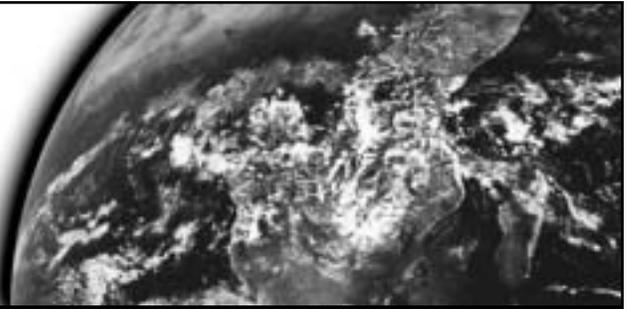




CHARITY CHRISTIAN MISSIONS



February 2002 Newsletter • Volume 6 / Number 1

*The Priority
of the*
UNREACHED

10% Very many harvestors found here	50% of the world's population Some harvestors are found here	40% of the world's population Totally UNREACHED by harvestors
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*What priority do you place on the untouched souls of this world?
How much do you care? As you walk through this article into the
four acres of totally unreached people, you will never be the same.*

--see page 3



*"Are all Americans left-handed?" The missionary almost laughed,
but the inquirer was very serious. We invite you in this issue
to join a missionary in Swaziland as he learns their cultural
language of hands.*

--see page 6



CHARITY CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

"For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles...for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the LORD of hosts."
Malachi 1:11

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Our desire is that your heart will be stirred with a passion for missions while reading these pages. Even if we all cannot go to the foreign fields, we still have a responsibility to missions. May this newsletter give us a vision for what God still wants to do through His people!

IN THIS ISSUE...

The Priority of the Unreached

How much do we care about the unreached people? Where are our priorities? Weston Liebee paints a gripping picture of the world on our minds. Listen to his plea for more laborers and feel the agony of telling seeking hearts, "We cannot come. There are not enough missionaries."

Are All Americans Left-Handed?

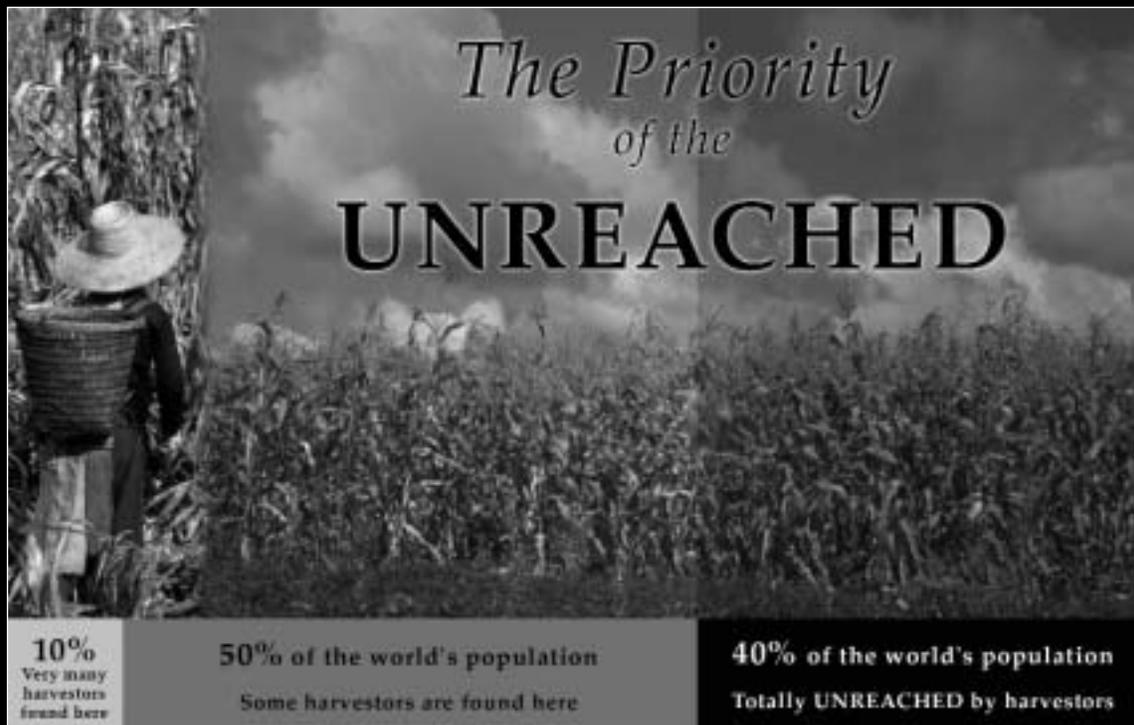
We would like to introduce a new section in this issue, *Crossing Cultures*. Looking at the world through others' eyes is very important for the missionary. We want to share experiences of stepping into strange and yet beautiful cultures.

Unit 2001 Testimonies

Travel to hot, dusty Africa with the most recent youth team. Catch their enthusiasm as they write of experiencing Africa for the first time; feel their burden for the lost souls they encountered. The penetrating question asked by tribesmen, "Will you come and teach us God's ways?" still echoes in their hearts. Let it go deeply into yours.

Torches of Joy

The book *Torches of Joy* is reviewed, revealing the practical side of responding to the call of ministering to an unreached tribe. The book is a model for cross-cultural mission strategy.



From a message by Weston Leibee - Unit 2001 team leader

I would like to draw a picture of the world upon the easel of your mind...

Picture a ten-acre field in a long row—one acre, one acre, and one and one. I want you to picture dividing this field. These ten acres have been sown with corn. Perfectly ready, perfectly mature corn ready for harvest.

In the one acre, you will find that much harvest has been done. For years men have been laboring and harvesting in this one acre. Many of the stalks have been trodden down. Some of the fruit was picked prematurely and now has been cast out as no good. Some of the fruit has been left

to harden upon the stalks and is very difficult to separate it anymore from the stalks.

Aside from that, we have nine acres. In the first half, as we begin to look at these nine acres, in five of the nine acres we see some trails cut through. These are small trails where people have gone through and harvested, occasionally getting off the beaten path to harvest and pick a few ears of corn. But as you progress on past the five acres, you come to four acres of totally unharvested corn—untouched by the combine and the sickle. Four acres of corn that have never been touched one time by a piece of steel.

This is a picture of the world.

Now, look over the horizon! There are ten laborers coming. Ten men with sickles in their hands and their loins girt. Ten men with their sleeves rolled up, bulging muscles prepared for the harvest. And here they come over the horizon, and now they are coming up to the field. Look, they are having a counsel meeting trying to decide some strategy for harvesting this field. The ten men talk. You and I stand there and watch wondering, “How will they do this?” Soon they split themselves into a group. Nine men here and one man here. We think, “Of course. Perfect. Nine and one.” And then we watch in utter disbelief as the nine men go and walk into the

one acre. They begin combing through the one acre, trying to find cobs that are left. They have some success. Some work is done. Some things are built. Some corn is harvested.

And then we watch the other man. One lone man enters into the nine acres. As he begins to go down one of these trails, courageous but lonely, he begins to take his sickle out and harvest. As he wanders in, suddenly he stumbles upon these four acres. He cannot believe it. Four acres that have never been touched! He looks, and he is not sure what to do. It is tough to get in there. There are a lot of diseases and bugs. The corn is thick. There is no way to walk through. He wonders what to do.

He goes back to his companions and tells them about it. But, they are very busy in the one acre. And you and I go and talk to the lord of the harvest who owns these ten acres. We say, "What's the story? Did you order these nine men to go into the one acre?"

And he said, "Not exactly. I told them to go and do my work, but I didn't tell them exactly where to go."

We ask him, "Do these nine men know about the nine acres?"

He said, "They know, but they prefer to forget."

So, we watch and say, "Well, lord, if the nine men would care to move and adjust themselves into the rest of the acres, would you be okay with that?"

What would you think the lord would say?

"Of course!" Think of it logistically. How would a harvester divide himself?

I would like to translate the parable for you.

The statistics aren't a hundred percent accurate, but they are as close as I can figure. If you would take all of the Christian workers in the world—that would include pastors, teachers, evangelists, and any full-time Christian workers—and represent them as ten men, nine of those ten men are working among 10% of the world's population. Nine of those ten men are working in America, Canada, Western Europe, and a few islands in the Caribbean. Nine of those men are working in the most reached and wealthy nations in the world. And one—or 10% of the full time Christian workers in the world—are working among the other ninety percent, the other nine acres.

The four acres I spoke about represents about three billion that live in the world

today. They have never heard the story of Adam and Eve. They have never heard the fall of Satan. They have never heard the name Jesus Christ.

I would like to take you on a tour of these four acres. Fly across the ocean in a brand new 747 with a Coke in your hand. These are the days the world is open to anyone. If you would look back two hundred years ago, they rode three months in a ship to reach Africa. If you would get on a plane from Philadelphia International in twenty-four hours you would land in Accra, Ghana, West Africa. In another twelve hours you would reach the northern city of Tamale. And in another three hours drive you would reach a junction on a dirt road, in a forgotten corner of the world called Damashigu by the Dagombas. This place is a simple junction on a dirt road between Gushiegu and Yendi. If you would go from there, about a half an hour's drive, to the east into the bush towards the land of Togo you would find a village. I'd like to take you there.

God in His mercy enabled us to go back there with Brother Daniel Kenaston and spend a few days with these people. In the village of Nanylinagu most have never seen a paved road. Most of

"The four acres I spoke about represents about three billion that live in the world today. They have never heard the story of Adam and Eve. They have never heard the fall of Satan. They have never heard the name Jesus Christ."

them have never listened to a radio program. These people have never heard the gospel of Jesus Christ. They are part of the Konkomba tribe that has been in darkness for hundreds of years, and maybe thousands.

So come and walk with me a little further into the four acres, and we will go on a two-mile walk. We will come upon another village with maybe thirty people. They have a sitting place where they take smooth logs and lay them row after row where you can sit, with a thatched roof over it. And the men were sitting there, resting during the hottest part of the day. We greeted the chief in a respectable way.

The man looked at us and said, "Now tell me your mission. Why you have come?" This is through a translator.

We told him, "Well, we have come because we want to teach God's way."

And he said, "Are you God's teachers?"

We said, "Yes."

He said, "Come and see."

He sent us with one of his men. We walked a tenth of a mile up the trail through women pounding maize, pigs running between our feet. Under two great shade trees in a large sandy area, he had put a "sitting place." We sat there and looked. All over in the middle of the sand were footprints—totally covering the sand.

In the most honest, totally unassuming face I had ever seen this young man looked at us and said, "This is the place

we have made ready in case God's teachers ever came." And he said, "The footprints on the ground are where my people have danced and prayed that God's Word would come to our village." When the tears finally stopped coming to my eyes I told him, "God has heard your prayers, and He will answer it."

The man said, "Will you come? Will you come and teach God's words to us?" He said, "I promise you with God's help, we will change. We will follow God's way."

I looked up. He wasn't crying because he doesn't understand. He looked at me and said, "Will you come?"

In my heart I said, "I'm coming. Give me a couple more years."

We left that village a much more subdued bunch. We told them, "Come tonight to Nanylinagu. We will all gather there and hear God's Word for the first time." And they did that night. They came by the scores—yea, by several hundred to the village of Nanylinagu.

They brought out their drums. I hope this doesn't offend you all. These are heathen people. These are people who know nothing—*nothing*—of the ways of God.

They danced from 8:00 until close to midnight. A dance of joy and a dance of celebration as they sang. They sang songs like that hour after hour. And we sat there with big eyes. The next night they said, "It's your turn to dance." And we said, "Actually, we're not going to dance. We're

going to preach God's Word."

They said, "Well, that's fine. Whatever you want to do."

So, we gathered around a few kerosene lanterns. Daniel began to preach to them. He took a calabash. A calabash is a gourd that grows to the size of a basketball. They split it in half and dry it. They use it as a bowl to drink water and to eat tizet. But, they also use it in their idol worship. When they take the calabash and lay it upside, they slaughter chickens on it and offer it to the demons.

And so Daniel took the calabash, and he preached to them the most simple message you would ever hear in your life. "God made this calabash."

They said, "Really?"

"Yes, God made this calabash. In the beginning God made everything. In the beginning God made the world. God made calabash. God made you. God made me." Daniel slowly explained to them.

And then he took the calabash. "God is very happy when you drink water from calabash. God is very happy. But when you take calabash," and he turned it upside down, "and put it like that on the ground and you slaughter chicken on it God is angry with you."

The village leader interrupted, "I didn't know. I never knew. We will stop. Today we will stop. We will never do that again."

We went on to explain to him, "There is one true God. And we are going to show you the way to worship Him."

continued on page 17



ARE ALL AMERICANS LEFT-HANDED?!

Seeing Ourselves through Others' Eyes

From time to time we hope to bring you stories from our missionaries and others that take you to the place where they sit and work. Crossing Cultures is a vital part of missionary life and experience. It requires dedication, preparation, and a willingness to lay aside one's own desires and comforts for the sake of the gospel and others. A missionary goes as an outsider to another culture group bearing the message of Good News. In order to communicate effectively he must become an insider, learning the language and the ways of the people.

As with individuals, each culture also has its strengths and weaknesses. Someone has said that every culture has something to teach us if we are willing to enter it as a learner. Just as every individual is important in the body of Christ, so God created each people group with its own unique contributions. God desires each to be saved. This brings glory to Him. The Bible looks ahead to the consummation of time when people from "every tribe and tongue and people and nation" that God placed on this earth will be present around His throne in heaven (Revelation 5:9).

Through other peoples we catch glimpses of the beauty and diversity that God created in the peoples of this earth. As we bring you these glimpses from other tribes and peoples our prayer is that we can all appreciate the rich tapestry and diversity that God created. May we honor His character. May we lift His name higher. And may He receive all the glory due to His name!

The question took me by surprise. We were walking along a path around the side of a mountain on our way back to the "kraal" or homestead, a group of huts and buildings of the extended family where we were staying. Another missionary and I were spending some time at a "live-in" with a Swazi family.

I knew there would be some surprises. The four months of cross-cultural training and ministry in the troubled Watts area of Los Angeles prepared us for some cultural adjustments, sometimes called culture shock. Upon arrival in Swaziland we launched into another two weeks of orientation and an introduction of the language. Then it was off to the "live-in" before being placed in a school as a teacher. We were all eyes and ears as we went into this immersion experience. Away from colleagues and friends and the city it was only we and they, and no way to travel out!

When we arrived the children crowded around to see who these strangers were. The head wife (there were three in that home) came and welcomed us. She introduced us to two boys who spoke a bit of English and showed us to our quarters. The room was comfortable by Swazi standards. In typical African hospitality they went out of their way to see that our needs were met. After a while we felt like a burden, but that was only our Western perception. We were used to our independence. In a rural home, as well as in large fam-

ilies, everybody knows what part they play to make things run smoothly.

The boys especially were curious. They had many questions. They wanted to know what America was like. Likewise we had many questions. Everything there was new to us. "Why do you have so many cattle? What about the terrible erosion from overgrazing?" There were discussions about customs—and spiritual things too. Having much time on our hands, we also took advantage of the daily language learning and practice.

In this culture each group within the family had its own place to eat. The men ate together in one place, the boys in another, the wife (or wives) and younger children near the kitchen. Two older boys were assigned to keep us company, for I was a young man and single at the time. They ate with us and stayed near us most of our waking hours. Trying to please us they brought out the few pieces of silverware they had. We didn't want to make a scene and communicate rejection, so we simply accepted and used them. The two boys with us were also given silverware. They were not accustomed to the finer arts of Western style manners and felt clumsy. They usually grasped the food by their right hands to eat. Initially we felt sorry for them. But we still couldn't speak but a few words of greeting in the language. And they only spoke limited, broken English. And so it went for a few days.

As we got to know each other we became more open in our conversation. A bonding was beginning. One day on returning from a walk, one of them right beside me just put his hand into mine. Walking down the road holding hands!?! Even though no one was around I felt so strange, almost ashamed. For in my culture at that time homosexuality was just beginning to come out of the closet. To be seen holding hands with another man in public was an embarrassment of the first degree, a taboo. One was a near outcast in society.

My emotions overwhelmed me for a moment. I felt like drawing back. But in an instant I realized that I needed to respond based on what I knew and not how I felt. Here in a simple way he was expressing his warm acceptance of me as a person. After a few days of get-

ting used to this I found it quite natural to return the affection. What a joy to honor someone with a symbol of friendship so real and personal.

One day we noticed that they were particularly uncomfortable with us at mealtime. Afterwards my partner and I realized they were trying to eat with their left hands like us. We were both left-handed and they apparently thought they also needed to eat with their left hands to fit in and be accepted. They wanted to be like us.

A few days later we were again out walking. They questioned us about various things in America. "Are all Americans rich? Do all Americans drive cars? How can you keep warm if it is so cold during your "dry" season?" They had no real conception of winter. And then out of the blue came the question... "*Are all Americans left-handed?*" I thought it humorous at first and almost laughed. But they were dead serious. Why would they ask such a thing?

"Of course not. In fact only a small percentage are."

"But we thought they all are."

"Why should you think that?!"

"Well, you are both left-handed!" Okay, that didn't seem odd to us. "And the two Americans that came here six months ago were also left-handed. And a teacher in our school (a volunteer from an American agency) is left-handed. He even writes on the chalkboard with his left hand. Well, we just thought all Americans are left-handed!"

And why not? That is all they ever saw. Can we blame them for thinking that? It was a logical conclusion. In our cross-cultural training we were taught to verify each observation by further evidence and observation. Try to pick up the pattern. Was not that enough? They had done that. Oh, how easy it is to draw wrong conclusions about someone too soon. Yes, crossing a culture takes time, and patience. But love covers a multitude of sins and cultural mistakes.

But their question carried much significance in their culture. It is a serious offense in Swazi life to do certain things with the left hand. You see the left hand is unclean because it is the bathroom hand. It is never used to bestow or receive honor. Even after washing it, the conno-

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Unit 2001

November 2001 - December 2002

Twice a year we send a group of about 10 young people to Ghana—a January team and a September team. Because of the September 11th attacks of 2001, we postponed our September team. Most of the team did leave then towards the end of November and returned around the end of the year.

Following are team member testimonies from this last team. Many times these team members come back changed—many never having gone to a third-world country before. They come back looking at this wealthy, lukewarm American Christian lifestyle totally differently. Come with them as they share some of their experiences.

As we descend the steps from our huge airliner, an exhilarating blast of warm, moist sea breeze greets us. It is hard to believe that we are actually here. Along with the excitement, there also comes a feeling of anticipation. *Am I prepared for the work ahead? Oh Lord! I feel inadequate to the task!* Again He speaks peace to my heart, reminding me that He HAS called me. Why not trust Him? Inside the terminal we are again reminded of the different culture. Black faces and the babble of voices speaking a different language. It is getting late. As we drive the long, bumpy road to the Clark's home, our eyes strain through the darkness to see the new sights. Even though our bodies are travel weary, our senses are alive to the strange sights, sounds, and smells.

Our first opportunities to minister are at various

schools. A sea of black, expectant faces greet us as we file into the room. They welcome us with a series of rhythmic hand clapping. After our program of singing, testimonies, and preaching, we give them a chance to "bring" questions as they say. The questions they bring many times portray their desire for the truth. In many ways Southern Ghana is like America. Many are "Christianized," and yet the gospel has been so watered down and cheapened. These students are hungry for truth. Oh, that we can give them a true picture of Jesus!

As we travel north, notice two things. The landscape is becoming more flat, scrubby and dry. There is less and less Christian influence. The northern region is heavily Muslim. This is one of our concerns. How will the Muslim people relate to us

regarding the world events? But we find the Ghanaian people to be very peace loving, forgiving people. Only one negative comment was heard during our whole stay. In fact one man said: "If we find Bin Ladden we will call you!" What an excellent opportunity to show them Christ's love and forgiveness!

We are now in the area where Daniel & Christy Kenaston are serving. After leaving the main road and driving for about a half-hour into the bush along a dusty trail, we finally come to a village called Nyolli Moldo. This is a small village that is centuries behind in technology. They have no electricity and basically live off the land. But saddest of all is that they have *never* heard the gospel. We decided to set up camp here for a few days.

The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few!

This is but a small picture of the millions still waiting to be told. I hope that somehow it will make an impression on your heart as it did mine. It makes the things of this world look so small and unimportant when you realize the responsibility that is on us who have the gospel in our hands.

*Endeavoring to carry the Torch,
Crystal Martin*



I feel like a little child whose father just took him by the hand and opened a chest full of treasures! That's how the five weeks I spent in

Ghana were for me. I know I am unworthy, but I am so thankful and now so responsible for everything I've seen and heard!

One afternoon a couple of us walked for about an hour to a village just out in the bush. We walked on a dirt path that wound through their fields of cassava, crossed a dry river bed, past a few small round huts—all under a blazing sun. And then what a sight for the eyes! We came upon a Konkomba village...many round huts, throngs of children gathered around one dish of yam (all scooping with their fingers), their mothers bending over their cooking pots, and their fathers sitting in the village sitting place. As we approached everyone stopped what they were doing for a minute to give us a welcoming smile. We sat with the men of the village. The chief was there, and we were speaking with him. They were so open to us and to our message. We invited them to come to a crusade in the next village. We were about to leave when they said, "Oh, we want to show you something!" They led us down a little path to a big tree. There they had set up under the shade lots of benches made of split logs. They said, "This is the room that we have made. A place for us to meet when a teacher from God comes. Will you come and teach us the way to God?"

I pray that God will never let me forget that question, "Will you come?"

God also called me to a deeper surrender while I was

there. Many times my flesh would rebel at the circumstances (bucket toilets, no running water, being covered with dust all the time, separation from family), and yet I knew that I could not come home the way that I went. I would either be at a place of deeper surrender of saying "yes" to God; or a place of drawing back and saying "no" to God. Because of that I sur-

*"One thing that
I cannot forget
is their eyes...
dark, hurting,
despairing,
SEARCHING,
HUNGRY eyes.
Eternity IS in
their hearts!"*

rendered. I thank God for His patience and perseverance with me.

One thing that I cannot forget is their eyes...dark, hurting, despairing, SEARCHING, HUNGRY eyes. Eternity IS in their hearts!

Janelle Hurst



I thank God for giving me the opportunity to see people whom have not yet heard the Gospel but long to hear about God. My time in Ghana was a great blessing in giving me a vision for unreached people—not just in Africa but all throughout the world. I'll briefly share one experience to give you a picture of the openness we encountered. We were going from house to house in a village called Mfuom, doing personal evangelism to prepare for the crusade we would have later that evening. We came to where a man and two ladies were outside of their mud hut preparing their food. We told them that we were here to share the Word of God with them, and we were wondering whether they were interested in hearing it. "By all means," they replied as they hurried to let some wooden benches for us to sit on. So we sat down and shared with them out of Isaiah chapter nine. It says, "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light." We explained to them that the Light of Jesus has come to shine in our hearts and to take away the sins that separate us from God. One of the ladies said, "Thank you for sharing with us. It seems that I'm one of those who is walking in darkness, but with what you shared I think that I can find the Light." It was so thrilling to see people who so honestly acknowledge their need and desire to be taught about the way to freedom from the bondage they are in.

Our time among the Konkombas, with Daniel and

Christy, was the biggest highlight for me. It was very stirring to see people who had never heard the Gospel before; who were begging for someone to come and teach them God's way. I can still hardly fathom the hunger there is where people know nothing about God. Truly the fields are white already to harvest but the laborers are few. God has blessed us with so many blessings—not just natural blessings but spiritual as well. Are we going to hoard these blessings, or will we use them to fulfill God's vision that all the peoples of the earth would hear of Him and give Him the glory that He deserves? My prayer is that God would rise up people of our generation and from our churches to go and reach those who still do not know the joy of being set free from the darkness of sin.

Daniel Troyer



My trip to Ghana was a real blessing. I believe God took me there to show me how self-centered and selfish my heart is. Preparation for the trip was extremely good. Our leader gave us assignments to read from the Bible, showing us that God from the beginning of creation wanted ALL men to know Him. Before I had read all this, I looked at "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel" as the only commandment for missions. This was not so. Now I see that even if these words weren't in the Bible, the call for missions

would still be as strong. God wanted the children of Israel to do this a long time ago but they said, "No! We will not." The thing that challenged me is that I am no different than they were. God has called me as strong as he did them. Dare I say no like they did? Dare I like them just turn my face away and live for my self? Dare I plug my ears when there are millions crying to hear for the first time of Jesus Christ? I must not! God took me there. I know I am responsible for what I do with it.

While we were in the north we had a wonderful opportunity to share with a Muslim. We were in Tamale, which is where one of our missionary families lives. We team boys were out in town getting our vehicle washed. The man who owned the car wash was a Muslim. We shared with him about Jesus while the workers washed our car. This prompted him to ask for a debate about God's son Jesus. We said okay, and a few days later we went back. We sat down under a grass thatch and listened to him tell all about why God cannot have a son, and that Jesus was just a prophet. After he finished we took him to the Old Testament. We showed him how since the fall of man, God promised to send a Redeemer to save us from our sins. The Muslims believe strongly in the Old Testament. They also believe that Jesus was a good prophet, not the Son of God. We took him to Isaiah and Jeremiah where most of the prophecies of Christ are. He argued at first,

but as we just kept showing him passage after passage he got really quiet and listened to what the Bible said. At the end we took him to Matthew, where the angel came to Mary and told of the birth of Christ and that He would save the world. At this point we asked the man if this angel lied. He almost got angry at us for asking such a thing. Then we asked him if Jesus could lie. He said no. We were there close to three or four hours. At the end with tears in his eyes he said, "I believe." I do not think he got born again, but I have no doubt God did something in His heart. The Bible became so simple to me. I think some times we make it too hard. It is *that* simple!

Jim Elliot prayed once and said: *"But this generation passing away at this moment! They must here of a savior! How can we wait? O Lord of harvest, do send forth laborers! Here am I, Lord Behold me. How deaf must be the deafness of the ear which has never heard the story; how blinded the eye that has not looked on Christ for light; how pressed the soul that has no hope of glory; how hideous the fate of man who knoweth only night! God arouse us to care, to feel as He Himself does for their welfare. May this prayer be ours'.*

Jay Leibee



As I sit here reflecting back over the past nine weeks of my life, my heart is lifted up in thankfulness for all that God has done for me. He put me in

situations that forced me to see His desire and passion for the unreached. For the first week my desire for the foreign field was fading fast because I had an emotional burden for lost souls; however, God replaced that with a firm conviction and call that comes from His very being. The call that He put on our lives as unworthy servants to proclaim *His name* through all the earth.

He put before me the choice of being a radical disciple of His or not. Am I willing to lay everything I have, even my very life at Jesus feet and serve Him no matter where that takes me?

The highlight of my trip was when Daniel Kenaston took a few of us team members along to worship at a village about six miles from Bonbun. We traveled maneuvering the Land Rover over the rough terrain of the so-called “road” and through a dry riverbed. We parked the Rover and then walked to the sitting place where they gather for “church.” This is a village where Daniel has been teaching them “God’s way” as they say it.

We sat down on the logs and waited for the people to gather. This was their service, and Daniel allowed them to have it like they wanted. As the people gathered they sang a few songs, and then let Daniel have some time. So he had one of the men read Psalm 1 in the Konkumba language, which he read through very slowly with the help of one or two others. Then Daniel used the trees, leaves, and chaff to explain to

them what God is saying through the psalm. After the message we had some discussion and singing. It was very inspiring to see God at work in these remote areas.

The experiences of riding on the top of a Land Rover, bumping along with the hot, dusty wind blowing, spending

“The experiences of riding on the top of a Land Rover, bumping along with the hot, dusty wind blowing, spending a few days in a village setting, getting closer to the national’s level, and observing the hunger of the Konkumbas while “sitting at the feet” of those more experienced made lasting impressions on my life.”

a few days in a village setting, getting closer to the national’s level, and observing the hunger of the Konkumbas while “sitting at the feet” of those more experienced made lasting impressions on my life.

I will always be thankful for the way that God, through

His servants, kept bringing me face to face with:

- His desire for us to be radical disciples of His so that we *will* take the Gospel to all nations.
- His passion for the unreached.
- the glory and honor He wants for His name alone.

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me. Isaiah. 6:8

May the name of our Lord be lifted high by our lives!
Marvin Kauffman



I remember feeling so blessed and excited, as we went through the Old Testament in orientation, seeing how much God’s heart yearned that people of all nations might know Him and glorify His name. I felt like it is not just the stirrings of my heart that causes me to “want to go and tell them.” It is the very thing that beats on God’s heart. It should be beating on mine too! Some of the scenes there in Africa that made vivid impressions on my heart were seeing the Muslims bow and say their prayers, and then washing themselves to try to cleanse their sins. My eyes filled with tears as I thought of how God must grieve at that sight. My heart longed to go tell them that Jesus is the only One who can wash away their sins.

Another thing that was life changing was seeing the

hunger of the Konkomba people, as they would ask Daniel Kenaston, "Will you please come teach us God's way?" Sometimes Daniel would have to tell them he could not come. There are simply too many villages for one man to cover alone. In their simple way they replied "We will pray that God will give you strength, and that God would send us teachers." Oh, that God would send forth laborers into the harvest fields for they ARE ripe for harvest! Many times during our trip, whether we were ministering in schools or sharing Christ in a village where they had never heard, I would look at those dark faces that looked so empty yet longing for something more. Then it seemed as if the Lord would quietly say to me, "Child, it is My desire that these people would also glorify My name." Do you think I still feel comfortable sitting in an easy chair feeding my own desires, even spiritual ones? No. God forbid that I should sit and feast on the riches of His table without sharing them, whether it is here in the States or in other lands. I thank God for His mercy in letting me see just a small glimpse of the needs in the world, and showing me a little of His heart. I want to learn much more of it.

At times it makes life a little uncomfortable especially coming back to the States, but God has been speaking to me about doing ALL to the honor and glory of God no matter where He leads me to serve. My prayer over this trip has been, "Lord let me go, not to a

land of comfort and beauty, or to where I will be noticed by others, but to where you see that my life will bring the highest praise to Your name." I am only a vessel, called out of darkness. Why? To show forth His praises that those who are still in darkness might learn to know Him, and that the Lamb might receive the reward of His sufferings. *Here am I Lord, send me.*

*A servant of my King,
Rosanne Byler*

*"Lord let me go,
not to a land of
comfort and beauty,
or to where I will be
noticed by others,
but to where you see
that my life will bring
the highest praise to
Your name."*



When we left for Ghana, I really had no idea what the Lord had in store for me. I felt the call of God on my life, but I did not know what it was. Now looking back, I know He deliberately dropped that short five-week experience into my life at exactly the right time. I left with an intense desire to do that with my

whole life. I often pray to the Lord that He can send me anywhere—all by myself and *whatever* for His glory. But all of a sudden I found myself right in the middle of it, and God pressed the question on my heart, "Are you willing to give up your life completely for My sake?" The question did not come from the comforts of home, or when reading a good missionary story. It came when I saw the dirt one simply cannot escape from, the extreme heat, the sickness, the loneliness, the tears of the missionaries, and the years of laboring for a few souls. Will I give my life in this way?

The time that impacted me the greatest was the time in the northern region of Ghana. Going out into the remote villages that only the monotonous tone of Muslim prayer calls drone across the compounds, but never the name of Jesus Christ! It was an awesome feeling to sit under the brightest stars I had ever seen, surrounded by a couple hundred Dagombas, and hear the story of Jesus proclaimed for the first time! I do not think I will ever forget the thrill of singing the song, "There is a God" in those villages. The words rang with sharp reality in my heart as I realized the great spiritual darkness abounding around us at that very moment. Our God, He is alive!

Another major highlight was the time spent with Daniel and Christy and the Konkomba people. We set up camp in a very remote village for two days. It was a very good experience in identifying

us with the people and living like them. The thing that hit us the most was their intense spiritual hunger. Seeing the “sitting place” they made in case ‘God’s teacher’ ever comes....

“Will you come and teach us God’s way?” My heart burned within me with a fire that will not go out as I realized that there are hundreds of villages ripe and asking for the gospel, and there are not enough laborers to bring it to

them. As I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears the pleas of souls longing for the things that, through the mercy of God lay in my own heart, I knew what God wanted of me. I cried out to God to send laborers and to send me. “O, God make me a tiny part of the furtherance of Your kingdom to those who have never heard!” is my constant prayer. Another great blessing was to spend so much time with other

godly young people. It was such a blessing to minister, sing, share hearts, experience, and learn things together! My life was very enriched by that part of team life. I would sincerely appreciate your prayers as I wait and pray and learn what the Lord would have me to! God bless you!

*Because of Jesus,
Sheryl Lapp*

□

continued from page 5, The Priority of the Unreached by Weston Lebbe

One of the men stepped forward, “God will give us strength. We will change our ways. We will worship the true God.”

Daniel said, “Yes, that’s what we want to see.”

The man replied, “But as we are little children, you must continue telling us so that we will understand well.”

Daniel said, “This is true. But as with a little child, if he will not obey—you will stop teaching him.”

We closed the service, and as we closed five men came to Daniel and I—including the man whose village I had spoken to you about with the “sitting place”—saying, “Please will you come to our village and teach?”

It is the hardest thing you will ever know to do in the

world to say to these men, “We cannot. There are not enough laborers. There are not enough people.”

That is the four acres of the unreached people.

That is what Paul spoke of when he said in Romans 15:20,21, “*Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man’s foundation: but as it is written, To whom he was not spoken of, they shall see: and they that have heard shall understand.*”

This world is much closer to us than ever before. It pains my heart to see in some of these Konkomba villages power lines racing in front of the Gospel. It is a crying shame to Christianity that there are villages where elec-

tric will reach them before the Gospel of Christ.

I am calling us as a people to rise up. It is a race for me against time to beat this electric in there. Why should not God’s people be on the cutting edge? Why is it that there are men hired by the government digging holes for electric poles when God’s people have not been into those areas? They have convinced those men to go out and dig electric poles. Let’s convince ourselves to go.

When you stand before God and He asks you personally, “Why, my people? Why are three billion people in the world never touched with the Gospel?”

I don’t know what we are going to say. □

...five men came to Daniel and I...saying, “Please will you come to our village and teach?” It is the hardest thing you will ever know to do in the world to say to these men, “We cannot. There are not enough laborers. There are not enough people.”

tation remains. I later had a bright student in my class who could write equally well with both hands. He was ambidextrous, but he favored his left hand when doing certain skills. I learned that as soon as it is recognized that the child is left-handed, the parents tie the left hand behind the back with a piece of cowhide. This practice continues as long as needed to break the child and force him to learn to use the right hand.

The proper manner of giving and receiving of gifts in Swazi culture is held as a high value. It is always done with the right hand or both hands. A humble posture, leaning forward and never looking an elder or respected person in the eye accompany it. It involves intricate respect and appropriate praise. Each family, extended family, and clan has a praise name. On receiving a gift the recipient opens up expressing gratitude using the praise name.

What a beautiful picture! When we receive God's gifts in His way we bring praise to His name. We praise Him in both word and deed—gratitude in the heart, gratitude in words, and gratitude in our demeanor. On the contrary, to not receive the good gifts God offers us is to offend Him. God is a God of grace. He desires to

bestow His blessings on us. But we must meet His conditions and receive them His way. How sad if we would offend someone who loves us so much that He gave His Son to die a sacrificial death to save us- the ultimate gift. To reject such a gift is the ultimate offense.

From that time onwards I was much more conscientious about how I used my left hand and when. Just as the young child had his left hand tied behind his back, I had to constantly remind myself until it became more of a habit—not only in giving and receiving gifts but even the simple act of passing something to another person. I was rewarded with an unexpected compliment. Swazis like to give descriptive names to people they know. My Swazi mother (by that time she said she was adopting us!) decided that my name from that time on was to be Siphon. Siphon means *gift* in the siSwati language. She saw us as having brought a blessing to their household. The feeling was certainly mutual.

Have you received God's ultimate gift? Are you expressing your gratefulness and praise to Him? Do you know God's praise names? He is worthy to be praised for His excellent greatness!

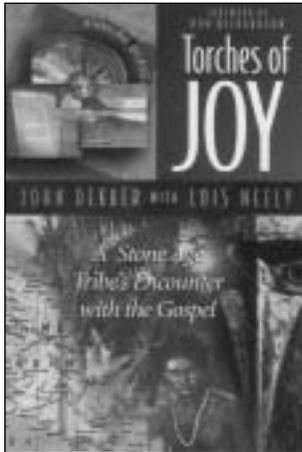
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Torches of Joy

A Stone Age Tribe's Encounter with the Gospel

by John Dekker



“Today the seventy-nine churches of the Toil Valley, with 13,000 baptized believers, have sent out 65 couples to other tribes needing the gospel.”

ten language. In one generation this tribe took a giant, daunting leap from the Stone Age into the twentieth century. Anthropologists warn that bringing change to a tribe too quickly can destroy its traditional structures, and it falls apart. What ensured the success of this one? This book is a thrilling account of a modern day movement of God's Spirit with striking similarities to the Book of Acts.

At a critical time, John and Helen Dekker gave themselves to the Dani tribes' people, helping them discover the gospel of Jesus Christ and their destiny as helpers of other tribes. Today the seventy-nine churches of the Toil Valley, **with 13,000 baptized believers, have sent out 65 couples to other tribes needing the gospel.** Not only did this tribe hear and respond to the Gospel, they took seriously the commands of Christ. As the title suggests they carried their torches of joy to others; first to their own tribe, and then to other unreached tribes in the region.

Torches of Joy is a model for cross-cultural mission strategy. The foreign missionaries faced the typical problems of dependency, knowing where and how much to help, when to pull out, and how to continue

In 1960 the 25,000 Dani tribes' people were still hidden away in the remote Toil Valley of Irian Jaya. They used only stone tools and had no writ-

ten language.

“Should we kill them?” The book opens as we eavesdrop on a group of Dani warriors discussing how to deal with the newcomers who were about to arrive.

“Could they be the promised ones who bring the secret of eternal life?”

“But no, they would have to be snakes; it was the snake who knew the secret from the first days.”

“No, I think they are cannibals and they will eat our babies.”

Still another suggested, “They are demons, white demons. We must kill them.”

But Wuninip, a leader, argued for the salt and the axes they had traded earlier. They could now cut down trees in a jiffy.

The steel bird landed. They watched the couple with two young children get out. They noticed that they had babies too, and were human.

“But why have they come to live among us?”

They decided to wait and see. “We can always kill them later.”

Imagine moving into an environment like this! But God still uses ordinary people. God, in His providence, called the Dekkers into this remote situation. As they faithfully and obediently served, He did extraordinary things through them. John, from Holland, was being groomed to step into the family business. He ended up in a Bible institute in Canada before he was even born again. Helen was the sixth of the

seven children of a Montana farmer. She trained as a nurse. They met in a linguistics course. In a rather surprising way God brought them together in marriage and knit their hearts together to serve Him.

Moving into the Stone Age was not easy with a young family. The whole family was permitted one fifty-five gallon drum and one packing case. They moved into a house of bark with a two-year old and a one-month old baby. The creepy crawlies, the humidity, and the lack of privacy soon wore Helen down. Clothes vanished from the line. Living took so much time. But they prayed, and God brought a wonderful twelve-year old girl to help. She fit in perfectly with the family.

This book does not mince the realities of mission life. John was tremendously busy, and he was not always sensitive to Helen and their family needs. John thrived on the never-ending challenges. Helen struggled much with loneliness. She faced some near-death illnesses. The family lost everything in a hut fire, escaping only with the children. Though discouragement was real, they knew God had called them there. At one stage the mission felt Helen was a psychosomatic case due to all the pressure. She was down to a mere eighty-eight pounds. Leaving the field seemed eminent. But an astute missionary recognized an iodine deficiency. God intervened, and she recovered quickly.

Helen's nursing skills built credibility. She often felt stretched beyond her abilities, but God undertook the miraculous. Right from the start the medical needs threatened to occupy much of their time. So John taught the Danis how to clean wounds, dispense medicines, and pull teeth. They caught on quickly. Within six months these Stone Age people were handling all but the most severe cases, freeing the Dekkers to focus more on language and ministry.

The Dani language was difficult. Long hours were spent in preparation. When John started

“...he could hear a difference in their praying. “O Creator, greetings! We never knew You existed, but here we are!” How beautiful the unhindered, unlearned, spontaneous prayer that springs from the heart!”

teaching lessons he could not find a word for love. But he discovered a phrase—“my heart is joined to yours.” What a beautiful description! The *Creation to Christ* series laid a foundation for teaching salvation. Men soon came from other villages farther out. A teaching house was built. More and more men came. John had them go home. He chose representatives who showed a desire to listen to God's words and could in turn teach others. He taught these

men four mornings a week. But still they came—up to two thousand!

How clearly one can see that the men were the key to the transformation of the tribe. They memorized scripture and songs in their own chant form. Prior to this their whole lives centered around war and killing. Now they had plenty of time. As they learned, marriages were transformed. Men began to be considerate of their wives, even when they were sick, something they would not even think about before. No longer did they see them only as caretakers of the home and the garden. They began to teach their wives and children at home. Remember, these were illiterate Stone Age people!

During the time of teaching foundational principles, John did not initially speak about conversion. The lessons were leading up to that. Yet after a while he could hear a difference in their praying. **“O Creator, greetings! We never knew You existed, but here we are!”** How beautiful the unhindered, unlearned, spontaneous prayer that springs from the heart! The Danis did not speak to God about “things.” They spoke to Him as a friend. As is often the case in communal societies, decisions were made as a group. John was careful not to speak of conversion with the group. He did, however, challenge them individually about a decision.

The book is filled with testimony after testimony; beautiful examples of people turning from pagan ways to embrace and serve the living God. Many were set free from demons and deep

bondage. They burned their fetishes and gave up their warring ways. Several accounts of miracles are documented. One blind old man, upon being baptized, received his sight as he came up out of the water. How the people marveled and praised the God of heaven!

A wise teacher, John overheard Dani conversations and discovered errors that needed correcting. False teaching on the Holy Spirit arose, and together with the leaders they dealt with it. The missionary faced the constant challenge to make truth relevant to Stone Age people. How do you explain the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world when the Danis had never seen a lamb?

It is a fascinating story how the men came to the conviction to cut their long hair. Remember, they had not yet heard the scriptures about men and long hair. But a practical lesson on weeds and getting out the roots of sin led to a discussion. The missionary wisely excused himself. They asked themselves, "Why do we have long hair? Is it not to impress? Is this not our pride, the root that needs to be pulled out?" It was their decision, not an outsider's. This was a major turn, even more important than burning the fetishes. It set the believers apart—those who followed *kiwone* (God's word) and those who did not.

After dealing with their pride, God began to move over the whole valley. Change was in the air. Restitution began. Voluntarily they returned things stolen from the missionaries. Cleanliness took on new value. There was a desire to be physically clean. Pens were built for the animals. They had kept their pigs in the house! Men had customarily greased their skin, often not bathing. Now they had a new problem. They could not get enough soap in the valley!

As the Dani church grew, so did training and church structure. Missionaries sent out to neighboring tribes had to be approved by the church council. In the chapters on local Dani missionary outreach, the reader feels as though he is "on the trail" with them. And just as there were casualties among Western missionaries, death and illness were part of the sacrifice made to pass on the torch to others. What stands out, though, is the joy with which they bore these hardships. They willingly paid the price to bring in the

unsaved. Some went and lived among cannibals, trusting only in God's protection. One was delivered from a poisonous snake bite. For another in danger, God intervened with an earthquake.

Although the Danis were more used to a simple lifestyle, they as missionaries also experienced culture shock—different foods, customs, and dangers in unfamiliar territory. Some tended to want to export Dani culture and ways of dress. Others tended toward one of two extremes—over identification with the people, or more commonly isolation and retreat to one's own comfort zone, away from the dirt and distressing customs. John served as both a friend and a wise father to them during these times.

How could a poor fledging indigenous church support a missionary movement in a non-cash society? This book proves that the poorest of the poor and the "least-educated" can become fruitful missionaries. A short list of principles is given near the end. There are ideas on how foreign and local missionaries can work together effectively, utilizing each other's strengths. This book is highly recommended for anyone seriously considering working among an unreached tribal group.

In the epilogue the Dekkers share what God did most deeply for them, "Jesus allowed me to be crushed, to agonize, to die to all that I held precious." And through death God brought new life to a whole tribe—in fact, several tribes. May God be honored to repeat this many times over till His church is complete around His throne. □

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HAVE YOU HEARD THE SOBBING?

Have you heard the sobbing of a thousand million souls,
Submerged in darkest heathen night?
Vainly groping for the way that leads to hope and peace
They plead and wait for Gospel light.

Have you heard the sobbing of a thousand million souls,
By superstitious chains enslaved?
Can you longer be indifferent to their sad estate
Thro' Jesus they can all be saved.

Can you hear the sobbing of a thousand million souls,
Who seek relief of heart in vain?
Let them have the blessed Gospel that can freedom give,
And rend the chains of sin in twain.

A thousand million souls are dying, a thousand million souls for whom the Saviour died.
Can you still deny their plea? Can you longer idle be, while a thousand million souls are dying?

~ Haldor Lillenas ~

*Can you hear the
Father calling?
How much longer
will you continue to
live lukewarm and
indifferent while
millions of souls for
whom Jesus died wait
to even hear the name
Jesus even one time.*

Harvesters are needed.

TODAY.



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