. After attending a training program on Nias, he is heading up the agricultural part of our vocational program.

The humanitarian work, including ownership of all property, was done in the name of Dasami Foundation (Yayasan Dasami). When the first church building was bought—a three bedroom house at Jalan Mawar No. 9—there was no church yet in Gunung Sitoli. Foreigners cannot own land in Indonesia but they can establish foundations which they control, and those foundations can own land. I formed Dasami Foundation (Da=David, Sa=Sarah, Mi=Michael).

Our other alternative was to let the secular organization the government required the church to have hold title. There was occasional political maneuvering within that body, and having control of such assets would have only complicated that. The members of Yayasan Dasami are myself as founder (which according to the bi-laws gives me control), Karnius Zalukhu as Chairman, Linggaro Halawa, my sons David and Michael, and son-in-law, Lane Landes. As Chairman, Ceri deals with the government in securing permits and reporting, handling property purchases (and sales if need be) and other issues. Upon my death, the other members of the foundation are to select my replacement. As of 2011, the foundation owns over half a million dollars worth of real estate on Nias Island.

I will devote a single chapter to the children's home, which is the other significant humanitarian program we have in Nias. All of these things, while technically a work of Dasami Foundation, were tied to the churches of Christ on Nias. God has been given the glory, and the church benefits greatly from the good will created. During the 18 months following the earthquake when we were so visible with the building of elementary schools and the like, the church experienced tremendous growth. There were 40 new congregations established in those 18 months. I do not know how many people were baptized. There was some sifting of the chaff over the next couple of years, as it became evident some had been baptized with the hope of receiving material things, but growth has continued.

I have learned that God wants us to do humanitarian work as much as He wants us to evangelize. I didn't say "nearly as much." An excellent book which supports this thinking is **The Hole in the Gospel** by Richard

Stearns, who at the time he wrote it was head of **World Vision**. The thesis is that if we go to poverty-stricken people with only spiritual information, we have only partially done our job.

In my preaching days, I preached that we couldn't do everything so we needed to focus on the spiritual, not the here-and-now needs of people. I have said in sermons, "You can starve to death and go to heaven but you cannot go to heaven if you don't obey the gospel." Of course that is true, but I don't think the baptized can go to heaven if they see someone starve to death while they can prevent it and don't. I believe when we get to heaven, Mark 16:16 will be opened. That teaches us that we must believe and be baptized to be saved. We will be asked, "Did you do that?"

But I also believe Matthew 25 will be opened. That is where we are told that if we fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and the like, we did it to Jesus, and that if we didn't, we didn't do it to Jesus. Heaven or hell are the consequences in that judgment day scene. I believe we will be asked again, "Did you do that?"

So I do not apologize for the attention we give to humanitarian work in Nias. When it comes to evangelism and benevolence it cannot be Either/Or. It must be Both/And. Generally speaking, those who are poor are more receptive. This is why I have always given priority to S.E. Asia instead of Europe, etc. Yes, everyone needs the gospel but since time, energy, and money are limited, we obviously can't go to everyone, and I haven't seen that it makes sense to go where people don't want to hear when going there means people who do want to hear, won't hear.

One more thought before we move on to another subject. We as humans have a difficult time maintaining balance. It is easier to raise money for the physical needs of starving kids than it is for a Bible teaching seminar or support of a gospel preacher. Some who raise money have learned to close with a picture of a child with signs of neglect and starvation even though their program of work is not going to do anything to correct that situation. I learned when talking to people after the earthquake that it was easier to get dollars to build schools and distribute rice than it was to fund preachers who would enter the doors, opened by these good deeds, to evangelize and plant churches. I even asked on a few occasions, if money given could be used for preacher's salaries and I was usually told, "No, we want to help feed the hungry and house the homeless."

Susan and I got started as large contributors in Nias because the spiritual things that needed to be done weren't being funded in proportion to the humanitarian works, so we picked up that part. It is wrong to do one without the other, but we also must not do the other without the one!

CHAPTER 12

GUNUNG SITOLI CONGREGATION

Prior to 2005, there had never been a church of Christ in the capitol city of Gunung Sitoli. Laiya had made a couple of attempts, one time renting a building for a year, but without someone living there to take the lead, it never got off the ground.

Laiya's contacts were in villages. Village people could be expected to be more receptive because, among other things, they had fewer distractions. Having a church building, while not a problem-free issue in villages, was much easier to accomplish. Not having a traditional building in Gunung Sitoli was always a hindrance. Other religious groups had begun in the city and had expanded through outreach to villages. When brethren in village churches were asked, "Where is your church in Gunung Sitoli?" a sign of stability in the eyes of outsiders, they had to answer, "There isn't one."

Karnius Zalukhu had been converted while a university student in Medan. He was born and raised in a Catholic family in Gunung Sitoli. His father worked in a government office. He had been a motivated student of English, starting when he was in junior high school. He enrolled in a Bible Correspondence Course as a result of a World Bible School ad in the Medan newspaper — more to improve English than to study the Bible. He attended two seminars held in Medan for WBS students. I participated in those in the 90s. He remembers meeting me but I do not remember him. His interest in Bible teaching grew, and he was eventually baptized by T. Laiya, who later became his father-in-law.

World Bible School is a wonderful program. Most who enroll in it do so, as did Ceri (Karnius' nickname), to improve their English. Looking for those with serious spiritual interest is like looking for the needle in the haystack, but there are needles, and some conversions of people with significant talent have resulted. Ceri's was one of those.

By late 2004 Ceri, then married, was content to live in Medan. Nias suffers a brain drain as young people with ambition and talent leave the island for education or work. His wife, Yani, was definitely satisfied

to continue to live in Medan and had no interest in moving to Nias. Her mother was raised a Moslem by parents from Java and Kalimantan (the Indonesian part of Borneo). While Laiya was from the Nias tribe, because his wife was not, they spoke Indonesian in their home, and their children never learned the Nias language.

In 2004, Ceri's parents died about six months apart. With five younger siblings still at home, he felt he had the responsibility to move back to Gunung Sitoli with Yani and their daughter, Ein, and become the head of that family. For the first time then, there was someone living in Gunung Sitoli with solid Bible knowledge and leadership skills who was a member of the Lord's church.

During my November 2004 trip, I had talked to Laiya and Ceri about the time being right to start a church in Gunung Sitoli. All were on board, and we decided to talk about it again during my next visit. In the meantime they were going to keep their eyes out for a suitable building to rent for a meeting place.

On the January 2005 trip, following the tsunami, Ceri became my guide and travelling partner. I had opportunity to get to know him, one on one. God's providential hand, bringing the necessary parts together at the right time: Ceri's parents' dying, the tsunami, the necessity for someone to go with me while Laiya went with Jim Karl to look into ways to help people. If any one of those had not been in place, I doubt that what is in Gunung Sitoli today would be there.

I proposed to Ceri that we start a work in Gunung Sitoli. I told him if we were going to do it, I wanted to do it right, not like we in the church usually do in church planting on the mission field. We usually support one guy, and perhaps inadequately so that he is distracted by other endeavors in an attempt to maintain his desired standard of living. Or we support him so well that he, unlike his contemporaries, has excess money to invest in varied business interest that interfere with his spiritual work. We help the church find a meeting place that is small, rented, on some off street, and expect people of responsibility and financial stability enough to support a congregation to find us. Something happens to the guy who was supported, and the work folds. The next time an attempt is made to start or revive a work there, the kind of people needed to have an autonomous congregation remember the previous failure and don't take us seriously.

I may sound like I'm only after the upper class of people, far from it. But for a congregation to stand on its own there must be a membership that can and will lead, teach, and give. The souls of all people are equally important, but the illiterate and those who have never made good enough

personal decisions to “get ahead” just cannot do what needs to be done. Especially in the early years, it is essential that the church grow among a class of people who are responsible and capable of managing their own affairs.

I proposed that we form a team of three proven men. They would need to speak the Nias language. Since the church would be in the city, I felt the work and worship of that congregation should be in the Indonesian language, unlike in the village churches. Those men should be able to work together. A program of work should be put together with each man knowing what his responsibilities were. While we would need to rent a meeting place, initially, we would rent a place that was well located and that allowed other things to be done out of the facility — not just a place for the church to meet at worship times. I suggested we have working funds available so we could use literature, perhaps have a radio program and more.

Ceri didn’t have to be sold on the plan. He was enthusiastic about it. I liked his enthusiasm. We asked Lingaaro Halawa, a single brother living in Medan, to be part of the team. He had been trained by T. Laiya but also graduated from Batam Bible School and was a serious student and proven church worker.

I knew it was important that all the members of the team work together, so I asked Ceri and Lingaaro to pick the third person. We didn’t have a big pool of people to select from. We talked with Tuloasa Ndruru, another son-in-law of T. Laiya, also living in Medan, married and with two daughters and a son. Those discussions ran into difficulties, and Tuloasa did not become a part of the team.

Halawa moved to Nias, and we started the work, while undertaking the herculean task of earthquake relief. So many buildings had been destroyed the night of March 28th that there was very little to rent in Gunung Sitoli. We ended up purchasing a three-bedroom house at Jalan Mawar No. 9. We removed most of the interior walls and had an auditorium. Behind that house was the foundation for another house which had never been built. We constructed a two-bedroom house with a guest room. Ceri’s family moved into the house, and Halawa lived in the guest room. The guest room later became “my room” on visits to Nias. Halawa, by that time, had become a dorm supervisor, and lived in one of the dorms.

The first service of the Gunung Sitoli congregation was July 10, 2005. After services I took a few people to lunch, including Ceri and Yani. Soon after lunch, Yani’s family called from Medan, saying that her father — Laiya — had passed away. I had been in Medan the Sunday before, and Laiya had preached. I was privileged to hear his last sermon.

The next five years saw amazing growth in the congregation in Gunung Sitoli. Receptivity was high, following the earthquake, and we were able to take advantage of that as we combined aid with evangelism. Forty village churches were established the first two years after the quake. That heightened the need for training programs to mature members, and especially leaders, in those new churches. Dormitories were opened in Nias. With attendance influenced by dorm students who weren't permanent members of the Gunung Sitoli church, the Jalan Mawar facility was outgrown.

As we considered ways to solve that problem — tearing down and building a two-story structure, buying property next door and building — we received an unsolicited contribution of \$100,000. I would love to give some of the details, but will not, out of respect for the donor's wishes to remain anonymous.

This gift allowed us to consider other options. We decided to purchase property on the main street of Gunung Sitoli, next to a new bank. It would give the church and related efforts great exposure. For a country that is so poor, it amazes me how expensive property is. About that time while in Nias, I got an email which said, "You have touched my heart. We have a CD maturing in a few days. It is yours." Those two contributions bought that property. We raised and gave money to build a beautiful church building that will comfortably seat 300. They have had over 400 at one time. We made six or seven other purchases (each very small) of adjoining land, and now there is a fine complex on Jalan Diponegoro. It makes a wonderful statement about the church. That is where vocational and training courses are held.

During the relief years, we received an email from the director of Healing Hands International, a brotherhood humanitarian organization. They had ordered 8 prefab houses, 5 prefab shops and one large meeting hall to be made in Bali, Indonesia and sent to India as part of the tsunami relief. The Indian government had just informed them that these gifts would be taxed if taken into India. HHI said they were not going to pay tax on something they were donating and wondered if we could use the buildings in Nias.

Of course we said, "Yes." Our plan was to offer them to those who had lost homes in the earthquake. We wanted to put some of them on land we owned and create a small community. HHI provided the money to buy a lot. Unfortunately HHI had paid for these buildings before they were built, and some of them never came. I have observed that there is sometimes a rush to help immediately after a disaster, and when there is a

huge amount of money available it is easy to be careless. We are grateful for the buildings received (a meeting hall and seven of the other thirteen buildings). Delivery of those was strung out over a couple of years and then only after begging and threatening the manufacturers.

HHI had a change of leadership during that time, and since some of the buildings were never delivered, part of what was paid for these buildings was lost. By the time the last of the structures came, the need for immediate housing was past. With the permission of HHI we sold the lot and used the money for some of the smaller land purchases, enlarging the complex where the church was located. The meeting hall and four of the smaller buildings were erected there to provide housing for vocational programs that would benefit some of the same people who had suffered from the tsunami and earthquake. We later built a two-story brick and plaster building with 2000 sq. ft. on each floor for additional classroom space.

Some in the village churches were jealous of the facilities in Gunung Sitoli. I explained at every opportunity that while the Gunung Sitoli congregation met in the church building, it was also used for many other things, including almost nightly Bible classes for dorm students — dorm students that were from their own villages. The dormitories were not for Gunung Sitoli young people, but they served the whole island. In the classrooms, young people from the whole island were taught how to use computers while they were in Gunung Sitoli for high school. Tailoring and cosmetology courses were for people in the villages. We conducted ten-day leadership training seminars for village churches, and we needed central facilities to do so. Those were in Gunung Sitoli. The children's home had no children from Gunung Sitoli, but all being housed there were from villages. Gradually, village church people understood, and jealousy decreased.

The presence of the dormitories and the courses held in Gunung Sitoli are both a plus and a minus for the church there. They are a plus in that they put a lot more people in attendance, which makes for better singing and just a better all-around worship service. There is a talent pool of willing young men to participate in the visible parts of worship. But they are a minus because it interferes with the growth of local members. Men who would otherwise be leading prayers, leading singing, serving at the Lord's table, greeting at the door, and even arranging chairs for services sit back and let the young people in the dorms do those things. Also visitors see high school age young men leading worship. Because it is outside their box, some respect the church and what goes on there less than they would if it were 40- and 50-year-old men up front.

As we knew there would be, there is less receptivity in the city than in villages. There is more competition for time. As good as our facilities are, we are dwarfed by the big established churches. Anyone attending worship services in Gunung Sitoli is impressed. It wouldn't be nearly as impressive if the dorm students, those adults supported to be part of that program and those who might be present while taking a vocational course were not there. Also, while they are good at what they do, it is unfortunate that those who lead and serve in the dorms, vocational courses, etc., are not more evangelistic. They see themselves as teachers, trainers and mentors, but not evangelists. It is hard to be all things.

CHAPTER 13

JOCHEBED'S CHOICE CHILDREN'S HOME

In 2008, in a meeting with members of our Nias team, I asked what was the next thing we needed to do to help people. We always brainstorm a lot, which is frustrating because more legitimate needs surface than we can possibly meet. Someone said, “If you really want to help someone, we need to start a children’s home. There are children in the poorest of families who die because they don’t have medicine when they get sick. There are those who can’t go to school because their parents have no money. Some are forced to work in the fields and rubber plantations when they are ten (instead of going to school).”

My first reaction was, “That is a serious, long-term commitment. Are we sure we are ready for that?” We had no intentions of shutting down, but at the same time I knew I would die or be unable to go to Nias forever, and no one was standing in line for my job. I was thrilled to be doing what I was doing, but there has always been a dark cloud over, “What happens when Dennis doesn’t come?”

I always like to think of the worst case scenario. If you can live with that, you can live with anything between this and that. In the worst case scenario, if I dropped dead and no one replaced me, the ability to coordinate and to keep the money coming in for the programs that are in place could fold. If that happened, everyone we had helped up to that time would have been helped. We just wouldn’t be helping anyone else. The gospel that had been preached by supported preachers and the maturing that had been done by training seminars couldn’t be erased. Preaching from that time forward would have to be on a volunteer basis, which would result in less accomplished, but a lot would still be done. Literature left behind would be read for years and would eventually wear out.

BUT, if we took children into a home and then after a period of time it closed, what would be the affect on those children? The answers that came were that what we all knew *could* happen *might not happen*, and

if it did, it might not happen for a long time. Any good we could do for children while we had them would be that much.

The future of the work in Nias is not as bleak as it may sound. Starfish Foundation has been funded and will be capable of underwriting the work for some time to come. As long as the present men are alive and leading programs, things will continue. I have great confidence in that. I have made more provisions for long term stability of the work than many, maybe even most, works in other places enjoy. Nevertheless we are aware of the need for the next generation to step up to the plate at some time in the future. Our prayers are that will happen.

I decided to visit several of the children's homes on Nias during the two trips that followed. There are fifteen or so, about ten that are close to, or in, Gunung Sitoli. I talked to the management for seven or eight facilities. The first thing established was that there is no competition for children. There are more in need than there are places for them. The second thing was consistent advice: don't start *an orphanage*, start a *children's home*. An orphan, by Nias definition, is a child who has no living parents. I was told the children who needed help the most may have one or both parents living, but because of severe poverty they cannot provide for them. An orphan may be taken in by grandparents, an uncle or others.

I visited with the head of the Department of Welfare (a lady named Mrs. Kasih — meaning "love", which I thought was appropriate for her job). I asked about the requirements to open a children's home. Her response: "We have only one requirement. An Indonesian must be designated as the head person. We must have an Indonesian, not a foreigner, to go to if there are problems. But, in addition to that, I have a request: do not open an orphanage, open a children's home." She went on to state what I had heard at the homes I visited.

The final piece of advice that I was repeatedly given was that we receive children between the ages of six and twelve. If they came to us at preschool ages they would need a different level of attention than we would probably be able to provide. If they came to us older than twelve some would come with behavior patterns that were extremely difficult to change and that were damaging to the younger children.

One difficulty I wrestled with was taking children away from their parent, or parents and siblings, and placing them in a home. Even though we could feed, clothe, educate, and medicate them better, it was not the natural environment. It wasn't God's design. This sentiment was echoed by a friend in the U.S. who said, "When we were young, we were poor. But, we were better off with our family than in a home." Then I realized, we aren't talking about the same kind of poor here.

We decided to establish a children's home. As we were putting together our plan Dr. John Bailey, who works for Caris Foundation and also heads up his own Body and Soul Ministries, went to Nias to look into our work to see if those bodies wanted to participate financially. He had been to Nias previously on medical missions and was providing some of the funding for TEARS efforts. I was inspired by his spirit and background.

At the end of his three days with us, he said funding would be available to purchase property and get it operational. We located a large house 15 km from the city that would serve well and allow for some expansion. We negotiated with the owners through an agent who worked at the airport. I was to leave Nias for the U.S. on a Monday, and the owners were to go to Nias from Jakarta the following Saturday to close the deal. Ceri would represent Dasami Foundation in the purchase.

The airport in Nias is eighteen km from Gunung Sitoli. The airline had a shuttle bus that took passengers without other transportation to and from the airport, and I had made arrangements to get to the airport that Monday via their shuttle. I had done that numerous times before, always without a hitch. It got close to the time for the plane to leave and the shuttle had never come for me. I called a friend who worked for the airline and he apologized. They had overlooked my name. Their bus was then at the airport; and it was too late to come back to town, and get me to the airport in time.

I hired a beca which is a motorcycle with a side car, used as taxis mostly within the city, to get me to the airport as fast as he could. As we drove up to the terminal building my plane was taking off. The airline representative told me not to worry. There would be another plane in three hours, and I could go on it. The beca had already left to go back to the city, and I had nothing to do but sit at the airport — not like waiting at DFW.

You are about to hear about God's providential hand again. The agent for the property we thought we were about to purchase came up to me and said he had just learned that the sellers were going to back out. They were an elderly couple, and upon hearing of their plans to sell, their children had persuaded them not to do so. BUT, (as any good agent would) he had heard the day before of another property that, according to him, would suit our needs even better. It was just 3 km from the airport. Did I want to see it?

I was given three hours I didn't have thirty minutes earlier. Do you think the shuttle bus driver forgetting me was an accident? I'll let you decide. On the back of the agent's motorcycle we went to the property that was about 90' x 220', on the same main road (the best in Nias), with a seven-bedroom brick and plaster house, ceramic tile floors and a floor plan excellent for a children's home. I got a price, told the owners (who

occupied the house as their home but were in dire financial straits and motivated sellers) that Ceri would be there to talk to them more.

I left Nias that day but repeatedly told Ceri that if we asked God to show us a way, and He showed us a way which we didn't take, we needed to stop praying. The money from Caris Foundation and Body and Souls Ministries purchased the property and paid for most of the renovations, including an eight-foot wall around the whole property, for security. Once you start renovations, problems that didn't show up earlier, then show up, so we still had to come up with some money, but basically what Caris and B&S did for us established our children's home.

On Ceri's recommendation, we employed a couple with two small boys to be supervisors. They had no training for that, but their personalities were perfect. Bazaruhdin (the man) had not even finished junior high school until he later did so in a program similar to GED in America. We hired two young ladies to wash, clean, and cook.

We asked a committee of two to four people (depending who could participate at the time) to visit all seventy villages where there were churches of Christ. In those villages we knew we could confirm stories and get information we needed, through contacts in the churches. Their assignment was to find eighteen children between the ages of six and twelve who were in such poverty they probably would not be alive by the time they were sixteen.

Getting to all seventy villages was no simple task, but the committee fulfilled their assignment well. They brought us pictures and profiles of forty-seven children. They said they could have brought two hundred, but we were taking only eighteen, so why bring more than the forty-seven? They said the conditions in which these children lived were the worst of the worst.

As with the selection of dormitory students each year, we were faced with some tough decisions. The kids we chose would have their lives changed. They would get medical care when sick, eat three good meals a day, get an education and dress appropriately. They would have toys and games. Some of those we didn't select would die.

Brethren in Nias went over the profiles with the committee members who had seen the conditions, first hand. Preliminary choices were made and emailed to me. I contributed my input. The children were chosen. Those that were school age must be moved from one school to another only at the end of the first semester (Christmas/New Year break) or between school years (June/July). If they move at other times, they can't start classes in the middle of a semester, so they lose either a semester or a year.

We had bought the property in February and geared renovations so that we could take the children the first week of July. I was in Nias in

May. Selections had been made, and I was impatient to meet some of the children. We went to the homes of four. The first two were the most destitute. To those of you who think finding kids who “won’t be alive by the time they are 16 if we or someone doesn’t get involved” is an overstatement, pay attention.

At the first house, we met seven-year-old Ephrianus. His mother was dead and the father was not able to care for the three children. I gave Ephrianus some candy and his first-ever store bought toy: a cheap plastic truck. I also gave his three-and-a-half-year old sister candy and played with both of them in their house that barely met the definition. There was no place a body could be in that house and stay dry during a rain. It was propped up with poles, placed at a forty-five degree angle.

That was May. In July, Ephrianus moved to the children’s home where he lives today. When I went back to Nias in December, I was told his sister was dead.

At the second house, we visited six-year-old Septinar who moved to the children’s home that same July and still lives there. I played with her three-year-old sister. By December she, too, was dead. Don’t look me in the eye and say that I exaggerate about the conditions from which these kids come.

At one of the other homes we visited the oldest boy, who I believe was eleven. He and his mother were working in the field. I won’t take space here to describe a day of working in the rice fields in the tropics, but what it doesn’t mean is riding in the air conditioned cab of a John Deere tractor. As they came to the house, the mother stopped to talk to us, but the boy went straight to a room in the back of the house. Their house had been destroyed by the earthquake, and they now had a brick and plaster house built by an NGO, so their living conditions looked at first glance better than they were.

The boy wouldn’t come out of the back room. Finally, his mother said he didn’t want to go to the children’s home. With his father dead, he felt he, at the age of eleven, was the man of the family and responsible to help his mother provide for siblings. She needed him in the fields. He knew that meant no school, illiteracy, poverty, someday burying some of his own children because he couldn’t provide for them as the cycle of poverty repeated itself, but that was his choice. I told her I respected that choice. How do you try to persuade a mother to send her son away, and to ask her son to leave the responsibilities he already feels — almost turning his back on his family for the sake of his own future? His place in the children’s home was given to another. We wiped the tears from our eyes and moved forward.

While we looked for eighteen children initially, we ended up with only seventeen. We needed to put the kids in bedrooms by gender. We started with fourteen boys and three girls. We were not able to find the fourth girl for about six months. I know that sounds strange when I have just painted a picture of so many children needing what we were offering, but to my surprise most families were willing to place their sons with us but not their daughters.

Why? A custom I despise in Nias is the selling of their daughters for marriage. Some will argue that they don't sell them. More and more educated Indonesians call it what it is. At some point the father of a daughter will receive a bride price for the right of someone to marry her. In rare cases this can even be before she is born. Or a family of some infant boy will want to have ties with some family, and money will pass from father to father to obligate their children to marry at a proper time. Another application of this custom is that fathers will often make the choice of who their daughters will marry, based on who can pay the most. So a young couple who would like to marry may be prevented from doing so because the father of that young man cannot give as much as some older widowed man who wants a new young wife. The daughter is not given a choice in most cases.

This is changing as young people get better educated and become more independent, but it is changing far too slowly. I've heard of 70-80 year-old men marrying seventeen-year-old girls (against her will) because the old man paid a sufficient bride price to the father.

Another application that comes from this custom is seen in the marriage of Linggaro Halawa, of our team. He was single when he moved to Nias. After a while he wanted to marry, but the marriage rights of the woman he wanted to marry had been "sold" by her father to the father of some boy when they were very young. That boy later went off to college, met someone, fell in love with her and married her. But since her family was unable to return the amount paid for her marriage rights, she was still bound by the contract. Potentially the wife of the boy could die and he could decide he wanted her as a second wife. Or that boy's father could pass along the claim on her to one of his other sons.

At that point Ceri, who was a distant relative to the boy's family, convinced them to settle for a part of the money being paid back, I assume by Halawa, so she and Halawa could marry.

One further aspect is that when a boy's father buys the right for his son to marry a girl, those rights are his or his families even if they marry and his son later dies. The right to marry his widow can be passed to a

brother or sold to someone else, totally new to the picture. The woman has no right to reject the transaction. Except in rare cases, usually when a girl has received a good education, most girls and women submit and make the best of it. Because their daughters could be a source of money — and because girls and women frequently work harder in the fields than boys and men — we were not able to get an equal number of girls and boys.

Each of these children brought stories. Most had brothers and sisters who had died because of poverty-related situations. Some of them had never seen a bar of soap. We had to teach them to wear underclothes. They were dewormed. Several of them were put back one to three grades in school, not because they weren't smart but because little attention had been given to school attendance and even less to homework.

With the weight on my heart of the thirty who had not been selected, we decided to erect a partial second-story on the original seven-bedroom house. That was complete by January 2010, and another fifteen children were taken in, bringing the total to four girls and twenty-eight boys. A single man, Noperi Zalukhu, was made assistant supervisor and lives on the second floor with those guys. Some of the thirty were among the original forty-seven, but by that time, others who we deemed to have more critical needs were located.

The children in Nias first learn to speak the Nias (tribal) language. When they start school, they are taught the Indonesian (national) language. The thirty-two kids at the children's home know one English word, "Grandpa". Who do you think taught them that?

The next building constructed was a multipurpose building used for tutoring the kids after school, Sunday School, worship on Sundays, and for other purposes. We are slowly developing a library that is housed there. By July 2011 a second residential building will be complete and we can take twelve more children, as well as have a more modern kitchen, with running water, which will be where meals are prepared for the whole campus. Each group will eat in their own residential building. We have plans to construct a final building by July 2012. This will bring the population to sixty or sixty-two children.

These children are sponsored by individuals and families in the U.S., Malaysia, and Singapore. Sponsorship of \$60 monthly was intended to fund the operation of the home, less capital improvements. It turned out that it takes about \$80 monthly to do that, so there are other funds raised to supplement the commitments. As with sponsorship in the dormitories, we ask supporters to commit for a year at a time, and each year I make contact to ask if they will renew. Most do, but there are always needs to find replacements for those who do not, many times for very good reasons.



Children at Jochebed's Choice Children's Home

I regret that most of the sponsors will never meet the young person whose lives they are changing, and may have saved.

Let me share how we chose the name “Jochebed’s Choice Children’s Home”. Remember that the children’s home is not an orphanage. Children are selected, based on poverty severe enough that they may very well die in childhood without us or someone getting involved. A visitor to the home who sees them with good flesh on their frame, going to school, taking baths daily, getting plenty to eat, and medicine when they are sick, might find that hard to believe. Those who visit the homes from which they came, and see how their siblings continue to live, don’t question us. The parents of these children have placed them with us so that they have a life and a future. In some cases, they are alive today because we took them into the home.

Jochebed was the mother of Moses. She kept her son as long as she could. If she had kept him longer, he would have died at the hands of an evil Pharaoh, and for a very different reason than the poor children on Nias die, but they die, none-the-less. Jochebed put Moses in a basket in a river and gave him up so that he could live. We know the rest of the story and how it had a happy ending. God’s providential involvement was working in her day, too. The parents who have placed their children with us didn’t do so because they were bad parents. They had done all they could for these children. They placed them with us out of love for them. They made a choice like Jochebed did — hence our name.

CHAPTER 14

FAMILY MISSION TRIPS

Even before I had a family I was a missionary. I went to Malaysia in 1966 as a single man. Susan and I married on the mission field. David was eleven months old when we went to Pematang Siantar, Indonesia. He learned to speak with a vocabulary in English, Indonesian and Javanese. Sarah was born in Malaysia and Michael in Indonesia during the Siantar years. Sarah and Michael were born while we were fulltime missionaries.

When we went to the U.S. for three months in 1973 to report to churches and raise money for the Siantar work, we leased a car and hit the road. I had spent time before leaving Indonesia setting up a very busy schedule. I spoke to 80 churches in 90 days and had a few of those days off with my parents. We were at two different churches every Sunday and with a congregation almost every night. We never stayed in a hotel, always with members. We renewed some old friendships but were in the homes of a lot of people who never saw us before we got to their town. When we could, we would stay at one place for up to a week and go to the appointments in that area.

I focused on larger congregations at regular meeting times and smaller congregations in between. Smaller, mostly rural, congregations sometimes moved their midweek service from Wednesday to another night of the week to accommodate our schedule. It was easier to get an audience to speak on missions then than it became later. I showed slides and, near the conclusion, I would ask some of the boys in the audience to pass out a first class brochure with a return addressed envelope in it. I asked people to give then, by passing the envelope to me at the door or giving it to one of the elders. If they hadn't come prepared to do that I asked them to mail something to the church in Macomb, Illinois, our overseeing congregation.

People responded generously, never any single large contributions, but a lot of participation. I didn't ask permission to pass out the brochures with envelopes, and by using some of their kids to actually do that, it worked well. But in 1973 there wasn't the spirit of protecting the congregation from on-the-spot appeals, in fear that that practice would

prevent the local budget from being met, as became more prevalent in later years. Only one church, in Wichita, Kansas, requested me not to ask for a special collection or to pass out something, as I had planned to do. Their preacher at the time was Maurice Hall, a great missionary and friend of missionaries, but through his influence they felt that too many had come through raising money.

I have never seen an electric bill not get paid because a church gave to missions. If a “rainy day” comes that affects the church’s comfort, there will be those who will see that that expense is funded. We’ll borrow, if necessary, to replace an air conditioning system, but not to keep a missionary on the field.

I served as an elder in two congregations. I know about the wants and requirements of the local church. I know there needs to be balance, and most of us missionary types will be thrilled when that balance exists. It doesn’t now. We want the ten-talent preacher with the bigger salary to speak to *us*, even though most of them do little or no evangelism, and most of us sitting in the pew have been Christians twenty years or more.

When approached by a missionary who is talking about salary, the question is too frequently asked, “How much do you NEED to live there?” In the business, diplomatic, and the military worlds, those overseas are compensated more highly than their counterparts who do the same job back home. We are glad to be able to pay foreign missionaries less. If locals can live on so little, surely the missionary doesn’t need as much as the Texas preacher. Shame on us. We borrow money to build for us, usually a mix of our wants and our needs, but we wouldn’t think about borrowing money to send a missionary.

That is twice I have mentioned borrowing for missions. I’m not pushing to do that. I just want us to realize what it says about us when we’ll do whatever it takes to maintain our own comfort, but not do the same for the preaching of the gospel in receptive fields far away. If missionaries in those fields had the budgets we spend on local programs that are sometimes a stretch to be defined as “the work of the church”, more souls would be saved.

We hear, in defense, “Our kids are a mission field, too.” Of course they are. Teach them. Evangelize them. Teach them more. But, our kids and grandkids were no more important to Jesus than those in Africa or Central America. Per dollar and man hour, more souls will get to heaven for time and money spent in those places which are receptive than in places where the soil is hard — including our homeland. You ask how I can know that. I guess the proof will be known on judgment day, but from the

results as they can be measured at this time, the scales tip in favor of my argument.

I have reminded folks that it takes every drop of water to fill the bucket. I emphasized we are all links in a chain, and every link must do its part. Another thing I learned in fund raising was that people want to be part of something that is successful. Show them you are working somewhere fertile. They will give. And don't brow-beat them to get their dollars. It won't help the missionary's cause to try to convince Christians that it is sinful to spend what they are about to on Sunday dinner while little kids in Nigeria starve. Don't shame them for buying a new car or taking cruises. What you say might be true, but it won't get the results you want. Bite your tongue when you see how some live as they write that check for \$10. Just thank them for the \$10. Maybe they will learn better in the future.

I will get back later to this subject of fund raising and the misplaced priorities of most Christians and congregations. (If I say a little now and a little later maybe you'll keep reading.) Obviously, in telling my missionary story, there are things that I feel need to be said.

There were a few times when I got to a place in the summer of '73 and was disappointed to learn that another missionary had been there just a week or so before. However, I believe I always went away with more money in hand than the previous guy had. I was passionate about what we were doing, my presentation was informative, and the needs were broken down into pieces and clearly defined. It didn't hurt that close to the front pew at every service was my family, two kids under four and another on the way. Susan and the children got weary of being at a different church nearly every night, but they were troupers and their presence helped accomplish that part of our mission. The kids were cute and well behaved and Susan was upbeat in visiting before and after services. We were a team.

This chapter is supposed to be about our Cady Family Mission Trips. I capitalize because they were important. Not everyone is blessed with a family like ours. I know former preachers, missionaries, and present elders who could offer to take their children and grandchildren on such a trip, and none would be interested in going.

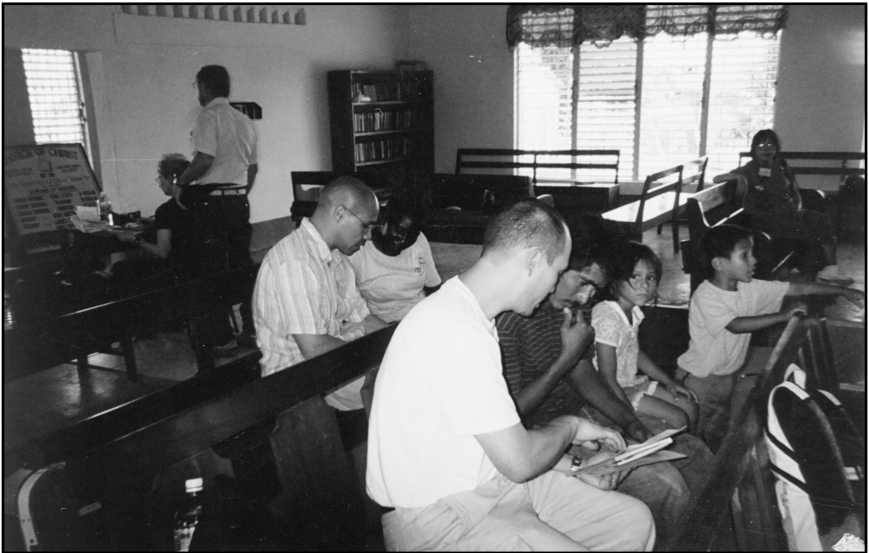
In early 2006 I proposed that we as a family of 14 go on a summer mission trip. That was Susan and me, David and his wife Amy, Sarah and her husband Lane Landes, Michael and his wife Kim, and our six grandkids: Jackson, Mason, Mackenna, Jonathan, Parker and Lauren. I proposed that it be a genuine mission trip where we went to a field and did

something for and with the church for about a week. I would pay all expenses. Everyone was on board. Criteria included that it be to an English speaking foreign country not more than five hours flight from Dallas and that it be safe and suitable for the grandchildren.

I placed an ad in the Christian Chronicle describing our family and offering our services. I could boast a former preacher and present elder, a current preacher, a deacon and a member of the staff of a Christian university. (Michael was later a deacon but not at that time.)

Two responses came. Cornelius George, preacher for the St. John Church of Christ in Antigua invited us there. Erik Tyggestad, foreign editor for the Chronicle, told us about a group going to Belize, led by Windle and Barbara Kee.

We had originally intended to put together our own plan, but going with the Kee group made things a lot simpler. I communicated first with Barbara Kee, who pretty well committed to letting us go with their group. I understand that when Windle heard about it later, and that our group included six kids below the age of ten, he asked, “What have you done?”



Michael and David teaching in Belize

By the time the trip was over, Windle was sold on our family. That was a good first experience for us. We had good hotel and meal situations. The women taught some children’s classes and involved our grandkids in assisting them. There was a gospel meeting with a Bible class before the service, so two speakers were needed each night. Our guys each par-

ticipated. Two ladies in the group did eye screening and distributed eye-glasses. During that time, some of us would either go out on the streets telling people about the eye screening and handing out invitations to the nightly meetings, or we would study with those who came for screening, using three study sheets the Kees had developed.



***Grandsons Jackson Landes and Mason Cady
handing out literature in Belize***

Our grandkids were a hit, passing out invitations and whenever we could we put them out in front. One lady came to the church building out of which we worked and said, pointing to Mason, “That little boy said there was ‘free ice cream’ here.” “Free ice cream.” “Free eye screening.” Whether Mason mis-spoke or she mis-heard, we never knew, but we had a Bible study with her, and she received eyeglasses. Whatever it takes to get the job done! We had a tourist day at the end of the trip which everyone enjoyed. It was a good experience from start to finish. Erik was so impressed he wrote a nice article on our family for the next issue of the Chronicle.

Mention of the Kees gives me an opportunity to address missionary pay and benefits again. Some missionaries, like some stateside preachers, get to the sunset years of life without adequate retirement funds because they were poor managers. Part of providing for themselves and theirs should have been providing for a time when income would decrease.

Preachers aren’t known to excel at matters of finance, and it isn’t just because they are so spiritual. Preachers’ salaries in America have become quite respectable in most places. There is no longer a need to take

garden produce to them because they can't provide for themselves. In most cases, preachers should be givers, equal to those in the pew, or better. How much more meaningful a sermon on giving, helping others or missions would be if at the conclusion the preacher could say, "So my wife and I have decided to sponsor an orphan, and we challenge you to do the same," or something similar, depending on his subject matter. "I'd rather see a sermon than hear one" — ever hear those words?

Having said all of that, let's get back to missions. Most who have spent years in foreign fields have been under-paid. If they had a good salary when they went to a third-world country, they almost certainly did not when they returned from the mission field ten or more years later. Inflation alone may have cut the worth of their salary in half. Very few supporting churches consider that. It is a sad testimony on the part of our brotherhood when our senior saints, who were long-term missionaries, are in want.

In appreciation of the Kees, who spent over twenty years in Cameroon, Africa, when they were planning to retire from full time church work, I told them to select any vacant rent house I had in Wichita Falls, and it would be theirs to live in as long as either of them needed a home and was able to live alone. I would pay the property taxes and insurance. They would be responsible for any maintenance. Someday they will give back a better house than they moved into, as they have done several things to improve 2610 Inglewood.

I appreciate the Kees for their years in Africa. By telling this here, I hope I can put some meat in what I have written about the need to better provide for our missionaries. I do want to practice what I preach, especially when others are willing to go do a job I'm not willing to do.

Before you say, "Well, I'm not a preacher like Windle Kee," let me remind you first that a lot of folks go out to Lubbock, Texas, enroll at Sunset School of Biblical Studies and become preachers during the last half of their life. Let me also remind you that not everyone who goes has to be a preacher. Write six missionaries on the field, describe your talents and interests and ask them if they can use you. They may need a maintenance man for a Christian school, relief dorm parents for a children's home, a teacher for their children or just a set of grandparents to mentor young people in a country where age is respected. The least contribution that most of us could make is to go on one or two short-term mission trips a year. I sometimes hear older saints say, "I'm not needed any more." How many mission fields have turned down your offer to come and help?

As I had hoped, the family wanted to go on another Cady Family Mission Trip. The next year we planned to go to Trinidad and work with

Tim Henderson, son of Parker and Donna Henderson, whom we first knew during our Malaysia and Siantar years. They had served about 25 years in Bangkok, Thailand, and nearly another 25 at that time in Trinidad. Plane tickets were bought, then one of our children accessed a Trinidad newspaper on line. They learned that kidnapping of children was a problem in Trinidad. They decided they would not go to Trinidad, but we still wanted to go somewhere.

The simplest plan was to go back to Belize, which we did in 2007. Lane was able to get the airlines to change our tickets. We conducted a VBS at an orphanage. Most of the work load was on Sarah, Amy, and Kim, with each one responsible for planning and having charge of one day. The rest of us—grandkids included—assisted them. Following that, we had a gospel meeting at the hotel. We wanted to do something with the Ladyville congregation, but those giving us advice didn't think people would come to the Ladyville church building at night, because it was not well located.

Each of the men preached one night, but before services I had a lesson for the kids, and the grandsons either read scripture, or led songs, or prayers. It was a good exercise for our family but was poorly attended. We didn't feel we did much good on the 2007 trip.

I became aware of places in Belize where there was no church and suggested to the family that we adopt a place and sponsor the planting of a congregation there. That would include supporting a preacher, occasional trips by us and others, etc. They weren't interested, so that idea never got off the ground. I was looking for something with ongoing involvement and a sense of ownership.

We did become aware of the Christian elementary school at Corozol in northern Belize. With a good facility and an established group of teachers and students, the school needed funds and we sent money a couple of times. They seemed to get on their feet in the years following. The school had been started by a U.S. congregation some years before, but their involvement had been terminated. Believing in the value of the school, a group of ladies in the U.S. decided they would aid it by giving, raising money, and undertaking occasional projects. They have kept the school alive and have improved it much. As with many other Christian schools, both in the U.S. and abroad, I felt they failed to maximize the spiritual harvest that could be reaped. They did little to evangelize the students and/or their parents. While providing a good service, that type of school should also be evangelistic.

With more time to plan for the 2008 trip, I contacted Cornelius George in Antigua and asked if they would still like us to come. Of course

they wanted us. Susan and I made a survey trip, lined up a hotel and other logistics, and we went to Antigua that summer. We held a three-day VBS and a nightly gospel meeting. The women did the lion's share of the VBS again, with the rest of us assisting. I preached during the gospel meeting along with preachers from the three congregations on the island. There was plenty of beach time which the family enjoyed.

In 2009, David moved his family to Waipahu, Hawaii, where he became the preacher for the local church. That was definitely mission work. Their move ruled out the possibility of a summer trip in which they could participate. They were either preparing to move or getting settled in all summer.

We decided to shift gears, and we went to Waipahu during Thanksgiving week. The women were burnt out on doing a VBS, so we did manual labor, mostly painting, for the Waipahu congregation. Both the house and church building were concrete block construction. In addition, there were some concrete block walls around the property. All became painters, except Susan, whose contribution was meals and keeping laundry done. The Waipahu church was appreciative, and improvements were noticeable. It had been so long since I'd painted that I didn't have any clothes I was willing to get paint on so I bought two pair of pants and two shirts at Goodwill. The shirts were Hawaii-style, meant to be worn outside my pants. While I was painting one day, grandson Jackson said, "Grandpa, I have never in my life seen you with your shirt tail not tucked in."

The family mission trip of 2010 was the greatest experience our family had ever had to that point. We went to Nias. Actually I went about two weeks early and took care of things I normally gave attention to on my trips. The three days before the family arrived, I assisted members of the Pasir Panjang church of Singapore in a medical mission at the elementary school where the children from our children's home studied. This was a nice addition to the work in Nias, as had been visits of groups from Seremban, Malaysia. Both congregations had a real interest in the work in Nias and made many varied contributions.

As a result of the 2010 trip to Nias, my family understood me as they never had before. They interacted with team members, dorm students and children at the children's home. All family members had some level of involvement as sponsors and got to meet those they sponsored. They were inspired by the Sunday worship at the Gunung Sitoli church, even though they didn't understand a word. You can't worship in Gunung Sitoli and go away untouched by the singing. They learned more about what we were doing and could put faces with names and stories. Our grandchildren are one-fourth Chinese, but if you call them white, they were the first

white children many on Nias had ever seen. No one — no one — takes American children to Nias. But we did. They loved riding in the motorcycles with sidecars. We hiked to the village homes of two of the children from the children's home, and they had a better look at how life is on Nias. That trip was life-changing for some in our family, not that they needed to make great changes but it helped them grow to the next level.

I'm fortunate that I have been able to spend some dollars on my family and missions. The trip in 1985 to Hawaii, Hong Kong, Philippines, Malaysia, Singapore and Indonesia, cost \$11,000, and that was at a time we didn't really have \$11,000. The support of David in Holland for a year, and the "Let's Start Talking" trip he and Sarah made, and then the cost of the family mission trips — all of it was money well spent. The first three trips to Belize and Antigua cost about \$14,000 each. The one to Hawaii was less.

The 2010 Nias trip cost about \$23,000. I know I have friends who say, "I can't afford to do that." Some can't. Some could, but choose to do other things. Many will leave their kids that much and more, at least more than enough to do what we did one year. They could have spent it on something like this while they were alive to see the fruit of it. Others can't because their priorities are elsewhere.

I have bought one new vehicle in my life, and that was a mistake. I have always bought vehicles I could pay cash for. Early on, I bought a couple of \$600 vehicles until I could afford better. I am not afraid of debt, but I don't like to owe on something that is worth less every day. At one point I owed just over \$3,000,000 on investment real estate. We wouldn't have been able to do some of the things we did in missions if I had not borrowed and used other people's money to invest.

Some people enjoy the smell of a new car enough that they are willing to lose \$3,000 or \$4,000 by driving it off a dealership's lot — not me. In 2010, our 1998 Lincoln Town car died. We wanted another Town car because of the comfort of the ride. I could have paid cash for a new one but, instead, we bought a 2000 model with 121,000 miles, for \$5,500 (Don't you dare call me cheap!) The next week Wayne Manger, vice president of development (i.e. fund raiser) for York College was in town. I took him to breakfast, and he told me about their needs. He said, "We need \$25,000 from you." I took a check out of my billfold and made it payable to York for \$25,000. I told him, "When it comes that easy, you wish you'd asked for more, don't you?" I could have taken the total of \$30,500 and bought a car that would have gotten my friend's attention, but I would have been ashamed of it. I wasn't ashamed of the 2000 car and the cancelled check to York.

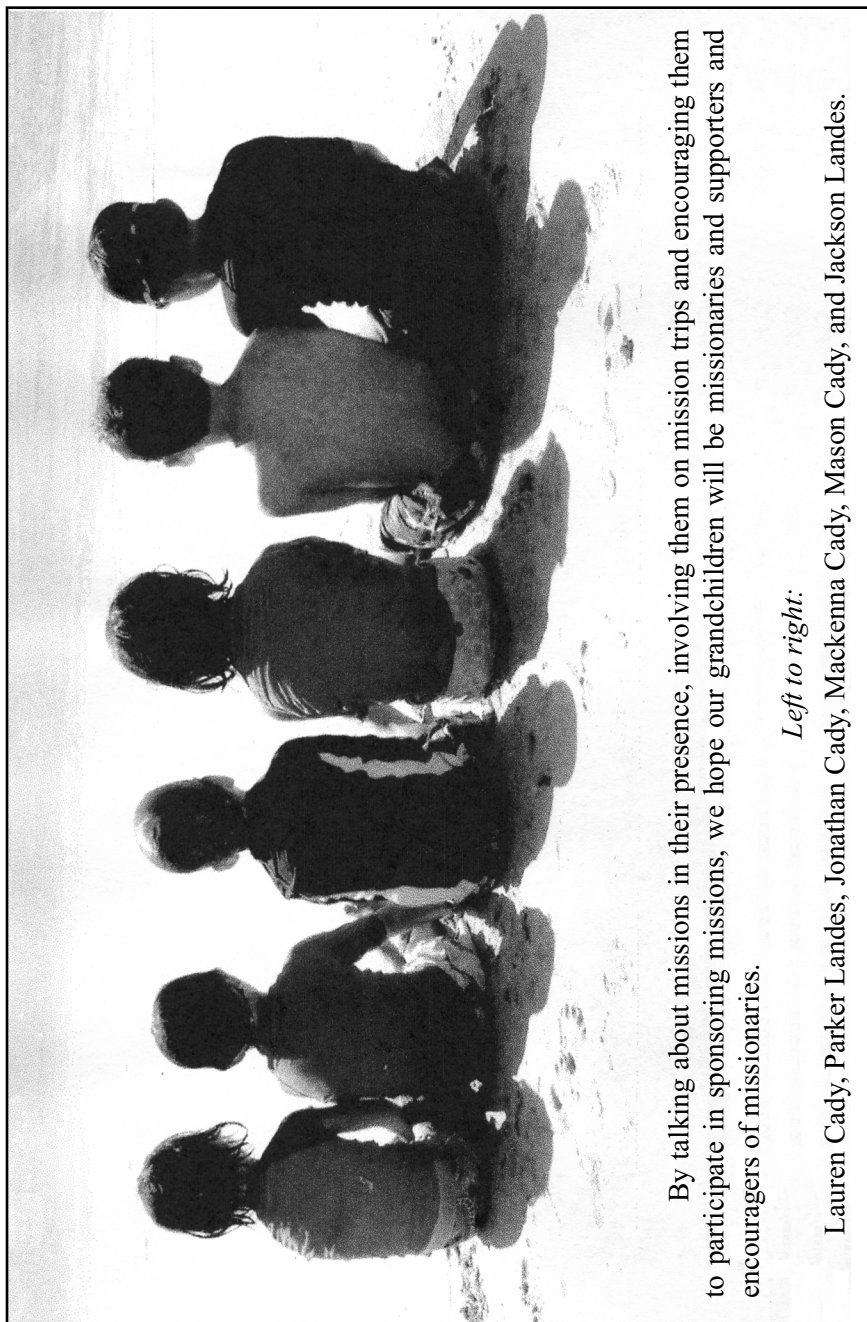
This is one of several sections of this book that I hate to send to the printer because I hope there is still much to be written about future trips. If I knew when the last one would be I'd wait till after that to finish the book. You've heard, "If you want something done right, do it yourself." Well, I don't know how right this is but I want these things said, and the only way I can guarantee that will get done is to do it, so I'll tell the story as far as it goes. I hope there are more Cady Family Mission Trips.

Before I move on, this chapter may be an appropriate place to say thank you to Susan. I have deliberately made this "my" story, not "our" story. One reason is that while Susan has been a part of some of the things described here, she has not been part of others. But mainly, things are told here from MY perspective. That was hard enough. If we had tried to agree on a shared perspective, I doubt that the printer would ever see these pages. It would just be too complicated.

I have received several awards and have been recognized in a number of ways through the years. Let me list three that relate to things in this book: I was given a very meaningful plaque when we moved from Ryan, Oklahoma, in appreciation for the ten years I served that church as an elder. The Rotary Club in Wichita Falls, Texas chose me as a Paul Harris Fellow for outstanding service to others. That is especially meaningful because, as I understand it, seldom is a non-Rotarian chosen. Though there is no plaque on the wall to show for it, maybe the best award was when Susan nominated me for consideration as a CNN Hero. That program, which focuses on unselfish people who make a difference, has inspired me, and to be nominated by the person who knows me best means a lot.



Our family: *Left to right, Front row:* Parker Landes; Jackson Landes, Mason Cady, Lauren Cady, Mackenna Cady, Jonathan Cady, “Grammy” Susan Cady; *Third row:* Lane Landes, Sarah Landes, “Grandpa” Dennis Cady, Kim Cady, Michael Cady; *Fourth row:* Amy Cady, David Cady.



By talking about missions in their presence, involving them on mission trips and encouraging them to participate in sponsoring missions, we hope our grandchildren will be missionaries and supporters and encouragers of missionaries.

Left to right:

Lauren Cady, Parker Landes, Jonathan Cady, Mackenna Cady, Mason Cady, and Jackson Landes.

CHAPTER 15

HAITI

I had long heard of the poverty in Haiti. Not all that far from Florida, and sharing the island of Hispanola with much more prosperous Dominican Republic, Haiti is recognized to be the poorest country in the western hemisphere, and the poorest in the world outside Africa.

In 2008 David called and said he was going to Haiti in June with a group called “Help for Haiti’s Children”. The Southeast Church of Christ in Friendswood, Texas where he was the Equipping Minister was very involved, mainly through sponsoring children in their program. Once a year they had a Bible Conference for sponsored youth, a large church camp. David was going as a teacher. Around twenty were going and they had room for someone else. He knew I had an interest in seeing Haiti for myself and asked if I’d like to join them. I jumped at the chance.

The leader of the group was Debbie Vanderbeek. She and her husband, Tim, had previously lived in Haiti and had worked with an orphanage. They were soon to move back there and coordinate HFHC efforts. We ran into a snag when it was made clear that no one could leave the group at any time, including so much as walking outside the hotel compound alone. She felt it wasn’t safe. Haiti was very unstable. Peace on the streets was secured by significant presence of UN soldiers moving about in armed vehicles. I told her I travelled the world alone, and if I went I didn’t want to be restricted in getting out and mixing with people. She restated that leaving the group was not an option. We decided I would go to Haiti two days before the rest of the group. During those two days I would be on my own. When the others arrived, I would meet them at the airport and be with them and subject to the same rules the rest of the time I was there.

As a board member of the Harl & Evelyn Mansur Foundation, I wrote checks monthly to support a school of preaching operated in the city of Cap Haitian under the Haitian Christian Foundation. I proposed to the board of the Mansur Foundation that the foundation pay my additional expenses, and I would go from Port Au Prince to Cap Haitian and visit the school.

I still had a few hours from the time I landed in PAP until I was to go to CAP. At the airport I found an English-speaking taxi driver and hired him to show me the capitol city for two to three hours. I wanted to see the good, the bad and the in-between. Except at the park near the presidential palace, I didn't get out, but during that time he showed me a lot of PAP. I was overwhelmed by the filth and the many people who just appeared to be loitering. Unemployment was about 60%, which meant that nearly everyone else was under-employed. If someone didn't like their low pay, there were plenty of people waiting to replace them. Again, in CAP I was overwhelmed by the garbage piles, lack of infrastructure, and extreme poverty.

I was very impressed by the preacher training school. Their compound is well developed and well kept. They have two two-story concrete block and plaster buildings, one of which includes a missionary residence. They select twelve men at a time and take them through a three-year program of study. After those have graduated, they select another twelve and start over. I was so impressed that I asked why they didn't take more students, even if it meant adding facilities. They certainly have space to do so. Their conviction was that they could take twelve and not just instruct them but mentor and mature them and produce a first-class product. If they had a large student body they felt they could not achieve the same results.

I'm sure their decision was a wise one, but it seems like these guys have it all together, and it seems unfortunate they can't multiply themselves at a faster rate. I spent the one night I was in Haiti at the school, before the HFHC group came, and then I went back to PAP.

Debbie had preceded the rest of the group, to make final arrangements for the Bible Conference. As she and I waited at the airport for the others, she asked what I had done during the previous two days, and upon hearing of my experiences she expressed dissatisfaction and asked me not to tell others in the group I had taken off on my own like that.

There were over 150 young people, mostly of high school age, which in some cases meant as old as twenty, at the conference. Through the HFHC sponsorship program, some were from orphanages but most lived with family and received a monthly allowance to enable them to go to school. The conference was a highlight of their year.

The languages of Haiti are French and Creole. Most of the people speak Creole. Everything spoken in English had to be translated. Two fine young men, Lerby and Dufen, who were in medical school were among the translators, guys with terrific potential. As I recall, when they sat for

entrance exams to medical school there were about 700 who took the exams. They ranked No. 4 and No. 7. I have kept in touch with them occasionally through internet and know that they survived the 2010 earthquake and are going on with their lives.

One of the most memorable experiences at the Bible conference was a class in which the teacher asked the young people to rate life in Haiti. He was going to point to a Bible character who lived during bad times but kept his faith and was rewarded.

The teacher asked the students to do their rating on a scale of 1-10, 1 being the worst and 10 being the best. To illustrate, he said that the flight from Miami was delayed, they had to spend the night without their luggage which meant no change of clothes, but eventually they got to Haiti. He would rank that a “4” because of all the difficulties. He said the meal we had just eaten was good, and there was plenty of it but it was the same-old, same-old. He would rank that a “7”. He asked them to think about their answer, then he would go around the room. One to ten — how was life in Haiti?

The first four answers were zero, zero, zero and four. Zero wasn’t even an option he had given them. He asked those three young people why they said “zero”. “We have no hope in Haiti,” was the answer of all three. The fourth said he chose “4” because, while what the others said was true, they did have people who sponsored them, enabling them to go to school, and they had this Bible Conference each year. That gave him something to look forward to.

Imagine young people feeling they have no hope. There is little they can realistically expect to achieve. I pray it isn’t quite that bad for them, but if they *feel* that way, that is their reality. Haiti has never had a good government. They were ruled by the French who took and took, and gave nothing back. During 200 years of independence they have had one bad government after another. In the worst period of time they had seven governments in two years.

I saw women selling “cookies” on the sidewalk. I didn’t see anyone actually buy any or eat any, but they wouldn’t have been selling them if no one bought them. Those “cookies” were about an inch thick and six inches in diameter, made of mud, cooking oil and salt. “How can people eat those?” I asked someone beside me on the bus. They said, “When you are hungry enough, they fill your stomach.”

Touched by overwhelming needs, I wanted to become involved in Haiti in some way. Friends convinced me that my bucket was full. I was doing enough with my involvement in Nias. I didn’t find anyone who challenged me to stretch a little farther, but most of my counselors had

goals set far lower than mine. Anyhow, I went home from Haiti in 2008 with needs on my mind but did nothing.

Then January 12, 2010, Haiti suffered a 7.0 earthquake. The epicenter was near the capitol city of Port Au Prince. The numbers of dead, injured, and homeless were staggering. Officially over 200,000 died. Many bodies were never recovered. By the time they removed the rubble, months later in many places, those decayed remains weren't identifiable. The world watched those events daily, like we had watched the 2004 tsunami in Asia. Billions of dollars were pledged. A lot of that was never given because the donors felt there was no way to insure that their money would get past corrupt hands to those in greatest need.

At Faith Village Church of Christ in Wichita Falls, Texas, we took a special contribution. The initial gift was just over \$17,000. We elders agreed that if the congregation would increase that to \$20,000 another \$20,000 would be given from other funds. I remember saying in that elder's meeting, "We'll reach the \$20,000 goal." And one of the other elders who didn't enjoy giving money to far away places as much as I did smiled at me and said, "I thought you'd think so."

On the day of the deadline for the congregation to reach its target, I asked the church office where we stood and wrote the check for about \$2,300 to finish the \$20,000. We then had \$40,000 for Haiti.

After the Asian tsunami I had observed the inefficiency of organizations that had piles of other people's money to spend. I volunteered to go to Haiti at my expense and find a place to put this money rather than just send it to some group and wonder how it was used. The other elders accepted my offer, although the missions committee stepped up and paid for my plane ticket out of their missions budget.

I decided to wait until things settled down a little in Haiti and went on February 12th. By that time, word had gotten out that I was going. Other money came in from outside Faith Village, and I had \$56,000 to work with when I left.

I went with four goals: (1) Find a proven Haitian with whom to partner. (2) Identify a piece of the puzzle that wouldn't otherwise be addressed. (3) Engage in something that would make a real difference. (4) Help people help themselves. I knew that people needed drinking water, tents for shelter, immediate medical attention and the like, but there were many who were already providing those things. As essential as they were, none of them were going to actually change anything. I wanted us to make a lasting difference.

I traveled with Tim Burrow from the Sunset International Bible Institute in Lubbock, and in Haiti we were with David and Sarah Dirrum and others. The Dirrums had over ten years previous residence in Haiti, both with an orphanage and with the preacher school, and they made frequent trips back. He knew the people, especially in northern Haiti.

When I described what I was looking for, David said, “You need to see Justin Anilus at Fort Liberty.” I did that and after two visits I decided that was where we wanted our involvement. The Justins had started an orphanage in 1999. At the time of the earthquake, they had twenty-nine children and young people. They were receiving \$1000 monthly from two ladies in the U.S. Not only did they not receive a salary for operating the orphanage, they were major contributors to the needs of the children.

The \$1000 was far short of what was needed. Some days they had only one meal, they slept on concrete slabs, the kitchen was in terrible shape, and they ate sitting wherever they could. They had five additional rooms which were about 75% complete, but they had no money to finish them.

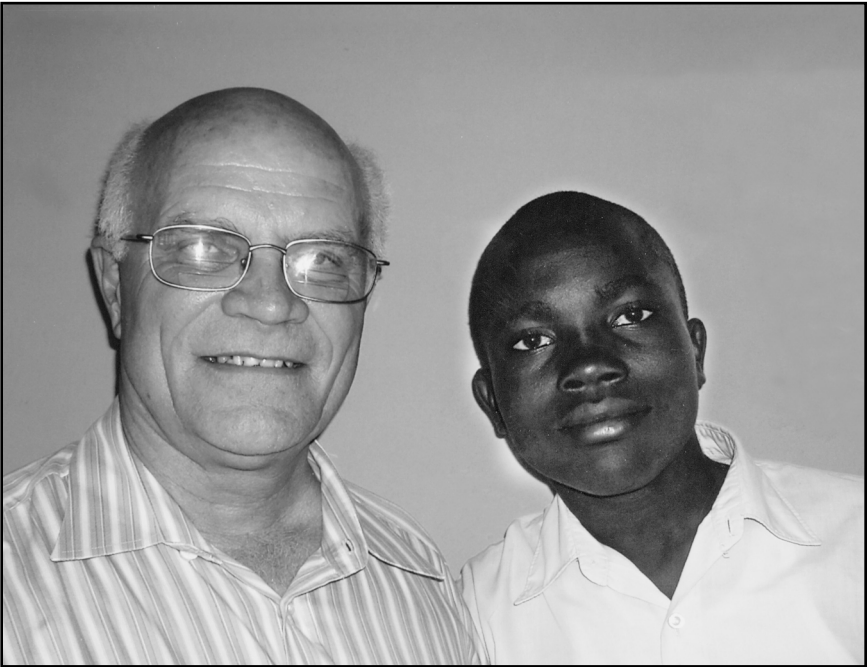
We provided money to complete the building so they could take another fifteen orphans — those from earthquake-related problems. They lacked water storage so we built a large rectangular “cistern”. We guttered the property so that more rain water could be caught. We bought a lot



Orphans at Good Samaritan Orphanage

next door and constructed a multi-purpose building, primarily kitchen and dining hall, but the dining hall can be used for many things. We hired a second cook. We did other lesser things, all of which were so appreciated.

The \$1000 they were receiving wasn't enough for twenty-nine so it surely wasn't enough for forty-four and, although the Justin's didn't know it, I learned that even those funds were about to end. I asked the donors to continue through December 2010. Anilus calculated what it would take to operate the orphanage properly with the increased number of children. We divided that by the 44 and determined to fund regular needs by securing sponsors for each child at \$80 monthly. I offered sponsors the option of full sponsorship, or shared sponsorship at \$40 monthly.



***Judinel Metelius — Haiti orphan,
becoming a fine Christian young man...this is what it is all about!***

The Faith Village elders did not want on-going involvement and/or oversight of an orphanage in Haiti, so once the funds with Faith Village were spent Starfish Foundation took the responsibility for funding. Starfish does not actually operate or oversee Good Samaritan Orphanage. The Justins do that, as they have done since 1999. We simply partner with them in providing funding for monthly needs and will cover additional expenses from time to time with special projects.

I went back to Haiti in April and September of 2010, and in March 2011. A friend and successful businessman, J.W. Oliver, went with me in March and became a significant supporter in many ways. I plan to make two trips a year to Good Samaritan. I am sold on Mr. and Mrs. Justin. They have sacrificial hearts as big as Texas. She is a nurse at the hospital in Fort Liberty and he operates a Christian school. Their income from these two sources enables them to do what they do for the children. Though Mr. Justin is also educated as a lawyer, he does not practice law.

As with Jochebed's Choice Children's Home in Indonesia, the support of Good Samaritan Orphanage is long-term. Supporters must not tire of this. Through Starfish Foundation we have plans to be a significant provider.



CHAPTER 16

STARFISH FOUNDATION

I had observed the activities of some private foundations and thought this was a tool I could use to accomplish some things. Initially the Dennis J. Cady Foundation was formed and secured recognition as a 501©(3) entity. Anything given to it, for its stated purpose, was tax deductible.

My intent was to have something to which I could leave part of my estate, so that things I believed in and supported while living would continue to receive funding. Later I saw the benefit of using the foundation as a vehicle to solicit funds from others to accomplish some of the same things. It seemed inappropriate to do so using my personal name, so the name was amended to Starfish Foundation.

It is also a fact that while many who support things, of which we make them aware, are members of the church of Christ, other good and generous people are not. We felt we needed to provide them a way of involvement that did not require them to give to or through a church of Christ.

Secondly, work done through the church is accountable to those in the church, usually elders. And usually elders who do not have sufficient interest in a work to become well enough informed to make the best decisions. When we do things through Starfish, I can give whatever time and energy is required to achieve the goal.

Thirdly, there are things that we want to consider from time to time that may be outside the comfort zone of a church. They would best be done by a humanitarian organization that is no more than that.

Finally, as our investment loans got paid off, we were able to give larger amounts to good projects. At the same time, too much was

being paid in income tax which could be given, instead, to worthwhile humanitarian and spiritual works. I gave several properties to Starfish and will probably give more while I live, as well as some after my death. If I received rent from an investment property, about 30% of the profit went for income tax, then I could give from the remainder. By giving properties to Starfish, there was no income tax due and 100% of the profit could go to good works. I was much more motivated to give to things I chose than things the U.S. government chose. I still pay taxes on properties not deeded to Starfish.

The foundation was named for the following story, which reflects our belief that while we can't save, feed, or educate everyone, we can make a big difference for some:

One day a man was walking along the beach and noticed a boy picking up things and gently tossing them into the ocean. Approaching the boy, he asked, "What are you doing?" The boy replied, "Throwing starfish back into the ocean. The surf is up and the tide is going out. If I don't throw them back, they'll die."

"Son," the man said, "Don't you realize there are miles and miles of beach and hundreds and hundreds of starfish? You can't make a difference."

After listening politely, the boy bent down, picked up another starfish and threw it back into the water. Then, smiling at the man, he said, "I made a difference for that one!"

CHAPTER 17

MORE ON METHODS

In the telling of my story, I have said a lot about how I think the job should be done. There are some things not yet addressed that I would like to include for your consideration. These are opinions. You can do mission work another way and still go to heaven. I may even change my mind on some of these things. I have before. Nevertheless, there has to be some value in listening to someone with forty-five years of experience. I used to be more rigid than I am now when it comes to methods. Now I am not nearly as concerned which way you do it (within Biblical guidelines) as I am THAT YOU DO IT. We have all made mistakes, but the mistakes I am most fearful of giving account for are the times I didn't do anything. So, consider these.....

SENDING PEOPLE FROM THIRD-WORLD COUNTRIES TO THE U.S. FOR TRAINING.

Almost always a bad idea. Even if they return home, their heart is often set on getting back to the land of milk and honey someday. Also the type of training that can be provided, geographically close to where they will work, is more appropriate than what they can receive in a class with men preparing to be “the minister” for a church in America. Frankly, we don't need the kind of thinking in the mission field that most are gaining in America. I graduated from York College and Oklahoma Christian with degrees in Bible, and it has been a long time since I sat in any of those courses, but something has changed. Guys coming out of university Bible programs and preacher schools today want to be professionals, get more passionate about negotiating for benefits than saving the lost, don't want to leave the office, want to organize and coordinate others but not get out and *do* themselves. And we don't need American church issues brought to the mission field. We can't prevent that entirely, but where they exist they can usually be traced back to some missionary, or to some local man who went to school in the U.S.

U.S. SUPPORT FOR PREACHERS ON THE MISSION FIELD.

This used to be an absolute no-no to me. I've mellowed. I believe we are one brotherhood. We all have things to contribute. The lo-

cal guy may have language and culture and passion for souls of his own people that you don't have. But you have money. The latter should not always be withheld.

Supporting local men becomes more important as fewer Americans are willing to go and even fewer are willing to stay for long. Then there is the fact that a dozen local men may be supported for what it takes to support one American.

I believe the two best ways to support native preachers are either as evangelists and trainers, as opposed to a minister for a specific local church, or to supply the local church with funds to pay the preacher so the man is then accountable to them. You, as the provider of funds, can work together with the local church to select a man of maturity and dedication.

In some cases it may be necessary to support a man directly, as he initiates a new work, then transition his support over to the local church as soon as it is expedient to do so. If they choose not to have him as their preacher, once they are in the driver's seat, that may tell you something you need to know about the man.

Concerning the salary for local preachers, it is easy for U.S. supporters to pay too much and even for American missionaries to recommend too much. The salary should not separate the preacher from his peers. If there is no possible way a local congregation of reasonable size can ever take over the salary, it is too much, even when it seems low to you. It is possible for a missionary to be so close to, and so passionate about, the work to which he has devoted a part of his life that good judgment gets put on the back shelf. When a missionary seeks a salary for a preacher — perhaps a recent graduate of a school or training program he is part of — and the salary is more than an established doctor or lawyer receives in that city or province, the salary sought is too high and will actually interfere with his effectiveness. Pride and jealousy are destructive elements in the mission field, and among young Christians.

There is one more thought to consider when deciding the amount of a person's salary. I believe the main factor should be the job description, training, and experience of the individual being supported. I don't believe the main factor should be if the man is married or not, or if he has one child or ten. I've never figured out why a guy with a big family got more "support" than a single guy in church employment. It doesn't work that way in any other circles. Therefore in determining salaries for those we have supported, we have considered the job description and their experience. That means a single man supervising a dormitory got the same as a married man with four children. I could give other illustrations.

U.S. MONEY FOR BUILDINGS

Generally not a good idea. It is best to stay out of the real estate business. Rural churches, which I favor as a better way of doing mission work, as you will see below, have fewer problems with building issues. A member is usually able to donate land and even village people can build a church building comparable to the type of houses they have. In those cases, perhaps aid with the tin for the roof or cement for the foundation (the major cash outlays they have trouble with) is as much outside help as should be given.

My advice is that no funds should be supplied to a congregation unless the land on which the building will set has been deeded to the church. Under no condition should a church be encouraged to build on property owned by a member. Sooner or later that will come back to haunt them.

However, a church planted in a city where land and construction costs can even be more than in the U.S. may not be able to move out of a rented hall on a back street or third-floor rental for generations. That church may need help. Some creative combinations of giving and lending have been used.

Buildings for training programs, vocational education classes which are an excellent way to help people help themselves, and benevolence, such as a children's home, are different. Funding and ownership can come from us. Depending on the situation, it is possible that a training facility or school have an auditorium that can also be used by the church and can be presentable to the community as such.

WE ARE TOO LATE IN THE BIG CITIES.

Those who taught me methods years ago emphasized that Paul went to commercial centers and other places of significance. I've heard missionaries start out by saying how many million live in the city where they work. One problem with going to large cities is that we are not going to fund a work well enough to make the visible presence needed. Maybe we *should*, but I know us, and we *won't*. The Catholics and others have been in those cities for a hundred years and more. Their facilities are impressive. A rented storefront on a secondary street won't cut it with responsible people who possess leadership skills and the ability to make that congregation self-supporting. Real estate is expensive sometimes beyond belief in the cities.

In a large city you can have an effort at your location, with banners and microphones, and people six blocks away won't know anything

happened. One reason we went to cities is because American missionaries pioneered the work and they wanted, maybe needed, to live where as many of the conveniences they had back home were and/or to educate their children. As more is being done by nationals, this becomes less necessary.

On the other hand, when a church is started in a village, virtually everyone knows. If they are helped with some kind of benevolence program, have a preschool, or an annual visit from a group from the sponsoring church, everyone knows. They at least ask, “Who are these people?” Buildings can be built equal to the style and value of village houses. Usually some member has land he will donate for a building site. Rural people don’t have all the distractions city people have. So what if there are 3 million people in your city? There are more in a village, or a cluster of villages, than the evangelist can get to.

DON'T DUPLICATE OUR AMERICAN CLERGY SYSTEM.

Some members of the church of Christ reading this will say, “We don’t have a clergy system.” The informed ones won’t say that. Our idea of an established church is one that has a traditional building, which may be used less than six hours a week, and a full-time preacher paid by the church to do most of the teaching, visiting, marrying, burying, baptizing, and initiating of programs. The preacher has worked his way up through four or five moves to a position of some status, and his being “called” is not determined by great opportunities to be used by God but by increase in salary and benefits as he progresses up the ladder of brotherhood recognition. Don’t tell me the denominational church down the street is the only one with this problem. We got those ideas from our religious neighbors, not from the New Testament. We probably can’t turn that kind of thinking around in America, but those of us who labor in foreign lands don’t want it exported either. With this in mind, I favor leadership training programs rather than preacher training programs. And leadership training programs should be turning out servant leaders, not managers or coordinators.

MATTHEW 25 IS AS INSPIRED AS MARK 16.

Actually, possibly even more so, since the last verses of Mark 16 are not in all of the earlier manuscripts. If you know what is in those chapters you will get my point. We have so much in America we have come to think of a refrigerator, air conditioning, and television as among our “entitlements” — I despise that word. Nevertheless, the fact is, we are the “haves”, while most of the Africa, Asia, and Central and South America are the “have nots”. The teaching about the judgment day in Matthew 25 tells us that we really have no choice about making benevo-

lence (commonly called humanitarian work, these days) a significant part of our expenditure of time and money. We've all heard, "People don't care how much you know until they know how much you care." Benevolence says "we care". It breaks down prejudice and opens doors. Benevolence is valid and necessary if nothing else came from it, but if done wisely it can lead to evangelistic opportunities. There must be balance. We don't want to tend to the body and not the soul, but any work in a country where severe poverty is a way of life should have aid as a part of the program of work.

FRATERNAL, NOT PATERNAL.

I probably should have started with this one. Americans who move to another country long term, or who go for only a short term mission, are not God's gift to those folks. We shouldn't view ourselves as the big brother who has come to give out our used clothing and to be praised for doing so. When plans are being discussed and decisions affecting a work in another land are being made we must realize that those people have a lot to offer too. A lot. Not only do they understand the situation there better than we do, but they must live with the consequences when we pack our suitcases and go home.

I didn't say we should let spiritually immature local people call the shots. I said "fraternal" (brotherly, as two equals) not "paternal" (bossy, pushy, stuff it down their throat because they can't afford to stand up for themselves). We may be providing the funding and that is part of the equation, but it's not the whole equation.

I have probably fallen out of love with more missionaries over this issue than any other. Don't make jokes about their way of doing things. Just because you are speaking English, and you think they don't understand, don't say dumb and inappropriate things. Many who can't speak English can still understand it to a degree, and they still read gestures and expressions. In most cases, anyone going to the mission field with all their flaws is better than no one at all, but those having this attitude may be the exception. If you, your wife, or those who come for a short visit cannot respect the people with whom you are working, you and they probably shouldn't even be there. Good old fashioned respect goes a long way in successful outreach.

SUPPORTING OR SENDING? KNOW WHAT THEY BELIEVE.

When you receive an appeal letter or on a rare occasion a missionary is given your pulpit and asks for funds, before you give be sure you

know what he will teach in the field. If he is not grounded in scripture and multiplies his error by teaching others, made possible in part by your support, you share in his guilt. Determine what core beliefs are not negotiable to you and ask politely but clearly what the individual believes and teaches on those points. If you send the missionary and he teaches error you could have known about, you'll be held accountable. The same is true about a young person going on a short term mission trip, even if it is your child or grandchild or someone from your congregation that you would like to encourage. In today's culture you cannot assume anything about someone's beliefs. Be responsible.

THE VALUE OF SHORT TERM MISSION TRIPS.

I first went on a three-week door-knocking Campaign for Christ in Hawaii in 1965. In 1966 I went on a six-week trip to Okinawa and the Philippines. Those were valuable to me and everyone else who went. The Cady Family Mission Trips do good every place we go, but they do a lot more good for the Cady family.

Could those dollars be better used some other way? Perhaps, but there is no shortage of dollars, only a shortage of God's people making them available. It is another case of not being either/or but both/and. Some trips are better than others, but none are likely to be any better than those who lead them. Be selective if you plan to go or send, but once you've done your homework, go and send.

SENIOR CITIZENS AND MISSIONS.

Among the most wasted talents are mature Christians whose social security and other retirement income will be the same if they are here or there. Don't hide behind some excuse bushes. I'm not talking about the 82-year-old guy who is no longer mobile. I'm talking about people doing things while they are still able. Take your pills with you.

Thelma Eubank got her first social security check while living with us and grading lessons from thousands of correspondence course students whose language she couldn't speak. She used a grading key. All she needed to know was that "A" was the right answer. Five years later she was still a part of the work we were doing.

Ask the old timers at Kingston, Oklahoma about Anna Cline Davis who endeared herself to people in Penang, Malaysia, as she graded correspondence courses. Try telling some orphans, now middle-age adults that Elizabeth Bernard was too old to be in Hong Kong in the late 1960s. Tell Gordon and Jane Hogan they can't make any more trips to Asia, or Windle and Barbara Kee they can no longer lead groups to Belize, all in their 80s.

As a retired teacher, find a place where you can go and teach some missionary's children, so that the effective missionary has an alternative to coming home. Be a dorm parent in an orphanage somewhere far away. There are programs in Cambodia and Argentina where you can have good housing and teach English using the Bible as the text. I mentioned Penang, Malaysia above. At one time there was an apartment in the church building in Penang — empty. They wanted so much for a retired individual or couple to live there, just to be part of the church, to encourage.

Put an ad in the Christian Chronicle: "Retiree in average health ready to give a year on the mission field. Only plane fare is needed. I'm not a preacher but there are things I can do."

Someone needs to write a book about seniors and missions. There are some giants. Everyone can't go to the mission field when they are 65. Everyone can't go when they are 25. But a lot *can* go who *don't*, because they just don't want to. Alma (Mrs. Otis) Gatewood is supposed to have said, "I'd rather wear out than rust out."

Contact me. I'll pay the fee for your passport.

CHANGE THE WAY WE DO MISSION WORK.

The way we go about mission work borders on irresponsible. We mean well, but we don't think things through. Some individual or family decides God wants them to share the gospel in another land. They set out to find support. Someone needs to receive and pass along their salary and other funds while they are overseas, so they ask a congregation to oversee their work, often starting with their home congregation. "Oversee" is an incorrect term, because all that congregation often does is receive and disperse money. The church secretary or a member with more than average interest becomes the handler of that money. The congregation is unaffected otherwise.

The wanna-be missionary contacts relatives, friends and nearby churches, then widens his circle, beating the bushes until hopefully he secures the funds needed. His family alone, perhaps with input from missionaries in the area where they plan to go, determines what the amount of those funds needs to be. Raising the support can take months, and requires a lot of money and energy on the part of the family. They would like to eat and have a roof over their heads during that time, so they are usually employed. Being on the road as much as is required is difficult. They may give up in frustration and/or be starved into giving up.

If the potential missionaries survive the fund raising, they may go to the field frustrated that the brotherhood is more concerned about the

temperature in the auditorium than about people who have never one time had contact with the gospel — and won't have any hope, if this family doesn't go. No one has made sure the family members are emotionally or physically able to handle life in another part of the world. No one knows if their marriage is able to withstand the added pressures. They probably have no training in dealing with other cultures or mission methods. Few of those who contributed to their needs even know what they believe doctrinally. If the guy is a good speaker and can make a convincing presentation he gets money. If not, even though he might make a very good worker on the field, he doesn't get money.

Once on the field, this family may have difficulty working with other missionaries. No one has coordinated their efforts. There may be turf wars, or personality conflicts, or disputes about methods. (Missionaries have *convictions* about methods. The proof is this chapter.) The personality characteristic — strong determination — that enabled the family to survive the brotherhood fundraising-mountain actually renders them less compliant in working with others, as they sometimes need to be. When — not if — there are problems while they are in the field, they will usually be on their own to figure out solutions.

Inflation is sometimes high in other parts of the world. They may have gone with less than the targeted salary, weary of raising money and anxious to do what they felt called by God to do. When inflation hits, a small problem becomes big. The first year we were in the Philippines, inflation was 18%. Other missionaries can tell worse stories than that.

At some point the family returns home. No one in the U.S. feels a responsibility concerning the work that was started. They were supporting *the family, not the work*.

Sometimes the missionary is replaced by someone else who has gone through the same process. We are so proud of our autonomy that the new guy, with the blessing of his “overseeing” congregation, makes a lot of changes, some of them before he has been there long enough to know if that is the right thing to do or not. Many times, no one replaces the first family and the work they invested in is left to sink or swim on its own.

This *has* to be God's work. The way we do it, with these nonsensical procedures, it couldn't survive without God's intervention. But there are times it doesn't survive. Do you see how sloppy we are?

So what would be a better way to carry out the great commission in a foreign country? The church is (or should be) the only missionary-sending institution. The eldership could appoint a committee of men and women who care enough about their assignment to research missions in

general and some sites in particular. Some of them should make some trips to investigate. This research should be funded by the church. Up to a year should be taken to find a work. Perhaps it could be a place to which the congregation has been contributing for a while; perhaps a place where someone in the congregation has lived.

Find a work to which the congregation is willing to make a minimum of a ten-year commitment. Twenty years would be better. Then, search for a family to send to that location. Make doctrinal soundness, physical health, and psychological stability of all family members part of the vital information to be considered. Don't require the family to be flawless. Leave room for God to work through imperfect people.

However, don't invest in someone whom you recognize to be badly flawed from the beginning. A practical question to ask is, "If I were investing my own money and opening a branch of a business in that place, is this family the one I would want to put in charge of it?" Require those selected to get some special missions, cross cultural, and language training, both husband and wife. Require them to spend enough time with your congregation that the leadership and the missionary family understand each other, and so that the membership can bond with the family.

Be realistic in setting financial needs for salary as well as a commitment to help them get settled back into life in the U.S. after their eventual return. When a minister of a local church moves from one church to another, he takes his bed and sofa. The missionary usually sells these for nearly nothing in a garage sale and must replace them at full price when he comes back.

Commit to sending someone from the overseeing body (elders or missions committee) to visit the missionary at periodic intervals. In short, use the same sound practices you would use in a business arrangement.

This is God's business, so don't leave Him out of the picture. The instructions to live by faith, and to trust in God, are the same for a missionary as for any other family sitting in the pew. Don't *require* them—don't *allow* them — to go under conditions you would not have for your son and his family. This is more important than sending soldiers into battle or executives to head up a company. Don't be overwhelmed by the size of the task. Things are changing, and there are ways to get help in screening and training that assure greater success. At stake is heaven or hell for the souls of real people, including us, as we shoulder or don't shoulder our responsibilities to send and take the gospel into all the world.



SUPPLEMENT

I initially wrote the following six sections as part of a planned book titled “Some of Those Worth Remembering”. These people greatly influenced my life, especially in formative years. They are certainly not the only ones I could have written about but this is as far as that plan ever got. Rather than let these stories collect dust in a file, I have chosen to include them here.



THELMA EUBANK

“With appreciation to Thelma Eubank, unsung hero of Asian missions. Known for sleeping on a mat, using her Bible as a pillow; for answering God’s call for missions at the age of fifty-three; for fourteen years of self-supporting missionary work in Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines; for teaching and instilling faith in thousands of students through Bible correspondence courses and classes; for quietly challengeing younger missionaries to live up to their teaching.

“In gratitude and love, we thank you. At the age of ninety-three you are still an inspiration.”

February 2, 2003 85th Anniversary Bible Lectureship Abilene Christian University

These are the words on a plaque presented to sister Eubanks in recognition of years of missionary service. I’m glad I was there to see the audience stand in respect that night. I even got to sit with her family — they humble me by considering me one of their own. Of all the people whose story I could tell in this section, this is the one dearest to my heart. With tears of great respect, how do I begin?

Thelma Browder Eubank grew up in the Texas panhandle community of Sunray. Part of her married life was filled with turmoil as her husband was an alcoholic who at times was violent when he was drinking and Thelma was the target of some of his mistreatment. Nevertheless, their five children were raised to be faithful Christians. In 1951, with one child still at home, she moved to Pontiac, Michigan, took a business course and then did secretarial work for nine or ten years. She was a member of the Perry Street Church of Christ in Pontiac in 1962 when Ken Rideout, then a missionary in Thailand, spoke on Asian missions and the fact that the laborers are few.

Sister Eubank decided she could help. Rideout suggested she contact Ira Rice, missionary in Singapore. After working out the details with Rice, she set out for the Far East. The Perry Street church provided funds for her ticket to Singapore and \$75 monthly salary. The balance of her monthly needs while in Singapore, and all of her support while in other places in later years, was provided by income from a farm she had inherited in the Sunray community and later from her social security. But money was just one of several areas wherein Sister Eubank proved to

be many times more a giver than receiver as she spent fourteen years in Southeast Asia.

In Singapore she processed Bible correspondence courses for the Moulmein Road Church of Christ. Many who took those courses were school children from Buddhist and Hindu families. She not only graded lessons but answered questions the students would submit. Some of those students obeyed the gospel, and some who obeyed the gospel have matured in the faith as dedicated Christians. Now, forty years or so later, they are church leaders and teachers of the word to others. A number of them have become very prominent in their secular professions. Their earliest Bible instruction was from the pen of Sister Eubank.

While in Singapore, she developed back trouble and found it was more comfortable to sleep on a tikar (bamboo mat) on the floor with the King James Version of the Dickson's New Analytical Bible as a pillow, than to sleep on a bed. She finally returned to the United States in 1965, expecting to have back surgery, but that was never necessary.

In the fall of 1966 Sister Eubank went to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia where she worked with missionary Jud Whitefield and, again, spent most of her working hours grading and processing Bible correspondence courses. During her three years there she mentored Melba Bennett who lived with her, and was a great help and inspiration to me, as I was assigned to Kuala Lumpur in the Master's Apprentice Program under the direction of the church in York, Nebraska.

My first memory of Sister Eubank was as we were preparing to go to lunch one day. The church and correspondence course office were on the fourth floor of the Hue Hong Building, an office building on the bank of a small river going through the city. I had gotten to K.L. a month or so before Sister Eubank. The Whitefields felt that one of the few safe places to eat in the city was the A & W, owned by an Australian who had married a Malaysian Indian. As we were waiting for the elevator to take us to the ground floor and to a city bus, Sister Eubank asked me, "Where are we going to eat today?" I said, "A & W, I guess." She asked, as we looked off the landing by the elevator across the muddy river at a very local Chinese restaurant where a dog was at that moment drinking from the dishwater, "What is wrong with that place?" I asked, "Can you eat in places like that?" She replied, "Why sure. We always did in Singapore." And we did! And it was good. And we went back often.

That was my first of many lessons that taught me to accept the people of Asia and their ways, so long as they didn't contradict God's ways — and more of them didn't contradict God than did. We rode city busses.

After worship, we enjoyed fellowship with local brethren, eating at sidewalk stalls. I learned from Sister Eubank to work with the folks we were there to help grow as Christians. I learned that we were guests in their country.

In 1966 when Susan and I announced our engagement, we did so at a gathering of missionaries in her apartment. She was one of the few we had talked to, prior to the announcement, about the possibility of blending our American and Asian lives. On March 2, 1968, when we went before the civil authorities to be married, Susan selected Sister Eubank as her witness.

After returning to the U.S. and finishing college at Oklahoma Christian, Susan and I, and our son David, went to North Sumatra, Indonesia in the summer of 1970. We took two single ladies who, we anticipated, would be working with us. After arriving there, they decided, instead, to work in another city. I had seen the value of Bible correspondence courses and wanted to make it a significant part of what we did as we undertook a new church planting effort. We wrote Sister Eubank, who had returned to the States from Malaysia several months earlier, and invited her to work with us. She did. In fact she made her home in our home. Our oldest son was eleven months old when we went to Indonesia. Our other two children were born during our time there. They grew up calling her Grandma, which she was in every way but blood.

It was during those years that Sister Eubank received her first social security check. While far from her family, she got word of the death of a granddaughter who was attending college at the time and, years later, of the death of Mr. Browder, her children's father, from whom she had been divorced many years earlier. Those are hard times when you are away from home. They drew her and our family even closer.

The work in Singapore and Malaysia had been in English, but in Indonesia it was in the Indonesian language. Sister Eubank studied it and learned enough to get around, but by this time she was in her mid-60s and she struggled with it. It only slowed her down with strangers. Among those who knew her, she spoke the language of love, and got along fine. We prepared grading keys which let her and an Indonesian secretary grade correspondence courses by the tens of thousands. When we began having converts, they were people taught through the courses graded by Sister Eubank and Nuraini.

We had a Land Rover Jeep, then a Toyota Jeep, but I had a Honda motorcycle as well. Sister Eubank always wore dresses and would frequently ride behind me on the motorcycle — side-saddle. One morning as we were going to the office on the motorcycle, we hit a puddle of oil just

as we turned a corner to the right. The motorcycle started to fall. I put my feet out and it didn't go completely down but, sitting side-saddle, Sister Eubank fell off backwards. It turned out she had a concussion.

After she was examined in the hospital and, while recuperating at home, I wrote her children telling them of the accident and that she was going to be ok. In those days we used air-o-grams for writing letters and the very soonest we could look for a reply to a letter mailed to the U.S. was 21 days after we had mailed it. In due time, her children wrote back with instructions that she was no longer to ride on the motorcycle. Her response was, "They aren't going to know what I do."

In 1974 we were told it was impossible to get our visas renewed unless we paid bribes. I had long opposed this practice in Indonesia, a practice that continues but which has crippled so many in so many ways. The amount of money we would have had to pay under the table, or to some immigration official's home after working hours, would not have been a lot but it was illegal and so it was damaging. We refused to pay.

We knew that our decision was right but that, if we did what was right, the end result would be that we would have to leave Indonesia, people who would otherwise hear the gospel wouldn't hear it, and not hearing it, they would be lost. Sister Eubank called my attention to Matthew 23:15 which warns God's people about the hypocrisy of traveling over land and sea to win a convert, only to cause him to be lost by their bad example or teaching. I learned from her that the end does not justify the means.

The hardest day of my life was February 28, 1974, the last day we had a visa to be in Indonesia, when I boarded the plane to leave. Many who read this will make arguments on both sides of the issue of giving bribes (that is what they are – they are illegal) to get good things done. I don't even know if we would do the same thing today, but that is what we did then. I know of no better illustration of the phrase in ACU's plaque which said she challenged "younger missionaries to live up to their teaching".

Following a brief visit in Malaysia, Sister Eubank returned to the States. After some retrenching, our family moved to the Philippines where I coordinated the printing and distribution of literature for churches of Christ throughout that nation for about two years. We asked Sister Eubank to join us and, again, she did, and again lived in our house. She was as much a part of our family as anyone has been before or since. She was also my secretary.

When we returned from the Philippines to live in the States in February 1976, Sister Eubank returned to Sunray where she lived out the rest of her days. She passed away November 2, 2006, at home, at the age

of 97. I had the privilege of participating in her funeral. Long time missionary to Asia, Gordon Hogan, spoke for many when he wrote, “We are better for having had her as part of our lives.”

I can’t help but wonder if Sister Eubank’s grandchildren feel cheated. My kids had their grandma in Indonesia and the Philippines. In 1973 during a brief visit to the States for our family, when Sister Eubank was holding down the fort in Indonesia, I had spoken at the Sunray church on a Sunday evening. Afterwards we went with her family to the home of Joe and Betty Crenshaw (Joe was later an elder at Sunray) and showed more slides and talked about what their mother, mother-in-law, grandmother and sister was doing half-way around the world. Out of habit each time I would relate something about her, I’d say “grandma”. One of her grandchildren asked out loud, “Mom, why does he call her his grandma?” The answer was because she was grandma to our kids.

I never saw Sister Eubanks angry. I often saw her sacrificial. If I had a Bible student wanting an answer that I didn’t have, she would give it to me or help me find it. She helped missionaries get along with one another. She taught me that Asian brethren are as dear and near to God as anyone in America. She left her children and grandchildren to go teach the gospel half-way around the world, and she went back again and again, not because she loved her physical family less but because she loved God more. Those of us who worked alongside her would say that she did a good job, and her influence on the Americans who were there was such a blessing.

DALE LARSEN

Let's start at the finish line and back up:

If I am “faithful until death”, I will receive a heavenly home. That is possible, in part, because I obeyed the gospel during my freshman year at York College in York, Nebraska. That was possible, in part, because Lynn Yocum persuaded me to enroll at York. That was possible, partially, because there was a Christian college in York. That was made possible, in part, because Dale Larsen and Hershell Dyer, Nebraska gospel preachers at the time, inquired about the campus of the former Evangelical United Brethren school in 1954. I have seen a picture of the phone booth in York from which these men made a ten-cent call, inquiring of the York Chamber of Commerce about the availability of the then-empty facilities.

One thing led to another, and the history of my first alma mater is an interesting one. The part that I want to include here is that Dale Larsen played a significant role in the establishment of the school and served four years as its first vice president, then eighteen years as its president. He was president while I was a student there, 1964-66. Brother Larsen never taught me the gospel and didn't baptize me. On the night of my baptism he didn't even know me. Nevertheless, because of the role York College played in my conversion, and the role Dale Larsen played in York College, I probably wouldn't be a Christian today if it were not for him. My story (and others that are very similar) could be repeated many times. Brother Larsen told me that he intended to be a preacher all of his life but realized when the opportunity presented itself to become part of York College that he could do more for the spreading of the gospel in that way than in any other. He expressed regret that there are fewer young men at York, and at other Christian schools, preparing to preach than in previous years. It is impossible to separate the Dale Larsen story from the York College story—and who would want to?

Dale Robert Larsen was born April 21, 1917, at Leigh, Nebraska. It was six years after graduating from high school in Albion, Nebraska, that he became a student at Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas. He majored in Bible because he wanted to preach, but he added a second major of English because he might need a way to support himself or supplement his support. During college years, he preached often at small area congregations. He was president of the class his senior year.

It was while at Harding that Brother Larson fell in love with Raylene Thornton, who was to become his helpmeet for sixty-three years, as of this writing in 2007, and they are still counting. Raylene came from

a rich heritage in the church. Her grandfather had been a circuit-riding preacher in West Virginia. Her parents were farmers in Missouri. Securing a Christian education for their three daughters was a priority, so when it was time for the first to go to college they mortgaged the farm and moved to Searcy until all three had completed school there. They then moved back to Missouri and started paying off the mortgage. Brother Larsen told of a time, years later, when payday for York faculty and staff was approaching and there wasn't enough money to pay them. He drove all night to the Thorntons' Missouri farm, borrowed the money from his father-in-law, and returned to York so payroll could be met.

Following college graduation, the Larsens served churches in New York, New Jersey, and in Omaha and Holdrege, Nebraska.

One of the highest honors a man in churches of Christ can receive is being chosen by members of his home congregation as an elder. It is not that being an elder is merely an honor—it is also the heaviest responsibility anyone can ever have. However when those who know a man the best find him qualified for this work, it says a lot. Dale Larsen was chosen and served as an elder in four congregations.

Brother Larsen was a quiet man. He was a leader but in a gentle way. He was a servant and showed great humility. During his career, he was given several civic and academic honors, memorialized as a framed certificate or plaque. Most of these were never displayed publicly until retirement years. When asked if family and friends could honor him with a 90th birthday celebration, he agreed, with the qualification, "But don't make a big fuss over me."

The opening of a Christian college in Nebraska in 1956 was a bold step of faith. Churches of Christ were numerous and strong in the south, but few and weak in the north. From day one, the task wasn't just about education — it was also about a missionary outreach. RaJean Vawter, whose mother spent twenty-five years as a dorm mother at York, observed, "I remember overhearing adults talk about a 'wild' idea Dale and a couple other young men had about a non-occupied college in York. The gossip mill in our little area of Nebraska was abuzz. However, every conversation I listened in on always came to the conclusion that if Dale Larsen was involved, it would be OK and it 'just must work'."

At a board meeting on May 2, 1955, Harvey Childress of Minneapolis, Minnesota, was chosen as the school's first president and Larsen was chosen as the first vice president. The Larsens moved to York, April first, but for health reasons the Childresses never did move to the campus. This left Dale with the heaviest of loads in day-to-day administrative mat-

ters, as well as numerous fund raising and recruiting trips. A year after the school began, Childress stepped down as president. The presidency was offered to Dale but he declined. Gene Hancock then served as president until 1960. Dale accepted the office at that time and served in that capacity for eighteen years. He retired in 1978 and moved to Florida, becoming Chancellor. He held that title until 1995 when he was named President Emeritus. Neither Chancellor or President Emeritus carried a salary, but were honorary and advisory roles.

Being president had never put much money in the Larsens' pockets. When Dale became vice president, his salary was \$6,000 for the twelve-month year. Twenty-two years later when he retired, his salary was \$18,000, plus a house, less utilities. For a few years the college funded a small retirement plan amounting to a few hundred dollars a year but at some point it was terminated because of tight budgets.

The Larsens were good managers of the college's money and of their own. I called Brother Larsen in 2006 and asked him to be honest with me concerning any financial needs. I told him I knew that many like him served on sacrificial incomes during their varied ministries and were actually in want in later years. He replied that they had saved a little and invested a little, and they were doing alright. He came from the old school.

I can't help but observe ministers and para-church ministry leaders today who negotiate for all the possible perks and respond to the "call" where they find the best benefit package. Those who operate these programs reason that they can't hire and keep the caliber of people they need without good salaries and benefit packages. I'm sad to say, that is probably true. Things were looked at differently in the Larsen years. Those who were at York were there to serve. Brother Larsen told of occasions when there wasn't enough money in the bank to pay salaries on time. Often both husband and wife worked for the college, the husband as a professor and the wife as secretary. He would call them in and tell them that only one could be paid on payday. Eventually everyone got their money, but not always on time.

Another contrast in those years was in the philosophy of York College under Brother Larsen's leadership. The same philosophy is not shown in many of the Christian colleges and universities today. First, those in leadership positions at York (and sister institutions) were people who loved the church greatly and put it first. The school was not an end in itself but a means to building a stronger church. The school was not the church and they realized that. I have heard Brother Larsen give speeches stating that the school was an extension of the home. However, decisions

were made in the educational institutions so they could be of greatest help to the churches.

Today, my observation is that schools have become big business, board members are chosen not for their love for the church but for their deep pockets or influence on those with deep pockets. Administrative positions are held by people whose priorities are scholastic. Brother Larsen explained it to me this way: when he was at York, their priority was to have a school that was *Christian* in every way, and then as strong *academically* as they could make it. Today, institutions prioritize *academic excellence* in every way and then are as *Christian* as they can make them. The result is the hiring of a different kind of faculty and staff and producing a different graduate.

In talking about Dale Larsen and York College, where he made his greatest contribution to the kingdom, I must include the turbulent years of 1987 and 1988. President Gary Bartholomew, who had been a student at York when I was there, resigned. Both the board and faculty were divided over significant issues. Contributions had decreased significantly. It was rumored that the college might not open in the fall of 1987. Brother Larsen was retired, living in Florida. He came to the rescue; making several trips to Nebraska, busying himself with public relations efforts and raising critically needed funds to increase stability.

Eventually, it was decided that the entire board would resign and that Larsen would be appointed as president of the board, with Randall Onstead of Houston as secretary-treasurer. Temporarily, the two were the entire board and empowered to seat a new permanent board on June 11, 1988. I'm ashamed to admit that I declined when asked to serve on the new board. I felt York was probably a lost cause by that time, and I didn't have the deep pockets they needed to survive. God had used Dale Larsen as a key figure in the establishment of the school thirty years earlier. Now He used him again to save the school. It is doubtful any other man then living could have accomplished what he did in 1987 and 1988. The trust the brotherhood had in him was well placed.

It is easy to recognize the public service of Dale Larsen. It has to be realized, however, that being president of a college so many miles removed from most of those upon whom it depended for support required him to be gone from home much of the time. Sister Larsen was a gracious first lady, a fine host, and a tremendous support. In tribute to her, one York alumni wrote, "She is the woman that is behind the man that is behind the institution that is behind the philosophy that got behind me to make me a greater instrument for the service of our Master."

Daughter Aloha and son Zayne didn't get the opportunity to decide if they wanted to share their father with the brotherhood and a job that was never done. They need to be appreciated by all who have benefited from the labors of this man.

As I bring this section to a close, I think of so much that is left unsaid. I have always struggled with what to call this man. Some call him Mr., some Dr., some President. I've always felt most comfortable saying, "Brother Larsen". I am glad that he is my brother. Since Cady starts with a "C", I always sat toward the front in assigned seating. At our graduation in 1966, I sat on the first row in front of the library for our outdoor ceremony. I listened time and again as my classmates received their diplomas and shook hands with Brother Larsen on the platform. To each he said, "congratulations". When I passed by, his hand shake was firm and he said, "God bless you". He made me feel so special — and that wasn't the first time. When our sons were born we named the first David James — James for my dad, and the second Michael Dale — Dale for Dale Larsen.

MAURICE HALL

If you look at Webster’s Dictionary under “humble”, “gracious”, “kind”, “forgiving”, “encouraging”, or “sacrificial”, you won’t find “Maurice Hall”. That is just because the people who put out dictionaries don’t know this man. These are not words to throw around carelessly. They fit the subject of this chapter. The words of friends, Jim and Mary Barrett, concerning Maurice and Marie could be repeated by many if they had the opportunity: “Of all the Christians we have ever known, none have been as inspiring to us as you two. We love your faith, your zeal, your courage, and your willingness to sacrifice to take the Word to all parts of the world.”

On my 25th or 26th mission trip to Nias, Indonesia in 2007, I gave myself a gift. I stopped by the Halls’ home in Whittier, California, and spent a day with them. It was the best present I’d given myself in a long time. Brother Hall was less than a month from his 87th birthday. He and Marie had been married nearly 67 years. He was an elder at the second congregation where he had served in that capacity. Among his passions were a keen interest in World Christian Broadcasting and its commitment to preach the gospel by radio, to the entire world — an idea that had its beginning during his military service in World War II.

Maurice Hall was born March 22, 1920. He obeyed the gospel at the age of sixteen. After high school, he preached part time and worked part time in a grocery store. When he decided to get some formal training as a preacher, his home congregation took up a contribution to help him get to college. They raised enough for his bus fare and about \$8 for meals and other expenses. Off he went to David Lipscomb College. Upon arrival there he had \$5.38 left. He went to the office of President E. H. Ijams. Ijams asked how he expected to pay for school. He said he would work, and he hoped he could borrow some money. Ijams said they would loan him money for school expenses but the bookstore wouldn’t sell books on credit. He took \$12 from his pocket and gave it to Maurice. About ten years later Maurice repaid the \$12 and told President Ijams there was no way he could ever repay the debt of gratitude he owed.

After graduating from David Lipscomb, then a junior college, at the age of nineteen, Maurice started his journey that would take him to located preaching jobs in Tennessee, Michigan, Kansas, Germany, France and Vietnam.

His first preaching job was in East Tennessee. He was paid \$10 a week and room and board — he would stay with one church family for a while, then move in with another, then another. In the church there was a

beautiful young lady named Marie. They married a few months later. Marie was seventeen, too young to marry in Tennessee without her parents' permission, so they went to Georgia to get married. Marie's father didn't approve of Maurice, in part because Maurice was a Democrat.

When Maurice proposed to Marie, he said, "Someday I want to be a missionary in China. If I go, will you go?" Marie's response was, "I haven't been to David Lipscomb and been subjected to missionary influence like you. I'll go anywhere with you, but please don't ever leave me. Just take me with you." This conversation helps explain why, through most of their life, when you saw Maurice you saw Marie. When they married, he was still paid \$10 a week but lost the room and board because the accommodations were not suitable for a couple. To make up for the loss, he got a job selling candy for a year but he continued to preach.

Maurice went into military service in 1942. His service included time in the Philippines and Germany. In Germany, he was influenced by Otis Gatewood. After being discharged, he went to Abilene Christian College. By the time he graduated, the Broadway church in Lubbock, Texas, had agreed to send the Halls to Germany, but Gatewood had recruited twenty-two families to go to Germany so they decided to go to France instead. That meant they had to find new support.

The Halls had two biological sons and adopted another while in France. Their son, Bill, was killed while serving as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam in 1968. That was one of the lows of their life. Looking back on their 67 years together, Marie told me during that visit in Whittier, "We wouldn't change a thing, except that we lost Bill." A section of one wall in their living room displays a large ever-lit picture of Bill in his military uniform, surrounded by other memorabilia honoring him. Eldest son, James, told them, "If the Lord had allowed us to pick our parents, I can see why I would have picked you."

The Halls served as missionaries in France 1949-1958. At the time of their arrival, there were no churches of Christ and only three known New Testament Christians there. In 1959, Otis Gatewood was offered the first presidency of North Central Christian College, later to be renamed Michigan Christian and now Rochester Christian. Gatewood said he would accept if Maurice Hall would help him. Maurice asked that he be given a year to go to Harding and get a Master's degree.

In August 1959, the Halls moved to Rochester, degree in hand, but not knowing what his salary would be or if he would even have a salary. He believed in the new Christian school and that there were enough churches in the area that he could preach for one of them. He went to

work for the church in Royal Oak, Michigan. They had one salary to offer. Putting the kingdom before himself, Maurice persuaded the church to hire three part-time men, him being one, and divide the available funds among the three. Maurice served as Vice President and taught missions and French at North Central for five years. During that time, he also edited *Challenge Magazine* for missionaries and their sponsors and conducted many seminars that resulted in the churches of that region becoming more involved in foreign missions.

One test of a missionary work is the test of time. Fifty years after the Halls went to Paris, there are good churches in France, but perhaps more significant is the influence they have had on other French speaking populations in such places as Martinique, Madagascar, Senegal, Cameroon, Belgian Congo and Switzerland. Missionaries are blessed, indeed, if they live to see second and third generation Christians from their labors. Maurice and Marie were thrilled when Frenchman Philippe Doner spoke at the 2006 Pepperdine University Lectureship. At twenty-five, he was the youngest person ever to give a major speech at the annual lectureship. Doner was the great-grandson of a couple Maurice baptized in France in 1956.

While I was in the Halls' home, I listened. Their biggest "aggravation" (that caught my attention because it was hard to get a word with even that much of a negative slant from them) when they were in local work was that brethren would ask, "Why don't you take a vacation?" He said they had no desire to do that. They'd rather use vacation time to go to Ivory Coast (a French-speaking country in Africa, just an illustration I'm sure) and preach a gospel meeting. He'd come home refreshed. He said people would ask him why he didn't write a book. He would tell them he would when he retired. This was a man a few days shy of 87, who still didn't see himself as retired. He was serving as an elder, teaching three classes a week and encouraging anyone who would stop to listen or call on the phone.

I knew he had, as any missionary and friend of missions has, raised a lot of money for a lot of good works. I asked if he felt it was easier or harder now to raise money than it used to be. He said, "It is easier now than before. Brethren are better educated to their responsibility". I don't know if that is so, or if is just another example of the optimistic slant he puts on everything. He was certainly still very much involved in looking for funds for good works. His greatest passion, and a subject to which he frequently drew us, was World Christian Broadcasting. At the time of our visit, WCB was erecting huge towers in Madagascar, off the east coast

of Africa. When finished there will be three antennas, each the size of a football field with capability of reaching 90% of the earth's population with the gospel. He was pleased that \$3.3 million had been raised in 2006. The whole project required \$7 million. That would add to the station already in operation in Alaska which broadcasts twenty hours a day, in two languages, simultaneously. You could see the sparkle in his eye as he told about it and the people involved in the day-to-day operations.

There are things in the Maurice Hall story you've got to get from others, stories about times when they were missionaries in Saigon, 1964-1967, during the Vietnamese War, when they lived behind walls topped with barbed wire and broken glass imbedded in concrete to keep bad people out. There is the story about when there were demonstrations and threats of violence, and the night he and Marie and others were on the roof of their house and it looked like the demonstrators might storm the gate and attack them. Brother Hall had a gun, loaded, and ready. Those who knew him best knew that he might use his weapon to protect others under his care, but he would never have used it to protect himself. It just wasn't in his character.

Then there is the story that must be told by those who have more space that I do about him being slandered by a prominent jealous brother. Brother Hall would not speak in his own defense. His only response was that he was in Vietnam to preach the gospel and he was not going to get in the mud and fight such a fight. Furthermore, he believed that in time those who knew him best would realize that he was innocent of the charges — and he was. Of that time in his life, Dick Ady wrote, "We admire you for the dignity with which you faced unjust criticism when a brother in Christ attacked your character. You were honorable then, and you are honorable now."

I asked him about untrue and unjust criticisms. He did not deny that it happened but would not discuss the details. He just said in typical Maurice Hall style, "But a better world begins with us, Brother Dennis."

I have talked in this section about Maurice Hall, but wherever Maurice has been, Marie has been, and continues to be. They hold hands. They are a team. An observer can't help but know that this earthly love affair cannot go on forever, and when one of them is taken to their reward sooner than the other it will be a lonely day.

I would like to close this chapter by sharing the words on a plaque that tells what I've tried to say:

**Pepperdine University
Presents the
Distinguished Christian Service Award
To**

MAURICE AND MARIE HALL

Devoted servants of Jesus Christ, Faithful servants of the Word of God, Enthusiastic workers with churches of Christ in Germany, France, Vietnam, Michigan, Kansas, Tennessee and California. Encouraging Christian missions, Christian education and Christian broadcasting, whose unceasing commitment to the cause of Christ has touched thousands of lives and greatly strengthened churches of Christ around the world.

**Presented on May 5, 2006
at the
63rd Annual Bible Lectures**

ELIZABETH BERNARD

In 1966, while a missionary in Malaysia, I attended the **Asian Missionary Forum** in Hong Kong. That gathering of missionaries of churches of Christ from all over the Far East was held on the other side of Hong Kong from where the missionaries lived. After the activities were concluded one evening, I learned that someone needed to see Sister Elizabeth Bernard to her apartment. She had ridden there with other missionaries but they wanted to stay for some late night fellowship and she wanted to go home. I had heard of Sister Bernard for some time and longed for quality time with her, so I volunteered to pass up being a fly on the wall, hearing war stories from seasoned missionaries, and instead rode with her on the city bus back to her place, then return to the hotel alone. It was a wonderful experience. She was 76. I was 20.

The part of the Elizabeth Bernard story I am telling here is abbreviated from **Elizabeth Bernard — Forty Years Among The Chinese**, written by her fellow missionary, Tom Tune. Brother Tune's own story of years spent in Hong Kong, then in the South Pacific, then finally in Vietnam, is inspirational as well; but these pages belong to Sister Bernard.

At the age of seventeen, Elizabeth entered the army. Even at that young age, her compassion showed as she helped the sick, binding wounds and treating diseases. However, during that time she contracted tuberculosis and began having a lot of trouble with her eyesight. In less than two years she was told she was going blind, was discharged, and was told she would receive a pension the rest of her life.

Upon hearing that she would receive a pension even if she lived outside the United States, she decided to fulfill a desire to serve God in a foreign country. She had many obstacles to overcome. With enthusiasm, she approached an uncle who was an elder in the church. His response was, "Elizabeth, I not only will not encourage you in this, but I will do all in my power to keep you from going." Friends tried to discourage her, which nearly broke her heart. Her response was, "I would like to serve as best I know how, in a place I can serve best. China is a country of sickness and poverty. Their poverty I cannot help, but their sickness I can aid a little, and with all the training I have received, surely I can teach the blind to read and study God's Word. Do you realize how many blind there are in China who otherwise will never be taught? Who else will go teach?"

One additional concern was her mother. She solved that problem by taking her mother with her to China.

With the help of brethren in Louisville, Kentucky, she and her mother received enough money for their fare and left Los Angeles on De-

ember 31, 1932. Her first view of China was on January 29, 1933, when the ship arrived in Shanghai harbor.

Elizabeth was overwhelmed by the many small boats, in which the entire families lived as their only home on the Yangtze River. She also noticed advertisements along the shoreline: Eastman Kodak, Bayer Aspirin and Del Monte fruits. She thought of the “logic” of many back home and concluded with a bit of sarcasm felt by many missionaries through the years: it is fine for people to go to far away places and work for American companies or to defend democracy as soldiers liberating people who are politically oppressed, but it’s not the same if people want to go to strange and dangerous lands with the gospel of God.

Four days later, their voyage came to an end as they anchored in Hong Kong harbor. That Sunday they worshipped in a Chinese service for the first time. The lives of Elizabeth and her mother would never be the same. From Hong Kong they later went inland to Canton where they were met by George Benson, head of Canton Bible School.

After two months of studying Chinese characters, Elizabeth had to give up. There are 50,000 characters and it was too much of a strain on her eyes. She changed to a study of Romanized Chinese, which uses the English alphabet. At the end of her first year in China, aside from language study, Elizabeth had increased her Bible class to sixteen pupils, ranging from ages three to seventeen. They had read and studied the whole book of Matthew. During that year, her pension check had been cut in half, to \$40 monthly, but returning home was never considered an option.

Mail was extremely slow. Elizabeth listed that as one of her main difficulties. She said, “By the time I write a letter and get an answer, even if they send an answer that day, which they don’t, it’s been two months and by then I forget what I asked.”

Sister Bernard’s legacy in China and Hong Kong was her work with children. I don’t know how many children she cared for during her 40 years in Asia — some for short periods of time and some for their entire childhood. By 1949, she had been given 13 children, but there were others after that. Though she never married, and never had biological children of her own, she was given the title of “Mother of China” by some who knew her best.

When infants were brought to her, she would take only those that were destitute and could not be placed somewhere else. When fat little warmly dressed babies were brought, she refused them, knowing that someone else was providing well for them.

The fourteenth child came to her in 1949. He was blind, eleven-year-old Wilson. A year later, on September 9, 1950, she stood by a clear stream and watched as Wilson was baptized. Events like this made her life worthwhile.

That same year her mother died and was buried in Happy Valley, Hong Kong. In 1951 there were thirteen meetings on Sundays in her home. She was the only missionary from churches of Christ in the British colony of Hong Kong, with a population at the time over 4 million. She was persistent in asking for workers to come, and in the years before she died a number responded: Melvin Harbinsons, Gus Eoff, Douglass Robinson. Later, there were others. Ira Rice went from Singapore and Parker Henderson came from Thailand to hold meetings.

On one occasion when the Hendersons and their three small children were in Hong Kong for a meeting, they almost starved, trying to eat Chinese food to which they were not accustomed. Although they became very used to Asian food and Asian ways in the years that followed, at that time they had just arrived in Asia. The last day of their stay, a cabinet door fell off and they found all kinds of canned American food. "Why", they asked, "did you not tell us you had this food"? Sister Bernard was shocked and said, "Surely you wouldn't want that old stuff, shipped from the States from time to time by the church when you can have fresh Chinese food!"

I hope somewhere on the earth there is a list of those children Sister Bernard fed, clothed, nursed, loved and taught God's Word. I doubt that there is. But I'm sure that somewhere in heaven those records are preserved. The first was Ah Wing who came to live with the Bernards in 1934. Her father had died in Canton, leaving his widow with five children to raise. Her mother went to Hong Kong looking for work, taking Ah Wing and two sons with her. When she was eight years old her mother told Ah Wing, "I have talked with an American, Elizabeth Bernard, and she has agreed to care for you. I had high hopes of keeping you and your brothers together, but I cannot find work. I am thankful now that I did not bring the other two children with me from Canton."

The initial fear little Gloria, as Sister Bernard renamed her, felt for the "foreign devil" she had heard strange things about was eventually replaced by love and respect as great as any child anywhere ever had for their mother. Her first weeks with the Bernards were nothing but chaos. She wondered what these people smelled like, what language they would use, would they beat her, how could she eat their food? Eventually Sister Bernard won her over.

Sister Bernard had talked with missionaries who returned home in despair. She believed they had failed to reach the people because they

could not overcome their own faults and find something to love in the strange ways of the Chinese. Her prayer was that of the Psalmist, “Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me ... Then will I teach transgressors thy way and sinners will be converted to thee.” And through her loving, sacrificial heart they were.

Sometime later Gloria’s mother brought one of her brothers, then five years old, to Sister Bernard. She said, “Ah Wing has done well with you. I would like very much for you to take her brother, Jock, and give him a similar chance in life.” Sister Bernard was humbled by the honor of being given a healthy son. Sons were almost never given away, but were more frequently sold for a good price to some family with no children — or who had only daughters.

Sister Bernard translated his name to mean “born to be a benefit” and told him, “Being a woman, I cannot preach, but maybe someday I can see my preaching done through you.” Those who knew Sister Bernard would say she preached many powerful sermons—she just never used the pulpit.

In April 1949 her “family” included 3 ½ year-old Amilu, 1 year-old Muriel, 10 month-old Faith, George, Jock and ten year-old Stella Mei. With them, she and her mother lived in a two-bedroom apartment. One of the last children taken in was Sherwin Lim. In 1961 he was one of sixty people who decided as a group to escape communist China. At the Sham Chun River they could see the Kowloon section of Hong Kong and freedom, but they were captured by Red Chinese guards. They were put in prison and mistreated severely.

A group of one hundred prisoners attempted to escape. Many were killed. Sherwin did escape, frightened, and lost. Eventually he swam the river to Hong Kong. He had no money and was starving when he was befriended by three men who took him to Sister Bernard.

Sherman was a teenager when our family visited Hong Kong in 1970, on our move to Indonesia. I have tried to collect a Bible or Testament in the language of each country where I have been. I asked Sherman if he would take me to a Bible bookstore where I could buy a Chinese Bible. There was none nearby. We checked a couple of regular bookstores but they didn’t sell Bibles. We ran out of time and I gave up, hoping to get one on a later trip through. As we were ready to leave, Sherman brought me his personal, quite used, Bible and asked me to take it. I gave him money to buy a new one and left Hong Kong, valuing the used one in my luggage far more than the finest ones in any store in Hong Kong. He had the spirit of Sister Bernard.

In 1967 Sister Bernard returned to the U.S. and made her home in Abilene, Texas, with her “adopted” daughter Faith who was attending Abilene Christian. In 1971 she announced her intention to return to Hong Kong. She said Faith was about to graduate and she needed to go back to Hong Kong and take up where she had left off, and she did, at the age of 80. A few months later, on a Sunday afternoon, December 12, 1971, Sister Bernard passed away. She was cremated and her ashes placed with her mother’s body in Happy Valley by missionary Tom Tune and her first adopted daughter Gloria (Ah Wing), accompanied by a reporter and a photographer from Hong Kong’s STAR newspaper.

Someone ought to write a story titled, “Where Sister Bernard’s Children Are Now”. It would be interesting and inspirational. At the time Tom Tune wrote his book about her, cited earlier in this article, Gloria’s son, Charles, had led singing for four years at one Hong Kong congregation before going to the U.S. to get a college education. Murial was working for a travel agent and frequently traveled between Hong Kong and the U.S. Stella Mei married Paul Crawford on March 7, 1959, and they traveled extensively since he was in the military. They had four daughters, one born in Hong Kong, one in England and two in Cyprus. George Yue graduated from Harding College with a B.A. in Bible and a MTSA in Education, and from Abilene Christian with a BS and MS in Economics. While at Abilene Christian he met and married Helen Sui Yun Sung who was a medical technologist. Wilson Cheung, who was blind, graduated from Ebenezer School, and after trying without success to be accepted at one of our American Christian colleges, enrolled in a seminary in Hong Kong where he received his degree in Bible. In 1967 Wilson married Karen, a young lady he converted. She had about 10% of her sight. They had three children—all with perfect eyesight. Faith graduated from Abilene Christian.

Elizabeth Bernard gave up a normal family life. She lived on the economy of the people she served — sometimes in great want and never in luxury. If she were here today, you’d have a hard time convincing her it was a sacrificial life or that she wasn’t very blessed. Missionaries are blessed people. What else could she have done in life that would have left such a handprint on the souls of so many? In 1920, when she was told she was going blind and was discharged from the army on a meager pension, she could have set out on fifty years of “woe is me” and “has my government check come yet?” If anyone would have been asked if the Elizabeth Bernard story could have happened, they would have said, “No way.” I’m so thankful *she* didn’t know that, and I’m sure Gloria, Jock, Muriel, Faith, Wilson and others are, too.

I’m thankful I was there to accompany her home on that city bus in 1966.

OTIS GATEWOOD

After Otis Gatewood passed away on September 16, 1999, at the age of 88, his memorial service was held at the University Church of Christ in Abilene, Texas. It is said there may have been more years of missionary service represented in that assembly than on any other occasion among churches of Christ, ever. That was, in part, because Otis Gatewood was the missionary's missionary. He had inspired many to go, inspired many to oversee and support, and had trained and encouraged many. He talked the talk — but he also walked the walk.

When he was born at 10:00 a.m. on a Sunday morning, his father said, "Another preacher has been born." But his father couldn't possibly have dreamed of all the places and all the people Brother Gatewood would take the Word. His mother died when he was six, and the family lived in several places in west Texas during his early years. While living in Meadow, Texas, at the age of 13, Otis went to a building of the church of Christ during a worship service, but he would not go in. He was standing outside looking in a window when one of the men went out and invited him in for the services. About two years later, he was baptized and began preaching. During his years as a student at Abilene Christian College, he preached at Roby, Texas (1933-35). He also preached at Rochester, Texas (1935-36) and started the church in Eunice, New Mexico around 1937. The Broadway Church of Christ in Lubbock, Texas, sent him to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to start the church soon after that, then in 1939 to Salt Lake City, Utah, to establish the church there. He was probably the first fully supported missionary among churches of Christ to work in the United States.

His original dream was to be a missionary in China, but while in Utah he saw hundreds of Mormon missionaries returning from Europe because of World War II. He was appalled that there were no missionaries from the churches of Christ coming home—because none were there. When Norvel Young became the minister at the Broadway church in 1943, he encouraged the Gatewoods to take the gospel to Germany.

The war ended in 1945, leaving much of Germany in ruins. In 1946 Brother Gatewood and Brother Paul Sherrod, an elder at Broadway, made a survey trip to Germany. They met General Lucius Clay, Deputy Military Governor of the occupation forces, in Berlin, and were given permission to start a new work in Frankfurt.

Otis Gatewood and Roy Palmer were the first two religious workers of any Christian organization allowed in post war Germany. The Gatewoods worked there from 1947 to 1957. Upon returning to the United

States, he was founding president of Michigan Christian College (1959-63). He later was Chancellor of Columbia Christian College in Portland, Oregon and professor of missions at Harding Graduate School of Religion. In 1970 he moved to Vienna, Austria, where he was founder and the first president of European Christian College, now International University. He worked in Vienna from 1970 to 1989.

In the summer of 1966, when I was 20, I was privileged to sit in his class at the Summer Seminar in Missions at Harding College, as I prepared to go to Malaysia in the Master's Apprentice Program. I recall his gentle yet very effective way of instructing us in missionary methods, drawing on his many years of experience. It is strange the things you remember, but I recall him encouraging us preacher boys to never get before a group with anything in our pockets (even a pen) because it might distract our audience — and that if we wore glasses to occasionally remove them and hold them in our hand, which he did, to make better eye contact.

Brother Gatewood was a master communicator. His ability to tell of the need and sound the call for workers made him probably the most effective recruiter of missionaries in the brotherhood during those years. He taught congregations to have a world view. His endorsement of a work was valuable to anyone raising funds. He eventually preached the gospel in 57 countries. He was an author. Among his best known books were **You Can Do Personal Work, Preaching in the Footsteps of Hitler**, and **There is a God in Heaven**.

Those who knew him best tell some interesting stories.

I already stated that Brother Gatewood was successful at motivating people to be missionaries. He was also good at motivating people to give to support world evangelism. Harvie Pruitt tells of a time when he was a teenager. His sister, Faye, asked, "Did someone say Otis Gatewood is going to speak at church this morning?" Their mother said, "Yes. Why?" "Then I'm going to leave my purse at home because when he speaks I just open it up and dump it in."

He not only asked others to give. He gave. On one occasion in 1948 they were helping the Germans by distributing clothing. A young man came to the building to ask for a pair of shoes. After he and Brother Gatewood had looked for some time and couldn't find a pair that fit the young man, Brother Gatewood said, "Try these on," taking off his own shoes and giving them to the young man. That young man was Hans Novak, who later became a gospel preacher.

In 1955, Norvel Young preached a sermon at the Broadway church about the Prodigal Son. He had five unique points. Brother Harvie Pruitt's

mother was a member at Broadway. She wrote down the five points and sent them to Pruitt who was also a missionary at the time in Germany. He used those points in a lesson delivered to the English speaking congregation in Frankfort. Gatewood was in the audience. He liked the points and he wrote them down. Later when visiting back in the U.S., Gatewood was asked to speak at Broadway. He preached on the Prodigal Son, using the same five points. Of course, everyone recognized the sermon. Upon his return to Germany Gatewood asked Pruitt, "Why didn't you tell me where you got that sermon"? Pruitt said, "My mother sent it to me."

In the summer of 1992, Brother and Sister Gatewood went to Moscow. They had raised money in the U.S., Germany, and Austria to purchase eight tons of food to give to Michail Gorbachev to be distributed to the elderly and poor. Friends told him it would never be possible for him to meet Gorbachev in person, but through efforts of a former translator, the meeting was set up.

When Gatewood entered the heavily guarded office, he handed Mr. Gorbachev his business card. Mr. Gorbachev said, "I know who you are." When Gorbachev said he didn't want to be back in politics, Gatewood tried to enroll him in a preacher school. After a little while, Gorbachev said, "You are a very persuasive preacher." Gatewood told him he needed to know Jesus and have his sins forgiven. Gorbachev said, "I believe you are the only preacher who told me I am a sinner". Gatewood replied, "But you must be baptized." Gorbachev said, "I have been baptized." Gatewood followed with, "But baptism is not the sprinkling of a few drops of water on the head." Gorbachev quickly answered, "I was baptized by being put down into the water. It was a cold winter day when I was baptized in the cold river. My grandfather wrapped me in a warm sheepskin and carried me away." Gatewood said, "But before a person is baptized, they must believe." Gorbachev hit his fist on the desk and said emphatically, "I have been baptized, and I am a Christian." Gatewood thought it was time to end the discussion on baptism, but they had a very cordial visit.

Richard Walker, another long time German missionary (whose daughter Sheryl — now Mrs. Tom Black — was a classmate of mine at York College and who has also worked a number of years in Eastern European countries) partially as a result of Gatewood's influence, tells of the time Gatewood was visiting in Berlin where the Walkers worked. Gatewood noticed that Walker's socks had been darned so many times the darns had darns. Unknown to Walker, Gatewood picked up one of Walker's socks and put it in his pocket. Sometime later, Gatewood spoke

to Walker's supporting congregation in Texas. He held that sock before the congregation and told them their missionary needed a raise. As a result Walker's support was increased.

Norval Young, who later served as president of Pepperdine University, wrote, "Otis Gatewood, in my estimation, has done more to stir up interest and enthusiasm in mission work in churches of Christ in America in our generation than any other man. He has spoken to tens of thousands. He and his family have not only encouraged others to go teach, but they have practiced what he preached."

As a young man in college, trying to chart the course of my life, hearing Otis Gatewood, George Benson, Parker Henderson, Gordon Hogan, Maurice Hall, and some whose names and faces I have forgotten, had great influence on me. It was easy for their fire to ignite a spark in the rest of us. Their example and zeal lives on today, though many of them have gone on to their reward.

