

Ready To Be Offered



by Clarence W. Jones,
President

"The Voice of the Andes"
-- Radio Station HCJB
Quito, Ecuador

BROADCAST OVER THE
WORD OF LIFE HOUR
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Hello, Jack Wyrzten! This is HCJB, Quito, calling. While the welcome sound of your voice is still in my ears, I want to send this message to all the young people of Word of Life; and through you, to the young people of all the States and Canada.

Certainly through the newspapers, radio and TV, you have all heard of the five missionary martyrs killed in the Ecuadorian jungle. By this time almost everybody up there is acquainted with the story of the five valiant missionaries whose lives were snuffed out by Auca spears in the jungles of Ecuador. We don't know how America will react to the heroic sacrifice of these men, and to the series of events that culminated on Sunday, January 8th, on a little island in the river Curaray, one of the headwaters of the Amazon, but I can tell you for sure just how we missionaries down here in South America feel about our good comrades fallen in the good fight of faith. We admire them with all our hearts; we respect them greatly; and we certainly thank God for the virile spiritual manhood of each one of them.

Nate Saint, Ed McCully, Roger Youderian, James Elliot, Peter Fleming — these are names that will live long

in the annals of missionary history. They being dead, yet speak. *Young* men they were, averaging only about 30 years of age, with all the flaming fire of youth — and they burned out for God! *Strong* men they were, and they gave gladly the best of their strength to the Master! *Trained* men they were, with every natural reason to stay at home and take their ease at some less demanding task. But no — they chose to put their training and experience to the best use of all — winning souls for Christ as missionaries!

It is no maudlin sentimentality to say, now that they're gone, that they were among the finest missionaries that God ever called to Ecuador. Their lives of consecration and holy accomplishment *prove* this. They chose a rugged path of duty with their wives and children, far from the conveniences of civilization, living in the humble thatched-roof huts of the jungle. Why, the very fact that they chose to lay out a campaign of spiritual strategy to conquer the ferocious Aucas for Christ shows the special stuff of which *these* men were made. No matter that they apparently fell short of their goal. They pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.

One of the wives said afterwards, "They lost this battle, *but* they gained the victory."

Take a glimpse into the heart of Nate Saint, missionary pilot and pioneer for Christ, as we read what he wrote on December 18th. Here's what he said:

"As we have a high old time this Christmas, may *we* know the the Christ who hears the cry of the damned as they hurtle headlong into the Christless night without a chance. May *we* be moved with compassion as our Lord was. May *we* shed tears of repentance for those we have *failed* to bring out of the darkness. Beyond the smiling scenes of Bethlehem, may *we* see the crushing agony of Golgotha. May God give *us* a new vision of His will concerning the lost, and our responsibility to them.

"Would that we could comprehend the lot of these stone-age people, who live in mortal fear of ambush on the trail — those to whom the bark of a gun means sudden mysterious death — those who think that all the men in the world are killers, like themselves. If God would grant us the vision, why, the word 'sacrifice' would disappear from our lips and thoughts. We would hate the things that now seem dear to us, and our lives would suddenly be too short. We would despise time-robbing distractions and charge the enemy strongholds with all our energy, in the name of Christ.

"May God *help* us to judge by the eternity that separates the Aucas from the comprehension of Christmas, and Him who, though He was rich, yet for *our* sakes became poor, so that we through His poverty might be made rich."

They just called me the other day by radiophone to say that the ground search crew of missionaries and sol-

diers had just finished burying the bodies out there in that lonely spot on the headwaters of the Amazon. Our hearts are nearly broken with the heart-ache and sorrow of it. Why, these fellows were here at HCJB not long ago; but now — well, they're in the presence of the Lord. We cannot help but rejoice for them; but what of the awful hole in the line of battle out there in the jungle? Who is going to fill that? Where can men and women of this superb calibre be found to stand in the gap?

The world will say that the lonely grave out there guarded by the stripped Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane is a symbol of failure, but the Christian who really loves and knows God and His gospel knows in all of His heart that *this* is no tragedy — this is a *real* and *glorious triumph* for the furtherance of missions and the spread of the church. It's still true: the blood of the martyrs *is* the seed of the church, and these men have *not* died in vain.

It can only be a tragedy if the church at home fails to hear the clarion call to go forward. It *will* be a tragedy, and these heroic soldiers of the cross *will* have died in vain, if *you*, young man, if *you*, young woman, fail to pick up the gospel torch where these valiant men laid it down, and then carry it yourself to some darkened corner of earth.

That battle-scarred veteran of much warfare, the Apostle Paul, said, "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." These splendid young men did *not* throw their lives away. They gladly *offered* them to Christ on His altar of service.

Months before, they had counted the full cost of this act of devotion. At least two of them told their sweethearts before they were married: "Think it over. We are going to the Aucas, the Indians, with the gospel. Do you want to take the chance of our *not* coming back?"

They were fully convinced beforehand that the audacious attempt they were planning by which to reach these sin-benighted Indians of the forest, who have never willingly permitted invasion of their territory, would end up either 100% a success or 100% failure from the human standpoint. But they were ready, prepared, even *eager* to be offered up if it would push the gospel forward. They were ready for *any* sacrifice, even of life itself, for any dangerous task that the Lord might inspire them to — any dangerous thrust into Satan's stronghold to which their Heavenly Commander should call them.

And don't just think of five men. You must add their wives in this heroic picture. Think of *ten* consecrated, devoted, willing Christians who were all in on this venture for Christ and for lost souls. Not just Nate Saint, but *Marge Saint*, his lovely wife as well — not only Ed McCully, but *Marylou* as well — and right here, I want you to listen to the testimonies of two of these wives, as we picked them up today from jungle radio network. I'm sorry reception was too noisy to re-broadcast, but here are their own words.

"This is Marge Saint, from Shell Mera, in Ecuador. The Lord said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I shall deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me. Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.' I praise God that he counted Nate and the four others worthy to die for His cause. They had counted the cost and were willing to pay, even unto death, that the Auca Indians might know the way of salvation.

"Week after week during the past month we worked and prayed to do all humanly possible to establish a friendly contact with these savage Indians who know not our Saviour. There's *no doubt* in my mind but that it was the perfect will of God that all five should be with Him in Heaven at this time. I was in full accord with Nate's

participation in this attempt.

"Ecuadorian friends have come in these days telling me how Nate had always told them that *every* believer should be willing to give his *all* to Christ; even to giving his life. Now he has not only preached that message, but has given the example. 'When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died...Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.' I am praying," said Marge Saint, "that the Lord will raise up a *thousand fold* young men who are motivated by the same love of Christ that these five had, to preach the gospel to every creature."

And now, here are the words of another of the missionary wives:

"This is Barbara Youderian from Shell Mera. I praise God that He sent the Lord Jesus to die on the cross for our sins; and more than that, that He arose and is now in heaven with God.

"I would like to say that I am happy that Roger had the *privilege* of meeting the Aucas with the other fellows, attempting to tell them of the love of God. I believe it was the Lord's will to take them home to glory at this time. I also believe the Lord would have me continue on with our outstation work at Macuma. I am *still* as confident of the will of the Lord as Roger and I were when we *first started* our life together with this verse: Philippians 1:6 — 'Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you *will* perform it until the day of Jesus Christ'."

There you have the testimonies of Marge Saint and Barbara Youderian; and so with each of the couples — they were companions in a holy pact, a Christ-inspired covenant to reach a dying, degenerate tribe of red men, a small festering island of iniquity and

sin, controlled for centuries by the devil, in fear and abject hopelessness, still isolated and alone out there, miles from civilization in the green hell of the jungle — *unknown* by most of the world, and *forgotten* by most of the church of Jesus Christ.

Almost forgotten, that is, but not quite forgotten, for there in that desperately dark labyrinth of winding rivers and impenetrable giant trees, this faithful handful of dedicated warriors of Christ *refused* to forget — *refused* to turn aside from an admittedly difficult task that had frustrated missionaries for generations; who resolutely dedicated themselves with holy zeal and ready abandon to the urgent necessity

to get set for "operation Auca." "We cannot rest," they said, "until the Aucas have the gospel."

Can *you* rest, Christian? can *you* sit there and rest in your spirit, taking your comfort and ease, while the Aucas and millions more like them perish, pursuing their weary ways to a lost eternity? What is it going to be for *you*, from now on — *rest*, or *ready*? "Ready to be offered." If you rest now in selfishness and lack of vision, others will surely die; but if you, like Paul, and like Nate and Ed and the others, are ready — ready if need be to be offered up — then others will hear of Christ and live. What are you going to do about it?

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