

Such a Cloud of Witnesses

"Stories of American Christians"

Temple Baptist Church
December 20, 2020



Romans 15:20-21

20 Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, **not where Christ was named**, lest I should build upon another man's foundation:

21 But as it is written, To whom he was not spoken of, they shall see: and **they that have not heard shall understand.**

Isaiah 52:15

The Song

We Rest on Thee

Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God: for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go. 2 Chr. 14:11

1. We rest on Thee, our Shield and our De-fend-er! We go not forth
 2. Yes, in Thy Name, O Cap-tain of sal-va-tion! In Thy dear Name,
 3. We go in faith, our own great weak-ness feel-ing, And need-ing more
 4. We rest on Thee, our Shield and our De-fend-er! Thine is the bat-

a-lone a-gainst the foe; Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy
 all oth-er names a-bove; Je-sus our Right-eous-ness, our
 each day Thy grace to know; Yet from our hearts a song of
 tle, Thine shall be the praise; When pass-ing through the gates of

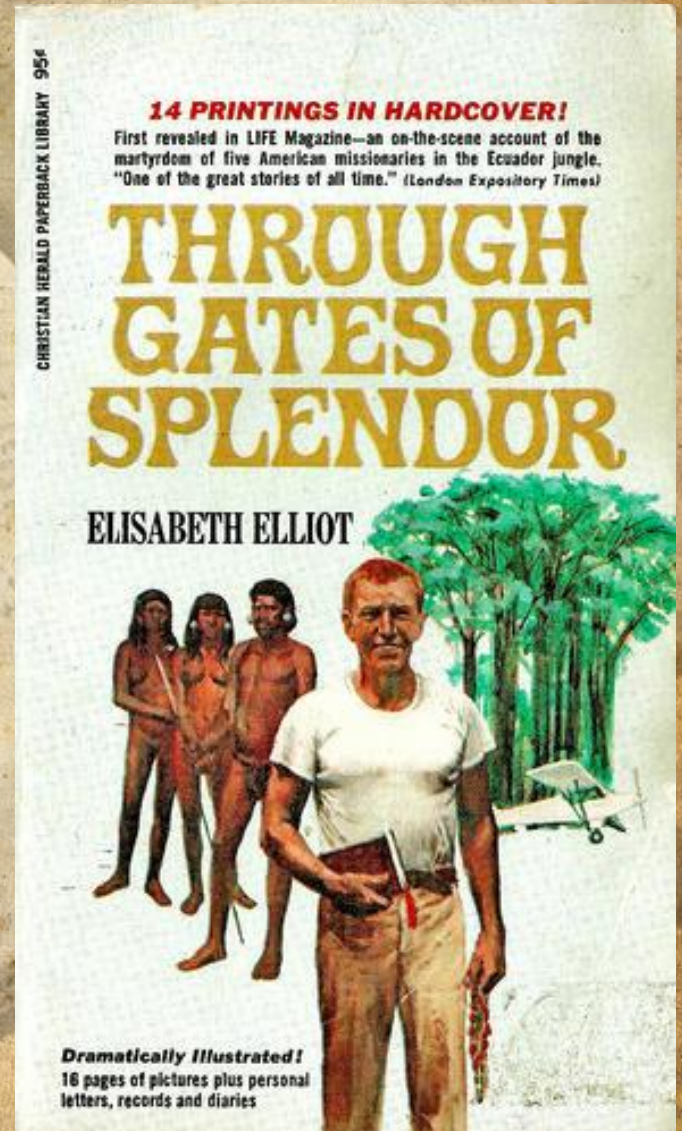
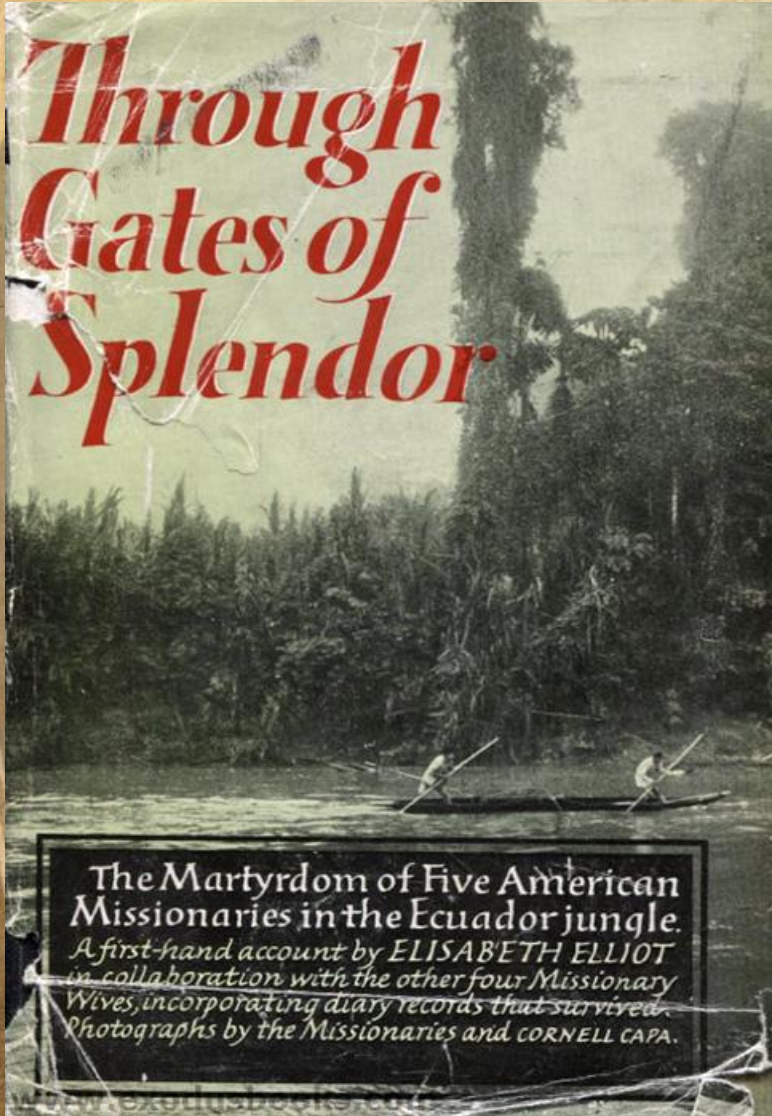
keep-ing ten-der, We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.
 sure Foun-da-tion, Our Prince of glo-ry and our King of love.
 tri-umph peal-ing, "We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go."
 pearl-y splen-dor, Vic-tors, we rest with Thee, through end-less days.

Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keep-ing ten-der,
 Je-sus our Right-eous-ness, our sure Foun-da-tion,
 Yet from our hearts a song of tri-umph peal-ing,
 When pass-ing through the gates of pearl-y splen-dor,

(b)
 We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.
 Our Prince of glo-ry and our King of love.
 "We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go."
 Vic-tors, we rest with Thee, through end-less days.

WORDS: Edith G. Cherry, ca. 1895. MUSIC: "Finlandia"; Jean Sibelius, 1899.

Through Gates of Splendor (1957)





The Place

For the Lord is my strength
And my fortress, and my deliverer,
My God, my rock, my stronghold,
And my refuge in the day of trouble.
For he will deliver me from all
my enemies, and he will save me
from all my afflictions.
For he will deliver me from all
my enemies, and he will save me
from all my afflictions.

Ecuador



Río Curaray

Reo Curaray



Amazon Jungle



Cacao Pods



Kapok

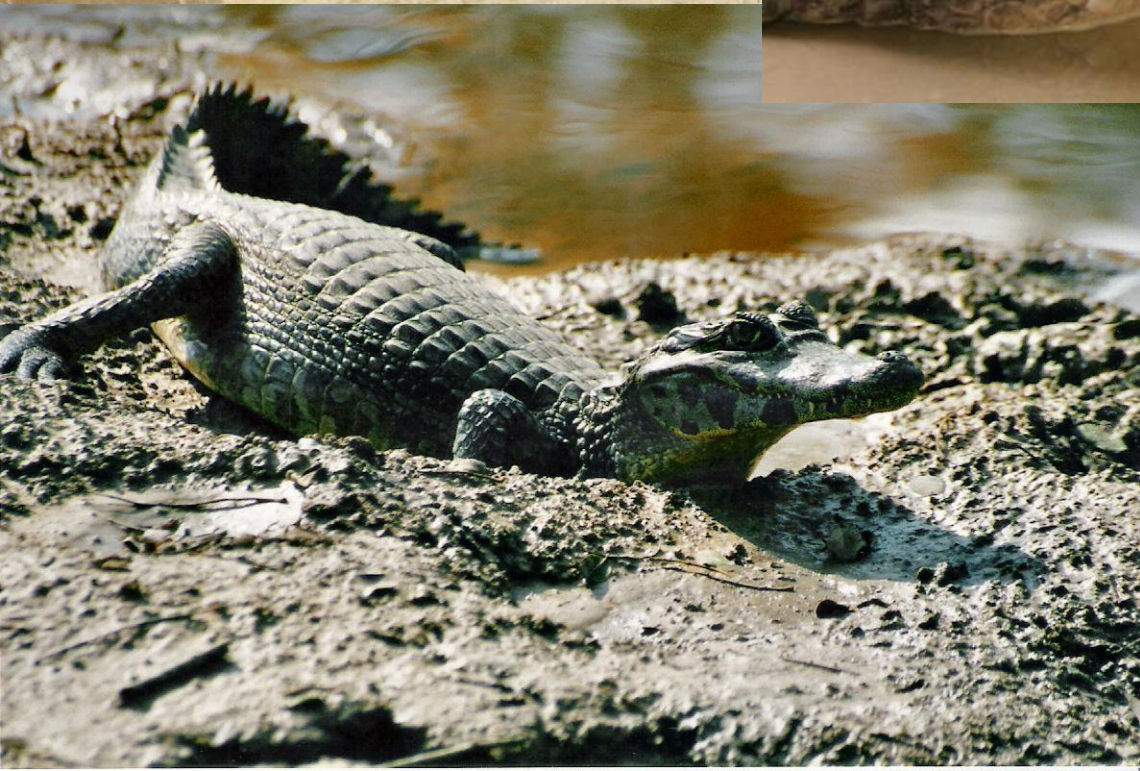




Piranha



Cayman



Cayman





Auca

Huaorani
Waodoni

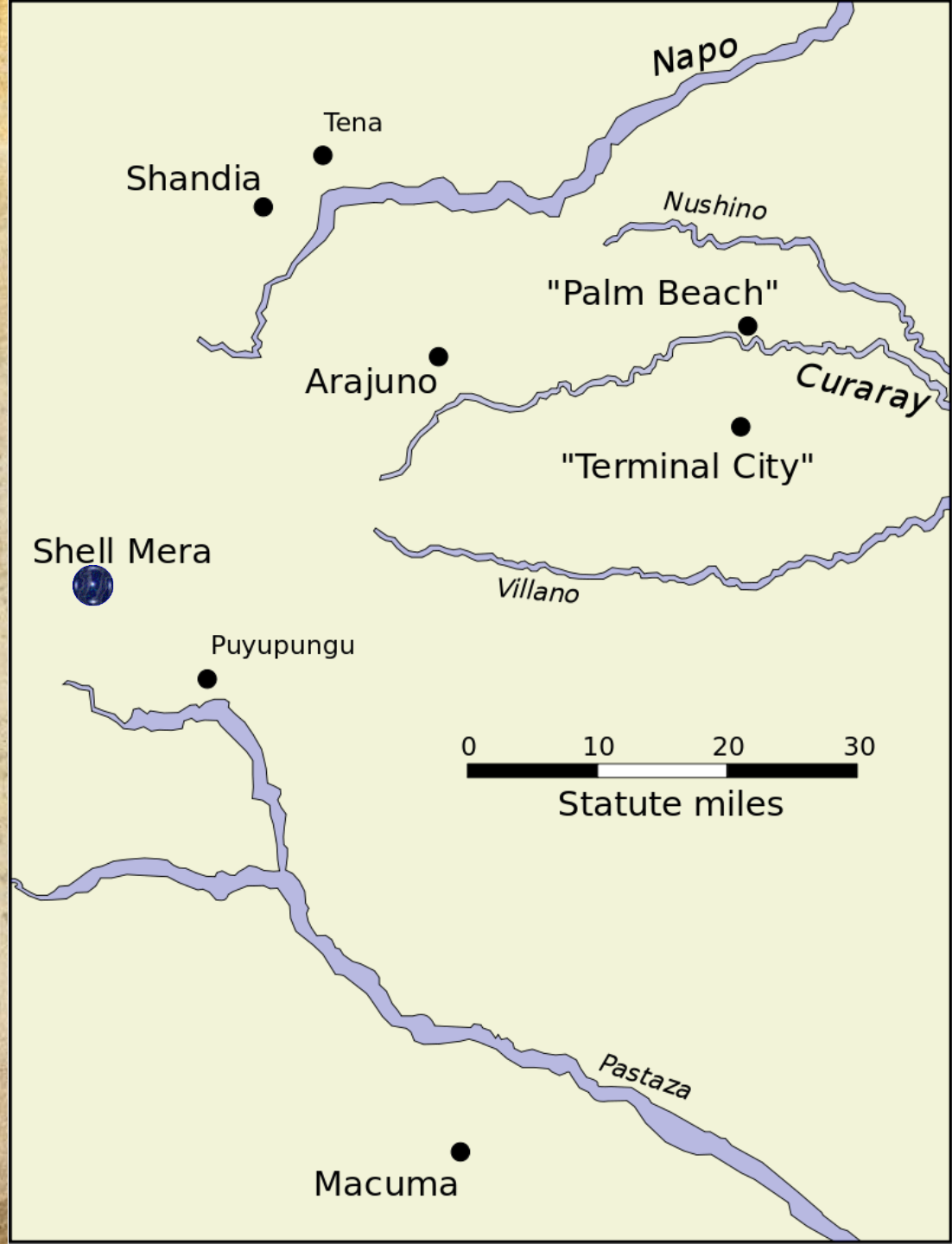


Quechua

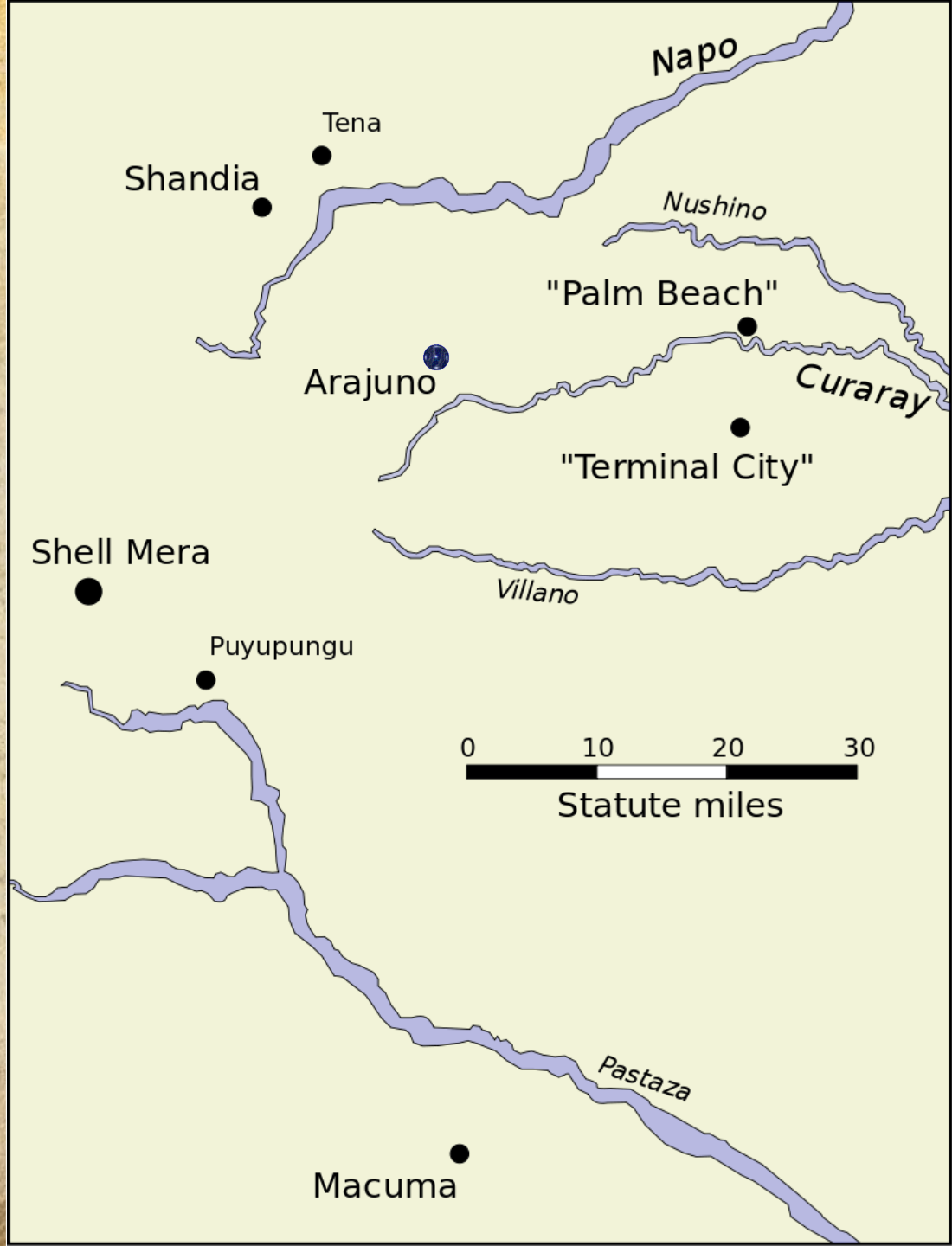
Machu Piccho - July 24, 1911



Shell Mera



Arajuno



Mark 16:15

15 And he said unto them, **Go ye** into all the world,
and **preach the gospel** to **every** creature.

**HE IS NO FOOL WHO GIVES WHAT HE
CANNOT KEEP TO GAIN THAT WHICH
HE CANNOT LOSE. - JIM ELLIOT**



Jim Elliot



Elizabeth



Pete Fleming

Olive





Ed & Marilou
McCully

Missions Team





Nate Saint

Marj Saint



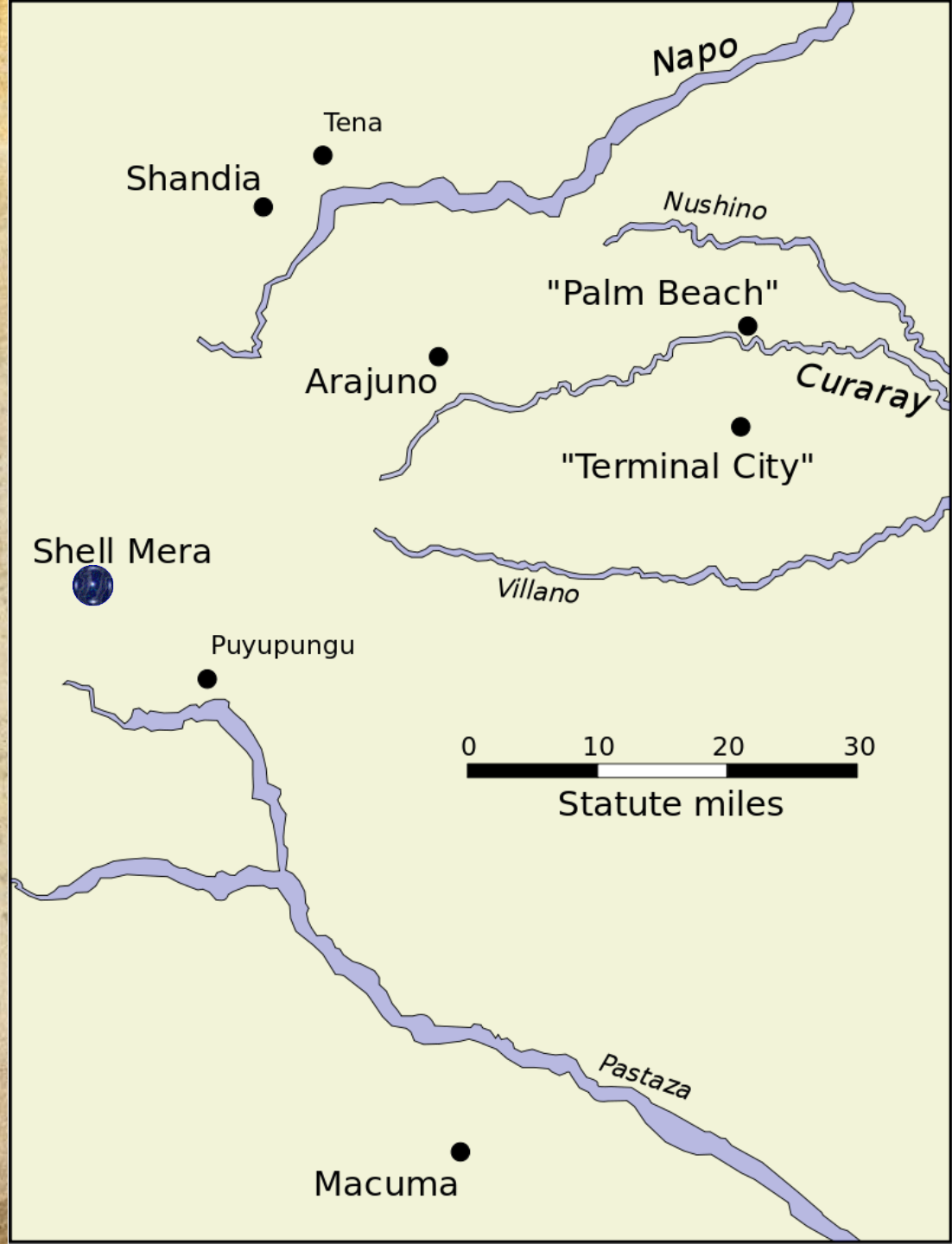
Piper - PA14 Family Cruiser



Mission Aviation Fellowship - 1948



Shell Mera



*“And people who do not know the Lord ask
why in the world we waste our lives as missionaries.
They forget that they too are expending their lives...
and when the bubble has burst they will have nothing
of eternal significance to show for the years they have wasted.”*

Nate Saint



Roger
Youderian

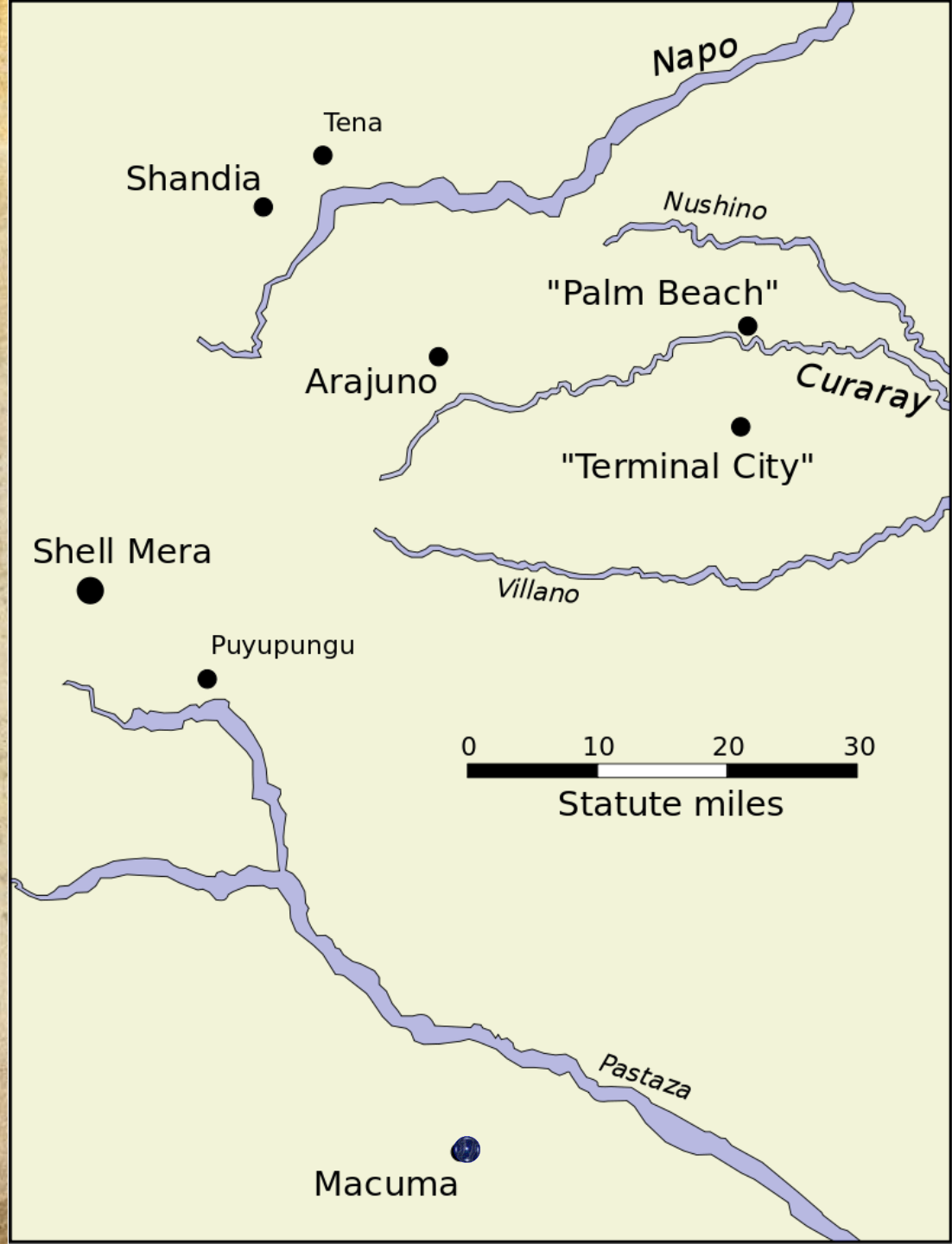


Roger & Barbara Youderian

Gospel Missionary Union - 1950



Macuma



Achuar



“Our difficulties are
only platforms for
the manifestations
of His grace,
power and love.”

J. Hudson Taylor

Hudson Taylor
1832 - 1905

Operation Auca

September 1955

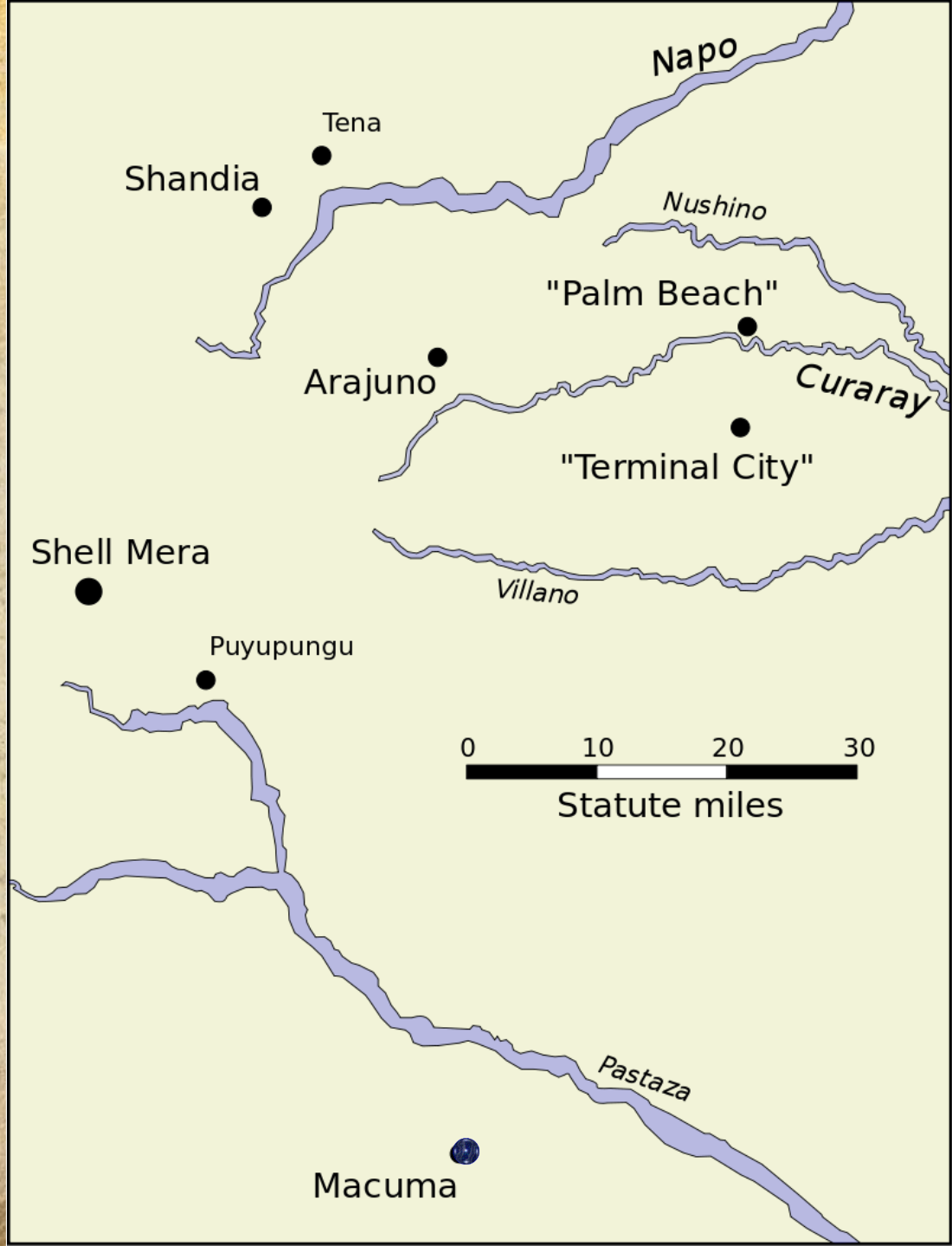


Operation Auca

September 1955



Terminal City



Operation Auca

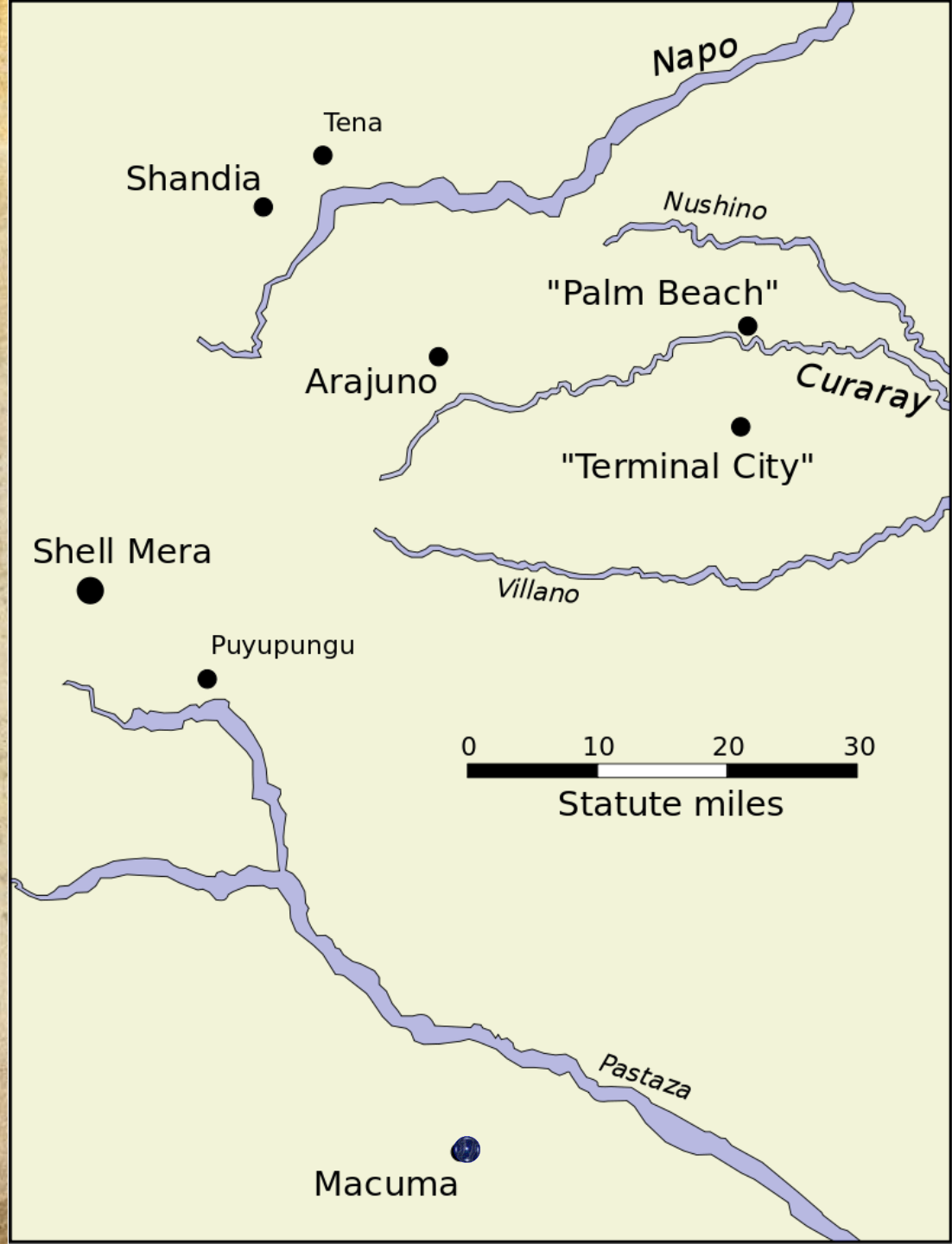


Operation Auca

Ed McCully



Palm Beach



Operation Auca

January 3-6, 1956



Operation Auca

January 6, 1956

Ed McCully

Pete Fleming

Jim Elliot



Operation Auca

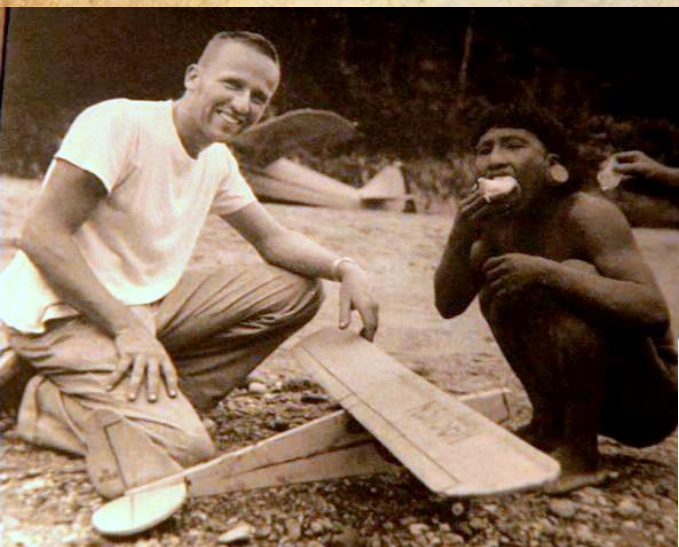
January 6-7, 1956

Nate Saint



Operation Auca

January 6-7, 1956



Operation Auca

January 8, 1956 (12:30)



The Search & Discovery

January 9, 1956

Johnny Keenan



The Search & Discovery

January 11, 1956



Ed
McCully

Pete
Fleming



Nate
Saint



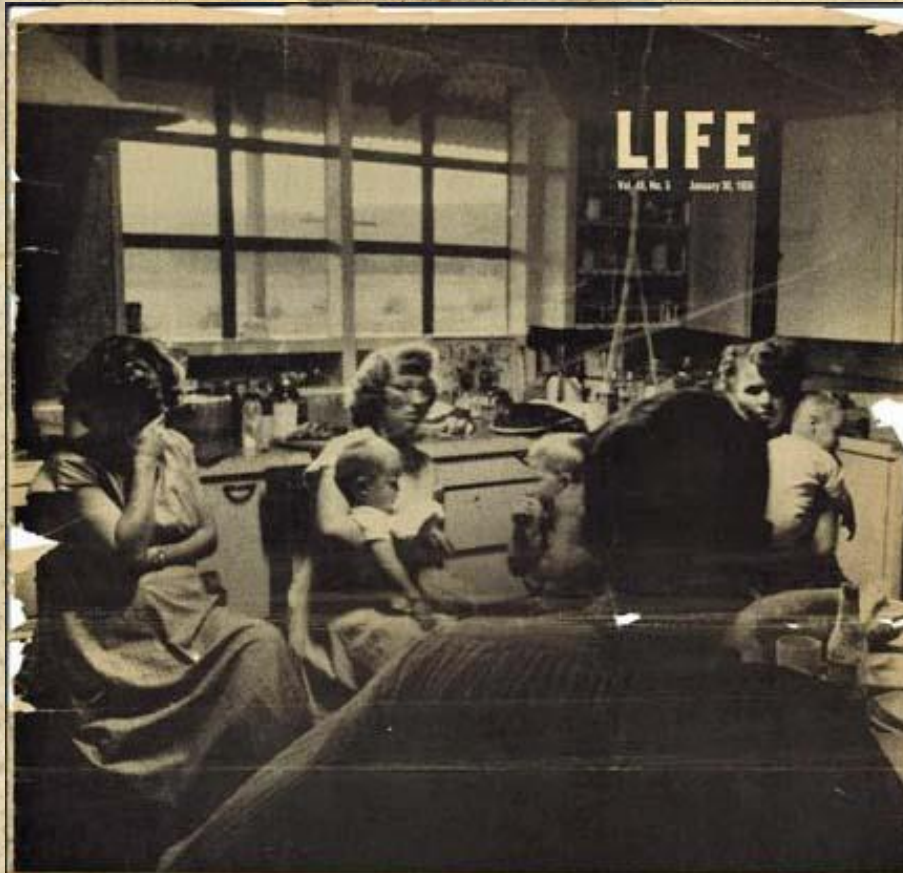
Jim
Elliot



Roger
Youderian

Palm Beach, Ecuador January 8th, 1956

Life Magazine Article



THE FIVE WIDOWS, who had been waiting at the Shell Mesa, Yuma, mission station hear the agonizing account of discovery of their husbands' bodies in the

jungle first before missionary Dr. Arthur Johnson (foreground) who came along with the excited search party. The widows are (left to right) Marlene McCaffrey,

'GO YE AND PREACH THE GOSPEL'

In the jungle of eastern Ecuador lives a tribe of Yuma Indians called Aucas, little known even to anthropologists and until less than a month ago never photographed in their native surroundings. The young American missionary who took the picture on the opposite page is dead—murdered by the Aucas. His widow and four other bereaved wives are shown above as they heard how their husbands were murdered.

The five dead men formed a mission band of interdenominational evangelists. James Elliot, Peter Fleming and Edward McCaffrey had been sponsored by the Christian Mission in Marylands. Roger Goodman belonged to the Gospel Missionary Union. Nathaniel Smith was pilot and missionary with the Missionary Aviation Fellowship. They learned about

the Aucas as they and their wives were ministering to Quechua-speaking and Druzo Indians. The Aucas had killed all messengers for centuries. Other Indians feared them but the missionaries were determined to reach them. Said Elliot, "Our orders were the Gospel in every situation."

They found the Aucas by flying over their territory in Santa Elena's small plane. For weeks they dropped presents to make friends. They finally touched down on a sand beach in the Canas River and made face-to-face contact with the Aucas. The messages and stories they shared back to their operations base were full of hope. Then, on January 8, they were set upon and speared to death. When the wives heard, they joined in a hymn their husbands had sung before entering Aucas territory.

Life Magazine Article



Barbara Underhill holding her 21-month-old son Jerry Lee; little Stephen Smith; Mary Sue; holding her 1-year-old Philip; Olive Fleming and Deborah Elliot.

FIVE DO AND DIE

We met on Thursday, our Shield and our Defender.
There is the battle. There shall be the peace.
When passing through the gates of pearl-colored
Victory, we met with them through endless days.

On these pages is the first complete story of the missionaries' martyrdom, brought to Life by Photographer-Correspondent Gerald Gage. It is told partly in their own photographs and letters and partly in letters by Gage. It is the story of five men who passionately volunteered to the world which one of them, James Elliot, wrote in a diary five years ago: "When it comes time to die, make sure all you have to do is die."



A BAYBEE AUCK, by an Indian, decorated by wooden planks, was photographed by Gage on his white, named in 1947 with a wooden house. The point is the model plane missionaries had set up to land on the beach with their air mail. In the background here is a member of the type dropped as gifts to Aucas.

'WE PRAISE GOD FOR HIS LEADING AND CARE'

Missionaries' diaries tell of good works to win friendship, leading up to fateful meeting on the beach

Among the effects of the missionaries whose bodies were found in the Cotacachi River were their diaries in which the men had recorded, step by step, the progress of their mission. LIFE has published excerpts from these diaries. One is by Nathaniel Saint, pilot of the mission's plane and the other is by Peter Fleming. Saint's account starts by describing the scene at Sholl Aucas, the missionaries' base camp, in an entry dated Oct. 2, 1955.

Last night Ed McCully, Jim Elliot, Johnny Korman and I were on the living room floor on elbows and knees poring over a map of the eastern jungle of Ecuador. We had just decided that it was the Lord's time to try to contact the savage Aucas tribe located somewhere east of Ed's Quachua Indian mission station.

Later in the kitchen, over a midnight cup of cocoa, we decided that our efforts should be carried forward as secretly as practical so as to avoid inciting other missionaries groups to competitive efforts that would undoubtedly require a heavily armed military party action overland. This we first did not ask back the missionary effort among these Stone Age people for decades.

The actual search did not get under way until one morning in September. It was around 11:30 a.m., as I recall, and the river valleys, which are usually unobscured by light-brown foliage concentrations, were clear in the distance. I'd been eyeing a bluish, barely discernible on the jungle, maybe for miles away. The bluish grew into a greenish clearing. This was it. All of us were in the same place. It was a clearing and a few houses. It was an exciting old time. . . a time we'd wanted for.

A couple of weeks later we flew down a little river and spotted a tall, dark, big house with smaller ones around them. The most significant part of it was not the information gained but the fact that after so much fruitless searching we had located the first group and that a couple of weeks later we practically stumbled over the other group. It seemed to mean that now was the Lord's time to do something about it. We agreed to be praying about it and compare notes later.

They decided that the first move was to fly over the Aucas compounds and drop gifts. They planned to do this by circling slowly while suspending the gift in a long line which would be held stationary by gummed-up pulley. This, they planned to do once a week, in the hope that the Aucas would come to welcome the regular visits.

The first gift was a small aluminum bottle with a lid. Inside we put about 20 brightly colored buttons, obviously not for their clothes since they don't wear any, but they do make good ornaments. To these things we attached about 15 brightly colored ribbon streamers about a yard long.

"Given minutes" being brought in over the first clearings. About 15 minutes were around as that we were over the house that interested us. We were about 5,000 feet above the ground. We could not see anyone on the ground, yet every indication showed clearly that the house was occupied. The house was about 40 yards from the edge of the stream and had a nice beach in front of it. A path showed that they used the place frequently. The plane would be our target.

We slowed the plane down to 50 mph and held the gift over the tide and looked up the mountainous ribbon mechanism. Then we slowly descended in a spiral well clear of the plane. We slowed the air speed to come up to 60 and began rolling out the line. All went well and we began circling at about 60 mph until the gift was drifting in a small, low circle below us, ribbon fluttering nicely. Still no sign of life below. The gift seemed pretty high so we started spiraling down.

Finally it looked pretty close to the trees below. Time for the attempt. A couple of times it seemed that we watched the gift toward just as the tick of time to keep it out of view bordering the beach. We made about six attempts at this situation. Then we held our breath while five gift landed toward the earth. It couldn't be held for it to hit the water and it was heading close . . . close . . . close . . . splash! It hit about two or three feet from the water, directly in line with the path to the house. They couldn't miss it more they probably got that water for cooking right at that spot.

We had delivered the first gift, through the eye language to a people who were a quarter of a mile away vertically but a mile or 20 miles horizontally, and in a mere half hour they were enthusiastic and wide open away. They had never been contacted by the outside world.

My God, minutes to put his good hand on the project and now we drop it when not fully assured of his direction. At present we feel

manipulated that God is in it. May the praise be His and may it be that some Aucas, elected in the righteousness of Jesus Christ, will be with us so we lift our voice in praise before His throne. Amen.

The following Friday the plane went out again, with a message as a gift.

Our plan was to check the beach where we left the gift last week. The gift was gone. We started to circle 2,500 feet above the house. Ed all of a sudden let out a yell. We were seeing our first Aucas. Pretty soon there were three of them, watching the plane that hovered before the plane. We let us down. Then splash . . . and a bigger splash. The machine had released OK and an Aucas had dove in for it.

The men still seemed over the possibility of outside interference that might spoil their delicate mission. To mark their activities they had constructed a small hut in their jungle near the first settlement. They collected such small items as "Tinned Cuts" for the first clearing. Meanwhile the air drops were on regularity, one each week. In all, some 30 messages. It took, it seems, 3 pieces of streamers and occasional colored buttons and other trinkets were dropped in the 13 gift runs. The drops, especially red-colored and pink ones, seemed to appeal particularly to the leaders of the community. One of the most intriguing air drops took place on Dec. 26 when the men tried firing the troops in that the Indians would chop the trees down and make it easier for the plane to fly low over the settlement.

In reconnaissance in the emergency kit we found a roll of Walther (bullet tissue). We thought it might help to get those tall men down and it would seem easy to drop it in the morning. However, it rained so about six feet and then the wind ran off that length and then the process would be repeated and it there was a white cloud low floating over a low river.

On the sixth gift flight, Don, J. Saint and McCully got their feet close look at an Aucas.

We checked the kitchen clearing. I could see someone was there. They turned out to be two women, young. We passed within 10 feet of them and for the first time looked full face at an Aucas face. That was good looking, with hair cropped in bangs in front.

Meanwhile the missionaries had been leaving some missionary presents in the Aucas language. And on another visit the Indians gave a gift in return.

This morning we took off at about 9:15 with gift-wrapped matches, axes and small knives and plastic items. After the clearing we made a low pass to drop an ashed. We spotted the first man in the red-colored



FOUR MARTYRED MISSIONARIES were (left to right) James Elliot, 29, Gage, Portland, Ore.; Nate Saint, 32, of Huntington Valley, Pa.; Roger Tremblay, 31,

Life Magazine Article

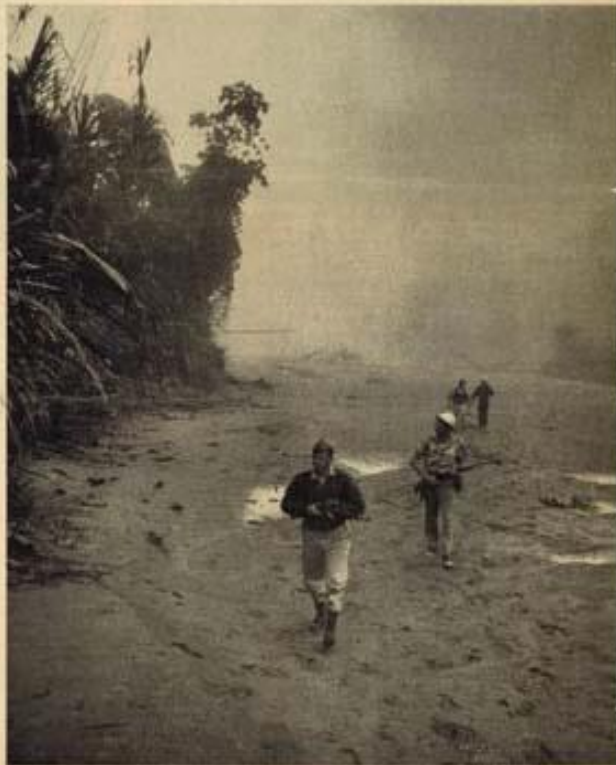


A BROKEN SPEAR protrudes from right hip of Roger Youden's body as it is dragged behind Indian canoe to burial site. Another spear was pulled from his back before body was moved. Aucas had also used machetes on some victims.



BURIAL SERVICE, almost blacked out by sudden tropical storm, takes place over grave just inside jungle. Looking on are Narsberg and a missionary (in path behind). Burial took only three minutes because of the danger of Indian attack.

disappeared into the river before it could be removed. A heavy tropical rain fell as the burial service began, driving down flying operations and leaving the men to spend a harrowing night in the heart of Aucas territory, facing the danger of another attack. Next morning, after firing into the air to discourage attack, Narsberg and his small party crept warily through the jungle before the Aucas could add them to their kill.



ON GUARD Narsberg crept down after all-night bivouac. Narsberg later wounds in the jungle nearby. Fearing Aucas attack, he later took a trip from his cabin.

ON MARY RETREAT Narsberg leads party across beach to canoe landing. Trip, by canoe and shore, took 40 hours, 74 of them through Aucas territory.



MARLENE MULLY holds one of her two children, Michael. She has another son, Stephen, 4, and expects third child. Husband in missionary work since her childhood, she worked in Chicago's Wabash Bible Institute, spent four years in Ecuador.



OLIVE FLEMING holds Bible she used at memorial service for the dead and at Shell Men. Without children herself, she hoped before full extent of tragedy was known that missionaries spared by the Aucas would be those with children.

THE WIVES CARRY ON, TRUSTING THAT AUCAS WILL STILL BE SAVED

In their homes across the nation who had gathered to Shell Men showed the same fortitude and acceptance of God's will that they had displayed while serving at their husbands' sides. Their faith was unshakened in their older children. Steve Saint asked of his father, "How long will it take him to get to Heaven?" The wives felt no bitterness toward the Aucas. They were glad when they heard that the Ecuadorian government would not take any

republic against the tribe. The few women started their new lives. Mrs. McCall, eight months pregnant, flew home to the U.S. Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Fleming went back to the States to recover. Mrs. Saint invested a new missionary assignment in Peru. Kenneth and Mrs. Youden decided to remain in the Mission station. But all of them wanted to see some more natives the work among the Aucas for which their husbands had given their lives.



PETTY ELLIOT, with daughter Valerie, came to work in Ecuador and married Jim only when her marriage would not become her troubled father.



BARBARA YODGERIAN lives here too. She also has 13-month-old daughter, Beth Ellen. Youden worked for years among the head-hunting tribes.



MARJORIE SAINT, shown with Philip, has two other children, Stephen, 5, and Katie, 3. A virgin and nurse, she has been in Ecuador eight years.

Life Magazine Article



FEARING SHE WOULD NEVER COME BACK, Christine Collins, who withdrew from the 1944 Mrs. Flint, takes off from what she has thought was her last night in the Shanks mansion. She had returned happily from Shell Beach to meet a friend, Billie, who was in bed with a fever, when she found she had one day to stay alone. But with a few days after the party was over, she and Mrs. Flint, together, returned to the Shanks mansion.

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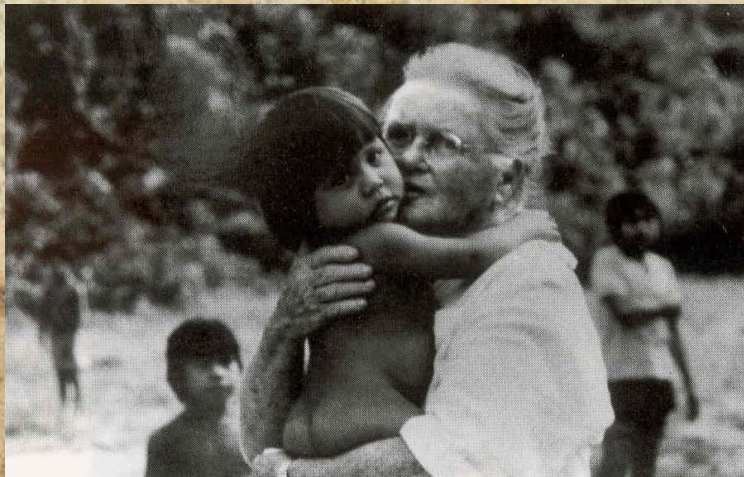


Came Back

Rachel Saint



Rachel Saint



Elizabeth Elliot



Elizabeth Elliot

1988-2001 Gate Way to Joy



BIBLE
BROADCASTING
NETWORK

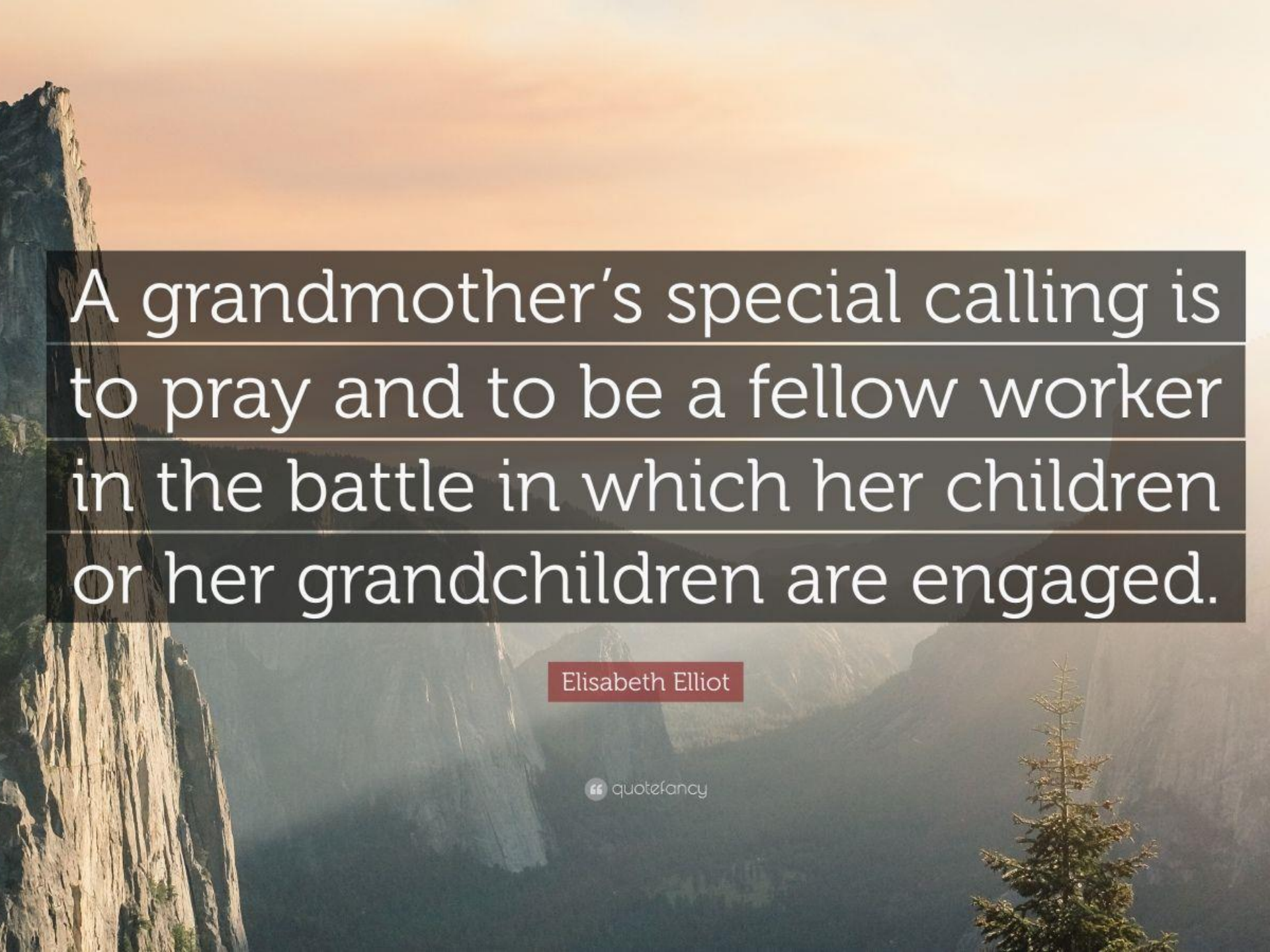


"Today is mine. Tomorrow is none
of my business. If I peer
anxiously into the fog of the
future, I will strain my spiritual
eyes so that I will not see
clearly what is required of me

Now.

- Elisabeth Elliot



A scenic view of a mountain valley, likely Yosemite. On the left, a tall, narrow rock formation (El Capitan) rises vertically. The valley floor is covered in green forest, and distant mountain peaks are visible under a hazy sky. A single coniferous tree stands on the right side of the foreground.

A grandmother's special calling is
to pray and to be a fellow worker
in the battle in which her children
or her grandchildren are engaged.

Elisabeth Elliot

Elizabeth Elliot

June 15, 2015



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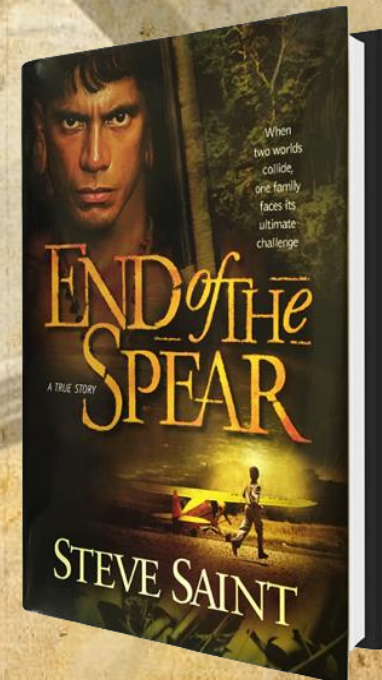
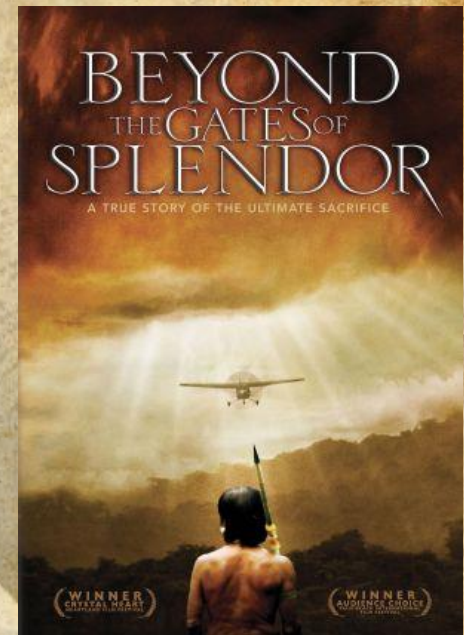


Steve Saint



Steve Saint

Mincaye



11 Corinthians 9:15

Thanks be unto God for his **unspeakable** gift.



**Roger
Youderian**

**Pete
Fleming**

**Jim
Elliot**

**Nate
Saint**

**Ed
McCully**

WE'RE NOT ADRIFT *in*
CHAOS. WE'RE HELD IN THE
EVERLASTING ARMS.

