

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12:1



Youth's

Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



A VIBRANT, VITAL, LIVING MINISTRY FOR YOUNG AND OLD. "We are witnesses."

Vol. 8. No. 6—March, 1968

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WHO
WOULD NOT HELP?

Special 80-page Issue On



Communist Torture and *Christian Triumph*

What America needs is not more military might but mighty repentance toward God. She will not go anywhere but downward until she repents. And if America's "salt"—the Christians—has lost its savor, wherewith shall America be preserved?

America needs to repent—not necessarily so that she will be saved from ruin as a nation—but because we have SINNED BEFORE GOD!

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Glen Berry, Editor

(Luke 17:10)



What you have to do to receive this magazine each month:

"ASK, and it shall be given you."

(Matthew 7:7,8)

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A VIBRANT, VITAL, LIVING MINISTRY FOR YOUNG AND OLD

"We are witnesses."

SUPREME PURPOSE:

"That the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14:13)

SECONDARY PURPOSE:

That we might do good to all men, and that believers might have joy.
(Galatians 6:10; John 15:11)

SUPPORTER AND CONTROLLER:

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, from Heaven (John 14:13, 14)

MESSENGER AND COMFORTER:

The Holy Spirit (John 14:26)

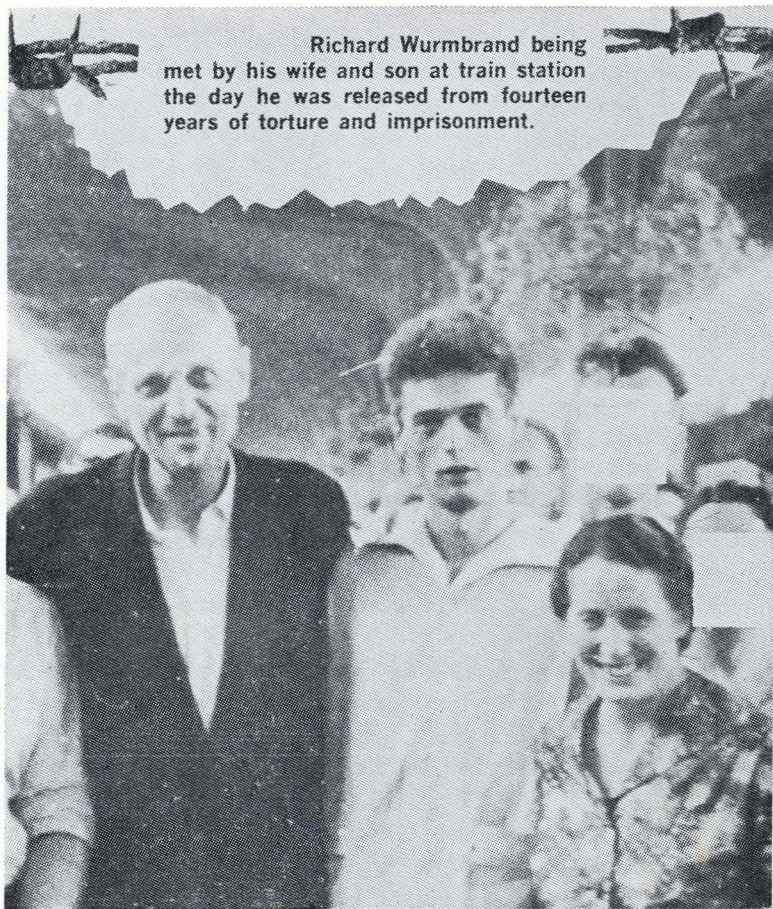
PRAYER ARMY:

**Those who believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, trust in Him
for salvation, gather in His name, and who have this
ministry brought to their remembrance in prayer.**

DIVINE PROTECTORS:

God Himself, with His ministering angels (Psa. 34:7; Heb. 1:14)

Richard Wurmbrand being met by his wife and son at train station the day he was released from fourteen years of torture and imprisonment.



This Man Richard Wurmbrand

In January we had the rare privilege of meeting and listening to a man, a shining Christian, who had been tortured in Communist prisons for 14 years. Meeting him and his wife was almost like meeting someone who had been resurrected. It is a miracle that they are alive and free.

This man is now preaching and lecturing throughout

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America, warning her and letting us know how Christians are treated behind the Iron Curtain. But this man, our Christian brother, says that he is suffering more because of the complacency and lukewarmness of American Christians than he suffered in 14 years of Communist prisons, as horrible as that was. He cries more over America than his homeland Rumania? Why? Because Rumania is a dead child; America is dying. We cry more when we see death approaching than we do after it is past.

This man is Richard Wurmbrand.

We have often wondered how the early Christians could bear the torture of such things as being burned at the stake, or having their bodies torn apart. But now we have witnessed the answer from a man who has passed through torture triumphant and has lived to tell it. Thousands have not lived to tell it. This torture is happening right NOW—this very moment—to our Christian brethren. While the body suffers untold and excruciating pain, at times the Christian sufferer is so filled with the Spirit of God, so blessed with the presence of Christ that he feels little, or occasionally no pain. The Communists are bodily around him in another sphere, in a bodily sphere; but he is so lifted up that he becomes removed from his great felt sense of pain and REJOICES in his affliction. The walls of his dungeon shine like diamonds. He revels so in the presence of his comforting Lord Jesus the living Christ that he would not exchange his prison cell for a king's palace.

We know that in the flesh we could not stand what Christians are now suffering. But God gives needed grace in the hour of need. Even amidst bodily pain His children are lifted to another realm and are made to dance with joy. With Him we have no fear. He has promised to be with and never forsake us. But are we ready to suffer with Him?

Many years ago two Christians, a young man and an old man, were locked in prison. They could look through the bars and see that men were preparing the stake and stacking the faggots with which to burn them to death the next

day. While in the prison, the young Christian attempted to light a candle. In the process he burnt his finger. The pain of this slight burn made him to cry out in fear at what was coming on the morrow when his whole body would be enveloped and consumed in flames. As this young faithful Christian cried out, the older Christian said something like this: "My brother, Christ did not ask you to burn your finger lighting the candle; but He is asking you to go to the stake for Him. He will give you needed grace then." And Christ did. The next day both martyrs, the young man and the old, went to the flames rejoicing and singing as their bodies were consumed.

But let us not think that such torture and martyrdom is only a thing of past ages. It is not! It is going on right now and we don't deserve to escape its iron claws any more than our brethren who are now piteous but triumphant victims. "And when He had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held: And they cried with a loud voice, saying, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a **little** season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." (Rev. 6:9-11)

Brother Wurmbrand was taken from his wife and young son and cast into prison. He has seen and experienced unbelievable torture that only Satan could think up for man to inflict on man. He has witnessed Christians with 50-lb. chains on their feet, **praying for America**. He has also witnessed, since his release, Americans with gold at their feet **NOT** praying for their fellow Christians behind the Iron Curtain! Our carelessness and apathy cause further torture for this man and his suffering brethren who have already suffered so much.

We American Christians sing a few hymns on Sunday
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and are so silent the rest of the week. Can we see ourselves, as young people, and as adults, walking from one village to the next and in between singing hymns of faith and praise, knowing that if we are heard we will be arrested and put in prison, tortured, and our families even made to suffer on account of our singing a hymn? Young believers are experiencing this behind the Iron Curtain, under Communism.

When young people in Communist lands sing "Onward, Christians Soldiers, marching as to war," they know what it means. They are in real battle. Richard Wurmbrand says that most of us in America need to sing rather, "Onward Lukewarms, marching as to nothing." Or "Onward Christian Lukewarms, marching as to lunch"! We don't know what it means to be hated for belief in Christ. We have freedom from this bodily persecution, but we don't appreciate it. We are lulled to sleep.

When we have so little concern for our tortured fellow Christians, but instead complain and grumble over little inconveniences and **fight and fuss with one another** while our brethren suffer and **LOVE**, what do you think God thinks? He sees all. How displeased He must be! I fear the Church in America has some terrible days ahead for her. But God will use it to His glory. They can be wonderful days in their terror. The Church needs purifying. And God has often used persecution for this purpose. The result can be the same as in Communist lands. There are no lukewarm Christians there. They are "hot," zealous, spiritual and rejoicing.

Richard Wurmbrand says that in prisons denominational lines cease! Non-essentials are dropped. Christ is found to be the One Who unites and not divides Christians. I suppose the persecution does the dividing of the sheep from the goats and what is left is mainly the sheep, even though they are from mixed denominations. They literally forget denominational creeds. They are so drugged and tortured that they even forget the Bible. But they have **CHRIST HIMSELF** and His love. They become **living** translations

of the Bible. And Communists have been converted by watching these "living Bibles," even though the written Word is not known or heard.

America is swimming in Bibles and different Bible translations, while Communist lands have a famine for God's Word. When we heard Richard Wurmbrand speak that night in January, he almost scorned the idea of us having so many different translations. He said that they all say "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." He said that we haven't learned to do **that** yet. What we need is not more Bible translations but the Bible translated by our **lives**! He said that the real Bible is the Bible translated by you, translated into our daily lives. Richard Wurmbrand brought out these needed and refreshing thoughts. He said that Abraham did not have the Bible, and yet his life when written about filled several pages in the Bible. The early Christians did not have the Bible we have, yet their lives recorded **make** our Bible. The Christians behind the Iron Curtain have few Bibles, yet they **are** Bibles! The **REAL** Bible, Richard Wurmbrand emphasized, is the one **translated** into our **lives**. Like the Communist prisoner who was asking the Christian prisoner, "What does this Christ look like? You've never seen Him." And the Christian, for lack of a better description and yet not in presumption, said, "He looks like **me**!" And the Communist prisoner, who had seen the Christian prisoner tortured and yet show love to the torturer, said, "If Christ looks like **you**, then I LOVE Him!" Praise God! **What a witness!**

We wish each of you could have been with us when we met Richard Wurmbrand and his wife. His son is also with them but he stayed in California, taking care of the office work there. At the beginning of the meeting we attended, they asked Sister Wurmbrand to stand. As I turned around to see her, I could not keep the tears from coming to my eyes. Here was a faithful wife, a faithful

Christian who had suffered under three years of hard labor as a prisoner. She has had to eat grass in the fields to exist. In the deep cold of winter she has been thrown over and over into the icy waters of the Danube by the Communist guards. Then they would fish her out like a toy. What shining examples she and her husband are to us.

Richard Wurmbrand is now engaged in a work which secretly gets Bibles to Christians behind the Iron Curtain and which gives material aid to the starving families of Christians who have been imprisoned. (Two ladies who helped the Wurmbrands' young son when his parents were imprisoned, were beaten by the Communists and even today are crippled for their trouble. So it is dangerous to help a family whose Christian parents are imprisoned.) There is so much to do, so many to help, and the risk is great. But we should do all we can to help our suffering members of Christ's body. First, we should pray for them. And then we should help them physically and materially. Don't you think this is the least we can do?

Any help you can give send to:

Richard Wurmbrand, Box 11, Glendale, Calif. 91209

Pray for the suffering Body of Christ. Pray for America. "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

LET THIS NOT DESCRIBE US!

"And they come to you as the people come, and they sit before you as My people, and they hear your words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goes after their covetousness.

"And, lo, you are unto them as a very lovely song of one that has a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear your words, but they do them not.

—Ezekiel 33:31, 32

Send for extra copies of this Special Issue. Make the message known!



RICHARD WURMBRAND TODAY

Documentation About Richard Wurmbrand

Alone one day in a filthy, rat infested cell, only inches from madness and death, this brutally tortured man gazed toward Heaven and pleaded through bruised lips for God to speak to him. And God did speak . . . not words, but the anguished, piercing screams of the forsaken Christ on the Cross. Indeed, it was the outpouring of the abandoned, tormented Body of Christ that he heard—in its Twentieth Century tribulation and heroic struggle behind the Iron Curtain.

Today, the man who heard that scream in response to his plea has been miraculously delivered from his cell and is in the Free World. This . . . is only . . . part of his message to the West, a message which will without question shake the Free World and its lukewarm churches to their very foundations once it becomes entirely known.

The doctrinal insights alone, which came directly to him [a converted atheist] from God's own lips, are in themselves a wonder . . .

As one might expect, his long years of brutal imprisonment for
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"the crime of being a Christian" have taken their devastating toll. For a short time the joy of freedom and his being "filled with the Spirit" endowed him with an amazing strength and vitality. Already though the endless tortures and massive doses of drugs used in attempts at brainwashing are heralding a second assault on his battered body and mind. Enthralled audiences who have heard him speak throughout the Free World over the past months will soon have only the legacy of his superb writings.

Richard Wurmbrand is a Lutheran minister who was recently released from 14 years of Communist imprisonment and torture in his homeland of Rumania. He is one of Rumania's most widely known Christian leaders, authors and educators. He taught Old Testament history in the Baptist Seminary in Bucharest and is a prolific author.

In 1945, when the Communists seized Rumania and attempted to control the churches for their purposes, Richard Wurmbrand immediately began an effective, vigorous "underground" ministry to his enslaved people and the invading Russian soldiers. Thousands heard him deliver the Gospel across Rumania in barns, attics, basements and in hayfields late at night. To stay ahead of the secret police, he was known by different names in different villages. Others who heard this man who kept Christian faith alive in those dark days referred to him as "the man who speaks of God." Because he suddenly appeared in a village to minister and then disappeared, to turn up later in another village, many called him "the Gospel phantom."

He ministered to large numbers of Russian soldiers by boarding passenger trains they rode and used the long journeys to give them the Word of God. Through Russian army converts, he went into Russian army camps posing as a laborer and in the barracks preached the Word of God to Russian soldiers while Christian soldiers performed "look-out" duty.

He led the "Underground Church" for many years in such work. He printed thousands of Gospels on secret presses. On the cover appeared a picture of Karl Marx. The book was titled: "Religion, The Opiate of the People." The first 10 pages were anti-God quotes from Communist leaders. Page 11 stated all they had just read was foolish and wrong . . . "and now here is the truth." The rest of the book was the Word of God. Communist censors approved these books at a quick glance. They were passed out at Communist rallies. By the time their true message was discovered, Wurmbrand and his workers of the Underground Church were gone.

He became so effective he eventually was arrested in 1948 along with his wife, Sabina. His wife was a slave-laborer for 3 years. . . .

During the first 8 years from 1948-1956 he suffered indescribable

torture. Yet, the Communist could not break his spirit. . . .

After 8 years he was released and promptly resumed his work with the Underground Church. Two years later, in 1959, he was re-arrested and sentenced to 25 years in prison. He survived 2½ years in a basement "dying room" for fatally ill prisoners. Until then, no one had survived more than 2 weeks there. Even in the dying room, he was not exempt from the tortures exacted upon him to tell the names of members of the Underground Church. . . .

He was released in a general amnesty in 1964 and again continued his underground ministry. In great danger of the third imprisonment, Christians in Norway negotiated with the Communist authorities for his release from Rumania. The Communist government had begun "selling" their political prisoners. The "going price" for a prisoner was \$2,000. His price was \$7,000. It has since been reported that the Communist official who approved his "sale" was shot for letting him go.

In May 1966, he testified in Washington before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and stripped to the waist to show 18 deep torture wounds covering his body. His story was carried across the world in newspapers in the U. S., Europe and Asia. He was warned in September, 1966 that a decision had been made by the Communist regime of Rumania to assassinate him. Yet, he is not silent in the face of these death threats. He has been called "the voice of the Underground Church." Christian leaders have called him "a living martyr" and "the Iron Curtain Paul."

—Reprinted by permission from *Tortured For Christ*.
Available at \$1.25 from Diane Books, P. O. Box 488, Glendale, Calif.

Why I Write

**RICHARD WURMBRAND, A RUMANIAN JEW, A CONVERTED
ATHEIST, A LIVING MARTYR FOR CHRIST'S SAKE**

"I bring to every free Christian a message from the Underground Church behind the Iron Curtain.

"The Underground Church, which I led for many years, decided that I should make every attempt to come to the free world and deliver an urgent message to you. By a miracle, the enormity of which you are about to read [excerpts in this issue.—Ed.], I did survive and did reach the free world. In this book I give the message which I have been charged with by the faithful, suffering Underground Church in Communist lands."

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Why I Left Communist Rumania

Because of the renewed work of the Underground Church, I was in very great danger of still another arrest. At this time, two Christian organizations—the Norwegian Mission to the Jews and the Hebrew Christian Alliance—paid a ransom of \$7,000 for me. I could now leave Rumania.

I would not have left—in spite of the dangers—if the leaders of the Underground Church had not commanded me to use this opportunity and to leave the country, to be the “voice” of the Underground Church to the Free World. They wished me to speak to you of the Western world in their name, about their sufferings and their needs. I came to the West, but my heart remained with them. If I had not understood the great necessity for you to hear of the sufferings and the courageous work of the Underground Church, I would never have left Rumania. This is my mission.

. . . In December, 1965, my family and I could leave Rumania.

My last deed before leaving Rumania, was to go to the grave of the colonel who had given the order of my arrest and who had ordered my years of torture. I put a flower on his grave. By doing this, I dedicated myself to bringing the joys of Christ that I have to the Communists who are so empty spiritually.

I hate the Communism, but I love the men.

I came to your land. I bring to you an urgent message from the faithful, suffering Underground Church, which is oppressed and persecuted and which is in great need of your prayers and practical help.

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Short “Quotes” by Wurmbrand—

This . . . is written not so much with ink, but with the blood of bleeding hearts.

•

I have heard one torturer even say, “I thank God, in whom I don’t believe, that I have lived to this hour when I can express all the evil in my heart.” He expressed it in unbelievable brutality and torture.

•

A man really believes not what he recites in his creed, but only the things which he is ready to die for. The Christians of the Underground Church have proven that they are ready to die for their faith. I continue now with a work which can mean for me a re-imprisonment in a Communist country, new tortures and death, because I lead a secret mission behind the Iron Curtain, taking upon myself all the risks. I believe the things I write.

Excerpts from "Tortured For Christ," by R. Wurmbrand:

Russians—A People With "Thirsty" Souls

(Experiences Before Imprisonment)

THE RUSSIAN OFFICER

... A Russian officer came to me. He loved God, he longed after God, but he had never seen a Bible. He never attended religious services, (churches in Russia are very scarce). He had no religious education. He loved God without the slightest knowledge of God.

I began to read to him the Sermon on the Mount and the parables of Jesus. After hearing them, he danced around the room in rapturous joy proclaiming: "What a wonderful beauty! How could I live without knowing this Christ!" It was the first time that I saw somebody so rapturously joyful in Christ.

Then I committed a mistake. I read to him the passion and crucifixion of Christ, without having prepared him for this. He had not expected it, and, when he heard how Christ had been beaten, how He had been crucified and that in the end He died, he fell in an armchair and began to weep bitterly. He had believed in a Savior and now his Savior was dead!

I looked at him and I was ashamed that I had called myself a Christian and a pastor, a teacher of others. I had never shared the sufferings of Christ as this Russian officer now shared them. Looking at him, it was for me as seeing again Mary Magdalene weeping at the foot of the cross, faithfully weeping even when Jesus was in the tomb.

Then I read to him from the story of resurrection. He had not known His Savior arose from the tomb. When he heard this wonderful news . . . again he rejoiced. He shouted for joy: "**He is alive! He is alive!**" And again he danced around the room, overwhelmed with happiness!

I said to him, "Let us pray!" He did not know prayers. He did not know our holy phrases. He fell on his knees together with me and his words of prayer were: "O God, what a fine chap you are! If I were You and You were Me,

I would never have forgiven You your sins. But You are really a very nice chap! I love you from all my heart."

I think that all the angels in heaven stopped what they were doing to listen to this sublime prayer from a Russian officer.

THE YOUNG PAINTER

I met a young painter from outer Siberia on a train journey and told him about Christ as we traveled.

"Now I understand," he said. "Before we met I only knew what they taught us in school—that religion's an imperialist tool. But I used to walk in an old cemetery near my home, and one day I came across a small, abandoned house among the graves." . . .

"On the wall there was a painting of a man nailed to a cross. It was a good work. At first I thought, 'He must have been a criminal, why did his picture have the place of honor—as if he were Marx or Lenin? I decided they must have thought him a criminal at the time, then later discovered he was innocent and so put up his picture in remorse."

I told the painter he was halfway to the truth, and by the time we reached our destination, he knew all that I could tell him about Jesus. As we parted, he said, "I intended to steal something tonight. Everyone does, after all. Now how can I? I believe in Christ."

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PREACHING IN RUSSIAN ARMY BARRACKS

[Before Imprisonment.] We worked among the Russians not only by individual witnessing. We had the possibility to work in small group meetings as well.

The Russians were very fond of watches. They stole watches from everybody. They stopped men on the street and everybody had to hand it over. You could see Russians with several watches on every arm. You could see Russian women officers with an alarm clock hanging around their neck. They had never had watches before and could never

get enough of them. The Rumanians who wished to have a watch had to go to the barracks of the Soviet army to buy a stolen one, often buying back **their own watch**. So it was common for Rumanians to enter into the Russian barracks. We of the Underground Church had a good pretext—that of buying watches—to go into them, too.

I chose for my first attempt to preach in a Russian barrack an Orthodox feast, the day of St. Paul and Peter. I went onto the military base pretending to buy a watch. I pretended that one was too expensive; another was too small; another too big. Several soldiers crowded around me, everyone offering me something to buy, and, joking I asked them: "Is any of you named Paul or Peter?" Some were. Then I said: "Do you know that today is the day when your Orthodox church honors St. Paul and Peter?" (Some of the older Russians knew it). So I said: "Do you know who Paul and Peter have been?" Nobody knew. I began to tell them about Paul and Peter. One of the older Russian soldiers interrupted me and said: "You have not come to buy watches. You have come to tell us about the faith. Sit down here with us and speak to us! But be very careful! We know about whom to beware. Those around me are all good men. When I will put my hand on your knee, you must talk only about watches. When I will remove my hand, you may begin your message again." Quite a great crowd of Russians was around me in the barracks and I told them about Paul and Peter, about the Christ for whom Paul and Peter died. From time to time, somebody would come near in whom they had no confidence. The soldier put his hand on my knee and I immediately began to talk about the watches. When that man went away, I continued preaching again about Christ. This visit was repeated many, many times with the help of Russian Christian soldiers. Many of their comrades found Christ. Thousands of Gospels were given out secretly. Many of our brothers and sisters of the Underground Church were caught and heavily beaten for this, but they didn't betray our organization.

—Reprinted by permission from *Tortured For Christ*.

Typical Torture of Christians

► **THE FAITHFUL YOUTH AND HIS FATHER**

A pastor by the name of Florescu was tortured with red hot iron pokers and with knives. He had been beaten very badly. Then he was put in a cell. Starving rats were driven into his cell through a large pipe. He could not sleep, but had to defend himself all the time. If he rested a moment or closed his eyes, the rats would attack him.

He was forced to stand for two weeks, day and night. The Communists wished to compel him to betray his brethren, but he resisted steadfastly. In the end, they brought his son of the age of 14 and began to whip the son in front of the father, saying that they will continue to beat the child until the pastor says what they wished him to say. The poor man was half mad. He bore it as much as he could. When he could not stand it any more, he cried to his son: "Alexander, I must say what they want! I can't bear any more your beating!" The son answered: "Father, don't do to me the injustice to have a traitor as parent. Withstand! If they kill me, I will die with the words 'Jesus and my fatherland.'" The Communists, enraged, fell upon the child and beat him to death, with blood spattered over the walls of the cell. He died praising God. Our dear brother Florescu was never the same after seeing this.

► Christians were hung upside down on ropes and beaten so severely that their bodies swung back and forth under the blows.

► Christians were put in ice-box "refrigerator cells" which were so cold, frost and ice covered the inside. I myself was thrown into one with but very little clothing on. Prison doctors would watch through an opening until they saw symptoms of freezing to death, then they would give a warning and guards would rush in to take us out and make us warm. When we were finally warmed, we would immediately be put back in the ice-box cells to freeze over and

over again! Thawing out, then freezing to within just one minute or two of death, then being thawed out again. It continued endlessly. Even today sometimes I can't bear to open a refrigerator.

What Communists have done to Christians, surpasses **any possibility of human understanding.**

I have seen Communists torturing Christians and the faces of the torturers **shone** with rapturous joy. They cried out while torturing the Christians, "We are the devil."

► I have testified before the Internal Security Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate. There, I have described awful things, such as Christians tied to crosses for four days and nights. The crosses were put on the floor and **hundreds** of prisoners had to fulfil their bodily necessities over the faces and bodies of the crucified ones. Then the crosses were erected again and the Communists jeered and mocked: "Look at your Christ! How beautiful he is! What beautiful odors he brings from Heaven!"

► **THE YOUNG BRIDE (Oh American Youth, READ!)**

One of our workers was a young girl of the Underground Church. The Communist police had discovered that she secretly spread Gospels and taught children about Christ. They decided to arrest her. But to make the arrest **more agonizing** and as painful as they could, they decided to delay her arrest a few weeks, until the very day she was to be married. On her wedding day the girl was dressed as a bride. **The most wonderful, joyous day in a girl's life.** Suddenly, the door was pushed open and the secret police rushed in.

When the bride saw the secret police, she held out her arms toward them to be handcuffed. They roughly put the manacles on her wrists. She looked toward her beloved, then kissed the chains and said, "I thank my heavenly Bridegroom for this the jewel He has presented to me on my marriage day. I thank Him that I am worthy to suffer for Him." She was dragged off with weeping Christians and a weeping bridegroom left behind. They knew what

happens to young Christian girls in the hands of Communist guards. After five years she was released—a destroyed, broken woman, looking 30 years older. Her bridegroom had waited for her. . . . Such beautiful Christians are in the Underground Church.

A Few of Wurmbrand's Tortures

► . . . So, at last my tortures began, tortures common to all Secret Police prisons: a dreary round of indignities and pain. First I stood for hours, long after my arms had lost all feeling and my swollen legs had begun to tremble. Then I was allowed to collapse on the floor, given a crust and a sip of water, and made to stand again. One guard relieved another. Sometimes two or three would share the sport of forcing me to adopt ridiculous or obscene postures and this went on, with short breaks, for days and nights. Always there was the wall to look at, only the wall.

To make time pass, I thought of the many walls referred to in the Bible, recalling a verse from Isaiah which saddened me: God says Israel's wrongdoings put a wall between Him and the people. . . . Then I remembered a phrase "With my Lord, I jump over the wall." I, too, might vault this wall into the spiritual world of fellowship with God. I thought of the Jewish spies who returned from Canaan to report that the cities were great and walled—but even as the walls of Jericho came down, so the wall before me must also fall at the will of God. When pain was overwhelming me, I silently recited a phrase from the Song of Songs: "My beloved is like a row or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall." I imagined that Jesus stood behind my wall, giving me strength. I remembered that as long as Moses held up his hands on the mountains, the chosen people went forward to victory; perhaps our sufferings were helping the people of God to win their battle, too.

From time to time, Major Brinzaru looked in to ask whether I was willing to cooperate. Once, when I had

slumped to the floor, he said, "Get up. We've decided to let you see Westminster Abbey, after all. You start now."

"Walk," ordered the guard. I tried to pull my shoes on, but my feet were too swollen. "Come on. Hurry. Keep going around. I'll be watching from outside."

The cell was twelve paces around: four steps—one wall; two steps—the next; then two; then four. I shuffled around it in torn socks. The spy hole clicked. "Faster," shouted the guard. My head began to spin. "Faster—or do you want a beating?" I bumped painfully into a wall. My eyes stung with sweat. Round and round, round and round. Click! "Halt, turn about. Walk." Round and round in the opposite direction. "Faster." I tumbled, and picked myself up. "Keep moving." When I fell at last, the guard came in and cracked me across the elbow with a club as I struggled up. The pain was so agonizing that I fell again. "Get up. Get moving. This isn't a rest cure. This is the 'manege.'"

Nearly everyone had to go through the 'manege,' or training ring, as it was ironically called. Hours went by before you got a cup of water or anything to eat. The thirst drove out hunger. It was even fiercer in its way than the stabbing of hot knives that ran up your legs from feet that felt like pincushions. Worst of all was having to start walking again after being allowed a few minutes' rest, or a few hours at night in a stupor on the floor. Stiff joints, cracked muscles, lacerated feet would not support the body's weight. So you clung to the walls while guards shouted orders. When you could no longer stay on your feet, you went around on all fours.

I do not know how many days and nights I spent in the 'manege.' As I moved, I began to pray for the guard. I thought again of the Song of Songs that tells us of the holy dance of the Bride of Christ in honor of her Bridegroom. I said to myself, "I will move with as much grace as if this were a dance of divine love for Jesus." For a while it seemed to me that I did. If a man wills to do everything that he has to do, then he does only the things that he

wills—and the hardest trials, being voluntary, become easier. And, as I circled the cell, it seemed as if everything revolved around me. I could no longer distinguish one wall from another, or a wall from the door, just as in divine love one does not distinguish between good and evil men and can embrace everyone.

► The Communists, relying on the supremacy of the instinct of self-preservation, thought a man would do anything to avoid extinction. They were mistaken. Christians who believed what they professed in church knew that to die was not the end of life but its fulfillment; not oblivion, but the promise of eternity.

... I remembered the perceptive commentary that Savon-
arola had written on the 51st Psalm, in prison, with his bones so badly broken that he could sign the self-accusatory document only with his left hand. He said there were two kinds of Christians: those who sincerely believe in God and those who, just as sincerely, **believe** that they believe. You can tell them apart only in moments of crisis, and then by their actions. Did I believe in God? Now the test had come. I was alone. There was no salary to earn, no opinions to consider. God offered me only suffering—would I continue to love Him?

► I was taken to a nearby cell. A hood was pulled over my head and I was forced to squat with my arms around my knees. A metal bar was thrust between elbows and knees and set between trestles, so that I swung head down, feet in the air. They held my head while someone flogged the bare soles of my feet. Each blow sent an explosion of agony through my whole body. Some fell on my thighs and the base of my spine. Several times I fainted, only to be revived by buckets of icy water. After each drenching a voice would say that if I gave just one of the names they wanted, names of secret enemies of the state, the torture would stop. When at last they took me down from the spit, I had to be carried to my cell, my feet a mass of dark red pulp....

► On every journey to this room I wore the black goggles intended to prevent me from learning the prison layout. Sometimes they were not removed until my return to my cell to increase the terror of the beating. When you see a blow coming, you tense yourself to receive it. But blinded, not knowing when or where it will fall, you shrink into yourself in fear. Usually four or five men used boots and clubs on me at once, while I rolled in torment on the floor. With the blindfold off, I saw Brinzaru hand over to a guard what he called "my latest acquisition from your American friends," a nylon whip. It came whistling through the air, lacerating the flesh. Three strokes and I lost consciousness. Once a knife was held to my throat. "Talk," said Brinzaru. "Talk, or you'll die." The two men holding me down tightened their grip. I saw the blade rise and fall several times and fainted. I awoke with my chest covered with blood.

► Even worse than physical torture itself was the waiting. You lay there listening to the screams and weeping of others. You sweated in panic as the endless minutes ticked away. But God helped me never to say a word that harmed another. . . . Most of us survived because every prisoner was considered a source of further information, no matter how long he was kept. A doctor was always present at torture sessions to make sure that the victim was not about to escape into the next world while the Secret Police still had need of him. It was an image of hell, in which the torment is eternal and you cannot die.

It was hard, in pain, to remember the Bible. Still, I always tried to bear in mind that Jesus could have come to earth as a king, but chose instead to be condemned as a criminal and whipped. A Roman whipping was, by tradition, horrible and with every blow I thought that He had also known such pain, and there was joy in sharing it with Him.

► One morning, when a neighbor tapped [in prison Morse code] that it was Good Friday, I found a nail in the lavatory and wrote JESUS on my cell wall, hoping it might comfort

those who came after me. The guard was angry. "You're for the carcer," he said.

I was taken down the corridor to a cupboard built into a wall, just high enough to stand in and 20 inches square, with a few small airholes and one through which food could be pushed. The guard shoved me in and closed the door. Sharp points stung my back. I jerked forward, to be pierced again in the chest by a second set of spikes. Panic surged through me, but I forced myself to stand absolutely still. Then, moving cautiously in the dark, I felt the sides of the cupboard—all were studded with steel projections. Only by standing rigidly could I avoid impalement. This was the carcer.

Soon my legs began to ache. By the end of an hour every muscle seemed to hurt. My feet, still sore from the manege, were swelling. When I collapsed, lacerating myself on the spikes, they let me out for a brief rest, then put me back. I tried to concentrate on Christ's sufferings, but my own were too obsessive. . . .

I spent two days in the carcer. Some of my friends were "incarcerated" for a week or more, but the doctor warned that my condition had become dangerous. Already I was inhabiting the borderland between the living and the dead.

► One morning, when our latrines were blocked, they took me to the toilet used by the guards. A mirror hung above the washbasin, and from it the eyes of a madman stared at me, bloodshot, and burning with fear and suspicion. After nearly two years, I did not know myself. . . .

I gazed in horror at that terrible old man, and then laughter shook me in helpless gusts. So this was what was left of the handsome young preacher, loved and admired by all. If only my congregation could see me now. I understood, as though for the first time, that what is really fine in us is hidden, and reminded myself that my end would be uglier still—a grisly skeleton, an empty skull—and, remembering this, my faith and desire to keep the spiritual life were strengthened.

► Poarta-Alba was run by the notorious Colonel Albon. To survive, Sabina (Wurmbrand's wife) ate grass like an animal. Rats, snakes, dogs, everything was eaten. . . . Sabina was tiny and fragile, so a favorite joke among the guards was to toss her into the freezing Danube and fish her out again.

► TORTURE AND BRAINWASHING

. . . The next morning I was again warned. For 6 days the suspense was maintained. Then I was led up the passage. The blows burned like fire. When it was over, Lieutenant Konya, who supervised, shouted, "Give him some more." Then I was slow in getting to my feet. "Ten more," said Konya. I was half carried back to the cell, where the loudspeakers were blaring: "Christianity is stupid. Christianity is stupid. Christianity is stupid. Why not give it up? Why not give it up? Why not give it up? Christianity is stupid. Christianity is stupid. Christianity is stupid. Why not give it up?" This was their latest message [blaring 17 hours a day].

One evening Lieutenant Konya entered and told me to get my things together. As he led me out between guards he said over his shoulder that I had not responded to treatment and so a spell in the Special Bloc might do me good. The prison was rife with rumors about this section, and those who returned from a stay there were few. You died, or you succumbed to brainwashing so intense that you were transferred to another part of the building to join the indoctrination staff and learn to brainwash others.

We crossed the yard, turned a corner or two and stopped while one of a row of doors was opened and then double-locked behind me.

I was alone in a cell walled in white tiles. The ceiling reflected fierce white light from concealed lamps. It was midsummer, but the steam heating, which worked nowhere else in Gherla, was on full. Sweat poured down my body. Konya had left me in handcuffs, so that I could lie only on my back or side. After a few hours, I was blinded with

sweat and the intense light and half-maddened. The spy hole clicked open. A snicker from the guard outside: "Something gone wrong with the heating?" A dull ache gnawed at my stomach. There had been an unusual flavor in the food lately, but I was so hardened to not thinking of what I was eating that I had ignored it. Now I wondered if it was drugged again. The loudspeakers had a new message: "Nobody believes in Christ now. Nobody believes in Christ now." "No one goes to church." "Give it up." "No body believes in Christ now." . . .

All our values and conceptions were assailed by those who yesterday had been their champions. Attacks on religion were often based on the teaching of modern theologians who deny the Scriptures: propagandists of the theories that culminated in the Western "God is dead" school of thought. "Study your own thinkers," we were told. "They have proved there is no objective truth in Christianity." However they began, the brainwashed lecturers always round up with an appeal first to the id—and their talk of sex was far cruder than that of the official speakers—then to the ego, with visions of freedom, money and a job with status. . . .

Alexandrescu raked our scarecrow ranks with scornful eyes. "Some of you," he went on, "are seeing sense at last. Others still have some way to go, however, and I will address myself to them. You fools, you have rotted in prison for 10 or 15 years, waiting for the Americans to come and free you. I have news for you. The Americans are coming, but not to release you. They are coming to do business with us."

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"Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwellingplace; And labor, working with our own hands: being reviled, we BLESS; being persecuted, we suffer it: Being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." (1 Cor. 11,12,13) And this describes the Underground Church.

Why? Why?

Nearly every family had somebody in prison and the poverty was great. Men asked: "How is it that a God of love permits the triumph of evil?"

Neither would it have been very easy for the first apostles to preach Christ . . . when Jesus died on the cross pronouncing the words: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" . . .

The Christian faith has an answer to such questions.

Jesus has told us about poor Lazarus, oppressed at that time as we were oppressed—dying, hungry his wounds being licked by dogs—but that in the end, angels took him in the bosom of Abraham.

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Short "Quotes" by Wurmbrand—

A Christian was sentenced to death. Before being executed, he was allowed to see his wife. His last words to his wife were: "You must know that I die loving those who kill me. They don't know what they do and my last request of you is to love them, too. Don't have bitterness in your heart because they kill your beloved one. We will meet in heaven." These words impressed the officer of the secret police who attended the discussion between the two and afterwards he told me the story in prison, where he had been put for becoming a Christian.

It is not an unusual sight in Russia to see local officials stand in front of churches watching for children. Those who are found to go to church are slapped and thrown out. The future destroyers of Western Christianity are carefully and systematically brought up!

The martyrs must be helped. We must see that their families survive. . . . The Underground Church behind the Iron Curtain is full of love and zeal. In Russia there are no lukewarm Christians. Either you are a whole-hearted Christian or you are not a Christian at all, because it costs much to be a disciple of Jesus. . . . They have the spiritual fitness for the high task which they have taken upon themselves.

I tremble because of the sufferings of those persecuted in the Communist camp. I tremble thinking about the eternal destiny of their torturers. I tremble for American Christians who don't help their persecuted brethren.

The Living Christ in Prison

● . . . Helping me back into my clothes, Popp said, He (God) wouldn't find much to laugh at here—but where is God, Pastor, and why does He not help us?"

"Christ is with us in prison in many ways," I answered. He "can be seen in our Christian doctors, who are beaten and bullied but go on helping us. Some official doctors in Vacaresti have also smuggled in drugs and earned themselves ten years in jail.

"And, Christ is here in the pastors who work to ease others' burdens, and in all Christians who give food, clothes and help to men worse off than themselves. He is with us, too, in those who teach about God, and also in the storytellers. And you have Him with you not only in the person of those who serve you, but in the shape of those whom you can serve.

"Jesus tells us that, at the Last Judgment, God will separate the good from the bad, on His right hand and on His left. Jesus will say to those on the right, 'Come, enter and possess the kingdom that has been ready for you since the world was made. For I was hungry and you gave Me meat; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you clothed Me; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me.' The good will ask, 'Lord, when did we do all this?' And Christ will reply, 'Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of My brethren, you have done it for Me.'"

● THE YOUTH SAID CHRIST WAS A LEGEND

Gafencu had been jailed when he was nineteen. His youth had gone by without his ever knowing a girl. . . . He told me one day, "My father was deported from Bessarabia by the Russians. We never had enough to eat. I was beaten in school, then jailed for running away and joining the Iron Guard. I'd never met a single good, truthful, loving person. I said to myself, 'It's just a legend about Christ. There isn't anyone in the world like that today and I don't believe there ever was.' But when I'd been in prison a few months,

I had to admit I'd been wrong. I met sick men who gave away their last crust. . . ."

Stronger patients from outside had to take over the washing for those of us who could not help ourselves, scrubbing shirts, underwear, pillow cases, sometimes 20 sheets a day [at a prison "hospital"] although they had to break ice in the yard to reach the freezing water. My own things were always stiff with pus and blood, but when I tried to stop a friend from washing them, he was angry. He, too, was a former Iron Guard who now considered it a Christian duty to help others.

● "THERE'S ALWAYS REASON TO REJOICE"

. . . Suroianu had more reason to mourn than any of us. Tragedy had struck his entire family. . . . Suroianu, a simple, self-educated man, spent his day encouraging and cheering others. He never greeted people with "Good morning," but always with the Biblical "Rejoice!" He told me, "The day you can't smile, don't open your shop. It takes 17 muscles of the face to smile, but 43 to frown.

"You've had so much misfortune—how can you possibly rejoice?"

"Why, it's a grave sin not to do so," he told me. "There's always good reason to rejoice. There is a God in Heaven and in the heart. I had a piece of bread this morning. It was delicious. Look, now the sun is shining. And so many here love me. Every day you do not rejoice is a day lost, my son. You will never have that day again."

● SHORT-LIVED FREEDOM

It was a court order declaring that under the amnesty of June 12, 1956, I was free. [A short time later, Wurmbrand was arrested again to spend more years in prison, not to be released until 1964.—G. B.]

I stared at it stupidly and said, "But I've only done eight and a half years and my sentence is for twenty."

"You're to leave at once. This comes from the highest court."

"I've got nearly twelve years yet to serve."

"Don't argue. Get out."

"But look at me." My ragged shirt was gray with dirt. My trousers a map of colored patches tacked together. My boots might have been stolen from Charlie Chaplin. "I'll be arrested by the first policeman in sight."

"We've no clothes here for you. Get going."

The clerk turned back into the prison. The gate c'anged and its bolt was driven home. Outside the prison walls there was not a soul to be seen; I was alone at last, in an empty, summery world. The warm June day was so quiet that I could hear insects buzzing about on their business. A long, white road stretched away under trees of an amazing deep green. . . . How still it was.

I called out, so that the guards could hear behind their walls, **"God, help me not to rejoice more because I'm free than because You were with me in prison!"**

[Upon Richard Wurbrand's arrival home after this first release, his son Mihai said]—

"Father, you've gone through so much I want to know what you've learned from all your sufferings."

I put my arms around him and said, "Mihai, I've nearly forgotten my Bible in all this time. But four things were always in my mind. First, that there is a God. Second, Christ is our Savior. Third, there is eternal life. And finally, love is the best of ways."

My son said, "That was all I wanted."

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MORE EVIDENCES OF CHRIST IN PRISON

⑥ One of the really great heroes of the faith was pastor Milan Haimovici. The prisons were overcrowded and the guards did not know us by name. They called out for those who had been sentenced to get twenty-five lashes with a whip for having broken some prison rule. Innumerable times, Pastor Milan Haimovici went to get the beating in the place of somebody else. By this he won the respect of other prisoners not only for himself, but also for Christ whom he represented.

If I would continue to tell all the horrors of Communists and all the self sacrifices of Christians, I would never finish. Not only the tortures were known. The heroic deeds were known, too. The heroic examples of those in prison greatly inspired the brethren who were still free.

● We made a deal—we preached and they beat. It was strictly forbidden to preach to other prisoners. It was understood that whoever was caught doing this received a severe beating. A number of us decided to pay the price for the privilege of preaching, so we accepted their terms. It was a deal; **we preached and they beat us**. We were happy preaching. They were happy beating us, so everyone was happy.

The following scene happened more times than I can remember: A brother was preaching to the other prisoners when the guards suddenly burst in surprising him half-way through a phrase. They hauled him down the corridor to the "beating room." After what seemed an endless beating, they brought him back and threw him—bloody and beaten—into the prison floor. Slowly, he picked his battered body up, painfully straightened his clothing and said, "Now, brethren, where did I leave off when I was interrupted?" **He continued his Gospel message!** I have seen beautiful things!

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY." (Heb. 11:37, 38a)

● One great lesson arose from all the beatings, torturings and butchery of the Communists: **that the spirit is master of the body**. Often, when tortured, we felt the torturing, but it seemed distant and far removed from the spirit which was lost in the glory of Christ and His presence with us.

● I have seen Christians in Communist prisons with 50 lbs. of chains on their feet, tortured with red-hot iron

pokers, in the throats of whom spoonfuls of salt had been forced, being kept afterwards without water, starving, whipped, suffering from cold, and **praying with fervor for the Communists.** This is humanly inexplicable! It is the love of Christ which was shed into our hearts.

Afterwards, the Communists who had tortured us came to prison, too. Under Communism, Communists, and even Communist rulers, are put in prison almost as often as their adversaries. Now the tortured and the torturer were in the same cell. And while the non-Christians showed hatred toward their former inquisitors and beat them, Christians took their defense, even at the risk of being beaten themselves and accused of being accomplices with Communism. I have seen Christians giving away their last slice of bread (we had at that time one slice a week) and the medicine which could save their lives to a sick Communist torturer, who was now a fellow-prisoner.

○ WORD FROM THE LORD

In solitary confinement, we could not pray any more as before. We were unimaginably hungry; we had been doped until we became as idiots. We were as weak as skeletons. The Lord's Prayer was much too long for us. We could not concentrate enough to say it. My only prayer repeated again and again, was "Jesus, I love Thee."

And then, one glorious day I got the answer from Jesus: "You love Me? Now I will show you how I love you." At once, I felt a flame in my heart which burned like the coronal streamers of the sun. The disciples on the way from Emmaus said that their hearts burned when Jesus spoke with them. So it was with me. I knew the love of the One Who has given His life on the cross for us all. Such love cannot exclude Communists, however grave their sins.

● A minister was thrown into my cell. He was half dead. Blood streamed from his face and body. He had been horribly beaten. We washed him. Some prisoners cursed the Communists. Groaning, he said, "Please, don't curse them! Keep silent! I wish to pray for them."

● When I look back on the 14 years of prison, it was sometimes a very happy time. Other prisoners and even the guards very often wondered at how happy Christians could be under most terrible circumstances. We could not be prevented from singing, although we were beaten for this. I imagine that nightingales too would sing, even if they knew that after finishing the song they would be killed for it. Christians in prison danced for joy. . . .

● I had been a very dynamic type in my youth. But prison, and especially the years of solitary confinement, had transformed me into a meditative, contemplative man. All the storms in the heart had been stilled. I did not mind Communism. I did not even notice it. I was in the embraces of the heavenly Bridegroom. I prayed for those who tormented us and could love them with all my heart.

I had had very little hope of ever being released, but when from time to time it occurred to me to wonder what I would do in case I were released, I always considered that I would retire somewhere and continue the life of sweet union in the desert with the heavenly Bridegroom.

God is "The Truth." The Bible is the "truth about The Truth." Theology is the "truth about the truth about The Truth." Fundamentalism is the "truth about the truth about the truth about The Truth." And Christian people live in these many truths about the Truth, and, because of them, have not "The Truth." Hungry, beaten and doped, we had forgotten theology and the Bible. We had forgotten the "truths about The Truth" and there we lived in "The Truth." It is written, "The Son of man will come in the hour when you do not think and on a day you do not know." We could not think any more. In our darkest hours of tortures the Son of Man comes to us, making the prison walls shine like diamonds and filling the cells with light. Somewhere, far away, were the torturers below us in the sphere of the body. But the spirit rejoiced in the Lord. **We would not have given up this joy for that of kingly palaces.**

To fight against somebody or something? Nothing was

further from my mind than this. I did not wish to fight any wars, even just wars. I wished rather to build living temples to Christ. It was with the hope of quiet years of contemplation ahead that I left prison.

But, from the very day after my release, I was faced with aspects of Communism ugly as all the tortures of prison-times had not been.—

What I Found When I Was Released

... I heard confessions from children of Christian martyrs who had been obliged to give information about the families in which they had been received with kindness. Otherwise they were threatened with not being able to continue their studies. ...

Always there have been good and bad pastors and preachers. But now, for the first time in church history, the Central Committee of an avowed atheistic party, which has as its declared purpose the uprooting of religion, decides who leads the church. To lead it for what purpose? Surely, in order to help in the uprooting of religion.

Lenin wrote: "Every religious idea, every idea of God, even flirting with the idea of God, is unutterable vileness of the most dangerous kind, contagion of the most abominable kind. Millions of sins, filthy deeds, acts of violence and physical contagion are far less dangerous than the subtle, spiritual idea of a God."

The Communist parties of all the Soviet area are Leninist. To them religions is worse than cancer, tuberculosis or syphilis. ...

I saw the poisoning of children and youth with atheism, the official churches having not the slightest possibility of counteracting it. In no church in our capital of Bucharest can you find a youth meeting for children. The children of Christians were brought up in the school of hatred.

And then—seeing all this—I hated Communism as I had not hated it under their tortures.

I hated it not because of what it had done to me, but

because of the wrong it does to the glory of God, to the name of Christ and to the souls of one billion men. . . .

The whole life and thought of one-third of the world has been destroyed or falsified.

. . . Then I met the fighters of the Underground Church—my comrades of long ago—some of whom have remained uncaught and others who have taken up the fight again, after having been released from prison. They called on me to take up the fight with them. I attended their secret meetings at which they sang from hymnbooks written by hand. . . . I decided to do all Christians have to do: to follow the examples of Christ, apostle Paul and the great saints, to give up the thought of retiring and to take up the fight. What kind of fight would it be?

Christians in prison have always prayed for their enemies and have put a beautiful witness to them. The desire of our heart was that they should be saved, and we rejoiced as often as it happened.

. . . But I have met much unconcern in the West.

Who cares about Brother Kuzyck, sentenced because he committed the crime of distributing "poisonous" American publications such as the devotional booklets of Torey and Bible portions? Who knows about Brother Prokofiev, sentenced for having distributed written sermons? Who knows about the Hebrew Christian, Grunvald, sentenced for similar offenses in Russia and from whom the Communist took his little son for life? I know what I felt when I was taken away from my Mihai. And I suffer with Brother Grenvald, Ivanenko, Granny Shevchuk, Taisya Tkachenko, Ekatrina Vekazina, Georgi Vekazin, the couple Pilat in Latvia, and on and on—**names of saints and heroes of faith in the 20th century!** I bow to kiss their chains, as the first Christians everywhere kissed the chains of Christians when they were led to be thrown before the wild beasts.

Some Western church leaders don't care about them. . . .

A leader in the World Council of Churches kissed the bolshevik archbishop Nikodim when he gave this assurance

[that in Russia there exists full religious liberty]. Then they banqueted together in the imposing name of the World Council of Churches, while the saints in prison ate cabbage with unwashed intestines. . . .

Things could not remain like this. The Underground Church decided that I should leave the country, if the possibility were given, and inform you Christians about what is happening.

I have decided to denounce "Communism," though I love the "Communists." I don't find it to be right to preach the Gospel without denouncing Communism.

Some tell me "Preach the pure Gospel"! This reminds me that the Communist Secret Police also told me to preach Christ, but not to mention Communism [orders given when they allowed him to be ransomed to the Free World]. Is it really so that those who are for what is called "a pure Gospel" are inspired by the same spirit as those of the Communist secret police? I don't know what this so called pure Gospel is. Was the preaching of John the Baptist pure? He did not say only "Repent, because the Kingdom is heaven is near." He said also, "You, Herod, are bad." He was beheaded because he didn't confine himself to abstract teaching. Jesus did not preach only the "pure" sermon on the mount, but also what some actual church leaders would have called a negative sermon: "Woe unto you, hypocrite Pharisees, you are vipers!" It is for such "unpure" preaching that He was crucified. The Pharisees would not have bothered about the Sermon on the Mount.

Sin must be called by name. Communism is the most dangerous sin in the world today. Every Gospel which does not denounce it, is not the pure Gospel. The Underground Church denounces it, risking liberty and life. The less have we to be silent in the West. . . .

"I SEE WESTERN CIVILIZATION DYING"

I suffer in the West more than I suffered in Communist lands. My suffering consists first of all in the longing after

the unspeakable beauties of the Underground Church.

In the Communist camp, the Son of Man and those who are His have not where to lay their head. Christians there don't build houses for themselves. To what good? They will be confiscated at their first arrest. Just the fact that you have a new house can be a motive more to be imprisoned, the Communists wishing to have this house. There you don't bury your father, neither do you say farewell to your family before following Christ. Who is there your mother, your brother, your sister? You are, in this respect, like Jesus. Mother and brother are for you only those who fulfill the will of God. As for the natural ties, can they count any more when it is frequent occurrence that the bride denounces the bridegroom, children their parents, wives their husbands? It is more and more only the spiritual connection which remains.

The Underground Church is a poor and suffering church, but a consequent one. It has no lukewarm members.

A religious service in the Underground Church is like one 1900 years ago in the Early Church. The preacher knows no elaborate theology. He knows no homiletic, as Peter did not know it. Every professor of theology would have given Peter a bad mark on his sermon on the day of Pentecost. The Bible verses are not well known in Communist countries, because Bibles are rare. And besides, the preacher has most likely been in prison for years, without a Bible.

When they express their faith in a Father it means much because there is a drama behind this assertion. In prison they have daily asked this almighty Father for bread and have received instead cabbage with unwashed intestines, potato peels and even excrements to eat. Nevertheless they believe God to be the loving Father. They are like Job who said that he would believe in God even if He would slay him. They are like Jesus who called God, "Father," even when He was seemingly forsaken on the cross.

Whoever has known the spiritual beauty of the Underground Church,
March, 1968

ground Church cannot be satisfied any more with the emptiness of some Western churches.

I suffer in the West more than I suffered in a Communist jail, because now I see with my own eyes the western civilization dying.

. . . I tremble because of the sufferings of those persecuted in the Communist camp. I tremble thinking about the eternal destiny of their torturers. **I tremble for American Christians who don't help their persecuted brethren.**

"I CANNOT REMAIN SILENT"

In the depth of my heart, I would like to keep the beauty of my own vineyard and not be involved in such a huge fight. I would like so much to be somewhere in quietness and rest. But it is not possible. Communism is on the threshold. . . . I **must** lead this fight although it is very dangerous for me personally. If I disappear you may be sure that it will be the Communists who have kidnapped me. They kidnapped me from the street in 1948 and put me in jail under a false name. Anna Pauker, our Secretary of State at the time, said to the Swedish ambassador, Sir Patrick von Reuterswaerde, "Oh, Wurmbrand is now taking walks on the streets of Copenhagen." The Swedish minister had in his pocket my letter which I had succeeded in smuggling out of prison; he knew that he had been told a lie. Such a thing can happen again. If I am killed, the killer will have been appointed by the Communists. Nobody else has any motive to kill me. If you hear rumors about my moral depravity, theft, homosexuality, adultery, political unreliability, lying or anything else, it will be the fulfilling of the threat of the secret police: "We will destroy you morally."

A very well-informed source tells me that the Rumanian Communists have decided to kill me after the testimony which I gave to the U. S. Senate. They will try to kill me bodily or to kill my reputation. They will try to blackmail me by terrorizing my friends in Rumania. They have powerful means.

But I cannot remain silent. And your duty is to examine quietly what I say. Even if you think that after all I have passed through, I suffer from a persecution complex, you must ask yourself what this dreadful power of Communism is, which makes its citizens suffer from such complexes. What power it is which makes men from East Germany take even a child in a bulldozer and pass through barbed wire at the risk of being shot with their whole family?

The West sleeps and has to be awakened!

"NOT OF THE BRIDE"

Since being in the West, I have visited many theological seminaries. I heard about the history of bells and the history of the liturgical songs, about canonical laws since long disused or about a church discipline which does not exist any more. I have seen students of theology learning that in the Bible the story of creation is not true, nor is that of Adam, nor the Flood, nor the miracles of Moses; that the prophecies were written after their fulfillment; that the virgin birth is a myth, likewise the resurrection of Jesus; that His bones have remained somewhere in a grave; that the Epistles are not genuine; that Revelation is the book of a madman, but otherwise the Bible is the Holy Book! (This leaves a holy book in which there are allegedly more lies than in a Communist newspaper!)

That is what present church leaders learned when they were in seminaries [in America and elsewhere!]. That is the atmosphere in which they live. Why should they be faithful to a Master about whom such strange things are said? Why should church leaders be faithful to a church in which it can be freely taught that God is dead?

They are leaders of the official church, not of the Bride of Christ. They are leaders in a church in which many have long since betrayed the Master. When they meet somebody of the underground, martyr, suffering church, they look at him as at a strange being. . . .

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March, 1968

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● On the wall of a civic building in Washington, D. C., I saw a large plaque displaying the Constitution of the U. S., skillfully engraved in copperplate. When you look at it at first, you see only the engraved words of the Constitution: then, on stepping back, so that the angle of the light changes, the face of George Washington appears, carved into the text.

So it should be with this book, which contained episodes from the life of a man and the story of those who were with him in prison. Behind them all stands an unseen Being, Christ, Who kept us in faith and gave us strength to conquer.

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It is like the church of the first centuries. What seminaries did those who turned the world upside down for Christ have? Did they all know to read? And from where did they have Bibles? God spoke to them.

We, of the Underground Church, have no cathedrals. But is any cathedral more beautiful than the sky of heaven to which we looked when we gathered secretly in forests? . . .

Often, after a secret service, Christians are caught and sent to prisons. There Christians wear chains with the gladness a bride wears a precious jewel received from her beloved. The waters in prison are still. You receive His kiss and His embraces and you would not change places with kings. I can never describe the beauty of this Church!

Inspiring Accounts

Oh Beloved, Faithful Youth!

In the prison of Tirgu-Ocna, there was a very young prisoner called Matchevici. He had been put in prison at the age of 18. Because of the tortures, he was now very sick of tuberculosis. The family found out somehow that he is in this grave state of health and sent him 100 bottles of Streptomycin, which could make the difference between life and death. The political officer of the prison called him and showed him the parcel and said:

"Here is the medicine which can save your life. But you are not allowed to receive parcels from your family. Personally, I would like to help you. You are young. I would not like you to die in prison. Help me to be able to help you! Give me information against your fellow prisoners and this will enable me to justify before my superiors why I gave you the parcel."

Matchevici answered promptly: "I don't wish to remain alive and to be ashamed to look into a mirror because I will see the face of a traitor. I cannot accept such a condition. **I prefer to die.**"

The officer of the secret police shook his hand and said, "I congratulate you. I didn't expect another answer from you. But I would like to make another proposal. Some of the prisoners have become our informers. They claim to be Communists and they are denouncing **you**. They play a double role. We have no confidence in them. We would like to know in what measure they are sincere. Towards you they are traitors. They are doing you so much harm, informing us about your words and deeds. I understand that you don't want to betray your comrades. But give us information about **these who oppose you** so you will save your life!"

Matchevici answered, as promptly as the first time:

"I am a disciple of Christ and He has taught us to love

even our enemies. These men who betray us do us very much harm but I cannot reward evil with evil. I cannot give information even against them. I pity them, I pray for them, I don't wish to have any connection with the Communists."

Matchevici came back from the discussion with the political officer and died in the same cell I was in. I saw him die—he was **praising God**. Love conquered even the natural thirst for life.

If a poor man is a great lover of music, he gives his last dollar to listen to a concert. He is then without money, but he does not feel frustrated. He has heard beautiful things.

I don't feel frustrated to have lost many years in prison. I have seen BEAUTIFUL things. I myself have been among the weak and insignificant ones in prison, but have had the privilege to be in the same jail with great saints, heroes of faith **who equalled the Christians of the first centuries**. They went gladly to die for Christ. The spiritual beauty of such saints and heroes of faith can never be described.

The things which I say here have not been exceptional. The supernatural things have become the natural thing to Christians in the Underground Church.

The Underground Church is the church which has come back to the first love.

Before entering prison, I loved Christ very much. Now, after having seen the "Bride of Christ"—His spiritual Body—in prison, I would say that I love the Underground Church as much as I love Christ Himself. I have seen the beauty of the Underground Church, her spirit of sacrifice.

"Mihai, Believe in Jesus!"

My son had been left to wander on the street when his mother and his father were taken away. Mihai had been from childhood very religious and very interested in the matters of faith. Afterwards, at the age of 9, when [we] were taken away from him, Mihai passed through a crisis in his Christian life. He had become bitter and questioned all his religion. He had at this age problems which children usually don't have. He had to think about earning his living.

It was a crime to help families of Christian martyrs. Two ladies who helped him were arrested afterwards and **beaten so badly that they are crippled even now—after 15 years**. A lady who risked her life and took Mihai into her house

was sentenced to 8 years of prison for the crime of having helped families of prisoners. All her teeth were kicked out. Her bones were broken. She will never be able to work again. She, too, will be a cripple for life.

At the age of 11, Mihai began to earn his life as a regular worker. Suffering had produced a wavering in his faith. But after 2 years of my wife's imprisonment, he was allowed to see her. He went to the Communist prison and saw his mother behind iron bars. She was dirty, thin, with calloused hands, wearing the shabby uniform of a prisoner. He scarcely recognized her. Her first words were: "**Mihai, believe in Jesus!**" The guards, in a savage rage, pulled my wife away from Mihai and took her out. Mihai wept seeing his mother dragged away. This minute was the minute of his conversion. He knew that if Christ can be loved under such circumstances, He surely is the true Savior. He said afterwards: "If Christianity would have no other arguments in its favor than the fact that my mother believes in it, this is enough for me."

Young Mihai's Boldness in Faith

Editor's Note: American youth, when required to read an unclean, suggestive book in school as "required reading," usually do so without question. Even young Christians remain silent for the sake of "getting an education." As Richard Wurmbrand says, instead of singing, Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War, we should sing "Onward, Lukewarms, Marching as to Nothing!" Read the following accounts concerning school life for Wurmbrand's young son. And BE ASHAMED!

In the school, Mihai had a continuous battle for existence. He was a good pupil and the reward was that a red necktie—sign of membership in the Young Communist Pioneers—was given to him. My son said: "I will never wear the necktie of those who put my father and mother in prison." He was expelled from school for this. After having lost a year, he entered school again, hiding the fact he was the son of a Christian prisoner.

Later, he had to write a thesis against the Bible. In this thesis he wrote: "The arguments against the Bible are

weak and the quotations against the Bible are untrue. Surely the professor has not read the Bible. The Bible is in harmony with science." **Again he was expelled. . . .**

In the end he could study in the Seminary. In this "seminary" he was taught **Marxist theology**. Everything was explained according to the pattern of Karl Marx. Mihai protested publicly in the class. Other students joined him. The result has been that he was expelled and could not finish his theological studies.

Once, in school, when a professor delivered an atheist speech, my son rose and contradicted the professor, telling him what responsibility he takes upon him by leading so many young men astray. The entire class took his side. It was necessary that ONE should have the courage to speak out first. Then all the others were on his side. To get an education he constantly tried to hide the fact that he was the son of Wurmbrand, the Christian prisoner. But often it was discovered and again the familiar scenes of being called to the school director's office and being expelled.

Mihai also suffered from much hunger. The families of jailed Christians in Communist countries almost always nearly starve to death. It is a great crime to help them.

Is the Guilt Partly Yours—Ours?

Please, inquire from the heads of your denominations and from your pastors how much from the gifts you bring to your church goes for relief to families of Christian martyrs, who can be helped by secret channels, established now! I can assure you that families of Rumanian Christian martyrs have never been helped. Many expenses could be curtailed and families of Christian martyrs in Communist lands **should not be allowed to starve!** It is **not** right.

I will tell you just one case of suffering of a family of Christian martyrs which I know personally. A brother entered prison on account of his work in the Underground Church. He left behind a wife with six children. His older daughters of 17 and 19 could get no job. The only one who

gives jobs in a Communist country is the state and it gives no jobs to children of "criminal" Christians. Please, don't judge the following according to moral standards! Just receive the facts! The two daughters of a Christian martyr became prostitutes in order to support their smaller brothers and the sick mother. Their younger brother of 14 became mad when he saw it and had to be put into an asylum. When, after years, the imprisoned father returned, his only prayer was: **"God, take me again to prison. I cannot bear to see this."** His prayer has been fulfilled and he is now in jail **again** for the crime of having witnessed for Christ to children. His daughters are no more prostitutes. They have received a job by complying with the demand of the secret police. They have become **informers**. As daughters of a Christian martyr, they are received with **honor** in every house. They listen and then they report everything they hear to the secret police. Don't just say that it is ugly and immoral—of course it is—but ask yourself if it is not also your sin that such tragedies occur, that such Christian families are left alone, unhelped by you who are free.

. . . My family and I would have not survived without material help which I got from praying Christians abroad. The same with many other underground pastors and martyrs in Communist countries. I can testify out of my own experience about the material and even greater moral help which has been given to us by such organizations as the European Christian Mission in Great Britain. For us, their men were like angels sent by God!

Crowned Saints of Tomorrow

Around me were Jobs, some much more afflicted than Job had been. But I knew the end of Job's story; how he received twice as much as he had had before. I had around me men like poor Lazarus, hungry and full of uncared-for boils. But I knew that angels would take them all to the bosom of Abraham. I saw them as they will be in the future. I saw in the shabby and dirty and weak martyr near

me the splendidly crowned saint of tomorrow.

But looking at men like this—not as they are, but as they will be—I could discover also in persecutors like Saul of Tarsus future Pauls. And some have already become so. Officers of the secret police to whom we witnessed became Christians themselves and were happy to suffer afterwards in prison for having found our Christ. In the jailors who whipped us we saw the possibilities of the jailor of Philippi who first whipped St. Paul and then became a convert. We dreamed that soon they would ask, "What shall I do to be saved?" In those who watched mocking when Christians, smeared with excrement were tied to crosses, we saw the crowd of Golgotha which were soon to beat their breasts in fear of having sinned.

It is in prisons that we got hope for the Communists that they will be saved. It is there that we developed a sense of responsibility toward them. It is tortured by them, that we learned to love them.

A great part of my family has been murdered. **It was in my house that their murderer was converted.** It was also the most suitable place. So in Communist prisons the idea of a Christian mission to the Communists was born.

God sees things otherwise than we see them, as we see otherwise than an ant. From the human point of view, to be tied to crosses besmeared with excrements is a horrible thing. Notwithstanding, the Bible calls the sufferings of martyrs "light afflictions." To pass 14 years in prison has been a long period for us. The Bible calls it "but a moment, which works for us a weight of glory."

. . . I have personally known converted Communists. I myself was a militant atheist in my youth. Converted atheists and Communists love Christ much, because they have sinned very much.

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"The atheism of Communist Russia, while somewhat more forthright and open, differs little from the practical atheism to be found in our own country and even in the church—a practical atheism which could easily become persecution.—H. Hanko in *The Standard Bearer*

Secret Youth Meetings

The Communist press told the story of a young woman who worked in the Communist propaganda department. After work, they said, she would go to her apartment and there meet her husband coming from his job. After dinner, she and her husband would gather a group of young people from other apartments in their building and have secret Bible studies and prayer meetings! **This is happening throughout the Communist world.** Tens of thousands of such "outward non-believers" exist in every Communist land. They feel it wiser to not attend the show-churches where they will be watched and hear only watered-down Gospel. Instead, they stay in the positions of authority and responsibility they occupy and from there, quietly and effectively witness for Christ.

The Underground, faithful Church has thousands of members in such places. They have secret meetings in basements, attics, apartments and homes. In Russia no one remembers any more the arguments for or against child or adult baptism. They are not pre- or post- millenialists. They cannot interpret prophecies and don't quarrel about them, but I wondered very often how well they could prove to atheists the existence of God.

[Let American Christians contrast ourselves with this faithful LOVING church. Too often, if we do not agree with a brother on every point of doctrine, we "disfellowship" him or simply stop calling him "brother"! God help us!—G. B.]

Their answers to atheists are simple: "If you were invited to a feast with all kinds of good meats, would you believe that there has been nobody to cook them? But nature is a banquet prepared for us! You have tomatoes and peaches and apples and milk and honey. Who has prepared all these things for mankind? Nature is blind. If you believe in no God, how can you explain that blind nature succeeded in preparing just the things which we need in such plentitude and variety?"...

Pastors in the West preach usually, assuming that those

whom they have in church are really convinced about the main truths of Christianity, which they are not. You rarely hear a sermon proving the truth of our faith. But behind the Iron Curtain, men who have never learned to do it, give to their converts a very serious foundation.

A Rebuke for Our Lack of Hunger

HOW THE UNDERGROUND CHURCH "FEEDS" ON ATHEIST LITERATURE

The Underground Church knows how to use these, too. First of all, it feeds upon the atheist literature, just as Elijah was fed by ravens. The atheists put much skill and zeal into ridiculing and criticizing Bible verses. But, to ridicule Bible verses, they have to **quote** the verses, sometimes whole chapters.

They published books called "The Comical Bible" and "The Bible for Believers and Unbelievers." They tried to show how stupid Bible verses are and, to do so, quoted many Bible verses. How we rejoiced over it! The criticism was so stupid, that nobody took it seriously. But the book was printed in millions of copies and it was **full of Bible verses**, which were unspeakably beautiful, even when the Communist ridiculed them. . . .

The Communist publishing house was very glad to receive thousands of letters, asking for reprints of atheist books, which quoted Bible verses in order to mock them. **They did not know that these letters came from the Underground Church, which had no other opportunity of getting the Scriptures.** The Communist did not know the Underground Church bought them, using the scripture and ignoring the mockery!

THE PROFESSOR MADE THE WATER RED

We also knew well how to use the atheistic meetings. A professor of Communism demonstrated at a meeting that Jesus was nothing else than a magician. The professor had before him a pitcher of water. He put a powder in it and it

became red. "This is the whole miracle," he explained. "Jesus had hidden in his sleeves a powder like this, and then pretended to have changed water into wine in a wonderful manner. But I can do even more than Jesus; I can change the wine into water again." And he put another powder in the liquid. It became white. Then another powder and it was red again.

A Christian stood up and said, "You have amazed us, comrade Professor, by what you are able to do. We would ask only one thing more of you: drink a bit of your wine!" The professor said, "This I cannot do. The powder was a poison." The Christian replied, "This is the whole difference between you and Jesus. He with His wine, has given us joy for 2000 years, whereas you poison us with **your** wine." The Christian went to prison. But news of the incident spread very far and strengthened faith.

We are weak, little Davids. But we are stronger than the Goliath of atheism, because God is on our side.

Communists Who Believe

Communists who have been in prison under the Nazis confessed to me that they prayed in difficult hours. I have even seen Communist officers die with the words "Jesus, Jesus," on their lips. . . .

When I speak with a Communist about Christ, the deepest spiritual needs in his heart is my ally—my helper. The greatest difficulty is to quiet down the voice of **his own conscience**, which is on my side.

I have personally known professors of Marxism who, before delivering an atheistic lecture, prayed to God that He might help them in this! I have known Communists going to a secret meeting far away. When they were found out, they lied that they had not been in an underground meeting. Then they wept, regretting that they had not the courage to stand for the faith which compelled them to attend. They are men, too.

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The Young Russian Army Captain

The distinctive feature of the Underground Church is its earnestness in faith. A minister who disguises himself under the name "George" tells the following thing which happened in Hungary:

A Russian Army captain came to a minister and asked to see him alone. The boy was very young, very brash, very conscious of his role as conqueror. When he had been led to a small conference room and the door was closed, he nodded towards the cross that hung on the wall.

"You know that thing is a lie," he said to the minister. "It's just a piece of trickery you ministers use to delude the poor people to make it easier for the rich to keep them ignorant. Come now, we are alone! Admit to me that you never really believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God!"

The minister smiled. "But, my poor young man, of course I believe it. It is true."

"I won't have you play these tricks on me!" cried the captain. "This is serious. Don't laugh at me!"

He drew out his revolver and held it close to the body of the minister. "Unless you admit that it is a lie, I'll fire!"

"I cannot admit that, for it is not true. Our Lord is really and truly the Son of God," said the minister.

The captain flung his revolver on the floor and embraced the man of God. Tears sprang to his eyes.

"It is true!" he cried. "It is true, I believe so too, but I could not be sure men would die for this belief until I found it out for myself. Oh, thank you! You have strengthened my faith. Now I too can die for Christ. You have shown me how."

—From "Through God's Underground," by an unknown author

A Clever Answer

In prison, the political officer asked me harshly, "How long will you continue to keep your stupid religion?" I said to him, "I have seen innumerable atheists regretting on their death-beds that they have been godless; they called on Christ. Can you imagine that a Christian could regret, when

death is near, that he has been a Christian and call Marx or Lenin to rescue him from his faith?" He began to laugh: "A clever answer." I continued, "When an engineer has built a bridge, the fact that a cat can pass over the bridge is no proof the bridge is good. A train must pass over it to prove its strength. The fact that you can be an atheist when everything goes well, does not prove the truth of atheism. It does not hold up in the moment of great crisis."

We are quiet and can quietly await the development of events. It is the Communists who are unquiet and launch new anti-religious campaigns. By this they prove what St. Augustine said: "Uneasy is the heart until it rests in Thee."

A Remarkable Account

It was on the 1st of May. As Jesus did His miracles on the Sabbath days to defy His pharisaic opponents, the Underground Church, too, chooses Communist celebration days for defying the Communist laws.

The 1st of May is a feast on which the Communists always have their great demonstrations, which everybody is compelled to attend. By this time, the second big force in Russia—the Underground Church—also appeared on the streets that day. Fifteen hundred believers came. What compelled them was the love of God only. They knew that they risk their liberty. They knew that in prison starvation and tortures await them.

Every believer in Russia knows the "Secret Manifest" printed by the Evangelical Christians in Barnaul, in which it is described how sister Hmara, of the village Kulunda, received the news that her husband died in prison. Now she was a widow with four small children. When she received corpse of her husband, she could see the prints of manacles on his hands. The hands, fingers, and the bottom of his feet were horribly burned. The lower part of the stomach had knife marks on it. The right foot was swollen. On both

feet were signs of beating. The whole body was full of wounds from a horrible beating.

Every believer who had come to the public demonstration in Rostov-on-Don knew that this could be his fate too. **Still they came.** But they also knew that this martyr, who had given his life for God only 3 months after his conversion, was buried before a great crowd of believers who had placards with the inscription:

"For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

"Don't fear those who kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul."

"I saw under the altar those killed for the Word of God."

The example of this martyr inspired those in Rostov-on-Don. They crowded on the street around a little house. People were everywhere—some on the nearby roofs, others in the trees, like Zacheus in times of o'd. Eighty people were converted, mostly young people. Out of this number, twenty-three were former Komsomols (members of the Communist Youth Organization)!

The believers crossed the entire city walking towards the river Don, where the baptisms took place.

Automobiles loaded with Communist police arrived and surrounded the believers on the bank of the river. The police wanted to arrest the brethren in charge. (They couldn't arrest all 1,500!) The believers immediately fell to their knees and, in a fervent prayer, prayed God to defend His people and permit them to have their service for that day. Then the brothers and sisters—standing shoulder to shoulder—surrounded the brethren leading the service, hoping to prevent the police from arresting them. The situation became very tense.

"Pravda," the Central organ of the Communist Party of Russia published in 1966 that six pastors were arrested and sentenced for this. But many, including young Communists had come to Christ!

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In Solitary Confinement Almost 3 Years

. . . Thinking about my family could also bring pain. Sabina would inevitably undergo intense pressure to divorce me. If she refused, and carried on her Church work as well, they would almost certainly arrest her. Then Mihai, who was only ten years old, would be left alone. I lay facedown on the pallet, hugging it as though it were my son. Once I leaped up and smashed my fists on the steel door, shouting, "Give me back my boy." The guards ran in to hold me down, while I was given an injection that rendered me unconscious for hours. When I awoke, I thought I might be going mad. I knew of many who had done so.

. . . One of my constant spiritual exercises was to imagine that I was surrendering all my life to Christ; past, present, future, my family, my church, my passions, my secret thoughts and every member of my body. I confessed my past sins to Christ without reserve and saw Him wipe them out with His hand. Often I wept.

. . . Each night I passed an hour living in the minds of my chief adversaries, men like Colonel Dulgheru. Imagining myself in his place, I found a thousand excuses for him, excuses that enabled me to love him and my other torturers. Then I considered my own faults from his point of view and grew to a new and deeper self-awareness.

. . . The Communists believe that happiness comes from material satisfaction; but alone in my cell, cold, hungry and in rags, I danced for joy every night. . . . Words alone have never been adequate to express what man feels in the nearness of divinity. Sometimes I was so filled with joy that I felt I would burst if I did not give vent to it. I remembered the words of Jesus, "Blessed are you when men come to hate you, when they exclude you from their company and reproach you and cast out your name as evil on account of the Son of Man. Rejoice in that day and leap for joy." I told myself, "I've carried out only half this command. I've rejoiced, but that is not enough."

When the guard next peered through the spy hole, he

saw me springing about my cell. His orders must have been to distract anyone who showed signs of breakdown, for he padded off and returned with some food from the staff room; a hunk of bread, some cheese and sugar. As I took them, I remembered the conclusion to the verse in Luke: "Rejoice in that day and leap for joy—for behold your reward is great." It was a very large piece of bread: more than a week's ration.

From then on I rarely allowed a night to pass without dancing, although I was never paid for it again. Composing songs, I sang them softly to myself and danced to my own music. The guards became used to it. I did not break the silence, and they had seen stranger things in these subterranean cells. Friends to whom I spoke later of dancing in prison asked, "What for? What use was it?" It was not something useful. It was a manifestation of joy like the dance of David, a holy sacrifice offered before the altar of the Lord. I did not mind if my captors thought me mad, for I had discovered a beauty in Christ which I had not known before.

END OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

After almost three years of solitary confinement, I was near death. I spat blood so often that even Colonel Dulgheru became alarmed. "We're not murderers like the Nazis," he said, "we want you to live—and suffer." A specialist was called. Anxious to avoid infection, he made his diagnosis through the spy hole in the cell door and orders were given for my transfer to a prison hospital.

... Before the guards lifted me out of the ambulance, they wrapped a sheet around my head. Then I was half carried across the courtyard, up some stairs and along a balcony. When the sheet was unwound, I found myself alone in a narrow, bare cell. I heard an officer talking to a guard on the verandah outside.

"No one is allowed to see this man except the doctor, and even then you must be present," he said. My continued existence was to remain a secret.

The guard, a grizzled little man, was intrigued by these precautions. As soon as the officer had left, he asked what I had done. I said, "I am a pastor and a child of God."

He whispered, bending over me, "Praise be to the Lord. I'm one of Jesus' soldiers." He meant that he was a secret member of the Army of the Lord, a revivalist movement that had branched off from the Orthodox church. In spite of its persecution by Communists and clergy alike, the movement has spread rapidly through the villages, gathering hundred of thousands of followers.

My new friends's name was Tachici, and I was happy to have him near. We exchanged Bible verses and he helped me as much as he dared—guards had previously been sentenced to twelve years for giving an apple or a cigarette to a prisoner. I was too weak to leave the bed, and often I lay in my own dirt. For a short spell in the morning, I could think clearly; then I tossed and turned again in delirium. I slept little. But at least there was a small window through which I could see the sky. And in the morning I was awakened by a strange sound—it was so long since I had heard birdsong.

I told Tachici, "When he walked in the woods, Martin Luther used to raise his hat to the birds and say, 'Good morning, theologians—you wake and sing, but I, old fool, know less than you and worry over everything, instead of simply trusting in the heavenly Father's care.'"

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"Two mites"—a simple little farthing, it was so small!
And yet—she might have halved it, it was her all.
One mite for God, and one she needed, of wealth so small?
No; trusting to the God of widows, she gave her all.
And so, in sight of Him who "saw" it, it was not small.
For He who watched "how" it was given said,
"MORE than they all."

—L. M. W.

A certain poor widow . . . threw in two mites . . . all that she had, even all her living.—Mark 12:42, 44

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The Comforting Pastor and a Weeping Girl

... Later, Tachici whispered to me, "You're leaving. God be with you." Another guard followed and, between them, they carried me to the main gate. I had a view of Bucharest spread below—the last time I was to see it for six years. Regulation chains, weighing 50 pounds, were hammered into place around my ankles. Then I was lifted into a truck in which there were already some forty men and a few women. All, even the sick, were chained. Near me, a girl began to weep. I tried to comfort her.

"You don't remember me?" she sobbed.

I looked more closely, but her face meant little. "It's my fever," I said.

"I was a member of your congregation." After my arrest poverty had turned her to theft, she told me, and now she had to serve three months. "I'm so ashamed." Her voice was full of tears. "I was in your church, and now you're a martyr and I'm a thief."

"I'm a sinner, too, saved by God's grace," I said. "Believe in Christ and your sins will be forgiven."

She kissed my hand, promising that on her release she would let my family know that she had seen me. but I knew she felt I had not long to live.

Wurmbrand's Son Visits Him in Prison

One rapid cure for toothache is good news, and the letter that came for me shortly later raised my spirits enormously, for it said Sabina was free. She was still confined to Bucharest, but my son would shortly be permitted to visit me. The letter ended abruptly; it was all the information the censors had allowed.

I had last seen Mihai at the age of nine, and now he was fifteen. I couldn't imagine my son as a young man. We had always been so close. Immediately, I began to worry day and night about the meeting. When at last they led me into a large hall, I had to sit in a box with a barred window so small that the visitor opposite would see only a fraction of

my face. The guard called, "Mihai Wurmbrand," and he came and sat down before me. He was so pale, so thin and hollow-cheeked, with the beginning of a moustache.

In case he was cut off he said rapidly, "Mother says even if you die in prison you must not be sad because we'll all meet in paradise."

Consoling first words! I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I pulled myself together. "How is she? Have you food at home?"

"She's well again," Mihai replied. "And we have food. Our Father is very rich."

The guards assigned to listen to us grinned. They thought my wife had remarried. Mihai couched his answer to every question in a Biblical verse, so that in the few minutes we were allowed I could get little family news. But before our time ran out, he did tell me he had left a parcel with the guards at the gate.

The Young Prisoner's Question

. . . That evening we sat translating New Testament verses into English and Josif said, "We have read nearly everything Jesus said now, but still I wonder what He was like to know as a man."

I said, "Let me tell you. When I was in Room Four [the Death Room], there was a pastor who would give away everything he had—his last bit of bread, his medicine, the coat from his back. I have given these things also sometimes, when I wanted them for myself. But at other times when men were hungry and sick and in need I could be very quiet; I didn't care enough. The pastor I speak of was really Christ-like. You felt that just the touch of his hand could heal and calm. One day he was talking to a small group of prisoners and one of them asked him just the question you've asked me: 'What is Jesus like?' And the pastor replied, in a moment of great courage, simply and humbly, 'Jesus is like me.' And the man, who had often received kindness from the pastor, answered, smiling, 'If Christ was like you, then I love Him.' The times when one

may say such a thing, Josif, are very rare. But to me that is what it means to be a Christian. . . . To become like Him is truly great."

Tears came to Josif's eyes. "Pastor, if Jesus is like you, then I love Him, too," he said.

. . . The next day Josif worked in Room Four, as he often did now. When we met in the evening he said, "I want to be a Christian more than anything." . . . On the day of his departure, he embraced me with tears in his eyes. He said, "You've helped me as though you were my own father. Now I can stand by myself, with God."

Years afterwards, we met . . . he was still a Christian.

Rejoice—and Stay Alive

. . . The vile smell of the greasy soup preceded its arrival in the cell. Shreds of rotten cabbage and unwashed offal floated in a scum. But to eat was a duty, and I emptied my can. "How can you?" asked [Nassim], whose stomach had revolted.

"That's a Christian secret," I said. "I think of Paul's words, 'Rejoice with those that rejoice.' Then I remember friends in America who are now eating broiled chicken, and I thank God with them as I take the first mouthful. So, by way of many friendly countries, I rejoice with those that rejoice—and stay alive."

Nassim and I had to share a bunk through the hot, stuffy nights. I was lucky not to be on the floor. "You lie very still," said Nassim as others coughed and fidgeted around us. "What are you thinking? Does St. Paul help you now?"

I replied, "Yes, for now I rejoice with those in the West by thinking of their comfortable homes, and the books they have, the holidays they can plan, the music they hear, the love they have for their wives and children. And I remember the second part of the verse from the Epistle to the Romans, 'And weep with those that weep.' I am sure that in the West many thousands remember us and try to help us with their prayers."

The Deceived Women

. . . Then the door opened, and in came the usual barrel of rotting tripe and cabbage. . . . In fact the food at Craiova was the worst I encountered anywhere, with one unforgettable exception.

It was a complete surprise. The guards brought in a large steaming canister of onion soup, then another of real beef stew with fresh carrots; there were snowy mashed potatoes, and two white bread rolls each; and finally an apple for every man. . . . What could it mean? The prisoners' persistent tendency to see high significance in the most trivial change in routine made us all hope for new wonders. During the afternoon General Calescu excitedly called us to the window: "Women. . . and they're leaving." We crowded round the small, barred opening to see five or six well-dressed ladies being shepherded out the gate by the Commandant in his best uniform. Later a grinning guard told us they were a delegation of "democratic women" from the West, leaving after an hour with comment on the excellency of the prison food.

Dinner that evening was the usual greasy slop, and the food seemed to deteriorate even further in the week that followed. The anticlimax left us all depressed. I never learned what organizations the visitors represented, but we heard later that their "eyewitness reports" on Rumania's model prison were circulated in Britain, America and France.

Sabina's Visit

Conditions got no better, but instead we had news that was worth all the drugs in the pharmacopoeia to me. As part of the window dressing before the Summit conference at Geneva, visits by relatives were to be allowed.

Excitement mounted, and nerves became jumpy. At one moment a man would be bursting with joy; at another near

tears, especially after arranging his thinning hair in a piece of cracked mirror that went from hand to hand. Some had had no news of their families for ten or twelve years, and I hadn't seen Sabina for eight.

The day finally came, and when my name was called I was marched into an echoing hall and made to stand behind a table. The Commandant, flanked by officers and guards, stood near the wall between us, as if ready to umpire a tennis tournament.

I gazed at Sabina, and it seemed to me that in the years of her suffering she had achieved a peace and beauty such as I had never seen before. She stood there with folded hands, smiling, and my sadness was almost beyond words.

Gripping the table, I called, "Are you well at home?"

Even to me, my voice sounded strange in the enormous room. She replied, "Yes, we are well, thank God."

The Commandant broke in, "You are not allowed to talk about God here." [Reader, this is not fiction, but present reality.—G. B.]

"My mother is still alive?" I asked.

"Praise God, she is alive."

"I have told you that you are not allowed to mention God."

Then Sabina asked, "How is your health?"

"I am in the prison hospital—"

The Commandant: "You are not allowed to say where you are in prison."

I tried again: "About my trial, is there hope of an appeal?"

Commandant: "You are not allowed to discuss your trial."

So it went, until, exhausted, I said. "Go home, Sabina, dear. They won't let us speak."

My wife had brought a basket of food and clothes, but she was not allowed to give me so much as an apple. As they took me away I looked over my shoulder and saw her being escorted away by armed guards through the door at the farther end of the hall. The Commandant lit a fresh cigarette and stroked his chin, his thoughts elsewhere.

A Remarkable Meeting

... I took my rotting carrot soup over to a neighbor's bunk and we sat talking for a while. He was a young radio-man who had transmitted information to the West for a patriotic group, and he mentioned that he had been brought to Christ through his knowledge of Morse [code].

"It happened five or six years ago. I was interrogated in the cells of the Ministry of Interior and, while I was there, an unknown pastor next door tapped Bible verses to me through the wall."

When he told me the position of his cell, I said, "I was that pastor."

With his help I gradually built up a nucleus of Christians who tried to spread their influence throughout the prison.

Wurmbrand's Son

Mihai's troubles with the Party began early when he won the right granted to model pupils to wear a red tie—only to refuse to do so because it was "the symbol of the oppressors." Publicly expelled, he was quietly readmitted when the fuss died down, because his teachers gave only lip service to the regime. Again, at fourteen, he was expelled for saying that he had read the Bible for himself and that the attacks on religion in the schoolbooks were based on falsehoods. Now he was attempting to continue his studies in evening classes.

Mihai was a Christian, with no love of Communism. But a songbird with a nest near a family of crows will eventually sing out of tune, and Mihai had heard little else. On the day after my return [Wurmbrand's first release] I had to tell him that he was mistaken in believing that the workers in capitalist countries were dying of hunger. He and his friends took it for granted, and one girl told me that she had wept in school for the millions of starving children in America.

Wurmbrand's Advice to Youth

Even the finest young people seemed confused and dis-oriented. Not only were they deprived of the chance of reading great Christian authors, but in Rumania now you could not buy the works of philosophers like Plato, Kant, Schopenhauer and Einstein.

Mihai's friends said their parents told them one thing, their professors another, and often they sought my advice. One young theology student from the university of Sluj asked for help with his thesis, a history of liturgical song in the Lutheran church.

I advised him to begin by changing his subject. We should not be filling young men's heads with historical trivialities, when tomorrow they may face death for their faith. "What should I be studying, then?" he asked.

"How to be ready for sacrifice and martyrdom," I replied.

ADVICE GIVEN IN A SPEECH TO STUDENTS

... "Don't let suffering take you by surprise. Meditate on it often. Make the virtues of Christ and His saints your own. The pastor I spoke of, my teacher who died for his faith, gave me a recipe for a tea against suffering, and I will pass it on to you."

I told them the story of a doctor of early Christian times who was unjustly imprisoned by the emperor. After some years his family were allowed to visit him, and at first they were appalled. His clothes were rags, his food a slice of bread and a cup of water every day. Then his wife looked at him more closely. "How is it you look so well?" she asked. "You have the air of one who has just come from a wedding." The doctor smilingly replied that he had found a remedy for all troubles, "a tea good against all suffering and sorrow. It contains seven herbs, and I shall number them for you."

"The first is contentedness: be satisfied with what you have. I may shiver in my rags as I gnaw on a crust, but how much worse off I should be if the emperor had thrown me

naked into a dungeon with nothing at all to eat.

"The second herb is common sense. Whether I rejoice or worry, I shall still be in prison, so why distress myself?

"The third is remembrance of past sins: count them, and on the assumption that every sin deserves a day in prison, reckon how many lives you would spend behind bars—you have been let off lightly.

"The fourth is the thought of the sorrows Christ bore gladly for us. If the only man who ever could choose His fate on earth chose pain, what great value He must have seen in it. So we observe that, born with serenity and joy suffering redeems. [Not meant in the eternal sense.—G. B.]

"The fifth herb is the knowledge that suffering has been given to us by God as from a father, not to harm us, but to cleanse and sanctify us. The suffering through which we pass is intended to purify us [burning out the dross—G. B.] . . .

"The sixth is the knowledge that no suffering can harm a Christian life. If the pleasures of the flesh are all, then pain and prison bring an end to man's aim in living; but if the core of life is truth, no prison can change it. Prison cannot stop me from loving; iron bars cannot exclude faith. If these ideals make up my life, I can be serene anywhere.

"The last herb in the recipe is hope. The wheel of life may put the emperor's physician in prison, but it goes on turning. It may eventually bring me back to the palace, and even return me to the throne."

I paused for a moment. The crowded church was still. "I have drunk barrels of this tea since then," I said, "and I can recommend it to you all. It has proved good."

The foregoing accounts

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Give to my unsated soul, Perfect Savior,
Fullness of life, true happiness!

Oh! that Thy grace, in waves flowing over me,
Might finish the work begun in Thy child.

—Taken from "Daily Words." Selected by Gloria Huffman

Brave Youth!

... Our youth does not carry the Red flag, knowing that it is stained in the blood of Christians. That is how our youth reacts. I can't express admiration enough for our youth.

With us in a school the professor told that man is from the ape. Then he asks the pupils, "What do you think about it?" Up stood a young girl and said, "Comrade Professor, I am thankful for what you have taught us today. I always wondered how it is that the Communists are so bad. Now you have explained it to me. They are from the apes."

... I have here "Znamya Yunosti," a Moscow newspaper, of the 29th March '67. They tell the case of Mrs. Antonina Ivanovna Sitsh. The court in Kaliningrad deprived her of parental rights and took away her son Vsetsheslav because she told this son to witness for Christ in school, and, as often as atheistic movie pictures were shown, to keep his eyes closed, not to look at this dirt, something which I would recommend also to American children, when sometimes dirt is shown at the TV.

For his Christian attitude, Vsetshelav was taken away from his mother. Now, the newspaper says that this Mrs. Sitsh committed a second crime. Not only that she taught her children Christianity, but she has stolen her child from the atheistic boarding school and has sent him to the town of Vitebsk, to brethren in faith.

But there he was discovered, because in school again he witnessed for Christ. He was taken back. With the complicity of somebody of the staff of the atheistic boarding school, the mother smuggled in to him a notebook with Bible verses in miniature.

And now her second child, Leonid, at the age of 8, knowing that the brother has been taken away from mummie, has also said to his teacher: "I pity you. You will go to hell because you don't believe." And he tore down the red star from the wall.

—Wurmbrand's Hearing before Committee on Un-American Activities

Youth Arrested for Singing!

Mr. Smith: What is the attitude of Christians when arrested and brought before the courts in . . . Rumania?

Mr. Wurmbrand: I will tell you a few facts. First of all, again to my national pride, "Sovetskaya Moldavia," reporting about the Rumanian province of Bessarabia, says that seven boys and three girls have been arrested for having publicly sung Christian hymns.

They were brought before the court and sentenced to 5 and 6 years of prison. When they received the sentence, they knelt down and said: God, in Thy hands I surrender my spirit."

And the audience in court—the newspaper saith—began to sing the same hymn for which these ones have been arrested.

[No wonder our Brother Wurmbrand says they know what it means to sing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to WAR"!—G. B.]

—Taken from Wurmbrand's Testimony before the Committee on Un-American Activities, House of Representatives. Write for a free copy of this hearing in booklet form from:
Richard Wurmbrand, P. O. Box 11, Glendale, Calif. 91209

All who believe in God will agree that He is a GIVING God. And if we claim to have His Spirit in us, we will be found to be GIVING people. God gives without counting the cost. In other words, He doesn't refrain from giving even when the cost is great. If you are His, He gave His Son for you personally and individually. If we are like Him, if He is in us and working THROUGH us, we will be found GIVING. Will you help Richard Wurmbrand—while He lives—to help the families of imprisoned Christians?

What you feel to GIVE, mail to:

Richard Wurmbrand, Box 11, Glendale, Calif. 91209

. . . The real church, it weeps with us and it jubilates with us.

—Richard Wurmbrand

Wurmbrand Gains Freedom in the West

... Friends urged me to try to leave the country so that I might speak for the Underground Church in the West. It was plain from the statements of Western Church leaders, that some did not know and others did not want to know the truth about religious persecution under the Communists. Prelates from Europe and America came on friendly visits and sat down to banquets with our inquisitors and persecutors. We asked them why. "As Christians," they said, "We have to be friendly with everybody, you know, even the Communists." Why, then, were they not friendly to those who had suffered? Why did they not ask one word about [those] who had died in prison or under torture? Or leave a little money for the families that remained?

The Archbishop of Canterbury came in 1965 and was permitted to preach a sermon. He never realized that the congregation consisted of officials and Secret Police agents—the same audience that turns out on every such occasion.

Writers around the world protested when two Communist authors, Andei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, were sentenced to prison terms by their own comrades. But no one—not even churchmen—spoke up when Christians were jailed for their faith....

... The first doctor to examine me said, "You're as full of holes as a sieve." He questioned me about my broken bones and tuberculosis. At the close of the examination he said, "Don't ask me about treatment, Ask the One Who's kept you alive, and in Whom I don't believe."

We came to England. Mihai refused to believe me when I said a man might stand in Trafalgar Square and call Prime Minister Wilson a rogue—until he saw it happening. I spoke in churches and universities from Oxford to Glasgow. Once some undergraduates told me that there were 20 Russian students in their town on a visit. They had refused the offer of Bibles in Russian. "They really don't want to know," said the undergraduates. I told them, "See each Russian separately. They are secretly terrified of each

other." Sure enough, every young Russian came to an appointment in the men's room, and secretly accepted a Bible.

In Italy, I was asked to preach at the main Baptist church. I spoke about Christ, but when I said a word against Communism, the leader of the Italian Baptist movement interrupted me. My sermon was cut sort. I asked why. "I'm a Marxist Christian," he said. "I accept all Marx's teaching except atheism." I replied, "I am a Baptist, then, who accepts everything from the Baptists but baptism. It's exactly the same." But the students crowding around us at the church door agreed with him. They were Communists, they said.

The next day I talked to them for four hours about Marxism and its relation to Christianity. "Our Communism isn't like the Russian brand," they said. Rumanians also thought that—once.

In other European countries I was told, "The Communist Party is small, it does no harm, it's a joke." We said that in Rumania—once. The world is full of those tiny Parties awaiting their chance. When a tiger is small you may play with it; when it grows up it will devour you.

I met Western Church leaders who advised me to preach the Gospel and avoid attacks on Communism—words very like those of the Secret Police in Bucharest. ("You can go . . . and preach as much as you wish. But don't speak against us. Keep to the Gospel. Otherwise you'll be silenced, for good. We can hire a gangster who'll do it for \$1,000—or we can bring you back, as we've done with other traitors. We can destroy your reputation by staging a scandal over a girl or, money.") But wrong must be called by name. Jesus told the Pharisees that they were "vipers," and for this, and not the Sermon on the Mount, He was crucified.

I denounce Communism because I love the Communists. We can hate the sin, while loving the sinner. . . . The conversion of Svetlana Stalin, only daughter of the greatest mass murderer of Christians, a soul brought up in the strictest Communist discipline, proves there is a better

weapon against Communism than the nuclear bomb: it is the love of Christ.

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I preached in Kansas City, and there I was introduced with the words: "Here is a pastor from a Communist country." I protested: "I am not from a Communist country. I am from a Christian country. I am from a Christian country oppressed by the Communists."

Practically nearly nobody is Communist with us. The Communists are a small, an infinitesimal minority, which rules by terror and by deceit, which was imposed upon us by the Russians. Rumania is not a Communist country.

I have been 14 years with thieves and murderers, and not with gentlemen, I may have lost manners and may be impolite. But I have sworn here to say the whole truth, and I will say simply what I know and what I think.

My son is studying now in a California university. On the walls it is written, "American murderers." That is not written in our universities. If anybody would write it in a Rumanian university, the Rumanian students would tear it down. In our country nobody can burn an American flag. He would be trodden under the feet of the Rumanians.

—Wurmbrand's Hearing before Committee on Un-American Activities

The Underground Church

The Underground Church is growing every day. The Russian press complained recently of the number of "outward nonbelievers." There are tens of thousands in Communists lands who conceal their faith from the authorities. They have understood why so many people in the New Testament are known by nicknames: Simeon called Niger, John called Mark. Their work requires secret names. They know why Jesus, in arranging the Last Supper, gave no address, but said, "Go into the town and look for a man with a pitcher." They give these secret signs of recognition in the Underground Church.

Sometimes, after a secret meeting in an attic, barn, or in the open, its members are caught. But they wear their chains with the gladness of a bride given a jewel by her beloved. They receive Christ's embrace and would not change their place with kings. I have found truly jubilant Christians only in the Bible and in prison. They are ready to die for their faith.

. . . There are no lukewarm, "nominal" Christians in Communists territories—the price Christians pay is far too steep [for false professors].

. . . A Russian newspaper reveals that Christian children are copying out portions of the Gospel and slipping them into the pockets of their teacher's coats. . . .

The Underground Church is not completely separate from the official Church; in lands such as Poland, Yugoslavia and Hungary many officially approved pastors work for it. These ministers may not speak about Christ outside their tiny, oneroom "churches." They may not hold children's meetings or youth meetings. They may not pray for sick Christians in their own homes. They are fenced in on every side by regulations that make their ministry all but meaningless. So they risk their freedom and their lives by carrying on a **parallel** secret ministry—to children and young people, to the hungry souls around them. They evangelize secretly in homes and cellars. They receive and distribute Christian literature. They seem obedient [to the Communists] on the surface; but they are risking their lives to spread God's Word. Recently, many such men have been arrested in Russia, and given long prison terms. . . .

. . . By a miracle I survived 14 years of torture, imprisonment and illness. By a greater miracle God saw fit to bring me out of prison, to America. Now I fulfill the charge and commission given me by the Underground Church which remains behind, daring, suffering, and dying. . . .

I speak in behalf of my brothers who lie in countless unmarked graves. I speak on behalf of my brothers who meet and pray and worship in secret. Their message is:

"Don't forget us. Don't write us off. Give us the tools we need. We will pay the price for using them. Give us the Gospels, the Bibles, the literature, the help, and we'll do the rest. Don't listen to those who have taken our churches and speak in the name of Christ while persecuting and killing us. We don't ask for escape, safety, or an easy life. We long to give all we can. We are ready to give martyrs, ready to spend years in prison. But our readiness is valueless unless we have the tools with which to work."

—Reprinted by permission from Christ in the Communist Prisons.

Varia, when an atheist, persecuted Maria. She wrote this letter to Maria after being imprisoned for her new faith.

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER BY—

A Former 19-Year-Old Communist Girl

Dear Maria,

In the end, I have arrived to write to you. We arrived well at ————. Our camp [prison] is 10 miles from town. I cannot describe our life. You know it. . . .

My heart praises and thanks God that He showed to me through you the way to salvation. Now, being on this way, my life has a purpose and I know where I go and for whom I suffer. I feel the desire to tell and to witness to everybody about the great joy of salvation, which I have in my heart. Who can separate us from the love of God in Christ? Nobody and nothing. Neither prison nor suffering. The sufferings which God sends us only strengthen us more and more in the faith in Him. My heart is so full that the grace of God overflows. At work, they curse and punish me and give me extra work because I cannot be silent, but must say to everybody what the Lord has done for me. He has made of me a new being, a new creation, of me who was on the way of perdition. Can I be silent after this? No, never!

As long as my lips can speak, I will witness to everybody about His great love.

On the way to the camp, we met with many brethren and sisters in Christ. How amazing it is that you feel through the Spirit that they are children of God when you first see the brethren and the sisters. It is useless to speak. From the first look you feel and know who they are.

While we were on the way to the camp, at one railway station, a woman came, gave us food and said only two words: 'God lives.'

The first evening when we arrived here (it was late), we were taken to underground barracks. We greeted those present with the words 'Peace with you.' To our great joy, from all corners we heard the answer: 'We receive you with peace.' And from the first evening we felt that we are in a family....

More than half of the prisoners are Believers. We have among us great singers and good preachers of the Gospel. In the evening, when we all gather after heavy work, how wonderful it is to pass at least some time together in prayer at the feet of our Savior. With Christ there is freedom everywhere. I learned here many beautiful spiritual hymns and everyday God gives to me more and more of His word. . . . Oh, how happy I am and how I would like that you, Maria, should be with me, too, that I may atone at least a little bit, through my love towards you for the wrong I committed in times ago against you. But God puts everyone of us on his place and we must stand firm where God has put us.

Give greeting to the whole dear family of God's children. God will richly bless your common work, as He blessed me, too. Read Hebrews 12:1-3.

All our brethren greet you and are glad that your faith in God is so powerful and that you praise Him in your sufferings unceasingly. If you write to others, tell them our greetings.

Yours, Varia

March, 1968

EXCERPT FROM ANOTHER LETTER—

Dear Maria,

. . . Since the Lord revealed to me the deep mystery of His love, I consider myself to be the happiest in the world. The persecutions which I have to endure, I consider as a special grace. I am glad that the Lord gave me from the first day of my faith the great happiness to suffer for Him. Pray all for me that I may remain faithful to the Lord to the end.

May the Lord keep you all and strengthen you for the holy battle!

I and sister "X" kiss you all. When we are sent to ———, perhaps we will have the opportunity to write to you again. Don't worry about us. We are glad and joyful, because our reward in heaven is great. Matt. 5:11-12.

Your

Varia

Taken from the last letter from Varia. She was never heard of again, but her beautiful love and witness for Christ shows the spiritual beauty of the suffering, faithful Underground Church in the one-third of the world under Communism. . . .

—Reprinted by permission from *Tortured For Christ*.
Available at \$1.25 from Diane Books, P. O. Box 488, Glendale, Calif.

Editor's Note: Young Reader, doesn't this sound like true Christianity? It's about like reading one of the letters from the Bible, by the early Christians. But this beauty exists NOW, in the Underground Church in Communist lands. Weep with them. Rejoice with them. PRAY for them.



"Begone, unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm."

—John Newton, author of "Amazing Grace"

NEWS ITEMS . . .

SHINING EXAMPLES (Taken from "Tortured For Christ")—

- The Underground Church has openly opposed the atheistic poisoning of youth in Rostov, and in Moscow—and all across Russia. They are fighting against the Communist poison and against the treacherous leaders of the official church.

- "Sovietskaia Moldavia" of September 15, 1966, also complains that the Underground Church mimeographs booklets. They gather together in public places, although this is forbidden by law, and go from place to place to witness for Christ.

This same newspaper recounts that in the train from Reni to Chisinau, three young boys and four girls sung a Christian hymn "Let us dedicate our youth to Christ." The reporter is revolted, because these Believers preach "on the streets, in trains, buses and even in state-institutions." Again this is the Underground Church at work in Russia today.

- On the first of May, the Christians of the villages Copceag and Zaharovka, having no churches, organized a divine service secretly in the forest! They organize also meetings in the houses under the pretense that they are having a birthday party. (Many Christian families with four or five members will have 35 "birthdays" a year as a cover for secret meetings.)

No prison and no torture can frighten the Christians of the Underground Church. . . . Persecution only deepens their dedication.

- Wise as serpents, harmless as doves: "Nauka i Religia" (Science and Religion) No. 9 of 1966 said that the Christians spread Gospel literature inside covers of "Ogoniok"—a periodical like "Look" or "Time." They hand out books on the cover of which you see "Anna Karenina," a novel by Leo Tolstoy. Inside is a portion of the Bible!

They sing songs. The tune is "The Communist International," but the words praise Christ! ("Kazakstanskaia Pravda," June 30, 1966)

- "Bekinskii Rabocii" says many boys and girls, who carry membership cards in the Communist Youth League, are in reality Christians! It concludes the article with the words: "How powerless must be the Communist school, how boring and deprived of light . . . that the pastors may be able to snatch away its disciples from under the nose of their indifferent educators."

- The Orthodox Christians in Russia are completely changed. Millions of them have passed through prison. There they had no beads, no crucifixes, no holy images, no incense, no candles. The laymen were in prison without an ordained priest. The priest had no robes, no wheat bread, no wine to consecrate, no holy oils, no books with prepared prayers to read. And they found out that they could get by without all these things, by going to God directly in prayer. They began to pray and God began to pour forth His Spirit upon them. A genuine, spiritual awakening, very similar to fundamental Christianity, is taking place among the Orthodox in Russia.

- Fifty years of Communist rule! And the Russian press is full of the triumphs of the Underground Church. It passes through unspeakable hardships but has remained faithful . . . and grows!

Rumbles of Warning

What Happens

To Churches When Communism Takes Over

The article is of 13 August, 1966. They say about closing the churches in Nikloyev, in the province of Orhei and the church of Floreshti, in the village of Cretzoaia and others. They have made of some of these churches dispensaries; of others, schools; of others, dancing clubs. They say it.

Here are pictures of different churches which are now museums. . . . [Shows pictures.]

Here is the new church at Klaipeda, completed in 1960. The steeple has been torn down, and the church is used as a concert hall. The Vilna cathedral is now an art gallery.

. . . As a general rule, the leadership of the churches is entirely controlled by the Communists. . . .

—Wurmbrand's Hearing before Committee on Un-American Activities

WOLVES IN SHEEPSKINS

. . . Before the Communists came to power in Rumania, persons who warned what would happen to religion under Communism were "besmeared." . . . Rumanian churches had been infiltrated prior to the Communist takeover. . . .

"Everywhere the Communists, until they have the power, say that they are the friends of religion." . . .

Forty years ago, Stalin wrote: "The [Communist] Party cannot be neutral towards religion. . . . Anti-religious propaganda is a means by which the complete liquidation of the reactionary clergy must be brought about."

—Wurmbrand's Hearing before Committee on Un-American Activities

WHO ARE THE WOLVES IN THE WEST?

. . . Now I am not interested in politics, but I wonder about churches. Jesus has said it so clearly, "Beware of wolves dressed in sheepskins." And now I have asked the church leaders, "you are my leader, I am a very little and insignificant pastor. Wrongly, a halo has been created about around me just because I made 14 years of prison.

But I know I am very insignificant, and I am below an average Christian. You are a church leader. Tell me, from what have I to beware? Who are these wolves dressed in sheepskins?"

They couldn't tell me. These are Communists, and Communist fellow travelers who infiltrate in churches and everywhere and destroy especially the faith of the youths.

WARNING FROM WURMBRAND'S SON

My son, who studies now psychology in California, is afraid about what he sees. He came from an anti-Communist university in Bucharest. I call it so because all the students in Rumania are anti-Communists. And here, he hears the praises of communism in the University of California at Los Angeles. Four Soviet motion pictures are shown every month, attended by the students. In Bucharest, Soviet motion pictures are boycotted. Nobody goes to look at them.

Americans don't permit trade with Red China. Now how do the books of Mao Tse-tung on which it is written "printed in Peking" arrive to America? They are sold in the University of California for a dollar apiece. And the students buy it. How does it arrive? Does no police see it?

Then my son wrote a letter to Reagan [Governor]—my son is very young—and he said, "Mr. Reagan, I am the son of a pastor who has been 14 years in Communist prisons and I thought, as you, too, may be a Communist prison very soon, to give you some information how a Communist prison is, and I will tell you why you will be in a Communist prison. If you will allow that the youth should be trained as it is trained here, with such motion pictures, with the books of Mao Tse-tung, and inscriptions on the walls, 'American murderers,' and all these things, then surely they will become Communists." And dear Reagan, or someone in his name, answered with a beautiful letter to my son, in which he thanked him and he says, "I know all these things. And I try myself to do the best against it." I quote from memory.

Horrible things are happening here. America is now my second fatherland. First of all, every man who loves freedom has two fatherlands, his own and America, because if America falls, then there is no hope for freedom for anybody in the world. Secondly, America is my home now. And I must say that my heart bleeds for America. My heart bleeds when I see this apathy towards the Communist menace.

HOW NEAR? HOW NEAR?

Mr. Smith: Did the Communist in your country incite racial hatred?

Mr. Wurmbrand: Oh, surely. The Communist Party of Rumania had in her program the right of self-determination of every province. In Rumania, we have many national minorities. . . . Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Turks. We have in Bessarabia Russians and Ukrainians. But we formed into one state, one nation. They said to the Transylvanians, you should secede from Rumania, and you, the Bessarabians, should secede, and to others, you should secede. And there have been rebellions organized by them.

For example, in Bessarabia, they profited of some justified dissatisfactions which always exist and incited this hatred. They organized a bloody riot in Tata-Bunar. Some of the national minorities believed them. The Communist came to power. Then something very interesting happened. I was in the prison of Tirlgul-Ocna, and the commandant of the prison told me, "Now, Mr. Wurmbrand, you see, you have suffered under the Nazis. The Nazis were so bad and persecuted the Jews. We are not like this. Just look around you in the prison. You have in prison Rumanians, Hungarians, Russians, Jews, we put everybody in prison. We make no racial difference."

Here in America, you may have racial dissatisfactions, riots, and difference. When the Communists will come to power, Mr. Brown and Mr. Carmichael and their white opponents and the fighters for civil rights will be together in the same prison. There will be a full integration, I prom-

ise you. There will be no black power, nor white power. There will be dictatorship over black and white.

—Taken from Wurmbrand's Testimony before the Committee on Un-American Activities, House of Representatives. Write for a free copy of this hearing in booklet form from:
Richard Wurmbrand, P. O. Box 11, Glendale, Calif. 91209

WHAT A COMMUNIST TAKE OVER IS LIKE

... I can assure you it is not simply "changing one social order for another." It is not simply a "different approach to economic problems." A take over by Communism is the total destruction of civilization as we know it and everything we hold dear. It is a violent destruction of all values, the ferocity of which you cannot imagine. I have seen it. . .

I can tell you firsthand the future which men are planning now for America and your little "Mary" or your little "Billy" who now play on the carpet before your eyes.

It is said that one out of five of our people of Rumania has passed through Communist prisons. In America, where religion is stronger and capitalism flourishes and you have such independent, free people, it will be a much greater number. I have seen prisons packed with prisoners. The youngest was 9, the oldest 92. I have seen Christian children of 13 with their teeth kicked out and their bones broken, lying in cells in agony. I have seen children beaten to death before the eyes of their parents because these were Christians. The horrible sounds of cells full of young children crying in the dark for their mothers and fathers can NEVER BE TOLD. I have heard this many, many nights all night long. This is a Communist take over. It is not a "changing of social systems," but a bloody purge which reaches out to touch almost every family of a country. . . .

What They Say:

I quote from Manuilski, one of their great strategists of the Communist world revolution:

"War to the hilt between Communism and capitalism is inevitable. Today, of course, we are not strong enough to attack. Our time will come in twenty or thirty years [this was spoken in 1930!—G. B.] The bourgeoisie [the middle

class citizens] will have to be put to sleep, so we will begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be electrifying overtures and unheard of concessions. The capitalist countries, stupid and decadent, will rejoice to cooperate in their own destruction. They will leap at another chance to be friends. As soon as their guard is down, we shall smash them with our clenched fist."

I have seen a Christian whose toes were cut off in order to make him denounce his brethren. Christians have been kept on ice for many hours, losing their feet to frostbite. In the prison of Fagaras, Christians have been forced to kneel on broken nut shells for hours with their hands lifted up. Try to do it yourself for thirty minutes! You cannot, but it will be good for you, for you will know the "social change" which Communism will bring. You will know what will happen to your children whom you love so ardently.

THE COMMUNIST STRATEGY TODAY

The immediate strategy of the Communist this minute is not to launch a missile raid. It is not to overthrow militarily, except where they have the force, such as in Vietnam. There is an intermediate step first. It is this step they all—with the exception of Red China which wants immediate war—are concentrating on. Every facet of their power is directed to this step. Their diplomatic fronts, their "culture exchange fronts," their "religious fronts"—all are weapons used to achieve this intermediate step. And that step is to lull America to sleep, to cause her not to think about the Communist menace, to forget, not to take the Communist menace seriously, to believe there are means to co-exist peacefully. When this intermediate step is reached—when America sleeps—then Communism will attack, and this tragic fate which I saw befall my homeland will befall yours. The nightmare of horrors I have seen fall upon our children will fall upon yours.

. . . And my impression is that beleaguered America is now being lured into a fatal sleep by the swan song of a "changed" Communism and by church leaders who close

the eyes of America so it will not see the approaching Communist menace. Worse still, many of the leaders of the Church are collaborating with the Communists in attaining their goal. Some of them are nothing else but agents of Communism in disguise.

... We, who have seen these things with our eyes, have the strong opinion that the American Communists have their members in church councils, in the committees of different denominations and in the political institutions of America....

Imagine the feelings of Rumanian Christians who were arrested in the night, hauled before the secret police and saw there, standing before them in the uniform of the secret police, their former priest!... Now this "priest" has a whip in his hands, and beats and tortures them. When the Christians ask, "How can you beat me?" the secret police laughs saying, "You idiot, you dupe, you believed us. We knew how to deceive you."

I have seen this very incident happen. Others, after torture, have told me of their shock and disbelief. But it happened... and it can surely happen again.

Your children may have the same experience. Some church leaders are surely playing the same role now, which church leaders played in our country....

Never will Americans be able to understand how much Communists lie and deceive until they experience it firsthand, which I pray will never happen. Their father is the devil who is the father of lies.

FULFILLING A DUTY

Wolves come dressed in sheepskins and they lead astray the Western Christians. And Western church leaders, some consciously, some unconsciously, have helped the wolf to enter the fold of the sheep.

As one who has personally passed through the tragic experience, I can predict that on the day you will expect them least, these wolves will drop their sheepskins and show their real faces, and you will see some of your church lead-

ers as obedient servants of Communism, as Communist propagandists, as Communist rulers, as we have in Rumania. And then your children will be tortured by the Communists, just as we have been tortured.

Look again at your Mary, at your Steve, at your George, who are playing now with their toys on the carpet and think what will happen to them when they are 20 or 25 years old if things continue to go as they go now! . . .

The Communists wish to conquer America and, in order to attain this aim, they dupe American Christianity, using for this some of your shepherds.

As a man who can say about myself the words of Psalm 73:14, "All the day long have I been plagued and chastened every morning," as a man who during 14 years has endured the Communist tortures, I fulfill my duty to the country which has received me with hospitality to be the "alarm clock" **to tell you that you are in deadly danger.**

—By Permission from The Wurmbrand Letters. See back cover.

A Warning to Communists—

EXCERPT FROM PRISON CONVERSATION

. . . Patrascanu [a Communist prisoner] looked uncomfortable; but he was frank. "Our long-range purpose is to communize the world. There are few who want to go all the way with us, but we can always find some who are willing for their own reasons to join us temporarily. First we had the Rumanian ruling classes and the king, who backed the Allies against the Nazis. When they had served our purpose, we destroyed them. We won the Orthodox church with promises, then used the smaller sects to undermine it. We pitted the farmers against the landlords and later the poor peasants against the wealthy farmers—and now all of them will be collectivized together. These are Lenin's tactics, and they work."

Wurmbrand: "Everyone knows that all your fellow travelers have been jailed, executed or somehow destroyed in

the past. How can you hope to go on using people and then discarding them?"

Patrascanu laughed. "Because they're stupid. Here's an example. Ten years before World War II the great Bolshevik thinker Gukharin opposed Trotsky's plans for making world revolution by force of arms. He argued that it was better to wait until the capitalist countries came to blows among themselves; Russia could then join the winning side and take the lion's share of conquered countries. A remarkable prophecy—but **no one took it seriously**. If the West had known that half of Europe and two-thirds of Asia would become Communist as a result, the last war would never have taken place. **Fortunately, our enemies don't listen to our arguments or read our books, so we can speak openly.**"

I pointed out a flaw in his argument [a flaw which years later he admitted—G. B.]. "Don't you see that just as you used people and then cast them aside, so your comrades have done the same to you? Haven't you blinded yourself to the evil logic of Lenin's doctrine?"

For once, Patrascanu's bitterness was unconcealed. He said: "When Danton was driven to the guillotine and saw Robespierre watching from a balcony, he called out, 'You will follow me.' And I assure you now that they will follow me—Anna Pauker, Georgescu and Luca, too" [other Communist leaders]. **So they did, after three years.**

—Reprinted by permission from Christ in the Communist Prisons.
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[This typical account shows that even Communist leaders are NEVER secure under Communism.—G. B.]

FUTURE FOR COMMUNISTS—

... Nearly all the Communist rulers of Russia ended in prison or were shot by their own comrades. The same in China. Even the ministers of the interior like Iagoda, Iejov, Beria, who seemed to have all power in hand ended just like the last counter-revolutionary: a bullet in the neck and it was finished with them. Recently Shepelin, the Minister of Interior of the Soviet Union, and Rankovic, the Minister of

Interia of Yugoslavia, have been thrown out like dirty rags.

The Communist regime makes nobody happy, not even its profiteers. Even these tremble that any night the van of the Secret Police may take them because the party line will have changed.

—Reprinted by permission from *Tortured For Christ*.

... I would suggest to Mr. Gus Hall and to Mr. Aptheker and to other American Communists, they should go to a church and pray to God, in whom they don't believe, that Communism should never come to power in America, because as long as they have capitalism in America, they are free. If Communism comes to power, they are shot.

—Wurmbrand's Hearing before Committee on Un-American Activities

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,—Sometimes we hear one called a coward when he does not fight back when mistreated. He is **weak**, someone says. Or, she is a **mouse** to take abuse like she does! She is no mouse! She is a **monument** to the teachings of a **Man**! The man or boy who is a faithful follower of this same Man refuses to fight. **Anyone** can fight—only a **man** will refrain from fighting when abused. Only a lady is strong enough to refuse to lower her dignity—Christian dignity—to the level of one who would abuse her.

This is not cowardice! It is Christ-like **courage**.

Sometimes the abuse is not by a fist of anger. Words can hurt worse than fists or clubs. A bruise will soon heal but wounds made by words may never heal. They will not heal, that is, unless we can apply the love of this Man who never struck back. This will cure the worst wound instantly. It is as though the words had not been spoken. Striking back can only multiply the suffering.

There are some who feel that the teaching of turning the other cheek is not practical. I tell you it is practical when it is practiced. I regret to hear anyone say: "I used to 'turn the other cheek' until I ran out of cheeks." I fear the person who talks like this has not turned the **first** cheek. This is casting a reflection on the dear One who thus taught us. As if He would tell us to do something that would not work!

You may never have the opportunity to literally turn the other cheek after one side is slapped. But you will find many occasions to demonstrate this teaching. How is this done? When someone speaks unkindly to, or about us, we answer with only kind words. This is turning the other cheek. It is hard to do; it takes a **man**, a **lady**—a **Christian** to do it.

The dear One who gave us this teaching came when it was desperately needed. By one sentence, beginning with "But I say unto you . . ." He completely reversed what the poor people had been following. By one short sentence of simple words, He gave us an entirely new way of life.

If someone knocked another's tooth out, he must also lose a tooth; if a cruel one put out another's eye, he must lose his own eye. Thus there were two lost teeth, two blind eyes instead of one. His words taught us—as individual followers—how to stop this multiplication. He said: **Love** your enemies! They had been hating them. Psychologists say that hating hurts! It actually makes one physically sick. So this dear Man said, don't hate—love! How very practical He is!

He did not stop there: **Bless** them that **curse** you. That is the one sure way to stop the cursing. Just cut it short by blessing. He did not say only to love your enemies—we must be **active** in this love. Do **good** to them that hate you. It is not enough to merely passively love them. We must get busy and return a good deed for a hateful one. Don't just add or even simply withhold your own hateful deeds!

He comes to a holy climax then as He says. "**Pray** for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." We

know that if this will not save one from such an evil way, surely spite, and returning the persecution will not! If they can see His teachings acted out, it will be easy to see the beauty of His teachings. This dear Man acted His teachings out for us. They struck Him, they taunted Him and mocked Him. They reviled Him, using the vilest words. They even **spit** in His holy face—the foulest insult! Finally they cruelly beat Him and killed Him. But He prayed for them as He died! By His **words**, by His **life**, and now by His victorious **death**, He showed us how to **live**! And now He **lives again** in Heaven and also in His children, enabling them to live His way!

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

Who Would Not Help?

The "Early Church" in all its beauty, sacrifice and dedication has come alive again in the Communist lands.

While our Lord Jesus Christ agonized in prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, Peter, James and John were a mere stone's throw away from the greatest drama of history—but they were deep in sleep.

Behind the walls of the Iron Curtain the drama, bravery and Martyrdom of the Early Church is happening all over again—now—and the free Church sleeps.

Our brethren there—alone and without help—are waging the greatest, most courageous battle of the twentieth century, equal to the heroism, bravery and dedication of the Early Church. And the free Church sleeps on oblivious of their struggle and agony, just as Peter, James and John slept in the moment of their Savior's agony.

Will you also sleep while the Underground Church, your brethren in Christ, suffer and fight alone for the Gospel?

Will you hear our message: "Remember us, help us!"?

"Don't abandon us!"

—RICHARD WURMBRAND

If we don't feel to give to our brethren in Christ who are suffering—if we are their brethren—why not? If we are members of Christ we suffer when they suffer. No matter how poor you are, you CAN give! God teaches us to give of our firstfruits—not the leftovers.

But suppose one says, "I just can't afford it now." Well,

I am not begging—not even for our suffering brethren who have a RICH Father. But I would exhort and rebuke against covetousness, **which is idolatry**. Consider this:

The typical weekly ration of bread for a prisoner behind the Iron Curtain is **one** piece. Now if **anyone** could not afford to GIVE, it would be these prisoners, wouldn't it? But do you know what Christian prisoners (your brothers?) do? Every tenth week they fast and do without their weekly ration, the weekly piece of bread. And this piece of bread they give to another—even to an enemy, a Communist prisoner,—in Christ's Name. And they give MORE than this. Once Richard Wurmbrand had smuggled in to him some streptomycin—a life-saving drug for treatment of his T.B. He was in a prison "hospital" and near death. He was not expected to live. But do you know what He did? There was an enemy prisoner about to die in worse shape than Richard Wurmbrand. This prisoner was so hostile toward Christianity that he would not even accept this life-saving medicine from a Christian. So Richard Wurmbrand persuaded someone else to present it to him—and our Christian brother did without.

So when God sees such acts as these, and when He sees tortured and starving Christians fasting in order to GIVE to even an enemy—and then He sees YOU and ME,—what does He think? Can we bear the thought? Can we offer an excuse for not giving of **ourselves** and our possessions for Christ's sake? Is the love of God in us? If it is, we will GIVE as God gives.

May these things grip us. May God's Spirit convict us and move us, whether we are nine or ninety, or any age.

Help hold up Richard Wurmbrand's hands. His address is
Richard Wurmbrand, Box 11, Glendale, Calif. 91209

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We do not endorse every doctrinal implication in these books. None of us are free from error or infallible. But these books contain a message that every American and every Christian should have absorbed into his very being. Our brother Richard Wurmbrand says in his sermon "How Are You, Jesus?", that we generally ask a person "How are you?" but seldom are concerned with how that person really is. Just so, when we go to worship services, we are saying, "How are You, Jesus?" But do we REALLY want to know how Christ does? If so, the items below tell us.—Editor

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