

WITH CHRIST
in the
KILLING FIELDS

Jimmy Rim

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With Christ in the Killing Fields

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FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Frederick W Faber (1814–1863)

Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death!

FOREWORD

In Killing Fields
Where mothers and their babes
Were clubbed and buried alive
To the din of shrieks and moans
The earth opened to receive their blood
Two million souls were crushed and smothered.

In Killing Fields
Where all lies silent today
Except for the crows that fly above:
Caw-caw, caw-caw, a lugubrious note
Except for the crows that fly above
Caw-caw, caw-caw, a lugubrious note.

Although I have come to know Jimmy Rim for just over a year when he fled with his wife and daughter to Singapore to shelter from the Cambodia coup of July 1997 at Life Bible-Presbyterian Church, I am convinced he is a faithful servant of the Lord. In response to



his earnest appeal for Cambodia, our Church has sent three Korean missionary families, now labouring in Phnom Penh and Kompong Som. Through him, five containers of relief goods have also been shipped for the poor and needy.

The first stanza on the Killing Fields reflect the gripping events told in this book. The second stanza reflects the concluding chapter. The painful past is gone, but there emerges now a painful present. A greater curse is now holding down the Cambodian people and it is the curse of AIDS.

Jimmy, after graduation from Bible College, had spent his time in China and elsewhere helping orphans, but God sent him back to Cambodia in 1994. He is now given to the work of relieving a new generation of babes in the throes of the killer disease, and of rehabilitating those orphans that can be saved, by giving them the gospel of Jesus Christ. We commend his noble work to our readers. Amen.

Timothy Tow
August 1998

PREFACE

Praise the Lord!

Thanks for this opportunity of writing my amazing experience in Him. I cannot stop praising and witnessing this great love and grace that God showed and gave me. The Holy Spirit spoke to me to write all these true stories for God's sake.

This book is my living testimony of what my life was like before and after meeting Jesus Christ.

The purpose of writing this book is to let people, those who have never met me, know what it is like, who have never experienced suffering, starvation, famine and disease caused by war.

We are one in the Lord, we are one in the Spirit. As long as we know that there are countless children suffering at this moment around the world, we must share the burden of it. 1 John 3:14, 18 says,

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

Many churches have invited me to share my living testimony. So far, I have spoken to over two hundred different churches. I cannot share in just one hour and I cannot possibly have gone to every church.

I have been busy studying the Bible and I am not able to make long trips to speak. I prayed about this matter and the Lord prompted me that it would be better to write than to travel to so many places.

When God gives us an opportunity, do not miss that chance to serve Him willingly.

Please watch over your chance to serve God because this corrupted world needs Him just like a tree needs water, without it both will shrivel up and die.

Many hours of prayer went into the writing of this book.

I hope that each reader will pray before reading my story, instead of just reading intellectually.

I want God to give you complete understanding of what really happened in my life.

Brothers and sisters, now is the very time to pay attention to God's Word! God bless you.

Jimmy Rim
1998

P.S. Some names and locations were changed for security reasons.

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CHAPTER 1

MY NEW DESTINATION

At 5:00 in the morning of February 28, 1973, it was still dark outside. I was driving to Tanh Sanh Nut Air Base in Saigon. The headlights seemed to show the way into a new land, for I would soon leave Saigon, Vietnam, for Phnom Penh, Cambodia. I had passed many Allied check points. I arrived at Tanh Sanh Nut Air Base. The roaring of a hundred aircrafts was deafening. I felt like my ears were going to burst from the noise. I was looking for the aircraft C130 which would fly me to Pochen Tong Air Base in Phnom Penh. Outside the base, many flares lighted up the entire base to guard against Viet Cong troops sneaking in and exploding the ammunition. At last, I boarded the C130 and it made its takeoff from the runway. I could see the air base and Saigon through the window and I waved my hand, “Good-bye my Saigon life.”

The weather was very bad and the sky was full of heavy dark clouds. The wind was blowing hard against the plane, pitching and rolling it so much that I felt airsick. It was only a forty-minute flight to my destination, but the struggling plane made it seem much longer.

When we finally arrived in Pochen Tong, there were explosions all around the air base from the Khmer Rouge (Communist troops). This was a battle, but I was from a war-torn country, so I felt like it was a great welcome.

General Hou Hangy Sinh, Chief Commander of the Cambodian army (FHNK), invited me to Cambodia through the ambassador in Vietnam. I was scheduled for a fifteen-day visit in his home.

Phnom Penh city is very small but was jammed with three-and-a-half million people, refugees from the war. It was surrounded by the enemy who constantly attacked the city with shelling, shooting, burning, and

killing. The battle line was only five miles from the down town district. Hospitals were full of wounded soldiers and civilians. The stench of rotting human flesh from wounded people and from unwashed bodies was everywhere. The hospitals were in critical shortage of doctors, nurses, beds, medicine, facilities, and everything. Patients were lying outside the hospitals for lack of room.

It was very hard to find anything in the market, even if one could afford the price of the product. There had been too much war to grow rice or anything, so the only supplies in the city came from the Americans who delivered them by air.

Air is also the only mode of transportation. The Mekong River runs around the city. There was one large bridge until the Khmer Rouge destroyed it.

Phnom Penh city was very beautiful before the war. There were beautiful parks, Buddhist temples; most buildings were of Buddhist style architecture. The exquisite gardens, parks, and flowing fountains made it seem like a paradise.

The Cambodian people originally seemed very pure, modest and happy. Then their faces were filled with fear and anxiety from the war. The only time they seemed otherwise was when they became angry. At that time, they lost control of themselves.

I did not feel like staying more than fifteen days in this hellish, war-torn city. I packed my bags to return to Saigon. I was ready to say good-bye to the general and his family. They had been very kind and hospitable to me, the only flaw in the whole stay

The Killing Fields . . .



being the war which was beyond their control. In the morning, when I tried to leave, the general, all his family, begged me to stay. I did not want to, but because of their kindness and good hospitality, I decided not to leave too soon.

The general was quite rich. He had a very nice two-storey house, and a large family with many servants. They gave me an extremely nice room upstairs. The well-equipped army guarded the house twenty-four hours a day. The general's family were very strong Buddhists and had statues of Buddha all around the house. They invited many Buddhist monks over often and gave them food, matches, cigarettes, cash, etc.

During my stay there, one of the general's daughters got married. It was a large, splendid wedding in the Buddhist style for her. The chief Buddhist monk was invited as one of the main guests. It lasted from morning until night with the bride and groom sitting on the floor. Both of them were dressed in Buddhist gowns that resembled the clothes worn in Jesus' day. A long white cloth was tied around the bride's head on the one end and the other end was tied around the groom's head. After killing a chicken, the blood was sprinkled on the cloth for an oath between the two. Many of the guests were VIPs: generals, ambassadors, cabinet members, and many others. It was a grand party and they spent much time and money on it. The husband had to pay a dowry to the chief Buddhist monk, which is the equivalent of five thousand American dollars. There was a large band with various instruments, quite different from an American band.

After dinner, everyone began to dance. The name of the dance is the Saraban, which is a typical dance in Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, and Indo-China. The father-in-law led and his wife followed, then everyone else joined, going around in a circle. After the dance, they changed to Western styled dancing and continued until twelve o'clock. The first dance marked the end of the second programme. The chief Buddhist monk left and the groom paid the dowry to him. For the bride and groom, the wedding was very cumbersome. So I asked the general why they had such long, hard wedding ceremonies in his country. He told me that if it was simple, then people did not think so much of it, for they marry and divorce often. However, if it was difficult, then much more consideration was given to the marriage, so the divorce rate was low.

The Buddhist religion was handed from India to Cambodia, Thailand, Indo-China, Laos, Korea, Japan, and many other countries. In Cambodia and Thailand, the religion is very strong. They delivered it direct from India. Korea and Japan received it second-hand, so there are many differences in practice. For one thing in Japan, the religion is called Shintoism, and in Korea it is Shamanism. In Japan and Korea, the monks wear grey robes and use small wooden gongs while walking around and striking when they call from house to house for alms of cash and rice. When reading their Buddhist scriptures, they meditate. They do not smoke cigarettes or buy lottery. They are very polite and live a very humble life. They wear wooden necklace for worship. They wear a triangular hat over a shaven head, that comes down below their eyes. Personal hygiene is very important also. In contrast to these practices, in Cambodia, the monks wear a bright yellow robe. Alms are brought to monks who stand holding a basket, and shade themselves with an umbrella. Cigarettes are given as alms. The life style is not so humble, personal hygiene is not as important. They have shaven heads but do not wear the triangular hat, rather a yellow sort of umbrella takes its place.

One day, I went to the marketplace to buy some fruit. There were papayas, durians, watermelons, many different kinds of bananas and tropical fruits. Apples were imported so consequently they were very expensive. A durian is like a large melon and the most expensive. There were no native apples, peaches, or pears. One apple cost about \$1.50. I bought seven different kinds of fruits. I asked the prices of the different fruits and figured out the total. Prices were calculated by the people without the use of adding machines or cash registers. The clerk was not satisfied with my price so he figured it up himself, and it took the usual twenty minutes to check it out. After a long wait of this way of figuring, I became upset and angry. Then I realised their illiteracy. The older people had grown up under the rule of the French, who never gave them education. Around age forty and under though, people were more educated since they were out from under the French rule by then. Well, after this market experience I asked them to send the bill to my house, where I was staying with the general. This is not the normal way of taking care of business, but since I taught karate to military police and special guards of the president and had a very bad reputation, I had power and used it for my benefit. Many times, people were afraid to come to the house.

Every night, I went out to the bars, dance halls, and night clubs with my friends. Sometimes after I got drunk, they would treat me badly, and I would get angry and smash up the bar, break glasses, bottles and beat people. I never had to pay for anything. Most of the bars and night clubs were fearful of my visits. When driving anywhere, if the military did not salute me, I would get out of the car and slap their face. I had a special pass from the president's office to visit anywhere and I was very proud of myself. I was like a wild beast and daily grew worse, drinking more and fighting. The general and his family liked me, so we got along, but down town, my reputation spread. When I got drunk, I lost my senses and my temper, I did everything like a beast.

The Korean ambassador sent word of my behaviour to the Korean government and many times he tried to force me back to Korea. Since I had so much power through the president and the favour of the general he never succeeded.

I grew tired of staying in the general's house after two months, so I moved into a large apartment near down town. It was a very luxurious place. Here I could enjoy much more freedom and could be as loud as I wanted. I put a bar in my apartment and sometimes would have all night parties. The apartment manager was afraid to complain because he knew my reputation.

My life was paralleled to the war, in that we both grew more critical each day. When I first came to Cambodia, there were not as many rockets and shellings; now there were more and more. I was drinking more and getting wilder.

One evening, at about seven o'clock, I put on a real nice dinner. There were servants to fix it and to take care of everything. The table was fifteen feet from the window. I sat on one side and my friend on the other with the window to the side of us. Suddenly, without warning, a shell exploded outside, sending broken glass and a powerful wind into the room. I cleared everything off the table, but the cement dust from the brick wall was so thick that I could not see anything for about ten minutes. I felt my body all over, checking for wounds, and very fortunately found none. When the dust settled enough that I could see, I saw my friend lying on the floor

unconscious. I got up from my chair, stood him on his feet and brought him back to consciousness. His eyes were filled with shock and terror. There was a bleeding cut from the glass on his cheek and another on his head. Other than that, he was fine. The general requested me to move back into his house for safety, but I refused.



CHAPTER 2

CAMBODIAN GOVERNMENT, CABINET AND ARMY

The Cambodian air force only had T-28's and helicopter. My apartment was on the sixth floor, so I could see the T-28's bombing across the river only three miles from my place. I could see the people in combat. Everywhere smoke rose high in the air. I had lived in a war-torn country for a long time and had many varied experiences. No country used the T-28 any more, so I felt like I was watching children at play.

The Cambodian army was different from any other army. They had adopted the French way of battle, which has been passed down for sixty years. When the father of the family goes to war, he does not go alone, but the whole family goes along. The families live together in a compound.

In the daytime, the Cambodian troops controlled the suburbs of the city, but in the evening, the Khmer Rouge took over. Because of the Cambodian families fighting in the war, when under attack, they could not get away fast and were easily taken. Their operations could not go well and their offensive and defensive manoeuvres were hindered to the point of zero.

The bars and night clubs opened at twelve o'clock. The army commanders and high ranking officers filled them instead of being at the battle lines. They drank Cognac, a very expensive French liquor. They did not pay the service men their salaries, and drank it up.

I trained the troops in karate. It was rough training but necessary and not too difficult that they could not gear to it. However, men were fainting and

not able to take it. This was puzzling, so I asked why. What I learned was surprising. The Logistic Commander (Army Headquarters) received sufficient supplies from the United States government to meet the needs of the troops. Commodities of rice, food, jeeps, clothes, mosquito nets, etc, everything except guns and ammunition. The Logistic Commander was supposed to freely distribute these to the different companies and battalions. Instead they had to pay for them. The companies would fill out order forms for the things they needed and would have to buy or trade to get them. The service men in turn had to buy or trade with the companies for anything they needed. As a result of this corruption of the army, the men were not getting enough food and were too weak to withstand the training. The Logistic Commander was also responsible to distribute the salaries to the service men and officers. They gave them only part of their salaries to buy the things that they were supposed to receive free. Since the Logistic Commander was corrupt, the corruption was passed on to the Division under them and all along the line to the Regiment, the Battalion, the Companies, to the service men who got nearly nothing.



Naturally, it took away all of the spirit of the men and they were very discouraged and had no will to fight. The men did not even have uniforms except that they went to the market to buy them. The Logistic Commander had to pay the government over them in order to carry on this way. If the army were compared to a body, the head would be in one place, the arms in the bars, the legs would be another place, and the feet scattered somewhere else. Needless to say, this made the unit non-functioning.

Since I came to Cambodia, I had met many government people, high ranking officers, and high society people. I was invited to dance parties every night, so naturally I attended many of these. I enjoyed much dancing, liquor and fun. I was very busy and tired because I never refused an invitation so I went out every night. I had a lot of money and dressed like the best of them. I was always treated like a VIP at the parties, and I was the featured guest. Many of the lady guests wanted a chance to dance with me. With the gaiety, drinking and entertainment of the party, it was easy for me to forget that there was a war going on. Sometimes the parties were held in gardens outside. The flares from the battle added nicely to the lighting in the evening.

At first I wondered where the money came from to finance these parties. One evening a general invited me over to dinner. His table was of thick solid wood, about six inches thick with beautiful, delicate carving around the edge. It was six feet in length and two-and-a-half feet in width. The table was spread with a king's meal. The dishes and exquisite silver were imported from France. The liquor was Napoleon Cognac, the finest. A lavish chandelier, imported from France, also hung graciously from the ceiling, adding brilliance to the entire room. He was twenty years older than me and together we finished three bottles of Cognac by ourselves. I was very drunk, so was he. We were talking and I asked him how he could support his twelve wives and twelve houses all as lavish as this one. He confessed frankly to me that it all came from corruption. His salary would never permit it, so he had to get the money elsewhere. He told me that sometimes he felt bad and did not want to be so corrupt, but with all these obligations it was a necessity. I also asked him how he could have twelve wives. His first wife was older, but all the rest were young girls, almost like his daughters. He was in his fifties and they were in their twenties. He told me that he lived with one for about six months and got tired of her, so

he moved on to the next. He really did not know why himself, except that he was restless. There were twenty-five children at that time. He had to pay a large sum of money in order to remain this way. If he ever lost his job and title, he would lose everything, so it was necessary for him to keep up his position and houses. All his wives had children that he had, so he had to support them. There was also the constant fear of losing the favour of that person who allowed him to continue this life. He drank excessively. I jokingly asked him to fix me up with a girl. To my surprise, a couple days later he introduced me to a beautiful lady. I went to parties with her for a while and had a good time.

I learned a little more every day. The ministers and cabinet members were in office not because of their qualification for the task but for how much money they paid. As they needed money to stay in office so they went corrupt naturally. The whole country was corrupt. The traffic was controlled by military police. Money was a driver's license. They made checks on the people and if you paid a certain amount then you were permitted to drive. Sometimes the police would join forces with the military police and check all the people on the streets, whether walking, driving a car, riding a bicycle, etc, every one. Age and identification were checked and if men were of the age to go to the army then they would be put in jail. After negotiating, if the man was able to pay, he would be released. Those who did not pay were sent to the army. Money was everything.

In order to get out of the country a person needed a passport, but the price of permission cost one million baht, the equivalent of two thousand American dollars. Some military officers could sell M-16 rifles and ammunition to the enemy to pay for their escape.

Many articles such as clothing, notebooks, pencils, etc, were smuggled into the country so everything was very expensive. The Cambodian people do not eat much beef, but mostly chicken, fish and pork. I lived there with them just as one of them in their corrupt city. I was just as one of them.

We influenced each others' lives. In Vietnam and the places where I had lived before, I was the same, only here I became much worse. One

Sunday, I went fishing along the Mekong River with some generals. I did not use a fishing pole; I used a hand grenade. There are many fish in the Mekong River so when the grenade exploded I could gather up the fish in a boat. We enjoyed them with Cognac.

In the rainy season, the rain poured down and ran fast in the river. One man challenged me to a swimming race. The general chose one man, one of his bodyguards who was a very good swimmer. I did not know that the river was so torrential from the heavy rains. We dived in and halfway across, the rapids took such a forceful hold of me that I lost my power and went spinning in circles. Then I happened to think of an idea. So diving beneath the surface to the slightly more calm waters below, I swam through the rapids and to the other side and won the race. The general's man had turned back.

When I first arrived in Phnom Penh I did not care for it at all, and wanted to leave right away. As time went on though, I became more adapted to the environment. It seemed more like home, especially with the war going, which reminded me of my childhood background. It had already been three months since my arrival and I could adjust to the life-style here and the food, and I knew the area quite well. I had visited the surrounding area by plane and no longer even needed a map to find my way around.

CHAPTER 3

FROM THE HELLISH LIFE TO THE GREAT GODLY LIFE

“Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see.”
“. . . *one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see*”
(John 9:25).

I normally came home late after an evening of partying with my friends. On the evening of June 24, 1973, I came home unusually early, about seven-thirty. I had not even had any liquor that evening, and after dinner I went to bed at about ten o'clock. I fell into a very deep, sound sleep. Around midnight something special happened. Suddenly the room was filled with a very bright light. There was a man dressed in a white gown who had a white pitcher of oil in his hand. He called me by name and poured the oil over my head and it ran down my body. My body began to burn where the oil touched it. I leapt up out of bed. I searched for him but he had disappeared and my body was burning with fever. I began to worry. I thought about my past life and what would happen if I died. Most of the city has been destroyed by the war now. Just a week earlier when my friend came over for dinner, a shell had exploded right outside, blowing a hole in the wall. Perhaps what had happened tonight meant that I was going to die. I sat up the rest of the night until five o'clock in the morning thinking of all these things; my life, past life, death, and what would happen to me if I died. My whole life flashed before my eyes like a movie film and I remembered the tremendous evil that I had done. The guilt and tension were greatly intense so I went to my bar for some liquor. I poured a whole cup of strong whiskey, tipped it up and gulped it down in a single breath. Immediately my lips, tongue, mouth, oesophagus, and stomach

began to burn like fire. The pain in my stomach made it feel like it was twisting within me. I grabbed my stomach with both hands and held it for a long time until the pain left. I could not drink to escape the guilt of my past, and I wondered what would happen. The pain, fever, tension all combined, I thought I was going to die right then. There was no phone and the neighbours were all asleep at those early hours in the morning, and I could not help staying alone. The pains increased in intensity and there was no help in sight and the quiet, lonely darkness was as condemning as my guilt. I took a few drags of a cigarette. The smoke seemed to fill my head until it felt like it would split open. I rolled back and forth on the floor in agony. Five o'clock brought the dawn and finally the pains in my stomach and head, along with the fever, began to cease.

The curfew was over at five o'clock and I could not stand it in the room a minute longer. So I got out and went for a walk. The cool morning air felt refreshing to my skin. It was still quite dark and the streets were empty and quiet. I walked all about the city; just strolling around with my shaken thoughts. Then I stopped in front of a small house. I looked up at the roof. There on top stood a small cross. Whatever it was that captured my attention, I did not know but it also compelled me to go to the door. It was open a crack so I went inside. In all my time at Phnom Penh I had never seen a church but here was this small building nearly hidden in the midst of all the large houses. There was an altar and a chair there inside. For some reason unknown to me at the time, I felt drawn to the altar where I knelt down. I felt groggy and my head hurt as if someone had hit me. I did not understand anything that was happening, for I had never been in a church and had little or no knowledge of God. I was a heathen, but here I was kneeling at an altar in a church with tears flooding down my face. I did not know how to pray, I just cried.

Several times I tried to stop crying and go outside but the tears would begin again forcing me back inside. This went on for two hours. Finally at seven o'clock I was able to leave, so I hurried home, locked the door, and washed my face. I stayed in my room afraid to meet anyone. Even when someone knocked I ignored it until they left. This kept up for five days. Every morning though as soon as the curfew was over I felt compelled to go back to that little church where I would kneel in front of that altar crying for two hours, then hurried home again and locked the door behind

me; shut off to the world. I felt like a robot because this just was not me to go to a church, much less to cry like I did. It was shameful to me but something just took control and drew me to my knees.

I had no knowledge of God or the Bible but had heard a little bit about Christianity. Somehow I connected this church with it and wondered how I could find out what was going on. There was no one in the city that I knew of to ask. My reputation was so well spread around there that it complicated matters to near hopelessness. I was afraid to meet people, afraid to speak to people, afraid to see anyone even if they did know the answers. How could I get out of this maze?

CHAPTER 4

MY FAMILY BACKGROUND

My family originally lived in North Korea. Because of the Korean War, we were forced to flee to South Korea. My mother was saved in 1953 and was very strong in the Christian faith. She was very consistent in that every morning at 4:30 she got up no matter what the weather, never missing a day to pray and fellowship with the Lord. My father was not saved until he was lying on his deathbed in 1967 and a pastor visited him and he accepted Jesus as his Saviour.

I knew that I could depend on my mother for answers about Christianity, so I wrote to her and, without telling her anything about my life here, I asked for a Bible. I have three brothers and three sisters. I am the middle child. At that time, only my mother, oldest brother and oldest sister were Christians.

Back in North Korea our family had been rich landowners before the war. We divided the land up into ten lots and let the poor people occupy them. They cultivated the land and fifty per cent of the profit from the crop went to us while they kept the other half. We were quite well off. My father never had to labour like other men.

In the past four generations, there has only been one son to carry on the Rim name. Needless to say, he was sheltered and spoiled. My grandmother pampered my father until he was very selfish. He only cared for himself, not at all for his own family. He always played around with his buddies, drinking and making trouble. He often beat my mother and broke things up in the house. When he came home singing, immediately we children ran to hide. If Mom ran he would cause more damage, so she had to stay there to get beaten. This was not an occasional occurrence, it happened nightly.

Mother overcame many difficulties caused by my father. She would quietly put up with him and took care of everything he did. The broken things would be cleaned up or replaced, she took her beatings. He vomited from being drunk and she cleaned him up and gave him a bath, and cleaned up the house. This was the old Korean custom for the wife to be quiet, very submissive, and cater to all of the husband's every wish, run the house and raise the children.

In 1953 when the war forced my family to flee as refugees to the South, we could not take much of anything along with us. Mother brought jewels of jade, rubies, and all small things. All our property had to be left in the North and we could take only what we could carry. We did not have much money then so my father had to cut down on his drinking. Because of his pampered life-style, he was unable to do any kind of work, for he did not know how and it had been so long that he just did not have what it took to be a working man, so my mother had to work and support all of us seven children and my father as well as herself.

Refugee life was filled with many problems. They kept building up and more of them came. Mother set up a clothing factory in a house where she made clothes. During this time she accepted Jesus as her Saviour. Her faith in God helped her to overcome all these difficulties. She began going to church and most of the family grew curious about her new faith. They disagreed with her Christianity and opposed her, but still she continued to attend church every time it was open. She influenced my older brother and sister by her life, and later they too came to the Saviour. My father did not understand and opposed her faith the most. He wanted her to stop going to church and spend more time making clothes in her shop. He would hide her Bible and hymnal from her and make life very difficult. She remained very faithful working in her shop and in going to church. She took all the persecution and trials patiently with humility. Sometimes Mother would take me to church with her, but I did not want to go even though she made me. Then when they were praying with their eyes closed I would sneak out. Finally she gave up on taking me but kept on praying.

In school I went from primary to middle school with an "A" average. In primary school, I was quite a troublemaker. All my work was done on

time and the rest of the time I would find something to get into, and my mother was called in often for conferences.

In middle school they graded it into sections of A, B, C, D. We took IQ tests to see what category we fit into. I went in with the “A” group. I still scored straight A’s, and I harassed the teachers and was known as a troublemaker.

I had many girl friends at that age and their mothers would come to see my mother because of my behaviour.

This was also the time when I first learned the marshal art of Tae Kwon Do, then called Tung Soo Do. There were two groups in high school similar to gangs. My group was called the Eagles. Our groups fought each other often. Then one day, during a fight, one of our members took a hockey stick and hit one of the other group members in the back of the head with it. He fell to the ground a second time. Every one from both groups ran off after that. I stayed there to help him, and put him over my shoulders to take him to the hospital. He died from the blow. The next day the police called us all in to the station for questioning. I was innocent and since I had helped him they let me go but the rest went to jail and were not permitted to ever return to school.

After graduation I became well-known around town in Seoul, Korea. I learned more Tae Kwon Do. Seoul was the capital city with a population of about six million. There were also these gang-like groups of men and I joined one there in the city. That was when I learned how to smoke and drink. The more I grew from early childhood on to adult-hood, the more trouble I found and the more aggressive I became. Likewise my mother’s prayers, worry and concern for me grew.

CHAPTER 5

BRUSH WITH VIET CONG

One day I received a letter from the government notifying me that I had been drafted into the army. So off I went to training camp. First there were six months of the hard basic army training that everyone received. Then I got into the more specialised training where we learned the more specific and special skills of skin-diving, ranger, marshal arts (Karate and Tae Kwon Do), sky-diving emergency rescue, and the things we would have to know when in enemy territory.

I had an opportunity to go to Vietnam. I found my training quite useful there and went everywhere in that country, sometimes even going alone for the mission. There were many crises and I was nearly killed five times. I have many stories to tell but can only tell a few for two reasons: one, I do not want to involve politics and governments, the second reason is that there are just too many stories and I do not have room to tell them all. The purpose in telling some of my stories is for a testimony and witness of what Jesus Christ can do in a human life.

Over in the war-fighting countries, often in the night the enemy would drive jeeps with the head lights off so that their enemies cannot tell directly where they are. They could only do this on very dark nights because a full moon can give enough light so that the jeeps can easily be seen.

One evening I was driving a jeep along a road with the enemy showering bullets in every direction trying to find me, and I was following the road partly from sheer memory and partly from the tiny bit of light that outlined the pavement which was darker than the rest of the ground. It was enemy territory and they knew that I often travelled this route. There had been

many killings here so I always had to drive at least fifty miles an hour even without headlights.

This certain night, the Viet Cong had strung a coiled, twisted mass of barbed wire across the road for a trap and I drove full-speed right into it. I lost control and the jeep overturned and rolled over about three or four times with the wire tangled around it and me. I was cut all over with it, my whole body was cut nearly everywhere I looked, only my face escaped the thrashing. Fortunately I did not faint or panic but kept my full senses and held tightly to the steering wheel until it settled down. It was not uncommon, in fact jeeps often explode like this. However, this time it did not. I tried to get out of the jeep and was cut with every move of the tangled barbed wire but finally I succeeded. The next move was to run for my life: I had quickly forgotten about all my comparatively small cuts for fear of what was about to happen if I did not run. When the Viet Cong could catch a person they would cut his arms, legs, and head off and hang all the parts on a tree. I have seen this before and ran as fast as I could. I ran for an hour in zigzag pattern. If I ran straight I would have been an easy target, but in zigzagging even though the Viet Cong troops were right behind me they missed. So after running for an hour I came to a large dead tree by a mountain. It was about nine feet in circumference and so rotten that it was hollow and could be broken easily. Around it were small bushes and many fallen, decayed leaves which were easy to dig through. I was very tired from running so I burrowed into the bushes and leaves then broke a hole into the tree and crawled into it.

When I could finally rest, I realised that I was cut and bloody all over, and I finally felt the pain. I did not have any first aid equipment with me, and my arm was bleeding quite badly so I took off my belt and wrapped it up with that.

Outside I could hear the Viet Cong passing and could understand what they were saying. They were searching all around the trees, saying that they thought I had run on farther and maybe they should turn back. While hiding in there I could see my mother's face floating before me and she was praying. When she prayed she always knelt down on the floor on a pillow with her face nearly to the floor and this was the position that I saw her in.

The pain prevented sleep but at least I could rest. In the morning I came out and went down the hillside to the road. Every day around ten o'clock, there would be an American convoy passing and I could get help. So I put out my thumb. They picked me up and took me to a hospital where I spent fifteen days.

When I got out, I went back to the same mission, only this time I changed my method of transportation. Now I used a Honda 250 which was much easier to ride because it can go on smaller roads and down paths. The motor cycle was also harder to hit when the enemy was ambushing me. They often waited in the bushes to ambush me as I passed but I was too hard to hit.

The back roads were very rough and bumpy, throwing the motor cycle all over the road making it hard to control but also easier to escape in.

I received a file with cash in it and a brief case containing some very important documents which I tied securely to the back of the motor cycle on the luggage rack. The back roads were so rough that while riding to my destination the rack broke. I could not look back because I was going through enemy territory, so when I got back I noticed that all the money was gone. After dark I went back to try to find them, even one hundred and fifty miles but found only danger.

It was drizzling and the path was very muddy. Had I been travelling by jeep it would have been alright but the Honda slipped and skidded all over the path. So I parked the bike by a bush and went searching for the brief case which I never found that night and headed back. The path was too muddy by now to make it all the way, so when I reached the place where the Honda was hidden in the bush, I decided to lay down there and spend the night. About an hour or so later, I heard Viet Cong troops passing only ten feet from where I was lying. They passed single file on either side of me. They continued to pass for a whole hour I was certain to be found and captured. My hair must have been standing on end in terror and my clothes were soaked in sweat. The vision of my mother bowed down on the floor in prayer for me passed in front of my eyes. Five times when in critical danger I saw her there praying, interceding on my behalf.

I've been all over Vietnam, whether with government troops or alone, I have travelled over the entire countryside. One day a plain-clothes officer and I were in a jeep driving and were caught in the crossfire between the Vietnamese and the Viet Cong. Bullets were flying all around hitting the jeep everywhere. I was driving in zigzag fashion like a madman trying to avoid some of the bullets. We drove like that for half an hour until we finally drove out of it. The jeep was speckled with holes and one bullet just missed the gas tank which would have exploded, blowing us all over the countryside; fortunately God did not allow it. I was fine myself but when we had gotten out of the firing range I looked over to see the officer who was with me. I had been too busy driving trying to control the jeep to notice that he had been shot in the back and lay dead in the seat beside me.

There are too many stories to tell here in this book, but I will tell more, and in more details in the next book I write.

Through the Vietnamese war, I learned how to drive in enemy territory, how to fight, how to survive and how to make money. The only thing that comforted me was the alcohol which I drank nearly every day. When I got back to Saigon, I drank heavily and enjoyed the entertainment, trying to erase the nightmares of the war and to relax my tense nerves. War is devastating to the strongest nervous system. Even so, I learned how to withstand the difficulties, dangers, and crises in emergency times. There have been many bad times, tribulations, horrible memories, etc, but there also have been many good times during the war and a lot of valuable lessons learned.

CHAPTER 6

THE POINT OF CONFESSION AND REPENTANCE

“ . . . The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much ”
(Jas 5:16).

Early every morning at 4:30, my mother would get up, go to church and kneel down on the wooden floor to pray. In the freezing cold winter mornings and the roasting summer time when the mosquitoes bite, she still would never miss a morning. The large, hard calloused knees give testimony to this fact. She has seven children of whom I am her favourite, and she has prayed for me for twenty-eight years now. Since I left Korea for Vietnam, she has spent many hours in prayer for my salvation. She would watch the newspapers for news about the war and prayed that even if I did die in the war, that was not really as important. What she besought the Lord for was my salvation, that before I died I would know that Jesus was my Lord. When I went to fight in the Cambodian War, she was disappointed in me because the war there was worse than in Vietnam. She spent even more time in prayer for me, as the chances of my death were greater.

One day she decided to have a special prayer for me. She went down farther south in Korea and on to an island close by. There she sat by the seaside and prayed earnestly for me. She told the Lord the burden of her heart and pleaded with Him to answer her prayers. She stayed on the island for two weeks and told God that she would not go home until He answered her. Then she heard a voice from the Lord saying to her that she could go home now. She rose up and went home then, and at that same time found a letter from me in the mail. In this letter, I asked her to send me a Bible but did not say why or tell her what had been happening to me.

However, she knew why, for the Lord had told her. She knew that I was about to be saved if I had not already been. When she read my letter, she dropped down on her knees in prayer thanking God for the answer to her long years of praying and pleading for my salvation. The tears flooded down her face freely as she sobbed out her praises to our Heavenly Father.



It had been fifteen days from the time that I wrote the letter to her until I received the Bible. I was so eager for it to come so I could read it and find out what had been happening to me. Every morning when the curfew was lifted at 5:00, I would go to the church and kneel at the altar to cry. I would feel this strange peace and happiness inside that I had never known before. I did not pray at all, just cry, for I did not know how to pray. But still God knew that my heart was ready and I was eager to learn about Him.

When I went into the church in the mornings the first week, there was no one there but me. The second week there was one person but I did not dare to turn around to look at him or to speak to him. I did not know why he was there but still I knelt down and cried as before. The next morning there were two people and the next morning there were three. Every day one more person came but I still ignored them and proceeded as before.

Many people have given me gifts in my lifetime which I have appreciated. However, after the fifteen days when I finally received the Bible, I was so happy that I could not even explain. For the first time in my life, I was thankful for my mother's love that she had for me. I was indeed a prodigal son but now had returned to her. I wrote a letter back thanking her for the Bible and her love. Those other gifts were nice but were incomparable to this Bible. I read it from morning until night, sometimes forgetting even my meals to read what God had to say. It was a New Testament and I read it from Matthew to Revelation over and over again. Sometimes I would spend the night reading it.

I could not understand some things in the Bible though. I knew Who Jesus was and Who God was and Who the Holy Spirit was, but only basically. So this one evening I prayed all night long, I told Jesus that I knew He was my Lord and Saviour and that I could not understand His Word so would He please help me to understand. I prayed to Him all night then began reading again from Matthew going to Revelation. An amazing thing happened that was more fantastic than anything. When I read the verses they seemed to come alive, they were not just words on a page, they came up off the paper alive with meaning as if I had been blind before but now my eyes and understanding were opened. I read where Paul said that he was the chief of sinners. Knowing my past life, I realised the chief had passed his many feathered headdress over to me and I was the new chief of sinners. I was so ashamed of myself that I shook myself and crying so hard, I shouted, "I am a sinner." This was at night and I had forgotten the neighbours in the apartment were sleeping, I shouted over and over again, "I am a sinner," and sobbed with shame. I wondered how the Apostle Paul could say about himself that he was the chief of sinners when there was a man like me around who topped him in evil.

For one week straight, without sleeping or eating, my prayers of confession and repentance went up to the Lord. I said,

Lord, for all my life I never recognised You. I thought I was the best in the world with all my strength and power that caused other people to be afraid of me and give me what I wanted, all the money and good possessions. But now I realise that I am nothing, nothing at all, nothing but a sinner. You, Lord, You are the greatest and I repent now with tears.

And I prayed,

Oh, God, I am so sorry for the sins which I have committed so far without recognising that You are the King of Kings and everything belongs to You, even my life. I do not know what to say or how to confess my sins for they are too numerous. I do not know which one to confess first, I have committed so many. According to You, the guilt of my sins should cause me to die and go to hell, but You said to me that whatever I confess to you and I repent of You will forgive me. What a merciful and gracious God You are; You have not killed me and sent me to hell, You are even giving me the opportunity to know You! Now I confess and give You my burden of the sins I have committed. Please, please forgive me and release me

from my slavery of sin. You gave Your own begotten Son on the cross of Calvary for my sins. How wonderful is Your love, I cannot imagine it for its height, depth and width is immense. I never loved or even tried to imitate the love like You have for others. When I think of what Jesus went through to pay for my sins, the whipping, being spat on, His beard being ripped out of His face, the crown of thorns pressed down upon His head, my heart feels like it will burst. Oh, God, help me not to go back into my life of slavery to sin, please let me stay in You and You stay in me. For thirty years of my life, all I have done has been sin and to irritate other people. Now You control and use the rest of my life, even my hands and property. Thank You very much for forgiving me and letting me know You. Now I confess and accept You as my Master and personal Saviour. My life, body and property all belong to You. I pray these things in Jesus' name, Amen.

I prayed like this for a week and afterward felt so free and released from all burdens and desires, it was as if I were a carefree young child again. My eyes were swollen so large from crying long and hard that it was hard to see anything.

I remained in my room and a rumour went around the town that I was mentally ill or having a breakdown. The neighbours in the apartment had heard my crying and shouting, then when I did not leave the room for so long a time, what were they supposed to think. The generals heard the rumours and sent some of their officials over to check up on me, but I did not let them in. I spoke to them through the closed door telling them that I was fine. They could go back and report this to the generals that I was alright but wanted to be alone for a while.

People thought I was not normal; that I was crazy. Well, I was. My old life of sin was not normal and the transition from slavery to sin to slavery to Christ was traumatic and a complete turnaround for me. I took a lot of pain and agonising, but now my life was normal now that I had found my real Master, Christ.

When I read 2 Corinthians 5:17–19, which says,

Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to

us the ministry of reconciliation; To wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation,

it made me so happy that I jumped up and down and read it about ten times. I was overjoyed with the Lord and thought about what I could do for Him. I wanted to let everyone know about this peace and happiness but did not know how. I kept reading the Bible over and over and I wanted to let people know about John 3:16,

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

I sent a second letter to my mother and said,

Mom, thank you very much for your prayers. Now I understand why you were so happy, smiling, and full of joy in the Lord. I too have become a Christian like you. Mother, please pray more for my other brothers and sisters who do not know Him yet.

I sent letters to my unsaved brothers and sisters telling them about my wonderful Lord Jesus. I explained to them how Jesus took the veil off my eyes so I could see righteousness and the right way. When I looked at people before, my eyes were very cold and hard like an animal. Now Jesus had taken that away, replacing it with His warmth and love. My mouth used to be filled with filthy words, rottenness and poison. Now the Lord had filled it with His praises and words of love, joy, kindness. My ears, that used to be sharp to hear an evil remark directed toward me that made me very angry so that I would beat the offender, were now soft and gentle. Now when I hear such a remark it does not even bother me. My ears are tuned in to God's "echoes of mercy and whispers of love."

CHAPTER 7

LOOKING FOR AN OUTREACH

*“He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me:
and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.
And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me,
is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it:
and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it”*
(Matt 10:37–39).

I prayed for the Lord to show me what He wanted me to do for him. For nearly a week I prayed about what to do and how to do it. Every night I prayed, sometimes all night long, in the day I read the Bible. When I prayed, for some reason I cried. I do not know why and I could not stop myself.



I resigned from teaching Tae Kwon Do. The generals were disappointed and offered me more money but I refused their offer without telling them why or what had happened to me. Most of them were very strong Buddhists and I was very anxious to tell them but could not.

Every thing was new to me now. Since my conversion, I could see the corruption in the armies and governments. I wanted to help them and to show them the Lord Jesus that I had found. When I went into the towns and saw the poor people and orphans on the streets, it made me

sad. Never before my conversion had I felt sympathy or compassion for these people, now it was a new person who saw things differently.

One evening in a dream, the Lord told me to take care of the little lambs. I could not understand what it meant so I read the Bible more. I still did not understand. Then I found out that God wanted me to take care of the children.



What children, I wondered: I did not have any, so what children did He want me to care for, and I prayed that He would teach me in detail what to do. I could not get an answer so I went to a restaurant for dinner. Usually before my salvation, I went to the first class restaurants, for I had to have the best of everything. This time I went to a “C” class restaurant that had the tables and chairs outside, French style. A small boy came over to my table and said, “Can I stay with you in your house?”

Then I asked him, “How come?”

He said, "I have no parents. My parents were killed by a bomb. I have no one to take care of me. I eat by begging from people. At night I sleep at the corner of a house."

He had no shirt and his pants were very dirty. He smelled terrible too. However, he looked and spoke intelligently. At that moment, two things came to my mind. One thing I was sure of was that this was one of the little lambs God had been talking about. On the other hand, it was a miserable memory of the last Korean War in 1950.

I had been the same as the little boy in front of me. I was born in North Korea. My father was a rich landlord. On July 5, 1950, the Korean War broke out. My family tried to flee to the South because the Communist oppressed us, so that we escaped with the neighbours across the mountains, over the rivers, and through valleys until we reached safe territory in South Korea. There were about three hundred of us, and when we came to this one large valley the Communists suddenly rushed in and ambushed us. Everyone scattered in all directions, running from the hand grenades and machine gun fire. Later when it was all over, I searched for my family but could not find any of them. I was lost and alone, separated from my parents, so I followed the rest of the neighbours South.

We were passing by a forest and I saw a very strange sight. I was just a small boy at the time and did not really understand all that was happening. On every tree in that forest, there were people tied to them and shot. I wondered why the Communists did this. There were about two or three hundred people tied to the trees.

After we got past that and on a little way we passed a large concrete water tank that was used to reserve the water that flowed from the mountain side. It was empty and there was such a foul smell coming from it that I went over to look inside. There it was, full of hundreds of dead, rotting people who had been killed by the Communists. I was too young to know what Communism was all about but since I saw these things I knew that they were evil and were killers.

We had taken a rest and then proceeded down by following the rail road tracks. Along the way, there were more dead bodies, killed as before. They had their hands tied behind their backs and were shot. We came to the rail

road bridge but it had already been destroyed by the enemies. The neighbours built wooden rafts and we all went across on them. In the river were many dead corpses and some had been there for a few days in the hot sun and now were bloated to three times their size.

Finally we made it to the line that divided North and South Korea and passed over into a better land. The problem we faced though was a shortage of food. I had been separated from my parents and became an orphan and a beggar. The neighbours had to spend their own time looking for food, clothing and shelter for themselves and their own families, so no one could care for me. I had to take care of myself, but I was too young. At night I slept at the corner of the house where the roof overhung, which protected me from the rain. There were many children who had been orphaned like me, so we all slept together by the house. We went to potato plantations where the large potatoes had been dug out and the small ones remained yet, so that was our food. There were also certain trees that we could dig and eat the roots which added a little variety to our meagre diet.

It was summer when we arrived in South Korea so the weather was warm and comfortable for sleeping at night. In the autumn, the weather got cooler and the temperature continued to drop. The ground became frozen as winter set in and the snow began to cover the ground. It was hard then, and sometimes impossible to dig for our potatoes or roots. We orphan children had to move to town. Most of the children were older than I. They made shoeshine boxes from which they could make money to buy food for all of us. In the winter when everyone was wearing boots, the shoeshine business folded up so we were once again out of money and food.

One time I followed one of the other older orphans when he went to work shining shoes. I was trying to learn the trade also, to help support us. One of my customers wanted me to change the colour of his shoes so I tried. However, since I was very young and had not had much schooling, I did not get the colour that he asked for. In a fit of anger he sent his foot flying hard into my chin, tearing a hole in my flesh. There was nowhere to go for medical help to have it sewed up, so I got some soybean paste from a friendly neighbour and pressed it on the wound to stop the bleeding. My chin got dirty, sore, and infected and I suffered with it for three months when normally it should have been healed in less than one month.

All of us went to the compound and took food out of the garbage to sustain our lives. Sometimes people would not allow us to do that, so for a couple of days we went without anything. The good GI's threw us scraps from their lunches, but the bad GI's always chased us away, cutting us off from our only source of nourishment. Our stomachs bloated from malnutrition. It was not totally uncommon for us to go for four days straight with nothing to eat. We children discovered that the first few days of starvation are hard but after that you do not feel anything. Everything was expensive and everyone was poor; things were hard all over, not just for the orphans.

We would eat snow and fill our stomachs with it. This made us colder inside and out. We had no coats or warm clothing, only our worn out summer clothes, which were full of holes by then. Occasionally we could find pieces of cloth to patch them up with, but still the bitter cold came through in spite of our efforts.

At night, we slept in the corners of the buildings in the town streets, huddled up on each other like little baby chicks. I was the youngest so I was always in the centre of the huddle. Every morning when we woke up, a few of the children who had slept on the outside froze to death in the night.

This was the way I lived for two long years of my early childhood in 1951 and 1952.

Now since my conversion I realised that all of this suffering was in accord with God's marvellous plan and omniscience. He wanted me to work with orphans and reach them for Himself, and what more effective worker was there than the one who thoroughly understood what was in the orphan's heart, mind, and background experience. If we know our pupils well, then we can know how to work with them by reflecting upon our own experiences. What marvellous preparation God had done; how high are His ways!

In 1952 as I was on the street in the city district of Toong Po, Seoul, the capital city of Korea, I met my mother, thus ending my orphan life.

CHAPTER 8

GATHERING LOST LAMBS

*“How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep,
and one of them be gone astray,
doth he not leave the ninety and nine,
and goeth into the mountains,
and seeketh that which is gone astray?”*
(Matt 18:12).

The boy, then looking longingly into my eyes, caused me to remember my past orphan life and I could not refuse him in his desperation. I took him for a hair cut and had him shaved bald to get rid of the lice. Next we headed for my apartment where I fixed him a good tub of bath water and scrubbed him clean. We went shopping and bought him everything he needed: shirts, pants, socks, a hat and shoes. After he was all cleaned up and dressed in good clothes, I discovered that he was quite a handsome boy!

We lived together and began a new life. It was good to have someone besides me in the apartment and my joy increased daily along with love for him. I bought him some paper and pencils and he began an education. His name is Yaro. During my absence from the apartment, he stayed there by himself. One day he spoke with me about being lonely there all alone and asked for permission to bring one of his friends in with him. I consented and when I came home, that evening, what a surprise! I opened the door and there was not one friend but seven. All of them orphans who were very dirty, smelly, and forlorn as Yaro had been when I met him. They had not taken baths for so long that the entire room was filled with a foul odour. I plugged my nose and told all of them to take their clothes off and get into the bathroom. I handed them plenty of soap and wash cloths.

We went shopping for new clothes for them too. I was now a proud father of eight sons! They had never used a toothbrush before so I bought them all one, and taught them how to use it. They also received a towel with their names on them.

I taught them, along with Yaro, how to pray before meals, before going to bed and when we awoke in the morning. We had our morning devotions together.

The boys were not used to sleeping on beds, the floor was much more acceptable, so I bought them blankets and they slept on the floor.

These boys were naughty though. While I was gone during the day, they wrote on the walls, went and stole things through the neighbours' windows to sell at the market to buy cigarettes. They played with the elevator so much that they had it broken many times. The manager came to see me about it. He gave me the choice of making the children behave or get out. I asked him to please give me time to find another place. He said that he did not care whether they were orphans or not, he could not jeopardise his business any more with them running on the loose causing all kinds of trouble to everyone.

I prayed all night long asking the Lord what to do. Where could we all go? The neighbours all complained about the children causing them trouble. I asked God to please give us a place to go. Then I looked all over but when I explained that there were eight children, I always got rejected. No one wanted children in their apartment building. Finally I found a house to move into but it had no roof. There were only sheets of plywood improvising for the ceiling. The nine of us moved in shortly afterward. During the day, I made them study and in the afternoon, they went out to play with the children down town. When they came home in the evening, nearly every day they brought more children with them. They were naughty and caused trouble where ever we went. However, I was never angry with them. Before my conversion, I never touched a child and hated them. Now they were very beautiful to me and brought much happiness.

I bought tools and lumber and together we repaired the house. In a month's time, the family had grown from nine to fifty. I added on to the

house and furnished the children with more blankets, mosquito nets, clothing and food. What a camp!

I took care of the children, military style. They all had toothbrushes, uniforms, etc, and knew how to use them. They all had four uniforms; one for exercising, one for studying, one for casual wear, and one for dress-up. Every morning we got up at 5:30 to do exercise. Next we studied the Bible, after that we had breakfast. With all these children and all of them so rowdy; there was a small combat every day with the neighbours' children. Who started it was a mystery, but they would be throwing stones back and forth at each other just like a miniature combat. Because of the clash between the neighbours' and my children, at night the neighbours threw stones on our tin roof and made so much noise that it sounded like bombing outside and who could sleep?! All of this and I never hated the neighbours, rather I apologised instead of retaliating.

I taught the children Korean hymns, how to pray, about Jesus and invited a Cambodian Bible teacher in to help teach. This also brought indignation from the neighbours since the Cambodian religion is Buddhism. Buddha is their god who protects them and gives them everything. Now why was I bringing in an American God to stir up Buddha's anger and plague the city because of it. When we would sing our hymns they would stone the roof with stones to disrupt our meeting. They told us to move out of the area lest Buddha became angry. Therefore, at night we would sing quietly and have our Bible study only then. Before salvation, I did not care about God either, but now that I knew Him I loved Him and the people as well. My heart was burdened for them because they did not know Him too. I prayed overnight for the Lord to please help me to reach those people, to give me the method to go to them with the good news of the living Saviour.

Since I had a lot of money to be able to afford good clothes, bedding, furniture, etc, for my children, naturally the neighbours' children became jealous of the "rich kids" across the street. The neighbours' children were quite poor. Everything was very expensive there, so no one but the very rich could live well. I went to the market and bought pencils, shirts, and candy, which was very expensive. The neighbours' children hardly ever got candy when they could hardly afford to eat adequate food. I came home and told my children to go out to the neighbours and tell them to

come over for candy. Within one hour, there were about five hundred children at our house! I taught them a hymn along with my children.

There were three large classrooms in my house so the neighbours went in with us and they learned mathematics, how to take care of themselves with toothbrushes which I bought for them, and they took showers. The girls in the girls' shower room and the boys in the boys' shower room. We gave shirts and other clothing to the children who did not have them. They also learned basic English along with my children, and every time they went home they had candy in their hands. Through all the fighting I never retaliated, rather I smiled politely and apologised. The military police would come and ask me if I wanted the neighbours arrested for causing me trouble but I always refused. Now with this testimony and the change in the children of the neighbourhood, the parents began to take a second look. Their children never sang before, now they were singing. They brought home candy and notebooks and pencils and learned. They kept themselves clean and the fighting ceased somewhat. What were these different people all about? The parents were afraid of us kindling Buddha's wrath and destroying them. The rockets were constantly shelling around us; God showed Himself to all in that the other village was burned up, but my orphanage and the neighbourhood were spared. I had never spoken to the people about the Lord, I only worked and lived the Christian life. James 2:26 which says, "*For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also,*" really came to life in the village. The people's hearts began to soften toward our work and us because we were good to them and taught the children healthy ideas and methods.

Many changes had taken place in my own children as well. In the beginning, they were in constant trouble. I always bought them candy and enough of everything, but while I was away they climbed up over the roof to get into the supplies since I had put a padlock on the door to keep them out. They took rice, blankets, mosquito nets, everything possible and sold them back to the market for a cheap price in order to buy candy and cigarettes. At night when they were all in bed, supposedly, I looked in and noticed many things were missing along with a few of the children. I always prayed that the Lord would show the children this was no good for them; that He would protect and bring them back. I prayed, "Lord they do

not know You, that's why they do these things. Please, Lord, help these children, I love them, please bring them back.”

When the money ran out and food was gone, they came home again. Some of the things they had done were hard to believe. This one little boy became very ill and thin. I asked him what was wrong but if he knew he refused to tell me, so I asked his friend because he was so very ill. His friend told me that at one time, the boy had stolen some things from the orphanage to sell at the market. He took the money and spent the night with a prostitute. He was only twelve years old and his body was wasting away from venereal disease! I took him to a hospital where he received treatment and soon began to recover.

Sometimes the children would come back when their supplies ran out, looking for a roof over their heads and food for their stomachs. They would sometimes walk around the buildings all day long. I waited and when it began to get dark, they came in to me. The children came in only to the doorway where they stood waiting until I bade them come into the room. As soon as the child did that, I told him to kneel down, then I asked if he was hungry and fed him. For a week, I treated him real nice like all the other children. Then one day I called him into my office and told him to stand with his hands over his head until he was ready to admit his guilt. That usually took anywhere from ten minutes to a half an hour. When he was ready to put his aching arms down then I gave him his punishment. It was never the girls who stole and ran away, only the boys.

Sometimes I met the runaway in the market place. He turned and ran or else he froze to the spot. I reached down and patted his head and asked him if he was hungry. He received some fruit or cake gladly. I never asked him to come back to the orphanage but let him know that I cared for him. A couple of days later, that little face appeared in my doorway longing to be accepted into the fold again.

The children were not the only cause of trouble. Many times in the first six months that I began taking care of orphans, there would be tropical diseases that spread through the orphanage. When one child contracted it, the disease spread to as many as twenty children in one night. I had no car for transportation, so my helper and I loaded as many children as we could

carry on ourselves and walked to the hospital. At twelve midnight, all roads and businesses were closed until five o'clock the next morning when the curfew was lifted. The military police all knew my face and let me pass all the checkpoints. When we arrived at the hospital, which was also closed, I beat on the door until they let us in. Sometimes we had to spend the entire evening transporting children to and from the hospital. When we did not have such cases, I spent many hours in prayer.

When the children got sick or ran away with some of the supplies, I felt that it was my fault. They were ill because I did not take good enough care of them. They ran away because I did not love them enough. They stole and sold things because I did not give them enough. I did my best to care but it was such a big burden that I always had the guilt for what the children did wrong, because I was not giving them enough attention. I prayed,

Lord, please forgive me for not doing better with these children that You have given me. I have not been doing as I ought and that is why they fight, steal, run away, and get sick. Please, Lord, help me to do better. Give me wisdom in dealing with them.

One of my helpers had a watch missing. We knew that one of the children had it, now to go about finding out who. We asked all of them to please give it back if they had it but no one answered. In the evening, I found one boy missing. The orphans at the market place sleep together in one place, so I went there. There he was as I had figured. When he saw me coming, he knew that I knew he had stolen the watch and had come for it. He already sold the watch and spent the money by this time, so I said to him, "If you need money any time you come to me; you don't steal from me, the helpers, the orphanage or anyone else, you just come to me and I will give you what you need, OK?" I didn't ask him to come back home, all I told him was about coming to me for money. One week later, he came back and now he had changed to a very faithful, hard working, studious boy who brought me much happiness.

CHAPTER 9

MINISTRY TO THE NEIGHBOURS (LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR AS YOURSELF)

The neighbours' children had been coming over and learning along with my own orphans for some time now. Whereas before there had been much trouble between us, now problems were being solved one by one. The changes arouse the curiosity of the parents in the village so they began to come to me. Nearly every day there was some one or many people there asking questions about my work. They asked how much the American government was paying me to do all this, or who was paying me. There was no way for me to answer them because if I told them that it was my own money they would get the impression that it was my own working, when it was the Lord's money and the Lord's work. They would not yet accept this because they were all Buddhists while Jesus was an American God, which they rejected. Any other answer would be false so I just smiled at them and said, "Some day you'll know." Then they began asking how I could take on the big responsibility of caring for all of them. This was an excellent opportunity for a witness. Day by day, they kept coming, their interest kept growing, they came with more questions. I began to tell them a little about God, that He is a living God and He is working with me. I showed them in Genesis how He created the earth and everything in it. They knew now how so they asked me why I did it. I said that it was because of what Jesus did for me; He died for me on the cross to take away my sins and now I want to work for Him because I am grateful for His suffering in my behalf so I take care of orphans. I told them that Jesus is my Master and personal Saviour, He died for their sins as well as mine. At that time I did not have a very deep knowledge about God and the Bible so the witness was rather poor and basic but the idea got across to them. I also explained to them how that now I could no longer consider the

children orphans because this was God's work and He was taking care of them so they were no longer alone. I pointed out how they had better clothes, food, and furnishings than the other children. This, I explained, was all the provision of God and that was why the orphans had so many nicer things, because they were now the children of God.

Every Sunday the neighbours' children would worship God along with the others in the classrooms. One by one, the parents would come to see what it was all about. They realised now that they were safe from Buddha's jealous anger because the other buildings in the village across from us were burnt while we had all been spared. Since I did not have much knowledge about the Bible and these people were curious, I brought in a Cambodian Pastor from time to time to teach them.



We did not have a church building to meet in so I decided to build one. I had been caring for the children for about a year now and did not have enough money to build a church. One day some people from World Vision came over with a cheque for three thousand dollars from a Pastor White in the United States. When she died, she left the money and requested that it be given to me. They did not know my address, so they sent it to World Vision to give to me. With a thankful heart, I took the money and started to build the largest church in all of Cambodia. The children and I went to work on it ourselves, since we could not afford to hire a carpenter. A

friend of mine helped me draw up the blueprint because he had some knowledge about it, and he helped to build it. We dug a hole for the foundation and I put in the outside posts, then we poured the concrete. The next day when I went out to see it, the cement had dried and the posts were crooked. Whereas one thousand bricks may have been enough, now I had to double the order for we needed many more! Later we saw God's work through my foolishness. One layer of bricks would cause the building to be hot inside during the day, but two layers would insulate it nicely!

We did not have enough money to build with. When the church was finished, it was a nice brick building with a tin roof. The neighbours kept coming one by one, and I had the Cambodian Pastor over, thus began the outreach to our adult neighbours.

Altogether, there were about seven hundred children coming to my school. The classrooms were made for only one hundred and fifty children, so again we had to build. We added on to all of them and had teachers for all the classes. There was a public school in Cambodia but the parents all sent their children over to my school because they learned more there. We taught Mathematics, Geography, History, Science, etc, and I taught them all Karate. They had to learn the spiritual side of it though and that they were not to use it to fight but rather to protect themselves and for good exercise for their bodies. We arranged a soccer team also and played against other schools. The Karate was good exercise for them and helped to make my children undefeated against any other schools in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, in the children's division!

One day during class time while I was in my office, I saw this man drive up escorted by the military police. Who in the world, I wondered, could this be? I knew many generals and high officials but had never seen this man in my life. He came into my office and greeted me and I learned that he was the Minister of Education in Cambodia. He asked if I had permission from the government to operate this school. I told him no and that it was not an official school and he understood my side. He said that he had not come over to reprimand me for anything; that he had heard of the work here and how well we were doing and had come over to see how things were done and to thank me for my help in this country. I was a

foreigner in Cambodia and was helping very much so he wanted to show his appreciation. He invited me over for dinner and we had a good talk.

This man was a very strong Buddhist and we had a long talk about the Lord Jesus, and he has become a Christian. He, the Minister of Education, sent his own children over to my school also! His boys came over to the orphanage to live with my children and have since experienced salvation.

The Lord sent many people to my orphanage to encourage and comfort me. One of the groups which came was very special. With the group were James E Franks, Hansi and Cathy Barrows. Their visit was very special because at the time, when they visited Phnom Penh, the war was very critical. Shelling was all around. When the planes landed, they were surrounded by shelling, shooting and grenading, but they came anyway.

My children sang for them in four different languages: Cambodian, English, Hebrew and Korean. Then Cathy Barrows sang for the children. I have never heard a better singer than Cathy. She is very spiritual and her singing impressed me.

Mr Franks was a very busy man. Most people have Saturday and Sunday off but not him, his work continues with no vacation. He collected funds for the lepers in Korea and in Vietnam. Through the collection of these funds, a leprosy clinic was built in Korea. There is now a clinic in Vietnam for lepers. This was the first man who impressed me so deeply, who had ever visited my orphanage.

Hansi, during her visit, loved the children and considered them her own. She embraced me and we prayed. She said, "From here on, Jimmy, you are my brother and these children are my children. I will write to you and help support you."

Many groups have visited but this was the first to give such a good impression. Even though their visit was short, when they left, I felt very spiritually uplifted. When they left, we all cried as we said our good-byes, then they were off to Bangkok. A couple of days later, Hansi sent me a letter with money in it and said the Lord told her to send it and that she hoped it would help the work with the children. Since they all returned to the United States, they remembered us in their prayers and wrote encouraging letters.

Hansi has written her own book titled *Outposts of Love*, where she tells about her visit with the orphanage.

Then another day, the Minister of Health and Welfare came over, angry as a cobra snake! He was angry that the Minister of Education agreed with me and so he shouted at me, “Who gave you permission to set up this orphanage? Who gave you permission to build a church here? You come to my office!” Then he stormed out of the door.

The ministers of different offices were appointed by the military generals there. The general who had invited me over to Cambodia was my friend, but this man did not know my background. If I wanted to I could easily go to my friend and have the minister expelled and put in his place one who would agree to let me have my way. This minister did not know that I had more power than him if I so chose to use it, which I did not. Now since my conversion, I wanted to be nice and polite to people. Gone were the days of being rough to everyone and beating them or putting them out of office if I could not have my own way.

Before we left for his office, my assistant, a former Buddhist monk and teacher converted to Christianity, a very faithful and helpful person to me, prayed together with me for God’s guidance in the conversation to follow. We asked that God’s will be done, and that we would hold our tempers as good ambassadors of God.

When we arrived, the first thing I did was apologise to him for the orphanage. “I didn’t mean to go against you and I didn’t mean to set up an orphanage,” I told him.

The children came to me for help one by one and it naturally became an orphanage. Same with the school; I began to teach my orphans, there were one hundred and fifty, then the neighbours’ children came over for their schooling, so it naturally became a school but I didn’t intend this to happen. I meant to come to you about the orphanage before but was too busy until now when you came over.

He began to ask questions about my support; how much did I receive, where did I get it, and how did I spend it. He sent investigators over to my work for a month.

This minister saw me in a dream one evening. He had learned about my background and about my power over him and became fearful. Later he became urgently ill and was rushed to the hospital. He sent some of his men to ask me to come and pray for him. Wow! This was new. I was not skilful in prayer yet, so I sought out a missionary lady named Rose Allen to go with me to pray for him. It was all new to her also, but she went along gladly. We prayed and read the Bible to him. Three days later, he was healed and stopped the investigation on me and apologised for it.

He also learned that it was all my own money, so he apologised for that too. It came about that no permission was needed for me and my work, so we put up our sign “Angel’s Christian Orphanage.”

A brigade general, who was in charge of all the ministers of the various offices, came to visit one time and was very impressed. Shortly afterward, he and his family became believers and came to worship at the church I built. He ordered all the people in charge of orphanages in Cambodia to come to visit my orphanage to learn from me how to care for the children; how to feed, clothe and teach them. Many came streaming in to see but instead of being impressed they were very angry with me because they had been receiving rebuke for not measuring up to the standards at my place. Yet what did I know about taking care of orphans, all my wisdom came from the Lord. Certainly God can do anything!

CHAPTER 10

ANSWER TO OUR PRAYER

Financially the first year went quite well for the orphanage. All the money had come out of my own pocket and I had given everything I owned over to the Lord. Since I had been very well off, it was no problem at all for a year when I could support the work. Now in the second year, my money ran out and we had no other means of support to fall back on. Before all the money ran out, the Lord gave me an idea to make the orphanage self-supporting. I bought ducks, chickens, pigs and seeds. We had plenty of land to farm and the climate was warm the year round to grow vegetables. It took time though to raise the animals to slaughter for food and the chickens to lay their eggs.

We soon ran out of rice. Every Friday night, the children and I had a prayer meeting, where we prayed the whole night through. I did not tell them about the rice situation for fear of scaring them, so once I prayed on my own for God to supply it some way. The following morning, a large truck drove up to the gate and requested admittance. We opened the gate to let them in and the truck was full of rice!

I asked the man, “Who are you, who do you work for, where are you from? How did you know that we needed this rice?”

He answered, “Last night in a dream the Lord told me to come and bring rice to you.”

Later, I learned that he was from World Vision. We had enough rice for a whole month!

A couple of days later, a Christian pilot came to us with a load of fish. In Phnom Penh, fish was a bit expensive but he got it out on the countryside

very cheaply, and brought it to us. He had found out about me from a missionary in the United States.

Another day in the same week, a man who owned an airport had been talking to a missionary who knew about us, and the owner sent over ten huge sacks of oranges. Every third day, we gave the children an orange. He promised to send oranges every month.

*God supplied
abundantly*



*... and in
medical aid too.*

After that, God sent a missionary doctor, an MD named Dean Kroh, who worked for the Christian and Missionary Alliance (CAMA). He brought many things with him including vitamins for the children and candy. He came now every week. No longer did I have to carry two or three children on my back to the hospital. He left some medicine also, so if they became ill while he was away, we could handle it.

Reverend Buchanan from Missouri sent one hundred dollars which sustained our oil and wood supplies. It was not enough to pay salaries to my helpers but it did help keep the orphanage running.

The Mission Cambodia for Christ has a missionary in the Overseas Missionary Fellowship named Andrew Way from England. Through him, they sent money to my place. Sometimes one hundred dollars, sometimes two hundred. Still it was not enough to pay all my helpers.

Six months had passed so the ducks and pigs were big enough to sell. In Cambodia, the price of meat was very high, so we got a lot of money from that. We had more vegetables than we could use and sold some of those. We bought more ducklings and pigs to raise, and vegetable seeds. We had enough to buy oil and wood. Now we seemed to be doing pretty well with supplies and finances although we could have used more money to pay the salaries of the helpers. Different organisations gave small amounts, and together it added up to almost enough.

The Korean Embassy in Cambodia had heard about me and my work too. Whereas before they were trying to get rid of me because I was such a hell, now they were very impressed. They began sending gifts of food and sometimes small amounts of money. The Koreans even began coming to church one by one and getting saved!

A lady who owned an adoption agency was introduced to me by one of my friends who was a news reporter. She said that she was a Christian and called me “brother.” If she had not been a Christian, I would have nothing to do with her and she knew it. We went to a real fancy French restaurant in town, where she bought us lunch. Everyday she contacted me and told me that if there was anything that I needed for the children. I was to let her know. Her husband was in Australia where they both are now. I gave her a list of things like dolls, toys, pencils, etc. Every day for a couple weeks this lady came to the orphanage to visit the children. On her visits, she always brought gifts for them and they appreciated it very much. I did not like her coming over all the time though.

Then one day I learned more about her. She was not really a Christian; she smoked, and had a boyfriend behind her husband’s back. She invited me out to dinner again and it seemed proper to accept the invitation, so I went. We got to talking about the orphans and she wanted to make a deal with me. “Jimmy,” she said,

it is hard for you to care for all of those children, I know. You have hardly enough money to run the orphanage and buy toys or things of that nature

that most other children enjoy. I will help you out with money if you would give me some of your children. I have many agencies helping me that could help you by finding homes for the children in other lands. I would pay you for them, then you would have enough money to support more homeless children.

“Thank you,” I told her,

but it would be better for these children to stay here in their own land. There is no law governing the transportation of domestic children out of the country and I know that money can do anything, but I want these children to stay at home. The population is eight million and the land is well able to support even more than that. I will give them a good education and train them to be good missionaries, so they can witness to the country folks where they live.

Another thing is that while these children have no parents any more, God is taking care of them, so they cannot really be considered orphans. They will be alright.

Upon receiving my reply, immediately this beautiful woman’s face turned to anger. I really got a look at her true nature, now that her temper flared because I had refused to sell the children. I warned her that if she tried to take any of the children I would report her directly to the President. There was nothing she could do about it now.

To get back at me, she told the generals and news reporters how bad and insufficient my orphanage was. According to her false stories, I did not feed, clothe, or teach the children right. She went to many higher officials about it and she would always get her way with most. However, I knew many such people too, which proved to be a hindrance to her evil scheme.

This lady lived in luxury; she stayed in the best hotel in the city, buying people’s favour, inviting them to expensive dinners at good restaurants, but since she could not make a sale with any of my children, she lost a lot of money. Her husband kept calling her to go back but she refused and played around in the city. This lady hid her true self for a while, but God knew her all along as Hebrews 4:13 says: *“Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.”*

A short while later, two young ladies, one in her early 20's and the other about thirty and married, came to visit my orphanage. They too seemed sweet and Christian. These ladies were from Canada, and had come to take some children over to Canada where they would be adopted. I thought to myself that they looked quite young to be in a business such as this. I refused them also and later I discovered that these two were just like the other lady had been, so I went to the governors and higher officials to warn them not to sign any papers stating that they were allowed to take any children out of the country.

The two ladies set up a child-care facility to take care of newborn babies. Upon a visit, I saw that they had about thirty babies and many helpers to operate under this load. It was all right for them to run the centre, but it angered them to know they were not allowed to take the babies to Canada.

This only accounts for two incidents of this nature, but there were more of which I do not have space to tell about. There were also many true visitors who came to Cambodia. Among them was Dr Janses, the director of Child Care of the World Vision International. He was clean and honest and interested in children. We prayed together many times and had good fellowship. Christian brothers and sisters were always welcome at my orphanage for we are one body in Christ as the song puts it:

We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord. We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord, and we pray that all unity will one day be restored and they'll know we are Christians by our love, by our love. Yes they'll know we are Christians by our love.

Of the one hundred and fifty orphans, one third are girls and two thirds are boys. Half are from the civilians killed in the war while the other half are from the Cambodian military families. When a man goes to war, his whole family goes with him. If they lose the battle, then only the children are left and it is now enemy territory. So, I went into the jungle where they had run and led them out and brought them to my orphanage.

A man from the countryside, fifteen miles away, came to Phnom Penh on foot. He came through the jungle all the way and the last five miles were enemy territory. He was asking for help for a little eleven-year-old girl who fell victim to an enemy bomb. Her parents and she had been working in a paddy-field when a bomb exploded, killing her parents and wounding

her. The bomb had blown her foot off and there was no one to help her, so he came to Phnom Penh. He went to different orphanages and to government agencies, but no one was willing to risk it. Someone told him that he should come to see me about it. When he presented his case to me, I was undecided so I asked my helpers what they thought. They all said no, it was too dangerous. I had rescued many children from enemy territory but this case seemed different. I said then, "Let's pray about it. If the Lord wants me to go I will, but if He does not, I won't. Let's let Him decide."

So we prayed and when we were through, I felt that I had to go. Before we left, I thought that perhaps this would be the last time I would ever see my orphanage. I looked all around for maybe the last time and cried.

The man, one of my helpers and I all got into my car and set out for the country. We crossed a small bridge and were into enemy territory. As we were driving along, up ahead we saw men, one on each side dressed in the familiar black uniforms of our Communist enemies. Each one held an army rifle. My helper and the man in the back began to sweat in fear. I held tightly to the steering wheel as we bumped our way through the trees and the rough, bumpy road, and began to sing. "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise, the glories of my God and King, the triumphs of His grace."

I prayed, "Lord, please let those men be blind and not see us. Let us pass safely."

God answered my prayer, and all the rest of the way to the village we had no problem.

When we arrived, a man came out to talk to us. He was afraid of the Communists and we assured him that it was all right. We went to where the little girl lay. She was so weak that she could not speak to answer any of my questions. Her clothes were dirty and smelly because they had not been changed for a long time. Her other needs had not been taken care of either, and she had not eaten for nearly a week. When I saw her, I began to cry and pray. I prayed for the Lord to heal her body and not let this happen any more. I spoke to the villagers and told them that I was not a medical doctor, so do not expect me to be able to heal her. I said that if they wanted help for her to pray to my Master. Very basically, I explained about the

Lord and we all bowed together while I prayed. When we finished, I looked around at the people and although I had prayed in my mother tongue, which is Korean, there were many crying. I felt that God must have touched their hearts and He was going to heal the little girl.

I could not take her back that night because the car was too small. She needed foam to lie down, so I would have to come back tomorrow with a pick-up. The next day when I arrived, I brought with me a Cambodian Bible and some tracts to give to the people. They had never heard the name of Jesus before, so I told them to read and find my Master in the Book, and have Him become their Master too.

When we got back to Phnom Penh, I tried to have her admitted to a French hospital but they wanted three thousand dollars for a down payment. I took her out into the street and cried over her and prayed. She could not talk but looked up at me and smiled. She was not worrying but I was, God had touched her heart. I took her to my orphanage for the night. The next morning the military hospital called to say that they accepted her, so bring her in.

The infection of the leg spread so far that they not only would have to amputate above the ankle, they would have to take off the leg way up past her knee. She was too ill, however, to withstand the operation, so they would give her antibiotics to stop the infection so she could regain her health for a month.

The hospital did not have enough medicine for her. Since I knew many generals, I could go to them and get what we needed. She lay in the hospital for two months before the operation. My children came and brought her tracts, read the Bible to her, told her about the Lord Jesus and prayed together with her. She learned much about the Bible and God in those two months and became a Christian herself.

A week or so after her surgery, she was able to get out of the hospital and came to the orphanage. One day, she came to see me about something that was on her heart. She said, "Even though my leg has been amputated, I do not care. My parents have been killed, but I have met Someone Who loves me even more than they could. The Lord Jesus loves me very much and I

would like to go back to my own village to tell my people about Jesus. Would you let me do that?"

"Yes," I said, "I guess you can."

"May I take some Bibles and tracts?"

"Yes, I'll give you plenty," I answered.

Adults could not go through enemy territory and expect to live but the children were safe because they were children. So this little girl set out on crutches for her village. Two boys went with her carrying Bibles and tracts. They took enough food for about a week; in addition, I gave them some money in case they needed anything else. They remained at the village for a week preaching the gospel. The people wanted to know more about Jesus, so one by one they began to come over to see me, I could not speak Cambodian very well, so I told them to ask some of the teachers who had been saved and were working at the orphanage.

A little boy came to my place, who was crippled in his legs. He could not even stand up. Every day I prayed for him. After a while, he was able to walk with crutches, then later he began to walk by himself. What miracles God can do; He performs them every day. Acts 17:28, "*In him we live, and move, and have our being; . . .*"

Sometimes when I was feeling sick or tired from too much work, the children slipped into my room quietly and formed a circle around my bed and prayed for my health.

Such wonderful children! No one asked or coaxed them to behave this way. They knew the Lord Jesus who loves them and they loved in return.

We built four dorms. The names are Peter, Matthew, John, and Paul. Each group had certain responsibilities. In the morning, they had classes until noon. The afternoons were free for themselves. Some went to the market and around to pass out tracts, while others sang hymns, still others gathered the garbage for the pigs. After supper, the chores were done. The orphanage was quite self-supporting.

Another time, an American missionary brought clothes over for the children. One of the helpers took them all home with him. I was gone at

the time, so did not know anything about even receiving the clothes, but the children told me about it. The next morning, I confronted the helper about it and he told me that he had taken them and distributed them to his neighbours but he was lying. In the evening, he developed a tremendous stomach ache that sent him rolling around and he called me in. "Jimmy," he said, "I told you a lie today. I took the clothes home and kept them for myself. Please forgive me, lay your hands on my stomach and pray for me."

I did. A few children came in to pray with us. An hour later, he was healed. The others of the helpers used to take a small portion of rice and different goods home with them, but since this incident they have all straightened up.

I filled the storage cabinet with a month's supply of flour, canned milk, soap and oil. The next morning all of it were gone. The padlock was cut, and everything was missing. I was very disappointed, of course, but had no way of investigating. One of my new helpers was missing along with the goods, so I was sure it was him who had taken them. I just kept praying for him, telling the Lord that I knew He, God, had given us the things and He would supply again, but I was concerned about the man. The police caught him and asked where he got all the money. At first, he did not answer so they beat him until he confessed. The police asked him how he could do such a thing.

"Do you know what orphans are?" they asked, "They are children who have no parents; no one to care for them. How could you do this?"

When he told the police what orphanage he got it from, they brought him over to me. The police chief was a friend of mine who knew me before my conversion. He never expected me to be the kind of man who would care for orphans. He was so touched and surprised that he beat the man even more, but I told him to stop, just let me handle him. After the police left, I asked the man, "Do you have a heart!"

"Yes," he answered, "I have a heart."

“Do you realise what orphans are? Their parents have been killed, so there is no one to take care of them. They are Cambodian children and you are Cambodian, but I am a Korean. You are their brother. How could you do this to them?”

He had already sold the goods and was going to spend the money on his girl friend. “You took it because you needed the money,” I said, “I can understand that. The Lord gave the supplies and I know He will give again, but what has been done is done. If you want your girl friend, then why don’t you bring her here and you both can work together?”

He did, and they worked with me for about three months; then began working with Doctor Dean Kroh, ministering to the children.

CHAPTER 11

AMERICANS WITHDRAW FROM CAMBODIA

On August 15, 1973, all American bombings in Cambodia ceased. Following that came the evacuation of all American troops, all embassy members of most countries, and all missionaries. The only foreigner left in the land was me because of my love for and work with the children. I was warned to leave many times, but I prayed to God, “Lord, You have given me these children in this land. I love my little ones and You are the One Who gave them to me, so I’ll not worry about being killed, for I am sure that You will protect me in this if it is Your will!”

Faces were filled with fear on every hand. Now that Cambodia had no outside help, she would be easy to conquer and the Communists were ruthless and determined enough to do it.

For a month, nothing happened. It continued that way, so little by little the foreigners began to return. Things went fine in the country and with my orphanage.

CHAPTER 12

CLOSING OF CAMBODIA

In March of 1975, my mother sent a cable from Korea saying that she was very ill, and haemorrhaging. She wanted me to come home to visit before she died. She had never seen my new face since my conversion and this would be a great treasure for her. Since everything was going so well in Cambodia, I decided to go.

I had not been home for eight years and many things had changed. When I arrived, I tried to locate my mother at the hospital. Much to my surprise, she was not there. When I got home, I found her there.

“Mom! Why aren’t you in the hospital? From the cable you sent, I thought you were near death but here you are!”

“I’m sorry,” she answered, “I feel real bad about sending it. Soon after I had it sent out, my health returned but it was too late to notify you.”

After a couple weeks in Korea, I started for Cambodia. The airport in Phnom Penh was closed when we arrived on April 15. We landed elsewhere, and I tried to get the officials to help me get back into Phnom Penh to my children but with no results. Two days later, the Communists seized control of Cambodia, shutting me away from my children for good.

For the first time in my Christian life, I complained to God,

Lord, You gave me these children and caused me to love them even more than my own life. You know how that two years ago I stayed with them through the danger, taking the chance of being killed for the love of my children. Now You take them away from me! Why, Lord, why?

The only thing I could do was go to a neighbouring country. I had no money to rent a room in a motel, so I stayed at the YMCA for a small

price. I just stayed there and wept for my children. Andrew Way, an OMF missionary, came to visit me there. He had many things to say to me,

Jimmy, why are you crying? Why are you so foolish? God wanted you out of Cambodia to use you elsewhere, so He made your mother sick to bring you out while Cambodia fell. He wants to use you, but not in Cambodia any more. Another thing; those are not your children, they belong to God now. You are being selfish, Jimmy. It was God's work and plan the whole time and you know it, so God will take care of His own children. Jimmy, you find work somewhere else.

My visa was only for fifteen days, but I had no money to get a ticket to get out or to renew my visa. A man whom I met and helped in Cambodia met me in this country and told me about Iran. Many people from other countries had to leave to find jobs there. He and I decided to go there together. Since he knew that I had no money, he paid for my ticket.

We were all set to leave. It was the night before our departure. I lay sleeping and dreaming. In the dream, I saw a tiny infant in an incubator. The Lord seemed to tell me, "Why are you going without this child?"

I knew then that the Lord wanted me to stay where I was, to set up a work for refugees and orphans fleeing from fallen Cambodia and neighbouring countries now under Communist control.

In the morning, I told my friend that I would not be able to go with him. He was not a Christian, so I knew that he would not understand if I tried to explain my reason. So I just told him that maybe I could come over sometime but not now. I tried to give the ticket back but he said, "No Jimmy, you keep it. Some day you may need it, so you keep it."

The plane flew off into the sky leaving me behind. I took the ticket and refunded it at the travel agency where he had purchased it.

Andrew Way came to see me again to ask me to move into his apartment room with him at the Bangkok Bible College which was run by Mr Henry Breidenthal. They knew that I did not have much money, so for me everything was free.

There was nothing to do here as yet because I had no money to work with. I prayed much and read the newspapers.

One day, Mr Scott, the director of the Overseas Missionary Fellowship, called me into his office and handed me fifteen hundred dollars! I looked at him in amazement and said, “Why are you giving this money to me? How did you know I needed it?”

He answered, “I don’t know. You need it though I think, don’t you? The Lord just told me to give it to you.” Philippians 4:19, “*But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*”

The papers told how there were thousands of people pouring out of Cambodia. I rushed down to the place, hoping maybe to see some of my little ones from the Angel’s Christian Orphanage coming, but they were not there. What I saw though was terrible. The people were stuck in between two countries in the jungle, and neither government wanted them or would help them. Men, women and children were dying every day. The water was contaminated, so that whoever drank it died of typhoid fever. There was no food or shelter and disease was on the rampage.

I prayed for God’s guidance. With the money I had, I bought milk and yellow T-shirts for the children, that said on the front “Jesus Loves You.” It was a very fitting theme since no one loved them any more; their parents were gone, the Cambodian government did not want them and neither did any other country, but this one thing was sure: Jesus loves them.



For a four-hundred-mile stretch, I peddled the goods to the children first, then to the adult refugees. Each can of concentrated milk mixed up to a gallon. I got a large drum can to put the milk in and boiled the water that was to be added. That took a lot of time to do, plus the fact that I only had ten cups to use for ministering to thousands upon thousands of people, but the job was done despite the difficulties.

The milk supply lasted for only five days and I was on my knees again.

I have many Christian brothers and sisters over in Singapore, which is a two-day journey away from Bangkok. I went there and presented the need for clothing to a church. Within only two days, they gathered three tons of clothes for the refugees! *“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you”* (Matt 7:7).

There were too many clothes to haul back on the train at one time with only myself to carry them, and then the cost of shipping also, so I only took half of them.

We had to pass the border of Singapore and, of course, the baggage check. When I had loaded the clothes, I was ignorant of the taxes placed on goods being shipped across the border and did not save any money for it. As the baggage man was going around, I sat praying until he reached me. When he came, he asked what I had.

“Sir,” I said,

I work for the refugees and am bringing clothes, that a church gave, back to them. It rains every day and no one has anything to change into for warmth and dryness. They cannot wash their clothes either because they have nothing to change to while they wash.

“You have a good job,” he told me, “You can pass and not pay any tax.”

“Thank you, Lord. You helped us out just fine.”

I cried for joy and the people around me in the car wondered at me. It afforded a good opportunity to witness to them, so we entered into a good conversation and I told them about my work for Christ. The people treated me to meals and we continued our conversation about the Lord.

The train passed through another country which meant another border check, but again as before I prayed, this time with more faith because the Lord saw to the need before so I knew that He would do it again, and He did. The man did not require a tax from me because of the work I was doing.

After I returned, a while later, I received letters in the mail from a few of those who I had witnessed to on the train. In the letters, they told me of the commitment that they had made to attend a Christian church! It proved to me that it is always wise to be a good ambassador for the Lord wherever you are, for you do not know whose life could be changed because of your faithfulness.

The clothes were gone very quickly and again I prayed. So many times I prayed. I lived by prayer. I stayed there talking with the children since I had nothing to give them.

A Volkswagen van pulled into the camp and two American men got out. It was too far away to distinguish the faces, but it was easy to see that they were foreigners. They noticed the bright yellow shirts with the red



lettering that I had distributed to the children a few days before. They exclaimed in surprise, “Who gave you those shirts? Who is helping you?”

The children answered “Kora,” which means “Korean.” The children did not know my name for I was too busy working to give them a chance to learn it.

When the men came closer, I could see that of all people it was Eugene Hall, and Andy Bishop! We hugged each other like old buddies and prayed together. Eugene Hall was one of them in charge of the relief funds, and he pledged to send me support for the work. I went to Bangkok and they gave me supplies there. I could take more daily; rice, fish, etc. I did not have to worry about finances either; World Vision would support me too, plus Dr Hill, the head of the Southern Missionary, who was in charge of support and co-ordination.

Now there was enough money but I needed manpower. I rented a small pick-up and a warehouse about fifteen miles from where the refugees were located, instead of having to go all the way to Bangkok every time I needed something. I could call in to Bangkok and they would send the supplies to the warehouse in the other city and I would drive only to the warehouse to pick it up.

CHAPTER 13

VIETNAMESE TRIBULATION

Refugees were scattered along a four-hundred-mile stretch, so to make things easier I refer to the different camps as “A,” “B,” “C,” etc.

“A” area was a camp of refugees from Vietnam and Cambodia who had escaped in small fishing ships, but the authorities did not allow them to come ashore. Most of them had to stay out in the water in their ships, and needed help just as much as those on land. The ships remained close to the shore, not too far away to see, and the refugees were faint from thirst but no one was allowed to go out to them. I prayed for the Lord to open the hearts of the authorities to let me have a ship and go out to the stranded refugees. God answered and allowed me to get in touch with the headman who agreed with me. I had explained the situation to him, and he gave me money for a boat and permission to help them.

I set out with a big drum of water and some food, cooking pans and charcoal. The people were very encouraged by my visit but, as in other times, I only delivered the goods without a word about the Lord. As usual, my heart went out to the children on board. There were children from all surrounding countries, it seemed all mixed together on the ships, helpless children, and I prayed that the Lord would let them land on shore. The next day, the authorities gave the permission for them to land but only on the shoreline, not into the land.

Once on land, the Vietnamese and the Cambodians separated themselves from each other. These two peoples have had a long history of fighting between themselves. When they left, the Vietnamese gave many stories about it.

Right after Cambodia fell, many people fled to the Young Tau harbour, where they escaped on fishing boats. Larger boats waited away offshore for several smaller boats to come and transfer the people on board the large ship. Often too many people would flock onto the large ship and overload it way beyond capacity. But for necessity of evacuating the country, no one wanted to be left behind, so more kept coming like



senseless beasts terrified by a storm. Those already on the ship realised the dilemma and had to take poles to push off many who clung onto the side of the ship, or shoot many with a gun. Others made rafts of bamboo in order to reach the ship. Often the waves of the sea caused the small boats to capsize in the water, then the riders swam to the large ship. Many drowned on the way and many others were killed by these on the overloaded boat.

Often two overloaded ships in the same harbour collided because the overload made it unmanageable, and the waves tossed them about like a small boat. The water was already filled with people scrambling to safety and the bodies of those who had not made it. People clung tightly to the sides of the two ships and when they collided, there was no place for them

to go in time. The water was filled with whole and broken bodies and blood; it was indeed a hellish situation.

The Communist North Vietnamese troops had been stationed in Saigon at the time of the take-over. The North Vietnamese troops had never seen such things as a beautiful girl in a nice dress in their part of the land. They never had anything like watches, radios, televisions, refrigerators, etc. The black markets, restaurants, cinemas, bars, night-clubs, etc, were still open after the take-over. Most citizens still maintained their freedom at first, except government officials. The black market customers were mostly North Vietnamese troops. They went crazy over all the luxuries they saw there, and bought up or stole as much as they could get their hands on and took it to North Vietnam. Needless to say, Saigon decreased and the government took over the big businesses and merchandise. The black market had their golden days, the bars and such businesses enjoyed a lot of business except they had no dancing. The army troops could not believe their eyes when they saw the beautiful girls dressed so nicely. They sought out call-girls and paid a lot of money for them, but did not touch any foreigners.

Not only did the troops get appliances from the black market, but families ran out of money and food so they had to sell their possessions in order to survive.

US currency could be exchanged in the black market for Vietnamese currency but it too soon ran out. The price of rice, the main food, went up so the government told the people to move out to the country where they could grow rice, and the government would send enough to last them until they could raise a crop. The people had lived in the city all their lives and knew nothing about farming though. They were used to the luxury of city life, where Americans spent much money at their businesses making them rich. How could they all go live on farms and expect to survive?

At the beginning of the take-over, Christians were allowed to worship for the first few months, then one Sunday they were surprised. After they had finished the worship service, the Communists forced them to go back in

and worship for another hour. When the third hour was up, the troops came in and said to the people,

See, you have worshipped God for three hours; now what do you have to show for it? Tell me, what can you show? It is plain to see that there is no God, God is dead! You all go out to farms or factories and work for three hours and when you are through you will have evidence to show for your three hours' work. But even if you worship God all night long, you will have nothing more than when you began. Therefore, you will all go to farms to work or factories but no more of this God-worshipping foolishness!

The fall of Saigon can easily be considered as the judgment of God on a nation. *“And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth”* (Gen 6:12).

Before Phnom Penh fell, the Vietnamese people in Saigon were very corrupt. The people in the Government received money illegally before they would give a visa. Many foreigners stayed in Vietnam, who had been hired by American companies. When the contract was finished the people wanted to stay but the visa had expired. The police arrested them and put them in jail. At twelve o'clock, the curfew went into effect so, at that time, the police checked houses and arrested foreigners whose visas were expired. They also checked the streets and cars. If the foreigners gave them money, then they were free to go. If they did not give money, then they went to jail until they could pay. The police say, “You have a friend who can pay? Then write to him and have him pay!”

Most of the businesses made money by corruption.

Call-girls made fortunes.

Night-clubs, bars, hotels, etc, enjoyed booming businesses.

The account of Sodom and Gomorrah in Genesis 19 accurately described this city. All the evils of 2 Timothy 3 were found there. Now it was easy to understand why they lost their country. Most countries like Sodom and Gomorrah have been destroyed, such as Cambodia, Laos, etc. Narcotics business boomed among the high ranking military officials: the heroin, cocaine and opium made big money.

North Vietnamese people escaped by land and South Vietnamese people by ship. The population of Saigon decreased daily. The government did not say anything because too many people were in the city, that they wanted to get rid of anyway. Many of those people fled to another country but it was hard for them there too, because that other country rejected them so they had to go to yet another country. Even when they did find a place to stay, they met trouble there too. In “A” area, many people brought valuables of up to around a million American dollars worth of merchandise. The police who controlled the refugees learned who had such things, and at night they called them out and searched and stole from them. The police threatened the people with their lives.



I supply these people with rice, salted radishes, vegetables, fish, spoons, chop sticks, mosquito nets, blankets, clothes, and yellow shirts that say “Jesus loves you” to the children. Some refugees were Christians and they helped me to share these things. I prayed with them from time to time. I started Sunday services at the camp and they continued it. Daily, more people came to the services. Finally, all the Vietnamese people in the camp joined. Thank God for all the people who joined and most of them were saved. Some showed deep concern and sincerity, when they prayed they cried. I used to say to the people,

Don't expect anything from me. Jesus is everything and can do all things. I can do nothing; I am only a servant; I only help. If the Lord calls me, I have to go. You trust Jesus, He will give you all the things you need and help you. You lost your country but this is a good privilege for you and a great opportunity for you to find your God and Saviour. Now you can really have amazing grace. When you were in your country, you had luxury gained by corruption, earthly life, which is all sin. You were serving sin and were blinded by it so you could not see your God. But now, your situation is critical, you are starving, cold, you have no home, now you need God and now you can find Him. This moment you open your heart and invite Jesus into your life as your own personal Saviour and Lord. He will give you eternal life, God loves you, now God can supply everything. Confess your sins to Him and repent for your doings in Vietnam. I myself was once corrupt, but I repented and confessed my sins to Him and asked for His forgiveness and for Him to come into my life to be my personal Saviour and Lord. He forgave all my sins and is now using me as a servant for your benefit and I am happier than I ever was. Right now you have nothing to expect; no hope, no peace, only a critical, hopeless future awaits you. You are discouraged in your refugee life, very desperate for help. But Jesus is waiting for you, open your hearts, receive Him as your Saviour. You can have great hope, encouragement and be afraid of nothing. You live in Him day by day, He is our Noah's ark to save us. He is our Shepherd to lead us aright.

After this sermon, many people knelt, repented, prayed and received Jesus. Amen. I could not stay every Sunday but they worshipped by themselves.

Later, the Lord worked in the hearts of the people in authority over the refugee matters, to let them come further into the land to a safer place about two hundred miles away which they reached by the fishing boats. This place was a real camp, a great improvement over the previous conditions of the other location. There were real houses, enough food, water and other necessities of life to sustain them comfortably. Since then though, many have moved to Canada, the United States and France where they found jobs and homes. *“Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths”* (Prov 3:5–6).

CHAPTER 14

CAMBODIAN REFUGEES

Most of the Cambodian refugees came from the Kompong Som harbour, a very high class place. They were all very strong Buddhists. Now that the Vietnamese had moved, the police could not bother them so they harassed the Cambodians instead.

The Buddhists did not want to listen to the missionaries giving out the gospel, I tried and Eugene Hall tried, but they refused. I prayed especially hard for the Cambodians that God would open their hearts to Him. I prayed, “Lord, they are blind and cannot know You. From generation to generation, they have all thought that Buddha was their god, none other than Buddha.”

These people are not bad, in fact, they are very mild until crossed. Among the refugees, there were many children with no parents. The parents of these children were very rich people who lived in Phnom Penh. When Phnom Penh came under attack, they sent their children over to Kompong Som, another harbour city of very rich and high-ranking military men. Phnom Penh fell, locking the parents inside away from about twenty children. The children fled to this country, along with other refugees, when all of Cambodia fell. Here, these children were complete orphans with no one to care for them.

I wanted permission to care for the twenty orphan children but, at the place where we were, there was no high ranking official to get it from. I left for Bangkok to see the Minister of Internal Affairs about the matter. On the way, I prayed for God’s leading in the heart of the man to whom I would speak since I knew that the Lord had called me to minister to children. I met a man there in the country, who had been to the United States to the New England States for study. He was a native of the land,

but had met and married an American girl. We talked together for a while and he went in with me to talk to the general.

Again, the Lord answered my prayer by giving me the permission to care for the children. No one else in the country had permission but only me; how the Lord works when we just have faith to believe!

I rented a large house for the children and specially supplied their needs, as my own little ones. We lived all together in the house just like a family. I taught them, like my other orphans, about the Lord Jesus, how to pray, and how to sing hymns. Within two weeks, they were all followers of the Lord, growing *“in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ”* (2 Pet 3:18). My children also began going to the other refugees witnessing about the Lord.

The place where the Cambodian refugees stayed was no camp; they slept under trees in the jungle by the seashore. Many times I asked for permission to help the Cambodians build shelters for themselves, but was rejected every time. Finally the authorities must have become tired of my constant petitioning, so they granted my request. Praise the Lord!



We began building simple huts, similar to the primitive African village huts with thatched roofs made of banana leaves. At least it was nearly adequate shelter and a place to call “home.” Each family built one, and regular family life returned to almost normal.

People always came to me for help although the Cambodians were very strong Buddhists, because they knew I lend a helping hand before I speak about the gospel. I gave them food, utensils to prepare it with, clothing, shelter and medicine. Providing for the needs of thousands of people was not an easy job by any stretch of imagination. I always remembered the children first though, in accord with my love for them and my God-sent calling. Therefore, despite all the help which they received, many would have died without it. Because of my particular attention to the helpless children, the adults became jealous and started rumours around, saying that the reason for my attention to the children was that I had in mind to sell them as slaves for profit!

I could not stay there all the time for there were four hundred miles of refugees from the shore, who had to be ministered to with supplies. During my absence, the men of the refugee camp gathered together to decide what to do with the children, to protect them from me. When I came back, my children told me what was happening, We cried and prayed together. The smaller ones did not know what was going on, and some had been taken already. I said to the Lord,

You know what the people are saying, Lord. What can I answer them? There is no way for me to refute their words in time to keep my children. Since You saved me, my job has been to serve this people, and You know my heart. You know how to handle this situation, so I give it all to You. Thank You, Heavenly Father.

That day, the leader of the group, who had also started the rumour, came to see me, along with a few of the men. He asked me, “What work are you doing?”

“Right now, I am working to serve the Lord in helping you refugees of the war. After this, I don’t know what I will be doing,” I answered.

“I know what you are doing,” he told me, “you are helping the children and keeping them with you in your house to get them healthy so you can

go to Bangkok and sell them, aren't you? Well, we are going to take them back with us; you will not do this to these children!"

I said,

Many times I have to leave and be gone for long periods of time; sometimes even three days. Do you think that I am in Bangkok selling children? No, not at all. There are four hundred miles of refugees that need food, clothing and shelter. I travel up and down about four hundred miles helping these people, if you don't believe me, you just go and ask. As for the children, you know that I am gone much of the time so I cannot take proper care of them. Therefore, I say to you, take them if you want and care for them because I cannot, I am a very busy man. I have these children living with me because they have no parents as you know, so you may take them with you.

This reply came as an absolute shock to the men. If I were guilty of the crime they claimed, then I most surely would have refused to let them take the children from me. Instead here I was telling them to go ahead, and with my blessings! It was clear that I was not guilty of their charge and the men hung their heads in shame. One by one, they all left.

Later that evening the man in charge, who had started the rumour, visited me.

"Now I know you are not guilty." He confessed, "I am the one who started all of this trouble. I feel very bad, but what can I do now?"

We talked for a long time, and I told him all about myself; my life, background, conversion and present work.

"I am very sorry for what I have done to you," he said, "I realise now how pure and innocent you are. I feel so guilty. I wish that I could be like you."

This man had been a very strong Buddhist as most Cambodians were, but I told him about my Lord any way. God was a part of me and I was telling him my story.

"Well," I said, "If you would like, we could bow and pray to my Lord. You could confess your sins to Him and repent and ask Him to be your Master and Saviour too."

We knelt. I prayed for him, “Lord, please forgive and help this man. He is blind to You and that is why he has done this sinful thing. So please help him to find You.”

Then I asked him to pray also to the Lord. He did not know how, so I told him what to say;

Confess your guilt to the Lord and ask Him to forgive you, tell Him that you want to be forgiven and ask Him to be your own personal Lord and Saviour, give Him your life and thank him for dying on the cross for you, pray in Jesus’ name.

He did all of this, and tears flooded down his face; the Lord had truly touched his heart. When he finished the prayer, he looked up at me and said, “That guilt that I felt in my heart is all gone. There is a peace in my heart that I never felt before, I can’t describe it, it is too wonderful. I feel free.”

We became good friends and he grew in the Lord. He even assisted me in a lot of my work. There were no Cambodian Bibles at that time, so we wrote in paper and put the papers up on the wall of the hut. I contacted the Hong Kong Bible Society to ask for Cambodian Bibles. They gave us thousands of them. We got Bible teachers to help teach the classes and hand out Bibles. My friend worked faithfully to help teach and many were saved. Most of the refugees joined the church services on Sunday mornings.

At first, there was only my one helper and me to help the refugees. Six months later, many relief organisations came in to help. The people were given check-ups and sent to France, England, or the United States. Many left but daily more came pouring out from the Communist countries, so many that the number of refugees remained the same despite the number of those who had left.

One time, I went to stay the night with my children instead of travelling. Then suddenly at 1:00 that afternoon, I changed my mind and went to another camp. The next day, when I returned, I was surprised to see and hear what the Communists had done. Right after I left the day before, the Communists attacked the camp, killing many people by gunfire and

grenades! My orphans were all fine but many others were wounded and killed. I thanked the Lord for preserving my children and myself!

Many adults and children had believed on the Lord by now and needed to be baptised but I was not a pastor so I could not do it, I had to send for a pastor who could. Daily, people were being saved there, and even when I went away they continued to hold the Sunday services.

Again, I went to the government officials for permission to move my children to Bangkok. At the time, they were living near the border where it was very dangerous, so I wanted to move them to a safer place. The officials granted it. And I rented a house in Bangkok. The children enjoyed the big city they had never seen before. I sent them to an American church. Most of the people from Phnom Penh were very high class citizens who could afford to send their little ones to good schools where they learned to speak different languages such as French and English, so the children did well in their new church.

The Lord controls every believer's life. My friend, who had come to me after the incident about the rumour of selling the children, wanted to go to the United States for a long time but the Lord prevented him. He spoke of it to me many times, but I told him that he was an assistant professor so the Lord must need him here. I could not speak the language well enough to teach the Bible classes, but he could and the children needed him. His wife prompted him about it constantly, for it was a very dangerous country to live in, and who knew if they would be shot to death the next day? It worried her and with good reason. Many times he asked me to help him go, but I told him that I was not the American Embassy and could not help him.

He tried to go to France because it was easier to get into than the United States but God still said "No." He also thought that I just wanted to keep him there for my own use but that was not true either, I was not the Lord, I could not open such doors. Then one day God allowed him to go. Many Christians were available to help then, so he could leave the country. The Lord worked everything out perfectly.

“Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof” (Matt 6:34).

“B” area was the location of a former Cambodian army camp. It was the best area because there was more unity, and they got along well and kept up the military life. There were also many more children at this camp, than at other camps. I helped by distributing things like rice, milk, etc, as at other camps. The children also had the yellow shirts as at other camps. I delivered food every two days. The refugees were afraid to contact foreigners; even if I was helping them, they did not want to talk or have any kind of contact. Because they were so hard to contact, it made it very hard for me to witness to them. I prayed, “Lord, what do I do now? Their hearts are hard and fearful?”

The army regime had one corner of the so-called camp to themselves. In their leisure time, the troops would play poker and bid for jewels, gold necklaces, bracelets, etc. There was not much money to play with but it did not matter, the jewels were just as good.

The troops lived near the city in contrast to the people by the countryside. This made it easier for transportation. The camp could be reached by car. Many missionaries tried to contact them but they were strong Buddhists and would not listen. I felt sorry and heart-sick for these men who do not even seem to realise the situation, who just kept sitting there gambling, who worshipped Buddha. Was there nothing more I can do? I prayed for an opportunity to not only share physical food but spiritual food as well; up until then I did not have such an opportunity.

When I returned again one day, a young man said to me, “I know you from Cambodia. You used to teach Karate then. You are much different now. Why do you help people now?”

This man was an MP whom I had trained a few years before. I told him some of the story of my conversion,

Before, in Cambodia I did not know Jesus Christ the Lord. I did not know He was the Creator of the universe and all that is in it, and that He supplies us with everything. He loves me so much that He died for me because of

my sin. Now I know and fear Him, He changed my heart and I live for Him.

He asked questions and I answered them and we talked about the Bible and read from it. He was very interested and we prayed together, holding hands, bowed our heads and closed our eyes. I spoke in Korean so he could not understand what I said. I cried every time I prayed, and he did not understand; but the Lord touched his heart and he cried too. He wanted a Cambodian Bible so I gave him one. On my next visit, he had read much from the Bible and had many questions to ask. He prayed all the time. I asked him, “What do you pray about?”



He said that he would read the Bible and make his influence spread to other men. The next time I came, seven men gathered around to hear. Sunday services were started there too, and the attendance increased rapidly. This started “B” group searching for the Lord.

The young MP whom I first met went to the Colonel with his new faith and told the Colonel about my background, conversion and present work. I was such an evil man but now was so different that it really made an

impact. The Colonel called me to his shelter and we talked about the Lord. Since he was a high-ranking officer he was educated and knew something about different countries. He knew about Buddhism, Hinduism, Shamanism, etc, the different religions of each country.

“But,” he said, “how do we know which is right?”

I answered, “You know two things; you were born and you will die.”

“Yes,” he agreed.

“Well, this is all controlled by God. You get your physical body from your parents but your spiritual life comes from God.”

I gave him a New Testament, and on the next visit I made, he asked many questions. I answered the questions, while this time twenty-five men gathered around to listen.

I told him,

God is one, not many. He is the God of the whole world, not just America or another country. He is the God of Cambodia too. Satan, the enemy, makes people confused. They make many false idols and people do not know which God is the real God.

God does not like your gambling either, and not only Him but me and others. I'll tell you what, you stop gambling and let people care for you, you are refugees now.

They stopped and I brought a volley ball which they played with much, and really enjoyed.

“B” camp was the best area for me. Unlike the others, the MP's liked me and treated me better than anywhere else. Other camps had MP's who refused to let us hold Sunday services, but this camp says “OK.”

Sometimes when I came, I brought the MP's cakes or things which they did not get much of. I could not be there every Sunday, so I invited a lady missionary named Alice. She was from Switzerland and taught music, played the violin and held Bible classes.

Alice was a missionary to Cambodia before it fell. She was a very strong, determined young woman. She still was single, she had given everything to the Lord and He used her much. She came to my orphanage in Cambodia and taught.

Now, she was working in Bangkok at the refugee transit centre, helping refugees go to other countries to find homes, families, and jobs. The transit centre took refugees and contacted the embassies in other countries for permission to let the refugees go there. She was not far away from me, so it was easy to reach her for help. Every six months, people left and went to other countries.



“C” area was situated in the jungle near the border. It was a very dangerous place. The Communists could easily come and shoot and kill people, it was a very critical area. People from Northern Cambodia came here. Most of them did not make it here.

When I first came to this area, there were about four thousand people. It was very hard to minister to the people because they were scattered all

around. In addition, there was no road or driveway by which to get in to the people; everything had to be carried in manually. Because they were so scattered, even when you did get in to them with the supplies and began to distribute them, you could not remember who you gave what to or even if you gave them anything.

I met one Christian man who was a pastor in Cambodia who knew me there also. I asked him how many Christians were in this camp. There were ten, which was a lot compared to other camps where there were none before. I asked them to help me to deliver the supplies and thanked the Lord for the Christian fellowship here and friendly helping hands.

This camp was also the worst for tragedy as only about half of the people survived the flight to freedom. The main cause of death was from the Communist troops ambushing the people in the jungle. The second cause was that so many lost their way in such a large and vast jungle. Many times people had been lost for days or weeks, and had starved to death or died from thirst. The third cause of death was from disease and wounds which were caused by a sharp, poisonous plant or from infection. Often the infection was so bad that part of the flesh must be removed.

Those refugees who got lost but kept alive by eating leaves and all kinds of plants came out very skinny with malnutrition. I gave them special vitamins to bring their health back. Some had inflamed faces covered with sores from rashes, from the poison plants they ate.

The water was unfit to drink. Some drank it and contracted many diseases, the most common was malaria.

I received permission for the work and supplies from Bangkok and Andy Bishop. The medicine was five per cent sodium chloride, pills and IV bags for malaria patients. There was no time to spread the gospel because there was just too much work. I set up a small dispensary there for medicine and had Christians to run it.

CHAPTER 15

AGAINST CORRUPTION

The District Director in charge of refugee relief, along with the police combined to make up a dynamic evil duo. If anyone is on Satan's team, certainly these heartless men were some of his best men. We agree that it is a shameful thing to take candy away from a baby but, in this case, I say, this sort of thing is the worst injustice done to our fellow men. It is hard to believe how cruel people can be. These authority heads prevented visitors from coming into the country. Any supplies that were to be given to the friends or whoever it was, the police instructed the unsuspecting person to leave the gifts with them and they would deliver it to the people. After the visitors were gone, the police sold the goods to the black market leaving the suffering refugees without any added comfort. The only commodities that ever reached their true destination were those things which were too perishable to be sold, such as fish.

It took much rice to feed all these people, and I was too busy giving medicine and assistance to supply food, so the police told me to leave my rice and things with them and they would deliver them. I did not know about them, so I left the food with the police. The refugees had none of the things I had left for them, so I asked the police what had happened to the food. They told me that they had given it to the refugees. I found out that the black market was getting it, so I wrote on the rice bags "Not to be sold, for refugees only," and I gave the children coupons for milk.

Because I did this, the police became angry and told me not to go there again or to bring supplies. I had no legal permission to do so, therefore I had to obey their orders. I went to Bangkok and stayed at a missionary's guesthouse. I spent three days in prayer, and afterward came out feeling very encouraged. I went to the Minister of Interior to request legal

permission to work with the refugees. I told him the situation from a human point of view; how we all need each other and it is our duty to our fellow men to help in times of need, how it is wrong to cheat each other and that we should be compassionate toward one another. I told him of the corruption going on, where the refugees were and asked for permission to help them. He apologised to me for the corruption and reasoned that every country is the same, “If you go to Korea, America, etc, it is the same situation. We are sorry but we will give you permission to help.” He granted legal permission from the chief commander and from the police. I had no driver’s license, but he gave me special permission to drive, now no one could touch me no matter what.

Another problem was my visa, which had to be renewed every one or two months. At the same time when I obtained the permission for the refugees’ work, I discussed this matter of the visa with him. It was a hassle to come in all the time and keep leaving my work at the camps. He understood and granted me permission to remain in the country as long as I wanted! I walked out of that office, feeling pounds lighter with these burdens lifted off my shoulders. I am thankful to the Lord for the thousands of blessings He gives to me.

On the way back to camp, I stopped to buy a gift for the District Director who had sent me away. I apologised to him, saying that if I had done anything wrong against him would he forgive me, I was sorry, and that I would pray for him. He never answered audibly, but did nod his head and without a word accepted the gift.

Many things happened while I was away getting permission to help the refugees. When I returned there were more refugees, about six thousand. The refugees told me that twenty-four of the former refugees were missing. The District Director told the governor that they had gone back to Cambodia. The next day, the newspapers mentioned it, stating that the twenty-four ran away and went back to Cambodia. Half of them were new converts to Christianity, so I knew for sure that he was lying. The refugees said that while I was gone, the District Director called some people in to question them about who had told me that they were not receiving the supplies sent to them. Then, mysteriously twenty-four people went

missing. I prayed earnestly for them, that the Lord would take care of them wherever they were, and I knew He knew about it and had His hand in it.

I showed the District Director my legal permission slip for the relief work. He did not say much to me and did not look at me in the eyes. His face was constantly angry toward me now that I had taken away his power to corrupt. He could do nothing directly to me, so he took out his frustrations on the refugees, but one thing he could do was to prohibit hymn-singing.

Three hundred refugees came out of the jungle bringing much bad news. There had been a thousand of them to begin with, but on the way the Khmer Rouge ambushed the group, scattering people all over. Now there were only three hundred who found safety. Many more were alive, but lost in the jungle. I took some food, water and malaria pills with me, and went into the jungle to look for them. After a ten-hour walk, I came upon a group of about two hundred. As soon as they saw me, they all lay down as dead men thinking I was a Communist. I told them not to be afraid, that I had come to help them, to lead them out of the jungle into the refugee camp. Little by little, they stood cautiously to their feet and I led them out.

The jungle was full of dead bodies. Not all the people had been shot. Some died from starvation after going for months in the jungle without food or water, others died from disease. Shortly after finding the first party, I went in again in search of more lost people. I travelled on foot for hours. Night began to fall and all around was deep, dark, thick jungle. The only thing to do was gather up leaves in a pile for a bed to make a mat between me and the cold ground for the night, not near enough to burrow under as a substitute blanket. The leaves which I piled by a large tree were soft and comfortable but the mosquitoes were as harsh as the cold night. During the day the jungle was warm and humid, during the night it was cold and the dampness sent the chills clear through me.

The second day brought me to a group of about five hundred. For fear of the troops, they talked in whispers but were so close that although I could not see them because of the dense jungle, I could hear their foot-steps rustling in the fallen leaves of the jungle floor. Upon sight of me, they too all lay down for fear of the enemy. I assured them that I was not and had come to lead them to safety. They could not travel very fast because they

were all tired from the two months that they had been travelling, and had been without food for a long time.

On Sundays, since the District Director objected to singing and worshipping God, the Christians went away by the riverside where he could not hear them. By this time, there were many Christians in the camp. Among them were some of my former Tae Kwon Do (Karate) students from Cambodia. At that time while they were in Cambodia, they were not Christians, now they were happy to see me helping them in the refugee camp and followed me. It was easy to lead them to Christ.

I also moved my clinic dispensary and enlarged it. Another blessed surprise was the Cambodian doctor who had come along with the five hundred that I rescued. He could not perform surgery but he was qualified to run the dispensary.

Many young men in the refugee camp went with me every time I went into the jungle. Now instead of one man alone, there was a whole group. If we met up with the Khmer Rouge, we could be more organised and better able to put up a defence against them.

Things were going well at camp with a Cambodian pastor and a doctor, including the men who helped me in the search parties. However, there were so many refugees that even though I brought supplies, the peoples' bodies looked like skeletons. I prayed to the Lord for more food, vitamins and help. Two days later, I received a cable instructing me to pick up some vitamins in Bangkok. I brought back ten huge drum cans of vitamins; enough to give everyone three every day! They were very encouraged and happy over the vitamins, because even though there was not any increase in food yet the vitamins helped greatly.

One Sunday I called the people together by the riverside for a worship service. To my surprise, nearly three thousand came. "Oh," I thought to myself, "so many people came today. Lord, I do not even know what to speak on for the sermon."

We began worshipping with prayer. Only a few hundred were Christians and knew how to pray. Those who did, prayed with their hands folded up

over their heads in respect for God. I told them all to bow their heads, fold their hands and close their eyes while we prayed. It was hard to be heard in that crowd with no PA system! I told the people that if they all gathered close together and were quiet, maybe all could hear. I prayed in my native tongue, Korean, and shouted so all could hear,

Lord, so many people have come this morning. Most of them are not saved and, Lord, I do not know what to say to them. I am not a preacher or a pastor. Lord, please give me the right words to say that will touch their hearts today and cause them to accept You. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I told the people to say Amen after I said it, so they all did even if hardly any one knew what it meant.

As soon as I had opened my eyes from praying, I saw the river and thought of Moses and the Red Sea. The Lord had answered faithfully and the sermon lasted for over an hour. Everyone sat quietly the whole time.

I said to them,

Many years ago a man named Moses went to Egypt to lead a multitude of people out from under Pharaoh's control because Pharaoh was a wicked king, who made slaves of God's people and worked them hard and beat them if they disobeyed him. He killed many, many people. The Lord saw their suffering, so He sent Moses to lead them out away from him. Moses and the people left Egypt by crossing the Red Sea, for there was no other way.

When the group came to the sea, they had a mountainous problem; huge, vast wilderness on each side of them where they were sure to get lost. The evil, cruel Egyptian army was behind them, and the deep, foreboding sea was in front of them. There they were trapped in one place, with certain death on every side.

Moses was a wise man who knew how to pray. He prayed to the Lord for deliverance and the Lord answered in a mighty way. He stood a pillar of fire between the people and the army, then He caused a strong wind to blow on the sea. The waters parted and stood up in walls on each side, leaving a path of dry ground in between. Moses and the crowd of people crossed over to safety on the other side. When the Egyptians tried to follow, the Lord caused the wind to cease its blowing and flooded the waters in on the army, drowning the entire outfit, thus setting the people free from them!

The people sang a song of praise to God for His mighty work for them. Moses led them through the desert on the way to a land “flowing with milk and honey,” meaning that it was a very good land that could support them all well. The land was called Canaan.

Even with all of this help from the Lord, the refugees from Egypt complained against Moses because they were thirsty. So Moses took the rod that was in his hand and hit the rock, as the Lord had commanded him to do, and water came gushing out of it! There was enough water to give to every person in that multitude and for all of their animals! The Lord was able to and did supply the needs of His people.

You are in the same situation today. You have fled from the Khmer Rouge and have escaped from them. Now you are here in this desert. The Lord has helped you, saved your life, and is giving you some food, many vitamins, clothes, shelter, and medical help and is helping you learn about Himself. You do not need to complain against Him, you need to accept Him into your heart as your own personal Lord and Saviour.

While the people were in the desert, they kept complaining against Moses, saying, “Why have you led us out here in this desert to die? It was better with us to go back to Egypt, but you have brought us out here to die!”

After all that the Lord did for them and kept doing for them, the people still kept complaining.

Because of the anger of the people, the Lord sent snakes to bite them. The snakes caused much pain and death. Then the Lord told Moses to make a snake and put it up on a pole so that when the people were bitten they could look up at that snake and be healed immediately. Everyone who believed looked up and was saved, but whoever refused to look died.

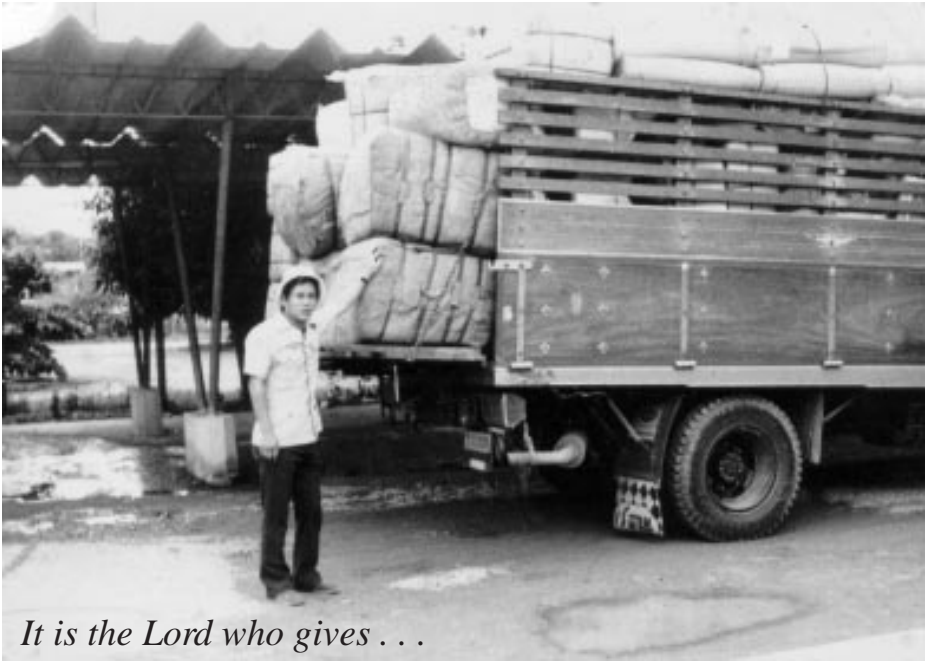
The same is true with you; if you look to Jesus Who was lifted up on the cross to die in our place for our sins, then you will be saved from eternal death and you will be led out of this wilderness into your Canaan. Your Canaan may be the United States, England, France; I do not know but God will lead you out of here into a good place where you can settle down.

I explained to them about Jesus Christ’s coming to earth, life, death, and resurrection, about God the Father and the Holy Spirit and urged them to open their hearts to Jesus and be saved. Many of them did accept Him. After the service was over, there were many bright, happy faces. When I

left, many thanked me for giving them food and other supplies. This was a great opportunity to tell them more truth.

“Don’t thank me,” I said, “it is the Lord Who gives it to you. I have no money to buy anything, all I do is provide labour in bringing it to you.”

A short while later, many embassy members from Canada, the United States, France, England, etc, came over to the refugee camps and helped transport people to their countries. The first to be so privileged were the Christians. The Lord had answered my question of what to speak then, and He made it come true!



It is the Lord who gives . . .

The United Nations provided three million dollars in emergency funds for the building of shelters for all the refugees. Because they had supported the building of these, the UN sent visitors over to observe the situation.

The District Director ordered the refugees to go to the mountain side to cut lumber, bamboo, and gather banana leaves to build their own shelters with. The District Director was supposed to have them built, but the refugees

did it all themselves. When the UN officials visited everything looked fine.

The Christians united and strongly protested against the District Director when he asked the people to do things that would help him in his corrupt enterprises, such as the times that supplies were supposed to be given to the refugees but never reached the camp. There were many Christians now, too many to control. Even though the District Director opposed the Sunday services, the people gathered to worship God on Sundays, and held Bible classes in the evenings.

The Cambodian pastor became fearful and was not willing to teach the classes and oppose the police; but I reminded him that his mission as a pastor was to teach the people for Jesus' sake, so classes and services continued in spite of the District Director and the police.

Not all the police were evil though the majority were. One officer watched me for a while to see what I was really doing. He thought that perhaps I worked for some agency as an under-cover agent or something of that nature. When he finally came to the conclusion that I was true and honest to my word, he came to talk to me about it. He asked how I could do this work for all of these people. What was it that kept me going and caused me to have the attitude that I had? He was a Buddhist, as might be expected. I told him about my past life and conversion. We had a real good discussion, and from there on were good friends. Most of the police were against me but this man helped me and my work. He asked many questions about the Lord. When I went to Bangkok, I brought back a Bible for him.

Billy Graham's son, Franklin, came to visit and help me in my work. I introduced my policeman friend to him. We took pictures and had a good time together. I did not know if the policeman ever accepted Christ as his Saviour but he agreed with a lot of what I said and helped the refugees.

Five of my refugee brothers and I went out again in search of lost men and women in the jungle. We followed the river for about five miles. We had gone a few miles and the air gradually became more and more rancid. The smell was like that of rotten human flesh. The air became so foul that the

smell of it stung my nose. I said to my men, "Let's split up and search for whatever it was that smelled so bad. I think we will find some bodies."



There, in the river, we discovered twenty-four dead bodies bloated beyond recognition. We could not tell who they were by their faces, but we recognised the clothes that they were wearing as the clothes from the refugee camp, worn by the twenty-four missing people that the newspapers said had gone back to Cambodia!

Those disciples of Satan knew that ten of these men were Christians and were against the corruption that

they saw and the injustice against the refugees. The other fourteen who were not Christians had been very rich among the refugees. They had owned thousands of dollars in American money and jewels. Those disciples of Satan learned of it and because of their greed killed them and stole their possessions.

We knelt down and prayed for those men. The Lord knew how the ten fought against corruption and the innocence of the fourteen whose only crime was having money, which is no crime. They died because of the greed of others.

We came back to the camp after that, without continuing in the search of the survivors in the jungle. The story of the twenty-four spread through the camp like wild-fire. As a result, the Christians united more and became stronger. The rich in the camp became more fearful.

I have some friends in Bangkok who were news reporters. I gave them the story. They printed it but changed the name for protection. The next day,

the papers came out with a big article about the twenty-four. The men, Satan's disciples, disliked me more than ever now. People united in determination that nothing like this would happen again.

Word went out that there were thirty-five thousand refugees at the border, waiting to enter the country. Over in their own country, these people tried to escape and were guarded by thirty soldiers with machine guns. During the night, the people killed all the guards and escaped through the jungle. It only took two days for them to reach the border because they knew the path well. However, when they arrived, the troops from that country withstood them from coming in, so they were stranded in the jungle with nothing and with no help.

I heard this story and got into my pick-up and headed for Bangkok to my warehouse for supplies to bring to them. The noonday rains that fell came down in torrents that the ground was flooded well past the ankles within an hour. As I drove along, down the familiar road to my destination, I saw up ahead that the rain had washed the low bridge out. So I turned around to take the other route that unfortunately was nearly twice as long. It took a day and a night, and I arrived back at camp the next day. When I pulled in, a Christian refugee greeted me. He could not speak the language of that country very well but did understand enough to give me the news concerning me.

"Are you alright?" he asked in the Cambodian tongue, which was much easier for him.

"Yes," I answered, "Why do you ask?"

"I do not speak the native language well, but I heard that disciple of Satan instruct his men to hide by the bridge on the road to Bangkok and ambush you when you passed by," he said.

Well, the Lord really took care of His own. He caused the rain to fall so hard that day that it would prevent me from getting near those men. In addition, He caused it to happen at the right time!

The refugees remained stuck in the jungle outside of the border. The government had to give permission before they could come in, sometimes it took a couple of months.

“C” camp built their own camp with barbed wire around it to keep intruders out. The people in the jungle would not be so hard to reach to deliver food and supplies to, if they had only been together in one place instead of being scattered a few here and a few there. I drove in with my little pick-up, loaded with goods for them. It was hard job for one man but now I had five good young men to help. Still when all the people were scattered around, the job was much harder. Nevertheless, the Lord reminded us of His faithful care for His children as He said in Matthew 6:34, *“Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”*

CHAPTER 16

GOD'S LOVE SHOWN THROUGH MY BROKEN BODY

“D” camp was the hardest area to reach because there was no road to drive in to the people. There were about thirty-five thousand refugees and all supplies including water must be carried in manually.

This camp was located in the jungle where people were pouring out from Communist territories daily. The Khmer Rouge knew that there were a lot of people escaping, so concentrated attention was enforced at this place in the jungle. Ninety per cent of the refugees were killed by Communist ambush before they ever reached the border.

During the rainy season, a large sheet of vinyl put up on four poles caught the rain, the hole in the centre worked as a faucet where the water could flow out, down into the kettles. The rain water was clean and good for drinking.

The refugees were such strong Buddhists that they refused to even listen to any preaching about the Lord Jesus. The only thing of concern to them was how much aid we could bring in.

This camp, like the others, had no shelter from the rain and cold before we came in to help them. The ground was always damp from the rain and people had to sleep there on that cold ground. The children especially suffered and my attention was drawn to them first. I talked to the refugees about cutting down trees and bamboo to make shelters with. I brought equipment to do it, and with a few strong young men to help. I told the refugees how that everything came from the Lord and I was only a labourer, but the Buddhists made it clear to me that they would accept the

aid but not the Word of the gospel, so the Lord bade me to keep still and just lend a hand in love.

We began the project of building shelters. Trees were wet and slippery from the rain. I cut down a large tree and picked up the end of it and placed it on my shoulder, with the intention of dragging it out to be cut for lumber. When I picked it up onto my shoulder it slipped, caused me to fall backwards and it wrenched my back. The pain was so tremendous that I could not move. There was no doctor to help and no road to take me out by. The people made a stretcher of bamboo poles and a sheet of vinyl. They carried me thirty miles to “C” area camp, where a local bus would pick me up on its route and take me into Bangkok to a hospital.

I asked God why this happened; why when the people needed to see love from Him and help to protect their lives, why would God let this happen and stop me from ministering to them? It would be a long time before I would be on my feet again; I just did not understand what God thought He was doing.

I had no money to pay the hospital bill, but I knew that if God would let this happen then surely He would provide the funds to pay for it. Before I reached Bangkok, somehow Dr Hill heard about my accident and met me on the way. He prayed right there on the bus, then he asked which hospital I would go to. Without mentioning money, I replied, “I don’t know, only God knows.”

He said to me, “Go to the hospital run by the Seventh Day Adventists. I will pay your bill and take you in my car.”

“No,” I told him, “let me ride on this bus where I can lie down. I will go to the hospital you want me to go to but please just let me lie here, my back hurts too much to move from here.”

I received excellent care. The doctor cracked my back into place and gave me something for the pain, so that I slept well that night. For seven days, I remained there in bed, but every day I got stronger. The Lord healed me very rapidly.

On the seventh night, the Lord spoke to me in a dream telling me to go back to the camp. My back was still far from being healed, so that I had to

use a walker to get around. The doctor wanted me to stay for three months, but in the morning I told him that I had to go back to the camp. He protested, saying that I would be damaged for life if I did not stay long enough for it to heal. In addition, I was a patient in the hospital so I had to obey their orders.

“Well,” I said, “I am sorry and I do not want to break the rules but I have to go back. I did not come this morning to ask for permission to leave, I came to say good-bye and tell you that I am going.”

I did not know if he was a Christian, so I did not know if he would understand that the Lord had told me in a dream to go home.

When I got to my room, there sat two Koreans who had come to visit. I asked them to help me pack my small bag and take me to the bus terminal. They were quite surprised and sputtered for a minute, but gave in when they saw I was not about to change my mind. They did not think I could make it all the way, nearly five hundred miles back to the camp, so they followed the bus in their car.

After a day and a half of travelling, we finally reached “C” camp. From there, we walked back into “D” area.

A little rain was falling, but a few people were moving around. Peering through the rain, a few refugees saw me coming in, supported by the two Korean men who had come to visit me in the hospital. Surprise and happiness spread through the camp as the announcement rang out, “Jimmy’s back! Jimmy is here! Seven days ago, he left with a broken back and now he is here again!”

People poured out from every where. I received many hugs, kisses, and tears as they greeted me and I cried with them. I realised that this would be a great opportunity to speak about the Lord. I also realised that the Holy Spirit was working in that camp. Here I was only a week after hurting my back and I could be with them and they were so happy as well as amazed to see me. This was why God hurt my back, to show His power and win this people to Himself.

I said to the people, “This is a very important time for you. Please do not cry for me, cry for yourselves and for your need of the Saviour. Come with me and let us pray together away from everything.”



It was raining harder now so they were reluctant, but I said to them, “Never mind the rain, this is important for you to come and pray.”

With that, the two Koreans helped me lead the way. I had only gone approximately three hundred feet when the rain stopped falling in the path where I walked, but it kept falling on either side of me. How God showed Himself! Everyone’s eyes widened with surprise, then little by little, they began to come until there were about three thousand.

I prayed earnestly for their souls. I said,

Lord, thank You for using my body to show Your love to these people who need You and Your salvation. I understand now why You broke my back. Lord, I do not know what to say to these people. Please use my lips to help me speak for You.

When I looked around after praying, I saw many people crying. I had cried during the prayer, the two Koreans cried, and many of the people who had followed had cried. After that ten minutes of prayer, I began to preach to them.

Twilight was ushering in the night rapidly as I preached God's love, giving them John 3:16. I told them that

“Whosoever” means you; each one of you. God loves us so much that He gave up His only begotten Son to die in our place so we will not have to. If you receive Jesus into your heart He will save you from your sin and its penalty of death, and will give you eternal life in its place. Receive Him right now! Open up your heart to Him now. You are walking and living in darkness, away from God, and not knowing the way to eternal life. Receive Jesus into your heart as your personal Saviour, and He will bring you into the light and give you eternal life.

Buddha is a good teacher but he is not in heaven. If you are a good person all your life, it will not get you into heaven. Buddha was good and taught well, but he was a person like us. Each one of us is a sinner. Even though you are not in jail, maybe you never killed any- one or stole anything and lived a good life all the time, it is not enough to get you into heaven. We have all sinned, each one of us knows that we are wretched, selfish sinners. God knows it too but He loves us in spite of it. He loves us so much that He even sent His own Son to die in our place, so that none of us would have to die for our sin. Confess your sins to Him and repent. Receive Jesus as your personal Saviour from sin right now, and He will forgive all of your sins. Let's pray again and if anyone of you want to receive the Lord, then pray to Him now.

I prayed, “Lord, these people are lost in darkness. They do not know the way to You. Please help them, Lord, to repent and believe. In Jesus' name, Amen.”

When we were through praying, I asked for a show of hands from all those who had received Jesus into their heart, but it was too dark to see. Later I learned that six hundred had accepted Him. Some of the workers had gone around counting and told another missionary about it.

We prayed together out there that night for two more hours after the show of hands had been given.

When Jesus died on the cross between the two thieves, one of them believed and accepted Him while the other remained hard-hearted and did not. The same was true of my two Korean friends. That same night when I preached to the group, the one received Jesus but the other was still unsaved as far as I know. The one who turned to Christ is now in the United States, in Connecticut, serving the Lord full time, telling about Jesus and what happened in the refugee camps.

As I mentioned earlier in this chapter, the Communist troops concentrated their efforts on this area because it was in the jungle where many people were escaping daily. Only ninety per cent of the refugees who escaped made it here. The corpses were piled up in places and the stench of them burned my nose. I plugged my nostrils with cotton and went into the jungle anyway, searching for lost men and women.

I met a group of about five hundred in the jungle. Night was beginning to fall, so it was best to remain there together and travel in the morning.

The people never saw me before, so how could they know who I was and what was my intention. Half of the group wanted to go on, but I warned them that it would be easy for the Khmer Rouge to find and kill them in the night. During the day, when animals are moving about, it is not so easy to hear from a distance, but in the still of the night, a little noise can be heard for a long way. This was what I warned the group about but still they would not listen.

In the morning before dawn, we headed out. On the way, we found all that anxious group. Unfortunately, the Khmer Rouge had found them first. Now the troops were gone, thinking there were no more groups around.

Another time I met a group of three hundred in the jungle. These people had come all the way from Phnom Penh, which was nearly a two-month walk. The only food for them had been leaves, roots, bananas, etc. I knew some of these people from the time I was there, but starvation had deteriorated their bodies, so that I had to study their features in order to recognise them. They knew me though and were overjoyed. They thought that I too had escaped as a refugee. They were surprised to see me helping the refugees, because they all knew me in my past life.

We turned to head back for the camp but did not make it before dark. The moon was not shining, the jungle was dark and spooky everywhere. For the first time in a long time, I was lost leading the people out. The paths all looked alike and it was easy to lose the way. I called the people all together to pray for the Lord's guidance. The only Christians in the group were the young men I brought with me and myself. The refugees asked, "What God do you want us to pray to?" They were all Buddhists, but being lost at night in a big jungle had a softening effect on them, so they were co-operative. After prayer, we set out again.

We kept going on for five hours with no signs to tell whether or not we were headed in the right direction. I became a bit worried because we had prayed to the living God, now if we could not find the way the people would have no reason to believe on Him. He would become a laughing stock among them so I prayed inside myself. A short time later, I saw a dim light up ahead. The country, which the refugees had run from had no electricity, so it could not be that we had circled back around there. It must be the place we wanted to go.

I shouted,

See up ahead, can you see that light? It is the free country. The Lord heard our prayers and led us to safety. That is the way with the Lord Jesus; all your life long you can wander around lost in the darkness, but if you accept Him as your own personal Lord and Saviour, He will bring you to safety, to the light of Himself.

We reached "D" camp finally. It had changed a little, in that the governor granted permission to let half of the refugees move over to "C" camp. Thousands of refugees kept coming into "D" camp though, so that it remained the same size.

There were a few more Christians there now, so Dr Hill came over to perform a baptismal service. He helped a lot now by delivering vegetables and other supplies twice a week.

Because of the aggressiveness of the Khmer Rouge, the refugees dared not stay together in such large groups anymore. They changed to coming out by families. When I went in for rescue, I gathered up a group of one hundred at a time, and led them out all together.

CHAPTER 17

“E” CAMP

“E” camp was a city located at the border of two countries. Before the Communists took over, these two countries used to trade back and forth. They were separated only by a bridge over a small stream. Cambodia traded oranges, snakeskins, and fish for rice, and small daily necessities ranging from soap to bicycles. After Cambodia fell, tangled barbed wire was strung across the bridge to prevent anyone from passing over to the other side.

This city in Cambodia was near to the second most important city which was Battambang. Battambang was known as a rice growing city and it supplied a lot of the rice to the various other cities all over the country. Communism did not change the fact that both cities needed the goods that each other had, so even after the Communist took over and the bridge was barb-wired, the trading continued. The District Director there held a low position in the government of the country and there was not much that he could do about other trading. The governor held a high position, and he was a very kind and humane man who would allow the trading and accepted the refugees.

Being so close made it easy for the refugees to cross over in spite of the barbed wire. Many people fled to the neighbouring country by that way, and the people in that city liked those from Cambodia with whom they had traded all their lives, so they helped them.

Most of the refugees came from Battambang through the now Communist city, and across the barbed wire and into freedom.

Bangkok was a very long way from here; too far to bring supplies from, but “E” area was a commercial city and I could get all the things we needed there except the yellow shirts for the children.

The governor was a very kind and co-operative man. I could do nearly anything I wanted for helping the refugees, and he agreed with it. He called the refugees to come down to the southern part of the city, where they were given the school to live in for a while.

The city was not as dangerous as the jungle, so many missionaries were allowed to go and preach the gospel.

People had it real good here, for they did not have to go through the jungle for months, and be ambushed by the Khmer Rouge as well as by the jungle itself. They were warm, comfortable, relaxed, happy, and the missionaries could come in to tell them about the Lord Jesus and His eternal life. The only difficulty was the tension of the two armies who nearly stood side by side and the refugees constantly pouring out of Cambodia into freedom. The army had to guard the border closely.

When I was in Cambodia, I never knew there were Muslims in the country. Now that refugees were coming out, Muslims included, I discovered it in a strange way. The Muslim missionaries supported and helped their fellow Muslim refugees. They helped so well that the other refugees complained about the comparatively small support they were receiving. Many other mission organisations were pooled in together to make it big enough for the support. However, even all of these organisations, in their present state, were no match for the support of their neighbours, who helped only their own people. The Muslim refugees had plenty of water, food, blankets, mosquito nets, etc. This disturbed me greatly because it was a bad testimony for the true God. I stayed there at the camp for three days praying. I contacted other missionary organisations about it and they responded well.

Another need was medical help for the mental problems that cropped up from the war. This one man was crazy, he had lost everything because of the war. He would shout, “I am going back to Cambodia.” He would not eat, so became very thin and so weak that he could hardly talk. I usually spent my time going up and down, delivering things to the other camps.

The only time I stayed at one camp for a while was in time of special needs, such as this man.

I prayed for him, pleading his cause to the Lord and asking for healing for him. I decided to stay with him for a few days to help in some way. He was not willing or able to pray, but I prayed for him every night. The first morning, he was even more wild than before. A few days later, he began to eat some things. Little by little, he began to eat more.

I asked his name but he just sat there, looking at me for a long time before answering. Next, I asked where he was from. He replied that he had been a soldier in Cambodia.

Others watched to see what was going on over at our place. They saw the man becoming better every day. This turned me into a counsellor, in the minds of the people, and I had many coming to me for counsel about problems with family members (those who remained back in the Communist land) and various problems caused by the war. The people turned me into a counsellor, and I turned the sessions into one-on-one evangelistic outreaches, which were very easy since all answers to every problem can be found in Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER 18

THE CAMBODIAN HOLOCAUST

On April 17, 1975, the Khmer Rouge entered Phnom Penh city. The troops in black uniforms and Hogi Myung sandals come marching into the city, taking over all former government officers, offices and property. The streets were lined with people cheering and welcoming the Communist troops. The war had been going on for so long, with its shelling, burning, killing, rocketing, etc, that it seemed ironic to care who took over the country. Anything, even Communism, would be easier to bear than all the terror of war, which had plagued the Cambodians for so long.

The jeep, with the loud-speaker attached to the roof, went all about the city, announcing the victory and liberation from war.

“Everyone come out,” it said,

there is nothing to fear. We have come and brought liberty with us, do not be afraid. Even you government officials have nothing to fear, the only thing that we request of you is that you come to our office for registration, we will not hurt you. Everyone come out and welcome your new government in.

The generals and government officials believed that no harm would come to them and registered as they had been bidden. The Khmer Rouge knew that they would be afraid, so they used this tactic to keep them from escaping before they could reach them. At night, the new government forces arrested them secretly and put them in jail one by one.

About one hundred and fifty foreigners failed to evacuate from Phnom Penh when the Khmer Rouge took over. Some of them were businessmen and news reporters. One by one, they began coming into the French embassy for protection. Most embassies had already evacuated except the

French. Most of those foreigners were French, so the embassy provided them with food and shelter in the embassy territory.

The reporters went about taking pictures for the first three days of the new government set up. After that, the only way to get any pictures was to sneak out and hide to take them.

The Khmer Rouge started killing people off by hundreds. No guns were used, only axes and jungle knives. When they first came in, it seemed that things would be well, but now the truth came out, as people were mercilessly murdered and their bodies used as advertisement to the rest. Most former government men and higher generals' heads were cut off and placed all around outside the market place for everyone to see.

Commercial businesses were owned by the Chinese who had settled in Cambodia. The Indians who settled there owned most of the textile shops. When the Khmer Rouge came into the country, the Chinese closed down their businesses. Communist troops pounded on the doors to gain admittance. Upon entry, everything was confiscated and the owners shot to death. If the owner refused to open the shutters, they were shot open, then the owner was shot to death and everything was confiscated.

The darkness provided an excellent cover for escape from Phnom Penh to Vietnam, which is closer from that city than to other countries.

Three thousand people were killed and their bodies thrown into the Mekong River in 1970. There were many Vietnamese residents in Cambodia at the time. When they saw this brutality, many fled back to their native homeland. One month later, Vietnam too fell to the Communists.

The reason for the deaths of the three thousand was revenge on them for a crime that they had committed earlier. Before Cambodia's fall, the Viet Cong harassed the Vietnamese and ran into Cambodia to get away from them. The Vietnamese government requested permission from the Cambodian government to come into their jungle after the Viet Cong. Cambodia granted the request to come in, but the Vietnamese troops not only killed the enemy, they raided farmers' houses, stole the goods, killed the farmer, and raped and killed any young girls. Now Cambodia was getting revenge on the Vietnamese for this awful wrong.

Historically, Cambodia and Vietnam have been constant enemies. Laos, Thailand, and Cambodia had good relations, but Cambodia and Vietnam could never get along together.

Takumoa was a large city on the Mekong River. For many years, it had been the centre of Christianity and Christian learning in Cambodia. It was considered by all as the Jerusalem of Cambodia. It had a Bible school and three pastors. The Christians in that city were very strong, spiritual people. Many Christian families lived here together. Since it was on the Mekong River, whenever there was a baptismal service to be held, it would be here. Most Christian activities were scheduled to be here in this city and most of the Christian teachers came from Takumoa, as well as many people who had come to my orphanage for overnight prayer meetings. This had been its history for nearly seventy years.

Some teachers, who used to visit my orphanage, taught the children and supported me, came to visit after the fall, to see how much help we needed. Half of the children, along with some of the helpers, were gone. The people asked the children to come back to Takumoa with them to stay. Now only a few remained at the Angels Christian Orphanage.

The Christians in Takumoa did not want to leave their place. Daily they concentrated in prayer groups that sometimes lasted over night, pleading that the Lord's will be done, and that if He would see fit to provide for and protect them from the Khmer Rouge and for the coming persecution. They were willing for the Lord's will though, what ever it would be.

And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it (*Luke 9:23–24*).

The Khmer Rouge came into the city asking for the pastors whom, upon being located, were imprisoned. The pastor's family was the next to mysteriously disappear. After that, Christian families all over began to disappear. Buddhists were also persecuted along with all other religions but not unto death, as the Christians.

At the appearance of the Communist troops at the gate, dressed in black with AK-47 rifles, all the Christians began to pray. No one knew whose

name would be called to be taken out for imprisonment and persecution. The name was called, slowly the awe-stricken family moved toward the gate, to be escorted out of sight by the troops, never to return. The people slowly, quietly sang hymns while they watched their life-long brothers and sisters leave,

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Faith of our fathers living still, in spite of dungeon, fire and sword.

Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy whenever we hear that glorious Word.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith, we will be true to thee till death.

This was the way it went until the entire city was empty of Christians. Just as the cruel Nero persecuted and killed the Christians, so did the Premier Pol Pot, the modern day Cambodian Nero.

From the beginning of the persecution until the very last of the Christians, singing never stopped. Now the audible voice was gone, but the spiritual voice will never stop, the Spirit of God was still there. Just as the waves of the sea never cease to roll, so also the Spirit of God will never cease to work in that place.

There were two churches in Cambodia, one in Battambang and the other in Phnom Penh. The church in Battambang held services in the morning. After that service was over, the Cambodian Christians used the building for their service. The church in Phnom Penh was different though, in that it always kept to itself.

In the Chinese custom, the lady will never marry a foreign man; it is shameful, they say. A few men had married foreign women, but such cases were the rare exception. The church was paralleled to this custom. All other Christians joined together in activities for good fellowship, but the Chinese remained isolated from the rest of the body of Christ.

There was one large church in Tulkok, another city in Cambodia. The pastor came to visit me a few times. He was a very spiritual man with a good education, well able to lead the flock of God. This was one church in a city rather than a whole city of Christians, as in Takumoa. When Cambodia fell, the people fled. No one knew what happened to the pastor. The best guess that anyone could come up with was the rumour that he was arrested and killed like the others. Many smaller churches were closed

down in the suburbs of Phnom Penh and the other cities. The Christians ran and hid.

Three Christian men were arrested for their faith and were taken to the riverbank of the Mekong River. All three stood in a line facing the Communist soldier who asked the first man, “Do you believe in God or a god?”

“Yes” the man answered.

“Which god do you believe in?”

“The living God; the Lord of heaven and earth Who is the King of kings and the Lord of lords.”

“How do you know He is living? Can you give me any proof? Can you show Him to me?”

“I know that He is living because He is living inside of me. He is here right now, with us. I love Him and want you to meet Him too. Even if I die, as everyone will some day, I will still love Him.”

“Shut up!”

Then with a flash of the knife the man’s neck was cut, sending him tumbling to the ground; the days of his life being over. His one reaction was “Oh, Lord,” as he died. Blood spurted out of his neck onto the second and third men. This blood was seen by God and precious in His sight, especially since it was shed for Him by one of His faithful stewards. Those men were definitely in Heaven with the Lord!

The soldier then turned to the second man, and looking into his pale, terrified face said, “What about you? Do you believe the same as he does? If I kill you too, will you still believe?”

“Yes,” the second man answered.

“If I were to kill you too, will you still believe?”

“Yes; if I were to deny that I knew the Lord, that would only be a lie. I cannot reject Him.”

So again the knife flashed in the sunlight, sinking into the left side of the second man’s neck. With the expression, “Oh, Lord,” and the blood spurting forcefully from the man’s neck, he too collapsed to the ground.

Then the soldier turned his attention to the third person, saying, “You have seen what happened to your fellow men, do you want the same or will you deny your Lord and live?”

With knees shaking, lips stammering, and face white with horror, the brave third man answered, “I cannot deny my Lord. I think I should answer the same as they did, and go to heaven where I will see them and My Lord.”

In the same manner as the former two, his days were also ended. *“Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it”* (Luke 9:24).

Another method used was the mass-method. Many Christians hid in the upper rooms of the houses. There were no basements, because the ground was always too wet, so that basement would be filled up with water. The Communists constantly made searches of the houses for these people. After collecting a mass of them, the questioning started.

“Who do you work for?” (Some did work for outside agencies).

“Where do you work? How long have you been associated with this group? What have you told them?”

On and on it went. After all the information were out, that they could possibly get, these people were sent to work in the rice paddies digging. All day long, they laboured in the hot sun without a break, drink, or food. In the evening as the sun was going down, the order to stop was given. The people were then forced into the gigantic hole, and the one way out was guarded. The Communist theme song was sung by the ruthless soldiers as they took the shovels and slowly threw dirt in on their victims. In the hole some prayed, others sang hymns, others shouted for God’s

deliverance. Slowly the dirt covered the heads and smothered the last breaths out of the martyrs.

One European woman failed to go to the French embassy for protection. The troops arrested her and tried to force her to carry on her nursing occupation at their army hospital and to do other things. She refused everything bravely. The soldiers broke a glass bottle and with it chopped her body to pieces until she bled to death.

Most of the Communist troops were uneducated men, who could not even read the newspapers to learn of what was going on. These men acted like demon-possessed animals, who slaughtered human beings like chickens.

In the down town area of Phnom Penh, corpses were lying everywhere. Here was a body with no head. Here was another missing a couple of limbs. Over there lie a couple of heads. The stench of the rotting bodies filled the air. Flies feasted on the corpses. When you walked past, a hundred darted up off their dinner, then settled back once you have gone. The troops did not give the residents permission to move away from there, so they had to live among such filth.

One foreigner who was a friend of mine, who brought oranges to my orphanage, also remained in Cambodia. He had married a Cambodian lady, so when the new government came in, he did not want to leave. The first three days after the take-over were fine, so he made no effort to leave. One day, he was out by his house taking pictures when the troops spotted him there.

“What are you doing?” they asked. “Who are you?”

“I am a foreigner who married a Cambodian lady. I love Cambodia and want to live here,” he answered.

They searched his pockets and took his passport. The shovels began to fly, as they chopped him to pieces there in front of his house.

His wife heard the commotion and came running out to see what was happening. She saw her husband lying there in a bloody mass of nearly unidentifiable flesh. Her screams and crying angered the troops, so she too died with her husband there in front of their own house.

CHAPTER 19

TRIALS

Many jeeps, with speakers installed in the roofs, drove around the city with a new announcement. “Pack up and everyone be ready to move within twenty-four hours. Those refusing to obey the order will be executed.”

Everyone packed at least a small bag of things to carry with them. Some had carts or wheel-barrows to push. No one had a car to drive; men, women and children had to leave on foot the next day when the Communist convoy came to lead them out.

No one knew where they were going or why. The city was divided into four sections and each went out in a different direction where the convoy led.

So far the government had not hurt any of my children, but half of them moved away somewhere and did not return. My orphanage was in the northeast section of the city, so had to go northeast. Only a few helpers and children were at the orphanage, and the older children helped the helpers care for the rest of the younger ones.

In the morning when all people left, the children also joined the line, travelling out in the direction toward Vietnam. Their new home was the jungle with no roofs over their heads, or anything to protect them from the cold. Some had taken clothes, others had pans or food. My children brought enough rice for a couple of weeks. When that ran out, roots, leaves and jungle fruits were their nourishment. The water, as in other areas of the jungle, was full of disease, so that it could not be drunk without thorough boiling.

Orders to build shelters went around. Everyone began chopping trees and banana leaves, building shelters for themselves. During the evening, the Communists gathered everyone together for brain-washing meetings. They were drenched in propaganda in the morning and the evening. During the hotter hours of the day, the poor people worked on the shelters. No modern equipment was available. They used axes and double-handled saws.

The groups that had been led out of Cambodia by the Communists at first consisted nearly a million people in each group. These groups were divided down into five hundreds, which were dotted through the jungle. Each group was guarded by twenty soldiers. There was no family life, only group life. Meals were served twice daily, morning and evening, a piece of fish and bowl of rice; most of the time, it was a bowl of rice with tree leaves boiled in a lot of water. Life under the new government was not a joyous occasion as had been anticipated in the beginning.

Much disease resulted from the poor diets the people had. Since the body's resistance was down from lack of good nutrition, diarrhoea, cholera, etc, claimed whole groups sometimes. The corpses were taken and burned in heaps to prevent more disease because there were no doctors or medicine to combat the illnesses. The ill ones were taken to the mountain side, which was all anyone in the groups ever knew. There a huge hole was dug and the sick people were killed and buried. The same held true for pregnant women since they were unable to work but needed food.

The Communist troops were a very uneducated group who held human life to be of little value. Anything a trooper wanted was his for the demanding, or else the killing. If it was a fancy ring, watch, suit, pretty girl, whatever it was, it belonged to him and that was final.

By now, half the people died from either the Communist murders or from diseases. Many groups were reduced to only about half of their former number, so two groups were united to form one. After forcing them to unite, the government searched the background of each individual to see what they used to do and how much education they had. There had only been one university in all of Cambodia, so not many were highly educated, but even those who had finished high school were called out for interviews. After interviewing, they were kept separated. The Communists formerly had not persecuted those who had belonged to the former

government army, only the higher-ranking officials were done away with. Now though, along with the educated people, the former government troops were forced to dig their one huge grave together where they would all be buried in the evening.

Simple killing was no longer satisfying to the sadists, so for sport, two men were forced to fight until the death of one. Others had their hands tied behind their backs and a plastic bag tied snugly over their heads, so as to provide another form of entertainment for the Khmer Rouge, as the victims writhed and struggled for breath.

The only holidays that provided any break from work came in the form of rainy days rendering work impossible. On such occasions, everyone spent the day in the brain-washing sessions.

Daily the number of people decreased due to suicide, escape, disease or murder. Under the cover of darkness, many attempted to escape. A few were undoubtedly successful, but those who were not were shot on sight, which was probably a relief from the life ahead of them. Those who were caught sometimes died from knifing, others faced the slow, torturous deaths with those who were slow in working. Those who did not meet the standard working rate would be hung upside down on a tree, suspended by the feet with the sun beating down on their body and the pressure from their blood in their head. These died a very slow, agonising death. They were hung in the view of all for an example.

People who became ill dared not mention it, for by now they realised that they would never return from the mountain side. The old people took on the care of the babies and young children. Anyone who became too old for it was taken to the mountain side.

Every evening, the brain-washing sessions were held. Two men appeared in front of the group to report who had been faithful and who had not. He who was faithful was rewarded and the applause echoed all around. The names of certain ones who had been unfaithful were given and their supper was withheld as punishment. After being reported unfaithful or slow for three times, the persons would be hanged on the tree. The strong, promising young men, who had consistently been reported faithful, were

transferred to a better camp, where conditions were better and maybe he even got a factory job.

In the evening the men all slept together and the women slept together, even wife and husband had to be separated. The reason for it was to guard against pregnancy in order to produce more manpower, as pregnant women were not as able to work to develop the land.

When the Khmer Rouge first overthrew Cambodia, they put on a front of caring for the welfare of the people, that the new government would liberate and help. However, as with all fronts, the people soon learned differently. The only thing they had to look forward to was cruel slavery. In the groups in the jungle, the people finally got their fill of bowing to the harsh demands of the Communists. Within the group of the five hundreds, rebellion was quietly plotted behind the backs of their twenty guards. During the night, the men killed all the guards and took the guns. A couple of other groups did the same and together escaped through the night. The Khmer Rouge finally grew wise to it however, and planted spies in the groups, who related any such information to the authorities.

There were no Khmer Rouge in the northern part of Cambodia, so many groups who succeeded in their escape fled to the mountains and deep jungle in the North. In the South, there were also no Communists so it too provided a good place of escape. There was not enough manpower in the Communist army, that is, there were not enough men to go after the escapees. On top of that was the fact that the people had guns.

Many times before the Khmer Rouge took Cambodia, I had preached to the citizens about what the Communists were like and how they could not be trusted. I had lived through the Korean War and saw the things that had happened there. Also I had fought in wars since then, and saw how merciless they are, how they cut up the bodies of men and hung them on trees for everyone's view. The Khmer Rouge often praised themselves, on broadcasts but are not to be trusted still. Lying was their method, ruthlessness their way, hate, cruelty and greed are their characteristics. Since the Cambodian people had never experienced the wickedness of Communism, they had no knowledge of what it could be like. Thus, they believed that when the Communists took over there would be no change

except for the name of the country and a few minor rules. Now they had first-hand knowledge, but it was too late.

I had no knowledge that Cambodia would fall in 1975, but still I warned the Christians sternly that the Communists were very strongly anti-Christ and that the Christians would be the first to die. Back in the Korean War, that was what happened, and I knew that it would happen again. So I warned the Christians to be the first to flee the country.

CHAPTER 20

FOREIGNERS FOUND FREEDOM

The French embassy afforded excellent refuge for the foreigners who had been residing in Cambodia. All those outside of the embassy after the take-over had already been killed. Inside, the French could provide food and water for everyone, but daily the supplies dwindled. The French government did their best to support their people but it was too far away. All the market places in Cambodia had been closed, so all hope of buying from there was gone.

The new Cambodia government ordered the French embassy to pack and go to Thailand. I was in Thailand at Christmas and the message came there, so I was ready to meet everyone and to inquire what was happening inside.

The foreigners all had to ride in a truck instead of leaving by air. Rumour had it that the Communists would kill everyone after they had gotten into the trucks. Therefore, the French, whom the Communists were not allowed to touch for political reasons, went first. Afterward, everyone else followed. When everyone was out, a check for former Cambodian government officials was made. Any that were found were shot.

The truck was to make its way up to Battambang, then across to Thailand. It was a tent-covered truck to hide Cambodia from the eyes of the foreigners, to keep the security of the government. However, on the way, some had parted the back of the tent and saw empty towns and villages along the way. As soon as the truck crossed the border into freedom, everyone shouted for joy. They had been so afraid of being ambushed along the way that the thought of death followed them through the whole long journey to freedom. These people now realised the importance and privilege of freedom for all from the Communists.

Even though they had now crossed into freedom, their faces were still filled with fear, starvation, paleness, fainting expressions. Their health was nearly gone, so the doctor in Thailand gave them all special attention and checked each one individually and gave vaccinations. Each foreigner departed to his own embassy for their support. At last, the Cambodia government had their wish; no foreigners left behind their borders; except the embassy members.

CHAPTER 21

PHNOM PENH TURNED INTO A GHOST-CITY

The population of Phnom Penh dwindled from about 5,000,000 to approximately 15,000. Those living there were Communists and their relatives.

The banks all closed down and the government did not bother to check how much money was left there because money was no longer used for currency. Not only was the system of currency done away with, but the government people lacked gas, TV, telephone, postal service, university. There was no electric power. Before the war, Phnom Penh was a very beautiful French style city, but her beauty has long since vanished. Garbage lay in every corner. The large, luxurious houses were turned into barns for the farm animals. No private property was allowed, everything was owned by the government. Because of the lack of gasoline, the only cars used were those of the high-ranking government officials. All other cars had been parked in junk yards in the suburbs of the city. There was only one grocery store and that was open only twice per week. The customers were mostly foreigners from the embassy. Stock in the store consisted of American butter, vegetables and fruits, British, Scotch, and French wine. Only here they accepted US dollars, no cheques, cash only.

From battery operated radios, people could tune in to the government owned radio station. The broadcast was mostly news concerning the government revolutionary illustrations, revolutionary music, but not for 24 hours.

The government said there was no more illiteracy but the only school was the school for brain-washing to Communism, and the only literature was a government newspaper produced 3 times a month, the name of which was the *Revolutionary*. Occasionally, the government magazine, whose name was the *Revolutionary*, was distributed with the intent to help brain-wash people. The government-owned library was never used. The dust gathered was inches thick, but the spiders thought it was a paradise.

The Communists Premier Pol Pot said, “To solve the food problem,” according to the *Revolutionary*, “let the people all move to the farm, not the city. . . . All the people have been moved out to the countryside to work in the farms.” His statement was not true, however, because the people sent to work in the farms were former government workers who were very lowly esteemed, so were sent out to work. As mentioned in a previous chapter, the “people working in the farms” were the groups of 500 sent to the jungle areas. There were two groups of people, the first was named Agriculture Association, the other was Agriculture Co-ordination Association. Both groups consisted of 20,000 persons each. Their lives were much better than those in the jungle farms. Vacations were even enjoyed by these workers. Nevertheless, it was not the typical vacation, they were for the purpose of going to the schools where they were brain-washed by Communist propaganda. The men worked from 6:00–10:30 and 1:00–5:00, no Sunday. The first group supplied food for villagers on a ration system, with one black outfit a year. There were no soap, toothbrushes, etc. The second group consisted of about 10,000 strong, young men, who worked at heavy labour, digging ditches, river banks, irrigation systems and always moving around from job to job. People used to do their own sewing, but now the second group carries a machine with them to do any mending. Motorcycles provided travel.

Agriculture Association contained primary school and a medical dispensary. The school taught only about the revolution and the things pertaining to it. They were quite different from other schools. The relatives of farmers could attend this school. The same with the dispensary, but the common people were not allowed this luxury. Both association groups were organised by Khmer Rouge and the Communists enjoyed a high style of living. The only things that the residents of Phnom Penh did not enjoy were electricity and transportation.

Social life consisted of murdering those who refused to follow the Communists' way and growing rice. No education was necessary for the unskilled labour force. The only mechanical product manufactured was the shovel. As a reward to either men or woman, the one who was a faithful worker had their choice of a marriage partner. Ration cards were dealt out daily; if you work you may eat; if you do not work for whatever reason, then you do not eat. Human beings were treated like animals. A day's work for a day's food and not much more than the basic necessities of life. Everyone was ordered to move from location to location, as ordered by the government. Overseers walked around with whips as slave-drivers back in Moses' day.

Only ten men made up the top officials of the government in the Communists, with Premier Pol Pot at the head. For six years, he had served as a Buddhist monk. After he quit, he went to France to study, but joined the left-wing activists of the student body. In 1962, he became the chief secretary of the Communist party. Since his take-over in Cambodia in 1975, the Christians have been killed and there was no way to reach the civilians with the civilians. My 150 orphan children, who were too young at the time of the Fall of Cambodia, are still alive and among those hopeless thousands of slaves today, as far as I know. I expect that God will do a great work through them some day in the near future.

CHAPTER 22

THE GRACE OF GOD AND MY MINISTRY TO THE REFUGEES

By the loving grace of God, I was allowed to move freely from camp to camp, helping the refugees. Now there were many Christians who loved God and God loved them. He has touched hearts in other countries to send aid to these needy ones. More funds came in to provide food, clothing, mosquito nets and shelter, none of which anyone possessed previously after their flight to freedom. The camps were truly camps now, because the refugees had shelters in which to live. Chapels had even been set up to worship God in. It was very easy now to minister to these souls. They had physical food for their physical stomachs and spiritual food for their spiritual stomachs. Both getting better at once, praise the Lord. They now joined together, and helped distribute aids to each other, which took a heavy load of the one man, who did it all alone before.

The refugees wanted and needed to learn music and hymns, but I did not have such talent in that area, so I could not teach them. I went to Bangkok and contacted a music teacher, obtained a cassette recorder and brought music back to camp for the refugees to learn from it themselves.

The Holy Spirit in me guided me and the Holy Spirit moved in the camp, but the corruption still went on. The leaders of the land and many Christians knew that I was against corruption. I had prevented them from making merchandise out of my refugee supplies. I could not stop all the corruption though because I could only be at one camp at a time. Many Christians overheard a plot being discussed to eliminate me. But the Lord protected me from these plots of theirs to destroy me.

I praise the Lord that the refugees could help each other in the distribution of relief goods. Many learned about Christ and six more wanted to be baptised. We became each others' comfort. The refugees had no physical comfort. Many lost their farms, but I became their comforter, supplying their needs and preaching the gospel. Often in the beginning, I was uncomfortable because these people had nothing, but most of all they were in the world without God. Now they were Christians and many physical needs were supplied, which comforted me a great deal. I could go to worship with them, read the Bible, pray, sing, have good fellowship with my new brothers and sisters in the Lord. This is my comfort (2 Cor 1:2-5). Many Christians I met had heard testimonies from the new converts about their faith in and their love for the Lord. Before they knew Him, the suffering from the wars was horrible, but now that they had the Lord, they could pray to Him and derive strength from Him.

Every baptismal service was preceded by a long journey to invite a guest pastor in to perform the service. I always studied the Bible on my own before, but I recognised the growing need to become more skilled in the Word, for the purpose of preaching, guiding and baptising these people in the ministry. I prayed to the Lord for an opportunity to go to a school to



systematically study the Word. “Lord,” I said, “I do not care where you will send me, just please let me go somewhere to study your Word and let me learn to be a qualified person to be able to teach and preach.”

My sister in Christ, Hansi, was looking for me and, upon locating me, sent a letter of strong comfort and encouragement, and a cheque. I knew that she was a prayerful Christian and loved children very much. She wanted to send support to the suffering children over there. I knew that she was praying for the safety of my children and that somehow they would accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. I also knew that the Lord answered her prayers and He enabled me to take good care of the children. The children that I cared for, by the Lord’s help, had a better life than their fellow children, James 5:16b says, “. . . *The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*”

Since the Lord allowed me to meet Hansi, she has written me many letters, each one brought spiritual encouragement. Because of the Lord’s love in the Holy Spirit, I felt closer to Hansi as my sister than I did to my own real brothers and sisters. I thanked the Lord for letting me know her, and for her ministry around the world. I still remembered the time in Cambodia when she visited me and we prayed. Her tears were genuine and full of meaning. I knew that her heart was very warm toward the Lord.

I needed money for personal needs. The money that came in belonged to the refugees and I could not spend God’s money for myself. I had sufficient things except for money. My wardrobe needed to be replaced, along with some towels, toothbrush, etc. I had some good friends in Zurich, Switzerland, who always supported my ministry regularly. One day, I received a letter of support, stating specifically that this money was for my own personal needs. How did they know that I needed it? They did not, but God touched their hearts and minds to write to me. I had never even asked the Lord for these things, but He always cares for His own people.

I have met a very humble and consecrated Christian from OMF (Overseas Missionary Fellowship), a Mission that sends out missionaries from various countries outside America. The people that came to Thailand were very good examples of the Christian life. They had no car, so everywhere they went, they went on foot or by bus. They kept working in the camp. I

was very impressed with these people. The food that they ate was also the food of the native people, a bowl of noodle soup for 20 cents or whatever the people had. When I went to their house in Bangkok, we prayed together. Every time I prayed with them, I came out feeling strong; as if my battery had been recharged. I went back to the camp with renewed vigour and plunged into the work at hand.

One time, I was told that a missionary had invited all the missionaries in the surrounding area to a dinner in Bangkok. I did not know who he was, but decided to go and find out. I arrived at the Florida Hotel in Bangkok on the scheduled day. A car pulled up and some men got out. One man, with white hair, came over. He threw his arms around me and hugged me, cried and called my name, but I still did not recognise him. Inside the restaurant, he wanted me to sit beside him. I could tell that he was a Christian, a very spiritual man and a good servant of God, but I still could not figure out who he was.

I was used to working in the jungle, and not having such good food as we ate at the restaurant. It was American food and it was very good. After the meal, this man gave each missionary a cheque for \$1,000! To me, he handed a cheque for \$5,000! After receiving the cheque, I asked his name and his work. He was Dr Bob Pierce, head of the Samaritan's Purse.

I rode with him to the airport. There were many missionaries around, but we two sat in his car and talked. "You are my spiritual son," he told me, "I came here especially to see you. From now on you are my son." I said, "Yes, Sir," and he became a bit irritated with me, "Don't call me Sir, you are my son, how can you call me sir?" My real father died in 1967, but then I had a new father. He also emphatically told me, "Jimmy, the Lord wants you to work for a country other than Korea. He has called you in a very special way and you remember that He wants you to work somewhere other than Korea." Before my conversion, I knew his name, I had heard it often but had never seen his face. All Koreans knew this man's reputation well. The orphans, refugees and lepers all call him their father. He has a wonderful work among the Koreans.

Bob Pierce began working in Korea in 1950, as a news reporter after the Korean War. He saw that no one was caring for the orphans or refugees. He returned to the US to raise support for them and came back to Korea to

work with them. The sight of the lepers also touched his heart. Everyone shuns lepers and with good reason, but not Dr Bob Pierce! This man would shake hands, eat with, hug and pray with these unfortunate people without fear. He had crossed the ocean at least 100 times, going to the US to raise support for them and bringing it back to the orphanages, refugee camps and leprosy colonies. So the Koreans named Dr Pierce the “Father of orphans and lepers.”

He set up a large foster home for the victims of war and organised a children’s choir. The choir has performed around the world raising funds and carrying on a ministry. Every one of the Korean people, from the first to the last, appreciates the work he has done in their country. The government presented him with the first class prize. But there is a higher and much more glorious crown awaiting him in Heaven, which the Lord Himself will present to him at His coming. His sacrificial living and work with people has earned him a place in the hearts of Koreans. Before my conversion, I only knew his name but was not familiar with his work in my homeland. Later, after my conversion, I visited the lepers and orphans, who were then grown-up men and women, and discovered what kind of work he did, and just what he means to the people there. *“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap”* (Gal 6:7). Many lepers and orphans have found Christ as a result of this godly man’s ministry.

Dr Bob Pierce’s faith in the Lord is tremendous and a very good example to everyone he meets. The Lord said before He ascended on high, *“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me”* (Luke 9:23). Since I have been to the US, I learned that Dr Pierce has leukaemia. The doctor instructed him to get plenty of rest and take care of himself, but Dr Pierce was interested in the quality of life, not quantity. If he has a few days or many days, he wanted to fulfil them serving the Lord to the last. Since he learned of his illness, he had made three trips around the world, visiting the mission fields, not caring whether he might die before he reached home again. There had been times when he had to stop on the way and enter a hospital before continuing further. I am very impressed with this man’s faith. He is the only one I know who has loved God most for all his life. *“He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me”* (Matt 10:37).

Many famous preachers set their eyes on big churches, big congregations, TV, radio, and big success. The reputation of their work for the Lord spreads far and wide: they are doing much work and souls are being saved, the sheep are being fed. But with all of these creeps that subtle pride of personal success. The preacher thinks he needs the biggest and best of everything, circumstances and attitudes of others support his theory, but does God really feel that way too? Not all circumstances are an indication from the Lord. You do not have to build the largest church in the world, what you have to do is to have your heart beat to the rhythm of God's heart, as David's did. Matthew 5:13–16 tells us that Christians are to be the light and salt of the earth. When salt is active, it does its work without noise. The same is true in Christian work. True, there is a place for preaching, ordained by God Himself; but many men and women think that the louder they are and the bigger they are, then it is an indication of the great work they are doing for the Lord. The main duty of the Christian is preaching with life, as well as with words. Make the most of your words, say little but say much; that is, scratch where the people itch, make it count. Salt creates a thirst that will come by themselves to learn more. Salt also melts ice until there is nothing left; the Christian is to sacrifice himself for God and the benefit of others until there is nothing left of his own self and selfishness, but all he does is for the glory of God. Paul said, *"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"* (Gal 2:20).

Along with this, you are to go where the people are. The light shines in the darkness, that is, what it is for, to shine and illumine so the people will not stumble in the darkness. There are churches all over America, filled with Christians; yet many of these born-again people of God sit back and stagnate. Only a small percent of the Christians do all the work for the rest, while, in other countries, there is not one church for miles around. America has sent thousands of missionaries out, but still it is not enough. In America, there are plenty of churches. Now a revival is needed to warm them up, more missionaries need to be sent out. Spiritually, America is fat while much of the world is starving to death. Christians take the Lord and His goodness for granted. More than one Bible is in many a home never being read, collecting dust. In other countries, a page is held tightly to the breast of a saint who praises the Lord for His goodness in sending this little piece of His Word. Get up America, get off your bed of ease, and

work while you can, for “*the night cometh, when no man can work*” (John 9:4).

A grain of wheat is of little value unless it falls to the ground and dies first. After it has died, it grows up into a new wheat plant, yielding much more fruit after its death than before. The same is true with man. Unless he dies to himself, he cannot live for Christ, as Matthew 10:39 informs us. Then, he will be the loser in the end. Dr Bob Pierce has heeded this admonition and his life has certainly yielded fruit to the Lord, He has been light in the darkness, by not building churches himself; but supporting the work of others. And in doing work in the mission fields, he has also been salt to the earth and melted himself, and by his sacrificial living, he is willing to spend his last days in the service of the Lord. He is not dying, but only physically departing from the earth. He has eternal life and will never die as the Lord has promised.

CHAPTER 23

THE HOLY SPIRIT

The Holy Spirit led me to go up and down for four hundred miles distributing food, clothing, and various materials to the refugees. In the beginning, none of them loved the Lord, and I did not feel close to them at all, for we had nothing except humanity in common. Daily I ministered to these unfortunate people, beating my brain trying to think of how to help and how to minister for the Lord, to bring them to a saving knowledge of Him. It was a long hard job but the results came bit by bit as I silently laboured for the people and my Master. They began asking why I did the work that I did, and that opened things up a little. From there, many had become Christians and I held worship services for Him. Now things were different between them and myself. I felt warm-hearted toward these refugees as my own family, for we are one in Christ. When I go to visit them, we embrace each other and cry. We could pray together and feel together from soul to soul, we are one in the Spirit.

All of my life over in the refugee camp, the Holy Spirit has led me every single step of the way. When I was thirsty, both spiritually and physically, He quenched it. When I was afraid, He took away the fear and helped me through the dangerous place. When I was discouraged, He lifted me and gave me encouragement. When I was tired, He made sure that rest came in Christ. Everything I needed He supplied, He went with me bringing comfort, supplies, and keys to unlock closed doors. Every problem, whether large or small, was solved, I could never have made it by myself, I needed His guidance.

It seemed that God poured out His Holy Spirit like rain on each refugee camp. There have been and still are results for the Lord in each one.

There was one large shelter in “A” camp, that was used for a chapel. When I went there for a visit, the people came running to me shouting “Haleluia!” It came from the heart, not just the mouth. It made me so happy that tears streamed out of both of my eyes. I have no children of my own, but I did raise a few of the orphans as my own. I began teaching the children how to write the word “love.” At first, it was just a word that they learned how to write, now it is a word with real meaning. When people came rushing out toward me shouting “Haleluia,” it touched my heart deeply, as a father would rejoice over his children. The seeds of the gospel that God used me to plant were growing up like a beautiful flower and it seemed like the flower was even smiling; I knew that this one was. When a farmer plants his seeds in the ground and comes back later and sees their growth, he rejoices over the work of his hands. Anyone who has ever planted anything realises this, and that if another person has planted it, then he does not feel as warm and happy over it. But if it is his own seed that has grown up, he feels warm toward it as if it were his very own. This is the way I felt when saw these people, growing in the Lord, come running out shouting “Haleluia,” and knowing what it meant.

The chapel now functioned like any other normal church. It is such a joy to see how it has grown. Missionaries came there and taught the congregation and blessing abounded. I went into the chapel and I do not know who started it, but someone began and everyone sang “Aleluia.” Everyone closed their eyes, while they sang and tears rolled down their cheeks. We stayed there for a long time and held a late prayer meeting. We prayed fervently for the people left behind under the communist control, who suffered greatly. When I left I shook hands with everyone there, and told them that perhaps I would leave. I was not sure of it because I had no visa yet, but I told them and said not to worry if I cannot continue, because the Lord would send another to replace me. God always supplies our needs as those needy people well know, so they put their trust in Him to do it again. I also admonished them that in whatever they do or wherever they go, to always follow the Lord.

I did not want to leave that camp. Many came to the fence and waved good-bye. I kept looking back at them as I drove away, we were all crying, it was so hard to say good-bye. After I got out of sight, I pulled the car over alongside the road to pray for them. I asked God to keep them

growing in Himself as they had been. “Maybe some day they will be able to stand alone in You, Lord, but for now they are babies as Paul said, and need milk. Christians grow in steps like the physical body; first, they need milk, then build strength enough to handle stronger foods. Keep them, Lord, protect them and help them grow.”

Camp “B” was situated near a small city and has more freedom than the other camps. The police helped the refugees more than anywhere else. The refugees had the liberty of going into the city to worship in the chapel, to worship and learn. The first hour they studied the Bible, the second hour they studied French. Most of the refugees in this camp will go to France. So, French was studied in preparation for it. This camp also had more children than the other camps. When I arrived at the camp, the children were the first to greet me. The little kids came running out from everywhere it seemed, shouting “Mui be bai boun,” which is Cambodian for “one, two, three, four.” The children did not know my name but did remember this, so that was my name as far as they were concerned.

God loves these children very much and I do too. Every time I came, I made a point to bring candy, cookies, cake, etc. When I gave it to them, I



asked, “Who gave you these cookies?” Immediately they answered, “Mui be bai boun.” “No!” I shouted, “I did not give you these, God gave them to you. I have no more to buy these for you, it came from God, I just brought it. He used me to bring it to you but He is the One Who gave it. Before you eat it, you must thank Him for it, say a prayer and thank Him.” Now before they ate, they prayed, they knew by themselves that God gave it and I did not have to say anything, it just came naturally for them to pray thanking the Lord.

Then I had to leave this camp also. I explained to the children that I would have to leave them and they should not to be discouraged. I wondered in myself about who would take my place and care for them as I had. I told the children, “Maybe you will forget Mui be bai boun, but do not forget the Lord. If you remember me, remember the Lord Jesus Christ first. Before I go let’s pray together.” I knelt down, but did not ask them to kneel, even so they followed my example and every knee was on the ground. We formed a large circle and prayed together. I prayed,

Lord, I have to leave these children and I do not know who will take my place after I am gone. Who will visit them and bring the candy and cookies? Lord, I do not want these children to become discouraged, so please send another to replace me. Take care of these little ones and help them grow and learn about You.

“Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein” (Mark 10:15; cf. Luke 18:17).

“C” camp was the most critical of all the camps as it was located in a place near the jungle, where refugees came pouring out constantly. As usual, I found 500 refugees near there, about 20 miles away, all together in a group. They had no supplies, so I had to travel 70 miles to Bangkok to fill my little truck with enough to last them for two days, then went back another time. Still I had to cover another 20 miles into the jungle to deliver the goods. Delivery was far from an easy task, as ten miles of the way in was by road, but the other ten had to be covered on foot. It was getting dark, so I had to spend the night in the truck. That evening, the mosquitoes had a banquet on my flesh. It was too hot to keep the window up, and I had not anticipated spending the night so I did not have a net. The next morning I summoned a few strong Christian young men from the camp to help lighten the burden.

While distributing the supplies, I learned that there was another group of 500 wandering around, lost in the jungle, which had been part of this group. While together, they had gotten lost and split up with the hope that at least one of them would find the way out. I knew that when found, these other people would be in desperate need of immediate medical aid as well as food and mosquito nets. I was in a strait between two ways to go. I could go in to search for the people, who would need nothing if not found soon, or go to Bangkok for supplies for them when they did arrive.

I sought out a private place to pray and spent 20–30 minutes in intercessory prayer and asking for guidance for my decision. A cable came from Bangkok asking me to come but the lost refugees needed help desperately, so I went into the jungle to search for the lost group. I figured that it would take little time to find them, so I took no supplies for myself. The unexpected and unprepared-for happened though, in that I spent all day looking but could not find them and had to stay the night alone in the jungle without so much as a mosquito net. The next morning, I set out looking again and walked all day without food or water, but still did not find them. Those who had informed me about the last group said that they had gone northwest, so I travelled in that direction for two days. This second night as I lay down for the night, I could hear the battle going on in the distance. The rot-tat-tat of machine gun echoed through the stillness of the sleeping jungle as I heard what I naturally figured to be the battle, the Communists troops.

In the morning of this third day, I struggled along, fainting from lack of food and water, but with still no sight of the lost refugees. Finally after hours of walking, I came upon two little children. As I approached them their faces paled in terror for fear that I too was a Communist, but I assured them that I was not and had come to help. All around the jungle lay the bodies of the people who had been victims of the machine gun fire that I heard just last night! The parents of those children threw themselves into the showering gun fire of the Khmer Rouge. The children remained in this place, knowing that they were hopelessly lost, whether they moved on or stayed there, plus there was always the possibility of running into the Communists again and being shot in spite of their parents' efforts to preserve the young lives of their little ones.

The three of us set out for the camp, going back the way I came. On the way, we received a nice surprise. Groups of people! Here were 20, farther along 30, then 35, then 50, etc, up to 150! I felt like Moses leading Israel out away from Pharaoh into Exodus, and Jesus searching for the lost sheep. At first when the people saw us, they turned and ran, thinking that we were Khmer Rouge, but we yelled to them who we were and that I could lead the way to camp. Including the little boy and girl who were the first to be found, there were 152 people when we reached the camp; those days of suffering had paid off.

Along the way, the group increased by way of “population explosion,” besides gathering more groups. There were 2 pregnant ladies, the one was nearly a month overdue. She entered into the third stage of labour before we reached our final destination, so we had to stop while I delivered her baby. I never encountered a situation like this before, and did not know the first thing about obstetrics. I prayed that God would give me wisdom and use my hands to help her, so she could have a safe delivery. Praise the Lord for her knowledge though, she knew everything to do and gave me the instructions for helping her. After the baby was born, the cord had to be cut. There was no water around to boil and nothing to boil in for sterilisation. I had a survival knife in my pocket, which was far from perfect but served the purpose. I took a large stone and rubbed the knife blade hard and rapidly on it, so the friction could build enough heat to sterilise the knife, then I cut the cord.

The first lady and her baby were fine when we got back to camp. She was able to get an IV. The second lady though, had help from others and I only oversaw the entire operation. She almost made it to camp carried on home-made stretcher, but along the way, we had to stop for her to be buried. The jungle floor was very soft and the soil easy to be moved, so a couple of us took bamboo sticks and dug a shallow grave for her, then proceeded on to the camp. No one had enough clothes, so I took off my shirt and wrapped the babies in it until we could do better. All of their clothes were dirtier than mine anyway, because they had been travelling for a long time but I had changed days before.

I led the refugees within 20 miles of the camp, but took the woman and two babies all the way in, so they could receive medical attention. I left for Bangkok immediately to get food, supplies and permission to help these

people and to find a helper to care for the orphan baby. Permission had to be granted from the governor to take the child out of the camp over to Bangkok. I met a lady who was a volunteer orphan worker, who took care of all the paper work involved in finding a home for the baby. The governor's permission had to be given in order to send the baby out of the country and the governor at this station was a very kind and helpful man, not quarrelsome and proud like most. The lady took custody of the child and found a home for him in Australia.



CHAPTER 24

GOD'S IMPORTANT PLAN FOR ME

The need of the refugees lost in the jungle kept me from responding to the first cable that made me come to Bangkok, so during my absence another one came. There was a letter from James E Franks, the director of the Mid-West World Vision International asking me to come to the United States by August for school to begin in September. I had asked the Lord to let me study His Word, so I could preach it and be qualified to baptise when the need arose, but I never expected Him to answer this soon! Included in the letter was a note from a sponsor telling me that he would pay my support and plane-ticket. The only thing I needed to do was get the visa and ticket.

I praised the Lord for His fast and complete answer but I also thought of the refugees who had no one to replace me after I was gone. Due to the war, this area was very dangerous so no one was willing to take over and the people desperately needed help; could it possibly be the Lord's will for me to leave them at this time?

I stayed on, working with the refugees, ignoring the second cable. A third cable came shortly afterward, persistently drawing my attention to the United States so I gave in and went to the American Embassy for a visa. To my surprise, they granted it quickly without many questions. I received the visa in August of 1975 and school was to begin in the next month.

I knew that it was the Lord's will for me to study because I had asked for that privilege. This was His answer, it was also needful for the work I was in, so that I could more efficiently serve the Lord and those people. Even so, I still did not want to leave because there was no one to replace me yet, plus I had twenty-five orphan children in Bangkok to care for. So, while I

was there in town, I went to my apartment seeking solitude and a quiet place to pray.

“Lord,” I said,

I know that You want me to go to the United States for Bible study, but Lord does it have to be right now? Studying the Bible is more important than anything else; but Lord, these people have no man willing to help them the way I have. Please give me an answer what to do. If You do not answer I will take it that You want me to remain here working, but I will gladly go if You indicate that to me, because I want to do Your will and I love these people.

After I finished praying and went out, I still did not know what to do, so I went back to the camp to the refugees.

CHAPTER 25

MEMORY OF REFUGEE CAMPS

By the power of the Holy Spirit, I became a zero, in other words I became nothing so that Christ could become everything in me. This was only possible by the grace of God the Father, through the Spirit, I thank God for that. I was a sinner above all sinners, who deserved to be condemned to hell itself, but because of the great love that God had for me, I was not condemned anymore. At the time of my conversion, I realised that Jesus was not only my Saviour but also my Master, and I wanted to serve Him for the rest of my life because of His great love for me, a sinner. At the time of my salvation, I thanked God for helping me, I confessed and repented of all the evil things I had done in my life. When Jesus came into my heart, I knew He was really there, I knew I was completely forgiven of all my sins, I wanted Him to be my only Master forever. The truth of 2 Corinthians 5:17 is a tremendous comfort and source of praise to God from me; it says, *“Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.”* Moreover, I am very grateful that I can be used as an instrument for the Lord even though a small one. Even though I am zero in myself, through Christ, I can be everything He wants me to be, as He said in 1 Corinthians 1:27–28,

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.

God made me blind to the things of the world, I had absolutely no desire for anything rich or fancy anymore; also God took away all my fear, it was

impossible to get upset or worry about anything at all. He replaced that fear with the peace that passes all understanding. God made me a son of light, so that I could walk in His wonderful light. My heavy sighs turned into songs of praises and my worry was dissolved into prayer. I cannot even begin to know how good His love and grace and His blessings are to me, I am overwhelmed! I now have no other choice but to work for the Lord. Because of His tender mercy to me, no other job would be worthwhile. I wanted to show God that I was very grateful for this new life and I wanted to use my body, my brains, my heart and my soul to serve Jesus. Even if I gave my life up, there would be no way I could begin to pay Him back, but at least I could do a small part.

Since I became a “zero,” I leave everything to God! I do not try to make up my own plans anymore, I want to be led by the Holy Spirit. Then God showed me to gather the little lambs (the orphans) and take care of their needs. God gave me the wisdom to know how to love these children and take care of their needs, both physical and spiritual.

It was in God’s Word where I learned how to witness to these refugee children and many other kinds of people. It was important to be able to show them Christ by my actions, more than my words. James 2:26 tells us that, *“For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.”*

Just like a tree needs water, man also needs water, but if we give too much or at the wrong time it will benefit neither. Likewise in spiritual things, there is a proper time to give out the Word of God. If a man is content and successful in life, then he will not listen to you, but if this man is poor and starving, it will be much easier for him to understand. When Jesus met the woman of Samaria at the well, He used a unique opportunity to witness to her. She had come simply to draw some water but Jesus offered her something far more valuable, Living Water. In John 4:13–14, we read,

Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Just like Jesus, I want to wait for the right time to speak to people. I am very glad I have learned this from the Lord. I know what it is like to speak

to someone in great darkness, followers of Buddha are this way. I have learned to wait for the right time to speak as God leads me. Even in writing this book, I have had many delays. I had hoped it to be done much sooner but there were too many interruptions. I believe that God caused those interruptions, so that I would finish my story according to His time schedule rather than mine.

God sent me into the jungles of Thailand to help the refugees, especially the children. There in the jungle, I was faced with many dangers and problems. Many times my lips were parched and I was very thirsty, but the water was not safe to drink, I would have diarrhoea from it. The insects were a problem to me continually. The mosquitoes would be attracted to my body odour if I were sweating or wet from the rain. Sometimes poisonous ants would bite me and make me so sick that I could not sleep all night. These things were hard enough to bear, but even worse was the way I had to watch these children suffering. They would try to huddle together to keep warm at night when it was very cool, but it was impossible, this was the hardest thing I had ever faced.

Sometimes new groups of refugees would attempt to cross the border but were ambushed by the Khmer Rouge (Communist troops) and most of them were wounded or died. Most people cannot imagine how much suffering and death I had seen in the jungles. I would try to help the wounded as much as possible. Since there was no road to drive a car on, I had to take a person over my back and lead another with my hand to the refugee camp. I had to get permission from the district official before I could bring them to the hospital. They would be bleeding so badly, that their clothes were completely soaked with blood, and I had a hard time breathing. It is hard to describe how terrible this smelled when I had someone on my back and his blood dripped all over me as I carried him. Through all of this suffering though, something wonderful happened. Most of these refugees were very strong Buddhists and their hearts were not willing to listen to God. Slowly but surely many of them began to see God's love as the Holy Spirit showed me how to help them. One by one, their hearts began to open up more and more. The pain of losing their homeland was hard to bear but for those who received Jesus, God gave them a peace so that they could endure it. They were now citizens of heaven. I visited all the refugee camps over a range of four hundred miles

to say good-bye to everyone there. I knew this was God's will that I should go say good-bye to them, but it was very hard to leave them. When I told them that I had to go to the United States to study the Bible, many people cried and surrounded me, not wanting me to leave. I asked them then to unite their hearts and pray together. Many people tried to hold me and touch me while we prayed,

Oh, Heavenly Father thank You for what you have done for us so far, Your love, especially this opportunity that we can pray together before I leave. You help these new brothers and sisters to know You and Your truth and help them turn to You. Lord, we are sad and suffering separation, but we know we can overcome this through You. These brothers and sisters are just babies in You, they need someone to help them better than me. Oh, Lord, please send here a better and faithful servant to encourage these newborn babies and continue to love and guide and bless these people. Lord, please help these people to realise even though we are separated physically, we are one in the Lord, we are one in the Spirit. Some day in heaven, no separation, never say good-bye again. The main purpose of this prayer is to overcome this burden of separation, we also ask that we would have good fellowship with each other, and let them witness themselves one to another. Please take care of these people until we meet again. I pray this in the precious name of Jesus, Amen.

We did not pray that many words, but it took a long time because we were crying and repeated certain words many times.

I drove slowly away, everyone was waving to me with tears in their eyes. My eyes were so full of tears I could barely see the road.

CHAPTER 26

SUFFERING OF SEPARATION, BUT GOD IS WITH US

I now had to separate from my orphans in Bangkok. My children did not know yet that I had to go. By now, they had forgotten their suffering in the jungle because life in Bangkok was much better. This was an international city, so they had good food, clothing, and a nice place to live. It would be harder to say good-bye to them than the other refugees because I gathered them myself from the jungle and fed them and took care of them when they were sick, and now I had to say good-bye, I did not know how to do it. My heart was breaking; for two weeks I could not tell them, I tried to have the courage to say it but I kept waiting day by day. Finally I prayed all night by myself,

Oh, Heavenly Father, I kneel down and pray with my heart to you in the name of Jesus. I do not want to hurt these children when I say good-bye to them, but I do not know how to start to talk about my leaving. Oh, Lord, help them not to hurt even when I say good-bye, they are too childish to know the world. Now they are enjoying their life in You without any difficulty, and Lord, tomorrow morning when I will tell them, please help them to understand. Lord, if You are willing for me to stay and work with the refugees, then I am willing, but please show me what Your will is, not my will; Your schedule, not my schedule. I just want to obey and follow You, that's all. Please show me the way to go. I pray in the precious name of Jesus. Amen.

After I was through praying, I went to sleep. I had a dream in which I heard a big voice say, "GO STRAIGHT AHEAD. DON'T LOOK BACK." When I heard that, I immediately woke up and opened my Bible and started to read the book of Acts chapter one and verse eight,

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

The Holy Spirit led me to read this passage over and over many times, and gave me understanding of these words. This meant first, that I had to go to the United States and study the Bible and, then, go all around the world and witness.

The next day, I took the children sight-seeing and, for dinner, we went to the Imperial Hotel, a very expensive hotel, and they asked us to have a free candlelight dinner with very good food. I thanked God for such a wonderful dinner before I had to go. We would never have been able to afford this, because we had no money. I thanked God very much for everything, but I could not enjoy the dinner, I felt a very heavy burden for these children.

That night when we came back home, I explained to them why I had to leave. It was very hard for them to take, they cried very much and yelled in tantrums. I could not leave them, it was impossible for us to sleep that night because of the heartbreak.

I did not want to stay any longer than necessary because it would be too hard on all of us emotionally. I had no money to come to the United States to attend school. The next morning Andy Bishop, a missionary from Christian and Missionary Alliance, came to me and gave me five hundred dollars. He told me that Bob Pierce would arrive in Bangkok that day, and I met him there. I told him I would go to the United States and study the Bible. He looked at my face for a long time, and he took me to his room and prayed for me. After that, he gave me another five hundred dollars.

Since I began serving the Lord, no one paid me a living allowance but the Lord Himself had taken care of me. I only thank God for what He had done for me, especially using me as an instrument.

The day of departure came; my children were at the airport and they started weeping. My heart felt like it was going to burst, so I held each of my children's hands and said good-bye to them in the passenger lounge, and then I boarded my plane, A300, a French-made aircraft. I looked out

through the window as the aircraft was taking off, and I saw my children waving to me.

As we went farther and farther, Bangkok became smaller and smaller. Next, we flew over the southern part of Cambodia and even then I was still crying, I could not control my feelings that I had for my children, because seeing Cambodia made me think of my orphans even more. I just could not stop crying because I did not want to leave.

Just as I was about to bow my head in prayer, a stewardess came to me and asked me what I wanted to drink. I could not answer her because of my teardrops. Then I just put my hands together and bowed in prayer. "Oh, Lord," I prayed,

thank You for Your Love, and giving me an opportunity to serve you by taking care of the orphans. You let me know and understand what suffering is. I want to witness not only by mouth but also by doing. I am Your follower, I want to obey only You. So far I have obeyed You and hereafter help me to obey and follow only You. Lord, not only children in Cambodia and Thailand but also children around the world are experiencing suffering, starvation; they need Your help and Your love. Please be with them. I pray in the precious name of Jesus; Amen.

I thought of how Moses in the Old Testament had helped deliver the nation of Israel, but then he died and Joshua took his place. Likewise, it was now time to leave and let another one take my place. Then the stewardess came again and asked me if I would like something to drink, I just smiled, she smiled also.

CHAPTER 27

CONCLUSION: MAY 1998

I arrived in Michigan, USA, in 1975 to study at the Grand Rapids School of Bible and Music. I also studied aviation. After three years in Michigan, I attended Los Angeles Bible College.



Up until 1980, I spent my summer vacations in northeast Thailand attending the missions. The refugee camps were overflowing because of the increasing deprivations of the Khmer Rouge. In addition, the resistance became more active and the border region less of a sanctuary.

Until the Khmer Rouge fell to the Vietnamese, the area from Aranya-pratet to Siem Riep was in war. But my mission continued through our Home Church program. Along with Bible study, I distributed material assistance wherever we could help. Cambodia is now known as the country with millions of land mines. But even back then, land

mines were the biggest threat as I made my way through the region and ministered to civilian and soldier alike.

After the Khmer Rouge were defeated, I worked with Vietnamese refugees in the Philippines during my summer breaks. Imelda Marcos supported our mission and I worked with her for two years.

In 1982, I started my mission in China. I worked officially with the Chinese Red Cross and Handicap Welfare Office. With their recognition, I was able to travel freely during a time when foreigners' movements were strictly controlled. It also let me carry out my mission to the fledgling underground church in China. This mission lasted for more than ten years with hundreds supported, encouraged and organised.

At the same time, I was working closely with the Chinese government. For this work, they awarded Honorary Directorship of the Chang Chun Orphanage, which now has over 530 children, and of a Handicap Orphan Centre in Beijing that has over 250 children. Jilin City made me an Honorary President of the Communist party Travel Bureau, Psychiatric Hospital and Social Welfare Institute. I was also a consultant for the Worker and Staff Member Hospital of Jilin Chemical Industrial Company. For my work in Shenzhen, I was made an Honorary Director of the Fu-Tian Hospital. All the time, God let me work for the underground Church.

But in 1994, God brought me back to Phnom Penh. I never thought I could return. I kissed the broken tarmac of Pochentong Airport. But it was God's will, and He told me that I would stay there. In a dream I saw that the only way left for me is Cambodia.

With God's knowledge, wisdom and encouragement, I am now deep in a difficult mission. Cambodia is in a terrible condition and older Cambodians are strongly reviving Buddhism. But God directed my way ahead by my mission with Cambodia's many orphans. We started small around Phnom Penh and are slowly going to the neighbouring provinces.

Right now we are working on Cambodia's first self-sufficient orphan technical school. My plan is to give a thousand orphans a spartan Bible education. This next generation is the future of my mission in Cambodia.

THE LATEST AND LAST PROJECT OF MY LIFE

Title: One Thousand Orphan Children Vocational Training School

Location: Cambodia

The Cambodian civil war has taken almost 30 years. Most of the middle-aged and old-aged people of Cambodia had no opportunity for education during that time. Their lives are filled with Buddhism. Because of these and many other barriers, it is very difficult to minister to these aged people. The best way to minister to the Cambodians is to take care of their orphan children with a Bible-study based education in a special spartan system, that will build them up into strong Christians and good citizens of Cambodia. They may even become missionaries to their own people in the near future. The history of missions in Cambodia has shown that the work of foreign missionaries has not helped much. God has revealed to me several times that this project would be His last order for me to carry out in my life.

My request to you is for your prayers for this project and for me. I need your help. I have nothing right now but only a dream. In order to fulfill this dream, I appeal to every Christian to join me in this project. Cambodia is today a centre of idolatry and Buddhism. We need to gain victory for Christ in this mission field. Let us fight the battle in the name of Jesus. Nothing is impossible with Him. I await your response.

JIMMY RIM

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Books Available at the FEBC Press

Where it is unspecified, the author is Timothy Tow

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