

Annual
Missions
Number

Youth

F O R C H R I S T

MARCH 1956

25 CENTS



"My Children
Missionaries?
I'd Be Thrilled"

says Mrs. Billy Graham

Are You
Missionary Timber?

Blood, Sweat
and Tears

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Mid-

The Auca village over which Nate Saint flew for three months, dropping and receiving gifts by using his unique bucket-system. It is on the Curaray river.

HOW IT HAPPENED

GOD ALONE knows exactly what happened when Nate Saint, Ed McCully, Roger Youderian, Pete Fleming and Jim Elliot met death at the hands of the Auca Indians on a beach of the Curaray river on Sunday, January 8, 1956.

This much is known.

On Tuesday, January 3, after months of preparation and planning, the men reached the beach of the Curaray river and made a successful landing. On Friday, January 6, they heard an Auca voice. Three Indians stepped out, two women and a man. Jim Elliott waded into the river to greet them and make them feel welcome. The man indicated he wanted to take a ride in the plane and he went up twice with Saint, seeming to enjoy it tremendously as he talked and shouted.

On Sunday noon, January 8, Saint talked to his wife in Shell Mera by radio. Sometime later he called again and the final words heard were, "Here comes a group of Aucas we apparently have not known before." Early the next morning John Keenan, a pilot of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship,

flew over the site and saw the Piper Family Cruiser plane the men had used. The fabric had been stripped from the plane and there was no sign of life.

A ground party started immediately for the site, headed by missionary Frank Drown and including six other missionaries, 13 Ecuadorian soldiers and some Indians. That same day, two bodies were sighted from the air, one with a lance in the body.

Cooperating in the operation were the Air Rescue Squadron of the U.S.A. and American Air Mission in Quito, the Ecuadorian Air Force, the TAO Airline, as well as the Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane.

News bulletin No. 3 issued from Shell Mera, center of rescue work, came on Thursday, January 12, and definitely established the fact that there were four unidentified bodies on the Curaray Beach, or in the water. An H-13 helicopter of the U.S. Army, piloted by Captain McGee accompanied by Major Malcolm Nurnberg, spent a little time on the beach.

PICTURE STORY

Five Young Missionaries Become

Century Martyrs



Pete Fleming



Roger Youderian



Nate Saint



Ed McCully



Jim Elliot

It was also reported as of this day that friendly Indians had met the ground party and had turned over to missionary Drown the radio which the men had set up in their beach house.

Major Nurnberg stated that the bodies were either on the beach or wholly or partly in water. No positive identification could be made on any of them. He found pieces of notebook paper nearby, as well as one shoe down the beach. The first body, going downstream, was caught under log debris, with only the feet out of the water. The second was 200 yards from the plane, the third 300 yards down stream from the plane, the fourth a half-mile away.

The wives of the men were given the sad news on Thursday evening. As another missionary wrote, "In the midst of sorrow there was a sincere note of praise . . . We are seeing the eloquent testimony of the power and beauty of the Christian faith."

News Bulletin No. 4, issued Friday, January 13, confirmed the fact that all five missionaries had been killed. The land party and the helicopter crew met at the site and found the bodies. Photographer Cornell Capa of Life Magazine was flown to the site by helicopter. A news report at 12:35 p.m. indicated that the fifth body had been found. (The next day, however, Major Nurnberg reported at MAF headquarters in Shell Mera, that only four bodies had been found. An Indian had seen the fifth body earlier and had

They Gave Their Lives On Sunday, January 8, 1956 Curaray River Beach Ecuador

Nate Saint, 32, Huntingdon Valley, Pa., from the Missionary Aviation Fellowship.

Roger Youderian, 31, Lewiston, Montana, and Lansing, Michigan, from the Gospel Missionary Union.

James Elliot, 28, Portland, Oregon, from Christian Missions in Many Lands. (Plymouth Brethren.)

Edward McCully, 28, Milwaukee, Wis., from Christian Missions in Many Lands.

Peter Fleming, 27, Seattle, Washington, from Christian Missions in Many Lands.

taken from it enough personal belongings to make it definite that all five men had been killed.)

The ground party directed by Frank Drown recovered the bodies and buried them at the base of the tree in which the men had built their shelter and in which they had lived. Burying the men at the site came at the request and with the permission of the five wives because of the extreme difficulty in bringing them out and the appropriateness of being buried where they had fallen in the line of duty.

Personal effects recovered included two cameras, three wedding rings, a watch, a knife and a match holder. The watch of Nate Saint, which was recovered, had its crystal broken and it had stopped at 3:12. It could indicate that the attack had occurred at that time.

All four men were buried in one grave. It rained heavily during the burial service.

All men whose bodies were found had been killed by lances, with further damage by machete blows. One of the lances had the pages of a Spanish New Testament wrapped around it with the thread that the Aucas use to wind their lances. The tree house had been completely stripped.

Because of the danger of further attack, the ground crew started back up the river immediately to get away from the incident site. Major Nurnberg and Cornell Capa stayed with the ground party.

The ground crew left the site at 2:45 p.m. and continued up river until 5 p.m., when camp was made on a sand bar. The Indians in the crew and the Ecuadorian soldiers indicated that Aucas were yet in the vicinity and during the all-night watch, Major Nurnberg sprayed the area with rifle fire at 5 a.m. The sounds ceased, and at 7 a.m. they broke camp.

As the official news bulletin was being prepared on Friday night, a missionary wrote, "We continue to thank God for the peace He has given to the wives of our missionary colleagues whose names can now be added to the heroes of the faith in Hebrews 11. As I write this, one of them is at the piano and is playing the song.

" 'Fear thou not, for I'll be with thee,
I will still thy Pilot be;

Never mind the tossing billows,
Take my hand and trust in me.' "

On Saturday, January 14, at their own request, the five wives were flown over the incident site in the C-47 of the U.S. Navy. The plane left Shell Mera at 8 a.m. and returned at 1:30 p.m. A brief memorial service was held aboard the plane as it circled the site and at which the "Wings of Mercy" plane will remain as an additional memorial to the five men.

A memorial service also was held later at Shell Mera.

Who They Were

By Bob Savage

YFCI Vice president for South America

QUITO, ECUADOR — There were no finer missionaries in Ecuador than Nate Saint, Ed McCully, Jim Elliot, Roger Youderian and Pete Fleming.

They were key men in the Gospel ministry of this country. Excellently prepared, keen-minded, radiant personalities and Spirit-filled — all of them.

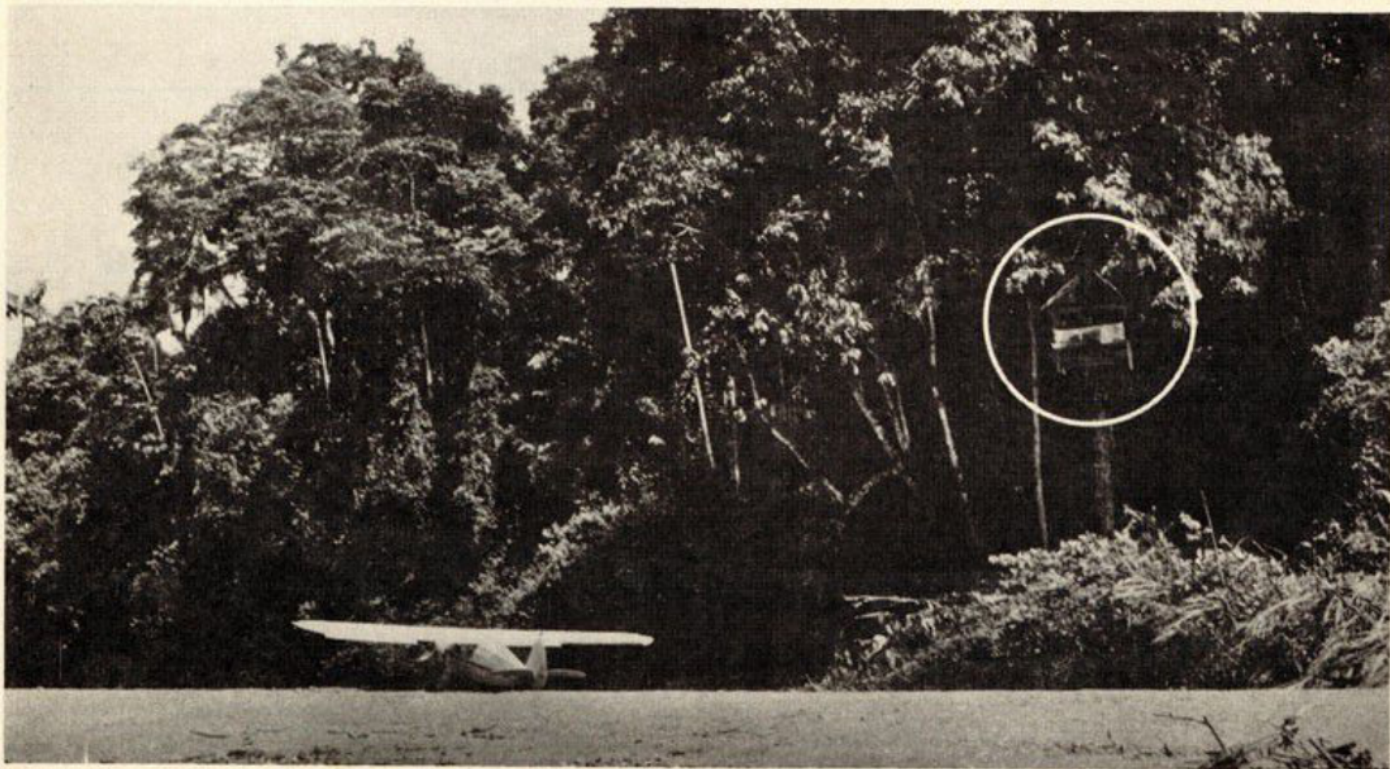
Nate Saint

Take Nate Saint, for instance.

He brought to Ecuador the very best of spiritual and technical training. Those of us who have flown with him can testify that a more careful, diligent pilot could never be found. But he was a missionary-pilot, with the emphasis on missionary. Wherever he went, people felt the impact of the spiritual power that his life constantly produced.

I remember last May when he preached in Spanish at the church here in Quito where I am pastor. His opening remarks were,

"This is ridiculous for me to be occupying a pulpit. I'm



The Missionary Aviation Fellowship's Piper Family Cruiser first landed on this beach on January 3. Note the pre-fabricated tree house at right of photo.

merely an airplane mechanic acquainted with valves, spark plugs, bolts and nuts."

And then he proceeded to preach far better than most of us who dedicate our full time to preaching!

For seven years he was constantly flying his small Piper airplanes over that endless green carpet of the Ecuadorean jungle. His ministry completely transformed missionary work in the jungle. Prior to his coming to Ecuador in 1948, missionaries spent a distressing percentage of their time and effort struggling to get across the ugly trails of the dense, soggy wet forest. They would arrive at their stations fatigued and worn out.

Nate changed all that. With his missionary airplane he transported colleagues to any spot in the jungle in 20, 30 or 40 minutes (trips that on foot took four to nine days). And they arrived well-rested and immediately ready to assume their duties and ministry.

That isn't all, for every week he would drop out of the sky and set his plane down on the crude, primitive landing strips at the various mission stations, bringing food-stuffs, medicines, mail from home and other provisions. As a result, all missionary work in that area experienced a tremendously enlarged impact and growth. The number of jungle missionary stations during these seven years doubled.

Nate Saint transformed the jungle. He died at the age of 32, a young man in the prime of life, yet the eldest of the five martyrs.

Roger Youderian

Roger Youderian belonged to the Gospel Missionary Union. He would have been 32 on January 21. Among his fellow missionaries he had the reputation as the fellow who didn't know the meaning of the word "can't." During most of his three years in Ecuador he had witnessed to a tribe of Indians known as the Jivaros of the southern Jungle of Ecuador. The Jivaros are the famed "head-hunters" but by no means are to be associated (as some newspapers have done) with the Aucas. In contrast to the Aucas and despite their fame as "head-hunters," missionaries feel perfectly safe in their



Pete Fleming explains model to the Auca Indian whom the men had named "George." This photo was taken on Friday, January 6, when two women and one man appeared, friendly and unafraid.

The Cover . . . and Pictures

The martyred missionaries, shown on the cover, are left to right, Ed McCully, Pete Fleming, Jim Elliot, with Roger Youderian, left inset, and Nate Saint right inset. The larger picture was taken by Nate Saint on the Curaray beach a few days before they were killed.

Page 8, Missionary Aviation Fellowship photo by Nate Saint; page 9, Missionary Aviation Fellowship photo by Nate Saint, used in Life Magazine; page 10, Missionary Aviation Fellowship photo by Nate Saint; page 11, top right, Missionary Aviation Fellowship photo by Nate Saint; bottom, Life Magazine photo by Cornell Capa; page 12, Missionary Aviation Fellowship photo; page 13, Missionary Aviation Fellowship photo; page 14, Missionary Aviation Fellowship photo.



The five widows, who had waited at Shell Mera, hear a first-hand report from Dr. Arthur Johnston, (back to camera) a member of the ground party. Left to right are Mrs. Marilou McCully, Mrs. Barbara Youderian holding her 21-month old son Jerry Lee, Stephen Saint, Mrs. Marjorie Saint holding one-year old Philip, Mrs. Olive Fleming and Mrs. Elisabeth Elliot.



Marj and Nate Saint with Kathy and Stevie in the jeep they used at Shell Mera.



The bucket-on-a-cord, developed by Nate Saint, was sometimes used to establish contact with ground parties when radios were inoperative.

territory and have never experienced any physical harm from them.

During 1955, Roger, along with Frank Drown, had the joy of reaching a new, isolated tribe with the Gospel for the first time, namely the Ashuaras. That story is a tremendous drama in itself, in which Nate Saint cooperated with his airplane and a public address system installed in it. From the air the missionaries warned the Ashuaras of an enemy attack and thus won their confidence and the opportunity to enter their area with the Gospel.

A man of many talents, Roger also had been directing the construction of a mission hospital at Shell Mera, to be known as the Epp Memorial Hospital and administered by the Medical Department of Radio Station HCJB. Rog had been in many dangerous spots in conflicts with the Japanese as a soldier in World War II, but it was a nine-foot Auca lance that snuffed out his life.

Jim, Ed and Pete belonged to the "Christian Missions in Many Lands," more commonly known as the Plymouth Brethren. All three were outstanding Bible students, great "lovers of the Word." Each one had at various times given a month's series of Bible messages over HCJB.

Ed McCully

Ed McCully was a big, strapping fellow, 28 years of age. What an abundance of talents he possessed. In his senior year at Wheaton college he entered an oratory contest that included all of the colleges and universities of America. After the regional, state and national contests all had been concluded, the National Champion was . . . Ed McCully.

He was also an excellent musician and his trombone solos were a blessing on innumerable occasions. But the picture I'll always have of him is the cheerful, enthusiastic way he would direct a meeting of young boys in the jungle. How they loved him!

And how they would sing under his leadership and respond to his Bible teaching!

Six months ago he and his wife, Marilou, established a new mission station at a jungle spot called Arajuno, and the new effort met with most unusual success. Wherein many missionaries have toiled ten and twenty years without having their first fruit, the McCully's had the joy of seeing most of the Indians of the Arjuno area manifest sincere interest right from the beginning. This was the nearest mission station to the Auca tribe and perhaps the Aucas were nearer to the heart of Ed than anyone else. Ed's dad is past president and the present Executive Director of the Christian Business Men's Committee.

Pete Fleming

Pete Fleming was the youngest of the five, having turned 27 last November. Just last Sunday (January 15) I remember how Pete's name was on the lips of 50 Indian boys and girls who were coming into Quito with me in our green bus. They live in the Indian village of Llano Grande, about a half-hour to the north of Quito. As I brought them to our church where they were scheduled to sing at the evening service, they told me of their esteem and love for Pete.

Last spring he had conducted a revival campaign in their area and because of his excellent knowledge of their language (Quechua) and his genuine love for them and His Lord, the results were the best that any such effort had ever produced. He had taught them several choruses in Quechua and my heart was stirred as they sang them for me.

Jim Elliot

Jim Elliot was the same age as Ed — 28 — when he tasted martyrdom out on that isolated river shore on January 8.

He had spent four years in the jungle and spoke both the Quechua and Spanish languages with excellent fluency. Square-jawed and with an athletic build, he had a tremendous influence on young people in Ecuador. I'll never forget a missionary challenge message he brought to a large gathering of Spanish-speaking young people in Quito a little over a year ago. I can hear him saying,

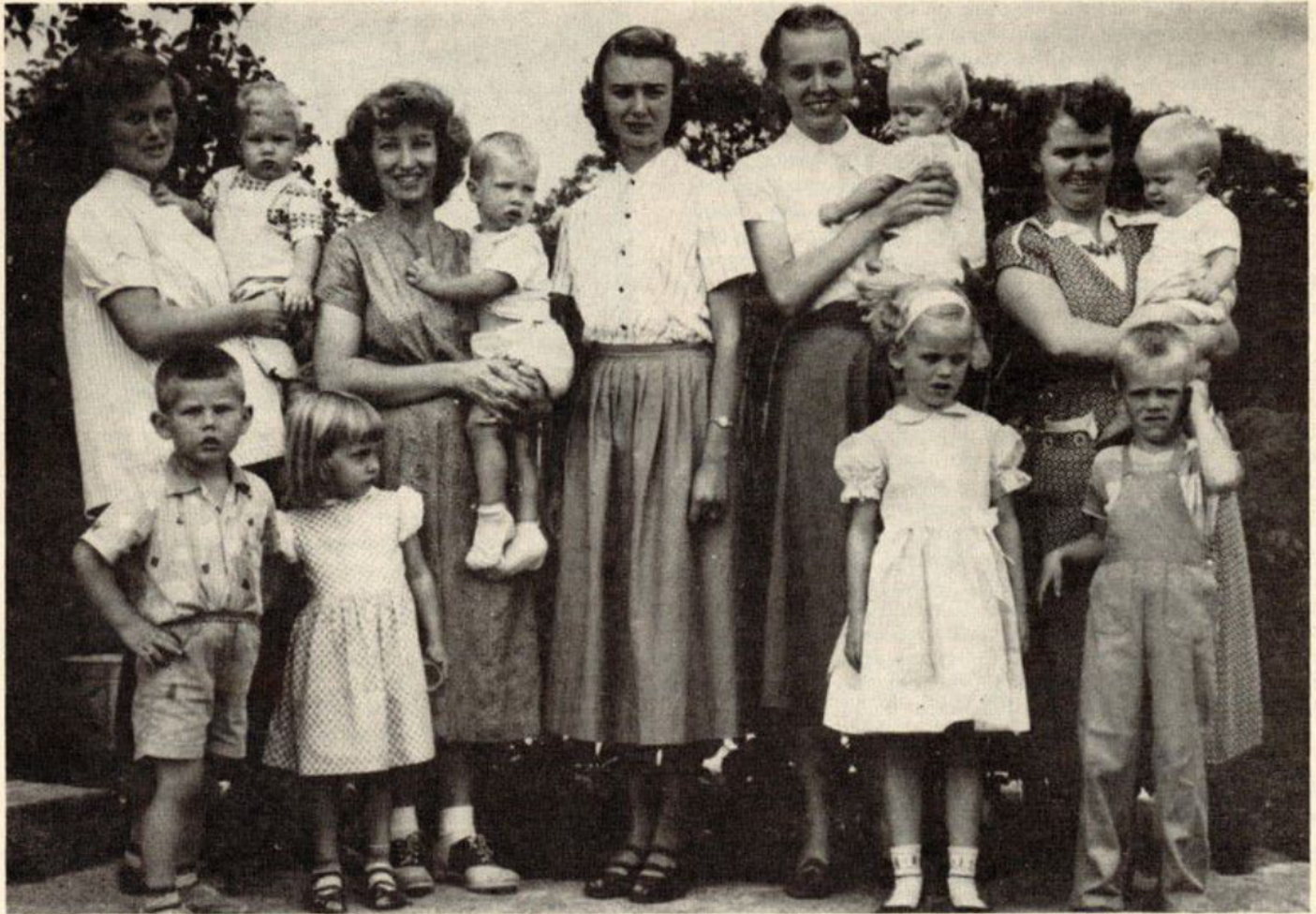
"Young people, I challenge you to dedicate your lives to taking the Gospel to the people of your country who live in the dense, superstitious jungle. But I offer you nothing of comfort or convenience. I do not offer you an attractive salary. What I offer you is sacrifice, toil, perhaps tears and broken health. But I also offer you the opportunity of your lives to become a blessing to multitudes of neglected dwellers of the forest, and I challenge you to respond to this terrific need."

A glorious response followed that challenge — 17 of our finest young people marched to the front as they dedicated their lives to the spiritual needs of the jungle.

I am confident that many of them will "follow in Jim's train."

And it is my prayer as I write this from Quito, Ecuador, a city which for so many days was the focus spot of the entire world, that those 17 may be joined by hundreds from many other countries who, like Jim, will not count any cost as too dear but will go with the Gospel to any part of the world the Lord might indicate to them.

Fellows . . . girls . . . the mission fields of the world are waiting for you!



There was hope when this photo was taken at Shell Mera during the week of rescue activities. Left to right are Mrs. Marilou McCully holding Michael, 1, with Stephen in front; Mrs. Barbara Youderian holding Jerry, with Beth Elain, 3½, in front; Mrs. Olive Fleming; Mrs. Betty Elliot, holding Valerie, 1, and Mrs. Marjorie Saint, holding Philip, 1, with Kathy, 7, and Stephen, 5, in front.

The Months of Preparation

NATE SAINT, Ed McCully, Jim Elliot, Pete Fleming and Roger Youderian had done a tremendously thorough, painstaking and admirable job of preparation in their attempt to reach the Aucas with the Gospel. They had kept it secret to keep away curiosity seekers and to avoid anything that might hinder its success.

This "selfless band of interdenominational evangelists," as Life magazine described them, had been burdened for years about the Aucas, who lived in Stone Age circumstances. Saint wrote in his diary last December 18, "As we have a high old time this Christmas, may we who know Christ hear the cry of the damned as they hurdle headlong into the Christ-less night without even a chance. May we be moved with compassion as was our Lord... May we shed tears of repentance for those whom we have failed to bring out of darkness... Would that we could comprehend the lot of these Stone Age people who live in mortal fear of ambush on the jungle trail, a group of people who think that all men in the world are killers such as they are. If God would grant us the vision, the word sacrifice would disappear from our lips and thoughts."

Within the past year, four Auca women had fled the tribe and now lived in the Quechua-speaking territory in

Through A Widow's Tears

Written January 21, 1956, from Shandia, Ecuador to Missionary Abe VanDerPuy in Quito

Dear Abe:

The Lord has literally fulfilled to me the words of Isaiah 43:2, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

I am sure it has been thus because of the prayers of thousands of His people during these days. I have only joy in my heart at the thought of the glory Jim knows now, before the face of Him he so passionately loved and faithfully served. I can think of no more fitting way for him to die—at the height of his manhood, with his dearest friends, and in the attempt to reach the people so near to his heart for so long.

Nothing ever consumed him as did the supreme desire to reach the Aucas for Christ. I feel that I have been privileged above any woman in having had such a husband. I thank God continually for the two years and three months of perfect happiness that He granted us.

Gratefully, in the triumph of Christ.

— Betty Elliot

which McCully worked. Through them the men obtained a limited knowledge of the vocabulary.

The men first sighted the Aucas on September 29, 1955. From October 6 through the end of the year they made 12 flights over the area. Using a unique "drop-bucket" method designed by Saint, they dropped gifts to the Indians. In their first 13 flights they dropped 10 machetes, eight kettles, six shirts, three pairs of trousers, uncounted colored buttons and other trinkets. As they flew over they called over the plane's loud speaker in the Auca tongue, "I like you... I like you." On another occasion they dropped four portraits, six by nine inches, of the members of the team.

The Indians look the gifts and used them. Saint kept coming in lower and lower on the flights and on November 12, the Aucas began to return gifts. A parrot was the first thing they sent along. A feather crown and a black bird came later. The Aucas cut down the tops of the trees to make flying easier. They made a small model airplane and put it on top of a hut. They built a platform 20 feet high for better contact with the plane.

After these many months of preparation, the five men felt that it was time to make a landing. They took plenty of provisions, a prefabricated tree house, good radio equipment and weapons, to be used if needed. So it was that they landed on January 3 and Saint, making several flights to nearby Arajuno where McCully was stationed, brought in everything and everyone. In the operation they called the site "Terminal City" and the beach "Palm Beach."

Since It Happened

THE death of the five young men left five widows with eight children.

Mrs. Marilou McCully and sons Stephen, 4, and Michael, 2, were flown home to the states within the next week. She expected another child in February. A memorial service was held in Juneau hall of the Milwaukee, Wis., city auditorium on January 22, with 700 present. Dr. V. R. Edman of Wheaton college was among the speakers. Mrs. McCully later went to her parental home in Pontiac, Michigan.

Mrs. Marjorie Saint, with children Kathy, 7, Stephen, 5, and Philip, one, remained temporarily at Missionary Aviation Fellowship headquarters in Shell Mera, later re-assigned to other missionary service in Quito, Ecuador. She is a registered nurse. It was little Steve Saint who asked of his mother, "How long will it take for daddy to get to heaven?"

Mrs. Betty Elliot, with daughter Valerie, had married Jim on the mission field when she was sure that marriage would not hinder her service for Christ. She returned to her mission station at Shandia. (She is a daughter of Philip Howard, Jr., editor of *The Sunday School Times*).

Mrs. Olive Fleming also returned to the Shandia station. During the days of concern as to what had happened, she prayed that the missionaries with children might be spared first. She and Pete had no children.

Mrs. Barbara Youderian, with Beth Elaine, 3½, and Jerry Lee, 1, returned to her mission station at Macuma where she and Roger had worked among the Jivaro Indians.

Bob Cook, president of Youth for Christ International, asked teen agers at the Tell Chicagoland Youth crusade on Sunday, January 15, to join him in prayer for the widows and children and, if they desired, to contribute what they could to send to them. That afternoon, and on the following Friday night, when T. E. McCully, father of Ed, gave a



John Keenan, right, Missionary Aviation Fellowship pilot and co-worker with Nate Saint, and Larry Montgomery, pilot with Wycliffe Translators in Peru, directed rescue activities.

testimony, a sum of more than \$400 was received.

A fund to assist the bereaved families has been set up in Washington, D. C., with Dr. V. R. Edman of Wheaton college as chairman, assisted by Lt. Gen. William K. Harrison and Dr. Clyde Taylor. Dr. Clarence Jones of HCJB also is assisting. Gifts should be sent to Five Missionary Martyrs Fund, PO Box 385, Washington, D. C.

Newspaper, radio, magazine and television coverage was heavy. Life Magazine devoted nine pages to the incident in its January 30 issue. NBC's "Today" program interviewed Clarence Jones from Quito on two successive days. Bob Savage, of HCJB and also vice president of YFC for South America, was in charge of press information in Quito.

The incident has served to challenge many young lives for missionary service. Dr. Edman told the *Chicago Daily News* that at least 15 Wheaton students had volunteered already for missions because of it. Dr. Maxwell Coder of Moody Bible Institute informed a Founder's Week audience that many similar decisions were made on Friday, January 13, when news was received there.

Writes Charles Mellis of Missionary Aviation Fellowship. "What is the final chapter? Many are saying it is in challenged lives. May the Lord grant a rich harvest of them: lives wholly changed by stirred convictions and not stirred emotions only. But let's not forget the Aucas. Naturally, we speak of other men to take up the task. Yet we, here at MAF, are praying that the friendly element among the Aucas will make the next move on their own. We're praying especially for 'George,' the nickname the five fellows gave to one of the men. We believe that George and some of his buddies may still want peace. Probably the witch doctors have taken the opposite attitude. Probably in the *realist* sense, a spiritual battle is still raging in Auca territory. Prayer, stemming from stirred convictions, can win this battle, possibly sooner than we think and possibly in *direct* relation to the first friendly contacts on January 6. This is a final chapter to challenge the prayer effort of every evangelical Christian."

Thousands of young people on our Christian college campuses have been moved deeply by the incident.

Reports Dr. Harry Stam of NORTHWESTERN college in Minneapolis:

"The death of our own Roger Youderian, together with

the other fellows, has really turned to much blessing here at Northwestern. I was working overtime the time the story broke and when the special reporter from the Minneapolis Star phoned we were able to give him the correct information. The next day saw the television and radio men here at the school and it was a wonderful opportunity to tell of Christ. On the Friday when the news came, I gave a brief appeal to our students. I think that something like 500 of the 550 present signalled their willingness to go anywhere, first by raising their hands one by one and then standing to their feet. I was almost embarrassed when so many stood up. The seminary men were not in chapel that day.

"The next Friday we had, as a preparation for our annual missionary conference, a missionary who had worked with Roger with the Jivaro Indians. When he gave a missionary invitation, another fifty came down and together with others we had a prayer meeting which lasted until near midnight. The kids had a prayer meeting again the next night and even while they worked in setting up display booths for our conference they had another time of prayer."

At the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, the news of the tragedy was received between semesters. Ed McCully is a graduate of the BIOLA School of Missionary Medicine. The Sunday following the martyrdom saw a memorial service held in conjunction with the regular BIOLA rally of that day. Representatives of Missionary Aviation Fellowship, Wycliffe translators and other missions were present. More than \$1,000 was contributed toward a new plane to replace the one that was lost.

Writes President S. H. Sutherland,

"I do not know of any event on the mission field that has so stirred the hearts of Christian people along the Coast than has this incident. No doubt there have been and will continue to be many young people who offer their lives in service to replace the young men whose lives were lost."

Adds Dr. V. R. Edman of Wheaton college,

"Hearts have been most deeply stirred here on Wheaton campus by the going of these five courageous missionaries. . . especially because three of them (McCully, Elliot and Saint) were Wheaton lads. There has been earnest response by a number who desire to pick up the torch where it was dropped and to carry the light further into the darkness. A number of missionary volunteers have come into the office to confer with me and to pray on the matter; before long there will be many new recruits to join the forty or more Wheatonites already in Ecuador."

Dr. Edman phoned a few days later to say that still more students had come to his office to tell him of their missionary decisions.



McCully

A Father Writes

by T. E. McCully

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Father of Ed McCully, one of the five

On Monday, January 9, I stayed home from the office because of a bad cold. At about 7:00 p.m. our telephone rang and Mrs. Hobolth of Pontiac, Michigan, (mother of my son's

wife) was calling. She said that Dr. H. H. Savage had just heard an announcement over HCJB that five missionaries were lost in the jungles of Ecuador and that one of them was Edward, our son.

The feeling that came was indescribable. Only those parents who have experienced it can know it. We immediately tuned in our short wave set and in a few minutes heard the announcement. We called all our Christian friends and began to pray as never before, but God knew it was too late. Those five soldiers of the cross had been killed between 12:00 noon on Sunday, January 8 and 3:12 p.m. by the Auca Indians, whom they were trying to reach with the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We didn't get the final news until Saturday, January 14. That week was the most soul-searching and the most intense trial of our lives. God's sustaining grace and strength was experienced in a real way.

It is hard to believe that our son, Ed, along with four of his colleagues, is gone. These boys, lovely and pleasant in their lives and not divided in their death, present a tremendous challenge. They had the eyes of sacrificial love. They did not look upon these savages as blood-thirsty criminals. They were people for whom Christ had died. They did not see them as untouchables, steeped in witchcraft, superstition and controlled by Satanic power. They had compassion and love for them.

It was my privilege last year to spend seven weeks in Ecuador. I went with some of these fellows through that hot, steamy, dark jungle visiting the Quechua Indians in their filth, seeing them pray with them, weeping over them, and ministering to them physically and spiritually. These boys had a heart like the Saviour. A heart of love sent them out in a ceaseless quest for these lost Indians. Jesus looked over the city, wept for it and then went up on a hill called Calvary and died for it. These boys wept over these Indians and then went into the so-called "green hell" of the upper reaches of the Amazon and died for them on the Curaray River Sunday, January 8, 1956.

Have they died in vain?

Have these kernels of wheat fallen into the ground for naught?

The evangelical world has been put in the spotlight. Will we accept the challenge?

The question has been asked a thousand times: why would five outstanding young men who, naturally speaking, had the world at their feet leave the comforts and pleasures of home and go into the dark, benighted jungles of Ecuador?

There is only one answer. Their love for the Lord Jesus and their appreciation of His love in shedding His precious blood for them motivated them with a love for the Quechua, Jivaro, and Auca Indians. These fellows had looked up into the face of their Redeemer and said, "Lord, anything you want us to do, we will do; anywhere you want us to go we will go."

The ones who are willing to do this must be prepared to pay the cost. The ones who are willing to respond to the command: "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel" are sure to be torn by briars and thorns and leave behind them a trail of blood.

Am I — are you — willing to pay the price?

We have to admit that we have been so ineffective because we have failed to take up our cross and walk in the steps of the Saviour. Oh God, help us to yield our lives in full, complete surrender. Help us, oh Lord, to lay our all with gladness at the feet of God's Holy Son.

The Auca Indians have not put out the fire of these five young men. God will light another and another. At one Bible school, 500 young students dedicated their lives to foreign mission work upon hearing the news of these five

martyrs. From all over America and Canada reports have come in already with young people saying, "I will take the place of these brave five."

Will you? Will I?

I believe God is calling you and me to hand over the right to our lives, our spirits, souls and bodies to do His will. In the measure that we do, "Christ shall be magnified in our bodies, whether by life or by death."

Life is planned; nothing happens by chance; all is ordained by God.

Am I, are you, ready and willing to turn everything over to Him?

Then, why not now?

I Helped Bury Them

by Jack Shalanko

Radio Missionary of the Slavic Gospel
Association over HCJB, Quito, Ecuador

(See photo and information on Jack Shalanko on page 25.)

QUITO, ECUADOR—I first heard of the attempt to reach the Aucas for Christ on Monday, January 9, at a prayer meeting called at 11:30 a.m. by Abe VanDerPuy. . . . We prayed through tears and with burdened hearts. The next morning a request was made for volunteers to go on the land party. In a few minutes I was packing my things, getting ready to leave for Shell Mera in three-quarters of an hour. My wife Ruth took it like a good soldier.

We drove to Shell Mera, learning on arrival that pilot John Keenan had flown over the site and had spotted a body in the river with a spear protruding out of the back. Our party consisted of seven missionaries, 13 Ecuadorean soldiers and Indian carriers. Hours of preparation and gathering of supplies preceded going to sleep that night. I slept only two hours, at the most. At 6:30 on Tuesday morning we were flown to Arajuno, where the others were gathering and where Ed McCully had been stationed. Our missionary crew consisted of Frank Drown, the leader, Dr. Arthur Johnston, Dee Short, Morris Fuller, Don Johnston, Bud Borman and myself. Drown rounded up the Indians who were to go and during this time we had a prayer meeting. It was a precious time and God gave me Psalm 91 at that time. At 10:45 we were set to go. We wore tennis shoes. Missionaries have found this is the best for jungle travel. The Indians of course were bare-footed.

The first five or six hours were overland to a point where the Oglan river flows into the Curaray. It was a rough day. My 14-pound load felt like a ton. We camped that night as Drown rounded up canoes from Quechua Indians for the trip down river. We slept little that night.

Thursday we started at 7:30, using five dugout canoes. We were wet from morning until night as we waded through rapids, etc. At 11:15 we met two canoes of eight Indians. They had been at the site and had the radio with them. They spoke Quechua which had to be translated into Spanish, and as they all wanted to talk at once it was confusing at first. We headed for shore to get more from them, then ate while waiting further orders from a plane. The Indians had seen another body. At three p.m., the helicopter came over the first time, stopped, then went on to the site and came back to say that three other bodies had been sighted.

We spent that night with six guards on watch at all times.

The next morning, at 10:45 a.m., we rounded a turn in the river and there, on the right side beach, was the plane. I saw nothing that appeared to have resulted from a struggle. Guards were posted and we went ashore after making sure we would not disturb anything that might help in knowing what had happened.

We were assigned different tasks. The plane had been

stripped and beaten down. There was a bullet hole in the windshield. Frank Drown went into the tree house and brought back the generator for the radio transmitter, two candles, two large notebooks, a pair of socks and a bottle of gasoline. Indians wading in the river located first a camera, then a weighing scale, a smaller camera and two spears.

At about noon, Dr. Johnston and I left in two canoes to search for the bodies. With us went three soldiers and two Indians. The soldiers did not want to go, and only obeyed when the sergeant went himself.

The first body was sighted at the first bend, lodged against a large tree. The second was at the second bend, also lodged against a tree. Tension mounted with each turn of the river. The top sergeant sat in the forward part of the canoe and did not take his eyes from the thick jungle for a moment as the Thompson sub-machine gun lay cradled in his lap.

I frankly confess that I never felt so many shivers go up and down my back. Around another bend, we discovered a third body. Finally, we turned back as we could locate no more. Ahead of us lay the long and difficult trip up-stream with the added weight of the bodies.

I do not wish to go into any details about the bodies, nor their recovery, except to say they were decomposed beyond recognition. Some still had spears in them. One spear had a page of a Spanish New Testament carefully wrapped and tied around the handle.

On our way back up stream, we found the others recovering the first body. A fourth body had been found in the river almost across from the plane. The fifth body, the first one sighted by John Keenan, never was spotted again.

Thank God we know that when the trumpet shall sound that they shall all stand there whole in glorified bodies, with a glory I'm afraid many of us will never know.

The trip took an hour and 20 minutes. We returned at 1:20 p.m. The bodies were laid out on the beach and identification made by Dr. Johnston solely through rings, wrist watches, belts and notebooks in the pockets.

While we had been gone, a common grave had been dug by the Indians under the tree house. The bodies then were ready for the final rest, in accordance with the wishes of the wives that they be buried there. As the bodies were being carried to the site of the burial, the helicopter arrived back with Cornell Capa of Life Magazine. It also started to rain—the fiercest rain storm I have ever been in. The rain came in torrents and it became as dark as the inside of a tunnel. The lightning and thunder literally shook the ground. I got a most depressed feeling, and later found that others also had become that way. It seemed as though the devil was pouring out his last bit of hate. The Indians said that the Aucas were able to send rain through their witch doctors. Oh, how good to trust in God, the greatest power of all.

Interment was completed with a prayer of committal. Believe me, those were heart-wrenching moments as we laid to rest the bodies of these five saints of God. It was with heavy hearts and weary hands that the last shovels of dirt were thrown on the grave. There, far from those who loved them, far from their wives and children, we laid their bodies to rest. There were no gentle hands to lay flowers on their grave. Nothing but a cold, dreary rain and the noisy river.

But I believe with all my heart that heaven was filled with song as five great saints stood even then before the Throne with starry crowns upon their heads. Mine were among the few eyes to have the last glimpse of their bodies laid to rest there in the jungle, but billions shall behold them next to the Lamb when the glory shall be theirs for such a sacrifice.

I have prayed and wept before the Lord many times since, that He would give me a love as these had for the lost. They so willingly and courageously gave their lives, while many of us are afraid even to open our mouths to witness for Him where no danger at all confronts us.

What Means All This?

By Bob Cook

President, Youth for Christ International

FIVE men have died for Jesus Christ.

No thinking person can face the story of this quintuple martyrdom without suffering a severe emotional jolt.

Inevitably, one says with the solemnity of eternity in his soul, "*What if that had been me — would I have been as ready and as willing to die as they were?*"

For serious Christians, there comes quickly a second searching: "*I wonder whether that SHOULD have been me? —Has God been calling me? Have I answered His call?*"

It is in the nature of martyrdom to challenge all who hear of it. If the home-going of these faithful five did not break something within you, then you are less at heart than He intended when His own heart broke for you on the Cross.

Surely God uses times like this to crystallize His call for life-time service. Witness the fact that scores and hundreds are on the mission field today as a result of the martyr death of John and Betty Stam in China over twenty years ago. You will not be going astray if you open your heart to the full range of holy emotions while God speaks to you from the Auca jungle.

Emotion, though it be deep and sincere, will scarcely be enough to see you through the storms and heartaches of the passing years. Decision must be founded upon *more* than emotion, or it will lead to serious questions and ultimate defeat when the going gets tough on the field.

What does the Word of God say about how we should react when someone in the body of Christ is harmed or murdered?

There is a thrilling answer to this question in a study of the early church. How did *they* react to persecution?

They Prayed Harder!

Acts 4, Acts 12, Acts 16 — these passages reveal intense prayer, pointed and desperate prayer, united prayer, unceasing prayer, prayer when things looked darkest.

They prayed, God answered. They prayed for more power and boldness. God answered. They prayed for victory. God answered.

They did not always get off with their lives. Some of them had to die, but their prayers were answered, and God got His work done, and the Gospel was preached, and the then known world was evangelized.

They Preached Harder!

Acts 8, they preached. Acts 4, they preached with great boldness. They preached with great power. They preached recklessly.

There is no mention of trying to be tactful, but rather a great deal of evidence that they were the kind of people which we in this day of cold hearts and respectable back-sliding would have classified as eager beavers — zeal without knowledge.

Knowledge they may have lacked, and zeal they had,



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but they backed it up by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost!

If you wait until you can dignify and popularize the Gospel to a Christ-hating world, you will wait forever, and you will enter eternity with the blood of lost souls upon your hands!

They Threw Their Lives Away In God's Service!

Paul's pedigree was that he was one of those who have "hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." He himself said, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy."

Bob Pierce says so often: "You are going to die, anyway. Make sure you have died for something eternally worth while!" Either Christ is worth everything—or nothing.

Five men have died for Jesus Christ... and hundreds of martyrs from here and there across our world stand with them in their last terrible, shining hour.

We are the living, and we have our choice: To stand mute and awed at their death, our feeble witness stirred but momentarily by the vicarious thrill of knowing that someone else paid with his life for his testimony, *or* we can resort to New Testament practice.

Down on your knees until the Lord speaks to you in sovereign power!

Up on your feet, to speak out His message, in the power that He has given you!

On through life until He promotes you to glory—whether by a headsman's blow or a heart attack makes little difference, for your life has been forfeited from the very first.

Oh may it be said of you and me, that "they overcame... by the Blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death!"