

Dear Friends....

August 1966

BACK-TRACK TO SAIGON..... AVERAGE SPEED, FOUR MILES PER HOUR... CURE FOR  
CAMPING FEVER..... MIDDLE-ROAD BAIL OUT..... RED CARPET RECEPTION

Our return-to-the-field-experiences can easily be summed up in the above quotes. Television coverage of the same would have made your hair stand on end. Except for God's constant and sufficient grace, we could not have stood up under it all. Now<sup>as</sup> we look back and see His enabling grace, we thank God and want to glorify Him for His faithfulness.

The 24-hour delay because of engine trouble in San Fransisco was but a beginning of what we were to experience. Upon arrival in Singapore we were told that it was impossible for us to go directly from there to Djakarta without special permission. We wired for this dispensation, but it did not arrive. Our visa was to expire in two days and so we did not dare take the chance. In spite of the extra cost, there was nothing we could do but back-track to Saigon and then go to Djakarta from there. We thank God that we made it to Indonesia just hours before our visas expired.

The trip up country from Pontianak, Borneo, to our station has always been a slow-motion ordeal even during the best of times. However, due to the excessive rains last year and the lack of repairs, the road into the interior has deteriorated to the point where trucks can no longer 'plough' thru the mud. Now our 5-year-old (much older for looks) Dodge Power Wagon was to make this chassis-breaking trip to Darit to take the Warkentins and Clara Lima back to their stations and to take the Nyheims from Darit to their new station. Little did we realize when we started out from Pontianak that we would take three days to make this 125-mile trip, spend two nights on the way, thus making the trip at a rate of 4 miles an hour.

Of course we were not travelling all the time. We stopped before each hole to measure the depth of water. Often we had to hunt around for a sizable tree to which to fasten the winch. You would have enjoyed clicking your cameras, if you had been there, as five of us missionaries bailed out about 200 pails of water from a long four-foot-deep hole with pails and tins which we borrowed from a house near by. Even then the water came to above the wheels as we descended into the hole to a point where the top of the cab was almost level with the road.

The forced over-night stop, however, was enough to cure us of our camping fever forever. At 4 p.m. of the second day we were stuck in a deep mud hole with a dead battery. Fortunately the only Chinese merchant in this jungle who has a charging outfit was only four miles away. Our swamper went off with the battery and we settled in for the night. The tomatoes and cucumbers from Pontianak cooked quickly over the open fire as we blew from either side while the smoke smarted our eyes. Our Iron-Wood Motel (a 12x10 room in a Dyak home) afforded little protection against the ferocious mosquitos. In the hot and crowded quarter we fanned ourselves with one hand and swatted away at the mosquitos with the other while trying to get a few winks of sleep.

Somehow we forgot all these trials as we rounded the last corner to our stations and saw the Christians from the neighborhood coming out from all quarters to welcome us back to our home. What a welcome!!!! It would make any dignitary jealous. Of course, everyone had to comment on the weight we had gained while on furlough (half of it is gone again), but they also asked about Loren, Janet and Ellen who we left behind in Chilliwack.

Now that we have 'thrown our shoes away' and are settled in for another term (we won't want to make this trip to the coast too often now), we are conscious of our dependence upon the Lord. Will you ask God to give us new zeal and genuine Calvary love for these to whom we have come? Will you labour with us in prayer for the growth of the work here? Will you write to us occasionally?

Our barrels have not yet arrived. This will take about three trips up country in our truck. Bible School opens again in October. The churches are requesting visits from us. Pray.

Happy to be back,