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Oral Roberts

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A Special Report

TO: ORAL ROBERTS EVANGELISTIC ASSOCIATION, INC.

Executive Committee

Subject: WITH OUR MEN IN VIETNAM

by

Oral Roberts

Date of Vietnam Mission: June 17-26, 1967
LEAVING FOR VIETNAM

I spent the morning in my office going over last-minute details with associates Ron Smith, Carl Hamilton and Ruth Rooks. At 9 a.m., Professor Bill Morgan brought his mother and two sisters for prayer. They had never accepted Christ, and Bill had been witnessing to them since they had arrived from their home in Denver to visit him and the campus. They were ready to accept Christ as their personal Savior but had requested me to pray with them. After a brief visit, the mother, a lovely woman, said, "We have decided that we have lived without Christ too long. We are prepared to change; can you help us?"

As we prayed together the mother and daughters, Chris and Kay, both college students, prayed the sinner's prayer. In moments Christ had entered their earnest hearts and put a glow on their faces. When I referred to the glow, the mother said, "We wanted that, too. We have been impressed most of all here with the glow on the faces of you people...you are different somehow...and we know it is Christ."

Exhilarated, I said, "This is June 17, a day to remember--the day you took Christ as your personal Savior, and the day the team and I leave for Vietnam and Indonesia. It means that we begin this trip with three souls saved and with the hope that many thousands will be saved before we return."

Bill was grateful to the Lord that he had been God's instrument in leading his dear mother and sisters to the Lord.

Ron, Carl and I discussed getting a loan at the bank on the new dormitory for men. We are still short of funds for this building, with construction only 90 days from completion. This has been a real trial of my faith, particularly at this time. I am leaving the country and will not be in a position to work at it while in the Far East. It simply means we must rely on God and believe for a miracle. Joining hands, the four of us called upon the Lord Jesus for this and other important concerns of the ministry, committing our lives and our journey into His good hands. As I left the building, I was at peace. At our home I told Evelyn that I had never seen more challenges in this ministry nor had I ever felt greater faith. She said, "Then every need will be met if we keep our faith in the Lord, and do the things He wants us to do."

Evelyn had spent the morning packing for me. She stopped long enough to cook hamburgers. I said, "Honey, it's hard to tell who's going on this trip, you or me." She replied, "You may be making the trip physically, but I'm going with you in spirit."

There's never an easy way to leave for overseas. There is a subtle difference between traveling in your own country and traveling overseas. For one thing it is more final and you get a few butterflies in your stomach. Having traveled over a million miles in the work of the Gospel--in all five continents--I know these feelings, and I felt them this morning.
I spent a few minutes talking with Roberta, our 16-year-old, about the Second Coming of Christ, a subject in which she is much interested. I had planned to do this last night, but had to make several sick calls instead.

My own spirit has been stirred by the Lord during the past few weeks concerning the Second Coming. The recent war in which Israel recaptured all of Jerusalem and much of the Promised Land has stimulated people everywhere to a study of prophecy and the return of Christ. Before Israel went to war a few weeks ago, the Holy Spirit had led me to preach on the Jew in history, the rising of Israel as a dominant world power, the Second Coming of Christ, the subsequent rise of antichrist, the mark of the beast, the Battle of Armageddon and the revelation of Jesus Christ to the whole world. For the first time in my twenty years in this ministry, I was led to relate these prophetic events to the contemporary scene. God has used this in an unusual manner to move people to a closer walk with Him and to greater soul winning and world evangelism. It is evident that America is in a state of falling away from the Lord, and our leaders seem not to know we could be nearing the end.

Everywhere people are careless, indifferent and steeped in a "What can I get next?" attitude, rather than humbly coming to God and repenting. The youth of the land are being brainwashed by an educational system that is slowly but surely leading them to become agnostics or to deny God. I have felt a heaviness of spirit and have continually sought the Lord that He might use this ministry to awaken millions. My team says there is a difference in me now, that I am preaching with a new urgency and anointing. I don't know...I seem to be in the grip of God. It is as if I were in the flames where people are dying, and I am in the fire to save them.

Enroute to the airport at 2 p.m., we stopped by Rebecca's to see our little granddaughter, Brenda. There we had another prayer, with Rebecca leading it. She prayed mostly for the soldiers in Vietnam and for her father to be used as God wills throughout that tormented land. She prayed for our students to be fearless and anointed and to be God-led. Driving away, I thanked God for my four children; each one knows Jesus and how to pray. They are not perfect and always need to come closer to the Lord, but I am grateful they are now walking with Jesus. Ron is in the Army and Richard is 1-A. The Lord knows all about them and is in charge of their lives.

Looking at Evelyn by my side I thought, God is a good God. He has given me a wife who is a wonderful mother and sweetheart, and who is willing for me to go to the farthest reaches of earth for souls.

Yesterday I spent an hour with Mama and Papa Roberts. He is 86, and she is 82. They are quite well for their age. I said, "Papa, how about going overseas with me?" He smiled, "I guess not this time, Son. I can't travel anymore. But I would if I could. You go, but be careful." Turning to my mother I said, "I'm not asking you to go, for I know you would do it." Her eyes flashed and she replied, "Yes, Sir, I would go in a minute. I would go for the Lord. I am not afraid to go anywhere for Him." Then she took my hands and said, "But you go, Son. You go for Jesus. I want you to obey the Lord always."

As we prayed together, the thought came that maybe they would be here when I returned, maybe not...but we will be a united family in Heaven.
Six of the students, along with Collins Steele, Bob DeWeese, and our photographer, Vernon Hale, met us at the airport in Tulsa. Parents and other loved ones were there. (We were to meet the other six students and Tommy Tyson, university minister, that evening in Los Angeles.) Joining hands, we prayed and sang before boarding; our song was: "To Be Like Jesus." I will have to admit it was hard to keep the tears back as we said goodbye to fly 10,000 miles to our mission. The sun was shining and it was a beautiful day in Tulsa, which is my favorite spot on earth. Soon we would be in a country where gunfire, bursting bombs, dying men, hating spirits and almost vain hopes would greet us. To be ready for this, to be able to give something of Jesus' love, to lay hands on fellow human beings and share with them that God is good, that Christ, if obeyed, can stop this awful war and bring peace—this was my prayer as the plane lifted skyward and Tulsa faded from sight and we headed toward a place where God's light is dim, His voice is heard small, where His healing power is scarcely felt. I want to go, O God, I want to go.

We arrived at Los Angeles Saturday evening and picked up Tommy and the students for the 30-hour flight to Saigon on Pan American Airlines. Demos and Rose Shakarian were at the airport with Steve, one of the 12 selected for the trip. While we were talking, the students broke out singing some gospel songs in the Malaysian language and travelers quickly gathered.

IN VIETNAM

We arrived in Vietnam at noon Monday after flying 30 hours from Los Angeles—stopping only at Honolulu, Guam and Manila.

During the trip the students had sung gospel songs in the airports and in the plane. Talk about getting attention—the fact that they were neatly dressed, well-behaved, with not a beatnik among them, was enough—to add to that their glowing witness for Christ and their beautiful songs about Jesus—and we really had something to capture the imagination of travelers and passangers. They received applause several times. They are completely uninhibited about the Lord and that is part of their charm and effectiveness.

I thought: How many are ashamed that they are Christians, embarrassed to show any outward sign of the power of the Holy Spirit... not these Holy-Spirit-filled college students! I am proud of each one. Tommy Tyson, their assigned director for this trip, although older, is a bundle of God's love and joy. Together they were laughing, singing, praying, witnessing and it made me feel younger and more vigorous in the Lord.

As the big Pan American jet descended into Saigon, we had our first glimpse of Vietnam. The beauty of the land was enthralling, marred only by the horrors of a war that is threatening to engulf the whole world. As the jet landed and taxied down the long runway to the terminal, we saw row after row of U. S. fighter planes. Jeeps came to meet us, heavily mounted with machine guns manned by U. S. soldiers. Soldiers were everywhere. Then it hit us in the pit of the stomach—we are where the war is—it is all about us—what
will happen next? We were a sober group when we disembarked amid the sticky heat of Saigon.

How good it was to stretch our legs--we had sat in the tourist section of the plane. It got us there just as fast but with the smaller seats jammed too close together, we were stiff and cramped, especially those of us with long legs.

We were met by representatives of World Vision, the missionary relief organization of Dr. Bob Pierce, whom we met in Berlin last fall and whom we had come to appreciate and love in the Lord. Before leaving with them, I called Tommy and the group going on ahead to Indonesia for a last prayer. Joining hands, we prayed together that God would keep Bob DeWeese, Vernon Hale, our photographer, and me in our eight days in Vietnam, and the students in their pre-crusade ministry in Djakarta. We had planned for part of the students to minister with us in Vietnam but at the last moment had had to cancel because of unforeseeable conditions with our literacy work. I said, "I know you already feel inside what I am feeling. We are here in the Far East on a mission for souls. When you reach Indonesia, stand boldly for Christ, let your light shine and get as many as possible ready for us after we leave here. And remember, I don't have to be there for God to work through you; He is in your heart, the Holy Spirit has given you power for this hour. I pray God will protect you and hold you in His loving arms."

Tommy led them in prayer for me, all of them touching me in Jesus' name. They were like grown-up people as they soberly committed us to God's care while we went up and down Vietnam preaching the Gospel, for the people and getting the feel of what's going on there and what it may mean in Bible prophecy and the Second Coming of Christ.

Leaving Tommy and the students to fly to Indonesia, we went through customs, secured our baggage and were driven through the noon traffic to our hotel. I have never seen streets more clogged with trucks, cars, motorbikes and plain bikes. Horns were blaring and vehicles were so close together it seemed impossible to get through. Vernon jumped and said, "Look out!" I said, "Vernon, this is your first trip; but Bob and I can tell you there is only one way to have any peace in traffic like this--trust God and your driver--lean back and enjoy yourself." He said, "I guess so," but I don't think he meant it.

By a miracle our driver, Douglas Cozart, got us to the hotel where we checked in and fell across our beds in a dead sleep. At 6 p.m. we were taken to the Cozart home for a fellowship meal with other members of the Vietnam team of World Vision. As we sat down to eat, the electricity went off. "Wouldn't you know it?" Mrs. Cozart said, "it never fails when we have important guests." It was hot, sultry and sticky but in the bonds of Christ's love we ate, shared experiences and rejoiced together. These dear people travel this land disregarding the danger to themselves and use every mission of relief to further the preaching of the Gospel.

Later we went by the downtown church of the Christian Missionary Alliance; Gordon Cathey is the pastor. The Catheys, in a recent U. S. visit, had visited us at ORU in Tulsa and it was good to be with them again.
Hal Stack, another World Vision leader, Douglas Cozart, Gordon Cathey and our team talked of how God could use us during these eventful days in Vietnam.

The U. S. State Department had arranged for me to be briefed by our Ambassador to Vietnam. A call was made to a colonel whom I knew back in the States and arrangements were now under way for the Air Force to fly us through the land so we could speak to U. S. soldiers. Other plans were discussed about our visits to hospitals and prisoner-of-war camps where I would do what I wanted most—preach in person to Viet Cong prisoners.

Last summer the Lord had shown me that I was to go where His light is dim, His voice is heard small, and His healing power is not known. What a sensation of this I felt there. In the cities, the people of Vietnam hurried about their businesses and activities as if nothing unusual was going on. Yet, in the background, we heard the sounds of a cruel, senseless war. Caught between the brutal Viet Cong on one side and the Vietnamese and U. S. Army on the other, they acted as if they are mere spectators at an event which, however threatening to their existence, could interest them less.

All my life I have been a student and I was one there too. I questioned and probed and felt with everything the Lord has given me. What kind of war is this? Battle conditions are unlike anywhere else. The Viet Cong fights no open battle. Instead, they dig in this land of waterways and rice fields, choosing the time and place of their guerrilla warfare. The U. S. forces are out to "search and destroy," using every modern weapon but one: the atomic bomb.

The Armed Forces Radio told us daily how many of the enemy was destroyed yesterday or last night and how many U. S. soldiers were lost. We saw young American boys wherever we turned, some coming in from the battle, tired, sick and some ready for a night on the town.

A U. S. soldier, I am told, spends as much on pleasure in one night at a bar, as a Vietnamese will earn in six months. Inflation grips the land. And nowhere do you hear the voice of the Lord except in the few places where faithful missionaries are laboring. One thing I saw—America with its desire to keep Southeast Asia free is keeping the country wide open for the preaching of the Gospel. Without this, the Communists would have it closed. On the other hand, the American soldier, generally speaking, is not much of an example of Christianity.

People in Vietnam are puzzled about the American way of life which they have heard so much about. I could only tell them our country is deteriorating spiritually and morally, and is torn by divisiveness, riots and materialism. The growth of the church in America has finally been overtaken by the population growth. The voices raised for the power of God are getting smaller and smaller; and without a revival of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we will go the way of all nations.

Vietnam is a striking example of the great power of modern armies and the almost complete futility of arms alone in maintaining peace.

I was up at 6 a.m. the next day and by 7:10, we were on the way to a prison camp with Missionary Jim Livingston. We threaded our way through narrow dirt streets, literally jammed with vehicles—cars, motorbikes, horse-drawn carts—and women carrying heavy loads balanced on their shoulders, to the outskirts of
Saigon where more than 700 men had been called together by the Vietnamese army major. Entering the compound, we heard the bugle call and from several directions denim-clad men marched to the center where at a command they all instantly squatted on their haunches--some 700 covering an area where, perhaps, only 300 larger Americans could sit.

The missionaries joined in song, followed in prayer by the Vietnamese pastor. Bob DeWeese was presented and gave a wonderful message on why we had come, not in a political or military role, but as bearers of the good news of the Gospel. I watched the men as they politely listened--some were very weak due to malnutrition, one actually fell out and I later prayed for him. Some moved feet or hands almost ceaselessly as if their minds were not there. Some never moved, focusing full attention of eyes and ears to Bob and his message of Jesus.

I followed with a message that tore out of my heart so fast I could hardly wait for the interpreter to repeat the sentences. Only ten percent of these lost, lonesome little men knew what we were talking about. Jesus was a blur to their minds. They were there first because they had been captured; and second, because the commander of the camp was interested in seeing their lives touched by Christ. Not yet a believer himself--though very close--he had learned of my presence in Saigon and had enthusiastically told the missionary to have me there at eight the next morning.

Tuberculosis takes a heavy toll on these people, and it gave me a point of reference for sharing my healing and salvation. Their lives had been wrecked by sin, so had mine--only faith in a good God had restored me and had given meaning to my existence.

Later Jim Livingston told us, "I am impressed with you men. You are real witnesses of Christ. Some whom I have had here don't know what to say or do, and the prisoners are unmoved. Today you had them. They felt God in you, and that you cared for them as human beings for whom Christ died." We thanked him. I said, "Jim, we are Jesus-men. He walks with us and is at our side constantly. Whether we minister to an audience in the U. S. or to Vietnamese prisoners, He is there."

Some 100 of the prisoners, at my invitation to forsake sin, to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus, had the courage to stand among their fellows and walk forward for prayer. "You can't imagine the courage it takes," Jim said, "for one of these men to take a public stand for Christ."

After praying with them to be saved, we opened the service for the laying on of hands. Tuberculosis appeared to be quite widespread among these men. Their racking coughs took me back to those trying days when I suffered with this dread disease and to that glorious hour when I was prayed for and healed. As man after man (some were just young boys) came by and I laid hands on them, I released my faith to God. I believe many miracles will follow.

There were other afflictions--effects of wounds in action, malaria, malnutrition, eye diseases and terrible sores on some. What pure joy it was to minister to these men in the name of Jesus of Nazareth who died for all.

While I praised God for the 100 who surrendered to Jesus, I could not get the others off my heart. As we were leaving, I took a last look--they were still sitting there with their eyes on us. Some had been Viet Cong or
sympathizers; others were defectors, draft dodgers, murderers; many carried a hard look. Again God's words came: "Go where My light is dim... where My voice is heard small... where My healing power is not known." I thought as we left: Brother, we are in the midst of where He said, "Go." There came to my heart a song, "His Blood Washes Whiter Than Snow." The 100 men who had come under the blood of Jesus can become evangelists to their own kind far better than we. God grant it.

About this time I was told that the two colonels who had led the rebellion at Da Nang several months ago were standing over by a barrack listening to the service; and, because of this interest, the pastors would be able to personally witness to them the next day.

Our next appointment was at a Vietnamese Military Hospital which had over 2,300 wounded men. Mrs. Jeffrey, daughter of Jonathan Goforth, missionary to China many years ago, had been the first to work among these men. She is now in the United States and her work is being carried on by Jim Livingston and others sponsored by World Vision. This is the largest military hospital in Vietnam and has a staff of 59 doctors. We met four of the doctors and visited several wards where we spoke briefly to the men, giving our witness and laying our hands on those who showed interest.

The missionary told me that most of the men knew nothing of Jesus or of His healing power. That was bad enough, but most were also seriously wounded. Many had lost a leg or arm, or both legs and arms. Some had lost eyes, or a foot, or a hand. The sights and sounds and smells engulfed us, but I knew Jesus was with us. He was touched by these wounds. He was full of compassion for their deliverance. I was deeply impressed by the love Jim Livingston bore these men. Passing a word here, a loving touch there, he was involved in the salvation of these horribly mutilated men. How much we owe our missionaries all over the world, particularly those who are moved by Jesus' compassion.

As always there were those who wanted prayer, whose faces lighted up at the mention of the Savior. Others were indifferent, or unable to comprehend or totally uninterested. In one ward where we were praying, from bed to bed, a small group of severely wounded men had somehow congregated on the floor. As we prayed, they gambled, shouting at one another. It reminded me of the cross. A dying thief had asked for salvation, and the men who crucified Jesus gambled for His clothes. So it was here where men are on the edge of death. Some believed; others had their minds on things of this world.

Still there was a glow in our hearts. We had been given the privilege to identify with these war ravaged men and to share God's love. Arrangements had been made for us to return the next Sunday evening to preach to 500 of them in a service.

We then went to the Bien Hoa Air Base for a hastily arranged visit to speak to as many men and officers as could be brought together on short notice. I was amazed at the tremendous activity on our military bases. The soldiers were working fourteen hours a day, often seven days a week. "The faith and dedication are here," we were told.
From the main base (Tan Son Nhut), in Saigon, we were flown to Bien Hoa by helicopter. Colonel Stanfield had put us on the chopper at noon. It was called a gunship and was heavily armed, having been in direct combat with Viet Cong forces. Four young U.S. boys manned it, two as pilots, two as gunners. The chopper was open on both sides, with the gunners sitting on the sides, their hands on the machine guns. It put you in the war, believe me. Every soldier carries his gun at all times, even on the base. In Vietnam the front is anywhere, including the bases which are attacked by the communist forces.

We flew 1,000 feet above Saigon on our 15-minute trip. From the air, we saw that the land was crisscrossed with fields of rice under water—it was a beautiful sight. "Down there," we were told, "a man may till his rice field by day and appear to be an ordinary farmer until night comes and he joins his Viet Cong gang and starts killing people. It is that kind of war."

We had noticed that every night the U.S. forces lit hundreds of flares in a ring around the city. Early one morning we had been awakened by the sound of mortar fire. The fighting goes on each night all around the city, sometimes spilling into the streets.

The chopper was met by Colonel Carnes, Chief Chaplain of the base. He attended Asbury and is a real man of God. He was glad to see us and thanked us for coming. Someone called, "When are you going home, Chaplain?" "In six months," he said, "if I live 'til December." He said to us, "On May 12, this base was under mortar attack from the Viet Cong."

I said, "Describe it for us."

He replied, "Just one word--it was hellish."

We were late for chow but the mess cook went into action when he heard we were present. With tears in his eyes, he said, "Reverend Roberts, I never expected to see you here, but I am so glad you are. I'll have you some food in a couple of minutes."

We sat down with Chaplain Carnes and his associates to a good American meal, although we had to eat as fast as possible since we were due to speak in 12 minutes. The little chapel was full and our hearts pounded as we looked at these dear men--American boys, white, black, red--expectantly waiting. I chose the subject, "You Can't Go Under For Going Over," which is about the trip Jesus and His disciples took on the stormy Sea of Galilee. "We are in a violent storm," I said in the message, "but where can you go on earth to escape the storm? Africa? No, the storms are there too. Europe? No, Europe is seething. South America? The danger lurks there too. America? Riots, unrest, violent change carrying death with it is there. Asia? You are in the storm here now. The only place you can go to be safe is to Jesus. Just as He rode the boat with His disciples and rebuked the storm with 'Peace be still,' so He is with you here now providing that you know Him in your heart."

In closing, I made a direct appeal and several men responded. Then I had all the men to stand and repeat the sinner's prayer and I believe God heard it as He did when the publican lifted his voice 2,000 years ago.

After the service the men gathered around us outside the chapel for personal prayer, picture taking and just plain visiting. We met the wing commander, Robert Catledge from Shawnee, Oklahoma. He was most eager to see us and we
had a wonderful visit and prayer. A Captain Douglas whose mother lives in Charleston, South Carolina, and is a partner, was overjoyed to see us and our prayer together was precious. Several fine Negro soldiers and officers were there and told us of the impact of our ministry on them or their families back home.

Then we were rushed off to meet a second chopper which was to carry us back to the Seventh Air Base in Saigon. As we left, Chaplain Carnes told us of the pride the men had in their unit. "It is the Third Tactical Fighter Wing," he said, "the oldest Air Force unit on active duty. We need your prayers. Your visit has encouraged us today. Please come back as soon as possible."

Chaplain Carnes has not seen his family for several months. "It is harder on our wives and children than on us," he said. "They are really paying a price for this war."

Back in the chopper, we could not help observing the grim look on the faces of the pilots and gunners. This we have seen wherever we have been: 18, 19, and 20-year-old boys have grown up quickly. They are near death every hour and they have to be prepared for it.

Arrangements had been made by our U. S. State Department for the Ambassador to give us a briefing on the war here. The Ambassador is now in his early seventies and was sent here by the President because of his extraordinary ability as a negotiator. A kind, friendly New Englander, he received us most graciously in the U. S. Embassy Building in downtown Saigon. He told us that only a fraction of our armed forces are being exerted in Vietnam. The bombing of Hanoi is restricted to a specific area. The aim here is far more than military victory. A social revolution is necessary; political stability must be established; and freedom must be given to the South Vietnamese so that they can vote in free elections.

I said, "Mr. Ambassador, it seems to us that it is going to be a long war, perhaps 10 or 15 years."

He said, "Yes, it appears so. However, we have hope for a real change in a year or two."

I asked him on what he based this hope. He indicated that the local people are cooperating as never before, action is being taken to improve the conditions of the villages, and things are getting better daily.

"What about the Viet Cong?" Bob DeWeese asked. "Everywhere we are told they are murderers of the people." The Ambassador agreed and stated that as long as they control the villages, peace cannot come.

I asked about spiritual values. He said that our basic purpose in Vietnam is to bring freedom, without which spiritual values cannot flourish.

As our talk ended, I asked the Ambassador if he would join hands with us for prayer. I prayed for our nation, for the other free nations who have troops there, for South Vietnam--and last but not least, for the Viet Cong and North Vietnam, China and Russia. I prayed that a miracle would take place and this dirty, bloody war would soon be over. When I said, "Amen," the Ambassador said a hearty amen too.
ENROUTE TO DA NANG, IN THE NORTH OF SOUTH VIETNAM

Because we were to report our observations to the Tulsa newspapers, and through Abundant Life Magazine, we were given status of accredited correspondents while in Vietnam. This accorded us the privilege to accompany the military, along with other correspondents. They flew Bob and Vernon in a C-130 and me in a small jet to Da Nang, some 450 air miles north of Saigon.

The pilot was from Oklahoma. He knew us and was glad to have us in his craft, which was a courier plane. We stopped at three U. S. bases where sealed bags were delivered and others taken aboard. This was a real behind-the-scenes view of the seriousness of this war. Security is extremely tight.

A sergeant was on the plane. He was a leader of a fire fighter and rescue unit at Da Nang. They often have to pull boys from a downed plane. Although only 22 years old, he was committed to his job and deadly serious. At one base, fire trucks were flashing, waiting for a crippled plane to land. "I've seen enough men burned," he said. "I hope this one is not serious."

At this point, I want to share an incident with our readers. It is not pleasant, it may shock you, but it is part of our visit to Vietnam battlefronts. We visited the morgue, the largest military morgue in the world. There we saw the bodies of men who had been killed in action being prepared for shipment to the United States. The sergeant in charge is a Christian man and is devoted to the most loving service possible under the conditions. We saw the charred bodies of some men who had died in a plane crash a few days ago. All I could do was pray that the souls of these young men were saved. The impact of this visit on us was something we can't put into words. We went here with a passion to win souls, but this stirs us even more. I made up my mind that for the rest of our visit in Vietnam, I would witness in some way to every person I met—American, Vietnamese or other. I kept that pledge.

I shared our visit to the morgue with the young soldier flying to Da Nang with us. I said, "Sir, have you come closer to God since being here?"

"Sir, I sure have...it's impossible not to be."

I said, "How do you mean?"

"In my job I am the first one on the scene when a disabled plane lands at our base and the first one to fly in by chopper, if it crash-lands in the field. My men and I have to pull the living and the dead from the wreckage. You can't help but pray and call on the Lord."

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"From Georgia, Sir."

"We have had crusades in Atlanta, Columbus and Augusta. Do you know of our ministry?"

"I knew you when I saw you get in the plane. My family follows your work. I've heard you preach since I was a small boy."

"I hope you remember some of the things you have heard me say about faith in God," I said.

"I sure do," he replied.
We landed at the U. S. Marine base in Da Nang about 9:30 p. m. The chaplain who met us said, "We are glad you are here. We need you."

From my first arrival in Vietnam, I heard fine things about our chaplains. For the most part they are deeply dedicated to God and to ministering to the men. Many of them have had tremendous spiritual experiences and infillings of God's Spirit since being here. There have been real conversions among our men. I was impressed with each chaplain I met or worked and prayed with in Vietnam.

Da Nang is where much, if not most, of the real war is being fought. Both the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese regulars operate in this area. The fighting has been vicious. The term we heard most often was: dirty. It is known in Da Nang as the dirty war...not only from the standpoint of primitive conditions but also the terrible and brutal way the enemy operates. Later, we were to visit the Marine Medical Battalion and there we saw the cruel manner in which our boys have been disfigured and even dismembered.

A battle-scarred major told me, "This is a nasty, hard and tough war. You can't tell friend from foe. There are no front lines...they're everywhere. You can be killed anywhere!"

A colonel gave me statistics for the day before we arrived. "We conducted 1,291 small unit operations yesterday from midnight to midnight. These were in addition to six major unit operations yesterday in an area 35 miles wide and 185 miles long."

As in Saigon, our men at Da Nang were busy, working seven days a week—sometimes around the clock. Everywhere you looked there were soldiers armed to the teeth—on their way to battle, just returning or going about their tasks of road building, stretching telephone wire, etc. It is a busy war.

A general talked to us for half an hour. He said, "The best way to understand how the Viet Cong operates is to think of an enemy coming into the United States and methodically killing off the leaders of our states and cities and towns, starting with the governor, mayor, commissioners; then killing the school teachers and pastors, and then killing all other leaders. This would be followed by substituting their own men who operate in a reign of murder and terror and by cutting off all means of communication."

Then he said, "The only way the people of South Vietnam can have freedom is for the Viet Cong to be destroyed. Because of the nature of their operation—working in small groups, striking at night—we have to fight them wherever we find them."

I asked, "In your view, will the war be over soon or could it drag on for years?"

"If we could isolate the Viet Cong, we could drive them out rather quickly. Since this is not possible, it could go on for a long time."

The North Vietnamese regular army operates in the Da Nang area. They appear to be better trained and organized than their Viet Cong counterparts. Their method is also hit-and-run. However, this is real war. Barring a miracle, or some break not now foreseen, it appears that the end is not in sight.

We went to Da Nang primarily to speak to the Marines; we did that,
but our visit included much more. We are indebted to Chief Chaplain Lyons for his extreme helpfulness. He personally went with us so that we had opportunity to be with hundreds of our soldiers and scores of officers, as well as to meet missionaries and local Vietnamese people.

We visited a children's clinic maintained by American forces for the Vietnamese. The doctors are young but dedicated. As we stood among those children, the doctor pointed out those suffering with tuberculosis, malaria, cholera, the plague, polio, plus children who had been struck by land mines or had been personal victims of the Viet Cong. They were proudest of a little 6-year-old girl, daughter of Viet Cong parents, whom they had taken when she was abandoned and alone. The child had been near death but was recovering. A South Vietnamese nurse was planning to adopt the child. As we prayed, we prayed for all the sick and injured children of this war and for all the suffering children of a world that has forgotten God's love for our little ones.

We visited two CAC units. These are outposts manned by Marine battalions in local villages to protect them from Viet Cong attacks. Everywhere we went, whether to see a general, a colonel, a major or just plain marines, the question was, "Aren't you Oral Roberts?"

Larry Ward of World Vision, who helped us so much, laughingly said, "Brother Roberts, you should title your account of this trip to South Vietnam, "Aren't you Oral Roberts?"

We estimated that at least 80 percent of all the servicemen we met knew us by sight or by the sound of my voice. This made it much easier for us to minister. We were not only friends from home but they knew us from radio or television or a crusade or through a mother or other relative. I had no idea we were this well-known but thanked God for it as part of our witness.

The marine sergeant in charge of the first CAC unit we visited knew me instantly; his mother is a devoted listener to our radio ministry. He showed us the area he and his men were responsible for day and night, seven days a week. It looked so peaceful--farmers were in the fields, villagers were going about their tasks. But when night came, according to the sergeant, it was a different story. Just one-fourth mile away a bloody battle had been fought a few nights before.

We were not permitted to go farther than the outpost. "Beyond this point you are not safe," the sergeant said.

The next CAC unit overlooked Peaceful Valley where much bitter action is still carried on. Staff Sergeant Ed McGovern of Canton, Ohio, was in charge of this one. He and his 12 men were responsible for 2,200 people in the villages of the area. When we came into the camp, the look on his face was something to see. "Oral Roberts!" he said. "This is the last place I ever expected to see you."

I said, "We have come to visit you and your men."

"I had rather see you," he said, "than any General I know." I thanked him.

He called his men and without exception they knew us. There were ten Whites and two Negroes. They appeared to be from 18 to 23 years old. Living
with danger constantly, they were grim-faced and competent. Even in the shaking of our hands there was no relaxing of the "I-have-a-job-to-do" attitude. Only when I opened my New Testament and read the 91st Psalm was there a softening. Removing their caps, and standing at attention they listened—with rifles in hand and pistols strapped to their sides.

This Psalm has meant much to me over the years and I have read it to myself and to others many times. But this time it was different. Standing there before 12 armed men whose lives were jeopardized every minute of every day, I began to read. I cannot describe the feeling that passed through me, for here in the valley of the shadow of death this Psalm had instant meaning and strength:

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust.
Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.
Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;
There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.
Because He hath set His love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known My name.
He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.
With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him My salvation.
Verses 5, 6 and 7 made the deepest impact upon me and, I believe, upon them: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day: Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten
thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

At night, the boys have to patrol the entire area covered by the five small villages. I was told that they know every trail. "They are usually sent four in a group," the sergeant said. "When they encounter the enemy they are prepared with automatic weapons. They also have a direct contact with me here. Usually they can handle the Viet Cong in numbers greater than their own. However, if they are pinned down, they contact me immediately and I can call for an air strike that pinpoints their position exactly."

I asked, "Does this happen often?"
"It happens," he replied.
"Have any of the men been killed?"
"No, not yet but we have been lucky."
"Or has it been something else?"
"Mr Roberts, I know why and all the men do too."
"Are you closer to God out here than when you were in America?"
I asked. He looked at me a moment, smiled and said, "Very definitely. Out here you get time to think about the meaning of your life."

I asked several of the men if they had learned to pray out there. One of them had been saved since being there; the others, without exception, said prayer really meant something to them now.

Later this helped me to understand something we had been told both by a general and a colonel. "We believe many of our boys have adopted a higher moral standard and a deeper spiritual commitment in Vietnam than they had at home. We believe they will go back to America better men."

This was their opinion and there is no way it can be substantiated now. I believe it may be true of the boys in the CAC units, and with many others I met. I pray it will happen. How desperately we need our standards raised in America. There is trouble in our country. Riots, hatred, bitterness are breaking out in cities everywhere. The population explosion has now overtaken the growth of the churches. People are confused at the turn of events and are becoming more a part of the problem than of the solution.

Traveling in Vietnam, I saw it as an armed camp. The front is wherever you are. You can be killed anytime, anywhere, and it is hard to see something good coming out of a war. If there is any good, then it will be because God "makes the wrath of men to praise Him." If many of our men come home recognizing God and His power, this could have a wholesome effect upon our nation.

We then went to Command Headquarters. The General was in his early fifties, a big, friendly man who offered his hand. "Reverend Roberts," he said, "I have heard you on radio and have seen you many times on television. I am glad you came...we need you out here."

I am a direct person and I asked direct questions wherever I went. I said, "General, I am honored to be here. May I ask you a personal question?"
When he said, "Yes," I asked, "Are you a man of prayer?"

Without hesitation he said, "Every day I call upon God and pray that this war will be consummated in the right way. Every Sunday morning when I
am not in the field, I am in the post chapel."

The chaplain with us said, "I can verify that. We wish we had more men, like the General, who believe in the reality of spiritual values."

For a half hour the General briefed us on the war.

He said, "Each young Marine leader has about 2,000 Vietnamese people on his shoulders. He is out there with his group, literally walking toward the enemy. When he sees the Viet Cong he is under orders not to take the first shot. He can only fire after he has been shot at first. Yet it is his job to protect the people in the villages."

"What if he is hit, does he shoot back then?"

"Yes, if he is able. The hardest thing on our young men is to wait until the enemy fires first. It takes self-control and dedication."

This is, indeed, a strange war.

We prayed with the General and told him we would remember him and his men daily. We also prayed for the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese regulars, that God would deal with them. We know prayer changes things.

The last thing the General said was, "Please come again... and keep your prayers going up for us."

Our next stop was at the Marine Medical Battalion of the First Marine Division. There we were received by Chaplain Paciocco, a Baptist from Norfolk, Virginia. After serving us cold orangeade, he took us on tour of the hospital wards.

When a man is wounded a helicopter flies in, picks him up and brings him directly to this hospital. So usually within minutes after the boy is wounded, he is flown in. He is met by the chaplain. If he requires immediate surgery, everything is in readiness.

Chaplain Paciocco has an intense interest in every boy under his care; he stands by them during operations and works tirelessly with them in the wards. It was refreshing to meet a man so involved with his men.

We visited every boy except two or three in the wards. One boy had been flown in minutes before and the doctors were still with him.

We would enter a ward behind the chaplain, and Bob DeWeese and I would speak to each man, shake his hand, and offer a prayer or a word of encouragement. I would say, "Hello, I am Oral Roberts; I have come to see you." He would either greet me and immediately tell me he had been in a crusade as a young boy, or had heard us on radio or television or that his folks were listeners. This gave us a point of contact and we were able to minister more quickly and naturally.

We asked each boy where he was from. Many times he was from a city where we had held a crusade. Sometimes we knew some of the same people he knew.

The thing I remember most is, "I am so glad you came... and thank you for your prayers."

Vietnam is a desolate place; it's hot and sticky, with the temperature soaring above 120°. Our men are fighting a war where the enemy is elusive or strikes without warning and then flees. The enemy is a brutal, almost senseless being—killing, maiming, dismembering is part of his communistic training. He
recognizes no God; he puts no value on human life; he is out to rule the world by any method.

When you are there where the Viet Cong operates, you know that if he wins, it is the end of the Gospel in that land. It is the finish for freedom. It is the beginning of totalitarian rule. These young men of ours who are standing up to the enemy are going through something. Based on what I saw, their morale is strong; these boys are down to business. Time and again one would say, "I just wish the people back home understood what's going on here."

When we had completed our rounds in all the wards except one, and we were leaving, I wondered if the chaplain would ask us to visit the boys in that ward. Being with the ill is a hard thing; it calls forth the deepest emotions of love and compassion. There are so many other things one would rather do. This chaplain was living with men who were severely wounded and some who would die. He was far from home, wife and children. He was used to being called at all hours to go to the field of action or to meet a helicopter bringing a boy in. Many of the boys would be experiencing this for their first time and would need a minister of the Gospel. It would have been easy to pass by the last ward, feeling enough had been done. I was thrilled when he said, "Brother Roberts, I know you are tired, but do you have time to see the boys in this last ward?"

I smiled to myself and said, "I have time and I want to see them." Men of God like that chaplain restore your faith in humanity.

In this ward were some precious boys and we had some wonderful prayers with them. One young man was hurting so much he could scarcely talk. His main concern was for his buddies. He kept saying, "Pray for them. They are hurt worse than I am."

The high morale I saw may have been based on just this buddy-relationship. In such a nasty war, it is hard to see how the morale could be so high because the men are fighting such a strange kind of enemy. The White soldiers and the Negro soldiers are not divided. Each one's life depends upon his buddy. And out of this mutual dependence something hopeful for the future may arise. God has made all men of one blood. Christ died for each one and God loves us all alike. I pray that when these men return home, they will carry the same dependence upon each other. It is when men feel needed that their greatest strength is called forth.

We returned to our rooms. I had no more than washed the dust and grime away when I was summoned for a television interview with the Armed Forces Television station in Da Nang. The Marine in charge had handled our television program many times in the States and was anxious to get my thoughts during a half-hour interview. I said much the same thing as I have included in this article. When he asked me to close by saying anything I wanted to, I took it as an opportunity to witness of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, of the absolute necessity to be right with God, and above all, to have God in your heart wherever you are. There were tears in the eyes of several of the men at the television station when I finished. You may hear of the hardness of our soldiers--perhaps some of it is true--but our men also reflect a lifetime of teaching in the Christian faith.
I was rushed from the television station to the base chapel which was filled with Marines and Air Force men. Several chaplains were present. It was my joy to share with them the love and prayers of our partners which had been expressed in letters I received prior to my trip. It was thrilling to say, "This very hour prayer is going up in your behalf by concerned Christians all over America, and by our Abundant Life Prayer Group in Tulsa." This kind of news is especially uplifting to these men.

I preached exactly as I do in the crusades--a straightforward gospel message, emphasizing the love and goodness of God and the power of faith in Him. I made a direct invitation to those who were willing to accept Christ as their personal Savior. More responded than I had expected. In fact, wherever we ministered in Vietnam, both American and Vietnamese responded to the claims of Christ on them.

I asked the rest of the group to stand with those who had raised their hands and we all prayed the sinner's prayer. The men raised their voices with mine, "O Lord be merciful to me a sinner...and save my soul." In the midst of war, with many of those present fresh from action and others on their way, it was a sound glorious to hear and feel inside you.

Afterward I shook hands with every man there. I found I knew several of them, the others knew of us, and we had a grand time for another hour.

This is the first time in our ministry that God has allowed us to have such a ministry. I believe it won't be the last.

On our return flight to Saigon, we flew near an area where an air strike was going on. We saw the flash of the bombs exploding about three or four miles off to the right. Planes were streaking in and out in another encounter with the Viet Cong.

We were tired, dirty and sleepy when we reached our hotel. I slept for an hour and a half as if I were drugged, then nine hours again that night. It was our first free evening and we really slept.

The next morning was Sunday. We attended church at the International Church of Saigon where Reverend Cathey is minister. These are mostly American Army people and personnel. That evening we went with Jim Livingston to the military hospital where there are 2,300 wounded Vietnamese men. At seven o'clock we arrived at the auditorium where 500 badly wounded men waited to hear us. We were deeply moved when we saw missionaries carrying some of the patients who had lost both legs and arms, placing them close up where they could hear the Gospel.

Bob and I both preached. Although the majority of the men knew little or nothing about Jesus, they gave us rapt attention. Bob's message was built around every man's being made in the image of God and that only God can satisfy the longings of a man's inner self--his soul. I spoke on "Jesus, the Mighty Savior." The Lord gave me a thought right in the midst of the message that fitted exactly. After sharing His love, and His redeeming grace to forgive sins, to cast out fear and demons, and to heal sickness, Jesus caused me to realize the power of the resurrection. I said, "Men, we offer you something tonight that no
other power on earth can bring to you. We hold it in this Gospel we are preaching." Men all over the building leaned forward as I paused to let this sink in.

"We offer you the power of Jesus Christ to resurrect your body from the dead, and in that resurrection, each limb you have lost in this war will be perfectly restored!"

Something dynamic was released in the atmosphere, into all our hearts. Never had I faced a group to whom the resurrection offered so much. The Spirit of the Lord quickened my heart further. "Only Jesus Christ can save your soul; only Jesus Christ can free your mind of fear and demon influence; only Jesus Christ can heal what remains of your body as it ought to be healed; AND ONLY JESUS CHRIST CAN MEET YOU, BEYOND DEATH, AND RAISE YOUR MUTILATED BODY INTO THE LIKENESS OF HIS OWN GLORIOUS BODY!"

Then I said, "This is the Mighty Savior we offer you in this instant!" Not only was the impact of the resurrection felt by the men but I felt it in a way not experienced before. And it is still with me. The Apostles offered the hope of the resurrection in almost every sermon they preached in the first century. To them it was a living reality, the basis of all their hope. As we come to the end of this age where wars will cause millions to be disfigured and dismembered, I see Christ leading us to put the resurrection at the heart of our preaching.

In the invitation to accept Christ I told the men: "It won't be easy. In fact, some of you may not have the courage to accept Christ. It means forsaking your sins, turning from your former life and repenting of every evil you have done. It means deciding once and for all that you will serve Christ. This is for ever and ever. There is no turning back, no being ashamed, but a standing up before your buddies here, and before them tomorrow and before people all your life and professing Christ as your Lord."

My interpreter translated these words with great conviction. As a result of the testimony of the Christian Missionary Alliance missionaries, he had accepted Christ and had found a mission for his life.

A large number accepted our invitation. Later I laid on hands for as many as desired. Provision was made for the missionaries to return the next day for a personal call on each one. One young man with his leg in a cast impressed me most. I felt he had truly received Jesus and had received a definite healing. His face shone with Jesus' love and though the cast which was up to his thigh still inhibited his walking, the presence of the Lord to heal was upon him. There were others whom I felt received a definite touch from the Lord. Let us remember them in our prayers. It only takes a few people who are really delivered by the miracle-working power of God to start a revival.

As we were leaving these men, one of the missionaries stopped me and what he shared with us paid for our trip. He said, "I thought you would like to know what one of the wounded men told me just after you men had begun speaking to them a few minutes ago."

"Yes, I'd like to know--what did he say?" I replied.

"You had only spoken a few words when he said to me, 'These men love us don't they.'"
The next morning our departure for Indonesia was at 11:40. We arose early and went with Jim Livingston to the "open arms" camp where 520 Viet Cong and some other hard core Communists had accepted the government's offer for amnesty. They had voluntarily surrendered and were there being rehabilitated. I was told, "Most of these men have been Communists since childhood; many are from the North. They know nothing about God. This is the first time this particular camp has been opened to anyone to preach the Gospel. We don't know what the response will be."

After consultation with the commander of the post and the missionaries, it was decided that we should preach a clear-cut gospel message but not extend an invitation. Our message would be followed up by the missionaries. The commander informed us that these men were officers and they had carried much influence among the Viet Cong. I struggled with the prospect of preaching without an open invitation, but agreed. Under the circumstances, it was worth a try.

Both Bob and I emphasized Jesus' life and death and resurrection and the purpose He had for each human life. I said, "You men have been in positions of authority under an ideology which does not include God. You have been dedicated to a cause, a mission. The mission Christ has for you is the greatest of all, not to destroy but to save human souls and bodies; to change from bitterness and hate, to love and compassion. Only by renouncing your sins and believing on Jesus can this happen.

"We are not political men. Our Government did not send us to you. Neither has the Vietnamese government sent us. We have come many thousands of miles because of Christ's love in our hearts and the mission He has given us in your behalf. We love you; we pray for you; and we are believing many of you will come to know Jesus as the only truly revolutionary power."

We closed the service with prayer and a promise, God willing, to return.

The missionaries then had the men to line up and come by where they were personally handed little kits containing towel, soap, pop tarts, etc., and a Gospel of John. "These little gifts show we are concerned with their physical, as well as their spiritual needs," the missionaries explained. He was right for I saw faces light up as the men eagerly grasped their gifts.

I said to Bob, "Imagine the Communists giving gifts like these."

"They would never do it," he replied. I am thankful for the love of God and the desire it puts into hearts to share with others.

When we arrived at the airport, I discovered I could not locate my passport. We searched my bags, my hanging clothes, the ones I was wearing—no passport. Finally twenty minutes were left. I was directed by Pan American to telephone the American Embassy but not even this would be quick enough to have another passport okayed and a visa given for Indonesia. There was no Indonesian Embassy or Consulate in Saigon. I said to Bob, "You'll have to go on to Djarkarta without me and start the crusade tomorrow. I will be there as soon as I can."

That really put him in action. Although we had gone through my bags three times, he tried once more. Minutes before boarding time he found it!
"Where on earth did you locate it, Bob?"
"In your Bible."
"In my Bible?" I asked.
"Yes," he answered. "It occurred to me that there was one book in your bag I had not opened--your Bible. I opened it and there is where you had placed it."

Then I remembered. In taking every precaution with my precious passport, I had slipped it inside the cover of my Bible. I said, "Bob, Jesus is trying to show us something in this. In going to heaven, as in life, you'll find the passport in God's Word." He nodded and so did I.

Vietnam... the troubled little nation that is now the center of world tension, the battleground of a half million U.S. forces against hundreds of thousands of Viet Cong and North Vietnam regulars, the prize of the Far East that may determine if all Asia goes Communist or free. Vietnam... with its lost souls, its suffering people, where God's light is dim, His voice is heard small, His healing power is hardly known.

As the big jet lifted us above the mortar fire, the fighter planes, the air strikes, the big helicopters, the bitter battles on a hundred hills throughout the land, I reflected upon our visit.

The American Ambassador had told us that only a fraction of our forces are committed to this struggle. A general told us that the CAC's--Marine units assigned to defend the villages from infiltration and murder by the Viet Cong--are a growing experiment that may turn the tide. Colonels had spoken of the commitment of their troops to give this land the same freedoms we possess. Soldiers, some only 18 years old, living with death every moment, had shared new experiences they had found with God. Others, caught in a conflict that took them from home and country, spoke of nothing that would indicate their having a meaningful relationship with God.

The few missionaries in the land made the biggest impression on us. Dedicated, ready to serve day or night, facing battle fire frequently, they are involved with both the people and the military. They are like rays of light in a huge area of darkness.

If we heard it once, we heard it dozens of times, "Send us help, your films, your literature, your student missionaries. We can put them to work instantly." One said, "I can use three couples in the hospitals and 'open arms' camps alone."

There is much soul searching we must do. Our first graduating class at ORU is this next spring. Some of the 12 with us on this trip will graduate. At least a third of the entire student body have a burning desire to be involved in this world ministry. There is one thing sure I feel inside--while we go to Chile in December and to other nations in the future--Vietnam is calling; as Macedonia called to Paul 2,000 years ago, "Come over and help us." This is not our last trip to Vietnam.

In closing, let me share an incident which happened during my flight in a military jet over Vietnam. It was late in the evening. The sun was almost obliterated by the clouds. All at once the cabin of the plane was flooded with light.
I looked out of the window and the sun in its closing minutes of setting had shone through the clouds and the entire area was brilliantly lighted. My soul leaped within me. I watched, fascinated. Then gradually the clouds closed in, the sun was gone; it was dark.

I thanked Jesus for letting me see this scene. Then I thought: We are nearing the end. Christ will be coming soon, then the man of sin will be revealed, the antichrist, the great tribulation, the Battle of Armageddon, and the revelation of Christ to the nations and the beginning of His reign on earth. But as the clouds close in, you, our partners, and I are letting the light shine through a final time, a light wherein we can preach the Gospel to millions of lost souls and suffering people and see many miracles of deliverance--then it will be over, and we will be with our Lord.