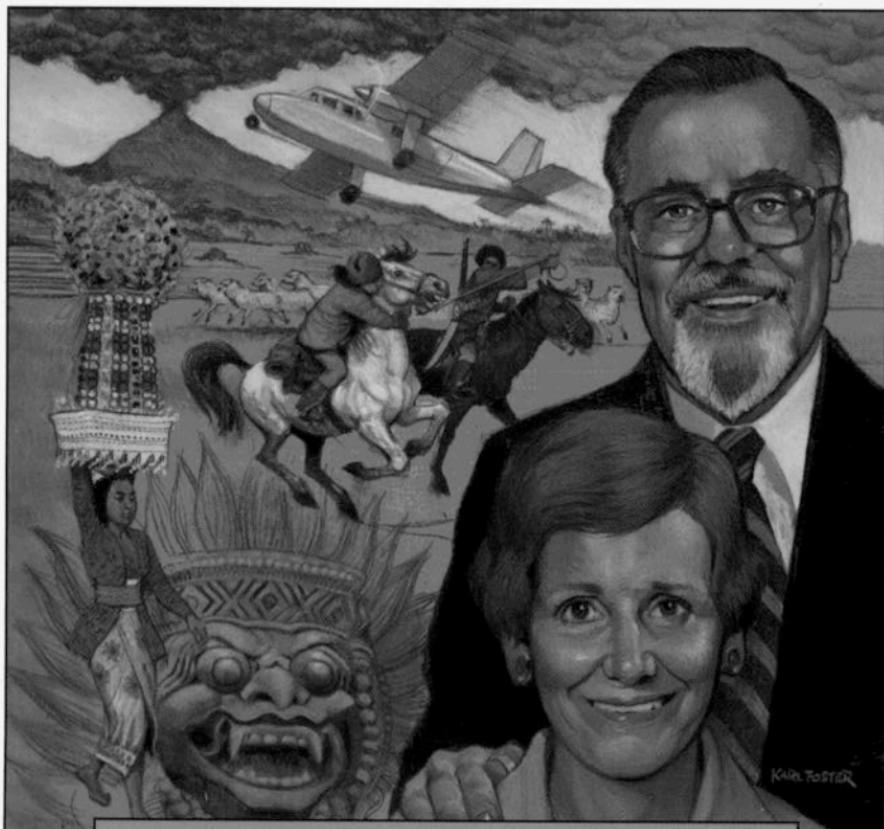




THE BATTLE FOR BALI

THE STORY OF
RODGER AND LELIA LEWIS



by A. Rodger Lewis

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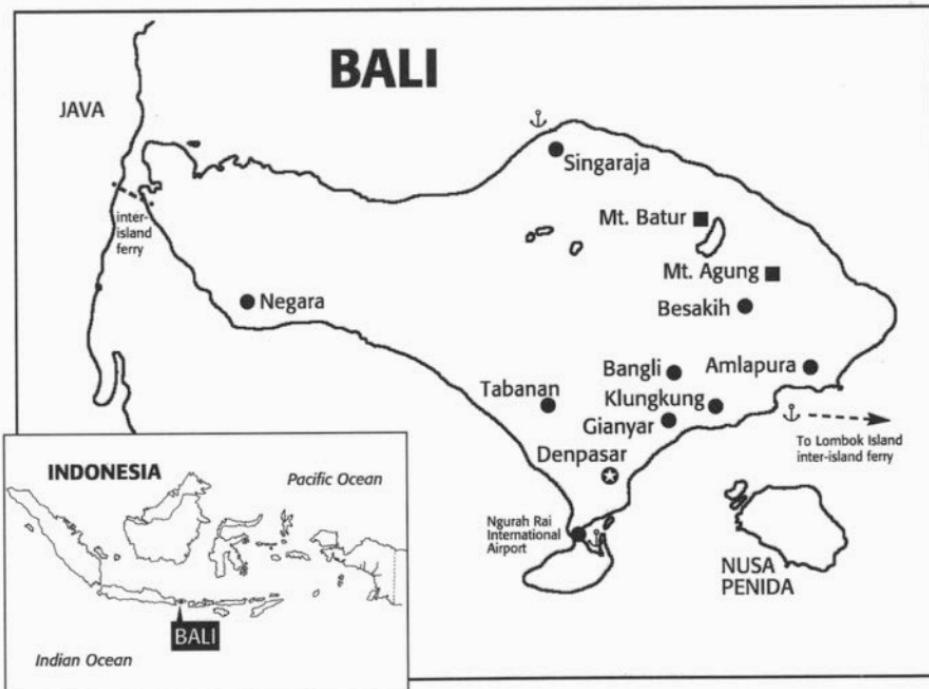
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Dedication

To the memory of a man I dimly recall seeing as an imposing figure in a white suit standing in the old Gospel Tabernacle on Eighth Avenue in New York City. Since then, through research and with the eyes of mind and heart, I have clearly seen Robert Alexander Jaffray especially at that faith-inspired moment when he stepped onto the shore of Bali, claiming it for Christ: God's aging scout, still spying out new territory. Later he said that he had entered Bali to "reconnoiter," a military term meaning to spy out an area prior to invasion. God allowed Jaffray to take an active part in the invasion and ensuing (spiritual) battle for Bali.

Jaffray also tasted man-made war: He chose to return to Indonesia on the eve of World War II, and it is there that he was promoted to glory after suffering and dying in an enemy internment camp. Jaffray's mortal remains lie in an Indonesian cemetery; his spirit is with Christ and also in the hearts of those who took up the battle upon his departure.

My prayer is that Jaffray's heroic pioneer spirit will continue to animate the organization he represented and inspire the hearts of all who read these pages.



Contents

<i>Acknowledgments</i>	<i>xi</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xiii</i>
<i>Introduction</i>	<i>1</i>
1 <i>Alliance Blood in Our Veins</i>	<i>5</i>
2 <i>Enlisted for Life</i>	<i>18</i>
3 <i>The Battlefield</i>	<i>27</i>
4 <i>Engaging the Enemy</i>	<i>44</i>
5 <i>Dark Schemes</i>	<i>61</i>
6 <i>Frontal Attacks</i>	<i>71</i>
7 <i>Reverse Culture Shock</i>	<i>86</i>
8 <i>Battle Trophies</i>	<i>99</i>
9 <i>The Battle Heats Up, Part I: Natural Upheaval</i>	<i>113</i>
10 <i>The Battle Heats Up, Part II: Political and Personal Upheaval</i>	<i>125</i>
11 <i>Weapons of Our Warfare</i>	<i>141</i>
12 <i>Children—Comrades-in-arms</i>	<i>156</i>
13 <i>Standing and Waiting</i>	<i>168</i>
14 <i>Detour to Timor</i>	<i>181</i>
15 <i>Multiplying Soldiers</i>	<i>188</i>
16 <i>God's Time for Ubud</i>	<i>197</i>
<i>Epilogue</i>	<i>208</i>

Acknowledgments

I want to thank the Warrior God,
the Lord mighty in battle,
Captain of my salvation
who teaches my hands to war
and who leads me in triumphal procession,
for enlisting me in His army
and for keeping me and mine
through many years on the firing line.
The battle is the Lord's.
To Him be praise and glory
for victories won.

I wish also to thank members and friends of The Christian and Missionary Alliance—troops on the home front—who “stayed with the supplies” and whose share “is to be the same as [those] who went down to the battle” (1 Samuel 30:24). It is doubtful we could have kept those home troops sufficiently motivated to support a family of seven had it not been for the Alliance Great Commission Fund. Our heartfelt thanks to those who contribute to it.

I would especially like to thank the members and friends of Park Street Church in Boston, Massachusetts, for their long-standing support that continues to the present.

Thanks also to my editor, Marilynne Foster, and to my wife Lelia for helping me in editing and introducing me to a strange and wonderful machine, the computer.

Preface

Being a preacher, I have a text for this manuscript. Moses was leading God's people toward the Promised Land. On one occasion God commanded the great lawgiver to assume the role of field marshal: "Set out now and cross the Arnon Gorge. See, I have given into your hand . . . [the] king of Heshbon, and his country. Begin to take possession of it and engage him in battle" (Deuteronomy 2:24).

These words thrill our souls as we apply them to our lifelong campaign in Bali, a battle begun by others and carried on by still others. Our Arnon Gorge is the Island of the Demons. In fact, I saw Bali advertised as such in a hotel lobby. Bali played an important part in Robert Jaffray's missionary strategy, even as today it is important in the overall life of Indonesia.

In spite of its small size (2,045 square miles—about as big as the state of Delaware), Bali has a population four times that small state, making it one of the most densely populated areas in the world. Due to burgeoning tourism, it enjoys a per capita income higher than any of Indonesia's twenty-seven provinces. Five-star hotels abound, but none is allowed to be taller than a coconut palm tree. (The Bali government fears its island

will become another Honolulu.) The dilemma—how to curb the negative influences of tourism without killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

Our king of Heshbon is Satan, leader of Bali's demons. We call him the prince of Bali, reminiscent of the princes of Persia and Greece, who resisted the Messiah (Daniel 10:13, 20). This prince of Bali, still resisting the Messiah and His representatives, is not a physical person, to be sure, but he is a real spiritual being. Our engaging him in battle and taking possession of his country is a true representation in spiritual terms of our missionary career.

When we arrived in Bali in 1953 we found the remnants of a work miraculously started a generation before. Most of the Christians, less than 0.5 percent of Bali's 1.5 million people, were members of another denomination. Our own Alliance work consisted of three congregations—two small- and one medium-sized, and three beleaguered workers, a fourth evangelist having recently committed suicide.

We set out across our Arnon Gorge, engaged our King of Heshbon and began to take possession of his territory—an adventure, as you can imagine, that has left many vivid memories. This story, however, is based not on memory but on war diaries—journal entries, reports and letters written in the heat of battle.

Join Lelia and me in the fray, sharing the heartaches and the heartbreaks, as well as the

victories. Our Warrior God, a greater field marshal than Moses, promises yet greater victories as we continue to carry the battle to the enemy, planting the banner of the cross on the Island of the Demons.

*Let this be written for a future
generation,
that a people not yet created may
praise the LORD. (Psalm 102:18)*

Introduction

Indonesia is the world's fourth most populous nation, a sprawling archipelago of more than 6,000 inhabited islands straddling the equator between the mainland of Asia and Australia. These islands are a tropical paradise, from Sumatra on the west to Irian Jaya on the east, and including Java, Bali, Kalimantan, Sulawesi, Flores, Sumba, Timor and the Moluccan spice islands of East Indonesia. Rich in natural and human resources, Indonesia has a highly diverse mix of cultures and languages, yet united by the Malay-based national language *Bahasa Indonesia*.

Sukarno, the nation's first president, was a true revolutionary who led a liberation movement that saw the dissolution of the Netherlands East Indies and, in 1945, the birth of the Republic of Indonesia. In spite of subsequent events that tarnished his reputation, Sukarno is a national hero. Jakarta's new airport has been named for him, the man who gave the multi-ethnic Malay people a national identity under the red and white national flag and who formulated Pancasila, the Republic's still-popular state philosophy.

He was a man of great charisma. On one occasion he bent down to greet our young daughters at the airport in Bandung. He was also a spellbinding orator, never at a loss when it came to thinking up political slogans to get the minds of his people off the nation's precarious economy. Sukarno, by his own confession, possessed a king-sized ego, reflected in the grandiose national monuments he built while many of his countrymen were hungry, and seen also in his amorous liaisons, frowned upon by his Muslim and Christian compatriots, but openly criticized by only a few.

Sukarno is faulted most for taking his nation to the brink of civil war by encouraging the expansion of the then powerful Indonesian Communist Party. According to reliable sources, half a million communists and others alleged to have been communists were annihilated. In 1966 Sukarno was eased out of power by General Suharto who succeeded him and was declared president in 1968.

Suharto ruled Indonesia for thirty-two years until forced to resign in May 1998. Freedom-starved Indonesians set about establishing forty political parties—still counting at this writing. The year 1998 will be remembered as the year a candidate for the “young tiger club” of Asia suddenly turned into a paper tiger. Destructive riots with loss of more than 1,000 lives, including many Chinese-Indonesians, have severely hurt Indonesia's economy and international reputation. But there

is hope because of the potential of a country fabulously wealthy in natural resources.

Officially, eighty-five percent of Indonesia's 200 million people are Muslims and ten to twelve percent are Christian. Accurate statistics are difficult to obtain, perhaps because authorities anticipate unfavorable reaction from the radical wing. This fact is an indication of the success of the Christian mission in Indonesia. Although in recent years there has been a revival of interest in Islam, it is doubtful that extremists will be able to convert the country to an Islamic state.

For years the government has been threatening to phase out missionaries, and, in fact, began doing so in earnest in the mid 1980s. Many long-term missionaries have lost permission to live in the country. Our permanent resident visa was rescinded in 1997. Now it must be renewed periodically.

A few years ago, The Christian and Missionary Alliance had seventy missionaries in Irian Jaya alone; seventeen remain today. Two reasons have been given for missionary attrition: 1) Indonesianization, which all agree is a good policy, and 2) opposition by highly placed government officials, a regrettable fact from our standpoint when we recall that twenty-seven significantly large ethnic groups remain in the unreached category. Evangelization is now the responsibility of the Indonesian Church and bi-vocational foreigners.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance in Indonesia represents one of the great missionary enterprises of the modern era. Thousands of spirit worshipers in Kalimantan and Irian Jaya were baptized into the Christian faith through the efforts of intrepid Alliance pioneers beginning in the early 1930s. Today the Gereja Kemah Injil Indonesia (GKII—Gospel Tabernacle Church of Indonesia) is the third largest among some forty Alliance national church bodies around the world. With 320,000 inclusive members, it is one of the largest evangelical denominations in Indonesia. In our area, GKII was known formerly as KINGMIT (*Kemah Injil Gereja Masehi Indonesia Timur*), the Gospel Tabernacle Church of East Indonesia. In 1984, a change was made to simplify and KINGMIT became GKII.

After four decades in Indonesia, Lelia and I look back with gratitude to God and with a sense of satisfaction for the privilege of having seen firsthand the rapid development of a great nation, as well as having had a part in the building of a vibrant Indonesian Church.

1

Alliance Blood in Our Veins

*You have given me the heritage of those
who fear your name. (Psalm 61:5)*

A colorful Indonesian preacher once stood in a conference to affirm his credentials and loyalty: “I am Christian and Missionary Alliance to the core,” he declared. “If you were to cut my arm, the blood flowing out would spell ‘C.M.A.’” I don’t believe that Lelia and I can go that far, but our heritage does provide us with unassailable Alliance credentials.

My father’s father, G.B. Lewis, was the son of an old-fashioned Methodist class leader in Dayton, Ohio. When Dr. A.B. Simpson, founder of The Christian and Missionary Alliance, visited Dayton about the turn of the cen-

tury, Grandfather was so impressed with the man and his message that he became a charter member of the Dayton Alliance Church. Later, his son, given the improbable name of Saxby Aristobulus Lewis, joined the mother church of the Alliance, the Gospel Tabernacle in New York City. There the tall engineer from Ohio met the lovely Miss Frances Pope, soprano soloist for Dr. Simpson. Saxby, the Westinghouse engineer, was smitten and, in spite of some serious competition, won her heart.

Saxby, still unmarried, was sent to the Panama Canal Zone to try to wangle a contract for Westinghouse motors for use in construction of the "Big Ditch." Looking forward to the day when he would get back to New York, he wrote to his fiancée, "Let's ask the bishop to meet the ship and marry us on the dock."

It was in 1912 that "Bishop" Simpson did indeed marry them, albeit not on the dock, but rather quite properly in the Gospel Tabernacle.

Saxby and Frances bought a house in Queens, New York, and there raised five children, of whom I was the youngest. Although I did not get to know my dad because he died of cancer when I was seven, I am grateful for the heritage of his godly life and thankful also for the rich endowment of my mother's example. She was widowed at the beginning of the Great Depression (1930). Providing for a large family that included my grandfather and invalid Uncle Charlie was an enormous challenge for her. But her

faith never wavered. She did not blame God nor become embittered by her lot, but rather taught us to be thankful.

I remember what a hard time she had collecting five active youngsters for family devotions without the support of a husband/father, but she did it. She gathered us around the piano in the downstairs parlor and led us in singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." On one occasion, as I helped her scrub the linoleum floor in an upstairs room, she started to weep. She had plenty to cry about, but her remark to me at that time, through her tears, was, "God is so good to us."

To make ends meet, my mother worked for The Bible and Fruit Mission, a ministry to New York City's poor. She helped many, but she too was helped through sharing Christ's love. However, there was one my mother couldn't seem to help—her youngest child.

Despite my mother's godly life and patient instruction, a spirit of rebellion took hold of me. I became a source of trouble and grief. At one point I became so uncontrollable that my older brothers had to lock me in a closet where, in a rage, I kicked holes in the plaster. My grandfather had an acquaintance at the Elmhurst police station who dispatched two uniformed officers to our house to "put the fear of God into me." I was subdued for a few days, especially afraid that they might report me to Mrs. Jones, my

teacher at Public School 89. I liked her and I became a model student to please her.

But at home it was different. In a typical escapade, I stole money to buy cigarettes. I got sick smoking them, so hid the rest of the pack in the toy box. My sister found it and, of course, suspected the culprit's identity. With loud curses I vehemently denied her accusations. Another time, on the way to church, my brothers watched me tauntingly hold up my nickel offering and then, with a wicked grin, drop it into a sewer. In Sunday school I was so intractable that the teacher was reduced to tears and resigned. Years later, an editor at Christian Publications, Inc., asked if my testimony could be used to encourage Sunday school teachers not to give up on problem kids!

Perhaps a child psychologist would relate such rebellious conduct to the loss of a father. And possibly I was angry with God and railing against Him. But He, the heavenly Father, was watching over me and working in my heart in answer to the prayers of family and many concerned Tabernacle friends.

When it happened, it was sudden. I was thirteen. On an ordinary day at home, the Holy Spirit revealed to me that Jesus was the fulfillment of the Old Testament sacrifices that I had heard about in family devotions and Sunday school. When it further dawned on my understanding that Jesus had been sacrificed for my sins, I was so overwhelmed with a feeling of grat-

itude that I knelt by the bathtub in the bathroom of our house and in simple faith accepted Jesus as my Savior and my Lord. Christ came in and I was changed. To the wonder and delight of my family and the amazement of neighborhood buddies, the change in my attitude and conduct became immediately noticeable.

Upon graduation from high school in 1941, where I had studied agriculture, I left to work on a farm in upstate New York. I was open to the Lord's leading, and missions was always an option for any young person brought up in The Christian and Missionary Alliance. But at that time I had not yet felt a definite call. I enrolled in the New York State Institute of Agriculture at Farmingdale. During that time I attended an annual Congress of Prayer Bands sponsored by the Nyack Missionary Training Institute (MTI). Dr. Thomas Moseley, president of the school and former missionary to the Gansu-Tibetan border in China, gave an altar call. Responding to God's voice, I went forward and committed myself to missionary service.

Upon graduation from Farmingdale (1944) I planned to get involved in Christian work and considered joining a mission organization whose requirements were minimal, allowing candidates to go immediately into ministry overseas. I wrote about this to Dr. Moseley at MTI. His straightforward answer I still pass on to missionary candidates: "After twenty-five years as a missionary, my advice to you, young

man, is to get as much training as possible." I enrolled at the Nyack school, understanding that learning is like firewood on the altar of the heart—the more the fuel, the greater the fire for the glory of God.

Practical ministry included singing baritone in the Nyack Ambassador Quartet, which sang in churches on weekends. But after one semester I was drafted into the Army of the United States and spent four months in basic infantry training at Camp Blanding, Florida. Upon completion of that rugged course, I took a trip to Nyack to visit my former roommate and boyhood chum from the New York Gospel Tabernacle, Edward Smillie. Ed, a student at MTI who later was to serve as superintendent of the South Atlantic District of The Christian and Missionary Alliance, introduced me to an eighteen-year-old Houghton College coed home for the summer and working at the MTI switchboard. Later that day I listened with increasing interest as another student extolled the virtues of this same young lady. I said to myself, *Talk on. I'm interested.*

This interest subsequently had to be fostered by mail because on July 24, 1945, I embarked on a troop ship bound for the Pacific. It was from this contingent that units would be formed for invasion of the Japanese homeland. However, while we were en route to the shores of Japan, the atomic bombs were dropped, effecting an end to the war and, no doubt, saving my life. But our ship didn't return us to the United States.

We had to do garrison duty in Guam, where I spent more than a year, reaching the rank of sergeant.

As a chaplain's assistant, the government was paying me for doing full-time Christian work. During this time my spiritual life was enriched through Navigators, then a new organization promoting personal spiritual growth. When friend Bill Nyman, Jr. left Guam, I took over his duties as Navigator representative. Bill later served Wycliffe Bible Translators with distinction. We keep in touch to this day.

Meanwhile, feeler letters had gone to the young lady who had intrigued me. It was a happy mail call when a response finally came, including a photo of her seated at the piano. For someone who loved music and was often asked to sing, this picture further piqued my interest. On my way to Nyack from the Pacific, I stopped off in Wheaton to see the pianist in person. (She had transferred from Houghton College.) Interest in her grew by leaps and bounds.

I discovered that Lelia Koenigswald's roots in the Alliance were as deep as mine. Charles Richard Koenigswald of Brooklyn, New York, born of German emigrant parents, was at one time the youngest deacon in the history of Simpson's Tabernacle. It was there that he gave his life to the Lord for missionary service. His study at MTI was also interrupted by a stint of military service in Europe in 1918. The signing of the Armistice that year allowed him to return to

Nyack—and to his sweetheart, Helen Ray from Toledo.

Upon graduation in 1919, Charlie received a call to pastor the newly organized White Plains Alliance Church, at the same time managing a discreet romance with Helen. White Plains was fortunately not much more than a Hudson River ferry ride away from Nyack, where Helen was in her last year of study. They became engaged but, as missionary candidates, were not permitted to marry until on the field and with language study behind them.

Charlie had strong heart ties to that first pastorate. "In one brief year of ministry he won the hearts of all and it was aptly said of him, 'He lived Christ'" (excerpted from the fiftieth anniversary brochure of The Christian and Missionary Alliance Church, White Plains, New York). That church, along with the Gospel Tabernacle church family, sadly and yet gladly farewelled him in 1920 as he sailed for the East. Helen followed the next year, an addition to the first Alliance Gansu-Tibetan border team in China's far west.

Language study requirements before all-out ministry or marriage were daunting. Charles and Helen had to master both Mandarin and Tibetan, including the intricate Chinese picture script and the Sanskrit writing of Tibetan. Rev. M. Griebenow, a colleague, wrote, "Charlie possessed rare linguistic abilities. Never did he seem lost for the proper word or expression in

either the Chinese or Tibetan languages. At the close of not a few services have we heard Muslims, Chinese and Tibetans remark that Mr. Wang [Charlie] preached so clearly we could not fail to understand the Way which he pointed out." Now I know where his oldest daughter gets her ability in languages. On the telephone, people often mistake Lelia for an Indonesian.

The hard study brought its rewards, including permission to marry. It was an extra special Christmas day in 1922 when the beloved dean of the West China team, William Christie, performed the simple ceremony uniting Charles and Helen.

Lelia, two younger sisters and an older sister who died in infancy, were born on the Gansu-Tibetan border of West China. Her heritage is rich because of the example of perseverance and faith of her parents among the nomads on the wild plateaus of the "roof of the world." One night in a Tibetan encampment, Helen Koenigswald had trouble getting to sleep. It wasn't from the coldness of the night air. Rather, it was because of paralyzing fear that gripped her heart, for she had overheard their hosts plotting to do away with "the white strangers." She nudged her husband, whispering hoarsely, "Dick, wake up, these people are planning to kill us." (Charlie was 'Dick' to his wife.)

Dick replied sleepily, "Relax, Helen. If they're going to kill us, there's nothing we can do about it." He rolled over and went back to sleep.

It is not known if Helen relaxed, but she did manage to hide her fear. She and her husband escaped from that encampment unharmed. But death was never far away. In 1926, Mrs. Koenigswald wrote,

About twenty miles from Labrang [mission headquarters] we met brigands and they relieved us of all we had: horses, baggage, coats, hats and gloves. They had come on us suddenly and the first thing we knew we were greeted by a shower of stones. They directed most of their stones at Dick. It is a wonder he wasn't knocked unconscious. One of the thieves grabbed my horse and started at a dead gallop expecting me to fall off, which I did not. I was so busy trying to get my *Midnight* away from my "good friend" I couldn't see what was happening to the others. The man had a gun and a sword, but used neither on me, just his fist. Dick was thrown from his horse and got some nasty sword cuts. I finally heard him calling to me to get off, so I did. Oh how I hated to see my *Midnight* being driven off. . . . We walked the twenty miles back to Labrang.

Now I know where Lelia gets her stubbornness—and bravery.

Trekking in those highlands could be hazardous for other reasons. Going into a nomad encampment during the summer months when weather permitted this itinerant ministry, the missionary entourage always faced the immediate danger of the ferocious Tibetan mastiff dogs that guarded every family tent. The Koenigswald caravan traveled in tight formation as protection against these canines with killer instinct. Helen and the children, riding their horses, were encircled by twenty-four yak carrying all their equipment for three months of living among the nomads.

The men in the party rode outside, swinging leaded whips to fend off the dogs. On one occasion, when Lelia was five, as the party came into a new encampment, Lelia's saddle slipped and she fell off her horse into the path of the yak coming behind. Several of the shaggy beasts stepped lightly over her, but the danger was not past. The snarling mastiffs, who always went for the jugular vein, were coming on fast. Lelia's dad, seeing the accident, came at a gallop and, stretching far out of the saddle, reached down and with one arm scooped up his daughter.

The Koenigswalds' business was in those encampments, mastiffs or not, so they learned to do what the Tibetans did—swing weighted thongs to keep the dogs at bay.

The Koenigswalds' message of salvation wasn't only for the Buddhist-Lamaist Tibetans. At the

age of five, Lelia was already thinking long thoughts. Young as she was, she knew she needed the Savior as much as any Tibetan, not just because of ever-present physical danger, but because she was a sinner and knew it. Her parents, seeking souls among rough nomads, were sensitive to the needs of their little girl and prayed with her as she accepted Christ into her life.

The Koenigswalds ministered to the whole person. I have a photograph of Lelia's dad pulling a Tibetan's tooth. Their standard treatment was aspirin for ailments above the waist and castor oil for those below! Their little girls were receiving impressions that would last throughout their lives. Both of Lelia's sisters became nurses.

Less than two years later, tragedy struck. Lelia's dad contracted lung flukes, a parasitic disease, probably from drinking unsafe water. Abscesses developed and repeated surgeries were performed in the China Inland Mission's Borden Memorial Hospital at Landzou. With antibiotics unknown, the disease gained a grip in his body. Following six months of fighting for life, Charlie Koeningswald was air-evacuated to Shanghai, where he was called to higher service at age thirty-seven. He's among the first I want to talk to in heaven.

Lelia's mother took her three girls back to the United States, where housing was provided on the Nyack hillside. Helen Koenigswald planned to return to China, but the Japanese invasion closed the door. She accepted an assignment to

deputation ministry and proved such a popular speaker that she ended up a "circuit rider" on the missionary conference trail for the next fifteen years. This meant that for several months each year Lelia, being the oldest, became surrogate mother and father to her two younger sisters, an arrangement with which her sisters were not always happy. Now I know where Lelia gets her platform communication and culinary skills.

Mother Koenigswald had three careers of fifteen years each—on the Tibetan border, on missionary deputation and as college professor and dean of women at Simpson College. On several occasions we have met people who told us of the impact this remarkable woman had on their lives.

On April 27, 1963, we received a cable in Bali from Lelia's sisters telling us that Mother Koenigswald had passed away from a pulmonary embolism. Lelia cabled in reply, "Deeply regret not being there. My heartfelt thanks to you. . . . Mother had an abundant entrance."

2

Enlisted for Life

*Ask of me, and I will make the nations
your inheritance, the ends of the earth
your possession. (Psalm 2:8)*

Back in New York, a portrait of Lelia's father hung in Wilson Chapel of the New York City Gospel Tabernacle where our young people's society met. Many a time had I sat beneath the portrait of our missionary hero, not realizing what a part his oldest daughter would have in my life.

Upon release from the military, I reenrolled at MTI and after a year transferred to Wheaton College to pursue both an anthropology degree and the young lady I had met at the Nyack switchboard. She was about to earn a Bachelor of Science degree as a premedical major. She planned to continue her parents' work in Tibet—with more expertise.

It was not to be. I persuaded Lelia to become a missionary's wife rather than a medical doctor. We would go together to Tibet. On Lelia's twenty-first birthday, we boarded the Wheaton-Chicago "Roarin' Elgin" interurban train for the big city where I had contacted a Christian jeweler who gave me a "deal" on a diamond. We were engaged!

During the summer of 1948 I traveled with a missions team. Jim Elliot, one of the team members, who was martyred by the Auca Indians in Ecuador some eight years later, made a lasting impression on me. He was a natural leader with a friendly, infectious grin; a scholar, athlete and poetry lover who could quote Robert Service and Amy Carmichael with equal feeling; a lover of Scripture with total commitment to its call and the ability to communicate its message in a way that arrested and held the attention of listeners. I have coveted his martyr's wounds and yet have consoled myself with Solomon's words, "Anyone who is among the living has hope—even a live dog is better off than a dead lion!" (Ecclesiastes 9:4). Or again, after years of slugging it out in a heathen land, a quote that brought comfort caught my attention:

Perhaps it is a greater energy of Divine Providence which keeps the Christian from day to day, from year to year—praying, hoping, running, believing against all hindrances—which maintains him as a liv-

ing martyr, than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake.

Another member of that summer team was Jim's future brother-in-law, David Howard, who would play a leading role in the cause of evangelical missions worldwide.

Dr. Moseley and Rev. William Christie, both former colleagues of Lelia's parents in China, officiated at our wedding on the Nyack hillside in August 1948. (Rev. Christie had also married Lelia's parents.) Then back to Wheaton. Having received her degree, Lelia continued to work at the job she had in a bakery. We returned to Nyack for our final year of education.

By graduation time in 1950, the communist takeover of China had closed the door to Tibet. What did the future hold?

One thing was certain: As missionary candidates, Lelia and I would have to give proof of our calling by ministering first in the homeland. We applied to the Alliance's New England district and were assigned to a storefront church on skid row in a New England industrial town. With a salary of \$15 a week, we learned to "scratch" and trust the Lord. When the cupboard was bare, we literally prayed in food. Clothing too. Shoes were a big ticket item, so I was happy, upon visiting a shoe factory down-state, to learn that company policy made available a free pair of shoes to Christian ministers.

My size wasn't in stock, but arrangements were made for the right pair to be sent. Weeks and weeks passed during which my one pair of respectable shoes were getting less respectable. *Looks like they forgot about me*, I thought.

I was upstairs in our rented apartment, on my knees praying: "Lord, You know I can't afford a new pair of shoes. Please cause those people in the shoe factory to remember what they promised." While I was still on my knees, the doorbell rang. It was the postman with my long-awaited shoes.

One year into that pastorate our first child (following a miscarriage) was due. At a summer camp Rev. Tracy Miller handed us \$15.

"The Lord told me to give you this. I don't know why, but it's a good thing for me He didn't tell me to give more because I would have had to give it to you." Lelia and I were glad for Tracy Miller's obedience. On the way home, the car broke down and the repair bill was \$15.

Helen Esther was born safely, but the hospital fee was a daunting \$90. We had managed to save that amount, but a difficult birth meant an unanticipated extra expense that would have to be paid before Lelia and baby could be released. It was only (again) \$15, but that was still a week's salary.

Following prayer, Lelia said to me, "The Lord will provide. We will have it."

On the morning of the day Lelia and little Helen were to be discharged, that exact amount

came in the mail from someone who knew nothing of the specific need.

Yes, two years of required home service was good missionary training. We were soon to be in a place where triple-digit inflation prevailed and where there were no free shoes for preachers!

The Alliance, for a limited time in that era, required missionary candidates to raise their own support for the first year. How could we do that in a storefront church on skid row? God provided a way through Dr. Moseley who introduced us to Dr. Harold Ockenga, pastor of Park Street Church in Boston. The general policy of that church was to support missionaries in nondenominational mission societies and parachurch organizations. Some might argue that at that time the Alliance considered itself a missionary society rather than the denomination it has become. At any rate, it was God's provision for us that the great mission-minded congregation of Park Street Church took on our support (and the support of hundreds of other missionaries) and continues to contribute to it until the present, with the money channeled through the Alliance treasurer.

I was ordained to the ministry in September 1952, and shortly thereafter we resigned the pastorate to prepare to sail for the Far East. Now that Tibet was no longer an option, we stated in our application to the Foreign Department that we desired to be sent to a place where

people would not have an opportunity to hear the gospel unless we were there. Meanwhile, the department had received a request from Indonesia: It was time for the Alliance to return to the island from which its missionaries had been evicted. Could a couple be sent?

New York headquarters assigned us to Bali, and that is where the field conference decided we should go. Bali was a place that would amply fulfill all the pioneering desires any missionary could want.

Ideas planted in Sunday school had gotten through to the mind and heart of a "juvenile delinquent." The words of a song we sang in the "Tab" came back to me:

I've enlisted for life in the army of
the Lord,
Though the fight may be long and the
battle fierce and hard . . .

(The third line escapes me, something
about girding on the "Spirit's sword," but
the fourth line thrills my soul yet—)

At the front of the battle you will
find me.

From "At the Battle's Front"
by Mrs. C.H. Morris

The process of getting to the front was slowed when the Republic of Indonesia delayed issuing visas. We went to work, Lelia as caretaker for a terminally ill man and I as an orderly in Swedish

Hospital, Seattle (where we had moved to be near Mother Koenigswald). I learned a valuable lesson from my instructor in hospital procedures: "We're here to get people well," he said, "so you've got to keep a positive mental outlook. Don't let the suffering of the sick and dying get to you."

We had many occasions later to apply that advice in a different setting as we worked with an infant Church that may not have been dying but was sometimes sickly.

After three months of waiting and working, we received the good news that visas had been granted. In March of 1953, Lelia and I and Helen, age one-and-a-half, boarded a freighter of the Holland America Line. My mother and brothers saw us off. That was the last we were to see my dear mother on this earth, for she went to be with the Lord while we were overseas.

We were the only passengers from New York to Singapore. The ship's library consisted of half a dozen boring books, so I had plenty of time to memorize lists of Indonesian words from an old Malay dictionary. I also memorized Psalm 2. Verse 8 gripped me: "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession" (KJV). After crossing the Atlantic, Mediterranean and Indian Oceans we felt that we were indeed at "the uttermost part."

With several stops en route, we finally arrived in Bali early on the morning of May 12, 1953.

We will never forget what we saw through the porthole of our ship—a brilliant tiara, a perfect 180-degree rainbow arched over Bali's mountains, which were still partially shrouded in mist—a portent for good, a promise that God would be with us. Yes, there were clouds in the sky over Bali that morning, but we would choose to see the rainbow in the clouds.

After nearly two months of travel we arrived in Makassar, chief port of the great orchid-shaped island, Celebes (Sulawesi), northeast of Bali. Our hearts were uplifted when we saw Ivan and Bernie Lay, Vonnie Morscheck and Lois Boehnke waving a welcome from the dock.

We settled into the old Jaffray residence in the middle of the Makassar Bible School campus along with the Gordon Chapman family.

Language learning, more than studying, was work—inglorious drudgery. We soon discovered that those lists of memorized words didn't mean much—we couldn't pick them out of the jumble we heard when an Indonesian spoke. Listening to a sermon was like standing at the bottom of Niagara Falls trying to catch water in a thimble.

Finally, Lelia and I got to the place (she quicker than I) where we could give a simple homily in Indonesian. It was quite a sense of accomplishment when an Indonesian in the congregation gave a resounding "Amin" (Amen) at one point in my sermon.

Makassar in October is hot. Lelia, in the last stages of pregnancy, was especially uncomfort-

able. But it was "hot" for another reason. The sound of gunfire was heard outside the maternity ward as post-revolution guerrillas contested parts of the city. Our second child, Frances Lynn, had her baptism of fire before we ever reached our battlefield.

Now it was time to return to Bali, the island of the rainbow. Lelia, myself and two little ones boarded a tired old ship of the Royal Dutch KPM line. All night Lelia fought to keep cockroaches off baby Fran. The next morning we disembarked in north Bali. We had been warned about the warfare conditions that awaited us. Here it would not be guerrilla skirmishes, but all-out spiritual battle. Nevertheless, we were glad to be in the arena at last.

3

The Battlefield

Our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against . . . the powers of this dark world. (Ephesians 6:12)

Bali is one link in Indonesia's emerald necklace adorning the equator between Asia and Australia. Bali did not look like a battlefield. In fact, we were charmed by the beauty of this verdant isle: April green everywhere, even in December. Bali was everything the Western mind imagined a tropical island should be—sun-bathed, white-sand beaches fringing warm ocean, swaying palm trees, flowers everywhere. Inland were purple mountains, deep blue crater lakes and terraced rice fields marching down the hills in giant steps to the azure sea. This is Bali-Hai, the fabled isle of James Michener's *South Pacific*.

We fell in love with the gentle Balinese: the graceful carriage of the women, gained by carrying such things as a bottle of ink or a basket of coconuts balanced on their heads; both men and women in their dress-up clothing—the rakish head scarves of the men and the bright hand-loomed sarongs of the women. We were to find positive values that endeared these people to us—a strong sense of community (communal interests have priority over individual interests), ethnic and family loyalty, love of children, love of art and ability to express it, their sense of humor that allowed them to laugh at themselves.

The average Balinese has a materialistic outlook on life as we saw by the rapid growth of communism and in a "keeping up with the Joneses" flavor in communal religious practices.

The island produces two rice crops a year thanks to volcanic soil and the skill of its "hydraulic engineers" (farmers) who cut rice fields out of steep hillsides and make water reach those paddies in measured flow. There was even time left over from work for the development of the arts—dance and drama with accompanying *gamelan* (percussion) orchestras, wood carving, sandstone sculpture, painting. These art forms became vehicles of expression for Bali's most prominent feature—religion.

Bali is an island not only geographically, but culturally and spiritually as well. Here in the midst of Muslim Indonesia is an enclave of Hinduism with its thousands of temples, hundreds

of thousands of shrines and never-ending festivals. A visiting missionary told us that Bali reminded him of India.

How did this come about?

Hinduism had spread from India to Java centuries before Christ. Then, in the thirteenth century A.D., Arab merchants, missionaries of the prophet Mohammed, brought Islam to Java. Certain Hindu princes in Java, rather than convert to Islam, fled eastward across the narrow straits to Bali. Here they were able to retain and defend their ancient ways. The Balinese Hindu religion took on elements of Buddhism and ancestor worship as well as the animistic beliefs of the *Bali-Aga* (pre-Hindu Balinese). Religious custom became a way of life and the fabric of Balinese society.

The Balinese are keenly aware of the spirit world. We didn't have to argue for the existence of God or the soul. But, as we shall see, we did have to confront the dark forces of that spirit world.

It should be pointed out that the Balinese fail to live up to their reputation as "very religious" if by that term is meant a heart devotion based on conviction that the religion practiced is the true way. Custom seems more prominent than conviction. We have often asked, "Why do you perform this rite or that ceremony?" The answer is *mula keto* ("that's the way it is"), meaning, this is the custom handed down to us by our forefathers and the custom that we will pass on to our children.

We have not found an assurance of salvation. The best they can come up with is "may it be so." Theirs is a "hope-so" rather than a "know-so" salvation based on the promises of God in the Bible. Perhaps an accurate way to describe the Balinese would be to say that they are practitioners of *adat*, religious custom. In this they excel and their faithfulness and ardor are exemplary.

In our lifetime we have seen the term "Hindu-Bali" replaced by "Hindu-Dharma." Sophisticated Balinese want it known that they are a part of a larger civilization—800 million Hindus worldwide. The new term also emphasizes that the religion of Bali is more than colorful rites and festivals. It is certainly that, but it also has a philosophical base going back at least 1,500 years before Christ. (The Balinese like to remind us that Hinduism is older than Christianity.) *Dharma*, a concept that presents a challenge to Christian truth, is the religious and moral duty encompassing all of life. It is expressed in *adat* or cultural tradition, chiefly in the daily offerings to the gods and the performance of the rituals of the temple system. *Dharma* also means adhering to patterns of responsibilities and relationships in the tightly knit social unit. All this is necessary to preserve balance in the microcosm (the seen) affecting the macrocosm (the unseen). Every Balinese at birth is locked into this system. The greatest sin is to neglect one's *dharma*, hence creating imbalance that threatens the welfare of the whole. A

Balinese forsaking the worship of the gods to follow Christ would be perceived as committing this sin.

Another important Hindu doctrine is *karma*—unyielding, inexorable fate. One reaps what one sows. We believe that too, but Hindu *karma* knows nothing of forgiveness and redemption. The only redemption, if it could be called that, would be self-redemption through reincarnation, the soul upgrading itself through successive physical births and rebirths. The arena of our ministry would be in the geographical area where these doctrines were most strongly entrenched, south and southeast Bali, in particular the four cities of Klungkung, Gianyar, Denpasar and Ubud.

The Bali battlefield had already been bloodstained. A lonely tombstone in north Bali to this day bears witness to the martyrdom of Bali's first missionary. The Utrecht Missionary Society of the Netherlands had sent Rev. Jacob de Vroom to Bali in the 1860s. After fifteen years of ministry, there was one believer, a caste Balinese who dared to go against *dharma* and *adat*, creating that dangerous imbalance. Satan, prince of Bali, was not willing to accept the loss of even one of his own. Pressures were brought to bear on the defector.

On June 18, 1881, along with two accomplices, the lone convert murdered the missionary. All three were later hanged in Jakarta by the colonial

government. One can still read the inscription on de Vroom's tombstone at the Christian cemetery in North Bali: "Yohannes 3:19" (John 3:19). With awe and sorrow I got out my Bible and read that verse: "Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil" (KJV). The prince of darkness laughed because he had put out the light of the gospel on his island.

Or so it seemed. Thereafter, the government forbade further missionary work, perhaps concluding that the Balinese were not ready for Christianization, or maybe out of a desire to keep Bali a cultural preserve. Following de Vroom's death, the only contact with the gospel for Bali (except for tourists or resident non-Balinese) was an occasional visit by Christian booksellers from Java.

The years passed. The blood of the martyr cried from the ground. Then God found other lightbearers willing to challenge the prince of darkness.

In 1921 two American Pentecostal missionaries, C. Groesbeek and D. Van Klaveren, arrived in Bali and witnessed for Jesus in and around the city of Denpasar. But apparently God's time had not yet come. These men of God were forced to leave Bali within a few months.

Seven years later, Robert Jaffray, at that time an Alliance missionary in South China, couldn't get Bali out of his mind. "Some say I have Bali on the brain," he wrote. There was no question

that he had Bali on his heart. Already fifty-six years old, Jaffray determined to visit Bali.

"I went to reconnoiter," he wrote later, "but I had to enter Bali by the back door." In the dark of night Jaffray climbed into an outrigger on the eastern tip of Java, glad to be packed in with seven others, for they were soon soaked by rain and ocean spray. Five hours later, cramped and slightly seasick, the gray-headed pioneer was piggybacked ashore at a tiny fishing village on the southwest coast of Bali.

Jaffray wrote, "In the name of the Lord Jesus, I deliberately set my feet on the soil of Bali and claimed it for Him. Is it not written, 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you?' " (Joshua 1:3, KJV). Then he wedged himself into a horse cart and was jostled for twelve miles to a town where he spent the night in a Chinese inn.

The next day, after a courtesy call on a Dutch representative (one wonders what Jaffray said), he boarded a bus for the hours-long trip east to Bali's capital city, Denpasar. They passed many Hindu shrines and temples and lost time waiting for religious processions to file by, but not one sign of Christian influence was to be seen. Jaffray thought, *Could it really be that this island is colonized by a Christian nation?*

One temple that particularly smote the heart of God's pioneer was the Temple of the Cave of the Bats near Klungkung, in southeastern Bali. Jaffray stood before the cave. The stench was

awful, but that did not seem to bother worshippers who, in an attitude of prayer, sat cross-legged facing the cave's mouth. The cave floor was carpeted with cockroaches who were busy eating bat-droppings. On a ledge lay coiled a huge python who existed by eating the bats.

As Jaffray watched, someone threw a stone into the cave. This caused hordes of furry creatures to flit, squealing and screeching, out of the darkness. Jaffray, writing of this incident, said the place reminded him of the gate of hell. Then, to strengthen the faith claim that he had made upon setting foot on Bali's shore, he added this faith prediction: "The light of the gospel, preached by Spirit-filled missionaries, will drive out the millions of demons of darkness, and these people, enchain'd by the devil so long, will be set free." Jaffray, with a true pioneer heart and never daunted by what others called impossible, helped to make that prediction come true.

In Denpasar, the capital city, he discovered that most of the businesses were owned by Chinese. *Aha!* he thought. *Here may be a way to circumvent the prohibition against missionary work. Why not apply for permission to put a Chinese evangelist in Denpasar?* Application was duly made and the government gave the necessary permission, provided that ministry be limited to Chinese.

Returning to China, Jaffray gave a stirring missionary message to his students at the Wuchow Bible School. The challenge of Bali gripped the heart of one of them, a young man

named Tsang. He felt the call of God to go, but who would send him?

Here again the missionary statesman acted. Jaffray and several like-minded Chinese brethren founded the first Christian sending agency in that great country, naming it the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union (CFMU), a sister mission to The Christian and Missionary Alliance. Leland Wang was president and Jaffray treasurer. Under the CFMU banner, Tsang Toe Hang and his new wife arrived in Bali in January 1931. They rented a shop on a busy Denpasar street, living upstairs and making the street-level shop a meeting hall.

At first Tsang was ridiculed. The Chinese were in Bali to make money. They had no time for a preacher. Tsang persisted, however, giving out tracts, asking if there were any Christians, inviting people to gospel meetings. Within six months, four young men were ready for baptism. Tsang, not yet licensed to baptize, wrote to Jaffray, who by then had moved to Makassar, inviting him to come for this historic occasion. Jaffray was more than willing. The baptismal candidates may not have been Balinese, but they were the firstfruits from that long-prayed-for island.

On the bus trip over the mountains to South Bali, Jaffray sat next to someone who spoke some English. He wrote, "The young man was much surprised when he heard that I was a Christian missionary. He said, 'You will never

get any of us Balinese to become Christians. There is not one Balinese who is a Christian.' "

It so happened that two of those new Christians whom Jaffray was to baptize the next day had Balinese mothers. Following the service, Jaffray wrote to his prayer partners, "Praise the Lord! I have baptized two half-Balinese, so that makes one, our first Balinese convert."

Those half-Balinese converts witnessed to their Hindu relatives with the result that Tsang was invited to visit a Hindu village. Remembering the restriction, Tsang at first did not accept, but later did so, saying he could not find it in his heart to reject an opportunity to witness for Christ. The Balinese villagers were charmed by the stories of Jesus, even though Tsang couldn't speak a word of Balinese and his Malay (Indonesian) had a strong Chinese accent that had to be interpreted by the new believers.

The Holy Spirit, no respecter of accents, was at work. The message of Jesus got through. Here was a personal, caring Savior, not the impersonal *Widhi* (high god) of the Balinese. Jesus, according to the evangelist, was none other than this same high God, *Widhi*. He had come and lived among us. Their stone gods were near, yet far away. Tsang's God was far away in heaven, yet so near. When Tsang bowed his head he seemed to be talking to a present Person. Furthermore, Tsang told them, Jesus had become a sacrifice for sin.

This really drew the attention of a people who made sacrifices, yet never with the assurance

that those sacrifices were received. Now they were being told that God Himself had made the one perfect sacrifice and that they wouldn't have to make sacrifices anymore. God didn't need to be taken care of—He Himself took care of those who trusted Him. Yet God did want and need something—the lives of those who believed in Him who would offer themselves as living sacrifices to Him for His purposes. This made sense. The Balinese responded.

It wasn't long before several Balinese villagers had believed on Christ and were willing to leave their many gods. Tsang again called Jaffray to come. On November 11, 1931, Jaffray baptized twelve Balinese, one woman and eleven men, in a stream in the village of Untal-Untal, Badung Regency. Jaffray then reported, "The thin edge of the wedge has entered, and we can trust God to work out the rest in His wonderful way." By that he meant the spreading of the gospel.

And spread it did. Within the space of one and one-half years, 235 Balinese had been baptized, many of them by a young man named Maday Glendung, one of those first converts who had received training at the Makassar Bible School in Sulawesi. Another of these students was a man named Regig who had a unique way of illustrating the necessity of the new birth:

It is like an egg. An egg must be born twice before it can become a chicken. If it is born only once, it ends up by being

fried and eaten. If it is born twice, it becomes a life. If you are born only once, the devil will fry you in hell. If you are born twice, you become a Christian.

The Word of God continued to advance along family lines as new Christians told their relatives the good news. The gospel message couldn't be stopped. The Chinese Foreign Missionary Union sent two more Chinese evangelists to North Bali following a report that about 100 Hindus there were interested. God had heard the cry of the martyr's blood in this place where the first missionary had been murdered. But voices of protest were also heard.

As news of the baptisms got out, a great stir arose in Java and as far as the Netherlands. It was said that the entrance of Christianity into Bali would destroy a unique culture.

Journalists came to cover these events. One of them interviewed a group of Balinese Christians.

"Have you ever studied the Christian religion?" he asked, apparently refusing to believe that these people could have been truly converted. The Balinese spokesman answered, "Sudah," meaning "Yes, we have."

"Who is your teacher?" asked the reporter.

"We did not have a teacher," was the reply.

"How could you possibly know about Christianity without a teacher? Did a teacher come from Java to tell you?"

"No, our teacher is Luke."

"Luke who?"

"The Gospel of Luke, in a book that we bought several years ago." That book had been brought to Bali by two Javanese booksellers.

In 1933, forces hostile to the evangelization of the Balinese prevailed. The Chinese evangelists were expelled and Alliance missionaries Wesley and Ruby Brill, who had lived a short time in Bali, were forbidden even to visit the island. Glendung and other Balinese students at the Makassar Bible School had to return to Bali. Dr. Harry Shuman, president of the Alliance, was compelled to go to Batavia (Jakarta) to sign a promise that the Alliance would cease all activity in Bali. The authorities made it clear: If he had not been willing to do so, the Alliance would have to leave the Indies altogether, which would have been tragic, since at that time missionaries in Borneo (Kalimantan) were seeing whole villages turn to Christ. There was nothing to do but sign.

I find it hard to explain this strong anti-missionary feeling apart from the stark reality of the spiritual conflict being waged with the prince of Bali. But the gospel banner had been planted, not to be removed.

Meanwhile, however, what was to become of the new believers in Bali now cut off from further nurture by those who had brought them to Christ? Dr. Jaffray came to an agreement with Dr. Hendrik Kraemer, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church in Java, who had visited Bali

shortly after the first baptisms by Jaffray and Tsang. After consultation with Jaffray, Kraemer sent two evangelists to Bali from the Javanese Church. When the colonial government declared the Alliance *persona non grata*, Kraemer asked that the new converts be turned over to these evangelists and their Protestant Church.

Jaffray thought long—and prayed. He had some reservations about denominational and missiological differences, but he did not want to leave the young flock without a shepherd. Finally, he reached a decision. In 1938 he wrote to friends in North America, "We have turned over the Bali work to a missionary of the Dutch Protestant Church."

The largest body of believers in Bali today is the Bali Protestant Christian Church (GKPB) which had its inception in this handover and was for years subsidized by ecumenical churches in Germany, the United States, the Netherlands and Australia.

Yet another church in Bali traces its origins to the Jaffray-Tsang baptisms. A Roman Catholic brochure states that the Catholic church got its start in the mid 1930s through an "independent" Balinese believer. That believer was one who had been baptized by the Alliance pioneers, but had become disgruntled and had affiliated with Roman Catholics who were in Bali at the time ministering to Catholic expatriates.

Even though the Alliance was forced to leave, many of the early believers remained stoutly

loyal to their spiritual heritage. Some became dissatisfied with the Protestant Church and asked for Alliance missionaries to return to Bali. This became possible when the colonial government lost the Indies, Bali included. In 1950, under the Republic of Indonesia, Wesley and Ruby Brill were granted permission to live again on the island from which they had been expelled. They rented a place in Singaraja, but soon had to leave Bali to fill a pressing need elsewhere.

In 1952, Maurice and Viola Bliss moved to South Bali to work with one of the three small groups which had left the Protestant Church. The Blissess had sought housing for us in Ubud, Bali's art center, but were turned down when it was learned that they were Christian missionaries. Finally, they found a house for us in Klungkung, not far from the infamous bat cave. In faith Maurice signed a one-year contract.

Dr. Jaffray would have liked this. We could visualize him peering down from the battlements of heaven saying, "Go for it!" As seat of the Hindu dynasty, Klungkung was as unlikely a place as could be for a Christian mission, and there was no guarantee we would be allowed to live there. We stayed with the Blissess and prayed with fasting. But we did have one thing going for us. In those heady days of newly achieved nationhood, government officials desired to demonstrate that they practiced what their new national policy taught—freedom of religion. After a one-month wait, permission was given to live in Klungkung.

We moved to the city that would be the scene of our next fifteen years of labor.

Our house had two bedrooms, no electricity, a "squatter" toilet, no yard. We did have running water—a hired woman ran with a clay pot of water on her head, dripping all the way, to pour it into a big *bak* (a cement water container) in the bathroom. For bathing we dipped and poured, standing on the floor. For drinking and cooking, cleaner water was boiled and stored in a stone container in the kitchen. Outside our bedroom, the landlord had lined up a row of gamecocks in small, barrel-shaped, woven bamboo baskets to get the morning sun which, up to 10 o'clock, was "beneficial" but after 10 "dangerous."

On either side of the front door were sandstone carvings of Hindu gods, protectors of the house. Call us narrow-minded if you will, but we couldn't stand to have those hideous gargoyles guarding our house. So I got up my nerve and explained to the owner 1) that the crowing of the cocks would disturb our sleep (those birds sound off during the night as well as at 5:30 in the morning) and 2) from my Indonesian Bible I read to him the first of the ten commandments which is rather clear that such guardian beasts are not permitted by the Creator.

"Tuan," I said, "as long as we are in this house of yours our God will take care of it." Without argument, he kindly removed both birds and beasts.

Could we establish a church in one year? We knew it might take longer. A centuries-old religious system, warp and woof of a people's life-style, would not easily give way. We may have fallen in love with the beautiful aspects of this tropical isle, but we were also quickly aware of the reality of those dark forces encountered by Jaffray at the bat cave.

One day, at the local post office, I met a member of the Klungkung Hindu party. I can still see him as he sneered at me through red, betel-stained lips.

"You will never make Christians out of any of our people here."

No, I thought, *we won't make any converts in Klungkung, but God will . . . in His time.*

Engaging the Enemy

See, I have given into your hand . . . [the] king of Heshbon, and his country. Begin to take possession of it and engage him in battle. (Deuteronomy 2:24)

Although the biblical king of Heshbon was a flesh-and-blood enemy, our enemy was not an earthly being or any flesh-and-blood Balinese. In fact, I had opportunities to speak in depth to three former regents (kings) of Bali and considered them and their people friends. No, in Christian warfare, the enemy is not human, but is the evil one who deceives and binds those for whom Christ died. It was he, the spiritual prince of Bali, whom we opposed as we sought to deliver a people from his kingdom of darkness.

The obstacles were obvious and enormous. As we have seen, in Bali the facts of birth and belief were irrevocably intertwined: To be born a Bali-

nese means there are no options in matters of religion. The average Balinese believes that anyone who converts ceases to be a Balinese—he has betrayed his family, his community and, especially, his ancestors. He has broken with *adat*, the worst thing a Balinese can do. A convert who no longer makes offerings will anger the god-deities who own Bali. To offend them will bring misfortune—perhaps sickness or a plague of rats or insect pests to destroy the standing rice crops, or other calamities.

During those days in Klungkung, where an early Hindu civilization had flourished, we thought of pioneer missionary C.T. Studd's couplet:

Some like to live within the
sound of church and chapel bell,
I want to run a rescue shop
within a yard of hell.

Spiritually speaking, that's a good description of where we now live, we thought. So, how does one go about establishing a "rescue shop within a yard of hell"?

We went out to the people. We studied their language, their customs, their culture. We tried to build bridges of friendship. We witnessed of Jesus to receptive and not-receptive audiences, telling the old, old story to those for whom it was brand new. Lelia's missionary parents would have been proud to see their daughter holding the attention

of a large crowd near the market as she used her flannelgraph board to tell that story.

We also contacted the director of an orphanage who gave us opportunity to teach fifty children once a week. The youngsters sat wide-eyed as they heard for the first time about a God who loved them and died for them. We discovered later that this was a communist-sponsored charity. We were being used for political ends to demonstrate that communists were tolerant of religion, or possibly even to win us over to that ideology, for the Marxists had unlimited confidence. However, after four weekly sessions with those dear children, our brand of religion triggered the Marxists' intolerance, as well as dashing their hopes for our conversion. With polite excuses we were denied further ministry.

What to do next? We couldn't stay at home playing Scrabble™! Hadn't we sung (prayed, actually) A.B. Simpson's song: "Press on my heart the woe, put in my feet the go"?

At the eastern end of town was a Chinese bookstore. I asked the shop owner if he would take Christian books on consignment. He would, he said, though somewhat dubiously. Our few books remained on display. When they became dog-eared, I replaced them with new copies, free. I noticed a well-dressed young man pick up an illustrated Gospel of Luke and look at it with interest. He could have had it for twenty-five cents, but even that was too costly. I

gave some tracts to the owner's children while kids outside looked in.

Outside the shop, I said, "Look at this." I showed the children a large colored picture depicting the cross as the gateway to a narrow path leading upward to heaven. There were only a few people on it. It also showed the broad way, heavily populated, leading to a precipice over which people were plunging into an abyss. Soon some adults gathered. After explaining the picture's meaning, I added, "If you'd like to know more about the broad and narrow ways, you may do so by purchasing these tracts."

The shopkeeper came to my aid (bless his heart) by giving his kids coins. Their purchases broke the ice. An old man bought an Indonesian booklet, "The Way of Salvation" and a tract in Balinese. A laborer stopped work to make a purchase.

Sukarno's Indonesia had made progress in teaching people to read, but there was very little reading matter and less money to buy it. Distributing it freely would have caused a riot. One book, handed over for inspection, disappeared. Questioning its whereabouts brought no results. I thought, *Better the Word of God in the hands of a thief than in a box attracting termites. But it would help to have a fellowworker if we are going to pursue this kind of public encounter.*

We were glad to welcome Evangelist Geday, a Balinese graduate of the Makassar Bible School. He and I started visiting every home in

Klungkung, a big job for a city with a population of 107,000, mostly Hindu Balinese, with a sprinkling of Chinese Buddhists, East Indian and Arab Muslims and, surprisingly, a community of 500 Balinese Muslims.

Another visit was in a Chinese medicine shop. I had to laugh when I saw the owner's name displayed: Wong Sik Man. Mr. Wong was very cynical and tried to "get my goat" by grinningly talking down to me. But his oldest son took a tract and read it. He later became a leading Christian in the Klungkung church. The father, still rejecting the gospel, came to an untimely end in a traffic accident.

By 1956, Evangelist Geday and I had gone into hundreds of Balinese homes. The good seed was sown in palace and hovel, shops, factories, coffee stalls, the Muslim community—anywhere we could find people. Hindus, who revere all sacred writings, readily received and kept our materials; Muslims tore them up and burned them.

What of the many who had received literature and had not, as far as we knew, become Christians? Since one human soul is worth the world, we figured we were on the right track. If our job as missionaries was to sow the seed, then sow it we would, leaving the germination to the Holy Spirit.

At the urging of the local doctor's wife (the only doctor for all of southeast Bali), we investigated one wing of a former small hotel to rent. The doc-

tor had his home and medical practice in the other wing. This rambling building was on the main road, a good location for a bookstore. It was large enough for our living quarters and a good place to hold meetings. And, not insignificantly, the rent was reasonable. However, the owner was none other than the former king of Klungkung Regency and the head of the Hindu political party of Bali! We could not even predict what a significant encounter this would turn out to be.

Ida Idewa Agung Gede Oka Geg, the man about to become our new landlord, known by his people as Dewa Agung (Great God), was revered by his former subjects who always bowed in his presence. In conversation with him, they held their right elbow with their left hand, pointing only with their right thumb, palm up, and using the highest form of language. In the insurrection of April 1908, when the royalty of Klungkung had committed mass suicide rather than surrender to the Dutch, Dewa Agung, then a young boy, had taken a bullet in his knee and ever after walked with a limp.

Dewa Agung proved to be a cordial and democratically minded ex-king who was willing not only to rent his place, but when I asked him if we could operate a bookstore and conduct Christian meetings, his answer was, "Why not?" We could only conclude that prayer was being answered. Rental of that hotel was to have far-reaching results.

Shortly after moving into our new place, we were visited by a Pentecostal preacher who told us that when he had slept there five years before he had dreamed that an American missionary would someday live there. He had seen the place filled with worshipers of Jesus. This was quite an encouragement to us foreigners who, in spite of answered prayer, sometimes felt we had entered the lion's den.

Dewa Agung retained the lobby which housed the Hindu Party headquarters and provided access to his harem in the rear. Before long he (and they) moved out. Was he beginning to feel uncomfortable? We heard it said that our *mantras* (prayers) were too powerful for the former residents. At any rate, we acquired the large area that they had vacated—an ideal meeting place. We commenced a schedule of services and had bookcases and display racks made for the windows facing the main road.

One day, the communist orphanage director asked me to pick up a sick man and take him to the hospital. This mission of mercy led to an invitation by the director to present a lecture on Christianity in his home village of Besan. He had no fear that his people were in danger of becoming Christians. Once again, he was using us for political purposes.

The gospel and Marxism would make a bid for the soul of that village, but God would have the last word. It was from Besan that an evangelist mighty in word and deed would come, while

communism would fail miserably and the man who had used us would be executed in a political purge.

Visiting every home included visiting the palace of Dewa Agung, our landlord. We found "my lord," as custom prescribed that we address him, seated on a mat gambling, surrounded by several of his wives and servants.

Seeing us, Dewa Agung ordered the gambling cards removed and, clapping his hands, summoned his retinue. They gathered so quickly it made me nervous. I made a decision. *This man may be democratic, I thought to myself, but I must honor him in the presence of his people.* I knew enough Balinese to realize that I would have to use the highest of the three levels of language. I settled for the more democratic Indonesian, but used a special set of Balinese personal pronouns fit for the ears of royalty.

Dewa Agung smiled away our hesitancy by inviting us to sit near him. He told us that he liked to hear our singing and asked for a demonstration. I chose a chorus, "Jesus Loves the Little Children of the World," changing the word "children" to "mankind." The Hindus expressed pleasure and asked us to play our phonograph records. The message on the records gave us some points of conversation and, as we sat next to him on the mat sipping warm sarsparilla, we told this king about Jesus, the King of kings. Dewa Agung listened attentively and afterward accepted our literature.

Nine years later, I had reason to believe that the gospel was making an impact when Dewa Agung confessed something that the average Hindu doesn't like to acknowledge: There are fundamental differences in the Hindu and Christian faiths and, to use his expression, Christianity is "higher." He asked me to inquire about the possibility of his emigrating to the United States. I cannot say that this was because he was thinking about becoming a Christian; more likely, it was because of the way political winds were blowing. The United States consul in Surabaya sent an application form. The first question dashed the hopes of the former king. It concerned multiple wives, which were not allowed! Imagine having to choose among forty-some wives!

Just before leaving for furlough, I gave Dewa Agung a Balinese tract which clearly presented the way of salvation. Given his previously expressed interest, surely he read that tract. We were saddened to learn that he died while we were in the homeland. We had no further opportunity to talk to him. Had he called upon the name of the Lord Jesus before he died? We sincerely hoped so.

Meanwhile, we continued to study the Balinese language, very different from Indonesian and, with its three sets of vocabularies, more difficult. Our teacher was the headmaster of the local high school. I taught him English in exchange for lessons in his own language. As we

sat eating *salak*, a crisp tropical fruit, and drinking limeade, he shared interesting information about the PKI (Indonesian Communist Party).

A man had come to his office trying to peddle party propaganda. The PKI, he said, would distribute land so that every poor farmer could be a landowner. My teacher stumped him with a basic question: How were the communists planning to distribute land when they had none? They could not admit, of course, that the PKI planned to seize the land illegally and kill, if need be, in order to get it. At that point I felt very glad that Evangelist Geday and I were spreading a message that brings not only personal salvation but, eventually, social justice attained through peaceful means, not violent revolution.

In witnessing we often used materials from Gospel Recordings, Incorporated. In 1955 the phonograph was still a novelty and people readily gathered around to listen to the "talking box." After playing a 78 rpm record, I would sing a chorus, then explain the message of the Bible using a picture roll, often hung on the side of our jeep. The Balinese, lovers of art and music, gave full attention as I turned to each new scene of Jesus in action. I noticed one lad paying especially good attention. Later he asked, with perfect sincerity, "Tuan, may I ask you a question?" I thought perhaps he was under conviction.

"Certainly, son. What do you want to know?"

"How many centimeters long is your nose?"

Another time Lelia was witnessing with visual aids and gestures appropriate to a living message. She noticed a woman paying close attention, apparently enthralled with the gospel story. Suddenly the woman asked, "Nyonya, how much did your ring cost?" We began to learn that communicating was much more than talking. After that Lelia took care not to wear her modest diamond during outdoor ministry, but I never did find out how to solve *my* problem!

Meanwhile, we also had oversight of three Alliance groups. One was in far western Bali on land requested by Dr. Jaffray for persecuted believers. The colonial government had provided a place of refuge in a malaria-infested area where tigers were occasionally seen. In the rainy season the only way we could reach that Christian village was in a rickety cart drawn by water buffalo.

In Klungkung, I decided to rent a booth at the annual night fair.

A great deal of Christian literature was distributed and many from the Muslim community asked questions. Benches were provided for people to sit and read. By 1956 we had two more evangelists in Bali. I brought them to Klungkung to help with our booth in the night fair. After thirteen days of witnessing, the evangelists were convinced of the value of this direct approach and took it to their city as well.

That city was Karangasem. I had heard that the former king of Karangasem was interested in

religion, so I took the liberty of mailing him a packet of Dr. Jaffray's tracts in Indonesian. He sent a servant to summon me to appear at the Klungkung palace where he was visiting. Asking Lelia to pray, I got on my bike and pedaled to the palace.

I was greeted by a servant and invited to sit on a mat on the floor where we engaged in small talk. Then the king came out—no crown, no real power in these days of the new Republic, but still a personage of influence. He graciously shook hands with me, a concession to Western custom, and ordered a chair brought. I protested such special treatment, and we both ended up sitting cross-legged on the mat. He ordered someone to bring his eyeglasses and then chuckled in embarrassment when one of his wives reminded him that his glasses were in his pocket. After putting them on, he took a tract and read aloud an excerpt. The elderly king of Karangasem wanted to know the meaning of the words, "the kingdom of heaven." Would I explain it?

"God's kingdom is spiritual," I began slowly. "It can be entered only by people who have experienced a spiritual birth."

That concept was strange to the ears of the king. He knew the Hindu belief of physical rebirth via reincarnation, but this teaching of Jesus was quite different. Would I elaborate?

"Spiritual birth is needed because of sin, *Tuanku* (my lord)," I said. "All people are spiritually dead because of sin. That is why they need

to be born again." Sin and death were hardly words with which to impress an Eastern potentate, but I plunged ahead.

"And the way to be born again is to confess our sin and believe in Jesus, the Savior. He is God's only Son."

I knew that saying that Jesus was the only Son of God was likely to offend a personage who thought of himself as a once and future god. And there were many other gods. (The Hindu will take Jesus as a god, but not the only triune and true God. Polite Eastern smiles fade when the exclusive nature of the Christian message is explained and understood.)

"As a matter of fact," the king interrupted, "I worship His Majesty the Sun. Just think how long we would all last on this earth if His Majesty the Sun refused to shine!"

"We would surely die without the sun," I replied, "but the sun is a created thing, just as *Tuanku* and I are. We creatures must worship and serve the Creator."

By this time the king had interrupted me several times and it soon became apparent that he was more interested in explaining his philosophy of religion than listening to mine. I wasn't surprised when he took a different approach, one that we were to hear many times in Bali, concerning the multiplicity of ways to heaven.

"Look," he said, "you are on the Western path and I on the Eastern, but we are all headed for the same place."

With proper apologies, I countered, "Tuanku, Jesus, God's only Son, said, 'I am the way' and, even if there were more than one way, those arriving at heaven's gate would find but one entrance, for Jesus also said, 'I am the gate; whoever enters through me will be saved' " (John 10:9).

My interview with the king of Karangasem affirms Lelia's opinion that her husband can stand improvement in the area of diplomacy. I was fully aware that in Bali it is not proper etiquette to contradict another in matters of religious belief, especially a king. But, for truth's sake, I felt I had to take the risk of offending. If the elderly ex-king was offended, he covered it with a story, perhaps to save face (mine) or to ease a certain tenseness (his).

During the war, he told me, a Japanese commander had asked to borrow one of his wives, but the king had not agreed, conveying to the officer the Indonesian equivalent of "you may borrow her over my dead body." Though I appreciated this gentleman's effort to be polite to a direct-speech Westerner, the dialogue continued pretty much as a monologue as the king defended his beliefs.

I had several further opportunities to speak of Christ to this last king of Karangasem before he died at eighty-seven years of age. His royal cremation was a major social happening, and people came from all over the island in response to the royal family's invitation. I was to find out more about royal cremations.

In the early 1900s, the colonial government had given a special kind of attention to the rite of royal cremation. It included the horrifying custom of widow-burning which the government sought to stop. The king's widows would throw themselves into the flames to join their husbands in the "happy place of departed souls." A high-caste friend of mine described to me what his mother, then a girl of eleven, had told him. His grandmother had been burned in the public square of Bangli in 1914. As she, the paramount wife of the dead king, felt the heat of the flames from her position on a raised platform, she voluntarily released her own soul.

"What fell into the fire was a corpse," he said.

Another wife, however, became panic-stricken and had to be pushed by a relative. She fell, writhing and screaming, into the flames. Having witnessed the scene, Dutch officials declared a permanent ban on the practice.

Now, January 3, 1967, the cremation ceremony of the former king of Karangasem was about to climax after seven days of preparation. Several thousand people drove through bridgeless floods to pay homage or just to ogle the spectacle. As the colorfully decorated funeral tower with the king's corpse inside was carried slowly toward the place of burning, the sky grew darker and darker. Suddenly the heavens opened with a tremendous downpour. Everyone in that great procession was soaking wet. The funeral pyre, including the wooden bull into

which the body had been transferred, burned only with great difficulty.

Remembering the king's confession as a sun worshiper, the national church pastor in Karangasem had prayed that it would rain that day. Now the king's god had deserted him on the climactic occasion of his career. We could only pray that this man, who wasn't too interested in listening to the missionary, had listened to the voice of the Spirit telling him of the one way to the one true heaven prepared by the one true God for those who had experienced the one and the only new birth.

Meanwhile, in Bali the political situation was not reassuring. Nationalism was strong in the newly independent Indonesia. These people were out to prove that they did not need the white man. In the heart of Klungkung was a monument commemorating independence from the Dutch colonial ruler. Lelia and I were often verbally tarred with the colonial brush as people derisively called us Dutchmen, not distinguishing between us and those other long-nosed foreigners who had been our predecessors in Indonesia and had all been sent packing to Holland not long after our arrival. Sometimes groups of children would mockingly yell "freedom" at the sight of us. It didn't do any good for us to tell them we weren't Dutch. But it really didn't matter. In fact, I found being called

a Dutchman preferable to being called "Mr. Jesus" which happened occasionally.

We had "set battering rams against the gates," but it seemed that the king of Heshbon had the upper hand. In fact, it seemed we were losing the war. We were the ones being battered. Yes, there were polite smiles—even a few sympathetic nods from former kings, but basically, we were looked upon as intruders.

Nevertheless, deep in our hearts there was the abiding joy of knowing that we were obeying the command of our Captain. That joy would be sorely tested as we engaged the prince of Bali, implacable and wily foe of the gospel.

5

Dark Schemes

*Take your stand against the devil's schemes
... in order that Satan might not outwit us.
For we are not unaware of his schemes.
(Ephesians 6:11; 2 Corinthians 2:11)*

One of Satan's favorite tactics in the lives of young missionaries is discouragement. We were prime targets, working as we did among tradition-bound people who thought of their leaders as gods incarnate and held other strongly entrenched beliefs. Over and over again we felt that we were making no impact at all.

The enemy used little things. We thought we had developed a firm friendship with our lovely Balinese language teacher and were happy when she accepted an invitation to come with her husband for dinner at our house. She appeared later, saying they couldn't come. No reason given. There were cultural aspects to this seem-

ing rebuff of which we would later become aware, but at the time we felt that we were failures at building relationships.

And we were lonely. There were no Christians with whom we could fellowship. The Blissses were on furlough. We were the only Alliance missionaries on the entire island. The ecumenical missionary couple in Denpasar serving the Protestant Church seemed to resent our presence. (Later we became friends.) The few national workers were far away in widely separated posts.

After many hours and many days spent in village visitation, we waited for our first Balinese convert. One day I drew up a list of those who had showed genuine interest, the ones who were seemingly near the kingdom. Many months later I came across that same list. It mocked me as I noted that not one of these hopefuls had come through for the Lord.

On Saturday nights we showed color film-strips and slides on the life of Jesus to a house full of non-Christians. These pictures of Christ helping humanity deeply impressed some. One day a couple of high school boys came to our house. One of them had a nasty ulcer on his leg that neither a native healer nor medical doctor had been able to cure. These boys were convinced that the Christian God, Jesus, could do what others could not do and asked us to pray to Jesus for healing. We asked God to touch and heal this ulcer. The very next day the boys were back joyfully showing us a healed leg. *Praise*

God! we thought. *Here we have our first converts!* But these young men vanished. The Hindu socioreligious web held them fast.

The stated goal of the Alliance was to see adults converted to Jesus Christ. That was our goal too, based on the clear teaching of Scripture. We wanted to see Thessalonian-type conversion, people turning "to God from idols to serve the living and true God. . ." (1 Thessalonians 1:9, italics added). We believed the writings of German missiologist Walter Freytag: "Nothing deserves the name mission that does not aim at conversion and baptism." We were aiming all right, but it seemed that we were missing the mark, that we were up against a conspiracy of unbelief.

"Lord," we prayed, almost in despair, "is Your Word true or isn't it? Where are the converts? We're not planting seed or even plowing soil; this is chiseling something out of bedrock. Even so, haven't You said that Your gospel is dynamite that breaks rock in pieces? Maybe we don't have what it takes. Are we only fooling ourselves and wasting the money of our supporters?"

Then the accuser whispered, "That's right, you are wasting your time. You're ineffective missionaries! Didn't they tell you at Nyack that you were to go and bring forth fruit? Where is your fruit? Where are the results of your witnessing? Your praying for the sick has produced no Christians! As for national workers, whose shortcomings you see clearly, remember, the

student is no better than his teacher; they got that way by associating with you missionaries."

About that time I got a letter from a Nyack schoolmate in India, reminding me that we had been called into the fellowship of Jesus Christ (1 Corinthians 1:9) and that winning Hindus would take care of itself if we took care of that which was of supreme importance—maintaining fellowship with Christ. Timely encouragement! The thought came to me that this union with Christ would bring forth fruit of another kind—the fruit of the Spirit. If this fruit, nothing less than Jesus' own character traits (among others long-suffering and faithfulness) were in our lives, then we would not be a disappointment to the One who had called us to go and bring forth fruit. Heartened by that thought, we would continue to "do the work of an evangelist," as the Bible commands (2 Timothy 4:5)—even if it meant chiseling bedrock—and leave the results with God. We encouraged ourselves by remembering that results are not always visible; that God, in His sovereignty, moves as and when He will; and that people, in the hardness of their hearts, cannot be forced to change.

We can get into the heart of a young missionary through Lelia's description of her first year in Indonesia:

Have you ever wept while you were praying for your loved ones, not in agony over their souls, but just because you

were 10,000 miles away and longed to see them?

I have.

Have you ever spent a sleepless night in watchful concern while your child was desperately ill with a tropical disease, and you wondered why you risked her health to come to a disease-rampant land?

I have.

Have you ever longed for a crisp autumn day, a cold winter night, a crunchy apple or a fresh salad?

I have.

Have you ever thought that you could no longer take the bugs, the dirt and the heat?

I have.

Have you ever felt that you would scream if one more person stared at you or laughed at you or pinched your child's arm or pulled her hair?

I have.

Did you ever wake at night to the growl of a dog, realizing that you were in a heathen village with your husband far away, at the mercy of a people who know not God, and long for a telephone, the police, the electric lights and the comparative safety of a bed in your own country?

I have.

And all that in just a little over a year here in Indonesia.

All praise to God, those jottings never became grumblings.

The enemy, true to form, took an unanticipated approach. The majority church in Indonesia, established by the colonial powers in select areas of the Indies, was orthodox but not evangelistic (at least in the mode of A.B. Simpson and R.A. Jaffray) nor, sad to say, strong on holy living. This church had its representatives in Klungkung, a few transient Christians mostly in government positions. We invited these friends to services held in our home since the only opportunity they would have for worship in a Protestant church was forty kilometers away in the capital city. They seemed glad to have a missionary provide a meeting place, conduct services and have Sunday school for their children. I sometimes wondered if their lack of understanding was because of the way I spoke their language or because they weren't familiar with Bible teaching. They certainly weren't familiar with our evangelical lifestyle.

In introducing the Alliance National Church organization, I mentioned from the pulpit bylaws which stated that members were expected to refrain from using tobacco. A Christian policeman, sitting near the front, turned around and, with an indulgent smile which seemed to say, "We've got to humor this fundamentalist American," held up his cigarette lighter for all to see. He was from North Sulawesi where, in certain circles, it was custom-

ary not only to use tobacco, but to celebrate Christmas by getting drunk.

A young policeman from largely Christian Timor, whom I had been counseling and counting on to follow through on his newly professed dedication to God, got a girl pregnant. The girl's Christian parents shaved her head, a punishment as shameful for us (almost) as it was for her. Another hopeful, a policeman, had struck a Chinese shopkeeper for refusing to accept torn currency. His oldest son had just begun to show interest in the gospel. I said to Lelia, "With friends like these, who needs enemies?"

Another policeman with a large family, whose children came to our Sunday school, sang loudly in church and even louder when he had been at the bottle. His wife had asked me to lead a fellowship meeting in their quarters in the barracks, but had to come later to tell me that her husband had refused permission for the meeting. That night, about 1:30, a policeman rapped on our shutter to tell us that this man, upon returning from the movies, had dropped dead. (We heard later that his vascular system had been weakened by syphilis.) We had the meeting in his home after all—his funeral—on the very day originally scheduled.

Another enemy tactic would be to sow seeds of misunderstanding and dissension with our own National Church brothers. The Church established by the Alliance was numerically strong in other islands, but just getting underway in

Bali when we arrived. We found that Mission policy sometimes caused us pain, but the Mission's relationship with the National Church, with its tension and togetherness, was all a part of the battle for Bali.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance's Foreign Department (now known as International Ministries, IM) adopted a policy of "modified dichotomy" to define the relationship between the Mission and the National Church. This meant that the Alliance and the National Church (then known as KINGMIT in our area of East Indonesia) were separate organizationally yet remained one in doctrine and overall goals. Nevertheless, the two bodies had differing ideas on the way to reach those goals. The Alliance was a strong proponent of the indigenous Church. This meant that the Church founded through Mission efforts must be able to stand on its own—self-supporting, self-governing and self-propagating. Therefore, on January 1, 1956, all Mission subsidy for pastors was stopped. Workers in pioneer posts would be given help for a limited time only.

Fairly or unfairly, our Indonesian brethren began to look critically at the Mission who, they said, had unilaterally cut off the supply line which was keeping their few small churches alive, flouting the scriptural teaching that the strong must provide for the weak, etc. Matters were not helped by the fact that the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches in Bali were still generously subsidized from abroad.

The brethren had a point. How could we tell the economically weak KINGMIT churches to trust the Lord when we missionaries received regular monthly allowances? It was hard for them to believe us when we told them that we too had to live by faith; that the existence of the Alliance depended solely on God through regular and continuing gifts of the homeland constituency.

Some Bali KINGMIT workers transferred to the Protestant Church. Two of the most experienced workers left their congregations, serving them only part time, while making plans to join another Mission. Gloomy predictions were made that the Alliance Church in Bali would inevitably die. There was discouragement all around—fertile soil for the devil's seed-sowing.

In all of this we recalled that we hadn't come to Bali for a picnic. This was a war zone. In missionary meetings before ever coming to Indonesia we had sung: "Ready to stand where He sees fit, ready to bear the strain." Later, on furlough, while singing that same song, I deliberately raised my hand as I sang. Yes, Lelia and I were still ready to "bear the strain," even the machinations of a wily foe.

The prince of Bali was clever, continually switching tactics to cause our withdrawal from the campaign. But how could we withdraw when our Captain's orders had not been rescinded? Through difficult experiences our faith was strengthened as we realized that what the

Bible had predicted was true: We were in a lifelong battle with a scheming enemy. Aware of this, we would not be overcome, but rather be enabled to stand strongly against his opposition.

6

Frontal Attacks

Your enemy the devil prowls around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour. (1 Peter 5:8)

Lelia's first remembered encounters with evil powers were in the devil dances of Tibet. Our experience in Bali was not unlike them. Christian visitors to Bali often mention a feeling of spiritual oppression. One man told me that as soon as he got off the airplane he could "smell the devil." That might or might not have been an over-worked imagination!

Perhaps what triggered the impression was the pervasive odor of smoking joss sticks in village and field, crowded city and marketplace. Aromatic gum is molded onto split palm leaf ribs, dried, then lit and left to smolder. This smoke adds an olfactory dimension to Bali's mystique.

The gods, it seems, are as aesthetic as their creators, enjoying every artistic expression of devotion—sight, sound and smell. The “good gods of the right” must be cajoled with fragrant smoke to keep them happy; the “bad gods of the left” placated to keep them harmless. Yes, that visiting Christian may have smelled the devil!

Even taste is a factor. The word *bali* comes from a Sanskrit word meaning “food offering.” Grains of cooked rice on small squares of banana leaf are placed at dozens of strategic spots around the house and yard. Larger offerings are reverently placed in shrines, at fields and crossroads, even on the hoods of vehicles. Towering columns of artistically displayed flowers, fruit and pastries, spiked to a frame cone, are carried on the heads of women, then presented in temples. The gods are thought to eat the food’s essence, leaving the “husks” which are then taken home and eaten by the offerers. Balinese have a word to describe the flat taste of food after it has been presented. This may be only a subjective feeling, but many believe it is objectively true. Have not the gods themselves eaten the most important ingredients?

Touring the island strengthens the visitor’s impression that evil gods predominate. Hideous gargoyles of carved sandstone, incongruously decorated with scarlet hibiscus blossoms tucked behind huge ears, stand guard near temples, bridges and public buildings. With bared fangs, bulging eyes and menacing posture, they seem to gloat defiantly, “This is our island.”

Bad gods of the "left" can be the wandering souls of the dead. Following a service in a home, we noticed that the area was unusually dark and quiet. As I stepped into the yard I felt an evil presence which made the hair rise on the back of my neck. When I asked why all was dark and quiet, the man of the house, a non-Christian, gave a sort of nervous chuckle and quietly told me that this was cremation season. That's all he would say. Later we found out more. Scores of souls, newly liberated from their bodies by the fires of cremation, hover near the earth. They are believed to be dangerous. So, keep a low profile, stay indoors, douse the lights.

We had also heard that the souls of the departed were supposed to join the benign gods of the "right." Why should they be feared? But then, there is much that is imprecise, even confusing, in the religious beliefs of Bali. Ask ten people for information about a particular point and you will get ten different answers or a shrug of the shoulders with a suggestion that you ask a priest. But everyone, university graduates included, knows about and fears the evil "left" gods. These are "enemies." Offerings to them are placed on the ground. Offerings for the more friendly "right" gods are placed on altars or pedestal shrines. We have often told our Balinese friends, "When you make those offerings to the evil 'left' gods, you are calling them to come. No wonder you have problems."

We have seen seemingly well-adjusted people, including Westerners, immobilized by unknown spirit forces that some Western doctors admit are real but unexplainable in scientific terms. Christians identify the gods of the "left" as demons, emissaries of Satan, the supreme enemy.

Why were Lelia and I unafraid to be abroad at night, even in the cremation season? Why didn't we fear the witch doctors' power nor their curses? Why were we not concerned about *leyak*, said to be people in various animal forms with black magic powers who roamed about at night? Was it because we were skeptics? Not at all. We knew that Satan and his cohorts are created beings, subject to God, great in power, yes, but not almighty, as is He who indwells the Christian. How often we affirmed, "Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 John 4:4, KJV).

The evil powers of Bali can be sensed at the dark of the moon when the Balinese make special offerings to them. They flaunt themselves at such times. Lelia and a visiting missionary friend discovered this at a nearby temple ceremony. Lelia tells the story:

During these temple rites held by each temple every seven months, the gods are said to be "in residence," their presence having been invoked through elaborate rites presided over by a priest. At this particular ceremony my friend and I

watched as excited sarong-clad men returned in procession from the seashore carrying a litter on poles in which sat the stone and wooden statues kept in the temple. These represented the gods who had been taken to the sea for a ritual bath.

As the worshipers attempted to carry their deities back into the temple, a tremendous struggle ensued. An unseen force seemed to hinder them—supposedly the gods themselves—refusing to reenter the temple where on the next day they would be left at the close of the three-day ceremony. The men accompanying the gods became possessed, leaping and shouting and then unsheathing the daggers tucked into their sashes. They stabbed themselves again and again, yet the sharp daggers never pierced their skin.

A tremendous feeling of evil surrounded us. My friend grabbed me, burying her face in my chest. I was a bit nervous myself, but tried to present a calm exterior. After all, I was the resident hostess, supposedly knowledgeable about all of this. But inwardly I was claiming the name of Jesus while pleading the covering of His blood. Finally, some assistant priests in white sarongs and turbans came out with receptacles of

magical holy water. They sprinkled the water over the frenzied worshipers, some of whom were writhing on the ground. Immediately the men became calm. There was no further resistance as the gods were carried quietly back into the temple.

Although all of Bali supposedly belongs to the gods, there are particular places where the spirits congregate—especially in banyan trees, those huge, aerial-rooted wonders of nature. At the base of every banyan tree there are altars for offerings to the unseen inhabitants. On one trip to interior mountain villages, Lelia had taken a rest under one of these trees while her two companion evangelists walked on. This particular tree of towering proportions was known throughout the area as being unusually powerful.

On that day Lelia too became convinced. She began to feel shaky, so much so that it was difficult to maneuver. Then a heaviness descended upon her, making it hard to breathe, akin to the sensation of being strangled. Lelia recognized it as demonic and immediately used the authority of the name of Jesus and pled the covering of His blood. She felt helped by One who is greater than banyan tree spirits who attempt to intimidate evangelists. Nevertheless, a certain weakness and heaviness remained, such a feeling of demonic opposition that she and the other two had to leave the area.

Immediately the oppressive feeling was gone. Lelia cried out to God again, "Why, Lord? We went to that village in Your name and protected by Your blood. Why were we forced to leave?" The answer came back, not audibly, but clearly: "This kind goes not out but by prayer and fasting." There had been prayer, certainly. But we were to learn that there were those bastions of darkness that would demand earnest, concerted, all-out, bulldog prayer—prayer with fasting.

An overt satanic attack also occurred in our own home. Pon was a member of a tiny congregation in a mountain village two hours distant from Klungkung. When Pon became a Christian, his inheritance was claimed by a Hindu relative. Pon stood up for his rights as an Indonesian citizen and took the matter to court, something we encourage Balinese Christians to do. The difficulty is that local laws, the laws of custom and tradition of a particular ethnic group, can take precedence over the national laws. This was Pon's situation.

The Hindu Balinese court official judging the case ruled that since Pon was no longer making offerings to the gods of Bali, he therefore no longer had a right to the lands owned and protected by these gods. Other Balinese Christians had faced this same discrimination with grace. But Pon became angry and bitter. He walked many miles to our house to tell us about his "enemy"—not Satan, but the Hindu relative.

"He may think of you as an enemy," I explained, "but Christians don't call neighbors enemies. Jesus loved those who opposed and hated Him. We have to be like Jesus in this matter." But Pon wasn't listening. His stubbornness and unforgiving spirit may have opened the door for demonization.

One day he came into our living room in a very disturbed state. He threw himself down and began a drumbeat of heels against cement crying, "Kill me, kill me!" Staggering to his feet, he ran amok. He headed for our bedroom, tearing off his clothes and turning over furniture. One of our helpers ran to the police nearby and another just ran. Lelia did not run; she stood by and prayed.

Pon, perhaps to get away from the prayers, darted out the front door and, stark naked, ran yelling down the street. I managed to get him back into the house where he immediately reentered the bedroom to complete the destruction. Savagely he kicked out the full-length cupboard mirror, then with a nonhuman look in his eye, he came at me, reaching for my glasses.

Just then two policemen marched in. They grabbed Pon, a short man, each under one arm and, lifting him, carried him off, treading air and wailing. Lelia was chagrined that Christians would not be allowed to handle a case which we felt was more spiritual in nature than psychiatric or criminal. So she pled with the police to release Pon to our care. After one night in the lockup, he was al-

lowed to stay with us. With much praying and singing songs about the power of Jesus, we saw him gradually return to normal. But Pon's subsequent history saddened our hearts. He never fully succeeded in gaining victory over Satan because he failed to gain victory over self.

Louise and another Jaffray graduate, Yusin, a native of Sulawesi, were living with us. Both young women accompanied us to nearby villages, helped with children's ministries and other aspects of pioneer evangelism. Louise was the daughter of Glendung, so mightily used of God in the early days. She had been exposed to a great deal of Bali lore and superstitions which she may not have believed but to which she was sensitive. Perhaps that is why in our house, which people claimed was haunted, she witnessed strange appearances that we never saw: white monkeys, a lion, moving lights. We didn't doubt her. Such appearances are common in Bali. We ourselves saw such visible occult manifestations several years later.

Driving near Sanur one night about 9:30, Lelia and I came upon lines of people strung out along the edge of the road as if waiting for a show to begin. When I asked what was going on, someone suggested we wait and see lights zooming about in the sky like airplanes in a dogfight. Another, in English, said cryptically, "Black magic."

The village of Sanur is known for its powerful sorcerers, men who engage not merely in black

magic, but in mortal combat; not with ordinary weapons, but with occult powers. We discovered later that a contest was underway between two sorcerers, one from Sanur and the other from a village to the east. These two sorcerers had both been victorious in prior devilish tournaments. In the battle for supremacy, the sorcerers' bodies remain in their homes, apparently asleep. It is their spirits that appear as lights and engage in combat. The loser in this spirit-activated duel dies mysteriously, though he can request a grace period from the victor.

Feeling tired and facing busy schedules the next day, we moved on. Twenty minutes later we glanced to the southwest and saw a light over Sanur. It was brighter than a star and, even as we watched, it increased in brilliance. Then, with diminishing brightness, it began moving slowly westward. After about two minutes, it blinked out. Friends staying that night at the luxury Bali Beach Hotel happened to witness this aerial display from the balcony of their room. They saw two strange sparring lights that could not have been aircraft or stars. It was indeed black magic. The next day a news reporter went to Sanur, but the village head denied that anything unusual had happened. We identified these "UFOs" as a manifestation of that spiritual power who rules Bali.

What about out-and-out demon possession?

Lisnawati, a young woman from Lombok, was brought to us early in 1977 by Christians who

told us that she needed counseling. The truth was that she needed a lot more than that. It soon became apparent that we were to become spiritual therapists for a demon-possessed person.

The deliverance of Lis over a period of nine months showed us that victory through exorcism may not come all at once. Like an onion skin whose tight concentric layers can be peeled off one by one, with Lisnawati it was layers of darkness peeled off prayer by prayer. Lis was delivered of twenty-one demons represented by objects coughed up following terrific struggles.

On April 19, I literally wrestled with Lis off and on for an hour, from 6 to 7 in the evening. She kept her mouth tightly shut during that time. The evil spirit was keeping it shut, not wanting to leave. We took turns praying and singing songs about Christ and the blood. Why is it that many enduring Christian hymns are appropriate for use in the ministry of exorcism? Is it not because they truly reflect the human experience? Furthermore, Satan cannot stand to hear the glorious Lord Jesus Christ exalted in song. It unnerves him and he leaves the scene.

Lelia, Samiati (a coworker) and I repeatedly commanded the evil spirit to leave and go to the bottomless pit. Lelia had her arm around Lis and tried to open Lis' mouth, sensing that she wanted to expel something. Suddenly, in a terrible struggle, with groans and as much screaming as she (it?) could do with her mouth closed, Lis expelled a piece of wire two and one-half inches

long, sharp on one end. She then embraced Lelia, who had held her and helped her discharge the ghastly object. We prayed, thanking God, while again consigning the evil spirit to leave Bali and Lombok and go to his own place. I laid hands on Lis for healing of some "scratches in her mouth." But when Lelia examined it with a flashlight, she could find no scratches or blood.

Six months later, on October 23, Lis coughed up the largest object, a metal bolt about three inches long. Pastor Gama, who was present and told us of this, called it the "principal demon." The objects that were ejected from Lis' mouth included seven needles, four nails, six safety pins, four wads of thread (one red, one black and two white), one piece of bark-like material with four needles, one piece of wire and one metal bolt. (Years later a Javanese young woman we dealt with coughed up sixteen sharp needles with red, black and white threads attached.) Students of the occult have a term for the materialization of objects within the body. This occurs as a result of the victim having been treated by a sorcerer at some previous time. When we asked Lis, she told us that she had indeed been taken to a sorcerer by her father years before.

Following this, Lis was normal for a period of three years and gave glad testimony of her total deliverance. The story ends on a sad note, however. Lis entered an illicit relationship with a married man and lied about it. The evil spirits

who had come out of her returned to their former dwelling. Lis, under their influence, tried to kill herself. I had to restrain her as she attempted to jump into a well.

Then tragedy struck. While we were on furlough, Lis fell from a vehicle, hit the back of her head on the pavement and died. "The final condition of that [wo]man is worse than the first" (Matthew 12:45). Having known the Prince of Peace, Lis chose to follow the prince of Bali who achieved his "three-point agenda: deception, dominion and destruction" (Quotation from John Robb, *International Journal of Frontier Missions*, October, 1993). We learned that those delivered from demon possession are still susceptible. They need constant support and discipling so that they grow in faith and stay filled with the Word of God.

Demon possession should not be considered strange in an island where the entire population is caught up in a religious festival dedicated to the appeasement of evil. We lived through one of those festivals—the once-in-a-hundred-year extravaganza held at Besakih Temple from late February to early May 1979.

This was called *Eka Dasa Rudra*, where offerings are made at eleven points of the Balinese compass to Rudra, one of the demonic manifestations of Bali's supreme being. Our landlord, Dewa Agung, had led a similar ceremony thirteen years previously, but it had come to a halt in a rain of fire and was pronounced not valid by Bali's spiritual leaders.

Even President and Mrs. Suharto, who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, also made the pilgrimage to Besakih. From a religious standpoint, they could have no sympathy with a festival which Muslims consider blatant idolatry, a sin against Allah. As we saw the president exchange his Muslim hat for the less confrontational Javanese head cloth, we could not escape the feeling that his attendance was more than a politically correct action by the head of state. Hinduism has a centuries-old foothold in the president's native Java and is still a pervasive substrata influence among that island's people.

Most worshipers carried food offerings in woven baskets to the mother temple on the southwestern slopes of Mount Agung. Twenty-three priests officiated at bizarre animal sacrifices, sixty varieties of beasts, birds and insects were killed in symbolic ritual first, then actually. A young water buffalo was coaxed, dragged and pushed up the forty-five degree slopes to the 10,000-foot summit, then hurled alive into the volcanic crater. A buffalo, calf, goat, pig, goose, duck and chicken were wrapped in cloth the colors of major Hindu deities, carried to the center of the crater Lake Batur and cast overboard. Large stones tied to them assured that the animals would drown, sacrifices to the goddess of the lake.

In the temple area, a bright red snake was seen slithering out of a pan, then heading in the direction of the main temple. When cooking oil was poured into the pan it turned a bright red.

On March 13, during a ceremony honoring the Balinese staff of life, grains of rice leaped and danced around a representation of Dewi Seri, the rice goddess.

Many eyewitnesses testified to these preternatural happenings. To us they were supernatural, of Satan. It was not coincidental that during those forty days there was a rash of thefts, muggings and stabbings. Possibly many people were self-hypnotized by excessive religious fervor, but others acted in a way that could only be described as demon possession. In Bali, invasion of one's being by an alien spirit is a commonly accepted phenomenon. During the exorcism festival, the exact opposite of exorcism happened. Satan, prince of Bali, laughed in glee.

I do not want to give the impression that the battle for Bali was a nonstop encounter with the occult. In fact, we are hesitant sometimes in talking about these things lest we give too much glory to the enemy. Jesus Christ is Lord. Our eyes were and are on Him.

Reverse Culture Shock

(written in 1963, by Lelia)

Furlough (now called home assignment) has found me feeling somewhat like the duck that flew upside down and "quacked up." I don't think I'll "quack up" because I'm in the United States, but I often feel as if I'm awkwardly flapping along, not quite oriented to the landscapes of American life and culture.

It may be that these have changed since last I knew them. It may be that I have changed after ten years in a foreign land. Missionary life does change a person. I know it changes eating habits and culinary tastes. Food is one of the most basic issues in practical missionary living. A missionary has to eat. The local Klungkung market may not have veal cutlets or cake mixes, but

there, in organized confusion, you can bargain for one of several kinds of rice, newly harvested and freshly hand-milled, pick out your raw spices for curry and decide whether you want hot, hotter or hottest peppers.

The rice appears on your table in a variety of ways—as gruel for breakfast, as steamed rice with curry for dinner, as fried rice for supper. For dessert there is glutinous rice mixed with coconut cream and brown sugar, and, for afternoon tea, cakes made of rice flour. It's a simple diet, but to the educated palate, delicious and satisfying. The problem is to educate the palate.

As a new missionary, you may savor a cupful of rice with your chicken—but not a whole plateful two or three times a day, please! Some dishes may at first seem unappetizing, unpalatable and even unreasonable. But you remember the chorus you sang back at college: "Where He leads me I will follow; what He feeds me I will swallow." You often yearn for cheese and green salad and apples; for hot dogs and cola and ice cream. But after a while you find the Indonesian diet is second to none in the world as far as your tastes are concerned.

Missionary life changes the pattern of your home life. For one thing, for most of the year you don't have your children. Someone else is rearing them. You have to send them far away to boarding school because there is no school available nearby. This means you are spared, "Mommy, make Frances give me my dolly," and

all of that. But as a missionary mother you try to cram all the togetherness and love you can into those first five years the child is all yours. Then you feel something like Hannah. You send her off at the age of five to a school 900 miles away, committing her to the Lord with gratitude for the dedicated missionary houseparents and teachers who will train her. You know they will be spending time on their knees doing so.

Even with your children gone, you are not idle or lonely. On the field you quickly relinquish the American concept of home as being your inviolate sanctuary. An oriental home is virtually a community as well as a general stopping-over place for all friends and relatives not already living there. This inevitably affects your missionary home. You learn to leave your door and heart open and to be ready for any kind of traffic. At first you resent the invasion of privacy, but after a while you give up that right, and you find yourself truly grateful that the nationals feel free to come into your home—and even to stay a while. You learn not to be annoyed when they examine all your belongings. And when, in true Indonesian style, they ask you the price of everything, you tell them.

You never know who may be dropping in, nor for how long. Perhaps it's the palace-born, high-caste wife of the mayor wanting to chat with someone not bound by the provincialities and taboos of her palace life. Or a university student wanting to practice his English or a Chi-

nese merchant asking how to get money to his son studying in Germany.

It may be one of the national workers stopping in overnight on his way to a preaching mission. Or perhaps all of the national workers in for a three-day conference in your home. It may be some of the mountain Christians down for cabbage seeds and eyedrops. It may be fifty emigrants needing overnight accommodation on their way from the parched island of Nusa Penida to a new life in Sumatra. Or it may be refugees fleeing the fury of a volcano.

Whoever it is, you gladly welcome them and share your beds and board, remembering the scriptural injunction to be "given to hospitality" (Romans 12:13, KJV). But you do draw the line at the freeloading California beatnik brought to you by a Hindu who doesn't know what to do with him. Sometimes for weeks on end you rarely sit down to a meal alone or have empty beds, but in your missionary home you can at least retreat into the privacy of your bedroom.

When you leave your home, there is no retreat from curious eyes. Wherever you go, a crowd usually gathers—which is what you want in village evangelism, but not when you've taken time out for a family picnic. Nor are you too happy to be watched by curious eyes when, on a visit to an isolated mountain village, you are down at the public bath—the river—awkwardly struggling to don a dry sarong while slipping out of

the wet one in which you have just taken your bath.

The mission field changes your home life in another way. You have helpers to do the laundry and the dishes. A luxury, you think, and at first your democratic upbringing makes you shrink from giving orders to that attractive seventeen-year-old Balinese girl. But when maintaining your home entails bargaining every day at the market for the day's provisions, cooking from scratch with no prepared spices or soup mixes or ready-cleaned chickens, scrubbing the clothes by hand and ironing with a charcoal iron, you soon realize household help is a necessity. You are there to engage in a ministry, but running your household could demand all your time and energy unless you have help and, at the prevailing wage scale, it would be uneconomical not to.

But household help can also be one of your biggest headaches, and you sometimes think it would be easier to do it all yourself. For a special occasion with honored guests, you may find the banana cream pie arriving at the table with a layer of sliced onions as well as bananas hidden under the cream filling. This is why one of the qualifications for successful missionary life is a sense of humor—by which I mean a true sense of values and the ability to see things in their right proportion, including yourself. Onions in a cream pie may spoil your elegant dessert, but the world still keeps spinning, and so you laugh.

And next time you check the pie assembly personally.

Missionary life changes your pace of living. In a climate that has two seasons—hot and hotter—you learn not to be in too much of a hurry. Unless you learn this, you may melt away—and you most certainly will be out of step with everyone else. So you slow down, and you try not to be frustrated or annoyed when things are not done as speedily and efficiently as in the ulcer-ridden, heart attack-prone homeland. Patience is the virtue most necessary for a missionary in day-to-day living.

You learn also to be adaptable, to take anything in your stride. The Indonesians have what they call *jam karet*—elastic time. This means that time has no real meaning, at least not exact time. A function scheduled for 8 o'clock may start at 9 or 9:30. Buses and boats have no rigid schedules and maybe no schedules at all. You soon learn to dispense with a rigid schedule. You learn to be elastic too. You map out generally your objectives and what has to be done and then proceed as you can, ready for any interruption or delay.

However, one thing that brooks no delay or deletion is your quiet time with God. You try to be up at 5 or 5:30, for this most vital part of your practical missionary life. Your hour alone with God is the keystone which determines the stability and durability of your day-to-day life.

Also on your day's schedule is the siesta. As a new missionary, feeling very vital and superior,

you thought you could dispense with this concession to the flesh. But you soon realize it is necessary for the preservation of health and sanity. Your missionary home may have a portable stereo and the strains of Beethoven or Bev Shea to refresh and renew you after a hard day, but you may not have a TV. Actually this is a blessing in disguise, for you are pushed into the mental exercise of reading. You try to fit it in every day, not only for relaxation but also for stimulation, soul expansion and spiritual blessing.

Life on the mission field gives you perspective and new values. You learn to appreciate the contemplative life which there was not much time for in the hustle-bustle, hurry-scurry pace back home. You find yourself adopting some of the oriental indirectness in contrast to the blunt and forthright manner of the Westerner. You learn how unnecessary material things are to happiness and how vitiating they can be to moral vigor and spiritual perception. You realize the abundance of your possessions may create a barrier between you and the national. You learn to adjust to inconveniences and minor privations. You do have electricity—100 watts of it from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. And water does trickle out of pipes all of four hours a day. You are well off.

You also learn to cope with health hazards. You don't eat raw vegetables or unpeeled fruit. Every six months you take the worm treatment and get typhoid and cholera shots. Any intestinal disorder gets prompt attention. You know

full well the danger of chronic dysentery. You despair of finding any boil treatment—until you finally discover that Dial soap is a very effective preventative and remedy. You never do learn how to cope with the ubiquitous fleas, but at least you have company in your misery, for everyone else is scratching too.

Yes, you've changed in ten years. Life on the mission field is different from life at home. But then, maybe you never had it so good.

There may be political terrorists, but no sex maniacs. There may be health hazards, but no hot-rodders on the highways. There may be no TV, but there are experts in the lost art of conversation. There may be no winter, but there is no need for winter clothing. The food may be simpler, but the figures are slimmer. The roads may be dirtier, but the literature is cleaner. There may be bugs, but there are no Beatles.

That was in the 1960s. Now, in 1998, with supermarkets, six television channels (not counting those available with a special antenna) and more than a million tourists annually, the picture has forever changed. Western influence, for all its negative aspects, helps to loosen the grip of custom, presenting new options for the Balinese and opportunities in the battle for Bali.

What follows is an expression of my heartfelt appreciation for our Indonesian colleagues in poetic form. Elijah, a distraught servant of God, who sat under a broom tree (juniper tree in KJV)

prayed that he might die. But then, touched by an angel, he gets a new perspective (1 Kings 19:5).

Under My Juniper Tree

Lord, here I am
under my juniper tree,
And I say it too:
"It is enough."
I've spent the best years of my life
in a foreign land.
And with all my trying
I am a foreigner still.
And lonely.
Even this land's kin
of the cross and crown
Does not open his heart to me
as to his own.
This acceptance gap—
Lord, is it all my doing?
My Western bumbling
and spiritual fumbling?
Is it my failure to learn,
reach, accept, yield, love
And die to self?
Is that the answer?
Is it really?
Lord, where should my bending,
accepting and giving end?
And his bending,
accepting and giving begin?
When should his trying
to understand me intersect
My trying to understand him?
Or must I bridge the gap
all the way?

(This is the way of Calvary.

But is Calvary's way
for him as well as me?)

Not all for my sake,
but for Yours, dear Head.
For we are all part of You.
And part of one another.

Lord, we are all burdened
with the luggage of life;
With our blind spots
and our weak spots
and our loads.

But You have a plan for this:
"Bear one another's burdens.
It's the law of Christ," You say.

So help me to bear his burdens,
and also, Lord, if You will,
Help him to bear mine.

What are my burdens?
Lord, You know.
My inward pain at casual remarks.
"You tell us to trust the Lord,"

he says, "and that is well.

But you are rich and have never
known naked need such as ours."
And I cannot share joys of discovery
when I have been in real want
And found Your promises true.

My aching for young children
far away.

My friend sees the money expended
and thinks that I must be
ever so happy

That so much is done to educate
my children.

My distress at children near
who jeer at the long-nosed
"tourist,"
While impassive elders
stand by in condoning silence.
My concern for children in college
now left alone to find their
moorings
In the eddies and tides
of the churning American scene.
Lord, behind a blasé facade,
hides a confused heart.
And, lonely too—
And, ten thousand miles away—I weep.
My frustration with my inability
to make my home
as he wants it to be, like his;
No doors, a bulging community.
But I just can't pull out
that thread of the fabric of me
called privacy.
My despair of ever being able
to bridge the gap
And communicate all that is in my heart
or understand all that is in his.
I look for the love
that reaches out to me
at my point of need
To show me the way.
Someone just touched me, Lord,
One of the kin
of cross and crown.
His voice tells me
that He knows and cares.
"Dear kinsman," He says,
"don't be discouraged.
Your steadiness and trust

are needed
More than you know."
I've had to come a long way
in such a short time,
I'm still sorting out my identity
in God's plan
and in history.

Dear friend, I do love you,
and want to understand you.
I need the Christ
being formed in you.
Try to see the Christ
being formed in me;
you need that too.

Thank You, Lord.
I rise to feed on the feast
suddenly spread,
The broken bread and wine.
And there is strength
for the waiting and the working
for the giving and the taking
for the bending and accepting
for the living and the dying,

"Till we all come
unto a perfect man,
unto the measure
of the stature
of the fullness of Christ."

Lord, here I am
under my tree,
But no longer "juniper tree."
It's Calvary,
where there is neither

male or female
young or old,
"long nose" or "short nose."
culture "A" or culture "B."

And here, in bonds
of love's community,
Stamped with Your identity,
though still "he" and "me,"
In mutual need of one another,
Together we reach out
to a lost humanity
that so needs You, Lord.

8

Battle Trophies

Captives will be taken . . . plunder retrieved from the fierce; I will contend with those who contend with you. (Isaiah 49:25)

Satanic opposition, whether through covert schemes or overt confrontations, strengthened our faith as we saw Scripture teaching about spiritual warfare reflected in what we were experiencing. Yes, there were grievous disappointments, as we have seen, but also genuine, Spirit-wrought conversions. Most Balinese converts are for real; they have to be, for there is a price involved in breaking out of that socioreligious straightjacket which binds them.

I have mentioned Besan, the home village of the communist leader who had used us and where we had distributed tracts. Sutara, a high school boy from Besan, carefully read our tracts

and became convinced of the truth of the gospel and the meaninglessness of a religion opposed to it. He became a believer. Something told him that it was no longer right to chant prayers to unknown gods, so he quit attending his high school religion class where that kind of prayer was made. Now it was Sutara's teacher who was angry. He did not promote Sutara to the next grade. Lelia remonstrated with the teacher about this un-Hindu and un-Indonesian lack of tolerance: "Doesn't Indonesian law guarantee freedom of religion?" she asked.

The teacher, apparently feeling it wouldn't be wise to engage this woman in argument, dismissed Lelia condescendingly: "Sutara is a simple lad."

And that was that.

Yes, Sutara was a simple lad, simple enough to believe in Jesus and be saved. This faith of his was to be tested to the point of failure, but divine intervention prevented apostasy. No, Sutara's faith wasn't shaken by persecution; it was from the appeals of the one closest to him on earth. His mother had tried to understand Sutara's conversion for she loved her son, but the fact was that, in the eyes of fellow villagers and even in her own eyes, her boy was a maverick with no regard for the feelings of family and friends, no respect for his ancestors and, worse still, without regard for the communal well-being of the village. A traitorous act like his could mean reprisal by a phalanx of Hindu gods. Sutara's mother wept real tears. She

urged her son to go with her to the priest for the ceremony of readmission into the Hindu religion. Her tearful pleas finally broke down Sutara's resistance and he agreed to visit the priest with his mother. However, just as they were to leave the house, the missionary appeared for a visit. Much to the chagrin of the mother, the Hindu ceremony never took place.

February 20, 1957, was a red-letter day for us as well as for this brave lad from Besan. It was the first Christian baptism in Klungkung, and no doubt in all of southeastern Bali. It should be and would be a public testimony. So, with our small band of Christians, we descended the banks of the Unda River. Hallelujahs were heard as the first Balinese believer in that area was baptized instead of going through the ceremony of reintroduction into the Hindu faith.

Actually there were two "firstfruits" baptized that day. Ilo was a young Hindu woman who had come to live with us. As we have seen in Sutara's case, community is important, individualism frowned on. Ilo, removed from her community and wanting to be a part of her new Christian family, found it easier to convert. The same thing happened later with an older woman, our cook of many years. She and her teenage daughter had come to us as Hindus, but, as a sunflower opens to the warming rays of its god, both mother and daughter opened their hearts to the warming rays of the Son of Right-

teousness. The mother's betel-nut habit dropped off without any urging from us, but rather from the quiet teaching of the Holy Spirit as Lelia led daily devotions for the household helpers. It wasn't just because this woman and her daughter wanted to fit in with their new community; they sincerely wanted to follow Christ and did so.

Someone once asked me, "Do converts in Bali last?" The answer is yes. There were a few who entered Christianity without Christ entering them and so fell by the wayside, but generally Balinese remain true. As noted at the beginning of this chapter, their decision to follow Christ involves sacrifice. We encouraged Sutara to stay in Besan. He remains a Christian to this day. Ilo later became the wife of a Christian pastor. Our cook's daughter went on to Bible school and, with her husband, serves a church on another island.

Karsa was a young man who had graduated from a Christian high school in Java and had become a believer. His family back in Klungkung was very unhappy. As with Sutara, they looked on him as a turncoat. Returning to his home in Klungkung, Karsa was surprised to find a Christian church and immediately made himself known. He attended services very much against the wishes of his family, but we were pleased to have a Klungkung resident join our small group. We encouraged and instructed Karsa. Here was

an individual who could be a key to opening doors.

Karsa's brother had been sure that his younger sibling would return to the religion of Bali as soon as he got to Klungkung. But when Karsa refused to renounce his newfound faith, the older brother forced him to go to the native healer where he was given a potion which would make him forget Christianity. As Karsa was about to drink it, he said, "This may hurt my stomach but it will not make me change my mind. I've found my Savior and will never turn back."

The older brother, seeing how ineffective the treatment was, gave up and told Karsa to leave Bali. Our hopes of having a Klungkung native join our group were gone, but we were encouraged when we received a letter from Karsa in Java: "Viewed from the human standpoint, my association with you has caused me to be separated from my family, but from a spiritual viewpoint you have pointed me to the true way. I have found salvation of my soul."

Father of Mendra (actual name) found noble ideas and exalted precepts in all three major eastern religions that he had either tried or investigated, but contact with God eluded him; a deep spiritual hunger remained. One day, an evangelist came to his village and read some promises purported to have been made by the Supreme Being. These promises were in a Book.

When Father of Mendra asked where he could get a copy, the evangelist surprised him by saying, "Here, you may take mine!"

Father of Mendra was struck with the title: *Alkitab (The Book)*. Then he found that it was actually two books: the Old Testament and the New Testament—in Indonesian, The Old Promises and The New Promises. Here was a God not only laying down precepts, as in those other religious books, but making promises (a new idea). Reading further, he found that these were good promises. Father of Mendra became a staunch Christian. Today his son is a pastor in one of our churches in West Bali.

DPK, a young man who accepted Christ when we had moved to Gianyar (1968), had to appear before a family council. His grieved relatives announced an ultimatum: "Repent of this Christian foolishness or leave the house and forfeit your inheritance. We will give you seven days to make up your mind."

DPK told us later that he had not needed seven days; he had already made up his mind. So, as the family council reconvened on the fateful day, he announced that he had chosen Christ. The family's threats had not been idle. The young man was disowned, dispossessed and disinherited. But Christ owned him and gave him a new family and a better inheritance. DPK married a Christian girl, established a Christian home and became a witness for Jesus.

Wayan and Mawa, brothers, illustrate the difference between truly believing in Christ or merely taking on the Christian religion without experiencing a living relationship with God. When the gospel came to their village in the early 1950s, both brothers embraced it. Later, under threat, Mawa renounced his faith. But Wayan, the older brother, replied to his tormentors, "Kill me if you want to, but I'm not turning back."

Seeing his fearlessness and determination, the persecutors backed off. Meanwhile, the younger brother who had left Christ became a leading member of a guerrilla band. One day at the Klungkung post office I saw a large photograph of Mawa and beneath it the words: "Wanted by the police." Not long after, police hunted down the renegade, then shot and killed him. His older brother, a renegade in the positive sense, has been and still is a pillar in an Alliance church. Their stories illustrate the words of Jesus, "If anyone would come after me, he must deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For whoever wants to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for me will find it" (Matthew 16:24-25).

Cakra was a Balinese man who had heard the gospel in the days of Jaffray and Tsang and was strongly attracted to it. His father, a landowner, would have none of it and threatened to turn his son out should he become a Christian. Cakra

was unwilling to risk loss, so he turned away from Jesus and forgot his plans to be baptized. He began to work the land, making a papaya plantation, but the agri-business fell on hard times. He got hooked on gambling and traveled far and near to participate in cockfights, winning enough to keep him hooked, but losing overall and, finally, losing his inheritance.

Having had a taste of spiritual realities, he took up the study of the intricate lore of the medicine man. (In this book these men invariably come off in a bad light, but it should be remembered that they do help people by combining common sense remedies, medicinal herbs and a dash of human psychology.) Cakra's practice grew over the years until he had a large clientele, as many as 2,000 people. He enjoyed a good living and the prestige that went with his practice. He became known as "Holy Healer." But, as with other medicine men, he also did harm through limited medical knowledge; for example, massaging a broken bone instead of setting it. And, by employing the occult in his treatment he did even more serious damage.

One day, a bizarre event occurred that was to change Cakra's life. In the process of treating a person by immersing him in the ocean, the patient drowned. The family of the deceased chose to prosecute. Cakra, the holy healer, was tried, found guilty of causing the death of an innocent person and put in jail. A dejected man, he had a great deal of time to think, to remember. *Would*

it have been different if I had followed my heart and not bid farewell to Jesus Christ? he wondered.

But God had not said farewell to Cakra. God sought him out. A gospel team from the Singaraja church found the former native healer and told him that God loved him still: "You forsook Jesus long ago," they told him, "but He is giving you another chance." Cakra repented in tears. Chastened and humbled, he was now ready to follow this "Lord of the second chance." Thus it happened that Cakra was allowed to make his way, accompanied by a prison guard, to the church where he was baptized in a public confession of Jesus Christ.

Not long after this, he completed his prison term and returned to his village. Two days later, on July 14, 1976, that village was leveled by an earthquake. Cakra narrowly escaped death when a falling timber grazed his arm. He began to realize that he had been saved not only for his own benefit but to become a channel of benefit to others, especially those whom he had led astray through his occult teaching. A desire was born in his heart to make amends for the lost years by serving the Lord, even as he had served Satan. He enrolled in our Discipleship Training Center. He didn't have much time remaining to engage in the work of the kingdom, but by the grace of God he did leave a better legacy to his children than his father had left him. Cakra's son graduated from Jaffray Theological School and entered a fruitful ministry as a pastor. The

former medicine man's granddaughter is a student in the same school today. But there's more.

Pastor W was a second generation Christian from West Bali. We had taken him into our home as a high school student and had seen him develop into a strong leader in the KINGMIT Church. Through W's fearless witness, many Balinese had been won to the Lord. One such was Cakra's son, Subudi. Subudi had much to commend him: an open, friendly manner, athletic ability (he was known for his expertise in karate), a good wife and healthy son and a diploma from the Hindu Teacher's Institute. Now he was awaiting appointment as a teacher of Hinduism in public schools. It was then that he met Pastor W and through him met the Savior.

To provide a living for his family, Subudi used his motorbike as a taxi between a coastal town and his home two kilometers inland. One particular day, the sea breeze had vanished and it was very hot. People were quite willing to pay 12 cents for a ride on the back of Subudi's open-air taxi. But business had been slack. It was one of Bali's many holy days and people were occupied in making offerings, then carrying them on their heads in bright towers to the local temple. Subudi thought back to the days just a few months before when he too, clad in sarong and broad waist sash, had joined the throng of worshipers.

As Subudi started out on his motorbike to return home, all at once he heard a terrifying rum-

ble. At the same moment, the road under his bike lifted, tilted violently to the left, then, in seesaw fashion, lurched to the right. Subudi clutched the handle bars as he and the machine were slammed against a parked car. A deafening roar followed and thick clouds of dust darkened the sky.

When the earth had quieted and the dust partially settled, Subudi stared about him, awe-struck. Instant ruins! The town by the sea had been leveled. Then, after a moment of eerie silence, came the moans and the screams of those pinned beneath the wreckage. Subudi tried not to think of the meaning of their cries. He resisted a feeling of panic as he thought of his own village. What had the earthquake done to its closely packed buildings? And what of his family?

Shakily, he revved the motor of his Honda and started his journey homeward, driving carefully to avoid fallen bricks and timbers. When he looked across the rice fields toward his village, there was no village! The thought came, *How many of my family will I have to bury today?* And with that thought Subudi prayed to his newly found Savior a prayer as simple as it was urgent, "Lord Jesus, help me." As he entered his house yard everything was flattened with the exception of a rice storage house, amazingly still standing on its spindly legs. What a relief to see his wife and parents! But that relief soon turned to alarm.

"Where is Ngurah?" someone asked. "We don't know where he is. He must be under the ruins." Ngurah was Subudi's five-year-old son.

Again this Christian father, so young in the faith, prayed: "Lord Jesus, help me to find my boy. Show me where to dig."

Just then the din and wailing around him subsided. Subudi heard a faint sound, "like the grunt of a pig," he said later. He started to lift and clear debris. Three feet below he uncovered Ngurah's head. Very carefully he dug and dug and then lifted the child out. Little Ngurah was a bit dazed, but otherwise unhurt. He was soon playing among the ruins. Subudi prayed again as simply and fervently as he had prayed before, "Thank You, Lord Jesus."

A distraught relative who had been taking this all in, said to Subudi, "Beli (older brother), help me find Sari (his daughter). She must be buried and we don't know where to look."

Once more the prayer of faith was offered. Subudi then walked some distance and started lifting bricks and broken timbers. The four-year-old Sari was entombed at that very spot. A window frame had taken the brunt of falling debris and protected her. Aside from a slight bruise on her back, the child was unhurt. Once again Subudi bowed his head and gave thanks to the Savior for His protection and help. Those who trusted in vindictive and capricious gods had their confidence shaken. One devotee of the god Wisnu, the supposed divine protector,

said, "Our gods are dead." Subudi responded, "My God is alive. Trust in Him." Subudi's faith in action was a powerful testimony to the goodness of a heavenly Father who hears and answers prayer.

One month later, Subudi received his long-awaited appointment as a teacher of Hinduism. To the amazement of all, he did nothing about it. Under strong protest from his non-Christian wife and mother, he put that appointment aside and enrolled in Jaffray Theological School. Later, with his wife who had become a believer, Subudi became the pastor of the church in his own town.

Gama had been brought up in a Hindu home in West Bali and, in the political crisis of the mid-1960s, had been spared from death and miraculously converted. In a dream one night, he saw a visitor coming to him with an important message, but the contents of the message were not disclosed. On the following day, Gama received a visitor from the church in that area who witnessed to him of Jesus. Gama knew intuitively that this stranger was none other than the messenger who had appeared to him in the previous night's dream. Thus when the Christian explained the way of salvation, Gama responded immediately and was soon a thoroughly converted, baptized believer. When Gama became a witnessing Christian, old accusations surfaced.

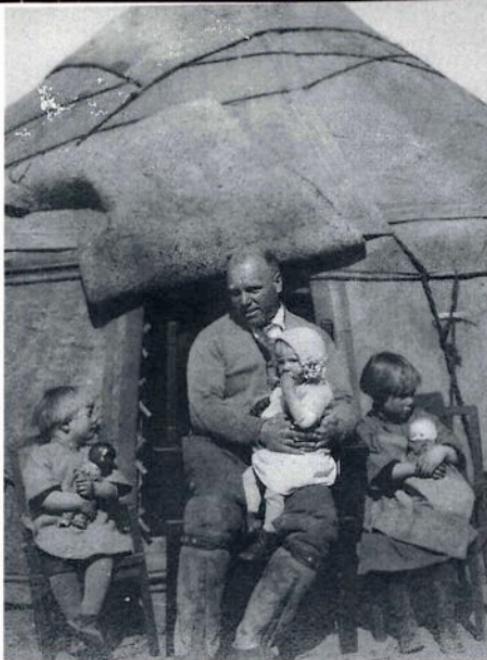
"If you are planning to kill me for political reasons I will oppose it," he told his opponents. "But if you want to kill me because I am a Christian, go ahead and kill me." Instead of further attempts at intimidation, they treated him with new respect. Like Subudi, Gama went to the Jaffray school to prepare for ministry. There he met his future wife, Sarah, a second generation Balinese Christian. They were to have a vital part in a ministry of far-reaching influence as we will see later.



I was part of a Wheaton College Foreign Missions Fellowship summer team (1948) made up of L to R: David Howard, Verd Holsteen, myself and Jim Elliot.

Our pre-missionary pastoral experience was in a storefront church on skid row in Haverhill, Massachusetts where we learned to "scratch" and trust the Lord. The church later became the largest Alliance congregation in the New England District.





Lelia grew up in China, one of three daughters of Alliance missionaries Charles and Helen Koenigswald. L: with their father in nomad Tibetan country, circa 1933. R: with their mother; from left to right, Lelia, Joan and Eleanor, 1935.

We spent eight terms as missionaries to Bali. This picture was taken there in 1963 with our five children. L to R: Helen, Lelia, Jamey, Dick, Rodger, Rob, Fran.





Great care is taken when replacing a gamecock's natural spur with this razor-sharp blade. Cockfighting, although outlawed, is still popular.

Maday Nama, our first convert in Ubud, although bedfast, was free in spirit and a great blessing to us. He painted beautiful pictures while lying flat on his back.





The Balinese have heard about heaven, but it remains a great mystery. "Jesus will take you there," I tell them. "He knows the way. He came from heaven and returned to heaven. Follow Him."

In 1953, we were refused entrance into Ubud. Thirty-nine years later, this church building, strategically located at the edge of the city, was dedicated. Chapter 16 chronicles the miraculous way in which the funds were provided.





Our living room in Kuta was often filled with kids for Lelia's story and song time on Wednesday afternoons. We lived here four months in 1978 while waiting to move into a new place in Gianyar.

A "rust-bucket" like this was our only option for crossing the open sea from Bali to Lombok and Sumbawa islands. Just a month after we complained to the captain about overloading, his boat went down, taking 90 lives.





Subudi managed to rescue his small son unharmed from the wreckage of their home following the 1976 earthquake.

The man to his right is his father, a reclaimed native healer.



While we were on detached duty in Timor, missionaries Marion Allen, Dick Smith and I flew weekly in this MAF Cessna 180 to surrounding islands for TEE (pastors' training classes).

Lelia has the full attention of church leaders in a TEE class in the spacious sanctuary built by missionary Ken Van Kurin in Denpasar, Bali's capital city.





Our second house in Gianyar doubled as a meeting place for a small group of believers. My "gospel boots"—the Lambretta scooter—took me on evangelistic trips. I visited 102 village headmen in Klungkung and Gianyar districts, giving each a spoken and printed testimony about Jesus Christ, their Savior as well as mine.

Lelia put many miles on her Yamaha TM motorbike until about 1990 when it became too dangerous because of greatly increased traffic.



One of the benefits of our English language ministry at the Grand Bali Beach Hotel was the provision of bricks for a church in North Bali and many other worthy projects. Pastor Enos is on the left.





This magnificent funeral pyre contains the corpse of Dewa Agung (inset) who was revered as a god by the Balinese. Powerlines had to be taken down to allow passage of the massive structure which was carried to the cremation site on the shoulders of hundreds of grieving men. He heard a clear gospel presentation just before he died.



Besakih, mother temple for all of Bali, is situated on the lower slopes of Mount Agung. This picture was taken during the one-in-a-hundred-year festival in 1963. The magnificent structure was partially destroyed during the eruption of the mountain later that year.

Seven years after that first baptism under the bridge, this is all that remained of Bali's longest suspension span, destroyed by the volcanic flood of February, 1964.





We invited a National Church pastor to do the honors at our first baptism under the bridge in Klungkung (1957). Seven years later this bridge was destroyed by a terrifying volcanic flood.

Bali's famous "white-bottom" cows get a splash bath in the river—a necessity in a country where there are only two seasons—hot and hotter.





In 1929, Robert Jaffray made a faith prediction at this infamous bat-cave temple near Klungkung: "The light of the gospel, preached by Spirit-filled missionaries, will drive out the millions of demons of darkness, and these people, enchain'd by the devil so long, will be set free." His prediction has come true.

Dr. Jaffray had asked the government for a place of refuge for persecuted Christians. A land grant was made in Ambiarsari, West Bali. Getting there for a ministry of encouragement (1958) included a rough ride by ox cart.





In 1963 we started what would become the Baithel Christian Children's Home in Klungkung (now Semarapura). Director Gama, a convert from Hinduism and his wife Sarah, the daughter of one of the earliest Balinese Alliance pastors had oversight of this ministry. Over the years, hundreds of underprivileged children have been housed and fed.



Evangelist Wayan D. Paulus, a former Hindu priest, travels widely as a soul winner. He had burned tracts I distributed in his village, but the time came when he could no longer resist the call of God.

The Alliance Church in Semarapura (Klunkung) is pastored by Rev. Sarah Gama, in addition to her work at the children's home.





The entire Lewis family gathered in Bali in July, 1998. Front row L to R: Jessica Love, Valerie Lewis, Keio Lewis, Timothy Lewis, Mark Keane, Bentley Lewis, Max Lewis (Bentley and Max behind Mark). Middle row L to R: Fran Lewis Love, Cindy Lewis Lewis, Helen Lewis Keane, Rodger, Lelia, Tessa Love, Chelsea Lewis. Back row L to R: Jamey Lewis, Rob Lewis, Dick Lewis, Rick Love.



After ten years of research and writing, I finally completed the history of the Alliance work in Indonesia. In 1995, Mr. Raya, director of Living Word Publishers in Bandung presented me with a copy.

In July of 1998, Lelia and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary and marked 45 years of ministry in Bali. This intricately carved plaque was a gift from our missionary colleagues.



The Battle Heats Up, Part I: Natural Upheaval

[The king] ordered the furnace heated seven times hotter than usual and commanded . . . soldiers . . . to . . . throw [Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego] into the blazing furnace. (Daniel 3:19-20)

When your judgments come upon the earth, the people of the world learn righteousness. (Isaiah 26:9)

My Greek teacher at Nyack, Dr. C.D. McKaig, responded to the groans of his students, "Cheer up, folks, it gradually gets harder and harder." That was the word for us after slugging it out for ten years in Klungkung. If

the 1960s was a stormy time in the U.S., so it was for us in Bali, but for different reasons. The decade was a period of upheavals—natural, political and personal.

"Received your telegram regarding welfare of your missionaries in Bali. Consulate sure Lewis family safe. U.S. Consul, Surabaya."

This message was received at Alliance field headquarters in Jakarta on March 29, 1963. It refers to the first upheaval, a natural one, that hit us.

Driving eastward toward Klungkung, we had often reveled in the beauty of Mount Agung, one of the larger volcanoes that stands like a sentinel guarding the equator in Indonesia's island chain. Agung, a symmetrical giant, often seemed afloat in air, its base covered by a scarf of cloud. To older Balinese, *Gunung Agung* (Great Mountain) was revered as "the navel of the universe," its peak considered true north from every point of the compass. Above the peak was the "happy dwelling place of deities." On its lower slopes was that massive complex of blackened stone structures known as *Besakih*, the Mother Temple for all of Bali.

I have mentioned the *Eka Dasa Rudra* festival of which our landlord, Dewa Agung, was the chairman. Visiting his palace, I had been greeted by the raucous quacking of some 5,000 ducks, contributions for the upcoming hospitality needs of many thousands of pilgrims. Eighty water buf-

falo, 150 suckling pigs and twenty tons of rice had been donated by people from all over Bali for consumption by the hordes of visitors who would converge on the mother temple on the mountain. Part of the rice would go into making the brightly colored and intricately designed rice-dough pastries hooked onto wooden frames. Gaudy, yet artistic, these structures were to please and nourish the deities. With great expectation the faithful awaited the descent of their gods. And descend they did, but in fury, not in blessing.

Mount Agung had been considered dormant, for it had not erupted in living memory. But in the early hours of February 19, 1963, three days after the first truckloads of offerings had been taken up its slopes, we heard rumblings and smelled the pungent odor of sulphur. The next morning, an awesome sight greeted us as we looked toward the northeast—a column of greasy, gray-black smoke, churning and billowing, rose high into the sky just twenty-two kilometers (about fourteen miles) from our home. Mount Agung was literally blowing its top. (Before the eruption it had measured 3,132 meters; months later only about 3,000 meters.) We had heard about the fearsome eruption of Krakatoa eighty years previously, a mountain west of Java. Krakatoa had been one of history's great natural disasters, taking the lives of 36,000 people. Were we in for the same?

As volcanic ash rained upon us, I wrote to Dr. Toms of Park Street Church, "We're OK under

the circumstances, but we do have some awesome circumstances." The important thing was to stay on top of, not under, the circumstances. That would happen only if the fire within our souls was hotter than the blasts from without, whether satanic or volcanic.

Journal entry, February 22, 1963:

"This morning a gray-white dust covers everything, nearest thing to snow we'll ever see in Indonesia. The volcano poured out smoke all day yesterday following a night of continuous action in the crater. Lava finally spilled over the crest as solid material was ejected with tremendous force. It looked like small particles, but must have been car-size boulders, seemingly floating through the air. A fiery red glow, now dim, now brighter, was reflected in the clouds of smoke from the crater. Forked shafts of lightning darted into the caldron. [Years later, I gained a better understanding of the phenomena we were witnessing as I read the scientific report of the eruption of Mount St. Helens in Washington state.]

"Last night I watched the spectacle with neighbors. One of them declared that the first big rain would put the fire out. Hardly. A lake of water would be vaporized instantaneously by that inferno. Supandi told us that someone had gone to get *tirta* from a mountain in Java. [The mayor of Klungkung, with nine religious leaders, brought back a small amount of this

so-called holy water from one of Java's active volcanoes considered to be Mount Agung's 'older brother.] The libation was used ceremonially to appease the angry gods causing the disaster. It didn't work."

Prayer letter, April 10, 1963:

"In Denpasar I saw government employees sitting cross-legged in groups. Each man's hands were pressed together and held, fingers extending upward, in front of their bowed heads, begging mercy of the gods. But the gods answered not a word. The sheer volume of prayers and offerings, it seems, has impressed everyone except those for whom they are being made. In fact, the intensity of the inferno has increased. A snowstorm of ash has fallen. We drink it, eat it, sleep with it and blow it out of our noses.

"When rain comes, black gruel backs up under roof tiles and streams down our living room walls. Thousands of green acres have been seared. The Unda River has turned to lahar [water mixed with lava, sand and ash], which, in flood, ripped out the city water system. We have been nineteen days without a drop of water [there were no wells in Klungkung] except that which we carried in from afar. But the show must go on. On March 8, an estimated 100,000 pilgrims were at Besakih. Truckload after truckload passed our door in swirling dust, the women in their finest sarongs and gold jewelry, the men dressed in white-turned-gray. What

were their thoughts as they recalled that their offerings were supposed to cleanse the island?"

On Sunday morning, March 17, the mountain answered a final, terrible "no" to all pleas. A sound like a roaring freight train began early that morning. While I preached, the sky grew so dark I could scarcely read. The great festival, scheduled to last forty days, ground to a halt after thirteen days. A neighbor lady showed me her arm. A falling piece of pumice had burned it as she fled the temple complex. But it was too late for others.

East of Besakih, an invisible river of heavier-than-air vapor sped down the slopes. Fifteen hundred people died that day; one deep breath of the poisonous gas extinguished life. Thousands of tons of sand fell, collapsing roofs, covering rice fields. All of eastern Java, the island west of Bali, was eerily dark at noon. Transportation in the city of Surabaya, 400 miles west of Bali, ground to a halt and the airport was closed for two weeks.

People in Sukaluwih village had been warned to leave, but they didn't want to. They were in love with their land. The gods had been kind and the fertile soil produced good crops of white onions year in and year out. Furthermore, they were fatalists. What will be will be, and there's nothing that mere humans can do about it. But their gods proved treacherous. When quick-flowing lava suddenly descended on their village, there was no escape. Many died.

News spread to a neighboring village named Surga (Heaven), an apt name, for it was beautiful for situation. On hearing of the fate of their neighbors, about 100 people ran to the temple to pray. They mustered musicians who played the *gamelan* to greet the gods. The sacred precincts proved no haven, just as the gods had proved no saviors. Music and life were snuffed out together. "Heaven" turned to hell as seventy of those 100 people died even as they played and prayed.

Lelia wrote: "March 25: A handful of escapees, all badly burned, are here in the hospital where I visited them. Truly a pitiful sight, for their families have perished and their wounds have become infected. The stench is awful. Many have died here. The only medicine in the hospital are rivanol compresses and vitamin tablets. I know there are sulfa and antibiotics in Bali, but where? Government officials, in shock, seem unable to do much, but I think they are finally getting into action. I have offered our place to refugees, but so far only one has come."

We were pleased and proud when the United States consul came from Surabaya with relief goods for volcano victims. He also visited us and brought some food supplies.

Journal entry, April, 1963:

"We feel a great sense of urgency and also much liberty in proclaiming the truth of the gospel. Last night we went into a village. Lelia played the accordion as I set up the projector

attached to a twelve-volt battery. Then we showed the Moody Science filmstrip, *The Last Days of Pompeii*. A volcanic eruption had destroyed not only that Italian city, but 2,000 of its inhabitants. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop because in the last month hundreds of people near here had met a similar fate. Several people asked leading questions. We feel that in that village there are a number close to the kingdom."

With the coming of the 1963-64 rainy season, tons of loose ash and sand were washed down the many riverbeds that score the flanks of Mount Agung, taking out bridges and scouring deeper channels. But Klungkung's great suspension bridge had thus far been spared. The Dutch-built span, longest in Bali, was a vital link to points east. On March 31, 1963, Dewa Agung did a very brave thing: He limped out onto the span, sat cross-legged and began chanting mantras. The water, raging only inches below, continued to rise on the sides but dipped lower as it passed beneath. The elderly king was credited with performing a miracle. The bridge had been saved by his prayers. But the end was not yet.

Ten months later, torrential rains caused the worst floods ever to hit the Unda River. Muddy torrents, accompanied by gaseous explosions smelling of sulphur sending out waves of heat, up-

rooted coconut trees and bore them along like soldiers on parade. Pulpit-sized boulders bounced like corks in the thick gruel. Waves washed up onto the span of the bridge. By this time, in addition to the prayers of the former king, the bridge had been reinforced by encasing its foundations with large boulders in thick wire nets. On the evening of February 6 someone in the street yelled, "Go to the river! Go to the river!"

It was dark as we stood in ankle-deep hot water, but not dark enough to hide a gut-wrenching spectacle—the great bridge, pride of Klungkung—had vanished. As it disintegrated under the pounding of those boulder-filled waves, a cable had snapped, whipping a spectator to his death in the maelstrom. His body was never found. Twisted remains of the bridge were discovered downstream.

As flooding lahar hit the plains, it spread out, covering thousands of acres of some of the best rice-producing land in South Bali with meters-deep hardpan. With no arable land, people had migrated to other places. By January 1964 a total of 30,576 had joined the refugee exodus.

A Hindu man brought his child to us to care for. This man had not had a square meal in days. We had a goat that sickened and died. Meat was scarce, but we were not about to eat this animal. We buried it. The hungry man dug up the carcass in order to get a morsel of food.

The disaster played into the hands of the communists who brazenly criticized the religion of Bali as futile. The king confided to us that fifty percent of the people of Klungkung, his former loyal and admiring subjects, no longer believed in the gods of whom he was the visible representative. Incessant religious activity had been rewarded only with the sacred mountain's vomiting death and destruction, including heavy damage to the mother temple situated on its very breast. Many were convinced that the gods, incensed that so many were being influenced by atheistic propaganda, were punishing the Balinese. Rats by the scores of thousands had destroyed rice crops. An outbreak of intestinal sickness coincided with disinterment of bodies that had been washed into the streets by heavy rains. Following this came a visitation of flies, lice and boils, all of which reminded us of the plagues of Egypt on hard-hearted Pharaoh. For ten years we had worked the area around Mount Agung, spreading the word in about 200 villages. Leaders had opposed our work and repeatedly forbidden their people to listen to our message. Visible results had been practically nil.

Letter, May 3, 1963:

"We face a new threat here [the burgeoning Indonesian Communist Party] but also wider opportunities than ever before. For ten years we have been seed-sowing for Christ in soil like this hardpan washed down from the volcano. But

even as in the physical realm we have noted new green already springing from ashes, so there has been the miracle of spiritual life. There has been a perceptible difference from when we first came. In the stream of refugees from the east, a young man stopped to tell my helper about the white man who had visited his village and sold 'Jesus books.' The young Hindu had read and believed and was confirming our belief that the eruption of Mount Agung was a judgment of God. Now he was a refugee headed for points unknown. A pastor friend wrote from Sulawesi that Balinese migrants there talked of the white man who had brought the Christian message to their village in the early 1960s. I believe the young refugee who had talked to my helper was representative of many more."

"When your judgments come upon the earth, the people of the world learn righteousness" (Isaiah 26:9). I remembered the day, six months before, when I had visited the helper's village. I had preached with great liberty, not only about the Savior and heaven, but about sin and about divine wrath on those who reject mercy. I clearly recalled the old man who had taken my arm and drawn me into his home, sitting me down and asking me to tell him more about heaven.

A Muslim horse-and-buggy driver dug thirteen wrinkled *rupiahs* out of his wraparound sarong to pay for a book that contained "the true Law, Psalms and Prophets," and how he had

then held the book as a treasure. Then disaster had struck. That village, or what was left of it, had become a ghost town.

Even though a number of the faithful returned to Besakih Temple to finish out the prescribed forty-day festival, yet, it seemed to us, the spirit had gone out of it; things were not the same in Bali.

But if some of the old religious fervor was gone, this other spirit was taking increasing hold in the thinking of that “fifty percent” whose loss Dewa Agung had mourned. We were on the threshold of the second upheaval.

The Battle Heats Up, Part II: Political and Personal Upheaval

You exalted me above my foes; from violent men you rescued me. (Psalm 18:48)

They dug a pit in my path—but they have fallen into it themselves. Selah. (Psalm 57:6)

Political Upheaval

Missionaries who had been forced to flee from China, circa 1950, told us they could see the same thing coming in Indonesia. The Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), founded in 1920, had made no fewer than four attempts to

seize power, the most recent in 1948. At that time, eleven PKI leaders had been executed and some 36,000 jailed. Now (1965), the Red specter was rising again, generously aided by the Soviet Union and China. On our return from furlough in 1965, the PKI claimed a membership of 3.5 million, plus another 20 million adherents in a variety of front organizations. It was certainly the most well organized party.

We had heard of missionaries who were killed in the Congo around that time because of political unrest, yet it never occurred to us not to return to the land of our calling. Lelia especially knew the poignant meaning of those words about expendability in the missionary enterprise: "You have to go out, but you don't have to come back."

One may wonder how this foreign ideology could gain a foothold in the Island of the Gods. The reason is because it found fertile soil in the minds of the Balinese, who saw it as a way out of social and economic injustices.

We passed under hammer and sickle signs now openly displayed. One banner in Denpasar read, "Give weapons to the people." Another: "Form killing teams to deal with corrupters." Their purpose was to condition the people to violence. Communist training centers had been set up throughout Bali.

"Prepare cadres to defend the Indonesian revolution," shouted the communists, but their real

purpose was to take over the Indonesian revolution and make it a communist revolution.

On Farmer's Day in Klungkung, we witnessed a chilling tableau. A man was marched with a dunce cap on his head, his hands tied behind his back, a rope around his neck, a bayonet pointed at his back and a placard on his chest on which was written in big letters: *Kapitalis* and *Imperialis*. Not much left to the imagination about the communists' plans for us American capitalists and imperialists.

Our gardener was number three man in a local government office and his two bosses were registered communists. This man, a Christian, talked half a day with Lelia defending the Marxist philosophy. He must have had great confidence in the success of plots even then afoot, for he dug a hole six feet wide, six feet long and six feet deep behind a building in our backyard. When I asked him what it was for, he answered, "Sampah" (garbage). Our gardener's bosses had suggested that he dig it. It is hard for us to believe that he did not know what it was for—a grave for the entire Lewis family.

In another village, the communists were asked why they were digging holes. They replied that they were looking for the right kind of soil to make bricks for homes they were going to build for the poor! Others (in Sumatra) said they were digging air-raid shelters to protect against attacks by Malaysians.

Over against all of this was the memory of a rainbow a dozen years before—and of something else—the Wheaton College year verse for 1965: “‘For I know the plans I have for you,’ declares the LORD, ‘plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future’” (Jeremiah 29:11). This Scripture was printed on a card which I placed near my desk. Our family needed these divine comforts because the prince of Bali was trying hard to hide the rainbow. By mid-1965 there wasn’t much of a future or hope for Christians in Indonesia, especially American Christians.

Toward the end of September we noticed a man hanging around watching our movements. *Who is he?* we wondered. We didn’t have to wait long to find out. On the morning of October 1, 1965, we heard via Jakarta radio that a revolutionary council had taken over national leadership “to protect it from right-wing generals who had been found plotting against the Sukarno government.” Everyone forthwith was to take directions from the local revolutionary (communist) councils that had been set up throughout the country.

But suddenly something went wrong with the attempted coup. The spy may have given accurate data about the Lewis family, but the local councils failed to carry through on the initiative taken in Jakarta. Due to miscalculations and tactical blunders, such as the communist’s failure to eliminate leading anti-communist Generals Nasution and Suharto, the attempted

takeover failed and a chain of events was set in motion that ended in the dissolution and outlawing of the Indonesian Communist Party.

With great relief we read in the Bali newspaper on November 6, 1965, that all communist sign-boards must be removed within forty-eight hours. As news spread that the communists had killed six army officers, four of them generals who had been brutally tortured, anti-communist elements among the people began to react. I can still hear the shattering of roof tiles as rocks rained on the house of our Chinese neighbor. He was no communist; it was enough that he was Chinese, for it was known that the PKI had been generously supplied with weapons and money from Red China. Another neighbor put up a sign identifying his household: "*Simpatisan Katolik*" (Catholic Sympathizer), hoping such would keep disaster from his door. Maybe it would be enough that he at least favored the religion of his wife.

Journal entry, November 25, 1965:

"At mid-morning Lelia suddenly exclaimed, 'Today is Thanksgiving.' Every night there are fires in Bali, mostly houses of communist leaders. We wonder if the communists will try to repay with organized resistance. It seems their power is broken as far as being able to rise and seize government power. . . ."

We took our children for a drive and counted fifty-seven burned-out homes of communists or

communist sympathizers. But it wasn't going to be enough to destroy communists' homes. Members of a Muslim youth group from Java came to Bali to take the law into its own hands. Under the battle cry, "Jihad" (holy war), these extremists formed killing teams. They demonstrated:

a capacity for savage mayhem normally alien to the gentle Indonesians. For their reaction to the brutal murder and mutilation of the generals (most of them devout Muslims), they had the Koran's blessing: "Fight in the way of Allah against those who fight against you, and slay them wherever you find them . . . and one that attacketh you, attack him in like manner as he attacked you." (Quoted from *Reader's Digest*, Clarence Hall, October 1966.)

Journal entry, December 9, 1965:

"Around noon we heard a knock on the door. We opened it to find Suasta pale and disheveled. The first thing he said was, 'Misfortune is pursuing me.' Then, before explaining what he meant, he amazed us with a question as blunt as it was desperate: 'How can I receive Jesus as my Savior?'

"Suasta was a teacher who had heard the gospel years before when he attended services in the Van Kurins' house (Alliance colleagues),

which he owned. He mentioned a picture I had shown while preaching in his village, that drawing of the two ways, the broad and crowded way leading downward with people plunging into an abyss, and the narrow upward way ending in heaven, the entrance to which was the cross of Christ. Suasta had been deeply impressed, convicted of sin, but he had made a fateful choice—postponement of his decision to choose the narrow way of Jesus Christ.

"He had then become involved in a communist teachers' organization. And now he was being hounded, hunted down like a dog in the street. Even as we knelt to pray, we saw a group of men wearing black shirts and with green leaves on their heads, passing the house—self-appointed vigilantes. One had a long spear, others knives.

"Fortunately, they had not seen Suasta enter our house. We could have been accused of sheltering a communist, sufficient cause for reprisal in those traumatic days. We would not want our children to see what would have happened to our guest. And we would not want to have seen Suasta's prayer interrupted. It was an amazing prayer, revealing to us that he knew a great deal of the gospel. Apparently Suasta had been reading Christian literature and remembering things he had learned.

"When he arose from his knees, he had a radiant smile on his face that told us God had had mercy on this former communist who was now a

new creature in Christ. Lelia read Psalm 107:12-14: 'They stumbled, and there was no one to help. Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them from their distress. He brought them out of darkness and the deepest gloom.' Suasta—and we—found those words precious. We suggested that he spend the night in the city public hall where scores had gathered for protection. Our inclination is to keep him with us, but the law of the jungle is in operation in these days of national hysteria. After all, we too are intruders bearing an alien message and, in spite of our nationality, may be attacked as protectors of communists."

Kajeng, a neighbor of Suasta, often received our testimony and had actually professed faith in Christ, but when invited to attend church, his excuse was that he would get into trouble with his fellow villagers. True. An open embracing of Christianity then, with renouncing of communism, would have meant trouble from both communist and nationalist (Hindu) neighbors, but it would also have meant his salvation in two ways. Now Kajeng was in much greater and permanent trouble. The December killings in Bali were almost out of control. Some had died, not because they were communists, but because they were victims of people settling old scores under the guise of the anti-communist campaign.

Our Balinese pastor and Lelia went and preached to these poor sheep awaiting slaugh-

ter. Some mocked, but others listened carefully. Later they, including Suasta and Kajeng, were herded into trucks with only their thumbs tied together behind them and taken to the killing place near the sea to be dispatched by a blow to the back of the neck with a stout stick.

While we couldn't save the lives of these two, we did have a hand in saving the lives of some high school boys. One of our dormitory teens reported to Lelia that several of his schoolmates were going to be killed the next day. Communist student leaders had been killed by their fellow students the day before on the school grounds while the teachers conveniently looked the other way. Lelia went to the police to report this to Officer Hutomo, a Christian. The police went to the school and told the students that they, the police, would take care of any who needed to be taken care of. As a result, about a dozen high schoolers owe their lives to Eki, our dormitory student, and to Lelia, both of whom were willing to stick their necks out when it was dangerous to do so.

Our Christmas celebration that year was subdued. One of the para-commandos who had come from Java, a Christian, told us of an incident that had happened that very day in a village north of Klungkung. A young boy had come to him.

"You have killed my father and my mother, so please kill me," he pleaded.

The soldier then told me, matter-of-factly, "So I killed him." That was the policy—exterminate communism right down to the roots.

Many reasons were given for the failure of the communists' attempted coup in Bali. But a more basic reason may be because of prayer. That furlough year we had repeatedly asked people to pray for Indonesia. Many Christians around the world, and especially in Indonesia, were earnestly pleading with God to spare the world's fifth largest nation from the fate of other Asian countries. Following is a report by a missionary in Irian Jaya published in *The Alliance Witness* (now *Alliance Life*), October 12, 1966:

On the night of September 30, 1965, three men in Australia had been so burdened for Indonesia that they travailed in prayer for hours until God gave them the assurance that all would be well. On the following morning they heard of the coup. On the third day there was to have been a slaughter of the Christian Church, but, as on the third day when Christ rose from the dead . . . giving victory forevermore, so the tide turned. The enemy was overcome and a great new opportunity given for the preaching of the gospel.

This report was attested to in a statement by Mr. Sirdjono, an Indonesian government official, who told a group of missionaries in Irian Jaya in December 1966, "If the coup of October

1 had succeeded, the communists had plans to kill 250,000 people, present company included."

The nephew of a Balinese pastor was taken into custody as a communist. On his person was found a document listing Christians that were to be liquidated, including many pastors. But the tables were turned dramatically. In some instances, communists were buried in the very graves that they had dug for their enemies. We could only echo the words of the Psalmist: "They dug a pit in my path—but they have fallen into it themselves. Selah" (Psalm 57:6). Yes, Selah—think of that! We had been delivered from the violent man, divinely delivered for a divine purpose. That purpose was revealed in the days that followed when in Indonesia there occurred one of the greatest ingathering of souls in modern times.

Personal Upheaval

An Australian-made motion picture chronicled the tumultuous political events of 1965-1966 in Indonesia in a film, *The Year of Living Dangerously*. Living through that year, and also the natural upheaval of preceding years, took its toll in stress and tension. On January 14, 1966, I came down with a textbook case of that scourge of missionaries, hepatitis.

Ten days later we were more than a little alarmed when Lelia coughed up three to four tablespoonfuls of arterial blood. Thirty-two years

earlier, her father had died of a lung disease in China. Now Lelia's life was under threat, not from a parasite, as with her dad, but a bacillus. X rays confirmed that Lelia had a moderately advanced case of pulmonary tuberculosis, which had caused a cavity in her right lung. She was told that she must rest for two months, with no public speaking or even loud talking. An American doctor in Bandung told her that she would need at least one year of medication and that this should be followed by surgery to prevent a return of the disease.

"Lung cavities never heal," he said.

We made known our preference to take this treatment in Indonesia, at least the medication, if surgery was not indicated. Lelia got hold of Isaiah 58:8: "Your healing will quickly appear," and felt that God could heal her in Bali without the drastic step of lung surgery. But the Mission told us we would have to return to the United States. However—and this was a comfort—our four children would be allowed to continue their schooling in the Far East with only Jamey, age four, accompanying us to the States.

Our area secretary met us in Seattle. Tactfully he asked me a question that I had not looked forward to hearing, "Did you have an X ray while on your furlough?" This was standard procedure required of all missionaries.

"No, we didn't," I answered, suffering a severe case of loss of face.

The Alliance graciously bore all the cost of medical emergency travel. The Lord's goodness was further seen in Lelia's acceptance into a sanitarium where the state of Washington picked up the considerable tab, even though we were not state residents. I was still weak from hepatitis and grateful that Lelia's sister and family helped by taking Jamey.

The first medical consultation resulted in a decision to manage Lelia's case by medication. This would mean a much longer stay in the sanitarium. It would also mean that our children would have to return to the States. Lelia reminded the Lord of His promise about a quick recovery, holding to the hope that we would be back in Indonesia by the time the children were ready for their November-December vacation. We prayed, "Lord, make the doctors change their decision."

Then an unusual thing occurred. One night the head doctor could not sleep, thinking of Lelia's case. As a result, he changed his mind and decided to operate. But before this could happen there had to be a unanimous decision by all eleven staff doctors at Firland Sanitarium. When they agreed, we felt that God indeed was answering prayer.

Surgery followed in which one-fifth of her entire lung capacity was removed. The average stay in the tuberculosis sanitarium is six months. Lelia was out in two months and twenty-four days. Doctors and Mission agreed that she

could return to Indonesia provided that she take it easy for a year, continue on medication and get periodic X rays. Also, she would have to "avoid situations that cause tension." This last stipulation made us smile. Thirteen years of living in Indonesia—the original Tensionville—had shown us how impossible that would be. (And we had received word that within the last six months the cost of living had jumped 1,000 percent!) But, as Lelia quoted to friends, if the horizontal tensions pull one apart, the vertical tensions pull one together again.

With little Jamey we flew from Seattle on November 3, 1966, picking up Helen, fifteen, and Frances, thirteen, from Dalat School in Malaysia, and then the flight back to Indonesia where we were welcomed enthusiastically in Bandung by Dick, ten, and Robby, seven. How great it was to be together again as a family. The next morning, missionary colleagues—Kamphausens, Kissells, Kuhnses and Rudes—saw us off in our Wagoneer for a memorable trip across Java. Big car, big family and twenty-one pieces of baggage and roads in wretched condition—all were put to the test.

Everyone and everything passed the test admirably. We didn't even mind being stopped three times the first day for military inspections. Actually, these soldiers were on our side, looking for communist remnants. The political situation had improved 100 percent since our departure six months before. Nor did we mind

putting up with the less-than-ideal accommodations.

Our first night was spent in a town near the Central Java border. The best hotel in town was a mess—bent nails held doors shut, the only “toilet paper” was a rusty tin can, the roof leaked and the beds were loaded with fleas. These bugs cleverly hide in the wooden part of the bed during the day, coming out for their nefarious work at night. We put the mattresses on the floor, then sprayed them thoroughly to kill the bugs. We also lit smoldering coils to keep mosquitoes at bay. Tired as we were, it took a long time to get to sleep.

A man in an adjoining room on the other side of flimsy walls could be plainly heard snoring up a symphony, up and down the scale, with crescendo and decrescendo flourishes. We got to laughing so hard we thought we'd wake him up, but we didn't phase him. The concerto continued.

The best thing about that night was that we were together again as a family and, oh yes, the price was right. We figured we could put up with anything for 850 *rupiahs* (\$8.50 U.S.) which included two rooms, seven beds, supper and breakfast for seven! The next day we picked up a huge basket of juicy *jambu* for 12 cents, munching them as we drove up to a resort at the base of one of Java's inactive volcanoes. Here we had three wonderful family days, swimming in a spring-fed pool, boating and fishing on a lake,

hiking and horseback riding. At night we roasted corn in our fireplace.

When we arrived in Indonesia in 1953, a kilogram of flour cost about eight rupiahs. Now it was 10,000 *rupiahs*! So, although the rupiahs we paid for three days at the resort seemed extravagant, it was only \$60 U.S.

Back home in Klungkung, we found the house cleaned and ready for us, thanks to our coworkers, Ken and Carolyn Van Kurin. Jamey missed his cornflakes and was bewildered by the strange language he once knew. But that too would soon change.

Weapons of Our Warfare

The weapons we fight with are not the weapons of the world. On the contrary, they have divine power to demolish strongholds. (2 Corinthians 10:4)

During my stint in the army I had learned to use mortars, bazookas and flamethrowers for battle against the enemy. But against spiritual kingdoms and strongholds, only spiritual weapons of divine power would suffice.

Thanks to God, we had such weapons and more—the entire warfare wardrobe: the belt of truth, breastplate of righteousness, gospel footwear, helmet of salvation—a covering for every part of the body except the back—and, in addition, the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit

and the mighty weapon of prayer (Ephesians 6:13-18). Bali was indeed a tough battlefield, but He who had enlisted us had also equipped us.

The Belt of Truth

We believed that the gospel we preached was historic-objective truth. That being so, how could Bali's self-confessed mythology, clearly contradicting the Bible, also be true?

Hinduism teaches that we are part of God. The Bible states that we are created by God, separate from Him, yet may be indwelt by His Holy Spirit. Hinduism (and New Age teaching derived from it) says that self-realization is the goal of life. The biblical goal for believers is God-realization. The front lines in the battle for truth were clearly drawn.

Lelia found a way to get that truth across. From a friend in Australia she received a script entitled *Hands*, a powerful spiritual message in pantomime. Nearing the climax, it shows Jesus' hands being nailed to the cross. This nonverbal genre was perfect for portraying truth to the drama-loving Balinese. Lelia trained enthusiastic church youth who skillfully presented this play on Bali's only television channel, assuring a huge audience. Very positive comments were received. The same pantomime was presented in a Muslim city.

This time it wasn't compliments but complaints, a sign that divine truth was fingering the consciences of people.

The Breastplate of Righteousness

The apostle Paul speaks of righteousness as a weapon (2 Corinthians 6:7). We found that people somehow had an awareness that Christianity (one of Indonesia's five officially recognized religions) championed righteous living. Even in Nusa Penida, the small island south of Klungkung, an old man spoke of the Christian faith as "holy" religion. Why? Was it because his religion was different?

In his "holy" book, Lord Krishna sported with maidens, and Arjuna, the great mythic hero, loved many beautiful women. Christianity did not allow fornication.

In his temple, stone carvings depicted pornographic scenes exalting the phallus. The Christian Holy Book said that the first man and woman, newly aware of sin, covered their nakedness with fig leaves while God covered it with animal skins.

In his religion, multiple wives were acceptable. Christians taught one wife for life.

We played upon this awareness of righteousness in village evangelism.

The Shield of Faith

Our area of ministry included the two islands east of Bali, Lombok and Sumbawa. It took faith to visit them. On the crossing to Lombok in a Higgins boat left over from World War II, we remonstrated with the captain about over-loading.

"Wouldn't it be safer to store these crates in the hold?" I asked. Either there was not room in the hold or the crew was too lazy to stow them there. So the crates became our seats. The predictable happened. A big wave slammed the ship, dislodging Lelia from her perch and, at the same lurch, propelling a suitcase into the sea.

"Have no fear," called a crew member, "our captain is a skilled seaman with years of experience." He swung the boat around, fished up the suitcase and proceeded. The sea got rougher. On the deck we could still move a bit, but woe to those sitting on the tarpaulin-covered hatch. Packed in like sardines and unable to move, it was too bad if they happened to be downwind of the seasick. We used to call that crossing "the vomit front."

A month after that trip, the boat went to the bottom on the same Bali-Lombok run, taking more than ninety people to a watery grave. Only two escaped, including the "experienced" captain. This latest escapade landed him in jail.

Another time, on a trip to Bima on the eastern end of Sumbawa, Lelia and I had to spread our mat on the deck. Arriving in a port we found we would be there the entire day while the ship's water tanks were filled through a small garden hose. Since the bathroom on the ship was the original "black hole of Calcutta," a stinking cubicle with a *bak* one-eighth full of questionably clean water, we asked a crewman if there would be a chance to get a shower on shore.

"Yes," he said, "about a kilometer down the beach there is a spring where people wash clothes and bathe."

About noon, figuring this would be the best time to avoid other people, Lelia headed down the beach, taking along her change of clothes, soap, towel and extra sarong. I stayed on deck to guard our belongings.

She found the spring in an open place. Fortunately there were no people in the vicinity, but still she had to bathe in her sarong (quite an art). Midway through, a man appeared on shore and squatted about five yards from Lelia, taking it all in. Not saying a word, he just stared at her. In his hand was a *parang* (short machete knife) which was more than a little disconcerting, for Indonesian men usually carry them tucked in the back of their sarong. Finally he spoke, asking Lelia for some soap. She didn't say yes and she didn't say no, but she kept her eyes on him, stare for stare . . . and prayed. Then verbal arrows began to bounce off Lelia's shield of faith.

"Nyonya," he said, "I just got out of jail for killing someone."

It didn't take much self-control not to comment on that bit of information. Where self-control was needed was in what happened next—she must not show any fear, but must take her time with the rest of her ablutions. No worry. No hurry. Even more self-control was needed and demonstrated as she walked (not ran) away from that spring without looking back! She left the bar of soap (reward? thank-offering?). She was certainly thankful to God for deliverance from a potentially dangerous situation. Her warfare wardrobe may not have had a covering for the back, but the prayer of faith had apparently paralyzed her "friend," providing the protection she needed.

The Helmet of Salvation

ML, a new Christian in the Denpasar church, was an irrepressible, rough and ready Balinese policeman with a refreshing way of expressing himself. During a testimony meeting in his own home, he told us of the terrible things he had done during the days of political turmoil. He had personally killed thirty-two people, fifteen with a sharp instrument and seventeen with firearms—all "in the line of duty." But what happened next went a bit beyond the line of duty. The severed heads had been used as soccer

balls! Such acts couldn't help but leave deep feelings of remorse.

Being haunted by bloodguilt, however, was just one part of ML's problems; he was also hounded by debtors seeking payment of huge gambling debts. Even more bothersome, ML was harassed by a wife who was deeply offended by his womanizing. Life was tough. Who could possibly help him? He would try religion.

As with Father of Mendra, ML's own Hindu-Dharma *adat* had not brought assurance of salvation. So, on Friday afternoons he donned a Muslim hat and sarong and went to the mosque to pray. In long rows of the faithful, ML would kneel, bend forward facing Mecca, touch his head to the floor, then, sitting back on his haunches, slightly extend his hands, palms upward, to receive the blessing of Allah. Following this, he would listen to a homily by the Muslim preacher. He did this for a period of two years, but he found no peace, no release from the pangs of conscience. He dabbled in the occult, but became thoroughly frightened by what he saw and turned away in disgust.

Then one day ML noticed a picture on the wall near the desk of a fellow policeman. He thought it was the picture of a hippie, then plentiful in Bali—long hair, European features, strange dress. But the policeman, a Javanese, told ML that this was no hippie; it was Jesus, the Savior of the world.

“Savior?”

ML had heard of many teachers of salvation (*guru selamat*) but this was the first time he had heard of a Savior (*juru selamat*, literally "expert at saving"). The fellow policeman introduced ML to a national church pastor who introduced him to this Savior, Jesus Christ. Upon praying the penitent's prayer, ML asked to be baptized in the ocean.

"It will take an ocean to wash away my sins!" he said. ML later became an effective lay evangelist with the KINGMIT/GKII Church, his wife a member of the church board. His son, at this writing, is a student in the Jaffray School, preparing to tell the story of a Savior who offers repentant sinners cleansing from the stains of guilt and a new life of service.

The Sword of the Spirit— Preaching the Word

The sword may have been wielded a bit too freely for a non-Christian area such as Gianyar. Local government officials warned me to "tone down" my Sunday morning radio broadcast. Apparently I didn't succeed, because following the warning I was then told to submit, in writing, duplicate copies of everything I planned to broadcast. No doubt the authorities considered this the best way to get the troublesome preacher off the airwaves. Indeed, with my schedule, it would have been impossible to comply.

I knew I had the right to preach the gospel (and I believe it was the offense of the gospel that caused opposition), but I also knew I had better attempt to honor this rule if I intended to stay on the air. What to do?

The Living Bible New Testament, recently published in Indonesian by the Alliance's Living Word Publishers, would be my text. I gave a copy of it to each of the two officials involved, stating that I would not depart from the reading of this book. Thus, the stories of Jesus in modern Indonesian went out on the airwaves. No objections were heard thereafter, though I'm sure that the "prince of the power of the air" objected to seeing his domain invaded.

In 1979, an ecumenical preaching ministry began. Harry and Barbara Bush (Southern Baptist missionaries), a Pentecostal couple and the Lewises combined forces to hold an English-language service on Sunday evenings. The Grand Bali Beach Hotel provided facilities without charge as a service to hotel guests, but the meetings were open to the public. This ministry not only brought blessing to us (who sometimes felt like lone rangers in a vast arena), but also impacted many lives.

In addition, the English-language ministry channeled many thousands of dollars into needy projects—an operation for a pastor's son injured in an accident, bricks for a new church building, beds for a children's home, a sewing machine for a pastor's wife in the mountains of Sumbawa,

etc. This ministry continues to the present, and we pray that it will become another International Alliance Church.

*The Sword of the Spirit—
Translating and Publishing the Word*

We translated and published several booklets aimed at winning Hindus to Christ. One was the testimony of Chandra Lila, a Hindu priestess who had made pilgrimages throughout India seeking, but not finding, the peace of heart she subsequently found in Jesus. Since Balinese women of the Brahman caste/class may become priestesses, I prepared a translation with them in mind.

One day Lelia visited one of these women in her Brahmana home. She was ushered into an inner room where she found the woman, surrounded by her followers, seated on a raised platform in a trancelike state. They believed that a soul-exchange was taking place. The priestess' spirit had left her through her navel while the god Siwa had entered through her fontanel. Before her was a receptacle containing ordinary water. As she chanted a *mantra*, this water was transformed into "holy water" containing magical powers. As Lelia watched, this water was sprinkled on devotees sitting cross-legged on mats nearby. When finished, the soul-exchange took place in reverse and the ceremony was complete.

After excusing herself to change into everyday clothing, the priestess then came and sat next to Lelia. When Lelia spoke of God, the priestess, who herself had just been a god, asked, "Where is God? Who is God?" How glad we were that we could put into the hands of this Balinese woman, and others like her, the testimony of another Hindu priestess who had worshiped an unknown god, who had asked "Where and who is God?" but then had found the Savior. In finding Him she had found the living and true God, not the gods created in the benighted minds of fallen man. We prayed that the testimony of Chandra Lila would speak to the heart of a woman who was attempting to put others into contact with someone she herself did not know.

Teaching the Word

When neighborhood kids dropped in to get a closer look at a white woman, they would often get a first look at Jesus. Lelia would drop what she was doing, get out the flannel board and tell them a story about their Savior.

She also had an English-conversation class of twenty members. Returning late one night, I found them absorbed in a story. When it was finished, Parman, a Muslim, asked, "Mrs. Lewis, may we have another story about Jesus?"

Dayu, a Balinese, was also a member of the class. She and Parman both taught English in

Klungkung High School. They discovered that they had more than a common interest in a foreign language. They fell in love. As their hearts opened to one another they were touched by the love manifest in the life of their teacher and even more by the sacrificial love which is the heart of Christianity but unknown to Allah and the gods of their respective religions.

The young man knew that Dayu could not expect the blessing of her high-caste family if she were to marry an outsider. Such a union would mean for her a self-inflicted loss of caste. On the other hand, Parman's family would be distressed should he marry into a people whom they considered infidel. However, if they married as Christians that would put them on level ground, because each would have given up an ancestral religion. And that is what they did, in sincere love for Christ as well as for one another.

Lelia, in collaboration with colleague Judy Gaskin and Indonesian teachers, also led worship for Sunday school teachers throughout the country. Materials used were later compiled into a book in Indonesian under Lelia's byline, *Teaching for Change*.

Another significant contribution to the battle for Bali, where education was becoming increasingly important, was the extension seminary program (1984-1986). Lelia took advantage of her newly won Master of Arts from Wheaton Graduate School by teaching in a Master of

Ministries program. Seven workers were granted advanced degrees in theology.

Lelia further used her expertise in Christian education through involvement in the founding of a national Christian education movement, serving on the planning and steering committees of the first National Christian Education Seminar in Bogor, West Java (1992). Since then, and continuing into retirement, the missionary willing to teach flannel graph stories to stray neighborhood children has been a "flying professor" teaching in three theological seminaries.

The Blood

The blood of Christ is not usually thought of as an offensive weapon, but it was that for us. A missionary friend who had visited Bali advised us, "Stay under the blood." We knew what he meant. When the hot breath of the prince of Bali was felt, we cried out for the protection of that blood shed on the cross of Calvary. It is true that the warfare wardrobe has no covering for the back, yet, should a weary warrior falter and turn back in the day of battle, grace provides a covering impenetrable by the flaming arrows of the evil one. We sang songs about the blood when under satanic attack; its mere mention in the prayer of faith, I believe, caused Satan to tremble and flee. He knows that Jesus' shed blood purchased redemption for those previously under Satan's dominion. Scripture tells

us that the accuser (Satan) has been hurled down, overcome by the blood of the Lamb (Revelation 12:10-11).

The day before the Balinese new year is marked by activity supposed to "cleanse" the island. Although cockfighting is illegal, on this special day fighting is permitted for the purpose of banishing evil spirits from around the temples.

Fighting birds have the spur on the right foot removed and in its place is tied, very carefully, a four-inch, double-edged, razor-sharp blade. The birds attack each other in a furious flurry of feathers and flashing steel. The polished shaft maims (or kills) with shocking efficiency.

Each round lasts only a few seconds. Then the two cocks stop, motionless and streaming blood. Finally, one staggers and falls dead.

Those chanticleers make good eating, for they have been pampered and fed the very best corn and other special foods. Dewa Agung was feeling magnanimous. His champion gamecock had just won him a large purse. He personally delivered to our house the slain bird of his opponent. It was the best chicken I ever tasted, blade wounds notwithstanding!

We thank God for every piece of spiritual armor in the Christian arsenal. To attempt our mission to Bali without such equipment would have likened us to spiritual Don Quixotes, charging windmills with spindly spears. Thank

God, our weapons are not spindly spears but, as Paul says, weapons of divine power capable of demolishing strongholds.

We derived a great deal of comfort from Isaiah's warning-with-a-promise to Israel: "No weapon forged against you will prevail" (Isaiah 54:17). God never promises absence of conflict, but He does promise victory in the conflict. We have superior weapons. Yet it is up to us to take up and use those divine counter-weapons. We are still learning to wield them in a lifelong campaign for souls.

Children— Comrades-in-arms

Sons are a heritage from the LORD, children a reward from him. Like arrows in the hands of a warrior are sons born in one's youth. Blessed is the man whose quiver is full of them. (Psalm 127:3-5)

A quiver full to overflowing—that was the experience of the Lewis family. It didn't start out with sons but rather two daughters, Helen Esther, born in Massachusetts, and Frances Lynn, born in Makassar, Sulawesi. Nevertheless, we ended up having more sons than daughters. Richard Elliot was born in Bali, Robert Alden in California (a home assignment baby) and James David in Bandung, Java. The Mission policy was (is) to provide support for four children. The fifth "arrow" in our quiver, James David, went on support only after our

first child went off upon her graduation from high school.

In these days of emphasis on family values, I include our children as comrades-in-arms at the risk of being misunderstood. Some might ask, "Aren't you imposing your vocation on your children? Do you have a right to do that? You are the missionary, not they. Your first responsibility is to them, not to the people of Bali." Some critics even say that missionaries sacrifice their children on the altar of their own vocation.

We are aware that the situation is changing in our shrinking world, but the matter of family priorities is still relevant. We faced it, and all missionaries face it. Focus on the family, however, must not dim the focus on Christ. When we went to Indonesia we believed that priorities based on scriptural teaching would result in winning our own children as well as winning other people's children and the lost of Bali. Did not Jesus say: "No one who has left . . . children . . . for me and the gospel will fail to receive . . . children" (Mark 10:29-30)? We believe that what we grasp and hold to ourselves, we lose; what we give up for and to God, we truly own.

Did our children share our viewpoint? Did they ever feel neglected?

One cannot put a five-year-old on an airplane that will take her hundreds of miles away to boarding school and expect her not to feel neglected. That is the risk we took, a part of the battle for Bali. As Lelia has expressed, there was

heartache. There were a few rocky times resulting in emotional wounds for both parents and children, but we do not feel that deep, lasting damage was done to their or our psyches anymore than could have happened in a homeland situation.

Much depended on our attitude. When one of our children developed feelings of rebellion while in Dalat High School, we prayed about it, earnestly and honestly, and told that child that we were willing to return to the homeland for his/her sake. We meant it. After a while the rebellious attitude faded. Our attitude was determinative.

We did not think of our vocation as sacrifice but as privilege, a glad offering of ourselves to God who had sacrificed Himself for us. We prayed that our children would perceive the hardship of the absence of their parents as something they could offer as a gift to Jesus, even considering themselves, in a measure at least, as comrades-in-arms with us. We believe that is what happened. Our children not only prayed for us—at times they became active helpers in our work.

The nurture, care and education they received at the Mission boarding schools were inestimable blessings to them and us. To know that our children were not only well taught, but also cared for with Christian concern—and prayed for—brought peace to our hearts. Their teachers and houseparents in Bandung, Java and

Penang, Malaysia saw what they were doing as a ministry unto the Lord. Those dedicated people we also consider true comrades-in-arms in the battle for Bali. They have our heartfelt gratitude for what they have done for our children, for us and for Bali.

Our children's first seventeen years included four years in the homeland, six-and-one-half years in boarding school in a foreign country and six-and-one-half years in the country/location where their parents worked. Such a multicultural background did not cause a crisis of identity, but proved to be a life-enriching cultural experience. Statistics reveal that a majority of MKs (missionary kids) turn out to be well-adjusted people, with significant numbers of them going on to missionary careers.

Our children all graduated from Bandung elementary school (Indonesia) and Dalat High School (Malaysia) and were fluent in the use of the Indonesian language. I have precious memories of teaching Helen to drive that big Wagoneer, then Helen driving Lelia to Klungkung to teach her English class and Helen herself taking part in teaching; Fran, on an extended vacation from Westmont College, making friends for both us and the gospel in Gianyar; Dick involved with World Relief in the Riau Islands aiding refugees from communist countries; Rob helping to rebuild a pastor's house after an earthquake in West Bali and preaching in Indonesian on several occasions; Jamey singing a duet with me at a party for a Chi-

nese evangelist and later teaching a seminar in the GKII church. (Incidentally, that child we had prayed for because of a rebellious spirit became a missionary!)

Our quiver was empty, but we had realized all along that arrows are meant for shooting, not storing. Each one had been carefully set to the bowstring and sent on his or her mission to the ends of the earth.

An Enlarged Family

I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, . . . I was a stranger and you invited me in. . . . Whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me. (Matthew 25:35, 40)

The Alliance policy was to win adult converts by preaching and teaching rather than through social service. However, since "all is fair in love and war" and we were assuredly engaged in warfare, we were to become involved in social services as a part of the battle for Bali. As Christians we could not avoid it.

In the postrevolution days in Indonesia, poverty prevailed. Giving "cups of water" in Christ's name cast our work in a good light and at the same time helped deflate the billowing sails of communism, whose members had been heralding that they were the champions of social concern. New

Christians in isolated villages began to realize the importance of education as a means of multiplying their resources for God's glory. With minimal or no schooling available in the village, they asked if their children could live with us while attending public schools. Klungkung, as district capital, had the best schools available, particularly senior high schools. We began to understand why God had caused Dewa Agung to allow us to rent his large house.

It was a small beginning—three boys from Christian homes and one Hindu orphan girl. Eventually we had about a dozen children—apart from our own—living at one time in our home. Their families, where possible, provided rice and clothing, while we provided housing and spiritual nurture. But financing did become an issue. For reasons stated, we could not appeal to the Mission budget.

Lelia wrote, "This is a venture of faith. Lack of funds will prove a blessing to us and our Indonesian brethren who say that we missionaries tell them to live by faith whereas we ourselves have access to 'unlimited' funds."

Funding, though not unlimited, did come as we accepted new children, relying not on human resources but on God's many promises of provision. As we took in more young people, we were glad for the increase in our congregation and involved the older boys in witnessing and selling literature. They also obtained permission from their headmaster for a monthly lecture to be

given. The students listened well. Many had heard of Christianity before, but certainly never from an ordained Balinese preacher. We saw that humanitarian aid could be an advantage in establishing a church.

However, five years after its inception, our *asrama* (dormitory) had taken two body blows—first, when the supervisor was dismissed for taking a second wife (he was the one who had dug our grave), and then, in 1968, a knock-out punch when we moved from Klungkung. We could have been comfortable staying and becoming fully involved in a ministry that was obviously meeting felt needs of the children. But by now the Klungkung church was able to carry on without us. We felt we should support the Mission policy and continue in our primary calling—church planting. We moved to Gianyar, another major town without a church.

Meanwhile, National Church leaders, seeing that Christian compassion through humanitarian aid could be an adjunct to church planting, revived and greatly expanded the *asrama*. The descendant of Dewa Agung allowed them to continue using our former residence without raising the rent. They organized the *asrama* under a National Church humanitarian foundation of which we were appointed advisors. Two years later (1972), evangelist Nyoman Gama and his wife Sarah, newly graduated from Jaffray Theological School, became directors of the Baithel Christian Children's Home.

Director Gama, an ordained minister of the GKII, and his wife explain: "The purpose of the home is to show Christ's love by caring for and giving guidance to underprivileged children to the point where each child gains a relationship with Jesus Christ as his or her personal Savior."

Emphasis is given to the development of a sense of responsibility and self-reliance through applied work ethic. The children raise pigs and make cement blocks and coconut oil, which are sold to help expenses.

A day's menu, with almost 200 mouths to feed, calls for 220 pounds of rice, 70 pounds of vegetables, 400 medium-sized fish, mounds of soybean cakes and a generous dose of hot peppers. The staff of eight, all dedicated Christians, receive minimal wages, yet they have seen growth to ownership of property with four buildings, including a four-story multipurpose dormitory.

In 1988, a big policeman and his sweet Javanese-Rotinese wife came to visit us. As he shook my hand with a viselike grip, he asked me if I remembered him. Yes, this was Darmada, whom I recalled as one of the children from the home whose village we had often hiked through when visiting a mountain congregation. We had given tracts to people in Darmada's village and had received smiles, but no inquiries. President Suharto was building schools in villages, but Darmada's village was still waiting. So, for his first two grades,

the boy had to walk miles to the nearest village where there was a school of sorts.

One day, one of the Baithel children passing through Darmada's village told him of the home in Klungkung. Darmada, a very keen boy, was excited and presented the matter to his mother. She was doubtful when she learned that this was a Christian boarding home but, she rationalized, aren't all religions much the same? Education was the important thing, and it would be a shame to pass up this opportunity for her boy.

So Darmada was sent to the big city where he continued his education in a better school. He was an apt student of readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic and also of the truths taught in devotional times in the home and in Sunday school. He had no great problem in accepting the teaching of the people who treated him kindly, nor of accepting the Savior in whose name this help had come to him. Following his baptism, whenever he returned to his village he told his mother, "We Balinese don't have to make sacrifices anymore. God who made us loves us and sent His Son who is the perfect sacrifice."

When his mother fell ill, Darmada asked permission for her to stay at the home while receiving medical treatment. In these loving surroundings, she too responded to Christ's call and was baptized.

Following graduation from high school in Klungkung, Darmada entered the national police academy in Bali. He was sent to East Timor,

a guerrilla zone where government forces were being killed. God took care of him, and after a number of years he was sent back to Bali where he was appointed head of staff in a police medical laboratory in Denpasar. Thus Baithel Home played a vital role in helping a bright young Balinese boy realize his potential and in helping the gospel take root in foreign soil.

The Alliance/GKII has had a long-time involvement with the Muslim Island of Sumbawa visited by Robert Jaffray in 1929. For most of the years since then, the Alliance has been the only Protestant Mission in this "Eastern Gate to Mecca." Following World War II, there was a heartening response among the Donggo (mountain) people of Eastern Sumbawa. But when we first visited Donggo, we found a congregation under threat of disappearing because of opposition by people of the majority religion. The Donggoes were backward. Even Christians were afraid to send their children out of the village. When it was suggested that some of their brightest youngsters enter the Christian home in Bali, there was a negative response. It was rumored that the people of Bali caught and ate children. GKII leaders assured the Donggo people that this was not so, that Bali offered opportunities unavailable in Sumbawa.

Finally, in 1983, a few children were allowed to go to the Baithel Home. The results were very favorable. Over the years, forty of these moun-

tain children have received care and nurture in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. At present, thirteen Donggo children are in the home. Two Donggo alumni have graduated from Jaffray Theological School and serve congregations in their home island. Sumbawa government officials expressed surprise when they learned that Donggo people had earned theological degrees and were pastoring Christian churches.

Since its inception in 1972, the Baithel Home has provided care for more than 500 children, most of them, like Darmada, graduating from high school and a majority having become baptized believers.

All of this has been possible with help from World Vision, Hilfe Für Brüder (a German evangelical agency), a secular foundation sponsored by the president of Indonesia and many individual sponsors. When subsidy from the non-Christian source was cut in half, Mr. Gama said, "We are now being tested to prove what we teach about this being a work of faith."

The home has continued its ministry by belt-tightening and cost-cutting while only slightly reducing the number of children (170 in 1997). Not all alumni have done as well as Darmada and the two young men from Donggo. Some are unemployed, and some have drifted away from the Lord. But most have found gainful employment, married and established Christian homes. Fourteen alumni of the home have

felt the call of God and are presently in full-time Christian ministry. Six alumni are in training at Jaffray School.

It was a source of satisfaction to Lelia and me when the Alliance included the home on the "approved specials" list, meaning that Alliance people could contribute to it through their churches or directly to the finance division in Colorado Springs. Those who have done so are having a part in the battle for Bali—especially the battle for her children.

Standing and Waiting

*The revelation awaits an appointed time. . . . though it linger, wait for it.
(Habakkuk 2:3)*

God . . . acts on behalf of those who wait for him. (Isaiah 64:4)

As a GI Joe in training for World War II, I was familiar with the saying, "Hurry up and wait." Soldiers soon learn that more time is spent in camp than in combat, and yet waiting, though less exciting, is an essential component of combat. Lelia and I were learning a great deal about this flip side of action.

A young boy in elementary school stands before the assembled student body. In a clear voice he recites from memory:

I should like to rise and go where the
golden apples grow;
Where below another sky parrot islands
anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
lonely Crusoes building boats . . .
There I'll come when I'm a man with a
camel caravan,
Light a fire in the gloom of some dusty
dining room. . . .

(From "Travel" by Robert Louis Stevenson in
A Child's Garden of Verse.)

A lone and lonely missionary trudges the shore of tiny Nusa Penida, quintessential Parrot Island south of Bali. A yellow-crested cockatoo glides seaward through a grove of coconut palms. The sight triggers the memory of a poem and of a boy. That boy, now grown to manhood, has come to Nusa, not in a camel caravan but in a wind-driven outrigger canoe; he has not seen any "Crusoes building boats" nor any "dusty dining room," but yes, he is indeed on a mission of lighting fires . . . in the hearts of the people in this templed cockatoo island.

But it is taking time. Lots of time.

Forty years later, there is only one Christian family in Nusa Penida, an islet of 45,000 inhabitants.

A Chinese boy in Klungkung is given a "Heart of Man" tract. He reads it with interest, and

with other Chinese children he enters the home of the foreign lady who gave him the tract. They like Sunday school and continue to attend. But their teacher in the Chinese school tells them that the tract-distributing white people are dangerous.

"They are teaching lies and fables," he says. "Don't go there anymore."

The boys stop attending Sunday school and the foreigners' hopes die. They don't know that the good seed has found fertile soil in at least one boy's heart.

Twenty years later, a Chinese evangelist preaches at the invitation of the missionaries. The evangelist has a heartening testimony.

"When I was a boy, Ibu Lewis gave me a tract about the 'Heart of Man,'" he says, "and about my own heart." Now the Chinese boy himself is telling the good news about Christ, the One who can change a sin-stained boy's heart from guilt to blood-washed purity. But the missionaries have waited two decades to hear that testimony.

The missionary is teaching the Balinese evangelist Geday to drive when suddenly they find their jeep careening toward a stopped bus. Geday doesn't know how to pump the brakes so, just before hitting the bus and some pedestrians, the missionary reaches over and gives the steering wheel a sharp turn to the left. Into a ditch they go. Unhurt, the missionary asks the instant crowd to help. They pull the jeep out. To

show appreciation, the missionary not only gives the leader money but also distributes booklets entitled "God Has Spoken" in Balinese script. Years later an elderly member of a church in Denpasar visits the missionary, who asks how he happened to become a Christian.

"*Tuan*," says the older man, "I was one of the men who pulled your jeep out of the ditch." God indeed had spoken through the Holy Spirit and the words in that tract. The man had read the booklet, looked up a church and was converted. The missionary called that incident "ditched by God."

It is 1960. We Alliance missionaries are glad that there is a prospect of spreading the gospel across the breadth of our archipelago with new technology. It was somewhat disheartening when the flying program of the Alliance had been brought to a halt a few years earlier after the loss of three aircraft. But now, there is good news: Missionary Aviation Fellowship has accepted our request for help. Application is made to the government in Jakarta and earnest prayer ascends—and continues to ascend. But both Jakarta and heaven are silent.

Ten years later, in 1970, the long-awaited approval comes. Missionary Aviation Fellowship begins a nationwide ministry which continues to the present, greatly assisting the missionaries' task of spreading the gospel and building the Church.

It is the mid-1970s. We begin meetings in the home of a non-Balinese Christian couple who have recently moved to the key town of Bangli. This is in answer to the prayers of decades, for the entire Bangli regency has never had a single church. As a result of the witness of the Christian couple, a neighbor, a high-caste member of the local extended royal family, confesses Christ.

After instruction, we baptize this young woman. She is now considered a renegade Hindu and experiences persecution. She needs every bit of comfort and nurture she can get from the Christian fellowship. But then the outreach to Bangli receives a hard blow. The Christian couple leaves Bali to attend Bible school. The new convert is given asylum with a pastor's family in North Bali, and we, without a place to meet, stop our weekly gathering.

But we do not stop praying. It seems that the best (and only?) way to start a church in Bangli is for a missionary to go and live there. Lelia and I think, *If we could clone ourselves, the clone would be living in Bangli.* But it doesn't have to be expatriate missionaries, and a good thing, because now (mid-1980s) they are a fast-disappearing breed with the central government's Indonesianization program gearing up.

Then a Christian young woman, daughter of a Balinese pastor, obtains a position in the Bangli district government. A foot in the door! Murni has some effect by lifestyle witness for Christ, but is not in a position to start a church. Eight

years later, Murni, still an employee in the mayor's office, meets a young man who has recently graduated from Jaffray Theological School. They fall in love and get married. It happens that Murni's husband has a passion for pioneer evangelism. So the young couple start housekeeping—and a church—in Bangli. Later, the pastor of this new and growing congregation testifies in a worker's meeting, "Pak Lewis (polite title replacing *tuan*) has reminded us that we must be true to our calling. God raised up the Alliance and our National Church to evangelize the lost, and we must continue to do that."

Our hearts rejoice. We have transferred a concept, bequeathed a heritage. Yes, it has taken long years, but "better late than never."

Now we go way back to 1955. Evangelist Geday and I were in Besan village at the invitation of the communist orphanage director. We found about 200 men sitting cross-legged on the floor of the community hall, a roofed area without walls. The communist, still using us, had told his fellow villagers that the white man would bring a lecture on religion. They were an attentive audience as I spoke and sang in Indonesian, Geday following with an explanation of the gospel in the Balinese language. We left about 400 gospel tracts—the good seed took root in at least one heart. But most of it "fell along the path, and the birds came and ate it up" (Matthew 13:4).

One of those "birds" was Wayan D, son and heir of the local Hindu priest. Later, he took over his father's duties; he also became head of the Village Defense Organization, whose responsibility it was to protect village traditions. Wayan collected and burned our tracts. But that one in whose heart the seed had found good soil became a witnessing Christian and through him the gospel message was beginning to take hold in Besan. Wayan was concerned. As an avid practitioner of priestcraft, he saw this new religion as a threat to his livelihood as well as to the religious solidarity of the village. He wondered what the secret power of the Christian teaching was that could so attract his people.

In order to find out, Wayan sent his son to a Christian children's home to investigate the matter. That son, and later another son, decided to follow Christ. When they were baptized, he was more than ever convinced that the Christian gospel possessed hidden power.

Ashamed that both his sons had become Christians, Wayan determined to do all within his power to win them back. He would arrange for them to marry Hindu women in elaborate ritual-filled weddings which would surely cause them to return to their ancestral heritage. The plan failed when his oldest son exercised his right under Indonesian law to choose for himself. He chose a Christian girl. Wayan began to feel that it would be impossible to uncover Christianity's secret power.

His sons, meanwhile, visited their family in Besan, always bringing gifts, one of which was the Christian Bible. They treated their Hindu relatives with respect and responded patiently when their father vented his anger.

Their grandfather still carried on religious duties. When he suffered a stroke at the age of eighty, his grandsons (both doctors) ministered to him spiritually as well as medically. He was responsive to their message and, when Wayan was away from home, the grandfather prayed the prayer of repentance and faith in Christ. His father was now an ex-priest. In May 1988, he was baptized by the GKII pastor from Denpasar and died shortly thereafter.

Wayan was deeply impressed that his father would have become a Christian in such a simple manner. Meanwhile, he tried hard to prepare a Hindu cremation, feeling that by this means he could bring his father's soul back into the fold of his ancestors. Wayan asked the pastor to release his father's body. But Pastor Enos replied, "We don't recommend this, but neither do we forbid it. However, allow us first to bury your father with Christian prayers since he died in Jesus Christ."

Following the Christian prayer, Wayan took his father's body and cremated it, but there was not time for the usual Hindu rites. The Christians, who had come from Denpasar, watched the flames reduce the body to ashes and even went with Wayan to the shore to cast the ashes

into the sea, as custom required. Since there were no offerings, Wayan thought something should be done to fill an awkward void. Suddenly, he surprised himself and others by offering a spontaneous prayer: "Lord Jesus, receive the spirit of my father to be with You. Amen."

Hearing this, the Christians shouted hallelujahs and began clapping their hands. (Wayan confessed later that he didn't know what got into him to pray such a prayer. We, of course, believe that it was prompted by the Holy Spirit.)

Indonesian believers have a custom of holding a service in the home of the bereaved on the third day after a death. Thus, the church people came to Wayan's house three days later to bring comfort and also to give a Christian witness. They sang hymns and prayed. The following morning, Wayan was astonished to find a special household idol fallen from its high pedestal. It would require an expensive ceremony to restore this fetish to its original state of sanctity. Still the stubborn priest would not change his ways.

He began preparations for a second symbolic ceremony to take place during the collective community cremation. He registered his intent with the head man of the village, but his plan came to naught when told that this would be impossible since his father had been baptized as a Christian. Deeply perplexed, Wayan could only ask, "Why have I repeatedly failed in my efforts to oppose the gospel and been rewarded with nothing but embarrassment?"

For a full year Wayan meditated on all that had happened. He was ill at ease concerning his relationship to his deceased parent and to his children, who were followers of Christ. He was the sole holdout in a new line of descent. A series of dreams ensued that were to change his life. Wayan felt that through these dreams, his god-ancestors were releasing him and that it all had but one meaning: He too should become a follower of the Christ, who was all of these wondrous things—the way of salvation, the word of God, the source of happiness, the water of life. He made his decision to become a Christian and declared his intention to be baptized, together with his family.

When he told the elders of the village that he was resigning his position of leadership, they were dumbfounded, then angry. Now, without their priest, they would be vulnerable to every evil spirit in Besan and unable to perform the protective rites and rituals. On June 18, 1989, Wayan was baptized in the church in Denpasar. He later confessed that a great peace filled his heart and an assurance that from then on Jesus would be the source and center of his life.

"The Lord showed me in a gracious way," he said, "that I need not feel ashamed of past sins because those sins are forgiven. I heard a voice asking 'What is your name?' and this time I answered, 'Wayan Paulus.' The voice then said, 'You may use the name Paulus (Paul), but you must remember what Paul was like—he did not own a home, his

home was everywhere. He did not own a kitchen, yet he found food wherever he went.’ ”

Wayan Paulus followed the example of the great apostle whose name he now bore. The new Paul became a powerful evangelist and a keen student of the Bible. He was able to point out clearly how Bible truth is the satisfying fulfillment of that which Hinduism gropes after but doesn’t find.

The Lord has used Wayan to win more than 100 people to Christ.

At this writing (April 1997), I have been invited to visit Wayan Paulus in his village. On his ancestral land, Wayan has fashioned a meeting place. He calls the people who come for spiritual counseling his “patients”—a carryover from his days as a shaman. But the treatment no longer consists of *mantra* recitations and sprinkled holy water. Rather, he shares the Balm of Gilead, the living water from the Living Word of God. Seventeen people are now in preparation for baptism.

The vision has tarried for thirty-four years, but if you could know Pak Wayan Paulus, you would agree with us that it was worth the wait.

The church had done a great work in evangelizing in jungle fastnesses, in capital towns (like Bangli), in big cities in Java, but they have not been able to send a missionary to a foreign country. Over the years two attempts were made, the most recent to send a missionary to

Cambodia, but the program never got off the ground. How pleased I was when I was asked to become involved in the third attempt.

A small country on the northern coast of South America had long been recognized by GKII as a possible mission field. Fifteen percent of the population of Suriname, a former Dutch colony in the Netherlands West Indies, is Indonesian, mostly plantation workers from Java and mostly of the Muslim religion. My part was to accompany the Indonesian missionary candidate, evangelist Paul Risamasu, in deputation among the GKII church of Bali, Lombok and Sumbawa islands.

Paul, a graduate of Simpson Theological School in Java, was exceptionally well qualified for this mission. His wife, Ari, was Javanese and Paul himself, having lived in Holland for three years, knew Dutch, the national language of Suriname. He also knew English through his involvement in GKII's English language ministry in Jakarta. More significant than his outward qualifications was his character and his humble spirit. It was easy for me to enthusiastically introduce Paul to the churches.

Our final service of the tour was in the church in Bima, Sumbawa, on Easter Sunday, 1996. It was an ecumenical meeting. Sumbawa, as a stronghold of the majority religion, is a place where Christians have to "hang together or they'll hang separately." In that service we heard messages in song by Protestant and Pentecostal

choirs and a homily by the local Roman Catholic *pastoor* (priest). Then I introduced Paul who gave his usual good testimony.

Following the service I saw two Catholic nuns greet Paul with genuine smiles of appreciation for his strong presentation. He and Ari and little Gloria and Joey are now in Suriname, their mission field.

Missions has come full cycle, but it has taken time—lots of it.

14

Detour to Timor

To obey is better than sacrifice. (1 Samuel 15:22)

Now we faced more waiting for the fulfillment of Jaffray's faith claim. When we joined the Alliance we knew that henceforth we would receive orders not only from the Lord, but also from the Board—those over us in the Mission organization. Our commanding officer would be the field director working through the field executive committee and the field conference.

I had learned the crucial nature of obedience in the wartime army. Now, twenty years after our arrival in Indonesia, our obedience as soldiers in the Lord's army would be tested.

In 1972, the field executive committee (now called field leadership team, FLT), suggested that we move to another island. A need had

arisen for Bible school teachers in Timor, a largely Christian island. This wasn't the first time we had heard that our gifts (especially Lelia's teaching gifts) were needed elsewhere.

After heart-searching and prayer, we had no green light to accept this suggestion. In fact, we marshaled several reasons for continuing the battle in Bali. Wasn't the call of the Alliance to pioneering, taking the gospel to frontier areas where people would not hear of Christ unless we went? And besides, our personal calling was to direct evangelistic involvement! We reminded the FLT and the conference how, before coming to Indonesia, we had been asked by the foreign department to consider teaching in Irian Jaya, but we had not felt free to accept that assignment. However, when the FLT's suggestion was later backed by the field conference's decision, there was nothing to do but comply.

We admired Amy Carmichael's poem, "In Acceptance Lieth Peace," but, if the truth were told, compliance had been something short of acceptance and, with a shortage of acceptance, there was a shortage of peace. As we anticipated the move we encountered bleak days. The prince of Bali assumed his role as sower of discord among brothers: "Your colleagues know you better than you know yourselves. They've got you figured out as 'fun-in-the-sun' people who don't want to give up a soft assignment in tourist paradise. . . . Since Bali isn't showing signs of 'surrendering,' nor the prince of Bali be-

ing 'demolished,' wouldn't it be better for the Lewises to 'shake the dust' and move on to a more fruitful ministry?"

Then the repeated tactic of earlier satanic attacks: "Face it, Lewises, you don't have what it takes. You're kidding yourselves, confusing faithfulness with stubbornness. Furthermore, you are proud. You don't want to leave Bali for fear of being called a failure." Part of the accuser's insinuation was true enough—we didn't want to leave Bali, but not for his reasons. Aware of Satan's schemes (2 Corinthians 2:11), we rejected his whisperings. Also (how important), we refused to harbor resentment against our colleagues who saw things differently than we.

The Holy Spirit helped by reminding us that our primary call is to a Person, not a place, that we were to build the Church of Jesus Christ whether in Bali or in Timor. So, although our choice would have been not to leave Bali, we came to accept that it was God's choice for us for the present. A measure of peace did come. Nevertheless, I continued to look upon it as a stint of "detached duty."

In spite of the historical commitment of the Alliance to evangelize the totally unreached, by 1940 there were thirty-five students from largely Christian East Indonesia at the Makassar Bible School. Without waiting for the Mission, these young men had founded churches in the East Indonesia islands of Alor, Timor and Sumba. Many of those baptized were from non-Christian back-

grounds. Eventually the Alliance saw the need and, in 1959, Marion and Olga Allen pioneered the Alliance work in East Indonesia.

Lelia and I arrived on the island of Timor in August 1972 as replacements for the Allens, who were on home leave. We lived in their house on a hill above Kupang, the main town, with a beautiful view of the ocean.

Compared to Bali, Timor was a different world, a "waste, howling wilderness," where smog was nature's own—dust whipped high by incessant winds. For the first day or two, when the wind blew, we would get ready for a downpour of rain only to find the skies brassy-blue. Rain was virtually unknown from April to November. It was very hot, but not humid like Bali. We were amazed how quickly clothes dried on the wash line.

The soil was thin, with outcroppings of blackened coral, giving the countryside the appearance of a bolder-strewn moonscape, except for an occasional sugar-palm tree silhouetted against the sky. How we missed the sound of running water, so much a part of life in Bali. By the end of September, the small stream from which we got our water had dwindled to a trickle. On the other hand, it was wonderful to see church buildings instead of temples and to hear congregational singing rather than Hindu gongs and chants.

Being in Timor, we were in a position to assess the well publicized revival that broke out in 1965, shortly before the political turmoil that convulsed the entire nation. The attempted coup of Septem-

ber 30, 1965, which brought sorrow and death to so many, was accompanied by a movement of God's Spirit that brought joy and new life to many thousands of Indonesians. The awakening began in the interior town of Soe in GMIT, The Evangelical Christian Church of Timor (non-Alliance). It has been documented by Indonesians as well as visiting churchmen from abroad, with varying interpretations of events.

Such a visitation was desperately needed. Fetishes and idols could be found not only in homes but within church sanctuaries. Ministers served sacraments on Sunday and engaged in occult practices on weekdays. But God had mercy. In sovereign grace He moved in the heart of an Indonesian man who was working in interior Timor. This man began to preach against sin, calling people to repentance. His ministry was accompanied by indisputable signs and wonders that brought conviction and confession of sin, denial of the power of occult charms and the destruction (usually by burning) of these instruments of Satan, as well as outstanding healings.

Frans Selan, worker in the GKII in Irian Jaya, testified:

I repented on August 12, 1965, in a revival meeting in my GMIT church in Soe. One month later, I and many friends of mine were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to put on the whole armor of God. On that night, a movement began which

later was used of the Lord to influence many people in Indonesia and abroad. Two hundred people in our church were converted and filled with the Holy Spirit and began to go out in witnessing teams.

Another Indonesian, Mel Tari, in his book *Like a Mighty Wind*, described miraculous happenings as God visited the Soe area and beyond. Unlearned, illiterate people, even children, performed signs and wonders.

A Protestant Church pastor told me of a boy born blind whose eyes were made to see following prayer. The boy held a leaf in his hand while saying to his mother, "Oh, *Ibu*, this is what a leaf looks like!" Marion Allen vouches for the authenticity of miraculous happenings, including an instance where one team walked on water while crossing a river. Marion told me: "The water was eight to twelve feet deep, and the deepest they sank was up to their knees. This happened again in Sumba. In a famine area in Timor, twenty-four people ate until satisfied from a single, ordinary-sized plate of manioc root."

Mr. Allen estimates that between 25,000 to 30,000 were converted to the Lord, including seventeen Protestant Church pastors.

Sadly, opposition also came because the genuine works of the Spirit were adulterated by works of an unholy spirit. Carnal excesses crept in, giving basis for valid criticism. One Christian told me he

had seen a member of one of the revival teams get so angry because a woman would not confess her sins that he knocked her off a bench. Another quoted a girl's public statement that the Lord had told her to sleep with a certain man, which she did, resulting in a forced marriage.

The Indonesian whom God had used mightily to ignite revival fires through proven miracles became proud and later had to be sidelined after falling into the sin of immorality. This presence of wildfire, however, confirmed in the minds of many the reality of true, Holy Ghost fire.

Before moving to Timor in compliance with conference decision, we had quoted from the Mission Policy Manual: "Missionaries are expected to take an assignment for at least six months and afterward may request a change of ministry." We made that request and were happy to be told that we could return to Bali in January 1974. Thus, sixteen months after departure from Bali, most of that time spent teaching in Bible school and extension classes in East Indonesia, we returned to the island we had entered twenty-one years before and to that section of the battlefield we had penetrated in 1968.

Multiplying Soldiers

The things you have heard . . . entrust to reliable men who will also be qualified to teach others. (2 Timothy 2:2)

Ten minutes after our return to Ganyar, the district superintendent and secretary of the National Church were at our door to present ideas for ministry. Many converts were coming into the Church as a result of aggressive evangelistic outreach following the failure of communism. These new believers needed to be discipled.

Brainstorming produced plans for some kind of school to accomplish this goal. Priority would be given to students who had a desire to spread the gospel but who, for various reasons, were unable to enroll in the Jaffray Theological School. But where would we find facilities for such a program? We had already, with Mission approval, rented a large house in the heart of

Gianyar with a huge building at the back which had been a garment factory. It was just the kind of facility needed for classrooms and a dormitory! From our perspective, Lelia and I envisioned the seven-month study course as a means of continuing to evangelize unreached villages through people we would train, a way to multiply ourselves in outreach. The school was given a name that reflected its practical nature: Discipleship Training Center (DTC).

The first session began on May 3, 1974, with ten students—five men and five women. Nine graduated from the course seven months later. Our expectations were fulfilled because we taught not only in the classroom but by going out with the students to scores of villages near and far. People, including hippies at Bali's famed Kuta Beach, were given a witness of Christ and some were brought to the Lord as students applied lessons on personal evangelism, door-to-door visitation, street meetings, selling literature, making friends.

Elisabet, a slight young woman from Roti, came to the DTC. Going from house to house in a village south of Gianyar, she and Karolina, another student, discovered a woman from Roti who had married a Balinese policeman in Timor. However, when she arrived in Bali she discovered that her husband already had a Hindu wife. She had to make the best of a bad situation.

With three small children, she could not have gone to church even if there had been a church

to go to. But now that the children were bigger, imagine her delight to meet a fellow Rotinese Christian who invited her to our meetings just up the road. She immediately joined our fellowship and later I baptized her entire family, including the retired policeman husband.

Another student brought his wife and baby with him to the school. IB was a Brahmana, the highest class in Bali's social order, whose ancestral home was in North Bali. In Lombok someone had given him a gospel booklet. Deeply interested, IB sought out a GKII pastor who led him to Jesus. Desiring to learn more about Jesus and to share that knowledge with others, IB enrolled in our Discipleship Training Center. I took him with me on gospel forays into the surrounding countryside. One village chief whom we visited was incensed when he found that IB had forsaken his Hindu beliefs.

"Don't you know that you Brahmanas are the golden bridge to *nirvana*?" he asked.

Unruffled, IB repeated the text that God had used to awaken him to the truth. "Only Christ, who has said, 'I am the way' can be such a 'golden bridge,'" he replied. IB later went on to seminary and served a GKII church in Jakarta.

I often took DTC students with me when systematically visiting all 102 village chiefs in two districts, a ten-year program started in 1968. The approach was to introduce ourselves and

make inquiries about their problems and accomplishments.

I usually asked about the chief's family too. One polygamous man laughed to cover his embarrassment. As a village leader he was supposed to be promoting family planning, but he had sixteen children!

We told them we had good news. Usually a Hindu calendar was in sight, so I would ask my host why Sundays were red-letter days (even on his Hindu calendar) and what was the significance of the current year, etc. Other events in the life of Jesus, His death, resurrection, ascension—even Pentecost—are legal holidays in Indonesia, thanks to the Dutch heritage. This always made a good point of departure in witnessing. Only three or four of the 102 chiefs visited refused the literature we offered at the end of our visit.

Some weeks before this visitation program was finished (1978), the Indonesian government issued an edict prohibiting unrestricted distribution of religious literature among people of a different faith. At the time, we had visited ninety of the chiefs, but still had twelve to go. Despite the edict, we continued, knowing that such a restrictive measure was contrary to Indonesia's state philosophy. The only man who mentioned the government edict was a headman in a Muslim village.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I've been wrestling with this matter, but isn't it true that the government wants each religious community to carry out its

own teachings? Here is the teaching of my religion." I opened the New Testament and read Mark 16:15 (the command of Jesus to preach the gospel to every creature). "As a conscientious member of my religion, I am under obligation to tell you this though you are not under obligation to accept it." He accepted my reasoning and also a copy of the New Testament.

We were glad that the Word had been distributed widely to the village-level officials before the prohibition went into effect.

I close this chapter by sharing with you one of the most memorable incidents during our ministry with the Discipleship Training Center.

On one occasion I took my class to the town, where I had felt an evil presence after the mass corpse burning. Halim, a son of the house where we held weekly meetings, made a profession of faith in Christ. Halim's twin brother had been killed in an accident. Following that, Halim began to act strangely and finally dropped out of university.

We discovered that he had several charms and encouraged him to give them up. Experience had taught us that such things could be an avenue of entrance for satanic oppression. He did give them up, but reluctantly, without any expression of elation or relief which usually accompanied such acts.

Signs of spiritual growth were lacking in his life. We noticed a restlessness as we taught him the basics of his new faith. He would at-

tend church services, but walk out before it was finished. What was wrong with this man? I thought that Halim might be helped to gain ground spiritually if he would follow the Lord in baptism. He agreed. So one morning I included him in our DTC class which on that day was held on the grassy banks of a river near the Buddhist temple where Halim had formerly worshiped.

Following the class, we walked down to the river. Here Halim, professing his faith in and obedience to Jesus Christ before witnesses, followed the Lord in that ancient Christian rite. But he seemed to be following at a distance, for again there was a noticeable lack of joy in his demeanor, tempering the joy the rest of us felt at this first baptism in that area. I wondered, *Has this man come clean, or, having come clean, has he returned to the use of charms?* I honestly did not know.

Journal entry, December 21, 1979:

"Halim handed over a piece of wire [today] that he had been using as a charm. In prayer, Lelia stamped upon it and denied its power. But this morning Halim showed Jamey a gemstone charm which mysteriously disappeared when we asked Halim to give it to us. This may be the same gemstone he swallowed some years ago, then found on the floor a long time later. He showed it to me one evening and I should have had him give it to me right then. Later it disappeared."

Journal entry, February 5, 1980:

"Halim wrote out a twelve-line *mantra* (magic formula) and recited it. I told him to burn it as evidence that he renounced it. He folded it and put it into his pocket. Lelia had read to him Deuteronomy 18:10-11. Then she read Revelation 22:15: 'Outside [the gates of the city] are. . . those who practice magic arts. . . .' In light of the scriptural teaching that warns the stubborn, we fear for Halim."

Journal entry, February 7:

"After Bible study and singing hymn 123, Halim takes out the paper with the *mantra* and burns it." [We chose that hymn "Oh safe to the Rock that is higher than I, my soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly . . ." because Halim's "rock" (gemstone—"rock" and "stone" are the same in Indonesian) was still unaccounted for and we felt he was still trusting in it instead of in Jesus].

Journal entry, April 10:

"Lelia, Karsana [DTC student] and I visit Halim and ask him to give up the magic ring [gemstone]. While our heads were bowed in prayer, he came over and put the ring on my finger. Then he joined us in earnest prayer. I asked Halim to smash the ring. He was not willing to do so and took the ring back. We commanded Satan to leave, but we left without gaining the victory."

Journal entry, April 13:

"Halim came to church today and after the service handed over the ring to Lelia. He left before we could do anything, and his face wasn't peaceful. We smashed the ring. We think Halim probably has more magic charms."

And that's the last journal entry. The next thing that happened is deeply engraved in my memory. One night, when I was in my study, I looked up and there was Halim standing silently, holding a knife. He had come to ask me if he should kill his brother. When later he did stab his brother (not fatally), the family hushed it up.

We lost Halim, and we lost contact with that spiritually oppressive place. I believe that Halim's condition could be diagnosed as a psychiatric disorder. But we also believe that because of Halim's involvement with the occult and lack of obedience to God's Word, Satan was taking advantage of this traumatized individual, making his condition even worse. We can only pray that our loving Lord will save Halim from himself and the dark spiritual powers to which he has opened himself.

Failure, disappointment and a keen sense of loss are sometimes the lot of those who dare to venture into enemy territory. Our students, future servants of God, would learn from this first-hand encounter something of the darker side of what a soldier of Christ must face in the battle

for Bali. Many DTC graduates went on to fruitful ministries.

Nevertheless, the original purpose of the DTC—to train new converts—was only marginally realized. Most students were interested in becoming evangelists or full-time church workers. The infrastructure of the National Church was not sufficiently organized to provide work and support for these graduates. It also became clear that seven months of training was insufficient in an increasingly education-conscious nation. The options were either upgrade the DTC or encourage students to attend theological schools in other islands. The latter course was chosen. The Discipleship Training Center was discontinued in 1979 after six years.

Not being involved in a resident ministry opened up expanded roles for Lelia in Christian education and allowed us to undertake what would become the most satisfying project of our missionary careers.

God's Time for Ubud

I will build my church, and the gates of Hades will not overcome it. (Matthew 16:18)

It had taken thirty years to establish two churches, one in Klungkung and one in Gianyar, and to see both congregations committed to the care of Indonesian pastors. Would there be opportunity to start another church in a place as needy as those two "citadels of ceremony"?

In 1983 we moved to Denpasar, Bali's provincial capital. The government was getting serious about phasing out missionaries, so we felt it would be wise to adopt a lower profile. There would be plenty to do supplying pulpits in Klungkung and Gianyar as well as helping the mother church in Denpasar. And we would be free to make trips to Lombok and Sumbawa islands. But our hearts were still set on pioneering.

Just before the move to Denpasar, I had been introduced to a new Christian in Ubud, a town fifteen kilometers inland from Gianyar. This is where Maurice and Viola Bliss had sought housing for us thirty years before, but the community leader had made it clear that Christian missionaries were *persona non grata*. That man was now dead and Ubud was Bali's second most popular tourist destination. A missionary presence would be little noticed amidst swarms of Westerners. And in that whole Ubud area there was still no church, gospel outpost or Christian worker of any kind. What a great place for a church!

The facts drew us like a magnet. But would we be up to it? Imagine starting the whole church planting process all over again at age sixty-two!

In May 1985 we began holding regular services in Ubud in the home of a single Balinese Christian. Maday Nama was twenty-seven years old and had lain in a darkened hovel ever since his late teens when he had been stricken with a strange disease. Native healers and medical doctors had been unable to diagnose Maday's sickness, much less cure it. Then God sent a Christian neighbor to talk to Maday about Jesus. Maday had been immediately attracted to Jesus and, after counseling by a pastor, prayed to accept Christ as Savior. The genuineness of his conversion experience would be proven by subsequent events.

Lelia and I began to visit Maday regularly. He painted beautiful pictures while lying on his

back in bed. In the stories of the Bible he had a rich new source of inspiration. As a testimony to his Hindu family, we asked a Balinese pastor to come and baptize Maday. Thus, on August 21, 1983, the first convert in Ubud was baptized as he lay in bed—it had to be by sprinkling, for he couldn't even sit, much less stand or walk. Though he was weak in body, Maday's faith was strong and beautiful. He had a large picture of Jesus placed at the foot of his bed. Written beneath, in big letters, were the words, "By His Stripes I Am Healed."

Journal entry, January 21, 1984:

"During our visit to Maday Nama's place last night, his cousin Martana [one of the healers who had unsuccessfully treated Maday], hearing our singing, came over for a visit. Through reading a Bible given to him by Maday's Christian neighbor and other literature found in Maday's shack, Martana had already come to the conclusion and conviction that the meaning of life could be found only in God. But how does one have a relationship with Him? This practitioner of the occult then told us about a vision that had deeply impressed him. He had seen a lamb, a bird and a bright light, 'brighter than a fluorescent bulb.' From the light came a voice, 'I am *Tuhan* [the Lord].' Martana came for an explanation of this vision."

Although Lelia was ready to give her weekly lesson (to Maday, his mother and the neigh-

bors), she immediately shifted gears in order to lead Martana to Christ. She opened her Bible to John chapter 1, where each of the symbols mentioned by Martana is found. She explained that Jesus was the Light and also the Lamb of God, and that the Holy Spirit of God had appeared as a dove at the baptism of Jesus to affirm who He was. We sensed God's presence in an unusual way even as we discerned God's grace in giving this seeking heart such a meaningful vision. We invited Martana to come back the following Friday.

We soon found, however, that although the chief opponent in Ubud had died, the anti-Christ spirit which had incited and activated him was alive and well. The people of Ubud and environs were determined to defend their traditional ways against all outside influence. It seemed they were either getting ready for a festival, having a festival or cleaning up after a festival. The governor of the province issued an edict that no church would be given permission to build in Bali unless there was a minimum of forty families in any location.

Our third Bali church plant, in Ubud, started with considerably less than that—not even one family—as we began holding regular Sunday services in Maday's tiny hovel in May 1985. We hoped it wouldn't take as long as the previous two, but the signs weren't good. Martana had not returned. However, he gave Maday an electric extension cord and a twenty-five-watt bulb to make

it easier for him to read and draw his beautiful pen sketches. This was a small but encouraging sign to us. In Bali, by helping someone in misfortune, a person may be going against what the gods have decreed for that individual. In disturbing that person's *karma* (fate), one may endanger oneself. The fact that Martana had helped Maday indicated to us that God was at work in his heart and mind—and that God was at work in Ubud.

Friends provided a larger place for Maday, a room with a cement floor and chairs. Our Australian son-in-law, Vincent Keane, provided a sheepskin for Maday to lie on, thus helping to relieve Maday's most bothersome problem, bedsores. Our English worship service also donated a large foam mattress. We prayed for healing, anointing Maday with oil according to James 5:14.

The young sufferer remained much the same physically, but there was significant spiritual growth. We were ministered to by his steadfast faith and cheerful attitude and touched when he gave a part of his small earnings to the church of which he was then, apart from us, the sole member. His older sister, a Hindu, spoke of the change she saw. Before becoming a Christian, she told us, Maday would become impatient with those who helped him, lashing out in anger at his fate. No longer.

Our meetings continued in Maday's cottage for two years. Then a house on Ubud's main

street became available for rent. It was not suitable for us to live in, but as a former art shop it had a large display room which made a good place for public meetings. When I learned that the owner was a high-caste Balinese, I had doubts that he would let us have it. But again, God was at work.

It happened that the owner did not live in Ubud and community solidarity was of little concern to him. He also needed money. We contracted his house for one year and began meetings in that building on September 27, 1987. Following the service, I went to Maday's place and held a shorter service. I continued that practice every Sunday.

Maday's physical condition deteriorated until a urinary tract infection claimed his life. He was released from his bodily prison in March 1990, to go to a far better place with Christ. We have the hope, based on Philippians 3:21, that we will meet again the first convert in Ubud, not as a bedridden paraplegic, but a whole person in a glorified resurrection body.

When it came time for us to move to Ubud, God had a house waiting for us, the very first one I looked at. It's a good thing it was big, because Lelia likes to entertain. As it turned out, we entertained more than we had anticipated. Unrelenting pressure from the anti-Christian faction caused the owner of the facility on Ubud's main street—still the only Christian

gathering in that area—to refuse renewal of the contract. After two years and eight months of growth, we were out on the street.

I'm sure the dark prince of Bali clapped his hands as he had when Jacob de Vroom was murdered, as he had when Alliance missionaries were forbidden even to visit Bali, or, again, as he had when we had been refused entrance to Ubud those many years before. He was still clapping when, after three months' use of our home for a meeting place, we received three letters from district government officials prohibiting house gatherings "until permission was given." *And when might that be?* I wondered.

Instead of going away, we went to GKII district leaders, and they went to bat for us with the government officials, reminding them that national law protected every one of the five officially recognized religions, Christianity included.

"However," they said, "we will be glad to comply with this directive if you will provide a substitute place for us to worship." Since the officials could not do this, we continued public services. The authorities were silent.

However, several weeks later I was called into the office of the highest official in Ubud. This master politician said that he did not forbid worship; nevertheless, in order to please local neighbors and preserve interreligious harmony, all public Christian services must cease. In this way he could report to proponents of national law that he had not forbidden worship, while to local

anti-Christians he could say that he had told us to cease further activity. I chose to hear his first statement and, politely listening to the rest of his lecture, thanked him very much and departed. After consulting with heaven and with National Church leaders, we decided that the politician's first statement would be our guide.

Meetings continued as usual and, although there were a few rumors and rumblings of a threatening nature, no further serious opposition came from public officials. However, we were faced with another problem. After two-and-one-half years of meeting in our home, the place was crowded out. The time had come to move forward. With the tourism boom, land prices were going up, and fast. Suddenly a choice plot of land became available. It was near the city center, yet isolated on all four sides, a matter of importance since any church building would be permitted only if neighbors on all sides had no objections.

"Lord, if You want us to accept the asking price of this land," Lelia prayed, "have someone send a gift today for Ubud." The noon mail brought a money order from a Christian in Sumbawa, of all unlikely places. It was marked, "For the Ubud Church." It was not a great amount, but to us it was a heartening answer to prayer. The deal was on! Buying 1,300 square meters of land at those prices would be a giant step of faith. Payment was due on Monday, and there was nothing in hand. On Sunday evening,

in our English worship service at the hotel, I requested prayer for this. Following the benediction, a tourist asked me how much was needed.

"Three thousand dollars," I replied. The man, a total stranger, invited me to his room and handed me six \$500 traveler's checks. The next day this amount was turned over to the property owner. It was like stepping into the Jordan River and finding the waters parted! This was the largest sum of money that we had ever handled. We felt almost guilty about spending such a sum. But three days later the price of land almost doubled and we found ourselves praising the Lord for getting us a bargain! But we hadn't seen anything yet. Now ready to build, we faced a much larger financial need.

Valentine's Day, 1990, was the day of a "sweetheart contract" long to be remembered. Lelia signed a promise to pay a contractor a sum of money that made me gasp. It was strange. I was constitutionally unable to take such a bold step of faith, yet I felt able to thank God for Lelia's faith. I backed her up 100 percent, yet I wondered how in the world it could possibly happen.

The generous tourist was a Dutch-born Canadian from Prince Edward Island. "That's where A.B. Simpson was born," I told him. The man was not Alliance, but he may well have heard of the founder of the Alliance. Later I discovered that coincidentally Dr. Simpson, a Canadian, had resigned his fashionable New York pastor-

ate in order to reach that city's and eventually the world's unsaved masses in the same year, 1881, that Dutchman Jacob de Vroom had been murdered in Bali. The legacy of these two predecessors—namely a strong desire to press the light a bit further into the night—had been espoused by this Dutch-born Canadian!

A copy of our circular letter eventually went to our Canadian benefactor. One night shortly thereafter, a call came from this gentleman asking that same blessed question, "How much do you need?" This time the answer wasn't \$3,000 but \$30,000. That amount was sent immediately by bank transfer.

We had had earlier instances of the Lord moving others to give. On one occasion \$10,000 was needed urgently. We visited a Chinese couple in Denpasar to request a loan of that amount, with promise to pay within a set time. Husband and wife conferred and then gave us their decision: They would not loan us that amount; they would give it.

Our own relatives also helped, as did a woman whom my mother had taken in years before. A bank manager, formerly one of our first dormitory boys in Klungkung, also gave two large contributions.

On December 13, 1992, the first service was held in the new church, an attractive building combining East-West architecture, a spacious sanctuary with balcony and an adjacent, two-storied parsonage. Help better than any

amount of the financial kind came in the person of a young man, Daniel Ronda, whom I had taught in a Denpasar catechism class and baptized. Now he was a graduate of Jaffray Theological School and had been assigned by the National Church to Ubud. His leadership gifts were obvious and it wasn't long before he was installed as pastor. Daniel married Elisabet, a Jaffray schoolmate, the following year and they served together for three years. In early 1995 they left to teach and study at their alma mater.

Today the Ubud church is pastored by a former Discipleship Training Center student of ours and has a membership nearing the required forty families to receive official recognition. Best of all, the church is reaching out into surrounding villages.

And so, in three of Bali's key towns, we have come full circle in the missiological cycle: penetrating, planting, parenting, partnering. I add another—participating. We continue to worship and minister in the Ubud church.

Epilogue

God . . . has watched over your journey through this vast desert. These forty years the LORD your God has been with you.
(Deuteronomy 2:7)

With sound of running water everywhere and the penetrating beat of the hollow log *kulkul* summoning worshipers to temples, Bali has been anything but a desert climactically and culturally. But spiritually it has been desert warfare all the way. Yet, as we look back we can identify with Moses' words to Israel: "These forty [-five] years the LORD your God has been with you." God has been with us, watching over our journey. He is causing the desert to blossom.

Although we were officially retired in 1992, the Alliance allowed us to continue in active ministry with our Indonesia Mission for two more years. Missionaries are generally not encouraged to remain on the field after retirement. However, since we are among the few missionaries who have permanent visas, are in good health and have children and grandchildren in Indonesia, we have been able to remain in Bali on "special assignment" until the present.

I am reminded of Jonathan, son of King Saul, and his armor-bearer. When facing battle against the Philistines, Jonathan said, "Do all that you have in mind. . . . Go ahead; I am with you heart and soul" (1 Samuel 14:7).

Lelia and I thank God for the many "armor-bearers" who have been with us "heart and soul," especially members of The Christian and Missionary Alliance in both North America and Australia.

Most of you who read these pages are unknown to us personally, yet as you have supported us with prayers and gifts, you have had a vital part in the battle for Bali. By our mutual involvement—the "few against the many"—the battle has been made possible. The God who honored an anonymous armor-bearer by recording his exploits in Scripture will one day honor you.

Prayer partners in the Alliance constituency worldwide, at Park Street Church—and others as well—were and still are armor-bearers in the truest sense. Without you, our vision for Bali would remain only a vision.

Inevitably, activities decrease as capabilities decline. At times, to be honest, we feel like David's band of warriors, "faint but pursuing." But we emphasize pursuing, not fainting. Our Captain doesn't require of us more than He gives to us. We are comforted by the words of the Lord to an intrepid soldier, Gideon: "Go in the strength you have" (Judges 6:14). We continue in that strength—preaching, teaching, counseling, advising the National Church and the Bali

branch of the Indonesia Fellowship of Evangelicals—and in writing these memoirs.

Our Children

Helen, who was two years old when we first sailed for Bali, and her husband, Dr. Vincent Keane, recently concluded their contract with the International Organization for Migration in Zimbabwe where Vincent was Chief of Mission and Regional Medical Officer. They now live in Australia.

Frances, born in Makassar (Ujung Pandang), Sulawesi, is coordinator of women's ministries for Frontiers. Her husband, Dr. Rick Love, is U.S. Director. They and their three children have had two terms of service in Indonesia.

Richard, born in Bali, and his wife, Noni, and four children, live down the lane from us. Dick is a consultant for Noni's garment export business and operates cruises on a forty-foot sloop in East Indonesia.

Robert, the home assignment baby, and wife, Debbie (Persons), daughter of missionaries to Thailand, has served as an Alliance pastor and is now in secular work. They have two children.

James (Jamey), born in Bandung, Java, now serves the Lord in Indonesia. He and his wife, Cynthia (Cindy), have three children. They produce words and music for recordings in two local languages.

My mind goes back to December 1948. Newly married, Lelia and I joined a host of like-minded Christians at the second Student Missionary Conference, the first at Urbana, Illinois. We remember the thrill of singing with a host of dedicated young people:

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

(From *Who Is on the Lord's Side?* by Frances R. Havergal.)

The fierce conflict is nearly over for Lelia and me, but the battle for Bali is not over. Who will take up the weapons that we must relinquish? Who will lay claim to Jaffray's legacy and, should Jesus delay His coming, see the fulfillment of Jaffray's faith claim for the glory of Bali's Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ?

* In October 1998, Rodger and Lelia Lewis moved to a new house provided for them by their children in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

This article is a call to prayer from an early issue of The Pioneer, the field magazine of Indonesia.

Pray for Bali!

by Robert A. Jaffray, Wuchow, South China

Mr. Wilson Wang and the writer crossed Bali in the pouring rain. We spent the night at Den Pasar. We looked up some old Chinese friends and found some new ones. From Den Pasar the next morning we drove for two hours to catch our boat. On the way we passed a most interesting sight. Can I describe it?

We stopped at an old temple, a Hindu temple, of course. In the temple there was a huge cave. In this cave there were literally thousands of bats. The walls of the cave were lined with bats, and there was actually not enough room on the walls of the cave to accommodate the multitude of bats that were there.

So they were flying about in the air within the darkness of the cave, till the space within the cave was full of bats too. They were flying from one side to another, all seeking a resting place. In the semidarkness the cave was literally full of bats.

To me it was a horrible sight. But how it spoke to my soul. These bats were surely like the demons from the pit. Oh! What a picture of the poor little isle of Bali with its 1 million souls!

Bali is literally full of demons. Dark spirits like the bats, that love darkness rather than light,

that fear the Light, possess the land. There is none to scatter them. Wilson Wang threw a stone at the bats, but it had no effect. The poor people of Bali feed them, fear them, worship them.

"Hallelujah!" I thought. "The Gospel Light is coming, and as sure as You live, it will shine into that cave, and scatter these imps of hell to the four winds!"

Yes, and as my faith rose, I shouted—"My Lord Jesus, the Light of the World, and the Light of Bali is coming here! Hallelujah! He will come to Bali, and that right soon! And when the Light arises, the Light of the gospel preached by Spirit-filled missionaries, these millions of demons, demons of darkness, will be driven out, and these poor people enchainèd by the devil so long, will be set free.

Oh! Friends, pray for Bali. Pray for Bali. Pray for Bali. As far as we know, there is not one soul saved through the blood of the Lord Jesus among the native inhabitants of Bali. The Balinese also must someday sing the song of the Redeemed.

When shall they learn it? Who will go and tell them?



“In the name of the Lord Jesus, I deliberately set my feet on the soil of Bali and claim it for Him.” To that original faith claim, R.A. Jaffray later added, “The light of the gospel, preached by Spirit-filled missionaries, will drive out the millions of demons of darkness, and these people, enchainied by the devil so long, will be set free.”

Rodger and Lelia Lewis were among those missionaries—and yes, demons were driven out and people were set free. But it was a battle.

With religion intricately entwined into both family and culture, becoming a Christian often meant ostracization and economic isolation for the Balinese. At first, few responded. The struggle seemed to no avail. The Lewises often felt like they were living “within a yard of hell.”

A communist takeover of Indonesia also threatened. The “garbage” pit, dug by the family helper in their own backyard, was actually a grave-in-waiting for the entire Lewis family.

Despite supernatural but evil manifestations on every hand and defiant opposition to the preaching of the gospel, Christ has built His Church on the beautiful isle of Bali.

ROBERT A. JAFFRAY (1873-1945) was one of the pioneer missionary statesmen of The Christian and Missionary Alliance. A man of towering faith and monumental accomplishments, he has been chosen by Christian Publications as the namesake for this series of missionary portraits.

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