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A Special Report: God's Time for Indonesia

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A Special Report

TO: ORAL ROBERTS EVANGELISTIC ASSOCIATION, INC.

Executive Committee

Subject: GOD'S TIME FOR INDONESIA

by

Oral Roberts

Date of Crusade: June 26 - July 1, 1967

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In about three and a half hours after leaving Saigon, my Associate Evangelist, Bob DeWeese, and Vernon Hale, our photographer, and I were landing in Djakarta, capital of Indonesia, now the fifth largest nation in the world. From the air it looked rather flat, jungle and plain side by side, with a few mountains here and there. We saw tall new buildings and magnificent new monuments symbolizing freedom which has only recently been won. Amazingly, right next to these new structures we saw row upon row of shanties. Civilization, like the rising sun, was trying to break through in this primitive land, but was still obscured by the millions who lived where they could, still bound by poverty, superstition, and worship of old gods.

From the windows of the big jet, we saw a crowd at the terminal and, after taxiing up, we saw Associate Evangelist Tommy Tyson, who is also university minister, and our ORU students waving and clicking their cameras. Walking toward them was almost like coming home. We were laughing and crying all at the same time. The crusade committee was there. The students burst into song--in Indonesian--and we all joined hands in prayer.

Back at the hotel they excitedly cried, "Tell us about Vietnam." I said, "First, tell me of your experiences here in Indonesia. Later we will share with you our experiences in Vietnam."

Tommy said, "Brother Roberts, each evening after we have ministered, I have gathered the students in my room and there with our tape recorder, each one has recounted how the Lord has used him or her. It's been wonderful."

Different ones of the students told of the doors that had opened to them. In the universities where most of the students were either Muslim or had been brought up to worship other gods, they had stood before the student body to sing and witness of Jesus. Immediately afterward they were surrounded by inquiring students who cried, "Tell us more. We've never heard this before."

Another said, "On the streets where we would stop to give out our literature, within five minutes we would be engulfed by the people with eager hands literally pulling the literature from our hands. Their hunger for God is so real it almost frightens us."

Tommy said, "This last Sunday we conducted 14 different services in Djakarta alone. More than 5,000 people heard us. Hundreds accepted the Lord and many were healed."

He said, "The fact that our students had learned to sing in the Indonesian language made an instant hit. As many as 300 have been saved in a single service."

A student said, "Brother Roberts, people are so ill here. There is terrible poverty, illiteracy and superstition. It's almost like going back into time hundreds of years. But they are open to the Gospel, ready to receive our testimony, to receive our messages and prayers about Jesus Christ."

I said, "How about faith for healing, do they have that?"

"Oh yes," several replied together.

Then they told me of several healings. I said, "How does this make you feel inside?"

"Like God sent us," they replied.

"What are the prospects for our crusade?" I asked.

Student after student said, "It's going to be your greatest crusade, Brother Roberts. The auditorium will be filled the first night!"

I said, "Well, last summer in Brazil we were filled the closing weekend but not on the opening night."

They said, "What we have seen here is different. The people know you are coming; there's a big stir about it. We'll be packed out, you'll see."

It was hard to believe but Tommy said, "They are right, Brother Roberts, God has sent us here. The people are ready and God is already moving in a great way."

I thought: "Surely God is in all of this. Years ago when Bob DeWeese and I went overseas we had a small team, not enough to go ahead of us and to stay after we had left. God has changed all that. Now ORU students are being raised up to hear God's voice and to be willing to go where His voice is heard small, where His light is dim and His healing power is not known. At last God has placed by our side young men and women who feel the same compassion, the same enthusiasm, and who have the same faith, and who are eager to hazard their lives for the Gospel. Even when we started ORU, I knew it was God-ordained to increase this ministry and to help us reach the masses for Christ. Now I am seeing it with my own eyes."

One thing has stood out in this trip, this so-called civilized age is a phoney. Even in America there is violence in the streets, people are being killed in race riots. Even in America there is poverty, hunger, and millions who feel no hope for tomorrow and are so frustrated they strike at whoever gets in their path. All this is multiplied many times overseas. Overseas there is savagery and bloodshed on a far greater scale. It is dangerous to be on the streets after 8 p.m. For that reason our crusade which had been planned to be held in the open air was moved inside the largest auditorium in Djakarta--seating 12,000.

Only 18 months ago in Indonesia, there was a violent attempt by the Communists to take over the country; the killings numbered over 300,000 in a matter of a few days. It was a bloodbath.

The Communists were put down. Sukarno, whom the people felt had led them down the road toward Communism, was replaced by a new leader, General Sukarto, who believes in freedom and is now acting president.

For months Indonesia, a group of islands, lying just off the coast of southeast Asia, with a population of 160 million, has been attempting to settle down into a normal free land. In the wake of the uprising, much graft, corruption and killing have followed. "The best thing of all," several pastors told us, "is the new freedom to preach the Gospel. We have complete freedom to preach now. This is why we are glad you have come. God is going to give us a revival that will be felt in all the islands."

The Muslims are the largest religious group but apparently most are nominal Muslims. Thousands of them are open to receiving Christ. Other groups are devotees of black magic and witchcraft. Later we noticed in the prayer lines,

as we prayed for the sick, instances where mothers held their hand over the mouths of their children for fear a roving demon might enter.

Time after time we prayed for individuals who had grown up under the bondage of black magic. In dealing with these wretched souls, we had opportunity to share with our students how to approach them with the laying on of hands, and how to speak the command of faith in the name of Christ. In each instance where deliverance took place there was the instant change in the countenance, the eyes, and the personality of the individual--the heavenly light on the face, the words of praise from the lips, and the joy of the Lord in the heart.

Our first service in which Bob, Tommy and I spoke was with the missionaries and pastors. The room was jammed and there was an air of expectancy.

My text was Luke 4:18: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

From the moment I began, the anointing of the Holy Spirit was upon me. After having listened to reports of Tommy and the students, and sharing with them our Vietnam experiences, I was now facing the dear men and women who had prayed and worked to bring us to Indonesia. Some 1,000 of them were converging on Djakarta from Java and other islands and would meet with us three hours each morning during the crusade in the ministers' seminar.

My heart was full. I said, "Thousands of our partners in America have made our trip possible. We are here not only ourselves but also in their behalf. They love you as we do. We are here to give, not to get; to minister, not to be ministered unto; and when we leave, we hope that we will have left enough of Jesus behind that He will be felt by millions throughout all Indonesia."

There was open weeping during the message as I talked of Jesus, of the Holy Spirit being upon Him, of His burning compassion for people and His healing power to set the captives free: "That same Jesus is among us tonight. He is in this room. He is in the communion emblems we will serve you in a little while. He is here in the same tender love and miracle-working power as when He ministered to the people 2,000 years ago. What they expected of Him then, we expect of Him now...here...this moment."

And then I served communion to them. As we all took the bread and drank of the cup, there was a stillness of soul, a hush upon us as if some mighty event was about to happen any moment. Jesus was there so close we felt we could touch Him with our hands.

Never have I ceased to be impressed with scenes like this. Wherever we go in America or overseas, wherever we meet in Jesus' name and unite in the bonds of love, He is there. Language is no barrier, racial barriers crumble and we are one with Christ!

When opportunity was given for individual expression, each student spoke a few minutes, sharing why he had come and what he hoped God would do in the country. Several pastors spoke. They spoke of the events concerning the Communists' uprising, the awful killings, and how some of their own people had been murdered. They spoke of the new freedom to preach the Gospel. "It is a miracle," one said and his statement was echoed by the others. (Later I was to

learn that an attempt had been made to prohibit the crusade from opening but the Minister of Religion had officially interceded and permits had been obtained.)

A pastor stood and said, "Of the 160 million people in our country, only about 4 or 5 million are Christians. With only about three percent of our nation being Christian at this time, we are thrilled at the hunger for Christ we find everywhere. We thank you, Brother Roberts, Brother DeWeese, Brother Tyson and all you students for coming. Your students' fearless and eager witness for Christ has opened new doors even to us, as well as for the crusade. We are expecting a great breakthrough in the crusade."

Then a pastor stood and spoke for several minutes under a powerful anointing. In a voice choked with emotion, he said (I wrote down his words.):

"I know this is God's time for Indonesia. You all know that a short time ago we were in great distress because the influence of the Communists was so terribly strong... but we believed. The Lord has rescued our country from this devilish power. Now we have a Government that is giving us this golden opportunity to reach the people with the Gospel."

"Our people have suffered, many have been killed. Our problem is lack of knowledge. We want to learn from you how to bring Jesus to the people and them to Him. I feel you brethren coming to us is God's time for a renewing of the Holy Spirit among the people."

As we closed, we all stood forming a circle and joining hands. We prayed for the more than 155 million who do not know Jesus in Indonesia, with vast numbers living under the Satanic power of black magic and witchcraft. What could the 17 on our team do in a country with such urgent needs? In the prayer, the Holy Spirit spoke to our hearts. He was going to use us on the raw edge of Satan's stronghold.

Leaving the pastors and going to our rooms, I was tired but confident that our trip to Indonesia was ordered of the Lord and that there would follow many miracles and that many would be delivered.

On Tuesday morning we opened the ministers' seminar. The building was packed with national pastors, evangelists, and several missionaries. Our daily format was as follows: from 9 to 11 a.m. our students and Bob and Tommy would share with the ministers, and at 11 a.m. I would preach and pray with them. Of course, we had to use interpreters. There were several ministers who were quite fluent in English and we got along very well in expressing our thoughts.

I thought Bob was at his best with the ministers. They received so much from his spirit. Bob is a joyful Christian, brimming full with the Holy Spirit. Tommy thrilled them with the depth of his messages. He expresses his joy in the Lord in a way that is so contagious. The pastors loved his ministry. The students, each one different, were especially well received. Speaking through an interpreter for their first time, they learned to speak simply and clearly and to the heart, with a conviction born of their personal relationships with Jesus Christ.

The evening services for the public began at 5 p.m. It was felt we should dismiss before eight o'clock if possible so the people could get through the streets safely.

When I arrived at the auditorium I was astounded. It was filled to the very top! The only open area reserved was in front and back of the platform for the invitation to the unsaved and the prayer line. There was a sea of people dressed

mostly in white. Electric signs on the rear and front walls proclaimed "I have come that ye might have life... more abundantly. -- John 10:10" and "God is a good God." I felt at home immediately.

An official of the Government, the Minister of Religion, the man who had overruled those who tried to prevent the crusade from opening, was speaking as I was escorted to the platform. Turning to the team, he said, "We welcome you to Indonesia. Recently in our country many Christians have been put to death, but now things are different. We have a Government that gives freedom to everyone. We are glad you have come to preach Christ to us." The crowd vigorously applauded.

The students sang several songs, both in English and Indonesian, and two or three testified. When I stepped to the microphone, the entire audience stood. I led them in prayer and asked them to be seated. I could really feel the excitement, the throb of emotion. Standing by the side of my interpreter, I preached my first sermon to a mass audience in Indonesia. Tommy followed me. The platform was not put together too well and as Tommy preached and moved about in his inimitable style it even shook a little. Tommy then presented Bob who preached the third message. It was our intent to spend plenty of time in giving the people the Word of God.

We had decided that the three of us would alternate in the invitation and the one who felt the leading from the Lord would make it. Bob gave the invitation that first evening.

Hundreds came forward although we were not sure they fully understood. They knelt on the bare floor, put their heads down and prayed. A mother with baby in arms was the first to reach the front and kneel, next was a teen-age boy, then several men. Some were well-dressed, others were shabbily clad. One man sank to the floor near where I was standing and cried, "Jesus Kristus" (Jesus Christ) over and over, as if he could not say the name enough times. There is a hunger there and a terrible need.

Then the interpreter had them all stand and pray the sinner's prayer that we use in America. Following this, he directed them to go with the counselors provided by the churches to the prayer area for more personal assistance.

When it was announced I would start praying for the sick, nearly everybody wanted in the healing line at the same time! We were not able to use prayer cards. Thousands, it seemed, pressed forward. By the time I had prayed for 6 or 8, we were engulfed!

A little crippled child was prayed for and could move its feet for the first time and walk with the father holding its hands. An electric feeling gripped the audience. A blind woman, after prayer, began pointing toward the lights in the building. By this time the people were pressing in on us. It irritated me, I am sorry to say, and after trying to get them to move back and failing, I stopped praying. Bob DeWeese became irritated too, not at the people, but at me. He said, "Oral, calm down, these people are not accustomed to our ways. Here's what I suggest..."

As he spoke, the Holy Spirit convicted my heart. I said, "Bob, thank you. I'm sorry, I was wrong. But you know I love order." He said, "We can have order. God is here and we can work it out."

I said, "Please take over and call me when you are ready."

Bob formed four lines of people, called several of the team together and said, "You all know why we are here. God wants to use not only Brother Roberts, Tommy and me, but each of you students in the healing lines. The people are here, many of them desperate, to get help, our help, as we believe God in their behalf. As Brother Roberts directs us, let's lay our hands upon as many as we can this first night, and each night through this crusade we will depend on the Spirit to guide us."

With ushers allowing only enough through to fill four lines, the healing prayers were resumed. I went from line to line praying for as many as I could and directing the students. Bob and Tommy knew what to do.

I looked around at the people seated in the bleachers, their eyes were glued to all we were attempting to do. I saw the mass of people waiting their turn to enter the four lines. I looked upon the faces of those who were now receiving the laying on of hands. I listened to the individual prayers of our team being translated by the interpreters so the people could grasp what was being done in their behalf. I watched to see what Jesus of Nazareth would do for these sick and downtrodden little people as they were able to open their hearts to Him.

On this opening night in spite of organizing the people into four separate lines, there was still some confusion, some misunderstanding. I am sure some believed we could heal and much time was spent in pointing them away from ourselves to Christ the real Deliverer. As I stood beholding this panorama, I suddenly realized I did not have to worry or be overly concerned. We were there in the Lord's Name and, regardless of language barriers, confusion and anything else, the Holy Spirit had chosen this time and place for us to meet these dear needy people. It was no accident they and we were there. "We were supposed to meet."

I moved over to where Tommy and two students were compassionately laying on hands. Tommy had just prayed for a boy with a badly twisted and afflicted arm and hand. The boy could not straighten his arm and hand. With the anointing of the Spirit upon him, Tommy put his hands upon the boy's arm and hand and, asking Jesus to give the miracle of deliverance, gently turned the arm to its rightful position, straightened the hand and released them. Both arm and hand remained straightened! Completely oblivious of me or the audience, Tommy said through the interpreter, "It is so very natural for Jesus to do this."

The boy stood looking at his arm and hand, then he tested them. He saw he was healed. Tears filled his eyes and he began lifting his arm up and down and opening and closing his hand. Lifting his face he started thanking Jesus Christ. It was very touching. Later Tommy began telling me about it. I said, "I was there, Tommy, and saw it."

"Oh," he said, "I didn't know that."

I moved to Bob's line. He really was working to help the people release their faith and receive healing. He would relate a few thoughts to his interpreter who would relate them to the person being prayed for and Bob would lay on hands and send the person on. I could sense part of what was going on in his mind: "Lord, there are so many to be helped. I don't have time to test each one to see what You have done, just let the miracles happen as I continue to minister." Seldom looking up from his involvement in the line, Bob was scarcely aware of the dramas

occurring as people moving from the line began to realize they were healed or were being healed, often stopping and bursting into tears. One family brought their little blind girl through. After the prayer, the child could see. They were observed by an usher, who told the interpreter on the stage, who called her to my attention and I had her presented to the audience.

That first night students were finding themselves involved with human beings as they are: lost, sick, confused, but each possessing at least a small ray of hope. Back in the invalid room, they saw some of the worst needs of all: the halt, the blind, the mute, the possessed, the insane. Without the knowledge that they were chosen of God to be there, they would have turned and fled. Thank God, they faced the shocking experience with much poise and boldness. There was trepidation, a little trembling and tears. They wouldn't have been human not to have reacted to some extent. As they became involved in talking with individuals or their families, and actually touching them with their hands in prayer and faith, it was evident that they belonged there, they were partners with Jesus in His healing ministry and they were going to witness some exciting results.

A man in a wheelchair who had not walked in several years responded with a vigor and faith that was outstanding. A tide of joy and hope swept through the invalid room.

I have often said that not everyone has to be healed for a revival to come. If only one here and one there will respond to Jesus and rise in newness of life, people will be directly affected. They will be softened in their hearts toward God, feel the weight of their sins, and respond to God in a manner they never thought possible. I have said that, while God has sent us with His healing power to our generation, our main purpose is to express the love and faith we feel in our hearts so that people will turn to Christ and be saved. We have found no way to bring healing to everyone prayed for but we have seen God reward our efforts so that even one miracle opens the hearts of thousands to His saving power.

It was these things that I began to see even that first night in Djakarta. We had had no idea that our ministry was known so well in Indonesia. We had previously met only seven of the people -- that was in 1963 at the International Ministers' Seminar held on the ORU campus where they had pleaded with us to bring the crusade to their country.

In reality though, we were known by people both friendly to our ministry, and by some who would endeavor to prevent our coming with every force at their command. I have discovered the less we know of such things, the better able we are to minister. With our eyes on Jesus and our purposes rooted in His calling, we enter a country to do all we can to give Jesus to the people and to see thousands brought into His kingdom.

There was not as much accomplished the first night as I had desired, but then as some of the team say, "Oral, you are not a man easy to be satisfied." In the midst of the service, seeing people healed but also seeing some who apparently were not, I found myself crying, "O Lord, why can't everyone have faith? Why must many remain in darkness when Your light can shine through?" In a way I am glad God has made me like I am for I think we should never be satisfied -- we should never accept our efforts in a spirit of the status quo. There are possibilities of more healings, more conversions, more manifestations of the gifts of the Spirit -- and we must press forward in faith that more people will be delivered.

Through the U. S. State Department, arrangements had been made for a briefing by the American Ambassador.

On Thursday at 9 a.m., Ambassador Marshall Green graciously received us and gave us a very comprehensive briefing on Indonesia. The Ambassador reported that Indonesia came within a few hours of becoming completely a Communist State. When Sukarno became ill and it was thought he would die, the Communists moved with lightning speed. Their plan was to kill the military leaders and take over the country. However, General Sukarto was not at home when they struck. He escaped, made contact with the army and moved against the Communists in a heavy counterattack. During the next 30 days the people of Indonesia, having tasted of Communism's cruel tactics, rose up against them and literally killed more than 300,000. It was a bloodbath throughout the islands. Freedom was restored. Suddenly, the country was back to normalcy, the churches were free and doors were opened for complete freedom.

The Ambassador showed us stones that were thrown through the windows of the Embassy, striking his desk. The Embassy had thrown up barricades and by a miracle none was killed by the Communists.

The Ambassador is a quiet man, but with deep Christian convictions; he has, since 1955, represented America with a forthrightness that has been extremely helpful to the country. He had been expecting us and was anxious that we receive a good reception.

When asked how our crowds were, I told him we were packed out. He was greatly relieved. "I was afraid it might not be so," he said, "with all the trouble we have passed through here, and the general danger of being on the streets after dark."

The Ambassador talked to Bob DeWeese and me for an hour. Then he invited us to bring in our students who sang for him, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," in both English and Indonesian.

The Ambassador was delighted. He said, "I congratulate you on learning to sing in the Indonesian language. So many never bother to learn any words at all."

When he learned the students had appeared at some of the leading universities and had been well received, he said, "I urge you to consider establishing a sister relationship with schools here... they need what you have to offer."

I told him we were open to this, as God would direct.

Then I asked the students to give their witness to the Ambassador. Standing there in the large office, their faces shining, some seven or eight spoke of Jesus' love and power in their lives, and that their mission to Indonesia was to share Jesus with the people.

I said, "Ambassador Green, we have a custom of joining hands when we pray together. With your permission we would like to join our hands and yours today as we pray."

He said, "By all means, please do."

I asked Bob Goodwin, an outstanding young Negro student, to lead the prayer. The words that came forth from this Spirit-filled young man took us all to Jesus. He talked in the most natural way with the Lord. As he prayed, I felt the Ambassador's hand tightening on mine. When the Amen was given, the Ambassador said, "Your coming here today has brightened my life. As I listened to your

witness of Christ, my spiritual reserves have been replenished. I share many of the same feelings which have brought you to Indonesia. The joining of our hands in prayer has been for me a very moving experience.

"Your crusade has come to Indonesia at a very critical time. The gods of the people have let them down. They are now seeking a new god. The presence of our God in you will certainly help them in this time of their need.

"The hour Mr. Roberts and Mr. DeWeese spent with me blessed me.

"I am impressed with you students from Oral Roberts University. I had known of the school but this is my first contact with it. You have spoken from your hearts...you have compassion.

"This country has tremendous social, economic, political, and spiritual problems. What you are doing here will help the people find solutions to their problems. I hope you will come back soon."

It was a happy bunch that left the Ambassador to return to the ministers' seminar. God had used our students. I said to Bob, "Young people who know Jesus have a naturalness and spontaneity that wins for the Lord. I am so glad we brought them to Indonesia." He replied, "Oh, sure, without them our visit would not be half as successful."

The students stood the test of heat, different food, water (often bad), a 14-hour daily witnessing schedule, and the constant pressures of being away from home. I did not hear a complaint even after they had stood laying on hands for the healing of the sick as hundreds and hundreds came by.

Several times on this trip we talked about what these students and others at ORU will do upon graduation this year and in the years to come, as Jesus tarries. Many of these are planning to return to Indonesia, to Vietnam, and to other Far East countries as missionaries. With what they have of Jesus in their hearts and minds, it is going to be a brighter day in the future for the Gospel.

As we went to the crusade services that night, I realized that we needed a better way to get our message through to the people. In spite of all we had said and done the first two nights and the fact that we had seen genuine miracles and healings, it seemed that thousands in the audience simply did not grasp the meaning of it all or how they should and could respond to God.

I think one of Bob DeWeese's sermons was what the Holy Spirit used to give a breakthrough to the people's understanding. Bob preached from the story in the New Testament of a young mother and father who brought their little epileptic child to Jesus. And only after a severe struggle of faith was their little boy healed.

Tommy Tyson had spoken first on, "What God Is Saying to the People of Indonesia Through Jesus." The great crowd was very reverent as he spoke and I felt they were beginning to get their eyes on Jesus. During Brother DeWeese's message, given in story form, there was rapt attention. He told how the young father made his journey with his son to the faraway place where Jesus was ministering, only to find a few of His disciples -- Jesus was on top of the mountain with Peter and John.

The disciples prayed for the child but were ineffective. They had just been arguing who among them would be the greatest.

Jesus appeared. The father now full of unbelief, cried, if Jesus could do anything, please do it. Jesus said His power and His willingness were not in

question -- the question was could the young father believe. He responded by asking Jesus to help his unbelief. And Jesus did -- and the little child, although having a convulsion at that moment, was healed.

Bob then talked to the people about the black magic and witchcraft some of them were bound with and the demon representations they were wearing as signs of unbelief. He challenged them to lay them aside and to come to Jesus first and believe.

This was our largest altar call. The people streamed from every section of the huge building, coming to the front and falling on their knees. It was a humbling sight to see them -- men, women and teen-agers -- confessing their sins, and calling on Jesus Christ. Some who were saved stood and publicly testified before all the people of the change they felt, of the peace and joy they now had.

Before the healing lines formed I gave a message on, "The Point of Contact for the Releasing of Your Faith." I shared how each one of us must release our faith, for it is only through faith that healing can come. To release our faith we often need a point of contact which is something you do, and when you do it, you release your faith to Jesus Christ and expect a miracle.

I said, "There are no magic formulas or potions. You cannot depend upon the various methods used in your practices of witchcraft. You must accept Jesus Christ, have faith in His name, and reach a point where you are able to make your faith a definite act of faith -- where you release your believing in Jesus."

I explained the point of contact as something I did, something each of us in the team did, something they did, which when we did helped release our faith. I demonstrated by placing my hand on the interpreter and his on me -- as a point of contact -- so that the moment our hand was placed upon them and we prayed in Jesus' name, to make that a time to release their faith in Jesus.

Again and again I emphasized it. Then we opened the prayer lines, four separate ones to accommodate the many who needed help.

While the lines formed, I took students with me to the invalid section and shared what I know about laying on hands and at what point they could best release their faith. It was a real awakening to them. The real use of the hands must be coordinated with the releasing of their faith, and getting the sick person to release his at the same time. They saw how the laying on of their hands actually coincided with their inner self, and their faith came rushing forth to God. One said, "This is the first time I have ever experienced God's power where I could actually feel it passing through me."

About that time a baby was rushed in and they were crying, "She has just died!" The mother was going to pieces. I said to John Merrill, one of our students, "If the baby has stopped breathing, can God restore it?" He said, "Yes, He can."

I said, "See what God will do through your faith."

A few minutes later, Tommy Tyson heard a commotion on stage and he asked me to investigate. It was the mother and her baby. Tommy said, "I believe that's the same baby that was here last night and I felt it was going to die."

I said, "Apparently it did die," and I related the events in the invalid room.

He said, "What is happening now?"

I said, "I'll see."

The mother was beside herself with joy and trying to speak into the microphone about her baby being restored. I told Tommy (he was in charge of one prayer line) and he said, "Well, now, that's okay, let her go ahead."

Later on the way to the hotel our driver, Sam Daniel, filled me in on more details and only then did I realize that a notable miracle had been done by the Lord.

He was one of those who had brought the baby in. "The baby was limp and not breathing, its eyes were setting, and we rushed it in where we knew you were... only you asked a student to pray and you left. We were quiet disappointed. But the student did as you directed and while he prayed, the baby opened its eyes and looked around. I saw it with my own eyes. The Spirit of the Lord raced through me and I was uplifted."

Then he said, "My business has kept me so busy I almost missed tonight, but this miracle has done something to me, to my faith, to my soul."

I heard him whisper, "Jesus, you are so good."

Back at the hotel, several of the students were excitedly sharing how God had worked through them. Two of the girls, Jeannie and Sharon, had prayed for a dear man on crutches. He had had a terrible time even getting to them, inching his way along.

"Did he have faith?" I asked them.

"Oh yes," they replied. "When we placed our hands on him, we both knew we had released our faith."

"How did you know?"

"Our touch was our point of contact. We felt something inside us go up to God and we just knew God was helping him."

Sharon said, "He started to walk and when he found he could, he just took off. It was wonderful!"

I said, "What does this do for your faith?"

Jeanie said, "It makes me know we can help people!"

Sharon said, "It's worth the entire trip. It has done so much in my heart."

Jay Steinman and Bob Goodwin were in charge of one line. In assisting them from time to time, I noticed a man coming who appeared to be oppressed. I said, "Boy, look at that man's face, especially his eyes."

When the interpreter asked what the man's need was, he was told, "He is insane!"

I said, "Now, as you put your hands on him, at a certain moment when you feel your faith is ready to be released, at that moment come against the powers that bind this man with all your faith and compassion. If he is delivered, fine; if not, you have done all you know to do."

Praise God! The man was delivered. He smiled and began rejoicing, calling Jesus' name over and over. I believe as these young men continue to follow Jesus in His healing ministry they will help many like this man find true freedom and a normal life again.

Judy Correll reminded me of a man delivered from the power of Satan in the invalid room. Noel Doherty and she were helping me when we encountered this man. He was rocking back and forth on his chair, oblivious to his surroundings, until we began to pray. Noel asked me to go ahead as he had never prayed for such a person and would like to learn. I said, "Based on my experience, Noel, you have to approach this man very positively. You cannot be hesitant or afraid. You must speak in the Name of Jesus, place your hands upon him, and call the spirit of bondage out."

The Lord was wonderfully present as I did just that and the man was released. His face shone and we left him praising the Lord Jesus.

I told them, "Not every one you pray for will be helped as immediately as this man was. The chief thing is to do what you can. Be sure you release your faith. Remember it is the Lord who decides the healing, not you. Our task is to do our best and leave the rest to God."

Judy spoke up, "Brother Roberts, it was wonderful to see what the Lord did for this man, to be there when it happened. It has strengthened my faith."

I said, "Judy, Christian people don't know how many they could help if they only understood how God wants to use them."

She said, "I believe that since coming to Indonesia."

Friday night was the greatest night thus far. Christ invaded the auditorium and the results were fantastic.

The order was almost flawless. At times it had been most difficult to guide the people in an orderly, quiet way, but that was not the case now. It had never been a lack of respect. It was more that these dear people have so little and get such few opportunities, that when a crusade like this comes -- for many it's the only one of a lifetime -- they seize the opportunity to rush forward, jamming the aisles, and making it difficult for us to minister to them. While some good results were gained, much more could be done if there were better order.

I was led to preach on, "Jesus, Lord and Master," in which He was shown as not only Lord of the Universe but of every human life, and that when we come to Him we must acknowledge Him as our personal Lord, now and forever. Next, He was shown as being the Lord of order and harmony, and that He expects every human thought and action to be orderly and every response to be respectful. Finally, humility and faith were shown as working together as illustrated by the Roman centurion who came to Jesus for the healing of his servant. (Matthew 8:5-13.) The centurion bowed, calling Christ, Lord. He stated he was not worthy, that if Jesus would speak the word only he would believe for a miracle even at a distance. Because Jesus became Lord to him, and he humbled himself and accepted Jesus' power and authority, Jesus said the centurion had the greatest faith He had seen. The servant was healed that very hour.

During the message, I asked where Jesus was. A woman stood up to respond. She pointed at her heart and said she needed healing. The Lord helped me use this to drive home the point: "You have your mind not on Jesus becoming your Lord but upon your sickness. Unless you change your inner thinking from sickness to Christ, there cannot be a healing for you or anyone else here."

Then I said, "I feel that thousands of you can misunderstand the purpose of our coming. Do not deceive yourselves. It is not we who are the healers -- it is

Christ the Savior, Christ the Healer, Christ the Lord of your life. We are nothing in ourselves and until you settle down and listen to God's Word preached, believe it, humble yourself, accept Christ as your Lord and Savior, until you do that, many of you who want help will not receive it. We love and respect you as proven by our coming thousands of miles. You respect us or you wouldn't be here. But Christ is Lord and you must turn to Him and to Him alone."

Things were so quiet I didn't know what to expect. "They might walk out," I thought, "but if they do, then I have given them God's message as it has been given to me."

They didn't leave. In the invitation to turn from sin and all forms of witchcraft and superstition, hundreds came and knelt at the front -- by far the largest number. After we prayed with them, they went to the counselor's room for further prayer and help.

While waiting for the prayer lines to form, the people remained orderly -- this was the first time.

No more did we have to plead for people to stop shoving and pushing one another for fear they would not receive our prayers. There was plenty of time, enough of the team praying, and plenty of interpreters to assist. Almost immediately there were definite miracles, miracles that could be seen by the audience and it really took effect and proved the message I tried to give.

There were more visible miracles than in all the services since the crusade opened on Tuesday. Where Steve Shakarian and Jeannie Lang were praying there was a 24-year-old boy, deaf and mute, having never heard, who was so powerfully healed that even his friends gathered around him to test his hearing and speech and to rejoice with him. I personally tested him... it was a clear deliverance.

A 37-year-old man, badly injured from a fall, had just returned from America where he was told nothing could be done for his spine. He stood before the microphone saying, "My spine has been broken; I could not be cured, but tonight Christ has healed me... see I can bend, I can walk!"

A little 6-year-old girl, Kristina Hings, her left eye completely blind and closed, was healed. The eye was opened, she was seeing with it with her hand over the other eye. Her mother was beside herself with thanks to the Lord.

A beautiful young woman, brought by her husband, was mixed up in witchcraft. She said she constantly saw something following her; it was huge and black. She was obsessed with this thing and her marriage and home were being destroyed. But Jesus loosed her from it. It completely disappeared. "I am free," she cried. She was still smiling as she left.

This was hard to believe, even by me, but in one of the lines by actual count -- the ears of 15 deaf people were opened. Not one failed to hear. In another student line, eight blind people received sight.

I thought, "Surely this is like it was in Bible times as God approved the preaching of His Word with signs following." He was using each of us -- Bob, Tommy, and me, the 12 students, and Vernon, who was photographing the dramatic results.

Back at the hotel everyone in the team was excited. We talked of the service and how God had used members of the team. It was agreed that God not

only uses individuals in a unique way but that He also will heal through any child of God, if that person will only understand that God will use him, and if he will help prepare the people to believe. So many think God designates only a few to bring healing to the sick. Not so! His command to everyone is to preach the Gospel and to heal the sick -- to bring deliverance to soul and body so that the person may be whole.

God is surely showing us the future through the Indonesian Crusade. Scores of nations await our crusades. With teams of Holy Spirit anointed students from ORU traveling with us, we can reach many more than when we went alone.

How I thank God for our partners who carry a vision to send us to the lost and suffering in the remotest bounds of the earth. Several times we shared with the people in Indonesia that we came through the sacrificial prayers and gifts of our faithful partners. It gave them a different view of America. Most of them see the United States as an exporter of machines and motion pictures, as a money-mad and pleasure-seeking country. Much of this, I am sorry to say, is true. But, through these dedicated students they have seen our country in a new light.

Many youth here want to come to America to attend ORU. Pastors have said to me, "If we can send students to ORU and have them return with the anointing of the Spirit upon them as we see upon your students here, it will be an answer to our prayers to really reach our country for God."

I feel there is a very grave responsibility upon the students at ORU -- upon all of them. For this reason we must be careful who we accept; we must keep our academic and spiritual standards high; and we must continue to find teachers who are educationally capable but truly led by God in their contacts with the students. The hundreds of hours that I am privileged to spend each semester with the faculty and students is paying off. They share with me and I with them. We pray together, seek solutions together, and plan together. In spite of our heavy crusade schedule, Bob, Tommy and I will spend as much time as possible with them this school year. Nothing can take the place of personal contact. There's a great future ahead in soul winning throughout the world as we keep the crusades and the University in the stream of God's will and love for lost and suffering mankind.

A side effect of students participating in our overseas crusades is what they will take back with them, the sharing they will do with other students, and the desire this creates in others to apply for future crusades.

Again I thank God for this, for it is part of His plan and I count myself happy to follow it.

Despite the thousands who experienced God's saving and healing power in the Indonesian Crusade, we feel that the impact made upon the national pastors and missionaries will have the most enduring influence.

Bob DeWeese assessed the crusade in this way, "The key is what happens to these spiritual leaders. After we leave, they will return to their own areas. They will spend their lives there. If we can share something of God's plan or method and more of His Spirit, they will receive it for a lifetime of greater soul winning and healing of the people."

It was a joy to be preaching and to see understanding dawn in a pastor that God can use him in a greater way, or to have one excitedly tell us, "Something happened to me just now. I can't wait to get back to my people to share it with them."

We spent three hours a day with them in a separate hall. The entire team worked in these meetings. We accepted questions from the pastors and shared answers based on our experience or as God revealed solutions to us. This is always a highlight in the seminars. Ministers love to tell what bothers them, or what hinders their efforts; they eagerly receive of our experience. We receive help from them too; it works both ways.

We laid hands on the ministers. They had been looking forward to this and so had we.

Saturday was another extremely busy day. The ministers' seminar closed at noon; many more had come in from the islands bringing the number to more than 1,000. They overflowed the hall in the final session.

The students spent a couple of hours, their first free time, in shops securing a few curios and memos of their trip. (These, with gifts of wood carvings, etc., from our friends there, filled their arms as we boarded the plane the following Monday for the long trip home.)

We had been excited about the evening service. This was to be our first special YOUTH service. All week we had announced it and pastors had been working with Djakarta schools for a large turnout of teen-agers.

When I arrived at the auditorium shortly past 5 p.m., the building was "packed to the rafters." My interpreter pointed to the entire right side which was occupied by more than 5,000 young people. I cannot describe the spirit of exhilaration that swept through me. All week we had preached to people, most of them were adults with terrible needs. Now we were to preach to adults plus all these teen-agers, most of whom would be hearing the Gospel THEIR FIRST TIME!

Both Bob and Tommy felt I should be the only speaker. My message was on Saul of Tarsus, the young man who kicked against Jesus and then stopped kicking and became obedient to the heavenly vision.

I confronted them with the vision of man in humanism and materialism, which has brought the world to the very brink of anarchy, bloodshed, and destruction. As the Christian alternative, I challenged them to accept God's vision in which He says, "I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh... and your YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS... my HANDMAIDENS... shall prophesy" (Acts 2:17-18).

"You must choose to be part of God's solution for man, His answer, and His way to hope and victory," I said.

In the invitation I asked every boy and girl, ages 14 to 22, who was not married, who was willing to accept Christ as his personal Savior, and to follow the heavenly vision, to come forward and stand before the platform. I added, "I can offer you no easy way. If you accept this invitation and make Christ Lord of your life and completely commit yourself to Him in witnessing in your country, you may be persecuted, even killed. But if you accept, Christ offers you life, purpose, vision, faith. Will you do it?"

My entire being was throbbing with God's presence. An expectant hush had fallen upon the audience. We were face to face with the most pressing issue of this country: What choice would the youth of this nation make? Would they serve God or the devil? Would they submit to God's Spirit and learn His ways of delivering mankind or would they reject all God's overtures, and become part of the loveless elements now attempting to destroy mankind.

In Vietnam I had seen war, dirty, bloody, senseless war. I had faced young men from America who had grown old before their time. I had seen soldiers, both American and Vietnamese, who had lost arms and legs. I had preached to Viet Cong prisoners, former hard-core communists, all young men. Vietnam was, to me, the bloody effect of the spirit that denies God, the spirit that says, "I am God," the spirit that knows no law of God or man. "Please God," I prayed, "cause these young people of Indonesia -- a nation that at last has a chance not only to know You but also to build a great nation -- to make the right decision."

There was a stir in the audience as teen-agers began getting up to come forward. From all over the building they came, in long lines, down every aisle, filling all empty space surrounding the platform. It took over a quarter of an hour for them to reach the stage, some 3,000 of them! It was like another Pentecost, only these were all young with their lives ahead of them.

I moved over the platform looking at them with their brown faces, and black hair. I thought: "Two-thirds of mankind does not have a white skin. We must think globally of all races, and especially of youth like these to be raised up by God while there is still time... before it is too late."

After praying with them in the sinner's prayer, I asked how many would be willing to raise their hands and commit their lives to Christ in Christian service, to be a witness to the people in Indonesia for the Lord Jesus Christ. Again I pointed out that this would be no easy task, much sacrifice would be involved, but that the rewards of soul winning are great. Hands went up and together we audibly prayed as they repeated after me the prayer of dedication. I urged them to receive the baptism with the Holy Spirit for power to witness, for power to edify themselves. Then we directed them into areas set apart for counselors to pray with them.

Later, I went into the prayer area and what I saw brought tears of rejoicing to my eyes. The Christian young people had divided the ones who had come forward into small groups. A boy had a small group, a girl had another, and it was this way throughout the area. Of course, there were not enough Christian youth to go around, and the largest group I saw was 15 being prayed with by one young man. First, he would give his testimony to them, then earnestly challenge them to give their entire lives to Christ and His service. One girl had seven in her group, all of whom stood with bowed heads as she read Scriptures and prayed with them.

One young woman among the 3,000 was the daughter of a Muslim priest. She was deaf and mute; later in the healing line she was healed and heard and spoke clearly! Her healing had actually begun when she came forward to accept Christ. It kept coming as she was prayed with by a young Christian counselor and it was completed in the line. In such a way is healing tied to the attitude and desire of the person to serve Christ.

I inquired among the interpreters their appraisal of the youth who came forward. One said, "Brother Roberts, this is the beginning of a mighty witness of Christian youth to the young people of our country. The fact that you urged them to be witnesses for Christ throughout their entire lives is something they can never forget. The Holy Spirit will move upon them and they will remember forever what happened to them here this evening."

After we had finished praying for hundreds of the sick and had returned to our hotel, we all agreed that this one night was worth the trip, all the sacrifices and prayers. None of us had ever seen as many as 3,000 young people take their stand for Christ in a single service and we would return to America with renewed desire to have similar youth nights in our crusades in America, in fact, wherever the team goes in the future.

Here, where 18 months ago a nation was involved in a bloodbath, in the capital city itself, 3,000 youth rose up to accept the challenge to become Christian revolutionaries for Christ!

Sunday dawned clear and sunny in Djakarta. More than 1,000 young Christian Indonesians were waiting for us for a special service from 8 to 10 a.m. They overflowed the hall where we had conducted the daily sessions for the ministers.

What a bright group. They were the fruits of the efforts of missionaries and pastors who preceded us, although some had been converted the night before. The only mistake we had made in our planning was not to have secured a place seating at least 3,000. The youth who came forward the night before would have easily filled it. We had no way of knowing, however, that so many would be present Saturday night and time was too short to arrange for larger quarters.

Two splendid youth choirs sang. The harmony was superb, and the glory of our Savior shone through their faces and hearts. Different ones of our students gave short messages and sang.

The young people in Indonesia responded to our students. All week long in the crusade, young people thronged around them, getting their autographs, asking them to pray for them, and showing their friendship. They were impressed that our students had served responsibly with us -- in the pulpit, the altar calls, the healing lines, and had given their witness in a brave and bold manner. This made an impact upon the youth there.

Tommy directed the meeting with his usual love and joy. The people responded to Tommy, they felt his love for them.

I spoke on, "Stir Up Your Gift and Stir Your Nation." This was Paul's message to young Timothy, who was brave and strong for the Lord as long as he stirred up the gift of the Holy Spirit within himself but who, when he allowed the fire to die low, became timid, fearful, ashamed and unwilling to stand up for Christ when the going was hard. I challenged them as Spirit-filled young men and women to dream great dreams for their newly emerging nation, to make it a Christian country, to aspire to positions of leadership, and to be willing to face up to any kind of suffering in order to give their witness for Christ.

Following the message, everyone stood, joined hands and prayed a prayer of dedication to Jesus, to serve Him for time and eternity. There were many tears and, I believe, many hearts which made new commitments to Jesus in this land of need.

One young man came up and said, "Your message stirred my heart this morning. I can see how God can help me change Indonesia for Christ."

My interpreter said, "Our youth are stirred. They have seen the ORU students preaching, witnessing, singing, and laying hands on the sick and they are asking us, 'Why can't we do these things?' We are telling them, 'You can if you will get close enough to Jesus.'"

A photo was taken of the entire group as they sat in the grass outside the auditorium, with their hands upraised and smiles on their faces. They sent their love to the young people of America.

The Lord keeps putting this thought into my heart: Wherever you go overseas, take your students with you; wherever you go, call the youth of the land together, inspire them to dedicate their lives to the Gospel; wherever you go, remember there is not much time left.

At noon the team went to the Sam Daniel home, who is a son of missionaries from India now gone to be with the Lord. The hospitality of this Christ-centered home is a beautiful thing to feel and see and know. Sam had six of his seven sisters present. After the meal, they told the story of how their parents ministered in this land many years ago, and how in the early fifties when they received a copy of Abundant Life Magazine, they began praying that God would send us here. The children remembered the prayer: "Send Oral Roberts and his team to bring revival to Indonesia."

Sam told the group, "Now it has come to pass. We children have lived to see it and have a part in it. God has honored all the prayers and efforts and has given us revival with souls saved and the sick healed. Now we know God has answered the prayers of our parents."

After we had left, Tommy said to the students, "I want you to know that you are here as an answer to prayer...you were prayed here...you are here because prayer was heard and answered."

One of the students spoke to me privately about his staying on the rest of the summer, his heart being stirred for all Indonesia and seeing the many open doors, he was eager and willing to remain. However, we had come in a group, there was much work to be done elsewhere, and I felt we should all return. I knew his feelings: every place we minister overseas, I often feel I could spend the rest of my life there for Christ.

This was to be the last night service. I was informed that the building was packed long before I arrived. When I walked in it was an encouraging scene. They were filling every doorway and standing along the walls, but reserving the precious open area in front of the platform for both the altar call and the prayer lines.

The place was buzzing. Minister of Religion Sato stepped to the microphone to speak of the impact of the crusade upon the city. "I bring the thanks of the Government for the great benefit of this crusade. Everything has been in order. The crowds have filled the auditorium and there have been many miracles, many conversions. I rejoice with the pastors. I know these men came to do our nation good. They have spoken highly of Indonesia and they love our people. The protesters of the crusade have been silenced by the order and respect and the benefits received here. I have personally attended the meetings. I am satisfied with everything and have my report to my Government. We welcome these men back for they have brought us nothing but good.

"Also, I wish to commend the students from Oral Roberts University. I have watched them at work in the Gospel. They are all outstanding representatives of Christ and of America. I wish to encourage Indonesian youth who will receive an invitation to go to Tulsa and attend the University to accept and thus form further friendship between our nations."

The Minister of Religion, a Christian himself, had withstood the very severe pressure brought upon the Government to stop the meetings. A large group, not believing in Christ, had made strenuous objections, appealing to leaders of congress to prohibit the crusade. The Government stood firm with the sponsoring pastors and the crusade continued without further disturbance. The Minister of Religion stated publicly, "I have proof of the good the crusade has brought to our people and I have so informed the protesters."

A member of parliament was also present. "This is the greatest thing America can send us," he declared, "young men and women who speak to us of Christ's love."

Each of our students either spoke or sang before Tommy presented me to preach the final sermon. Several were in tears. They had grown to love this brown-skinned people, with their friendly smiles and open hearts.

In my message I spoke of the nation's rise to independence as a free nation, and that her future greatness depended on how she responded to Christ the Lord. Later in the service I felt constrained to ask the entire audience to bow and pray for Indonesia and for a nationwide revival to come. My interpreter and several pastors nearly sobbed openly. Their desire is great for God to use them to stir the country for Christ.

I applied the same thought to each individual present. "The only future you have depends upon your relationship with Christ," I said. "This is the final night of the crusade and you must decide now."

Asking all to bow their heads, I then asked every person who had never known Christ to simply rise, come forward and kneel and take Christ as their personal Savior. For several seconds no one moved. All remained quiet and still. Then five or six teen-agers way up on my right started toward the platform. As I thanked them for coming, it seemed that that was the signal for hundreds more who rose up from all over to come forward. They came until all the space to kneel was filled. Still they came to stand in the aisles.

Our photographer Vernon Hale, said, "I was in the balcony at the extreme end, looking down across the crowd to those kneeling. It really was impressive and touching."

The pastor who had stood at the communion service the first night Bob and I arrived and had said, "I believe this is Indonesia's hour," was nearby. His face, wet with tears, was shining. I heard him thanking Jesus.

To be saved is choosing between life and death, between heaven and hell, between kneeling at Christ's feet here or at the judgment seat of Christ later, of being a witness for Christ to save others or to travel on the broad way with those who are lost. How this truth burned in our hearts there where only three percent of the population professes faith in Christ. While the thousands were kneeling, praying for revival to sweep Indonesia, it was my heart's cry that He would make us a continuing part of it.

So many needed healing, eight lines were formed with our team handling five and the pastors, three.

I have been engaged in this ministry for 20 years and have seen the healing work of Jesus in thousands of services. But for numbers of outstanding miracles, I believe I saw more that night than at any service we have conducted

anywhere in the world. Tommy Tyson told me, "Brother Roberts, 15 people either deaf and mute, or only one or the other, came before us in the line. I believe with all my heart that without exception God healed each one of them. Never have I seen it happen in this way."

There seemed to be three major needs -- one was deafness, often combined with muteness; another was blindness; the third was throat trouble.

There were people suffering with all types of diseases but these three seemed to be most prevalent. In a period of one hour and a half while we were praying, interpreters would bring outstanding cases of healings so I could see or question them. Time after time, a little child would be brought who had never talked or had never heard or had never seen. I questioned their parents at length but the joy of the parents was evidence enough. I would estimate more than 100 such persons were completely healed or remarkably helped that evening.

It made no difference who did the praying for these people -- Bob, Tommy, I, the students, or the pastors -- they came with simple faith in Jesus Christ. I am convinced that one of the contributing causes was the emphasis we were led to place upon a total turning away from sin and giving one's life to Christ forever.

Back at the hotel, tired but happy, the team ate a late supper and recounted what God had done. Friends continually passed by to share a word of joy or appreciation to the Lord. A missionary laboring in Borneo told us, "I saw more souls saved tonight than in the 20 years I have been a missionary to Borneo. I am deeply impressed with the impact of the crusade upon the souls of the people and I thank God for it."

A leading pastor said, "For the first time we pastors are united. We are uplifted in our vision. We appreciate the respect you people have for our country and the way you challenged us to reach the 155 million souls here while there is yet time."

We soon boarded the plane for the long trip home. As we flew over the ocean, most of the team found a place to rest their weary bodies. Tommy stretched out in an empty section of the plane. Bob went to sleep across the aisle, although there was no place to put his long legs between the small seats in the tourist section in which we were riding. Students dropped off to sleep in front and back of me. They were dead to the world but still excited.

Flying back to America many things raced through my mind. By the time we reached Tulsa, we would have traveled over 24,000 miles in about three weeks. More than 150 sermons and messages had been given. There had been perfect unity among the team. Our supply of literature had been completely exhausted, so had our strength. Thousands of souls had been won to Christ and other thousands received a healing touch from the Lord Jesus. Lives of ministers had been changed, a new direction had been given for Christian young people.

Our bodies were fatigued far more than we realized. The tension, the hours of ministering, the sights and sounds of cities which know not Christ, the awful and compelling needs, too few workers for God in this part of the earth -- these had taken their toll upon us.

However, something has entered us too: fresh new visions of world evangelism and missions, of our own beloved nation now needing God as never before,

memories of mighty miracles we can share with people in our future American crusades, and a renewed sense of Jesus' presence.

Once again the scenes I had encountered in Vietnam came vividly before me. I remembered the sea of people in Saigon and Da Nang -- the heavy jumbled traffic, the surprise of seeing so many automobiles and the thousands of bikes and motor scooters.

I remembered the young American boys I had seen and prayed with on the battlefronts, in hospitals, barracks, prison camps and open fields, and especially the young faces, with their almost total absence of laughter and boyishness. They are men now and on their shoulders are loads never felt before.

I remembered the last night in Saigon and the wounded Vietnamese soldiers crowded into a theater building to hear us preach the Gospel to them. I remembered sharing the hope of the resurrection for their lost legs and arms and for new bodies.

I remembered the Viet Cong prisoners, many of them former officers, hard-core Communists from their early years, small in stature but with a look of violence about them, a violence which had been felt by thousands in the past. Now they are willing to be rehabilitated by the Government of South Vietnam. We were the first Christian ministers they had heard. And this was our first time to preach to men who had grown up hard-core Communists. I remembered hearing American boys describing the Viet Cong to me as "murderers."

I remembered the morgue, the naked dead bodies, the caskets in the trucks on the way to the airfield to be flown to America, and the loved ones to see them the last time.

I remembered my prayer upon leaving the morgue, "How long, O Lord, must war destroy human beings for whom You died? How long will we continue senseless destruction of one another when there is a way to be delivered out of all this by accepting You and Your way? Heal, O Lord, the hearts of the people."

I remembered the missionaries, their loving hearts, their efforts to remain neutral in the war so that they can minister to any and all simply because they are there to minister in the name of Christ. I remembered hearing them say, "Brother Roberts, we have heard of your ministry, of your university and the way the students are being prepared to be witnesses of Christ throughout the world. Can you send some of them to work with us in this lonely tormented land? If you can, we can put them to witnessing in hospitals, prisoner of war camps, and in villages where the Gospel is scarcely known. Here they will find a great need, a great hurt, a great opportunity. Can you send them soon?"

I remembered sharing these words with the students who worked with us in Indonesia. When then they asked, "Tell us about Vietnam," I told them what waited their witness in Vietnam, and how a great door was opening to our entire student body in months and years ahead if Jesus tarries. I remembered several of them saying, "Brother Roberts, when I graduate can I be one chosen to go to Vietnam or to Indonesia or just any place over there in Southeast Asia?"

I remembered saying, "Not only you, but every student at ORU who feels the call of God will have the opportunity to give a year or two years to missions, or perhaps even a lifetime, as God wills."

I remembered the colonel who opened door after door for us to preach the Gospel to our troops -- at the Air Force and Marine bases, at the CAC units, etc. I remembered leading him to Christ and hearing him say, "I feel better. I feel that I am saved now."

I remembered the gun ship we flew in over Saigon to the Air Force base outside the city, the armed men on the sides of the 'copter and the peaceful looking countryside below that was heavily infiltrated with Viet Cong. I remembered asking, "Where is the front here?" and receiving the reply, "Sir, the front is wherever you are in Vietnam."

I remembered different times in Indonesia, of just looking at the people. The people, how can I ever forget them. Once as I looked, the tears flowed and I cried, "Lord, what can we do that we are not doing now? What can we do?" I heard Him answer inside me, "I am not yet done with man, nor with you and your partners and this ministry. I have many people in America, in many nations, in the lands here. There are many more who must be brought to Me. Lift up your heart in faith and courage, see the harvest is already white, and know that it exists to be harvested!"

"Return to America, for America needs this ministry now. I will reveal other places to which I will send you. Follow Me and I will show you what to do."

I remembered the 3,000 brown-skinned young people standing tall and straight before the audience and taking Christ as their personal Savior....I remembered Indonesia where the doors are wide open for the Gospel....

Memories flooded my mind, but I had to shut them off and get some sleep. For in just a few days there was a crusade to start in Detroit.

