

Unknown Speaker: Missionaries, United States Embassy personnel and American residents in San Jose, Costa Rica. Presenting now Reverend David Howard:

David Howard: As I was thinking about the report for tonight, it seemed that there ought to be three or four main points to be brought out. First of all, the background and preparations for the effort to reach the Aucas. And then secondly, the effort itself to reach those Indians. Thirdly, the rescue attempt on the part of the U.S. Air Force and other missionaries and the ground crew that went in. And finally, the results of the whole situation. First of all, the background and preparations for the effort to reach the Aucas. I understand that there was held here a memorial service on Sunday about two weeks ago, at which time something some mention was made of the different men.

And I imagine many of you also heard the memorial service held in Quito, at which time Bob Savage gave a report on each of the men individually. But I'm going to repeat for the sake of those who perhaps did not hear any of that something individually about the five different men. It was my privilege to know four of them personally, being very close friends with particularly two of them. And Jim Elliot was not only my brother-in-law, but I would dare to say, my very closest friend, having been best man in our wedding and my closest friend through college. And so, it's very easy to give a report on at least some of these men.

In the first place, we want to mention Nate Saint, the pilot who flew the plane in...the pilot with the Missionary Aviation Fellowship. As I was talking with the wives, they were mentioning that there were differences and differences in characteristics of the men which served together to make up a marvelous team. And it was amazing to see how the Lord brought together one characteristic in one man and something else in another man and the third thing in the other and bound them all together to make a marvelous team of five fellows. Nate Saint was perhaps the most cautious pilot who ever flew the skies. They say that no one could have taken more care than Nate with his plane. You should see the gadgets in that man's house that he built down there in Shell Mera. I never saw the like. He's thought of more things, not only for safety in his plane, but just safety around the house. All kinds of little tiny things here and there. Excuse me... here and there in the house and with the plane and all the rest that goes with it. There was never a man who was more cautious when it came to this whole effort to go out there to the jungles, to reach the Aucas. Nate was the one who was most cautious and most anxious to be very careful every step of the way.

[2:31]

He was at one extreme, on the other extreme (and those of you who know him can already guess who it was) was Jim Elliot, who was...who is perhaps one of the most energetic of the group. The kind of fellow who always wanted to be in the front line, always had to be going, was full of energy and full of pep. And there's a quotation in his diary which I'm going to read later, in which he says, "Wherever you are, be all there. Live to the hilt every situation you believe to be the will of God." That phrase "live to the hilt" seems to me to sum up Jim Elliott's life. He lived to the hilt, everything he did. I see many faces here tonight of friends who knew him in college,

and you'll remember having seen him on the wrestling mat. He was one of the outstanding wrestlers on the college wrestling team. And this idea of living to the hilt was manifest there. He was a star wrestler because he lived to the hilt. He did everything he did with great energy. And consequently, when he went to the Aucas, he wanted to go all the way. His idea was to go right into their huts. The very first contact they had, walk right over and walk right in. Of course, there was Nate Saint, clear on the other side [laughs], being a little more careful.

Then there was Ed McCully. Those who know Ed McCully know that Ed was about as smooth a character as ever came down the line. I can remember in college, Jim and Ed and I were very close friends. And Jim used to say, "Ed, if you weren't a Christian, you'd make a marvelous gang leader." Because that's just the kind of fella' Ed was. He was smooth. He's the kind of fellow who would be... He'd be...behind the scenes man to take care of all the smooth details for running a bank robbery or something like that [crowd laughs]. And Ed made an excellent coordinator between Nate and Jim. He was sort of halfway in between. And Ed was the lawyer type. In fact, he studied law for a year after college and would have made an outstanding lawyer. He was an outstanding orator. Won the National Oratorical Championship in his senior year in college and was just that kind of a fellow. Made a marvelous coordinator between Jim and Ed.

[4:25]

Then there was Roger Youderian. I didn't know Roger myself, but the girls tell me that Nate used to say of Roger, that of all the missionaries that he knew, Roger was one of the very few that he knew who had a real sense of urgency about the task to be done. He said that Roger was always consumed, constrained with the urgency of the task at hand to get the gospel out. So much so that Roger didn't even take time to build himself a home in the jungle. Most of the other missionaries built themselves relatively decent homes. Not luxurious, but decent and comfortable. Not with Roger. Roger lived in a bamboo shack. He didn't have time to build a home. He said there were too many Indians to reach, too much work to be done, and he couldn't wait. An excellent illustration of his urgency was told to me by one of the girls who said that one day Roger had made arrangements for Nate to fly him out to a little area where the gospel had never been preached. He was going out there, but he didn't know the language of that particular group of Indians. However, there was an older missionary who did know the language. Nate was going to take Roger out on one flight, and Roger, with sign languages and everything else, was going to get the Indians together. And then Nate was going back and coming back with this older missionary who knew the language. By the time he got back with the second missionary, Roger was to have the group together, and they were going to have a gospel service for the Indians to hear for the first time the message of salvation. Nate came back after leaving Roger there, came back and landed, and the plane was empty, just Nate in it. And Roger looked and he said, "Where's Frank?" And Nate said, "Well, I'm sorry, Roger, but he's tied up now. He just couldn't come." And Nate said he never saw anybody look so blank. And Roger just looked absolutely blank. He said, "He can't come?" Nate said, "No, he can't today. Maybe some other day." "Some other day. No, it can't be another day. It has to be today." And Nate said, "well, why not?" "No, Nate, it can't be. So, you've got to go back, Nate. You go back and get him. There's nothing. There's no other way. You go get him." And Nate went back and got the other missionary and brought him out to preach the gospel. He said, that's just the way Roger was. Today, now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation. And that was Roger's consuming passion. It almost

seemed prophetic that the Lord gave him that because of the shortness of his life and the amount of work that he did in the few short years he spent in Ecuador is almost unbelievable.

[6:37]

The fifth man was Peter Fleming. Peter was quiet and steady, the studious type of fellow. Incidentally, Pete had his master's degree in English literature from the University of Washington. Not the kind of fellow you'd expect to find way down in the jungles of Ecuador. Jim told me, I recall, when Jim was up here on his honeymoon, that Pete was the most amazingly adapted to the jungles. He had never really thought he'd make a jungle missionary. But to see him down there and the work he was doing was most amazing. He was a deep and profound Bible teacher. And along with the others, he served to make up the fifth man in a team that was really chosen of the Lord. Those were the five men.

[07:15]

Now, something about their spiritual preparation, and this is vitally important in order to understand the whole background of the story and the situation as it was. The different wives picked out of their diaries, or at least of those who had written diaries, certain excerpts which are most interesting in connection with this whole thing. I have here excerpts from Pete's diary and from Jim's diary. Ed McCully also kept a diary and Nate kept the diary. When you get *Life* magazine, you'll find some extensive quotes from Nate's diary and also from Pete's. But I have here a few quotes that have not appeared in print yet, as far as I know, and are not in the *Life* article. I want to read them because they give an excellent background on the whole story. This is from Pete Fleming's diary, and the dates are most significant.

This was written March 2, 1952, nearly four years ago: And Pete says, "I want to get to needy people and train disciples and see Indians come into the kingdom. The closer I get to the Oriente (that's what they call that area of Ecuador, the eastern part of Ecuador, the Oriente) the more intense my interest in Indians. And I have felt in the last couple of days great prayer longings for them, in particular the Aucas." Four years ago, he was burdened for the Auca Indians. "It is the first really deep desire I have felt for them, and I do want to be burdened, committed to the work there..." and then this phrase underlined "laying down my life for their faith." Only this type of prayer, burden and life committal does God honor. I believe with real blessing.

March 30, 1952: "I am longing now to reach the Aucas If God gives us the honor of proclaiming the name among men."

In April 1952: "The Aucas have been on my mind, though the thought scares me at times. But I am ready and my face is turned toward them. We have believed God for miracles, and this may include the Aucas. It has got to be by miracles, in response to faith and no lesser expedient is a shortcut. O God. Guide."

In June of 1952: "Pete Wright. I am alive to live to God's glory. To enter my life and thinking around Christ, to walk in the Spirit now. Amen, my spirit, rise up and bless God."

July 1952: "Yesterday we were on a survey flight at the Arajuno..." (That's the Arajuno river, which flows by the base of Arajuno. You've read the name Arajuno in the newspapers as the base from which these men left on this expedition. It was the ground base for the expedition, the headwaters of the Nushino and the Curaray rivers. And you remember that it was on the Curaray that the men gave up their lives) "...looking for Auca houses, but without success." (As far as I know, that was about the first time they went actually looking for Auca houses in that territory by plane, in July 1952, three and a half years ago). "It was my first view of our inheritance. And it was big, big, big and thrilling."

In March of 1953, he writes: "God give me help, for I labor ultimately as in a foreign land. And the very pilgrim character of my earthly inheritance urges me to learn from it of the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. And I will not be mindful of the land from which I came, but that to which I go. May God give me strength in faith."

Then in December 1953, he writes: "Last night, Nate and I talked a long time about the Auca problems. It is a grave and solemn one. An unreachable people who murder and kill with a hatred. It came to me strongly then that God is leading me to do something about it. And a strong idea and impression came into my mind that I ought to devote myself to the preparing of myself should God see fit to call me to reach them. I know that this may be the most important decision of my life..." (And it was). "But I have a quiet peace about it."

And then on October 4, 1955 (and I believe this is one of the last entries in Pete's diary): "Last Thursday, Jim, Ed and I took an evangelistic survey trip to Quito and Villano, which was most profitable in every way. On the way over, we went Aucas house hunting." (That kind of struck me funny. We go house hunting around here. But they went Auca house hunting). "And I had the thrill of seeing my first Auca houses. We saw several large houses and a number of smaller ones along the banks of the river. This gave us a real spurt toward making some plans for the Aucas. We concluded that we ought to begin immediately, making frequent visits to them, dropping the presents. And Nate is busy perfecting his bucket drop. Jim and Betty are going to see if we can get some linguistic material. We all feel that we must begin bit by bit to lay a basis for future contact with them."

So end the excerpts from Pete Fleming's diary.

[12:00]

Now a few more from the Jim Eliot's diary. I'm sorry just to read these things, but there's no other way to do it because they speak for themselves as far better than I could do it. And so far most of them haven't come out in print.

Jim Elliot writes on September 29, 1950, over five years ago: "Word came from Ed McCully today concerning his exercise before the Lord to quit school and begin looking for open doors for sold out life."

This was following graduation from college. Ed McCully had spent a year in Marquette Law School in Milwaukee. And Jim was praying for him that Ed would go to the mission field. I can

remember Jim saying to me in our senior year in college, he said, "Dave, Ed's too good a boy to waste his life trying to earn money. He's too good a man. We've got to pray for him." And he'd tell Ed the same thing. I can see him yet looking Ed straight in the eye and say, "Look here, Ed, you're too good a man to waste your life just on yourself earning money." He says, "I'm praying for you, Ed, that the Lord will send you to the mission field." And he made no bones about it. Told him right straight to his face, some of you who are sitting right here, remember, I see Bob Weaver here smiling. He knows, he was around at the time.

Well, he writes in 1950, then this...And he says: "How I praise God to hear, even wept as I read of the Lord's dealing for my desire for Him and spiritual exercise of His gift has been enlarged. Now I wonder if he may not be the man God would send with Bill and me to Ecuador." (There was another man who went originally to Ecuador, he is home in the States at present). "I have prayed for one more for the work. And perhaps God will answer thus. Grateful, if so, Lord, very grateful.

Then on October 24, 1950, Jim writes: "Praying for guidance for Ed concerning the Lord's work in Ecuador. I feel it would be good to get away from all the encouragement here and learn the exercise of faith in a context where things are somewhat more rigorous. Painting McCully's house now..." (He went to Ed's home when heard that Ed was thinking about quitting school and lived with him there for about three weeks. Painted his house to earn his board and prayed with him and worked with him constantly. Until the Lord stirred up Ed's heart to the point where he did quit law school. And began preparing himself for work in Ecuador). "Lord, let me not miss my signs this day. I sense crisis for Ed and the danger of influencing him wrongly. So, grant me wisdom. And in all that I say among the family here. The field seems desperately far away tonight. And I feel quite dull about the whole matter of the future. God has not yet come upon me in power. How far away, how long the road back to the beginning. Even to that lookout place where one can glimpse the pattern of the first days. Lord, leave me not alone in my fears for thy cause. Strike terror to men's hearts, respectful, awed fear to my own.

Then in January 10th...or January 15th, 1951, Jim writes... (And at this time he and Ed were doing some missionary work together in a little unchurched town in southern Illinois) ...And he writes in 1951: "I walked out to the hill just now. It is exalting, delicious to stand embraced by the shadows of a friendly tree with the wind tugging at your coattail and the heavens hailing your heart. To gaze in glory and give oneself again to God. What more could a man ask? Oh, the fullness, pleasure, sheer excitement of knowing God on earth. I care not if I never raise my voice again for him. If only I may love him, please him. Mayhap in mercy he shall give me a host of children that I may lead them through the vast star fields to explore his delicacies, whose fingers end set them to burning. But if not, if only I may see him, smell his garments and smile into my lover's eyes. Then not stars nor children shall matter. Only Himself.

In January 18, 1951, he writes: "God has hemmed me into nothing. That I may have nothing, do nothing, want nothing save himself.

On March 22, 1951, Jim writes: "Felt assured again that the Lord is sending me to Ecuador. Having no place in the States for me, since so many profess so much truth here. Began work on a passport last week."

March 25: "When it comes time to die, make sure that all you have to do is die."

November 29, 1951: "My going to Ecuador is God's counsel. And as is my leaving Betty..." (At that time, he and Betty were not officially engaged, although they certainly had a certain understanding between them. But he went to the field alone.) "...as is my leaving Betty. My refusal to be counseled by all who insist I should stay and stir up the believers in the US. And how do I know it is his counsel? Yea, my heart instructeth me in the night seasons. Oh, how good. For I have known that my heart speaking to me for God. My heart said, for thee, seek ye my face. No visions, no voices, but the counsel of a heart which desires God."

On December 24, 1951, he writes this: "Only I know that my own life is full. It is time to die, for I have had all a young man can have. At least all this young man can have. If there were no further issue from my training, it would be, well, the training has been good and to the glory of God I am ready to meet Jesus. Failure means nothing now. Only that it taught me life. Success is meaningless. Only that it gave me further experience in using the great gift of God, life. And life, I love thee not because thou art long..." (and it wasn't in his case) "...or because thou hast done great things for me, but simply because I have thee from God."

Then on April 30, 1952, we find Jim's first mention of the Aucas, nearly four years ago, he says: "...and that brings me to the other thing we've been digging around – Aucas. I see no reason now to stay single if I'm only sent to Yumbos [?]" (Another group of Indians). "But Aucas, my God, who is sufficient for them?"

Then on May 2 of the same year, he writes some meditations about David, and then writes: "Oh, for a heart like David's. Good lessons for the basing of our thoughts about moving to the Aucas." (And in quotation marks). "'Shall I go up?'"

On May 5, 1952: "Gave myself for Aucas work more definitely than ever, asking for spiritual valor and plain and miraculous guidance, among other things."

Then July 1, 1952, and this must have been the same...about the same time that Pete Fleming writes of Auca house hunting: "Flew over the Arajuno to the Curaray looking for Auca houses, down to the Nushino to Aguanicion [?] and circled back a little to the South. Nothing." July 26th of the same year...the meditations on 2 Chronicles 20, where the children of Israel had a difficult time and then burst out singing at the end. And he says: "And then they broke out singing. Singing in the face of such a problem. Lord God, give me a faith that will take sufficient quiver out of me so that I may sing. Over the Aucas, Father, I want to sing."

March 2, 1953, and then he writes: "The first man I ever watched die... (I believe it was an Indian that he was tending there in a little Indian hut and was very sick. And the man died.) "...the first man I ever watched die. And so it will come to me one day. I kept thinking... I

wonder if the little phrase I used to use in preaching so much was something of a prophecy. And here's the phrase, 'Are you willing to lie in some native hut to die of a disease American doctors never heard of?' I am still willing, Lord God, whatever you say shall stand at my end time. But, oh, I want to live to teach thy word. Lord, let me live until I have declared thy works unto this generation."

Then, November 26, 1955, and with the exception of one small entrance following this, which was of no importance to the problem at hand, this was the last entrance in Jim Elliot's diary: "God send me soon to the Aucas."

[19:40]

That speaks for itself for the spiritual preparation of the men. At least it speaks for two of them. And the other diaries would speak in the same way. Now, something about the material preparations that these men made. And it has been absolutely amazing to me to see the detailed preparations which these men made. You know something of it, you've read it in the papers, but actually, we have no concept of the work these men went through in their material preparations to take every precaution and to do everything possible to make this thing a success. I was talking with Captain Craig [?] in Panama, General Harrison's personal aide in Panama of the United States Army. And Captain Craig said. He said, "I've never seen or heard of or read about a military operation anywhere that was better planned, better carried out, or better reported than what those men did." And another Army captain who was head of the rescue team in Ecuador said, "These men thought of everything. They didn't leave anything undone."

So, here were some of the preparations. First of all, of course, as you know, there were the flights over the Auca village, after they found it, beginning in September and continuing every Saturday practical on the hour, so that the Aucas would get used to it and be expecting them on Saturday. Every Saturday for at least 12 weeks, flying over the Aucas village and dropping gifts. And you've heard about Nate Saint's famous bucket drop. I didn't understand what that was until I knew that he had a big, long line with a bucket on the end. But I couldn't figure out how people got things out of that bucket if it just went swishing by as he flew over. Maybe you've understood it, but it was absolutely ingenious. My sister explained it to General Harrison, the Commander in Chief of the United States forces in Latin America. General Harrison said he was amazed. He said, "You know," he said, "The army's been trying to think up something like that for years and years, and they never thought of it." And this was...this was Nate's invention.

What he did was he had 1500 ft of line in his plane with a reel that he could roll it up on and a little bucket on the end. And he'd let that line out from a height of some 2,000 ft or something like that. He let it out and then he'd get down and he'd...he'd get the bucket right to the ground, and then he'd start circling. And as the bucket stayed here, he'd circle with that 1500ft of line so that the bucket stayed stationary while he circled. And that gave people time to take something out of the bucket and put something back in. He first experimented on it with missionaries, of course, dropping them their mail. And they'd take their mail out and put their mail back in, and he'd circle around until they were through and then go on up and wind up the bucket. Well, that's the way they dropped their gifts.

And you've read of the response of the Aucas to the dropping of the gifts, how the Aucas, first of all, cut down more trees so that Nate could get in closer. And then the Aucas, one of them built a little model airplane, put it on his roof, and another one built a platform about 20ft high. And Nate said there was one man that seemed to be... (And Nate referred to him in his diaries as the traffic director). ...And he said every time he came over, this fellow would get up on the...on this platform about 20ft high and just wave Nate in. And as Nate would go out, he'd wave him out again, as though he were a regular traffic director. And he said one day...Nate dropped him a shirt, and this fella happened to get the shirt. So, every day from then on, he'd have his shirt on. When the plane would come in, he'd be standing there.... (You know, they wear no clothes at all) ...but this fella put his shirt on as soon as Nate would arrive, he'd be up there on the platform to direct traffic until Nate was through with his bucket drop and then just wave him on out again. Nate called him the traffic director and the comptroller. And besides that, you know how the Indians returned gifts to them? They have there in... Marj Saint has in their home there a whole stack of gifts now that they've received from the Aucas. A little fish net and two beautiful green parrots. Some wooden earplugs, which incidentally, the man who eventually came over to the beach actually took out of his ears and gave to them. A number of other little items. Some thread which the Aucas had made and rolled up and ball. Various things like that. Very interesting.

It's interesting also to read Nate's diary. Nate had a marvelous sense of humor. And in and through his diary he's weaved little phrases here and there that are just delightful to read. For instance, he tells one day about dropping an aluminum pot. And he said, "the Indians converge on that aluminum pot like women at a bargain counter." Then he talks about the fellows who get the shirts and put them on. He said all the big shots and the village have the shirts and evidently, they'd like to line up when Nate would come. Here be all the big shots lined up in a line with their shirts on. Evidently the Indians like that sort of thing. My sister Betty was telling me how when Lt. Gen. Harrison visited them last September down in Shandia. He was making a trip through Latin America, and he had dinner with Betty and Jim in Shandia one day. And when he got out of the plane there, some of the Indians or someone wanted to take a picture of the General and two or three others. And there was one Indian there. I met him when I was there, a fellow named Capitan. I asked Betty where he got his name, and she said, "I think he named himself." He thought the name Capitan was a pretty good name for him. But when General Harrison got out of the plane, this fellow elbowed his way through the crowd and elbowed his way right up next to the General and stood up there and he said, "All of us big dogs have to stand together." At any rate, the Indians seem to like that sort of thing.

Nate tells about swooping low. He swooped lower and lower over the village until finally he was swooping in at 50ft high so that he could get an excellent view of their faces and could get an expression, could get the idea of the expression on their faces. And he said as long as he stayed fairly high, they didn't seem worried. But when he got down about 50f... (then he wrote this in his diary) ...that the expression "is that of a six-year-old in the front row of the circus when the clown points a big gun right in his face. He's sure it's all in fun. But oh, brother."

[25:10]

Then perhaps you've heard about the pictures which the men took of themselves with...holding up the Auca gifts which the Aucas returned to them. That is, after they got some of these gifts

from the Aucas, they took close up pictures of their faces in which they either wore a feathered crown which the Aucas had given to them or held up some combs and things like that. And they blew up these pictures to large size and colored them, tinted themselves, and painted on each one a little yellow airplane. And then they mounted them on heavy board and they dropped them to the Aucas so the Aucas would see the picture of the faces of the man with their gifts and a little airplane to get the identification, so that later when they met them on the ground, they would be able to recognize them. I have here a copy of one of those pictures of my brother-in-law, Jim Elliott. It's...I guess you won't be able to see it very well, but he's holding up here one of the feathered crowns which they gave to them. This one doesn't have it on it because it's not the original, but the original had a little yellow airplane painted right here so that they would get the connection. And incidentally, when they did have that actual contact on the Friday before the men were killed, when those three Aucas did come across to the beach, they evidently recognized them because they said they would poke each other and they'd point to one man and then nod as if to say, yes, we've seen his picture. And then they look another, oh, yes, no, they'd nod as if they had seen him. So, they got the idea of pictures. Well, that was just one other detail of the whole preparation which shows the thoroughness to which the men went.

Then another thing was the learning of the Auca language or attempting to pick up some key Auca phrases. They found out that four Auca women had escaped from the tribe a few years ago because they happened to've got fed up with the killings and so on. And they are now working on a hacienda in the jungle about three hours walk from Shandia, the base where Betty and Jim worked. Betty and Jim have both had linguistic training, and so they went over and spent some time with these Auca women, particularly with one who spoke the Quichua language, which Betty and Jim speak. And through the Quichua language they picked up some key Aucas phrases. Things like, "How are you?" "We've come to visit you and where do you live?" And "Will you take us to your house?" And things like, "We've come to tell you about God, we love you and we don't want to kill you. Please don't kill us." And things like that. Key phrases which they could use, and they learned them. And all five of the fellows learned those phrases by heart in their preparation. They said that one night they were sitting around... (another one of Nate's humorous things came out) ...They were sitting around the living room learning some of these phrases, and they just learned how to say, "We've come to visit you." And Nate said, "Now let's learn how to say, brother, watch my dust."

As far as the background and preparations go, there's one more thing which must be mentioned. And this was brought out rather in a rather interesting way by the *Life* photographer who was down there. The night before he left, he sat the girls down in the living room, and I sat and listened to him talk to them, and he said...he said, "Ladies," he said, "I have everything I want for my story. I have all the pictures. I have all the facts. I know what happened. I know who the men were, where they went, what they did. I know everything that happened, except one thing." He said, "There's one thing lacking for my story." And he said, "I need to get this to make my story complete. Without this, my story means nothing." And he said, "You're the only one that can tell me." He said, "Why did those men go? Why did they go?" He said, "This is nothing but an adventure story unless I can tell why they went." He said, "It's obvious from reading their diaries that there was some impelling motive there which sent those men out to face their actual death because they knew they might die. And he said, why did they go?" And the girls were able

to give a real testimony to the *Life* photographer and to take extracts from the men's diaries in which they themselves presented why they went. And the one and only reason why they went was, as Jim Elliott said, "We have our orders, the gospel to every creature." And the Aucas are among those who've never had the gospel. Therefore, their orders were to reach the aucas, cost what it might cost. And they knew.... They had counted the cost, but they went because the message of Jesus Christ must go to every tribe and tongue and nation. And so those men went.

[29:15]

Then the expedition itself, the effort itself. And you've heard about this, a great deal about it, of course. First of all, there was the landing. And it's interesting to hear the other pilots down there talk. Johnny Keenan, the other MAF pilot and some of the Army pilots who were down there with the rescue squad, said this of Nate: That not a one of them can figure out how Nate ever got his plane in on that beach. It wasn't that he just got it in once. He went in six times the first day. And he went in several times every other day after that. And not a lot of them to this day can figure out how he got in there. They said it's an almost impossible place to get into. The trees are 150 ft high. And he had to get down in there on the river in between those trees and come around a bend in the river. And then, as Nate describes it in his diary, he had to make a side slip in onto the beach. He landed one wheel, and 10 ft later, his second wheel was down. And he tells about his first landing... (And this was interesting also) ...Because on his first landing, he said he hit some soft sand. He'd never been on the beach before, of course, and he didn't know how hard it was. He hit some soft sand. He said he pulled back on the stick as hard as he could. And just managed to hold the plane enough. And he said if there had been one more foot of soft sand, the plane would have flipped onto its back, and that would have been the end of the whole operation right there. Nate could have probably gotten out himself. Ed McCully was with him. They would have probably gotten out. But the chances are very slim that they'd ever gotten the plane out of there. And that would have ended the whole thing right there. If God had not wanted those men to die, he could have closed the door right then with that soft sand, with nothing else. But at any rate, Nate got in there, made an excellent landing. Which other pilots, Army pilots and all, have not been able to figure out to this day. Six days, six times.

The first day he went in there with supplies. You heard about the tree house they had. Jim Elliott prefabricated the tree house in his base in Shandia. Had it all ready to construct. And when they took it in there, they took it 35 ft up into a tree and placed it up there immediately. It had two floors on it. The upper floor where they slept and the lower floor where they kept their food and so on. Then on the beach, they built themselves a little cook house where they did the cooking. And, of course, they had a little radio with them and various things like that.

One of their rules was that there was always to be one man in the tree house if there were Aucas on the beach. One man in the treehouse with a rifle if there were Aucas on the beach. Evidently, they changed that rule later. But when they left, the wives say that they had assured them that they would never.... All...all five of them would never be on the beach at once if there were any Aucas on the beach at the time. But for some reason or other, they evidently changed that ruling because it's obvious that all five were on the beach at the last time.

[31:48]

Then, of course, there's the contact with the three Aucas. They landed on Tuesday on the beach. We're setting up all day Tuesday. Spent Wednesday and Thursday.... Nate made flights over to the Aucas village to tell them where they were with the phrases they'd learned. And he had a loudspeaker system in his plane. He'd swoop low over the village, and with simple phrases he'd say, "We are on such and such a river. Please come visit us." And did that on Wednesday and Thursday until finally on Friday, the three Aucas did appear. And you've heard the story of how one man, about 20 years old, a girl about 15 or 16, and a woman about 30, stepped out of the woods. Jim Elliot stepped across the river and took them by the hand, led them across to the beach, and they took the man for a ride in the plane. The man seemed to think that the thing to do in the plane was shout, because every time the plane came over, the men were shouting. So, they say that the minute he got in the plane, he started to shout. And he shouted constantly until he flew over his village and came back and got out of the plane. Never stopped shouting.

They...They feel that the...the girls may.... The...the little girl particularly may have been sent as a gift to the men. She was the first one to step out. And when Jim stepped across and took them across the river, she seemed to think that Jim was the man that she was being given to because she attached herself to Jim immediately, like a leech. And they said he couldn't shake her all afternoon. He wanted to go up in a tree house to get something, and he couldn't go up because she stuck with him. He had to send somebody else up. Finally, by the end of the afternoon, they evidently decided that the men were not interested in that particular gift. And so, the man and the younger girl went home. But the woman stayed on the beach overnight, evidently figuring that possibly if the men didn't want the little girl in the afternoon, they might take the woman at night. And she spent the night on the beach. Of course, the men slept up in the tree house and she...she slept down on the beach and in the morning she was gone. There's been speculation, of course, that particular fact may have offended the Indians. They may have sent over what they felt to be their finest gift and the men rejected it. And that could have been a cause of what happened later. Although that's pure speculation, no one knows. It could have been another group that did the killing and so on. That's just one theory that has been propounded.

Then there's the story of the last contact with Nate. And this was one thing which was mistaken in the newspapers. I wrote down word for word what Ma Sairjnt gave me as her last contact with Nate by radio. The contact, according to the newspapers and according to all we had heard here, was that famous phrase that "Here comes another group of Aucas we haven't seen before." And then Nate cut off and they never heard from him again. The speculation was whether they jumped out of the woods suddenly or came along or all kinds of ideas. But that was not Nate's last comment...contact to Marj. The time was correct. It was 12:30 Sunday noon. Nate had previously made a flight over the Auca village and had just come back. And he called into Marj and he said, "We have sighted a delegation of 10 neighbors coming our direction."

They used the word neighbors as a code on the radio. They always talked in code on the radio because they didn't want other people listening in and finding out about this and some adventuresome characters trying to fly in with airplanes or trying to join the party or the Ecuadorian government sending soldiers in or anything. They used all code. They never referred to the Aucas, they referred to our neighbors. They never referred to the Curaray River. They

referred to Palm Beach as the beach where they were. They never referred to the Aucas' village. They referred to Terminal City. They never referred to Arajuno. They referred to Wauwatosa, which was the name of Ed McCully's hometown in Milwaukee, near Milwaukee.

At any rate, he said, his last contact was this...and I've written the words here: "We have just seen a delegation of 10 neighbors coming over and we expect them for the afternoon service." Now, that too was evidently in code because in Shell Mera there's an afternoon service at 2:30. And Nate said, "We expect them for the afternoon service." Probably indicating to Marj, his wife, that he thought that from where the Indians were at the moment, they would probably arrive at the beach about 2:30. Then he says, "We'll call again at 4:30." There was no excitement about it. There was no question of suddenly, here comes a group we've never seen before and then cutting off. It was perfectly calm and ordered. He made no mention either of them carrying lances. It's very likely that they weren't carrying lances, that particular group, because if they had been, he certainly would have mentioned it or would have written it in notes which were later found on his body. So, it seems likely that group may have been a decoy group sent over originally to catch them off guard. And then some others did the ambushing from behind.

[38:19]

At any rate, when Nate's body was found, there were some little notes found in his pocket which he had written evidently after this last contact. And the last sheet of those notes says this. "Spirits high on playa, Song and prayer service. Put beans on to cook. Arrange shack for company. Arrange sand table. Eat lunch. Song and prayer service. Short flight. No man at Chakra now." (The Chakra was the Auca village). "No men at Chakra now. Going for bath." That was the last thing he wrote. He even got his bath because he was dressed when his body was found.

This reference to sand table is interesting. When the ground party got in, that is the men who went in by foot as a rescue party, when they arrived at the beach, they found on the beach a little area there with two little sand mounds, two little piles of sand and some sticks around in a circle. Then in one place, four sticks like this with a piece of paper across the top. And they couldn't figure out what it was. Some of them thought it was witchcraft that the Indians who did the killing had done. But they got back and they talked to the wives, and the wives felt very certain that what it was something Nate had referred to earlier. The two mounds were exactly like two hills in the Auca village which they had contacted. The ring of trees around it was like the jungle. And the four sticks with a paper across the top was just in the position of the main house in the village. And they felt that the men had built a little model of the village there. And Nate refers to "arranged sand table," evidently arranging their village so that when the Aucas came, what they were going to do was explain to the Aucas how they could cut down trees for them and make a landing strip so that they could come in there and land at their village. And that's very likely what he's referring to when he says, "arranged sand table."

Incidentally, they pulled a rather ingenious trick to get the Indians to cut down some trees so that they could swoop in lower. There were some trees that were impeding...they're coming in close to the village. And so, one day, Nate took out a roll of toilet tissue from the plane, and he dropped it from the plane and spread it across a whole area of trees there. The Indians were

fascinated, but it was way up to these 150-foot-high trees. So, the Indians cut the trees down to get it, and Nate was able to come right in.

[38:32]

Then what happened next, nobody knows. And nobody will know, I suppose, unless someday an Auca comes out and tells the story. There's only one more clue, and that is that Nate's watch was cracked and stopped at 3:12 in the afternoon, indicating that his guess that the Aucas were going to arrive about 2:30 was probably correct, that they probably did arrive about 2:30 or 3. And whether that first group was friendly or not, nobody knows. But obviously either those or some others who came along were treacherous. Some of the lances found in the body were in the backs, indicating that it could have.... It very likely was an ambush to begin with.

There was also very real evidence of definite struggle at the end. Dr. Art Johnston of HCJB, who many of you remember was here in Costa Rica two years ago, went in on the ground party as a doctor. He gave his official medical report to the government of the cause of death. He said that all five men died of lance wounds, and in the case of at least two, there was definite evidence of real struggle before the death. Some of the bodies were badly bruised and cut with machetes, indicating that there had been struggle before the death. But he does not feel that the Indians maliciously mutilated the bodies following the death. They dumped them in the river immediately. All the bodies were in the river. Everything was in the river.

In fact, the Quichua Indians who went in as guides with the ground party told the men before they got there, they said, "When we arrive, we'll find everything in the river." They said, "That's the way the Aucas do. They always dump the body and all the belongings in the river and we'll find them there." And when they arrived, the Indians immediately jumped into the river, began to dig around, and sure enough, they found two cameras and they found some knives and other things in the river. And of course, all the bodies.

Four of the bodies were buried. There was one body which was not buried, the body of Ed McCully. But there's no doubt that Ed died because his body was identified earlier in the week by some of his own Indians from Arajuno, who went in immediately following the report of the incident. Eight Indians from Arajuno who knew Ed well, some of whom had been led to the Lord by Ed, went in immediately in canoes and arrived within two days. They found his body and they removed his wound watch and brought it back to Marilou, his wife. And when they got back, they gave Marilou the watch, and she of course, was able to identify it as Ed's watch. So, they knew that he died. But when the ground party got in, his body had disappeared, evidently down the river. And the other four were found and were identifiable not by their faces but by various articles found on the body.

[41:00]

The Ecuadorian government was most cooperative in the rescue attempt. The Ecuadorian government sent along soldiers. As you know, the commander of the Ecuadorian Air Force flew in one of the planes that flew air cover over the scene. When the ground party arrived, the commander of the Ecuadorian garrison at Shell Mera was on the spot all the time. The United States Army, Navy and Air Force were on hand with their helicopters, you know, and two C47s

and an albatross amphibious plane, all of which were constantly making runs. And the cooperation was marvelous.

One of the most interesting things on the ground party was to see the cooperation of the different missions. The men who made up the ground party came from nearly every mission in Ecuador. There was Frank Drown, the leader of the party is from the Gospel Missionary Union, A veteran of 10 years jungle experience. There was Art Johnston, Jack Shellenko from HCJB. It was Don Johnson and Bob Borman of Wycliffe Bible Translators. It was Dee Short of the Plymouth Brethren and Marty Fuller of the Christian Missionary Alliance. And all of those groups represented on the ground party...that was an entirely voluntary affair, incidentally. Those men were walking into what they knew to be real danger. There was very real danger that those men might not come back. And their wives realized it. It was....It was...in a sense, it was almost as difficult for those wives as it was for the other wives during that week when they knew their husbands were walking right in to what had been a trap and what could very easily be another trap. Of course, they had Ecuadorian soldiers with them, but in the jungles there, you just can't tell. And those men were walking into a tremendously dangerous situation. But they were ready. They were ready to do everything possible they could to help. And all of them went in as volunteers. They took, of course, some Indian guides. And they said, as Frank Drown said in his report when he came out, he said, "Without those sons of the jungle, we never could have gotten there ourselves."

[42:57]

As far as the burial is concerned, I've already mentioned how they buried four men. There's one other thing to be mentioned. Art Johnston said when he came out that he had never in his life felt the power of Satan so manifest that he felt it at the moment of that burial, just as they were getting ready to burn...bury the four bodies and have a.... They wanted to have a little burial service. He said, "There broke out the most tremendous thunder and lightning storm that most of those missionaries had ever seen." Frank Drown, who spent 10 years in the jungle, said he never in his experience saw such a storm in the jungle. The rain came down so hard that Don Johnson of Wycliffe told me later that he held up an aluminum sheath taken from the roof of the tree house.... He held it right in front of him and didn't get wet. The rain was coming in so hard, and it was such a terrific thing. He said the thunder was louder than he ever heard it, and the lightning was just tremendous. It was so terrific that the Quichua Indians were scared to death. They said the Aucas have called this down from their gods. And the other men said it was just as though Satan himself were right there at the moment and making one last final effort to foil the whole business. And it only took them three minutes to bury the bodies, and they got out as fast as they could. They said they'd never been in such a situation. The darkness and the oppression was such that not a one of them could stand it for longer.

[44:14]

Now, for the last thing, what are the results of this mission? And of course, it's foolish to speculate on what the results in the future will be. We don't know. We know something already of what the results have been for the men themselves. We know the results. We know that they have finished their work with joy. They've been called into the presence of the Lord who they've been serving, and they have gone on to their reward. The results for the Aucas, no one knows

how it has affected them. But Frank Drown, who led the ground party and, as I've said, is a veteran in the jungles, said this when he came out, and I thought it was most interesting. He said, "My theory is this, that there must be a division now in the Aucas tribe." He said, "I know the Indians are capable of treachery." And he said, "It may have been complete treachery." But he said, "I doubt it." He said, "I think that those first Indians who came over were genuinely friendly." "And now," he said, "There are others who've done the killing. Those who are friendly and those who did the killing must be at odds in the tribe." He said, "My guess is that those who were friendly have done either one of two things. Either they've been killed themselves, which is a very real possibility, or they've had to flee the village." And he said, "My guess is that if they flee the village they'll move towards Arajuno where they may in hopes of further contact with the missionaries." "Now," he said, "We must be on the lookout at out of Arajuno."

Not long after he had said that, within four or five days after he had made that prediction, Johnny Keenan of the MAF was flying over out of Arajuno and he spotted three clearings, brand new clearings, within 30 minutes' walk of out of Juno. Now Johnny Keenan knows that area well. It was not a question of him being mistaken. He knows every clearing in that jungle because he flies it constantly, every day. He saw three new clearings. He went back a few days later. These clearings were greatly enlarged. He didn't see any people, but someone had made those clearings. They were within a half a mile through the jungle, about a 30-minute walk from Arajuno itself, but in the direction of the Auca village, indicating that whoever made it came from that direction. He immediately asked the Quichua Indians in Arajuno about them, and they knew nothing about them. And they said, "None of our people ever cross into that side of the river." They're scared to death of the Aucas and they'll never go anywhere near that. It won't touch it. And the Quichuas claim it was not them.

Now whether or not it was the Aucas, whether or not Frank Drown's theory is being borne out is yet to be seen. But it looks very likely as though perhaps some of the Aucas have moved in that direction in hope of further contact. There's a fine missionary from the Gospel Missionary Union by the name of Mike Fick who has offered to go in there and stay at Arajuno until replacements can be sent in. He does not know the Quichua language. He works among the Jivaros. But he's a good-hearted fellow and he says, "I'll stay there at Arajuno in case anybody comes out." "Somebody must be there," he said, "and if someone comes out, I want to be there to help." And he's staying right there in Arajuno until some replacements can be made to take up the work which Ed McCully and his wife were carrying on.

[47:02]

Now what are the results for the wives? You've already heard something of the wonderful testimony and wonderful spirit of the five wives. Marj Saint said, I heard her say this and I wrote it down as she said it and all the others agreed with her, she said, "We feel that we wanted them to go on this trip and if they had to die, we know of no way we'd rather have had them die." My sister said to me, "Can you think of a better way for Jim to die than that?" Those women were ready. Those women were willing to give their husbands in that way. They said, "I can't think of a better way for my husband to go than the way they went. In an all-out effort to give the gospel to those who've never heard."

The children, of course, bring tears to our eyes as we realize the children who are left. Most of the children are young and have not fully comprehended it yet. But Nate Saint has two children who are somewhat older. There's little Kathy, 7 years old, and little Stevie, who's nearly 5. And those little children just.... It just wrung my heart actually to see them and to hear them. They're just as sweet and lovely as they can be and they show a wonderful spirit, actually. Little Kathy said one day, we were standing out in front of our house, and someone commented on some Christmas decorations which were still hung up over the doorway of Nate's house, and little Kathy said...he said, "Yes, my daddy hung them up. He was going to take them down, but Mommy, I'll have to take them down now." And then, little Steven, little Steven Saint, 4 years old, 5 years old, just missed his daddy so much. Nate's brother Sam, who's a top-notch airlines pilot in the States and holds a top position in Washington, went immediately to Shell Mera to help out. He looks very much like Nate and acts like him. And little Stevie just clung to Sam. He just clung and slept with him every night in the same bed. Sat on his lap at the table, sat on his lap in the service, hung onto his hand all day long, just wouldn't let him go. Poor little fellow was just absolutely lost without his daddy. The others are younger, 1, 2 and 3 years old and of course miss the daddies. But they haven't quite comprehended it as yet.

Olive Fleming said one day as we were sitting around later on out at Betty's jungle base.... Olive Fleming said, "Pete had one great desire in life." And I thought she was going to say something like to preach the gospel or to give the message to the Aucas or something like that. But she didn't say that and it rather surprised me. But what she said was far greater. She said, "Pete had one great desire in life. His one desire was to see Christ." And she said, "But he sees him. And therefore, I'm happy because I know that Pete's one desire has been fulfilled."

[49:36]

I went with Betty on her first trip back to Shandia, her jungle base. The week after.... Sunday after the men had died, she went back to hold a Sunday morning service. She promised the Indians she would be back, and she went back temporarily. Flew out to Shell Mera later, and then we went on back again later in the week. But on Sunday morning, she arrived to hold a Sunday morning service there with the Indians. Most of you have heard or read about Indian death wails, I suppose. I'd read about them, but I'd never heard one. I would have given anything to have had a tape recorder.

When the plane landed and we stepped out of the plane, the whole tribe of Quichua Indians, that is, a tribe in that area at Shandia, was there to greet Betty. And as she stepped out of the plane, they burst into this death wail. And I've never in my life heard the like. I wish I could imitate it, but I can't. It's the most fantastic thing you ever heard. They start up on a high note. It's all in the minor key. It's sort of a chant. And they start on a high note, as high as they can get. And they. They say one phrase over and over again. And they come down the scale, down the scale until they run out of breath. And then they.... Like that, they take a big breath again and hit the high note and come down again through this minor key and wailing these terrific phrases. I asked Betty what they were saying in Quichua and she said, they're saying things like this: "Oh, my little Jaime." Of course, they called Jim, Jaime. "Oh, little senor Jaime, when will you bring him back, little senora? When will you bring him back? Why didn't you bring him back to us? We are lost without our little father. Where is our little father? When will he come back? When will he

come back? What are we ever going to do? What will ever happen to us?" And they wailed on and on. I was amazed at the composure of Betty as she stood there and let them wail themselves out. Following their wailing, we had a little service. They sang some hymns which Betty and Jim had translated into Quichua. And of course, I didn't know what the words were, but I could tell from the music some of the hymns they were singing. It was just marvelous to hear those Indians sing in clear, beautiful voices and Betty singing with them. Such hymns as, "Oh, that will be Glory for Me" and things like that in such a situation. It was one of the most moving scenes I've ever seen.

[51:32]

Now, what are the women doing? Marilou McCully has gone to the States expecting a baby very shortly. Olive Fleming, who's health has been very poor and who has been on the field a very short time and has been unable because of other duties to learn either language very well, either Spanish or Quichua that is, is also going to the States for a rest for a while. Marj Saint is going up to Quito to work with HCJB. Barbara Youderian is going back to Macuma, the base where she and Roger worked, to carry on there among the Jivaro Indians. Incidentally, the Jivaros are the headhunters of Ecuador, not the Aucas. The Aucas were not headhunters. None of the bodies were decapitated of these men. My sister Betty is already back in Shandia and intends to carry on there alone if necessary. Olive Fleming is with her at the moment but will be going to the States.

And incidentally, Betty is the only missionary left in Ecuador who knows the lowland Quichua language. There are two Quichua languages, the highland and the lowland. There are other missionaries who know the highland dialect, but there's not another missionary in Ecuador who knows the dialect of the lowland Quichuas. The three men knew it, Roger, Pete and Ed and Jim. Marilou McCully knew it, but she's in the States and Betty's left with three stations there.

Puyapungu, where the Flemings worked, where they've just had the first 12 converts, first 12 to come to know the Lord in that area in November. In December, Ed McCully baptized the first five believers in Arajuno, the first of that area to come to know the Lord. Puyapungu and Arajuno are now left without help, with no one who can talk to them in their own language. Betty is remaining at Shandia, carrying on a little school there which she and Jim had started, and they have some 18 or 20 believers around them there, but there's a real gap, a real hole there.

I remember one night we were sitting around in the living room in Saint's house and someone suggested that Betty sing. She sings very well and Marilou McCully is an excellent pianist. And Marilou sat down at the piano and she played. Betty sang several hymns and she sang what was one of Jim's favorites, that beautiful hymn by Samuel Rutherford, "The Sands of Time Are Sinking." That hymn, whether you know it or not, has 19 verses, and Jim knew every one of them by heart. I can hear him singing them yet. But Betty sang several of the verses that night. One of the verses that Samuel Rutherford wrote was in connection with the town of Ainsworth where he was a pastor. And he wrote, "Oh, if one soul from Ainsworth meet me at heaven's right hand...Meet me at His right hand, My heaven will be to heaven in Immanuel's land." Betty sang that hymn that night. When she came to that verse, she changed it and she sang, "Oh, if one single Auca meets me at His right hand, My heaven will be to heaven in Immanuel's land."

[54:15]

What has been the effect on others? Cornell Capa, the *Life* correspondent, said a rather...a very interesting thing. One of the missionaries down there gave him a booklet to read on salvation. He read it and he gave it back and he said, "Thank you." He said, "I read your book." He said, "You'd never convert me with that book." "But," he said, "you sure could convert me with the diaries of those men." Major Nurnberg, the commander of the US Air Force group there, wrote a little poem for the women. It was rather poorly written, but it was a very tender little poem. And it is indicated a desire on his heart to express the deepest feelings of his heart to them. He's not a Christian man, but he wrote a most amazing little poem. I wish I had it here. I don't have it. But at any rate, it indicated how he, as an Army major, wanted to express to those women what he felt. Captain DeWitt, who headed up the rescue operations from Shell Mera, said that he's headed up all sorts of rescue operations, but he said he'd never, in all of his experience had ever seen widows who held up as these widows did. He said, "One of our worst problems in rescue operations is to handle the widows if someone is left behind after a death." "But" he said, "I never saw women like these." He said, "They've got something that we know nothing about." He was utterly amazed at their outlook and their attitude.

I heard two different missionaries, two older missionaries at the jungle, say on two different occasions.... (And they didn't say it for my hearing or for anyone else's hearing. They were just talking to themselves)And on two different occasions, I heard them say, "These men were the best missionaries in Ecuador." And they weren't just talking in idle words. They were talking quietly to themselves. One old, one missionary, this fellow, Mike Thick, who's out of Arijuno now, is sort of a big old farmer type. He looks like a hillbilly. And he said, in all sincerity, he said, "Why couldn't it have been me?" He said, "I'm just an old farmer that doesn't know how to do much." "But," he says, "Those fellows were the best in Ecuador." He said, "We didn't have better men than those. Why couldn't it have been me?"

[56:08]

To conclude, I'd like to read a poem which Roger Youderian wrote. I haven't said too much about Roger tonight. Partly because he didn't have a diary, partly because most of us didn't know him, and partly because he was not in on all of the original planning. He came in a month or two later. But a few days before Roger went on this trip, he sat down one evening and he wrote a poem. But he didn't finish the poem. And it's interesting to see how it ends. It's a little bit long, but I think it's necessary to read the whole thing to get the thrust of it. And here's Roger's poem. And I think, as Sam Saint said later, he said, you know, he said, Roger didn't have a diary, but he said, I think this poem is his contribution to the whole project. He said, it speaks for Roger himself. And here it is:

There is a seeking of honest love
Drawn from a soul storm tossed
A seeking for the gain of Christ among the blinded, the beaten, the lost
There is a seeking of heightened love for the soul who will count the cost
A seeking for the goal of Christ to bless the blinded, the beaten, the lost
There is a seeking of higher love when sense can never be lost
A seeking of the God in Christ to save the blinded, the beaten, the lost
There comes in seeking a holy love shed forth in a soul

Seeking only a glorious Christ in those once blinded and beaten and lost
O Christ, thy gain I sought one day
Thy travail to be satisfied
but the tremendous odds in the battle array for the blinded, the beaten, the lost
Demanded a Christ who lived and reigned
who knew no cry but just obey
Though suffering in sorrow, broken and maimed,
for the blinded, the beaten and lost.
A Christ they saw in human form released to work again,
they saw became king and reigned newborn,
the blinded, the beaten, the lost.
In holy love they labored true those who are counted the cost,
they saw them pure white in heavenly hue
though once blinded, beaten and lost.

And here's the last verse. It has three lines. Roger never finished the fourth. He said to his wife as he wrote it, he said, "I'll finish that later." He never came back to finish it. But notice the note on which it ends. It's almost prophetic.

Those who sought found heavenly love
and were filled with joy divine.
They walk today with Christ above.

That's the end of the poem. Frank Drown wrote his report as leader of the ground crew. In the last paragraph in his report, he says this, "We love these men, and they were great. They were the best among us. May the sacrifice of their lives challenge us and many others to give Him our all until the whole world knows of our blessed Lord. Yes, even the Aucas."