

The image shows a traditional Southeast Asian temple, likely in Myanmar or Thailand, characterized by its ornate golden roof and large white guardian statues (Naga) flanking the entrance. The temple is surrounded by tall palm trees. The title "Missionary Stories" is overlaid in a large, yellow, serif font with a black outline. The authors' names, "Wayne and Janet Barrier", are written in a green, cursive font at the bottom of the image.

Missionary Stories

Wayne and Janet Barrier

MISSIONARY STORIES



WAYNE AND JANET BARRIER

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

What an exciting coverage, in words and pictures, of the history of much of the work the Wayne Barriers and our World Evangelism team have done through the years! I am thrilled to be helping them to bring this work to fruition, so that many readers can know more of the lives and faces of Christians in these many parts of the world.

Yes, we became acquainted with Wayne, Janet, and their young family in the early 80s. Following J.C.'s report to the Pine Hill congregation in the Florence, AL area, Wayne invited us to go home with them. To our surprise, the visit was not the ordinary one in which sports, politics, family matters, and local church matters were discussed. Instead, we talked till late in the night about people and work overseas, spurred on by the Barriers' intense interest.

As anyone involved in foreign mission work would know, such interest was an inspiration to us and was motivational; thereafter, we never missed an opportunity to spend time with them and to add to their knowledge about the work and the needs. Even though Wayne was employed by Tennessee Valley Authority, he decided to use his vacation time to accompany J.C. on one of his trips to India, for the recording of the radio sermons that were aired over Radio Sri Lanka. Subsequently, they traveled many thousands of miles together, shared countless treasured experiences, and grew in their mutual love and respect for each other. We were overjoyed when, after retirement, Wayne, Janet, and their now grown-up children, decided to dedicate their lives to the continued spread of the Gospel throughout the world.

Through the Barriers' efforts and vision – and the addition of Jerry and Paula Bates, and Louis and Bonnie Rushmore to the team – not only has the mission program continued uninterrupted since J.C.'s death, but each participant has added his/her particular talents to the work force. The result has been expansion of the effort to bring in additional countries and avenues of work. When we began, establishing the church in Karachi, Pakistan in 1962, in Colombo, Sri Lanka in 1967, and in New Delhi, India in 1968, Christianity in the subcontinent was in its infancy. Now, we are working with third generation Christians, and the need is for additional preacher training schools! We praise God for such dedication in the hearts of team members and of Christians in that part of the world! And we look toward eternity together.

Betty (J.C.) Choate
September 29, 2012
Winona, MS

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the many foreign brethren who have labored with us through the years. Our success would be impossible without the partnerships with coworkers like P.R. and Saroja Swamy, Douglas and Sheela Swamy, Sunny and Nargis David, Francis and Elsy David, Vinay David, Reuben and Evelyn Emperado, Chito and Tess Cusi, Jun Arcilla, Thomas and Jane Koh, Poh and Linda Khee, Andrew Ng, Chee Wee Chang, Reggie and Mahs Gnanasundaram, Harold and Lilani Thomas, Cynthia, Aschar Ali, Anwar Masih, Andrew Bonjarnahor, and our Burmese brethren, Thian Lian and Cherry, Peter, Simon, Rofee and Ting Ting, Lydia, Sian Thang and MaMan, Philip Van Biaklian, Kyaw Sein, Amos, Dr. Ahkhi, Shelia and Winsome Vertannes, Esther, George and Gertrude Achard, Isaac, Luke, Jay Ah Ti, and many others. These are the keys to the success, having been willing to work cooperatively with us in an often hostile and uncomfortable environment.

FOREWORD

This book is an attempt to communicate some of the stories of events and situations that we have encountered through the years that have revealed the powerful, providential hand of God, the power of God's word, and the dedication of coworkers in a difficult and sometimes hostile work environment.

Janet and I have been blessed beyond our dreams as we have labored in this ministry over the past 30 years. We owe so many for helping us that we cannot begin to find a way to repay the debt. We have experienced the joy and satisfaction of being able to witness the result of promoting the cause of Christ. We understand the blessing of living in Christ, through His Grace, Love, and Mercy.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our efforts with this ministry have been the first priority of our life since its beginning. We knew that the best way to encourage our children and strengthen our marriage was to “seek first the Kingdom of God”. We are thankful to our parents, who were faithful Christians and taught us the importance of living a Christian life. We are thankful to the congregation at Double Springs for being our sponsor and overseer. They are our greatest supporter and partner. We are thankful to J.C. and Betty Choate for bringing us into their work many years ago and providing us with the basic training tools needed for missions ministry. Others who helped us through the years include Gay and Byron Nichols, Dennis and Sharon Larson, Gordon and Jane Hogan, Don Green, Don and Beverly Norwood, L.D. and Pat Willis, Edmund and Maurine Cagle, L.T. and JoAn Gurganus, Collin and Ellen McKee, Loy and Debbie Mitchell, Don and Sylvia Petty, James and Barbara Jones, Roy Beasley, James and Susan Lee, Louis and Bonnie Rushmore, Jerry and Paula Bates, Gene and Madolyn Gibson, and many others. We are also thankful for the support and partnership we have with our children Jenny, Jamie, Joey, and Jeremy.

We owe a great debt to the scores of congregations that provide the encouragement, prayers, and financial support required to carry out the program of work. We are especially grateful to the Double Springs, Alabama congregation that has overseen our work since 1996 and for the Stewartsville congregation that sponsored us as we began our work.

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THE BARRIER FAMILY MINISTRY

Our mission work journey started in 1978 when we attended the Pine Hill congregation near Florence, Alabama when I was given responsibility by the Pine Hill elders for evaluating their mission work program. While at Pine Hill in 1982, we met with J.C. and Betty Choate in our home in Florence, Alabama to discuss their work. Janet and I decided to become a part of the effort and have been associated with this work since then.

Prior to meeting the Choates, we had been evaluating mission work opportunities for several years and wanted to be more involved, but had to find a way that we could use our circumstances and abilities in a productive way. We were not trained for this type of work. The Choates offered to train us. We could visit congregations and raise funds for mission projects while we prepared for actual mission field assignments.

This beginning was the culmination of years of prayer and preparation. Janet and I were married in 1969, and together completed our college education at the University of Tennessee in 1972. Janet received a degree in Math Education and my degree was in Chemical Engineering. I was immediately drafted to serve in the U.S. Army. Janet took a job teaching Math and Science for the Priceville School near Decatur, Alabama. In 1973, I completed my active duty time in the Army and was assigned to the U.S. Army Reserve for the next 5 years. As we decided our next step in life, both Janet and I wanted to find a way to help serve the church in foreign mission fields. I applied for overseas jobs with no success. Over the next three years, I completed a graduate degree from the University of Tennessee. We hoped that additional education would help with our lifetime goals.

Our first two children (Jenny, 1974 and Jamie, 1976) were born while we lived in Decatur, Alabama and attended the Austinville congregation. The elders, Joe Jones, Ray Robinson, Doc Turner, and others, along with their preacher, Jackie Fox, encouraged our growth and interest in serving the church as best we could. At Austinville, we were first introduced to the work of J.C. and Betty Choate. In 1976, I accepted a job in Muscle Shoals, Alabama with the Tennessee Valley Authority. Our next two children, (Joey, 1977 and Jeremy, 1979) were born in Florence, Alabama. Janet continued her education at the University of North Alabama and received her MA in Math Education a few years

later. We worshiped with the Pine Hill congregation from 1976-1982 and I was appointed to serve as a deacon in 1978. The Pine Hill elders, Ervin Nesbitt, Edsel Faires, and Bud Jones, along with the preacher, Howard Rogers were strong advocates of mission work. My primary duty was to work with their missions program. Our interest and desire to be involved in foreign work was growing rapidly. Both Janet and I started taking evening classes at International Bible College in Florence. This very evangelistic school increased our desire to do mission work even more. Teachers and leaders like Charles Coil, Basil Overton, Cecil May Jr., Harvey Starling, Jim Massey, and others were very motivational and encouraged us to seek a way to do missions.

In addition to beginning our association with the Choates in June 1982, we began working with the Bevis congregation in Wayne County, Tennessee. I served as their preacher and evangelist. Janet taught classes for children. This experience was a great training exercise for us with the mentoring of Brother Lell Hinton. Four years after we began our work with the Choates, in 1986, I could no longer handle the duties as preacher for Bevis and do the things I had promised for the Choates, so we moved our membership to the Stewartsville congregation. Stewartsville was the congregation that Janet attended through her teen years. She had the privilege to learn from the evangelistic preaching, teaching, and work of Fred Dillon, Stewartsville's preacher for 14 years. Janet and I had met as I visited meetings there in 1967. My home congregation was Second Creek, a few miles north in Tennessee. We were married there in 1969, and Brother Dillon performed our wedding ceremony.

Our next ten years (1986-1996) were spent working with the Choates under the oversight of the Stewartsville elders, Claude Woods, Ray Kennedy, and Russell Lambert. We increased our workload with the Choates from year to year as we raised funds, traveled overseas, and helped with mission planning and administration. This time and experience was extremely valuable. The Choate's work in mass evangelism was unparalleled by any other. We had the privilege to learn from the best.

In 1996, I accepted the assignment of Missions Minister with the Double Springs, Alabama congregation. A lifelong friend, Vance Hutton, was their preacher and had encouraged me to visit the congregation there to discuss our work. The Double Springs goals for evangelism and missions were the same as ours. The congregation was overseen by three elders: Donald Posey, Frank Horsely, and Jim Posey. Donald Posey died in 2000 and John Larry West began serving as an

elder with Jim and Frank. This relationship has been a wonderful experience and is supported not only by the financial contribution of the congregation but by active participation of several men, including Don Posey, Greg Farris, Vance Hutton, John Thomaston, and Dr. Steven Christian that travel with us each year to mission fields in Asia to help teach and hold campaigns.

Our children were raised in an environment where evangelism was first priority. They traveled as teens with us to the mission field. Our three sons, along with their spouses, are mission workers and serve as part of our team. We continue to be involved with Heritage Christian University (formerly International Bible College) where our son Jeremy, Janet, and I serve as teachers and administrators. Joey is a Heritage graduate and continues studies in the MA program.

We have been blessed in more ways than we can count as we have worked in missions over the past years. Circumstances have always come together for good and our needs have been met. Provisions for training, support, and encouragement have never been in short supply. Over a hundred congregations provide support along with Double Springs for this work. We consider ourselves extremely fortunate and privileged to be a part of the work of taking the Gospel to all of the world. We have opportunities every year to help others begin work in the “mission field” through our visits with congregations and by working as administrators and teachers in Heritage Christian University and the World Evangelism School of Missions. Pray with us for continued success in reaching every person in the world with the Gospel of Christ.



Joey, Jamie, Jenny, Jeremy, Janet, and Wayne in 1986

OUR WORK TODAY

Our work today is carried out by a team of 14-15 brethren from the United States working together with about 30 key coworkers from the various foreign countries where we labor. Janet and I are blessed to be joined by our three sons and their spouses, five men from the Double Springs congregation, and several other preachers as we carry out a program of preaching, teaching, and training that integrates mass evangelism, campaigns, Gospel meetings, Bible teaching seminars, and Bible college teaching.

Mass evangelism efforts are conducted in cooperation with the Choate ministry (World Evangelism) from Winona, Mississippi and James Jones (World Mission Radio) in Nashville, Tennessee. Campaigns, Gospel meetings, and other preaching efforts are carried out by our team members from the United States as we travel from country to country and by foreign brethren from week-to-week throughout the year.

Bible schools are operated using our guidance and support all across Asia to train and educate local brethren for ministry as preachers, teachers, and leaders.

For many years now, we have been encouraged each year as we hear from several hundred thousand people that listen to our radio broadcasts and write us for help with further Bible study. Literature is sent to each person who writes to us.

Campaigns and Gospel meetings follow, and each year several thousand are baptized to complete their first steps of obedience to the Gospel. These efforts are primarily conducted by foreign brethren with our support, encouragement, and assistance.

Newly planted congregations are helped to be self-sufficient and sustainable by teachers, preachers, and leaders trained and educated in our Bible schools. Each school operates on a schedule and class format that accommodates local needs. Several hundred receive training and complete structured educational programs each year.

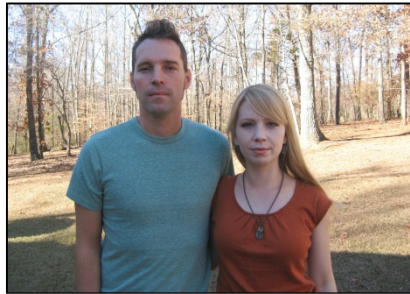
We believe this evangelism model patterns the model used in the first century as the Apostle Paul and others took the Gospel to all the world as commanded by Jesus in Matthew 28:19-20. We are blessed to have the privilege to be a part of this effort. We are thankful for the many partners, congregations, and individuals who support us with prayer, encouragement, personal labor, and funds.



Wayne and Janet Barrier



Jenny and Lan



Jamie and Katie



**Joey and Anna
Gracie and Noah**



**Jeremy and Robin
Sophia and Samuel**

STORIES FROM MYANMAR



The Shwedagon Pagoda in Yangon, Myanmar

FIRST TRIP TO BURMA

Wayne Barrier

In 1997, J.C. Choate and I were in a hotel room in Singapore, after visiting India and Sri Lanka. J.C. couldn't decide whether to go over to Burma (Myanmar) or not. He said, "I have been there almost every year for over 25 years and spend one night there and visit with the church in Rangoon. It hasn't grown in all of those years. I don't know whether to go again or not. Maybe we should go one more time."

The government of Burma was a military dictatorship and a puppet of China. The entire country had been closed off to the rest of the world since 1962. A one-day visa to spend one night in Rangoon while on your way to another country could be obtained. As far as we know, the small church meeting in Rangoon, consisting of about 12 people, was the only congregation of the Lord's church in the country in 1997.

When we arrived, we met with a man named U. Kyaw Sein who had been baptized in 1996. He had been a professor at the University in Yangon, a government leader, and had been taught by the Chinese for communist leadership. He had access to a Bible and studied by himself and learned the truth. He became a member of the Christian Church, but in 1996, he left the Christian church after studying more and obeyed the Gospel. He was put in prison for becoming a Christian. His wife was put in a work camp, and his six children were put in an orphanage. After his release, he gathered his family back together, except for one son that was never located.

During the time that J.C. and I were there, Kyaw Sein had about 18 men at his home studying the Bible in a weeklong school. Among those present was a man named Thian Lian. He had heard the Gospel on Radio Sri Lanka, a shortwave radio broadcast from the island of Sri Lanka. J.C. Choate was the speaker. Thian Lian responded to J.C.'s message by going to East India to meet with a preacher who could better teach him the truth. He was baptized, and when he came back, he preached for over two years, but couldn't convert anyone but his wife. Everyone thought he was part of a cult. He had come to Rangoon, but couldn't find the church.

On this trip, Thian Lian had brought 6 men from his home area in Northwest Myanmar to study at Kyaw Sein's house. J.C. and I were invited to help teach the gathering of students. Most of them had never

seen a Bible and only knew what someone had told them about it. J. C. and I would ride out to and from the school for 2-3 hours each day in the back of a pickup truck, and the men would ride each way with us so they could spend as much time with us as possible and learn even more. They asked many questions. One day in class, one man asked if he could hold my Bible, and one by one they cried as they touched a copy of God's Word for the first time. I gave them a Bible, and they carefully cut it apart and taped it together book by book, so they could take turns reading as much of it at night as they could while they were there.

All six men who came with Thian Lian were baptized by the time the school was over. They have attended many more school sessions and have gone on missionary campaigns all over their native areas to teach and preach. These faithful men have helped many others become Christians all over Burma.



The old airport in Yangon, Myanmar



The first school in Myanmar in 1997

WORSHIP SERVICE AT 8-MILE

Wayne Barrier

In 1997, J.C. Choate and I traveled for my first time from Singapore to Rangoon, Burma (Yangon, Myanmar) to visit with the brethren there. Burma is a very strong Buddhist country, but there was a very small congregation of the church in Rangoon. The local church meets in a small teakwood house at the 8-mile junction on Pyay Road. The house is about 30 feet from the road behind a group of stores by the roadside. Each evening as we went to the house for Bible study, I noticed soldiers walking up and down the street in front of the house entrance. As we neared the house, Sister Shelia Vertannes, recently widowed, met us on the small front porch. She smiled warmly and extended her arm to shake hands, with her other arm supporting it at the elbow, as is the custom in this country. She had known J.C. for many years from his yearly, one-day visits.

Burma had been cut off from the rest of the world since 1962 when the communists took control as they moved into most of the Southeast Asian countries. Burma was ruled by a military dictatorship that made Christianity an illegal religion. Sister Shelia's family was wealthy in the past, owning much land near their home. As the years passed, they have been required to sell most of it to appease the local leaders. In exchange, these leaders have ignored the small group of Christians as they worshipped in the Vertanne's home. Sister Vertannes' husband had been an air traffic controller for the small airport two miles down the road. She, her husband, and two children had been taught by Frank Pierce in 1972, and they were baptized by Parker Henderson in 1974. They were the first known Christians in the country.

On my first trip, we sat down on the front porch and removed our shoes and socks, which is an Asian practice, and went inside to meet with about 20 others who had already gathered for worship. The leading men sat in chairs on one end of the room, while the women and other men sat on grass mats on the floor. The group was larger than normal because we were having a school about 100 km from town and the students had come to meet here too. We had a good service with J.C. preaching to the group and about an hour of singing. After the worship, the group all ate lunch together on the floor, while we were escorted to the kitchen table, separated from the group because we were guests.

Shelia and her daughter Winsome served us our food, which was chicken soup, poured over noodles and topped off with limejuice. They put a fan on us to keep us cool in the sweltering heat. Shelia and Winsome, didn't sit with us, but insisted on standing to wait on us, in case we needed more to eat or drink. When we finished eating, we took a picture of the group in front of the house. Winsome, always keeps a photographic record when there are visitors at their house. After the picture taking, hand shaking, and saying goodbyes were done, I asked sister Shelia a question. I said, "What would happen if a soldier came into the yard while all of these people were here? It is illegal for more than five people to assemble for any reason." She replied, "They would take all of us down to the police station. After a few questions, they would send you home on the first plane out of the country. They would keep the rest of us in jail, maybe a month, and then they would let everyone go except for Winsome and myself. They would keep us indefinitely, possibly the rest of our lives. But it would be worth it, just to get the Gospel to this country".

I would just hope that we would have the faith and courage to continue to meet, if we were worshipping under those circumstances.



8-Mile Congregation in 1997

A TRIP TO BURMA

Janet Barrier

Wayne, Jenny, Edmund Cagle, and I left Huntsville, Alabama on Wednesday, October 11, 2000 headed for Myanmar (Burma), and 36 hours later, we arrived in Bangkok. Wayne and Edmund went to East Malaysia, and Jenny and I went on to Yangon. A sister in the church, Winsome Vertannes, met us at the airport on Friday and took us to a hotel. By the time that we arrived in Yangon, we were extremely tired, and we rested for several hours. We met at her house for supper and a devotional that lasted until 9:30 p.m... Winsome and her mother always feed whoever comes over to teach in the school or missionaries who come to speak to the congregation that worships in their home. On Saturday, we went to the market area to show Jenny some local handicrafts. This is a huge open-air market with anything from food to expensive clothing in it. Those of you who like flea markets would love it, except for the heat. We got back and had supper at a very nice restaurant called Karawaik. The building was shaped like a bird, and they had singing and folk dancing to entertain you while you ate the buffet meal.

I taught the children's class of about 10 children Sunday morning. Winsome translated for me. The children know some English, but mostly speak in Burmese. They sing a lot of Bible songs in English. A visiting missionary preached for the worship hour (hour and a half or so), and then Winsome and her mother fed everyone. The men sit in chairs, but the women always sit on the floor. There aren't enough chairs for everyone, so this is the way that they handle it. My legs always go to sleep, and my back hurts. I always feel like such a weakling, but the other missionary wives always sit in chairs, so I guess I am doing OK. We had chicken noodle soup that was wonderful. Sheila Vertannes feeds anywhere from 20-75 people every Sunday after church. She only has one burner and no stove. When she has large groups, she cooks outside on the ground with charcoal. She also has to make the communion bread and squeeze the grapes to make the grape juice. This trip though, she had bought grape juice from the market. It finally made it to Burma!

On Sunday night, we traveled to another house owned by George Achard for worship and a meal. Most of the same people can make it to both places on Sunday, but 10 or so can't, so they have worship at two different places. We had about 25 at the night service. We had quail egg

soup for supper. We got back to the room about 10:30 p.m. On Monday we rested. Jenny got sick around lunchtime with vomiting and diarrhea. That night we had a special class for the ladies. Three other missionary wives joined us for the class. One by one, they got sick during the ladies class. Even the woman who taught the class got sick as soon as it was over. Jenny and all three wives had to take medicine for about three days. Somehow, I survived. After the ladies class, Wayne and Edmund arrived from East Malaysia.

The main reason that we came to Myanmar was to teach in a Bible school, which began on Tuesday. This is about the 5th year that they have been having classes here, and every time we get moved to a new location. A new school building has been built about 50 minutes away from the city to teach classes to interested people who come from all over the country. Larry Watkins from the Stewartville congregation in Florence, Alabama helped get the plans drawn for the school. We have to ride in the back of a pickup truck with about seven to eight other people. This class session, we had about 40 students. These people were already Christians, but need more intensive training. I had a class of six women. I taught subjects like “How to Be a Better Wife”, “The Devil”, “Job”, and “How to Teach Children”. The last day, I gave material to the women who would be teaching children. One woman was so happy because the congregation where she attended did not have anyone who knew how to teach or that had any material with which to teach. What they did at her congregation was to bring in a denominational woman to teach the children. She was very happy that she had learned how to teach. Winsome would also have her come in to the city to observe her teaching the children. In the packet, I gave them a Bible Storybook, colors, pens, Bible stickers for their memory verses, paper, and a coloring book. I told them to trace the pictures from the coloring book, and that way they could use it for many years. Also, I told them to ask the congregation for a little money to buy more paper when they ran out. Most children’s classes in Burma stress a lot of memory work and I do too. I think that we may have gotten away from memorizing as much as we used to do here in the States.

On Sunday morning, I taught a ladies’ class, and Jenny taught the children. She really enjoyed it, and I think that the ladies wished that they had been in the class with the children. Usually, they are all together, but we thought that we would try to have separate classes, but Jenny was in the kitchen and I was about six feet away in the living room, and we could hear all of the songs that the children were singing, and it was very hard to concentrate. The women would keep peeking through the curtains to see her as she sang, “Who’s the King of the Jungle”.

The following Monday, another group of people from Double Springs came in to teach in the school. The school will go on for five weeks. We will have another one in the spring in which mostly new converts or people that have not been baptized will be there. It will also be about five weeks with about 70-80 coming for the school. We had to limit the number of students this fall because it was the first time at the new building.

When the school is over, about seven of the preachers and two to three of the women go on missionary journeys all over the country teaching the lessons that they have just learned. They usually conduct about five to eight of these each year. Different churches in the United States give them money to pay for travel expenses. One of these men was over in India preaching, and a local militant army arrested him and kept him in jail for 22 days. Some of the other preachers escaped because they were helped by the local people. The letters from these people sound so much like letters that the Apostles wrote. We usually get one or two letters a month from them. They are very encouraging. It's funny when you go over there, you go to encourage them, but they encourage me to keep going.

At night, we had devotionals, and Jenny and I taught the women some new songs. The last night that we were there, we sang for a couple of hours and had a lesson for about an hour, ate, of course, and then cried for about 45 minutes. It is so emotional when you leave, because you become so close during the time that you are there, and you don't know if you will ever be able to go back and see them again. Jenny really wants to go back again in the spring, and I hope that we can both go.



The 8-Mile Congregation in Yangon

KALAY

Wayne Barrier

For several years, we worked in Burma from our school near Yangon, training workers to go out across the country, preaching and teaching. Many of our students come from the northwestern areas near the Chin Hills. We applied to the government to go up to this area of the country, but could not get permission to go there. In 2001, Don Posey and I were finally granted a travel visa to go to Kalay in the Chin Hills, near the Himalayan Mountains. We flew on an old, worn out military plane. The generals confiscate old planes when they wear out and start their own airlines. This airline has the worst flight record of any airline in the world. It was so bad that there were crates of chickens in the back, the headliner was hanging down in our faces, and Buddhists priests were burning incense on the plane before we took off.

We began our trip by hopping from one small town to another all night. Finally, we arrived early the next morning at our destination of Kalay. The airport was a series of tin huts with barbed wire all around it. As we got off the plane, we followed the line of people going out of the airport, but before we got very far, a man pulled us out of line. Men with guns were all around. Our suitcases, boxes and briefcases were all taken from us. They wanted to take our passports, but I had worked for the government for many years and I knew that where your passport goes, you go. So, they took us into a holding area, with a concrete floor and walls made of barbed- wire all around.

A table and chair were brought out, and a then an officer sat down in the chair behind the table. He started to bark out questions in Burmese to us. We couldn't understand what he was saying. We couldn't understand why he was doing this. We rode up there on his airline, and they knew we were coming because we had bought tickets. This questioning lasted about 4 hours. Finally, we understood that we were to have a guide with us on our journey. We said our guides lived in Kalay, and we pointed to a fence where the five Burmese preachers were standing pressed up to the fence trying to hear what was going on. The soldiers ran and brought the senior preacher, Thian Lian, to the holding area. They began to question him in the same manner, and he answered back in Burmese.

A soldier brought in a stack of papers and gave them to the officer in charge. Thian Lian started signing documents, one after the other. All

of a sudden our suitcases, boxes, and briefcases started coming in. We packed up and ran out as fast as we could. Thian Lian asked, “Is it ok if we go directly out to the place where we are to teach and wait to check into your hotel? The people have been waiting since early this morning for you”. We said, “Of course!” and we jumped in the back of a small truck and rode through the little town to the place where we were to hold classes.

On the way, I said, “Thian Lian, what was all of that paper signing about?” He said, “Nothing, let’s just get out there to teach.” I asked him again and said, “In our country, when we sign papers, it means it usually involves something important.” I thought maybe he had had to pay a fine and I wanted to help. He said, “I didn’t want to tell you, but this week you are going to teach people the Bible, which is against the law. We are going to baptize people, which is also against the law. We are also going to baptize Buddhists. When you baptize a Buddhist, you can be put to death. The government is scared of Americans, because if they punish an American, it becomes an international incident. So, I had to sign agreements that I would take your punishment, if we do something wrong. So, next week when you go back home, I may have to die for doing what we are going to do this week. So, let’s make a difference. Let’s make it count.” We arrived at the place to teach. I thought there would be 30-40 people, but there were over 700 people waiting to be taught! We did teach and baptize Buddhists, and when we left on the plane, the soldiers were taking Thian Lian off into a small room at the airport.

We found out about three months later that they didn’t kill him, but he is under house arrest. If they want to make a public example out of him, they can execute him at any time. No questions asked. It has now been over 10 years since this happened, and Thian Lian is still alive and spreading the Gospel all over the country. His courage opened the door for the Gospel to go into hundreds of villages and towns as the group in Kalay was taught and trained that week.



Wayne and Thian Lian



First seminar in Kalay

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD

Wayne Barrier

In October 2002, Janet and I were in India, and our son Jamie was in Burma (Myanmar). Jamie had arranged for the Burma Bible School to begin as scheduled each fall. Don Norwood was also teaching at this time. On the second day of classes, government officials closed the school, told the students they would have to leave and go home. Local brethren found places to house all of the students, and then the leaders, and Jamie and Don went back to Rangoon. We heard about what had happened and got over to Burma as soon as we could.

The church met and discussed the situation and decided on a plan of action. They could appeal the decision of the government, but if you appeal and question government authority, you could be punished by being put in prison or worse. They decided it would be worth the risk and chose four people to go and make the appeal. They chose a young man, a middle-aged man, and an older man, all different tribes. They also chose sister Vertannes, a widow, living in Yangon. She was the first person to become a Christian in Burma, and the church had been meeting in her home since 1974. Age is very respected in this country, so they wanted her help representing their plea.

They scheduled the appeal and had their meeting, but they did not get a favorable answer. They could appeal at a higher level and decided to do so. They went through several levels of the government with their appeal with no success. Finally, they had to appeal to the central government, the equivalent of our federal government in Washington. If they did not win their appeal here, they could be put to death. They decided to try regardless of the consequences. They went to the compound where the central government was housed. They entered the office with their heads bowed, as the custom is in Burma to show respect and humility. They had to slowly inch their way toward the officer in the room, not looking up.

Out of the corner of their eyes, they could see a woman sitting at the desk, looking over some papers. They were very surprised! She was a woman officer in this military government. She must have been very ruthless to make it to this high position. She did not look up. Finally, they made their way across the room to her desk. She glanced up and looked back down slowly. All of a sudden, she looked again. She put

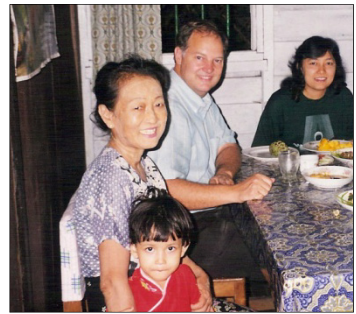
down her papers, pushed back her chair, and made her way across the room to the group. They wondered what she would do. She was focused on sister Vertannes. Would she slap her or beat her? When she reached sister Vertannes, she put her arms around her and started to cry. She whispered in our sister's ear, and then sister Vertannes also started to weep. They were standing there hugging and crying, and the men didn't know what was going on. The woman went back to her desk and signed all of the papers to allow us to go on with the school, and then they left the room without a word being spoken. The men couldn't wait to hear an explanation for what had happened.

What happened is this, many years earlier, sister Vertannes was sitting on her front porch and a little, skinny, dirty, hungry, 8-year-old girl wandered into her yard. Sister Vertannes asked the little girl where she was from and if she had any family. She was an orphan. Shelia went to check this out and saw a military truck going down the street, dropping off children to get rid of them. Our sister took her in, raised her, and sent her to school. When she was 15-years-old, she took a test given by the government, as every child has to do. She scored very high, and in a few days, the government took the child away. Sister Vertannes had never heard from her again. The government sent her to college where she received a doctorate, and worked her way up through the ranks of government, and now she was the head of Religious and Cultural Affairs for the country. The orphan girl was the officer our brethren saw that day.

How wonderful it is to see how God works in people's lives. We have never been asked any questions or been shut down again. Millions of people have heard the Gospel through this school in Burma all because a woman did a kind deed.



Shelia's house in Yangon, Myanmar



**Shelia, Wayne,
Winsome, and SuSu**

TRAVEL HAZARDS

Jamie Barrier

It had been a busy week in Kalay. Located at the base of the mountains, in the far northwestern corner of Burma, Don Posey and I taught all day and deep into the night, sweating and swatting mosquitoes, answering biblical questions, and leading singing to the natives. It didn't take long; after a few days, we were worn thin. Being a remote location, it can be very difficult to exit the city. The hotel in which we stayed was located across the street from the airport. Once you pass the horseback riders, motorcycles, and heavy Chinese military trucks, you stand beneath a barbed wire outdoor shed, complete with a tin roof, in which a group of shouting soldiers look at your passport and hand it off to one another. This is the first level of the Kalay Airport Baggage Check Station. Any missionary has seen this sometime and can tell you about it.

The next step is to enter a small, hot building, kill a few more mosquitoes, and await a busted loudspeaker to blare your boarding call. It was at this point that the wait proved in vain. After sitting for a few hours, we were told "flight canceled," and we made our way back across the street to the hotel. This happens frequently, and over the years, we have come to expect the challenge to enter and leave some of these places, Kalay being the top of the list.

The next day, we waited and waited and still no word was given. Somehow, we discovered our only bet was to catch a flight over to Mandalay, and we waited and waited for one of these. After a couple of hours, the room filled with soldiers. The green uniforms and wooden guns slowly poured in. It became extremely hot. I remember seeing the white sun swallow color as we carried our bags across the runway and onto the plane.

The interior was just as brutal – duct tape, ripped fabric on the seats, and wires hanging from overhead where once lights were made to shine down on the passenger, if he chose to read. It smelled rank and used. I looked out of my window and asked Don, who was a pilot back home in the USA, if the plane looked secure. "Ask me after we land and I'll tell you," he said.

I remember looking over the shoulder of the stewardess and seeing into the cockpit, where a young uniformed man licked his finger, applied

it to the suction part of some sort of weather device, and stuck it on to the front windshield.

“What was that?” I asked, turning to Don. He didn’t reply. His reaction looked sort of gray and unreadable.

It was somewhere around this time that we found out why we had been able to even get a flight out of Kalay. We were two of the only people sitting there that were not members of the Burmese military, and sure enough, a small group of soldiers then proceeded to carry a sick bed with a weary man resting on it between the aisle, holding tubes and plastic bags of body fluids. The wrinkled head of an old, sick soldier was inches from my right elbow, and the smell permeating through the Asian heat is still with me. As soon as this man lying on his bed was in the center of the plane and all the soldiers surrounding him was secure, the engines roared, and we bounced up into the air, and shot out of the valley.

It doesn’t take long to reach Mandalay by air (the ground adventure is another story), and soon we began our descent. The wires hanging from the ceiling swayed back and forth with the groan of the engine. I remember seeing landing gear over Don’s shoulder. It creaked and lowered, with small wheels awaiting the touch down, only to instantly retract. This seemed to confuse the pilot. Again, the landing gear was set into motion, rattling down, before instantly reversing and going back into the wings.

“Is that normal?” I said to Don. Don took his eyes from the window and stared seriously toward the front cabin. I saw sweat running down his check.

The plane seemed to be as sick as the gentleman next to me. Wires swayed and flickered. The stuffing in some of the headrests, browned and tan from years of use, spilled openly and freely onto the stained floorboards.

Again, the landing gear tried to lower as the plane bounced in its descent, and again it retracted. I looked over at the dying general. His eyes were wet and glazed, tubes and wires coming out of his nose.

I looked again at Don. Silence.

The whir was heard again, and I saw wheels being lowered as the humid, smoking skies parted. It was seconds after this that the plane slammed her way onto the ground, making her jostled way toward the exit gate.

“Do you know what was happening to the landing gear?” I asked Don.

He picked up his bag and made his way into the exit aisle. “I know enough to realize something really bad was going on.”



Thian Lian and Don



Don at the Taungselot Hotel



The Airport in Kalay, Myanmar

AHKHI

Wayne Barrier

In 2002, I met with a man named Ahkhi from the Kachin State of northeastern Burma. He was attending our Bible school near Yangon. Our friend Kyaw Sein had known him for many years and knew Ahkhi was very serious about learning the Gospel. He was baptized into Christ during this session of the school.

Ahkhi went back to his home state and began teaching the Gospel to all who would study with him. He converted his wife, and they came to the next session of the five-week school to learn more about the Bible to prepare to teach others. He told me that he and his wife spoke the Lisu language, the same language as the people across the border in China and Tibet. His desire was to cross the border and reach these people with the Gospel. He asked me to help him, and I agreed to do so. After the school was over, he went on two exploratory trips into western China and Tibet to see how hard it was to move through their military checkpoints. He did not have the papers to be able to travel freely into this country, but he was willing to try.

The next school session, he told me he had given Bibles and songbooks to the Chinese and Tibetan people in their own language, baptized a few people, and had given out medicine to them, since he was also a medical doctor. Ahkhi brought back pictures of this strange, undeveloped land. He was now ready to go on an extended trip into the river valleys leading further into China and Tibet.

After the school sessions, he prepared for the trip. First, he had to make it through the checkpoints at the border. He was successful and went back to visit the ones he had baptized on the other trips. His first day there, he suddenly became very sick. He got a small room in a hotel and took some medicine that he had brought with him, hoping he would be better in a few days. He steadily got worse. He had someone bring him some water to drink. His condition grew worse, and he realized that he was going to die if he did not get some stronger medicine. Since he was a doctor, he knew what he needed. He arranged for some people to carry him to the clinic for the Chinese soldiers, because he knew that would be the only place to get the medicines he needed in this remote area. He had no choice, but the risk was great that he would be arrested. He was admitted to the clinic, and they began giving him medicine,

assuming he was a retired soldier. After a few days when he was better, the soldiers asked for his papers. They realized he had no papers. He was in China *illegally*. The doctor shouted for the soldiers to come, carry him out the door, and shoot him. Just when they were carrying him out, another doctor walked by that had not been there that week. He asked what the problem was, and the soldiers told him. He looked at Ahkhi and said, “Is it you, Ahkhi?” Ahkhi recognized the doctor as well.

It seems that back in the 1960’s when communism was taking over these southeastern Asian countries, that Ahkhi had just finished medical school. The Chinese army was in Burma helping with a military takeover of the government. Educated people were being killed, but instead of killing Ahkhi, they sent him with other educated people to China to help train doctors. The doctor at the clinic had been a student of Ahkhi’s during that time. They hugged, and then the doctor told the soldiers to leave him alone. He took Ahkhi home to his house and nursed him back to health. He made him his honorary father since his own father was dead. He also arranged for Ahkhi to have permanent papers so he could travel in China and Tibet for the rest of his life.

Ahkhi made several more trips to these areas of the country and baptized people in over 30 communities over the next two years. On a mission to China in January of 2007, Ahkhi returned from his trip, very tired, too tired even to discuss his trip with his wife, and lay down in his bed and died from a heart attack. He had taken pictures and kept a record of this final trip. This was a great loss, but thankfully, the seed was sown and taking root before his death.



Ahkhi and his friend



Ahkhi and Lememar

QUITE AN EXPERIENCE

Janet Barrier

On my first trip to Kalay, I was to teach the women. They had never had a woman teach them the Bible, and Thian Lian, the local evangelist, was very excited for me to begin my task. We left the hotel and arrived at his house, and went up the small steps of the bamboo house to the living room. I saw two children who were sleeping on the bare floor. Two women were introduced to me, who had walked over 50 miles through mountain passes to attend the meetings. Both of the women were in their 70's.

We walked to a rented building where I would teach in the bottom floor, and Wayne was to teach the men on the top floor. There were about 180 women and 100 children all sitting on the floor in my classroom, eager to begin the lessons. Many of the women were nursing their babies, with no thought of covering themselves. Men were cooking rice in large black pots outside, and the odor was drifting in through the large windows along each side of the room. Occasionally a person with a video camera and large light would come in and put this in my face to video me.

I had five translators because there were many language groups in the room. After I would say something, they would get in a huddle and try to decide what I had said. I was teaching out of Betty Choate's book, *Role of Woman*, which had been translated into the Chin language. So some could read out of it to better understand. Lydia was my main translator with Ting Ting helping. They took turns writing things on the board for me.

After an hour or so of teaching, someone decided that since we had such a large group, that I needed a microphone, but in actuality, it was not me that needed it, but the translators. I taught them about being in subjection to men and how we were not to teach men publicly. The translation was not clear because all of a sudden, the huge windows were all being shut, and no air was coming into the room. I later learned that they thought that a man could not even hear a woman's voice.

At lunch, we went to Sweet Dreams Café, which was approved for foreigners. The food is very much like Chinese food, so we finally explained what we wanted, chicken and vegetables along with rice. We

ate this every day, so we wouldn't make a mistake and get something that we didn't like to eat.

Each day around 4 p.m., we would go back to the hotel for some rest before our night session. I would always get a bath at this time because the water was in big tanks on the rooftop, and it would be warm enough to wash my hair. We had no power, so I bathed in the dark.

One day, Cherry, Thian Lian's wife, came in the middle of class and proceeded to take my measurements in front of everyone. I didn't know what was going on, but just obeyed her.

At night, Wayne would teach around two to three hundred people who would come to hear him preach the Gospel. On the last night that we were there, Cherry presented me with a Chin longyi (wrap around skirt) and blouse made by herself out of the local material of the Chin tribe. Wayne received a coat out of Chin material also. As the people left, they each put a small sum of money in our hands, even though they were so poor. One woman gave me a boiled egg, which was all she had. It was a very humbling experience.



Men cooking rice for lunch



Lydia and Ting Ting



Women and children's class in Kalay

MY SECOND TRIP TO KALAY

Janet Barrier

Wayne, Vance Hutton, and I left on a small jet from Yangon early in the morning after waiting an hour for the fog to lift. As we left the city, we could see how much of the land along the Ayeyarwaddy River was near flood stage. As we came near to land at the airport in Mandalay, we could see the men in Chinese hats with their pairs of oxen plowing in each square field. We rose high over mountains with small villages nestled between the green peaks. As we began our decent into Kalay, we could see the small, teak houses lining a partially paved road. The plane seemed to be landing on top of them, but we glided to a stop on a new runway beside the newly constructed airport.

As we descended the steps of the plane, we could see Thian Lian, with his bomber jacket, silver tooth, and broad smile waving in the sea of faces near the entrance. We said our hellos and hurried through the corridor of people to the front of the airport. Several young preachers helped us with our bags as we crossed the street to our hotel. The freshly washed sheets were drying on lines along the front steps of the Taungsalot Hotel.

The lobby had a wooden floor and was lined with chairs along two walls. A short, stocky Burmese man with long facial hairs protruding from a good-sized mole on his chin helped us to check in. The walls of the hotel were spattered with bullet holes as you climbed up the steps. The higher up you go in the hotel, the more expensive and less used the rooms, so we took the \$15 room on the fifth floor.

As we started up the steps, several slim, young girls took our bags up to the room. Our room looked just as we had left it 18 months before: one queen size bed and a twin bed, with Taungsalot printed on the sheets, a table, two chairs and a clothes rack, no hot water and one dingy towel each. There were two windows; one opened to the street, while the other gave a beautiful view on the mountains behind a very tall Catholic Church and school. We rushed to freshen up a bit before we left for our adventure.

We climbed into the back of a small truck to go about six blocks to the school near Thian Lian's house. Behind his woven bamboo house was the newly constructed school building. He and the local men of the

church had done most of the work on the building. It was two stories with classrooms and eating area downstairs and living quarters upstairs.

About 160 people attended, and I was to teach in the room on the far end of the building. We divided the class between men and women, and about 35 women and six children were in my class. Lydia, Thian Lian's sister, was my translator. She translated my lessons into the Chin language. She looked very weak because she had been in the hospital for two months and had just checked out today to help me. I found out later that she checked back into the hospital as soon as we left.

We began our class, but it was hard to concentrate because a cow was mooing outside the window and everyone laughed. Smoke would occasionally come in the window because the cooking area was nearby. The students were very attentive even though sitting on the hard brick floor for hours at a time.

We had a break for lunch, and went to the Sweet Dreams café, a Chinese restaurant approved for foreigners. We resumed after lunch and met until 4 p.m. A night session was held with Vance and Wayne doing the preaching. The singing is very enthusiastic with four-part harmony. Thian Lian prepared a songbook with English on one page and Chin on the other, so it is easy to participate.

The next day, Ting Ting helped to write the lessons on the board for the group. She is a young mother of two and soon to be three. Everyone who can read and write takes notes for all of the lessons. Each of the five days went on in this manner. I noticed that on the last day, it was very quiet in class. I later learned that the cow had been killed for a meal in our honor!

In the afternoon, we all walked down to the stream that meandered through the town. This was where we were to have the baptisms. We walked past many teak houses and even more bamboo ones, and eventually into the country. We saw ox carts, well-kept gardens, and small houses. The group became much larger as we neared the stream. Six people were immersed in the swollen stream while the others were singing on the bank of the river.

We left early the next morning with many of the preachers and teachers waiting to wave to us as we ascended the steps of the plane. The mist covered the tops of the mountains as we flew back to our hotel in the capital city of Yangon.



**Wayne, Vance and I grinding corn
near Thian Lian's house**



Vance, Wayne and I



A typical house in Kalay

A TEST OF COURAGE

Wayne Barrier

In the fall of 2005, Janet and I went to Burma (Myanmar) for our annual Bible school session near Yangon (Rangoon) for about 45 people. When we arrived at the airport, the local hotel staff met us at the gate and told there were major problems in the country. They put us in their van and told us to keep our heads down. Soldiers were everywhere. We didn't know what was happening, but we knew it was serious. After arriving safely at the hotel, our friend Winsome Vertannes told us there had been an overthrow of the government that day. The ruling General of the military government was an educated man, who had been talking about sharing power with the freely elected democratic leader, Aung Sang Su Kyi. She had been elected in the early 1990's, but had never been allowed to govern. The military has kept her under house arrest since elected. The current military leader was giving the people greater freedom. They also were allowed some free trade. The people really loved him because of his attitude.

The hardline generals did not want any freedom given to the people. On this day, they stormed the offices of the ruling general, and took him and all of his staff away to a prison on an island in the Bay of Bengal. His father was also arrested, and his mother died of a heart attack during the excitement. These people were never heard of again. The new leader was a general who had earned his reputation in the northern areas of the country persecuting Christians and opponents of the government. He had burned many church buildings and killed many Christians. This made the other military leaders like him because it is a Buddhist country. The higher Buddhist priests were sympathetic to these leaders.

After two days of not being allowed to leave the hotel, they finally decided we could travel the 100 km to our school. The school property is in a jungle area surrounded by military bases. There are other schools from denominations in this same area. They put all of the "Christians" together to better watch them. Each day helicopters buzz the grounds to intimidate the students.

I began classes one day, and we were discussing the government. We knew that this new general would not be kind to Christians or their cause. We had already heard from the Internet that there was soon to be a widespread purge of Christians in Burma. What do you say to men

who may have to face this type of persecution? What would we be discussing if this were happening here in our country? Would we be talking about trying to get to Canada or some other country? I was trying to come up with something that would encourage them. Finally, a man named Simon, who was respected by all the men, said, “Brother Wayne, May I say something?” I said, “Of course.” He said, “Make no mistake. We are not worried about what will happen to us. We are concerned that we may die before we take the Gospel to this country. Our work is not finished.”

Do we have this kind of faith and determination to get the Gospel to the rest of the world?



Brave leaders of the church in Myanmar



**Winsome &
Sheila
Vertannes**

**Janet & Wayne
Barrier**

**Bonnie & Louis
Rushmore**

2008

A WEDDING CEREMONY

Joey Barrier

In the spring of 2007, Anna and I, Jon Lucius, and John Thomaston traveled to Kalay in northwestern Myanmar (Burma) to teach in a weeklong Bible camp. Over 150 people had traveled from the region, East India, and southwestern China to attend the camp. Kalay is situated on a plateau surrounded by the foothills of the Himalayan Mountains. It takes about two hours by plane to arrive in this area from the capital city of Yangon (Rangoon).

We checked into our hotel, left our bags, and then went out to the campsite. When Thian Lian, the director of the school in Kalay, met us, he said “Each one of you will have a class for the whole day; me with the teens, Jon Lucius with the adults of one language group, John Thomaston with the adults of another language group, and Anna with the 50 children”. Jon had planned to just take pictures and observe on this trip, and he was very surprised that he would be teaching all day. Jon asked me what he would teach, and I just handed him my notes, since he would be teaching the adults.

We taught all day, ate lunch, and then had afternoon and evening classes. We returned to the hotel, which is one of those places that is very scary at night. As you ascend to the fourth floor, you notice bullet holes along the walls. The power is off for most of the night, so that means the fans are off, too. Mosquitoes come in the cracks in the window screens so you must use mosquito bombs to keep them out and get some sleep. During the night, Anna heard a noise on the head of the bed. It sounded like an animal. It jumped on the bed, and then into one of the suitcases, eating and munching our only good food source for the week. We were too afraid to get up and find a flashlight to see what was eating the food. Finally, it was quiet, so we went to sleep.

I had learned that one of our translators and teachers in the Kalay Bible College, Run Lian, had wanted me to perform his wedding ceremony while we were in Kalay for the Bible camp. Our association with Run Lian had been for over 10 years in this remote area of the country. Run Lian had informed me upon our arrival that he was ready for the ceremony the next morning. He also said he wanted the ceremony performed at 8 a.m. in the morning so it would not interfere with classes that day. We reached the school just before 8 a.m., and the

wedding party was ready. It was a big honor for me to perform the wedding for this Burmese couple during this meeting. The couple said their vows, and then as they were leaving, the local men were cleaning everything up for the classes to begin at 9 a.m. I wonder how many of our brides would be willing to be ready for a wedding at 8 a.m. so Bible classes could take place in the wedding hall later in the morning. The dedication of these people to spreading the gospel is simply amazing.



**Joey, Run Lian,
Run Lian’s wife, and Anna**



**Thian Lian’s daughter
carrying a child**



A street in Kalay

THE CYCLONE

Jeremy Barrier

On May 2, 2008, a massive cyclone struck the coast of Myanmar, sweeping from west to east through the Irrawaddy Delta, and finally making its way through Yangon, the capital city of Myanmar (formerly known as Burma). Initially, we heard nothing from the Christians that we knew in Yangon. All we knew is that 60% of the roofs were off the homes in Yangon, and there were no phone lines or Internet access in the city. All we could do was hope and pray. Our coworkers in the Philippines were busy. Chito Cusi, President of M.A.R.C.H. for Christ, a Christian relief and medical/evangelism aid organization, was already corresponding with the mission team of the Double Springs, AL church of Christ.

The Double Springs work in Myanmar over the past 12 years has been very effective. Schools are operating in four regions of the country, and local coworkers have reported hundreds of baptisms in these locations every year. Chito thought the most obvious response by Christians should be headed up by the Double Springs church, which had already done most of the groundwork alongside the Myanmar Christians in spreading the Good News to that country. Double Springs responded immediately by committing to \$20,000 and sent Chito to Yangon. Chito was on the ground in Myanmar about a week after the cyclone struck, and was in the Delta area within days after his arrival. He was accompanied to this area by Myanmar Christians (I will not mention their names to protect the church there). The initial work included checking on all of the Christians that we knew there to find out about their safety. All were safe. However, most of the Christians there saw extensive damage to their homes, so Chito went to them one by one offering help in supplying roofing supplies and other items needed to rehabilitate their homes and livelihood. Once this was done, efforts were directed outward the communities around the Christian's homes and beyond.

Soon afterward, Double Springs decided to send workers from the US to assess the damage, and it was decided that Joey Barrier and I should go. Within days, we were applying for visas, having been given the green light that visas were available. On May 23, we arrived in Yangon, simultaneous to the arrival of the UN, who filled over half of

the plane. A UN Pledge Conference with over 52 nations represented was taking place, while the government of Myanmar was promising aid to the people. Without disclosing all of the details, the promises of the Myanmar government were largely hollow. The government had delayed aid for 12 straight days, finally allowed only five days for aid from UN workers, and then declared that the period for aid was over, and that rehabilitation was to begin immediately. Even with these restrictions, we were able to begin our effort to help the hundreds of thousands who desperately needed food, water, and shelter. The reason for the delayed response of the government was due to the fact that many of the people in the delta were relatives of the rebel Kayin tribe of eastern Myanmar, and also there were a large number of Baptists in the delta. Both groups are considered a scourge by the government. It became clear very quickly that the government wanted these people dead, and no response was exactly what they intended.

There were numerous checkpoints along the way to the delta, so it was impossible for Joey and me to travel to some of the more restricted areas. Yet, there were other areas that were easier to access. Due to the fact that Chito was a Filipino and looked Burmese, he was able to get to many of the areas as long as he kept silent, not letting them know that he didn't speak Burmese!

We arrived in Myanmar after Chito returned to the Philippines. We were able to follow up after Chito, working with two other workers from M.A.R.C.H., Shem Sameon and Dr. Conrad Dietro. Our work along with the Burmese Christians was to distribute food, tarps, water tablets, mosquito nets, and other medical supplies. Over 5,000 families were helped over the first two weeks.

A team of four Burmese workers was sent to the hardest hit areas, such as Bogale and Labutta. On their trip, they were able to rent a boat and take it from one destroyed village after another, distributing aid and telling the people that it was due to the love of Christ that they had come. Three weeks after the Cyclone had hit, the team still saw over 100 dead bodies and hundreds of dead cows and water buffalo lying all along the river and around the villages, breeding further problems and disease. Joey and I were able to travel south of Yangon to the delta area of Kyauk Tan, distributing supplies, providing medical aid, and following up on earlier visits by our medical team.

In addition to our team, there were two teams that were going out from Yangon and yet a third team of Christian workers, based in Hmawbi who were spearheading efforts to help people in Bogale, Dedaye, Pyapon, and Ngaputaw. As we completed our trip, two other

American workers arrived in Yangon. They were prepared to continue working with the Burmese team. These workers included another M.A.R.C.H. volunteer, and then Philip Garner and Bill McDonough, working through Partners in Progress. Partners in Progress had corresponded with Chito Cusi and decided that they would be willing to work alongside M.A.R.C.H. in helping the Myanmar Christians.

At this point, we are continuing to sponsor follow-up efforts and relief to these affected areas each week. We are considering further options for longer-term relief and evangelistic efforts to these areas. We are also asking that you pray for the people of Myanmar. As we spoke with a day-laboring tenant farmer, who lived in a village near Kyauk Tan, he told us that under normal circumstances, he is planting rice in the fields at this time of year. However, only 20 acres of his 200 acres can be planted because the rest of it is under water.

What do people do when entire villages are destroyed, farmland is under water for over two months, no governmental aid, and being forced to stay in these same devastated villages except for unusual circumstances? We must pray and continue to offer help. As far as we know, the death toll is up to 130,000. This number is still rising and will continue to rise. I know that we will not be able to help everyone, but we are committed to continuing to provide aid by bringing both water and Living Water to the areas to which we have already gone. May God continue to keep this window of opportunity open.



Joey and Philip in tree at the school



Winsome handing out tarpaulins in Cyclone affected areas



Jeremy showing how to use a water purification system



People waiting for help after the cyclone



U. Bay Thay and Sian Thiang with supplies for the people



Claude, Madge, Winsome, Sheila, Janet, Wayne

MYSTERIOUS WAYS

Janet Barrier

It had now been almost five months since Cyclone Nargis hit the Ayeyarewaddy Delta area of Myanmar (Burma) in May of 2008. In October, Wayne and I, along with Louis and Bonnie Rushmore traveled into some of the affected areas and saw where the tarps that were brought by Chito Cusi, and Joey and Jeremy Barrier were still being used. We saw about 100 children meet in a thatched roof building that was constructed in a small village from the relief funds. I was to teach the children, but many of the fathers of the children were in the building, so I asked Louis if he would teach. He taught them a Bible lesson, and they learned some new songs. The adults also were learning the songs and were very interested in the visuals that were being shown to the children. The older women and the children were fed bread, cheese, yogurt, and other goodies afterwards.

Joan McFall, from the Oakland congregation near Florence, Alabama provided the funds for the food and gifts for the women and children. What makes this so special is that this is a Buddhist community. We passed out gifts to the children and watched about 30 water buffaloes walk through the area. The church at 8-mile, along with a new preacher in the area, Hnin Maung, conducts these services twice a month, with the permission of the man who is over 100 households.

We then proceeded to a newly formed congregation near the town of Kyauk Tan that meets in a small building on their property. They provided us snacks, which were something similar to our French toast and tea. The road was very small with bicycles and horse carts plus an occasional motorcycle. We watched a man fishing with a net, who caught a very large prawn.

This family attended our fall school program at Hmawbi to learn the Bible better. They also have taken in an 8-year-old orphan from the community. Her father died from Malaria, and her mother was killed in the cyclone.

This girl later was at the school helping with the cooking to help pay her room and board. I gave her some gifts one day, along with the children of the cooks at the school. I invited her to come into the ladies class the next day. She came in and looked around as we sang and learned about the Bible. She did not know any of the songs since she

was a Buddhist. The next day, she knew every song in English and Burmese, about six in all. I praised the girls on teaching her the songs. On the last day of class, I divided the women and had a game of questions from the Bible. I asked a question and her side guessed, but no one knew the answer. Finally, she spoke up and gave the correct one. It is amazing to see the growth of the church in these new areas and how God works in mysterious ways.

THE DELTA AREA OF MYANMAR



**Wayne, Janet, Louis, Bonnie,
Hnin Maung and wife**



Orphaned girl at school



**A fisherman in the
delta area of Burma**



A child asleep at the school

Buffaloes in the delta region



PICTURES FROM MYANMAR



Kyaw Sein and J.C. making plans in 1997 in Myanmar



**Wayne, Shelia, Winsome, Janet,
Chi Chi Min, and Jenny**



The normal mode of travel in Myanmar



Monks on morning walk through the town of Yangon



Katie's ladies class in Myanmar



A fisherman on Inlay Lake



**Winsome, Janet, Lydia, Jenny,
and Anna at Hmawbi School**



A bus on the Grand Trunk Road in Kalay



A woman in Kalay



A Padaung lady weaving cloth



At Scott's market



A woman selling pamalo



The women's quarters at the school in Hmawbi



A Buddhist temple in Yangon



The 8-mile congregation in 1998



Kyaw Sein about to baptize in Myanmar



A young monk in Myanmar



**Jamie and Katie
in Myanmar**

**Janet teaching in the
school near
Yangon, Myanmar**



SHORT STORIES FROM BURMA

Janet Barrier

- In the hotel in Yangon, Myanmar, Edmund Cagle, Wayne, Jenny, and I were eating breakfast. Edmund didn't like his bacon because it was not cooked well done. Edmund asked the waitress to please cook it more for him. She quickly returned with twice as much bacon, but it was not cooked done either. She thought he meant more bacon, not more cooking.
- Jamie's friend wanted to cook something special for him. She prepared it, and then came in for him to try some. It was a cracker with a small squid on top of it. He ate three of them so as not to hurt her feelings, but promptly went and threw up.
- Wayne was teaching from the second floor of the school building at Hmawbi. A man jumped up, looked out the window, and said something in Burmese. Then another man stood up. Soon, they were all standing and started to run down the steps and outside. A Burmese python was spotted outside, and they all went to catch it. One man grabbed the snake by the tail and began to swing it around and around his head. This disoriented the snake so it could be cut into pieces. He then slammed its head against a tree and killed it. It was quickly cut up and put on the fire to cook. The students had a great supper that night.
- In 1999, I taught a class for young girls. At the end, I gave them some lotion from Dollar General that cost \$1. One girl began to cry and said she had never had anything as nice as that and she would sit it somewhere and just look at it. The average pay for a family is about \$50 per year, and lotion cost the equivalent of \$2 in US money, so this lotion would cost the equivalent of two weeks wages.
- Simon, a preacher from Kalay in northwestern Burma, told me about the first time he heard about Jesus and the effect that it had on him. A missionary had come to his village when he was a child and had pictures of Jesus during his birth, life and death. When he heard the story and saw the pictures, he decided right then that he would devote the rest of his life to following him. We never know what effect we might have on children when we are teaching them.

- In 2004, Vance Hutton, Wayne, and I traveled to Myanmar, but there was a typhoon in Japan, so we were stuck at the airport for about 24 hours, sleeping on the floor. We finally made it to Myanmar, where Winsome, Kyaw Sein, and others had waited in the Yangon airport all this time for our arrival. Kyaw Sein said, “Is it harder to wait on the Lord or to wait on Wayne?” They decided it was harder to wait on Wayne.
- In Kalay, we worshipped with the local congregation on Sunday morning. There were many more people there than usual because we had a seminar the week beforehand. They filled up the cups with grape juice three times, without washing in-between, and Wayne was the last to drink.
- Jeremy was teaching at the school in Hmawbi, near Yangon, Burma. As he taught, many helicopters flew over. He was reading from his Bible and counting helicopters as he taught. A man stood up, looked outside, and began to whisper. The room was soon humming as word spread that Thian Lian had arrived. Jeremy said it was as if the apostle Paul had come onto the grounds of the school.
- While Joey was teaching in Myitkyina in northeastern Burma, he encountered many people who had a problem with alcoholism. A native missionary named Luke explained that years ago a missionary from a denominational church had come to teach the Bible to these people and had learned that they practiced cannibalism. He encouraged them to give it up in exchange for whiskey.

STORIES FROM INDIA



THE TAJ MAHAL NEAR AGRA, INDIA

THE FAITH OF A SICK MAN

Wayne Barrier

About 20 years ago, I was preaching in a seminar in south India with brother Swamy. Each night, we had a large group of people, sitting in chairs, on the floor, leaning in the windows, and even up on the pulpit. The meeting lasted five days and nights. I noticed a man who came every day and then returned at night. He would grip the chair in front of him and cry. You could tell he really wanted to be baptized, and I couldn't understand his delay. I confronted him on the fourth night and asked him, "Why are you delaying? Why not be baptized?" He said, "You see, I am diabetic and have heart disease. I receive my medical supplies from the government at no charge. If I become a Christian, they will not give them to me anymore, and I don't have enough money to pay for them. So, if I become a Christian, then I will surely die." I didn't know what to say. I didn't have enough money to take care of him the rest of his life. What would I do? What would he do?

The next night, which was the last night of the meeting, the man came forward at the invitation. He and 14 others were baptized that night. We went to the baptistery that night, and he put on Christ. He died soon afterwards. Would you become a Christian, if you knew it would mean your death?



Wayne and Brother Swamy preparing to preach while on a village tour

THE MAN ON THE TRAIN

Wayne Barrier

On one of my first trips to India, I traveled by train from New Delhi to Bangalore, a distance of 1,500 miles. Trains in India are not at all like the ones in the States. They have open windows, are very crowded, and are not air-conditioned. I took the express train, which was anything but express. We stopped at every small town to let people on and off. One night, I woke up and noticed that the train was still and was not moving at all. Then, it would go for about ten feet and stop. It would go again and stop. Of course, you couldn't get any sleep this way. I finally decided to go and see what was going on. I went outside and climbed up a ladder on the end of the car to the top of the train to get a better view. There had been a lot of rain for several days, and the tracks had washed away. It looked like a thousand Indians were working to rebuild the track as we continued a little at a time down the track. After watching for a while, I went back inside to my sleeper car.

A man sat down next to me, and I started a conversation with him. It seems he had been educated in the United States, and he was a chemical engineer, too. His religion was Islam. We both had four children, so we had a lot in common. We rode for two days on this train together talking about different things. As we were getting off the train, I told him goodbye and that I had enjoyed our time together. All he said was, "Death to you Christian".



The train station in New Delhi, India



The inside of a train in India



One of the many villages along the way from New Delhi to Bangalore

FAITH UNDER HARD CIRCUMSTANCES

Wayne Barrier

Brother P.R. Swamy preaches on radio programs that are broadcast all over south India, into Sri Lanka, and can even be heard from the Middle East. One day, he received a letter from a radio listener in an Arab country. She was a native of India and of Tamil background, just like brother Swamy. She was from a village nearby Bangalore, brother Swamy's hometown. Her father was not wealthy, and to make ends meet, he sold his daughter into indentured slavery to a rich man from the Arab state. Many parents do this, and when their children fulfill their time, then they can come back home to live. The woman worked for a very rich Muslim family, taking care of children. She had a battery-operated radio, and she could hear brother Swamy's preaching broadcasts. She was a Hindu, but she learned the Gospel from these radio programs. Brother Swamy's wife, Saroja, sent a Bible correspondence course to her, and she learned the truth.

She wrote to brother Swamy and said she wanted to be baptized, but asked, "How can I be baptized since I am in this place and you are in India?" Brother Swamy told her to get another servant to help her to go into a pool of water and immerse her. Before the letter could reach her, she had decided to do the same thing that he had suggested. She was becoming afraid that her master would find out what she was doing. It is illegal even to have a Bible in many Muslim countries.

Several months went by after the last correspondence course had come, so Brother Swamy became concerned. He looked up her family in a nearby state in India. He told the family, "You don't know me, but I have been corresponding with your daughter. I haven't heard from her in a while, and I am concerned about her." They said, "Have you not heard? She was killed, but we don't know why." Brother Swamy told them of her decision to be baptized and of her belief in God and the Bible. I guess that the servant that baptized her told her master, and then she was put to death for believing in God and Jesus. Would we have this kind of faith, even if it cost your life?



Brother P.R. Swamy making tapes of lessons for the radio



Paula and Jerry Bates

A WOMAN IN THE SHADOWS

Wayne Barrier

Several years ago, I was visiting with Brother P.R. Swamy in Bangalore, India. We went to Namakkal, a town southeast of Bangalore, for a seminar. The seminar was held in a large one-story building about the size of an average auditorium in the States, but it didn't have any walls. It was open on the sides, and a pulpit was built on one end from which to preach. The building was full, with several hundred people attending each night. Brother Swamy began by preaching for an hour or more, and then I would preach. Each night as he preached, he noticed a young woman just outside in the edge of the darkness. She would move around in the darkness, and she seemed to be serious and listening to his lessons. He was curious about this unusual listener.

After he finished one night, brother Swamy slipped out the back, went around, and confronted this woman. He said, "I notice that you were very interested in my lessons. Why don't you come in with the rest of us and sit down to listen?" She stepped into the light, and said, "This is why." He saw her face and it had sores all over it. She held out her hands so he could see them too. They were in worse shape. She was even missing a finger or two. She was a leper!

She was from a wealthy family, educated, but she somehow had contracted leprosy. Her family put her on a train, sent her far away, and abandoned her as many families do in this situation. The lepers all gather together and eat out of the garbage bins of the city. There is medicine that you can take that can cure leprosy, but they are embarrassed if someone in their family has leprosy, so they just get rid of them.

She said, "If I come in there, everyone would run away." He said, "Do you believe what I have been talking about? Do you believe that Jesus is the son of God?" She said, "I do, with all my heart." He said, "Do you want to be baptized?" She said, "Yes, but how can I? No one would want to touch me or go down into the water with me." He said, "I'm not afraid. Let's go now." She said, "But who would worship with me?" He said, "I know a family that would let you worship with them. Don't worry." He took her at that moment and baptized her. He took her to the family he knew, and they agreed to let her live with them. He paid for her medicine out of his own pocket and checked on her every

time he came through there. She took the medicine and was cured. She is married now and has children.

Brother Swamy and his team have baptized over 50,000 people over the forty years of his ministry. He takes the time to talk to one, sick woman. It is his compassion that makes him a great evangelist. These baptisms are not the result of meetings where thousands attend and are baptized as we often hear about in India. Brother Swamy's success is the result of preaching in 40-50 Gospel meetings each year that require him to travel thousands of miles every month. These conversions are the result of hard work and the proclamation of a powerful message. That message is communicated not only by brother Swamy's words, but also by his actions.



Brother Swamy baptizing over 50 people in South India

WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO ME?

Wayne Barrier

Several years ago, Janet and I were in India visiting with brother P.R. Swamy in Bangalore, India when he told me this story. A Christian friend of his in Bangalore was a very hard worker for the Lord, always bringing others to him so he could teach them the Gospel. She decided one day that she would go to England and make a lot of money, retire early and come back to Bangalore to do the Lord's work on a full time basis, not having to work for a living. Most Indians who travel abroad come back home and build a huge house, so everyone can see that they are rich, but not this woman.

She returned after several years and did exactly what she said she would do. She was so happy, always bringing people to Swamy to be baptized. She was working so hard for the Lord, and then one day, she had a car wreck. She lost her legs along with other injuries and would be handicapped the rest of her life. Swamy went to the hospital to see her. She was so sad. She asked him, "Why did God let this happen? Instead of being able to go and do as I have been doing for the Lord, now I need someone to care for me every day".

Swamy didn't know exactly what to say to her. He prayed with her and then went home. He kept thinking about her situation. The next day he went to see her again and said, "Sister, how many doctors come in here every day?" She said, "Oh, so many! They are in and out of this room all the time." He said, "Have you thought about trying to share your faith with the doctors and nurses?" She said she hadn't thought about that. By the time she got out of the hospital after several months, she had a hand in baptizing 17 doctors and nurses. Sometimes we can't see what God has planned for us, but if we have faith, we can do many good things for the Lord.



Typical street in New Delhi, India



Streets in South India

A HINDU VILLAGE

Wayne Barrier

About 15 years ago, I was traveling in southern India with brother P.R. Swamy. We were going from village to village preaching and teaching. It was hot, sometimes over 105 degrees, dusty, remote. We parked our car in the center of the village near a well, and soon a crowd would gather. Brother Swamy would climb on top of the car and begin to preach. Later, I would take his place on top of the car. Many times 10 to 25 people would be baptized in a nearby river or in a tank near the well. We would go to another village, and a team of preachers would follow-up, coming through to organize the new Christians into a congregation and make sure they knew how to worship.

One day, we were up on a high plateau where we could see for miles. As we were coming down into another village from the plateau, we could see the village down below. There was a traffic jam, cars stopped from all sides of the village. We waited for a while, and then began walking and talking to people along the way, trying to find out what had happened. It seems that earlier in the day, a young woman had stepped out into the road and was run over by a big truck and killed.

This was a Hindu village, so priests were called to decide what was to be done about this woman. If the woman's death were the truck driver's fault, he would have been pulled out of the truck and beaten to death on the spot. However, today, it was not the driver's fault. The priests kept waiting for a family member to come and take the body away, but no one came. The priests were waiting to hear from the gods to see what needed to be done. Finally, the gods spoke to them and said that she must have been a very bad person to die this way to be punished. So now they could drag her body down to the dump to be burned with the garbage, dead animals, and other wastes.

The priests had another problem. Eight or nine little children were standing around their mother's bloody body. The youngest was just old enough to walk and the oldest no more than nine or ten years old. Usually when something like this happens, the children run away, but today they stayed with their mother. The priests needed the gods to tell them what to do with the children also.

Eventually, they heard from the gods. The priests said that they were evil. How could they be evil, they were just little children? They

were evil in their previous life. Hindus believe in reincarnation. The children must have been very evil themselves to have been born to such an evil woman who was killed in this way. They were being punished. Someone picked up a brick and flung it at one of the children, hitting him in the head. Another picked up a timber and hit one of them across the back. Soon, they were all down on the ground, dead or unconscious. Now they could all be taken down to the dump and burned along with their mother.

I said, “Brother Swamy, that’s the worst thing I have ever heard. What can we do? Why didn’t the police or authorities come and do something?” Brother Swamy said, “Brother, we are doing it. That’s why we are here. The Gospel is the only thing that will change a godless nation like this.”

Did you know that there are Hindu temples all over our country? There are Hindu temples in Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi. One of the largest temples in the world is in Washington D.C. Hindu believers are coming here by the thousands and teaching our people. Many Americans want to be part of this peaceful, eastern religion that many movie stars and athletes are following. If we don’t get serious about our faith, this could happen on a street in our neighborhood in a generation or two.



**A priest and Hanuman, a
monkey god, in India**

BROTHER SWAMY

Wayne Barrier

Several years ago, about two weeks before leaving for my trip to Asia, brother P.R. Swamy called me and asked me if I could possibly bring some extra money. I didn't ask him why he needed it, but I knew that his wife had non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma, and it probably had something to do with her sickness. I later learned that she owed \$2,000, and if he did not pay her bill, then she would not be allowed to receive continued treatment. I asked brethren here for help and came up with the money just before leaving for India.

When I arrived in Bangalore, India, after about 40 hours of travel, Brother Swamy gave me just enough time to get a bath, pack a small bag, and leave on a village preaching tour. He could tell by the expression on my face that I was disappointed. I was so tired. He said, "Brother, you can sleep in the car." We traveled and taught the whole day and had no food until late in the day. All that I had been eating was airline food, so I was very hungry.

They had prepared for about 12 of us to eat in an outdoor restaurant. We were the only ones that would be eating, and it was about midnight. As the food began to cook, many people began gathering around outside the restaurant. They were roasting whole chickens over coals of fire. As the waiter brought our baked chicken, rice, roasted vegetables, and bread on large trays, brother Swamy looked around outside over the crowd. He noticed a young woman watching our every move. You could tell she was very hungry. He raked off a little rice and a piece of bread onto his banana leaf plate, and then took his portion of the food and handed the tray into the crowd. He said, "Eat. Enjoy".

Later, we went into one village and set up for the meetings that night. The local preacher was not there. We soon found out that he had been to take his daughter to the doctor. When he and his wife returned, they were crying. The local preacher told brother Swamy that his 7-year-old daughter had just been diagnosed with a heart defect. Brother Swamy asked the man if there was any treatment available for her. Brother Swamy had been trained as a medical doctor, so he had some idea of the situation. The preacher said that there was an operation to correct the defect, but it would take all of the money that he would make in a whole lifetime to pay the bill.

Swamy asked how much he needed and the man said \$2,000. Brother Swamy looked at me and did not say a word. He just looked at me. I nodded and brother Swamy reached in his pocket and pulled out the same \$2,000 that I had just given him and handed it over to the man. He gave no thought about where he would get the money to pay his wife's hospital bill.

This is why brother Swamy has baptized over 54,000 people in his lifetime. Not because he is an excellent speaker, or a very powerful man, but because Christ can be seen in his life. He has a spirit of compassion.



Brother Swamy baptizing a woman in South India

WITNESSING SATI

Jeremy Barrier

I can still remember vividly the events of the summer of 1999 while preaching in Tiruttani, India. Before me stood a young lady whose face was so badly burned that she was barely recognizable. The burns were recent, but must have been some months ago. The argument that was taking place before me was whether she should be allowed to be submerged in water and give her life to Christ. The problem? The waters of India are so polluted that there was a high risk of infection. The opposing view was she might be risking physical death, but she will be inviting spiritual life into her existence. She went ahead with the baptism.

Even more intriguing than her baptism is her history. Not all that long ago, she stood by her husband as he passed away, but now she was now a young Hindu widow who was not fit for remarriage. Therefore, she was pressed by her village to do the honorable thing. What is the “honorable action?” It is to perform the ritual practice entitled *sati*, where she is to end her life alongside her husband’s life, traditionally by throwing herself upon his funeral pyre. In this case, there was no pyre, but rather she used gasoline and matches.

Weeks later, she awoke with intense burns all over her body – physically alive but spiritually tormented and dead! She failed to complete the honorable task, yet now she remained alive with the prospects of a very depressing future. She was very depressed until she came to know the two young ladies who visited and cared for her every day following the terrible event.

Slowly over time, the two taught her about life eternal, faith in God and humanity, hope, and most importantly, hope in Christ, who offers us eternal life beginning now with one’s giving of his or her life to Him. I met her on the day she decided to truly die to herself – not physically, but spiritually speaking. Upon the “death” of her emerged the *eternal* life – God living through her life that serves as a testimony to all who meet her. Life can be rich in Christ. This is the story of God’s people in India!



A body being burned in India

P.R. SWAMY AND THE BEGGAR

Wayne Barrier

P.R. Swamy began working in Bangalore, India in the early 1970's and moved to a house on 7 Davis Road to provide a place to live and for the church to meet. In the first year, a severely handicapped man came to the building, asking for something to eat. Brother Swamy fed him, taught him the Gospel, and baptized him. His legs had not developed, but were like a child's legs, which he had broken many times and he used his arms to move his body from place to place. In the Hindu culture of India, a handicapped person is thought to be receiving punishment for sins committed in a previous life. There are no provisions in government or society to help such persons. Thus, most handicapped people must beg to live. This man has survived through the years by persuading businesses to allow him to distribute advertisements on busy streets in the commercial district of the city. Sometimes the businesses would offer the man a place to sleep in a storage area in the back and provide a small financial tip for his efforts. He could almost survive with this compensation, but still had to beg for some help.

Shortly after the handicapped man was baptized, he learned enough to know that he should find a way to serve the church. He knew that he could not preach, teach or travel on campaigns like brother Swamy. He is considered useless and worthless. He asked brother Swamy if he would suggest a way for him to serve. Brother Swamy thought for a while and then asked him if he would distribute Christian tracts along with business advertisements on the street every day. He agreed to do so and has been passing out tracts for the church for over 40 years. Not long after he started this work, a man walked into the building at 7 Davis Road and asked to see P.R. Swamy. He wanted to be baptized. Brother Swamy asked him a few questions and learned that the man had read a tract given to him by the beggar. Brother Swamy baptized him and has had many conversions in the same way over the years. This handicapped man has had a role in thousands of conversions over the years. He is a powerful evangelist who has never preached a sermon.

In early 2011, the handicapped brother experienced life threatening health problems. He asked brother Swamy to help him find a place to live where he could have help with his needs. He was afraid he would die in the storage area of a business, and it would be days before

someone found him. After a long desperate search, brother Swamy finally found a new home that cared for severely handicapped, elderly people. A meeting was arranged with the owner/director of the home. This was the last hope for a place for the sick brother.

Brother Swamy met the director, who seemed to know him. Brother Swamy was embarrassed because he could not remember this man. Finally, the director realized that brother Swamy didn't remember him. He exclaimed, "Brother Swamy, you baptized me about 30 years ago." Brother Swamy apologized for not remembering, but he has baptized many thousands during the past 30 years and simply cannot remember everyone. He lived in another part of the city, and he had been worshiping in his home with a small congregation since his baptism. The director had been a very successful business owner and had sold his business to finance the cost of building and operating this home. He was using his wealth to help the helpless. Brother Swamy seized the opportunity to ask this faithful brother to help with the handicapped brother's care. He started telling the beggar's story, but the director stopped him.

Swamy was disappointed. The director's next comment was, "I know this beggar. He gave me the literature that I studied to learn the truth before I came to you and asked you to baptize me". He then told brother Swamy to bring the handicapped brother to the home the next day, and that he can live there the rest of his life at no charge. What a beautiful picture of the way our Lord will use us, if we will only offer ourselves without reservation and conditions. All three men, although very different in so many ways, had opportunities to serve very effectively in the Lord's kingdom. The story is a powerful example of God's providential care. We are thankful to brother Swamy for sharing this great story with us.

PICTURES FROM INDIA



**Wayne's first trip
with J.C. in 1987**



A Beggar



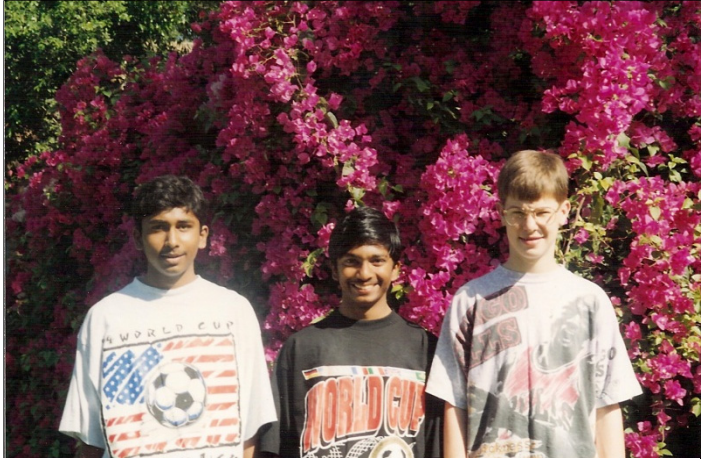
A market in New Delhi



Wayne and Janet in India in 1992



A Ladies Class in South India



Vipul, Vinay, and Jeremy in 1994



Children in a village in South India



Boys pumping water from a well in South India



Snake Charmers in New Delhi, India



Janet and Saroja teaching the ladies



A vegetable market in India



Jenny and Annu, Sunny David's grandson



Painted elephant



Mosquito netting



A “lawn mower”



Elsie David teaching in 1987

**Brother Swamy after
running in a marathon in 2010**



Betty Choate in 1992

Francis David & family in 1987



Sunny David & family in 1989

A woman after being baptized in south India



SHORT STORIES FROM INDIA

Janet Barrier

- On my first trip to New Delhi, Sunny David and his family took us to a Hindu family's home to eat lunch. We had a wonderful meal of chicken curry and rice, along with vegetables, and chapatti or bread. When we were about to leave, they passed around what I thought was after dinner mints. I took some, but it was terrible tasting. I held it in my mouth until we went out of sight and then I spit it all out. It was some type of seeds, and I believe it has licorice in it.
- My first time to ride down to Agra, 80 miles south of New Delhi, to see the Taj Mahal was a wonderful, but also harrowing experience. The building was beautiful, with many small stones in the white marble structure. You can't see these stones in the pictures that you see of this magnificent building. There is a river behind it, near a crematorium, so there were partially burned bodies in the water with buzzards all around. Since I was a Geometry teacher, I was looking down at the floor as much as up at the building because there were tessellations all over the stone floor inside and outside of the building. I learned many things about Sha Jahan, who built this as a memorial for his wife who had died. He was later imprisoned across from it in another building by his son because he was using all of the wealth of the country to build another black building for himself to match the white one for his wife.

After a full day of sightseeing, we got back in our small van. A hawker was trying to get us to buy some more items and kept putting his hand in through the window. Our driver was very upset and started a fistfight with the man. On the way home, everyone in the van went to sleep except for the driver and myself.

It was a very chaotic trip. The drivers in India do not use their lights at night except to flash them a few times in order to see the elephants, camels, and people that are constantly in the road. Cars can drive on either side of the road. There were cars that had hit head-on, still in the road, with stones all around them so you would not hit them. We came to a railroad crossing and the cars lined up 5-6 across on our side and the same was happening on the other side. When the train finished crossing, the cars went across like fingers

clasping each other. We finally made it back home around midnight, and I was so happy to reach our destination.

- On Jeremy's first trip to Bangalore, he slept under mosquito netting in his room at the church building. When he awoke, Jeremy's net was covered in mosquitoes, while Wayne's didn't have any.

Wayne and Jeremy, then 14, traveled to New Delhi and Bangalore on Jeremy's first overseas mission trip. They had spent a week teaching and preaching in campaigns and traveling all over south India. They got up early while it was still dark and begin to get their baths by candlelight. The water for bathing was kept in a big earthen barrel in the small bathroom. Brother Swamy would heat up a small pot of water, and then they would mix the warm and cold water to bathe by pouring it over their heads. They said their goodbyes and left early in the morning for the airport to travel on to Sri Lanka. After they returned to the States, we received a letter that told us Saroja was cleaning up the room and bathroom after they left and found a cobra snake behind the water barrel in the corner of the bathroom in Wayne and Jeremy's room.

- Once in Bangalore I noticed how beautiful the eyes of all of the women were in India. I asked Sheela Douglas if she could help me find some of the eyeliner that was worn by all of the women and the children. I expected some kind of exotic plant dye. She took me to the local shopping district and went inside a small store. We walked up to the counter, and then she said something in Tamil to the storekeeper. The woman promptly returned with Maybelline eyeliner!
- In New Delhi, Betty and I decided we would ride in a human powered Rickshaw just for the experience. After we rode for several blocks, the older, gray headed man peddling said, "You two fatties! Need to lose weight!"
- When Wayne and Swamy had finished a village tour in South India during Monsoon season, around 50 people were ready to be baptized. They drove many miles trying to find a good spot for the baptisms. It was night by this time and very hard to see. The people were in the back of a truck being hauled around waiting for the baptisms to begin. They finally decided on a swollen stream, but there were many snakes in the area because of the rain. Men on each side of Wayne and Brother Swamy were beating the water, keeping the snacks back until they were all baptized.
- Wayne, Jenny, and I went with brother Swamy to a city called Yercaud in South India. This mountainous area is called a Hill

Station. In the summertime, people go there to get refreshed from the heat. On this trip, we had a seminar with 104 people. Besides me, there was one woman who had come with her husband, and the rest were men. After the class that Wayne and brother Swamy taught, 41 people wanted to be baptized. All 104 of us walked about a mile down to the pool of water at the foot of the hill. The woman wanted to be baptized, and she wanted me to go with her and help her. There were people changing clothes all along the path, so we had to keep our eyes on the ground as we walked. I held her unwound sari around her as she came up out of the water, and then used it as a curtain for her to change behind. She was afraid she would get sick from the water, so as soon as she dressed, she started holding her throat and acting sick. We became close friends but could not speak one single word between us. We both cried when we left the city.

- In New Delhi, we had to exchange money, about \$1900, into Indian rupees for the work in the city. The money filled up the whole bag that I was carrying, about a 14" by 14" bag. Sunny David was afraid to walk with us out of the moneychanger's office because he thought someone might jump us and steal the money. I quickly handed the bag to Wayne for him to carry! This does happen to foreigners quite often when they leave the moneychangers' offices, but thankfully, nothing happened on this trip.
- While in New Delhi, a man from Nagaland, East India was at the church building telling us stories from his homeland. He said that even today there are headhunters. When a headhunter kills someone, he takes the head and uses it for a pillow for one night, and then he puts it up on a pole in the center of the house to dry.
- An Indian preacher, Joshua Gootam, told us about his conversion. He saw an advertisement in the newspaper for a Bible correspondence course offered by J.C. Bailey. He answered two of the courses and decided that it was the truth, so he asked for the remaining 28 courses all at once. J.C. wrote back to him and asked him to come to see him at his home in India. Joshua went and met him and found out that J.C. Bailey was a white man. He didn't like white men because of the British who had ruled India earlier. However, J.C. carried Joshua's suitcases, asked him to stay at his house and even sat down to dinner with him at the table. Joshua had never seen anything like this before from a white person. Joshua was soon baptized, and he taught his daddy, who had read the Bible and was trying to follow it, but didn't know anything about taking the

Lord's Supper every Sunday, etc. He baptized his daddy who had been preaching for about 50 villages, so they were soon converted also. Sometime later, J.C. Choate asked Joshua to speak on a radio program, and he agreed. Joshua has radio and TV programs now and has over 1 million registered correspondence students from these programs.

- Vernon Douglas told us about a bus that ran down a big embankment and killed everyone on board. A tribe of people who live in that area only "steal" at night for a living, so when they recovered the bodies, they didn't have any fingers. The tribesmen had cut off the fingers to get their rings.
- Brother Swamy told us about a man who was the son of a Hindu priest. He heard the radio programs, studied with brother Swamy, and was baptized. His father kicked him out of the house when he found out about his baptism. He walked for about 10 miles and a man found him and took him into his home. He taught the man, married his daughter and eventually even his own father and mother were baptized. He now is a preacher in the village in south India.
- We were on a village tour in South India when we came to a village that had never seen white people. We hadn't seen any ourselves all day long. The people would surround us and touch us, and were very excited to see us. We went inside a house that served as their building for worship also. We sat in chairs at the front while the people sat on the floor and stood all around us. There was one light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

A boy fanned us as Wayne spoke and brother Swamy translated. The boy saw that we were still sweating, so he left and soon returned with an electric fan. It was too much for the power system and the light soon went out. He unplugged it and left to go get me a piece of watermelon.

After the lesson, there were seven people who wanted to be baptized. The whole village walked to a well where there was enough water. It was like a circus. People were everywhere, wanting us to take their picture. Before we left, the children climbed on the car and tore off the side view mirrors. After we left, I asked brother Swamy if we were causing more harm than good, but he said that they acted the same way when it was just him that came into the village. They were not accustomed to people from outside or to cars.

- There is a superstition among the people that if you look in a baby's eyes and tell them they are pretty, and the next day the baby gets sick, then you have given it the evil eye. So they put a black dot on

their foreheads and on the left cheek so you will look at those and not into their eyes. Even the Christians still believe in evil spirits because they have believed this their whole lives, and you must teach a lot on this topic. They also wear a bracelet to ward off evil spirits. When they build a house, they put a dummy up on the outside, so that the evil spirits will go into the dummy and not into the house. They also believe that certain trees contain evil spirits. Sunny David told us that if you have some of these trees in your yard that people will come over in the middle of the night and cut them down.

- In the villages of South India, the dress code is very different from other places in India. Some of the older men wear only a white cloth like a diaper and the older women don't wear blouses, they just loosely wrap their Sari around their breasts.
- A man who was once a Hindu told us his story one time while we were in New Delhi. This man went to high school with three Christian boys, but they never told him about Jesus. Six years later, he bought a Bible and learned about Christ. He told his parents he wanted to become a Christian, and they threw him out of the house and told him he was "dead to them". His uncle gave him 10 rupees and let him stay one night with him. His mother secretly fed him. He had been engaged to marry, an arranged marriage to a Hindu woman. He didn't want to marry a non-Christian, so he has never married. He came to New Delhi and found Francis David, who he had heard on the radio, and he baptized him into Christ. He returned home, taught, and baptized his father, as well as his mother, brother, uncle, and many more from five different families. He now sells Bibles to make a living for himself and writes in one of the Hindi magazines that Sunny David publishes.

Jeremy Barrier

- In the early years of the radio in India, a man was converted by listening to the programs taught by brother Sunny David. He had learned enough to know that he should sing during his worship, but he didn't know any songs. So, he sat down and wrote one and then had his worship. Years later, he related this story to Sunny while participating in the training classes offered in New Delhi by Vinay and Francis David, relatives of brother Sunny.

STORIES FROM OTHER COUNTRIES



A Bible camp in Vietnam

PREACHING IN PAKISTAN

Wayne Barrier

In 1989, J.C. Choate and I were visiting in Karachi, Pakistan where J.C. and Betty had labored in the 1960's. During the day, we visited homes and families of a poor community on the edge of the city. Another meeting was held in the area in the evening. The people were very receptive and a large crowd assembled each night. We arrived around 5 p.m. and the people were already singing. They sang for about three hours until the building was packed. The preaching would then go on until midnight or later. Each night the building was full and many were standing outside looking in the windows. There was barely enough room for the preachers and song leaders on the pulpit with people sitting all around our feet. There would be three speakers for each evening, a local preacher, J.C., and then me. The local man preached in their native language. For almost everyone there, this was the first time to hear the Gospel. I watched the audience as this brother preached, but couldn't understand what was being said. As I watched, they sat there calmly, listening intently to every word. Then, after he had been preaching for about an hour, I noticed that they were unusually excited. I asked a local preacher sitting next to me what the sermon was about. He said, "The story of Jesus".

Then sometime later, some in the audience started to clench their fists and show some anger. I asked, "Where is he in the story?" He replied, "He's being carried to Golgotha". Soon the audience changed. One by one they began to cry, first one, then another. I knew they were being told about the crucifixion. He went through the motions of nailing Him on the cross. The weeping became louder. I kept watching as the man kept preaching. One by one they started to lift their heads and dry their eyes. I said, "Where is he now?" "Yes, Christ has risen from the grave", he said. They were so happy to learn that Christ had gone back to heaven to be with God and was waiting for us to come too. For the first time these poor people had some hope in the life after this world. If we just preach the Gospel to those who have never heard it, it is so powerful!



**J.C. going into
a village in Pakistan**

Wayne preaching with Anwar Masih



**Preaching in
Karachi, Pakistan**

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A MISSIONARY

Janet Barrier

In the early 90's, J.C. Choate, Wayne, and I traveled to India and then on to the Muslim nation of Indonesia. We visited the church in Jakarta on the island of Java and checked on the radio contacts and the distribution of literature in this city. We stayed in the home of brother and sister Goodman. One evening, a missionary and his family from the United States were invited to eat supper with the Goodmans and us. The missionary's name was Gary Sainard. He had been a missionary to Indonesia for many years. He worked mostly on the northern section of the island of Sumatra in Nias. He told us how he had traveled into this area with one of the local men, Bonjarnahor, to a place where he was working out in the interior of the country up on a mountain. He had baptized several people from this area. He told us several stories of his work as we ate. The Goodman's told us he had been in the military earlier in his life and that he was a very shy man. Even though he was shy, he still made a very good missionary.

Several years later we heard of Gary again, but not under very good circumstances. He had gone one weekend up to the village in the mountains where he was working, but he went alone. He had conducted a Gospel meeting among the people and had several baptisms. He had to come down the mountain at night to stay in a small, local hotel. The next morning he had not arrived back in the village, so the villagers came down the mountain to find him. They knocked on his door but no one answered. They got the manager, and he opened the door only to find Gary dead. He had suffered a heart attack during the night, and had died in his bed. The villagers couldn't decide what to do. You see, it is illegal to bury a Christian in this Muslim nation on public land. A man that Gary had baptized from the village said he could be buried on his land, so they carried him up the mountain to their village and buried him under a tree. It was about 2:30 in the morning before he was buried. Gary's wife and son were in Jakarta and came over as soon as they could. The police held her for four to five hours, questioning her. They just wanted a bribe. Because of this man, the church is really growing in this area today.



A church building in Jakarta, Indonesia

TRIP TO JAKARTA

Jamie Barrier

It was the only visit I had made south of the equator. In 1992, Jakarta was crowded and hot, steaming, and politically set to boil. As a kid, I had never seen broken glass, shattered, and crafted in a homemade manner to decorate the top of every brick wall that divided one's house from his neighbors' house. The bigger neighborhoods were all like this, with high walls shadowing narrow streets. These communities wrapped in barbed wire were so much fun to explore, with the thin streets cutting low in a sophisticated maze until they eventually surfaced into the massive city, where there were no walls dividing the inhabitants. Rather, it was miles of shanty boxes and tents with moving gangs of barefoot children running around cook fires and swimming in greenish brown ditches.

It was exciting to look out of the van and see this. It was my younger brother Joey and me, and then two older missionaries – my dad, Wayne Barrier and J.C. Choate. The van belonged to Dennis Larson. He sat in the front next to the driver. "...at least twenty million people", he said, "but I mean, it is impossible to count them."

The masses of people crowded the center of every street, filled every parking lot, swarmed every street, and moving around in our van was a slow process. Here and there, between mosques, fading stone buildings, and mobs of people, an occasional mound of earth could be seen, green and vacant, save for a particular twisting tree with pretty, white buds. "That?" said Dennis, "that is a cemetery... Islamic, I'm pretty sure. They don't use gravestones or markers so much. Instead, each person is buried on top of one another and those small mounds come about. That type of tree only grows in the cemetery plots."

We made a few stops that day, to the American Club and the Mall. At the parking lot of the Hard Rock Café, I bought a blowgun from a band of tribesmen who appeared to be living near the further edge of the shrubs. This gun still sits on my mantle today. It was beautiful and well made; a dart fires perfectly for one hundred yards with a simple blow from the lips, just as it did the day when the man who sold it to me demonstrated.

The sun was making her way across the Asian sky, getting closer to the high mosques, when we made one more stop, to the International

School. It was nice and impressive. It had a vast collection of multi-story buildings with a wall around it, and we talked and got lost in our own conversations. I remember seeing occasional trees on the grounds, twisty with pretty, white buds on them. “Indeed,” said Dennis, “the school was built on an old cemetery.”

It had been a long day. Traffic was bumper to bumper. We moved a foot at a time. The roads were clogged, and the streets were filled with people and other vehicles. Ahead of us, on the left side of the van, I saw a field of kids wearing uniforms. With each slow second on the clock, we came closer to them. They were facing the street. They appeared to be screaming in anger. Soon, as we were almost across from them, I saw the object of their wrath. A uniformed officer of some sort was holding one of the students by the arm, both struggling and straining with one another. With time, the van was directly behind the two. We had a perfect view of the scene.

The policeman and his prisoner were with their backs to us, not five feet away, with a sea of screaming students, vast, facing us, all yelling and holding rocks. I looked frantically to the driver to see if we could move any faster, but it was a line of endless brake lights before us. The sound of a rock hitting your own vehicle is amplified on the inside, and the sudden crash made J.C. jump and shield us with his leg. It was the fastest I ever saw J.C. move! BOOM! BOOM! Rocks began slamming the side of the van. I looked out of the side window, and there was the policeman, holding a jacket. The kid he had tried to subdue had slipped out of his coat and left the officer holding the empty garment. This apparently was when the shower of rocks began.

Fortunately, we did get out of there. In the next couple of years, with the fall of their president (Su harto), the country was torn deeply in riots and protests. I haven’t been back since this trip. I have been told that the American Club, the Hard Rock Café, the Mall, and the International School all since this time have been destroyed.



Hard Rock Café in Jakarta



Cemetery in Jakarta

MINH'S STORY

Joey Barrier

September 11, 2001 (9-11) doesn't seem that long ago to me. It seems like it was only last year when we were attacked, and all of America helplessly watched our towers fall.

I now understand how close Vietnam was in the hearts and memories of everyone around me as I was growing up. Being born in 1977, just two years after we pulled out of the Vietnam War, our country was still suffering. It was fresh on our minds. I remember movies being advertised: *Rambo*, *Platoon*, *Missing in Action* and TV shows: *Tour of Duty*, *China Beach*, and let's not forget the *A-Team*. All of these focused on this war or the effects of it. I remember reading books about it, looking at pictures, and even going out into the woods and pretending to be there (as most boys love to play war).

When I was told that there was a need for me to go to Vietnam and teach in a school to train evangelists, I jumped at the chance. So in October of 2009, L.T. Gurganus, Chito Cusi, and I taught a week of classes with some of the members of the church in Vietnam. We held classes in a hotel room in Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon). After the classes ended, L. T. and Chito had already gone on to other places. A brother named Minh wanted to show me around the city. We went to shops, open markets, busy downtown streets, and alleyways, all on the back of a scooter. I felt alive. The city was full of energy and excitement. Street vendors, scooters, Vietnamese food, people were everywhere. It was just as I had expected and just like all of the movies and TV shows when they went into Saigon.

Minh then took me to a museum about the American War, which is what our government calls the Vietnam War. Chito had told me about it and recommended that I go there. He warned me, "You will not be the good guys over there." On the outside, the museum had many airplanes, helicopters, guns, bombs, etc. from the war. I had my camera out, taking pictures of everything I saw. I was soaking it in, trying to prepare myself for what Chito had warned me about.

As we went inside, there were no more big displays, only pictures and quotes from world leaders who were sympathetic to their cause. However, these pictures were not like what you would normally see in a museum. They were of mothers crying over their dead children, trenches filled with broken bodies, men with missing limbs, etc.

If it was ugly, disturbing, or if innocent people were wounded or killed (by Americans), it was on the wall. As I looked at these pictures, I became sick to my stomach. War is terrible. I understand why this war messed up so many people. At this point, my camera had been put away. I didn't want pictures of this. I didn't want to remember this. In the end, I was beginning to feel sorry that I was an American. Why did we come over here and get involved in their business? We should have just left them alone, and then none of this would have happened. Of course, this was their objective, and they were starting to get to me, until we came to the prison camp located just outside.

We walked into an actual building that was used to house North Vietnamese Nationalists. Yes, it was run by the Americans, and the prisoners were not treated well. It was war. We looked at torture tactics that we used, and different types of barbed wire cages that housed the prisoners. Once again, it was awful. I couldn't believe that we could do this, and even more importantly why? Why were we involved?

We then came to a very small, concrete cell about five feet by six feet in size. It had one tiny window, maybe two inches by six inches in the door. This was the only light and the only place that any "fresh" air, as well as food could get into the room. They had a dummy in the cell in shackles. It represented how we had tortured the North Vietnamese people.

Brother Minh looked at the man in the cell and said, "That is me". I thought ok, it does kind of look like him, but I didn't understand what he meant. He said again, "That is me". I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "In 1975, the Sunday after the U.S. troops pulled out, the North Vietnamese soldiers came into where the church was worshipping and arrested all of us. I was put into one of these cells for five months."

A flood of emotions ran through me. It all made sense. We were not trying to hurt innocent people. We were trying to protect them. This man, as were all of the New Testament Christians, was simply trying to worship the Lord. They were not hurting anyone. They were meeting together to give honor and praise to their Creator and Savior, the One who gives spiritual freedom. America was helping the people of Vietnam to keep religious freedom. When we left in 1975, millions upon millions of people lost their freedom and suffered for trying to stay free.

Anyone who was associated with the church or claimed to be a Christian was put in jail or killed after the Americans left the country. This happened because the government of North Vietnam had used a network of denominational churches in the country to spread communism during the 60's. During the war, Minh, who was then in his 20's, was in the South Vietnamese navy, so he fought alongside the Americans. He

was taught the truth by the soldiers and is still faithful today. Minh had rather die or go to prison than renounce his faith in God.

A small remnant of the church still exists today in various areas of the country. The church in Ho Chi Minh City must move to a different location every few weeks, so the government won't find them. For 35 years, they have been hiding, while somehow continuing to reach out to others. They are taking classes in our school to equip them for evangelism in these conditions. What amazing faith and trust in God they have! Our first school session had to be moved 400 miles away from Ho Chi Minh City so the government would not arrest us. One member who came to the school sessions is 92 years old and is the oldest active member of the church in the country. Please pray that our efforts to teach the Vietnamese people will not be hindered by their government.



Brother Minh and his wife



A prison cell in Vietnam



Classes in Ho Chi Minh City

BINH DUONG

Jeremy Barrier

We drove over 80 km towards Cambodia from Ho Chi Minh to meet with another small congregation located in Binh Duong. Bennie Pinckley and Seigfried Bill from the Madison congregation, Matt Burleson, a Heritage University student, Reuben Emperado and Jun Arcilla from the Philippines, and I were in Vietnam to initiate the first session of the school in Vietnam for 2010.

Along the way, we passed a major historical site where many of the tunnels used by the VC have been preserved for tourist purposes and served as an important operations base prior to 1975. The church has been meeting in Binh Duong since 1975, when two Christian business partners moved out of Saigon hoping to avoid trouble. In short, they succeeded.

While some of their children and family members were “re-educated” at this time, they succeeded in remaining there, building the church, and since then establishing five house congregations (they are still an illegal organization up to the present). One of the two Christian partners is still living. He is 93 years of age, and he shared much with us as we met for over three hours with the brethren on the first night.

The other business partner, now deceased, had a son by the name of Tran Duc Dong (We call him Dong). Dong was “re-educated”, but was allowed to return home, and he is now the evangelist and preacher for these congregations. Dong’s son, Tran Hong An, is now 23-years-old, and we are targeting him most directly as he has a fiery zeal for God and the Scriptures. Therefore, we are presently honing his skills in ministry. He is a hope for the church in this country. By their estimation, there are approximately 300 or so New Testament Christians in Viet Nam. We pray for more growth.

Our translator for the school was not a New Testament Christian. One afternoon, I was teaching on 1 Corinthians 11 and explaining how Paul was dealing with some of the problems surrounding the Lord’s Supper. Afterward, we began a question and answer session that turned into a three-hour ordeal. One preacher stood in amazement and said, “I have learned for the first time today that we should honor the Lord *every* Sunday”. Another man stood and argued with Reuben and me for at least 30 minutes, refusing to accept the teaching of Acts 20:7; 1

Corinthians 11; 16:1-2; Hebrews 10, etc. So we finally said, “Let’s discuss this another time”.

Afterward, the translator looked at me and said, “This is wonderful. I am learning so many things. I have learned that I need to be baptized into Christ!” He had a massive smile spanning from ear to ear, as he had listened as we had explained how Paul had told the Corinthians to “do this as often as you gather together, proclaiming the Lord’s death until he comes”. I looked back at the translator and said, “Wonderful, I am glad to hear that you intend to be immersed”. I left Saigon that afternoon and some 36 hours later in Florence, Alabama, I checked my email from Reuben, and he simply stated, “We baptized the translator today...”

What an exciting breakthrough. Imagine – people hear the Gospel for the first time, and they are *convicted by God* to respond. The *Gospel is the power of God* (so Paul told us by in Romans 1:16). The school continued for over a week, training this group.



**A group of students
and teachers with
93-year-old
church leader
in Binh Duong**



**Ho Van Nha Ca
and Tran Hong An**

PICTURES FROM OTHER COUNTRIES



Wayne preparing to preach in Colombo, Sri Lanka in 1987



**J.C., Wayne, Ken Sinclair,
Gordon Hogan and others in Singapore in 1987**



**Dennis Larson with Bonjar Nahor
translating in Indonesia in 1987**



Jamie, Andrew Ng, J.C. and Joey in Singapore in 1993



Jamie, J.C. and Joey in Indonesia in 1993



A church building in Batan, Indonesia in 1992



Aschar Ali and family in Lahore, Pakistan in 1989



Wayne with Aschar Ali in Lahore, Pakistan in 1989



Men in Pakistan



**J.C., Wayne and Thomas Koh
in Malaysia in 1989**



**Sharon Larson with Shana, Shara
and Shay in Jakarta, Indonesia in 1989**



Joey and Jamie in Malaysia in 1993



Edmund Cagle preaching in Borneo



Joey, L.T. Gurganus and friends in China in 2010



**Lilani, Cynthia, Maise, and
Reggie Gnanasundaram in Sri Lanka**



A KFC in Malaysia



The Gospel being preached near Kumming, China in 2008



Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam in 2009



A woman in Peru



**Jeremy preaching in Peru
with Ramón Gonzales translating**



**Jeremy, Robin, Samuel and Sophia
in Cuzco, Peru in 2009**



Joey, L.T. Gurganus, and students in a session in Vietnam in 2009



A jeepney in the Philippines



Reuben Emperado's family in Cebu, Philippines



Thomas Koh preparing to baptize on the island of Borneo



The church in Kuching, East Malaysia



Wayne teaching in Lima, Peru



A view from near Tibet, China

SHORT STORIES FROM OTHER COUNTRIES

Janet Barrier

- I traveled with Wayne to Kuching, Sarawak on the island of Borneo many years ago. We were staying with a family named Poh, who had graciously given us the children's room. Wayne was told not to sleep on the bed since he was so heavy. The water in the shower was very cold, so Jane, Poh's wife, asked me if I wanted to go get my hair washed. She was having hers cut and washed as well. I said OK, and we went into the shop. The beautician put a dollop of shampoo on my dry hair and began to work it into my scalp. She then proceeded to rake her fingernails from my bangs all the way back to the nape of my neck. She did this for about 15-20 minutes. She leaned over to Jane and said in Malay, "Why is all of her hair falling out?" I wanted to say, "Because you are pulling it all out." After this, she started to massage my shoulders and then my arms. There was a crowd gathering in the shop by this time. She wanted to cut my hair also. I said OK, since I was rather dazed by this time. She cut it shorter than I had ever worn my hair, but it was ok, just as long as we left the shop.
- On Jeremy's first trip to Sri Lanka, he, Wayne, and Chandran Gnanasundaram were up in the mountains on a preaching tour. They stopped to eat breakfast at a restaurant. The waiters had brought out some jelly, butter, and bread to begin breakfast. Jeremy was very hungry, so he prepared a huge bite, and then realized it was not jelly. They had put very hot chili peppers on the table. He didn't have any water or anything to drink and began to turn red. There were bananas on the table, so Chandran told him to eat them, and they helped put out the fire in his mouth. In Sri Lanka, they believe if you don't cry when you eat, then the food is not good. The food must have been very, very good.
- On one of Wayne's first trips overseas with J.C. Choate, they traveled to Pakistan. They went to Karachi and visited many villages, preaching and baptizing along the way. J.C.'s flight was before Wayne and he went on to Singapore, leaving Wayne in Pakistan. Wayne got very sick in a short period of time. He was vomiting, had diarrhea, and was bleeding internally also. The local

preacher, Aschar Ali, took him to the pharmacist. He said that they were trained in England, and the doctors were trained in Pakistan, so the Pharmacists would do a better job of taking care of you. The pharmacists gave him some medicine and told him to get to Singapore as fast as he could. He had an amoeba and in three days he would either be well or he would be dead. Thankfully he didn't die.

- In Sri Lanka, a civil war had been raging between two races of people, the Sinhalese and the Tamils. Chaundran Gnansudaram told us that ten days before we arrived in the country that the government knocked on their doors in the middle of the night and rounded up anyone 15-50 years old. Reggie and his wife, Maise, didn't have to go because they were too old. They told the others that they had to go get on a bus. He said it was very much like Nazi Germany. Everyone was very afraid. His wife had a Sinhalese card, so she didn't have to go. Chaundran and his two sisters, Cynthia and Lilani, all had to go get on the bus because they were Tamils. Cynthia's children were watched by a neighbor. They kept them downtown for more than five hours then let them return home.
- In Kuching, East Malaysia, in a restaurant they separated kids by their height – by not their age. If you are 4 ½ feet tall or under you could eat a child's portion.
- Schools in Malaysia are very different from U.S. schools. Children go to regular class half of the day and then go to what is called "Tuition" for the second half of the day. The classes are so large they can't learn well in the regular classroom. Thomas Koh's (a local leader in the church) wife, Jane has fifty-two 7-, 8-, and 9-year-old boys in her class.
- In a hotel in Kuching, East Malaysia, I was looking in the drawer for something and found a small rug. I thought that would look pretty at the door. I placed it in front of the door and was admiring it when I read on a tag on it about prayer. Then I realized it was a Muslim prayer rug! I quickly put the rug back in the drawer.
- Wayne, Don Williams, Reuben Emperado, Jun Arcilla, and I traveled by ferryboat during the night to a nearby island in the Philippines. We spent the night on the bottom of three floors, with 200-300 people trying to sleep on bunk beds in rows, like in an army barracks. There were students on their way home from college, talking and laughing, people watching television on a small set hanging from the ceiling, and some people were snoring. I was thinking about all of the ferry accidents I had seen on television

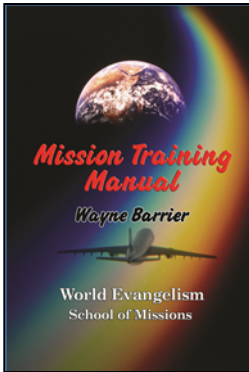
where people didn't make it out when they sunk because they were on the bottom floor of the ferry! We made it to the nearby island in about five hours. We held seminars and Gospel meetings, with several baptisms while there. On the way home, we were short on time, so we took a small boat that tossed back and forth but went directly across the channel between the islands. Don and I got seasick while on this part of the journey, even though it only took about 30 minutes. We then boarded a bus that took us on a very mountainous, curvy road. I had hoped we could sleep on this three-hour part of the trip, but you had to hang on with both hands to keep in the seat. I still haven't decided which way was the best way to travel, the long way or the short.

- Brother James Santiago and his wife, Dominga, travel once each month to Cebu City, Philippines from their home on Negros Oriental by first walking seven km, riding a bus, and then a ferry to come to the Philippine Institute of Biblical Studies classes. This trip takes them about 7-8 hours. (This is the same trip that I spoke about us taking earlier.) She cooks for the 20 or more students each day while she is there for the weeklong school. This is something in itself, but when you consider that they are in their 80's, it's amazing.
- Before the tsunami of 2005 hit India and Sri Lanka, word came from Hawaii to the Prime Minister of Sri Lanka that a tsunami was coming. The Prime Minister sent a delegation to the airport to retrieve this Japanese dignitary, Mr. Tsunami. He had no idea that the word tsunami meant a large wave.

Jeremy Barrier

- An Indian man from Bangalore, India traveled to Hanoi, North Vietnam in 2009 because of work. He met a young woman and taught her the Gospel. He looked everywhere for a Bible in her native tongue and even went to the Bible Society there, but could not find one, only devotional materials. He brought her to training classes in Ho Chi Minh City where she was baptized. The local minister, brother Minh, had heard of the problem, and after her baptism presented her with a Bible in her own language.

World Evangelism School of Missions



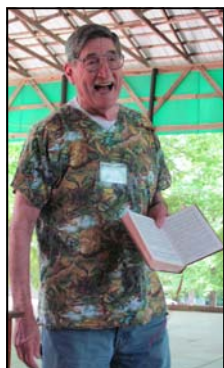
For four years, members of the World Evangelism Team gathered in Winona, MS to develop curriculum for the World Evangelism School of Missions. The result was the publication of perhaps the most comprehensive and practical missions manual for overseas evangelism, respecting both short-term and long-term missions. Subsequently, especially the Barriers conduct World Evangelism School of Missions classes over several weeks at hosting congregations who have a deep interest in mission work. For more information and possibly scheduling these sessions for your congregation, contact Wayne Barrier at (256) 766-2807

or
wbarrier@hiwaay.net, or Louis Rushmore at (662) 739-3035 or rushmore@gospelgazette.com. The school is directed by Wayne, Joey, and Jeremy Barrier. A team of about a dozen missionaries serve as instructors.



World Evangelism Maywood Missionary Retreat

Every year the World Evangelism Team and the Double Springs (AL) Church of Christ hosts the *Maywood Missionary Retreat*. It is a little lectureship in the woods outside of Hamilton, AL. Each year, several missionaries and brethren interested in especially foreign missions convene for two and a half days of lectures centering on evangelizing the unsaved masses around the world.



The site of each retreat is the Maywood Christian Camp. This event is in May of each year. Approximately 100 brethren gather for the event. Missionaries and other evangelistically minded brethren recharge their batteries before plunging back into the work of evangelizing the lost.

Contact Louis or Bonnie Rushmore at the Winona, MS office of World Evangelism at (662) 739-3035 or rushmore@gospelgazette.com, or contact Wayne or Janet Barrier at (256) 766-2807 or wbarrier@hiwaay.net. The retreat is directed by Wayne and Janet Barrier.

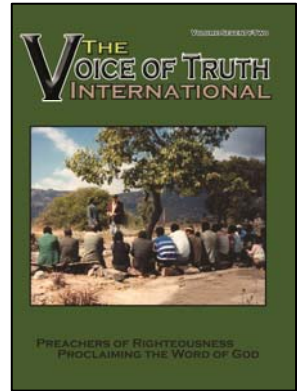


The Voice of Truth International

The most visible aspect of the ongoing labors of World Evangelism to brethren in the United States is *The Voice of Truth International* quarterly magazine. However, what it does over-seas speaks to its real importance. Tens of thousands of copies of *The Voice of Truth International* are published in several languages (English, Spanish, Tamil, Braille, Hindi, Nepali, Paite and Telugu). Each issue is populated with articles about God, evidences, the Word of God, salvation, the church, the Christian home, Christian living, Bible characters, sermon outlines, etc. to fill the otherwise void abroad for sound biblical, written materials.

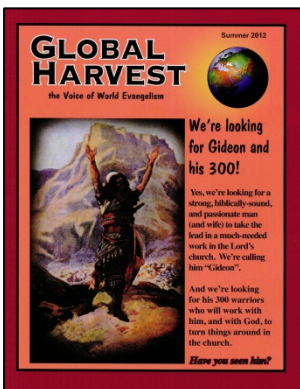
The Voice of Truth International is the size and general appearance of the *Readers' Digest* magazine. Of course, the content of *The Voice of Truth International* is biblical in nature, and it is filled with short teaching articles. Each issue is a veritable library, so important in parts of the world where Christians have few study materials to which they can turn either at home or at church.

You can acquire *The Voice of Truth International* for yourself or your congregation through a paid subscription: \$12 for four issues; \$20 for eight issues; \$25 monthly or \$300 annually for a box of 35 copies four times per year. Call World Evangelism for a free sample copy of *The Voice of Truth International* or to start your subscription: (662) 283-1192. Byron Nichols is the Editor, and Jerry Bates and Louis Rushmore are Associate Editors. Wayne Barrier serves as a staff writer.



Global Harvest

The *Global Harvest* magazine is published semi-annually and is intended for stateside consumption by members of the Lord's church. Though text and pictures submitted by brethren, primarily about foreign missions, the journal apprises the church of what missionary work is ongoing around the planet. Thereby, Christians can ascertain also what still needs to be done in foreign missions. Wayne Barrier is the Editor; Betty Choate does the layout, and the Bates and Rushmores are staff writers and proofreaders. Call the Winona, MS office at (662) 283-1192 for further information, to obtain copies for your congregation or to inquire about submission of content for future editions.



Gospel Gazette Online

(www.gospelgazette.com)

Gospel Gazette Online

Serving an international readership with the old Jerusalem Gospel via the Internet

Gospel Gazette Online is a monthly, religious Internet journal that is read by people all over the world. Through the Internet, it is available even in some places in the world to which one cannot easily go physically with the Gospel of Christ (e.g., Saudi Arabia and Antarctica). Each issue sports articles by Christian men and women on a variety of biblical subjects, questions and answers, plus an audio message. In addition, thousands of articles from past issues appear in the archives and may be selected with the help of the site search engine.

Gospel Gazette Online edifies both Christians and non-Christians with Bible-based lessons. Response from readers reveals a wide array of religious backgrounds, including members of the church of Christ, denominational bodies and world religions. Most correspondence is positive and encouraging. A couple of the more heartening posts tell about baptisms in Saudi Arabia and the request from a Muslim in Pakistan for pray for his sick wife. Subsequently, after initial contact through the pages of *GGO*, and later studying with Christians in his country, he put Jesus Christ on in baptism.

World Evangelism Team

The World Evangelism Team includes brethren throughout the United States and across the globe. Each of the couples or individuals voluntarily cooperates together, though they are amenable to and under the oversight of their respective congregations with their corresponding elderships.



The most recent Annual World Evangelism Team Meeting occurred August 8-11, 2012 in Winona, MS. Many of those who attended are pictured above. Included are brethren who regularly work together, especially on foreign fields, elders of sponsoring congregations and other brethren who are interested in evangelizing with the Gospel near and far.



Plan of Salvation

Hear God's Word

“So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God” (Romans 10:17).

Believe or Have Faith

“He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned” (Mark 16:16).

Repent

“And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent” (Acts 17:30).

Profess Belief in Jesus as Lord

“That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation” (Romans 10:9-10).

Be Immersed (Baptized) in Water

“And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord” (Acts 22:16).

Live Faithfully

“...be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life” (Revelation 2:10).

To inquire further regarding God's plan for the redemption of humanity, contact the church of Christ in your community. **Let's go to heaven together!**

